



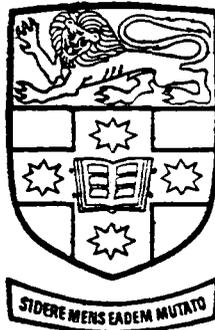
Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

1974

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
MEDICAL

THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY LIBRARY
MEDICAL LIBRARY
BOSCH BUILDING



THIS BOOK IS THE GIFT OF

Professor M.G. Taylor

Senior Year Book

1974



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.

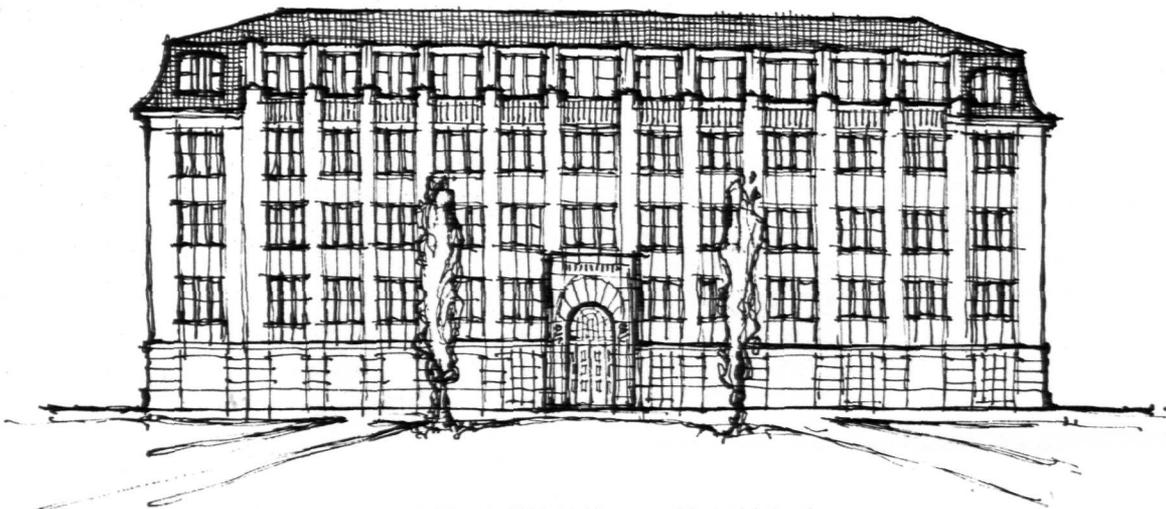
—SIR HAROLD DEW.



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.*



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

Editor:

JOHN AFFLECK

Hospital Sub-Editors:

Prince Alfred:
CHRIS BORTON

North Shore:
CLAUDE FERRARIS

Sydney
RON QUINN

Concord:
JOHN AFFLECK

All correspondence should be addressed to
1974 YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE,
SYDNEY UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY
BLACKBURN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, 2006



The School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine

Foreword

By the time you read this I will be far, far away — or at least that is how it seems at the time that I am writing these words. This is not the place to expand on the reasons underlying my acceptance of an invitation to move to Newcastle, but I imagine that it must be self-evident to those of you who have thought about medical education at all that the prospect of being responsible for the beginning of a new medical school is almost irresistible, with the opportunity (at least in theory) to throw over those past practices within medical schools which have out-lived their usefulness, yet retaining all that is best from the painstaking evolution of medical education up to the present time.

But at this time in your lives you will be less than interested in a recondite treatise on medical education. Yet in thinking about the future of medical education in Newcastle, I must obviously also be thinking about my past experiences in medical education within the University of Sydney, and trying to draw some lessons from the experiences to which you and I have been exposed. I know how dissatisfied many of you have been (for you have told me so) with various aspects of your own education, and I suggest that this problem might best be looked at by examining some of the tasks which still await you in your early postgraduate years, which were not encompassed during the undergraduate period. For there can be no doubt that you *do* have fundamental educational goals which you have not yet attained, and which you will surely need to attain if you are to become a successful practitioner in any category — and by “successful” I am clearly intending to imply many things other than the achievement of a satisfactory income and some measure of popular esteem. (It might be argued that both these things come all too easily to any medical graduate, whatever his capacities, motivations, or diligence.)

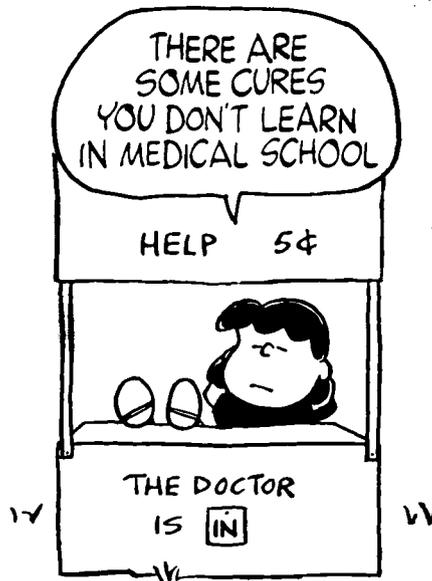
Do we agree, even partially, on the nature of your present deficiencies? I think there would be little argument between us that, at the time of graduation, you are strikingly lacking in some of the most elementary manipulative skills required by the new graduate — yet we might well disagree about the importance of this, for it does not seem to me to be a matter of great weight whether these bits of simple dexterity, so revered by patients, are acquired in the late undergraduate or early graduate years, which must surely be seen as a continuum. (It is an embarrassing and anxiety-provoking segment of one's professional development wherever it occurs). There might also, I hope, be some measure of agreement between us about my belief that you have acquired far too little knowledge of man as a total organism, as a consequence of excessive concentration on his cellular biology — having studied man, all too frequently, as a series of isolated processes, it is now in my view one of your most urgent tasks to put him together again. I have noted that the times in which we live have led many of you to take a substantial interest in social process, in the delivery of effective health services and in the ecology of the future — but I don't think it is simply wearing a hair-shirt to say that we have given you relatively little help in this regard.

But to me the most worrying aspect of the graduates of the last year or two, if I may speak quite frankly in the knowledge that I will not be here when you read it, is the attitude of so many of them towards people, towards medical practice, towards money, and towards the heart and soul of medical science itself. When I encounter young residents and registrars and listen to them talk about their futures, I am repeatedly astonished by the extent to which their views are cynical, pessimistic, mercenary and at times quite terrifyingly anti-intellectual. (You may say that this is only a minority of graduates, but it is certainly a vocal one.) I vacillate in the amount of weight I attach, in trying to understand this phenomenon, to certain aspects of today's society, and on the other hand the weight I attach to deficiencies in the educational process which you have undergone, failures which (if they have occurred) have certainly been without malice on the part of your teachers. Certainly it can hardly be argued that this medical school, in common with most medical schools throughout the world, has paid a disproportionate attention to the business of stuffing you with knowledge, with a consequent neglect of education in, and informed discussion of, those attitudes which are central to the development of a medical practitioner who will bring satisfaction and contentment to his patients and himself.

Certainly there has failed to develop, in a significant number of you, the sense of sheer excitement and continuing challenge which should make a career in some facet of medicine one of the most rewarding that a complex and imperfect society has to offer to a favoured few. What is even worse, I have been around this Faculty long enough to know that for all too many of you the idealism with which you entered medicine has been to say the least badly bruised, and in some of the most serious cases destroyed altogether. If you have been reading your daily papers and local journals you would know that Medical Deans in general have been consistently under fire, from other doctors and from the public at large, for their alleged failure to select compassionate, humane individuals into medical school while concentrating (it is said) entirely on the potential laboratory scientist. The evidence is probably against this rather naive proposition; nobody to my knowledge has ever succeeded in demonstrating a negative correlation between compassionate concern and scientific ability, and the more likely hypothesis is that the educational process itself (plus of course many important aspects related to the organisation of medicine in our society) has created a sense of disillusionment, and has failed to keep alive the controlled optimism, the love for other human beings and the sheer zest for the awesome yet exciting responsibilities of a doctor which are central to good medical practice.

You may regard this as a somewhat cheerless valedictory message — but I was invited to speak my mind. I wish you as much as you would wish yourself for the future — probably more, because twenty-five years of medical practice and medical education have not caused me to waver in my belief that the role of a doctor is at one and the same time the most burdensome, the most fulfilling and the most privileged position that a society can offer to any of its citizens.

DAVID MADDISON
Dean of The Faculty of Medicine.



Editorial

The Senior Year Book is a publication produced primarily for the benefit of the graduating class, that they may keep this as a souvenir of a most significant quarter of a lifetime. Indeed for most graduates six years at University is a quarter of their lifetime, and it is the quarter when they face many new situations and experiences. Commencement at University heralded a form of initiation to adulthood, an opportunity (or necessity) to leave the shelter of home, facing new responsibilities while still smitten with acne; or rushing headlong into new endeavours, often with foolhardy zeal. New comrades, fervent idealism, new loves, broken hearts, examination tension, conflict with parents, teachers and others of the older generation: such are our memories.

We have passed through Medicine at a time when many changes are taking place, many yet to be realised. A new five year course has been introduced for our successors, and some of our colleagues have played important roles on committees that are planning this course. (That undergraduates are in fact consulted in such matters, that so many committees now invite the full participation of undergraduates is a change that has occurred in our time). We expect that the new course will embrace many educational advances that will ultimately benefit the medical graduate and the community to which he takes his skills. We hope that in bringing about a radical re-structuring of the curriculum at this stage it will not in turn become a stagnant one, bogged in resistance to further change, but will be administered by inspired Professors and administrators who are not afraid that innovations may set a *dangerous precedent*.

We have heard much debate about health care delivery systems and health care finance systems. Changes proposed by the Australian Government are yet to materialise — and it is still uncertain if they ever will. Consequently we enter medical practice at a time when we cannot know what shape it will assume in the next decade. While health funds and medical organisations lobby their respective cases, while *the wishes of the people* are wildly guessed at, the decisions will ultimately be taken by politicians, and amidst the continuing political “point-scoring” let us hope that the efficiency of medical practice is improved not hampered, that it shall not ever be the sick who are the victims either of private practice or of state bureaucracy.

We are entering practice at a time when a change in public opinion is occurring concerning the integrity of Doctors themselves. Many factors have attributed to this. Perhaps the three most significant factors while we have been at University are the new public awareness of issues relating to medical practice as voiced in what have become almost annual elections, the substantial increases in fees that have been sought by Doctors who find the return from their practice is waning in times of high inflation, and the eagerness of sections of the media to scandalise the medical fraternity with vicious headlines and hypocritical editorial. A well-informed public is a keystone of democracy, but in this free country we need less propaganda and more informed dialogue. (How the University campus, where widely differing views are freely disseminated in broadsheet or debate, differs from the community).

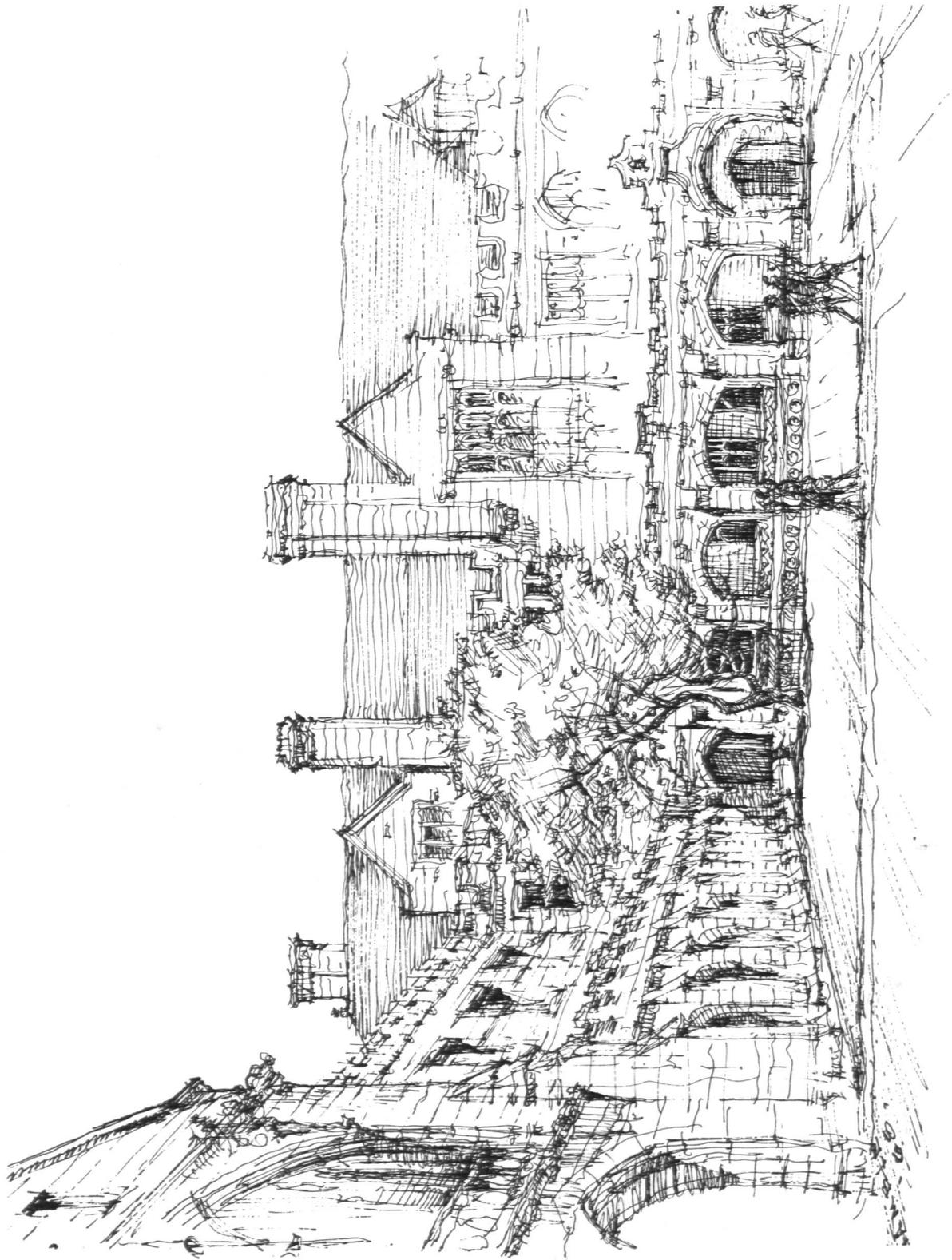
The reputation of the medical practitioner has also suffered by the change in the nature of contact with the General Practitioner. The age of the nuclear family and the modern mobility of people has minimised the period of contact a doctor is likely to have with a patient in terms of the years the patient will live in his suburb, while ever increasing workloads have minimised the time he has to offer on each occasion he is consulted. As regard for the doctor falls, increasing numbers of patients are demanding specialist attention when it may not be necessary, and many patients drift from doctor to doctor until they find one to whom they can dictate what their treatment shall be.

Having looked back we might briefly look forward. Irrespective of political decisions the status of our profession, the regard of the public for its members, we Doctors, and our own job satisfaction depends very much on our own actions, on how we individually treat our patients. We must not forget that the Doctor-patient relationship does involve *two people* and it behoves the Doctor to play his role as a *person*, not an automaton. Many pressures will be brought to bear — Dr. Ellard describes a syndrome in the M.J.A. “The disease of being a Doctor”, and this and the articles by Maddison and Baume are well worth reading now and on other occasions throughout our careers. Let us hope that by a periodic review of our individual efforts as medical practitioners, future changes in standards of care, and in public opinion, will do credit to the profession.

MADDISON, D. (1974) Stress on the Doctor and his family, *Med. J. Aust.* 2:315.

ELLARD, J. (1974) The Disease of being a Doctor, *Ibid.*

BAUME, P. (1974) The Doctor in the Doctor-Patient Relationship, *Ibid.*



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 91 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
 FRACP, FANZCP.

In this edition of the Senior Year Book, as we say goodbye to each other, we must also say farewell to the Faculty's most senior valedict, Professor David Maddison. Medical graduates of recent years from this University, and indeed the Faculty of Medicine itself, have good reason to be very thankful to Professor Maddison and more than a little sad to be losing this outstanding academic and enthusiastic leader, who has been so warm a friend.

Professor Maddison has been a member of the Faculty of Medicine for seventeen years, as Professor of Psychiatry for eleven years. He has been Dean for three years and prior to that was Sub-Dean (clinical) for four years. He is a liberal thinker who has always had warm relations with students. He was instrumental in establishing the Staff-Student Liaison Committee and was its Chairman for several years from its inception. He has been involved in the organisation and implementation of the new five year curriculum, and the new courses in Behavioural Sciences and Community Medicine. Professor Maddison has kept himself well informed regarding current developments in Medical Education, and to this end he has visited the United States of America. Without dispute we acclaim Professor Maddison as one of the great Deans of Australia's oldest university.

In 1975 the Faculty of Medicine will welcome its first full-time Dean. It is to the credit of Professor Maddison that he has handled this position — now deemed to be a full-time one — with such merit, and simultaneously has been a dynamic head of the Department of Psychiatry, which, by his efforts over the years, now stands in such high repute in the nation. It is also noteworthy that he has recently been appointed President of the Australian and New Zealand College of Psychiatrists, an honour by which his colleagues have given recognition to his outstanding career.

As you move to become the Foundation Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Newcastle, we wish you much happiness and success, and say very sincerely, "Thank you, Professor Maddison."

Professor of Medicine

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN

"That right? hmm . . . right?"

In our three years of clinical medicine Professor Blackburn has become very familiar to us as the head of the Department of Medicine. Initially a fearsome creature to many, he personified the threat to reveal our ignorance and withhold the prized M.B. from our grasp, for it seemed such a losing battle attempting to retain in our memories the minute detail of rarely encountered diseases.

With friendly chatty tutorials in final year he has revealed himself to be not fearsome, but a gentle man, dedicated to the task of ensuring we all possessed a sufficient quantity of knowledge and understanding of Internal Medicine to be safely committed to the Wards as M.O.s in 1975. In these sessions he preferred to sit to the rear and let the students talk, adding his own comments only on occasions and liberally interspersed with "right? . . . right?" as though it was he, rather than us, who was uncertain, or seeking reassurance. However he did convey the realisation that in final year it is important to know a lot about common things, and the rarer entities assume a lesser priority along with minutiae incredibilis.

What is more important he impressed on us the need to be ever conscious of the dignity of the patient, and the need to be mindful of the overall welfare of the patient in this age when technological advances and heavy work loads mitigate towards withdrawal from personal contact with the patient and the appreciation of his real needs.

*Professor of Surgery*

JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

Those few of us who have had the opportunity to meet Professor Loewenthal know him to be a man always ready to listen, and unhurriedly to offer advice on the basis of his long and distinguished career in Surgery and medical education.

To most, however, he was an anonymous head of the Department of Surgery, and to some best remembered for certain famous confrontations with certain infamous Anaesthetists. Be that as it may, for the Surgical training we have received from your Department, and for those advances in medical education at the University of Sydney that you have instituted, we thank you Professor Loewenthal.

*Professor of Obstetrics
and Gynaecology*

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

"This won't be published for another six months, but I can tell you..."



A dynamic researcher, fluent teacher and world authority in his field, we are privileged to have studied under Professor Shearman.

I am the very model of a modern Gynaecologist
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.

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

In situations when one's sexual interest is excessive
I extol the virtues of the oral contraceptive,
I recommended to those whose oestrous celebratum never
ends

That tying of the tubules does not make for a vas deferens.
For potency I advocate norethisterone acetate
Or in the latest style, a little ethynodial diacetate
And when at home and all alone, there's nothing like
chlormadinone,
And for a nightcap I suggest, a smidgen of progesterone.

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 Gynaecologist.

— From 1973 Yearbook

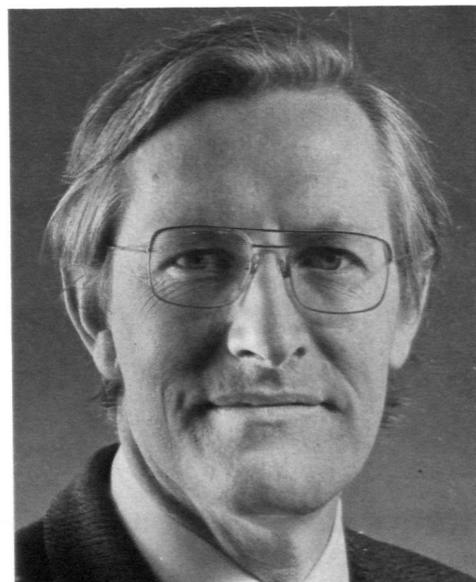
Professor of Medicine

JAMES GRAHAM McLEOD

"It does not require a big prick to test for pain."

His tall frame braced in a stiff white coat, Big Jim took over the Sammy Sparrow time slot as he introduced us to the first principles of Neurology. Despite an apparently high incidence of receptive aphasia in the population of assembled students, the groundwork was laid to attempt the neurological examination of a patient and to follow the discussion in Neurology meetings and tutorials.

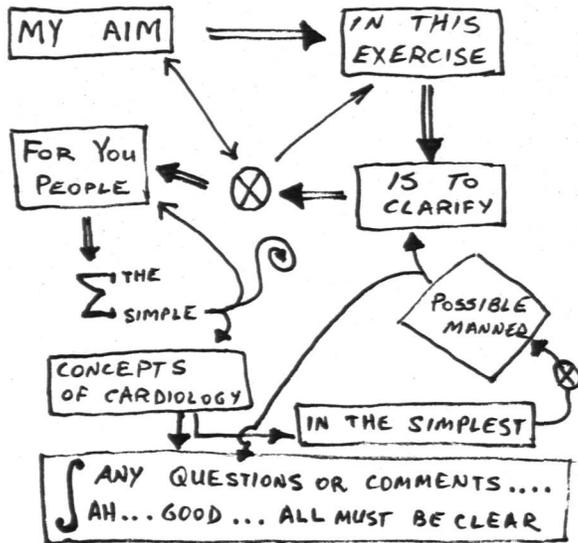
Professor McLeod was also involved in the teaching at Sydney Hospital. His effective and painless prescription for outbreaks of the "Stunned Mullet Syndrome" (i.e. the long silences in response to questions, frequently encountered by teachers of Neurology) was to calmly press on, or go over it again, but always sure that, as if by mental osmosis, the concept was becoming more clear to the bewildered. Professor McLeod has earned our gratitude for his dedicated teaching, his friendly, approachable manner . . . and for his printed notes.



Professor of Cardiology
PAUL IVAN KORNER

Lecture theatre audience: "Hissssss"
Prof. Korner: "Zame to you."

Professor Korner has been one of our most well liked teachers. The reason for this must surely be his individuality and happy disposition.



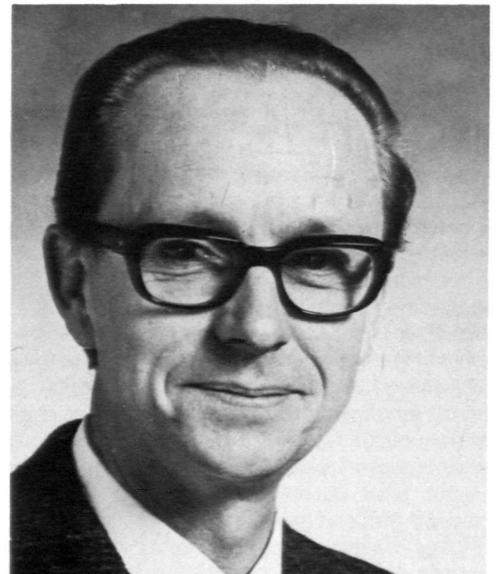
Professor of Surgery
GERALD WHITE MILTON

"I'm tired of 'Gee you're wonderful, Professor' — let's play 'Rapo' now."

We all know Professor Milton dislikes the lecture theatre as a teaching venue, despite the fact that his lectures were always very lucid expositions, well seasoned with the philosophy of Eric Berne, John Hinton, Franz Kafka and Gerry Milton — or were they surgically seasoned philosophy lectures? Whatever were his aims or his themes he imported a wealth of useful advice and experience concerning matters surgical, concerning the games patients, and Doctors play, concerning hope, tragedy, miracles, disasters, the inevitable, the web of life.

Sydney Hospitalers have had the benefit of being exposed to the clinical teaching of Professor Milton. It was their lot to be accosted in Ward 16 to look into an armpit, and irrespective of the urgent desire to take lunch it was difficult to refuse the Professor's enthusiastic offer of a quick, private tutorial. His keen involvement with us and his readiness to be amongst us rather than above us exemplifies his teaching style.

Professor Milton, Surgeon, teacher, observer of humanity, and servant to his fellow man, we are honoured to have been associated with you.





Professor of Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery

THOMAS KINMAN FARDON TAYLOR

We will remember this erascible professor masquerading in Elizabethan-collared attire, phonating with frightful phonetics, and causing loud friction rubs wherever he ventured.

A somewhat callous man, noted for malunion with students, he lumbered us with an appreciation of Woonds of bone; of Pyne and Disabeelity, of Frack-chas, and the invaluable knowledge that all patients are liars or stupid — all imparted with an affectionate hand placed on our knee with (accurately localised) tenderness.

We thank you sir, for although you reduced some to tears and immobilised others with fear, you did suffuse us with Taylor-made dogma that will carry us into the future chanting your incarnations "Think bones, think blood" etc. etc.

Professor of Child Health

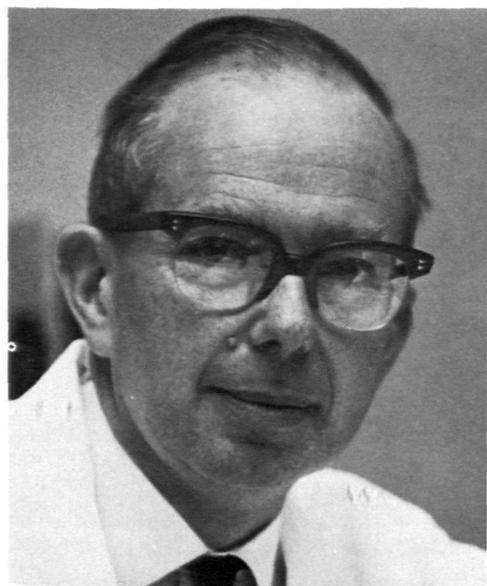
THOMAS STAPLETON

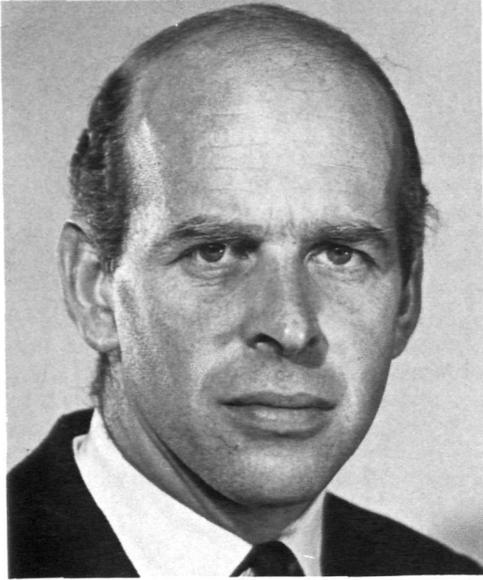
*"Oh my goodness, I don't like that sort of unfortunate facial moss—
you'll frighten the babies."*

Every ten weeks in fifth year a new group of assorted riff-raff would descend upon the Camperdown nursery and encounter Professor Stapleton. Having previously demanded that we supply a photograph we were quickly classified by the parameters of sex, tie and beard. Like the original "Bachelor Father" our turriccephalic Professor mothered his group of selected male students and schooled them in the art of nappy changing.

His penchant for globe trotting not only expanded his own awareness of matters medical and social, but also enabled him to generate a wide variety of contacts through which he was able to place so many students for their elective term — for many perhaps the most memorable part of their medical course.

Professor Stapleton will be remembered for his famous "T.B." mural, his punctuality, his forceful likes and dislikes, his manner of speaking, and particularly for his desire to teach us about the sick child, the intricacy of the relationship of the child to his mother and the family pathology manifested through the presenting child.





Professor of Preventative and Social Medicine

CHARLES BALDWIN KERR

"Let's do away with these bloody exams."

This forthright academic has served perhaps a more diverse role in undergraduate teaching than any other of our professors. Firstly, Professor Kerr personally delivered a series of lectures on genetics to us in Fourth Year in conjunction with his printed notes. Secondly, in conjunction with Dr Adams and other members of his staff, he presented the pot pourri of our studies, glorified by the title "Preventative and Social Medicine," and which embraced the economics of health care delivery systems, distribution of health care services, occupational medicine, geriatric medicine, basic sociology, rudimentary epidemiology, etc., etc.

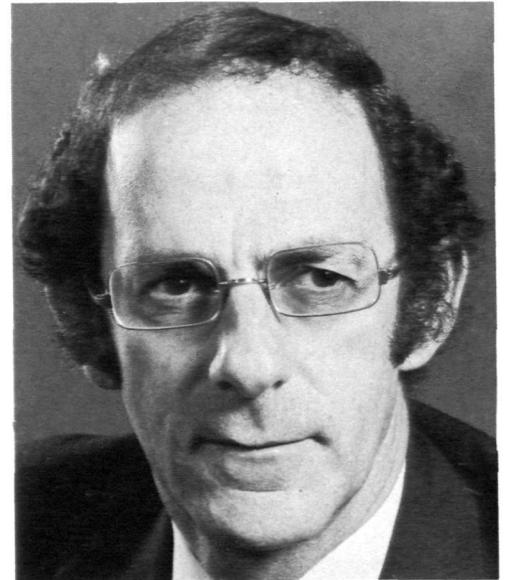
We are thankful to Professor Kerr not only for bringing together all this interesting but otherwise ignored material, but also for his very enlightened attitude to assessment.

Professor of Anaesthetics:

DOUGLAS JOSEPH

Professor Joseph confronted us with a series of lectures designed to give us some background knowledge prior to our Anaesthetics term in fifth year. He tied up the physics of gas flow and distribution, the mechanics of normal and artificial respiration, and the pharmacology and toxicology of the drugs on an Anaesthetist's trolley, all in an operation taking a few painless hours.

Perhaps we should also acknowledge that for the majority of us the final confrontation — the Anaesthetics viva — was a less harrowing experience as Professor Joseph nudged and levered the necessary information from us. Gentle educator we are indebted to you.



FRANK REES MAGAREY

Professor of Pathology

"... now, in the bad old days ..."

or

"God help Australia if Canberra gets a Medical School."

Our first and lasting impression of our silver-haired pathology professor was one of a benevolent father who had a keen and genuine interest in imparting his up-to-date knowledge of pathology to us, his children. In a sense, he ruled the department with a rod of iron but with a touch of hindsight, it was very soft iron because he succeeded in creating a spirit of co-operative unity within the department such that lectures, tutorials, post mortems and slides all seemed to complement one another. This successful organisation was in such contrast with the rival departments at the time.

It was not infrequently that he sat in on the lectures given by his minions. Whether this was to encourage the students, (or was it the lecturer?) or merely to test our reaction is not known, but there's a suspicion that he could then confidently chide his children at the p.m.s if answers were not forthcoming on topics he knew to have been covered.

It is with firm feelings of affection and gratitude that we take our leave of this man and his department.



WHILE WE WERE PASSING THROUGH . . .

*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.*

On entering Medicine the M.B., B.S. seemed a very far-off goal. However, in retrospect, our Odyssey has been such a short one, and one with many happy memories. In the pages of this book we relive these times, and salute our teachers, who in their many different ways have encouraged and cajoled us on our way. We will serve humanity and our profession by serving our fellows, patients and colleagues alike, as they have served us.

As we are finding our legs in this big new world — the University Campus — new friends and habits were acquired in the smoky atmosphere of the Forest Lodge Hotel and the Victoria Park lawns. Chemistry Prac. was an unwelcome distraction from having a quiet perv at Manning; Physics Prac. saw the perfection of the ultimate in "jumbo" paper gliders, whose silent flight generated amazement on so many occasions. Introductory Medical Science seemed more concerned with Gaussian curves, chi square, and correlation coefficients, than with introducing us to our chosen profession. Histology offered hope of relevance, but we were soon to be defeated by the spherical aberration of the microscope lens, realising that copied drawings are much quicker and clearer than one's own efforts could ever be.

Like a man singing the blues, basophilic Prof. Cleland split hair into thirds before our very eyes, whose layers he also



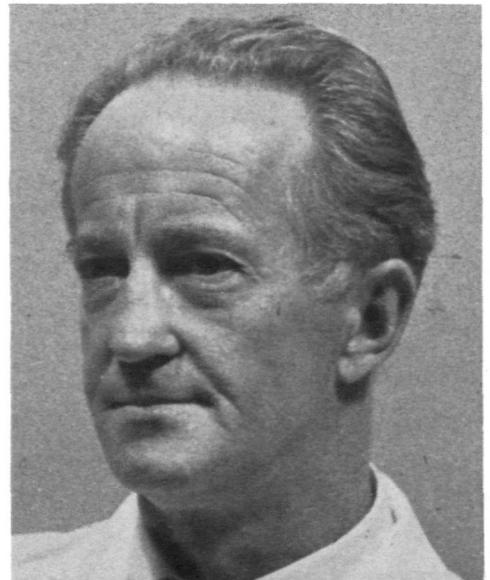
J. W. Perrott
Associate Professor of Anatomy

tabulated. The fusiform body of Dr. Sullivan, H & E chalk in hand, gave us brilliant displays of blackboard artwork, and assessed the diligence of the student by the size of his coloured pencil-case. While A/Prof van Lennep gesticulated and Dr. Pollak gastrulated, the acrosomal A/Prof. Sapsford ejaculated — the mystery of the spermatozoon revealed by our very own Colonel Sanders.

We all recall Dr. Philomena McGrath (H.C.G. \gg Z.P.G.) who almost convinced us that 20% would fail, and A/Prof. Munro who was so gracious to our female colleague who used to draw the penis as an erect appendage — because that was the only way she had ever seen it. Black Mac enlightened us regarding Aboriginal burial practice on the



R. R. Munro
Associate Professor of Anatomy



K. W. Cleland
Professor of Histology and Embryology

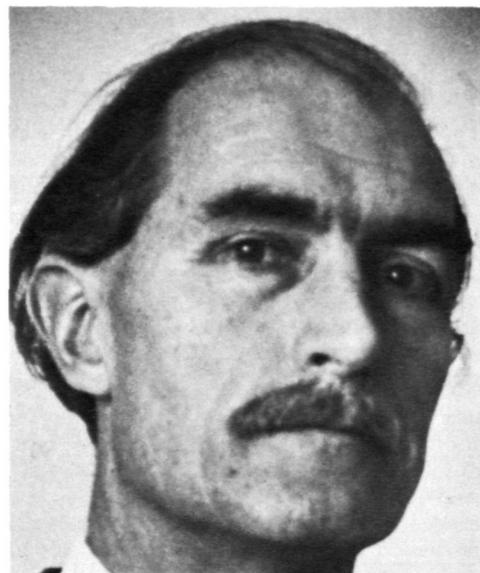


M. G. Taylor
Professor of Physiology

few occasions that he was seen.

"Ladies and Gentlemen" wearily gathered late each Friday for A/Prof. Perrott to render his lectures "in camera". Personifying the clinical axiom "If it's bizarre, do a W.R." he would, while strutting around the room with tabetic gait, relay to us in staccato speech that the midbrain is a little pair of pants. Donny Duncombe ensured that third year exams were less traumatic than those of nine months earlier by his honest approach to precisely what was examinable.

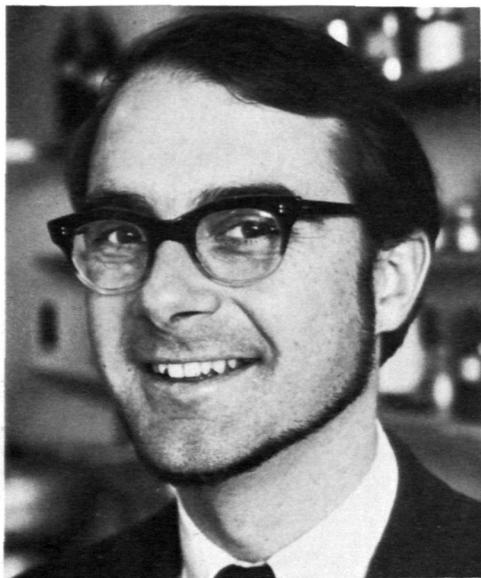
Breakfast with Prof. Taylor was a dressing gown and slippers affair for those who could rouse themselves. Dr. Rodieck's style was to attempt to impart knowledge by saltatory conduction. Prof. Burke revealed how neuronal



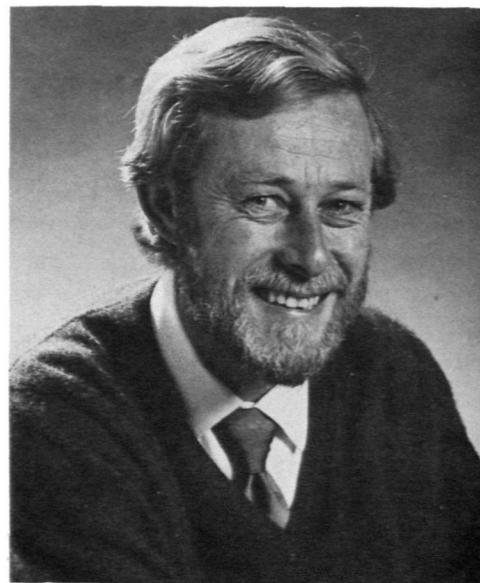
W. Burke
Professor of Physiology

circuits in the brain of a Cheshire cat disappeared into themselves; and Dr. Young, in his kinky way, was trying to make his probe smaller and smaller. With the nephron transfixed he showed coming again to be a matter of stop-flow kinetics.

After playing with pithed toads and afterloaded muscles, Biochem saw us killing rats and mincing livers in the fruit juice blender. Drs. Wake, Messer and Whittaker induced our enzymes to assimilate the very basis of life — grimacing allosterically — "We are mere packets of chemistry, you know." Though few of us were switched on by these lectures, these Scientists were found to have abandoned their control mechanisms when the year Dinner was in swing.



J. A. Young
Associate Professor of Physiology



L. B. Cobbin
Associate Professor of Pharmacology



R. H. Thorp
Professor of Pharmacology

Prof. Thorpe gently broached the study of drugs with his treatise on historical developments illustrated by slides of the prize-winning Purple Foxglove at the Salzburg Garden Fair. With consumerism close at heart he lectured us about the B.P., the Medical Letter, the medical detailer, double blind crossover studies, and the use of Varemoid. A/Prof. Cobbin picked up the tale, and Dr. Chesher was in heavy demand for nationwide television appearances after packing the house at Bosch. Never one to be caught with his pants down Dr. Jackson exposed the secrets of treating diarrhoea; however Dr. Starmer would consider that these secrets had been wasted on the anal expulsive members of our year with whom he waged a constant battle, as he tried in vain to cast



G. B. Chesher
Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology

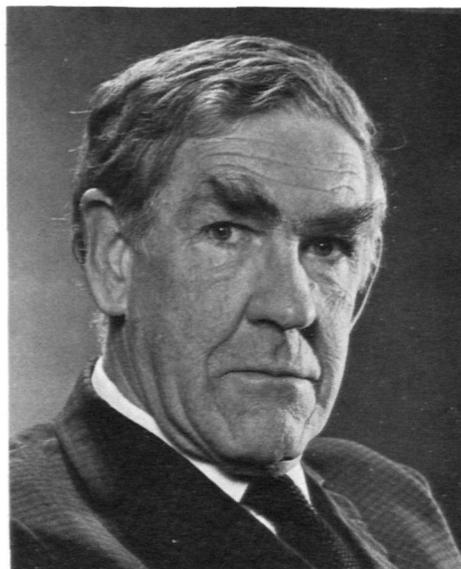
his own pearls before the assembled swine.

Prof. de Burgh, armed with the fastest Mantoux east of the Birdsville track, confronted us with the entire Bacteriology course. Twirling the cord and whispering into the microphone, volume set at minimum, his lectures were punctuated with Pacific Island anecdotes. The message was nevertheless conveyed by his careful use of the blackboard as a teaching aid, (thereby obviating the need for transparencies) the take-home titbit being macrographically displayed utilising one blackboard per word per lecture.

Prof. Magarey, frankly as dogmatic as any grandfather, refused to believe that we were as good as our third year results had indicated, and promised to reduce us to size, as



G. A. Starmer
Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology



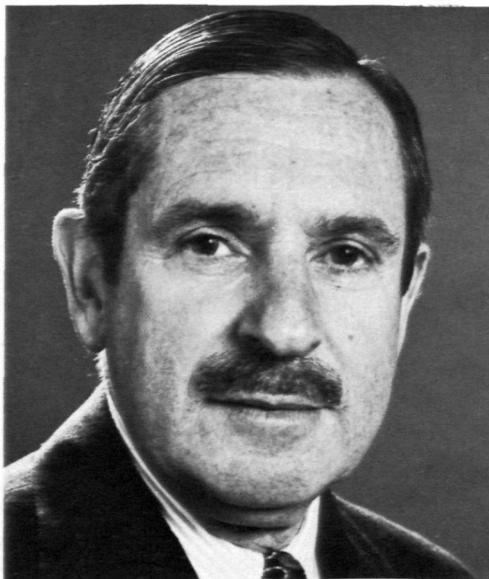
P. M. de Burgh
Professor of Bacteriology



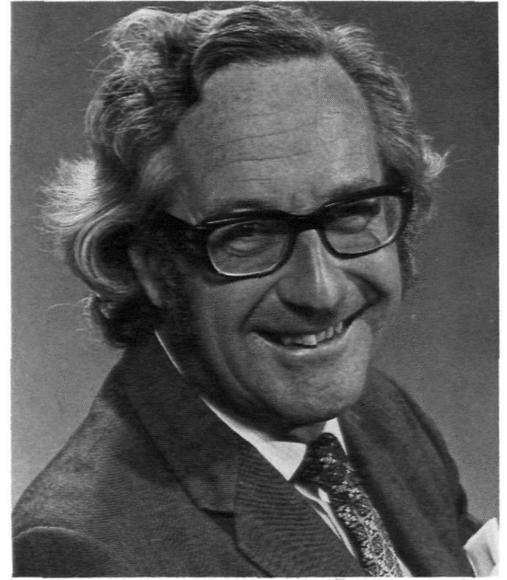
E. S. Finckh
Associate Professor of Pathology

he presented us with such food for thought as red currant jelly and German sausage spleen. Drs. Fraser and Evans hinted at alternative truths, but warned us to follow the Gospel according to Frank, at least until June. Prof. Finckh and his lectures on neoplasia has established a secondary deposit in our memories. Mary Gilder deserves the credit for selling Histopathology to us . . .

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What wil the next slide be?
Lymphosarcoma, Meningioma,
Hope you don't pick on me.
You've heard these words before it's true —
We repeat them to say "We all love you."

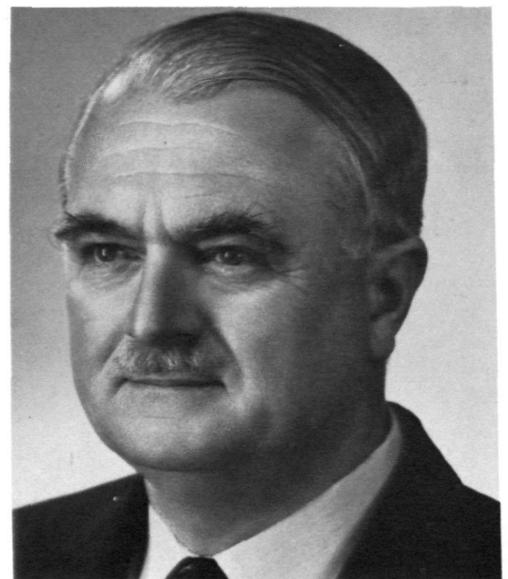


V. G. Bulteau
Lecturer in E.N.T.



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

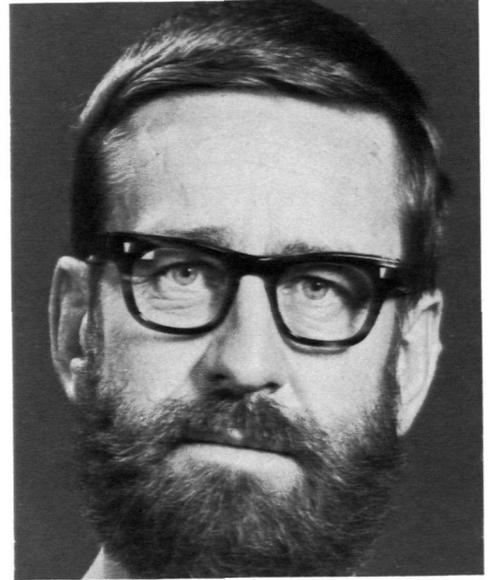
At last we were unleashed amongst the hospitals to poke and prod the unfortunate sick in the cause of acquiring the art of physical examination. Such exercises were preceded each day by lectures at University. Prof. McLeod activated the Betz cells of the front row note takers, and Prof. Komer demonstrated the exquisite simplicity of cardiovascular dynamics to those with Ph.D.'s in integral calculus. Prof. Piper's approach to the rudiments of the D.U. would seem to indicate that he has considerable ambivalence towards first year nurses — "Isn't that right, Louise." Dr. Basten tolerated us, we complied with Dr. Woolcock. We lent an ear to Volney Bulteau after a rash of lectures from Dr. Johnson. Like all good (cyclic) AMP salesmen, Prof. Turtle talked us into



A. M. Johnson
Lecturer in Dermatology



E. J. Donaldson
Director of Studies in Ophthalmology



B. S. Clifton
Anaesthetist — extraordinaire

whatever he was selling on the day. His pace was not that of the leisurely turtle however, but rather that of a hyperthyroid greyhound.

Prof. Milton led the Surgical attack, with his lieutenants A/Profs. Stephens, Little, Reeve and Sheil; Prof. Taylor with blood on his mind (strange for a bone man, isn't it Mr. Magoon?) and Prof. Pheils, Lord's chaplain, attending to the rear with considerable gall. Although official policy was always that the only worthwhile teaching was in the wards, the Dept. of Surgery is to be complimented for the excellence of their Correlation Clinics.

New fields were awaiting exploration in Fifty year and it was Dr. Schurek (whose message was something to do with the chicken and the ego) who opened the performance in the Department of Psychiatry's play "You're madder than me." Analysed, and socialised (by Prof. Kerr's team) Elective term held for each of us its private enchantment and individual experiences. Final year was the Grand Finale — the final exams were precisely what all the toil and worry had been leading to. And now . . .

Hurrah, Hurrah, they've dubbed us all M.B.!
Hurrah, we're loose, enlarge the cemetery —
Yet we'll miss the good old days
That never more will be
While we were passing through

. . . MEDICINE



*IT'S PERFECT, REALLY. IT KILLS EVERY LIVING THING
WITHIN 200 MILES WITHOUT OTHERWISE ALTERING
THE ECOLOGICAL BALANCE.*

Doctors' Reform Society of N.S.W.

An alternative, professional association for doctors, dedicated to rational health care reform, improved communication between the profession, the public, other health professionals and governments and the promotion of social and environmental reforms relevant to medical practice. Membership is open to medical graduates, associate membership to medical students.

Enquiries to the Secretary, D.R.S., P.O. Box 159, Paddington, N.S.W. 2021



THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

This historic hospital, the oldest teaching hospital in Sydney has been a hive of reconstruction during our student days as we observed ward after ward temporarily relocated in the Princes Block; as we saw "noise excluding" red hoardings with rows of windows erected; as we saw the Princes Block itself ultimately meet its demise.

The clinical school has continued to process generations of students, perhaps overloaded compared to some other hospitals but nevertheless its achievements pay tribute to the students and their teachers. Mrs. Estall must again be commended and thanked for her work; sometimes aloof but always courteous, her efficiency unsurpassed.

Many people have worked, often unthanked, to help us through Medical School. Some are acknowledged in the following pages — the others are no less deserving of our thanks. In extending an expression of gratitude *en masse* you are assured that we will continue to be thanking you for many years.

V.J.A.

DON'T READ THIS
IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE
A G.P. BUT

IF YOU ARE GOING TO SPECIALISE

- ♦ *will YOU plan your training or will THEY do it for you.*
- ♦ *can you change your mind if you want to.*
- ♦ *can you take time off to travel and come back to training.*
- ♦ *can YOU evaluate your training course and change it if necessary.*
- ♦ *will you have job satisfaction — or even a job — when you are trained.*
- ♦ *will you have access to modern educational resources.*
- ♦ *why not specialise in family medicine.*

You can with the
FAMILY MEDICINE PROGRAMME

CONTACT US ON THE

15th Floor
Greater Pacific House
55 Lavender St. phone 9224288
MILSON'S POINT, NSW 2061

OR AT THE F.M.P. OFFICE IN ANY STATE CAPITAL

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

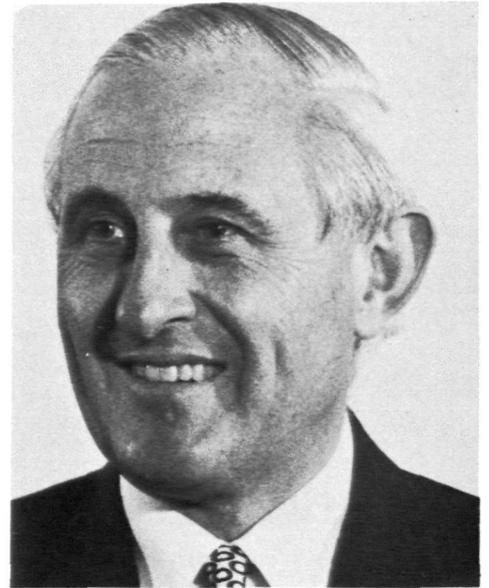
"Yes, well... that did cross my mind — but just to dismiss it...!"

Imagine a neurology clinic, Dr. Allsop in the chair... "We may as well take the findings as read, but I think it worthwhile to convince ourselves that there is an U.M.N. lesion and that sensory modalities are intact..."

Well... the toes are equivocal, *but* you must remember they did go up in the ward...

Hmmm, well... it is difficult to access sensation in this patient, you must remember this is a very subjective thing, but I would say there is *some* loss, so I disagree with you there.

Well... I think we can explain this in terms of a cord lesion — a tumour for example. I can't think of anything else, ... and I am sure there isn't, so it would be worthwhile to talk a little now about S.S.P.E.... What?... Yes, well *that* is possible as a cause, very good — it did cross my mind...!!!



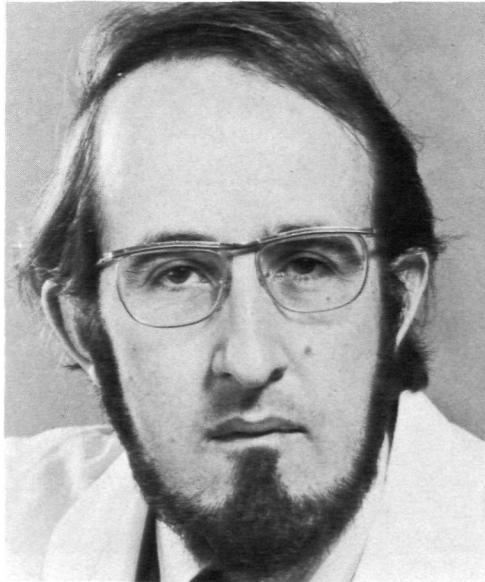
MICHAEL JOHN BOOKALLIL

"I was an Honorary at 26".

Between scathing attacks on various professors and institutions, Michael Bookallil, as everyone knows is the best anaesthetist in Australia, if not the world. Michael is one of those unassuming modest, people and all who meet him are immediately drawn to him.

Knowing all there is about this world, Michael turned to the Old World for solace. Plato was to be his first target and the writings of the 4th Century B.C. proved of great significance and he was last seen handing out copies to final year students so they could understand all as he does. Dr Bookallil has now turned to Aristotle, but apparently he was nothing but a poor hopeless darling and set biology back 1500 years.

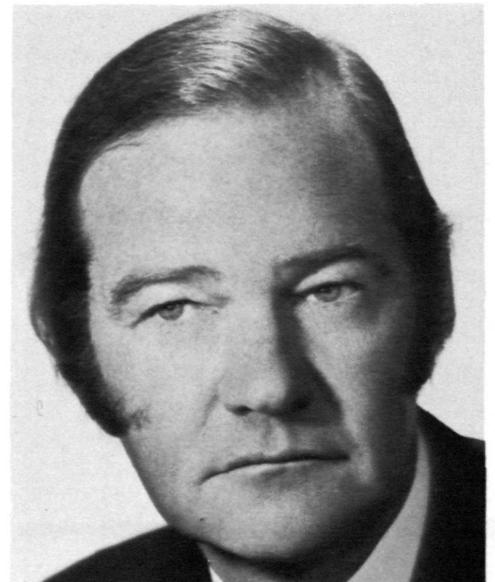
Its a shame Michael is so far ahead of his time — you can just imagine what they would think of him in 1500 years.

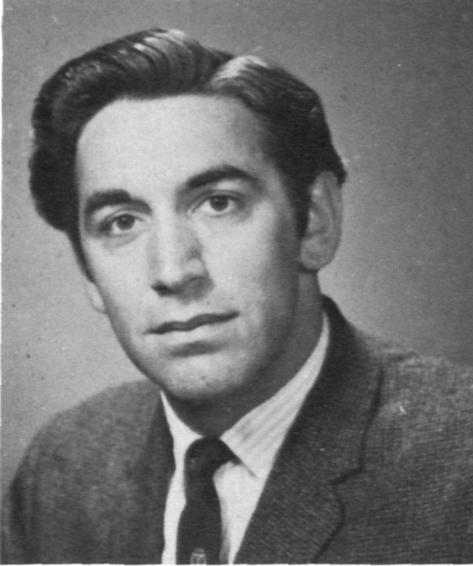


FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

With portends of final year gloom sounding furiously around us, it was indeed a pleasure to be able to escape to the calm relaxed teaching afternoons with Harding Burns. In a relatively painless way he introduced us to the intricacies of clinical medicine, never betraying any sign of frustration at our lack of knowledge. When our ignorance became overwhelming Harding would ease the tension with one or other of his amusing anecdotes, or by venting our opinions about the ways of doctors or paramedical staff.

Our thanks to Harding Burns.





PETER GIANOUTSOS

Med. students since time immemorial have judged their tutors with three important questions: (1) would I drink with him at the pub? (2) can he impart knowledge with a minimum of pain on the part of the student? (3) if I were sick would I want him to look after me? Peter scores high on all three questions.

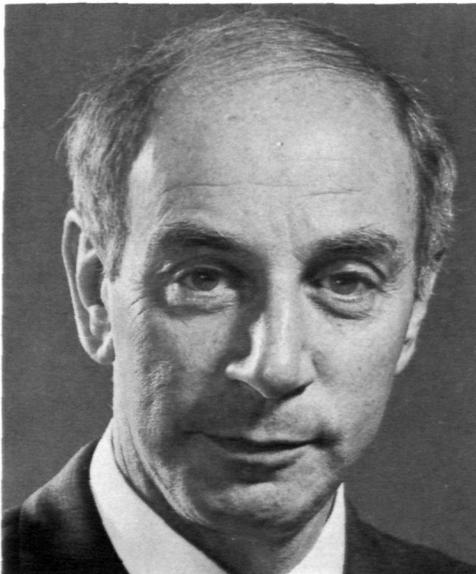
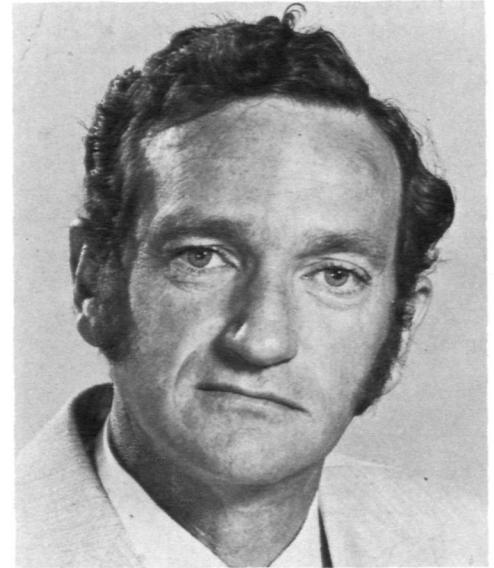
On the debit side it should be mentioned (in a whisper) that he comes from New Zealand, but he has shown good judgment in coming to live in Australia. New Zealand's loss is our gain.

DAVID GLENN

"Do you really believe that?"

Mr. Glenn remained calm under all circumstances unless provoked by comments referring to the need for staff specialists in Surgery. Despite a shortage of patients (except for wound infections of other surgeons!!) his tutorials provided students with a workable approach to the study of surgery.

Being used to the rather drab dress of surgeons Mr. Glenn's clothing was refreshing to say the least. His exactness in dress is paralleled in his operative technique which was approved by all the critical students.



STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

Dr. Goulston has taught us a great deal by his soft approach. Quite apart from the masses of medical knowledge he managed to impart, he demonstrated to us the style of a true gentleman physician whose approach to the floundering student was to softly lead him along the paths of logic, and whose approach to his patients was that of a compassionate man whose object was attending to the welfare of the patient, not merely curing his illness.

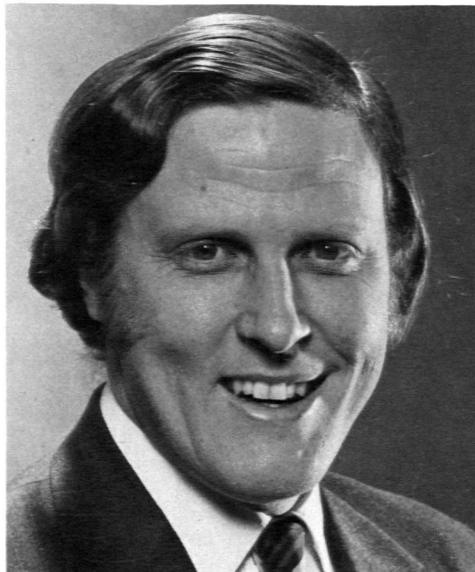
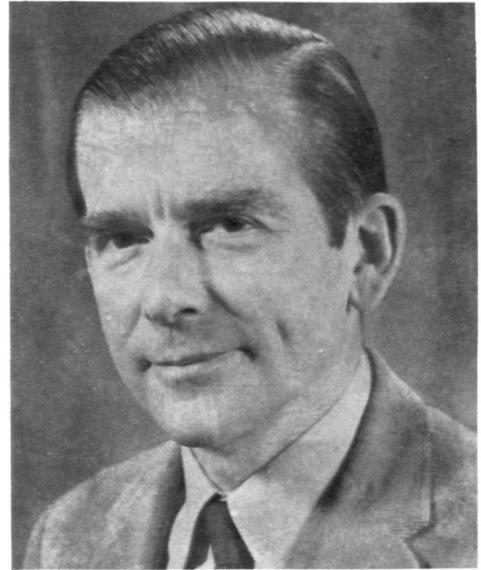
Many thanks Dr. Goulston.

JOHN MOORE GREENAWAY

"Thousands of years ago before the flood."

This impeccably Brylcreamed showman who brandishes his escutcheon under the eponym of Omar Khayam is often to be seen sweeping downstairs with a tail of straggling students behind. His tutorials alternate between lucid patches of culture and history, and the struggling thoughtful silences of his stunned students who are egged on by the strains of "Beautiful Dreamer".

Not to pause for long for we are always rushing headlong on the crest of a wave with this "greatest of guys".



Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology

WARREN ROSS JONES

Thou well beloved deliverer of babes,
 Thou foster-father of child and womankind,
 Obstetric historian, who canst express
 A bloody tale of famous moles and luckless
 Queens and secrets of their private parts.
 Fine clinician, teacher, scientist, lover
 Of patients — mother, child and sheep;
 Of students — grateful for his learned care.

BRUCE DOUGLAS LECKIE

"Roll the patient over and do a thoracotomy".

Mr. Bruce Leckie's refreshing attitude to the teaching of V1th year came as a pleasant surprise to all. Entertainingly aggressive, always ready for a argument and never (unlike the cardiologists) interested in delicate mechanisms, Mr. Leckie provided a ready interest in Thoracic Surgery. His assistance to students (in conjunction with Mr. Doug Baird and Dr. Tanya Jelihowski of Pathology) was appreciated by all. His scathing attacks on the pill doctors or herbalists had the surgically minded students bathing in glory while the medically minded were still ordering a repeat CXR, sputum cultures and cells, scans of liver, bone, lung, spleen, brain, big toe, serum lead and beryllium levels, W.R, antibodies to psittacosis, etc., etc.

Once again our thanks to Mr. Leckie.





JULIAN HERZL LEE

Footballer.

This handsome specimen of virility was always courageous and upright in his fight against ignorance (— students), but it took time to adapt to his ways. Each afternoon he would sway into the overheated glass-house solarium at the back of Page 5 with a bunch of x-rays under his left arm (6%), or right arm (16%), or send a student to get them (78%).

Finding no blackboard duster, this hunch-back footballer of P.A. would use anything to erase the board — a pillow, a *Womans Weekly*, or even a student (such was his strength). Always ready to answer any question (with another) this jocular tutor once inscribed under a condom — vending machine “worst chewing gum I’ve ever tasted”.

Clinical Warden:

GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

“The warden of the clinical school” was a great mystical god, introduced to us in IV year. As junior clinical students, we came into contact with him indirectly only. Imagine the sort of mental picture we must have built up when forced to do business through his “footman”: Mrs. Estall.

In fact rumours arose that he was either a figment of Mrs. E’s. imagination, or else he was an ogre of indescribable and terrifying dimensions, who, together with his side-kick ate medical students routinely for morning tea.

In truth, the situation was that he was more like the Wizard of Oz, for behind that fearful, frightening female facade lived a quiet, gentle, sincere man, to whom it was an honour to present patients and by whom it was a pleasure to be taught.



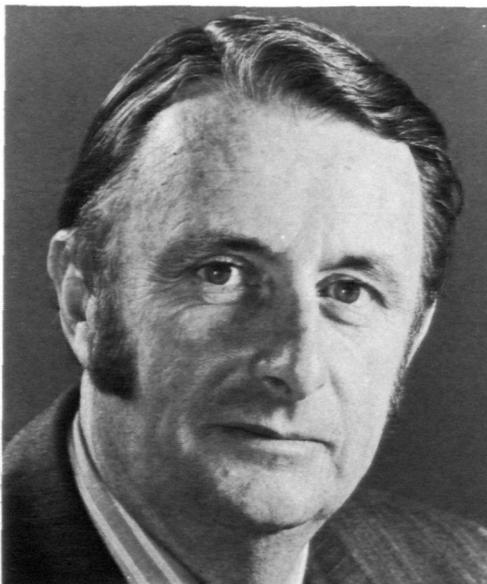
BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

*There lives a man in Sydney Town,
who through his deeds won great renown.
A gentle type, he rarely boasted,
about those things that others toasted.
And all the while he fought for good,
his friends, (admiring), called him “Pud”.*

*His Favourite chop
was a gall-bladder op,
and he’d calmly discuss and disclaim
to his student, and clearly explain
why from eyebrow to toenail to shave,
was not needed, as others would have.*

*In mid-week, for a change of view,
he would snare a polyp or two.
Then he’d be back with a rush
to his group and discuss
a topic of interest, surgical.*

*We wish this man well,
May his spirit not fail,
He has taught us to think and to question.
Such gifts will we need
as the years bring new seed,
and change to our quiet profession.*



MARGARET MULVEY

Meg Mulvey provided a sight at King George Hospital that none will forget, as she dashed from theatres to labour ward dressed in blues, with her thick curls protruding on each side of her head, and “granny” glasses ever about to slip from her nose. With no time for monkey business she expected her students to apply themselves to their task, and she in turn rewarded them with her wealth of knowledge, her sense of humour and her encouraging *mmuh? mmuh?*

Dr. Mulvey may never have won a raffle, but she has won our gratitude and our hearts.



KENNETH WILLIAM PERKINS

We learnt of mighty things — of snails being proclaimed the enemy of the Japanese people; of spacemen shedding 2 lbs. of skin per week and growing four inches in height; of intestines spread across a tennis court (“or was it a squash court?”).

We learnt of mighty things — of snails being proclaimed the enemy of the Japanese people; of spacemen shedding 2 lbs. of skin per week and growing without losing a naturalness of manner with the students he teaches. A person first, a teacher second. No “put-downs” from this tutor.



JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

Famous Professor: “Is that one of Dr. Richards inaudible third heart sounds?”

Another professor: “You students look down trodden enough — you must be Dr. Richards’ group.”

Dr. Richards was the man who taught us to see third heart sounds, the man who stopped us all playing squash and the man with the fastest ECG in the west. We are all now on an aerobic exercise kick and are having daily cholesterol estimations. His bedside style with his hyperacusis left us stunned, his energy left us exhausted but his teaching left us more knowledgeable.





JOHN ROBERT SANDS

"When you're a resident at Gulargambone District Hospital..."

Dr. Sands, the man to whom Gulargambone owes its present fame — as the hospital that has hypothetically suffered the greatest number of tragedies, involving the smallest number of patients, at the hands of the largest number of confused junior residents.

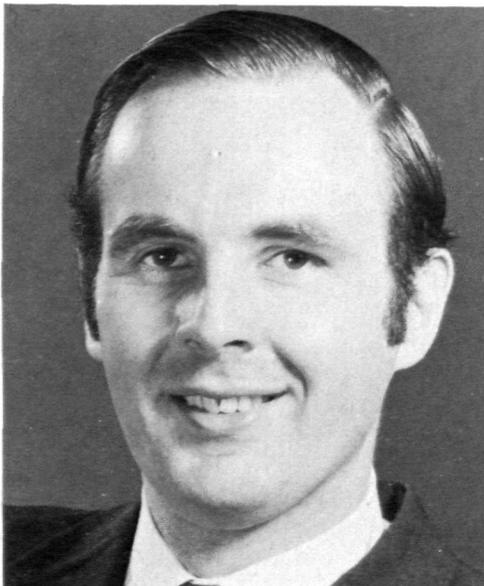
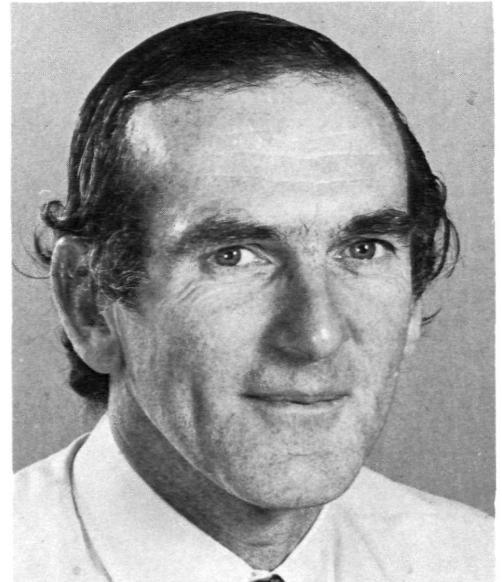
Though rumour has it that he flatly refuses to hand out free games of "Monopoly" or "Snakes and Ladders", our experience of this sincere man makes us wish there were more teachers as thorough and methodical, and as ready to listen to students' queries.

BRUCE STOREY

"This was to be an 8 o'clock tutorial, not a two minutes past eight tutorial."

Waging a perpetual battle against student ignorance and lack of punctuality, Dr. Storey managed to cajole a good deal of neonatology into disorganised memories, a fact which he would be less proud of in view of his desire to have us *think* rather than regurgitate from memory.

A most extraordinary man, a profoundly knowledgeable paediatrician, a manic educator, an enthusiastic researcher, a cynic who loves babies, a detester of incompetence or irrational judgment, in all of these many facets he applied himself with tremendous energy. Well we remember his unique lecturing style in which he wandered amongst us as he flashed up his slides. We thank Dr. Storey not only for that which he has taught us, but for the example he has given of a thinking physician completely dedicated to his work.



Associate Professor of Medicine:

JOHN TURTLE

"c-AMP causes acute appendicitis"

Professor Turtle has continued through the clinical years in his customary fashion, still asserting that:

i) all patients admitted to hospital who are not myxoedematous are thyrotoxic.

ii) salmon are very similar to man (TRF).

iii) endocrinology is more than just a myth.

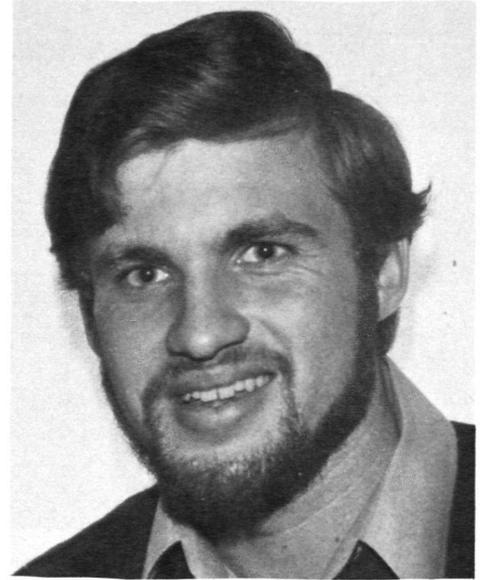
In what could have been the highlight of the year and despite numerous offers and a lucrative contract for future appearances, Professor Turtle repeatedly rejected the opportunity to appear on Chequerboard (obviously holding out for more money).

THE STUDENTS

JOHN HOWARD ALEXANDER

John Howard Alexander, John to his friends, is distinguished by both enthusiasm and a stubborn persistence. Picking up a B.Sc. (Med.) with Honours, he now knows more about the rat lacrimal gland than any other man alive. Finishing this, he plunged into clinical medicine—being known as the 'Cas. raider,' pausing only to act as a student representative and do an elective term in the USA on a Tapping Bequest Grant "to tell them about my rats".

At a personal level he has overcome a speech impediment, and hikes over mountains with a pack, just to stop him going too fast. Recently, he has taken an increasing interest in the fair sex so he seems assured of a great future.

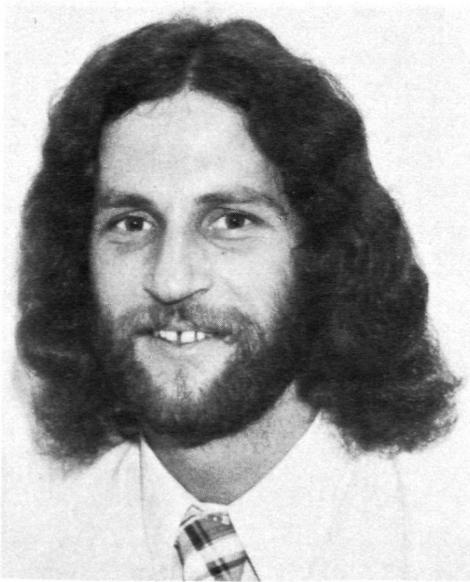


LEONARD WILLIAM ALLEN

"I'd better go phone wifey."

Most of us have our weekends off—not Leonard. He has his weekends on! Two days in Newcastle with Vera and daughter Kathryn, sees him return to St. Paul's to begin a new week, refreshed, relaxed, washing and ironing, all lovingly done. Since his marriage in second year, his results (in Medicine) have improved dramatically, due no doubt to his forced study time on the weekly trip to Newcastle.

Never eager to speak in tutes, his traditional preamble to question is, "Well, I suppose you've got . . ." while gesticulating wildly with both hands. Although, as a student, reluctant to extract histories or visit patients until forced by necessity, Leonard will no doubt become a sympathetic and down-to-earth doctor up in the big smoke at Newcastle.



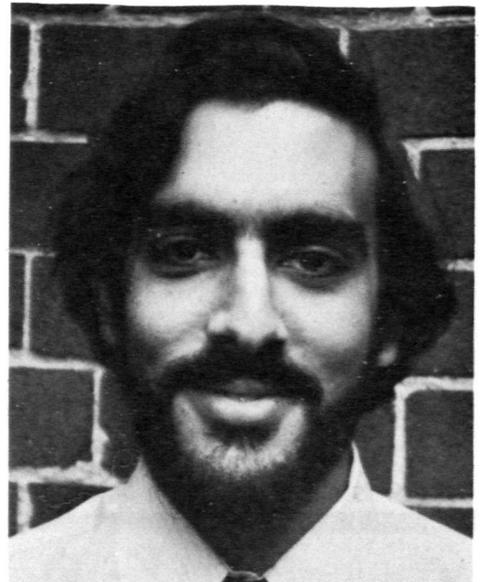
ARTHUR JULIUS ANDERSON

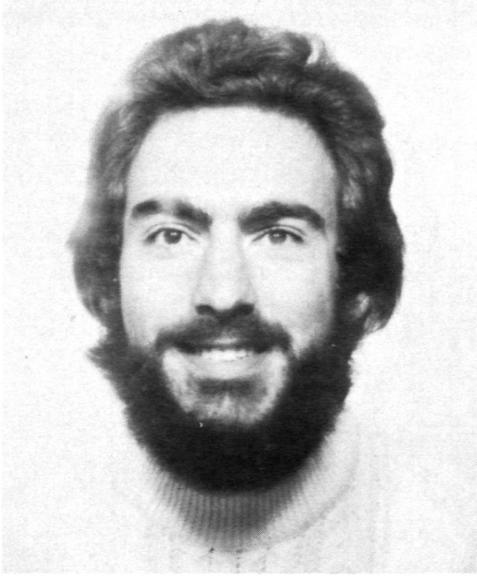
"Why didn't I do Engineering!"

Arthur issues forth from the hallowed and holy portals of that famous school of learning, St. Patrick's of Strathfield, haunt of many of Sydney University's former star loafers.

Arthur, in his latter years, has been more interested in wielding a soldering iron and squash racquet instead of a scalpel. He is always at pains to prove to his friends that exercise "will make a better man of you"—he's still trying.

At the end of Fifth Year, he decided to utilize his uncanny aptitude with tools and married Cathie, who came from the country and didn't know any better. Arthur can be described as a resolute, hard-working and intelligent student and we're sure that he will succeed in whatever field of medicine he pursues. Totipotential, he can take anything on!





LOUIS PHILIP ANDERSON

Louie's syndrome

A sex linked condition with a six-year incubation period; precipitated by long exposure to bubble-gumma. The typical facies of this condition can be seen above. Note the features: the irregular pinpoint eyeball, derived from hours of study (books included); the snail-track beard of insidious onset; the look of chronic irritation. Rarely dementia may occur, with delusions of graduation and feminous-nubile-ophilia.

Prognosis may be encouraging, exemplified by this patient, who, despite his misfortune, hopes to become a venerael, — or rather a venerable doctor.

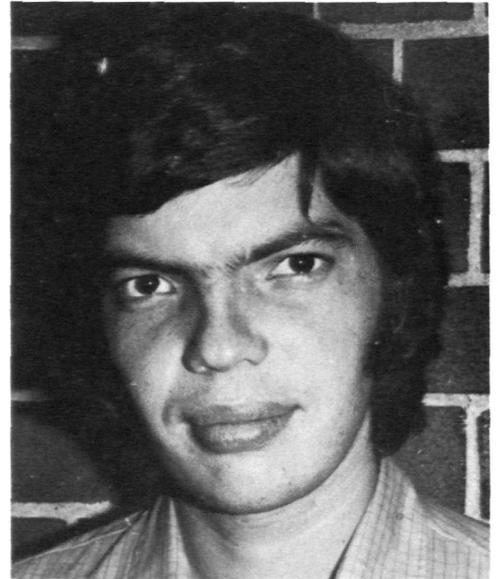
SYDNEY ROBERT ARMELLIN

"Boy of distinction—who never got one."

Product of a successful physical relationship, and as his parents were later to discover, Robert was a boy . . . of unusual physique and intelligence. His parents knew he would achieve great things; they have great faith in him and are still waiting.

Robert was loved by all who knew him (many girls had known him on many occasions), for he was kind, gentle and helpful, except when he was mean, nasty and horrible. Some considered him a genius; those who knew him better, knew better.

Physically, there was nothing outstanding about Robert except when he was with his girl-friend. I would like to tell you more of the talents of this brilliant young man, but there aren't any!



CHRISTINE JEAN ARONEY

"Smile, GOD loves you."

Six years is a long time for hypomania to continue without a remission. Not that Chris was the one to suffer, somehow she always managed to finish pracs early to leave those to whom she had been talking to finish last! Still, how morbid Anatomy would have been without her sociable itinerancy.

Time passed; as her writing grew smaller her horizons broadened; hockey sticks gave way to crosswords. The only thorn in her flesh was that she never could stay calm enough on those E.U. outings to stop getting hoarse. However, though her voice may be in jeopardy at times, her dedication as a Christian could never be doubted.

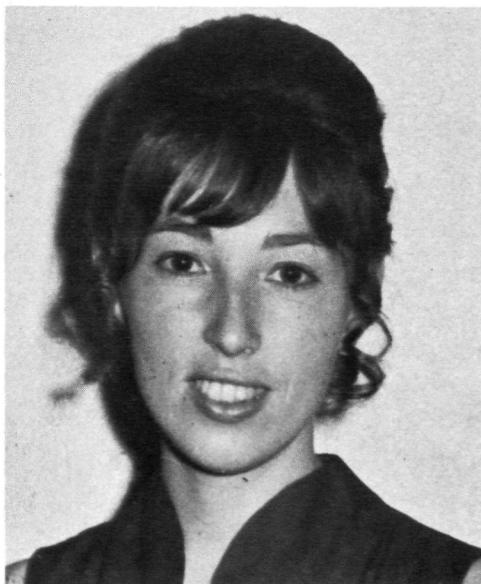
Should you attend some highbrow lecture in the future and be jerked back to consciousness by the tinkle of falling knitting needles—you will know that has to be Chris.



LORRAINE AUSTIN

Little ("the name's Lorraine!") Austin, came to us from Armidale. After we scraped the tar and feathers off in Sancta and a rather swift recovery, Little proceeded to explore arteries, munch her way through specimens and other nightmarish adventures, while still remaining a dab hand at intercollegiate raids. In third year, Little burst onto the lecture theatre scene with her now famous line, "Get your hand off my knee," and succeeded in stopping Donny Duncombe's lecture in mid-sentence.

Now living in the wilds of Annandale, driving her version of the "blue streak," Little hopes to return to the 'Apple Isle,' where she spent her elective term.



CATHERINE MARY BAILEY

"Let's go home now."

Cathie is one of those cleverer girls who migrated from Grafton High with flying colours. In the strange land of Sydney, she soon became friend to many and hooked to one. Her slowest achievement yet has been in getting Arthur to the altar (three years).

Since beginning medicine, she has done much commuting between Sydney and Grafton and is known as a staunch defender of that bush metropolis on the Clarence.

We feel that Cathie will do well at housework and babies, apart from running a practice, as her strong character and happy nature will carry her through life admirably.

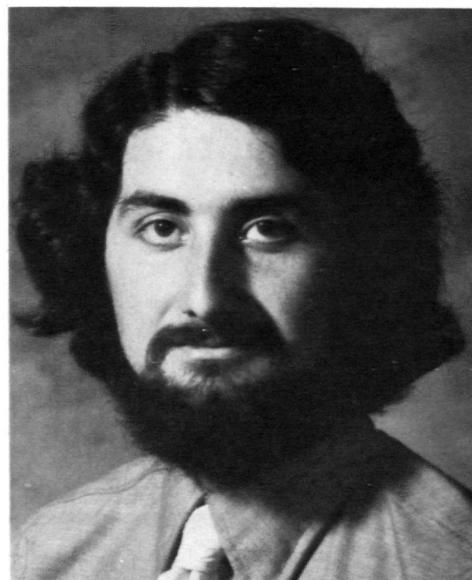
CONSTANTINE BALDAS

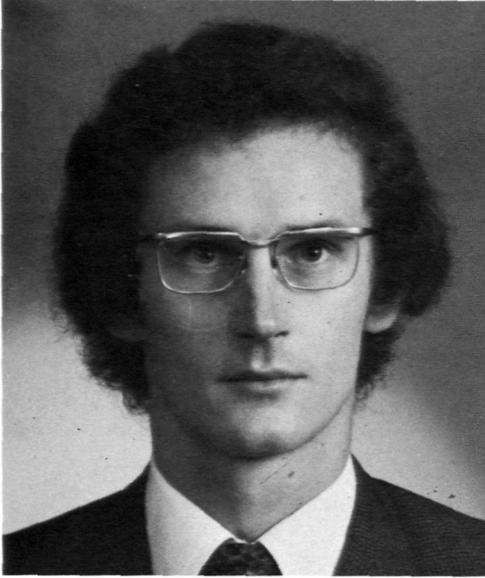
Rather than work for a living after leaving Cleveland Street High, Con decided to enter Medicine. "After all," he thought, "It's six years long, and in that time I might be able to decide what I want to do."

With his characteristic nonchalant approach to almost everything, Con glided quietly through the early years, but of late, has become increasingly hedonistic—pursuing wine and women as fast as his VW will carry him.

Possessor of an almost bizarre sense of humour and a sharp wit, he is always able to amuse whenever two or three are gathered together to "micturate, caffeinate or procrastinate."

With his easy-going and friendly disposition, together with an alert, enquiring mind, Con is bound to be successful in whatever field of Medicine he chooses.





PETER JAMES BARRIE

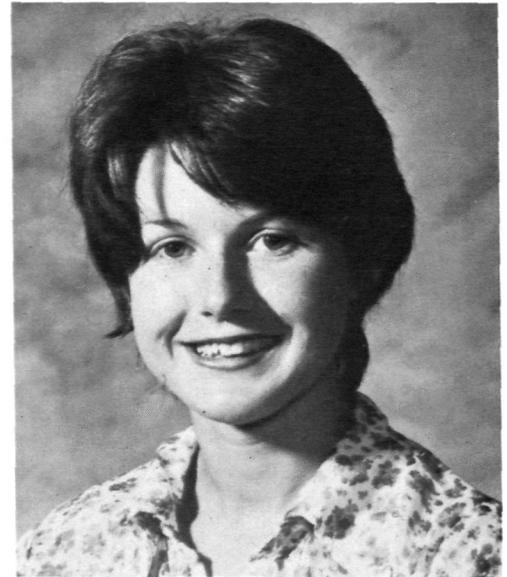
PJ, the Kempsey Kid (Barry Peters to Adnrew's men), was nurtured at Knox and dallied in Dentistry for deux ans before a tour of Tasmania brought him to the big smoke, where he slipped stealthily into Med. III. PJ has a unique manner of answering his tutor's questions, ("Well, er, that's not the main problem actually. Well, I don't know . . . ah . . ."). This technique never failed to amuse his fellows. He snubs suburbia and has often been known to expound the benefits of bachelordom and express a desire for a motorized life, rather than a married one. His somewhat droll comments reveal a dry sense of humour, which, coupled with his easy-going nature will ensure success in his life and career.

ELIZABETH REID BEIM

*"Some people think of me as a Sunday School Teacher...
I would hate to disillusion them!"*

Liz has combined beauty with brains throughout her medical undergraduate days. Her well-turned legs were one of the features of laboratory sessions as she bent over an experiment. Perhaps her most astonishing exploit was getting a hug from a consultant surgeon during a clinical viva at the end of 4th Year. Apart from her good looks, her academic record is well-sprinkled with credits and distinctions.

Liz's great personal charm, intelligence and dedication to her profession assure her of success in whatever field of practice she may choose.



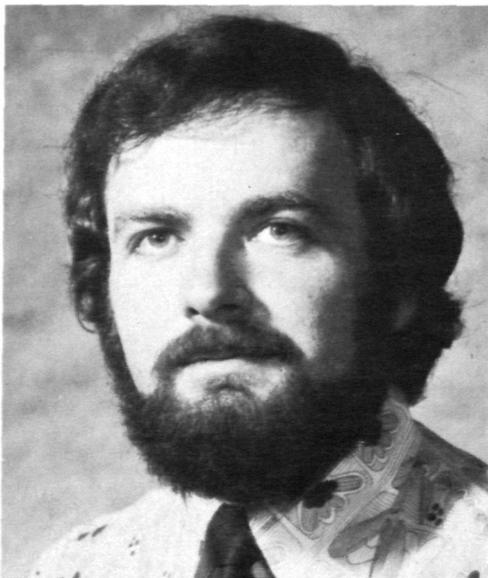
CHRISTOPHER LEONARD BORTON

"I'll be in anything."

Chris rolled into medicine as a rotund seasoned traveller. He has three trips to his credit and indeed takes out the prize for conducting much of his medical training overseas — not to mention other forms of training — "Bangkok was beautiful . . ."

Educated at Scots' College, Chris' first love is literature, followed by—perhaps on par with—studying the female form at close quarters. Up until final year, medicine has been relegated to a lowly third place. However, on the eve of his graduation, Chris has reluctantly exchanged his novels for textbooks, drastically curtailed his social life and donned a white coat.

Like his parents before him, Chris will negotiate the minor hurdle of the final exams and aided by enviable logic, conversational ability, a sense of humour and some knowledge of quackery, Chris will have a bright career.



IAN LEONARD BRITTAIN

Ian started Medicine with very little idea what he was getting himself into. He progressed steadily through the rigors the course had to offer; being mildly interested in most things without showing too much enthusiasm for any one subject in particular. He is well liked by those who know him, always ready to add a cynical comment in any situation.

With a little more application, he should be able to manage successfully any field of medicine which he might choose to enter.



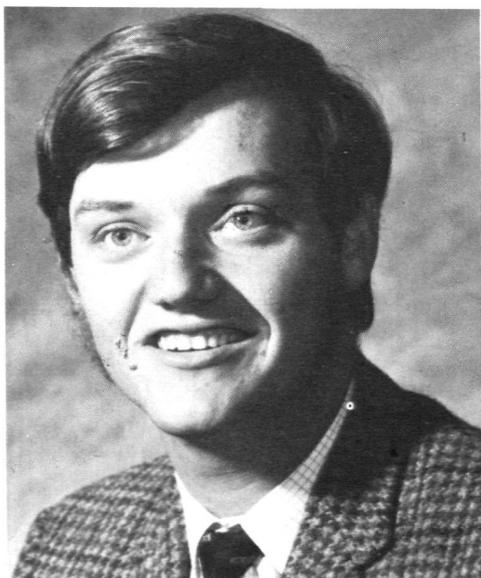
JOHN DUNCAN BROWN

"Mitral thieno-o-thith."

John arrived at Medical School fresh from Sydney B.H.S. As yet no-one has quite ascertained whether he is still "high" or still "fresh". He has passed the years quietly fingering his tie and his pen with equal dexterity. His pen-shaped tie, with its indented finger-prints mimicking the Med. Soc. pattern on its conservative facade, has also been his trademark. There have even been stories of his mark being seen in the Brown Street showers and at the Annual S.U.R. camps. These are known of course to be filthy perverted oral machinations.

Speaking of oral machinations. John has indulged. His ready subtle wit has been appreciated by all, its nuances always carefully designed neither to give offence nor partisan support to any one group.

It is certain that his enthusiasm and conscientiousness will stand him in good stead in the years to come.



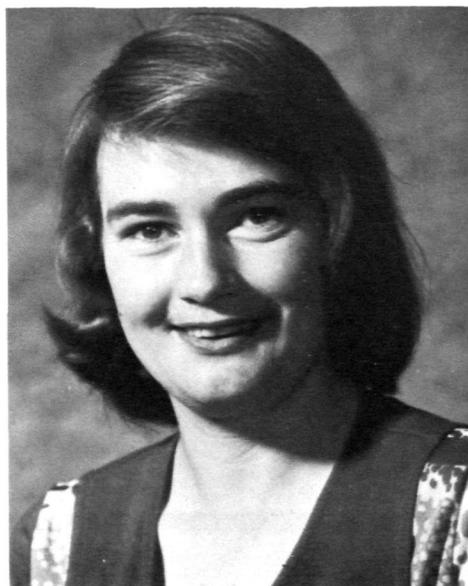
ANN MARY BYE

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

—Emerson

Born with congenital medicinitis—result of familial disease—Ann's first plaything is rumoured to have been a stethoscope. On her way through Medical School, it was soon discovered that Ann was afflicted with severe hardworkingitis. Treatment was prescribed by several of her colleagues but the condition proved difficult to control, her course being characterized by brief remissions and prolonged exacerbations. During one remission, Ann was seen in Rome receiving thigh massage from an Italian shoe salesman and during other remissions she has been seen brandishing a tennis racquet on PA courts or gracing a party with her liveliness.

Ann's enthusiasm and conscientiousness are both remarkable and inspiring, but she is also known for her deeply compassionate nature, her consideration for others and her keen sense of humour. She will make a very fine doctor.





SUSAN RAE CHERRY

A country girl—shy, fair-haired, fair-skinned and light of heart, Sue springs from the clean-aired and sunlit pastures near Gosford. This 'Innocent' who would whistle at sailors only when they were far enough away that they probably couldn't hear anyway, learnt enough at Women's College to floor Adrian with one flutter of an eyelid. Flat-mates, Liz, Marg, Col and Ros watched with astonishment and delight as she became a superb cook, an Avon lady, and even studied before Stuvac under Adrian's influence.

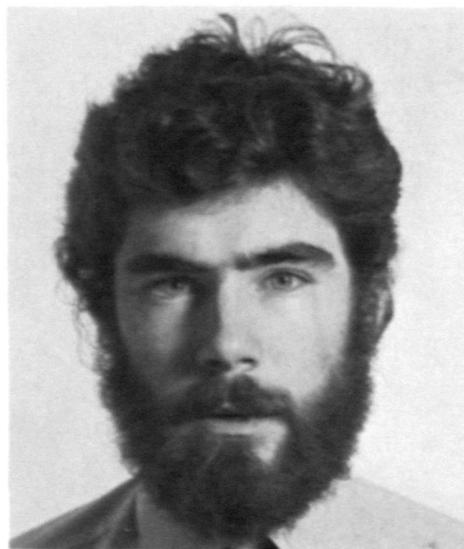
However, her stubbornly good natured character would not be rushed and the serious work of exams will not be put aside until November, whence her multitude of friends wish her to live happily ever after.

ARTHUR CHESTERFIELD EVANS

"Zzzzz... huh?... zzzzz."

Arthur came to Medicine (via King's) from Wollongong. We thought we were dealing with a super ego until it was realised that the ACE on his briefcase stood merely for his initials. A few of Arthur's extra-curricular activities, which we may mention in all propriety, included serving on the Staff Student Liason Committee and the Board of Medical Studies.

Arthur became notorious for succumbing to somnolence in tutorials, and indeed had to be resuscitated on several occasions. Elective term was spent in Nottingham (alas, no Maid Marion!) and rounded off with a speedy European tour. Good luck, Arthur Evans!



MARILYN CORDELL (nee SEGAL)

"My aunty had that..."

First Year held little appeal to Marilyn until love (her future husband, Stephen) entered her life, when sharing the sunny slopes of Victoria Park appealed more than the hard wooden seats of Biochemistry lectures. However, academically, Marilyn has performed brilliantly with paroxysms of high distinctions.

Marrying Stephen at the end of IVth Year, they have just managed to get by on the smell of an oil rag in their "exclusive Bondi penthouse".

A shortage of interesting patients in Final year proved no problem to Marilyn, who gathered all her relatives, examined them, and was thus provided with more than enough clinical material.

Marilyn's abrupt (but delightful) nature, her clinical acumen and anecdotal gems demonstrate just how well prepared she is for the honorary position that has been created for her following her television performance.



THOMAS PETER CROMER

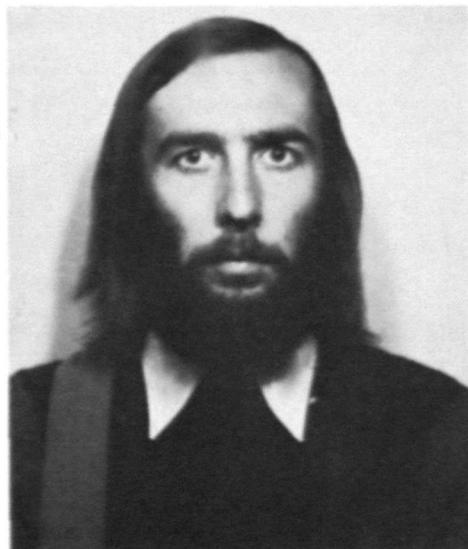
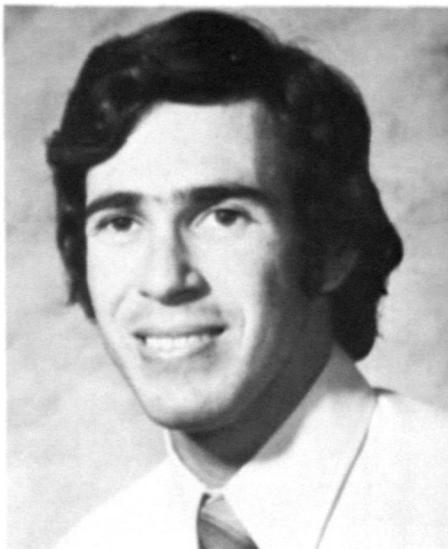
"I've got to make a phone call."

With an easy going nature, Tom is of that refreshing breed which doesn't take study too seriously, yet maintains success at examinations. Slowly moving traffic, his Nomad in wet weather, and Crown St. switch board operators did unmask some aggression, but he was never known to lose control.

Outside interests took up much of Tom's time, summer on Bondi Beach, winter in Perisher and of course the finer arts — what did happen on Friday nights?

During obstets Tom won representative honours for P.A. at the bridge table against the organisation from Sydney Hospital.

Following a trend in the year he decided he needed a lawyer for future years. Ruth happened to be a good bridge partner, and final year found him as a contentedly married man. Inclined towards medicine Tom's future success is assured



JEFFREY CECIL CUBIS

"When you don't know which way to turn, turn left."

Jeff Cubis, raconteur, father of 12 (2 children) and unwieldy wit from the Wollongong coal fields, has a wide range of interests, which include "open-cut coal mining," "coal mining in N.S.W. before and since Bob Askin" and "pneumoconiosis in pit boots." A master of the throw-a-way line, everybody throws his lines away. He is the author of a best-seller, "What every miner should know about cave-ins or do you feel your world caving in about you" and a well-known chequerboard star, he refused roles in No. 96 and Andy Warhol's latest to appear in "Mao Tse Tung's great debt to the thought of Jeff Cubis."

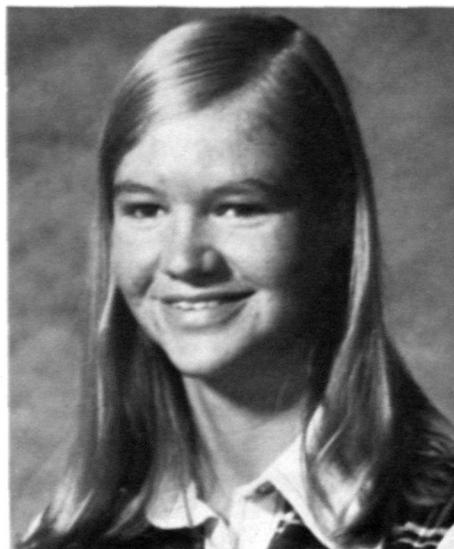
CATHERINE LOUISE CUMPSTON (nee MEAD)

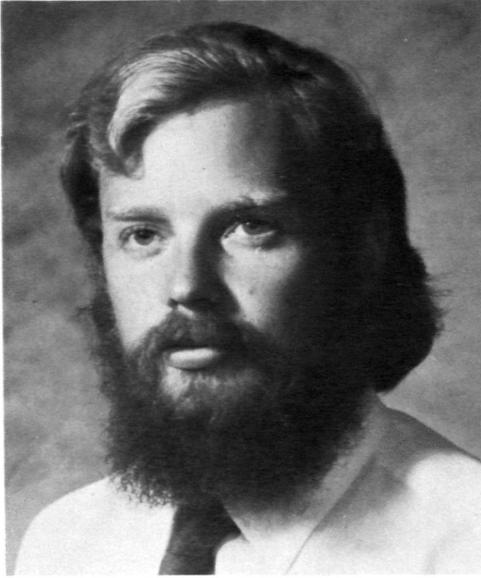
Cathy came to us from Canberra, and her fate was sealed early. By second term Philip dominated the scene, despite College mates' efforts to curb her interest in this "Wild man from the West."

Third Year saw a wedding of "The Year", and the unusual honeymoon. Following up the slipstream of her husband, Cathy took a Honda 90 in Fourth Year and has worked her way up the c.c. stakes to be quite high-powered in her Final Year.

Her sensitivity to the problems of others and her ability to organise will stand her in good stead in the years to come, and she will, without a doubt, make a thoughtful and understanding General Practitioner.

She deserves every success.





PHILIP HOWARD VAUGHAN CUMPSTON

Philip came to Medicine from Broken Hill and proceeded to enliven Wesley College with his presence. Early in second term he began wooing Cathy with flowers from the Vice-Chancellor's garden, and similar testimonies of undying love. This culminated in his Third Year with a wedding and somewhat primitive honeymoon in the wilds of Papua New Guinea. These primal urges found further expression in motor-cycle riding in the following years.

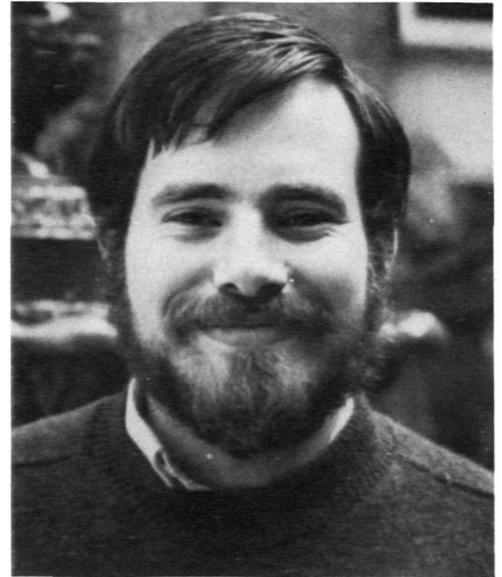
Surgical term in Fifth Year was spent mainly trying to mask the famous beard, while elective term was spent in rugged Tasmania.

With his friendly disposition and rebellious spirit, he is sure to make his presence felt wherever he may go.

STEWART LLOYD EINFELD

"When in doubt, put your shoe on your head."

Stewart was known to his friends as cab driver, Zen Buddhist, would be neurologist, limabean eater, homme sedate and sedated, and gastronome, genuine and generous to a fault. Never allowing his studies to interfere with his life, he was often actively engaged in chess or armchair politics or the third room on the left. It is not widely known that Stewart is a clarinetist of some note (B flat). He is renowned as a teller of tall tales and true from his travels in the legendary orient, and Disneyland. He calls these his "Grim Fairy Tales."



SORAYA EL ALAMI

"He's in my past."

Alias "Desert Cactus"

Entered Medicine for a diversionary activity in '69. Early in the course her dissecting prowess was immediately apparent and she was appointed official reader in anatomy.

Made several forays to the Middle East (— a topic on which she holds certain distinctive views!) failing either to solve the crisis or to obtain a man.

First introduced to the "spices of life" at the Children's Hospital, Soraya has long since outstripped her mentors. Of course she will be long remembered by her group for her reliability and punctuality.

Soraya's vibrant personality, her sense of humour and independent spirit are all highlights of a compact, dynamic personality which will equip her well in the future for any of the above conquests!



MARGARET FILIPTSCHUK

"Who do you believe?"

Beneath the quiet facade that Margaret displays to many people there is a girl of much courage. In a death defying manner she drives into R.P.A.H. every day, facing the aggressive peak hour traffic. Unfortunately this courage leaves her when it comes to learning how to play cards and it is lamented by her fellow students that she has failed to indulge in this traditional student pastime.

Margaret is also renowned for punctuality in attending tutorials, and the gay aplomb with which she will attempt to answer questions fired by tutors. Consequently at times, she suffers sorely from these attacks of "foot in mouth disease".

It is sincerely hoped that, as time progresses, the well-known cure for this condition — i.e. "work" becomes more palatable and that Margaret's future career is a happy and successful one.



HELEN ROSANNA LOUISE FITZGERALD

This startlingly attractive red-head abandoned her cloistered existence for the study of the human body. Her lively company was always appreciated — there was one afternoon in surgical out-patients when Mr. Packham was asking if he had shown the group how to examine the breast. The others answered "no", but Helen "yes". "Ah" said Nick, "that must have been a private tutorial Miss Fitzgerald".

Helen has otherwise kept fairly quiet about her extra curricular activities until in fifth year she married a doctor.

Her fellows approved the match except when family tiffs made such approval unwise. She was a patient listener and trusted adviser to her friends (you're crazy Ken!) and well-loved mother to Stewart, Bert and Ken.

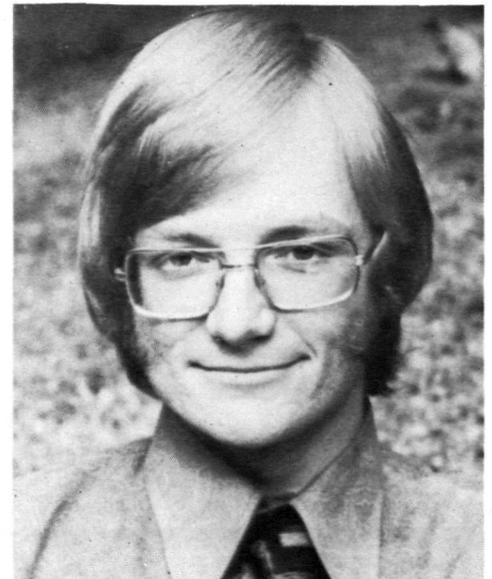
ALEXANDER FROCHT

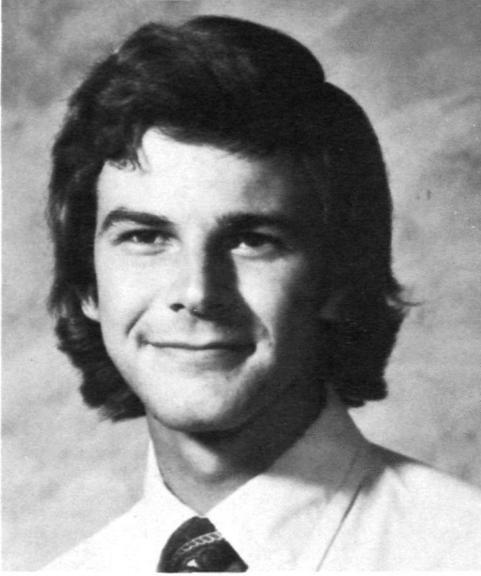
"You want to go to the pub...?"

Alex presented to Med I with a sports car, a great artistic talent, and somewhere there was a desire to study medicine. After 5 years of medical study, punctuated by changes in sports cars, trips to all parts of the world but especially North America, and great conflict between a career in art or one in medicine, Alex emerged in final year as one man who knew what he wanted and where he would go.

To those of us who have known Alex for the last 6 years, he has emerged as a genuine and lasting friend, as well as quite a shrewd man in the medical field.

His prognosis — excellent.





ADRIAN PHILLIP GALE

Towering over the lesser mortals of Med I, Adrian appeared on the scene in 1969 from someplace out west. Forsaking lectures, he immediately teamed up with some weird blonde dude, and disappeared to develop an elegant tennis and pub elbow.

Second year saw him an anatomy prosector, and later he came into prominence with the only vintage side-valve Morris in Sydney (garnished with svelte accessories from various garbage dumps).

The years in medicine have shown Adrian to be a close and faithful friend — especially to fellow alcoholics. His rationality has been strong support for some of the more hysterical elements of the year. A talent for clinical medicine and excellent taste in women (and Scotch) will ensure Adrian the success he surely deserves.

"TOIT" HELEN ELIZABETH GILLESPIE

"I'm going to begin studying next week."

Every now and then medicine is graced by a brainy blonde who is also good-looking. Although prolonged labour was not her style, and despite early afternoon risings in winter and all day swims in summer, Toit did manage to be seen often enough at the hospital to be remembered. Her presence was heralded by her loyal escort "Skipper", or the "easy rider" motor bike; by her ability to successfully laugh off every question asked by her tutors, and her own contagious strain of humour that has infected many an otherwise sterile stuvac. With a name that is a conversation piece in itself, and with her blithe spirit and latent ability, Toit is sure of success wherever she wanders.

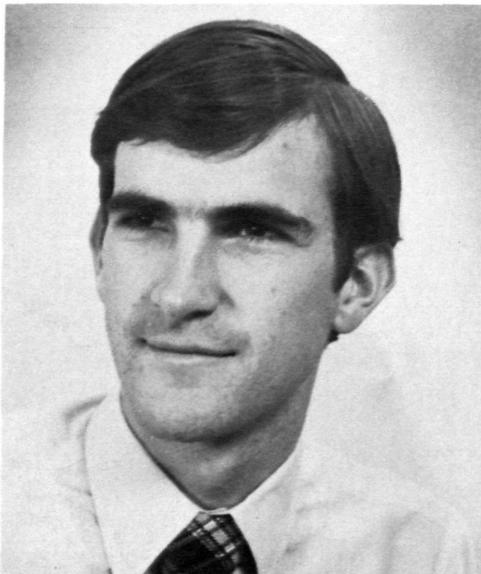


COLIN JAMES GLENDINNING

"What a challenge!"

One could certainly say that Colin found Medicine challenging. Although he had not been gifted with a great love of study (which made Medicine all the more challenging), he had other attributes which endeared him to those around; he was one of those fortunate people who could look Myles Little in the eye over an operating table without standing on stilts; he had that certain faraway look which only comes with years of practice (and lack of sleep — by the way, where is Bundeena anyway?).

But Colin's life was more than just "a song (Oh, those agonizing trips in from Cronulla), a smile, and a happy joke". He showed many fine qualities and was a constant encouragement as a Christian to those who knew him. He showed interest in those around him, and a sense of humour that was contagious (except to those few who seemed to have been vaccinated against it).



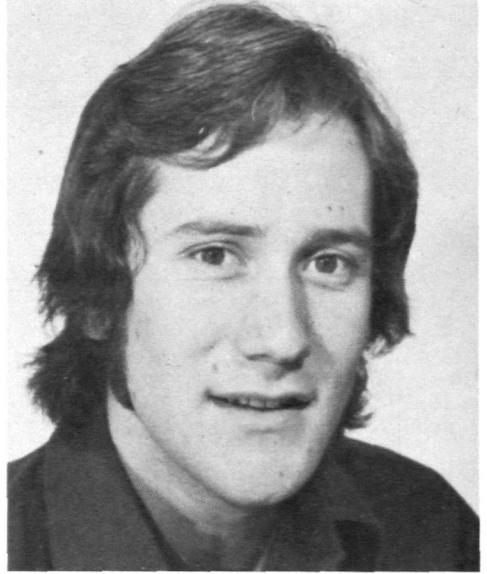
DAVID GOSSAT

"Gee, I'm crapped off with study".

Delivered from the halls of fame of Maroubra Bay High (second only to Plunket Street in academic performance), Dave is one of RPA's most progressive and acute students. Throughout the course he has strained to achieve recognition and a high academic performance (he is still straining). The Star of David is truly a wonder to behold!

Dave is always close at hand, tie in hand, hand in hair, and foot in mouth. David's punctuality can only be surpassed by his religious fervour, which of late has secured him regularly at home every Saturday (after marrying Rachelle).

We feel that Dave has all the characteristics which will make him into a fine doctor — determination, humanity, hypertension, and intelligence.



PATRICIA HARRISON

"It's just something I picked up in Brussels."

Through periodic affairs, frequent flits to Europe, afternoons at Bondi Beach, innumerable hours (and dollars) spent shopping and evenings at concerts and ballet, Trish has always taken a balanced view of medicine and her academic results would be a credit to all.

Seen often in her hallmark — the yellow MGB — leaving behind the fragrance of Arpege, Trish has been appreciated by all (at least, all the males) for her looks and immaculate dress.

Trish's interests in the clinical years were obviously surgical, her ability with scalpel and sutures catching many a professional eye. Elective term found her in Europe and England again, though Bart's appeal was more than thoracic surgery.

Wherever she settles, geographically and medically, Trish is assured of the very best.



ROBERT JOHN HARTEMINK

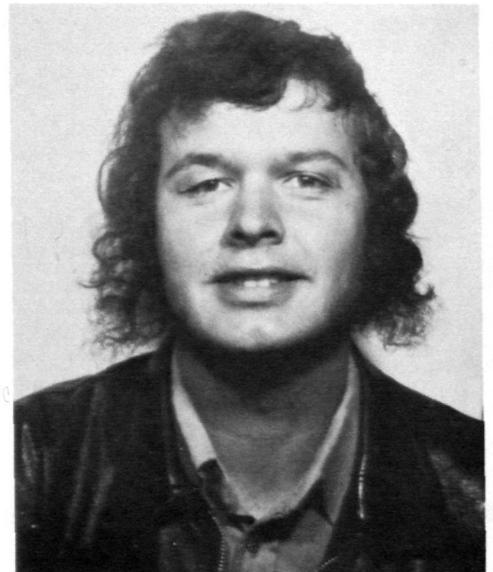
"Gee... I really don't see why... you know?"

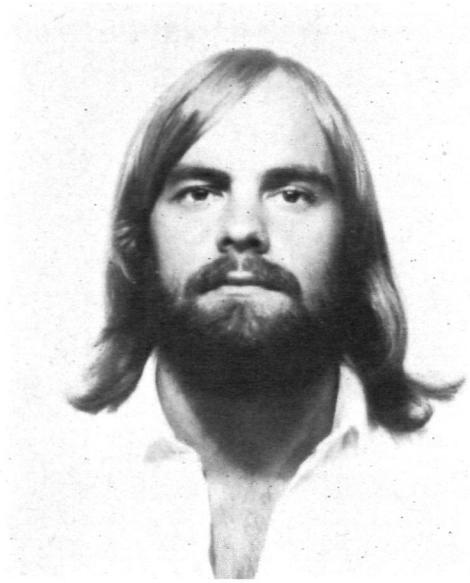
Bowral bumpkin by birth. Bob has bumped by in his mini-moke for some years now, holding himself in solely by the steering wheel.

Partially posed, he casts a sly wink on life. Observing him is to witness a continual battle between the forces of sleep and wakefulness. However, his lackadaisical exterior cloaks his true nature which is open and honest, sustained by the Goons, Monty Python, Rolling Stones, etc., etc., and generally immersed in a (um . . .) — lackadaisicalness.

Never seen at the hospital with his collar button done up, he has likewise never been seen *without* his foolscap folder (red) in his hand.

A genuine, people-oriented person. Not to mention his recent moustache or his chuckle (z z z z z z . . .)





RICHARD DAVID HARVEY

"My friends were poor but honest" — Shakespeare

Born of proud English stock in 1949, he was transported to Australia at the tender age of 8. Here he settled in the southern N.S.W. town of Heathcote, where he completed his secondary schooling with notable success, an accomplished scholar and sportsman.

Having decided to take up a worthwhile medical career, he gained entrance to Sydney University Medical School. In early years a wayward lad, he finally settled down in our conservative faculty as a diligent student; sworn to the cause of radicalism and the national health scheme. Despite this, he should make a valuable contribution in his chosen profession as a general practitioner.

MARGARET MARY HENDERSON

"Cheers!"

Reared amid the relative cultivation of Terrigalian wilds, Marg has an essentially practical outlook on the world. A great fixit person, she will have a bash at anything from telephones to obstetrics — in fact her motto is "Hend'er son out," and the sooner the better.

A staunch Wesleyan, but not a wowser, in fact quite a totipotent tippler, she sports a ragbag mind that is a wealth of witticisms. The befreckled admirer of P. B. Frecker, she has been known to have trouble getting the door open, thus keeping Frecker interned. Despite many and varied experimental culinary adventures, she has failed to poison the inhabitants of Watkins Street or Glebe Point Road. All alive, well and kicking. Hope her patients will be too.



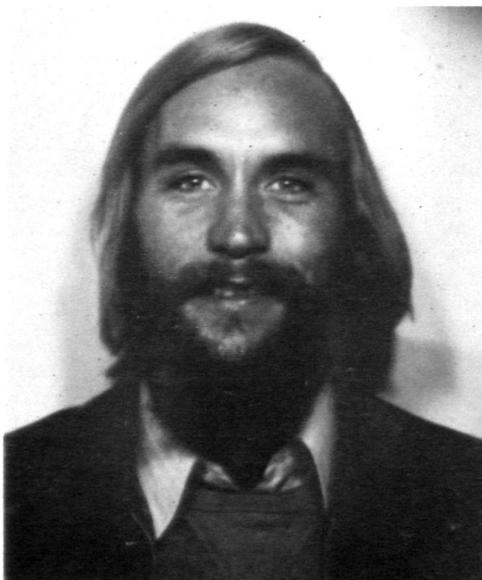
GARRY RAWDON THOMAS HOUGHTON

*... a doctor is confronted with a multitude of human conditions;
two things he must not forget —
that his 'knowledge' is no protection
and that he too, is human...*

Garry received his secondary training at Wollongong High School, also achieving several State and C.H.S. firsts in the field of athletics.

First year Med. proved somewhat disillusioning and hence Garry fell to evil ways and diversions; consequentially leading to his expulsion from Wesley College.

Having lost sight and touch of several close friends in the trial for greater knowledge — known to us as Medicine; his thoughts have gotten the better of him and he has been seen with relative frequency in the region of R.P.A.H., in this, his final year...



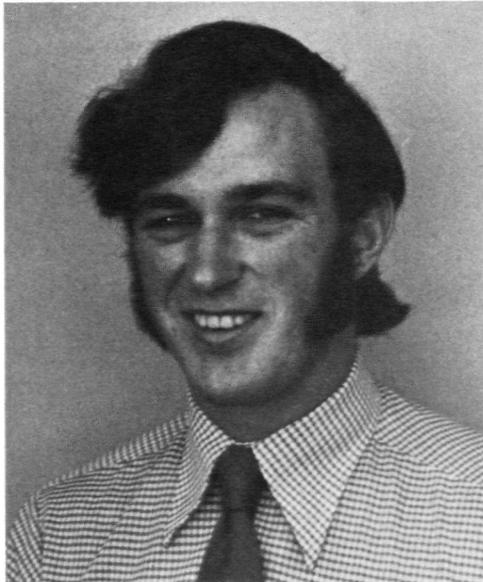
KENNETH JOHN HOWLIN

"Injured in Macy's Riot Sale"

This is the short story of Ken Howlin. He had little real intelligence, a bitter sense of humour, no luck with women and played guitar badly. He had two friends. He passed his exams and thereby gained a medical education at the taxpayers' expense. Whatever will become of him?

P.S. It must be added that his schizoid sense of the absurd rarely failed to unnerve his close friends, who suspect that beneath the facade of homespun-philosophy-gone-wrong and whimsical contradiction, there is a very sensitive and serious young man of fourteen years.

The accompanying photograph shows Ken giving an impromptu performance of "I won't dance" from the 1930's musical of the same name — or something.



JOHN ARTHUR D'ARCY KING

"See her... she's in love with me."

John, hailing from Nyngan by way of Manly became the master of the "gentleman's pass" during his sojourn within the faculty, and before moving up to his Honda 90, the only thing John passed in his Fiat 500 was wind.

John can always be recognised by his early morning smile and greeting of "Owzyerbum" and is often found in the afternoon on his way to the Grose muttering "Make mine Old".

His medical know-how has been well applied. He has administered Kao Magma to the Singleton cadets, boiled lollies and balloons in his days as Santa Claus, and havoc at Freemantle.

In spite of everything John assures us that he will make a worthwhile contribution to the practice of medicine and we wish him the best of luck.

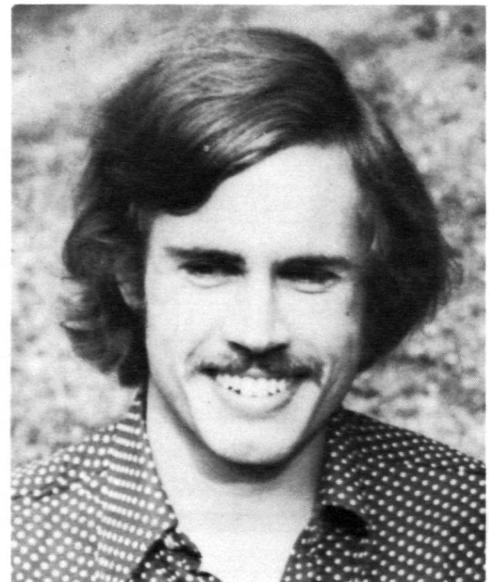
WILLIAM BRODIE KNIGHT

"What about my health?"

Those of us who shared a sultry summer O & G term with Brodie will remember his unique style of interrogation. His deceptively ingenious yet insistent questioning met with a variety of reactions from his mentors: most bravely attempted to answer the unanswerable; only one broke down in despair.

Brodie's itchy feet and thirst for knowledge led him twice to mysterious India (where he was mystified), to naked cave-man life in the Aegean and recently to Paris where he studied cardiology, skiing and other things. Assuming the role of le medecin malgre lui, he returned to help us through another year with his wit and good humour.

Brodie's charm ensures him a position of affection with us all.





SARI POULA LARSEN

"Who?"

If you don't recognise this physiognomy, it's probably because you spent too much time in the hospital (Sari's favourite hide out) or you don't know what physiognomy means. She became known for her frequent attendance at tutorials (whenever she had time off her other activities). Where does this sex symbol of group 5 disappear on the weekends? Why does she return on Tuesday morning (she always had a long weekend) bleary-eyed? There is no question about her character except her brilliant play at pin-balls and crosswords. She fought a never ending battle for truth, justice and passing exams. Her knowledge of medicine was reflected in the many questions she never asked.

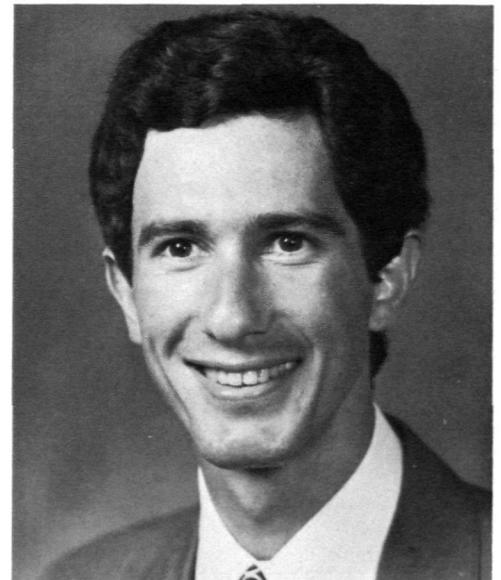
VAUGHAN RICHARD LENNY

"Don't be so aggressive..."

An arts course in Perth, then off to Melbourne to teach mathematics. Concert pianist and entertainer extraordinaire, finally Vaughan joined us in Sydney to try his hand at medicine.

While pursuing the course in his early years, at the same time he continued to further his musical studies at the conservatorium. Vaughan's interest in medicine was paramount in Vth year: in psychiatry in particular he showed a certain panache, revealed in a paper he had published — an article on preventive psychiatry. (Psychiatry? Music? Have we another David Maddison?)

With his keen sensitivity and enthusiasm, there is little doubt Vaughan is assured of success in whatever field he chooses to follow, even should he decide to practise medicine.



FRANK LEPRE

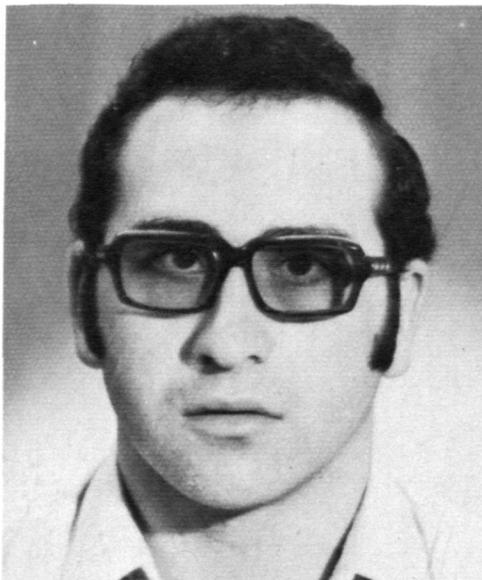
"That does it; definitely no women this term!"

Frank Lepre has been known for many things in the past 6 years. Not the least of these is the strong opinion he holds on most matters — you have to be quick to get the last word in — or any word!

On the whole, he has been very conscientious in whatever he's done. Most would agree that he excelled himself at the children's hospital — a remarkable working relationship with the nursing staff — in and out of the swimming pool.

As well as being a hard worker, he is always very observant while in the wards — ever ready to point out a 'terrific pair of tits' somewhere around the place.

'Bloody hell!' What more can I say?



MICHAEL JOHN MADDEN

"How about going for a quiet Ale...?"

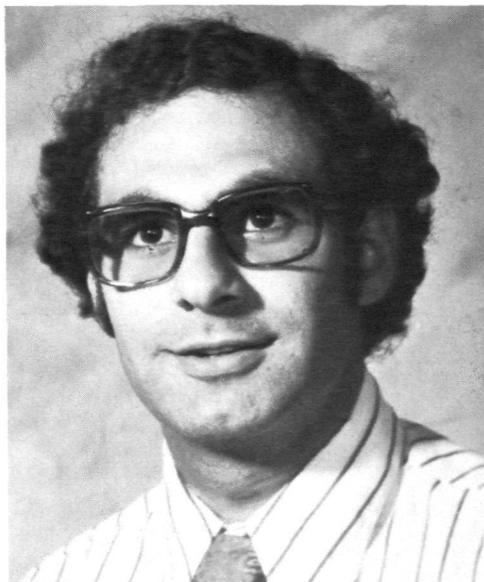
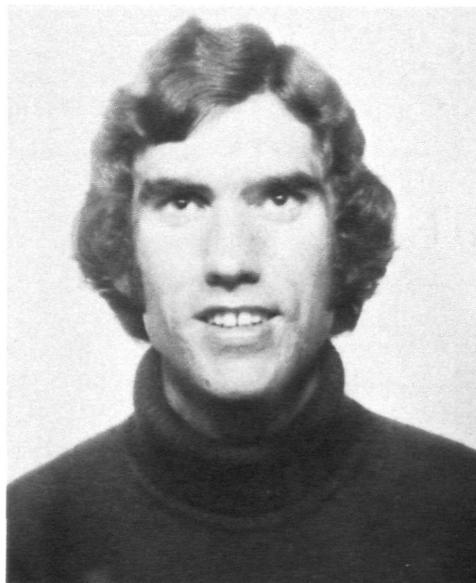
Michael is a boy from the bush (Canberra), but he quickly adapted to the big city life.

While at college many good nights were passed in the warm surroundings of the Grose Farm. His memories are many, especially frequent raids on Sancta by the John's boys.

Like most people he entered his clinical years full of vision and hopes of better things to come, and they did. His marriage last year helped to settle him down to the work at hand, and he provided a stabilising influence in his group.

His academic record speaks for itself and we feel certain that he will succeed in all future endeavours.

He will be remembered most for his quiet, unassuming manner and for his warm attitude to all his friends.



GEORGE TEWFIC MALOUF

One of the Westerners from that distant fringe of suburbia, Parramatta, is of excellent genetic stock with well proven Hippocratic blood lines.

Established early prowess as a fearless (but not artless) dissector.

In his clinical years he was renowned for his strong hands and rather direct approach. Won considerable repute from a "motherly" theatre sister for his "sterile" technique.

Was a known frequenter of the bush and hunter of inland birds.

To date has evaded the clutches of fellow students, midwives, paediatric nurses, but appears to be slowing.

Well known for his consistency, a practical and incisive mind and generous hospitality as anyone who attended "a day at the farm" or was entertained at Grose Street will readily testify.

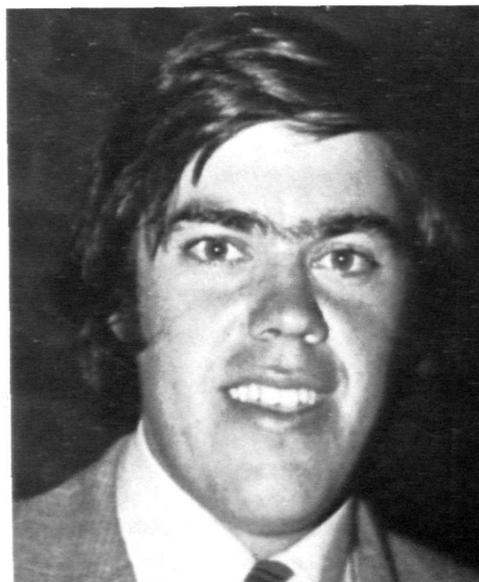
BRIAN CHARLES McCaUGHAN

"I don't believe it!"

The name McCaughan became well known early, due not to Brian's rare feat of topping every subject in IInd year, but rather his grace and agility behind the stumps. His continuing remarkable success was obviously due to his subtle diplomacy to tutor and lecturer alike, and not related to hard work. Topping pathology further justified his title "necrophiliac", soon to be abandoned after his frequent appearances with a gorgeous young blonde.

He so stimulated the professor that he was invited back to "kids" to spend elective term in deep investigation — who killed Sturge-Weber? Brian sold a bus or two, Julie signed the contract and married life began in refined splendour (ducking the planes!).

Distinguished further by representation on faculty committees, Brian is undoubtedly unique. His career, certain to be outstanding, will be followed with great interest.





GEOFFREY WILLIAM McCAUGHAN

"Could I ask one of the speakers to comment on the aetiology of Reye's Syndrome."

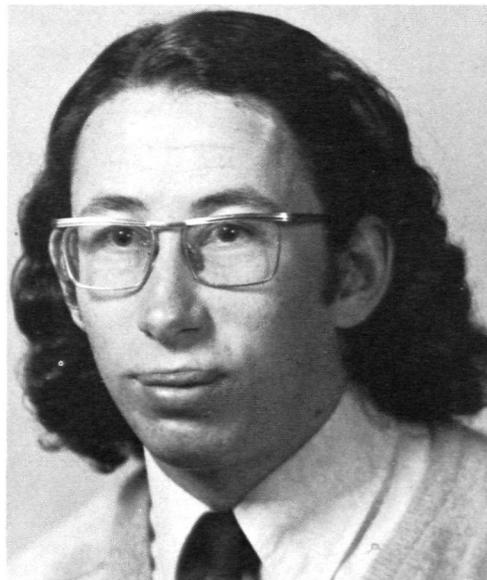
Once upon a time there was a little lymphocyte called Geoff. His father, Theodore Thymus, slowly atrophying, had great expectations of his son becoming a T cell. Instead, Geoff preferred playing with the gang down in Peyer's Patch and aspired to become a B cell.

However, all his playmates of those halycon days — Bertie Bacterium, Phoebe Fungus, Col I Form and Sal Monella — didn't really excite him, rather he considered them at times somewhat coarse and foreign.

One day, having crept into a tonsillar crypt for a kip, he brushed against Daphne Diphtheria, a sweet little bug, who attached herself to him, sensitised him, stimulated him, complemented him and rapidly precipitated them both into marriage. Who says Immunology isn't wonderful?

WILLIAM BRADLEY McKENZIE

Bill entered medicine with a distinguished record determined initially "to keep up the good work." Thus he was a constant attender at lectures, carving sessions, tutorials etc. and his comments following a well-spent hour showed his deep interest in even non-examinable material. Bill's studies were not confined to University and R.P.A.H. however; often he was to be seen on Coogee beach, a worn copy of Harrison beneath his tired head, carrying out his clinical survey on the effective doses of various suntan oils. All right-thinking Australians will agree that if all medical students and doctors demonstrated the same interest in the doctor-patient relationship as Bill does, no longer would there be idle talk of nationalised medicine. His apparently effortless appraisal of the student-at-hand should make his relationship with all hospital staff successful in all fields.



STANISLAUS MISTA

Burst onto the medical scene like a breath of fresh carbon monoxide and was soon dismayed to learn that everything he enjoyed doing caused tumours in mice. Displaying wisdom and maturity normally seen in one twice his dog's age, he was constantly plagued with pleas for advice and help from no one.

Founder of the anti-Z.P.G. movement he also invented the exploding I.U.D., the arrhythmic method and the quick rusting zipper.

Became severely anoxic and cyanosed in the bacteriology department while doing research into the effects of a new drug combination (gentamicin and vitamin E) on anaerobic orgasms and subsequently has shown profound dislike for colourblind goannas.

Proud husband of Mary-Anne and father of Luke and Adam.



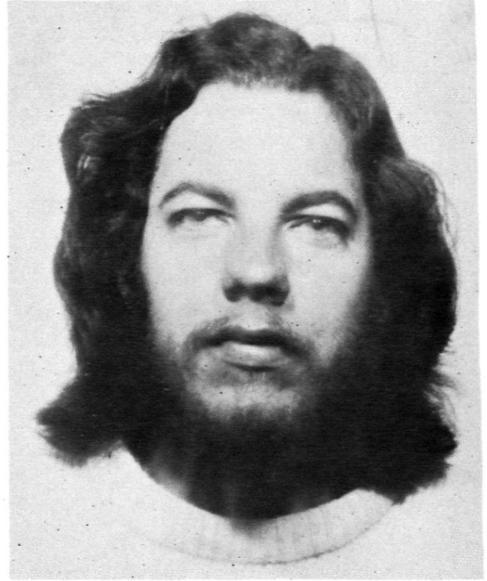
DAVID CHARLES MITCHELL

"Is that the 53rd cause of the leuko-erythroblastic anaemias?"

Dave has conquered numerous cases of mistaken identity to become one of the most unique and congenial members of the medical phalanx. A talented all-rounder, his achievements range from rowing for University, the training having been supplemented by copies of Cecil-Loeb carried in clinical coat pockets, to having the year's largest collection of differential diagnosis lists.

Dave's otherwise smooth passage through medicine has been punctuated by schizoid episodes wherein, attired in his Joe Cool outfit, he wanders abroad in search of the rara avis. Back at the hospital concentration turns to multitudinous marginal micrographia and self-prophylaxis of Korsakoffs with schooners of orange juice.

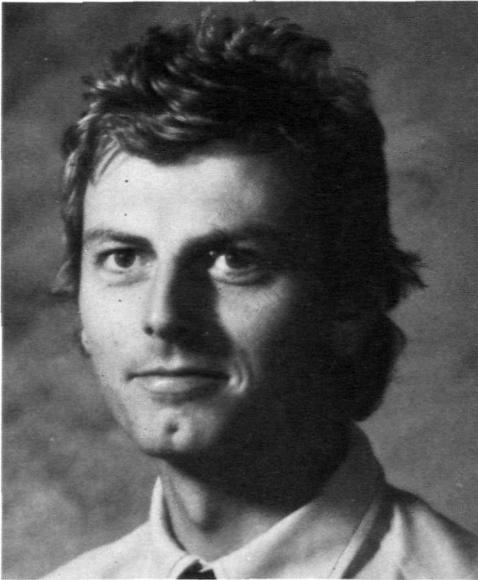
His academic success, along with an ability to confuse any topic with negatives, gives Dave the makings of a good honorary. We are all sure he will go a long way, at least further than Balclutha.



EDMUND SEAFIELD JAMES MOLESWORTH

On his leisurely stroll in and out of medicine James has picked up numerous things excepting a degree. Amongst these are an acquaintance with the previous six years of graduates, a "baby shrink" wife, a notorious Glebe house, an almost science degree, an expertise in building and green-keeping — all in all, a lot of unfinished business.

Hopefully he'll be seen at last using his many skills in a general practice setting in the future.



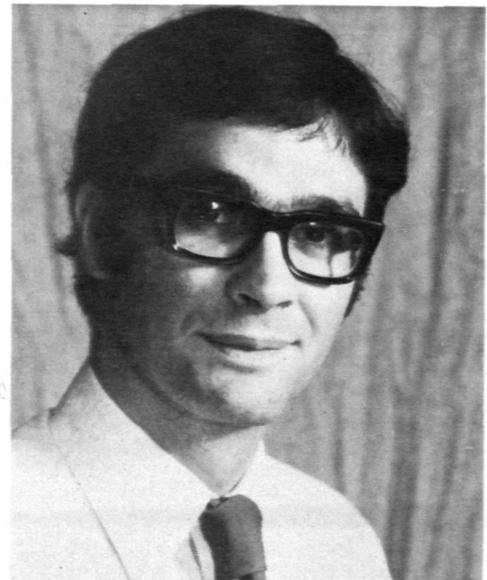
PAUL CHRISTOPHER MYERS

Having arrived in the faculty from Ashfield De La Salle, Paul settled down to a not too strenuous study programme combined with light social activity.

After "breezing" through the preclinical years, Paul married Wendy at the end of fourth year, which instigated the recreation of house hunting, about which he had few kind words to say.

He has always had trouble with his cars — first the Hillman which sometimes went and always looked like a mobile Molotov cocktail with that rag hanging out the fuel tank. Likewise the Holden (also Wendy's) is not renowned for its reliability.

With his friendly manner and quiet sense of humour, Paul has shown a concern for his patients which should take him a long way.





LAIFUNNG

Pint-sized like many of her race, Fun came to us from Kuala Lumpur, having finished off High School in Maitland. Shy and quiet, but friendly, Fun lived up to her name — when she wasn't too worried about coming examinations. Unfortunately Wesley College didn't serve Chinese food so Fun could fairly often be found down in China-Town or visiting Chinese friends.

A compulsive note-taker, Fun was always busily scribbling in tutorials and lectures, but a lack of faith in her own lecture notes led to the oft repeated question "Could I borrow your notes on . . . , please?", and thereafter Fun could be found furiously photocopying — feeding those insatiable machines generously with 5c pieces.

Best wishes for the future, Fun!

GRAHAM RUSSELL NORTON

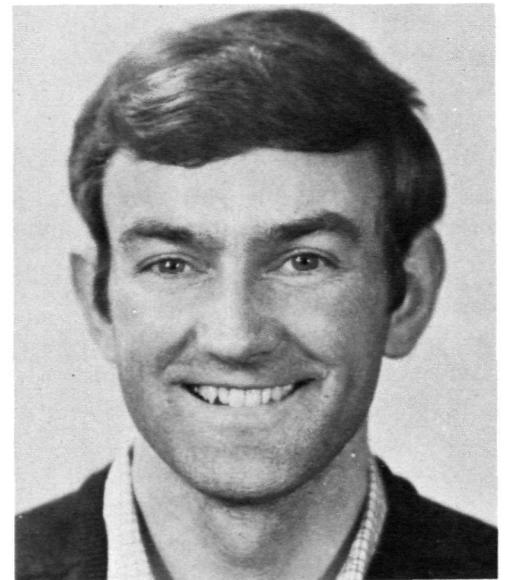
"Abdominal Pain: Well, I think that basically, I'd take out his appendix."

Graduating with honours from pharmacy and escaping National Service with a questionable high blood pressure, Graham decided his true calling was Medicine. The pharmacy degree provided him with a job to support his love of expensive hi-fi equipment and classical records in his student years.

His surgical aspirations led him overseas during elective term as a missionary surgeon to Nepal (growing a beard and the oriental smoking habit on the way).

Graham will be remembered from tutes for his stalling manoeuvre, repeating the question in different ways, amidst his fellows' groans. Then with thoughts marshalled he would reveal what he felt was basically the problem (often with little relevance to the question).

Be that as it may, his diligence will ensure Graham of success in his chosen career.



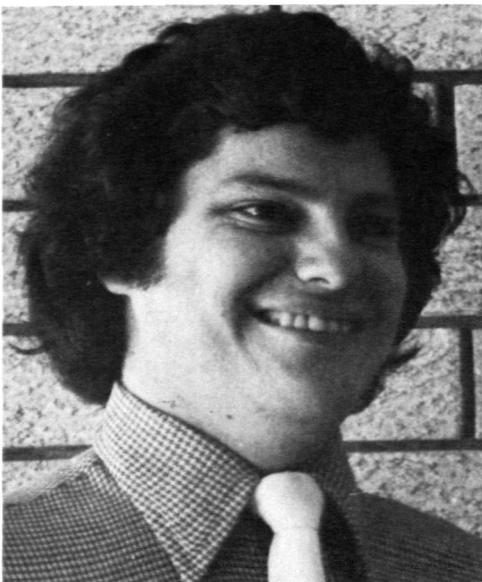
COLIN JOHN PEARSE

"Must go on a diet . . . tomorrow."

Since entering medicine Col has made many gains, notably Bronwyn and bulk. Emerging from the murky depths of the Georges River, Col forsook his comforts of home to take up residence with those beauties of Watkin St., but still feeling his life was unfulfilled he entered marital bliss.

Col never ceased to amaze us with his ability to arrive at morning lectures still half asleep despite his no doubt harrowing bicycle trip through Newtown in peak-hour. He impressed us also with his thirst for medical knowledge as shown by his regular appearances in Emergency Theatres on Sunday afternoons; but his motives soon came to light — MONEY.

Despite his increasing magnitude, Col will no doubt leave a big impression on the medical profession.



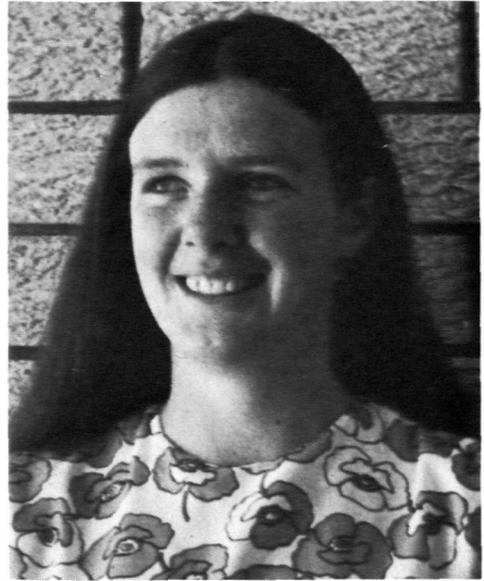
BRONWYN SUZANNE PEARSE (nee EVANS)

"Colin don't! Not now!!"

Despite Bron's early care-free attitudes, in third year she suddenly appeared at Fisher library to study, at night, with her friends. We thought she had turned over a new leaf but in mid fourth year, lo and behold, we realised that she too was "emerging from the murky depths of the Georges River"... sporting an engagement ring.

After her fairytale wedding with a cast of thousands, she set up her place in cosmopolitan Enmore. Since being married Bron has experienced many thrills, including riding push bikes. Col gallantly arranged for the bikes to be stolen, thus conserving energy for more important pastimes.

Mother Bron... we wish you a prolific medical practice.



HELEN RITA PERRY

Helen came into medicine from Cremorne Girls' High School accompanied by a friendly disposition and a calm spirit. She immediately became involved in christian activities on campus and became known as a member of the ubiquitous E.U. crowd in her year.

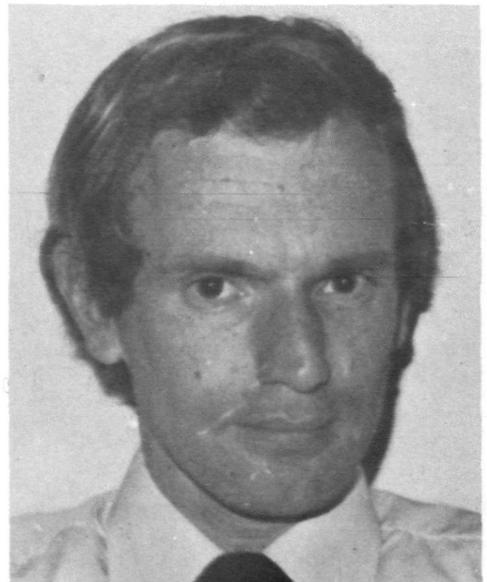
All those that knew her said she was quiet but she managed to triumph over her examiners. As a reward for her efforts she thought she needed a trip to Nepal and satisfied her adventurous spirit by tramping around the foothills of the Himalayas. She returned to finish final year and we wish her all the best for her future medical practice.

WAYNE ALAN PHILLIPS

"Where is everyone?"

This quiet specimen entered the faculty of medicine in 1969 after graduating in science and finding school teaching too restrictive. The following six years saw him trying to fit medical studies into his Physics I demonstrating programme. Some will remember the classic weekly C grades he gave out.

Medicine lectures showed Wayne as a compulsive note taker and diagram drawer, often equipped with a clinical torch for difficult situations. His only known addictions are conservative ties and chocolate milkshakes. It is to be hoped that the final weaning from physics after graduation will not cause too much trauma.





STEWART HOWARD PRECIANS

"I just don't know anything."

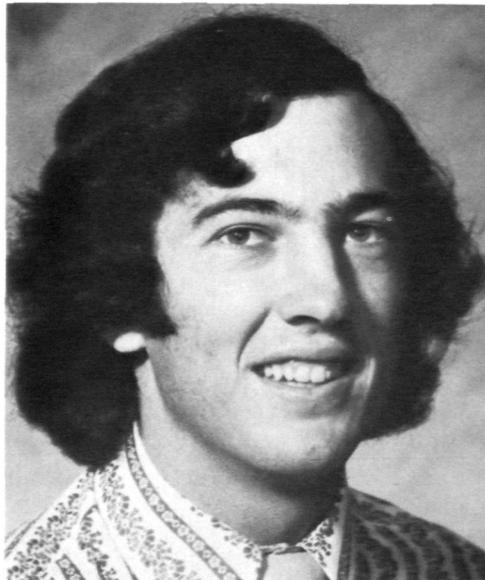
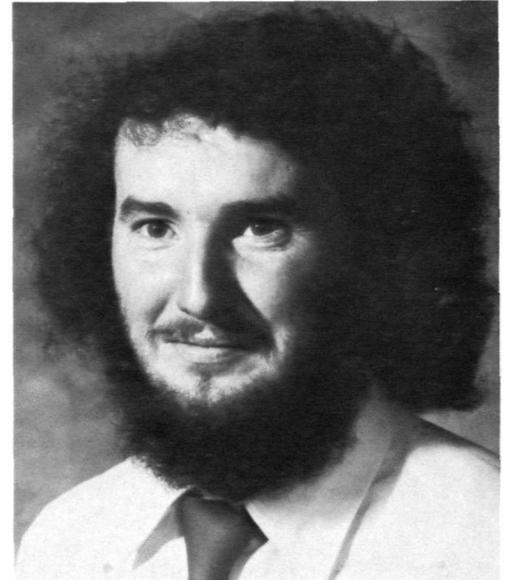
Stewart entered the faculty in 1969 and since then has coped in his characteristic calm, unworried manner with all the terrors medicine could throw at him. From the far-off days of anatomy to the more immediate pressures of final year, Stewart has managed to combine a demanding study programme with the not inconsiderable stresses of dealing with Union Theatre lunchtime crowds and the vagaries of week-day harbour sailors. On the wards Stewart has made such an impression that he is considered 'precious' by at least one of the medical staff. Doubtless, Stewart will carry into medical practice all the virtues that will enable him to be a highly successful doctor.

GEOFFREY RAYMOND PURSS

Geoff entered medicine from that bastion of secular learning, the Hurlstone Agricultural College, thinking that medicine would be an interesting periodic diversion from his regular occupations of golf and photography. (He has matured somewhat, nowadays:— He divides his time evenly between the two).

Geoff is a man of many parts, and, his wife tells us, they're all in working order. We have known and admired his ingeniousness and idealism, and have enjoyed his bawdy wit. Many times, his questioning mind has provided food for thought, and his innuendoes have often caused laughter to reverberate down the corridors of Schlink.

Geoff's unassuming outlook on life and his good nature, assure him of success and contentment in the future.



JOHN STEPHEN QUAIN

"What a whippy body!"

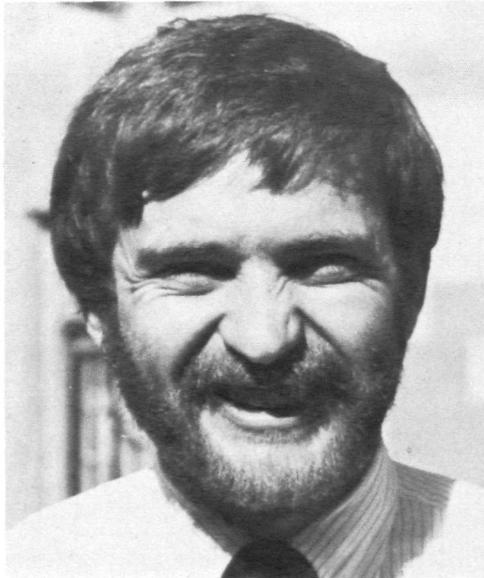
Steve joined the "Class of '74" in 2nd year, where as "an experienced 2nd year student" he eloquently advocated a mid-year biochem. exam, thus ensuring a pass for all. His talents are many, from being an efficient year rep. to some spectacular stunts in V.W.'s and Red Cabs. In surgery term of 5th year he was once heard to ask, "I wonder what she looks like under that mask?". True to form, he was not long in finding out, and 2 years later he's still pleased with what he saw. Known at all the best restaurants and of course, the members' stand at Royal Randwick, Steve has now achieved wider recognition as a new and emerging TV star. His polished manner and friendly nature won him a Rhodesian scholarship and will certainly assure him of a successful and distinguished career in some surgical field.

ROBERTA (Robyn) HARRISON RAVEN

Robyn is a flighty bird of individual plumage, already broadened by an arty education when she strode, skirts billowing, hair flapping and bag swinging, into med. She has since impressed her friends with her broad grin, cheerful "G'day", impromptu operatics and genuine enthusiasm for all she does.

Otherwise a bit of a "loner," she lives in an attic at Flodge, (where friends will always be revived by a little tippie) cracks lamps with muscat bottles and spends weekends in the tranquil scrubby bush of Avalon.

Having come back to housework and med. after flitting through the fashion-houses of Europe in jeans, woollies and beanie, Rob has revived the lip-biting, mulling approach that will get her patients every consideration — half their luck!



ROBERT BERNARD READ

"At Hornsby Hospital..."

Having done "the leaving" at Parramatta High, Bob brought his elastic-sided boots in with the many others of the Ag. Faculty at Sydney Uni. However on graduation from Ag. he realised he had better do something useful and so brought his elastic sided boots into Medicine.

Bob still retains a connection with the western suburbs by living half way there in an idyllic forest glade at Pennant Hills surrounded by birds — Sue Kate and a stack of pheasants.

Apart from a long standing desire to expand Davidson Bob has a variety of interests ranging from picking strawberries and changing nappies to finding old places in the bush and "reading a few good books."

Whether this talk of an upper North Shore hospital sailing and pheasants is Bob's last step out of those elastic sided boots covered with Western Suburbs dust will remain to be seen.

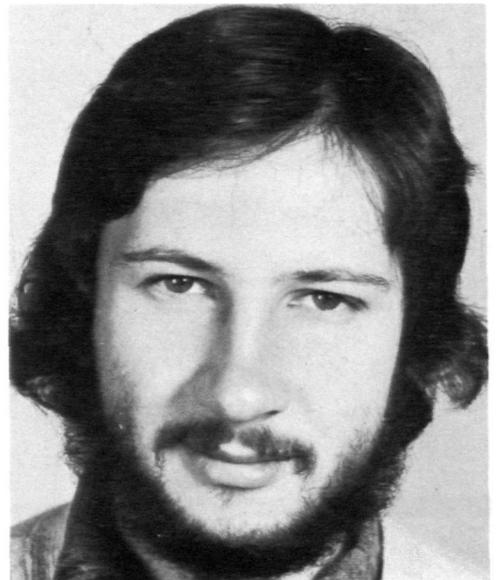
ROBERT BORIS REZNIK

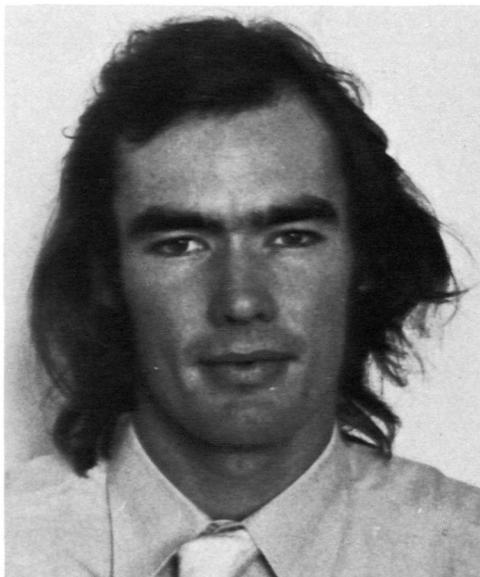
"Well you might think of er — ah — ahh — er?"

Robert, unknown to us before fate happily er — ah — er brought him back from Perugia for his great backward leap from adolescence to medical student, returned to outstretched arms of his family and friends-to-be.

In his last three years with us, he has managed to fit medicine in between a host of energetic activities — football, squash (fulfilling some of his masochistic desires) and water-polo, which stole him from us (and Prof. Stapleton) once again as a representative of Australia's team to the Zion games.

Final year saw a new evolution in his application and er — ah — er confusion, but we can be sure that by retiring from water-polo this year he will not increase his changes of a er — ah — ahh brilliant pass.





"CHRISTOPHER JAMES" ROBERTS

"Ah... Good one."

Chris hailed originally from downtown Haberfield in the sunny western suburbs. He has moved several times in the last six years, having lived in Forest Lodge, Bondi, Oyster Bay and lately Glebe. Chris would have to be remembered as the troubadour of the year. It is not unusual to see him wandering in the country, guitar slung over his back, mouth organ at the ready, humming something like "Mr Bojangles."

He goes for music (especially Peter Ilyich's 6th!), swimming, smoking his pipe and discussing life over a middy of 'new'.

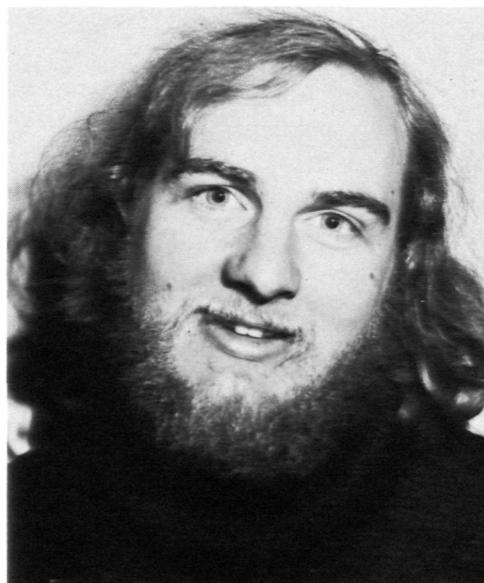
Chris is a very friendly and lovable character, and his past and future successes are directly related to the emphasis he places on honesty and truth.

BARRY WALLACE ROSS

"Tres chick"

This former captain of Wallsend High School, migrated to Sydney to gain sophistication (reversing charges of phone calls home); impress us with his skill at hockey; acquire French-made cars; evaluate the various Australian wines and study Medicine. He imported a fellow Wallsendian when he married the charming Virginia, settled at Campsie and created a miniature zoo of cats, fish, canary, and a cocker spaniel—some achievement in their "no pets allowed" flat.

The Rosses have now moved to larger premises, a second show cocker has appeared, and Barry is displaying "dogshowers syndrome" of alternating elation and depression from show to show, but we are certain that if success at times evades him in the show ring, it will not in his profession.



PHILIPPA LENORE RUNDLE

"I've thoroughly enjoyed this course."

Pip throughout the course has maintained excellent results. Her studies were punctuated by frequent visits to the snow fields, with one fall resulting in a spinal fracture. Despite her study, her social life has always been full and her face is familiar in the social pages.

Following a whirlwind romance in Fifth Year, the Sydney Morning Herald was soon to bear the glad news of Pip's engagement. Marriage was not far away, with Tim sacrificing polo for Pip. Much of Pip's time was then spent oscillating between Orange and Point Piper, but her work suffered little and she maintained her high standard.

Should Pip continue in Medicine, her results show that she will do well in whichever field she chooses and we are sure the people of Orange will appreciate such a refreshing face and attitude.



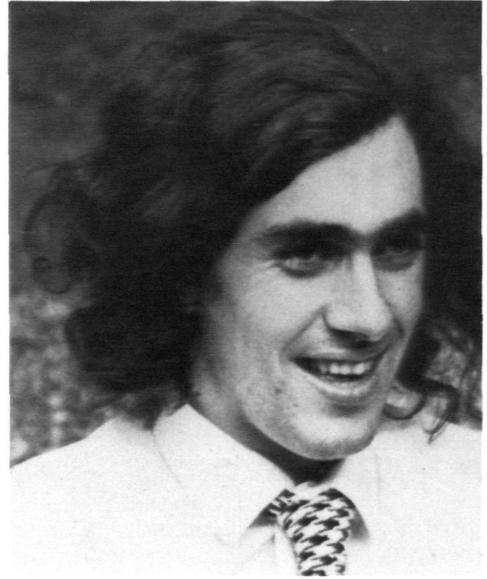
PAUL JOHN RUSSELL

"I think you'd better have another cocktail."

This popular extrovert from Waverly College thrust himself upon us midway through the course after a year's struggle with dihydrofolate reductase, and this monstrous figure, in orange leather coat and helmet, with shaggy black hair, soon became an uncommon sight at lectures.

A noted gynaecophile, he was dedicated to obliterating the evils of teetotalism, his place of abode always being an infective centre of relaxation and joviality. Cab driving, playing rugby for University and Prince Alfred, tripping to Lord Howe Island, blitzing the attendance records at John Rees Auctions, and helping to manage his parents' north coast caravan park . . . such was Paul's mammoth list of extracurricular achievements.

Paul's agile mind, generosity, and sense of humanity will secure for him an enjoyable and bright future.



ALBERT SALMONA

"I gotta get out of here."

"I wonder what it would be like doing Marine Biology."

Nick Packham: *"You still doing Medicine?"*

Bert: *"What about my career?"*

Bert has been rarely seen around the hospital, and even then his presence was concealed by a cloud of sweet-smelling smoke. What do women see in him? His foreign body? Those who know him well say it's his generosity and congeniality.

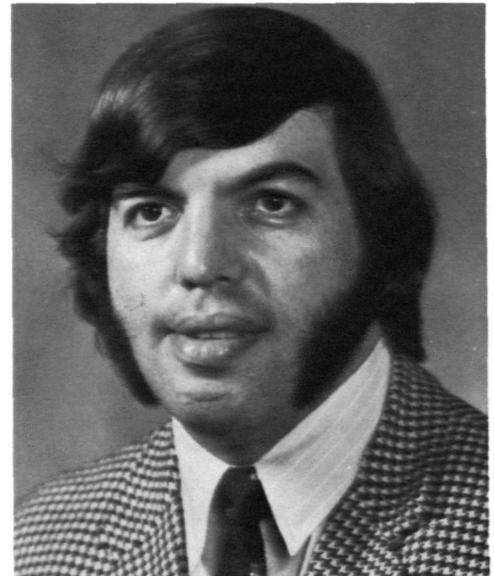
GRAEME NORMAN SAMPSON

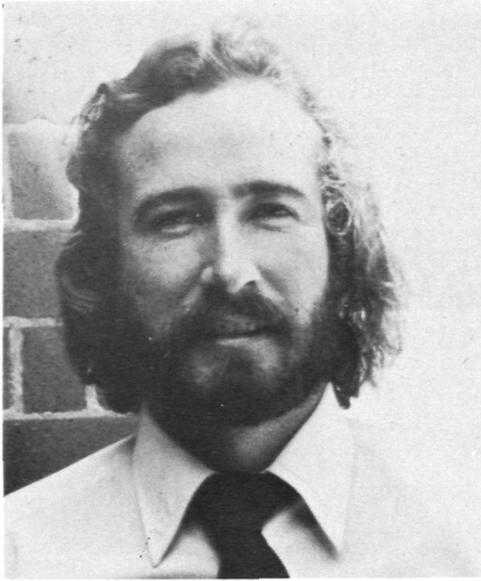
"I thought you'd never ask, you sweet talking..."

The first attempt at Graeme's education was made at Trinity. Having resolutely resisted all attempts at civilising him, he escaped to Sydney University where he subsequently graduated with a pharmacy degree.

Always a keen sportsman, he has played football for Eastern Suburbs and Sydney Uni. However, his outdoor activities are now confined to less vigorous pursuits such as exhibiting his Irish setters at dog shows.

Married early in the course and now with a little daughter, he has coped with the extra problems imposed on a student by marriage and fatherhood with a continual grin and indefatigable humour, which has made him a most pleasant companion and endeared him to all his fellows. Whatever field of medicine claims his interest in the future, he will give it the same good humoured reliability he has shown in the past and is assured the affection of patient and colleague alike.





IAN JAMES SIMPSON

Ian resides at a harbourside "Kirribilli house" rather as a father figure. He shacks up with three young damsels who it is said only use him for carrying out the garbage can, but he finds life here is less regimented than in his Wesley College days.

Newcastle High trained him to be a conscientious student as evidenced by his proud ownership of a pair of 190 skis and a reputation as a blue water boy. The regular squash games and the odd game of golf have tempered his day-to-day enthusiasm around the wards.

Playing doctor was always fun, so elective term saw him 'practising' in N.Z.

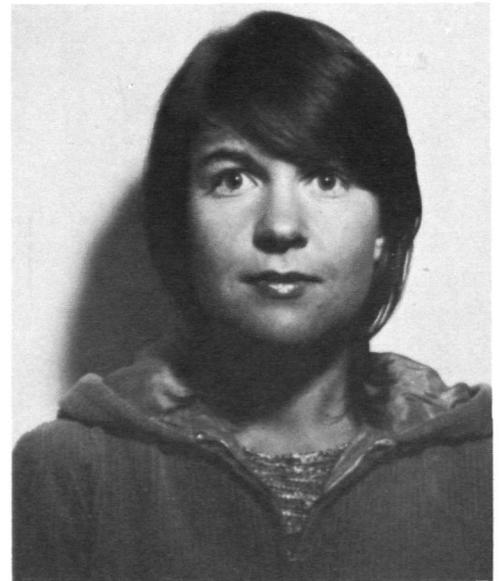
Home town Newcastle hospital, adjacent to the water is an obvious future stamping ground.

MARGARET JEAN SMITH

Dog trainer and shower, amateur aquarist, one-time hockey whiz, lover of fine days, trees, mice, books, holidays and we hope, husband Barry, and his noticeably green thumb; disliking early tutorials, cold weather, male chauvinists, sauternes, and E.N.T., Marg has strong likes and dislikes, much enthusiasm and apathy, but with no compromising. Our Marg is a girl of contrasts; as quiet as the mice she extracted from the Pharmacology department in Med IV, she can shake the walls of her little home rebuking the oft-occurring misdemeanors of Goerdie and Pickles, pet golden retrievers.

Though she and Barry, living at Chippendale, are so close to R.P.A.H., this doesn't ensure any early arrivals at tutorials.

A lover of animals and people, Marg will make a gentle doctor.



JUDY SOS

"I don't really talk that much... do I?"

Judy's early university experience was limited to the second floor of Fisher. Having met all those worth meeting there, Judy retired from this social scene, and despite her protests, was volunteered to be social secretary of the Med. Soc. Rapidly discovering that this was not her forte, she returned to us—the rank and file.

Despite her annual assurances to the contrary, Judy continued to pass each year, surprising nobody but herself.

Elective term found Judy in her true element, and Adelaide Children's Hospital has not been the same since—quieter perhaps, but not really the same.

We are sure Judy will enjoy her career and we wish her all the best.



ALAN WARREN STERN

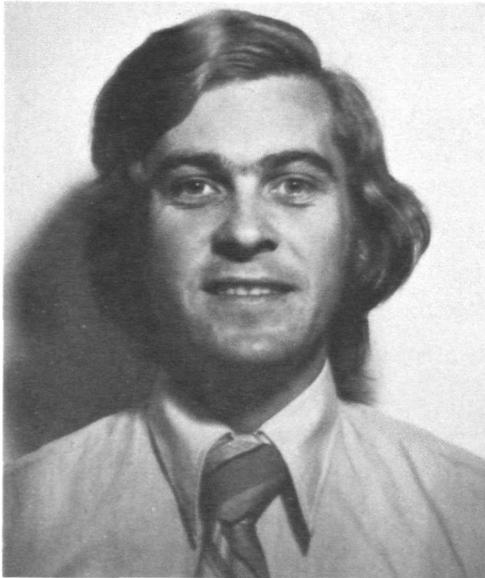
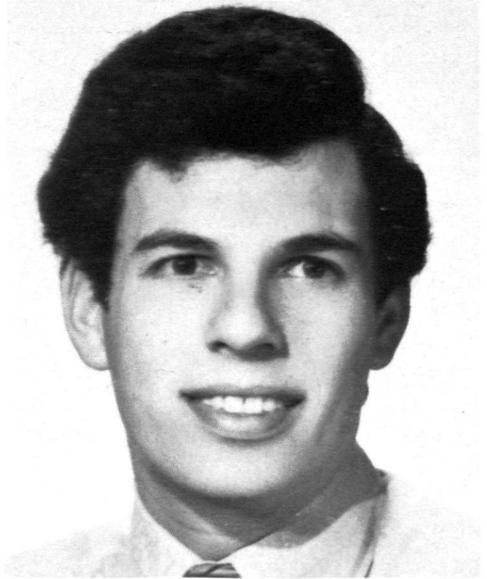
"Full Stern ahead!"

Alan has flown through Medicine with a minimum of fuss. He can always be relied upon to join, or organise, a "merry group of friends for 'one' at the Grose (or White Horse or . . .).

For financial help, Alan turned to driving a cab and the associated spills and thrills so impressed him that he was heard mumbling something about a meter in his own car . . . so that's how he afforded his trip to America.

While in the United States, his main contribution to American medical education was a taste for Australian beer.

We have it on reliable authority, that Alan is a wonderful, generous (what else Alan . . . ?) guy, but despite his enthusiasm, we feel that he will do well in his chosen profession.



BARRY RAYMOND THOMAS

Dux of Homebush Boys' High, Barry realised his ambition to study Medicine in 1969. Hard work during pre-clinical years brought its rewards; excellent passes in exams, a prosectorship in anatomy and the ability to answer most questions put to him.

Proceeding to clinical years, he acquired an array of specialised instruments, a great deal of knowledge, a wife (fellow student Marg Smith), a mini, two dogs, tanks of tropical fish, a new home at Chippendale and in final year, a penchant for orthopaedic surgery and bow ties.

Despite his many extra-curricular activities, including model boat building, reading, cooking delectable dinners and painting and decorating, Barry still manages to maintain his medical knowledge and know-how at a high level and therefore is assured of every success in his career.

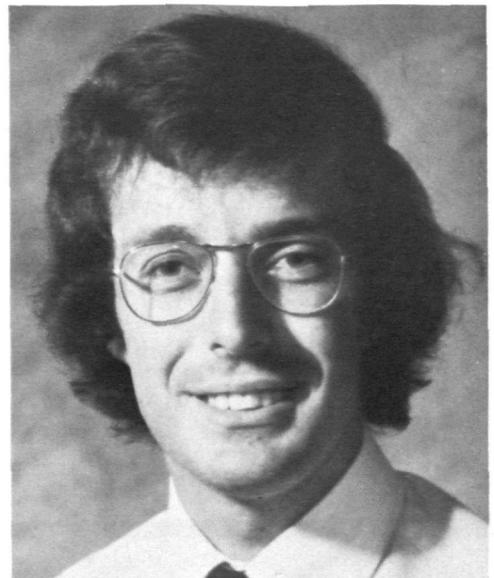
MICHAEL DAVID FREDERICK THOMPSON

"That man is obviously a cretin, sir."

Michael Thompson, 006½—the true story can now be told. From his headquarters, cleverly disguised as room 708 Saint Andrews College, much of the illicit scalpel running trade was carried out (perhaps that is why he spent so much time on No. 1 oval).

Alert (those eyes are just a clever disguise), calm (often too calm) and confident, Mike successfully fooled those around him. However, he made one fatal mistake: he knew too much Medicine and decided to graduate.

We shall always remember Mike for his sincerity as a committed christian, and especially his leadership in crusades. Mike's warm, friendly nature and contagious laughter meant much to those who knew him.





DUNCAN STUART THOMSON

What is it for which Duncan would want to be remembered by his fellow students? For his engaging personality, consistent academic effort or even for once gaining a second place in the Interfaculty Weight Lifting? I think not. Rather for his potential for future achievement. Duncan has never lacked good friends because he is a person who feels for others. Surely as a doctor this empathy must make him well respected in whatever field of Medicine he chooses.

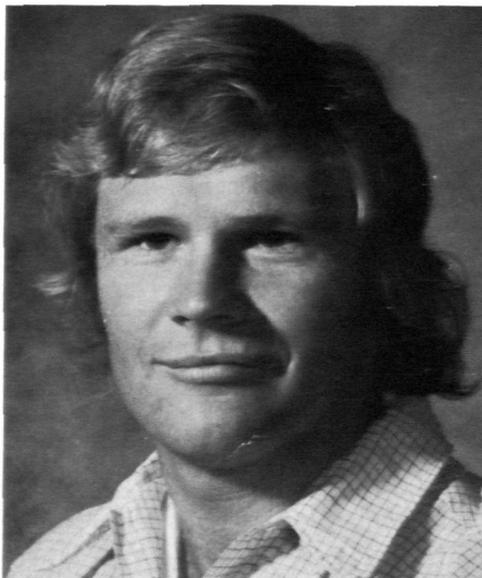
As he goes on in this way there won't be any need to dip back into the past to remember him. What is more important than being remembered is continuing to be known.

LYNETTE MARGUERITE RUTH THOMSON (nee TOZER)

I have no regrets at leaving my student days, nor do I feel at all sentimental about the parting—for the future has always held for me a sense of excitement, no greater this time than at my first leaving home to enter school at the age of five.

During the six years as a medical student, I feel most proud of having acquired some good friends and one husband who has made the last two years of the course much more interesting than they would otherwise have been.

If people remember me in the future it is my hope that it will be as an individual and not as just one of a crowd. For whatever I may have been or done during those six years I have always been myself.



MICHAEL ALAN TONKIN

Mick entered the Medical faculty because its length offered the best sporting opportunities. In fact, football occupied most of his time and academia palled in comparison. However, his medical education did not suffer entirely as his various injuries provided much useful orthopaedic knowledge both to himself and his colleagues, to whom he became known as the "phantom wall crawler" at one stage.

Michael was always one to state his mind, and if he considered a lecturer boring, was quite prepared to say so. Despite this tendency, Michael managed to gain the required number of gentlemen's passes with one minor delay.

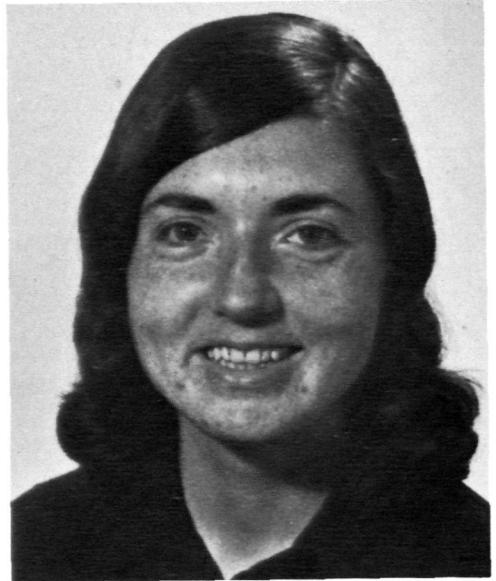
Michael's commonsense approach to medicine and concern for people, will no doubt make him as good a doctor as he is sportsman.

SHERYL ANNE VAN NUNEN

"But I've read somewhere that..."

Sheryl sprang from Valentine, bringing with her a special brand of energy and enthusiasm manifesting itself during three years at Sancta in a notable propensity for money-making schemes—including hamburger stalls, "pashing booths," and midnight jam sessions.

Fourth year was N.A.D. but she made up for it in Fifth year by delivering fifteen and a half bubs; riding her newly acquired motor scooter into the mortuary wall at R.A.H.C., desterilising an entire theatre, ("Forceps, Sister." "Sorry, Sir. The student's had her chest on them..."), and being attacked by Jesus Christ in her psychiatry term. To top it off she married Peter in November and spent elective term tripping on the Continent.



QUENTIN JOHN WALKER

"As a matter of interest."

Definition: Son of Gough (with ego to match).

Natural history: Mrs Walker's little baby, then King's School, Parramatta, later St Paul's College and recently, marital bliss in Annandale.

Incidence: Only one reported case in the world literature.

Aetiology: Result of prolonged LABOR.

Clinical picture: 1. L > R. 2. Delusions a prominent feature in the early stages. However, in December 1972 these became a reality. 3. Vocal resonance increased.

Differential Diagnosis: 1. MB, BS; etc. 2. P.M. (antemortem).

Management: Difficult—must be thorough. Try NHS prescriptions only.

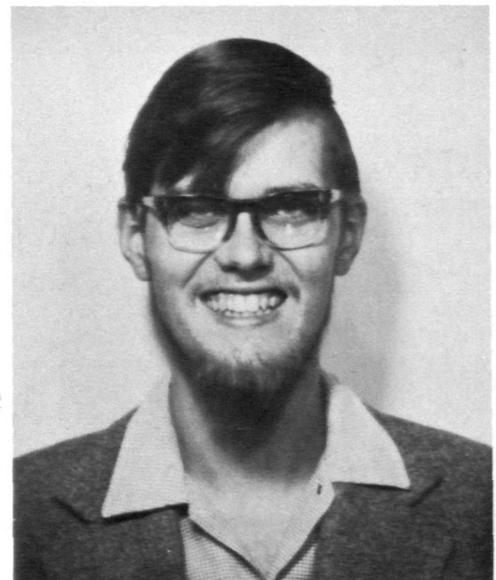
Prognosis: Excellent.

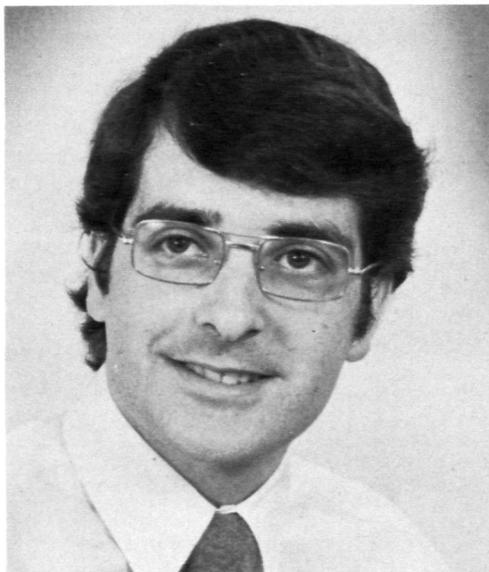
SUWAT VIRULHAPAN

"But, why?"

After emerging from the jungles of Thailand Suwat (alias Jones, alias Squirrel) spent two years at Scots Bathurst, before foresaking accountancy and plunging into medicine. Since then, he has enjoyed the easy life of St. Andrew's College and the action at nearby Harold Park. He has relished the 'City' life, maintaining rigidly that "Sydney's Australia, Australia's Sydney... it's all the same." Squirrel can be relied upon to disagree with most things and in reply his own statements are invariably filled with homespun Asian philosophies of doubtful validity.

Academically, he has performed most creditably and his increasingly outgoing and friendly manner has won him many friends in the year and in college. A good start to a promising career.





ROGER WILLIAM WENDEN

"How gauche!"

Arriving home from his trip to Hollywood, Rog was enthusiastic to start Final year (so he could return to Hollywood at the end of it). He had been greatly inspired as he immersed himself wholeheartedly in the battle for health in the UK medical system (and his attendance in the theatres was noticed by all—in fact, his love of theatre was manifest by many an impromptu tap dance to a lilting song of romance, (whilst wearing his runner-up cha-cha-sash of course!)

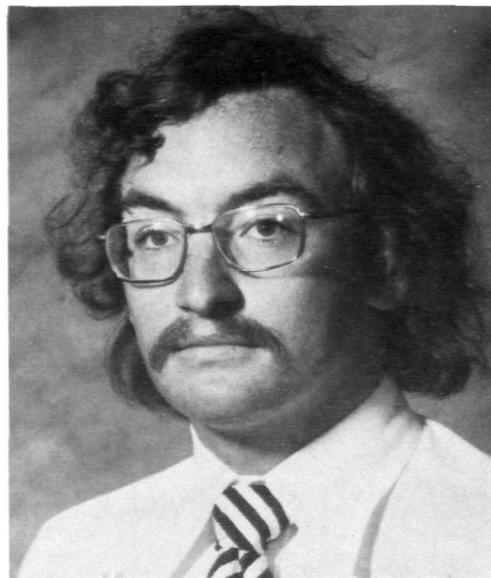
Roger became a sincere Christian in 4th year and since then, has found a meaningful context in which to practice medicine. This gentleman of medicine will be remembered for his desire to understand people in an attempt to contribute meaningfully to their lives.

MALCOLM KEITH WILLIS

Malcolm emerged from the Taree "goitreland" district, and with an urge to cure the affliction, entered the Medical Faculty via the cloisters of St. Pauls College.

Never restricting his life to one pursuit, i.e., the eradication of all goitres, Mal has devoted himself to the serious business of marriage and the more serious business of conquering the golf courses of Sydney—"I want to be a doctor because I'll have more time to master my hook." Indeed, the course from tee to green is often more tortuous.

Pam and Mal already have a caddy and hopefully intend a full contingent to oar the University lightweight crew—as rowing is another sport to receive Mal's patronage. Medicine is better for his sincerity and wit.



GABRIELLE MARGARET WOOD

"Die Walkure meinst du, Brunnhilde, die Maid?"

Lusty northern blonde, Gabrielle arrived a year late to start Medicine in second year after dabbling in mathematics for a year. Her many talents soon became obvious; sturdy bushwalker, musician, industrious worker and femme fatale (not necessarily all at the one time), but she surpassed them all with her displays of tremendous physical agility and endurance when she found her Siegfried in third year physiology lectures.

She has continued to keep up this frenetic level of activity since then; managing also to attend many concerts and perform well at examination time. It is most unlikely that the future will dampen any of the "x" enthusiastic undertakings of our Brunnhilde.

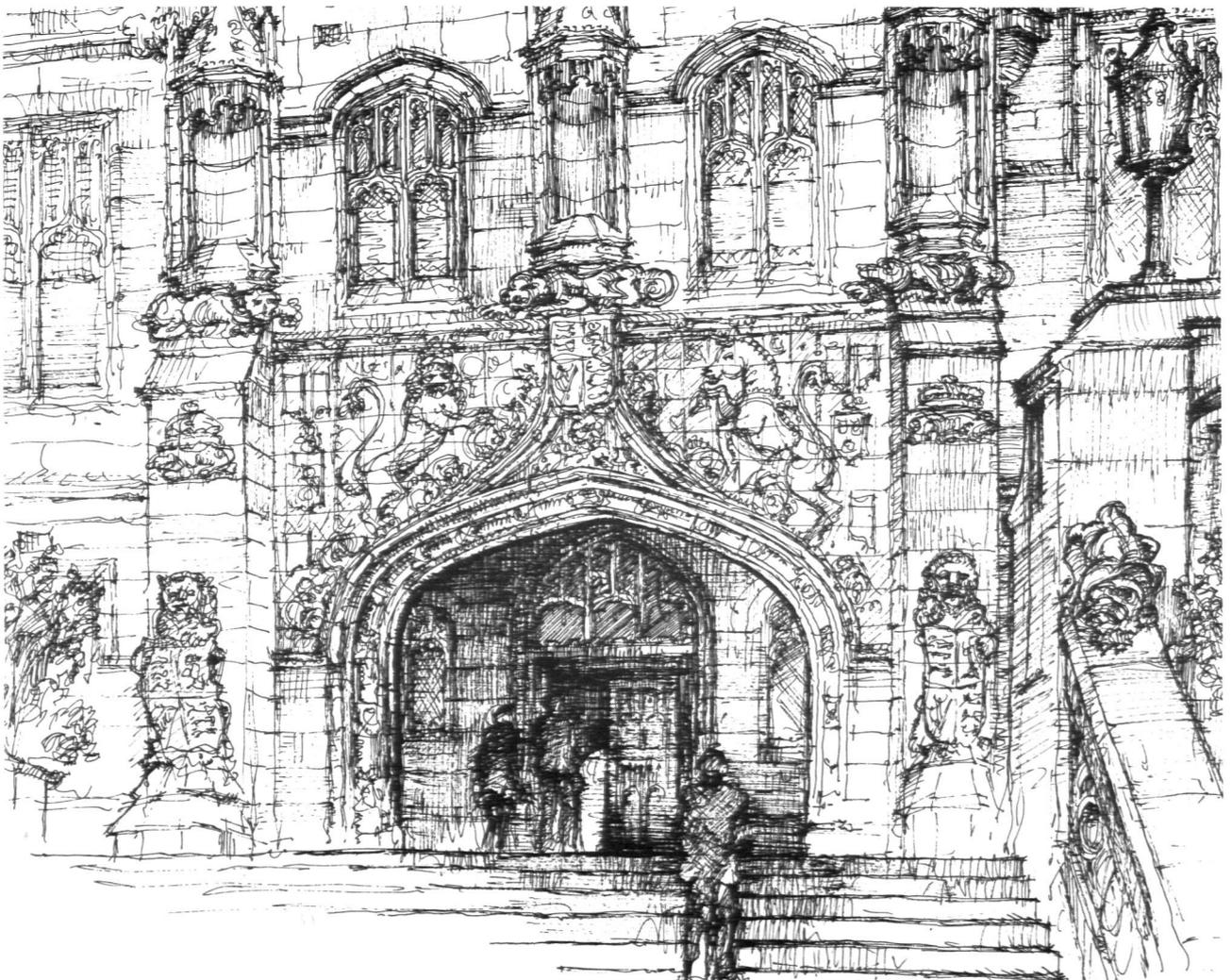


LYNNETTE AMRON WRAY

"Oh, I'm upset . . . I haven't read up tomorrow's lectures yet."

Lynne is well known in our year for her constant attendance (at everything); for sitting five rows from the front, on the left-hand side, near the aisle (shades of obsessive-compulsive, we fear); for her microscopic hand-writing not to mention the red biro underlining; and her utterances of "that was a crummy lecture — I only got twenty pages of notes! . . . Oh, and of course, for her allegiance with the dentistry faculty.

The monotonous regularity of her distinctions and high distinctions has not debarred Lynne from making many friends in the year. We all wish her as much success in her medical practice as she has had during her training. For further reference see—"Dentistry Year Book, 1974 under Tom Cehak."



1000 YEARS AGO THE UNICORN WAS THE SYMBOL OF HEALING.



TODAY IT STANDS FOR BURROUGHS WELLCOME.

Together, they stand for the healing power of medicine, and the research and development of new horizons in pharmacology.

That's why you will find a Unicorn on the pack of every Burroughs Wellcome product.

Back in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the Unicorn was believed to have magical healing powers. Then, in the 15th and 16th centuries, it was adopted as the symbol of Pharmacy in England and Europe.

Today, it symbolises quality and efficacy of every Burroughs Wellcome product.

These high standards are maintained by the Wellcome Foundation, which through the Wellcome Trust, disperses all its distributable income for the advancement of research in medicine around the world.

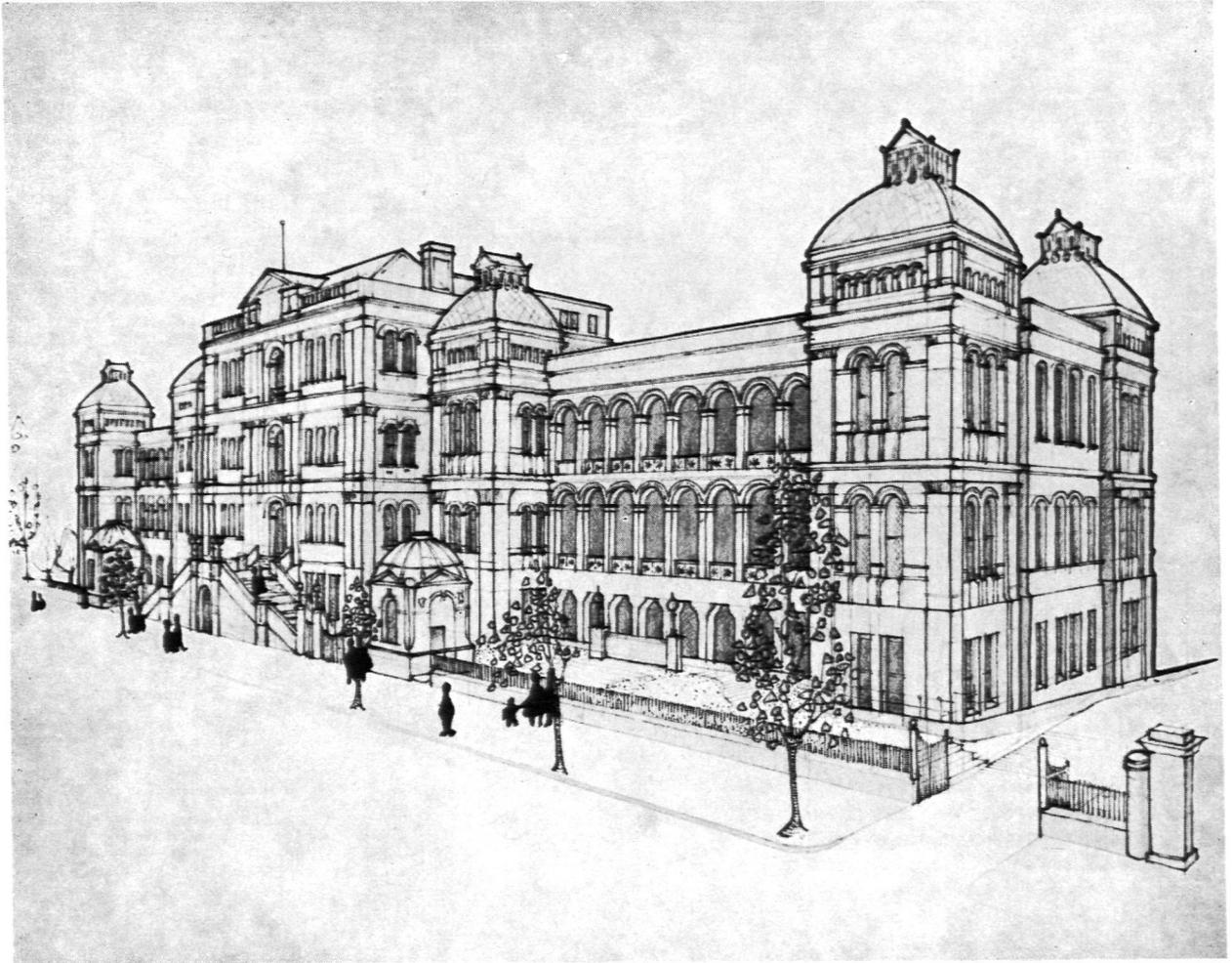
In Australia alone \$1,250,000 has been donated over the past decade to further medical research.

Some people would say that it's bad business to give away hard-earned profits.

We feel it's good medicine.



BURROUGHS WELLCOME
A UNIQUE ORGANISATION



SYDNEY HOSPITAL

This cluttered inner city institution has a reputation for an excellent air of mateship that has come to be loved by us all. To all who have taught us or served us in any capacity we are grateful.



IL PORCELLINO

THE HONORARIES



EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

"Dr... I mean Mr... Cortis."

In their profession there still lies some hope,
 For this surgeon uses a stethoscope;
 The haughty are shown that pride's not a seller,
 As he struts along under his wife's fancy umbrella'
 Teaching material he confidently chases,
 For his trousers are held securely with braces.
 "Breast examination is a nautical sport
 Clearly the right requires a list to port,"
 But to succeed with such a notable mission,
 The mind must work like that of a physician.

One of the few honoraries to call for us in the common room, and the only one to watch us finish the rubber, Mr Cortis will be remembered as a thorough surgeon, and a gentle man.



ALASTAIR ROWLAND BROWN

We first came to know 'Big Al' in fourth year, when he breezed into the public lavatory known as Surgical Outpatients, always late. All were impressed with the remarkable powers of Mylanta in relieving the pains of little old ladies.

Alistair is one of the "trendies" of the surgical party. His colorful shirts and ties (but always a grey suit) down to his white overalls, have brightened our lives; his selection of music for theatre has lessened the pangs of Mondayitis. Each winter he skis down the slopes; during the year he keeps fit by running upstairs, but can often be caught puffing.

We thank him for his understanding of student problems, and for his many notices about eating . . . "The library is not a dining room," . . . "White coats must be worn to dinner," etc.



DAVID GEOFFREY FAILES

We all wish to thank this steely-eyed wielder of the proctoscope who led us on such an interesting grand tour down the colonic canals. His tutorials, with their patient explanations and intricate blackboard diagrams, were greatly appreciated for their straightforward approach to the ins-and-outs of sigmoidoscopy. His untiring interest in abdominal and pelvic ailments has surely stimulated ours and will help us greatly in the years to come.

BRUCE MOSTYN HURT

Dr Hurt is—concerned: by the effects a patient's life-style has on his illness, e.g., the over-achieving, cigarette smoking, hyperuricaemic executive with angina.

—an endocrinologist: whose greatest physical sign is that, "no matter how far your bums are from the ground, your hands are all at the same height". This sign was graphically demonstrated one afternoon in a group line-up.

—fit: by refusing to use the lift in B.M.A. House.

—good-humoured and always ready with an ear-to-ear grin or a hearty thump on the back.



MALCOLM JOHN INGLIS

*"Neurotransmitters? Are they in the brain?...
That's too hard for me."*

The above quotation indicates Mr Inglis' down-to-earth approach to Surgery. This is always appreciated by his students. This vascular surgeon with the friendly smile also shows a certain unwillingness to be bound down by rules and regulations. In fact, he is rumoured to have said with regard to smoking in tutorial rooms: "I may be requested... but I will not be directed."

Apart from neurotransmitters, we all found Mr Inglis an excellent tutor!

SOLOMON POSEN

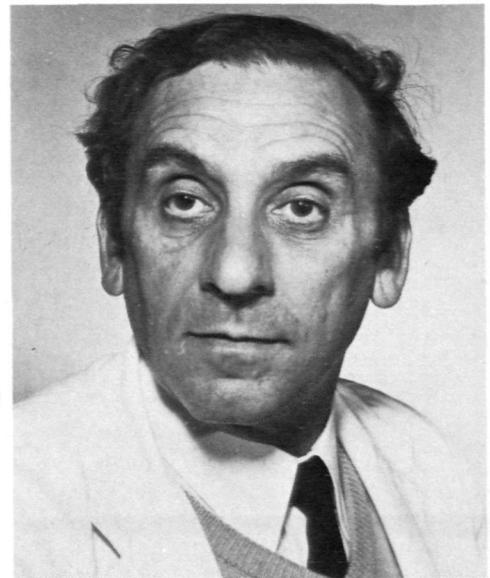
Associate Professor of Medicine

*"No, this will not be known as "The Posen Syndrome";
this will be known as the "C.C.F. after
Parathyroidectomy Syndrome."*

Professor Posen is well known for several things including dynamic tutorials, friendliness, deep concern for the well-being of his patients, and something else to do with calcium metabolism.

As students, we appreciated his attempts to involve us personally in medical management of patients. However, many of us have suffered pangs of guilt after having just killed someone near and dear to us, so to speak.

We would like to thank him for not "defaecating" upon us, although he must have been sorely tempted to do so at times. 'Sol's' interest and encouragement will always be much appreciated.





FRANCIS HAROLD READ

Dr Frank Read makes respiratory medicine interesting. He can always show you some patients with obvious signs of respiratory disease, but never are they as gross as those derived from his own chest. This is probably part of the reason he has such empathy and rapport with his patients and probably why he doesn't turn up on wet days.

Also of interest in his tutorials are the side bets as to just when his spectacles will fall off. One can thrill to the booming percussion notes which he so deftly elicits; the resonance able to be heard even above those ubiquitous vacuum cleaners; Eastern Suburbs Railway explosions; crashing trolleys; pneumatic drills and demented patients who make life in Ward 2 so gay.

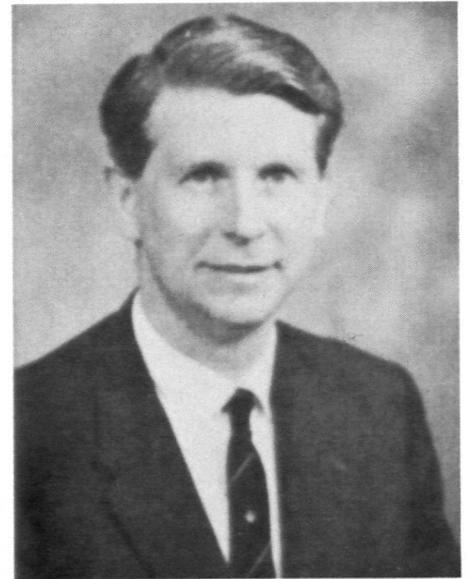
As evidence of his good teaching certain things stick firmly in one's 'respiratory centre' after a run of Dr Read tutorials. For example, one is convinced that smoking doesn't do your FEV₁ any good. And remember, when examining an x-ray of the chest—'shift before shadow'.

JOHN EDWARD REIMER

*"I'm never late... and when I am,
I've been doing an 'urgent'."*

Why does this man try to do a week's work every day? ... "The patients like it." Whatever the source of all the energy, we benefited considerably as waves of surgery flowed over us, impatiently seeking a portal of entry. Admittedly, after the second hour, sodden brains tended to roll and sway with the ebb and flow of gall bladders, gastectomies and other surgical flotsam... but here and there, a piece of driftwood lodged and found a home.

We appreciate Mr Reimer's attitude: "I'm going to teach you all the surgery I can in these five weeks."



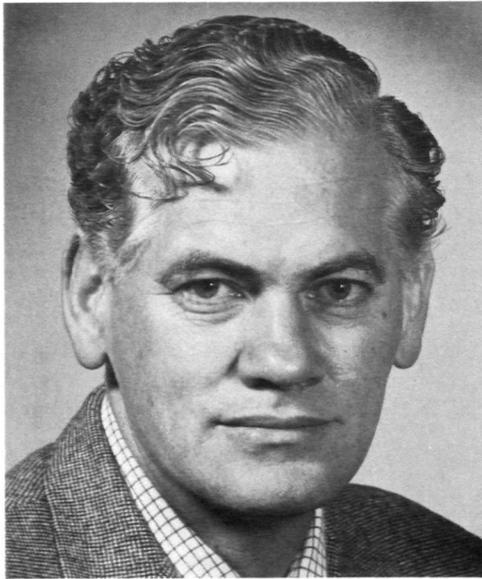
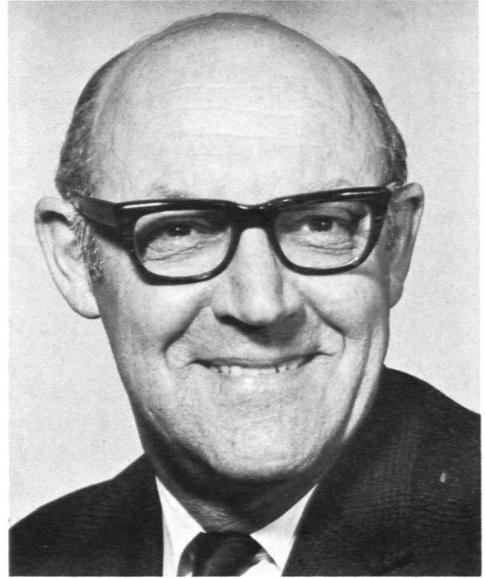
THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

For five weeks this year, I had the pleasure of being taught by Tom Robertson, haematologist extraordinaire. Dr Robertson is a good teacher and what's even more important, entertaining. Who can forget grand rounds on a Wednesday afternoon, when the chairman, after valiantly and in vain, attempting to promote a discussion, will look up to that seat near the telephone and say: "Well Tom, what about it?"

In years to come, when encountering an haematological disease, I shall remember Eva Bloggs or Pearl Schwartz with their anaemias and dyscrasias, but I shall also remember Tom Robertson.

JOHN NELSON SEVIER

"The distinguished-looking man with the balding pate," his registrar said . . . and so he was. All true physicians are gentlemen and no gentleman likes to disagree with a lady. We found in Dr Sevier a gentleman, a physician, and a lot of good tips on examination technique. To say there was too much art and not enough matter would be less than elegant and unworthy of the physician's calling to many words, gracious euphemism and abstracted medicine.



FREDERICK OSCAR STEPHENS

Associate Professor of Surgery

Professor Stephens has long considered the problem of medical education. The results for us are an interesting blend of teaching methods: he insists on centering any discussion on a patient; he has given us insight into the devious thought processes of the multiple choice examiner; and interspersed with medical facts have been gems of trivia (the dangers of rock fishing) and reminiscences of his grand prix racing youth.

He will long be remembered by us for his intense antagonism towards the tobacco companies; his enthusiasm for combined therapy; and his considerate attitude towards his patients and students.

WILLIAM WOLFENDEN

Dr Wolfenden, cunningly disguised as the mild-mannered neurologist in the impeccable grey suit, shows a disarming similarity to Aunty Jack when testing muscle power. He never allows his patients to get the better of him whether it be in feats of strength or in the demonstration of physical signs—he can mimic any gait. Whatever the patient can do, he can do better.

His clinical examination even extends to the students. For instance, he is always asking about tinnitus—"Do you hear any bells ringing?" He poses difficult questions in such a polite way that one's neurological ignorance is revealed as painlessly as possible; yet still one is stimulated to go and study the subject.



DON'T BE LED BY THE PROBOSCIS!

In deciding whether to join the A.M.A. you should make your own diagnosis of the reasons for membership.

Don't be led by the nose by people who for some reason or other criticise the Association. The A.M.A. does not pretend to be perfect. It does work continuously to improve its vigorous efforts, as a fully representative and independent professional organisation, on behalf of the community and the medical profession.

Make your OWN decision.

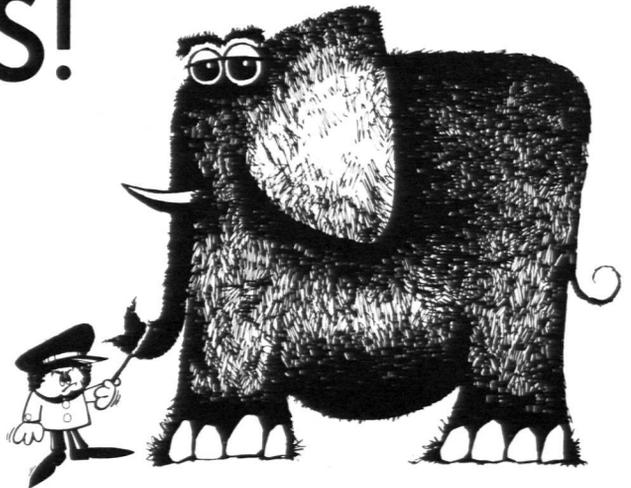
- On the personal side, membership means fruitful association with professional colleagues, preserving the fellowship of student days. This bond is increasingly appreciated.

- Membership gives the right to speak and vote on A.M.A. policies and decisions.

It means joining with more than 80 percent of medical doctors in Australia in safeguarding the profession's freedom, in maintaining high professional and ethical standards, in continuously emphasising the importance of constant improvement in the QUALITY of health care.

Members share, through meetings, seminars and journals, the fruits of worldwide medical and scientific research.

Recent conferences have demonstrated the profession's awareness of current changes in the social structure and of the need for recognising human values as well as technological advances, while at the same time observing the proud and proper traditions and standards of medical practice.



The A.M.A. is NOT a trade union. There is no compulsion to join; members are not compelled to abide by its recommendations—although its decisions represent the concentrated wisdom of all sectors of the profession.

Its actions on industrial matters, including representation at tribunals, have been of benefit to members and non-members alike, to academic and salaried members as much as to private general practitioners and specialists.

The A.M.A. is non-political. All political parties are represented in its membership. It expresses views on the health policies of Governments and speaks with authority to Ministers.

Points of present policy of the A.M.A. include:

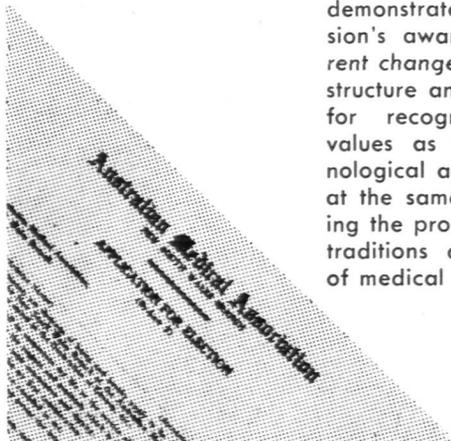
- Opposition to socialisation of medicine, which would reduce the level of health care in Australia to mediocre or worse.

- Approval for full-time salaried appointments in large hospitals in specified circumstances, and, in general, of a proper balance between visiting appointments and whole-time specialist appointments. In isolated districts, where possible, part-time salaried appointments with right of private practice are preferable to full-time salaried appointments.

- Support for the principle that patients should always be able to choose their own doctor without coercion, with all doctors having the right to attend their own patients in hospital.

- Support for the principle of fee-for-service, which preserves the self-respect of both doctor and patient.

For information about joining the A.M.A. and on its services to members, write to the Medical Secretary, N.S.W. Branch of the Australian Medical Association, Box 121, P.O. St. Leonards 2065. (Medical Students in N.S.W. are eligible for associate membership in their clinical years. There is no fee for this membership, or for full membership in the first year after graduation).



THE STUDENTS

KEITH RONALD BURGESS

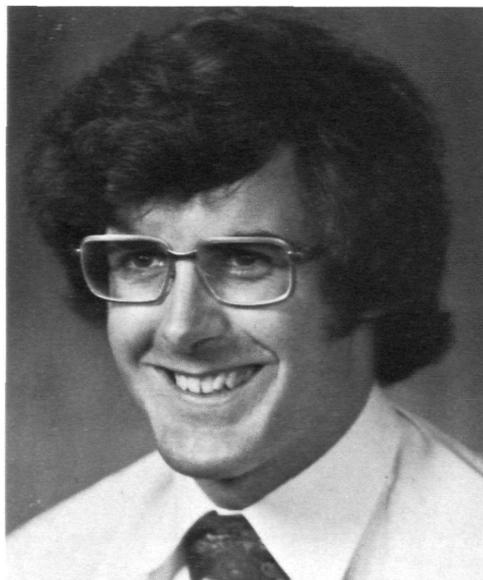
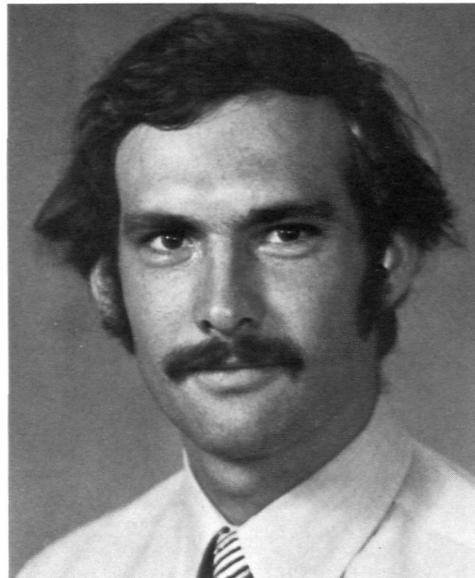
"According to Pricilla Kincade Smith, Streptokinase can be a very useful drug."

Keith's habit of beginning most tutorial questions with a quote from some recent journal (usually generating a good deal of discomfort amongst those of us still trying to digest "A System of Signs") is indicative of his deep-felt responsibilities towards his medicine; and those around him.

A keen bridge player, and rifle shooter, an honourable retired barman and a dishonourably discharged bike rider (2nd accident in Summer of '73). He is also a wise tactician as can be perceived by his growing moustache, soon after marrying the beautiful Lynne.

A gentle person with a sympathetic and empathic ear for those seeking his solace, Keith has inherited that unteachable art of being a good listener. He has mastered that precious and oft-overlooked component of good doctoring; the ability to refrain from passing judgement and giving advice.

Confidently we wish Keith and Lynne what all of us privileged to know them feel is theirs, a future full of all the values they regard so highly.



GEORGE ANDREW BURSLE

"Oops, the fertilizer has hit the fan; one down, doubled and vulnerable."

George descended on us from Woodlawn College at Lismore several weeks late, owing to an error of judgement whilst driving a tractor. Errors such as this have not left George's life.

Over his medical years all George's time appears to have been absorbed working at Newtown Leagues Club and playing bridge. Nevertheless he never seems to have trouble passing at exam times.

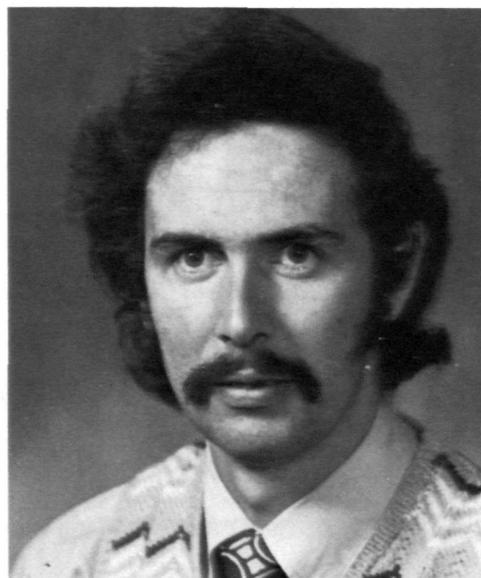
George is well liked by his fellow students owing to his pleasant nature and sense of humour. It is also easy for him to establish good rapport with patients which will be invaluable to his future career.

We wish him every success in medicine and in his recent marriage.

CHRISTOPHER JOHN CHALLINOR

The General, renowned for his uniquely impressive jumpers, interrupted the medical course to revitalise the army for two years. Always eager to "get his hand in", he employed his wife in his obstetric training (and produced a son), created a fine example of an anal fissure for his colleagues' instruction and managed to make rubber in two by missing only four deliveries.

Hailing originally from the Hunter, he has been known to make the occasional excursion to sample the Valley's latest crop. With his broad experience of life, and storehouse of medical trivia, Chris will be a great asset when he makes his final excursion to the country as a "general" practitioner.





BRETT GERARD COURTENAY
"Yeah... but I NEED an 85 HP outboard."

Brett joined Med. as an ex-Waverley "heavy" in 1969. When his alias of "Teddy" followed him, it was so suitable to his easy-going, affable nature (and endomorphic frame) that he is now irrevocably stuck with it.

Extracurricular activities included photography, both water and snow skiing and squash — greatly showing a predilection for those sports with an external energy source.

In the years ahead Brett's good nature and approach will hold him in good stead; especially when combined with his by now famous financial wizardry.

Although consideration has not been given to his speciality as yet Orthopaedics must be a chance with hands like his.

HELEN MARGARET CREASEY
Er-um-mumble mumble."

Helen's brilliant passage through medical school has been tainted by just a few credits. This extremely talented young lady — globe trotter extraordinaire — remains humble and unassuming in the face of her triumphs.

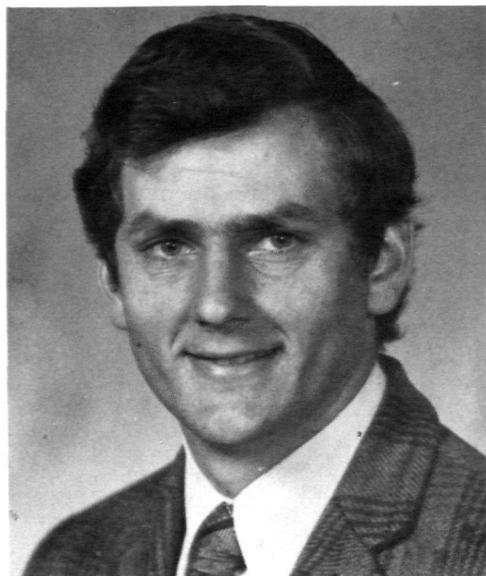
She is a true friend, willing to help at any time, in any way — except speak out in the tutorials with the correct answers (which she invariably knows) to relieve the painful silence created by her more ignorant fellow students.

Being so well equipped with brains, talents, sincerity and concern for her fellow man, she is assured of a brilliant and successful career in medicine or any other field she may choose to embark upon.



LEIGH WALTER DELBRIDGE

Following his world-shattering research on rats' tails, Leigh entered the hallowed portals of clinical medicine, in particular those that led to the tea and bickies. After a bridge addiction in Fourth Year, he climbed "on the chess wagon." We have come to appreciate Leigh's quiet dependability and to rely on his resources when the questions fly. With a minimum of fuss, he accepts the responsibility of final year medicine, married life, daily commuting (to somewhere near Parkes we believe) and the commitment of his work and life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

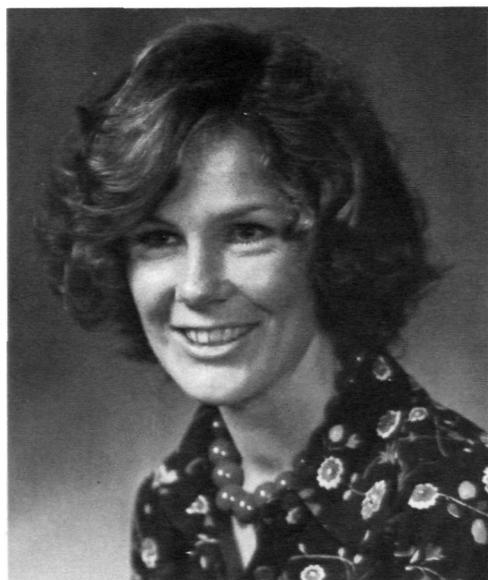
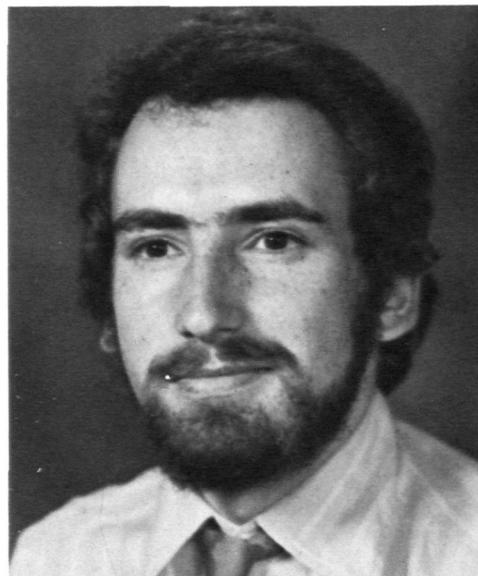


ROBERT JOHN IVAN DUBOW

If anyone was a little worried about Bob, because of his Middlesex origin and his Naval affiliation, these doubts were rapidly dispelled when he married the nurse; whom he had been courting over the curried prawns and spring onions of the Nurses' Dining Room.

Bob's attitude to education was stated early by an attempt to burn down his infants' school and later compounded by several years' confinement at the exclusive Lithgow High. Since then Bob has mellowed; still his study of medicine has been paralleled by a more intense study of ailing cars.

Bob is a real asset to a group: his sotto voce comments leave the rest of us spluttering and falling around, while he and the tutor look on in bewilderment; and his "well, let's have a beer then" often drags us back to reality.



MARY THERESE DUFFICY

Mary's vivacity, sophisticated charm, outgoing personality and warm-hearted friendliness have made her a leading light of final year at Sydney Hospital. Her trendy gear has caused much comment — "running" in eight-inch heels?

Her forthrightness and sense of humour have lightened many a boring tutorial. Over six years she has lead a whirlwind life combining social activities, Spaghetti Factory and shopping sprees with great success, plus achieving academic distinction.

As year representative Mary displayed her fine qualities of reliability and efficiency; executing with thoroughness and good grace; the unwanted and thankless tasks.

Her personal approach to medicine is exemplified in her participation in G.P. conferences and by recent brilliance in public health and psychiatry. This, with her empathy, easy rapport with patients and clear-sighted appreciation of the relevant and important ensure her a successful future in any sphere.

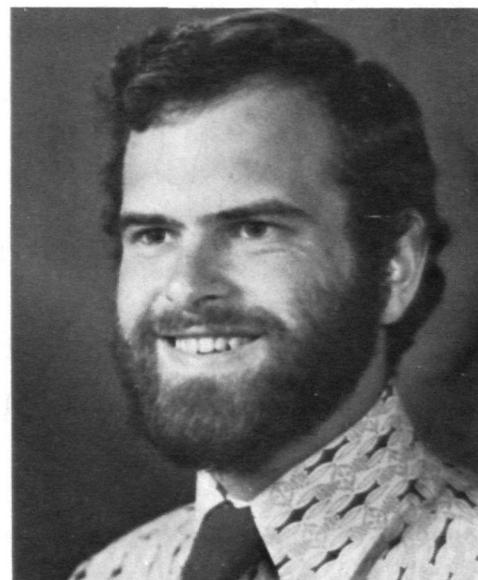
MICHAEL JAMES FAIRLEY

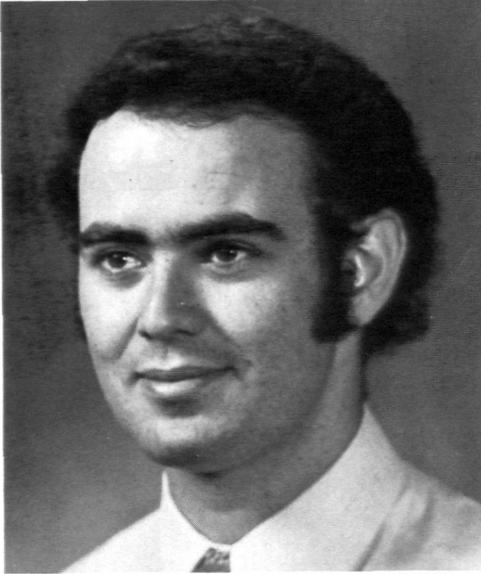
"It's Magic."

Upon finishing his term in H.M. Prison, Narwee Boys' High, young Michael was faced with the prospect of choosing a career. Being rejected by the French Foreign Legion and being unfit for duty behind the lolly counter at Woollies, his only option was to study medicine.

It must be said however, that he never let this interfere with his love of exotic old cars, sailing (often by his own unorthodox rules in unseaworthy craft), and dusky foreign maidens to which he eventually succumbed during 5th Year (the maiden that is, not the sea).

It was this love of the sea, coupled with his desire to eat, that enticed him to join the Navy. But we know that wherever he practices the skills he has learnt during his time in Medical School, he will be appreciated for what he is.





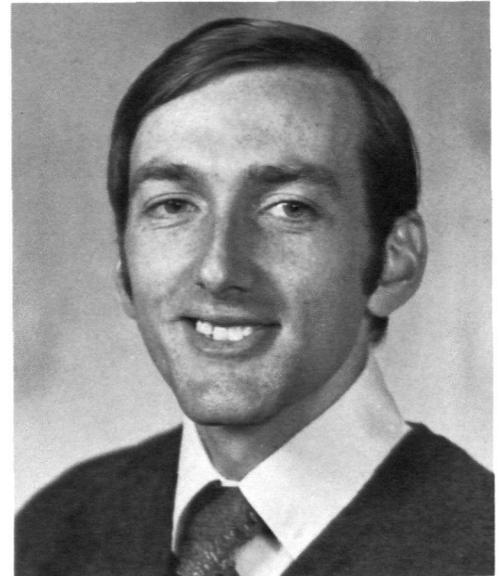
WILLIAM ALFRED FELBEL

"Take a pair of sparkling eyes; take a pair of ruby lips..."

To know William Felbel is to know someone unique, unique in so many ways. William, besides being a far more than average student, is an entertainer with great talent; he has been entertaining fellow medical students from anatomy dissecting table to surgical operating theatre with renditions of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. In matters medical he is excellent. He has one disconcerting mannerism. In tutorials, he is renowned for keeping quiet while fellow students become flustered and confused, then quietly and smugly give a masterful reply. In his case the phrase "Excreta tauri cerebrum vincit" surely does not apply. William is a great fellow student and friend and will ultimately make a great medico, if he is not claimed by the stage.

MICHAEL JOHN FERRES

I wonder who will look at this book in the future other than final year students looking for past trends to follow. Early years at university meant an uncomfortably large amount of work, and the problems of adjusting to a lot of new people, for which earlier education did not seem to have equipped me. Receiving the gift of the grace of Jesus Christ has brought salvation, many new friends inside and outside medicine, and a new interest in medicine itself, with the certainty that there is a purpose to which this training will be put. The challenge remains always to be serious about what one knows is true.



PETER BRUCE FRECKER

Now we comin' to de literate an' famed Pete Freck, one o' de lef wing sophisticates o' Medicine. A fust class cobbler o' mine wot free o' de loonie medical ideals, wot got a gift o' de flash oratory; wot not takin' no lip from de crap tutors, wot understandin' de principles o' medicine at de fust go an' not draggin' de peepers over de Harrison porn too much. Groover Pete, wid dem fancy ties; provin' hisself in de big footy an' de Anglican business, wot helped de black brudder in de educating, wot got de top Sydney Hospital trainin' from hiss mates de Sol Posen an' de Ian Thompson an' similar; wot goin' o'er big wid de females; wot ...

No point goin' on; everyone catchin' de drift.

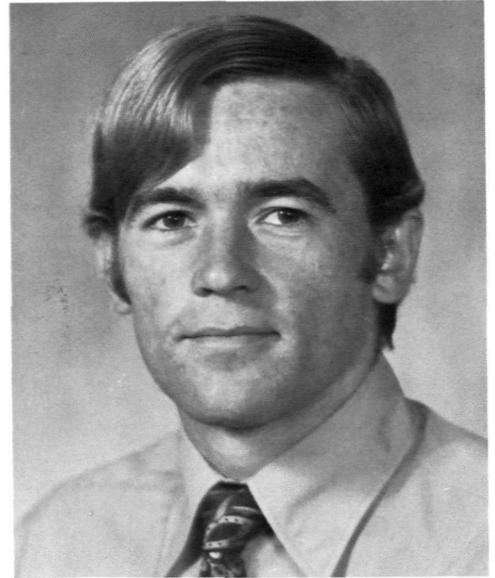


ANDREW JOHN GODDEN

"If you remember one thing from this seminar, remember it's on childhood malignancy."

Andrew's dry humour, gentle nature and warm acceptance of all around him are coupled with a gently humorous, critical outlook on present medical teaching, profession and practice. This stems from a deep faith in the Lord, as both Saviour and Guide; and he feels it is his responsibility to share with others; not only his deep Christian faith, but its rewards of strength, love, guidance, faith and humility. His humour springs from this underlying confidence and manifests itself in his compassion for patients and colleagues. Those of us privileged to know him, share his confidence in a future guided by the Lord.

"I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord beseech thee that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." Ephesians 4:1.



ROBYN MARY GODDING

"Look, I don't know what you're talking about."

Migrating all the way from Rydalmere comes effervescent Robyn, who, with piercing comments such as the above, is able to bring all manner of erudite tutors down to the humble student level. But lo, on occasions this good-natured soul, should she be crossed, has demonstrated with fiery tongue the fervour within her.

Not content within the confines of Sydney, Robyn, during elective term, travelled to the wilds of far away Fremantle (which is even west of Rydalmere) whence she brought back the gentle art of electro-nystagmography, to delight us all.

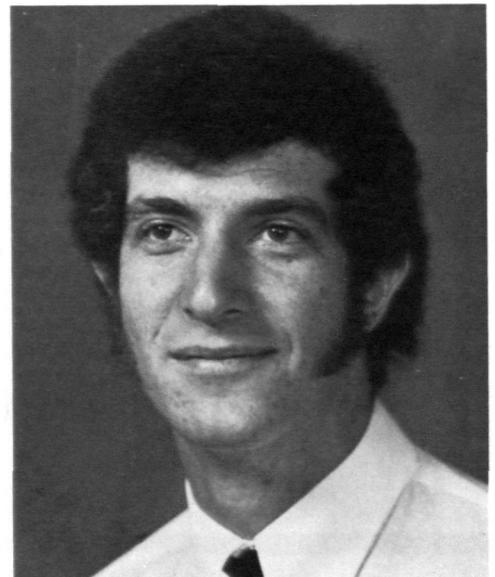
With her charm and warm sense of humour, how can Robyn fail to be a successful doctor and person?

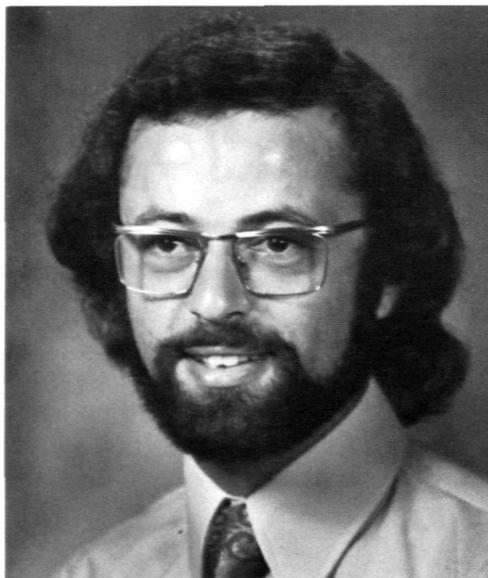
DAVID AARON GOLDBERG

Dave was one of the few in our year strong enough not to be drawn into playing Bridge. He was seen either arranging time for squash, going to squash courts or going to the library saying: "You know, you can learn a few hundred facts in twenty-five minutes."

Dave's ideal of efficiency was only surpassed by his inability to do all he wanted to do, although he managed quite a bit.

Rather than choose a career such as professional squash player, jazz pianist, philosopher, or naturalist — in all of which he probably would not have starved, with the possible exception of squash, music and philosophy, Dave chose a field where his clear cut scientific thinking and commonsense will be fruitful.





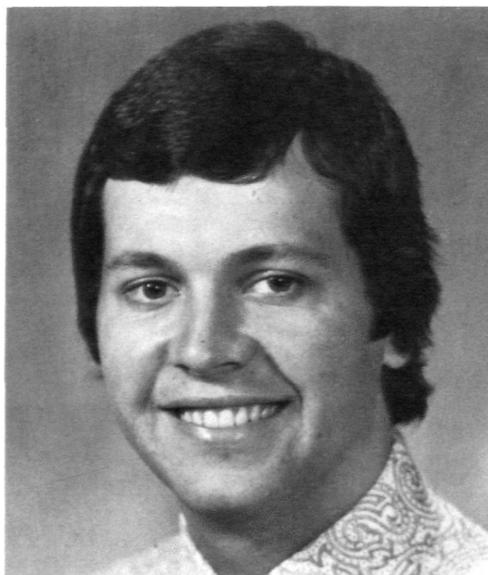
ROBERT BERNARD HAMPSHIRE

Already notorious for some years in the faculty, Bob joined us after an extensive overseas study tour, devoted to his B.Sc.(Med) — unfortunately failed.

His successes however were legendary; notably, surfer and bikerider, and cobbles-toner to the gentry.

His occasional presence in lectures guaranteed an entertaining, if perhaps rather uninstruc-tive fifty minutes. Mostly he was in transit, either carting stones around on one of his fleet of trucks, landscaping, “doing up” something, be it a house or a revised plan for a new med course. A combination of daring, energy, business acumen and sheer luck bought him incredible success — except when, having decided to start horse breeding, he discovered the fine two-year-old stallion he’d bought was in fact an eleven-year-old gelding.

Posted to Sydney Hospital his existence remained unsuspected for some years, by the authorities. Discovery finally came when, after performing a P.R. on himself with his motorbike’s handlebar during a scramble, our elusive student was found occupying a bed in the surgical ward. This tender experience re-awakened his interest in medicine just in time for the final year.



PHILIP SEE HAYNES

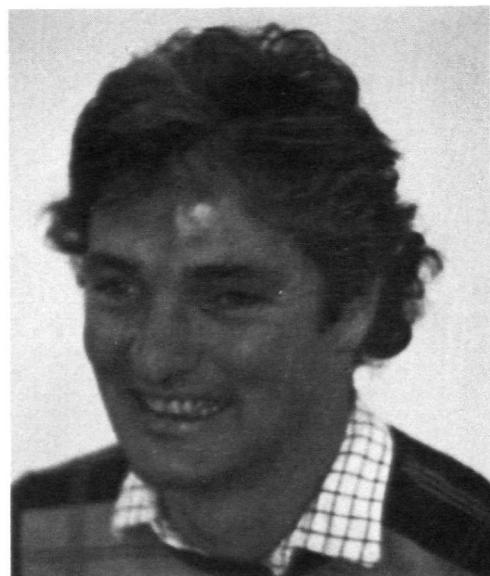
“Play it again, Philip.”

Who can write adequately about Philip?: the traveller, the inveterate film-goer, the movie critic.

Generally rather aloof Philip comes down to earth for bridge, films and Rabaul. Films are his great love; the films of the thirties his speciality. His room is decorated with portraits of Clark and Vivien; the immortal works of Max Steine always on his lips. One can almost visualise him sitting on the verandah in Rabaul, sipping a mint julep.

Beau Brummel Philip is a good example sartorially to his fellow students. Fastidious, neat in appearance, he is unobtrusive, never opening his mouth in tutorials except to yawn.

Philip may go on to become the Bill Collins of medicine. He has earned the respect of his fellows and should make a thoroughly educated man and doctor.



STEVEN ANTHONY GOODMAN

Blessed by his presence occasionally, his casual air would relieve the Final Year tension. A man of few words, but always choice, he has skiied his way through Medicine with a minimum of effort.

Steve’s soccer, skiing and surfing have endowed him with a perennial tan.

His sensitive and humble approach to people will surely be of great benefit to him in the future.

FRANK HOFMANN

Frank entered University on his feet in 1969 and peddled out on his bike in 1974. This bright young beau from a boys' school beamed. An era had ended, a personal era perhaps, but as Mozart once remarked "time will be time."

Gone were the days of skipping anatomy pracs and going to the movies; gone the hysterical tears-running-down-the-cheek laughter of the drunkard in Pharmacology prac; gone the days of whistling jug band music through entire lecture courses. But weep not for the past, my children, it's moo-woo-moving day and Frank Hofmann has finished doing pirouettes down memory lane—can't you hear the rooster crowing?



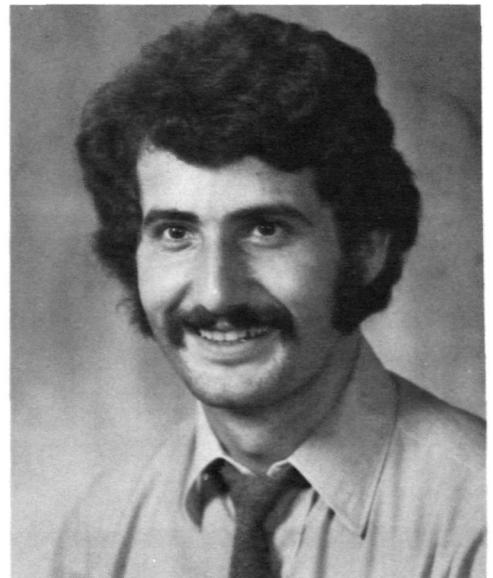
BARBARA ANN JACKSON

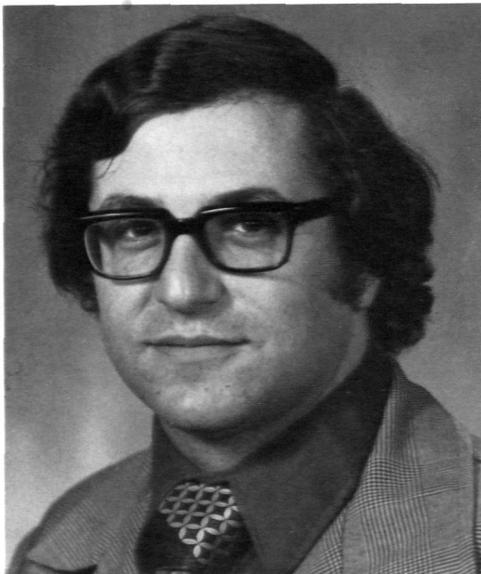
Barb combines a genuine interest in medicine with a real concern for patients' welfare. She had not missed a tutorial in living memory until delayed onset of "Stethoscope Owner's Syndrome" of cardiac hypochondriasis required treatment. One of Prof Posens Stone-clinic stayers, she broke all records for out-patient clinic endurance. Her conscientious attitude and obsessive compulsory traits hopefully ensure a worthwhile career in medicine. In summary: desires to serve Christ and man.

GEORGE KALADELFOS

George joined our year after having completed a B.Sc. (Hons.) in Physiology. This interest was continued while at Sydney Hospital where he had been working with the Renal Unit. The rest of his valuable time was divided between his wife, Christine, the domain soccer field and the common room chess board. Occasionally he attended a tutorial or two.

Recently a new reason for tute absenteeism was added to the list, when George was severely scolded by a certain tutor for mandibular hirsutism at 10.00 o'clock in the morning. Despite this George has shown himself to be very knowledgeable and never failed to amaze his group with his response to those terrible questions tutors persist in asking.





STEVEN JOHN KING

"Maybe, a bit, sometimes, perhaps?"

"My friend Steven"—good-natured to a fault, long-suffering of his colleagues, and blustering, has ever been concerned with the betterment of the med. student's lot. In foreign fields (Crown St, Newcastle) he campaigned untiringly for better nurse-student relations. This year, as scapegoat for his group's vagaries, he ensured our mental health by being the recipient of our aggressions and frustrations as our fearless leader. In pursuit of knowledge, he regularly conducts scientific controlled studies in Hunterian tradition upon his own resilient body on the effects of tobacco, alcohol, antacids and innumerable other pharmaceuticals. With his ability and extraordinary command of voluminous trivia, medical and otherwise, surely consultant status is not far away.

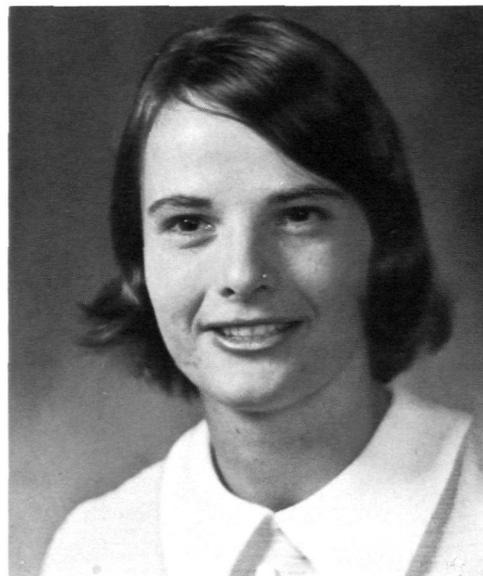
SUSAN CLARE KOS

"Wally's found a lump in my thyroid."

Sue emerged from the mists of pre-clinical studies with some distinction and Wally, and immediately tackled clinical problems; not the least of which was the command of her largely male chauvinistic group.

Notable experiences included a brush with the thyroid surgeons, and the delivery of undiagnosed twins at Crown Street — hopefully not a prognostic sign. Despite such disturbing encounters she retains her good sense of humour, except under extreme provocation at the bridge table, Wally usually being the source of provocation.

After Blacktown Hospital as an elective term, Sue will be well equipped to deal with the problems of medical practice.



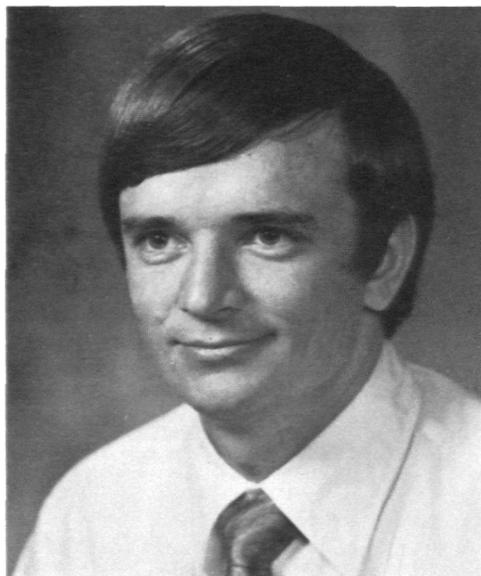
WALTER KOS

"Naw... I don't think that's right."

Wally came to Sydney Hospital as something of an unknown quantity to some of us. However he soon established himself as a very likeable fellow, and rapidly gained fame for his knowledge of myxoedema, of all things.

It is rumoured that his interest in med. was fired by a family tradition of potion mixing — largely in the form of home brews, for which he gained even more recognition than for his knowledge of myxoedema.

His elective term in Blacktown and his solid medical knowledge has equipped him well for his assault on the public, and he promises to be a very competent practitioner.

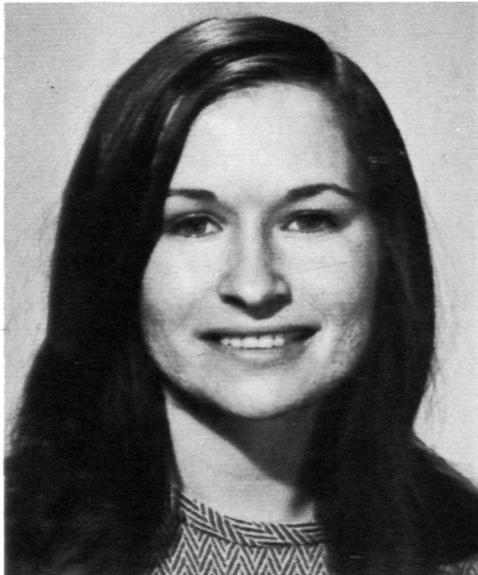
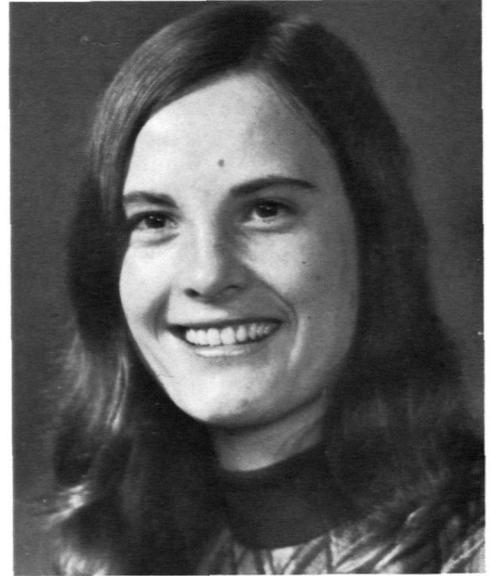


BARBARA KEENA LUEY

Barbara Luey, the belle of Lewisham, has breezed through the first five years of the medical course, in spite of being cornered and thrown by an oriental judo expert along the way. Barbara is well known for her administrative abilities and, in this regard, she was gainfully employed in IVth and throughout Vth year in running the Accounting Department of Sydney Hospital. Whilst holding down this important position she gained firsthand knowledge of the economics of private practice and, needless to say, got on to first name terms with most of the honoraries.

Her fellow students, in recognition of her administrative ability, have always elected Barbara as group representative. Currently she is keeping six dopey male students in line and almost on time.

Perhaps Barbara will make a fortune running her own private hospital — you never know!



REBECCA SARA MASON

Rebecca is a short but learned edition imported from sunny (?) Queensland at the end of fourth year. She demonstrates her firm belief in efficiency at all times, by combining management of her husband's general practice, her unruly Eastern Suburbs "domestic", and an advanced case of television addiction, with her blossoming medical career, despite continual persecution by striking bus drivers, Sydney Hospital lifts, "absent patient" syndrome and washing-machine repairmen that never call on time.

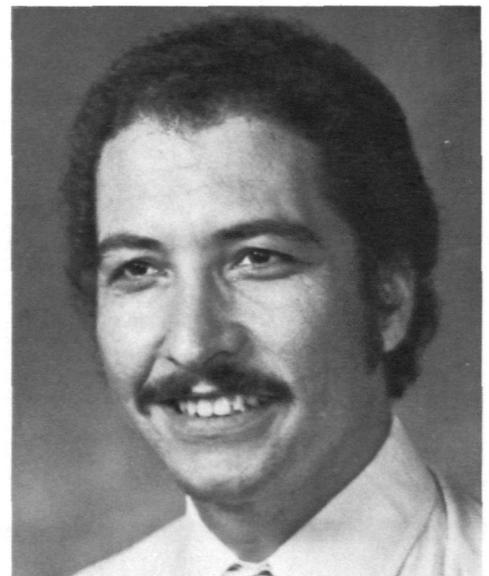
TOMMASINO MASTROIANNI

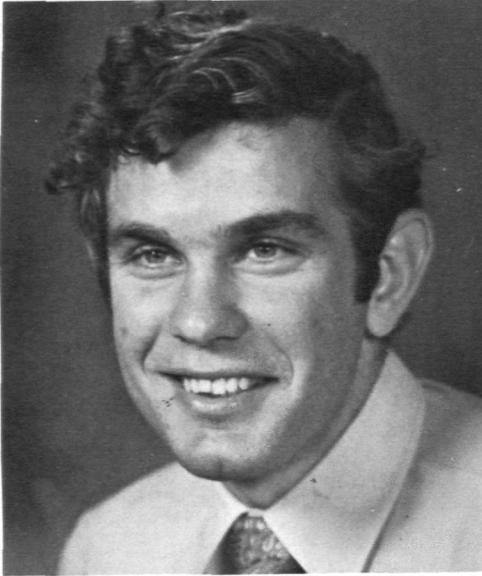
"You should have known that you wouldn't get the split, why didn't you go for the finesse."

Tom joined us in January '71 at the beginning of III year and in a very short period of time he had made many new friends.

He is best known to all of us by his card playing. His bridge is good and his poker playing excellent as witnessed by the disaster that he wrought in his short interlude at Newcastle Hospital. After only the first night his friends stopped playing against him and wanted to sponsor him.

Tom will do well in medicine owing to the fact that he is a hard worker, despite claims to the contrary, and his love of life. We wish him all the best in his career and his future marriage.





LANCE GIOVANNI MENG

"It's getting hot in here."

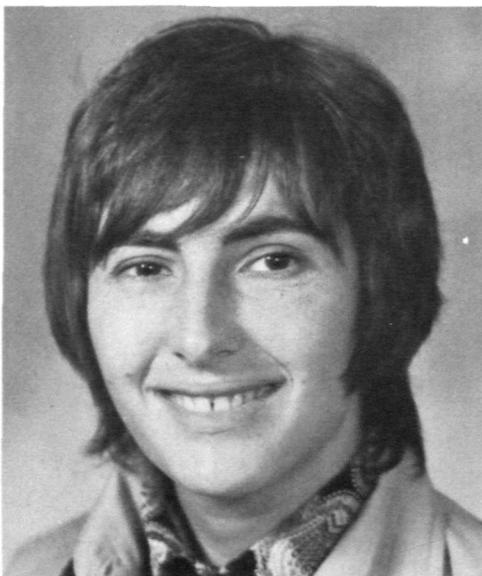
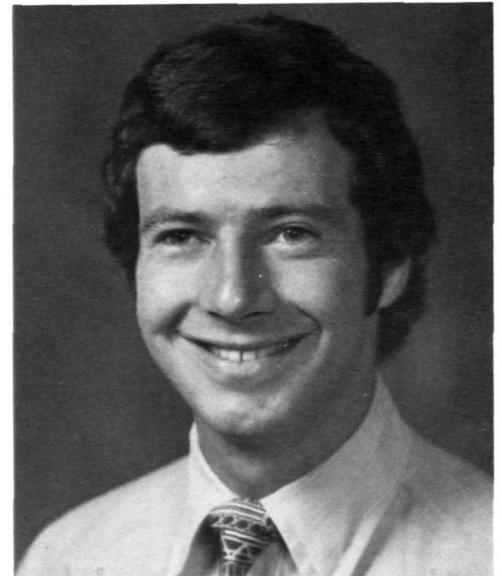
Brother Lance left High school for a yet higher school, at Camperdown. Over the last 6 years as well as collecting curriculum subjects, he gathered battle ribbons from the various George, Pitt and Castlereagh Street campaigns. The scars of these and bigger battles will never heal.

In August 1973 he married Christine, and moved to the garden suburb of Berala, in the industrial west; and attendance at morning lectures fell sharply. His clinical years were greatly influenced by an elective term at Lidcombe Hospital, and has since become the self-proclaimed guardian of anyone over seventy.

In final year, he has dedicated himself to tracking down the scoundrel who wrote on every available blackboard, "I hate school."

RONALD JACOB MEYER

This suave globetrotter has somehow made it through Med. in only 6 years. The spectre of being a doctor soon, seems to be causing him to limit the amount of time spent playing bridge and going skiing. Although the risk of eye strain from too much studying seems remote, his attention to detail suggests that he will be a very thoughtful and helpful doctor and a brilliant card player.



SANDRA PHYLLIS MILES (nee JACOBI)

Bert's "Water music, sweet."

Sandra is one of the most amiable and well liked members of the class of 74 (sorry!). We have all learned to live with her multitude of allergies and her armamentarium of tissues. These hurried exits from lectures in search of further tissue supplies and the crash of the falling bottle of milk substitute are second nature to us now.

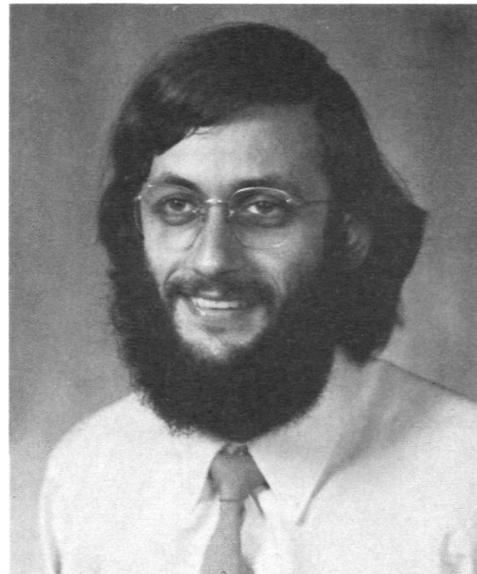
During the year the Sandra Jacobi we all know and liked underwent a medico-legal amalgamation and emerged as Mrs. Albert Miles. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Sandra will soon become a limited company.

Room does not permit a comprehensive list of Sandra's attributes. Suffice to say that she is a capable (if somewhat hesitant) bridge player. Need we say more?

GEORGE MILLER

"Life's like that."

It was a rainy night; up on cloud nine the seven riders of the apocalypse sipped their brandys and contemplated the rivers of pumpkin seeds flowing beneath them and the tiny figure — look, off in the distance — perched on top of a souped-up spark plug quietly swimming upstream. Perhaps it was fate that brought him there at that moment. As he approached, bag of doughnuts slung over his left shoulder, visions of the holy cow flashing before his gaze, the clouds parted, "Come up and see me sometime" boomed an unknown celestial voice. Sounds like a myxoedematous voice change the young man thought. But in the twinkling of a toe nail his mind had veered to other things. He could not help but wonder why the pumpkin seeds were flowing the wrong way. Oh well, that's showbiz, he thought and continued the timeless journey into the unknown. The seven riders of the apocalypse passed the bottle round for a refill. It was still raining. Meanwhile George Miller was studying medicine.



JOHN KENNETH MITCHELL

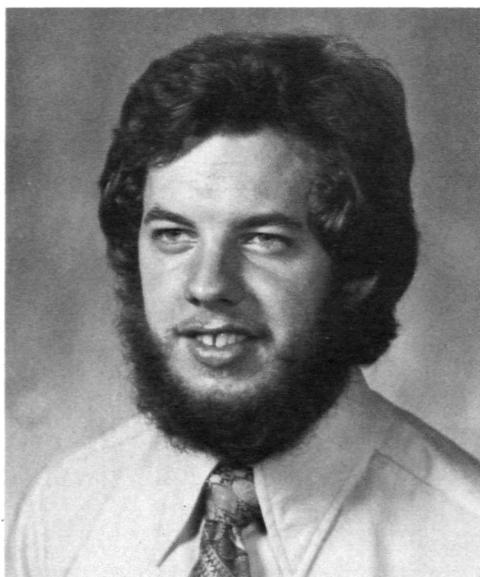
"Oh!...Oh!... Oh!... Just one small point..."

John Mitchell is a true friend to all (especially the nurses at Sydney Hospital.) He never ceases to amaze his lesser colleagues with the vast reference library which he carries around in every conceivable pocket.

John is the only person we know who can run in five directions and stand still all at the same time — quickly.

John, better known as John Citizen, with his white Holden special, will one day make a fine doctor and an outstanding member of the community.

Until that time — thank God, he is still human and a great guy!?



ISAAC NADEL

"Well let's head on out."

Scene: First tute of final year.

Tutor: "What about iron-deficiency anaemia."

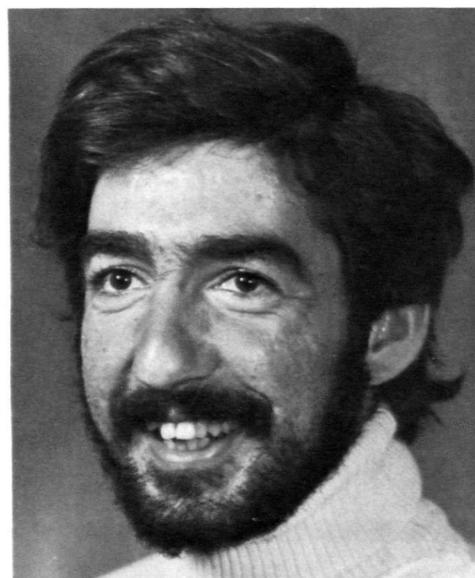
Zac: "Oh, I'm a bit rusty on that."

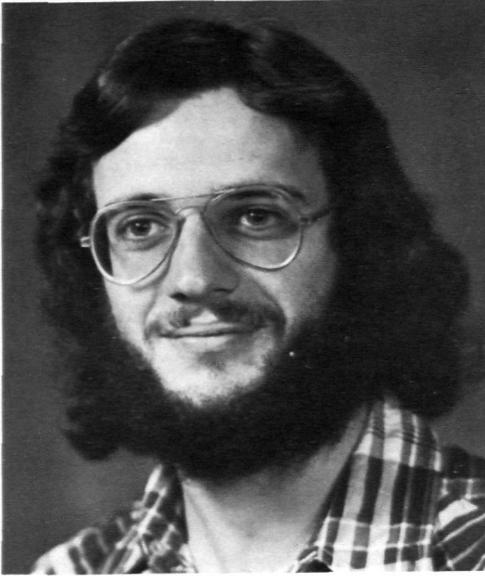
Yes, folks, it's Zac (The Slack), that unique cardboard replica of a med. student who stumbles aimlessly through life and somehow always gets there.

He has no strong feelings on any subject — with the possible exception of ketoacidosis — has never been heard to answer a simple "yes" or "no" to a question, and would occasionally be punctual if only he'd remember that something was on. Nevertheless, Zac has somehow preserved a social conscience, and he is not known to have a single enemy.

He is a truly remarkable phenomenon, equally at home whether it be a trowel, a squash racket, a guitar or stethophone he holds. He is the kind of guy who, when asked the complications of a rapid bicarbonate infusion, will answer: "An alkalotic arm, of course."

Zac defies description, really, and anyone who doesn't know him yet is advised to meet him. He may be found wherever Spike Milligan books are sold.





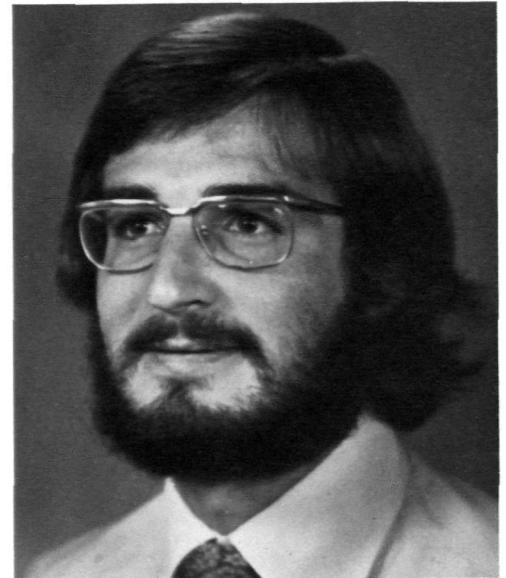
RONALD WILLIAM QUINN

No, its not Shirley Temple with a beard, its Sydney Hospital's answer to Dr. Welby's offsider. Ron a regular watcher of our small screen colleagues has made many an end of the T.V. set diagnosis. But none equal the constant array of maladies he finds within himself.

Ron has achieved many "highs" to date and we hope he will go on to bigger and better things.

JEREMY RAFTOS

Jeremy, otherwise known as the Lomotil Kid, undertook a difficult task when he decided to follow in his uncle's footsteps. Jeremy himself is the one most acutely aware of this. Yet there's no doubt in my mind that he'll be a great doctor because he has a heart as well as a head. A the time of jotting down these few lines, Jeremy and Jenny were contemplating the possibility of the arrival of twins next March. When Jeremy reads this year book he'll know for certain — one way or the other. Good luck (and you can take that whichever way you like).

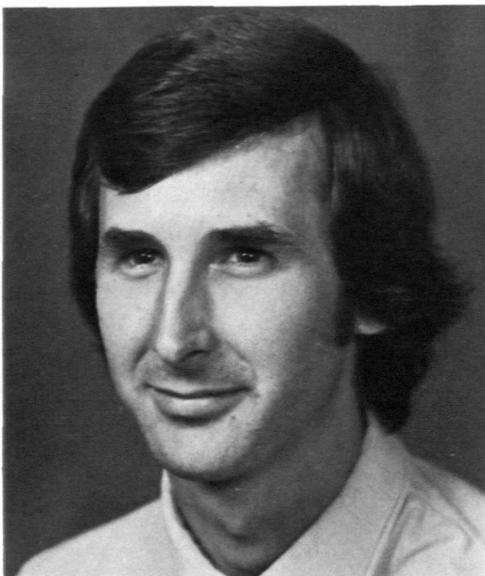


JOHN LESLIE McKELLAR STEWART

"Stretch" streaked into our lives in final year and this loping length of good nature didn't take long to befriend us all.

He soon became an avid bridge player and journal collector, a less avid smoker, dabbled in chess and continually asked penetrating questions about life and human nature.

Armed with a thoughtful concern for the total welfare of patients, a twinkle in his eye, not to mention a beautiful wife, John's life is destined to be successful, happy and fulfilling.



LINDA MARY SWANEY

Linda swapped over from science early in her career, when she decided that she liked people more than protozoa, and has not looked back since. She now fits medicine into a busy day, many hours of which are spent travelling to and from a certain western suburb. She keeps wanting to know why it is that when tutors are trying to shock their students into thinking, they invariably ask: "Now what would you do for this patient if you were the resident on Cas. at Blacktown?"

She is given much encouragement by her husband David who urges her on with words such as "You'd better bloody well pass!"





The human dimensions of drug development

The people engaged in therapeutic drug development at CIBA construe their professional responsibility literally in the life-and-death terms of the role their drugs may play in the lives of millions of men, women and children around the world.

As each year goes by, CIBA research scientists are making new contributions to medical science especially in the fields of cardiovascular disease and hormone therapy. Only a few of the thousands of substances investigated in CIBA laboratories pass the severe

tests imposed upon them and win approval to be marketed as therapeutic agents. Pharmaceuticals as significant as [®]Trasicor (Oxprenolol hydrochloride) for early hypertension, [®]Ismelin (Guanethidine sulphate) for moderate to severe hypertension, [®]Rimactane (Rifampicin) for tuberculosis and [®]Synacthen Depot (Tetracosactrin) for allergic and inflammatory disorders, are not just happy chances. They are the result of the unceasing, careful work of dedicated people. Because of this, CIBA preparations have a world-wide reputation for excellence.

C I B A
Pharmaceuticals

Creative chemistry for a better life



THE ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL OF SYDNEY

This is the fourth occasion on which I have been asked to write about the Hospital — an assignment which I find interesting and enjoyable. It is interesting because it forces me to crystallise out some thoughts that relate to our profession — your future — and enjoyable because it is an opportunity to refer to the special relationship that exists as in no other profession between the clinical teacher and the student. This two way father and son sort of relationship is referred to at some length in the Hippocratic Oath.

Few of you will have been able to find out much about the history of your Hospital. The foundation stone of what was called the North Shore Hospital was laid in Willoughby Road in 1887 by Sir Henry Parkes. Later the present site of eight acres at St. Leonards was selected and opened by Sir Henry Rawson in 1902. In the same year King Edward VII gave permission for the hospital to be styled the Royal North Shore Hospital of Sydney. It thus became a metropolitan as well as district hospital not only in name, but in function. Early it developed special clinics, some of which were the first established in this country long before it became a teaching hospital in 1948. Its Institute of Medical Research under the guidance of Dr. W. Wilson Ingram had an international reputation especially the work associated with Professor M. R. Lemberg, whom the Hospital had wisely invited to join the staff over 30 years ago. In 1968 the Mater Misericordiae Hospital became a Teaching Hospital affiliated with the Royal North Shore Hospital thus establishing a teaching complex — I believe the first such affiliation in Sydney, if not in this country, and of great significance to undergraduate teaching. It is pleasant to look

back and note how this relationship has developed with benefit to both hospitals and its students.

What of your future? No other profession offers such a wide variety of choices, from the absorbing tranquillity of the laboratory to the exciting challenges of clinical medicine and surgery. However, western society — indeed the whole world — is facing both economic and social upheaval to varying degrees. So far this country has been least affected mainly for fortunate geographical and geological reasons. If one is to draw any conclusions from what is happening in other parts of the world it is likely that there will be an increase in social tensions in this country which may result as elsewhere in near national hysteria. Established values and institutions come under scrutiny and even attack. Whatever might be our personal philosophy it is likely that the State will intrude more and more into our lives — a process that is probably historically inevitable. It is essential, therefore, for the medical profession to maintain the values which have always guided it and to preserve that difficult to define aspect termed professionalism. One of the greatest rewards open to any human being (and the most difficult thing to achieve for most of the human race) is job satisfaction. In this respect the young medical graduate is fortunate indeed. One of the great delusions in our society and one to be avoided is the emphasis placed by a consumer society on the accumulation of possessions that in many cases add little to the quality of life. If in the years ahead you preserve basic values and maintain your perspective you will find that the practice of medicine will bring you enjoyment and fulfillment.



Leaders in Medicine

extend congratulations on your graduation

Lederle offer products of original research
to the Medical Profession

Antibiotics

Anti-tuberculosis agent
Treatment of
candidal infections
Topical preparations

Anti-hypertensive/
Diuretics

Cytotoxic Agents

Minomycin[®]
Achrostatin[®]
Achromycin V[®]
Achromycin[®]
Myambutol[®]

Nilstat[®]
Aureomycin[®]
Aristocort[®]
Parfenac[®]

Aquamox[®]
Diamox[®]
Methotrexate[®]
Thiotepa[®]



LEDERLE LABORATORIES DIVISION
Cyanamid Australia Pty. Ltd.
88 Christie Street
St. Leonards, N.S.W. 2065

® Regd. Trade Mark of American Cyanamid Co.

THE HONORARIES

JAMES BROADFOOT

"What's S.C.C. — Sydney County Council"

We have great admiration for Mr. Broadfoot, who dragged us out of the small print and into the realities of basic surgery. One needs no other knowledge when armed with the Broadfoot System of Surgery:— benign, malignant and very rare. He elucidated the mysteries of "the lump", any lump, and warned us of the necessities that "if there's one, there might be more". Never shall we forget the possibility of the big three: syphilis, TB and actinomycosis, armed with the knowledge that these are "very rare indeed". Remember, don't touch just look, look again and then ask his/her age.

We, will always remember Mr. Broadfoot for his concise and excellent tutorials, and as a teacher he is just "very rare, indeed".



GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

"And then what do you do when the patient dies?"

This is Mr. Coupland's way of letting you know that your answer to his question was incorrect.

("Oh my God!" means you just killed the patient)

This non-stop surgical machine introduced himself (and 4% and 1/5) to us in 1972 — and over a period of 3 years he taught most of us the essentials of surgery.

His approach to teaching was based on his philosophy that "nothing is impossible — even teaching students". So, he taught us whenever he could catch us; he conveyed to us his infectious enthusiasm for surgery; he persevered until he wore most of us down.

He was always available if we had questions — and he always had the answers.

In summary, a man with a refreshing sense of humour, who gets his daily hour of sleep in medical meetings, and a man who has deservedly gained the respect and thanks of the students.



VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

"Pass the ashtray will you — I always enjoy smoking in the Thoracic Unit — thank you."

Mr. Cumberland is a man of many parts:

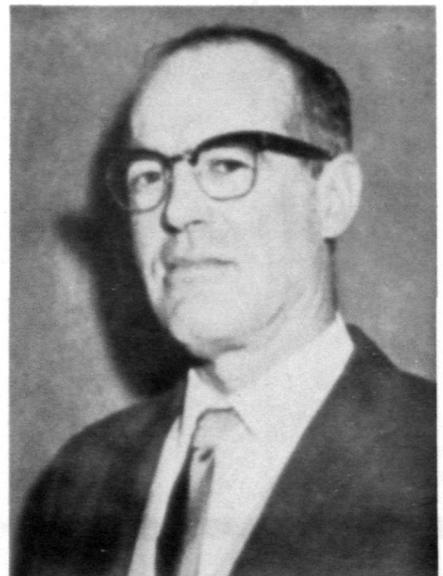
A man of culture — Keats being a favourite: "I can't remember 'Ode to a Nightingale' but this will do."

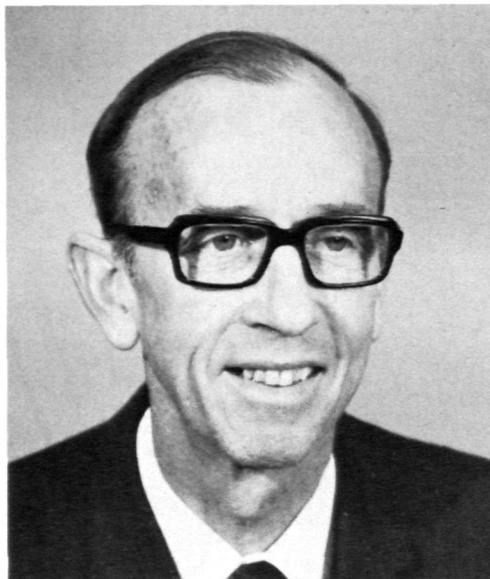
A man of wit and sarcasm: "Didn't you notice he only had one testis, Mr. Cottee?"

A man of great surgical knowledge and skill with an innate ability to hold his students' attention and impart to them the essentials of surgery: "The examiner won't have heard of a 'Bairnsdale' ulcer."

His coolness in all situations and the broad grin as he made a point clear — "You really must know this!" — are legendary.

Mr. Cumberland's tutorials were of inestimable value and we, like many before us, are extremely grateful to him.





REGINALD GLOVER EPPS

"Where did I leave my stethoscope?"

Allow 1 group ignorant, unruly final year students to stand 15 minutes.
 Add 1 long lean knowledgeable cardiologist.
 Stir slowly into Wards B1, B2 or Thoracic unit. Once in position: put student on the spot and wait for faux pas.
 Have cardiologist add essence of knowledge and one pinch of humour.
 Allow students to simmer quietly 30 minutes, by which time knowledge will have evaporated.
 Remove half-baked students from tutorial, then try again next time.

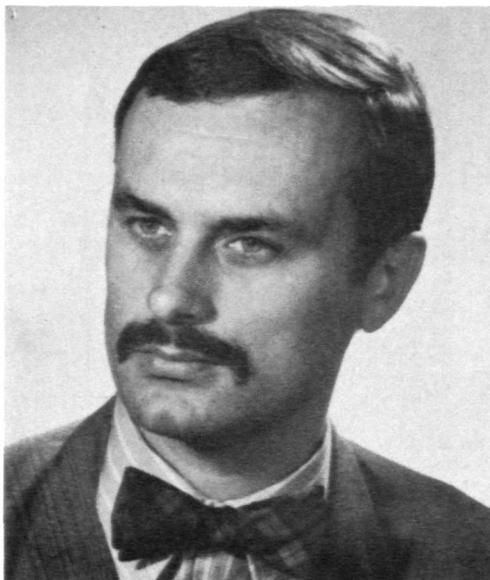
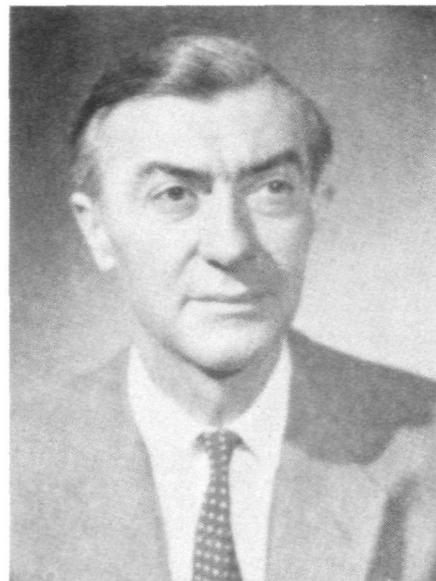
BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

"Can't stop coughing and better have another cigarette!"

Peering through a haze of blue-grey smoke this softly spoken gentleman endeared himself to the students by his ability to communicate the fundamentals of respiratory medicine and his kind natured manner.

His talks on chronic lung disease would not be complete without the intermittent flash of matches and accompanying cough. His popularity was reflected by the unwillingness of students to miss his tutorials.

For all this we thank him.



AKOS GYORY

"Vell, ziss acid-base bizness iss all kvite simple rreally!"

Sydney Hospital's loss was our gain when Dr. Gyory was promoted to the professorial staff at R.N.S.H. at the beginning of 1974.

His full-frontal assault on our fluid and electrolyte ignorance was launched at a lunch-time surgeons meeting, where he proceeded to completely confound and confuse not only the students but also the surgeons.

His tutorials were profusely illustrated by blue slides and further enlivened by his dextrous use of his expandable pointer.

His expertise and warm personality are already well known and we all wish him well for the future.

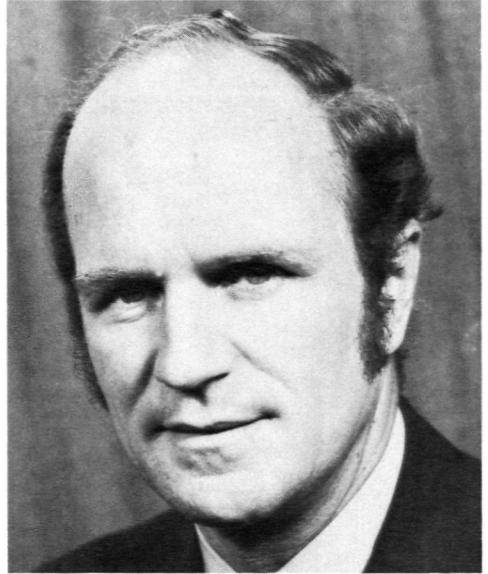
RAYMOND MOULTON HOLLINGS

"Who's going to be in the hot seat now?"

Look! In the Volvo! It's a physician? It's a surgeon? It's Mr. Hollings! — Faster than a speeding bullet, more skilful than most general surgeons, able to perform appendicectomies with a single cut, and who, disguised as our much admired surgical tutor, fights a never-ending battle against student ignorance, lack of confidence, and poor viva technique.

Most of us first met Mr. Hollings in fifth year at Hornsby or the San. and immediately liked and respected this indefatigable surgical perfectionist who, while unable to suffer fools gladly, was able to temper the science of surgery with a humanitarian warmth and genuine concern for his many patients — a quality rare in his branch of the profession.

We thank him for giving us all such a high standard to aspire to.



JAMES ISBISTER

*"Where is the hydatid line?"**"Why are small animals prone to get hypercalcaemia?"**"In which country of the world do people's names end in 'ian'?"*

These sort of questions have helped to keep us on our toes — especially do we treasure these words of wisdom — "Never go into operating theatres — think of the risk of talc pneumoconiosis!" And finally — "I have learnt half of my medicine from the pages of the Sydney Morning Herald."

IAN MONK

Once again another final year has passed and the time has come to pay tribute to a man whose quiet 'around-the-campfire' style in tutorials and 'what-slide-do-you-think-we'll-look-at-today' approach to lectures has endeared himself to lovers of warm summer afternoons and anecdotal medicine.

In his calm organising way he has joined the hands of students and wardens office in a quiet bond of peace, and apart from a recent literary faux-pas his guidance during our student years has been greatly appreciated.





DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"If you tolerate incompetence in this world, you will most certainly get it".

This gastroenterological guru, eminent in this far-flung outpost of the British Empire, has always exhibited astounding knowledge of prevalent medical conditions on the field of Flanders in the First Great European War.

As surely as snow melts before the sun, we can reassure our predecessors that the treatment of haematemesis has still not changed since biblical times, the sun still doesn't set on a jaundiced patient at Royal North Shore Hospital, and failure to send half a biopsied lymph node for guinea-pig inoculation will bring a promising career to a precipitous end.

When on duty in Cas. next year, short back and sides, in all our hope and glory, we will always appreciate how much Professor Piper has helped our medical education.

We congratulate him on his much deserved appointment as full Professor of Medicine.

THOMAS SMITH REEVE

"Women want equality and their rights"

North Shore's own energy dependent "ball of fire"— just imagine how many BMR's have been reduced to euthyroid levels with a mere flick of a scalpel, how many medical students have been reduced to mere burnt out shells of their former selves — learning the glories of appendectomy at midnight.

Apart from this personal solution to the energy crisis, Professor Reeve also practices infecting student guinea pigs with the travel bug. He is a known carrier of this contagious disease and many of us thoroughly enjoyed our dose during the elective term. If immune to travel the unwary student may still find himself the recipient of prophylactic doses of philosophy to keep him sane during the less sane moments of his future career.

An excellent and very human teacher we congratulate Professor Reeve on his well deserved Chair of Surgery, and thank him for sharing with us his broad minded and practical approach to surgery.



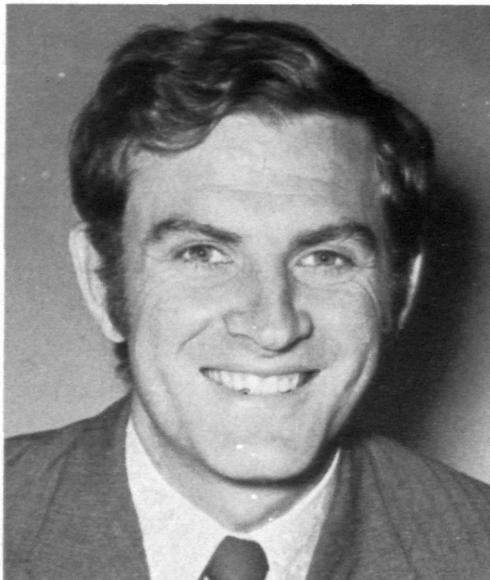
DOUGLAS MUNRO SAUNDERS

"I suppose you were at Newcastle when the others learned this!"

In charge of obstetrics and gynaecology training at R.N.S.H. in spite of his boyish good looks, Dr. Saunders reached the "height" of his career in 1974 when he delivered a baby in the lounge of a Qantas 747, demonstrating that he is quite a "sportsman"!

Dr. Saunders possesses the rare qualities of not only being on the same wavelength as medical undergraduates but being able to impart knowledge that can be comprehended by all.

For the training in O&G given by Dr. Saunders we are indeed grateful.

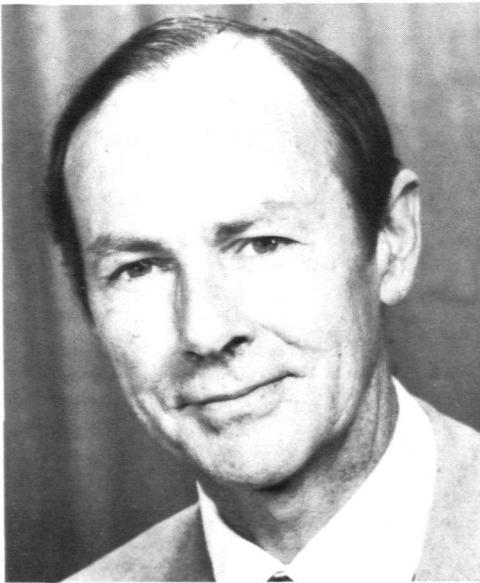
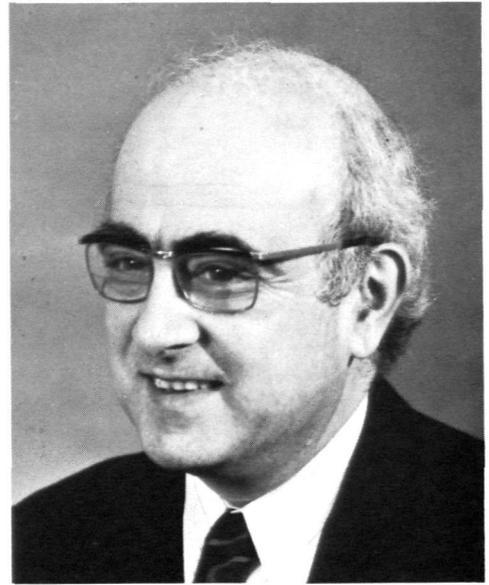


GEORGE SELBY

"See it's quite obvious where the lesion is!"

This softly accented temple of knowledge whose serialised lectures without reference to notes will long be remembered for their conciseness and completeness in this often ill-understood area of medicine, impressed us early in our careers with the thoroughness of his educational approach.

For our past experience with him we are grateful.



IAN DAVIES THOMAS

"The time has come," Doc. Thomas said,
"To think of many thoughts —
of T.S.H. and PBI,
And other lab. reports."

"Of popping eyes, and bulging necks,
And sugar in the urine.
Of insulin, tolbutamide,
And other ways of curin."

"Of lantern jaws and shaking hands,
Of flushes, sweats and freezes,
Of Cushing's, Conn's and Addison's
And other Grave Diseases."

"The time HAS come," Doc. Thomas said,
"To speak of MANY things —
Why, it's five-past-two already —
Where IS my group?" he sings.

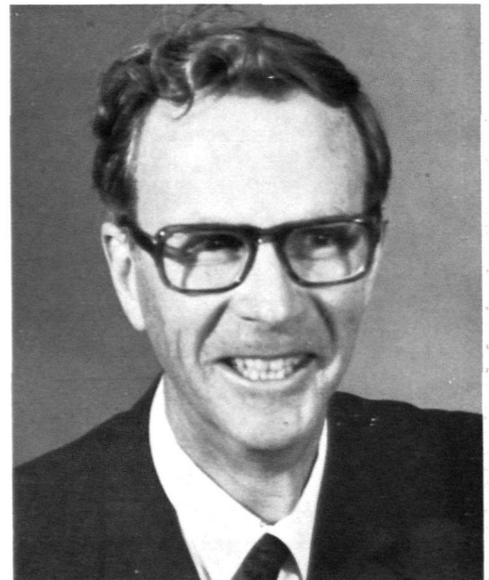
ALAN SEAVINGTON STUCKEY

"I haven't heard that one but I suppose it's possible"

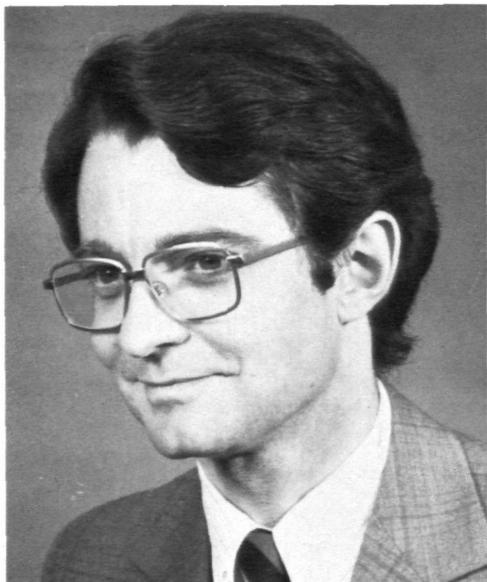
Dr. Stuckey led us on an enquiry into the nature of the vague gurgles and splashes which accompany the events of the cardiac cycle. He confounded us with his absolute mastery of the stethoscope and watching him mopping up each squeak and groan of diseased myocardium we were soon convinced that the phonocardiogram should have replaced the stethoscope long ago. Tolerantly he listened to each one of our tedious explanations with the same whimsical wry smile.

In his softly spoken unassuming thoroughgoing manner he has given us excellent tuition and provided us with an example of a fine physician all would do well to follow.

We thank him.



PETER M. WILLIAMSON



This whippy physician called Pete,
Is always confronted replete,
With his own box of tricks,
Full of interesting sticks,
For tickling tonsils and old ladies' feet.

This box is kept perfectly neat,
There are bottles for cold and for heat,
Cotton-wool and pins mean,
Oil of cloves, Wintergreen,
And phials of salt, sour and sweet.

But his nerve-kit is rendered complete,
By The Tool that's got reflexes beat,
Yes, the hammer so dear —
Mayo's souvenir —
Don't knock it, it is quite discreet.

We extend many thanks to you Pete,
For your teaching so clear and concrete,
For although your job serves
To get on people's nerves —
We found your tutorials a treat.

OBITUARY

Mrs. SHIRLEY PARTRIDGE

Former Secretary to the Clinical Warden

Earlier this year we were all saddened and shocked by the sudden death of this dedicated woman.

Her thorough organisation of student affairs over the past years has been always greatly appreciated by both student and staff alike.

She will always be remembered for her friendly nature and the concern with which she always handled student affairs.

MATTHEW TRACEY

Enthusiasm and sincerity were the outstanding qualities that Matthew Tracey will be remembered for by those friends who knew him well. He was a keen participant in all his chosen fields, competitive and ambitious, yet cooperative and recognized as an encouraging group leader. With all his friends and family, as well as those in his chosen profession, he showed sincerity and responsibility that marked all his personal relationships.

Originally showing a flair for both Science and Art at school, Matthew had wanted to study Medicine from his early teens and continued his keenness into university. He favoured Pharmacology and not surprisingly achieved top honours.

He will always be remembered as a mature and loyal colleague of our student days.

OUR OTHER TUTORS

For our fifth year variety show we would like to thank — Our unique one-man circus DR. ERIC DAVIS, who, with his travelling band of performing patients, produced, presented and performed in a new neurological spectacular each week with showmanship the likes of which only Harry M. could emulate.

The dermatologists — DRS. M. LEWIS, R. BECKE, K. PAYZER, J. L. LE GUAY & ROFFEY who smilingly guided us through their gallery of human bas relief and other objets d'art varying from impressionistic to reactionary, engendering in us an appreciation of the varying hues, motifs & design.

DR. MURRAY LLOYD who struggled with miles of video tape in the august hope of teaching us how to play the role of a 55 year old post infarct patient, diagnose the First-Year-Resident Flippancy Syndrome, and communicate with Charlie Brown.

DR. MAX ELLIOTT who introduced us to the significance of the social history and of flamboyant red handkerchiefs.

DR. PETER FIELDEN and the Anaesthetic Dept., for our introduction to their Bird Machine (!!) and all the intricacies of her knobs, inlets, outlets and uses.

DR. GEOFF HIPWELL always approachable, and sympathetic with the student's ineptitude with an ophthalmoscope. He painstakingly taught us, examined us and celebrated with us at Soren's.

The E.N.T. boys — DRS. A. DOWE, P. McARTHUR, T. O'DONNELL and R. TALBOT who sooted us on to manipulate devices up each others' noses, in each others' ears and finally down each others' throats, thereby giving us licence to give vent to emotions pent up for 4 years.

DR. SYDNEY NADE who descended from the Right Hand of Prof. Taylor to teach us the ABC of trauma.

We send our commiserations to MESSRS J. GRANT and R. RUSHWORTH for their affliction with absences which totally restricted their teaching role.

Our thanks must go to DR. W. WOODS for welcoming us to his Radiation Resort, instructing us in the rules of the game and the importance of the teamwork (with brief reference to the foul play of St. Elsewheres).

MR. R. CHANDLER who shared his favourite slides and horror-house-humour with us for the purpose of showing us how to reconstruct people who have been degloved just as our Freudian friends from the *Cummin's Unit* showed us how to patch up those poor souls who had been otherwise defrocked and deflowered.

— the entertainment over, we were then confronted with our last lap towards the finishing line; suddenly aware of the hot breath of competitors blowing down our necks, and spurred (if not cheered), on by our dedicated crowd of supporters — viz:

DR. AMOS whose generous frame materialised out of nowhere and disappeared into nothingness, each Tuesday afternoon, with an equally mysterious capacity to produce classical patients that have previously escaped the student's dubious attentions. His tutes were invaluable preparation for things to come.

DR. LAURIE DONNELLY characteristically raising his eyes heavenward, pleading for divine guidance in how to overcome our unidirectional blocks. However his gravelly intonations somehow did manage to penetrate and we particularly thank him and DR. CASPARI for their student orientated lunchtime meetings.

DR. BRUCE GEDDES who relinquished precious tobacco time to dash up to the wards with us, distribute "guernseys" and so refurbish our meagre knowledge of chestology.

DR. IAN FEVRE with his inimitable bedpan expression and scalding sarcasm and DR. BOB GRIFFIN who dealt out the facts as quickly as he "borrowed" our cigarettes will also be remembered for the lessons learned.

DR. W. JASPER will ... khm ... be remembered ... khm ... for this ... khm ... well punctuated ... khm ... Sportsman's Guide to ... khm ... Obstets and Gynae.

DR. KEITH JONES who cheerfully overcame the idiosyncrasies of a temperamental overhead projector — even if it did take over an hour on a Friday afternoon — to help us wade through the bloodstream.

DR. D. H. KELLER the ex-GP on whom every student prided 'himself' with a spot diagnosis of acromegaly at some stage of his career, who bestowed on us an intimate knowledge of plumbing with particular reference to leaks and blockages.

The orthopods — MR. K. DAYMOND for his tutorage in the Trauma Clinic and lectures on the 101 possible consequences of a fall on the outstretched hand. The tweedy McGLYNNNS who told tales of footy players smitten down in their hour of glory, golfers playing 18 holes pivoting on Chamley's Hardware ... And MR. R. MIDDLETON, not beneath pulling our legs (sans traction) whose greatest feature was his strict adherence to a 60 minute tute.

DR. "J.C." PENNINGTON who, despite his miserable failure at living up to his name, managed to enlighten our gynaecological path, with the aid of language that made the guys blush and the girls subside into gales of laughter.

DR. PETER PROCOPIS newly back at his 'alma mater' with his infinite patience, sound teaching and wry humour, which immediately established him in the realms of those whose tutes must not be missed.

DR. R. ROBINSON, tall, dapper, distinguished, charming — rheumatologist, teacher, researcher and movie star extraordinaire — topping the bill in all the drug companies box office hits.

DR. NICK SAUNDERS who initiated us into the ways of Final Year before setting off for Canada, where we wish him well.

DR. GEORGE SELBY a *classical* case of a gentleman — with cultivated articulation, reasonable disposition, distinguished countenance and prosperous bearing — for whom it is so fitting to denigrate Cabernet-Shiraz as being migrainogenic, when to anyone else “red wine” will suffice.

DR. MARTIN SULWAY the giggling giant who abandoned precious moments at Diabetic Clinic and Review Practice for our weekly Endocrinological Expose.

DR. RUSSEL VANDENBURG the gentle wheezologist who plied us with all the latest gen. in his rapidly developing field.

— and of course there are many others who have helped us on our way — Mr. A. Poole, Dr. Gunning, The Registrars, Frank Pus

LETTER TO THE EDITOR EDUCATING THE DOCTOR

SIR — The news that the Australian Medical Association is urging salary increases exceeding 60 per cent for doctors in medical facilities at Australian universities (30/1) leads me to ponder on the merits of an alternative educating system for Australia.

If, as doctors keep insisting, medical practitioners should retain the right to determine their own fees, it might be logical for doctors in universities to do likewise. The medically qualified teacher could have a scale of fees for lectures, tutorials, personal tuition, supervision of practical work and so on.

Each student would be charged individually, thus helping to maintain a close teacher-client relationship. Students would insure themselves for this education benefit, though they could become ineligible for benefits if they displayed a chronic inability to pass examinations.

“Education insurance,” preferably available through a multiplicity of funds in order to preserve freedom of choice for the individual, could easily be extended to all university facilities; then to other tertiary institutions and eventually to secondary and primary schools.

Universities, colleges and schools would lose much of their formal structure and barriers between teachers and clients would be broken down.

With such a system, in which all teachers would charge fee-for-service at levels set by themselves as responsible professionals rather than by a remote government, we could reasonably expect to have in Australia a fine education service, in the same way that today we have a fine health service.

**Dr. A. G. DAWSON,
Hornsby Heights, NSW**

We thank the editor of The Australian for his permission to reprint the above letter.

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.

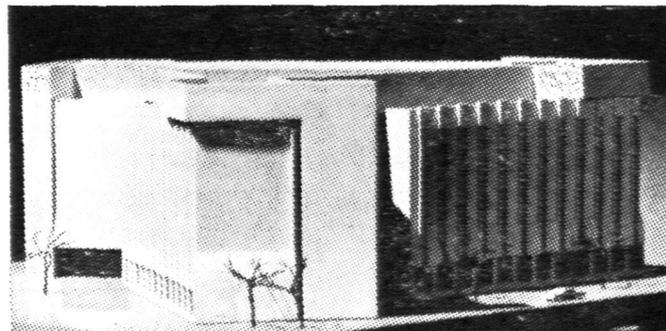
In the United States of America at the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology fundamental research into the chemical mechanisms of biological phenomena has been under way since 1970 in an atmosphere of academic freedom for the research worker.

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.

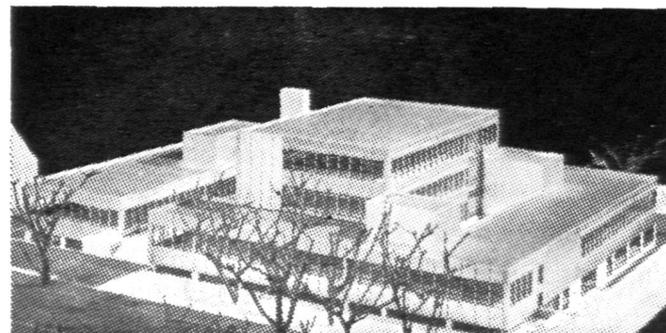
These centres represent a considerable investment by Roche in basic research in the hope that something of benefit to the health of mankind will emerge.



*The Roche Institute of Marine Pharmacology,
Sydney.*



*The Roche Institute of Molecular Biology,
Nutley, U.S.A.*



*The Basle Institute for Immunology,
Switzerland.*



—ORIGINATORS OF FINE PHARMACEUTICALS FOR 75 YEARS

Effective

"Of the available antibiotics, erythromycin appears best to fulfil the criteria required of an antibiotic for an empirical first-visit use . . ." ¹

Erythrocin[®]

Documented clinical efficacy¹
'Erythrocin' (erythromycin Abbott)
N.H.S. Unrestricted.

For prescribing information refer to Sect.4 Australian Drug Compendium.
1. Ravich, R.B.M., Jennis, F., and Carruthers, D.E. The "First Visit"
Antibiotic problem, Ann. Gen. Pract., (1971), XVI : 53-58

Abbott Laboratories Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Australia.



ABBOTT
Health Care World Wide

THE STUDENTS

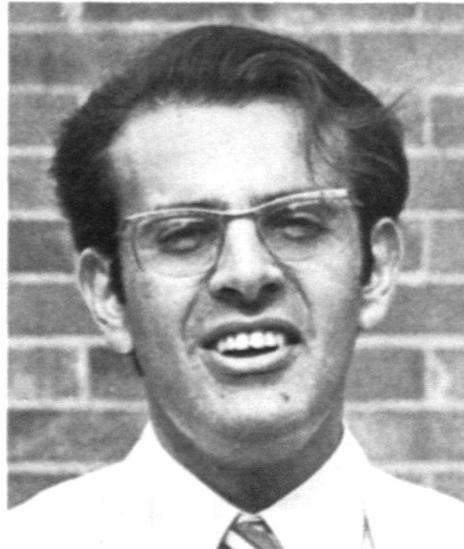
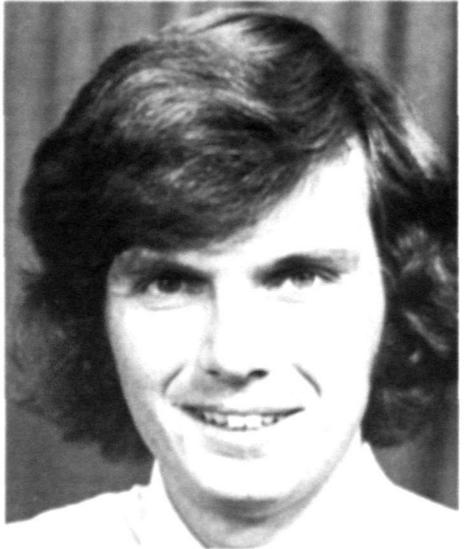
MICHAEL EDWARD ARMSTRONG

"I'm sorry I'm so one-eyed ... but I am!"

Always an active participant in any discussion, Mike occasionally revealed his celtic ancestry in satirical blasts against all varieties of social trivia.

He amused us all with spine-chilling tales of his ability to brave icy cold seas as a member of Dee Why ice-picks winter swimming club — a practice which stood him in good stead on cyanotic mornings during surgery term. However, it was noted that by some unexplained coincidence the hot showers always ran cold early when Michael was in residence.

He usually managed to appear keen and on the ball during tutorials (even the late afternoon ones!) so we expect him to do well.



ERIC ALFRED ASHER

"What's her Wasserman?"

On first venturing into medicine (dissection of a cockroach's gut — age 14) Eric felt profound affinity with this subject — and Medicine too.

Spurred on by an abundance of rats at Secondary School his craft developed — and needed little variation to adapt to the anatomy halls of S.U.

Fame smiled upon him early with the greatly acclaimed discovery of the anoaxillary canal — but that's another tale and best related by Eric himself.

Throughout med, Eric's wit and imaginative delving into the abstruse and the ordinary, have been sources of amusement and often provocation not only to close accomplices but to the whole year. Whatever the aspect of med in which he finds himself, I'm sure he'll be an excellent clinician — and one who see his patients with empathy — never merely as objects for the application of diagnostic acumen.

LOUISE MARY BERGHOUSE

"Oh, yor orful"

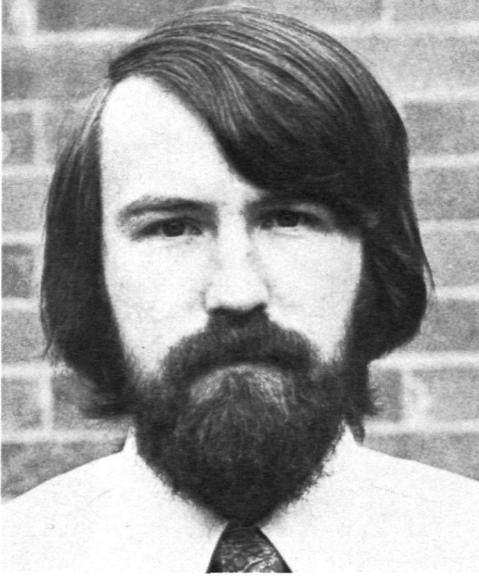
Louise graduated from Abbotsleigh in the early stage of chronic chocoholism. Her complaint has progressed, so that she now requires a maintenance dose of one choccy milkshake per day, added requirements for acute exacerbations — choccy frogs from Uncle Jeff — "isn't that right, Louise?" Her European chocolate experience is extensive (e.g. multiple Toblerone meals and 5 lb boxes for intermission to help her see through the opera glasses). It is also rumoured she is suffering from chocolate cysts — "Isn't that right, Louise?"

Can the strength of her Christian convictions overcome even this vice?

Invitations to see her coveted Continental slide selection of gold-tipped wrought iron fences — they're much better than etchings — "Don't you agree, Louise?"

The pursuit of such diversified hobbies does not, however, interfere with her continual high academic standing and capabilities in Medicine ... Isn't that right, Louise?"





NEAL ALAN BETTS

Once a fresh faced innocent from rural St. Ives High, Neal joined the faculty in 1969 and has passed through with a minimum of fuss.

Diversions have included marrying his childhood sweetheart at the end of IVth year (on the hottest day of the year) and eliciting unbelievable noises from his flute or the Siamese cat. The acquisition of the hairy chin matched his driving of the Mini and his interest in music.

His friendliness and interest in people assure his future as a good doctor and we wish him every success in the years ahead.

ROLAND PETER CORONEL BIGG

"Excuse me please, Sir, I was wondering if... would it be alright..."

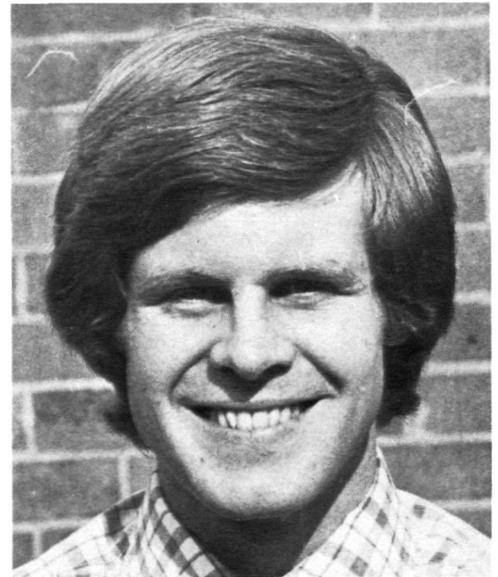
Grinning from ear to ear, Roly breezes into the lecture theatre, effusing politeness and good cheer to one and all.

This fair haired, blue-eyed fountain of knowledge sits down and eagerly adds yet another ten pages to his hyperplastic collection of well-edited medical archives.

Roly's versatile sporting prowess on the playing fields of Wesley, aided his teams to success in both tennis and cricket and his emphatic and sincere interest in patients has been noticed by all.

With characteristic zeal and enthusiasm he mastered the arts of "pulmoanary" medicine in Lexington, Kentucky, during his elective term.

Roly, we thank you for your friendship, comradeship and right answers.



FRANCES ROSE BLACK (nee SINGER)

"Just a minute, I've got to make a phone call."

Blue-eyed Fran joined us in IVth year, after her B.Sc (Med) having mastered the mysteries of aging rat processes. Fran has proved that optimum results in medicine can be achieved with a minimum of fuss. Between multiple flights to Melbourne and jaunts to Indonesia, she manages to pursue her interests in yoga, skiing, leather work, potting, sailing, jewellery making, theatre, gourmet cooking and "The Home" (upper North Shore, two cars, one boat, one professional engineer).

If you can't find Fran at her tut, she'll surely be at a copper plating class, or at the fish markets, or... and if you want to go to the fish markets with Fran, you'll have to fight with the junk in the car... then there's the brick...

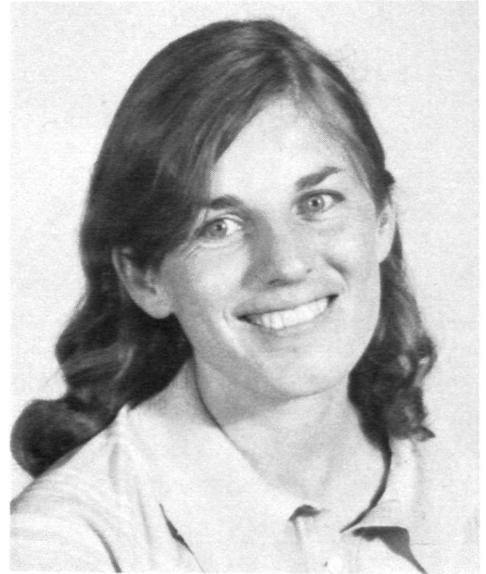
SANDRA BOSANQUET

"There, there, blossom."

First year found Sandy an increasingly ardent E.U. supporter. Could the president's charms be partly responsible? We didn't have long to wonder—wedding bells rang barely a week after the dreaded second year exams. If that's not love, in the face of Philomena's dire predictions, what is?

After fourth year at RPAH, Sandy artfully secured a transfer to RNSH, protesting the convenience of being at the same hospital as John. But it was really to escape the academic stunting she had suffered that year and to join North Shore's mental giants above the ninetieth percentile. Wise girl!

Obstetrics and Paediatrics made fifth year one of practical involvement for Sandy. Now Timmy's well-being necessitates his mum into twice-daily attempts on the land-speed record. Such coping abilities surely deserve the University medal!



RACHEL BOSSAK

This quiet unassuming "woman of the world" has passed through Medicine with the frequent credit and distinction.

During the pre-clinical years she gained a place in the Guinness book of records for sitting in exactly the same spot in lecture theatres. Whenever she wasn't in that spot it invariably meant that her Holden had broken down—*again!*

During the clinical years Rachel has often saved the reputation of her group by correctly answering sticky questions posed by enthusiastic tutors.

While living-in during 5th year, she was awarded an honorary B.C. (Bachelor of Cooking) by her colleagues who much appreciated her contributions of chocolate cake and cookies to the otherwise bare kitchen of the students' residence.

She spent her elective term at Stanford University Medical Centre where she gained valuable experience and fell in love with San Francisco.

Rachel is assured of success in whatever field she chooses and we wish her well.

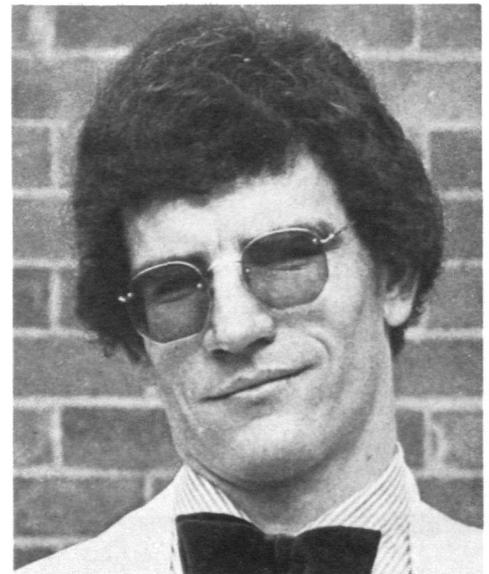
BERNARD MATTHEW BOURKE

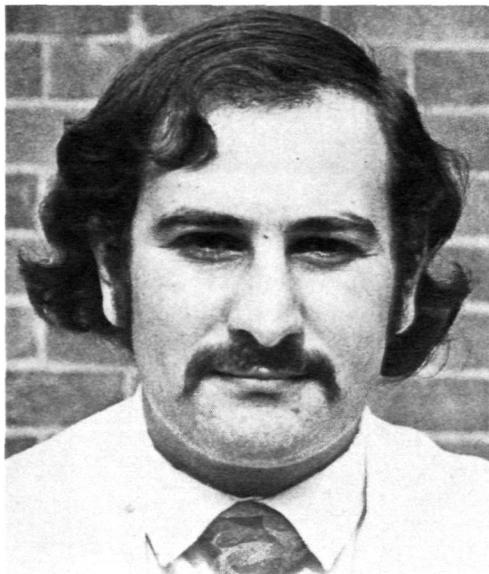
"What you bungin' on about?"

Bernie "Borralloola" Bourke is a man of many parts—he has been known to devote summer week-ends to hanging around in slippers, and yet he fearlessly takes on buses and trucks in his vehicle which bears faint resemblance to a pre-war VW, and EVEN bowls the occasional maiden over! Despite his constant exposure to fellow Med students, he has managed to remain a mild-mannered gentleman (perhaps a little rougher around the edges than before), noted for his infinite patience and capacity for anything alcoholic.

Although Bernie has excelled himself as a student, his friends best remember him for his brilliant flashes of wit, unexpected because you thought he was (a) lost in thought, or (b) asleep.

I'm sure that (somehow) all these features combine to give the makings of a good doc., and we wish Bernie all the best in pursuing this career.





MARGARET CLAIR BRIDGMAN

"But you've never failed to come yet."

Margaret, the mystifying, mesmerising, merry maiden(?) of medicine has never stopped smiling (however enigmatically) during her years of medicine. Her facets are many:

- unopposed group leader for three years (a royal commission is being set up to investigate her election procedures).
- ceremonial burning of cards—to save her group from gambling; she'd lost three nights running anyway.
- losing her valuables in Europe (in Spain? In England? In Sweden??? You name it, she lost it).
- sunbathing on Whale Beach at 6a.m., to test the frigidity of male au naturel ("we priestesses of Ra have our duties")
- driving over harbour bridge to test warmth of male in dressing gown.

For relaxation, Margaret has been known to indulge in such harmless pranks as throwing water over her friends (bucket included), and drag racing down the highway, pavements included.

Her bubbling personality and fine academic record ensure a successful if unpredictable future.



JILL PATRICIA CAMERON

"... Well, well, well, three holes in the ground"

Jill has survived the rigours of six years of medicine in spite of foregoing the pleasures of eating lunch, although rumour has it that she suffers nocturnal rebound hypersatiation. Her sublimation however, includes the excitement derived from reading multitudinous trashy detective novels, while basking in the sun, preferably on Collaroy Beach.

Jill is always a lady, even to the point of tolerating the boys in the year ("that's because of my English great-grandmother"). Amazingly cheerful in the mornings, she can even smile at a cafe-bar coffee (black, no sugar).

Armed with her smile, she conquered the Los Angeles smog and the UCLA Department of Orthopaedic Surgery. And then there was that wonderful week at Waikiki... "Moderately to severely fa-a-nta-a-a-stic".



COLIN JOHN BOVA

"Gee, I only did 25 hours study last night."

Colin appeared at RNSH from the anonymity of the pre-clinical era and has since created lasting impressions. Enter Colin—sporting one red Alfa Romeo, exhibiting one moderately Pickwickian paunch and endeavouring to conceal his thinning crown. Unsuspecting nurses could be excused for mistaking him for one of higher rank.

Initially a congenial and humble fellow, Col has with time and increasing familiarity, revealed his cyclothymic tendencies, which have prompted the occasional mid-tutorial outburst of aggression—frequently flavoured with humour. Of note in this area was his confrontation with and subsequent verbal annihilation of one previously untamed orthopaedic professor.

Enthusiasm, commonly inappropriate and of the non-infectious variety is another hallmark, having two notable outcomes: the Bova no-nonsense-ten-second history taking technique; a monotonously persistent presence in the library.

The latter bum-numbing existence must have one overpowering motivation. Indeed it has. Love of money!

URSULA CHRISTOPHER

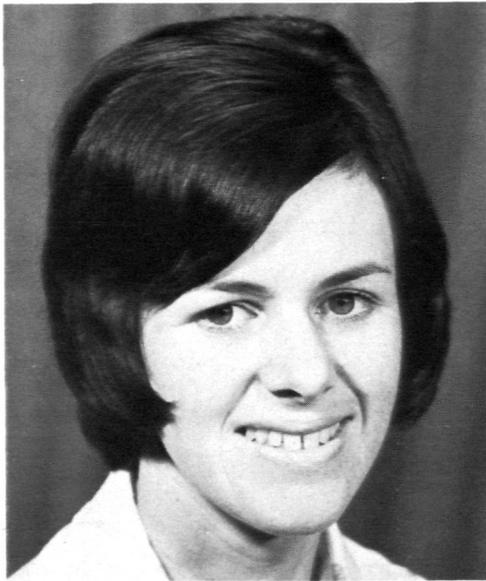
"Have I missed anything?"

This sporadic student is occasionally seen in the precincts of RNSH—rarely before noon and never on Mondays.

She cleverly plans her arrival to coincide with her turns to present cases, but is characteristically never daunted by the fact that she has not seen a patient—as a suitable history can always be obtained—prepackaged if not prefabricated—from affiliations in other clinical schools.

But Ursula's boundless energy (accumulated by avoiding the wards, tutorials, lectures, operating theatres . . .), is not wasted as she hurls herself selflessly into the extracurricular activities that tend to take precedence in her life—she has X-rays to prove it!

Irregardless, she has managed to distinguish herself at the occasional exam, and we wish her well in her chosen field of geriatrics.



ROSSLYN COHEN

"Yawn!"

Ros joined us in 2nd year after a short one-year career in Science. Her first three years were spent in the confines of Sancta Sophia under the guidance of Mother Superior, and an up-and-coming young dentist, Ross. With the move to North Shore Hospital, Ros's parents made the convenient purchase of a flat opposite the hospital. The flat was thoughtfully equipped with a washing and drying machine to enable Ross's midnight washing to be done. Alas, the conveniently located flat has many times proved an alluring alternative to hospital tutorials (who could forego an electric footsy warmer?).

Ros returned from her overseas term minus Ross (who is spending a year in London), but sporting an engagement ring. Her time is now filled with frequent jaunts to home-town Belmont, weighing parcels for Ross on her brand new metric scales (you can't trust the post office), accepting midnight phone calls from London, buying praline chocolates and enjoying her graveyard stroll to lectures and back, past the whistling workies.

THOMAS WELLS COTTEE

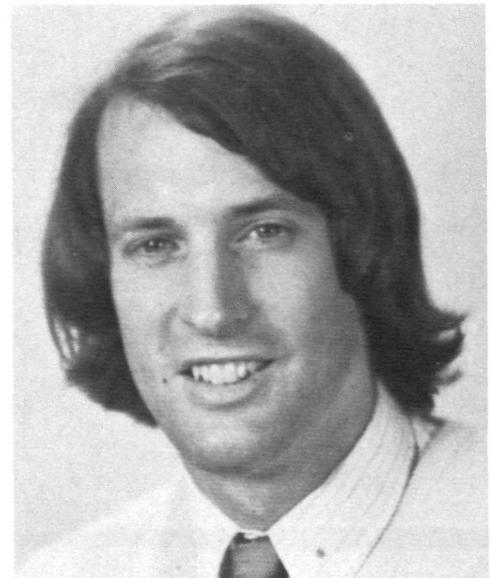
"I've always wanted to get involved with a married woman."

Six feet, two inches of husky Australian male, Tom is living testimony to the common cliché: "It's the quiet ones you have to watch." With his quiet manner and his commanding presence, Tom is well known for his common-sense approach to all matters, be they medical or not.

Tom's bedside manner, observed when dealing with the female populace, both in Australia and overseas, has been of great inspiration to his peers.

Elective term saw Tom in Chattanooga, Tennessee, extracting bullets, suturing stab wounds and souveniring rapists' coats.

Tom's unflappable nature, his keen sense of humour and his deeply human approach to people and their problems make it certain that he will succeed in whatever sphere of medicine he chooses to practise.





PHILLIP KEITH DWYER

*"You got up at 7 o'clock!!?... in the morning!!?
... you mean 7 o'clock comes twice!!?"*

Phillip is certainly upholding the "Dwyer" medical tradition and he owes his excellent academic success to a high intelligence and a great capacity for hard work. In fact, he works so hard into the night that he risks missing the sun the next day. By the end of the week he's really had it, and a typical Saturday would be: "Got up at 11 o'clock, had breakfast, went back to bed."

Phillip was particularly impressed with "Vegas" during his stay in the USA in elective term. We feel this may relate to his subsequent habit of wearing startling bow ties to tutorials (perhaps a secret wish to become a croupier).

One of the year's "good blokes," Phillip is assured of a brilliant future—if he gets out of bed for the finals!

GRAHAME JOHN ELDER

"Shut up Asher!"

Grahame, wonder-boy and pillar of virtue at Chatswood High, succumbed to the temptations of the flesh while touring the world as Australian Youth of the Year (1968) during the hiatus between High School and University. In the fullness of time (3rd year) he imported his lovely bride, Marjan.

After an abortive private experiment with vitamin E and rats, he promptly became a father in January 1974, neatly timed to coincide with the absence of his beloved colleagues from the maternity unit.

Grahame's four-year compulsory sojourn with the University Regiment left him with mixed emotions—ie., nausea and disgust; (a career in military medicine is not imminent).

In short, this well-liked, clean-living family man is an example to us all, but we won't hold that against him!



CLAUDE SEVERO FERRARIS

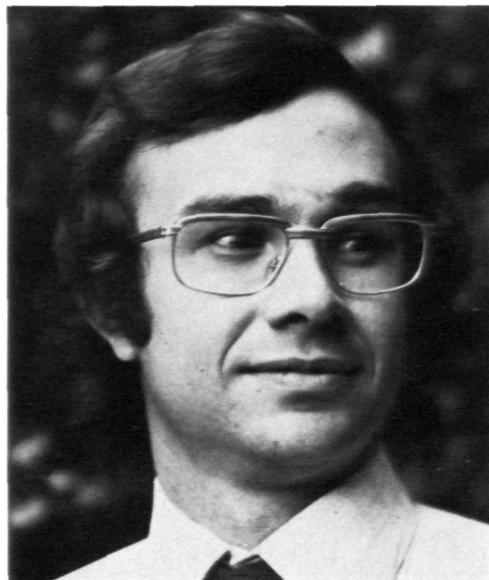
"You should have your sex life investigated."

Following a macro education at St. Joseph's College, Claude metastasized bilaterally to Sydney University and then RNSH.

In 1973, he became hospital rep., a position he attained by virtue of his inimitable ability to punctuate the vernacular with medical terminology, a quality which endeared him to his tutors.

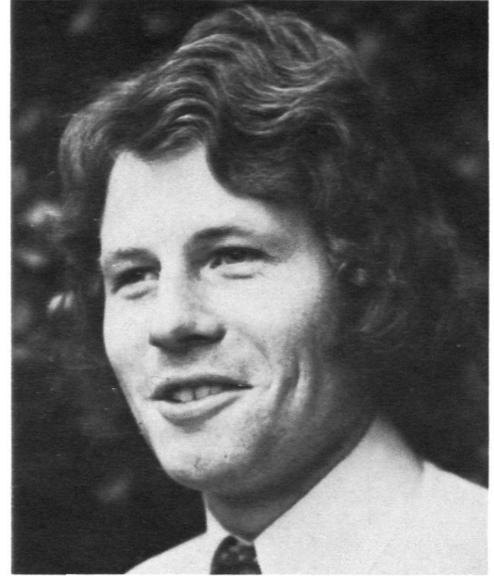
Never stuck for something to say even in difficult situations, Claude can deftly substitute for any vocabulary deficiency by hastily improvised yet appropriate sound effects. He tackles any task with an air of infectious hyperactivity akin only to that of acute mania, while in dealing with migrant patients his "pidgin Italian" has proved invaluable.

Claude's main interests lie in fishing, women and work—in that order. His forthright approach and ability to reduce complex phenomena to simple principles will assure him of future success and we wish him well.



GREGORY RONALD FULCHER

Species—fair-haired, blue-eyed Australian semi-bachelor. Habitat—mainly a frequenter of the Castlecrag area but has been spotted on rare occasions in the environs of Royal North Shore Hospital. Mating habits—constant and loving to one mate only, not willing however to enter wedlock. Finds it necessary to obtain the female's concurrence on matters of importance. Characteristics—colourful but not overstated in plumage, always well groomed. Known to enjoy the occasional foray into Western Suburbs casualty department, where the pecking order is less rigid. Reliable observers report a penchant for perusing the Women's Weekly while ostensibly catching fish. Normally quiet, has been reported to create a flap in lecture given by a female of the species. Future—heading for extinction if doesn't start nest building soon, but a high flyer and bound to do well.



JOHN AND JANINE GRIFFITS

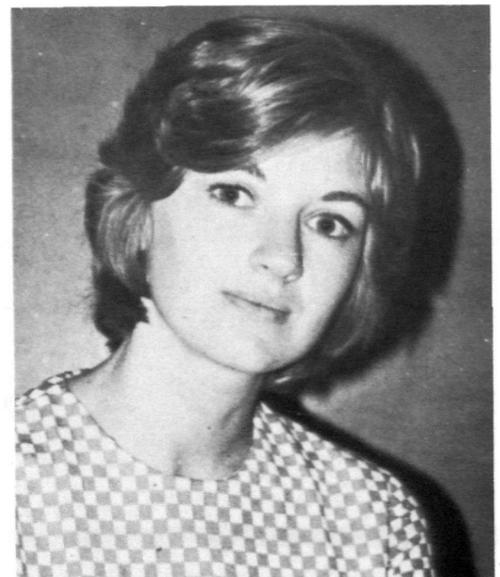
"Well you see, I ran out of petrol..." John
"Well you see, John ran out of petrol..." Janine

This inseparable dynamic duo will be remembered by all, for its highly selective attendance at tutorials. As masters of the folie-a-deux, their witty interpretations of clinical symptoms and signs are a joy to patients, colleagues and tutors alike. Card carrying Liberals both, their support for the conservative cause can be heard loudly and far and wide.

John, when aroused, is a sparkling conversationalist and an avid reader, commonly seen immersed in the morning newspapers at the Residence.

Janine's charming disposition and blonde good looks will undoubtedly help her and John in their future careers.

We wish them luck in the future.





JULIAN GOLD

"Hey you guys—I've just discovered this terrific...!"

Ever since we can remember Julian has had an amazing ability to be somewhere other than the appointed place at the right time. In 4th year he was involved with paintings and the beach, in 5th year he was dabbling with guinea-pigs and endometriosis and his 6th year has been spent organising extra tutorials even though he can't quite manage the regular ones!

As his public appearances are limited it's hard to be quite sure what Julian is up to but as he's never swayed from his chosen path of clinical research he will no doubt be found in years to come in a laboratory somewhere announcing enthusiastically . . . "Hey, you guys! It's really fascinating, it really is fascinating!"

DEBORAH HOLT

"Freak out!"

Deborah emerged from the fogs, smogs and bogs of Newcastle to join us, and being a chronic sufferer from Hemlineus Brevis Hypersexualis, rapidly became well known, as many became captivated by her associated bilateral Legii Longi Incredibalii and determined to get to the seat of the problem. Although her condition has been further complicated by paroxysmal peripheral cyanosis and supraorbital heliotropia, Deb has survived the years remarkably well.

Her technicolorful appearance is equalled by the fibrillating personality which leaves many perplexed, for after speaking out in some moralistic vein, she will let fly with language that would make a wharfie blanch. In tutes (despite a past history of H.D.'s etc.) she will dazzle you with her ignorance one day and then send the tutor down in a sheet of flames the next with uncamouflaged hostility.

A woman of contradictions? She certainly is!



JILLIAN CHRISTINE HUTTON (nee SKINNER)

"I wish I was down at the beach."

Jill presented at RNSH at the tender age of twenty, with a four-year history of chronic lateness complicating a pre-existing amotivational syndrome. A mental state examination revealed recurrent prolonged absences—usually at the beach—which were exacerbated by sunshine and warm weather. These failed to impair her consistently good academic record.

On examination, a nubile young wench with certainly no obvious deformities, Jill impressed her tutors and many friends with her sparkling sense of humour, genuine affability, and occasionally brilliant outbursts of medical knowledge.

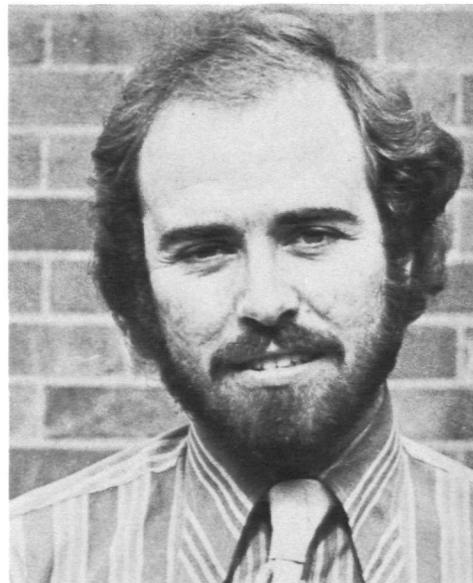
We can assure her of an excellent prognosis.

DAVID JOHN KERLE

We have known David for three years—since we got together at RNSH. He is very popular in our group, being constantly called upon to be group leader. We feel he is a typical medical student who like many of us has mastered the gentle art of playing 'upsy downs' between, during and after tutorials. It must be stressed however, he has a slight interest in medicine.

Seeming rarely to have enough money (too much upsy downsy Dave) he may be seen, if you have not had the luck of meeting him yet—ferrying constantly between hospital and bank between lectures (is Barb spending too much?) He is hardly a boozier but does like being a husband and other sports.

Seriously though, we feel Dave is a reliable and dependable friend and will go a long way in life. But Dave, you must give up upsy-downsy while you can and keep away from banks!!



DAVID JOHN KNOX

"Hmm, is it Chagas' Disease?"

This quiet, bearded dark-horse of the year is known in select circles for his dashes across the Nullarbor, ventures into unexplored histoplasmosis-infested caves and treks into the uncharted wilds of Ethiopia.

With a pensive stroke of the beard, David often astounds tutors and colleagues alike with magical words like "enterobius vermicularis", "cysticercosis" and "Rickettsia tsutsugamushi". It was he who introduced us to the wonders of diphyllobothrium latum and impressed us with a diagnosis of Porphyria which he reached from the end of the bed.

A steady worker, David will probably have finished reading Davidson by September 1976—and imagine what spot diagnoses he will be able to arrive at then!

We wish him well in his future medical career.

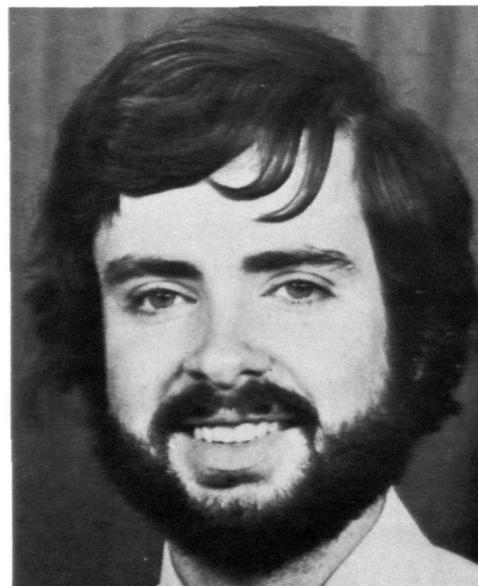
THOMAS KIRSH

"What a rip-off."

Tom, our trim, taut, terrific group groover has remained unchallenged special effects man for five years. Consequently he forsook his shoulder-length hair early for a futuristic stubble (oops, that balding patch wasn't there before!) Similarly the hospital eyebrows have been raised by every conceivable combination of the beard/moustache theme, pony-tails, biphasic glasses, bowties, trackshoes, Al Capone hats, maxi-coats and pink-haired girl-friends.

Although a regular tute attender, Tom still has plenty of time for skiing, music (preferably above 150 decibels), pulling his bike apart, deciding whether to use his car or bike, and accumulating a driving record second to none.

However, this kaleidoscope kid, being a friendly, easy going guy, with a tenacity to get what he's after, should make a hassle-free, far out, cool sort of scene ahead.





PIA JANICE KOLLIST

"Hey, yeah! Hang on a minnut!"

Pia arrived at RNSH with a thirst for clinical medicine—and 'Pia Maria' (Kollist brand of coffee liqueur). She soon showed her group of shorts and skirt-wearers who wears the pants! She modestly denies her alleged cardiological prowess and wisely avoids the foot-in-mouth disease which chronically affects some of her colleagues.

Pia's talents extend beyond the realms of medicine and she is in fact an accomplished pianist (A.Mus.A.), whose solo performances on the Chapel organ helped while away quiet evenings when we were living in.

Her jaunt to Europe (and especially to Sweden) returned a new and even more alluring Pia to us, with a taste for Carlsberg beer, and an amazing fluency in Swedish, German and Spanish.

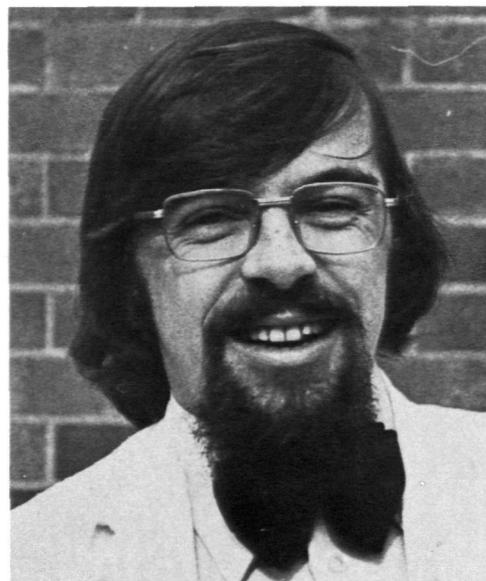
Pia is a friendly sweet lass and typifies, in many ways, the ideal medical student.

GARTH IAN LESLIE

"Get serious."

This U.R.T.I.-ridden, hirsute, smoke-effulgent mesomorph joined us in 4th Year after completing his B.Sc. (Med), only to leave again after a short spell, to complete his B.Sc. (Bridge). This acquired, he decided (wisely) against succumbing to his U.R.T.I.'s and so to quit the weed and derive his oral gratification from other sources, and so duly became the women-ridden, hirsute, beer-gutted endomorph we see today.

Meanwhile he has steadfastly retained his intense interests in both Research and Cards, and in his unbiased way devoted the first half of 1974 to the former (in the southern comforts of Alabama), and the second half to the latter (in the northern squalor of the Students' Residence). Garth nevertheless has managed to bluff the examiners as well as he does his bridge partners, and his future should be a rosy one.



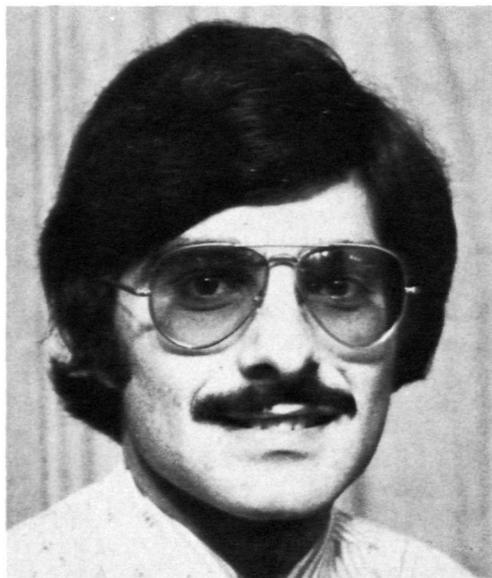
MICHAEL WAYNE DOUGLAS LEVITT

"Could one of you two go and page the tutor!"

A man of many words, Michael channels his large vocabulary enthusiastically into many fascinating fields. Politics is his particular forte. Describing himself as an "armchair socialist," Michael's innate gift of the gab has often enabled him to successfully manipulate his colleagues and tutors alike. Fortunately, it usually turns out to their advantage as well as his.

A rather unique combination of witticism, charm and cynicism, Michael has been the phantom controller and instigator of just about every devious plot ever contrived at Royal North Shore Hospital student quarters.

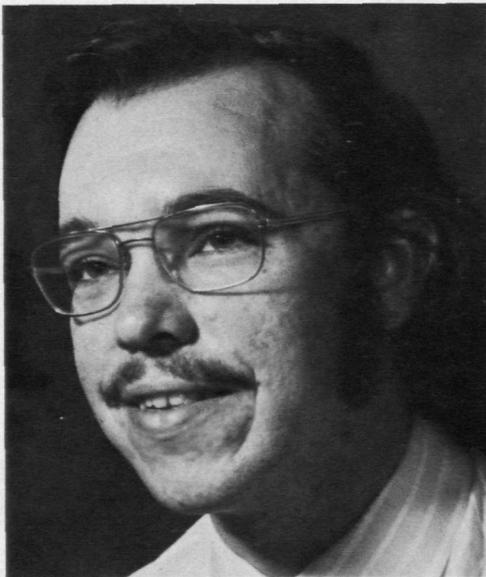
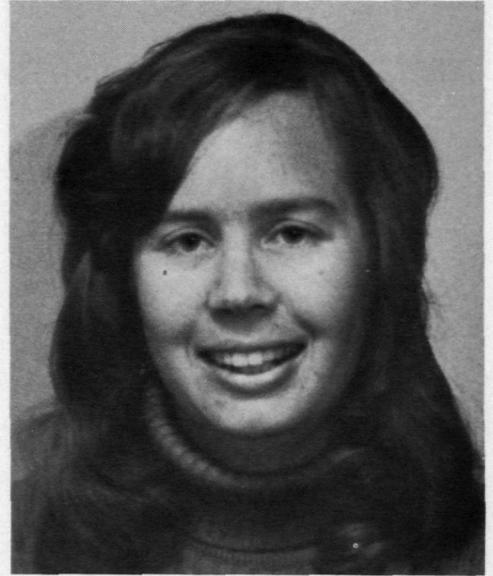
Michael's very active mind coupled with his down-to-earth realism assure him a brilliant career in anything he chooses to do—even medicine!



MARION GWENYTH LUCRE

"The price of tomatoes in Gladesville is..."

Marion is one of those people who've managed not only to survive six years of Medicine and outwit the examiners very successfully, but also kept up several diverse interests. Of course, her commitments as a Christian have rated Number One—much time having been devoted to EU, Beach Missions and sundry subversive activities. But she's also found time for knitting, crocheting, squash, tennis (wonder if she's ever considered combining this lot, and crocheting a tennis net?) and of course her favourite pastime—music. It's all very well to learn the piano and sing your heart out in SUMS—but I reckon it's carrying things a bit far to marry Paul for his stereo!! (Even if he can build one better than money can buy).



IAN BRUCE MACDONALD

"Don't get your bowels in an uproar!"

Presenting Symptoms: Uncontrollable bursts of straight-faced humour amid a background mood of definite concern for others.

Social History: Smoking—too much. Alcohol—favourites are Jack Daniels and Drambuie, but owing to current condition restricted mainly to beer and wine. Has been known to awaken "feeling a little fragile". Drugs—caffeine, sucrose. Allergies—bridge.

History of Present Illness: Except for one brief remission thanks to drugs supplied by Upjohn, this disease has been present since the patient left school. Manifestations have included serious clinical trials of the acute effects of ethanol, occasional "trotting out of young fillies" and an above-average ability to peruse the appropriate literature.

Physical Examination: NAD.

Diagnosis: Terminal Stage (Grade 6) Studentosis medicalis.

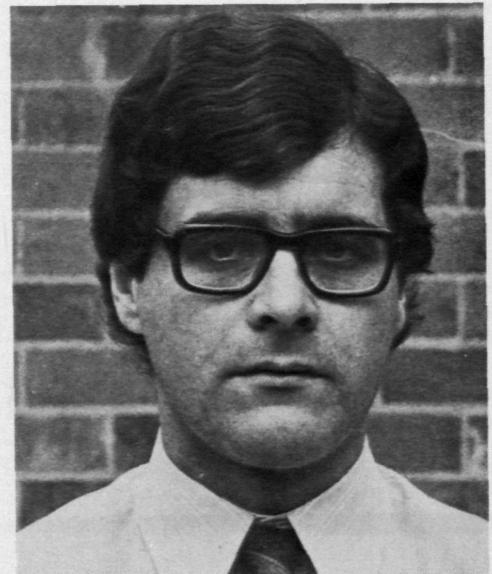
Treatment: Conservative.

Prognosis: Although the recovery of this patient is not likely to be as spectacular as some, it is felt that the long term prognosis for this patient is particularly good.

ROBERT JOHN LUGTON

"... thinks—'no comment'."

A man of few words, Bob Lugton has quietly pursued his way through medicine as an undergraduate. We wish him every success in the future.





HOWARD TOWIE MARCHANT-WILLIAMS

"How about a game of upsy-downsy, bridge, pool...?"

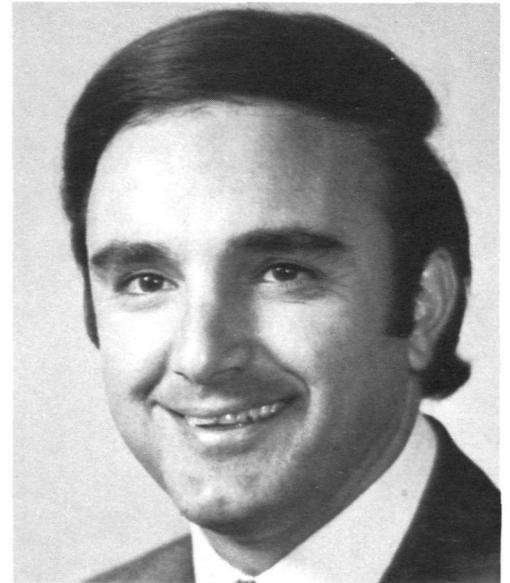
This whisky-wielding Welsh witticist showed great consideration to our predecessors by relieving them of his presence under the auspice of a B.Sc. (Med). Since joining us in 5th Year, he has remained a ceaseless source of entertainment for many. His manic episodes range from grasping the keys from a friend's ignition in the middle of the harbour bridge and throwing them out the window (repeatedly), to arranging conflicts of mutual self-destruction under the pseudonym of "drinking competitions". In 5th Year he developed the conditioned reflex of jumping out the Residence window when the phone rang on Friday nights, and delivering babies.

An unfortunate mishap concerning the aforementioned sportsman, a bird, a VW and a Drive-In resulted in Howie returning to 6th Year sporting a full leg plaster. But typically, he had the temerity to say he broke his leg skiing in Austria—PATHETIC!

JAMES STEPHEN MAYSON

Jim joined us in first year after a successful and financially rewarding career in Pharmacy. Jim, not only accumulated his capital assets during this time, but also became an accomplished fisherman. On the subject of fishing, Jim is always ready to oblige with an interesting anecdote or a quick tute on some of its finer aspects. Any epithet of Jim would be incomplete if mention was not made of his wife, Georgina, who over the years, has attended to all his domestic needs without fault! Jim's lunch pack has set a standard surpassed by few.

Jim's thoroughness in every sphere of life will serve him well in whatever field of Medicine he enters. We wish him well.



CHARLES GEOFFREY McDONALD

"I've got a wife and three lawn mowers to support."

Charles McDonald, equipped with cravat, dark glasses, short back and sides, camera and B.A., slunk into 1st Year Medicine where he quickly assumed the affectionate title of Mr Suave. Since this time, Charles' personality and interests have undergone a radical change in direction. Alas, this magnificent orator, historian and lover of Roman ruins, has become a C.M.F. deserter, a long-haired surfing bum, persistently late to the point of distraction of his colleagues and his interest in medicine remains as always purely humanitarian. During his medical career, Charlie has learned the gentle art of manoeuvring himself and assorted crudmobiles out of endless bogs. Despite this, Charlie will be remembered by us all for his sincere friendship, integrity and absolute selflessness.



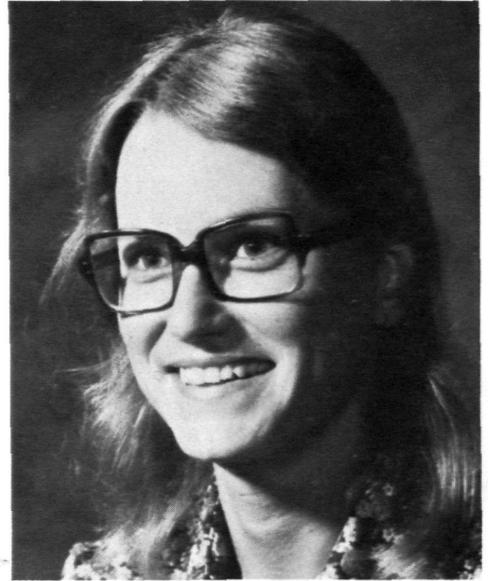
SUSAN MARGARET McDONALD

"I thing I'm getting malaria again."

A Zumeret (Somerset) lass 'where the zoider (cider) be roight only if the bodies of six fat rats have contributed,' milked on Somerset cider but weaned on Australian beer, Sue is obviously a woman with a vast experience of the world at large.

Starting her career in the world of pure science, she soon realised that purity or otherwise, science was not her metier. For some years she conducted an intensive research programme into the cirrhotic potentialities of Somerset cider and Australian beer. Eventually, she was forced to concede that the medical idiosyncracies of Australian beer merited her undivided attention. Her latest research project has been to study the effect of nude playing cards on medical students. The vulnerability of many a player has been exposed. Our professional ethics prevent the results from being officially published!!

Her other activities include cooking—at which she is eminently successful—and malaria, which she is notoriously unsuccessful in coping with. Somebody who has experienced so much will be sure to find fulfilment in the future. May her future researches always reach a successful conclusion.



IAN DONALD McLEAN

This quiet, self-effacing, sensitive lad snuck unassumingly into our year from the hallowed halls of Normanhurst High. Since then he has taken painstaking care to remain unbeknown and benoticed by his colleagues, going out of his way to shirk and spurn such philistine pleasures as drinking and card playing, and blushing delicately to the roots (sorry Ian) of his hair if any careless confrere exploded with a doubtful expletive, redolent of obscenity, in his presence.

Often found in the gents' preening his short-back-and-sides, or pouring over weighty volumes in the library, he would probably venture to comment on reading this brief biography: "F... a duck! What a steaming load of Royal Goat Turds!!"

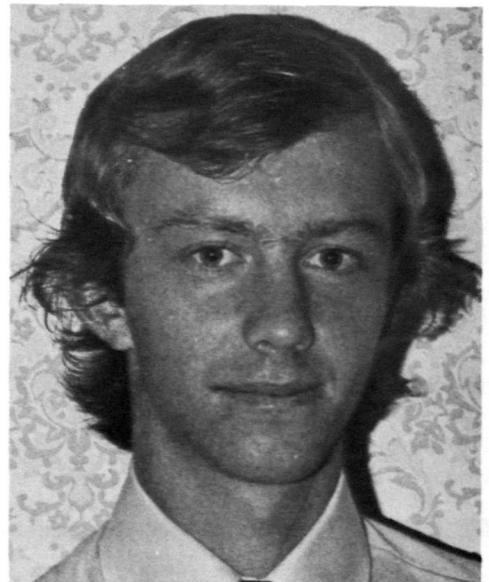
ANTHONY FRANCIS MORROW

"I refuse to sign this."

This well-intentioned, though misguided, laborite, having incurred no enemies since joining us, decided to become his own and so determined to systematically destroy himself from within and without. Aided by his well developed Morrow Reflex—whereby the elbow flexes in response to a cold beer stimulating the hand—he has frequently managed to cause his internal workings gross embarrassment (much to the benefit of the patch of grass behind the Residence).

Undaunted by finding himself the miraculous survivor of many such onslaughts, he then decided to sacrifice his wirey frame on the football field. However, as well as the orthopaedic consequences, his friends fear an undetected head injury because of his persisting political delusions.

Nonetheless, we all greatly value Tony's friendship as we do his enlightened approach to 'Fluid Therapy'. Of course it's only logical to replace urine *with* urine!





WENDY ELIZABETH MYERS (nee NIGHTINGALE)

"Oh gee, I think I'll go and watch the telly..."

Wendy is the only person who has gone through Medicine without missing a night's TV viewing. At first, this deceived her colleagues, but Wendy's formidable ability to concentrate when necessary (even in the shower) has led to a fairly untraumatic course.

She and a certain then-bearded fellow student surprised their friends in Junior V by announcing their forthcoming marriage. This followed a hitch-hiking sojourn in Tasmania during the A.M.S.A. conference that year... Ah, the Apple Isle!...

Wendy's sympathetic attitude to patients will considerably enrich *"The Days of Our Lives"* particularly during the wee hours... and now for *"General Hospital"*.

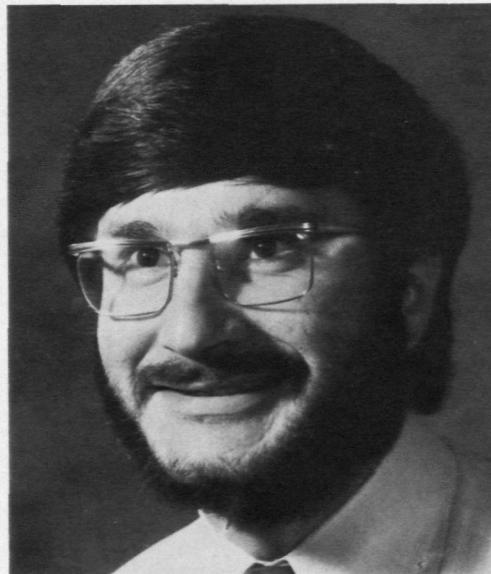
PETER PIAZZA

"For Pete's sake..."

Although Peter has qualified to face the final year examiners, several questions still remain to be answered. Why does he always come to tutorials wearing shorts and hairy legs? What was the reason behind his black beard? Why is he consistently late for morning lectures? Why does he try to take word for word transcripts of lectures? And who does the red ribbon in his car really belong to?

Peter gets his kicks from scrutinising notice boards, clinical teaching lists and the 'odd' patient or two. His only saving vice is his smoking—which has contributed to his knowledge of thoracic medicine. But his alcohol intake leaves much to be desired.

However, we are sure that his sound clinical judgment and keen sense of humour will stand him in good stead for the future.



TERESA LAURANN PLUSCHKE (nee FOLEY)

"Well, at least she's alive!"

Tessa, the eternal optimist and crusader for altruistic causes, brings hope eternal and inspiration to her less conscientious colleagues.

Frequently found in the wards, and never content with a simple history, Tessa has been known to spend many hours in compassionate empathy with garrulous patients.

With verbatim precision, Tessa has amassed libraries of notes in her *never ending* quest for knowledge. We hope the paper shortage won't hit her too hard in the future.

Tessa's hard work, high ideals and concern for others, assure her a promising career.

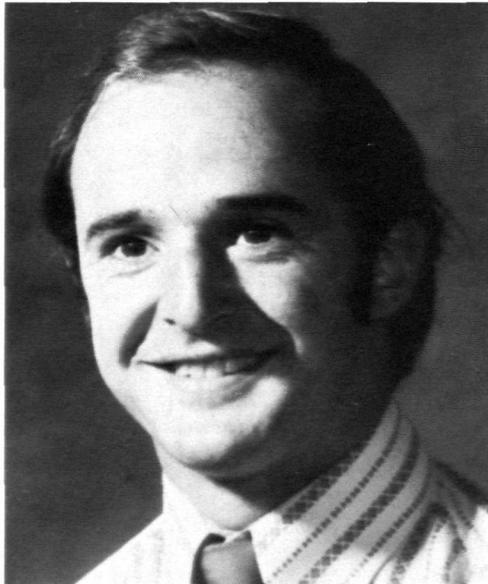
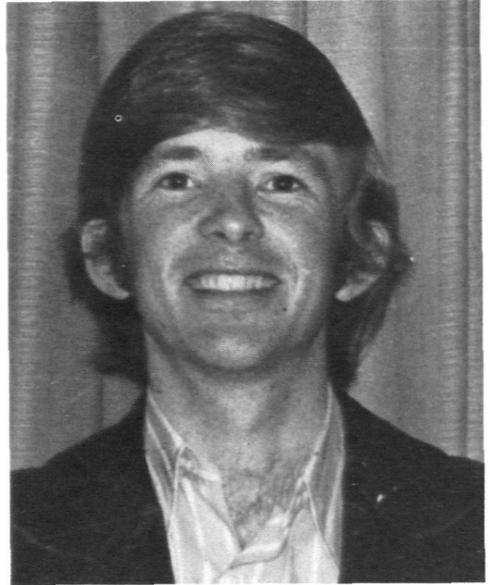
STEPHEN RUSSELL POTTER

"I disagree—what's the relevance of that?"

The frankly spoken rabid socialist of final year, Stephen always has a point of view which he is never reluctant to express. Steve's inquisitive analytical mind and sound moral scruples gave him the name of "Mr Group Integrity" for many years.

Stephen is a conscientious worker, applying himself to Medicine and taxi-driving in equal measure. Both bring excellent results: taxi-driving a trip through Europe, and hard work—great success in his medical career.

With his impeccable manners and polished bedside manner he will undoubtedly be a force to be reckoned with in the profession.



DENNIS ROBERT ISAAC RAYMOND

"Hey, you've gotta come and see this mind-bending school girl I've just cracked onto."

Dennis achieved early recognition in Medicine for his continual pursuit of the fairer sex (female). This trait has pursued a fulminating course into later years. He is also renowned for his heroic tactics in bridge, his ability to play and win at 500 solely on misere, and his ability to categorise fish solely on their biting qualities.

It is always difficult, however, to dispute his theories as they are rarely substantiated.

Rarely content with common diagnoses, Dennis' frequent interjections in clinico-path. meetings make interesting listening, even if very tenuously relevant.

His attention to detail and enthusiastic dedication auger well for his future medical career.

STEPHEN JOHN RABONE

"Fair dinkum mate, Medicine's a snack"

Steve's main claim to medical fame is his gentian violet booby trap. It has been rigorously tested in the Residence—and almost works!

His poor excuse for a motor bike, and his love of rugby, continually threaten his medical career. Over the last twelve months, he broke his jaw, dislocated his shoulder, and spent 24 hours unconscious in R.P.A.H. Much to his pride—he didn't have a smoke for the entire 24 hours.

Over the years he has done his bit for the Faculty—being Faculty Sports Representative and R.N.S.H. Student Rep. in Fourth Year.

His principal love is rugby—although his versatility prevents him from refusing cards, pub crawls, etc.

Despite the above, his fine academic record and confidence in his own ability assure a very successful future.





MARY CAROLINE ROBERTS (nee FAGGION)

"Good things come in small parcels."

After an idyllic elective term dining in London and sunning on the Riviera, Mary returned to Australia and stunned us all (especially the males!) by announcing her engagement to Paul, a newly graduated lawyer. And with equal suddenness and with a minimum of organizational fuss, she and Paul married three weeks later.

Mary is quietly spoken and unruffled (and no wonder, being raised amongst a multitude of brothers and sisters, cats, dogs, horses, guinea pigs . . .); yet she is known to stir readily at any denouncement of the place of women in medicine. Jumping into the ring against the one-eyed chauvinists, and with a flutter of her eyelids, she is quick to defend the rights of women.

Petite and chic, Mary has always been a favourite member of our tutorial groups. We wish her well in her future vocation of *full-time* medicine.

IAN HARVEY ROTHWELL

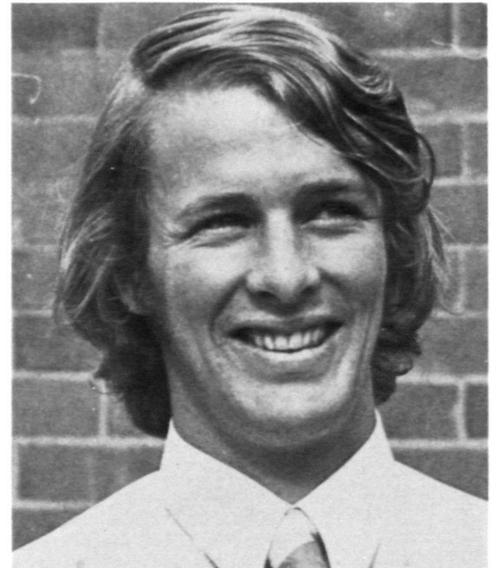
"Dilated to meet you!"

A series of inane cackles, thuds and adventitious sounds emanate from the rear of the lecture theatre; Mr Rothwell has arrived.

The pleasures of this congenial clown are simple: disrupting tutorials, taking his dinghy outside the Heads in twenty-foot swells, climbing the harbour bridge, going left off closing-out Dee Why Point. Obsessed with motor sports, his most treasured ambition is to race a Formula 5000. Meanwhile however, he practises in his Vauxhall Crudmobile (for which he paid \$4 cash) that threatens to throw a piston above 750 rpm.

His philosophy of life is also simple. We, his many friends have been pushed, slapped and thumped into the realisation that life is there to be enjoyed, not worried away. And as a friend, he is true, selfless, and unsparingly generous.

All the breast, Ian!



JEFFREY WILLIAM SLEEP

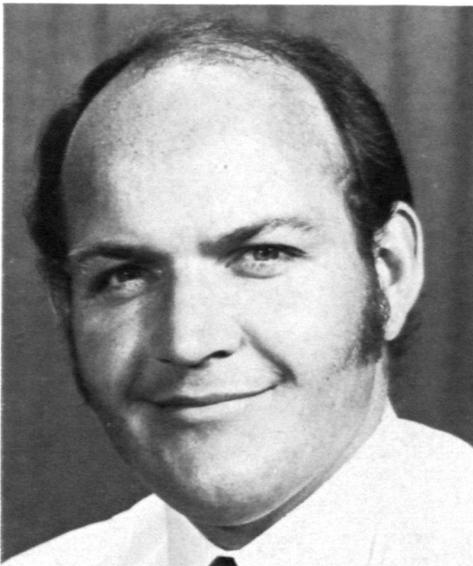
*"Quiet, you young whippersnappers—
The only generation gap is between your ears."*

Known to tutors and fellow students as "Uncle Jeff" or "Sleep the Sly", Jeff, "a man of infinite knowledge," with his "Victorian" upbringing represents a touch of sanity and class amongst impetuous youth.

He joined us in 4th Year, after a B.Sc. (Med.) and an interlude in the pharmaceutical industry, and in his spare time has acted as house tutor at a certain well-known school, whose matron is believed to have fed him sumptuously on many occasions. Apart from this, his private life remains a mystery, despite persistent interrogation over the years.

Jeff believes in every man pulling his own weight and so disapproves of socialism, and women in medicine; he has become very popular among women students.

Respected by colleagues and patients alike, his complete control of all situations assures Jeff a successful career in medicine.



SUSAN CAMPBELL SPROULE

Sue, one of the few in Medicine who doesn't shoot her mouth off at every opportunity, looks innocent, but in fact, as the astute observer will know, she's a catalyst in many unruly situations. Her more refined tastes extend to superbly tailored clothes and real coffee, but she's tolerant enough to accept hospital instant and the male company that goes with it. They reckon she absorbs knowledge like a sponge, but never allows herself to be squeezed (much to Claude's frustration). She's a real cool hand with a camera too—opens the back after each snap, to see how things are developing. Then again, she's sufficiently liberated never to have learned to cook—but she'll never have any problem getting guys to open doors for her.



CHRISTINE MARGARET TREVOR (nee READ)

"I didn't know where we were going! Noel tries a different route every day of the week!!"

This blonde-haired, bright-eyed product of the Mother country, bounced onto the scene in First Year and soon established herself as a fully-fledged Med. Bird. In early years she could be seen gracing the various University lawns at lunchtime with the current swain, (not to mention halcyon hours spent in the White Horse Beer Garden!)

A woman of great adventure, she has risked life and limb on many occasions, viz: Accompanying the ignominious surfing crew on various safaris; taking unto herself a Captain of Her Majesty's Forces (just returned from a far-flung outpost of the British Empire) as spouse; sharing with the aforementioned military man, the restricted accommodation of the Residence when on Labour Ward, (chickenfeed after courting in a mini!)

Such a dauntless spirit must succeed in fulfilling her ambitions in medicine, motherhood and wandering the world.

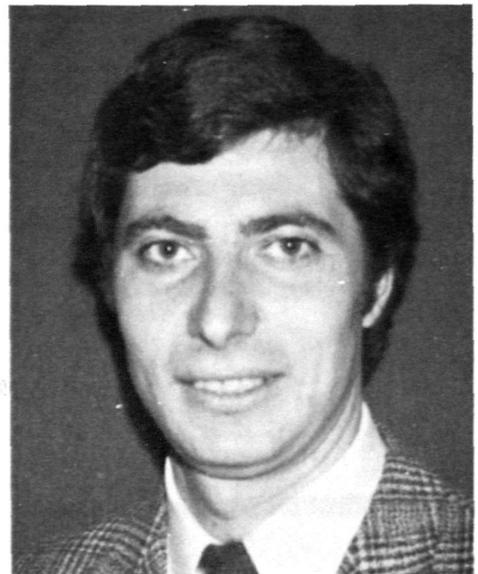
SALVATORE RINO TRINGALI

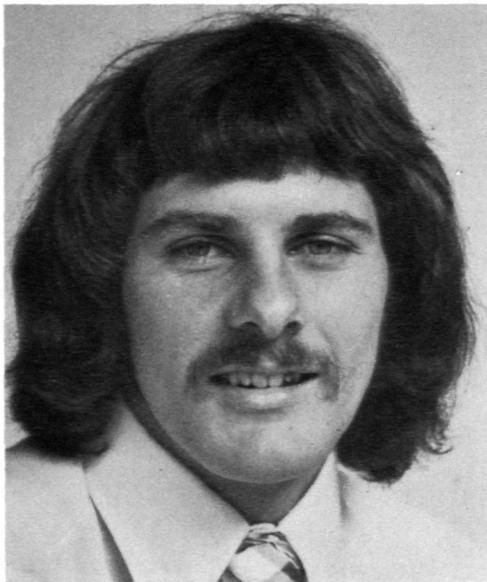
"Forget your wife! How many women are coming along?"

Rino's weakness—or shall we say strengths—include 'La Dolce Vita, Italian style,' seafood at Doyles, good wine and 'women'. He spaces out these diversions with ample bursts of intense study. In fact he so impressed his Fifth Year tutors that they requested the pleasure of his company in the same capacity in 1973.

This tall suave European caused many a tender young atrium to flutter at Griffith where he spent his elective term, as well as teaching his country colleagues some "city slicker" medicine.

Rino's natural charm and abundant talent will ensure a rewarding future for him wherever he may be.





ALAN STUART WATSON

"Excuse me sir, but isn't that due to the hyperacidophilic granules next to the nucleolus of the mast cells...?"

With tall tales and true from his legendary past, Stuart Watson—hard core surfer, George Greenough disciple, hi-fi enthusiast and sporadically keen medical student—has kept us all amused on many occasions. The "Prince Valiant" of final year, Stuart has been untiring in his efforts to improve his relations with the nursing staff and the more attractive girls in the junior years. We have often admired him for his amazing ability to recall snippets of medical obscurantia at the right time and to achieve such brilliant results with apparently so little effort. If he keeps this up he will go far in his medical career.

PAMELA WOODRUFF

"What a bummer."

In the mid-sixties Pam decided to leave the Land of the Free to venture to the last frontier of Australia. Despite her foreign upbringing the Boise Blonde has managed to adjust well to the Australian way of life, as those who have witnessed her ability to sink the occasional drop of the amber fluid will attest. Pam's liking for the avant garde in fashions, such as wearing slacks on the labour floor during winter, has jeopardised any ideas she may have had of making money from the baby-catching business at a certain Darlinghurst hospital.

However, providing she manages to minimize similar radical actions in the future, and keeps her long legs and short skirts out of coronary care units, Pam is certain to be successful in whatever other branch of Medicine she chooses to enter.



JAMES ALEXANDER JUSTIN WOOLCOCK

"Wow! Did you see that?"

This illustrious son of Cranbrook School can truly be said to be a lover of the more earthy pleasures of life. Knowing him to be a connoisseur of good wine, fine cigars and lovely women, none were surprised when during Third Year he announced his capture of the lovely and talented Virginia. When not dreaming up his next financial coup, shooting deer in New Zealand or sailing his yacht, he could occasionally be seen around the ward sporting the pipe ("the second best thing for an oral fixation") and recently acquired vestigial moustache.

Jim's ribald sense of humour and ability to make friends wherever he goes are his hallmarks and our passage through medicine has been all the more rich by his presence. We hope in the future, we shall continue to enjoy the pleasure of his company.



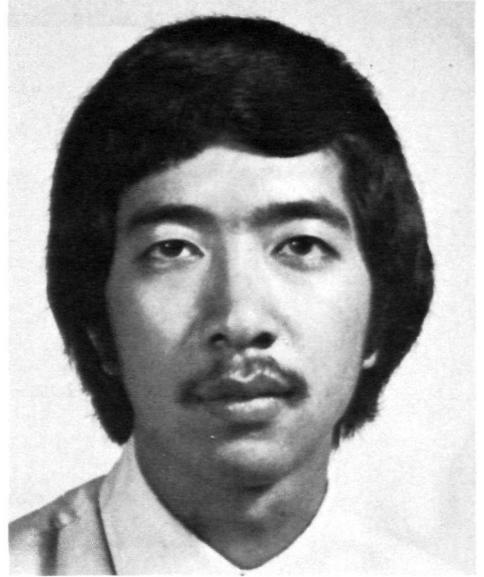
MARK MAYHONG YEE

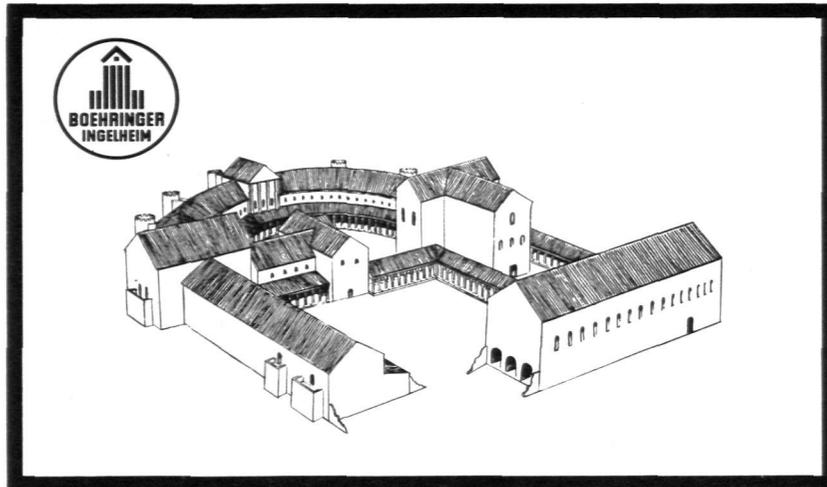
"My parents had always wanted me to become a responsible member of the community—but I insisted on doing Medicine."

Mark is no inscrutable oriental, but a very likable chap with a weakness for the good things in life. It is this weakness which has made him so proficient at the examination of the female breast. His long fingers, in addition have got him into more than just hot water at times. (However, he is not alone in this affliction!)

A 700 mile hike to Broken Hill and a stint with the Flying Doctor during elective term have convinced him that there is more to Medicine than lectures and tutorials, a view that he hopes to expand in the near future.

His likable nature and keen sense of humour are only matched by his sound clinical sense.





1,200 years of history

Charlemagne's Castle was built in Ingelheim on the Rhine in the 8th century. This was our birthplace in 1885 and our company symbol is a stylised impression of the great palace tower. This symbol has been adopted as a means of company identification and as a badge of quality for Boehringer Ingelheim products.



This symbol represents:—

90 years of progress

in the research and world wide development of fine pharmaceuticals.



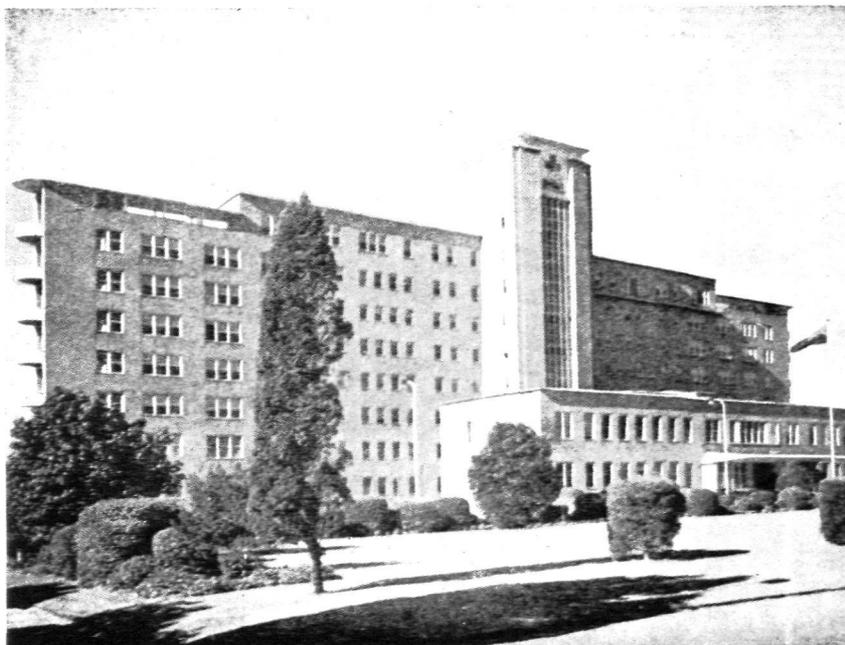
10 years of therapeutic advancement

in Australia.

The cornerstones of which are:

- 1964 **ALUPENT®**
A significant advance in bronchodilator therapy.
- 1970 **BISOLVON®**
A significant advance in mucolytic therapy.
- 1972 **PERSANTIN 100®**
A significant advance in anti-thrombotic therapy.
- 1973 **CATAPRES®**
A significant advance in anti-hypertensive therapy.

Boehringer Ingelheim



REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

Ever since I can remember, the "next" year was going to be the year for R.G.H.C., starting with going public to appointing a full time professor to the "newly" created chair of Medicine. Hopefully, 1975 will see our Alma Mater with a full hand at last. With the clinical school completed this year and the casualty department soon in the new year, the "Diggers" should soon emerge as a crack hospital on all counts.

Patients will now enjoy more continuity of care and indeed, the local Concord residents must be awaiting anxiously and with some relief the opening of the gates of what could only have been a tantalising reminder of what was near and yet so far away.

R.G.H.C. has always enjoyed a good reputation in the eyes of post graduate students. As of late more undergraduates are seeing a real future in opting for it as number one. With the development programme now well under way, they will not be disappointed.

Contrary to outside popular opinion, the range of patients for teaching purposes has always been adequate. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said with honesty of the consistency of student teaching. Let me say immediately this was not the fault of the individual teachers but rather of the system which was deficient as alluded to in the first

paragraph. Again this comment is offered in a spirit of genuine interest by a grateful pupil for his alma mater.

Individually those teachers of note have been accorded our praises in the valetes, but collectively it is easy and true to say they were a self-sacrificing lot often delivering a tutorial at a moment's notice to frantic final years and often giving up valuable time in an effort to produce better doctors. A glance at R.G.H.C. 1974 exam results certainly vindicates their efforts.

From the students' point of view I feel I can say with some degree of confidence that we will remember our alma mater with mixed feelings of relief and gratitude that it's all over (or is it just beginning?), but that as the years go by the latter view will ever assume more prominence. Some may leave with a tinge of regret for not having started at R.G.H.C. a little later. However we are destined from the time we are born and our future is imprinted in the stars.

The aerial view of R.G.H.C. is an impressive one. 1975 will see the rebirth of what already is a good hospital and under the aegis of a kinder astrological setting, the development of an excellent teaching hospital.

Stephen Ruthven

THE HONORARIES



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"It's important to keep your liver microsomes working."

Each year Dr. Conomy takes final year students under his wing and endeavours to tune us all for the "finals". A most versatile physician is he, who shuns the classification of neurologist in order to receive multidisciplinary acclaim. A regular and outspoken attendee at the Chest meetings he was always ready to add some comments "for the students' benefit."

Dr. Conomy has not only imparted a great deal of knowledge to us but he has attempted to convey the excitement of medical practice — each consultation a fresh clinical challenge, each patient a person needing help.

RICHARD ANWYL EVANS

"Sorry I'm late students ... was up half the night ... things in the roof ... baby crying — Don't have children!" "Come!" ... Three flights up — "Faster!"

"John, cardiovascular system. Shush! Faster!" ... "I need volunteers for bone biopsies — won't hurt! Any offers?" "Now John — findings? Stop yawning Lesley!" Beep! Beep! "Better answer that phone — be back in a minute" ... "Now where was I? Gary, you're not paying attention, what's the patient got? — This isn't about you Mr. Smith".

Beep! Beep! "I'll have to answer that wretched page again. — "Hello sweetypie! Yes, I'll get the meat for you. Can't talk, got students," ... "Now, where were we? Lesley, pencil please. Shush, Mark" ...

"Do you have to go now? Oh dear, another mucked up day — I'll try and be more organized next time."

Beep! Beep! "Grr! — Bye students."

Bye Dr. Evans. Thank you.



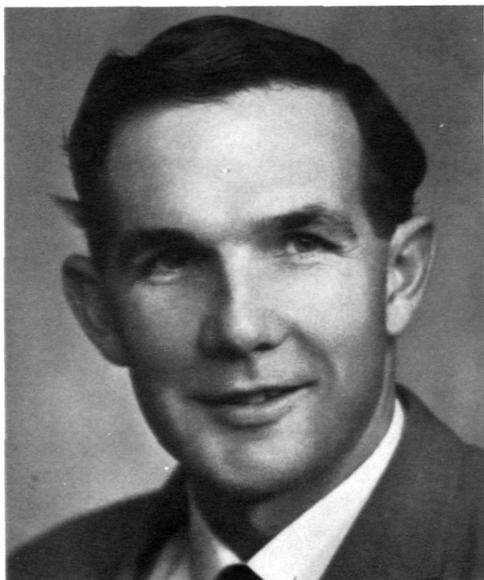
DAVID J. GILLETT

"If you don't put your finger in, you'll have put your foot in."

An energetic young surgeon, Mr Gillett has always been popular with students as a teacher who has the art of conveying basic surgical principles in a few short sentences, and as a man with whom we have been able to get on so well.

A practical teacher, he illustrated a tutorial on appendicitis by diagnosing the condition in one of the students and removing the offending tissue the same afternoon.

For your help and friendship, Sir, we thank you.



Clinical Supervisor of Medicine:

MARGARET GILLIES

"Why aren't you in the wards?"

This long striding lady joined us last year by stepping into Dr. Ann Woolcock's shoes — so to speak. Tackling the task with enthusiasm she organised a comprehensive revision programme and was constantly seeking feed back from the students in an endeavour to patch the weaknesses in our knowledge.

A champion of the liberated female practitioner, one could not know of her family commitments, so energetically did she apply herself to the job, were it not for the occasional necessity to rush off to collect the children. We thank her for her efforts and her gentle but persistent endeavour to reorient our learning from the books to the bedside.



ANTHONY WILLIAM IRELAND

"Anyone who can answer this question deserves to fail!"

As a clinical teacher Dr. Ireland's approach was closely aligned to that of the great Greek Physicians — even to the extent of tutorials conducted under the olive tree — here the difficulty arose: olive trees are few and far between at R.G.H.C.

By quiet perseverance and patience, Dr. Ireland inspired confidence and thoroughness in our approach to diagnosis. He never balked at breaking down a topic to student level, as shown by some of his cardiology gems:—

- peaked for potassium
- M for mucked
- W for wrong
- P for puddle=pericarditis.

Dr. Ireland's generosity in giving his time to teaching the students will long be remembered with much gratitude. Our one regret is that we did not have the benefit of his teaching in earlier years.



JOHN JOFFE

"Who'd like to start the ball rolling?"

DR. JOFFE: What particular thoughts are running through your mind?

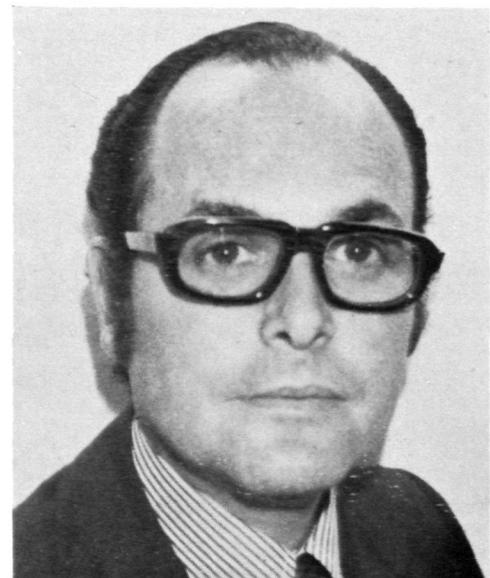
STUDENT: (Confronted with classic symptoms and signs of a cerebellar lesion): —————

DR. JOFFE: Well then, of what general anatomical region might you be thinking?

STUDENT: ———— The brain?

DR. JOFFE: Very good! Now ————

Dr. Joffe amazed us with his untiring patience in the face of the unbelievable neurological deficit shown by the students. We have greatly benefitted from his unselfish and expert tuition at Neurology meetings and during many unscheduled and freely given sessions. Always encouraging, never abusing, he would acknowledge even the most outrageous diagnosis with a softly spoken "That may be possible — but this must be an incredibly rare presentation." In that he was able to simplify such a difficult subject we were both very fortunate and most grateful to have Dr. Joffe.





DOUGLAS CAMERON MACKENZIE

"You've got to be aggressive with patients."

Our Dougie, who art at the RSL,
Hollowed be thine arteries.
Thy patients come, their aneurysm be done
On TPI as it is at Concord.
Give us this day our daily heparin,
And forgive us our ignorance
As we forgive those who ignore us.
Lead us not into claudication
And deliver us from gangrene.
For thine is the bypass,
The graft and the thrombus,
For endarterectomy. Amen.



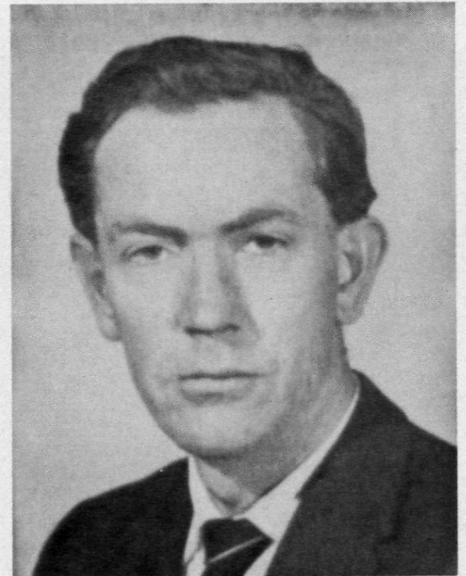
Warden:

STANLEY GEORGE KOOREY

"But I AM always available."

As Warden of the Clinical School Mr. Koorey has been both our "foe" and our ally, in that he has borne the brunt of student attacks whenever a complaint was made; and yet it was also he who would take such a complaint on our behalf to the appropriate authority. Engaged in the never ending battle between the University and the Repatriation Department, or between the students complaining of tutors who absent themselves and tutors complaining of students who absent themselves, etc., etc. . . . Stan was our Kissinger.

Mr. Koorey has been most concerned that we should all acquit ourselves in our final examinations — even if that was beyond one's personal expectations. He was not only a fine Surgical tutor, but a friend who was always prepared to advise or help those who asked.



Professor of Surgery:

MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

Working Hours: 3, 7 and 11 o'clock

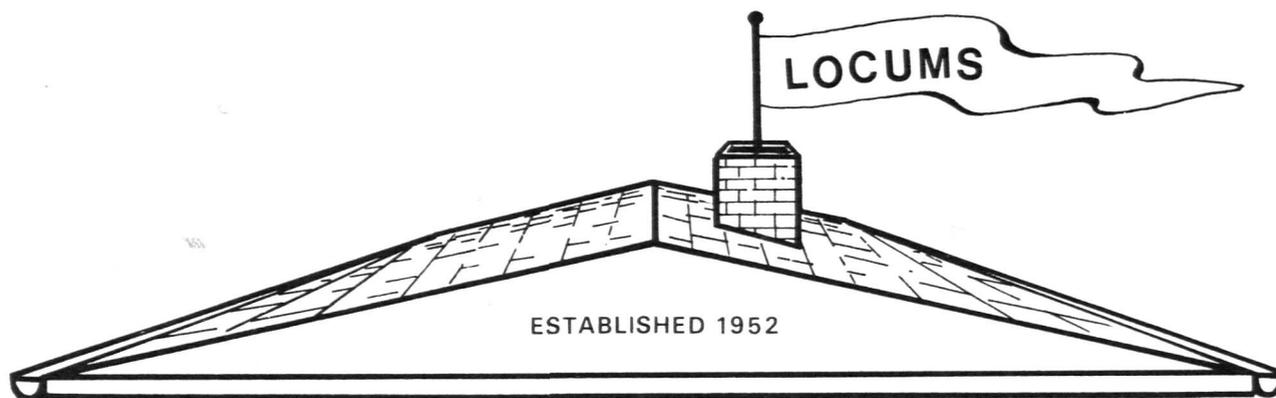
This silver-haired gentleman, recently appointed to the throne of surgery has never failed to impress his students with his oft-quoted surgical aphorisms:

"Pus somewhere, pus nowhere, pus everywhere";

"That is bordering on professional incontinence".

This towering figure's predilection for short registrars has caused many ups and downs in the surgery department. True to his enthusiasm for his speciality, Prof. Pheils drives a high powered English car with number plates GIT 610. This enthusiasm manifests itself in his genuine concern for and patience with the students. We thank him for his guidance throughout our surgical studies at Concord. We are sure that his distinguished surgical career will go down in the *ANALS* of history.

"ALL UNDER ONE ROOF"



LOCUMS	LIFE ASSURANCE - AMP	MEDICAL DEFENCE UNION U.K.
ASSISTANTSHIPS	DISABILITY INSURANCE	CAR & EQUIPMENT LEASING
PRACTICES	HOUSE FINANCE	MANAGEMENT
PARTNERSHIPS	PRACTICE FINANCE.	TAXATION GUIDANCE
HOMES	INVESTMENTS	TAX FREE SECONDARY INCOME

MEDICAL BUSINESS CENTRE

Every non clinical facet of your career from Graduation to retirement can be handled by the one firm — at no cost to you; constituting a service that is efficient, convenient and economic.

Let our expertise gained from over 20 years in the Medico-economic field, attend to your business needs.

LOCUMS LIMITED

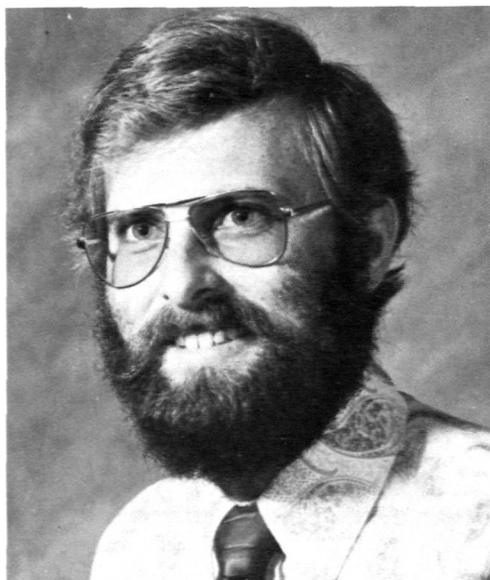
9-13 BLIGH ST. SYDNEY 2000

PHONE 232-5555

LONDON OFFICE: 30 Thurloe St. South Kensington SW.7
QUEENSLAND OFFICE: 139 Leichhardt St. Brisbane 4000
VICTORIA OFFICE: 406 Lonsdale St. Melbourne 3000
NEWCASTLE OFFICE: 46 Smith St. Charlestown 2290

589-7292
29-1711
67-7052
43-6666

THE STUDENTS



VIVIAN JOHN AFFLECK

After gaining his B.Sc. John joined us in Second Year in 1970, mixing anatomy dissections with his job as a biochemist at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Despite this job, and in spite of his studies, he found time to work on many University and Medical Society committees, championing the undergraduate cause on our behalf.

With bristling ginger beard, and wielding his Sprague-Bowles tubes with uncanny dexterity, John has struck fear into the heart of many a Concordian digger as he proceeded to dispense with his clinical years in his jovial style. His diligently cultivated art of posing well-timed technical questions to dismayed lecturers is well known.

We all wish John the best of success for his future career.

PETER LYNTON ALDRIDGE

Upon entering Medicine from Knox Grammar School Peter has revealed himself to be the product of an architect's efforts, as indeed he is, for he combines compactness with fastidious attention to detail. When not organising the agenda for a staff-student liaison committee, or the timetabling of tutorials, or roneoing clinical summaries, he is always willing to coach others in the technique of summary-making, which he uses with notable success.

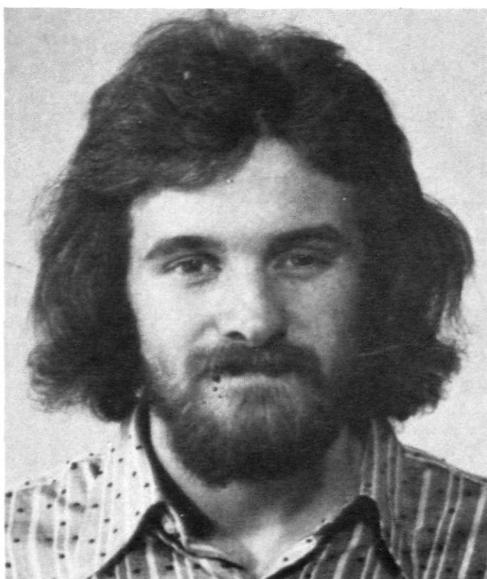
However Peter will not be remembered merely as a swot or a shop steward, for he has a substantial propensity for having a good time. His effervescent personality bubbles through the rusty adornment of his visage, and his rustic good humour will make Peter a favourite with his patients, as he is to his colleagues.



PHILLIP CAMERON

In his early years at university, Phill showed the signs of a budding activist. But time, the burden of study, and the conservatism of the profession had its effects. The social conscience so obvious then, and now manifest in his interest in community welfare, is a strong part of Phill's personality. An unselfish attitude towards his career, and an honest concern for others give him the qualities needed in the practice of medicine.

Last year Phill had the opportunity to work and study in Hong Kong — an environment which provided many and varied experiences, and lots of fun — (especially since he can't speak Chinese). His other claims to fame include representation in the university hockey team, and his ability to incense the right wingers into thunderous arguments.



ANGUS MACDONALD COTTEE

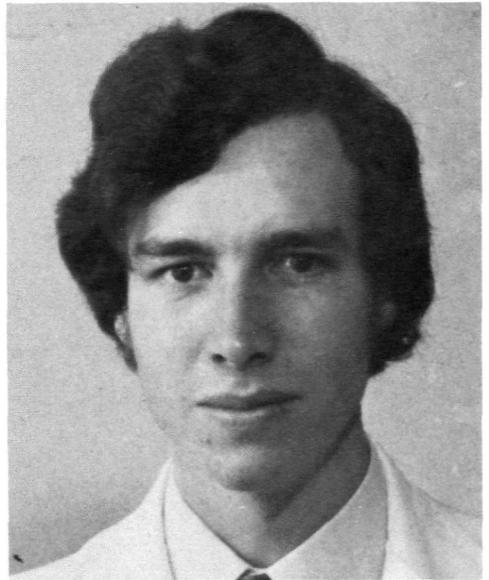
A studente ther was, but not a worthy man
 Who fro the time that he first bigan
 To studyne dide naughte,
 At leest he never thoughte.

For being cunning and a knave,
 He found that money he colde have
 By simply wenden to some certayn hospitale
 And biding by few trifling rule,
 For five days in everich seven.

One day, so fortune framed the farce,
 He entered hise clinicales to passe
 And knew not what to saye
 Preparing naughte for that dreaded daye.

"I hadde na time," his excuse was righte
 For he was with some wench last nighte.
 "What shall I do?" He asked, somewhat pale—
 They all were one: "A tale! A tale!"

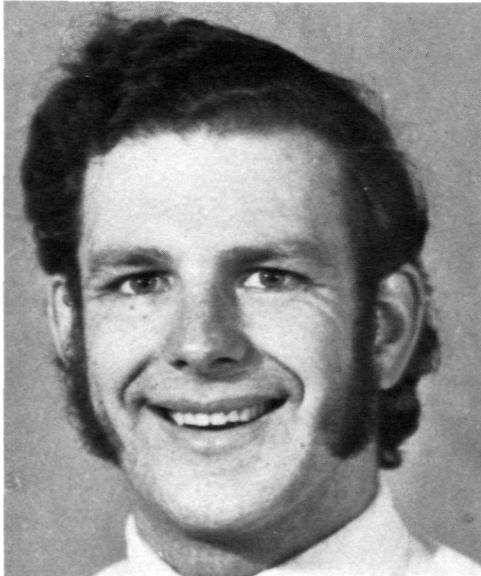
Here beginneth the doctor's tale, January 2, 1975.



BARRY JAMES EARP

"I don't know what you are going to do when the winter comes."

Wanted: Good position for motorbike goon.
 Only 24 years on the clock.
 Registration completed in January '76.
 Good condition — apart from slight weakness in framework following bus
 accident during overseas service in Thailand in Elective Term.
 A few superficial scratches and scars.
 Suspension rarely more than half covered.
 Never stalls in cold weather.
 Specially imported from Raymond Terrace.
 Unique — the only one of its type available.
 Has been regularly serviced each May, August and Christmas holidays.
 Follows "One Way" sign to the maker.
 Performance — rides smoothly, handles uneven roads well.
 Goes well on laughs.
 Pillion passenger provided as from December.

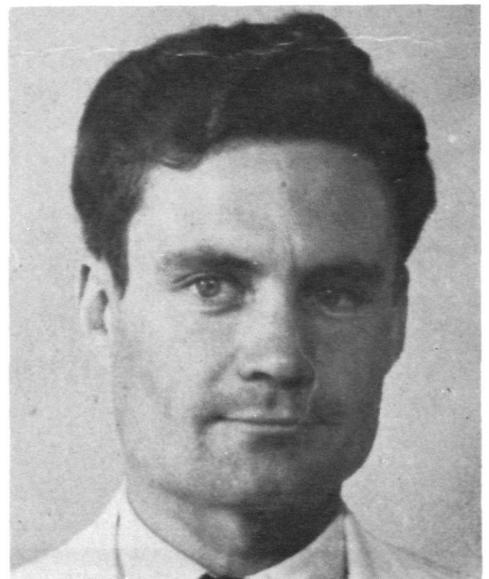


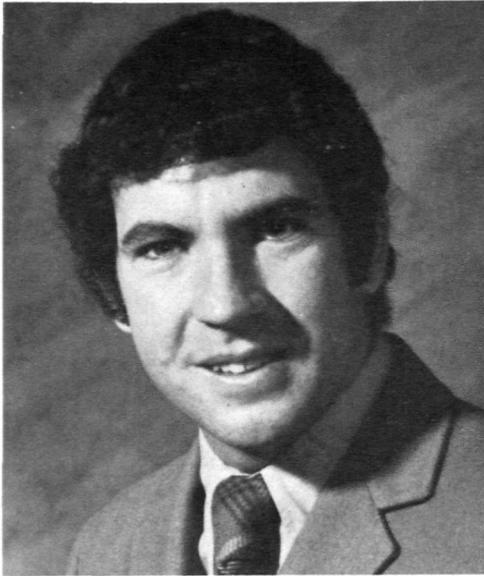
JOHN OLIVER MORGAN EVANS

"How are ya goin', mate?" "How are they treating you?"

THE MAN FROM CAMPBELLTOWN

There was movement in the ward
 For the word had got to John
 That an interesting case was on the way.
 With cotton wool, pin and hammer he
 was striding — clad in shorts —
 And he'll make a diagnosis right away.
 With a B.Sc. behind him it was
 Chemistry he'd taught,
 And had worked a while by Hunter River way,
 Singing ballads when bushwalking is his
 favourite form of sport
 And we're sure his skills will never go astray.





JOHN TERRENCE FLYNN

Q: "What colour is the gall bladder?"

Answer: "Green"

Terry: "No, Emerald Green"

After a rustic education in Albury and a temporary stay at John's College, Terry took up permanent residence at Women's College.

Amongst his many accomplishments during his college stay Terry set a long distance egg catching record at 60 yards. He also maintained an active interest in the college athletics team.

True to his heritage, Terry soon, became accustomed to the traditional *few quiet ales* at the Grouse Farm.

His attentions at Women's College materialized in marrying his long time sweetheart, Heather, at the end of fifth year.

In the academic sphere, Terry disgraced his gentlemanly record and gained a credit in psychiatry — so much for marriage!

After a further stay in Sydney, Terry expects to go into country practice. We wish him well.

MARKKU NILO HEIKKINEN

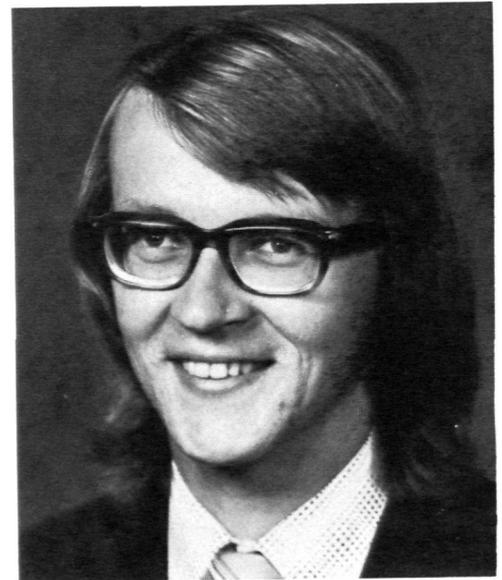
Of Finnish extrakkion — eldest of a tribe of blond blue-eyed Finns — emigrated from his beloved native land at naive age of 10. Lackk of English vokkabulary landed him in an awkkward situation on board ship kkoming here. He mistookk . . .

Adapted well to Aussie life-style — retains a kkouple of bad Skkandinavian habits: for example, his partiality for Vodkkka, Skkiing and Saunas.

Kkonsigned to Kkonkkord for his kklinikkal years — extraordinary ability to auskkultate — as yet, the unakknowledged diskcoverer of the elusive fifth heart sound.

Innate feeling that kkold kklimates breed better stokkk — Markku chose his wife Adrienne from wintery Devonport.

Wanted: Quiet kkomfortable prakktice in the Tasmanian kkountryside in 1976.



KEN KIAN YONG HO

"All diseases are diseases of Western Civilization."

"How long have you been yellow?"

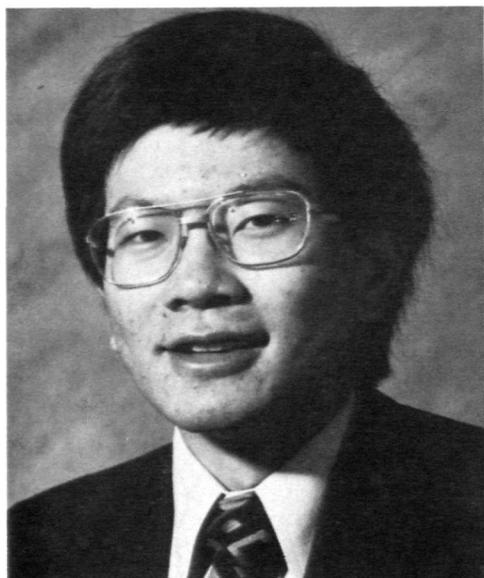
This inscrutable oriental package of imported trouble hails from Penang, Malaysia. He began his studies in the only co-ed. college on campus — Wesley's inaugural co-ed. year.

Forsaking a promising career as a concert pianist, Ken decided to put his fingers to better use in the more 'satisfying' profession of Medicine. In his early years, he achieved a distinguished academic record in spite of many sporadic forays into his first love — classical music, which included more than a few well-received recitals.

In fear and trepidation, he joined his old comrades-in-arms at R.G.H. Concord where his horizons were considerably broadened. To select just one of his many non-academic accomplishments — the Med. Dinner prize for the 'most reactive foreign body', is perhaps the most telling.

As of late, Tessa the delectable Filipino dish has shown Ken that there's more to life than Dixon St.

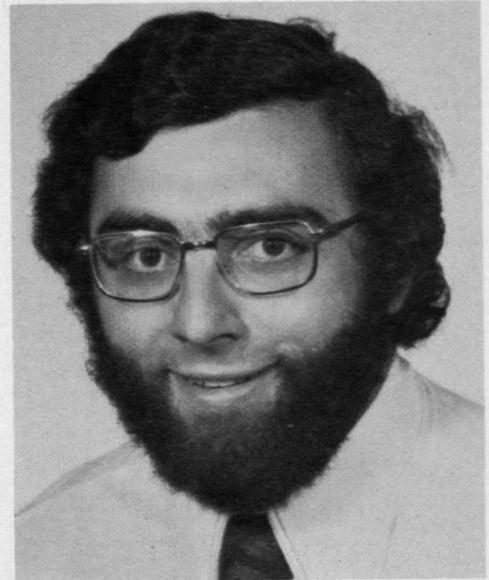
Ken, failing deportation, intends to practise acupuncture.



TASS NICHOLAS JAMES

"I'll give you the tip, zubrick: this year will be the old, old story of a six week end of year cram."

The above comment was hardly surprising coming from this astute colleague, the mainstay of his academic prowess having been an annual exacerbation of paranoia. Tass's long held wish was that he would be asked the treatment of asthma in a viva — his only difficulty in this situation would be that his personal experiences are with dosages which could only be described as heroic! A dedicated cricketer, Tass has bowled as many as twenty-five overs (medium pace) in a day and had considerably more than twenty-five sprays to keep the bronchoconstriction at bay. On the field or off, at the hospital or at home, Tass is at his best in a fiery political discussion and I'm sure that in his future career as a general practitioner he will put some spark into even the most complacent of his patients.



GARY FRANCIS JOSEPH

Incidence: The only case reported of this curious condition.

Pathology: Macroscopic — a sessile growth.

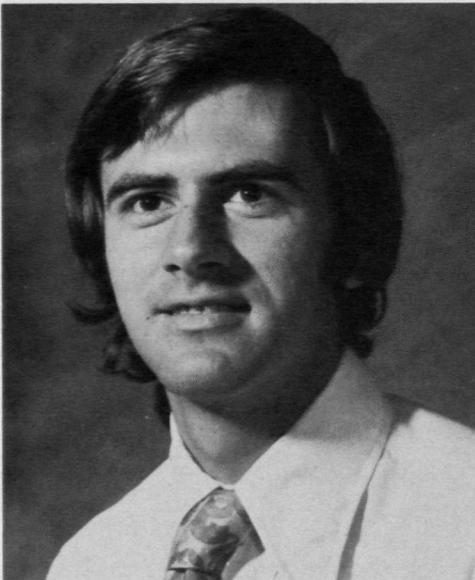
Microscopic — apparently benign.

Clinical Features: Caucasian male. Aged 23. Vertex presentation St. Margaret's Hospital in 1950. Gradual increase in size in Newcastle until 1969. On examination — shows creditable performance since transplantation to Sydney University — freely mobile in all directions with the aid of an elderly, ailing Hillman Minx.

Investigations: All lost.

Treatment: Moderate amounts of films and reading P.R.N. interspersed with large doses of Chinese food and classical music to counteract the effects of long term high dosage study.

Prognosis: Condition will improve by one degree in 1975. Prospects bright for an early retirement.



JOAN ELIZABETH CONNOR LENNON

Take:— the right amount of Mt. Druitt home background

- a long train trip each morning
- plenty of knitting and crochet to make it seem shorter
- a change of name to Asher after 4th year
- a change of address to Ashfield at the same time.

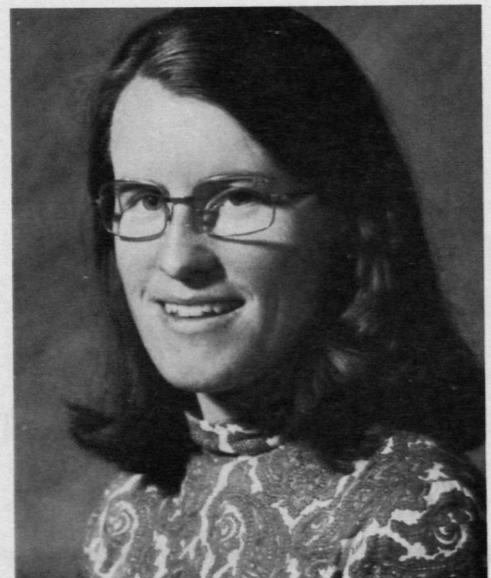
Stir these well, adding a dash of work.

Season with success.

For added flavour — regular involvement at Burwood Presbyterian Church.

Bake for six years in a temperate climate at Sydney Uni. Remove and garnish with residency.

Store in well-sealed hospital system until ready to serve the general population.





LESLEY ROBYN MCKAY

"Isn't that sweet?!"

Once upon a time, our fair heroine was born in deep Darkest Africa. After several trips over the Seven Seas, she finally escaped from the clutches of Canberra's Secondary Education system, only to be trapped for 6 years in the doctor-making machine.

From a little room in a hostel in Glebe she extended her activities in a number of areas — Girls' Brigade, the Evangelical Union, church and especially medicine. Her well-known blush could be elicited by numerous things — from a comment by Dr. Evans, to her "I really shouldn't, but . . .", when caught with tell-tale crumbs about her mouth.

Her making of cups of tea for the group, ready smile, and concern for the patients won the heart of Her Prince Charming with whom she should live happily ever after.

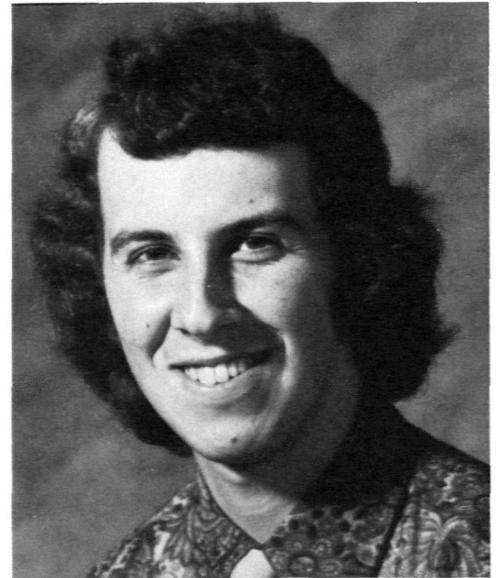
JOHN MICHAEL MOSES

"Oh... it's really good!"

Gundagai born and Bulli bred, John landed on Campus in 1969 only to be sent "bush" again in '72 to commence his clinical training at Concord.

Renowned in lectures for his reams of illegible notes and at the bedside for his less than stony-hard composure in amusing situations, John's enthusiasm has won him recognition and notoriety not only in the academic field. A voracious consumer of current movies, part-time dabbler in horticultural activities and ivory tinkling he still finds time to amuse himself between his weekly cyclic migrations from Concord to Bulli.

Extensive experience at Port Kembla Steelworks over the last two years, we feel, has well equipped him for a bright post-graduate career in fitting and turning.



DONALD RICHARD PACKHAM

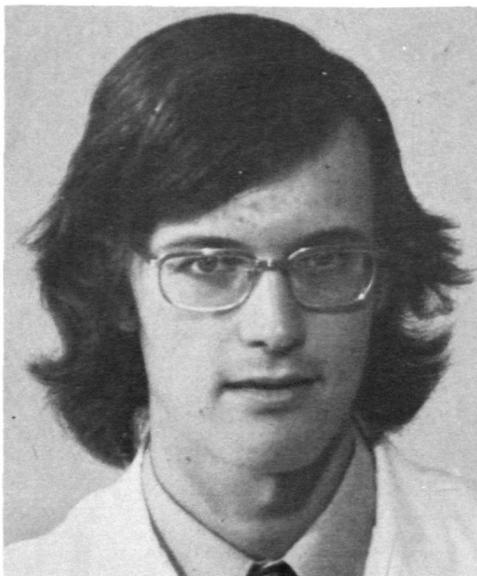
"I don't know a thing..."

Don, always the master of understatement, was heard to pass this remark as he was leaving the Departmental Orals. Having fiddled his way through St. Andrews Cathedral School, he joined us as a hard working ex-choir boy, clutching what was even then a well worn briefcase, which seems destined to remain his life-long companion.

A love of man and beast saw Don taking his Anatomy books to the farm at Oberon for quiet weekends, but such simple contentment was destined to be distracted by the lovely Gillian, and taking the bit in his mouth he was harnessed in wedlock.

Don will be long remembered for being lassoed by a frustrated colleague (no names Sive . . .) envious of Don's prodigious note-taking.

From his vantage point in the garden suburb of Redfern, Don's social awareness will serve him well in his quest to be an accomplished physician, standing tall (and thin) in his profession.



JOHN BARRY RIZZUTO

Like many of the back-row men John has always kept his priorities right in the insane battle to get through Medicine, and no lecture or tutorial was ever important enough to prevent him from turning a six-day Easter break into a wildly hedonistic eleven-day venture into the land of the living. Despite this unorthodox and refreshing approach, John has been able to face exams with an air of quiet confidence. This attitude extends into the wards, though on some occasions he undoubtedly wished he had been less confident and more quiet.

Despite his cavalier approach to the formal side of medical education, John has shown a very humane and understanding side to his character which will undoubtedly win him friends amongst future colleagues, gratitude from his patients, and respect from both.

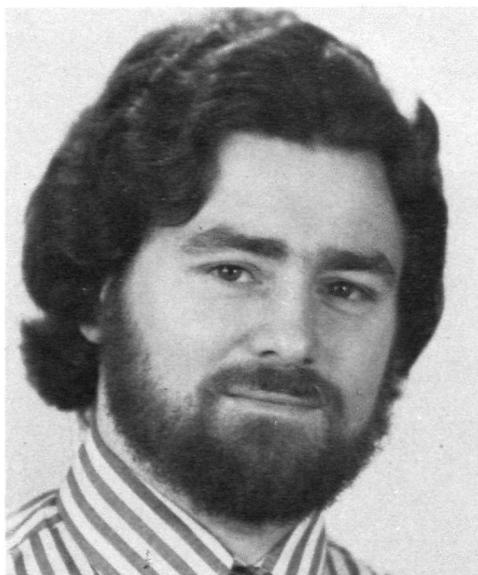


STEPHEN EDWARD GOWRIE RUTHVEN

"Oh hell, I'm in love again..."

Steve came into medicine via the back door, Science, after a long and amorous career. With flagrant disregard for his impending presbyopia and rejecting membership of the Hunter's Hill Senior Citizens Club as premature, Steve managed to pursue a wide range of interests — his sporting prowess directed at squash and football, his cab-driving extending to Newcastle and his organising ability culminating in the 1973 A.M.S.A. convention, a resounding success. His active para-medical interest in the other half of the population has resulted in a full wall filing system instead of a little black book, and this may well shape his thought for a future specialty.

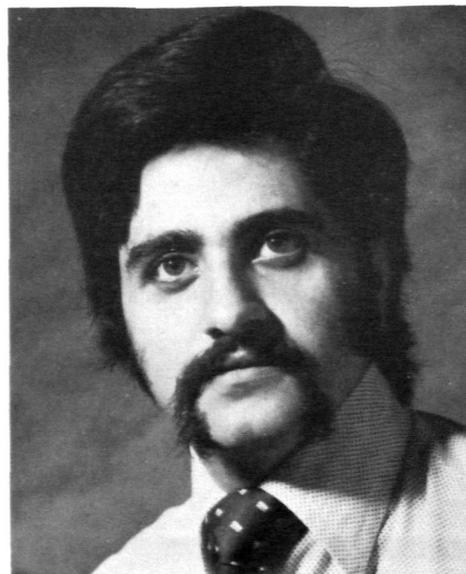
Despite his extra-curricular activities, Steve has managed to keep up a creditable record in his medical career. He is best remembered as an obliging, good-humoured smooth-talker and we are sure he will maintain his popularity wherever he goes.



MARIOS SAVVIDES

"You've entered Paradise while you're still alive..."

He did but enter this game a youth a grain within a sea of knowledge,
 His thoughts unbridled, his mind and body free.
 An old wise Greek had told him
 That all could not be learned from books.
 Was he to be a prey to the
 Hunger of an archaic, stifling spider
 That sucks the sap of youth.
 His all in two flocks, two folds.
 Love, hate; right, wrong; life, stagnation;
 But these two were of a world where but these two tell,
 Each of the other,
 Where self strung, shelterless thoughts,
 Thoughts in groan grind.
 But yet his own heart should let him more have pity on.
 Not make live that tormented mind with that
 Tormenting mind tormented yet.
 Oh, the sots and thralls of lust do in spare hours more thrive,
 Than he that spend six years, upon the course.
 O send his roots rain!





MARGARET GWENDOLINE SHIPWAY

Margaret entered medical school later in life than most of us after an earlier marriage and family.

With the children almost off her hands she decided she wanted to have a more worthwhile career than her previous varied experiences in offices had afforded her.

A useful hobby of Margaret's is cake decorating — especially useful when her daughter got married. Even though this big event took place in the August of fifth year she still managed to surprise us all with a High Distinction in Psychiatry!

Not content with travelling to and from Villawood each day she and her husband decided to move way up north. We hope she will be really happy in her new home and successful in whatever field of medicine she enters.

JOHN BERNARD SIVEWRIGHT

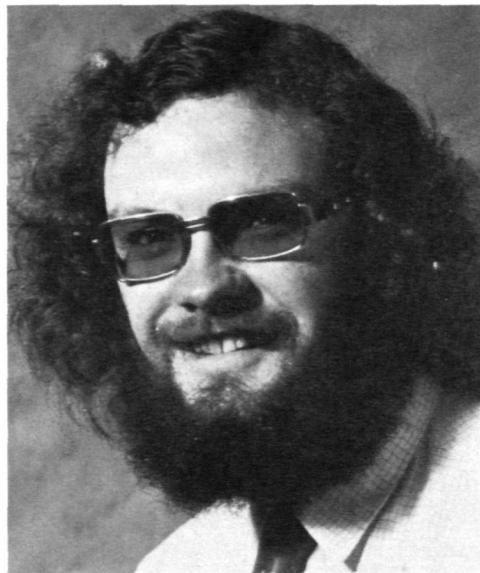
"Zubrick, I've got the old, old triad — too much grog, not enough sleep and bronchoconstriction."

This popular gentlemen was first known to the author as the Hirsute that belonged to that thunderous voice at the back of the lecture theatre, that was so popular with all lecturers, not the least Dr. Storey.

He was later to inflict acoustic trauma on us at much closer range, and gradually the complexities of his life style began to unfold.

In some remarkable way, in between training for and winning state rowing championships, working three jobs, making numerous investments, fighting off left wingers, and pursuing a hectic social life (details withheld by request), he did Medicine!

We are all eagerly awaiting the future to see if John "Silverwright" fulfills his ambition — to make enough money from Medicine to buy and drive his own truck.



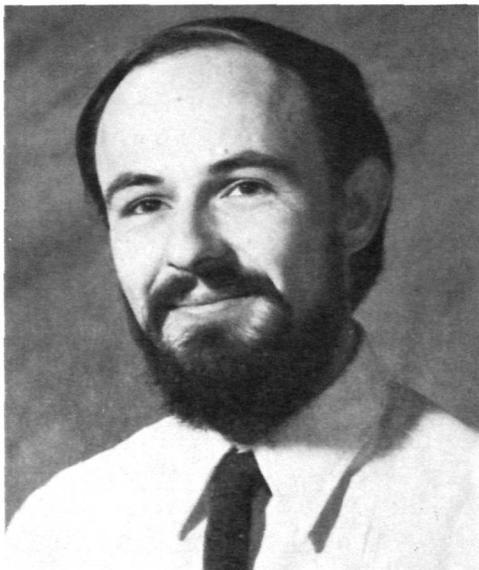
PATRICK JAMES STEVENS

"The ART of Medicine is dying".

Coming down from the Taree district to acquire an education, Patrick attended St. Gregory's, Campbelltown and Hawkesbury Agricultural College, obtaining the Diploma in Agriculture in 1965. Entering University, Pat became known for his eloquence in discussion and many will recall his verbal exchanges in pathology slide sessions.

Pat's interests are wide and varied — a weekend could find him engrossed in a cemetery at Taree, meeting Old Boys at Campbelltown, sipping wine at Corowa, debating or playing the organ at Marrickville or going west to purchase harnesses for his Clydesdales. In 1972 he was married. At Concord he established himself as medico-legal consultant, rural adviser and exponent of Gray's Anatomy.

Patrick is one of those sincere, generous people we are all privileged to know. To Patrick and Mary go our best wishes for a rewarding future.



HELEN MARY TOLHURST

Admitted to Sydney University in 1969 for six years' intensive treatment.

Committed Christian.

Used to have long blond hair — now short blond hair.

Peter McGill — Macquarie Uni student — the one man in her life.

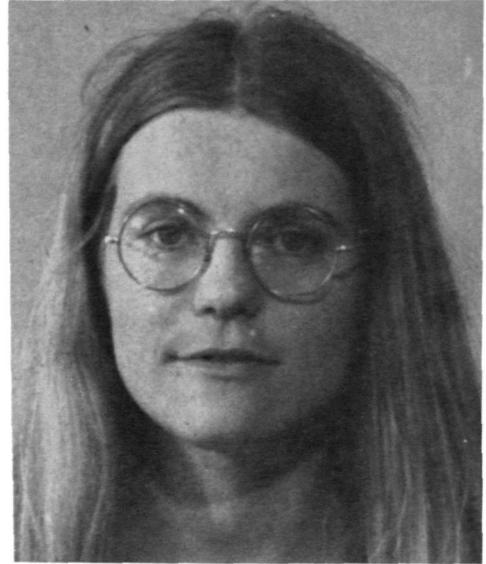
Oscillates between tea cups and the wards.

Fares well in exams.

Terribly fond of food — believe it or not!

Elective term — forfeited Mexico trip for a marvellous honeymoon.

Assured of success in family medicine.



ANTHONY CHARLES GRAY WEALE

"It's not Trichotillomania, it's my virility, fellas!"

Tony was raised on the mudflats of Cronulla. His daily journeys into university during the pre-clinical years competed with trips to pursue his keen love of surfing. A natural lover of the outdoor life, Tony always found time for tennis, squash and of course studying in between to attain a creditable academic record.

His extensive knowledge of the secluded fishing spots around Sydney stems not so much from his love of the hobby but from his love of the natural form.

During his clinical years, R.G.H. Concord was Tony's halfway house between home and Hunters Hill. This began after a holiday where he caught his best catch of all, Margaret, while streaking down the snowy slopes of Thredbo.

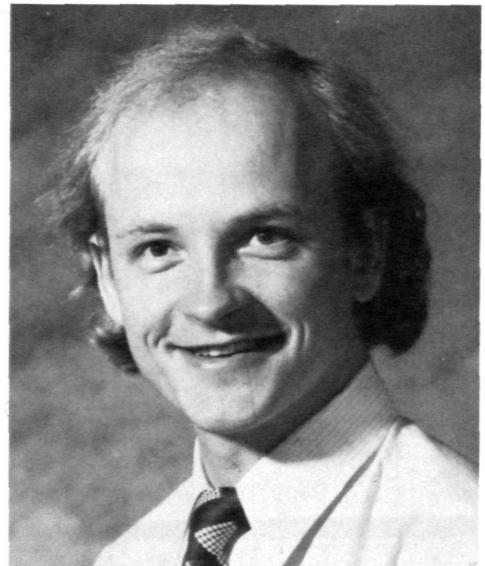
Tony has since done the inevitable. Despite having his surfboard chained to the doghouse, he still wears a wide grin. His sincerity, genuine concern for others and progressive alopecia assure Tony of a successful career in hair transplantation.

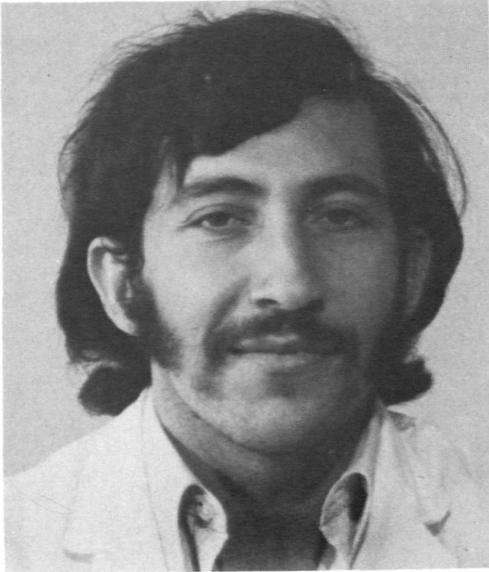
ANNA THERESE VASS

Mrs. Anna Vass, aged 26, from Epping (originally from Hungary). Joined our year in 3rd year — having difficulty at this stage fastening the buttons on her Anatomy coat (No. 1 — Therese — being about 1 year old at that time).

This problem was resolved at K.G.V. after a Physiology lecture in April when No. 2 — Veronica — arrived.

To keep the others company No. 3 — Julie — arrived a year later. What a handful for a studying Mum! Motherhood, however, seems to have had a therapeutic effect on her studies, especially in Paediatrics. We trust that this effect will be a long term one.





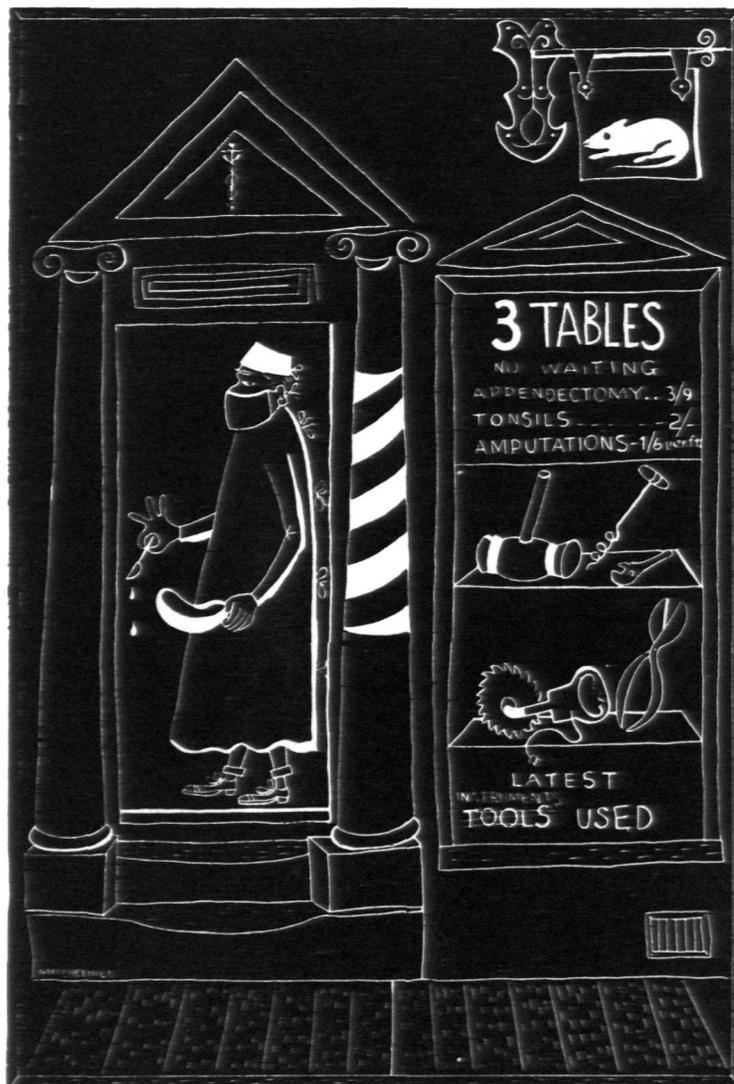
KONSTANTINOS STAVROS YIANNIKAS

"You can knock forever on a deaf man's door!"

Fate is not all perverse my friend! See she has grabbed you
And cast you in our cave; welcome a thousand times!
Like a wild beast, a ram with gilded horns
You passed through medicine's dance-ring;
And when the dance dragged and crawled
You drank your wine, not just to taste it,
But till your mind grew wild.

Strike at the anvil friend, and we shall
Feed the flames that writhe and dance in our eyes.
The mind swells with hunger and longing for the day
That has been in our eyes before our minds
Had learned of it.

That day shall dawn, when our full hearts
And lips shall brim with bread and dance with laughter.
Indeed, I think that day has dawned
Now in our herald hearts.



SEARLE

Research in the Service of Mankind

These words have embodied the spirit with which Searle has involved itself with medicine for more than 50 years.

Searle Laboratories manufactures pharmaceutical products such as — **Aldactone, Pro-Banthine,** and **Lomotil.** And Searle is where the "Pill" began originally with Conovid and now Ovulen 1/50 and Edulen 28.

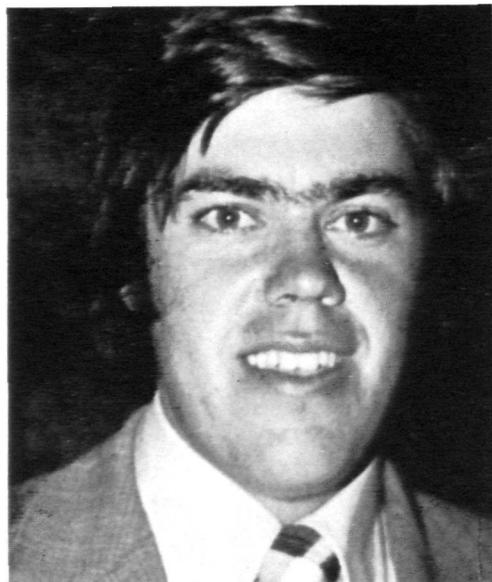
Research has involved Searle in the field of Nuclear Medicine. Searle equipment and radio chemicals handled by its **Nucleonics Division** offers yet a further service to medicine.

Through diversification, Searle also is a manufacturer of fine and industrial chemicals. Its **Ajax Division** produces a wide range of chemicals and laboratory reagents.

SEARLE

SEARLE LABORATORIES,
DIVISION OF SEARLE AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.,
8 West Street, North Sydney, P.O. Box 473, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060

“ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1974



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 Brian McCaughan.

From Cronulla High School in 1968 came two cousins of the name McCaughan: Geoff — quietly spoken, easy going, friendly and unobtrusive; and Brian — boisterous, extroverted and large in stature, both of whom were to become outstanding academically throughout the course.

To those in First Year who wondered if the fellow known affectionately as Black Pete, who was forever clowning in the Chemistry laboratories, would actually pass, it came as quite a surprise when the results revealed three HDs and one D. This set the pattern and by the end of the first four years Brian had achieved the remarkable record of twelve High Distinctions and two Distinctions.

In second year he had applied himself enthusiastically to his study to gain first place in all four subjects. Brian will also be remembered for his hilarious portrayal of Prof. Perrott at

the Second Year Dinner. This had been such an enjoyable affair that, having disposed of his third year examinations, Brian organised and personally backed the next Year Dinner.

Brian had now begun to divert his energy towards other fields — notably the cricket pitch, where as wicket-keeper he combined with cousin Geoff's swing bowling to capture numerous scalps for the Med. team; and he became one of our most capable representatives on the Staff-Student Liaison Committee.

Studies were not to be neglected however, and though irking a demonstrator or two along the way with his forthright manner, he topped Pathology and gained a HD in Pharmacology and a D in Bacteriology.

The challenge and interest of the clinical years was awaited by all — no less by Brian — and fifth year proved to be enjoyable and exciting. From Surgery, where he was taken to be a registrar by a theatre sister, he progressed to Crown Street and overcame a complication rate of 100% in his first four deliveries, and an apparent inability to give the right answer to a certain well known obstetrician. Trailing “Ouves” around at “Kids” Brian first showed his great interest in Neurology, to which he devoted his elective term's work, and gave hints as to what might be his professional niche.

For Brian fifth year culminated in his marriage to a beautiful law student, Julie.

Even in final year Brian still found time to devote great energy to the Curriculum Committee for the new five year Medical course, specifically solving some practical problems that the course was to encounter during the difficult change over period. The respect and admiration he won from Professors and staff enabled Brian also to be a very valuable student representative on Faculty.

What the future holds for Brian is of great interest to all. It was thought appropriate, if perhaps premature, when Professor Blackburn's role at a correlation clinic was assumed by Brian. His fascination with matters neurological persists — he continued attending the weekly neurological meetings at R.P.A.H. during his final examinations. His outstanding efforts have earned him an appointment to the Professorial Unit at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital and he now graduates MB, B.S. with the ultimate prize, which he well deserves, the University Medal.

Those of us who have worked with him have derived tremendous benefit from his knowledge and expertise. It was often easier and more rewarding to consult Brian than “Harrison” or “Bailey and Love”, and no query was too trite for him to explain patiently and fully.

Without dispute Brian McCaughan is an outstanding and most worthy recipient of the “Robin May” Prize.

TO BE A G.P.

OR NOT TO BE?

If that's the question, here's the answer.
Ring Dr. John Dowsett of The Family Medicine Programme on 9224288.

**Disprin is a surprisingly
versatile analgesic.**



Analgesic, antipyretic, anti-inflammatory — Disprin is soluble and effective blood levels are quickly achieved.

'Soluble aspirin B.P. gave approximately twice the blood levels of aspirin B.P...' Sleight, P., *Lancet* 1960, i, 305.

When an effective analgesic is needed, recommend Disprin.

Reckitts Pty. Limited, 44 Wharf Road, West Ryde, N.S.W. 2114

FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1974

PASS

November, 1974 (Alphabetical)

Affleck, V. J.	Courtenay, B. G.	Heikkinen, M. N.	McKay, L. R.	Ross, B. W.
Aldridge, P. L.	Creasey, H. M.	Henderson, M. M.	McKenzie, W. B.	Rothwell, I. H.
Alexander, J. H.	Cromer, T. P.	Ho, K. Y.	McLean, I. D.	Ruello, A.
Allen, L. W.	Cubis, J. C.	Hofmann, F. P.	Meng, L. G.	Rundle, P. L.
Anderson, A. J.	Cumpston, C. L.	Holt, D.	Meyer, R. J.	Russell, P. J.
Anderson, L. P.	Cumpston, P. H. V.	Howlin, K. J.	Miles, S. P.	Ruthven, S. E. G.
Armellin, S. R.	Cusbert, P. J.	Jackson, B. A.	Miller, G.	Salmona, A.
Armstrong, M. E.	Delbridge, L. W.	James, T. N.	Mista, S.	Savvides, M.
Aroney, C. J.	Dubow, R. J. I.	Joseph, G. F.	Mitchell, D. C.	Searson, P. R.
Asher, E. A.	Dufficy, M. T.	Kaladelfos, G.	Mitchell, J. K.	Segal, M.
Asz, M.	Dwyer, P. K.	Kerle, D. J.	Molesworth, E. S. J.	Simpson, I. J.
Austin, L.	Earp, B. J.	King, J. A. D.	Morrow, A. F.	Sivewright, J. B.
Bailey, C. M.	Einfeld, S. L.	King, S. J.	Moses, J. M.	Skinner, J. C.
Baldas, C.	Elder, G. J.	Kirsh, T.	Myers, P. C.	Sleep, J. W.
Barrie, P. J.	Evans, J. O. M.	Knight, W. B.	Nadel, I.	Smith, M. J.
Beim, E. R.	Fairley, M. J.	Knox, D. J.	Nakutis, V. J.	Sos, J.
Berghouse, L. M.	Felbel, W. A.	Kollist, P. J.	Ng, L. F. L.	Sproule, S. C.
Betts, N. A.	Ferraris, C. S.	Kos, S. C.	Nightingale, W. E.	Stem, A. W.
Bigg, R. P. C.	Ferres, M. J.	Kos, W.	Norton, G. R.	Stevens, P. J.
Black, F. R.	Filipitschuk, M.	Lang, C. M.	Packham, D. R.	Stewart, J. L. M.
Borton, C. L.	Fitzgerald, H. L.	Larsen, S. P.	Pearse, B. S.	Swaney, L. M.
Bosanquet, S.	Flynn, J. T.	Lee, D.	Pearse, C. J.	Thomas, B. R.
Bossak, R.	Fogelgam, B. I. C.	Lennon, J. E. C.	Peipman, S. E.	Thompson, M. D. F.
Bourke, B. M.	Freckler, P. B.	Leon, B. P.	Perry, H. R.	Thomson, D. S.
Bova, C. J.	Frocht, A.	Lepre, F.	Pettiford, J. R.	Thomson, L. M. R.
Bridgman, M. C.	Fulcher, G. R.	Leslie, G. I.	Phillips, W. A.	Tolhurst, H. M.
Brittain, I. L.	Gale, A. P.	Levitt, M. W. D.	Piazza, P.	Tonkin, M. A.
Brookman, D. J.	Gillespie, H. E.	Lucre, M. G.	Pluschke, T. L.	Trevor, C. M.
Brookman, S. D.	Glendinning, C. J.	Luey, B. K.	Potter, S. R.	Van Nunen, S. A.
Brown, J. D.	Godden, A. J.	Lugton, R. J.	Precians, S. H.	Vass, A. T.
Burgess, K. R.	Godding, R. M.	MacDonald, I. B.	Purss, G. R.	Virulhapan, S.
Bursle, G. A.	Gold, J.	Madden, M. J.	Quain, J. S.	Walker, Q. J.
Bye, A. M.	Goldberg, D. A.	Malouf, G. T.	Quinn, R. W.	Ware, L. A.
Cameron, J. P.	Goodman, S. A.	Marchant-Williams, H. T.	Rabone, S. J.	Watson, A. S.
Cameron, P.	Gossat, D.	Mason, R. S.	Raftos, J.	Weale, A. G. G.
Challinor, C. J.	Griffitts, J. M.	Mastroianni, T.	Raven, R. H.	Wenden, R. W.
Cherry, S. R.	Griffitts, J. P.	Mayson, J. S.	Raymond, D. R. I.	Willis, M. K.
Chesterfield-Evans, A.	Hampshire, R. B.	McCarthy, P. D. J.	Read, R. B.	Wood, M. K.
Christopher, U.	Harrison, P.	McCaughan, B. C.	Reznik, R. B.	Woodruff, P.
Cohen, R.	Hartemink, R. J.	McCaughan, G. W.	Roberts, C. J.	Woolcock, J. A.
Cottee, A. M.	Harvey, R. D.	McDonald, C. G.	Roberts, M. C.	Wray, L.
Cottee, T. W.	Haynes, P. S.	McDonald, S. M.	Rogley, J. N.	Yee, M. M.
			Rose, P. M.	Yiannikas, C.

HONOURS AT GRADUATION

First Class Honours

McCaughan, B. C.
Wray, L.
Creasey, H. M.
Kos, S. C.
Bye, A. M.
Rundle, P. L.
Kos, W. A.
Howlin, K. J.
McCaughan, G. W.
Wood, G. M.
Quinn, R. W.
Delbridge, L. W.
Mitchell, D. C.

Second Class Honours

Felbel, W. A.
Malouf, G. T.
Mayson, J. S.
Knight, W. B.
Mason, R. S.
Holt, D.
Sproule, S. C.
Segal, M.
Thomas, B. R.
Allen, L. W.
Gossat, D.
Simpson, I. J.
Walker, Q. J.
Bridgman, M. C.
Raftos, J.

Dwyer, P. K.
Packham, D. R.
Leslie, G. I.
Rabone, S. J.
Norton, G. R.
Wenden, R. W.
Beim, E. R.
Potter, S. R.
Brookman, D. J.
Watson, A. S.
Peipman, S. E.
Ferres, M. J.
Brittain, I. L.
Berghouse, L. M.
Fairley, M. J.
Brookman, S. D.

McKenzie, W. B.
Knox, D. J.
Jackson, B. A.
Virulhapan, S.
Moses, J. M.
Yiannikas, C.
Thompson, M. D. F.
Skinner, J. C.
Stewart, J. L. M.
Lugton, R. J.
Ho, K. Y.
Aldridge, P. L.
Rogley, J. N.
Meng, L. G.
Harvey, R. D.
Lucre, M. G.

Ross, B. W.
Miles, S. P.
Nakutis, V. J.
Mitchell, J. K.
Stevens, P. J.
Brown, J. D.
Tolhurst, H. M.
Aroney, C. J.
Luey, B. K.
Hartemink, R. J.
Cumpston, C. L.
Lepre, F.
Dubow, R. J. I.
Savvides, M.
Einfeld, S. L.
McKay, L. R.

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal:
McCaughan, B. C.

**Arthur Edward Mills
Graduation Prize:**
McCaughan, B. C.

**Harry J. Clayton Memorial
Prize for Medicine and
Clinical Medicine:**
McCaughan, B. C.

**Harold John Ritchie Mem-
orial Prize in Clinical
Medicine:**
Bye, A. M.

**Robert Scot-Skirving Mem-
orial Prize for Highest Ag-
gregate in Medicine and
Surgery Papers:**
Bye, A. M.

**George Allan Prize in Thera-
peutics:**
Wray, L.

**Upjohn Prize in Clinical
Pharmacology and Thera-
peutics:**
Wray, L.

**Dagmar Berne Prize for
Women Candidates:**
Wray, L.

**Hinder Memorial Prize in
Clinical Surgery:**
Creasey, H. M.

**William Henry and Eliza
Sharp Prize in Clinical
Surgery:**
Wray, L.

Dun Surgery Prize:
Harvey, R. D.

**Robert H. Todd Memorial
Prize:**
Stevens, P. J.

**Mabel Elizabeth Leaver
Memorial Prize in Obstet-
rics:**
Wray, L.

**Albert Hing Memorial Prize
in Gynaecology:**
Wray, L.

**Dame Constance D'Arcy
Memorial Prize in Gynaec-
ology:**
Wray, L.

Carnation Paediatric Prize:
Delbridge, L. W.

**Charles McDonald — Mead
Johnson Paediatric Prize
Shared:**
McCaughan, B. C.
Raftos, J.

DISTINCTION AND CREDIT LIST

MEDICINE

Distinction:

McCaughan, B. C.

Credit:

- Bye, A. M. } Aeq.
- Wray, L. }
- Creasey, H. M. }
- Goldberg, D. A. }
- Mitchell, D. C. }
- Wood, G. M. }
- Mason, R. S. }
- Bigg, R. P. C. }
- McCaughan, G. W. }
- Howlin, K. J. }
- Sroule, S. C. }
- Knight, W. B. }
- Quinn, R. W. }
- Felbel, W. A. } Aeq.
- Kos, S. C. }
- Ferres, M. J. }
- Einfield, S. L. } Aeq.
- Mayson, J. S. }
- Rundle, P. C. }
- Aldridge, P. L. } Aeq.
- Delbridge, L. W. }
- Fairley, M. J. } Aeq.
- Simpson, J. J. }
- Harvey, R. D. }
- Kos, W. } Aeq.
- Segal, M. }
- King, S. J. }
- McKenzie, S. J. } Aeq.
- Reznik, R. B. }
- Yiannikas, C. }

SURGERY

Distinction:

Wray, L.
McCaughan, B. C.

Credit:

- Watson, A. S. }
- Savvides, M. }
- Harvey, R. D. } Aeq.
- Simpson, I. J. }
- Segal, M. }
- Packham, D. R. } Aeq.
- Wood, G. M. }
- Bigg, R. P. C. }
- McCaughan, G. W. } Aeq.
- Stevens, P. J. }
- Levitt, M. W. D. }
- Bye, A. M. } Aeq.
- Potter, S. R. }
- Asher, E. A. }
- Kos, S. C. } Aeq.
- Mitchell, J. K. }
- Rundle, P. L. }
- Gale, A. P. }
- Holt, D. }
- Mayson, J. S. } Aeq.
- McKay, L. R. }
- Miller, G. }
- Creasey, H. M. }

**OBSTETRICS AND
GYNAECOLOGY**

Distinction:

Wray, L.
Bye, A. M.
Kos, S. C.

Credit:

- Kos, W. }
- Quinn, R. W. }
- Armellin, S. R. }
- Bigg, R. P. C. }
- Kaladelfos, G. }
- McCaughan, B. C. } Aeq.
- McDonald, C. G. }
- Wendon, R. W. }
- Delbridge, L. W. } Aeq.
- Raymond, D. R. I. }
- Allen, L. W. }
- Packham, D. R. } Aeq.
- Aroney, C. J. }
- Cumpston, P. H. B. }
- Fulcher, G. R. }
- Hampshire, R. B. } Aeq.
- McDonald, S. M. }
- Thompson, M. D. F. }

- Bailey, C. M. }
- Barrie, P. J. }
- Beim, E. R. }
- Mayson, J. S. } Aeq.
- Rothwell, I. H. }
- Segal, M. }
- Simpson, I. J. }
- Yiannikas, C. }
- Aldridge, P. L. }
- Austin, L. }
- Bova, C. J. }
- Creasey, H. M. }
- Cromer, T. P. }
- Cumpston, C. L. }
- Howlin, K. J. }
- Knox, D. J. } Aeq.
- Levitt, M. W. D. }
- Lugton, R. J. }
- Mason, R. S. }
- Quain, J. S. }
- Swaney, I. M. }
- Willis, M. K. }

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS

*Professional Appointment

ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

*Dr. B. C. McCaughan	Dr. A. Chesterfield-Evans
*Dr. L. Wray	Dr. R. B. Read
*Dr. A. M. E. Bye	Dr. P. J. Russell
*Dr. P. L. Rundle	Dr. V. J. Affleck
*Dr. G. W. McCaughan	Dr. S. A. Van Nunen
Dr. K. J. Howlin	Dr. C. L. Borton
Dr. G. M. Wood	Dr. P. J. Cusbert
Dr. G. T. Malouf	Dr. S. R. Cherry
Dr. W. B. Knight	Dr. A. Frocht
*Dr. D. Gossat	Dr. C. Baldas
Dr. E. R. Beim	Dr. J. C. Cubis
Dr. I. L. Brittain	Dr. A. Ruello
Dr. W. B. McKenzie	Dr. J. A. King
Dr. S. Virulhopen	Dr. P. D. McCarthy
Dr. J. C. Skinner	Dr. R. B. Hampshire
Dr. J. D. Brown	Dr. H. Gillespie
Dr. L. P. Anderson	Dr. B. S. Pearse
Dr. L. A. Ware	Dr. M. K. Willis
Dr. J. H. Alexander	Dr. R. H. Raven
Dr. J. Sos	Dr. M. Asz
Dr. P. J. Barrie	Dr. M. M. Henderson
Dr. A. P. Gale	Dr. W. A. Phillips
Dr. H. Fitzgerald	Dr. D. J. Kerle
Dr. C. J. Pearse	Dr. T. Mastroianni
Dr. A. W. Stern	Dr. S. P. Larsen

REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL

*Dr. D. R. Packham	Dr. J. E. Lennon
*Dr. Q. J. Walker	Dr. G. R. Purss
Dr. C. Yiannikas	Dr. M. A. Tonkin
Dr. J. Rogley	Dr. J. T. Flynn
Dr. V. J. Nakutis	Dr. L. F. Ng
Dr. M. Savvides	Dr. J. A. Woolcock
Dr. D. S. Thomson	Dr. T. L. Pluschke
Dr. A. M. Cottee	Dr. M. C. Roberts
Dr. A. C. G. Weale	Dr. D. Lee
Dr. F. R. Black	Dr. P. M. Rose
Dr. L. M. R. Thomson	Dr. J. M. Griffiths
Dr. G. F. Joseph	Dr. J. P. Griffiths

HORNSBY HOSPITAL

Dr. B. R. Thomas	Dr. B. W. Ross
Dr. B. Jackson	Dr. H. M. Tolhurst
Dr. M. Thompson	Dr. D. A. Goldberg
Dr. M. G. Lucre	Dr. A. J. Godden

ROYAL NEWCASTLE HOSPITAL

Dr. L. W. Allen	Dr. M. Filiptschuk
Dr. P. L. Aldridge	Dr. S. Mista
Dr. L. G. Meng	Dr. R. Cohen
Dr. P. J. Stevens	Dr. C. J. Challinor
Dr. F. P. Hofmann	Dr. T. Kirsh
Dr. G. Kaladelfos	Dr. I. McDonald
Dr. J. W. Sleep	Dr. J. Sivewright

CANBERRA HOSPITAL

Dr. C. M. Trevor	Dr. J. R. Pettiford
Dr. P. J. Kollist	

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

*Dr. H. Creasey	Dr. G. Miller
*Dr. R. S. Mason	Dr. M. T. Dufficy
Dr. I. J. Simpson	Dr. R. Reznik
Dr. J. Raftos	Dr. A. Salmona
Dr. D. J. Brookman	Dr. P. Harrison
*Dr. M. J. Ferrer	Dr. K. R. Burgess
Dr. M. Fairley	Dr. G. Bursle
Dr. S. D. Brookman	Dr. P. Cameron
*Dr. J. M. Moses	Dr. C. J. Roberts
Dr. J. L. Stewart	Dr. B. I. Fogelgam
*Dr. J. K. Mitchell	Dr. C. M. Lang
Dr. B. K. Luey	Dr. P. B. Frecker
Dr. R. J. Dubow	Dr. S. Goodman
Dr. S. L. Einfeld	Dr. J. Gold

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Dr. L. W. Delbridge	Dr. U. Christopher
Dr. J. S. Mayson	Dr. A. F. Morrow
Dr. D. Holt	Dr. G. T. Elder
Dr. S. C. Sproule	Dr. R. P. C. Bigg
Dr. M. C. Bridgman	Dr. H. T. Marchant-Williams
Dr. P. K. Dwyer	Dr. S. E. G. Ruthven
Dr. G. T. Leslie	Dr. D. R. Raymond
Dr. S. J. Rabone	Dr. S. M. McDonald
Dr. S. R. Potter	Dr. E. A. Asher
Dr. A. S. Watson	Dr. P. S. Haynes
Dr. S. E. Peipman	Dr. M. E. Armstrong
Dr. L. M. Berghouse	Dr. S. H. Precians
Dr. D. Knox	Dr. C. S. Ferraris
Dr. R. J. Lugton	Dr. P. C. Myers
Dr. K. Y. Ho	Dr. I. H. Rothwell
Dr. M. W. Levitt	Dr. C. J. Bova
Dr. B. M. Bourke	Dr. C. G. McDonald
Dr. G. R. Fulcher	Dr. W. E. Nightingale
Dr. P. Piazza	Dr. N. A. Betts
Dr. R. Bossak	Dr. P. Woodruff
Dr. M. J. Madden	Dr. I. D. McLean

PRINCE HENRY/PRINCE OF WALES HOSPITAL

Dr. R. W. Quinn	Dr. S. J. King
Dr. D. C. Mitchell	Dr. T. P. Cromer
Dr. W. A. Felbel	Dr. S. R. Armellin
Dr. M. Segal	Dr. B. P. Leon
Dr. S. P. Miles	Dr. T. N. James
Dr. F. Lepre	

ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL

Dr. J. Evans	Dr. R. M. Godding
Dr. J. S. Quain	Dr. B. G. Courtenay

ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL

Dr. R. W. Wenden	Dr. B. J. Earpe
Dr. C. J. Glendinning	Dr. L. R. McKay
Dr. I. Nadel	

WOLLONGONG HOSPITAL

Dr. A. J. Anderson	Dr. C. M. Bailey
--------------------	------------------

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



Mrs. Sheila Nicholas
For her continuous and dedicated efforts



Mr. Alan Gamble
For his excellent pen sketches

Contributions:

By Invitation:

The Dean, Professor D. C. Maddison
Dr. R. Winton
Mr. V. H. Cumberland
Dr. S. E. G. Ruthven
Dr. J. S. Quain

Photography:

Freeman Studios, especially Mr. R. Sherwin

Production:

Typesetting: Phototype-Sales
Platemaking: Platecraft Pty. Ltd.
Printing & Binding: Hogbin, Poole Pty. Ltd.
Advertising: Mr. J. T. O'Mara

For continuing to support this valued publication we thank our advertisers and especially:

The FAMILY MEDICINE PROGRAM
Ciba-Geigy Australia Ltd.
The Boots Company of Australia Ltd.
Roche Products Pty. Ltd.

THE 1974 YEARBOOK COMMITTEE,
Sydney University Medical Society.

**THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST EXPERIENCED
MEDICAL DEFENCE ORGANISATION**

Membership exceeds 75,000

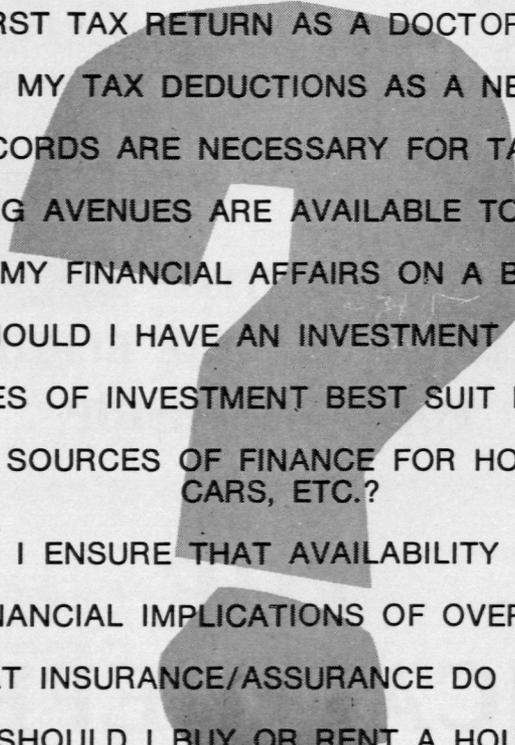
Established over 85 years

**DOCTORS AND DENTISTS REGISTERED
IN AUSTRALIA ARE ELIGIBLE
FOR MEMBERSHIP**

**THE
MEDICAL DEFENCE
UNION**

**3 Devonshire Place,
London, WIN 2EA.**

**PARTICULARS OF MEMBERSHIP AND APPLICATION FORMS AVAILABLE FROM
LOCUMS LIMITED
9-13 BLIGH STREET,
SYDNEY, 2000**



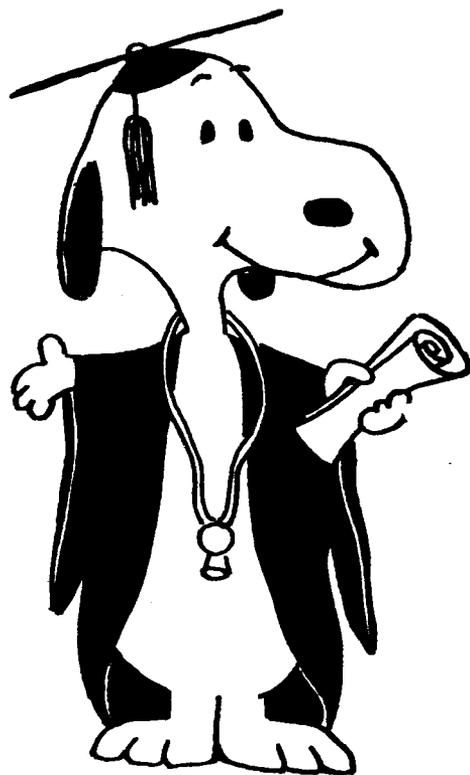
IS MY FIRST TAX RETURN AS A DOCTOR IMPORTANT?
WHAT ARE MY TAX DEDUCTIONS AS A NEW GRADUATE?
WHAT RECORDS ARE NECESSARY FOR TAX PURPOSES?
WHAT TAX-SAVING AVENUES ARE AVAILABLE TO A NEW GRADUATE?
HOW CAN I PUT MY FINANCIAL AFFAIRS ON A BUSINESS-LIKE BASIS?
SHOULD I HAVE AN INVESTMENT PLAN?
WHAT TYPES OF 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?

These are just some of the questions we have been asked by new graduates in the past—the answers are important to you. Our organization has the specialist knowledge—based on years of experience working exclusively in the

medical and dental fields—needed to provide those answers. We would appreciate the opportunity of explaining exactly how new graduates have benefited from using our services and what we could do for you now and in the future.

**DAVEY & ASSOCIATES (MANAGEMENT) PTY. LTD. 184-186 CAMPBELL STREET, SURRY HILLS
DAVEY TAX CONSULTANTS PTY. LTD. 78 BRONTE ROAD, BONDI JUNCTION**

Telephone: 33 4117



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

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY LIBRARY

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THIS SLIP

CALL NUMBER 378.944 S
F

ITEM BARCODE NUMBER (16 DIGITS)

[Barcode grid]

BLOCK LETTERS ONLY

AUTHOR (Copy with bookplate
skipped by M.G. Taylor)

TITLE Senior Year Book

VOLUME YEAR 1974

RUTHERFORD FILMS
INITIALS SURNAME

MR (M/S) DR PROF. S TOOTH

ADDRESS 108 Jersey Rd
(STAFF Woollahra
GIVE DEPT) Woollahra 2025
SUBURB POSTCODE

Sarah Tooth
SIGNATURE PH: H: 363 3136
W 241 3548

BORROWER NUMBER (13 DIGITS)

[Borrower number grid]

DUE DATE 4/6/93
(We own 3 copies of 1974)



Sydney University Medical Society

With the Compliments of
the Editors

