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Senior Year Book

Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

1975

Senior Year Book

1975

(special English Edition)
over 47 copies sold



Faculty of Medicine University of Sydney

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.

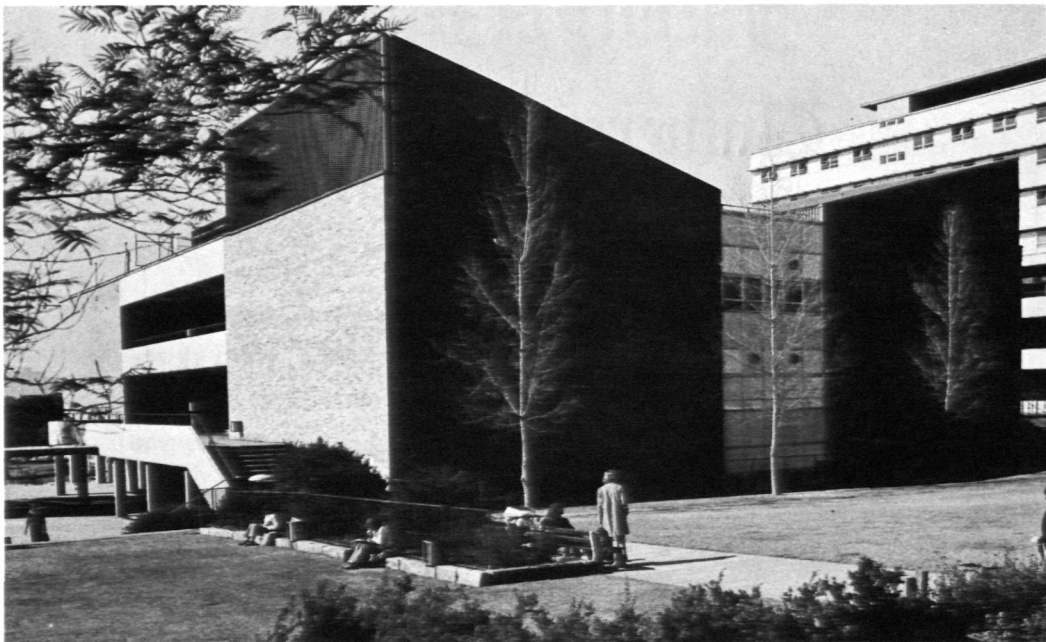
FROM THE FOREWORD OF THE FIRST SENIOR YEAR BOOK, 1922.



FISHER LIBRARY AT LUNCHTIME
"Check that body out, will ya!"

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



CARSLAW LECTURE THEATRES
Australia's premier paper glider factory.



ANDERSON STUART BUILDING — Old Medical School
Anteromedial aspect, looking infero laterally.

The hardest conviction to get into the mind of a beginner is that the education upon which he is engaged is not a college course, not a medical course, but a life course, for which the work of a few years under teachers is but a preparation. — Sir William Osler



GEORGE H. BOSCH LECTURE THEATRE
"Wasn't that lecture dreadful!"



CARSLAW BUILDING FROM CITY ROAD
"Curses! Missed out on my parking spot again!"

Hospital Editors

Royal Prince Alfred
 ANDREW DAVIDSON
 Sydney
 MARGARET POTTS

Royal North Shore
 DAVE SULLIVAN
 Repatriation General, Concord
 JEFF FLACK

All correspondence should be addressed to
 1975 YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE,
 SYDNEY UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY
 BLACKBURN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, 2006

Not that you'll receive a reply but it's so much fun to get letters!

*The characters appearing in this book are entirely fictional. Any
 resemblance to any person, animal or toothbrush, alive or deceased is
 purely co-incidental.*

Now try and sue us.

The Editor had his fingers crossed when making the above statements.



OLD UNION BUILDING
"Time for a quick game of snooker!"

Message from the Dean

You are graduating at a time of great change in the practice of medicine, much of which has strong political overtones. There is a danger that in times of uncertainty the medical profession will over-react to the political pressures that have been thrust upon it so suddenly. I urge you to maintain the high principles of the medical profession which have always engendered the respect of the community. If you and your colleagues adopt an active role in initiating change and using your influence to modify the system of medicine in a thoughtful and constructive manner, then I believe you will be successful in developing a system which will be in the best interests of the community and the profession.

I consider medicine to be one of the most stimulating and satisfying of all professions. Graduates from the University of Sydney have always enjoyed the highest regard of their colleagues throughout the world. I know you will endeavour to maintain this tradition and I wish you every success in your chosen profession.



Richard Gye,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine



This is our Professor of Neurosurgery's first year as Dean. He has taken the job on at a difficult time, with the phasing through of the new five-year course. We thank Prof. Gye for his lecture on "Neurosurgical Investigations" and wish him continuing success during the remainder of his tenure as Dean.



Your future success will depend on the best financial help you can get.

Now that you've graduated you have to face the reality of dealing with money—how to handle it, how to conserve it and how to invest it. A major part of your financial success will depend on the choice of a bank that is equipped to give you that special individual service your profession requires. We know we can give you that personal attention. Our record of helping your profession stretches way back to 1834. We take the view that you will require more than just a safe place to keep your

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If it's finance you require there's every possibility we can help. We extend to you an invitation to call and meet the manager at any CBC branch around Australia. You'll find we do a lot of things you might not expect from a bank. But you can expect one thing. We'll do them right.

CBC

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Editorial

As we file out of the graduation ceremony with our M.B., B.S. (Syd), haggard with the resolving acned facies of prolonged high level pre-final examination endogenous steroids it is difficult to accept that indeed six years—in most cases a quarter of our lifetimes—have passed since we entered Sydney University's Faculty of Medicine, fresh with the acned faces of adolescence. With the passage of these six years, almost without exception each of us has become the other's friend as well as colleague, and it is hoped that the following pages will serve as a permanent reminder of what we may come to regard as the best six years of our medical lives, as well as being a souvenir dedicated to each other and from each other.

But while we remember all those in our graduating year we should also spare a thought to those of our one-time colleagues who do not appear on these pages; those substantial numbers who "dropped out". Enrolment figures show that in Final Year enrolments numbered 200 which represents exactly a net 20% drop-out rate compared with the 250 enrolments in Second Year for our year. The implications of this at a time of world and even Australian shortage of medical manpower is rather disconcerting. Couple this fact with the knowledge that a five figured amount has been invested in each of us by the community, and one must feel that a moral obligation rests on each of us to practice our profession at the maximum level of which we are capable; to give genuinely as much of ourselves to the community as we can afford. At a time when sexist quotas have been advocated for admission to Med. I, a special appeal is made to our year's espoused women in this International Women's Year to find your niche in the medical sphere, even if it be part-time work. The community needs us all; we each owe it our service.

A. G.

Spot the mistakes competition

(for the obnoxious)

Simply circle all the mistakes you've spotted that the Editor has missed in his three proof readings, then colour in your Year Book gaily and post it to the editor. You will never be troubled by those mistakes again!

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.

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As we were processed . . .

"In teaching the medical student the primary requisite is to keep him awake"

— Chevalier Jackson

"In the beginning, the Metropolitan University's Admission Board was created.

And it said, 'Let there be an intake of Medical students for 1970 at Sydney University'.

And IBM, the angel of the M.U.A.B. selected mathematically (as following stars and flaming clouds had since gone out of fashion) from the four corners of civilised New South Wales, and Wilcannia; from the North and from the South and from the West and from Bondi Beach proper and beyond, those M.U.A.B.-fearing persons most apt to fill the quota.

And the M.U.A.B. saw the list and it was good . . ."

Annus Primus

March 1970 — there we were, selected from the academic cream of our respective schools and about to be homogenised and fed to our University's medical machine in Stage 1 of our transformation. After a week's orientation we found that standard Uni dress was jeans, T-shirt and thongs; joined University societies, only never to go to any meetings; learned how to open an individually packed, both-sides-buttered Union sandwich (and later learned the hazards of partaking of any Union food); met some of our future colleagues and consequently and subsequently sought out friends in other faculties; and discovered the distractions of lunchtime films, the music rooms and the snooker table. We were (almost) ready for our first year's trial of coping.

The first day of first term proper saw us, brand new briefcases in hand, scurrying around the Carslaw building, guided by the sound of the jungle drums — the sound which was to preface each and every Physics 1B lecture that year. Here we observed the sophistication of the University (lectures by videotape), the sophistication of the lecturers (the McCusker and Peak would-be comedy team) and the sophistication of our colleagues with the launching of the first of several squadrons of paper missiles, the trite design of which many of us would improve upon that year. It did not take us long to orientate ourselves and get our priorities right as we discovered our favourite campus eating places, meeting places, parking spots (lest we join that ever-lengthening 8.55 a.m. motor column formation in St. Paul's College), as briefcases showed their first signs of wear and as attendance at lectures, especially Physics lectures commenced their steady sag. Physics Prac, complete with a sixty-two page résumé on how to do a good experiment (it never helped), gave us Physics in (of necessity) a more interesting format. This, combined with a compulsory hand-in assignment each term ensured an adequate attendance here.

Dr. Pierens, with his appreciated slow, distinct diction, repetitions on request, and distaste for hissing, guided us through Chem. 1 lectures (live!) rewarding us with a final lecture chemical magic show which left us spluttering out of the lecture theatre. What he has done with those first year aspirations he collected from us, we shall hopefully never know. Doc. Williams, with an obsession for assignment hand-ins matched only by Norman Gunston and his ratings, showed us which of those cute little squares to fill in in our big red practical books; then supervised us for the forthcoming prac. to ensure we didn't blow up the building.

Biology, a little closer to our chosen careers, was also introduced by videotape, and starred ecologist Professor Birch — remembered *inter alia* for his background music to the swimming spermatozoa, membranologist Professor Walker proudly displaying the soles of his shoes and his Moratorium badge, geriatric geneticist Professor Smith-White, the fishy Professor Satchell and for Biology 1's answer to "In Your Garden", Professor Pitman. Biology Prac. was probably the most enjoyable session of the week, and those of us fortunate enough to go on the "Warrah" fresh water creek weekend would probably rate this latter the most enjoyable curricular activity of the year.

The hotch-potch of lectures under the title "Introductory Medical Science" if nothing else gave us a group identity. Here we met Prof. Taylor for Introductory Biomathematics who, oscillating back and forth like a duck at a shooting gallery, taught us handy scientific fudges for the research fellow. The Psychiatry department presented Human and Animal Behaviour (more videotapes — these complete with actors even Hector Crawford wouldn't employ). We prepared ourselves with a multitude of coloured pencils for our weekly session with **Dr. Simons** and his amazing technicolour embryo-filled blackboards in Comparative Morphology. The Anatomy Dept. sent Mr. Thorne to tell us about apemen. Relief came with the teaching of Biochemistry via Dr. Wake (okay?) and Histology through "Madame Epithelium", Dr. Rae, who, drawing their lectures on the overhead projector started us on our training proper.

" . . . And it was Lent, and it was Trinity, and it was Michaelmas, the First Year . . ."



R. K. Pierens
Senior Lecturer in Chemistry

Annus Secundus

"... And it came to pass that the First Year students of the Faculty of Medicine strayed from the path of good study and engaged in the ways of the Engineer and the Agriculturalist and the Pharmacist amongst whom they studied, visiting the beer house, and the film house and the snooker room.

And the anger of the Faculty was kindled against its students, and it said 'Arise, and get thee from this Carslaw for thou followest in the ways of its inhabitants and go thou to the building of Anderson Stuart to the labs which I will show thee; for surely thou art the chosen medical students and out of thee will I make a great year of graduates'.

But the Faculty tested its students with hard labour, and set taskmaster demonstrators upon them in Anatomy, Biochemistry, Physiology, Histology and Embryology so that they would forget their slack study habits of First Year..."



J. R. Simons
Assoc. Prof. of Biological
Sciences

With Second Year's attainment came Anatomy and this in turn brought with it several new experiences for us all: seeing the dissecting room and eventually dissecting the cadavers (who was going to pull the sheet off first?); learning to eat lunch with the smell of formalin fresh on one's fingers (was the greasy feel of the Union sandwiches butter or worse?); making us acquainted with the techniques of rote learning, the form of learning which was to assume increasing importance at the expense of reason as the course progressed; and introducing us to three of the best remembered personality lecturers of the course. Our anthropologist Challis Professor, Prof. Macintosh, after presenting cadaveric etiquette to us in the form of the Ten Commandments introduced us to the first of these lecturers, **Dr. Philomena McGrath**, and was never seen again. Dr. McGrath's first duty was to forbade that one out of three of us would fail. Setting us all at ease with this remark, she advised us to complete our Anatomy reading as soon as possible and start revising during our first "holiday" session; also to pay close attention to the study of lymphatic drainage, and, between confinements, she lectured on this subject with its relevance to the torso at length. **Dr. Munro**, using his body as a teaching aid as he became e.g. a facial nerve or a palatine bone and philosophising as to why vaginal processes and mamillary bodies were so named gave especially clear lectures whilst **A/Prof. Perrott** showed us how confusing Neuroanatomy could be, and although he had a distaste for empty beercans, he showed he enjoyed their one-time contents at our Med II dinner.



P. McGrath
Senior Lecturer in Anatomy

Biochemically, we continued where we had left off in our introductory course. When Dr. Wake had taught us how to make and break proteins we were introduced firstly to **Dr. Messer** who sugared us up as he lectured on carbohydrate metabolism and then to **Dr. Whittaker** who fattened our Biochemistry notes with matters adipose. Apart from his historical lecture on Porphyria, he will be remembered by all as a lecturer with a genuine interest in us, who, apart from attending both Year Dinners we held, made a genuine effort to get to know us, and even contributed a topical song to our inaugural revue.

Our microanatomists from the Dept. of H. & E. presented Histology, the dreariest of our Second Year subjects, in a manner stereotyped and befitting it (rumor has it, however, that one of them was actually seen smiling one day). We thank **Profs. Cleland**, Griffin, Sapsford, van Lennep and Dr. Rae for their clarity and the orderly, tabular form of their lectures, but 'tis a pity their personalities remain a mystery to us. Embryology was presented, as has been customary for many years by Dr. Wyndham and his carnations who attempted to show us that anatomical relationships could be worked out from first principles. The enthusiastic team of Drs. Pollak and Sullivan took time off from their Anderson Stuart hatchery and egged us on with a series of lectures on Causal Embryology and Teratology. Practical Histology? I refer to the Med. Dinner song (to tune of "She's Leaving")



R. R. Munro
Assoc. Prof. of Anatomy

Thursday morning at 11 O'clock in the Histo labs,
Entering silently in single file,
Medicine II folk none wearing a smile,
They sit down, and bravely take out their books, slides and
micrographs,
Derwent coloured pencils, Di Fiore,
Biros and compasses, Ham and Arey,
They (This slide is stomach from cat . . .)

Get talked to (. . . now look at stomach from rat . . .).
 Why? (. . . looks like a cell but it's just arte-)
 Fact is that practically all that is mentioned they'll never see.

Talk all over by 12 O'clock, some already yawn,
 Those more industrious work for their lives,
 Moronically copying prints of the slides,
 One breaks down and cries to his neighbour, "Bugger Histology Prac.",
 For what have I come here each Thursday this term?,
 For telling apart ram and bandicoot sperm!,
 He (Look at Plate 44G . . .),
 Is leaving (. . . please describe all that you see . . .),
 Why? (. . . note this is not structure normally seen)
 He's got the shits after five gastric pits exercises (Bye, Bye).



J. W. Perrott
 Assoc. Prof. of Anatomy

Fortunately, Physiology pracs. were a trifle more interesting. They conjure up memories of kymographs, pithed toads (as I remember we were somewhat pithed ourselves following an excursion to the White Horse prior to this particular experiment), their hearts, nerve-muscle preparations, animal sterilisations, colour gradation discs and intricate tortures devised by Dr. Read during the respiratory prac. session, (as the notes said ". . . You may die.")

A succession of lecturers presented us the Physiology course proper. Dr. Bennett spiked us to action initially, and then Dr. Rodieck made us see the light regarding Special Senses, interspersing his lectures with his feline experiences.

Prof. Taylor got into the heart of his subject, returning to pump us with cardiovascular physiology, and Dr. Read inspired us with his bird's eye view of the wood without the trees of respiration. Dr. Everitt, working against the clock in his attempts to find out what causes ageing, gave us our first dose of the endocrine system and was supplemented by Dr. Lazarus, typical endocrinologists who forewarned us that the characteristic symptom of a series of endocrinology lectures is writer's cramp. Many a cat has paid the penalty for straying in the vicinity of **Prof. Burke's** laboratory but there's a definite possibility that they contributed greatly to his lectures on Neurophysiology. Dr. Baume, our gastrointestinal physiology lecturer spoke, a lot, of faeces and realised he could do much the same in Politics, which he has since entered.

A/Prof. Young ("what's wrong, is my fly open?") with his unorthodox apparent policy of keeping his lower torso aerated (maybe he was trying to tease us) will long be remembered for his quick wit as he simply explained renal physiology e.g. after an abnormally complex slide on countercurrent mechanisms hits the screen, a voice from the back — "Shit!" Dr. Young — "You're wrong. I'm afraid this relates to the Urinary system." Finally, Dr. Vincent blooded us into the wonders of Haematology.

The work load in Second Year was indeed voluminous and this, coupled with the unfamiliarity of the amount of knowledge requisite for passing Medical exams made the forthcoming Second Year Exams an awesome business; but most of us passed.

" . . . And it came to pass that those who obeyed the commandments of the Faculty, and who went to lectures and practical sessions, yea and even studied their books zealously, they found favour in the eyes of the Faculty and were blessed with the Pass or with the Credit or with the Distinction.

But the anger of the Faculty was kindled against the students who disobeyed its commandments and they were struck down.

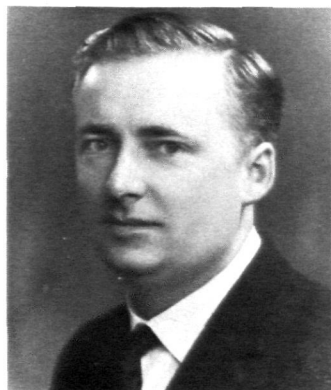
And it was Lent, and it was Trinity, and it was Michaelmas the Second Year.

Annus Tertius

Third Year was basically a continuation of our Second Year courses and in this year we completed what we had not yet done in Anatomy, Biochemistry and Physiology. Fortunately, we had finished with Histology and Embryology but in exchange we commenced Biochemistry practical classes and in Trinity term started Pharmacology. Unlike the many times in Physiology when theoretical straight line graphs in our practice showed a serpentine formation (necessitating hasty fudges), biochemistry pracs seemed to give expected results; but what we had to go through to get them! As if the gluttony involved with a high protein diet wasn't bad enough, having to collect and carry around one's urine for



M. A. Messer
 Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry



V. K. L. Whittaker
 Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry



K. W. Cleland
Professor of Histology and
Embryology

twenty-four hours was embarrassing, and how the preservative in the collection bottle did sting!

Our premature start to Pharmacology heralded the malorganised part of our course in which in some cases subjects were examined more than a year after lectures had been given and in the middle of active tuition in some other subject. The Pharmacology team was led by **Professor Thorpe (B.P.)**, the housewives' friend (Mother's "Choice"), amongst his many advisory posts. After he explained drug schedules, the ploys of drug representatives ('detailers') and the value of double blind trials, we spent the rest of this term with **Dr. Chesher** discussing the Pharmacology of the neurotransmitters. In incoming IV our remaining thirty odd lectures were given at stumps by the aforesaid, along with A/Prof. Cobbin and Drs. Starmer, Jackson and Temple. They never did tell us what a blood dyscrasia was. We wish Prof. Thorpe all the best in his retirement next year and thank him for the many years lecturing he has given students at this University as Professor.

Few of us became addicted to our Pharmacology lecture course. The practical sessions varied from experiments we performed on mice to experiments the Department performed on us. We hope the mice had considerably more difficulty in distinguishing a normal saline injection from the pharmacological substances we injected into them than we did in distinguishing the placebo from the genuine screwdrivers we were given to drink.

With the passing of the Third Year exams came the hope that the "smooth sailing from here on" story was true.

"... And at the conclusion of the Days of Judgement of the Third Year, the students rejoiced, and they sojourned at the pubs of the White Horse and the Grose Farm, and they sang and made merriment and drank of the golden brew all the day, even until nightfall..."

And is was Lent, and it was Trinity the Third Year.

Annus Quartus

"... Now the students of Medicine had spent the whole part of two academic years in solid study in atonement to the Faculty for their sins of First Year, and their affliction was great.

And they cried out and lifted up their voices unto the Faculty and said, 'O Faculty, we are jacked off with this! Surely we have spent three years in this barren place and have not yet seen a patient. We would not know first aid principles at the scene of an accident' (not that they ever would).

And the voice of the students ascended to the Faculty and reached its ears; And the heart of the Faculty was softened by the student's prayer and it said 'Fear not, my people. All the persons on the Earth will one day be thy patients, for surely thou art the chosen students.

And I shall lead thee to the Building of Blackburn, and I shall scatter ye to the Teaching Hospitals at the four corners of Sydney, yea, I shall lead ye to the promised profession. Thus saith the Faculty'..."

Our preclinical (incoming) term of Fourth Year saw the pressure off us examwise but with regard to material taught, it was rather busy. Apart from continuing with Pharmacology we commenced a string of new subjects. Pathology, incorporating its intrinsic anti-smoking campaign was introduced by **Prof. Magarey** whose pleasure (or, occasionally displeasure) we also had at RPAH postmortems; those sudden death sessions where questions would be fired at whomever the Professor's finger pointed. We remember sitting there, stomachs turning, trying to forget forthcoming luncheon as vomitive fumes wafted in waves around the room when that thankful barrier, the peritoneal cavity, was finally opened and Prof. Magarey smiling with glee, as yet another piece of pathology having been discovered was passed around on a party plate for all to see. Whilst his associates, Profs. Cameron and Finckh, and Drs. Frazer, Evans, Gilder and Gunz were presenting us with lectures system by system, we spent time at so-called 'Practical' Pathology. Firstly, there were the "bottle tutes" where we stared, stifling yawns, at the specimen in our hand, wondering how best to shift the bubbles of air incarcerated in the tissues until we were brought back to consciousness by the sensation of moisture on our thighs as we discovered to our horror that the formalin was leaking from the bottle. We also sat through histopathology sessions where we acquired the art of sleeping with



M. G. Taylor
Professor of Physiology



W. Burke
Professor of Physiology



J. A. Young
Assoc. Profess. of Physiology

a microscope eyepiece impinging on the closed eyelid, until rudely awakened by a neighbour's prod as we were called to duty by the tutor at the front "...er, one piece of tissue, rectangular in shape, stained with H&E. . . ." Our spare time in the Pathology Museum gave us insight into what, for example, millet seeds, sago and german sausage look like. The Pathology course was rounded off with a couple of Parasitology lectures which wormed their way in and by Dr. La' Brooy's lectures in Forensic Medicine which, by popular request, were replaced by his slides and anecdotes only.

Bacteriology brought us a contact in Professor DE BURGH — "Last year 99% of our students passed this subject. I hope to improve upon that figure this year". A spelling reformer and sartorial trendsetter whose unconventional guise (e.g. the sockless look) has still not caught on amongst the men's fashion houses, he proceeded to deliver an excellent series of lectures to the front row of the Bosch lecture theatre complete with first-hand experience anecdotes: "When I was in Borneo . . ." Following multiple promises throughout the year we finally met Dr. Nelson who taught us Immunology, but his appearance as a mere mortal seemed somewhat of an anticlimax. A/Prof. Charlton completed our Bacteriology lecture course. Each of these lecturers appeared also in our prac. sessions where we thrice weekly Gram stained our hands, and amongst other things, performed experiments with double thickness toilet paper, cultivated organisms from our nostrils and recited nursery rhymes to agar plates.

The commencement of Medicine and Surgery lectures was indeed welcome, our lecturers appearing later in the book under the hospitals at which they are principally attached. Even more welcome was the short holiday at the end of incoming IV after which we were to be separated into four groups as we finally commenced our clinical years. After welcomes from our respective hospitals, we made our first awkward steps in clinical examination under the wing of our tolerant tutors (and with the assistance of even more tolerant patients). In quick time we discovered all in the way of knowledge and friendships our hospitals could offer and took advantage of it.

While afternoons were spent at the teaching hospitals, our mornings were given over to our last series of formal whole-of-year lectures at the University. **Prof. Kerr** arrived to counsel us genetically; for the benefit of returning Asian students and any of us with a missionary inkling, Prof. Black gave us a quick run-down of common tropical diseases and then Prof. Kerr returned with Drs. Adams and Scott to start our Preventive and Social Medicine course in whose organisation we had involved ourselves. Supplementary reading on discussed topics was given further impetus with the publication of essay topics for the Department's examination. We are grateful to the Professor and those lecturers who came out to each of our hospitals in early Fifth Year to supplement their 'lectures'.

Professor Joseph never quite managed putting us all asleep. Indeed, one of the more memorable lectures of the entire course will be that given by his Anaesthetics sidekick, that cynical 'philosopher', Dr. Bookalil, who taught us inter alia the value of the Vitalograph: "Every surgery should have one; — it's like an Electrocardiograph — you don't have to know how to read it, just know roughly how it's done and its N.H.S. Item number . . ."

Then followed a series of lectures in surgical and medical specialties. We were kidded along by Prof. Stapleton and his associates after a superficial set of lectures from Dr. Johnson. We were lectured on the case for the eyes by Dr. Donaldson and heard out the case for the nos by the vocal Mr. Bulteau. Our brevisimo Obstetrics and Gynaecology lecture course taught us little, but introduced us to the Department's uppermost ova.

Finally, we received lectures in Medical Psychology and Psychiatry from one of Freud's remaining devout disciples, Professor Maddison. So that we wouldn't get too dependent on the Professor, he sent forth Drs. Johnson and Schurek to bend our innocent minds. We later met all of these again at our twice-weekly visits to Broughton Hall where we saw action replays of the psychiatric interview of the week, which taught us essential phrases for the Psychiatrist: "Mm", "I see", "tell me more about that", "take sevens from a hundred", and in the Professor's case, "[Ø]". Following our examinations in Introductory Medicine and Surgery (including for most our first viva voce exam), the tempo of the year slowed.

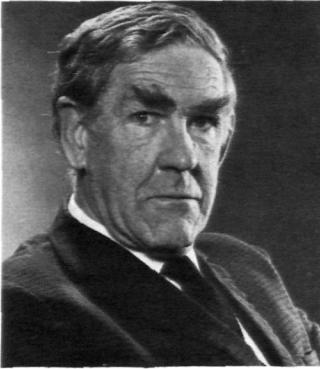
" . . . And the Faculty said, 'Now these are those lectures which I have commanded thee to learn with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy might.



R. H. Thorp
Professor of Pharmacology



G. B. Chesher
Senior Lecturer in Pharmacology



P. M. de Burgh
Professor of Bacteriology



C. B. Kerr
Professor of Preventive and
Social Medicine



F. R. Magarey
Professor of Pathology



D. C. Maddison
Professor of Psychiatry

Remember them, and keep them within thy head, that the days of thy patients be multiplied before thine eyes'.

And it was Michaelmas, and Vacation, and Lent, and Trinity, yea, even Michaelmas a second time, the Fourth Year . . ."

Annus Quintus

" . . . Thus saith the Faculty:

'Now will I lead my people to the Promised Profession'

And the Faculty made its students wander for forty weeks and forty weekends in the wilderness of thought.

And they wandered from the hospital for sick children in Camperdown, to the hospital in Newcastle, to those of St. Margaret and the Crown Street, to the outposts called Broughton Hall, to Parramatta and North Ryde, and to the Hospital of the Eyes in Woolloomooloo and back each to his base . . ."

Fifth Year doubtlessly would go down as the year most of us would choose to repeat if we had to repeat any one year. A low pressure year with relatively short bursts of new experiences and hospital environments for us, one could hardly call the year monotonous, or "a drag". Apart from a token appearance on Thursday mornings for Correlation Clinics (which seemed principally for the benefit of final years anyhow, but which we attended as a good opportunity to keep in touch with colleagues at other hospitals), lectures were over and our only official business at the University was doing Paediatrics and Psychiatry exams. It was in Fifth Year that we commenced psychiatry interviews, later realising that psychiatric jargon with much bovine excreta was all that was required to pass the Psychiatry exam; delivered babes of rather vocal (very) new Australian mothers; learned to change napkins and feed children; played with children, also with slit-lamps; learned to look in and up every accessible orifice in the body; put tubes down mouths and drips in veins; came out of Dermatology outpatients scratching vigorously and out of Gynaecology outpatients with a hand reminiscent of median nerve palsy; spent time clerking in Medicine and Surgery and spent the odd late hour writing a Paediatrics or Social Medicine set essay; spent many more late hours perfecting our snooker or bridge game; acquiring fiancé(e)s or just friends, and even more late hours behind bars (i.e. Cocktail Bars), waitressing, taxidiving or engaged in any other source of extra revenue for students, in fiscal preparation for that anticipated seventeen week remission known as Elective Term.

" . . . And it was Vacation, and it was Lent, and it was Trinity, and it was Michaelmas, and it was Elective Term the Fifth Year . . ."

Annus Sextus

" . . . Thus saith the Faculty: 'On the tenth month of the Sixth Year, on the days I shall appoint, ye will gather thyself together and will offer thyself to me for examination in the Hall of MacLaurin; it shall be a convocation unto you.

And on that day will I judge thee; whose offering is acceptable and whose is not'.

And the words of the Faculty of Medicine put fear into the hearts (and recta) of its students and they worked with vigour.

And it came to pass that when the time drew near, the hearts of the students of Medicine were struck with fear, and they cried out, 'O Faculty! Thy test looms forth and yet we know so little of thy commanded lectures'.

Yet thus spake the Faculty, 'Go forth towards thy goal, my students; fear not, for I am with thee and am out to pass thee and by the third month of next year to let thee into the Promised Profession' . . ."

We returned from our Elective Term with fascinating tales and photographs to prove them, suntanned (where applicable), bearing battlemarks of wherever we'd been, in debt, and dreading the fact that like Death, Final Year had inevitably come to take us toward those final exams. The months that followed strained on as our tutors and we ourselves tried to cram a mass of information into the seemingly small capacitance of our brains. Correlation Clinics, now with much more relevance to us, sometimes were excellent but all too often were

highlighted by those inane introductions of Prof. Blackburn. As exams drew nearer, tempers got on edge as irritability set in; coffee was consumed at an unbelievable rate in the common rooms as the owners of pairs of black-bagged eyes arrived for morning lectures; smokers doubled or trebled their usual rate of tobacco consumption.

Finally the day was upon us, and we entered the exam hall. The laughter at the sight of the Neonatology question representing the Obstetrics and Gynaecology essay was typical of our year's unchanged attitude in exam rooms. We were quite thankful for the twenty minutes extra time in this paper, indirectly brought to us by courtesy of Mr. Fraser's Senate blocking of Supply that week. After the exams, the wait for the results and the rush to the north-eastern entrance to the Quadrangle as they were posted. For most, it was champagne, but we are sure March will bring the others better fortune.

“. . . And it was Lent, and it was Trinity, and it was Michaelmas, the Sixth Year.

And in the Seventh Year, if you think these Interns rested . . . well, not on your lives (groan! — Students don't get Sabbatical)."

Extracurricular activities and achievements

Unfortunately, it was not until well into First Year that we began realising who else was doing Medicine by familiarity of faces. Familiarity of names always takes longer and I suppose that even now as we graduate and you look at the faces in the photographs there are probably a number of people whose names you never knew. However, organised social contact arranged by ourselves under the auspices of the Medical Society helped us get to know one another. In First Year a successful barbecue was organised at Whale Beach and a good time was had by all who attended. First Year interfaculty sport (in which our year narrowly got beaten into third place) provided another opportunity to meet one's colleagues. However, it was not until Second Year when hours spent at practical sessions with different people necessitated being acquainted with such people that things really progressed. However, the social highlights of Second and Third Years were the Med. Dinners, held in Manning House and thorough successes. It was during these that we realised that individuals within the year possessed certain talents with entertainment acts put on after the meals: the ability of Willie Glaser and Greg Berry to write and perform humorous material, the singing talents of Greg Carr and Chris Butt, the acting potential of Blue Newton and Steve Wood etc. This sowed the seeds within the minds of some of the people in the year who had seen the mediocre revues of other Faculties . . . well, it would take some work . . . but there was no good reason why Medicine should not put one on. The Med. Revue was reborn!

After initial setbacks, Willie Glaser was given the job of drumming up support and was made Director. He overcame all obstacles and got the organisation under way. Sandra Deveridge became Producer, Bob Eckstein Treasurer, and the musical brilliance (probably the highlight of the revue) of Rick Kefford, ably assisted by Malcolm Hill was realised as they set to work writing original music for the revue. Sue Iland and Elvira Morey came forward as choreographers, Doug Welch (another highlight of the revue) was coaxed into it and churned out most of the (original) scripts in quick time and costumes were taken care of by Helen Jagger and Marja de Jong. As momentum and interest in the revue increased, actors, singers, volunteers for backstage work, orchestra and house came forward so that by opening night about one third of the year was actively involved in some way or other. The revue itself, "Malice in Underpants", was a tremendous success and the experience gained from it was used to put on an even better revue, "Don Graffiti" the next year, this latter produced by Greg Carr and also involving many of our year. Following our lead, Med. Revues have now become an established tradition — our legacy to following years — and are already recognised as the best faculty revue.

Our Fourth Year Dinner was held at the Dynasty Room in Bondi Junction, Prof. De Burgh providing the best act!

Fifth Year was a social event in itself so no year dinner was felt necessary; however, following our final Year exams a dinner was arranged for us at the Castellani Club, Kensington, by the Medical Society, where Mark Malouf was named the deserving winner of this year's Robin May Memorial Prize.

Of course socially we also:

- (i) attended the Med Balls at the Town Hall;
- (ii) joined floats (occasionally) on Commem. Day;
- (iii) went to AMSA Conventions when we could afford the money and the time but when we could were rewarded with a terrific time.

Sportswise, the year as a whole organised intercampus football games with UNSW, and when we continued to lose these, organised cricket games and mixed softball games amongst ourselves. Although a number of us played for the University in various sports, only two members of our year have had the honour of winning University blues, both for efforts in 1974; Graham Gumley for Water Polo and Peter Haron for Badminton. We congratulate both these popular RNSH-ers on their fine achievements.

Finally, in the socio-political field, we must make mention of Kris Hort and Mark Harris, who helped lay the foundation of the community welfare group, PIRG, on campus.

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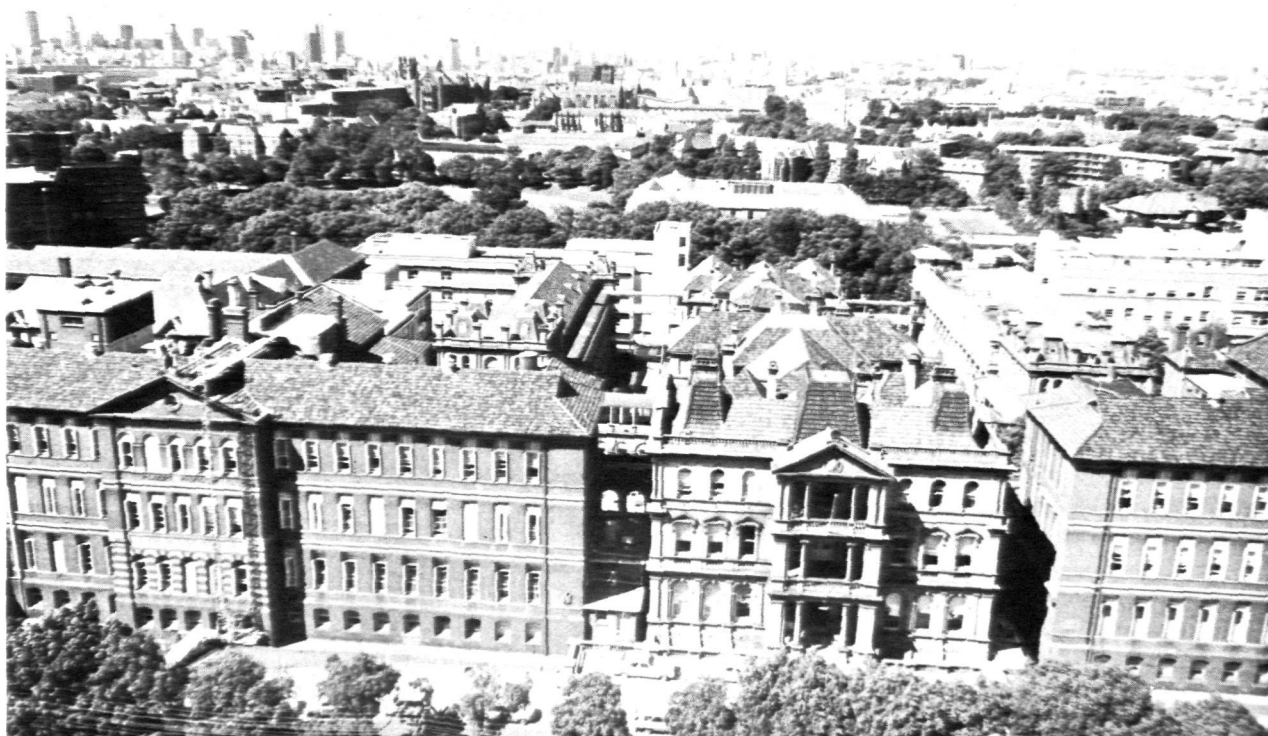
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ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL



The 1975 Prince Alfred Final Year was remarkable for its diversity. We came from a great variety of backgrounds and many different countries and now depart to equally diverse niches in the medical environment. And indeed, this is fortunate:— since what would be worse than 75 stereotyped medical graduates?

With such a large group, unity is an impossibility. However, certain activities kindled some esprit de corps, notably the infamous Pigna Barney canoe trip and the medical Revues. It must also be said that if we were a motley crew, then so were our teachers. They are too numerous to even mention; we are greatly indebted to them all. We also thank Mrs. Estall and her Staff at the Clinical School.

A.A.D.

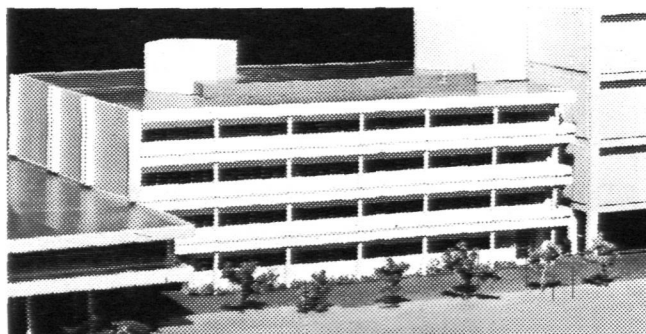
Research is the corner-stone of the Roche organisation- world-wide

IN AUSTRALIA the recently opened Roche Research Institute of Marine Pharmacology is now investigating the myriad sea creatures of our shores 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.

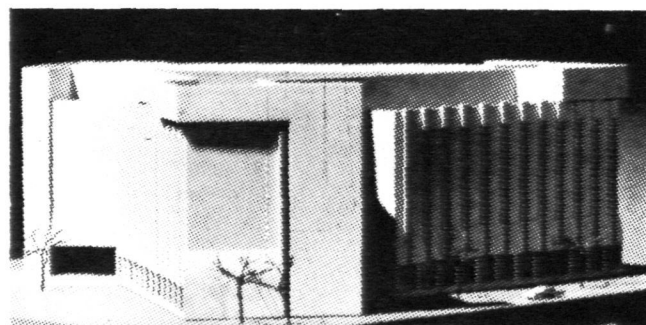
In the United States of America at the Roche Institute of Molecular Biology, Nutley, fundamental research into the chemical mechanisms of biological phenomena has been under way since 1970 in an atmosphere of academic freedom for the research worker.

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.

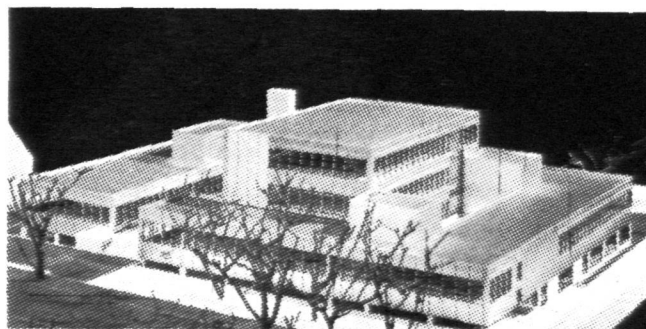
These centres represent a considerable investment by Roche in basic research in the hope that something of benefit to the health of mankind will emerge.



*The Roche Institute of Marine Pharmacology,
Sydney.*



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



*The Basle Institute for Immunology,
Switzerland.*

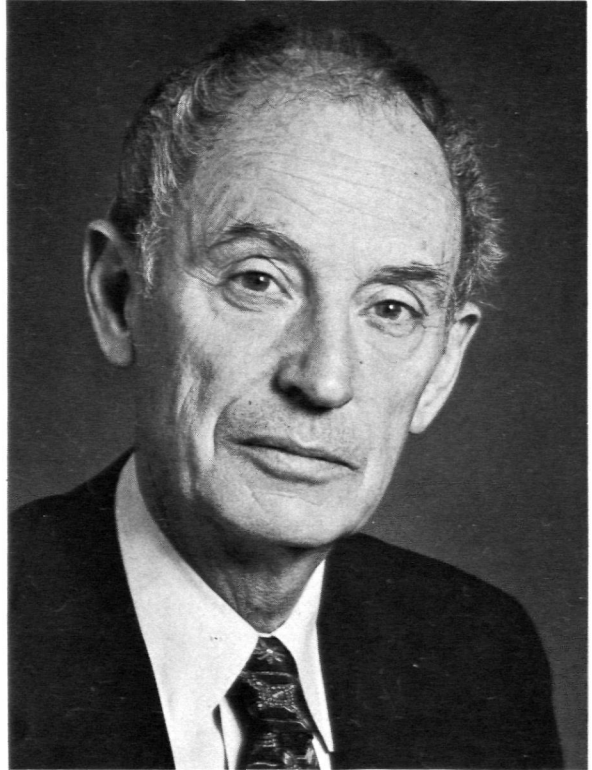


—ORIGINATORS OF FINE PHARMACEUTICALS FOR 75 YEARS

THE HONORARIES

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN
Professor of Medicine

We are all privileged to have discussed cases with our distinguished Professor and have been impressed by his sincere regard for the dignity of the patients; and of the students.



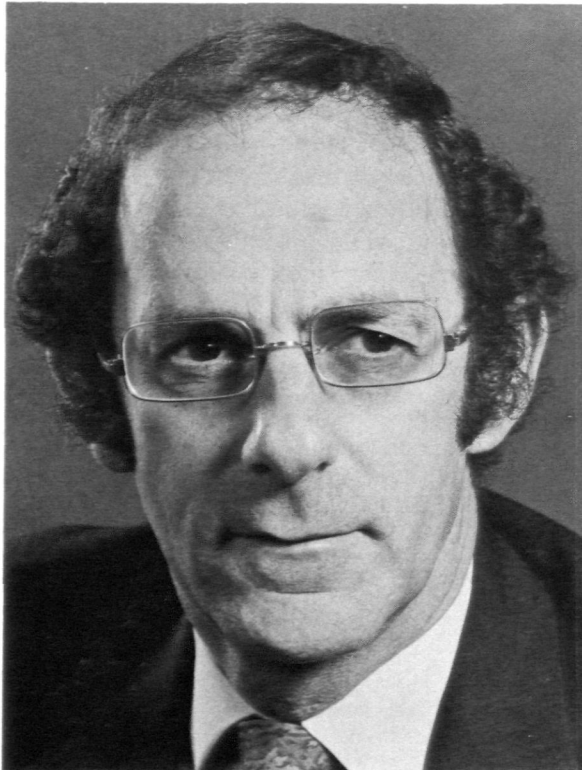
JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL
Professor of Surgery

We remember our former Dean and present Surgical figurehead as a great man; kind, quick, witty and always busy in his many roles.

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology

"This hasn't been published yet, but I can tell you ..."
A dynamic researcher, fluent teacher and world authority
in his field.

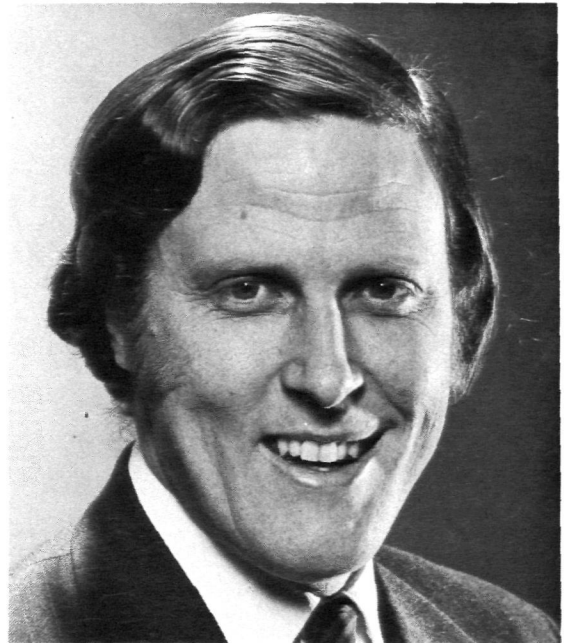


DOUGLAS JOSEPH
Professor of Anaesthetics

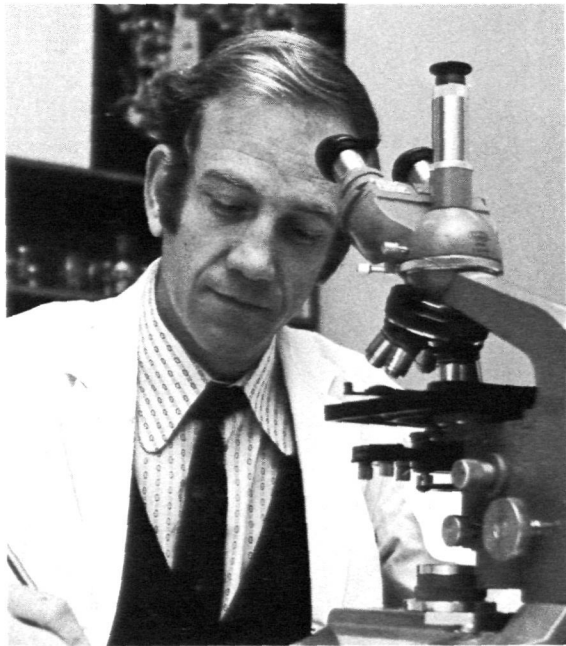
Always assures his students have an understanding of
the science behind the practice of anaesthetics and
resuscitation.



JOHN MILES LITTLE
Associate Professor of Surgery
A giant in his field.



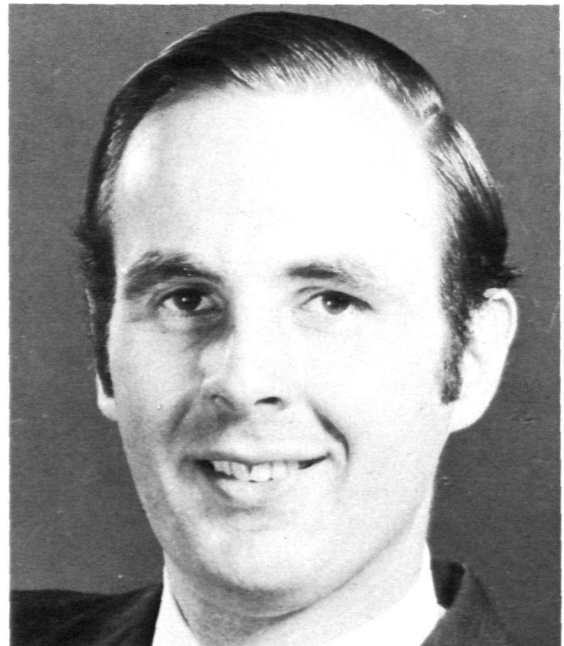
WARREN ROSS JONES
Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology
"That makes two of us".



ANTHONY BASTEN
Associate Professor of Medicine

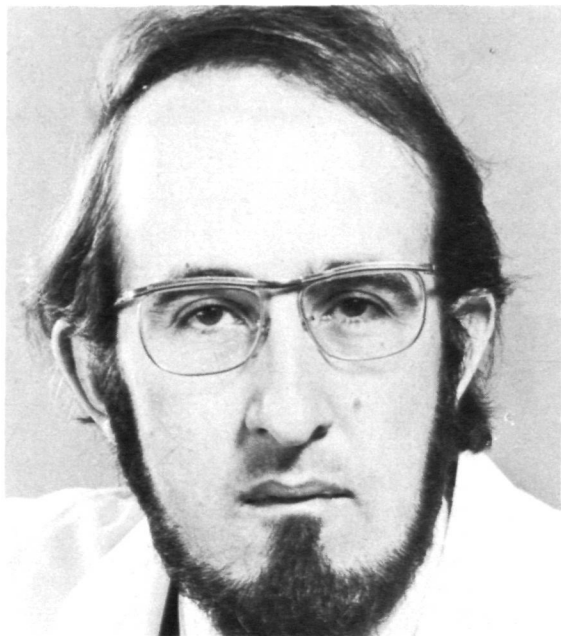
"What are his acrobatic lymphocytes doing now?"

When listening to Tony Basten we were always alert for he would be relating concepts new to us all and, indeed, not yet in our trusty textbooks: such was the air of excitement of a man working at Medicine's latest frontier — Immunology.



JOHN TURTLE
Associate Professor of Medicine

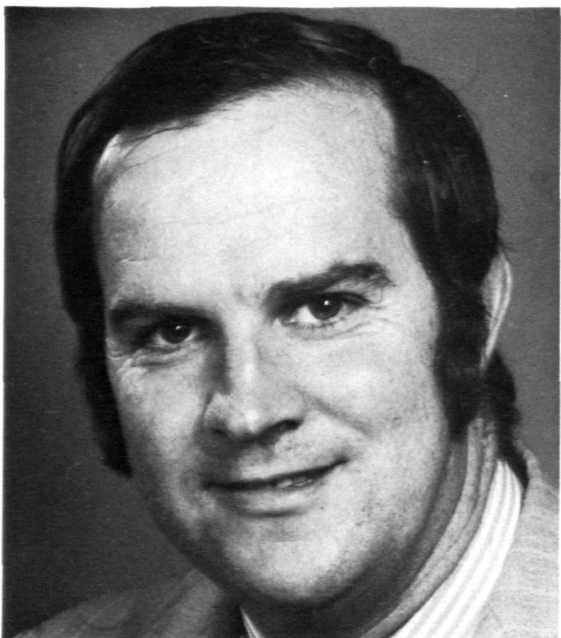
His lectures were the most learnable we recieved.



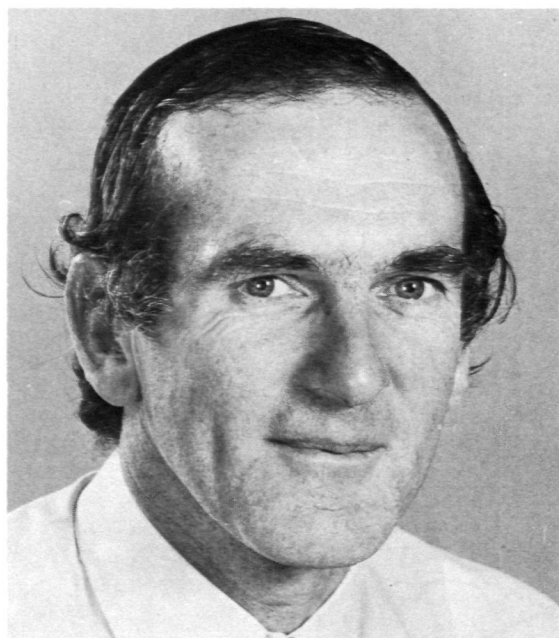
MICHAEL JOHN BOOKALIL
Senior Lecturer in Anaesthetics
 "I was an Honorary at 26"
 He is always eager for a philosophical discussion.



LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP
 Dr. Allsop takes the whole course as read and learnt and, as if that is not enough, expects us to read ECGs from the back of the A2 Theatre.



RICHARD WEST
Clinical Superintendent (Surgical)



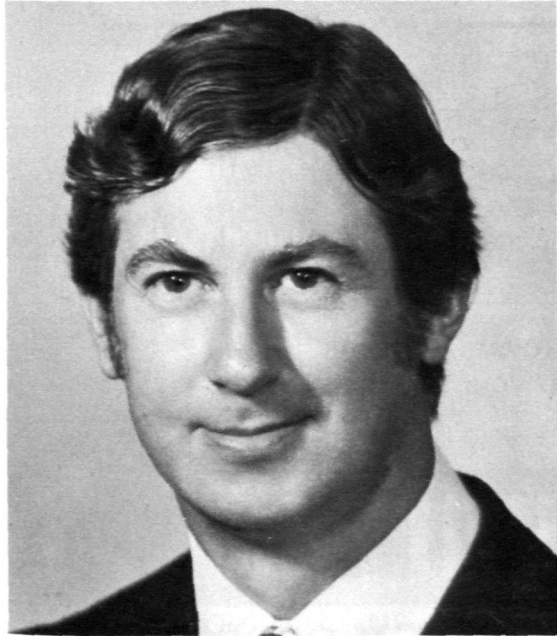
BRUCE STOREY
 "The stethoscope is only to show Mummy and Daddy that you're a doctor"
 A dynamic paediatrician, and manic educator.



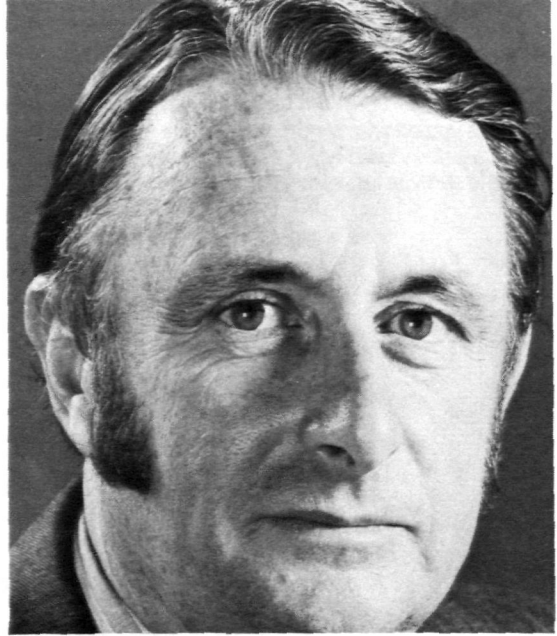
BRUCE CLIFTON
Anaesthetist-Extraordinaire
An amazing source of humour and knowledge.



JAMES FRANCIS RYAN
Diagnostic Radiology

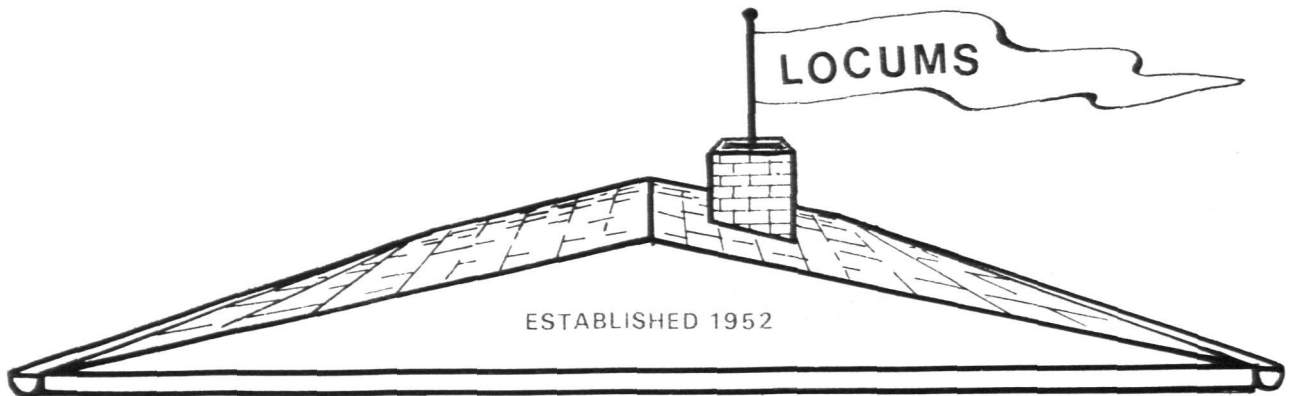


JOHN AUSTIN BURGESS
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Clinical Supervisor

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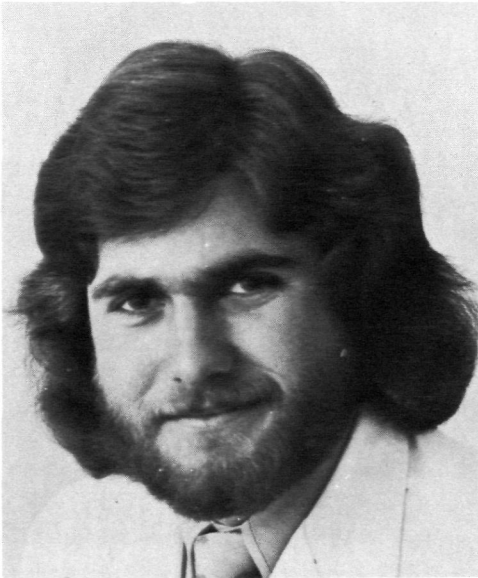
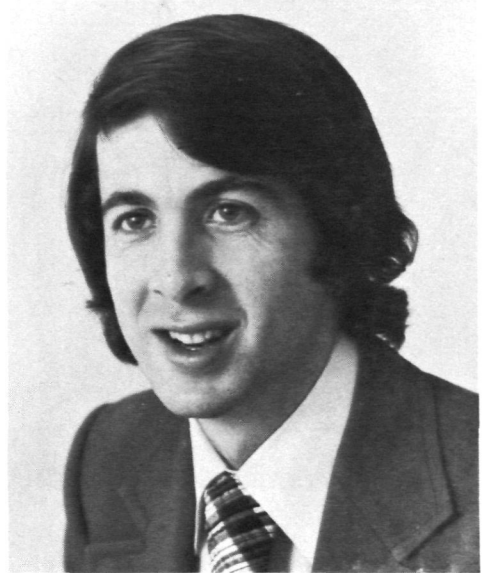
STUDENTS

GREGORY JOSEPH BERRY

"Happiness is often a matter of conscious predisposition."

Greg emerged from the relative obscurity of his first three years of tennis playing to be discovered by the medical revue. Having barely escaped Oscar nominations for his two leading roles in successive revue films and after three television appearances, he realised his public potential, and entered politics as a local candidate for the Australia Party. (Few of us knew he had 5,000 relatives in the area). Taumarunui, New Zealand, is still recovering from his elective term stay where he attracted large audiences to see him play a totally different role; a doctor. Though spending most of his time in the Nurses' Home, he was occasionally seen in the wards dressed in jeans and a T-Shirt.

One of Brown Street's best known inhabitants, Greg has become known as a poet, philosopher, jovial prankster and general stirrer! Greg is bound to do well in whatever he does; if he ever finds the time.



TOM BOOGERT

Tom, born in some obscure European country (windmills and dykes) was deported to the colonies at an early age. Sentenced to thirteen years at Blacktown Boys High he continually escaped but only ever made it to the next door girls' school.

After entering Medicine, Tom started missing his watery homestead but quickly found alternatives. He made names for himself in swimming and surfing ("the windmill") and boozing ("the boy in the dyke").

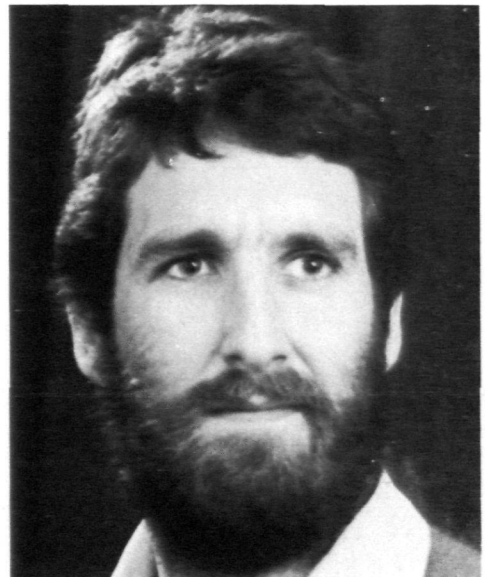
His third love was women but the necessity for study was increasing. Consequently, he spent long nights studying anatomy, physiology and gynaecology, subjects he frequently got on top of. His bleary eyed, fatigued appearance was frequently blamed on the dreaded alcohol, but his close friends knew better.

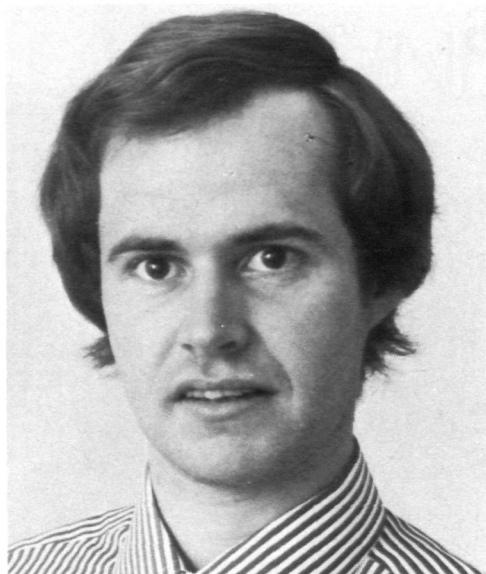
For his friends it is an extreme pleasure to know him.

GARY BENNET BRANCH

"The great thing about the Paediatric term is the unbelievable improvement in your squash."

First entered University in 1964. Many, many years and a few degrees later hopes to graduate in 1976. If Labour is in power, he also hopes for a University pension. Gary wants to do Postgraduate study in Recreation.





DAVID ALAN ROBERT BROWN

"Quickly man, call the Colonial Arrest Trolley!"

Dave arrived from Canberra in 1969, and resided in Wesley for much of his undergraduate career. Women threw themselves at his feet—"Hmmm . . . it's the best-looking part of me". After a year investigating cardiovascular responses in primates, he developed an interest in Cardiology; in this vein he embolized to the Brompton for his elective, after two months in a village hospital in Kenya.

Dave's talents extend beyond the purely academic; skilled in vintage car resuscitation, a nature lover and wanderer, he considers himself a romantic born ninety years too late. Dave will be remembered for his penchant for creating new medical syndromes: "retrograde gubernacular dysphasia", "auricular chancrinomatopathy", his Monty Pythonesque sense of humour, and his practicality in difficult situations; the case of a swallowed sewing needle, "You could try passing a camel through the eye of it". Honorary, sorrowfully—"There's one in every year".

LYNN BUGLAR

Lynn's under-graduate career has been characterised by dedication and achievement. At no stage has she allowed her dedication to a full and active social life interfere with her pursuits of academic achievement, as typified by celebrating her 21st birthday at an Anatomy lesson.

Socially, her career was highlighted by her remarkable performance at the 1972 Med. Ball, which is still fondly remembered by many of her friends.

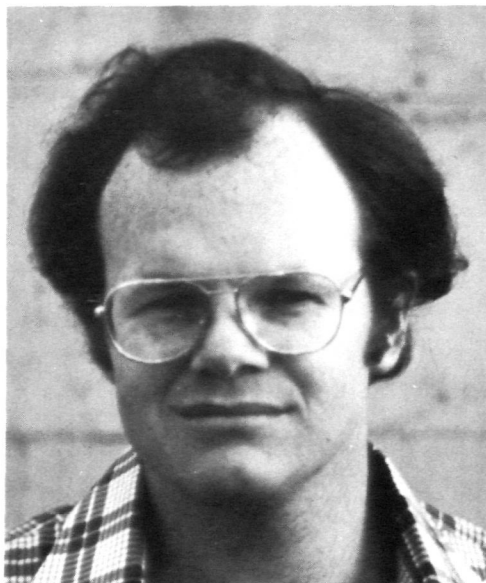
One of her greatest achievements over the years has been in the field of female emancipation in the Medical Profession, where she has attained the status of being regarded by many of her colleagues as "one of the boys".



MICHAEL PAUL BURT

"Well, I don't really know, but I'll give it a go!"

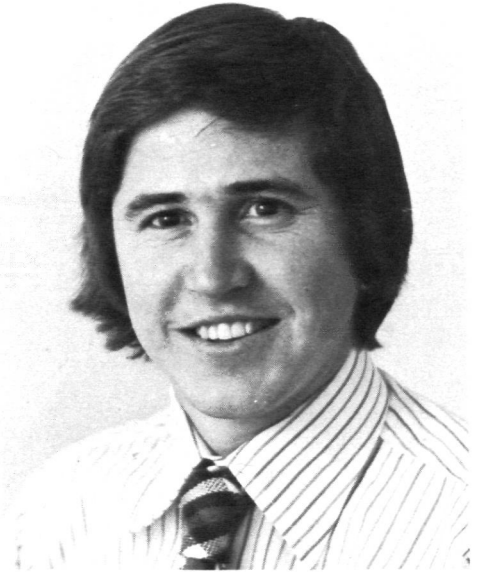
Paul (alias "Burto" since Anaesthetics term!) came from Canberra to simultaneously take up Medicine and residence at John's College, subsequently dividing his time between the neighbouring women's colleges, and the odd lecture. In Med. III he moved to Wesley, so that he could sleep on until 9 a.m. and still make the first lecture in nearby Bosch. Quite a feat, for a man rarely known to rise before noon. Midnight to dawn are Paul's best hours, when he may be found tucking away the occasional medical fact, pondering some philosophical problem or other, or knocking a squash ball around the P.A. courts. Also famous for his flamenco flair, Paul's Spanish guitar is often heard reverberating through Brown St., to the accompaniment of his own deep basso. Many a jangled nerve has oft' been thus soothed to sleep! Paul always has time for a friendly chat, and is therefore sure to be popular among his future patients.



GREG CARR

"When I heard that they were auditioning . . ."

A great all-rounder, Greg played at Science for two years before successfully suppressing a desire to know too much, and, having left the clarity of Science for the mysteries of Medicine, he's understandably gone from strength to strength. His post-Freudian insomnia (fixation in the stage of afternoon naps) has successfully maintained an excellent academic record in the face of the medical hazards of surfing, football, boat trips . . . and a recent onset of a skiing neurosis (there is, of course, no truth in the rumour that he sleeps in a pair of bright yellow ski-boots!) He even managed to pick up an M. Psychol. on his way through, just to keep his hand in! Greg contributed as Year and R.P.A.H. student rep. and perhaps most brilliantly in the application of his fine tenor voice and organising ability as Producer of the '74 Med. Revue. Ultimate aim: establishment of Australia's first Surfing Doctor Service (S.D.S.)!

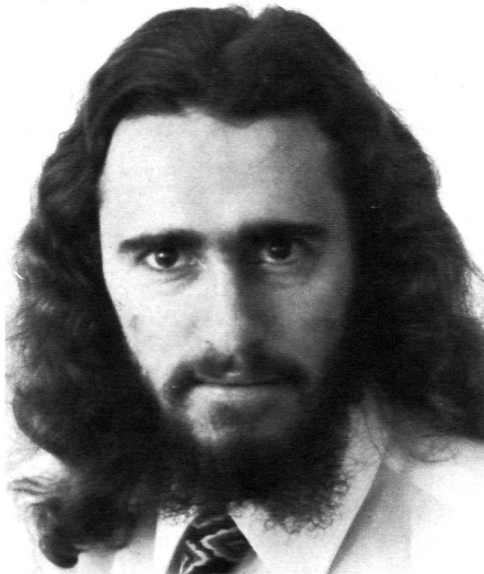


TIM CARR

"Jesus Christ!" — "You rang?"

Tim has gone through Medicine in a characteristically leisurely fashion. He has knocked up distinctions and credits and mixed academic achievement with philosophical inquiry, physical adventure, drunkenness and other high achievements. In philosophy he championed non-existentialism — his fundamental shattering proposition being that reality does not exist. Because of his contemplative nature Tim found solitude in the confines of Selle House, where he can usually be found sinking tubes and widening the circle of his friends?

Tim was a member of the famed Pigna Barney canoe expedition and has explored many remote areas of Australia by boat and by foot. For elective term, Tim starred as house surgeon at Wanganui Hospital in N.Z. The surgeons there still have nightmares about doing abdominal operations without cross-matched blood. Tim's reflective nature and his penchant for things of the mind bode well for a future as a brain doctor. We wish him well.



RAYMOND JOHN CHOY

"..... sort of"

Ray

- is very quiet except when you know him. Was asked by a number of people (beginning of Vth year) if he'd come from somewhere to do his elective term here.
- manages to fall asleep in lectures and tutorials without falling off his chair.
- is always well-dressed. Likes multicoloured ties and shoes!
- never misses his lunch.
- loves comics, dried bananas, Twinings tea, port, and food, food, food (of any kind).
- moved from St. John's College to Wesley College because of the better food, better women (none at St. John's — officially) and better distractions (latter two not necessarily distinct).
- smokes a pipe secretly in his room — owns 15 pipes.
- teams up with Henry to confuse tutors as to their identities.





PETER ALAN CLEMENTS

Known to all as "Clem", Peter was a devoted scholar, sportsman, Casanova, and together with Jos and Steve, was a foundation member of the infamous "Big 3" bushwalking team. His earlier years were spent productively; roaming the bush, footballing, being a rock fisherman extraordinaire, an avid bike rider and a keen student of the female form.

Clem acquired the distinctive title of "Brown St. Removalist" and also discovered the excitement of farming lizards. Clem's academic career was notable and he enjoyed the clinical years, being well liked by students and tutors alike. Such gems as "products of metabolism" and "hypothyroid patients like to sleep around", never failed to impress.

We wish Peter well in his future career.

RICHARD STUART COHEN

"I mean, good heavens, there is a limit!"

According to a well-defined familiar (?familial) pattern, Richard's embryogenesis at Grammar, ectopic AFS year in America with subsequent passage straight into Medicine, and delivery at term into the lap of R.P.A.H Clinical School, were all absolutely inevitable. But Elective Term prompted him to stray from the established pathway and indulge in another trip overseas — this time to a mysterious Medizinische Klinik on the banks of the legendary River Neckar, "just for a bit of a giggle". For Richard's most salient characteristic is his broad-spectrum sense of humour, taking a particular delight in sheer absurdity. Richard has no problems — he just laughs at them and they go away! His infectious ready laughter, his conciliatory, accommodating nature ("I see. So we're going to be like that then, are we?"), and his rigidly sincere friendship ("Just run along now, there's a good laddie!") endear him to us all.



ANDREW ABBOTT DAVIDSON

"Excellent!"

Andy has always been easily distracted from medical matters by bushwalking, caving, skiing, cricket, bridge and hobbies such as photography, and more recently, ornithology.

His desire to transport specimens acquired in the latter study led to Andy's dependent relationship with a 1954 Morris Minor.

Funds for Andy's follies were waiter's wages and while working in hotels discovered the grossly-barred piss-pot bird and the horny bulbul but luckily never added these to his collection.

Friends remember his coloured skivvies with matching socks as well as his tolerant disposition and controlled manner. It seemed while working at a hospital in New Zealand that the greater the crisis, the less he would worry!

Andy spends most of the week planning the next weekend which reflects his philosophy that "living is what learning is all about".



TERRY DAVIDSON

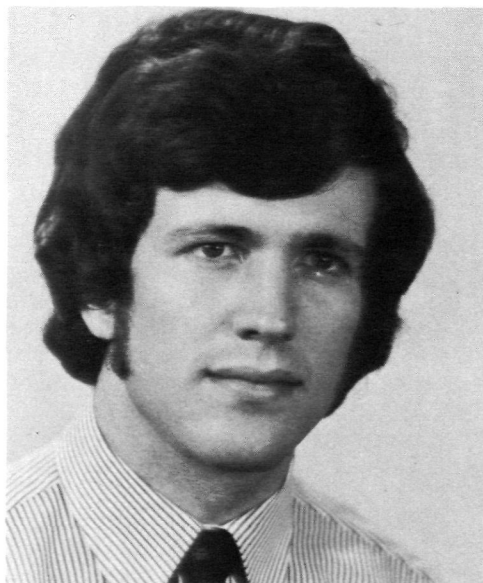
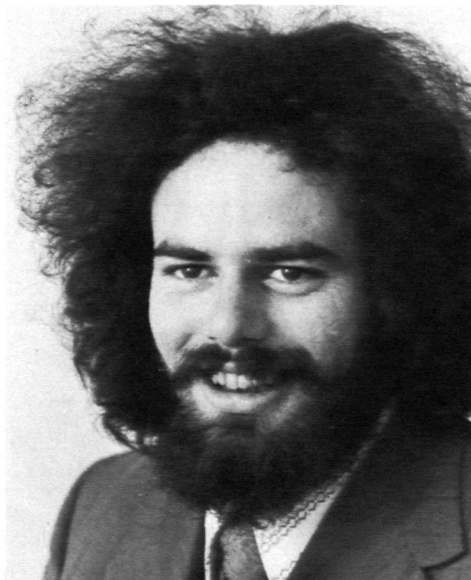
Entering Medicine Terry pursued many interests.

Elected to the S.R.C. on a platform of University economy he regularly attended the free S.R.C. banquets. A year on the Med. magazine gave him the opportunity to use his witty repartee plus gained him a year's supply of free paper.

His interests then turned to sport with bridge, snooker, women, drinking and triple figure golf being his majors. Dragged along on canoeing expeditions, Davo made a name for himself (name unprintable) screaming and shouting as he continually plunged head first into the river.

Having won the boat race at the Adelaide AMSA Conference, Davo looked like completing the big double when he made the final of the Miss Medicine contest. However he was disqualified for molesting other more bona fide contestants.

Fortunately, his future in medicine should be more successful.



IAN DAVISON

Known to his friends as "Butch" (a name apparently acquired during a mysterious trip to the U.S.A.), Ian entered medicine as the "all-American boy". His prowess was displayed in many ways. For example, he was runner-up in the "dress-in-poor-taste" competition; and adept at finding free supplies of food around the campus. This latter talent was most necessary since his many friends avidly devoured his mother's excellent sandwiches (of which, by the way, there was never enough).

In true spirit, Butch never let studies stand in the way of enjoyment, and many of us have him to thank for learning the joys of outdoor living. However, while others seemed to struggle at exam time, Ian had no troubles.

Although his friends are all married, Butch has remained a bachelor. Could it be because he is a Queen scout?

MARION LYNETTE DIPLOCK

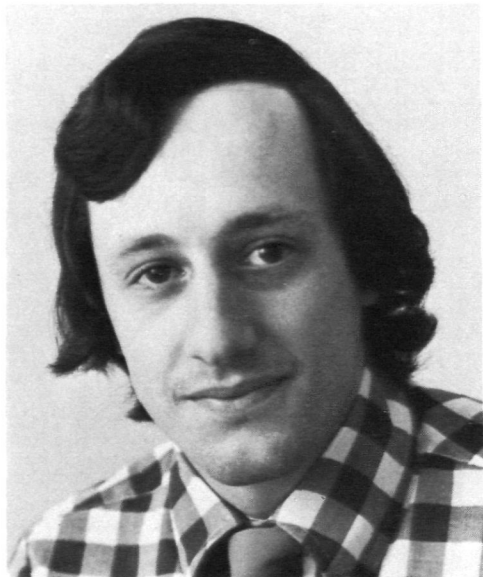
Marion's ambition to specialize in Second Year Medicine was thwarted by zealous lecturers who finally convinced her that ensuing years would be equally interesting and urged her to widen her interests beyond Anatomy.

She rapidly diversified to sandwich the rest of the course between cabdriving, nursing, school teaching, babysitting, motor rallies and bike scrambles.

This avid aviatrix has only recently turned her full attention back to the healing arts—after being assured that the wages of a R.M.O. are almost comparable to those of a cabbie.

Nevertheless, Marion's rapid comprehension of the basic concepts enabled her to concentrate on the finer points of the syllabus, (who else can still quote the temperature of the feet and knees of the Arctic Wading Bird q.v. John Young-Countercurrent distribution, '68.)





ROBERT PHILIP ECKSTEIN

Bob emerged from his G.P.S. education to make a sizeable impression upon us. Who else drank brandy from a hip flask and sang "In the Summertime" at every party he attended?

The Med. Revue was the next stage in his Thespian career. People still talk of "the skit that would have been really good if it had been twenty minutes shorter." On this basis, it was decided to mask his talent as Don Graffiti (and, besides, he was the only person who still possessed his Zorro cape).

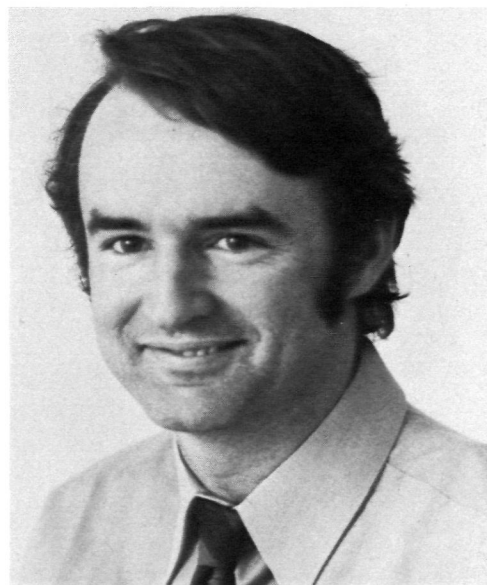
No-one could forget his nervous laugh which defies all attempts to transcribe it to the written word. Not so his propensity for always answering questions—on the treatment of rectal carcinoma, he volunteered, "Well, I've never heard of a resectomy."

PHILIP CHARLES EMPSON

Phil, known to many as the flatulent warden of Selle, is one of the more prominent members of the year, having maintained the omnipotent role of Mr. Bigman of Selle House (one of the more elite University colleges) for many years.

Culture is one of his strong points as is evident in his elocution, especially refined in the vocalisation of bowel sounds; his attire—a colourful array of items spread from one end of his room to the other; and pride in personal appearance—spending many an hour keeping his beard trimmed to exactly 2 mm. in length.

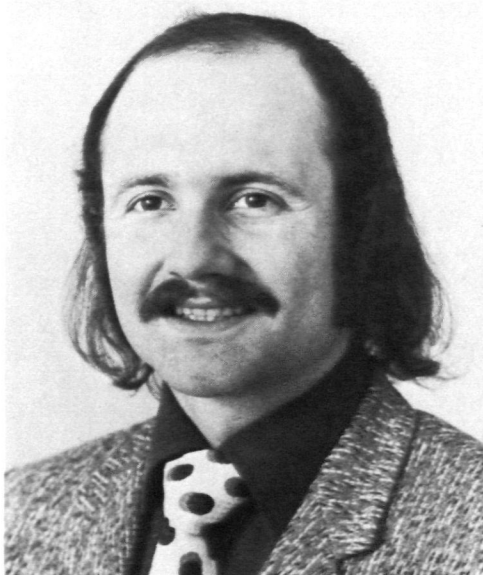
Such immense medical problems as the hazards of moles and wogs to the health of every clean living Aussie have dominated his interest in the past. From the faculty of Arts, with his forever ending quest for knowledge, he plunged into Medicine in order to become a brain doctor,—no doubt just another stage in his metamorphosis.



ZOLTÁN HUBA ENDRE de FÉLEGYHÁZA

"Count de Soixante-neuf (— year of entry into Medicine)."

After a precocious puberty at six months and a brilliant scholastic career, Zol decided it was time to take six years off and browse through Medicine (everything else was so boring!) With 1st Class Honours in his B.Sc. Med. (Physiol.), Zol reached his peak in 5th year (after topping 4th year, of course) and, realising his studies were interfering with his education, proceeded to Frankfurt to the Max Planck Institute. Armed with the blue blood in his veins, and the knowledge that only six years of Medicine brings, i.e. shooting, skiing, revues, bridge and music, Zol felt at home with his Teutonic masters who shared Zol's expensive tastes in food, women ("there never was a Ruderpest than that hairy hound from Budapest") and wine. Zol now wonders if it is possible to become the Dean without that boring interval as a Professor.



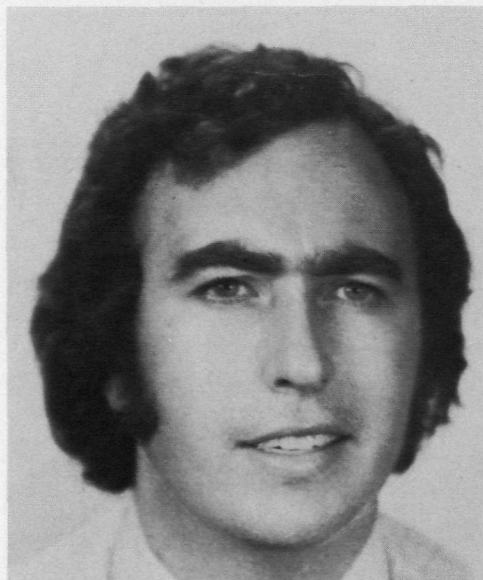
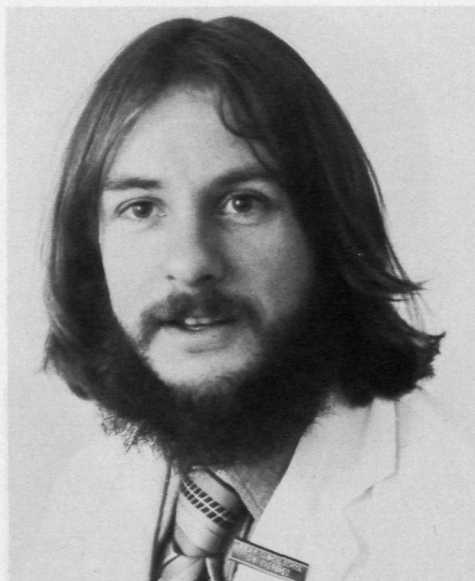
CLIFFORD KEITH EVERSHERD

*"Deep throaty chuckle"**Said Omar Khayyam.—'A book of verse, a cup of wine, and thou'*

'Shed's' 'books' entail not only verse, but science fiction (two walls full), and, of course, the texts. The latter are not as loved as the former, but they are used fiendishly, involving the hours, but not interference in other pastimes.

'The cup of wine'. Right. It was more than one. Ask anyone on the 432 bus who witnessed CKE stagger aboard, one shoe clutched to the breast (his) like a Bible (there was confusion regarding the shoe's purpose).

'Thou'. mmm . . . there were a few o' them. However, Shed's dash was done in the Autumn of '74 when Barbara assumed the title of 'Mrs Shed'. Well, the books and the empties have multiplied (as yet, the Sheds haven't), but unchanged are the bright eyes, the hand rubbing the face as if to wake it, and of course, the inimicable Evershed Chuckle.



PIERRE FABER

"Four clubs, four clubs . . . dammit; look, I've got two aces!"

Pierre's relevant history begins in 1970. His sordid past and primitive cultural beginnings left behind in native Montreal, Pierre has discovered a meaning to life in sophisticated, egalitarian Australia. He joined us in Med. II, fresh-faced, eager, and struggling with the Australian language, but determined to pre-empt his wife's Ph.D. with a humble M.B., B.S. Today, success is imminent and assimilation would seem near complete: his "more-ocker-than-thou" stance has, on occasions, been known to embarrass even the locals. Pierre's undecidedness as to the relative merits of sun and snow have occasioned regular sorties to Canada and Europe, marked always by a timely return for a suntan before the start of term. It is with regret that Pierre and Diannés many friends anticipate their return to Canada next year: they would be well-advised to number the bedroom doors of their Montreal mansion, and leave a ledger in the hallway.

ELIZABETH ROSE FAGAN

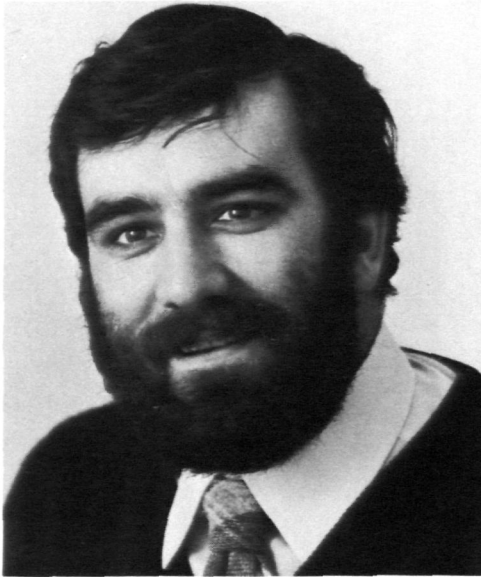
Liz spent her early years at Sancta Sophia College and had only a small group of "inmates". Witty and vivacious, she captivated those she came in contact with. Her self-confident and positive manner often raised male heckles, although she was never one to compromise with her personal integrity.

A keen arguer, Lizzie was ever ready to engage in heated and lengthy debate. She worked hard at times of imminent examination, and always managed to collect, collate and consume large amounts of material.

An enigma to many, Liz provided a generous source of empathy and perceptive commentary for her friends.

Good luck Lizzie.





ALAN JOHN FARRELL

Partner: "One spade" . . . Alan: "Six spades"!

1970 saw Sydney University finally claim one of its more memorable sons when Alan entered Medicine for the second time after having dabbled in Science, Philosophy, Politics, Teaching, women and gambling. The latter pastime was carried well into his medical career by necessity, as it was rumoured by many that his card-playing activities were needed to pay for his photocopying debts: a result of lectures non-attended. These bursts of clinical enthusiasm are well-remembered by one friend whose supply of lecture material was borrowed annually.

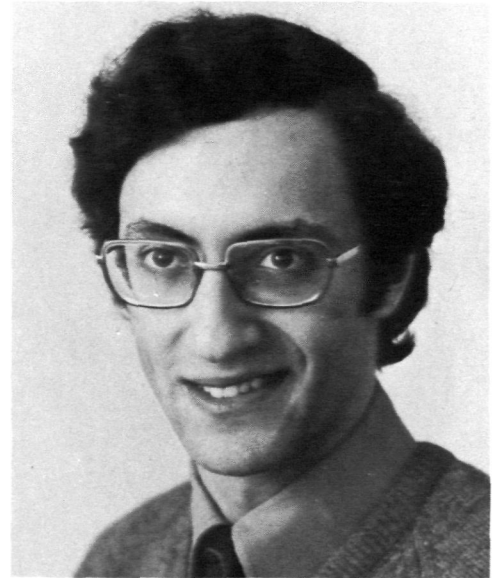
Beside the activities outlined above, Alan also became a proficient canoeist (snigger, snigger), skier, bridge player (ha, ha) and bush-walker, which all considered should make him a credit to the medical profession.

MICHAEL JOHN FIELD

"According to a recent article in the New England Journal of Medicine . . ."

After an illustrious preclinical career, Michael joined us in Fourth Year, clutching a University Medal gained during his B.Sc. year, and rapidly developed well-formed views on many and various topics medical. If asked, he will expound at length on his theory that the seat of the soul resides in the Na/K exchange pump, and he is firmly convinced that exercise is a health hazard. He is renowned for his exemplary bedside tact, eg. "This man obviously has florid generalised treponematosiis."

Out of hours, his passion for things Wagnerian (including his own personal Brunnhilde) is well known. Many have regarded him as thyrotoxic, but although he scores greater than 19 in the Wayne Index, I am inclined to believe he has a brain that just won't stop.



HILTON WILFRED FRANCIS

" . . . and suddenly his forehead caved in."

So speaks Hilton Francis, sportsman, philosopher, bon vivant, raconteur par excellence and drunkard extraordinaire. This antipodean Brandon Baham conducted his preclinical activities from one of Sydney University's better known colleges, conveniently situated close to the Grose, The White Horse, The Marlborough and R.P.A.H.'s intensive care ward. Into the clinical years, he was soon grappling with the mysteries of glomerulonephritides and heart murmurs in the air-conditioned comfort of the dialysis ward. During O. and G. term, Francis pulled off a noteworthy hat-trick — the Quinella at Randwick and Mrs Jones' first-born at Labour Ward, all on a mere two galls. of Old!! So impressed was he by his experiences at Kids Hospital that he rushed out and got married. His final year has been marred by recurrent attacks of CARDitis, but a recent weekend visit to a sanatorium in Katoomba seems to have done the trick.

Today the Grand Slam; Tomorrow the World!

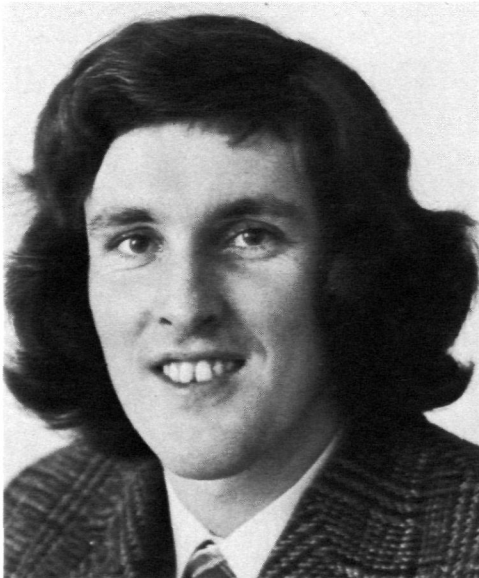
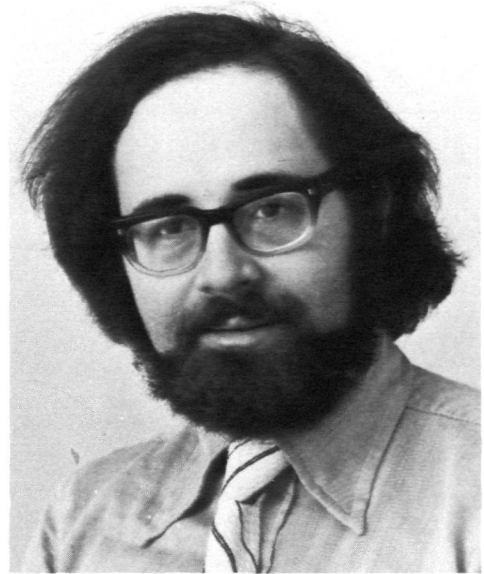


WILLIAM FELIX GLASER

Willie has always been a colour lender with corduroy and soft shoes in which he bounced into medical revues with skit writing, music writing, acting and directing.

He tripped across the international stage; Britain, Europe and Israel during Elective Term; and now he nurtures the hangover of breakfasts of cottage cheese and lettuce.

Now the end is near and Willie faces the final curtain. Among his admirers will be armfuls of cuddly babies he tenderly cared for in all terms including Obstetrics.



ROGER ALEXANDER HARGRAVES

"Actually, I am a bit short this week".

Roger entered Med. I a day late because the surf was good, Coogee having its once-every-five-years' day of waves. He floated through the first few years trying to convince himself that exams were difficult and that he must spend less time with the locals down on the beach.

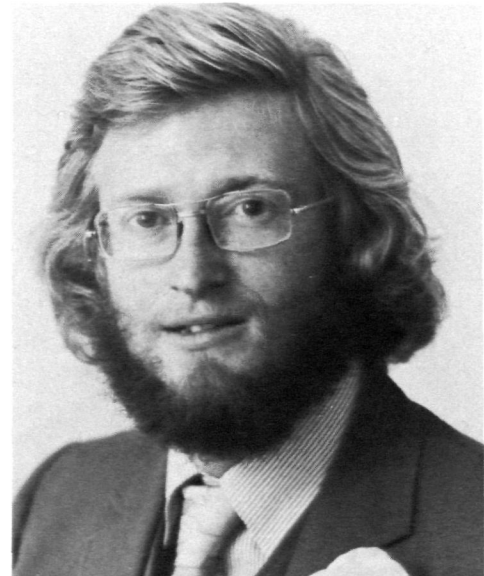
But, alas, as time passed, Roger was becoming . . . "mature". He had long before discovered music, being master of every instrument with or without strings (most notably the tin whistle), but now he began to take it more seriously. Various groups were formed, Roger's hair length varying with them, from shoulder length to doctor length and back again. Irish folk music is now in ascendancy and he is even more . . . "mature", with a different suit, often with a camation in the buttonhole, every day of the week. The only question is: "Which Ward Sister is Roger in love with this week?"

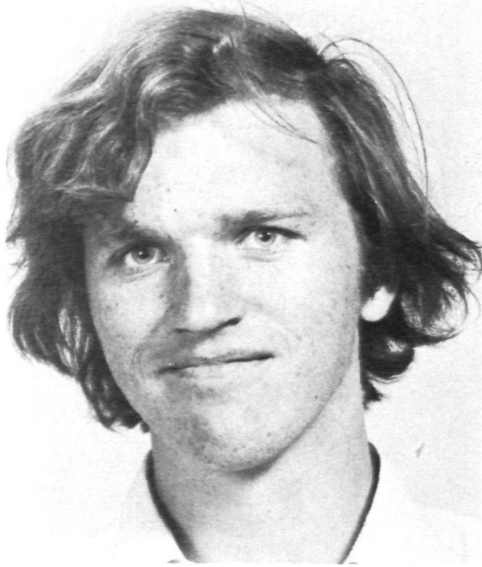
SHANE GROGAN

Shane launched into Medicine with a staunch background of Port Macquarie Surf Club training whose character building qualities were to serve him well in years to come. These were highlighted by his shattering performance in the fourth year annual Med Dinner boat race.

He will probably be best remembered in subsequent years for his dedicated research into the acute and chronic effects of alcohol abuse, a task to which he has devoted much time and which has involved considerable self-sacrifice.

Throughout his student days, Shane's application and enthusiasm for Medicine has been rivalled only by his love of bridge, golf and football. The only major setback in his career to date has been the fact that his golf handicap will not be taken into consideration in the awarding of the University Medal.





MARK HARRIS

"Technocratic bloody medicine".

Mark went to school at St. Aloysius College, Milsons Point, and at least in the first three years of medicine was a "phantom" member of the year.

With Kris Hort, he started a group called "Community Medicine" and often harangued lecturers et al from the back of the theatre. Most of his free time is spent on "community action" in inner Sydney, especially Newtown.

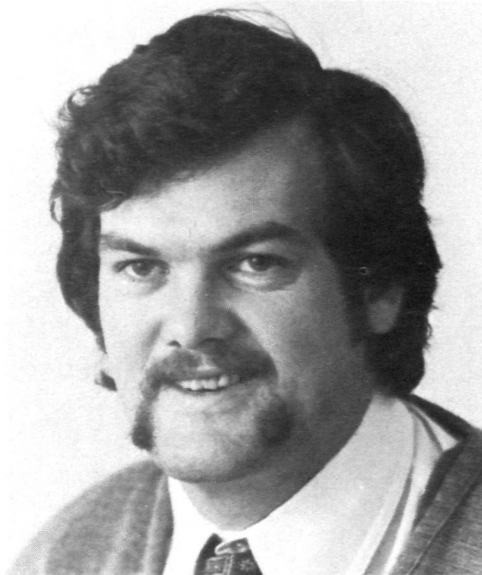
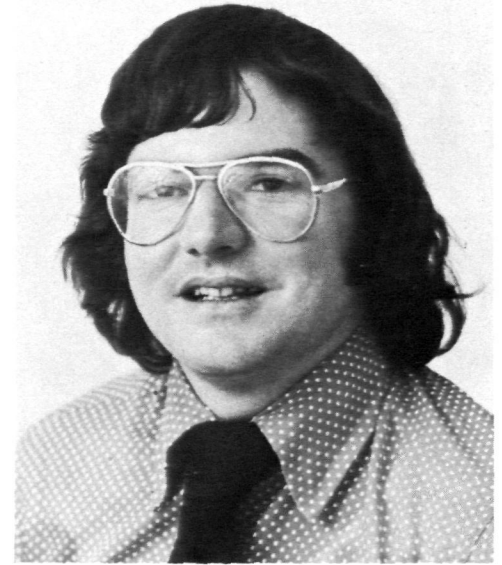
Hardly your average beer and bridge Med. Student, and just to be a complete bore, he's marrying a Social Worker and they intend working in South East Asia.

PETER HATTON

"Howzat????"

Lured from the tropics by the bright lights, Peter fell upon an unsuspecting Médical Faculty as the 60's drew to a close. He sailed through first year, but in second year, a fatal flaw in his noble character brought him low. So moved was his fiercely patriotic heart by the wonders of Australian fauna immortalised by H and E, that he volunteered to repeat Histology. Thus he parted company with a year thoroughly bemused by his rhyming slang and incisive rhetoric and took his place among the class of '70. He rapidly became a cult figure — "the little digger", wise to the ways of Charlie Wheelers, and fond of a Pig's Ear, giving the word "plethora" an immediacy to our young minds.

His energies not restricted to the study of medicine, he has tirelessly campaigned for the removal of Americanisms from the Medical vocabulary, for a reappraisal of "wonder drugs", and for the institution of cricket as the national religion.



LAWRENCE JOHN HAYDEN

Lawrie's big break in life took the shape of his decision to travel. Leaving Blacktown and the milk-run behind, he travelled the length of Parramatta Road to discover a new life on the other side of Silverwater. Armed with a vintage Leaving Certificate, a discerning palate, and a reference from The Milk Board, Lawrie spent four productive years in the Physiology Department making urine, trying to determine how and why. His research came to a head in 1970, when he passed a B.Sc. (Hons.). It was thus a unique man that joined us in Med. II: a mature man (even for his years); a man of great experience in all functions physiological; a man enviably ensconced as residential Patriarch of The Women's College. Advancing years have little changed Lawrie, except to render him less enigmatic and increasingly befriended by a wide cross-section of his largely junior fraternity. His approach to Medicine is a delicate blend of empathy, pragmatism, and sound knowledge: a cheeky drop, guaranteed to age well.

CHARLES JOSEPH HAYES

"How could you possibly say that?"

A golliwog hairstyle and a well-cultivated casual style of dress (dirty jeans and clean flannel shirt) are features of his happy personality. The second eldest of a family of fifteen, Charles entered Medical School clutching his now famous car number plates, an heirloom from his "pioneering grandfather".

In his early years he was a keen sportsman, being a gifted squash, golf, and billiards player. And once, in Second Year, his weightlifting successes helped Medicine to win the Penfold Shield. In his clinical years he developed a lust for visiting jazz "dives" and a willingness to argue any trivial semantic point with anyone (including Honoraries who perhaps knew a little more than he). These characteristics coupled with generosity, tolerance and diligence, indicate a bright and interesting future.



ROBERT GORDON HENDERSON

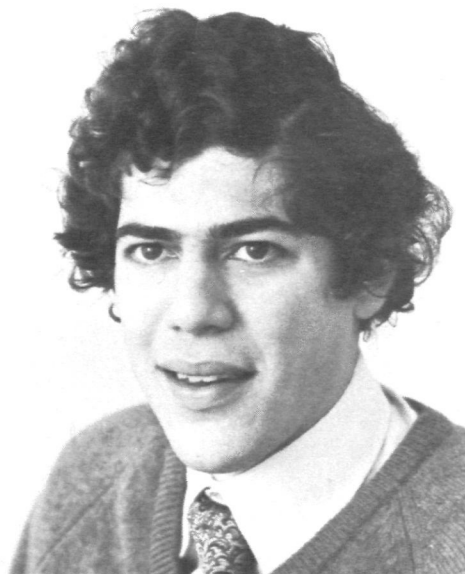
"The better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself" — Lowell

Robert ambled into the faculty in 1970 from Barker College and took up residence at St. Paul's. Right from the outset it appeared he intended to prove it was possible to pass Medicine with the minimum amount of work. A chronic crammer, he never failed to state with the advent of each new academic year that he was turning over a new leaf, but of course this, being out of character, never eventuated. However, few were surprised that he still managed somehow to stumble through, over the occasional obstacle, with very little pruning of extensive extracurricular activities — many of which revolved around his pretty wife-to-be, now a Social Worker at Royal Newcastle, where (coincidentally?) he hopes to work.

RICHARD LEIGH HENRY

"I don't mean to stir, but I'd like to disagree with you, sir."

Richard, or Dick, as he is widely known, initially attracted attention by virtue of his academic prowess and his tasteless V-neck jumpers. His importance to his fellow students was unquestioned, owing to his possession of a referee certificate, which enabled him to mediate at a number of intermecine football matches, and to his unerring ability to win bridge contracts. Yet another outstanding contribution was to two Medical Revues, for which he wrote scripts and played straight man roles. In Fifth Year, mysterious disappearances at night prompted early speculation that Dick had received a telescope for his birthday, but this gave way to a slow realization that he was engaging the company of a charming young starlet he had met through the abovementioned Revue. The outcome earlier this year was that Dick capped a fine student career with his marriage to Rachel.





ROBERT MALCOLM HILL

"If I want your opinion I'll rattle a pig bucket."

Prefers to be called Malcolm, but answers just as well to the name 'Noise'. Malcolm has endeavoured to combine extracurricular activities, both social and antisocial, with his medical career. A slight miscalculation in this balance led to a setback in the latter, but this has not swayed him from pursuing activities such as snooker, drinking and card playing (It has been said that life is just one big deal to Noise). Financing this lifestyle has necessitated Malcolm prostituting some of his ideals by working as a mechanic and tutoring in the art of astrological diagnosis to a group of naturopaths.

As the initial quotation indicates Malcolm is very independent in his approach to medicine—maintaining that cigarettes in high doses are good for you. However his approach should ensure an enjoyable life style while making him a worthwhile addition to the medical profession.

JENNIFER MARGARET HORNSEY

"Christ! There's another bloody baby in there!"

Jennie comes from northern Gilgandra and maintains that "the bush" is really a great place to live. Her attachment to the open spaces still shows itself in her fondness for fresh-air tutorials, noted on numerous draughty occasions by shivering fellow students! After a short spell at Sancta Sophia, Jennie (also known as "Juniper") emerged unscathed to set up house in Abbotsford, where her cordon bleu cuisine has been savoured at many a tasteful dinner party by eager Epicurean friends.

In O & G term, Jennie had her hands full, especially on one occasion when she found herself delivering a set of undiagnosed twins! Hence the origin of the above immortal exclamation. Her elective term experiences in Europe were rivalled by none! After an absorbing time in cardiac surgery at Erlangen, interspersed with skiing down the slopes of Zermatt & Lech, she headed for London, leaving a trail of broken hearts across the Continent.



SUE HOWLETT

Dr Leckie: "Where's the blonde bombshell?"

An innocent and demure maid placed a tremulous foot on the sordid campus of Sydney University. She was alarmed and shocked! But soon complied to the way of life. Happily she participated in both Medical Revues and was honoured with the tricky task of sequining Don Graffiti's initials on his scanties whilst he was wearing them! She had a bright cheering influence in tutorials and was most gratified that her illustrious tutors did not behold her as a beautiful dumb blonde and sought her opinion on many subjects particularly liver disease in which her vast experience as a barmaid placed her in good stead.

Sue, flamboyant and buxom "with lips like a ripe cervix" (Dr Lyneham) will long be remembered by the parts of her life she most wants to forget. She is assured of an interesting and successful future and we wish her good fortune!

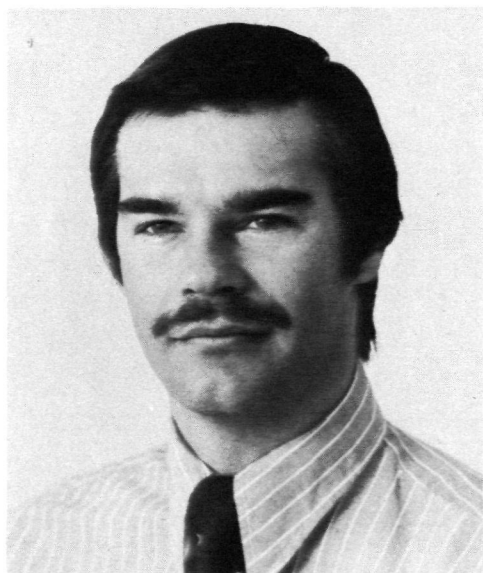
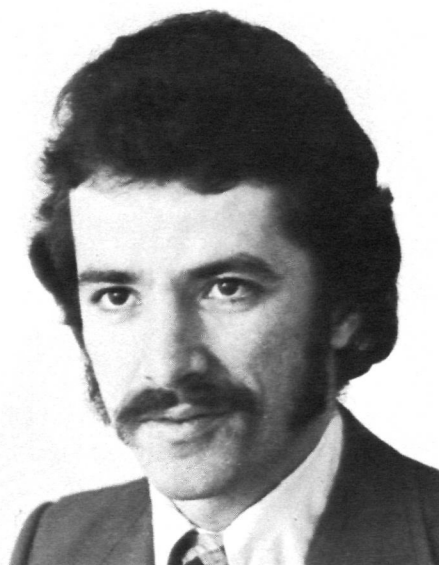
MIODRAG HUBER

"That's like in Kids"

Mick arrived from Yugoslavia in 1969 and after the first week's lectures realized that to pass Medicine, a knowledge of English would be an advantage. He attended Saturday afternoon television English lectures for ten weeks before realizing he had been watching the wrestling. But too late, it had left an indelible mark on his vocabulary. Mick's love for Paediatrics became obvious during Paediatric term. He spent so much time in the wards that he was eventually admitted as a case of precocious puberty, the only moustached patient in Hunter Baillie ward.

The red-breasted Miodrag-O-Clicker bird, a rare creature only seen in New Zealand, left behind a trail of overexposed films and broken mufflers and became extinct after elective term.

Known for his impersonation of Children's Hospital nurses and service station attendants, this fiery medical student has become well-liked at P.A. and Paediatrics is certain to gain a concerned keen colourful capable character.



ALLAN STANLEY JOHNSON

One of the more noteworthy events of 1971 was the arrival of Al. Who was this dashing athletic figure? Had he really abandoned an illustrious career as a pharmacist and Army General in search of the coveted stethoscope? Could he really down a schooner in 3.2 seconds and still run the mile in 14 minutes? Yes, all this was true. And, despite his colourful past and wealth of experience in the outside world it soon became apparent that Al was still "one of the boys". While in Med, Al continued on with some of his old sports, and took up a few new ones, notably skiing. Few of us will forget the result of his first encounter with a tree on the slopes. Over the years we have noticed a change in Al's taste, exemplified by his transition from VW to MG to Volvo, and from Resch's to cheap Scotch.

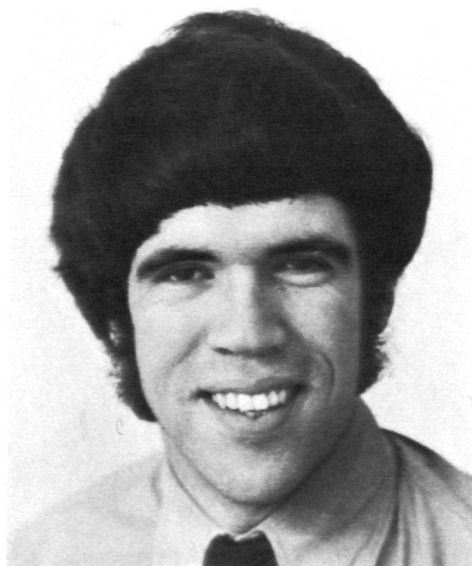
Al's sincerity and frankness will ensure a successful career.

RICHARD FREDERICK KEFFORD

"This is a terrible lecture" (Snort!) "What a waste of time" (Snort!)

Rick is perhaps best known for his singular musical talent, having been one of the chief instigators of what has become a yearly extravaganza, the Sydney Uni. Med. Revue. Due mainly to Rick's driving enthusiasm, the revue "arrived" in '73 and is still alive and thriving. Rick's musical career extends way back to Med I— no lecture since then would have been complete without a regular trumpet solo from the maestro. The entire year breathed a sigh of relief when, one week in Med IV Rick quietly disappeared to have a rhinoseptoplasty. Lectures have been a little more low key ever since.

With his fine sense of pitch and extra-ordinary percussion technique, perhaps Rick will choose chests to specialize in. Elective term Rick spent at the Vienna State Opera. His other interests include, of late, the shapely Elvira.





LAWRENCE KOHAN

*"They really **are** serious about these exams!"*

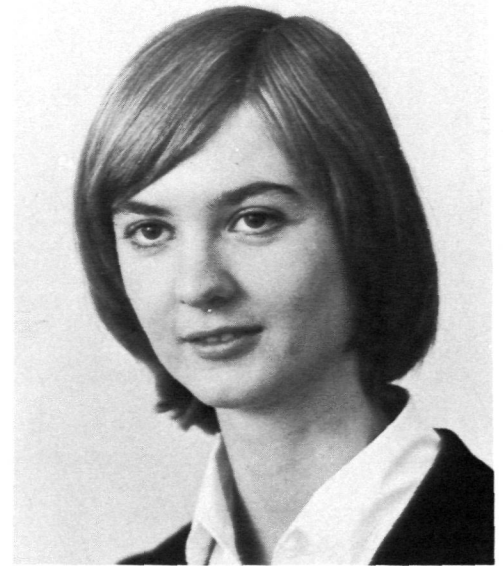
Laurie appeared amongst the 220 fresh young faces six years ago from Sydney Boys' High. He surprised those who knew him by actually applying himself to study and passing all his exams with ease. Realising that such a mundane pastime as study could be avoided, Laurie's voluminous note-taking gave way to an equally voluminous appetite, which was satisfied at varying intervals by females of many shapes and shades, and frequent sorties to Chinese Banquets and Italian Smorgasboards, interspersed by those pitiful attempts to keep fit in the gym'.

While exhibiting academic ability of the highest quality, his bedside manner has to be felt to be believed! And so a graduate of great calibre shall emerge from this unassuming ball of fire!

RUTH ANNE KRONENBERG

Most of us have always looked up to Ruth, one reason being that her elegant height makes it imperative, and as well, her clinical acumen has often engendered the admiration of her fellow P.A. students. On one occasion Professor Blackburn is rumoured to have been aced by the diagnosis, "the patient has a touch of arthritis, Sir!" It was love among the microscopes in Med IV, and in the Easter of Med V Ruth married her tall, dark and handsome partner from pathology prac., Dave McKenzie, at Berrima. In Fifth Year Ruth carried off the Anaesthetics prize, despite having emptied a plate of Saos into the lap of a certain Professor of Anaesthetics during Surgery term. Ruth's happiest moment in Final Year was finding a patient with a bigger shoe size than hers, (the patient had acromegaly!)

Any speciality Ruth may select will gain a fine clinician.



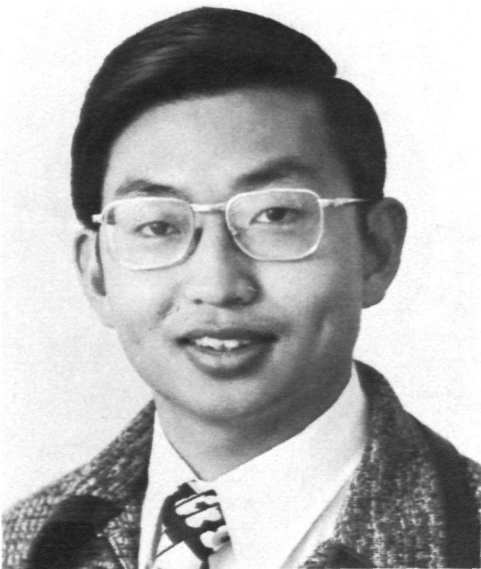
DANIEL KIN WAU LEE

Daniel, imported from Hong Kong to bridge the gap between East and West bridge tables, launched into three years of chess, war tactics, basketball and cream puffs. Mild sleeping sickness seemed to ensue and having nearly been mistaken for a cadaver in Anatomy, he became known as "Dreamy Daniel".

His tendency to inject "yellow herrings" into discussions disrupted many a tutorial but we considered Danny's skill in the martial arts and decided he could say whatever he liked whenever he liked.

His warm enthusiasm for patients and nurses was only exceeded by a passion for Chinese food. On many occasions Danny entertained us at the Mandarin Club where he is the only patron known to percuss dim-sims.

As well as selling noodles, Danny has sold us his good-natured personality and we are sure he will achieve the success he deserves.



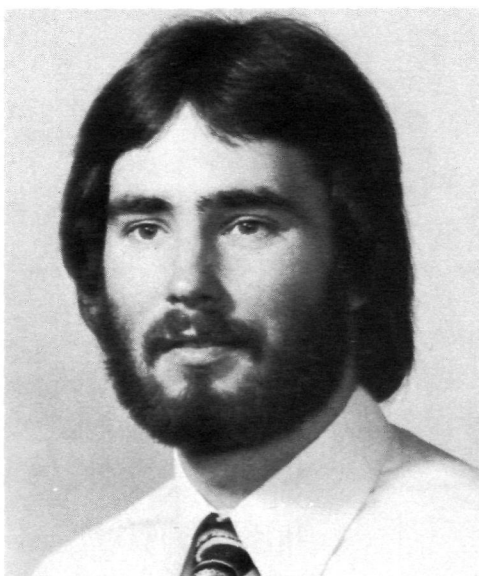
ANNA EMILIA LEZYNSKI

"I remember that from Fourth Year."

Anna is identifiable by a unique systolic ejection laugh which will echo loudly down the corridors of memory. Her sense of humour never failed to amuse us, and her famous risqué references would even make a psychiatrist blush. Surgical operating staff were often entertained by these and her tuneful soprano.

She has had a notable career in our year, being Med. Rep. several times and, in 1973, the brains behind the Lambie-Dew Oration. She displayed an acting flair by starring as Little Flattie (a misnomer) in one of our Med. Revues, and in Final Year was cub-mother to the Brown Street Boys.

There is a touch of "dynastitis" in her obvious love of medicine.



DAVID FITZJAMES LITTLE

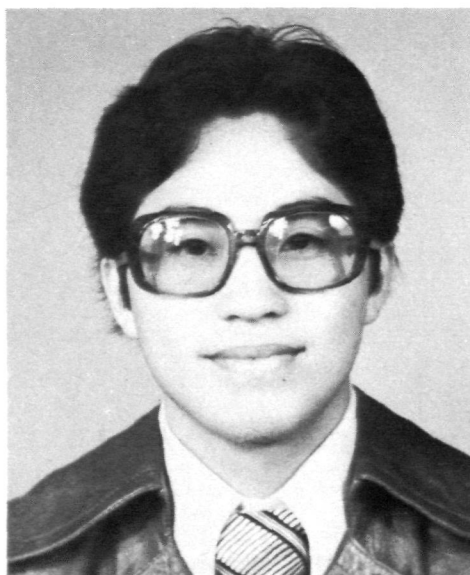
"The only thing they'll understand is Cold Steel"

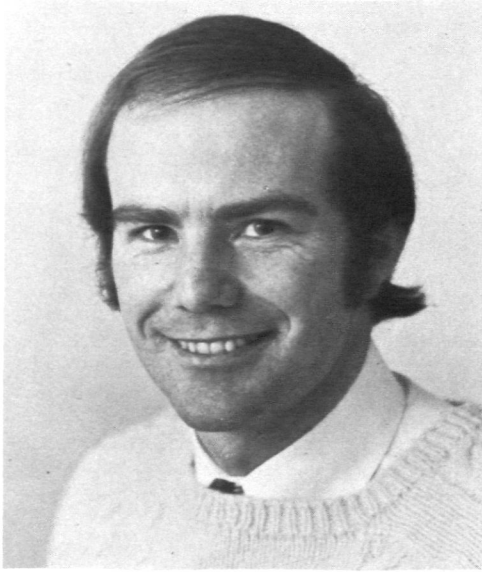
Following a quick survey of the lecture theatres, laboratories and dissecting rooms, Dave decided the best places to learn medicine were the hallowed halls of Andrew's and the White Horse. In these pleasant and alcoholic surroundings he was content to let others lead the way in academic achievement. His own talent for leadership went unrecognised until the Great Canoe Trip. This grim epic resulted in multiple dislocations—Dave's shoulder and several canoes. When his shoulder healed he embarked on an Elective Term pillage of Europe but returned to find a new threat to his security (unrelated to the Red Menace), namely, the final exams. While involved in extensive, harrowing research to combat this threat, Dave discovered Little's Syndrome (see textbooks for details).

HENRY LIU

It is difficult to write anything with insight of this character as probing questions are deflected by well-timed digressions. In the medical context he is not unlike most other medical students except for a slightly greater aversion to exams. Intense emotional change, expressive aphasia and an insatiable appetite for food, sleep and other activities tend to coincide with crucial events each year. Allergic rhinitis is another frequent complaint although no definite time relationship has been established. When not dabbling with medicine, he managed to delve in many transient interests. It was rumoured that some time ago he took a fancy to erecting horn-loaded speakers (Freudians may find this interesting). However, he abandoned the project when it got "too large to handle".

Anyway, don't let the photograph fool you, he is not at all virtuous—although he's had designs on many others' (nurses') virtues. Despite all, he can be entertaining if you don't mind looking persistently at a set of teeth.





RODNEY JAMES McMAHON

"It's probably iatrogenic!"

Rod was well known because of his numerous pastimes involving outdoor activities and conscientious study. Throughout his years with us at R.P.A.H., he was an active bushwalker (organising numerous treks), keenly involved in scout administration, a master of the Fiat 500 road machine, and was an important figure in the Pigna Barney canoeing success where he featured as "official photographer" and innocent observer.

He progressed well academically—although usually quiet in tutorials he was regarded as a master of words—always managing to answer in the most complicated manner. He did so well that in Elective Term he assumed the temporary position of Medical Superintendent, Westport Hospital, N.2, — a stay that both he and the patients enjoyed.

Rod, known to all as a most approachable and helpful student will always be remembered by McMahon's Law: "When enquiring into the patients' social habits, you always double what they say!"

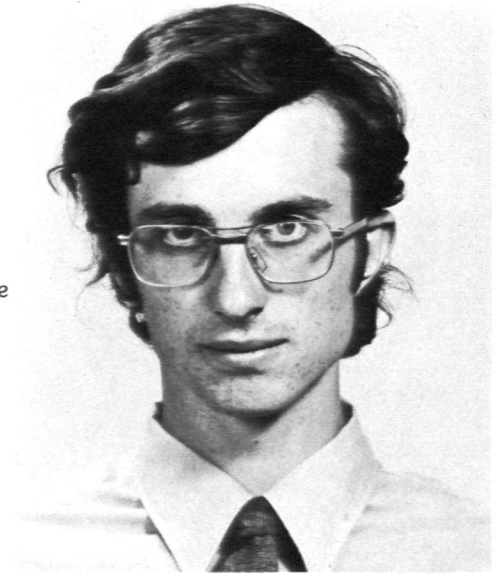
IAN BRUCE MILLER

Coming from Newcastle, Ian chose Medicine realising that it offers a safe refuge from the grips of the B.H.P.

To keep his education balanced, he studied Thai between Medicine tutorials. In order to develop a 'feel' for the Thai way of life he endeavours to keep in close contact with many female students from Thailand. Judging by the companions he keeps, his Asian Studies have indeed been rewarding. This liking for Asiatic "women friends" was due to (as he explains) their charm, maturity and their lack of knowledge of English; the last reason being the most important as it minimises gossip-spreading—Ian's pet hate.

In the near future he hopes to return to Thailand and work as one of them. He has been warned that to be "as one of them", he needs to remove a substantial part of his nose, change the colour of his skin and remove 24 inches (off his height of course).

Whatever his ultimate decision we wish him the best of luck.



ELVIRA JASMINA MOREY

Most of Elvira's pre-teen years were spent in Greece and Italy, and perhaps it was partly this European heritage that brought to our year such a colourful personality. Colourful partly because her wardrobe has been a bright spot in lectures since the earliest Bosch days, but mainly because the interests she has pursued on and off campus have been so varied. In First and Second Years it was the Moratorium Marches, later Inter-varsity judo. In 4th Year her interest in animal behaviour brought her into contact with the disorganised rabble attempting to put the first Med. Revue on stage. Somehow sucked into the job of choreographer she saved the show from a certain inanimate disaster and she was often seen at the "White Horse" and the "Grose" forcing a degenerate cast of ataxics onto the dance floor. Happily she has emerged with her love of music and keen interest in painting and literature intact. She will bring to her professional career a rare combination of warmth and spirit.



STEPHEN JOHN MOULDING

"Fearless"

Hailing from Sydney Tech. Stephen came to First Year setting new records in his Anglia for the trip from Oatley to University. Always presenting the image of the quiet scholar, accompanied by a formidable pile of notes, tutors were always aware of his presence by the rumble coming from the back of the group. His loves include bushwalking, car rallies, golf, and now Gloria, whom he is soon to marry. In Third Year, Stephen trekked up to Cooktown in his Anglia and luckily returned to us after a skirmish with the Blacks in a pub in Cairns. In Fifth Year he ran an interstate trucking company, and at the end of that year, he worked at Auckland for three months. "Fearless Leader", one of the infamous "Big 3", world-travelled and value-minded, will always be remembered for his attitude—"it's all high-D anyway."



LIAM JOSEPH MURPHY

"That's typical of you, Murphy", Dr. Bruce Clifton was able to roar within half-an-hour of their first meeting. For, indeed, Liam has some outstanding characteristics. The first we all noticed was his argumentativeness, and his insistence that clinical Medicine ought to be scientific (an approach inevitably clashing with that of tutors). Another is his vast medical library—culled from all corners of the globe; and his remarkable familiarity with obscure book reviews. His colleagues have been consistently unable to reconcile his reading volume with his bizarre mispronunciations, spelling and sentence structuring—Liam himself attributes his "dysphasia", as he calls it, to a depressed childhood in Ireland, a disadvantage only partially offset by the broadening experience of boarding at St. Joseph's College.

Nevertheless, Liam, who already possesses a first class honours degree in Biochemistry, is assured of a bright future.

JOHN VINCENT ('BLUE') NEWTON

"Giddy!"

A. Congenital:

- (i) born in Newcastle
- (ii) has red curly hair and freckles
- (iii) infectious laugh and tuneless whistle

B. Acquired:

- (i) many friends, both in our year and others
 - (ii) the names of every eligible nurse/sister/physio etc. in the hospital
 - (iii) masochistic streak, as borne out by the following:
 - lives in Newcastle and wants to work there; rode round New Zealand on bicycle at end of Third Year; travelled round Europe and South America with Mark Malouf at end of Fifth Year; participant in infamous Pygna Bamy river canoe trip; lived at St. John's for five years and Brown St for the other!; participant in two Med. Revues (remember Leichhardt?)
 - (iv) passion for redheads (biased?)
 - (v) an anthology of Irish jokes
- Need we say more?





JOHN PETER O'SULLIVAN

"Jos" is a farm lad who hails from the hydatid centre of NSW, and arrived in the city years ago, without his dogs, seeking an education. His early years in Medicine were spent lunching with his schoolmates amongst a routine of intermittent study and sensational parties! Soon he met Clem and Steve and so embarked upon an illustrious career as a bushwalker and womaniser. "Jos" did well in his hospital work progressing to running a trucking company in Fifth Year with Steve. However his greatest achievements were in the big outdoors—The Bicycle Ride around N.Z., climbing the Harbour Bridge at midnight, canoe trips, the death cheating sting of a stonefish and surviving a fight between the natives in a Cairns pub.

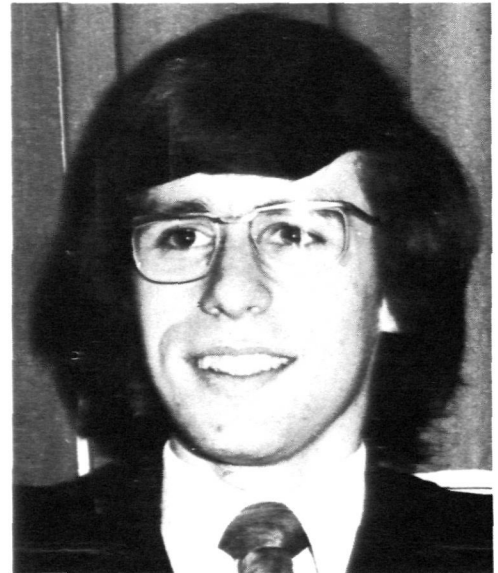
In Final Year, "Jos" together with his wife Cathie settled down to a quiet, normal life of bushwalking, canoe building, bike riding and a professional singing career in preparation for his future medical practice.

ADRIAN PATRICK PRICOLO

Little was known about Adrian before he unobtrusively entered the corridors of R.P.A. However in each clinical group Adrian has been in, he has made a lasting impression upon his fellow students.

His vast knowledge, ranging from Greek Philosophy to the six radiological changes of the Zollinger-Ellison syndrome was acknowledged by his peers. But the modest nervous expression of his knowledge interrupted by the characteristic intermittent clearing of the throat unfortunately gave some tutors the distinct impression that Adrian did not know what he was talking about. However, if Adrian's opinion was contrary to a tutor's, then it was odds-on that Adrian was correct.

Adrian's bright but modest disposition will serve him well in his future confrontation with patients, sisters and higher members of the bureaucracy.



MARY THERESA RICKARD

"Absolutely hopeless".

Mary, recipient of a scholarship to the Instituto Superiore di Sanita, lived in Rome for two years before entering our Fifth Year, pursued by hordes of biochemical Italians. Having mastered the Roman graces of charm and courtesy, she was determined not to let them be wasted on uncouth medicoes and so most people in the Mary sphere of influence have said "thank you" at least once.

Seeing that brutality and aggression are not her strong points one would expect Mary to fare badly in tutorials, but she apologises for disagreeing in a way that would disarm the most dogmatic Honorary.

Even in the most trying situations, as when Mary's car seemed the only way to get the group places, her sweetness never soured. Her quote is really: "Hope costs nothing."

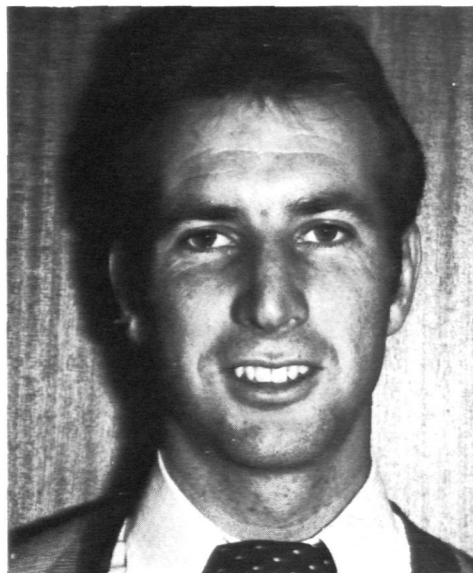


PETER JAMES ROBINSON

"PJ" appeared sporadically during the preclinical years, driven inland only by onshore winds and bluebottles. Not conversant with the niceties of faculty social life, he would sit alone in that desolate region of the lecture theatre occupied by such rangy characters as misplaced Dentistry students and CHS boys.

Soon, however, the pressure of his chosen profession proved too much, and he exchanged his denim shirt for a white coat, chopped off his unruly locks and learned to speak English. In this unnatural state he entered the hallowed portals of R.P.A.H., to the infinite delight (we are told) of nurses, physios and Pink Ladies alike.

He now struggles to reconcile an obsessive thirst for knowledge with the innate call of the wild (Crescent, Perisher etc.). We wish him well as he proceeds through life, leaving behind him a trail of broken hearts and falling hair.



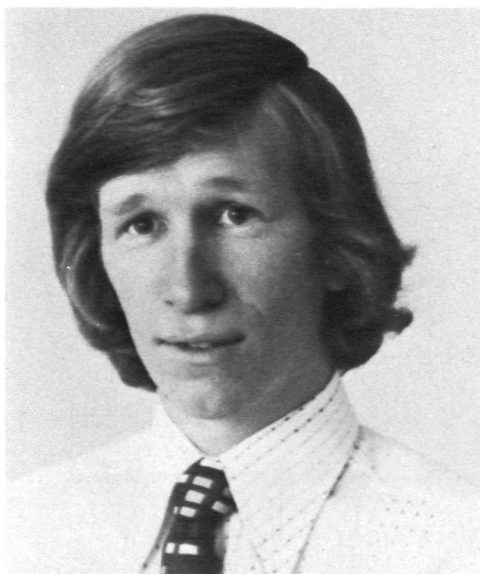
ROBERT JOHN SIMES

"But those figures don't add up".

John's face first appeared in our midst when he joined us in Incoming Fifth, after completing a B.Sc. in Immunology. During this year he had succeeded in transplanting 973 tumours to the feet of 973 mice, thereby gaining himself 1st Class Honours (as well as a dislike for mice).

His many talents soon became apparent; a frustrated computer mathematician, a formidable squash player, a lucky husband (ask anyone who has met Sue) and a skilful diplomat—having wisely arranged to change hospitals from RNSH to RPAH. He proved a valuable addition to our ranks, despite his infuriating tendency of insisting on logical explanations for many of the "para-phenomena" which constitute Clinical Medicine.

The success of John's future is assured, provided only that he can cast off his one big belief that the practice of medicine has something to do with rational science.

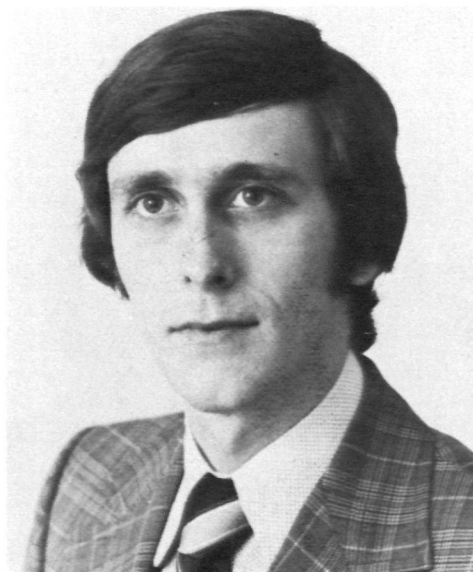


LAWRENCE REGINALD STEVENSON

Laurie, an easy-going 'country boy' from Sydney's deep South, was relatively inconspicuous in the first three years of Medicine but for the odd nationalistic argument. Always with an eye to making a few extra dollars, he worked over the years as a carpet layer, salesman, drink waiter and mortuary attendant. More recently he has worked as a barman at the Grose Farm Hotel—hence his accuracy at diagnosing Alcoholic Liver Disease.

Clinical years saw his election to the post of Liaison Officer between Brown Street Students' Quarters and Queen Mary Nurses' Home, a position he has held unopposed for three years. Laurie's fair dinkum life style established him deep in the hearts of Texan girls during Elective Term. He was then to be disappointed in his search for culture and cuisine in Europe, being glad to get back to Australia and some decent food at Joe's greasy shop!

Laurie's commonsense approach to medicine will undoubtedly ensure his future success.





VERA ELISABETH STOERMER

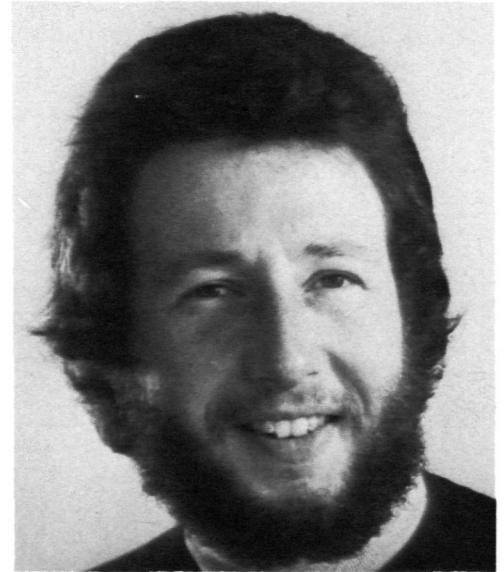
"Well, let's not be too hasty, hm?"

With a provocative lift of her eyebrow to belie the above statement, Vera joined our Year. She resisted all efforts by the male members of the group to make her "one of the boys", and has remained valiantly elegant in such testing situations as pipetting E. Coli and chloramphenicol as far as her hypopharynx in Biochemistry prac.; fainting gracefully in theatres and falling off a motor bike with great finesse.

Vera found time apart from work to sing in a choir, take music lessons and streak off to the snow in her VW armed with her all-purpose Alaskan rabbit fur coat with the median raphe. In Elective Term she indulged her sophisticated tastes in the haute couture of Europe as well as expanding her experience in medicine. We hope that Vera finds the appropriate company with whom to enjoy the sophisticated life to which she is rapidly becoming accustomed.

JEFF. H. STREIMER

Jeff, motor-cycle trick rider, political activist-inactivist, star-gazer, world traveller, cloud studier and organic gardener of yesteryear, has undergone his most amazing transformation yet, to become . . . a Final Year Medical student . . . and loving it!!!! . . .



BRONWYN GWENNETH ANN STUCKEY

"Cointreau doesn't go to my head, it goes straight to my pelvis."

Not content with an education in the Arts and a diploma in the vagaries of librarianship, Bronwyn decided to cast her efforts toward saving lives. Besides, she was feeling old and had to act before it was too late—she actually did the Leaving!

She really burst into prominence in Fourth Year (it's rumoured that her paediatrically oriented husband had something to do with it) arriving at tutorials puffing and panting, looking for the nearest toilet and muttering "Heavens, I'm absolutely starving". When Benjamin was brought forth, he became the pride of his many "aunties" and "uncles". In between mothering, cooking, housekeeping of a sort, Bronwyn unfailingly defends the rights of her sex when faced with the recalcitrant tutor, and still finds time to pass exams.



ANNE LOUISE SULLIVAN

"I don't know how I knew it!"

After languishing for a year in the Science Faculty, Anne joined us in Second Year. Mindful of these humble origins perhaps, she has never been one to thrust forth a bold answer to the tutor's question—rather she rolls her eyes up, reddens a little, smiles slightly, leans forward a fraction, and then, slowly, syllable by syllable, delivers the correct answer. Anne's philosophy is noteworthy for its moderation—she doesn't play squash for more than ten minutes; goes to the snow but doesn't ski, a small glass of port is sufficient to make her tipsy, so she drinks only two or three glasses.

Like all great study systems, hers is remarkable for its simplicity. "Wait for panic—then divide the course into two halves, Learn one in the evening and the other in the morning." For Anne this has yielded very good results. Finally, we thank Anne's borborygmi for keeping us awake in tutorials.



PAUL THIBAUT

Full time Medicine, was insufficient as an outlet for Paul's limitless energy, so he indulged in making a family as well. He did this so well that he is now accredited with an ideal wife (who does everything for him while he supposedly studies) and two children. As a testimony of Paul's good nature, his older son addresses Paul by a "Hey Mate" and generally kicks Paul around whenever he becomes disinterested with the teddy bear. On his rare days away from work he likes to get his family and friends lost in the mountains under the pretence of a BUSH WALK. Otherwise he relaxes at his water-front home and enjoys "Uncle Meat", "Hot Rats" and "Lumpy Gravy". Not something ordinary to have over dinner, but then again no Zappa fan is quite ordinary.

In the near future we are destined to lose Paul to Tamworth as he is determined to retire to his country estate to a way of life that is typical of his French ancestry, i.e. fine wine, gourmet cuisine and a relaxing family life.

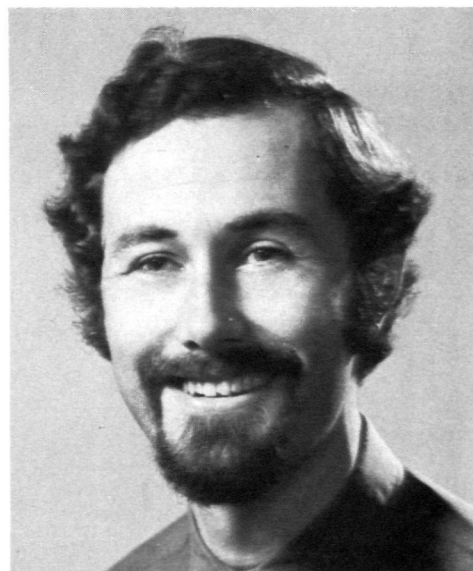
ANTHONY M. WALLINGTON

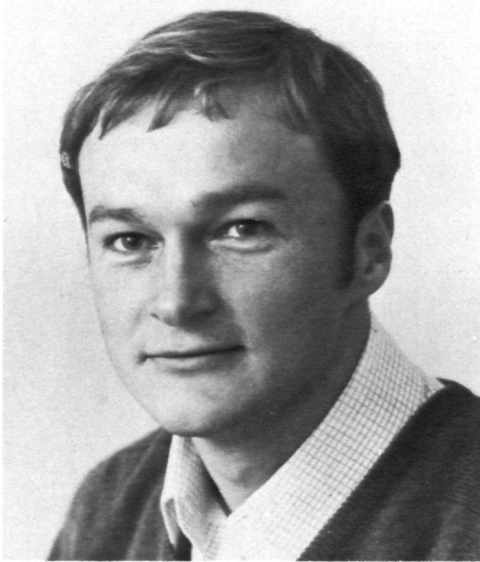
The Phantom of the opera (for ghost who walks, sings snatches of Verdi under duress, and drinks Lapsang Souchong.)

Who is this mysterious stranger from across the waters (Neutral Bay) bearing exotic cargoes from far-off lands, and a full selection of Twining's Tea? What has he really got in that teapot?

Armed with a subtly sardonic wit, a steely perceptive eye, and subzero temperature hands, he has cut a swathe through physicians and patients alike. Who but he would dare to parry words with the Hospital's most senior members, arguing the merits of this author against that or the relative values of steroid therapy and bed rest?

Seeking solace from such harrowing adventures, he returns periodically to his windswept Northern eyrie, to consume Pappworth or Guinness in quantity, to lose himself amongst the obscure wonders of the Reader's Digest, or to brood over the prospect of a world where imaginative auscultators and dermatologists still maraud unchecked.





LAWRENCE WELYCZKO

"Er iiiincredible"

Laurie has meandered his way through Medicine in a course characterised by exacerbations and remissions-credits, a stint as a medic in the Army, distinctions, teaching at Kurri Kurri High and an unprecedented performance in Dermatology ("Do you belong to this hospital?"). His athletic swagger around the wards has been preserved by his exercise in soccer, ballroom dancing and ping-pong; his flair for languages has often proved helpful to Noumean patients—(*Dérobez-vous, s'il vous plaît*), and his relaxed charm is only shaken when the presence of a stormy gamma ray produces sudden decompensation due to the threat to his gonads. The obsessional side to his nature occasionally shows through with his penchant for organising tut. groups and study programs and his painstaking search for the right . . . word.

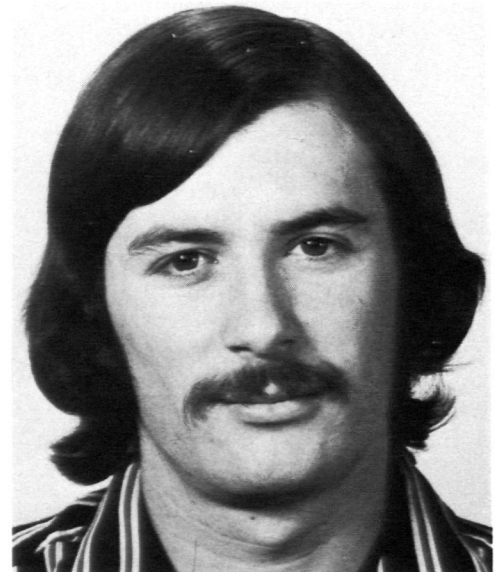
We're sure Laurie's bedside charm and meticulous attention to detail will stand him in good stead.

GEOFFREY HAMILTON WHITE

"I try hard to sustain a style of living to which the study of Medicine proves a damned inconvenience."

Coming from Newcastle via Knox, Geoff spent the preclinical years at Andrew's College—an abode renowned for producing a more leisurely breed of medico than general. He participated there in cricket, football, basketball and drinking teams and specialised in missing lectures and sinking canoes.

Clinical years he showed an affection for plush flats, American women, Mexican food and nonsensical answers to tutors' questions. On one of his rare punctual days he attributed cannon waves to "Dr. Fritz Cannon—an Anglo-German Physician of the turn of the century," and later discovered the ectopic left foot syndrome at E.N.T. Outpatients. Geoff's characteristic easygoing manner and humour may well see him through to his aim of specialising, while still being able to sleep-in most mornings.



WILLIAM GARRICK WILSON

Bill came to the Medical Faculty with glowing reports from his Great Aunt and the teachers at Sydney Grammar School. Part of a contingent of nine old boys, Bill at first was somewhat part of the group, but later began to exert and express his own independent identity. Bill might be remembered by some for his non-conformity, especially his non-continuity of hair, beard and clothing styles; others might remember his conversion to bicycles or his ever eagerness to discuss "the System". Most of his academic associates will however remember "Bill's notes" — a product of his diligence, intelligence and meticulous attention to detail, these have become legendary reference works in their own time. His plans to leave the Sydney hospital scene sadden some, but we hope he finds fulfilment and satisfaction and are sure he will make a very valuable contribution to Medicine wherever he goes.

ROBERT HAROLD WOOG

"There's a lecture on Pelizaeus-Merzbacher's Sudanophilic Leukodystrophy — I can hardly wait"

This roadrunner of the lecture pad joined us in Second Year after a triumphant finish in Science, from where he carried away the University Medal and a fascination for Neurology. His formidable academic progress has continued unabated since then (punctuated by frequent groans of "I don't know anything") and he has developed a most hypertrophic Harrison's gyrus and a monotonous string of H.D.'s.

He is an ardent globe-trotter, maniacal musical connoisseur and piano virtuoso. Friends have cherished excerpts from fifteen records within three minutes, being subsequently consoled by his full rendition of a few Beethoven sonatas and other morsels.

With his avid scientific spirit and perfectionism, he is sure to become an eminent and learned member of our profession.



JACQUELINE SHIU MEI YUEN

"Let's have some Chinese Tea and Greek cakes."

Jackie, alias 'Oriental Jasmine Blossom', an eponym bequeathed by Brucie Clifton, is a part-time teacher, drink waitress, mother and medical student. She somehow manages to play all these roles with very little trouble. She is a well-known non-drinker, but her secret love is Advokaat and sometimes she even has it for breakfast. Her famous red Fiat Bambino has often been seen parked outside K.G.V., blocking the entry or exit of the Honoraries' cars. The poor car with its 2-cylinder, 11 horsepower engine has often had to cart four students between P.A. and the peripheral hospitals; mind you, without a single breakdown. The only casualties have been two sets of worn tyres. She is also well known for her Chinese dinners at which she has trained Sue, Elvira and Denise in the art of spring roll making.



MARJA DE JONG

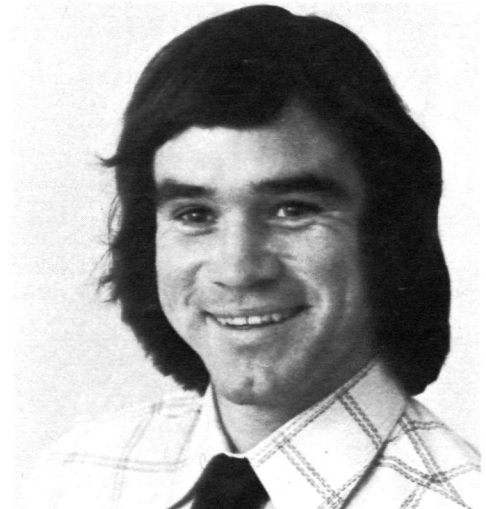
CHRIS J. DUNCOMBE

CLAUDE H. IMHOFF

DAVE A. PARKER

JOSEPH RISICATO

PAUL J. TORZILLO



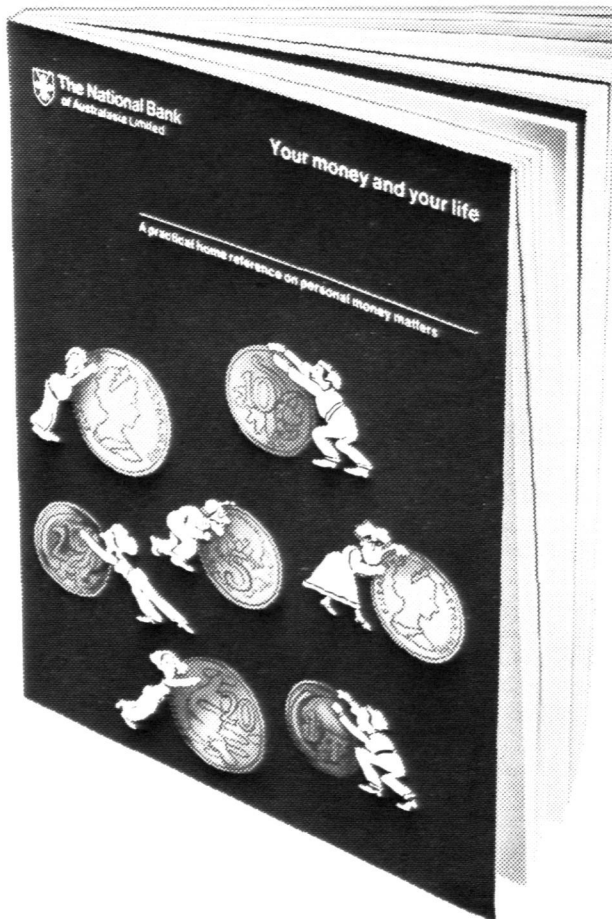
LES V. BROWN

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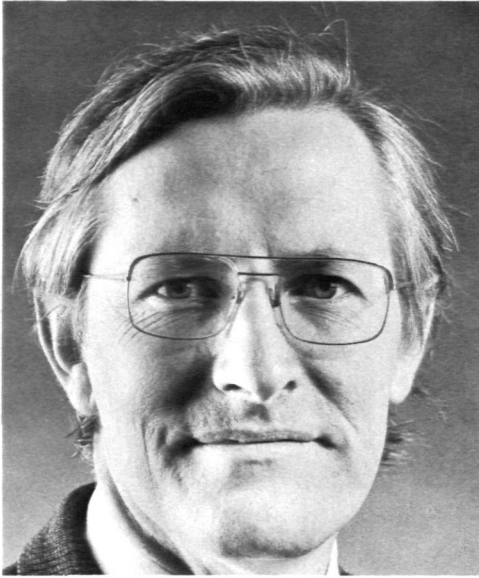
National Bank

SYDNEY HOSPITAL



The architect would turn in his grave if he knew what some crazed ex-mirror maze planner has done behind his facade of the Hospital (above). During our three years at Sydney Hospital we have seen renovations and additions, buildings become taller and parking spaces fewer. With space at a premium, is it any wonder our living-in rooms are the size of large shoeboxes? The harbour views from most windows, however, are well worth the difficulties involved in squeezing between wardrobe and desk to dress daily. The way the Hospital cares for Sydney's homeless men (affectionately termed "P.F.'s") how could naughty Robert Askin even think of transferring the place to . . . Westmead? But behold the ingenuity! We ordain the wife of our beloved (now ex-) Premier a patron of Sydney Hospital—hey presto, and the Hospital is saved from the demolishers. Thankfully, for it has an atmosphere unique in this city. I am not here referring to the olfactory sensations emanating from the Casualty low bed area on a rainy night but to the comradeship and tolerance shown by the many members of staff of the various departments here. We greatly appreciated it as students, and those fortunate enough to be kept on as residents will appreciate it even more. But those who chose to go elsewhere and, even more so, we who asked but were not asked to return will always remember this terrific place of our student days—the Premier Hospital of Sydney.

THE HONORARIES



JAMES GRAHAM McLEOD

Professor of Medicine

The mark of a true sage is his extraordinary ability to extract wisdom from the most foolish answer. Prof. McLeod proved to be equally at home in any branch of Medicine, but refused to be drawn on matters of controversy—"I don't think I should pontificate on that question." Little effort was required to sustain interest to attend 5 p.m. Neurology teaching rounds—an asset to Sydney Hospital's academic life.

We would like to extend our gratitude to Professor McLeod who proved to always be very approachable and willing to help us with any problem.

GERALD WHITE MILTON

Professor of Surgery

Milton: "On his clear sightedness"

The humour of our station cannot leave him but bemused,
The horror of our ignorance, and why we're so confused.
He says, 'now cut it out!', what does he mean by that construction
When we're diagnosing X-rays in the dark of an obstruction?
We're peeping at the spectacle of peri-anal warts,
He's eagle-eyed assessing us for any wayward thoughts.
'For your must learn', he tolerantly sighs, 'that it is HEINOUS
To sit and snigger senselessly at an embarrassed anus'.
His music is the tinkling bowel, his bread adhering bands,
Lady Macbeth would envy him the washing of his hands.
His motto is 'examine, then excise it; if it grows
Then do a block dissection from the head down to the toes.'
He smiles and peers, and feels despair and tells us one time over,
'a patient is a PERSON, not a whopping carcinoma'.
He takes his glasses off to clean, to sigh, to pace the floor,

'What's wrong with you, I've told you this a thousand times before'.
'Lord, most of you will pass', he groans, 'regardless of the odds,
I wish you luck my friends, and more — protection from the gods.'
Thanks, Professor Milton, for your gentle leading ways,
Through gashing gall and ulcers, through a hundred stark forays.
Down darkened diverticulae, past polyps in the breeze,
Through testicles all twisted up or hanging to the knees.
Up long and narrow fistulae, while teaching one and all,
It's no mistake for US to make a mountain of a mole!
Up winding veins, through wild terrains of fulminating tumour,
Then down again to ease the pain with your brilliant sense of humour.
Though gangrene overtake you or your belly be distended,
Though you prolapse through your anus and you think your days are ended,
Now don't despair, just come to us, and really let your head go,
We KNOW that we can cure you 'cos — PROFESSOR MILTON SAID SO.



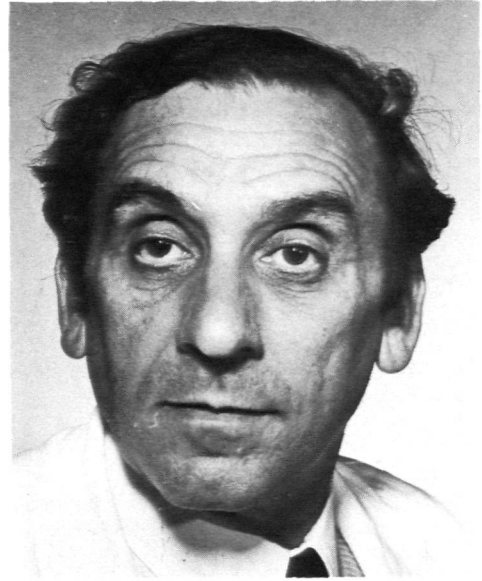
SOLOMON POSEN

Associate Professor of Medicine

"It may have originated with me, but by the time it was on paper its own mother wouldn't recognise it."

Doors swinging open, flash of white coat, hand on his brow, eyes cast to the gods, Sol Posen poses yet another perplexing clinical problem. "I've got a problem, Mr. . . . presented . . . Now, there he is, in front of you. What are you going to do? What are you going to say? What tests? Would you P.R. him, there on the floor? Now? . . . What am I to do — well, what? Would you send him to a shrink? This isn't recherche! . . . Well, that question is either very brilliant or very stupid! Translation?"

We are very grateful to Prof. Posen for his unique practical approach, which will stand us in good stead as doctors. His attitude to senseless academia is typified by "you've got to vomit it back at the examiners, and they have very accurate ways of measuring that vomitus."



FREDERICK OSCAR STEPHENS

Associate Professor of Surgery

". . . . or we can try chemotherapy."

Our weekly Wednesday afternoon case presentation session with this surgical oncologist was well enjoyed by those among us with the stamina to stay 'till the end of the day. It was here that we were taught, among many other things, the lasciviousness of bearded men and the effect of halotestin on libido ("Well . . . it . . . er . . . all I can advise you is not to be in the same room alone with these women after they've taken it.") and a convenient method of describing the size of breasts—"we go from fried eggs to watermelons".

On ward rounds we were quick to observe the reverence his patients held for this gentleman, and by noting his bedside manner and postoperative results we equally understood why.

Thank you sir, also for your helpfulness and interest in our studies.

ALASTAIR ROWLAND BROWN

Warden of the Clinical School

"We didn't have any failures last year—I hope I won't have to remind you of that again."

Taking time off from a successful stage career (as the leading role in South Pacific), Mr Brown graced the Clinical School for yet another year as our Warden. By popular demand Mr. Brown returned to the Maitland Lecture Theatre for the finale of each term, determinedly clutching a pile of tutor assessment forms. His enthusiasm for his position has reflected in the high quality of teaching at this hospital and the excellent liaison between staff and students.





GASTON EGON BAUER

"Nurse dear, is my boyfriend on a fluid balance chart?"

His tutes best described as being regularly irregular, Dr. Bauer would appear exactly eight minutes late, wisp of hair over his right eye, stethoscope suspended from one hand, beckoning us with the other in the direction of the patient around whom we would, sitting, spend the next ninety minutes in "hearty" discussion.

Equally at home, whether talking about disordered cardiac muscle or any European castle, Wenckebach, Johann Sebastian Bach or the statues in Hyde Park, our cardiology tutor succeeded in supplementing our reading with handy pieces of clinical information—"You look astonished! Don't you believe me? . . . I assure you it's perfectly true."

Maybe those of us who will also not have heard mitral diastolic murmurs as undergraduates might emulate his brilliant prognosis.

EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

We have all been fortunate in having Mr. Cortis, the only one of our tutors who joined us in the common room prior to tutes and watched us play our final billiards strokes or winning bridge hands, as a surgical tutor in Final Year. His tutorials, noted for their low tension levels, gently led us into a higher quality of surgical examination and reporting and provided us with the best atmosphere for learning. We will all remember and hopefully emulate his considerate approach to patients and his skill in demonstrating and interpreting physical signs.

We all extend our best wishes to Mr. Cortis in his retirement.



JAMES MORRISON ELLIS

"Kuntschjer, get it right — with one N!"

Mr. Ellis to his students:

"This patient has been seen by all hands and the cook"—she "looks like someone who has found sixpence and lost a pound!". Thorough physical examination reveals that "she walks, trots and squats well, so I'll take a bid no matter how small as to the possible diagnosis."

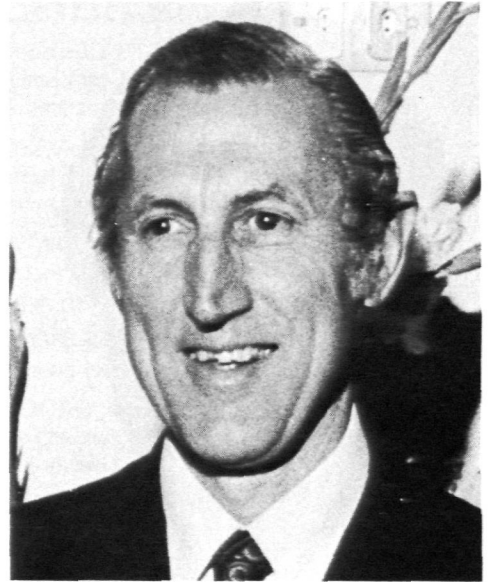
Mr. Ellis "looked as happy as a bird with a biscuit" when he realised we couldn't meet his challenge, but he did remind us that "Billy with a cork eye at 30 feet could diagnose this condition."

Thank you Mr. Ellis for your enlightened approach to the teaching of Orthopaedics and for your delightful sayings. But, please, "what is the plural of os calcis"?

DAVID GEOFFREY FAILES

Well will we remember his tutes—when we did the Ward 11A shuffle with Mr. Failes as we tried to examine x-rays in that busy corridor. Later, in a room we coughed and spluttered midst clouds of chalk dust as he vigorously cleaned the board, and listened to his vivid descriptions of anal surgical dilation (with a sadistic glint in his eye).

Mr. Failes instructed us with meticulous detail in every condition of the colon and rectum, and many an hour was passed, crowded around a bedside, peering at haemorrhoids, fissures and colostomies. Not only were we encouraged to attend operations on our patients with Mr. Failes, but we were even thanked for doing so.



PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

"Now young lass, what do you do a confusagram for?"

Wishing to be seen rather than heard, this quietly spoken surgeon chose the back row in tutorials, from where he directed our efforts at teaching ourselves. Should we begin to wander from the topic, Mr Greenwell would then take command and discourse on his preferred methods of treatment, while constantly reminding his eager audience that "modern surgery is but a mere interlude in the anaesthetic". Out of theatre Mr. Greenwell treats his patients and students alike with equal courtesy and consideration—"After you, lass!"

Thank you for seeing this group of "embryo doctors" through to full gestation.

BRUCE MOSTYN HURT

"Would you like to say hullo?"

With his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, Dr. Hurt slowly enunciated his many experiences with a wide variety of philosophies of both Medicine and Medical Education. Dr. Hurt showed us how to 'weed' our way through complex medical problems, fitting them into our personal templates. Saving points by using bridging phrases we learnt to solve the insoluble problems of Man in his environment. Although his computer was occasionally confused we discovered that the behaviour is a function of personality and environment, and that according to the schedule of recent events we should by all rights have one foot in the grave. This was interspersed with longish diatribes on the antisocial aspects of smoking.





MALCOLM JOHN INGLIS

"Would you like a Tic-Tac?"

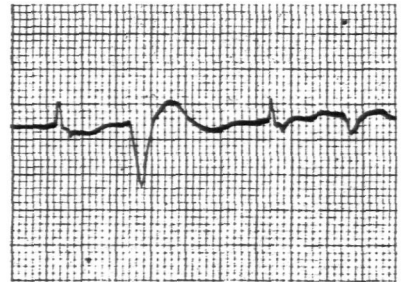
Smoke billowing from his pipe, like a locomotive, Mr. Inglis would speed through the hospital with his entourage of students in tow. Breathless, they would eagerly await words of wisdom from this much appreciated tutor. Protesting ignorance about the details of bilirubin metabolism, he nevertheless succeeded in instilling a sound knowledge of the fundamentals of surgery into those who were better acquainted with bilirubin metabolism. His enthusiasm was infectious and we all benefited by our exposure to it, and if we did not all develop symptoms, it reflects our great resistance rather than the size or virulence of the innoculum. We wish you luck in your new endeavour to stop smoking.

ANTHONY STEWART MITCHELL

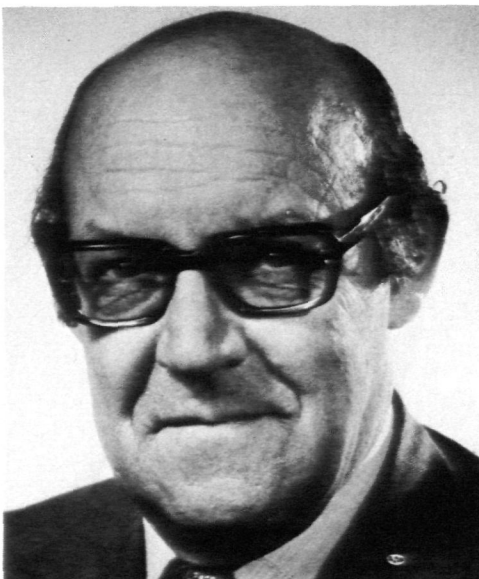
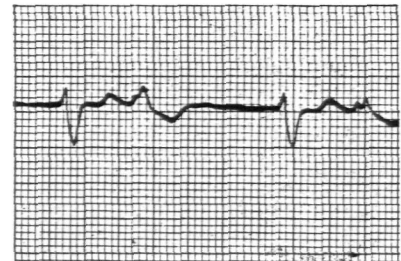
"Well what's the matter with this ECG . . . (dead silence) . . . Oh, it's obvious isn't it?"

Having presented his five "all you want to know about ECGs but were afraid to ask" lectures, we then spent a hearty half term with this cardiologist, "all you should now know about ECGs but are afraid to answer". His stethoscope swinging from an index finger, Dr. Mitchell would lead us to his patient of the week for an invariably characteristic history and murmur of a valvular lesion. "Did you hear that? Well, you would not faint if you heard something else, too, would you? And with his history you can quite talk yourself into something better."

Thank you Dr. Mitchell for enlightenment in the subject of cardiology.



lead aVL



JOHN NELSON SEVIER

*"Pop that one in—it'll earn you an extra mark." or
"Don't do lumbar punctures promiscuously"*

This quiet gentleman taught us the finer points of case presentation and how to pass viva voce examinations (or the art of telling the examiners what they wish to hear). He would listen silently to what we had to say and would then request that we "summarise all that to include the relevant details". With a twinkle in his eye, Dr. Sevier was always ready with a word of encouragement—"that was really very good; perhaps . . .". We have appreciated your guidance and advice.

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

IAN "55 causes" THOMPSON A cigarette in one hand and balancing a cup of coffee in the other, he would glide into tutorials on time. Such a description is always Ian Thompson until proven otherwise.

JOHN REIMER (incorporating Sam Sakker): His inviting us to sit-in in his private rooms was appreciated by all, but why does this man do three weeks' work in a day?

JOHN RAFTOS: who enlightened his discourses on hypertension with comments on the mating habits of Greek donkeys.

FRANK READ: as dyspnoeic as his patients in wet weather.

Dr. WOLFENDEN: the man of a thousand facies.

JOHN DIXON-HUGHES: a modest perfectionist, "son, none of these complications happen when I do the operation!"

DRS. BROADFOOT, SCOTT, PLEHWE, NAYANAR, PAULINE, ROBERTS:- developing our diagnostic acumen, ensured we weren't under-exposed to X-ray films.

DRS. STOREY, LEAROYD, POTTS, BLACKMAN, GIBSON: pop up a cystoscope quicker than one can say 'ureterolithiasis'.

DR. PALTOS and SR. HUMPHREY: rarely seen to be doing less than five things at once in their Casualty kingdom.

DRS. STEWART and MAHONY: the nephrotic patients' Johns. Thanks to them, the renal section of the Medicine exam was a piss-in.

DRS. GUNZ, VINCENT and McPHERSON: Ten 'bloody' sessions 'in conference' with the King of the Kanematsu and his associates.

LYON ROBINSON and FRANK MARTIN:- doubtlessly dread the Italian.

DR. FRED "MOOSE" BERRY: our encouraging Anaesthetics Director; 'Rubbish' being his favourite response to a student answer.

ROBIN RUSHWORTH: operates with the skill of a tyre fitter?????,

MR. PERRY: a champion at playing "what am I thinking now?"

DRS. ARNOTT, BEAR, BENJAMIN, BECKENHAM, SHEARMAN taught us to prevent our ENTerring in their Speciality.

THE REGISTRARS

BRUCE BASTIAN: plays role of P.F. in Hospital's revues very well; however, costumes are the only transformation required.

FRASER BATES: immaculate dresser; "I'll pay for the drinks; you blokes won't be able to afford the amount I'll get through".

PETER BILENKIJ: postexaminations—"We did cover that several times in tutes, didn't we?????"

STUART BOLAND: we thought he was a tripod lecturer.

BILL CHAN: "Can I have my picture in the Year Book"—It's just "not on" Bill—Ed.

GORDION FULDE: banished to the wilds of Liverpool he found it necessary to purchase a Land Rover, and departed with the words "there's nothing I can teach you that you don't already know".

ANDREW GATENBY: "Well, I do want to give you a tute, but the problem is finding a time!"

RAY GARRICK: little black bag in hand, "This might seem like membership stuff, but it'll help you pass."

PETER GILLESPIE: "This is GIT haemorrhage à la Piper".

HARI KAPILA: on finally answering his page—"I think it's cuppa tea time. I'll meet you in ward 11 in ten minutes."

JEAN McPHERSON: "Are you going to close the door, or fall out quietly snoring?"

DAVE PENNINGTON: at the end of a tutorial: "Oh, I thought you were a Fourth Year group!"

MIKI POHL: easily identified at his personal desk in the library by wafting pipe smoke and his cheerful grin.

ELLIOTT SAVDIE: a different Yves St. Laurent tie for each day of the week.

GEORGE SLIWINSKI: "... and I won't be able to take you the week after that, either..."

HOWARD SMITH: ... at last a smile!

AND SPECIAL THANKS TO

EUNICE D'ARCEY, MARGARET COYLE and MARGARET WEEKS: who capably solved student problems with tact and diplomacy.

MARGARET POWER, PAMELA and PAUL:- always good for a reference, and who remain cheerful and helpful despite the overwhelming odds of a fractious photocopier and ever-diminishing library floor space.

MARGARET ROBERTSON and EVA: surrogate mothers to the live-in students; and **TED** with the cheerful grin.

JOHN, ALAN, and KEN, the security men: a spare key when all was lost (many thanks from R.J.W.)

ROSE: advising front hall latecomers "they went that-a-way".

The liftmen, **IKE and DICK**: who raised us to great heights.

The **SWITCHBOARD GIRLS**: providing us with all those outside connections.

MRS. LEE and her staff: caterers at our parties and farewells. Thanks for the second helpings.

And, finally, a special thanks to all the ward **SISTERS** and **NURSES** for their helpfulness, friendliness and kindness in the wards, something we missed when we visited other hospitals. But then of course, there is only one Sydney Hospital.

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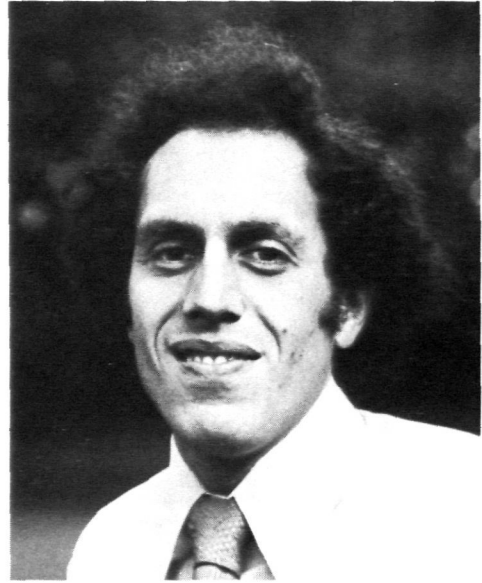
STUDENTS

TOM ACZEL

"Why doesn't anyone laugh at my jokes?"

The obstetrician of our group, Tom has frequently been able to revive a flagging tutorial with his happy go lucky confusion. Despite the unique combination of balding head and bad jokes he has managed to tell at least one good joke during his stay at Sydney Hospital. Easily lost from consciousness by the mere mention of cars, stereos, and music he has become a walking encyclopaedia on all these topics. Many a fellow student and patient has been at the receiving end of his kindness and consideration, as have a motley collection of ailing medical student cars which have limped in for help at his father's garage. Amongst his many other achievements has been the award for the most improved snooker player at Sydney Hospital for 1975, despite his present relapse.

It seems his future could certainly lie in the labour wards, and it's certain that his good natured approach will ensure him success.



MARGARET BENTLEY

Marg Bentley has had the doubtful honour of being the only girl in our group; and so in tutorials has been bullied, by our male tutors, to answer not only the first and last, but also the questions in between. However she has had the stamina to withstand this. Quiet and unassuming, she has been a good friend to us all. Living-in as she has during the last year, she has organized all manner of tutorials, extra tutorials and cancellations for us. It was a pity we have been so unworthy of such good organization.

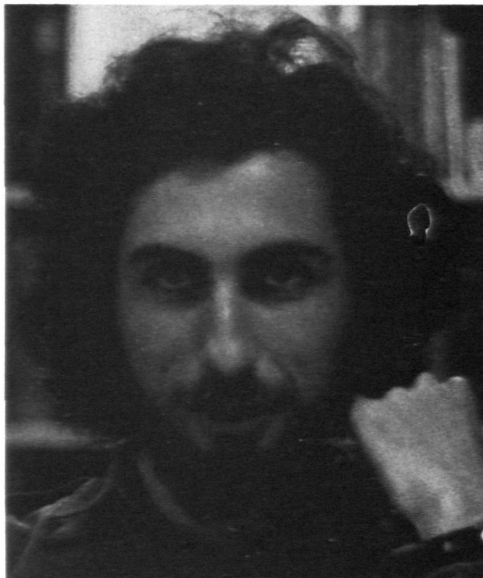
Always on the go — squash on weekdays, Cooma at weekends, and across to New Zealand and back during vacations, not forgetting the Pacific Islands for elective term — she has travelled widely. We understand she is already planning an overseas trip to Europe as soon as she has done her internship.

SHIRLEY CHAMBERS

Shirley blazed into University, as always in a hurry, and has spent her University and hospital career looking for the right lecture theatre and turning up to tutorials long after they were over. Seen in the medical library only to consult the English dictionary, and in the common room for the sole purpose of completing the cryptic crossword before lunch, her course through Medicine has been impeded by her surplus of intelligence, Samuel Beckett, and a large library of extraneous reading matter. The phrase she heard most often during the pre-clinical years was 'I didn't know you were in our year!'

Shirley's real ambition in life is to be a racing car driver, (30 minutes from Wiseman's Ferry to Killara in a little Datsun, would you believe) or to pilot her own plane. However, with her appalling sense of direction, she will undoubtedly end up somewhere totally unpredictable, never be bored, and may practise medicine in some unusual places.





PETER ROBERT CLYNE

"I had a bad weekend — only read 200 pages of Harrison's!"

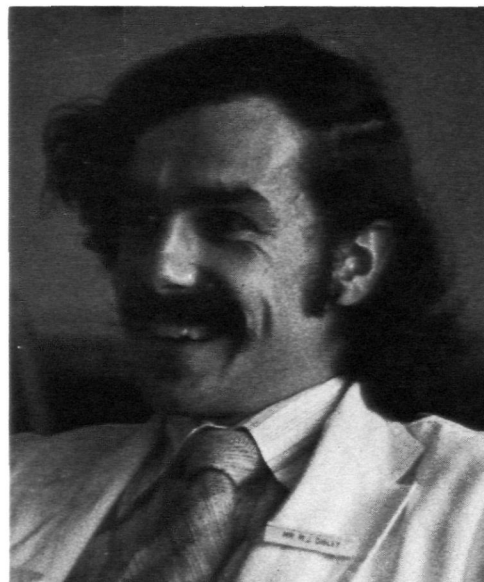
With such confessions did Pete, solemn-faced and eyes characteristically fixed at the roof directly above, greet us each Monday morning. A classic student he occasionally teaches his tutors a few things. Peter has recently turned his obsessive-compulsive tendencies away from obscure syndromes (having learnt them all) and towards collecting expensive ties, touring every town in N.S.W. (Wilcannia thrice) and reading "story-books". His talents are many and varied: photography, physical fitness (ever since he self-diagnosed a pulmonary murmur), bush walking, drinking skim milk, self-servicing his own car, jumping queues, amassing drug company handouts, playing the Revolutionary Étude on the piano (thereby emptying the common room and allowing him access to the billiards table), and an uncanny ability to 'guess' sections of textbooks verbatim in tutes.

With this incredible zeal Peter is sure to do well in whatever he chooses.

MICHAEL JOHN DIBLEY

Dibs, as he would prefer not to be known, did a B.Sc. (Med) and spent a year in Indonesia, and then at the end of 1974 decided that it was time to go back to Medicine. After a somewhat erratic start Michael soon returned to the swing of things while still retaining his passion for the East. Within a short time he was enjoying squash, snooker and bridge with his new found colleagues, who quickly learned to recognise his presence by the aroma of clove cigarettes mingled with garlic. His ability to turn order into chaos was a constant source of amazement to us all.

We hope Michael has learnt more this year than just how to keep his moustache symmetrical and that this knowledge will stand him in good stead in whatever field of Medicine he chooses to pursue.



JOANNE ENGLISH

Joanne decided to embark upon a career in Medicine half-way through her B.A. at the University of N.S.W. She is therefore the most educated member of our group. Although quiet and demure, she expresses her opinions on many issues in a forceful manner—among other things, these reflect her concern for the under-privileged of our society. Another of Joanne's assets is a very youthful face, which has elicited such comments as "nursie" from more than one patient, much to her frustration. One of the few fortunate women in medicine, Joanne has a very helpful and supportive husband.

Her aims for the future are to go overseas, then settle down into a country general practice, where no doubt she will do very well.



NAUSHAD KISHERI BEGUM GAFUR FAIRLEY

Naushad, that dark-eyed fairy with the matching skin joined us in Medicine V. She spent her youth in Fiji and acquired a basic medical knowledge sitting in a coconut palm, contemplating her navel.

While visiting as an exchange scholar she was seduced by our ways—especially the wide range of domestic electrical gadgetry. Since her parting gift was a boomerang, who can be surprised when she turned up again as a Sydney Uni. student—Black Magic.



STEVE FENTON

"Just gotta make a quick phone call!"

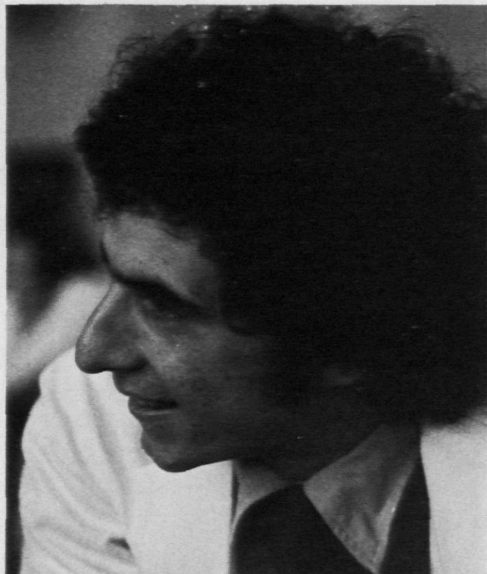
Beneath that calm and princely exterior lurks the champion of the common room—extra tins of Weston's family assorteds, a yellow snooker ball, and postponement of tutorials till the completion of bridge tournaments— are but a few of our Year Rep's memorable political achievements. He will be warmly remembered by the P.M.G. as being the most significant contributor to S.H.'s phone bill. Steve moved into broader fields when he directed, composed and played the music of the last two revues. More dubious is his acumen and daring as a card player with a convention all of his own; he has struck fear into the hearts of his opponents with his 7 diamonds contract. In latter times the clink of snooker balls has more often succeeded where Harrison has failed. In between his dictatorial duties, Steve has found time for an occasional weak joke, a lot of hard work and a lady from R.N.S.H. —he is bound to become a concerned and successful doctor.

ZUZANA JAN FIALOVA

The approaching Russian militia made this bright-eyed physical health instructor and Olympic Games trainee think of emigrating from her native Prague in 1968. She spent 1969 learning English while making chips for Mr. Smith and as a result sought details of the management of chronic hypernatraemia culminating in her joining us in First Year.

From Pharmacology days Sue's big interest has been Anaesthetics at which she has excelled, even to the point of intubating a Crown Street babe and standing up for any anaesthetic practice—"it's really a perfectly safe procedure". Proud of her independence, her spare time is a great mystery to us, exemplified by a six day visit to the dentist—Sue finally returned, with two fractured ribs, a pneumothorax and a grin from ear to ear (no fillings). Despite her own proneness to these procedure complications we feel it unlikely that she will give many to her patients.





DAVID GILLIS

An expatriated South Australian, Dobie lurched into Sydney Hospital in Fourth Year. His ability to store masses of scrawled, disorganised lecture note material in his computer-like mind was soon recognized by his colleagues, who came to rely on his vast knowledge as a quick reference. He remained dedicated to his work despite the determined efforts of his friends to lead him astray.

Equally untiring when it came to physical activity, Dobie could, at times, be seen jogging great distances through Sydney's streets (while the city slept), or sprinting home across the Bridge.

With a family tradition of success to live up to and a distinguished academic record, David is certain to make a marked contribution to whichever field of Medicine he eventually adopts.

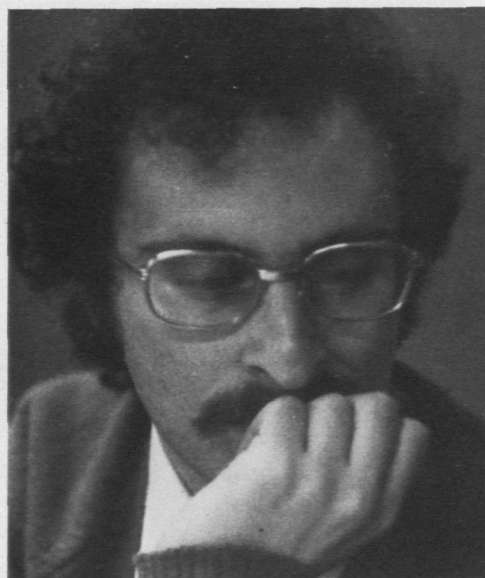
AARON GOLD

Aaron's fame began at Crown Street, where the record of his one hundred witnesses caused later groups of students to ponder with awe at his great stamina. His keenness continued at Sydney Hospital, where he was a well-known figure in the wards, presumably due to his desire for clinical knowledge. His presence in the group always made one feel at home in any ward, and caused the nursing staff to be most helpful.

He would invariably arrive at tutorials just after the tutor, but always managed to make up for this by guessing, and sometimes even knowing, the correct answer to any question asked.

Aaron spent one holiday period working at the City Morgue, where he was permitted to perform one, and only one, autopsy. The Coroner is still trying to decide how much damage was caused before, and how much after death.

His helpfulness and friendliness will assure him of a large practice in the future.



JOHN GOLDBAUM

"No it's not Stephanie, it's John"

Sydney Hospital's most extroverted extrovert and stripper extraordinaire, Johnny has brightened every day for us. Johnny enjoyed his second year so much that he took his Professor's advice and did it again. He liked making new friends so he drifted from group to group in the clinical years. While he was living-in at hospital Johnny could be found wherever a blow-dryer was heard or sweet perfume smelt. He set all hearts a-flutter in his yellow see-through pyjamas—the girls liked them too. He has a unique ability to lighten any serious moment with a droll comment which invariably brings the house down. He decided to take a break from international jet-setting by spending his elective term in Wilcannia—he was often high but never left dry.

For his subtle wit and warm personality we are all grateful and we give him our best wishes.

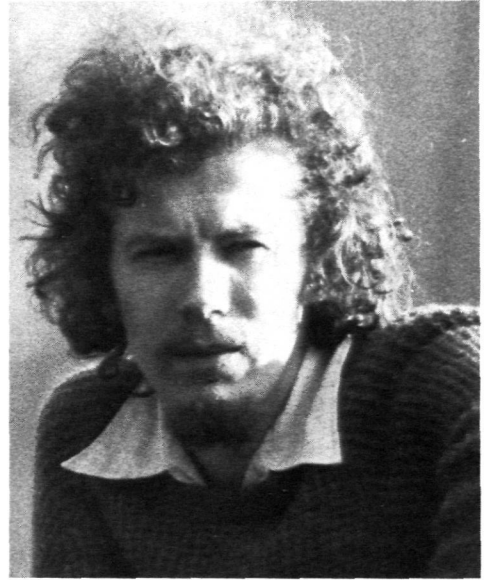


IAN GOODENOUGH

"I'll be there in a minute—don't wait for me!"

One of the regular back-rowers, Ian has delighted many of the non-smokers in the year by filling each lecture theatre with added fumes. This sort of behaviour can be explained by his Novocastrian origins, which may also account for his individuality and sense of fair play (although Ian always likes to win), especially in his favourite games of bridge and snooker. He followed his nose to Fiji during elective term, to distinguish himself as a first-rate kava drinker and made many friends there with his easy-going manner.

Ian managed to carry this free and easy feeling over into final year. He spent first term relaxing after Fiji, second term acting as Sydney Hospital photographer, and third term wondering why everyone was getting so uptight. Cool as a cucumber, Ian has slipped through the six years of medicine with little effort, fostering extracurricular activities.



MARGARET GOTTLIEB

Marg's achondroplasia is well compensated for by her sense of humour, open mind and ability at bridge (and a hairstyle which adds 5 cm. to her real height). Well known for abilities to con authority (with her sweet smile and soft, pleading tone) into giving her a private room for exams with a personal tea service, Marg is not a woman without persuasion. Never without a supply of Life Savers, she has constantly complained of her exclusion from the field of rectal surgery due to inadequate index finger length. If one could pry her away from her books and escape through the smokescreen Marg would be the ideal woman to run away with.

Margaret's major problem of the future will be to decide between her passion for travel and change and her career. Having had a good taste of the former during elective term one might guess her time in Australia is, unfortunately for others, limited.

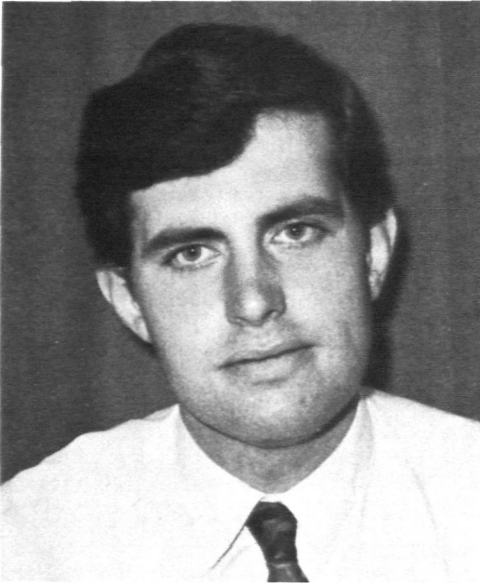
CHRISTINE HAMPSHIRE

"You've got to laugh."

Chris is a successful combination of good looks, good nature, happy personality, and a determination to succeed. She is sympathetic, understanding and considers every problem from the patient's point of view. Her good general knowledge plus a good deal of hard work, has allowed Chris to benefit from those tutorials she has attended, and she has made a useful contribution to all three of them. Her eloquent answers to difficult questions, characterised by their length and peculiar logic (which only Chris can understand) is evidence of her unique mind, and proof that beauty and brains are not mutually exclusive.

The familiar sound of, "I think I'll take tomorrow off, fellas!", exemplifies Chris's philosophy that there is more to life than medicine alone. However, when called upon, her flexible attitude can turn to serious academic application, and it is surely this useful combination of work and play that ensures Chris a fine future in the years ahead.





GEOFF HARDACRE

"Excellent! Excellent!"

Geoff is surely one of Sydney Hospital's personalities. His academic achievement in both the pre-clinical and clinical years has always been good. A spot diagnosis of Wilson's Disease in Fourth Year established a short-lived reputation which was soon tarnished when he definitively localised the apex beat in the 5th LICS MCL in a patient with dextrocardia. In addition to a pachydermal memory, Geoff's compendium of medical trivia has often amazed us.

It is difficult to disturb his unruffled composure although it is rumoured that he has uttered the word "imbecile" on occasions. His austere appearance belies his ready wit and sense of humour (Oh that laugh!). Combining a masterly knowledge of medicine, (sometimes) flawless clinical technique and a genuine interest in the patient's welfare, Geoff is certain to become the complete physician.

MARGOT GILLIAN HARRIS

"Mrs Harris, is it?"

After spending her pre-clinical years working in the Haematology lab at PA, Margot decided to spend her clinical years at Sydney Hospital. Being the only female in an all-male group, Margot was forced to overcome her natural shyness and she learnt to give as good as she got. The group is still wondering about the dozen long-stemmed red roses delivered at Crown Street on Valentine's Day. To Margot, being well-dressed involves the combination of as many different colours as is compatible with good taste. This is always highlighted by something from her limitless collection of colourful beads and matching earrings.

After an elective term between Scotland and Fiji, Margot returned with a deep-rooted interest in men in skirts. Her fastidious attention to clinical work, combined with a special interest in inguino-scrotal swellings and rheumatism, assures her of success.



THOMAS ERNEST HAVAS

"I have nominal aphasia for these public patients".

This happy extrovert has passed through Medicine maintaining all the while a balance between a little work and a very extensive social life. A well-read man and a truly original thinker, he may yet write the definitive history of "Camp Cove in Summer: 1970-1975". To his friends he is renowned for his brilliant wit and repartee.

TH lifts weights well, plays tennis excellently and golf abominably. His hallmark is a garish tie tied very short, with a very large knot. In the clinical years he has developed a unique talent for rapid history-taking and examination, approaching the patient with the words "Could you give me a brief outline of the pertinent points in your medical history". Any digression by the patient induces a look of anguish and despair. If TH decides to make Medicine a full time career, his success is assured.

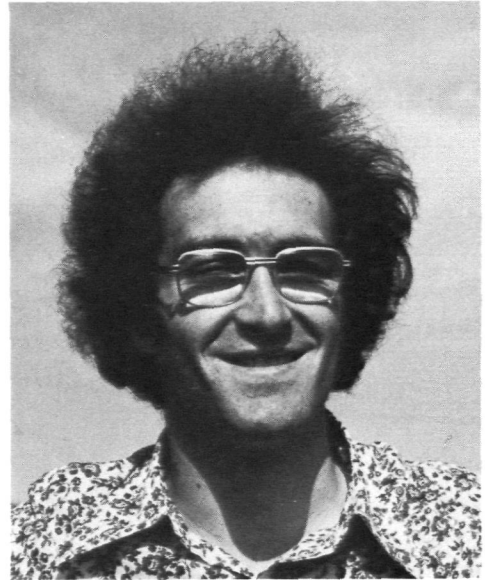


HARRY ILAND

Having decided on a sufficiently long course to allow him to enjoy student life, Harry floated through his undergraduate years with relative ease, his biggest challenge being to get his wife through the same exams. He spent his first four years in Medicine earning money in a variety of suspicious ways, including three months in Callan Park and several abortive attempts at respiratory research.

His quiet "come on, we're already late" and his not so quiet "come on, we've got enough for bridge" mark Harry's presence in the common room.

His aims in life? To find a snooker player worse than himself, to own (and not only dream about) Hi-Fi equipment, to keep up with his wife on the ski slopes, and to definitely become a competent nephrologist, or an immunologist, or a haematologist, or . . . Whichever aim he fulfills, his sound medical knowledge guarantees him a successful career.



SUSAN ILAND

Sue entered Medicine as Susan Merory or, as she was frequently referred to by her tutors, Miss MEMORY, a misnomer she often had difficulty in substantiating. She successfully managed to drift through the preclinical years without too much dedicated interest, achieving fame for her choreographic expertise in early Med. Revues. At the end of Fourth Year she married her "siamese twin" of long standing. The Fifth Year exams then established her position as group psychiatrist, undoubtedly a familial disease.

Final year for Sue consisted of nine months of pining for the slopes at Thredbo, the cakes in Vienna, and anything else that wasn't Medicine. These feelings she conveyed very clearly to those around her! Sue's determination not to be outdone by the opposite sex, her outgoing personality and her understanding of human nature will surely be great assets to her in whichever field of medicine she follows.

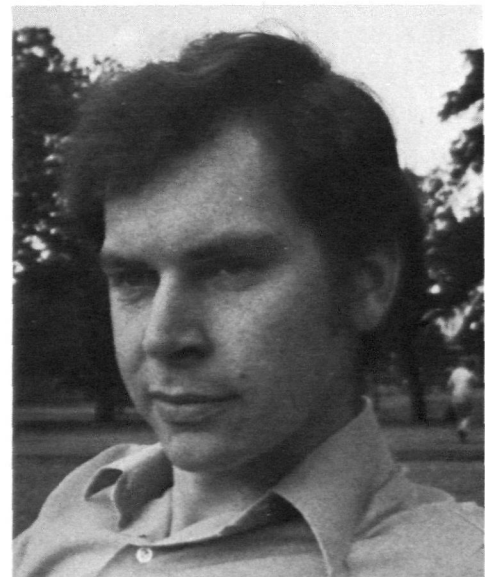
MALCOLM CRAIG IRELAND

"Don't quote Sylvia—she's biased".

Nurtured at Raymond Terrace High (a fact that left Prof. Stapleton stunned when Malcolm nevertheless became a member of his select group), our country lad from Bulahdelah commenced Medicine with a head start having learnt basic anatomy and surgical principles in his father's butcher shop. Rumour has it that he purposely failed Second Year to join Sylvia, although he insists the explanation lies in his doing no work. These suggestions, however, are not mutually exclusive.

Since joining our year he has enjoyed nothing but success and is the practical, commonsense member of our group to whom we all turn when a tutor asks a question to which none of us has a clue to the answer. His spare time interests include music (he plays a mean gum leaf), hi-fi and gardening. Malcolm's early years may have had something to do with his leaning towards surgery.

We wish Malcolm well in whatever he chooses.





SYLVIA IRELAND (nee Kreslin)

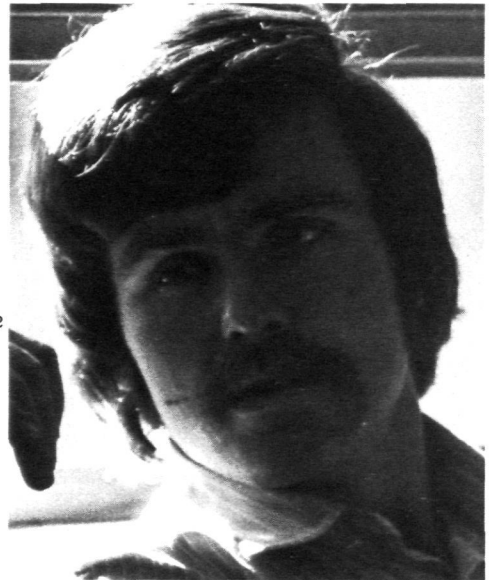
Sylvia's commitment to her work is only exceeded by her commitment to her very strong Christian beliefs, her red pencil case and Malcolm, the only person who can stop her furiously taking notes—"it isn't important dear". The latter was "caught" after she met him on the first day of First Year at an E.U. meeting and they married at the end of Junior IV.

A mild obsessive-compulsive, Sylvia's forehead only furrows when she hasn't read up material for the next tute. She has numerous neurological idiosyncrasies: paroxysmal motor dysfunction (eg. the time she knocked Prof. Stapleton's glasses off), paralogisms ("divertickles"), disorientation in space (when, as a final year, she got lost between wards 10 and 16), and the characteristic vocal outburst of "Aaaah" in tutes. Nevertheless, love (of medicine) is sure to overcome all and assure a successful future.

ROBERT B. KASS

*There was a young man named Kass, who was decidedly crass,
but blessed with sufficient ass, to always be assured of a pass.*

The poem should continue, mentioning the traveller intrepid in V.W. decrepid, but such is the complexity of the man that he can't be entirely reduced to a mere limirick. Bob hasn't gone through in minimum time but, rather than being due to some synaptic defect, this is because of his wandering spirit. He was lost in Samoa for a year. It could just as easily have been New Zealand or Thailand or an extended canoeing trip that retarded his academic progress. But really he is better educated for his travels. And certainly broadminded—although he does have other interests. Rugby Union, for example, at which he is very good. He'll do some good doctoring one day, but as to where or in what field it would be foolish to hazard a guess.



MARK ANTHONY KOTOWICZ

"I talk to the trees . . ."

Mark, one of the cultured among us, has literally sung his way through the medical course; he has even made a record to prove it! All spare time and some medical time is filled with SUMS, UNCS, concerts and nurling. This has attained such proportions that Mark has frequently found it necessary to travel interstate in the search of cultural fulfilment(?).

Elective term in U.S.A. seems to have potentiated his delight in the pursuit of clinical curiosities and methods, eg. "percutaneous transjugular transhepatic cholangiograms". Mark's clinical work is equally detailed, always including auscultation of bowel sounds in all clinical examinations.

We believe however this knowledge together with a good clinical approach will ensure Marcus of a successful career in Medicine.

PAUL LAI

Paul distinguished himself in Pharmacy and then decided to do Medicine. He has since developed something of a reputation among us for his business acumen, especially in real estate. Thus Paul is divided into three parts, and the question is which part is going to take over the whole.

As a socialite and a scholar Paul has few weaknesses. Observation of his behaviour in tutorials gave rise to the fear that he suffered from narcolepsy; totally dispelled I am glad to say by his uncanny ability to be awake at the opportune moments during the tutorials. Paul will always be remembered among his medical colleagues for his cheerful friendliness and for the reassurance that he perpetually gives to us his weaker brethren.

Last year Paul decided on the U.S.A. for his elective term and there met his match—she insisted on him returning at the end of the year. We wish him all the best.



CHARLES ANTONY McDONALD

Our Charles, a Californian lad, quickly adopted the ways of the Australian gentry. He includes amongst his achievements playing representative cricket for the Chippendale Eleven, a promising rugby career curtailed by the pressure of anatomy and a series of subluxations, tennis and golf at Royal Sydney, skiing at Thredbo, not to mention a distinguished academic career. With his sporting interests and various other social pursuits, much of the week was spent planning the coming weekend. However the distance he could travel was often limited by his choice of "high-performance" cars . . . which left us choking in the fumes. Charlie stood out from the rest of his group because of his incredible sense of direction. Travelling from Ward 9 to Ward 16 was a traumatic experience for him, and much of surgery term was spent in his little red Sprite studying a map of Newcastle.

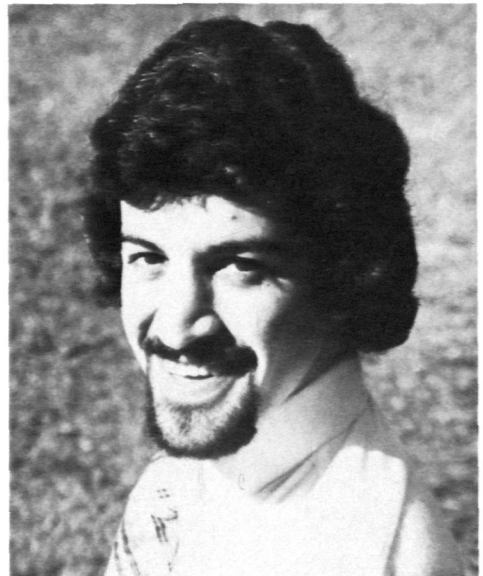
Charlie's keen sense of humour, ability to get on with others and diligence promises him future success in the wards (if he can find them).

COL MENDELSON

"Actually, what's the mechanism . . .?"

Col has never been easy to overlook. While some attribute this to his outgoing personality, others stress the importance of his well muscled body! But whereas in earlier years Col maintained his physique by a multitude of sports, in Final Year, he kept trim by writing large volumes of notes (some say of dubious relevance) and carrying these under each arm alternately. Col's feats at the bridge table have gained universal recognition—it is said that while waiting for his bid on one occasion, two players got married, another grew a beard and the Eastern Suburbs Railway was completed—but this may be an exaggeration.

It must be said that Col, who has a strong family history of doctors, possesses, in addition to a keen ambition to do well, a very genuine interest in Medicine and people, and he will undoubtedly be a great asset to the community when he practices.





STEVE MYERS

Steve, the only person known to have a haircut to improve his snooker, is one of the exceptional medical students at Sydney Hospital. Between playing cards, establishing himself as snooker champion with his pistol-like shots, and answering phone calls from his many admirers (male and female alike), he has still found time to be discontented with our present curriculum. Often seen driving around the hospital in his Mercedes Benz (disguised as a broken-down early model Holden panel van), he is known to avoid buses due to his spasmodic attacks of Peyronie's disease. The most memorable event in his medical training was his first suture at Newcastle Hospital when he lifted an unfortunate patient's leg right off the bed whilst tensing his knots on the inadequately anaesthetised wound. Also known to enjoy camping, especially in the bush, Steve will probably be seen in two years time on a yacht in the Polynesian Islands, captivated by the sight of the black beauties he has long been dreaming of.

LEO PINCZEWSKI

Monday morning: "Satisfied for the moment at least."

Louder than a roaring lion, More popular than the much loved skunk, able to climb tall buildings for secret rendezvous; thus stands Leo, a man amongst great men, who, in a never ending battle for knowledge, justice, and the Newcastle Way of Life, succeeds in paths only few men dare to follow. Student Prince pinball king, Kings Cross Tanks game champion, Sydney Hospital snooker shark are just some of the titles that Leo has held in his short sojourn through Medicine. Never a high powered performer, Leo's somewhat deadpan expression rarely fools his tutors—they soon realise his dislikes of the esoteric, and if credit were given for expertise in knowledge of MG-A trivia, Leo would surely succeed.

Leo applies a commonsense approach to medicine and unfortunately until now has not been able to put into practice certain expertise gained outside. His depth of character and versatility will carry him far.



MARGARET POTTS

"Coo; anybody for a cuppa . . ."

Margaret joined us in Fourth Year and immediately assumed group leadership being the only person capable of finding the way around the maze of corridors that constitute Sydney Hospital. Having found bridge and snooker too difficult she turned her attentions to crosswords and knitting as she prepared cups of tea for all those who were too lazy to make it themselves.

Margaret's interest in cricket was exacerbated after an elective term in the U.K., just one further manifestation of her latent Anglophilia. Margaret has been a source of consolation to us all while demonstrating a sustained enthusiasm for Medicine and her perseverance augurs well for the future.



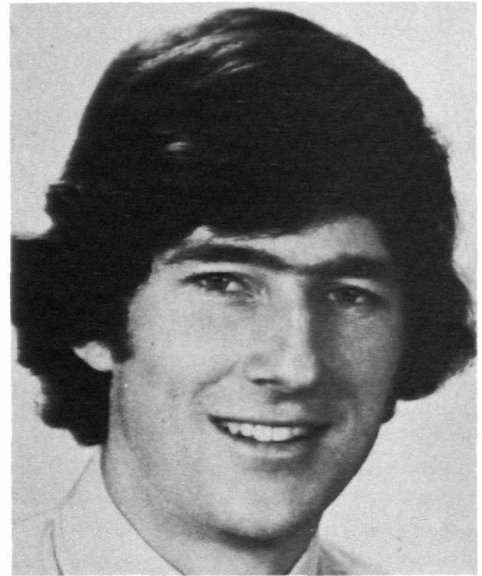
TIMOTHY CLIVE ROBILLIARD

Tim's favourite word, whether on or off the golf course, is fore! Four for bridge, four for snooker, four for tennis and fore! Despite this preoccupation with sport and social activities Tim has found time for Medicine as well. With a delicate hitch of his glasses, he ponders the significance of his tutor's latest question.

Tim's ravenous appetite for Medicine is only exceeded by the delight with which he tackles his meals—the dining room resounding with “did I hear anyone say more?”

Tutelage and turmoil have not taken their toll of Tim, proof positive of his philosophy of ‘early to bed and late to rise!’

We hope Tim's dreams of success will be realised.



BARRY SOLOMONS

“Please don't get up fellas!”

Barry is keen, conscientious, enthusiastic and responsible—but despite all this, a really nice guy. Where other students may be less enterprising, Barry's flair for the practical side of medicine is shown by his carrying a box around the wards in order to allow him to be at the patient's height. He works hard at his Medicine, so much so that he nearly handles the stethoscope as well as the snooker cue.

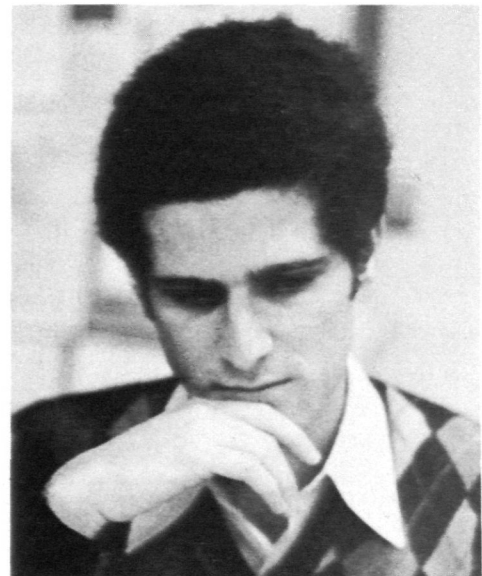
Never to be seen when a good soccer match is shown on T.V., or the fish are biting on the Hawkesbury, Barry has proved to be one of the most avid sportsmen in the year, with a tennis serve that he thankfully tamed in order not to lose too many friends. This willingness to help his colleagues, his practical approach to medicine, and his above average bridge-bidding assure Barry a most useful place in the profession.

JEROME STERN

“Damn and blast!”

The forever fidgeting and pacing Jerome will always be remembered for his frequent, bloodcurdling cries of “Oy!” (said with much feeling and appropriate facial expressions). Jerome's attitude to Medicine was fairly carefree—throughout Final Year he managed to spare enough time from concerts, his vast record library and his piano lessons to make an occasional appearance at Hospital before one o' clock. His knowledge of classical music is equalled only by his bridge ability, and Jerome's lyric tenor voice could often be heard across Macquarie Street as he berated his partner, opponents and spectators alike during a friendly game of bridge. Jerome is also recognised as the undisputed holder of the Sydney Hospital record for the greatest number of unrelated diseases occurring in any single person, all diagnosed by Jerome himself.

Jerome's popularity and his ability to empathise with the problems of others will make him a highly appreciated doctor.





MICHAEL SAMUEL STERN

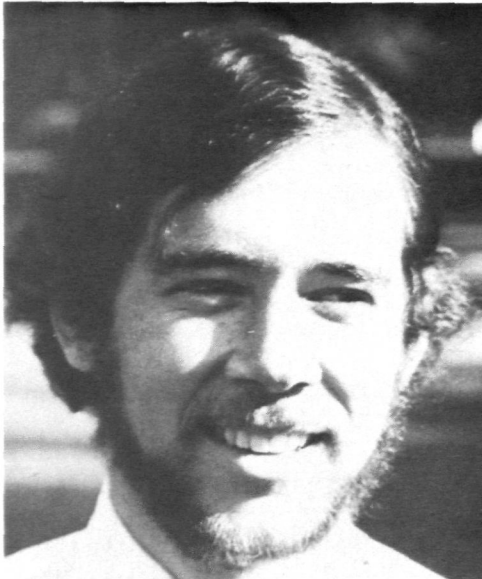
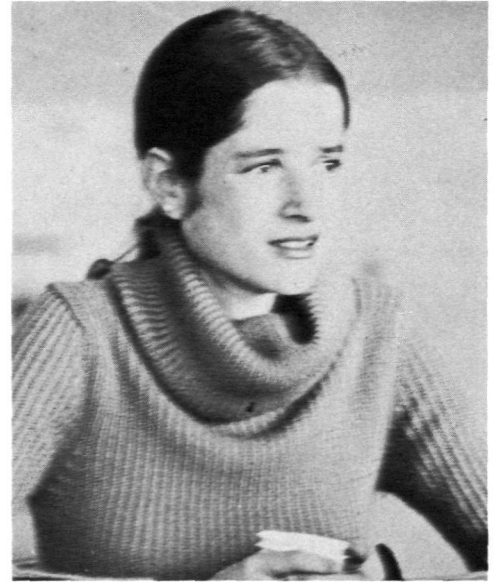
Since starting in First Year, Michael has been a conscientious worker—this has been reflected every year in his results. In the clinical years Michael has developed a fine eye for snooker and billiards. His work in Fisher was rewarded when he met Helen—their future together is certain to be very happy.

Undoubtedly, Michael's hallmark throughout the course has been his folder full of notes which he always keeps close by—reams of notes written in widely-spaced, almost indecipherable handwriting. On occasions he re-arranges and organises his notes but to everyone except Michael they remain an enigma.

Michael has applied his typical determination to his clinical work which is always very good—his percussion of the chest could only be described as vigorous. The combination of his broad medical knowledge and thoroughness in his approach to any problem assures Michael of success in his chosen field.

EVELYN LOUISE STRAUSS

A slender lady of many talents, Evelyn's interests range from an all consuming passion for food preparation to an avid participation in academic pursuits. She is always to be relied upon for something delicious to chew, and has often delighted us not only with imported delicacies from Europe, but also with rare gems fossicked from little-known Medical Journals. Not often to be seen in the common room, she divides her time between the library and taking long walks home to Bellevue Hill—'just for the exercise'. Her interests are classical music, notably opera, reading romantic novels and more serious literature, and playing all different kinds of sports. But her overwhelming interest has always been Medicine, even though it has meant limiting her other activities. There are few who have not been struck by her persistence and attention to detail, which will ensure her success in whatever branch of Medicine she embarks upon.



GEOFF SYMONDS

"But you've got to reply to a one club opening!"

Raised in a small country town, Geoff brought his easy going, friendly personality to the hard world of our Medical Faculty. Well known for his flair for enjoying himself, Geoff's smiling face and curly hair are commonly seen over the snooker table and on the squash court. Once or twice Geoff has even been seen working in the library, but he denies this vigorously, and has managed to get consistently good passes on a minimal amount of work. Over the years, Geoff has managed to sustain a high level of popularity by teaching his friends the finer points of bridge and water-skiing; however his adamant refusal to worry in Final Year was often much to his colleagues' distress.

Despite his interest in extracurricular activities, Geoff is usually able to achieve his objectives at work and is assured a satisfying and competent career in the field of his choice.

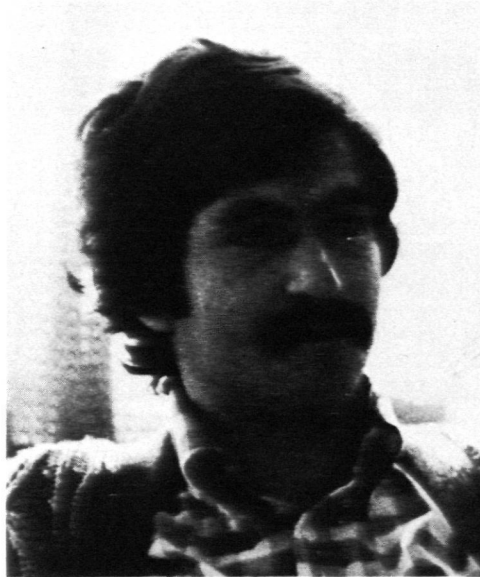
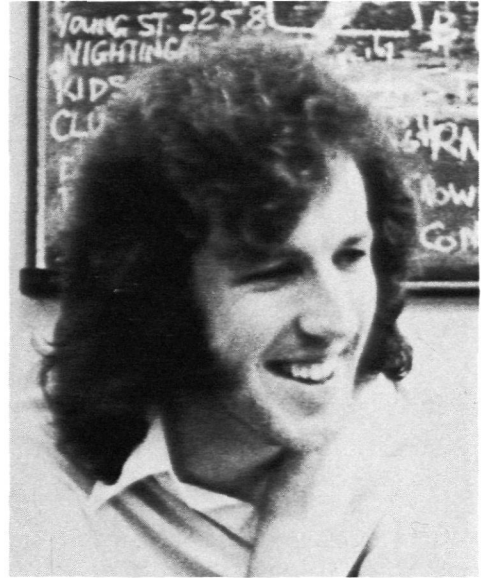
ROBERT JOHN WADE

Medicine IIIIII

A country lad, his passion for agriculture was sublimated in his garden in wee peat pots—any survivors being transplanted to his Camperdown estate. Bob can often be seen exploring the city and suburbs on foot—is he searching for the ideal site for his practice in future years, or is he taking spare parts to his recalcitrant car? Notable also is Bob's choice of easy listening music—"Don't tell us you've bought another record, Bob!"

Over the past few years Bob has acquired a remarkable and very extensive library; but as yet no Medical Dictionary—he still has recourse to the library's copy to look up such complicated words as 'polyxeropseudo peatpots'.

Good luck to you, Bobbie, both in your career and in your search for a country retreat.



RON WISEMAN

"I think I'll take tomorrow off. Have you heard the story about..."

Ron quickly impressed us with his zeal for reading every newspaper or magazine found in the hospital and has been most useful in making his group see the light of day about tales, legendary and true, concerning famous and infamous personalities within and out of hospital. Ron is regularly seen eating his vegetarian lunches designed to keep his weight down. However he will tell you with innocent amazement, while munching hospital biscuits, that he hasn't lost any weight.

He has developed an interesting rapport with patients: when he asked one patient about his bowel motions, the patient pondered a moment and then replied that they looked exactly like the colour of Ron's trousers—so much for Ron's sartorial elegance. Despite this Ron has maintained an enthusiasm for Medicine and his immediate aim is to understand Medibank, or in his own inimitable words "How does the bloody thing work?"

ANDREW ZDENKOWSKI

Now here is a man with no vices. For a moment let us ignore his naked cavorting on Coogee Beach in the small hours and forget his ability to imbibe ethanol and food at a rate yet to be equalled (when it's free). Cool and collected on the outside, one wonders at his multiple bizarre attempts at suicide—daily dodging traffic on his push-bike (well-known lift obstacle), canoeing (and inadvertently swimming) in the fiercest white water near Sydney, and smashing cars in elective term in Madrid. Andrew has had the double good fortune of being supported in his undergraduate poverty by one of Sydney's up and coming feminists and having had years of first hand experience in paediatrics and child psychology. Andrew's medical prowess should not be underestimated—he has percussed the chest of many an old lady, yet still they seem to love him. His future in medicine is assured of success; however his passion for the unorthodox will destroy any predictions anyone is foolish enough to make.



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.*

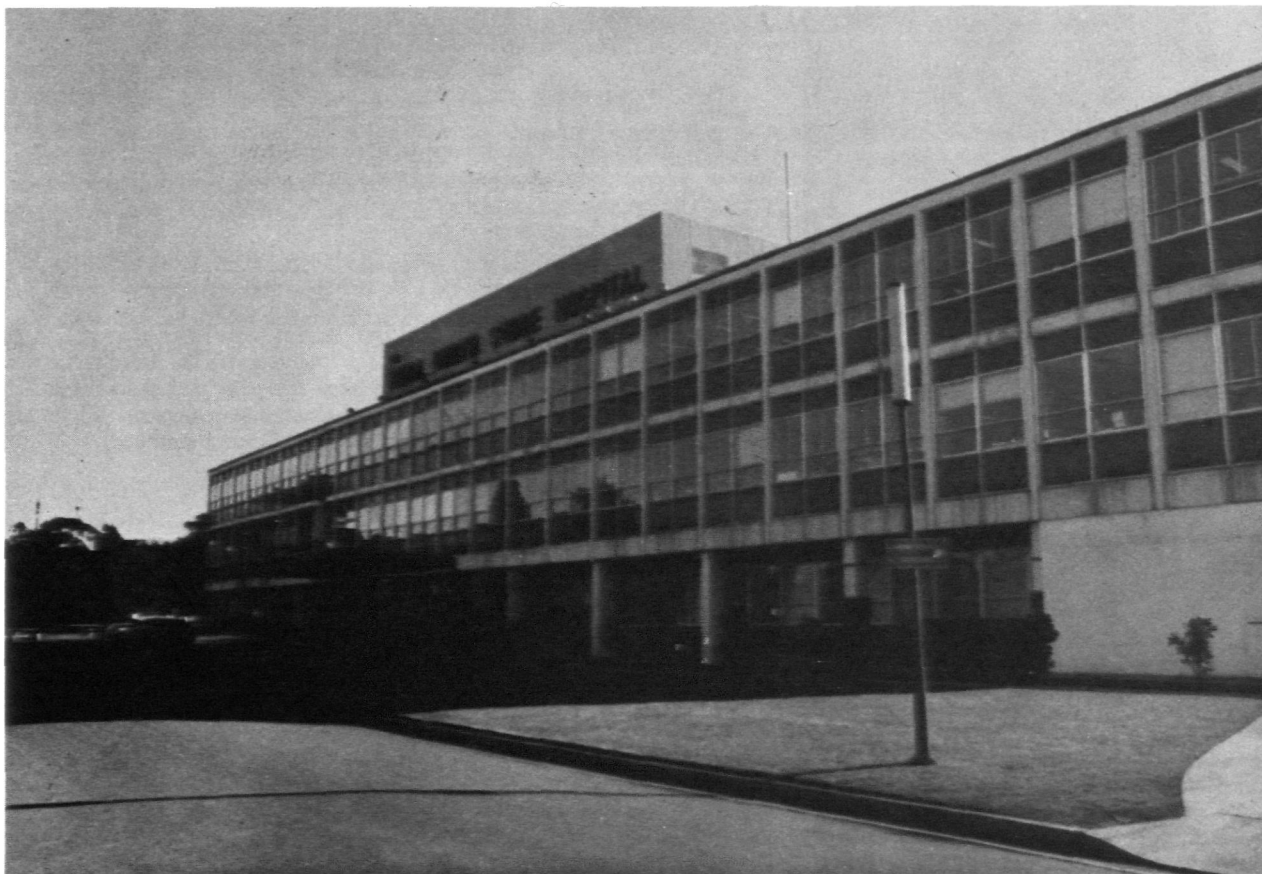
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ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL



The Clinical School for Medical Undergraduates was inaugurated at the Royal North Shore Hospital in 1948, some 61 years after Sir Henry Parkes laid the foundation stone of what was called the North Shore Hospital. The first site was in Willoughby Road. Later in 1902, the foundation stone of a new hospital was laid by Sir Henry Rawson on a site of eight acres at St. Leonards. This building still stands. In the same year King Edward VII gave permission for the institution to be designated The Royal North Shore Hospital of Sydney.

Early in its development the Hospital became a metropolitan as well as a district hospital developing special clinics, some of which were the first to be established in Sydney and even in Australia. Its Chest Clinic, Orthopaedic and Urological Departments as well as a Congenial Heart Clinic gave the hospital national standing. The Institute of Medical Research with which the name of Dr. W. Wilson Ingram will always be associated had the foresight to invite the late Professor M. R. Limburgh to join the staff over 30 years ago and over this period it gained an international reputation.

In 1968 the Mater Misericordiae Hospital became a teaching hospital affiliated with the Royal North Shore Hospital. The first group of students commenced in January, 1969. This association of the two hospitals has developed so that there is nothing quite comparable elsewhere.

You all are about to begin a new exciting professional life which should bring great happiness and fulfilment. Many choices will be open to you including the opportunity to travel. Eventually you probably will have to make a choice between entering some sort of state health service whether it be in hospital or in some family medicine programme or you may choose to become what is now generally referred to as a private entrepreneur. You may have read fearful and even exaggerated accounts of the dangers of increasing government intrusion into the affairs of doctors. Some of these fears are real if one is to judge by events in other parts of the world. In this regard it is well to remember the old saying that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. However, many of the changes under discussion at the present time are inevitable and indeed overdue and the matter of intrusion of the state into everyone's affairs is a social question that is concerning all societies. These are matters which your generation will have to face. However, from my observations I have no doubt that you all will continue to be motivated by the same interest in your work and concern for your patients that has motivated your clinical teachers. The greatest reward is job satisfaction and you are fortunate in that Medicine offers this more than other professions.

—Ian Monk

THE HONORARIES



DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

Professor of Medicine

"Billy Graham always says he's willing to talk to two or more people, but I prefer at least six."

Few tutors other than this good man could have prepared us better for our resident years, don't you agree? It was perfectly clear that we couldn't be an expert in everything, follow, but neither could we be a danger to the unsuspecting public. So he trained us in that subtle art of seeing Medicine, follow, as being trivially simple, simple (good), and of remembering (you know this, don't you John? Of course you do!) that common things occur commonly. And with this clear-thinking approach, with the aid of mini-skirted girls, first year nurses (who have all read Davidson) and trolley-boys, we are now prepared to stand, clean white coats, ready to prevent any debacle, to allow the poor patient to live to die of something else, and ensure that our promising careers do not come to a precipitous end. Is that not perfectly clear? Good, thank you.

THOMAS SMITH REEVE

Professor of Surgery

"Well I wouldn't know where to start with a horse"

Prof. Reeve injects all sorts of goodies into our Medical Course. His diverse interests (sport, politics, the arts, travel or anything you'd care to mention) proved that high achievement needn't require a sacrifice of other involvements. They also lent an air of unpredictability to his sun-soaked tutorials. His fame abroad brought us a steady stream of visiting Professors whom he fed to us on Friday mornings. All these activities necessitated some corner-cutting, so we weren't offended when he took us on rounds while still fully gowned for theatre. Hopefully, we weren't too infective but his enthusiasm was, and we are deeply indebted.



THOMAS KINMAN FARDON TAYLOR

Professor of Orthopaedic and Traumatic Surgery

You can't escape the long pointer and 'plosive pronunciation of Tom Taylor as he shakes the walls of a Bosch lecture theatre. And if you sit within arm's reach of the centre aisle, you'd better tune your reflexes. When you see a white starched coat with uptumed collar . . . "THINK PRESSURE, THINK EPIPHYSES". When you feel a vice grip your arm, "REMEMBER, it's not a theatre, it's an OPERATING ROOM". When you're handed a block of wood with attached chunks, don't insult his carpentry . . . "THINK BONE, THINK FRACK-CHAS." And if he flashes past at Thredbo, and leaves you crushed and broken in the snow, remember that he has indoctrinated so many Sydney graduates that the treatment of traumatic injuries bears the stamp of his excellent tuition.



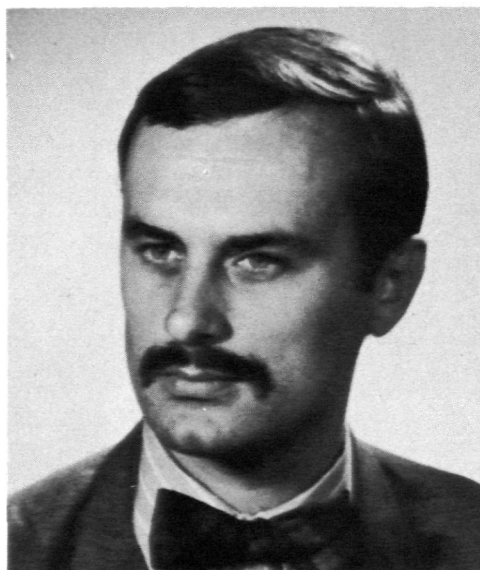
GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

Senior Lecturer in Surgery

"Plastic Bags are a way of life now"

For most of us, our first encounter with Mr Coupland was in the operating theatre during Surgery Term. Here we saw this much rumoured surgical dynamo in action, and learnt to appreciate both his friendly interest in us as students and his surgical skill (though in the small hours of Saturday morning these ideals were sometimes hard to appreciate).

In the ward his lucid tutorials and practical attitude to surgical problems were embellished with a keen sense of humour. To the man who also introduced us to unprocessed bran in these trying times we offer our deepest thanks.



AKOS GYORY

Senior Lecturer in Medicine

"Did you know that there are forty-nine varieties of acute diffuse mesangiocapillary membrano-proliferative "lobular" endomembranous glomerulonephritis, depending on the value of delta?"

Short, dark and handsome, he stalks the floor in his impeccable suit of latest European design, smoothing his well-groomed moustache. The topic to be elucidated today is announced, and he stands on a chair to write it at the top of the blackboard. After wielding his super-duper expandible pointer-cum-urethral dilator he returns to the seventh sub-classification disagreed upon in the last (hopefully the last) European accord.

Our thresholds soon exceeded we develop rapidly progressive "Gyoryuria" (incontinence of ideas) and go into acute mental failure. We did remember one thing though; that Surgeons check B.U.N., Physicians check creatinine, Nephrologists do biopsies for EM and immunofluorescence, while students just pray for an easy question in the finals...please?

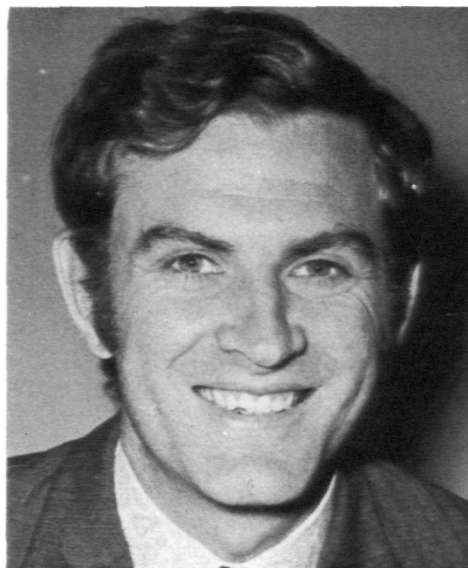
Thank you for your energetic help.

DOUGLAS MUNRO SAUNDERS

Senior Lecturer in Obstetrics & Gynaecology

"It will be a steamy November afternoon..."

With the inevitable greeting of "G'day" as he effortlessly side-saddled the front desk, Dr Saunders introduced us to the suave, imperturbable world of Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Displaying great interest in students' progress he managed to solve many of our labour floor problems, not all of them "little-ones". He also provided an excellent rendition of a "pestering examiner" for the unfledged Final Year candidate to cut his teeth on. Our appreciation is sincerely felt.





VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

"Nil desperandum est, comme ca, ipse facto!"

Mr Cumberland surely illustrates all the attributes of "the complete surgeon". He is a man steeped in science, understanding the intricacies of highly selective vagotomies and emphasising an understanding of electrolyte therapy. Yet he reminds us of the sense of tradition which Hamilton Bailey has instilled in us. He imparts these influences with his own individual touch. We have come to associate him with his broad grin or that special plastic face-mask perched on his head like a party hat. We are most indebted for his interest and instruction.

MAX ELLIOTT

"There are some people, most of them women who can't drive, who are unable to use an inhaler."

Dr Elliott met us twice a week, always well equipped with a list of patients for future presentation. His intentions were that we should carry on the discussion. However he would soon be confronted with numerous questions aimed at exacting the good oil on sarcoid or PIE. His informative answers were always suitably embellished with a flourish of a red handkerchief or a snort of snuff. We very much appreciate his example of concern for the patient and his valuable tuition.



REGINALD GLOVER EPPS

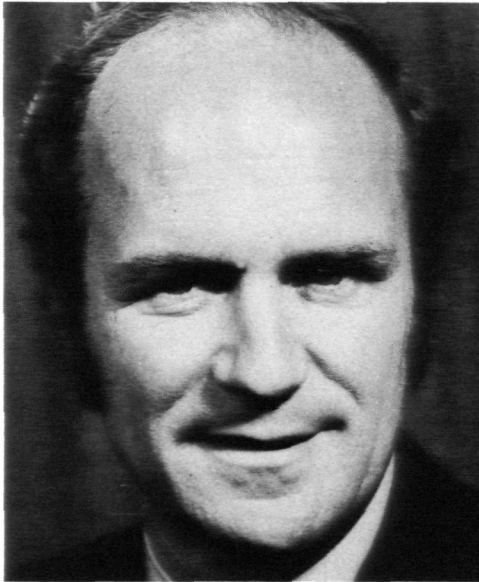
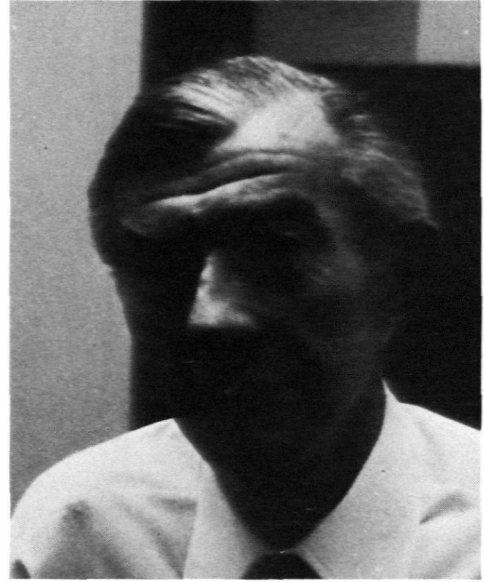
In Dr Epps we saw a man of many qualities. We saw the learned Cardiologist, for whom every step of a cardiovascular examination revealed important data. We saw the compassionate clinician, who handled his patients with concern and good humour. We saw the finely trained athlete, who could stand for long periods at the bedside while students strained to hear elusive murmurs, and we admired the tactful diplomat who blamed our failure on the shape of our earpieces. We thank him for sharing his time and knowledge.

BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

"Yes, I suppose that's possible, but . . ."

Dr Geddes' help this year has been generous and invaluable. By halving group size and restricting the scope of tutorials to one topic or patient per week he was able to provide us with information in a form we could readily grasp and retain.

His quiet, relaxed, "smoko-break" tutorials, and his polite regard for some of our more cretinous answers were very much appreciated. All were able to breathe a sigh of relief as he clarified the mysteries of Respiratory Medicine. Thank you and a thousand blessings on your broncho-pulmonary segments.

**JAMES ISBISTER**

"To transfer this patient safely you must consult an Army map."

Every language should have some culture taught along with it, and medicine is no exception. From Dr. Isbister we gained some elementary facts on snooker players, ladders, the common man, altitudes, geography, and the sound advice to keep up with the general public's knowledge by a thorough reading of the daily papers.

All this instruction was delivered with the relaxed atmosphere of a fireside chat, but reinforced by the wily strategy of a seasoned examiner.

RAYMOND MOULTON HOLLINGS

"and then we did an appendicectomy for an encore".

Renowned for his speed with the Dunhill's forceps and the 3/0 catgut sutures, we found Mr Hollings oscillating 'twixt RNSH, Hornsby and the San. We followed in his wake, observing excellent technique and great compassion for his patients and their anxious relatives. In Final Year, with the grim prospect of finals looming, Mr Hollings delivered superb bedside tutorials which were enjoyable, instructive and encouraging. We thank him for helping to lay the foundation stones for our future.





IAN MONK

Warden of Clinical School

"Well you people probably know more about this than I do, but as I understand it..."

As warden of the Clinical School, Mr Monk has long been of great assistance to the students of RNSH. He will be remembered for many things . . . His mass of tidy white hair, his numerous trips between the teaching block and the Thoracic Unit, his cosy informal slide showings, and those tersely worded notices about our parking or untidy quarters (which he likened to a wild life sanctuary). He was trained in his specialty of Thoracic Surgery by McNiell Love, of text book fame, and he illustrates his points with a similar sense of humour. Always very approachable and a good listener, Mr Monk handles the complex task of administration of student affairs with great skill and diplomacy. For all this help, we thank him.

ALAN POOLE

"Today's lunchtime meeting concerns salivary glands".

Some of us were fortunate enough to enjoy Mr Poole's tuition in Fourth Year, but for the rest his role has been less conspicuous, though vitally important. As Surgical Clinical Supervisor, he has been responsible for much of the organisation of our course and has borne the brunt of intercepting complaints aimed at us. The preparation of our time-table probably required as much patience and attention to detail as his specialty of Head and Neck Surgery. We are most grateful for the smooth-running he has achieved.



GEORGE SELBY

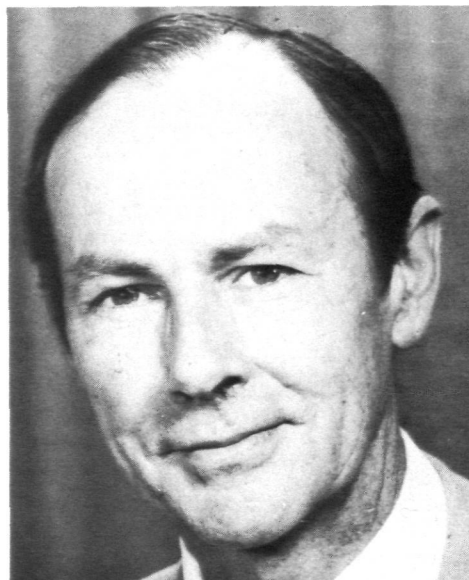
"In Petit Mal, the patient . . . suffers absences."

Dr Selby is the Sherlock Holmes of the Neurology department, and may be identified by his pipe, silver-grey hair, and a bag of neurological tricks. His lectures to a Sixth Year of "Dr. Watsons" explained his elementary deductions on the case of the Violent Vertigo or the Mystery Headache. His interests are many and encompass theatre, skiing, music and, we like to think, students. Over the past year he has been a great asset to our education, imparting knowledge of Neurology with a keen sense of humour and a valuable philosophy of Medicine. If we pass we hope he will celebrate with us over a bottle of Cabernet-Shiraz.



DOUGLAS SEAVINGTON STUCKEY*"Did you hear the one about the myocardial infarct?"*

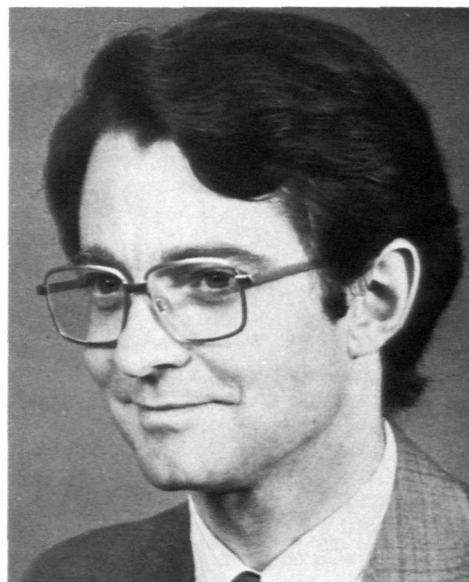
Dr Stuckey takes Final Year students on a grand tour of the Cardiovascular System by way of lectures and tutorials. No backwater escapes his attention, and his explanations are clear and practical. He also promotes student confidence and only rarely does his benevolent, sun-tanned countenance show signs of bewilderment at our answers. For these many contributions we thank him most sincerely.

**IAN DAVIES THOMAS***"I belong to Bed-pans Anonymous"*

Dr Thomas has provided tremendous help and encouragement through the year. It is from such tutors that students learn not only the science of Medicine, but also the art: not only how to practise the profession but how to be seen to practise it: not only what to say, but how to say it. We learnt therefore, the gentle arts of courtesy, politeness and the ready smile, together with the science of clear, concise thought. We also met a lot of diabetics.

PETER M. WILLIAMSON*"When testing the motor system you must verbally flagellate the patient."*

Could we forget those Tuesday morning tutorials where we bluffed our way through a neurological examination, thinking how well we had done, only to be shown at the conclusion how subtle the ptosis of a Horner's really is. Dr. Williamson, with his polite and lucid teaching, has greatly advanced our understanding of clinical Neurology. And what a goal he set for us . . . our own engraved silver-plated percussion hammer, or the highly intriguing and occasionally useful "bruit-o-phone". Our sincerest thanks to him for his infinite patience and invaluable teaching.



AND . . .

Mr Broadfoot, a man of great experience who brought us Surgery with the "Ken Howard touch". He was a strenuous barracker ("Quids in it's a sneaky-sneaky") and taught us to always back the favourite. His tip for the November Hurdle for 6-y-olds was "Basic Principles", and his form guide will be an invaluable help for our future.

Mr Fowler appointed many "Professors", but found they mostly raved on about "fancy crap". He rapidly reminded us of the important elements of Surgery and the practical approach to their solution.

Dr Keller robustly demonstrated the plumbing principles of Urology. His energetic demonstrations of how to manually core out hypertrophied prostates may have caused a few sphincters to spasm, but his patient, orderly tuition was a great help to us all.

Mr Smith helped dispel the mysteries of the IVP and illustrated all points with tall tales but true from the legendary past.

Dr Murray Lloyd, the well-known multi-media personality, continued his quest for a Gold Logie with entertaining and topical lectures—but alas, as yet, no well paid cigarette commercial.

Dr Amos' well designed tutorials showed us just how fast 20 minutes with a patient would go in our viva. His teaching was a great preparation for exams and later practice.

Dr Geoff McManus gave us the benefit of his great experience, startling us with stories from those bad old pre-penicillin days, but he also gave us a comprehensive approach to respiratory infection.

Dr Russell Vandenburg, his voice slightly muffled by that profuse beard, gently explained the ins and outs of breathing. His tutorials were always extremely up to date and created much interest.

Dr Laurie Donnelly's pre-lunch tutes lasted until drowned out by rumbling tummies, so he supplemented them with excellent student-orientated Cardiology lunch-time meetings.

Dr Martin Sulway crusaded for a greater understanding of diabetes with videotapes, questionnaires, pamphlets and lectures, all delivered with that Sulway theatrical flair.

Dr Wilmshurst coaxed us into some of the deeper waters of Endocrinology with a smile that he must have inherited from Prof. Turtle.

Dr Picker, the ultrasound specialist with a voice to match, provided both the questions and answers for his very informative O & G sessions.

Dr Ian Kelso was always ready with a lecture on anything, the most vital being management of a normal pregnancy.

The Orthopaedic Surgeons, **Messrs Daymond, McGlynn & Middleton** successfully justified why their patients were bound in plaster or dangling from their Meccano sets, while **Dr Sidney Nade** gave a fibroblast by fibroblast description of the pathological processes involved.

Dr Keith Jones, faster than a speeding erythrocyte, more powerful than a cytotoxic, able to cover Haematology in a single lecture, meanwhile, disguised as a mild-mannered specialist at a great metropolitan hospital, he has given us insight into the essential theory and practical measures of his field. **Dr Viner-Smith's** Pathology department, mainly through **Dr Payne**, reminded us all of what these fancy medical conditions looked like in good old H & E stain.

Dr Yeo and **Mr Grant** waited patiently while we perused spinal X-rays, and sorted out all the confusion which arose.

We were particularly lucky to receive such enthusiastic support from the Registrars. In Medicine, those 3 "walking Harrison's", **Drs Green, Storey** and **Ferve**, explained the inexplicable. The O & G men, **Drs Robertson** and **Grudzinkas**, covered many topics despite that incessant bleeping from their coat pocket. In surgery **Drs Brooks, Graham, Hughes, Bambach** and **Percy** had the magic touch of finding patients before they were operated on or while they had their dressings off. **Melina** ensured we didn't have too much bread to eat or a shiny floor to slip on.

In the organisational battle **Anne Kingston** and **Christine George** did a magnificent job of holding the fort. Casualties in this skirmish were reported as . . . Students . . . 53 missing, presumed dead; Secretaries . . . 2 slightly wounded.

Prior to 6th Yr many fine tutors had contributed to our progress. **Drs Patterson, Pennington, Truskett, Sussman** and **Pfanner** kept a watchful eye as we fumbled through our deliveries. **Dr Woods, Schneider, Cutler, Cooligan** and **Douglas** showed us the many sides of surgery. **Mr Chandler** projected an impressive array of "before and after" slides to illustrate Plastic Surgery. **Mr Rushworth** simplified the awesome management of head injuries. **Drs McCarthy, Lucesse, Dowe** and **O'Donnell** crowned us with head mirrors and put throat-ticklers in our hands. **Dr Hipwell** gave a very comprehensive approach to Ophthalmology as he chanted his incantation "Beware the red eye". **Drs Morgan** and **Fielden** showed us the joys of that toy called an anaesthetic machine and taught us the ABC of Resuscitation, which gave us a ready answer for any emergency.

Dr Gunning, the Medical Clinical Supervisor, quietly waded through our tentative case histories and contributed much to the organisation of our affairs.

Drs Degotardi, Schureck and **Mc Farland** explained all those depressed patients, but couldn't explain our moods or motives. Then, with the prod of a pin, **Dr Davis** had his troupe of performing patients leaping through hoops and attempting other death defying feats.

We express our deepest thanks to these people and the many others who have helped us in our happy years at North Shore.



"the monster from the brick pits"



"what do you want now?"



"too much work"



"too late for the lamingtons again"

ROBERT DAVID ALBERT ABRAHAM

"I'm sure it all amounts to a basic disturbance of T-cell function."

Rob entered Fifth Year complete with B.Sc. (Med.) and an intense love of lymphocytes. These he gained from a year of painstaking hours at the microscope in the sepulchral gloom of the Bacteriology Department, counting B and T cells, and really discovering the meaning of life.

His clinical course has been notable in that he reveals an abundant enthusiasm for the "medical patient-rare syndrome" phenomenon, surging forth into the wards at the slightest hint of an interesting case to see and lay hands upon some ailing patient with "Wegener's" or "Goodpasture's".

Once or twice he has confided that there have been times when he has been kept awake by thoughts of new and possibly more intriguing medical problems yet to be learnt.

There is no doubt that Rob's career will surely be successful, and we wish him all the best in it.



BRETT GREGORY ADAMS

"Throw me da ball, throw me da ball!"

Brett stormed into Medicine from Knox sporting a broad grin and squeaky-clean personality. He left with his smile obliterated by a droopy moustache and his personality totally contaminated by the events which befell him. In early years, his prowess at full-back earned him the title of "clanger" for his efforts to join the back-line, but didn't prevent him from playing for NSW Colts. His nocturnal habits were seen to advantage at AMSA Conventions, and were embellished by the poise resulting from years of aspiring to be head waiter at the "Hamlet". Woe befell the day he was discovered selling Scott's Pies in the park. With his tremendous energy Brett is sure to burst forcefully onto the Medical scene, knobbly liver and all.



GWEN MARY ASTEN

"The hens are laying nine a day now!"

This fair damsel of recent Anglo-Saxon extract arrived, by way of Hobart University into our Fourth Year, complete with Mini Moke and geophysicist husband Michael. It was in our times of living-in at hospital during Fifth Year that we really came to know Gwen when she livened up the residence with soul-stirring renditions of old time favourites on her accordion. Her attendance at tutorials and ward rounds was punctilious to a fault, only occasionally marred by an early departure with the excuse that she "had to take the Mokey and pick up Mickey."

As a diversion from the tedium of final year, Gwen took to the keeping of poultry, and successfully established a lucrative income by selling the eggs (much to the chagrin of the Egg Marketing Board.) Gwen's conscientious approach to her work in Medicine combined with a deep and personal Christian faith will stand her in good stead in her future medical career.





JOHN RICHARD BANKS

"I didn't miss anything important, did I?"

John joined us for Med IV after many varied experiences which included the King's School 1st XI, a couple of years in the Faculty of Science, a notorious motor scooter, a new Volvo and the occasional difference of opinion with preclinical examiners. Around this time, John seemed to be very interested in the AFS scheme. The real reason for his numerous trips to the U.S.A. became apparent when he returned to Fifth Year with his new wife Catherine. Throughout the course John has rarely been seen on Wednesdays (sailing day) but has often been known to squeeze in a few lectures and tutes between golf games, cricket matches, tennis afternoons and a never-ending battle with the undergrowth in his back yard. Recently John's non-attendance has had a different aetiology . . . the books. Having his new found thirst for knowledge associated with his unflappable approach to life, John is assured of a long and happy medical career—with a minimum of ulcers.

CHRYSTINA BILINSKY (nee Kuszniuruk)

"Please get that spelling right."

This quiet attractive Ukranian lass started Medicine in 1969. She was so quiet and studious that no-one noticed her until her name repeatedly appeared on the Distinction lists. Some guys did try making passes at her, but it was obvious that her work came first.

Then in Fifth Year and away from home at "wicked" Newcastle Chrystina blossomed. Study gave way to a round of socialising both in and out of Medicine. By the end of the year Chrystina announced that she was not only getting married to Andrew, a fellow Ukranian, but going to Paris for a year-long honeymoon as well.

Chrys arrived back for Final Year 1975 full of Parisienne ideas and immediately embarked on a course of practical Obstetrics with the birth of baby Nathalie in May.

With strong family support Chrystina now manages both a home and her studies, and with her usual good management will do well in the future.

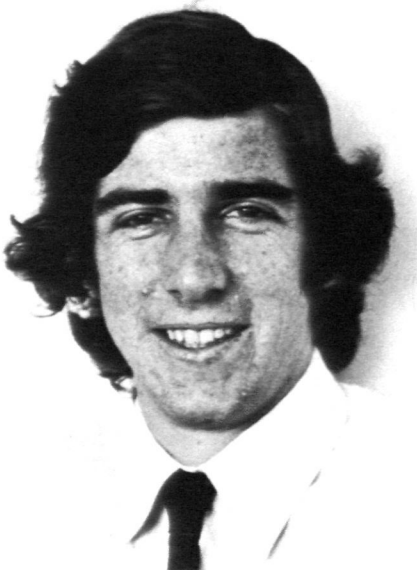


NIGEL HOWARD BILL

"No probs, troops"

Nigel, and friend Bill Cayzer, ("pure and simple") have entertained us for years with their cliché-ridden disputes ("Oh you poor dumb fool!"). But Nigel is seen at his best after all-night bridge sessions, sly working, or two weeks abstinence. He is a versatile sportsman—his calloused left hand and great ball sense being used in many areas. This professional griveller and snoveller ran in blinkers as a dark horse in the 1974 Students' Iron Man Event and won by a long retch. His life has not always been easy—his "car" must always be parked on a hill, and he is such a fussy eater (if it doesn't move, he'll eat it!)

Nigel has quietened down in recent years, trading his squash and skittles life for a thumb-shaped depression in his forehead. Nigel is, well, known and liked throughout the Year and we know he will do well in whatever field he chooses.



JOHN ROBERT BLACKMAN

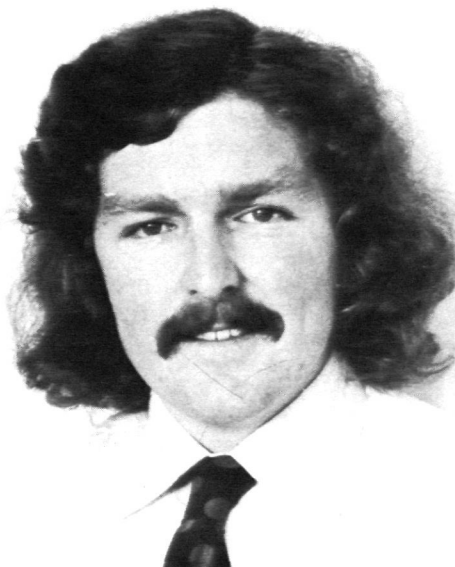
"Grrrr"

John began Medicine as a timid young cub, but turned out to be a tiger in disguise. His animal interests came to the fore at Med. Balls and Dinners, where he always seemed to finish up under the table. His talents at these events are many, not the least being his Charlie Drake "Boomerang won't come back" renditions.

On the cultural side John has proved an avid collector of country music, in keeping with his love of the wide open spaces. Sport is another major interest—anything from cricket to ping-pong; and he is noted for his fleet-footed football exploits. Other pastimes include "cheese and bickies", chocolate eclairs, moonlight fishing, and chasing sheep around his father's Goulburn property.

All in all, John has proven a great tonic for the rest of the Year, with his jovial outlook on life (epitomized by that number plate GAY 285).

This, and his kindly nature will assure his success in future life.



JOHN ASPINALL BLAXLAND

"There's nothing quite like drilling a piggie"

The intellect-destroying qualities of the Medical course are well illustrated in the case of John Blaxland. When he joined us in Second Year, John had successfully completed an Honours Arts degree in French. He went on to top Biochemistry in Second Year then began a steady downhill slide until he surprised us all by passing Final Year.

John has mixed his full-time activities of pig-shooting back-of-Bourke, squash, music and proof-reading for Playboy with the occasional Medical endeavour. A reliable source claims that John has actually seen a patient this year, but on further investigation this was found to be during his Medical Viva.

John's obvious talents in Medicine, in the out-back and his patience in handling people ("My God, you're a moron!") would make him ideal material for a country posting, such as in Cobar.



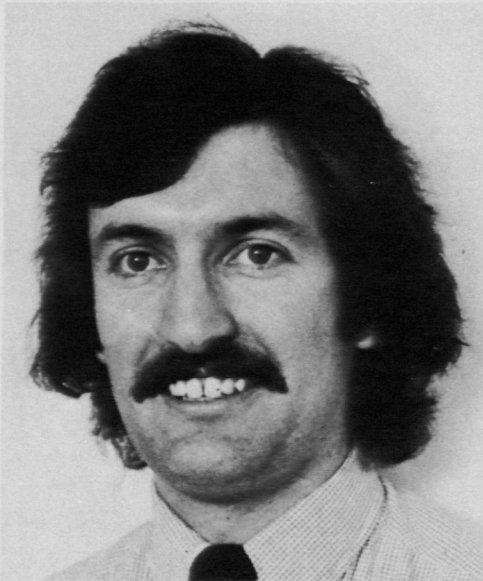
CHRISTOPHER EDWARD BUTT

"We don't wish to know that!"

R.N.S.H. Draughts champion 1973-4; R.N.S.H. Cryptic Crossword Consultant 1973-75; Three times World Trousers' Champion and the only person able to sing arias from "The Magic Flute" while being wrapped in toilet paper at the Med. Revue. His other interests include classical music, Goon Shows, Christian Youth Work, and a certain Third Year Med. bird. After a year of growing his hair and beard practising to be a Sikh, Chris left for his elective term in India. Apart from sampling the joys of Third Class train travel and gaining a lot of valuable clinical experience, Chris found time to teach the fundamentals of democracy to Mrs Ghandi.

Realising that politics was not his forte, Chris returned to R.N.S.H. for Final Year. His methodical careful approach coupled with an extremely pleasant personality should ensure he does well in whatever aspect of Medicine to which he chooses to address himself.





JOHN MICHAEL CAMERON

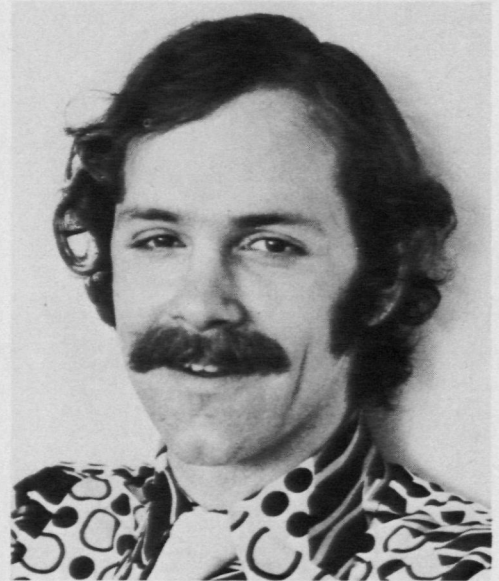
Mike is one of those students who have made doing Medicine fun, as well as hard work. Student, worker, footballer, cricketer, golfer, gentleman, bon-vivant and man-of-the-world—he is all this and more. He resembles Dennis Lillee in looks and bowling and has strange effects on his fellows, precipitating water-fights, door collapses and other extraordinary occurrences, usually described by the term "Status Randicus". His vocal exuberance has often tempted colleagues to remedy the situation with a "Recurrent Laryngeal Nerve Crush" or more drastic operations, which might also have alleviated that unique type of nystagmus from which he is said to suffer. He has also made a name for himself in the scholastic world, his style being best described as "First past the post".

We have all appreciated his fellowship and wonderfully friendly, outgoing disposition, seen in his tombstone smile, and feel that his future is assured in whatever field (preferably Medical) he chooses to enter.

WILLIAM FREDERICK COOPER CAYZER

"Whacko the diddlo! The boy's come up a rare treat"

For a man of his years, Bill is remarkably active. Known affectionately as "the skippa" he has been the inspirational leader of his group for three years. A truly natural leader of men he was also inaugurator and honorary captain of the "O'Malley's Alley XI" whose exploits on the cricket field need no further mention. Defying rumours that he was "past it" he has excelled in many other fields with his wide-based-stance, tapping table tennis play and "lift-infested" draughts matches. Often sheer weight of words, most of them "bitter and twisted" have won him the victory. With Engineering under his belt, and Medicine soon to follow, Bill is contemplating which course to dabble in next. Whichever he chooses, or if he continues his medical career or even just bows to the reality of his years and retires, everyone knows he will do it with great success.



ALAN JAMES COOPER

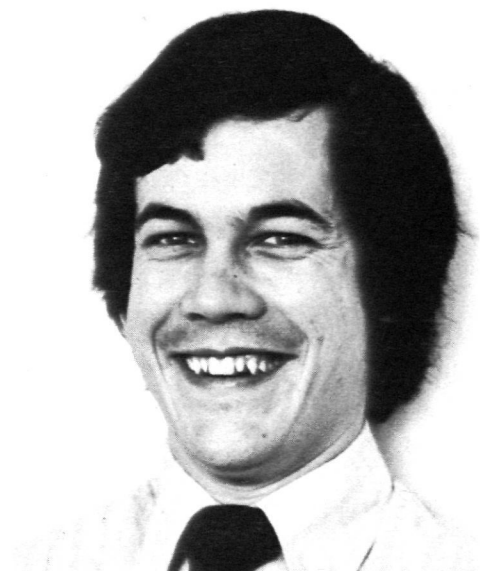
"I must cut down on this stuff"

Born and bred in the lazy beery north of Darwin, Alan belied his upbringing to storm through Medicine much the same way he stormed through his schooling at Knox. Always a keen and capable organiser, he worked hard for the Medical Society where he has been both Secretary and Senior Undergraduate Vice-President. His parting coup in rigging last year's Union elections was brought off magnificently—pool tables all round as proof of the spoils. His dedication to the teaching of medicine is again notable, for he could always be seen accompanying another physio from his Anatomy classes, presumably for extracurricular tuition. It was probably from his difficulties keeping track of the complexity of the situation and the numbers involved that he found the need to turn to computers. However, now with marriage in the pipeline he's had some re-programming to do and his activities have been curtailed somewhat to medicine, beer, controlling that shake, Manly-Warringah and Jane.

PATRICK CHARLES CREGAN

"Kveim does not pay."

Pat's path through Medicine has been negotiated in exemplary fashion, whereby only the occasional exam (handled with gentlemanly skill) has been allowed to interrupt a busy round of socializing, golf, boating and fishing, with time off in the latter stages to attend to his fiancée Suzy. Pat has, on occasions, worked: notably while trying to elicit fares from inanimate objects during his cab driving days, in his capacity as "Cameron Controller" and local carpenter while living-in and while energetically fulfilling the role of year representative at R.N.S.H., a service much appreciated by us all. Pat is also the star graduate of Dale Carnegie's Charm School. With a background of this nature, not to mention his fluent performances at Year Dinners, he emerges with the polished air of a cross between Dave Allen and Perry Como, with the homely touch that only agro boots could give. A successful future, both medical and marital, is assured.



GARRY MICHAEL CUSSEL

"... practise Medicine long enough to afford to take off a year or so ..."

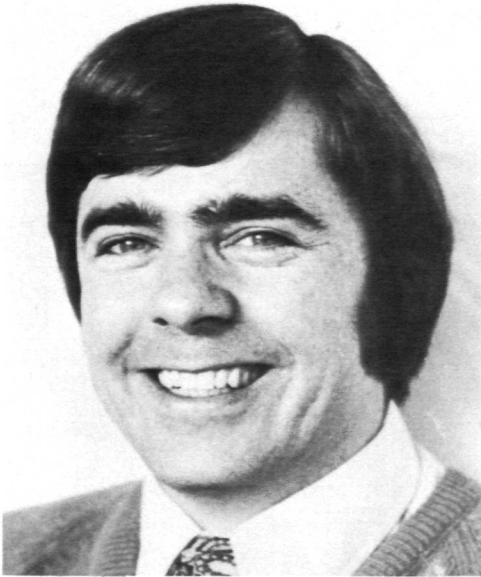
Bending ze 'nees and keeping ze weight forward, Garry snowploughed into Med II from an inferieur slope. With his eye on the fall-line, he has moved through the Moguls of Medicine, sharing T-bars with lovely ladies and giving his all to "apres Med". The culmination of his career so far as a doctor has been a three-month ski trip to Austria where his smooth susch to the bedside was perfected. Sixth Year has led to a re-orientation of well-practised hip swaying, knee-bending wheedling style so that he fits between hospital beds, although on previous occasions Garry has been seen "hot dogging" through the wheels of fortune at the Forbes Club where he acquired his well-known disrespect for the \$\$. High living, hot skiing and hard work (occasionally) are the obvious positive qualities Garry has revealed in his Medical career to date.

DAVID BRUCE DARNELL

One could not hope to meet a happier fellow than Dave. His favourite form of expression is the jovial quip, at which he excels and he even tried to humour his tutors on occasions! Dave spent his first three years commuting by train from Carlingford. When this got too much he purchased an old Hillman, more off the road than on, and disguised himself in a red beard and deerstalker cap. His spare time is occupied by his church, his girlfriend, numerous games of chess and snooker and dreaming about fast cars, but by far his favourite pastime is listening to the Goon Show.

Through nominally teetotal, he is known to enjoy the flavour of brandy and lemonade, a taste acquired during a sojourn at Newcastle Hospital in Fifth Year. You will recognise him because his watch is always twenty minutes fast, a hangover from the train days, and he invariably has the largest helping at a lunchtime meeting.





DWIGHT KEY DOWDA

"But I tell you, it CAN fly..."

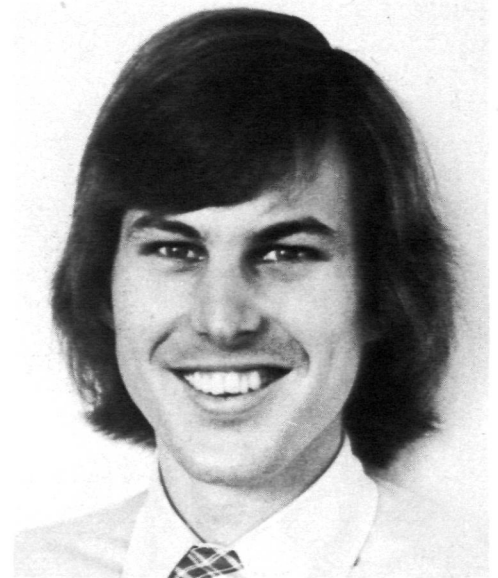
'Tis hard to realise that this whirlwind hasn't always been amongst us—he stormed in after his B.Sc. and his osteoblast clone is said to be still alive and well. Dwight is the part of our team dedicated to seemingly endless merriment. Many of us have seen the Norman Nock writing desk become a Boeing 747 flap before our very eyes, as he sweeps in for a smooth landing! But Medicine (or should we say Surgery?) is his first interest, even if it is masked with a love of Latin repartee. His clandestine interest in things Japanese is known only to those who've asked for a sample of Koto music! The Christchurch tie bears silent witness to thousands of sutures and a most successful elective term.

His ready wit, word-play and overall good nature have established him squarely and unforgettably amongst us and we wish him the very best.

DAVID SCOTT DURHAM

"You congenital ano-meningeal fistula."

D. S. Durham, Engineering's loss, proved to be Medicine's loss as well. Dave joined us in Second Year to resume a promising career in aeronautical mechanics—a talent which brought him to the attention of lecturers who allowed his hand to become idle and mischievous. Nevertheless, he emerged a Batchelor of Trivia, and with his child prodigy assertions, this stands him in good stead as a Labour politician. He is a fussy individual—the only person in the year who tastes his liquor before swallowing it. With Kaye at the economic helm and Dave tinkering lovingly in the engine room, the Durhams are destined for a very happy future.



MARGARET JANE HAYLEN

"Now that I'm married I've got nothing to lose."

Marg has provided a spot of sunshine in otherwise dull ward rounds. Behind a lovely pair of bright eyes and a charming smile lurks the Perry Mason of the wards; ever keen to elicit the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from her patients. To gentle female in B2: "Do you drink excessively? Are you sure? All right then". To brawny Australian male: "Have you noticed your breasts enlarging lately?" Is it a coincidence that all Marg's neurological patients, when tested for sensation, are found to have bleeding disorders?

The Heather Mackay of RNSH, Marg's giant determination on the squash court is inversely proportional to her size. But we wonder just how tall she would be without those platforms of hers. This determination to succeed is not limited to squash, however, and with all her enthusiasm for medicine, we are sure Marg will have every success in her future career.



JILL ELIZABETH FLOYD

Having taken the plunge into medicine, Jill has displayed the kind of quick mind and keen interest that spells success.

Her pace of living is emphasised by the difficulty her friends have in tracking her down at any of her various abodes of residence, let alone keeping up with her.

Jill's rapport with patients was established very early on when she was forced to cool the ardour of one male neurological patient by a quick blow to the head with her percussion hammer, after he had exhibited his biceps strength by pulling her onto the bed with him.

Belief that one's interests should not be limited has led Jill to many enthusiastic ventures over the years: flute playing, pottery, snow skiing and the French language and she has been an active participant in several revues.

Jill has had more than her fair share of Honours and with her warm, lively personality and considerate approach to patients she is sure to be a credit to whatever branch of Medicine she chooses.



MICHAEL SIDNEY FROMMER

"When the Governor-General calls upon me to form a Government ..."

Ailing from a distinguished inner-city G.P.S. education, Michael was removed by radical dissection and re-implanted (to his amazement) in our year. Rapidly gaining autonomy, he soon decided that in future the distinguishing would be done by him. To this end he progressed through the non-specific phase of Group Leader to the highly differentiated state of Elective Term Director. And direct us he did, carefully matching all donors and recipients and triumphantly sending out distant metastases to all parts of the globe. But Michael is much maligned. His efficiency is famous (he feels unjustly), but does not preclude a certain (seemingly paradoxical) recklessness. He has a rare and oblique humour which few purport to understand, and a turn of phrase that is equally unique. Above all he has an untiring and unselfish consideration for his friends. His success in Medicine is assured — and we wish him well in whatever career he chooses!

MARGARET LYNNE FULTON

(nee Hutchinson)

Margaret could easily claim to be the "Fastest and Busiest Knitter in Medicine" — being able to knit, play bridge and take lecture notes at the same time.

Married in Fifth Year on the weekend between Obstetrics and Paediatrics (two terms which no doubt helped to nurture Margaret's maternal instincts!) she has since spent her time following her husband Ross from St. George to Homsby Hospital.

Her wide experience in O. & G. and other nursing jobs during holidays no doubt equipped her well for her role as a doctor, not to mention as a mother.

Margaret's gentleness, deep concern for the welfare of patients and her keenness for medical knowledge will stand her in good stead wherever she goes.





JOHN HARRY GALLO

John is a believer in clean living; he regularly chomps his way through tons of assorted vegetables, placing himself at horrendous risk of osteoarthritis of the temporo-mandibular joints, and it is rumoured that he goes into anaphylactic shock on exposure to cigarettes or alcohol. (This could explain his sobriety, except for one fateful evening in the common room when the little alcoholic revealed his innermost Freudian enigma!) His reaction to women is not well documented, so we would advise caution, particularly in the first trimester. (Reprints should soon be available of a double-blind trial conducted during his elective term as assistant house surgeon in New Zealand.) A model of conscientiousness, John had quickly finished with Harrison's and, for a little light reading, could be found in the library casually leafing through A.M.J.'s.

His ward rounds are always quite meticulous, leaving no stone or patient unturned. Patients tend to respond to his kindness, and we are sure that John will do a good job doctoring in his chosen field.

PATRICK CHARLES WILLIAM GILTRAP

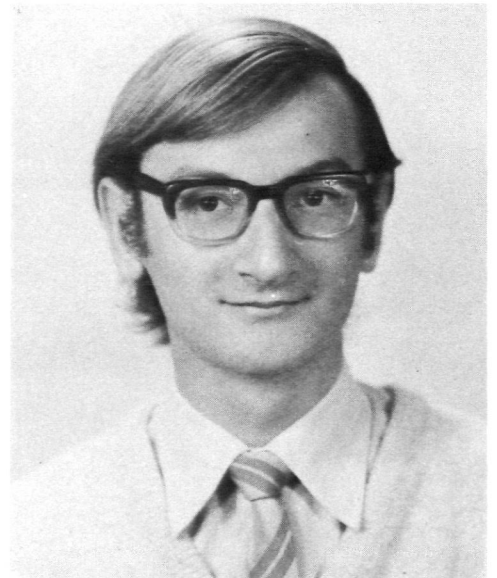
"I couldn't hear through the stethoscope because it was full of ants"

Patrick weaved a devious course from the swampy jungles of Uganda to the aseptic corridors of Medicine via the Sudan, Kenya, the peat bogs of Ireland and cold showers of Shore.

During elective term he returned to Kenya, where he worked in a mission hospital and learnt how to repair episiotomies by hurricane lamp and deliver twins to the beat of jungle drums (they played havoc with the foetal heart sounds).

His other talents range from dancing like he was running the 4-minute mile and being Commandant of the local junior S.S. (Sunday School).

His ambitions are to own a motor car and to be sure of his left from his right, without having to guess each time. He has always been a diligent and witty student and will be a welcome addition to whichever hospital will have him.



PAMELA OLIVE GOODWIN (née BISSETT)

This escapee from the halls of the Dentistry Faculty joined us in Second Year. An ex-student of Cheltenham Girls' High, Pam was already surrounded by foundation members of the Epping Mothers' Club. She soon mastered the preclinical years. Anatomy, inter-faculty sport, knitting and T.V. serials. Her readiness with a quick reply, a laugh and a helping hand made her an asset to the year and a friend to many.

Pam and her ever-present yellow Honda faced morning peak hour traffic, breakdowns and numerous passengers undaunted. The cardiologist of the group, Pam attributes her success with murmurs to a musical ear, and her kindness to patients she says, is the result of numerous holiday jobs in Nursing Homes.

Elective term found Pam marrying her advertising husband David and settling down to the domestic life within reach of the Hospital.

Pam's bright personality and her determination to fulfil her goals will stand her in good stead for whatever lies ahead.

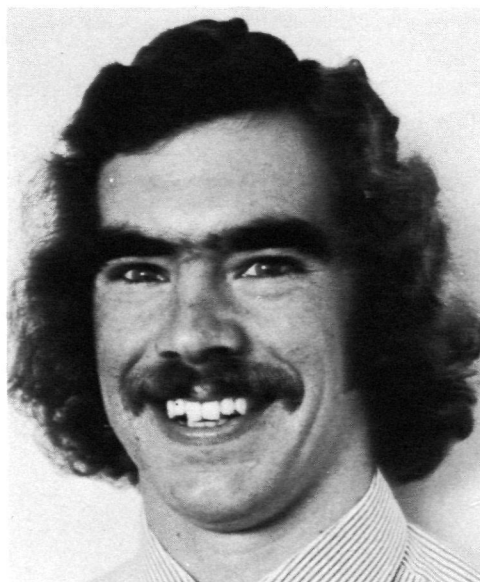
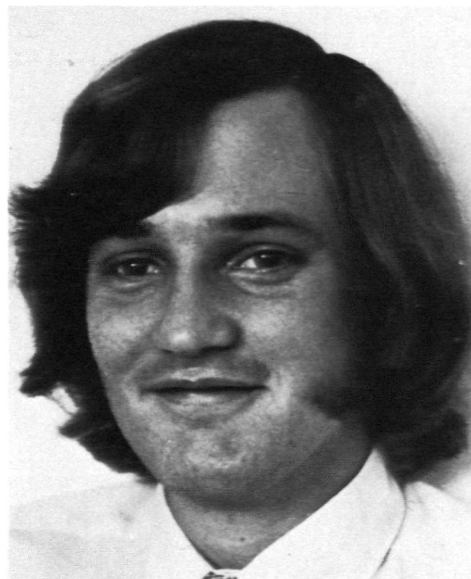


ALEXANDER BOYNE FALCONAR GRANT

"He's CACTUS"

Sandy has shown great ability in his progress through the amateur ranks, and should fare well when he turns professional at the end of the year. In a masterful display he won the Sixth year Minutiae Award in the third round by manoeuvring his opponents against the ropes and flooring them with "It's a feature of Adamantinomas". In addition he has been awarded six Seiko underwater watches as Man of the Match in our inter-faculty water-polo team, and even gained a place in a representative tour of Europe. Success has not affected his lifestyle, however, and he still drives a modest little Greek car (a so-called "Alpha", obviously an early model). When not in training, he can be found winning lineouts, going to the opera, or chasing run-away pheasants.

We don't know if his attribute attracted the lovely Hazel, but we are sure that this well-liked couple will have an extremely happy and successful future together. (fade-out, mumbling).



GRAHAM JOHN GUMLEY

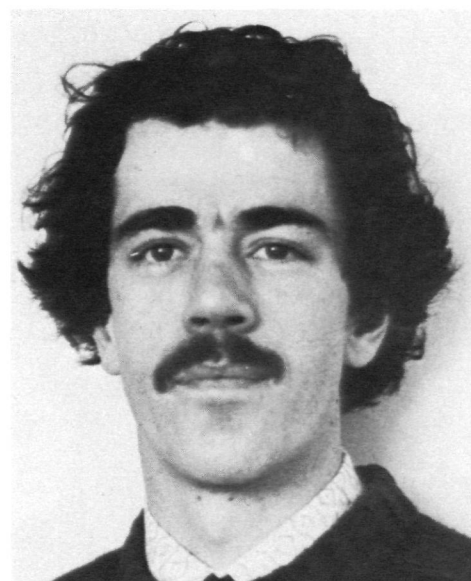
(on Psychiatry: "All that most of them want is a good kick in the pants.")

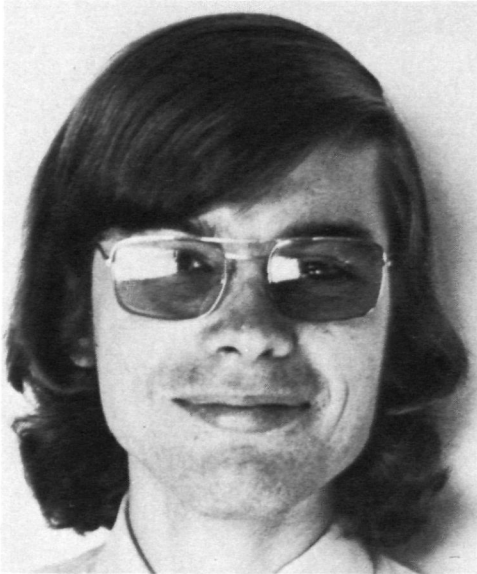
Hatched in the cold muddy waters of the Yarra, Graham wasted no time migrating to Sydney, where he spent most of his early years swimming up and down in the heated, heavily chlorinated waters of Pymble pool. Later in his career, he spent many weekends as a life-saver with the Freshwater Club and while at University was awarded a "Blue" for representing his Faculty and University in Water Polo. However, there is more to Graham than a wet towel. A keen water skier, he has also found time to pursue a musical career as drummer for a Christian Rock group, and has even risen to the dizzy heights of drumming in the RNSH revue. Oh, and by the way, he does medicine, too. In fact, Graham's ability to grasp the essentials of a situation, and his easy nature, should stand him in great stead in his future career.

PETER PHILIP HARON

In these days of shuttle diplomacy, when badminton skills determine national policy, Peter, a sturdy worker in the local ALP, is poised for a brilliant career in medical politics. It is now clear that he is training in his own way, developing those skills so valuable to the politician — the ability to remain silent under pressure of questioning, to waffle on about a subject of which he knows nothing.

A further step in the programme was his sojourn out West. Here indeed he experienced the phenomenon of reverse running drips, and developed the one shot injection treatment of alcoholism, but also acquired an all too intimate acquaintance with the hepatitis A virus. He leaves us still with those glasses held on by elastic between his ears (presumably to withstand the stresses of a hard game of badminton), but this no doubt is only part of the larger plan. We await its outcome with complete confidence in Peter's vision.





KRISHNA PHILIP HORT

Krishna — our attacker of the medical establishment. First it was merely passive, sitting only right up the back of the lecture.

Then a vacant seat in the Histology lab brought him into contact with a tall budding activist. While his medical studies languished, Krishna devoted himself to "the cause". If not at lectures, he could be found at meetings, demonstrations, handing out screeds, or even getting up in front of us, to harangue about the need for involvement with yet another set of initials — PIRG, SUCH, ISRAG.

The culmination came in elective term in Indonesia. For this, he even sacrificed the beard, and learnt of sate, Surabaya shit, and how to eat chicken heads.

However, moving away from home brought new cares. Instead of resident meetings there was the ironing, and the latest demo's vied in importance with the obstetric problems of Siamese cats. Occasionally, as he slips on the only elastic tie in Final Year, he can be heard to mutter incantations such as "Apa kabar?" "Jam berapa?"

HELEN MAREE JAGGER

"Exactly"

Helen's view of life has always been through very practical eyes. This happy knack came into its own in Surgery, where Helen could rapidly assess any problem presented to her. Her capabilities, however, are not limited to medicine. Her interests, many and varied, include skiing—on water and snow, squash and sewing, the latter being put to good use when she designed and made many of the costumes for the Med. revue. She is often to be found reading the Sunday papers on Balmoral Beach — no doubt taking a break from the trials of Final Year. But to her friends her greatest skill is her cooking, memories of which still evoke hunger pains.

Helen's clear-headed ability will ensure her success — in whatever field she chooses but we feel that it is her kindness and genuine interest in people which will highlight her career. May she always find life as easy as she found parking spots.

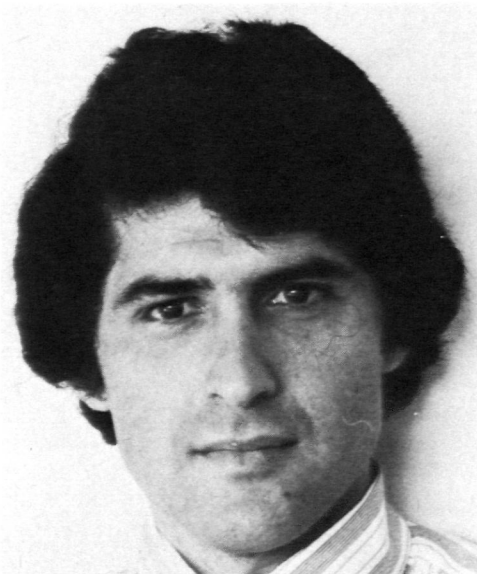


IZAK JANOWSKI

"I can get it for you wholesale"

Izak slipped quietly into our ranks in Third Year and was first noticed by a few of us half way through Fourth Year. He persevered with his perspicacious application to be awarded the Final Year RNSH Phantom Student Prize for non-attendance by a **nose** from "one-neurone" Raftos. Izak's earlier years in Medicine were interspersed with his Teacher's Diploma and a conglomeration of sorties into the business world. His assimilation began in Fifth Year when he led many a midnight Search and Consume mission to the night nurses' dining room, invariably returning unscathed and replete. This reincarnation of Albert Schweitzer finally won total recognition by his prowess in the gentlemanly arts of snooker and chess. His devoted hours of practice in these fields won him both the admiration of his peers and the hotly disputed Final Year Snooker Championship, RNSH.

Izak's versatility is thus obvious and we hope that his chosen career will continue to satisfy his diverse interests.



THOMAS EMIL KARPLUS

"You've got no red sensitive cones in your entire body."

Tom is surely one of the best-dressed students in the year and is our vote for the Colour Clash for tie and shirt combinations that would make Picasso's hair fall out. Prof. Reeve would not believe that this elegant pipe smoking gent in the tweeds was capable of bushwalking in the Warrumbungles.

Tom's presence at tutes provides a constant background monologue like Muzak as he mumbles into his beard. This, with his chin-stroking movements and lip-smacking suggests Petit Mal. In Final Year his main bushwalking adventure was the daily dice with death across the Pacific Highway to the Pizza Parlour.

His recurring nightmare of being locked up in a room of screaming children no doubt suggests a repressed call to Paediatrics or Paternity. We wish him well.



ANDREW TREMAYNE LARK

"Andy", known for a certain jaunty cheerfulness, an addiction to inter-lecture coffee breaks, and a certain pencil-thin brown tie (or was it just a gravy stain), took to Medicine in 1970 not completely certain about his choice. At the same time he moved into St. Paul's College and for two years thoroughly enjoyed college life, (taking time out only to pass such necessary evils as exams). From there he moved to the bucolic splendours of RNSH and since leaving the academic "ivory tower", it has become obvious that Andrew's sense of purpose has increased dramatically. Even though Andrew's memory centres have become grossly hypertrophied in this, his Final Year, he still believes there is more to life than is shown between the covers of *Bailey and Love*. Consequently, he thoroughly enjoys his Sunday game of football, the occasional game of golf and "doubling black" in snooker.

Andrew's touch of humanity should stand him in good stead in his future career as a doctor.

CHRISTINE WENDY LOPACINSKI

Chrissie's piquant imagination has illuminated many a dim moment, when the nail to be hit on the head was not visible to some of her photophobic colleagues. It also manifested itself in a tendency to develop the symptoms of the diseases which were the specialty of the tutors she developed a crush on.

Her love of the orient took her wandering through Thailand and Malaysia in elective term, whence she returned an expert on the local designs of operating theatres and surgeons. From the sounds of Eastern gongs she ventured to try outback Wilcannia where she held the fort at the local hospital and three pubs, discovered that dinkum Aussie blood is 90% beer, and got airsick with the Flying Doctor (all over the outback of Australia — what a mess). Her aim is to find a future in the field of general Medicine, where she will no doubt leave a trail of dislocated tongues behind in her concern for the physical and psychological well-being of her patients.





HAZEL KNOX McLARTY

"It's not fair, we woman always get the breasts."

The lovely Hazel has successfully blushed and flushed her way through Medicine and has always been a delight to the rest of us. She's a country girl and another foundation member of the Epping Mothers' Club, President of the Glenorie Sub-branch. She sports a lady Godiva hair-do but her riding ability is still a matter of conjecture. She worked for Clair Isbister's mob screening blue movies, and claims she has never entered a pub (as far as she can remember).

She never has trouble getting "one across" (in the cryptic crossword) and has successfully captivated one Grant who now marches to the click of her knitting needles. Although president of Australia's Scottish Nationalist Party, she will not divulge details of her fateful night in Edinburgh.

Hazel has a lovely personality, and this, with her shy warmth will always endear her to those around her.

ANNE MARGARET MIJCH

Anne is the calm and steadying influence of the group. Indeed, her indefinably logical answers bring "music to the ears" of tutors, and the unruffled clarity of her patient-history presentations allow an air of sheer enlightenment where before was confusion!

She joined us from the South in Fourth Year, her independence well-established, as she and her little red Torana had already formed an invincible pair.

To a grateful few, Anne's memory will live on in the form of scrawly carboned lecture notes — for she can be relied upon to have that tattered, wizened piece of carbon paper somewhere!

We are sure that Anne's patience and gentle concern for those about her will make her a valued member of any future medical team, and we wish her well.



MARYANN DENYSE NICHOLLS

"The Alpha Sud? Now there's a horse of an entirely different colour"

This quiet member of the fairer sex entered Med I "with a minimum of fuss". Her unobtrusive nature hid the kaleidoscopic features of her personality, which, as we discovered in residence in Fifth Year encompasses a certain predilection for Tia Maria, racehorses, photography and chess!

But at no time was the real purpose of her being in Medicine concealed, though there were times that we feared we would lose her to Randwick Racecourse in the capacity of Roving Reporter.

Elective term saw Maryann jetting to New Zealand (complete with all her lenses) to bring help and relief to the suffering populace of Te Kuiti.

Her concern for people coupled with her deep sense of responsibility in Medicine can only make for a successful and happy career in this her chosen profession.

BARBARA ROBIN OCKENDEN

"I just hate woolly thinkers . . ."

Barbara has left her mark on her friends, beside the smile (which she prefers to think of as like that of the proverbial Cheshire cat), when the rest has faded away! Many hours have we spent dodging the traffic with inches to spare, being transported from University to hospital in her antiquated Hillman ('62 actually), affectionately known as 'Mothra'. Boldly activist for the "you-name-it" cause, Barbara had her hands full being P.R. (?) officer for Z.P.G. An energetic lass, (women are not Chicks), Barbara's spirited approach to *everything* was often a refreshing respite from the tedium of a humdrum, tutorial-packed day. Who can forget the challenge of culinary experimentation at her place eating Hawaiian, Swiss or Burmese delights or celebrating the non-arrival of Comet Kohoutek with an Astral Evening?

We are sure that all who come in contact with Barbara in the future, professionally or socially, will derive as much pleasure from her acquaintance as we have.



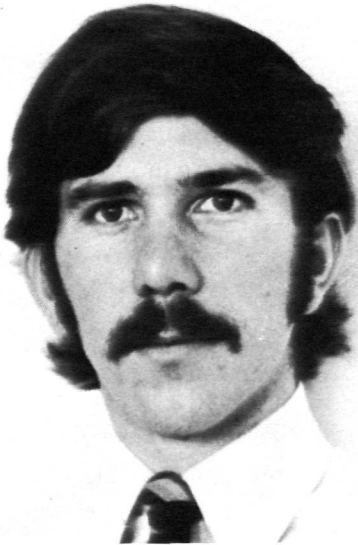
NIGEL ROBERT WELLESLEY PAIN

OBSTETRICIAN (D.P.): *"Have you felt movements yet?"*

NIGEL: *"No, sir."*

OBSTETRICIAN: *"Not you, stupid! The patient!"*

Despite pressure to enter big business, Nigel elected to do Vet. Science, but accidentally ended up in Medicine. Always a keen student, Nigel believes in basic medicine and anything beyond this is immediately labelled as being "as rare as frog's feathers". His great desire for clinical experience led him to often venture to Homsby Hospital (to "stitch up a few bods"); and he currently rates a mention in the maternity book of records, not for having sown his wild oats, but for having witnessed 100 deliveries in five short weeks. A visit to Manoram, Thailand, in elective term furthered his deep interest in medical missionary work (not to mention Thai women). His conscientiousness as group representative, and warm friendship, has endeared him to all that knew him as an undergraduate.



JOHN ROBERT RAFTOS

"I'll be there for sure"

John "Wombat*" Raftos, "one-neurone" to his friends, brought to Medicine his skill as a fine debater, a skill which enabled him to talk his way into or out of numerous situations. This intrepid test pilot for Resch's Brewery served, in absentia, as a collapsable front-rower and specialist long-on fielder (standing in the White Horse beer garden). Alas, in Sixth Year, Typhoid Mary's health declined; his VDRL and occult blood became stranglely negative. Contary to his long held belief, alcohol is not a perfect preservative. However a concentrated program of self-destruction and non-attendance returned him to his former self. The rest of us admire John for his endurance and wish Mr. Reliable a very successful future.

*Wombat — an Australian animal that eats roots and leaves.





DERRICK GRAHAM SELBY

Tutor: *"What are the causes of APH?"*

Derrick: *"Ah, you want me to tell you the causes of APH."*

Although of above average shortness, Derrick has made a big impression on Medicine, both by pioneering the principles of "the basic working knowledge" and as chief editor of "Snooker for Idiots".

Derrick enjoys his work and applies himself well, but has found time to pull his car apart many times, lead a fellowship group, play keyboards and sing in a Christian rock band, and help his friends out when their cars collapse. However, Derrick's wisest move was in marrying Sue in Fourth Year.

Despite family traditions in Neurology, Derrick looks destined for General Practice, where the Selby team will be most valuable. Derrick's thoroughness and concern for others will stand him in good stead in whatever field he engages.

SUSAN PATRICIA ROSALIND SELBY
(nee Chambers)

"Oh dear!"

Ah! Susan what fatal charms she hath,
which by a word all men fall flat.
She does not think a tut. is right, a waste of time!
So it is cancelled, and the weary workers bow their heads.
She is but fair and tiny, her eyes a-twinkle behind her granny glasses
as her soft pink hands feel and stroke the wounded tum.
The liver, a hoary, hobbled monster grates against
her finger tips but she does not forget the shy
and modest spleen which put peeps coyly
from under the cage and by her gentle teasings
she coaxes it where all else have failed.
Ah! me! If only that sore wounded tum were mine!



MARGARET STEVENS

"I can do anything on the back of a bike".

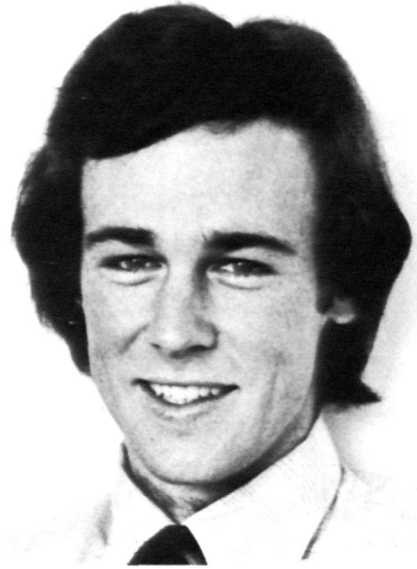
Marg is a resilient young lady whose energy has allowed her to keep her head above water in her predominantly XY environment. This is evidenced by her impressive academic record. But of course there were numerous attempts to nobble her. When she asks for a "brandy and dry" the term "dry" is taken literally. Her main defence in these situations is a rueful rolling of the eyes. Fame stemmed from her Revue appearance as a bikini-clad quiz hostess, but she finds the role of dumb blonde hard to sustain. She has a large circle of friends, many at Sydney or PA Hospital, and is sure to be as successful after graduation as she was before it.

DAVID RICHMOND SULLIVAN

"I think I will withdraw after one rubber".

Dave's passage through the medical course has not always been easy — he has had difficulty with low doorways, Sandy's car, and other things less than 6'5" high. "Bwana" is also notorious for his greasy slimy smile and gentlemanly behaviour which he tries to perpetrate onto those who don't know him better. His strange little red device is renowned for its smoke screen ("I cleaned the rings and now they won't register it"). His other loves are golf, football, the beach, rock (Yes!), cricket and sly work. His approach to treatment is simple, relying on the therapeutic properties of Blanc Mange and Araldite.

Dave has been a great asset to the year with his friendly open smile (seemingly unaffected by his sweet-toothed habits), his fast bowling and his contribution to this book. We wish him all the success his hard work and personable approach should bring him.



LYN THEW (nee WHITE)

"It's classic — Disneyland on exertion".

In her passage through Medicine, Lyn has achieved notoriety in a number of areas. She holds the Jack Brabham trophy for the fastest eight laps of the Anderson Stuart Building (a record blemished only by her asking a service station attendant to check the water in her V.W.). A foundation member of the Epping Mothers' Club, Lyn also was RSPCA representative in Physiology Prac. (especially when friends were guinea pigs) and always had "results" from experiments — methods being somewhat suspect.

Her career has had other moments — still a sweet young slip of a girl Lyn succumbed to a solicitor (husband Tony).

Lyn has been a great asset to her "group" these past few years — always cheerful and ready with an answer — even if Prof. Piper was perturbed to hear "at 54 you are past it".

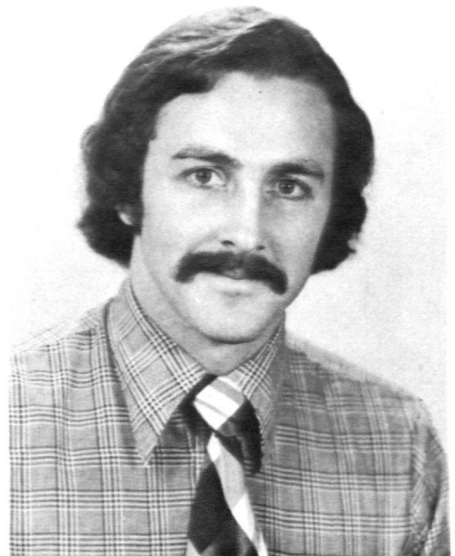
Being a generous and friendly person sincerely caring for her peers and patients, Lyn's happy and successful career is a certainty.



ANDREW THOMSON

"It's a piss in".

For the past six years Andrew's most consistent observation of the course has been: "It's all a waste of time, I don't know what I'm doing here". Despite this stated belief he has consistently stayed, complained and always done well. An ardent capitalist and anti-labour man, Andrew can be relied upon to come up with a great new money making idea each week. The only one that seems to have worked so far is "the great Red Deluxe Rip-off". Andrew returned from S.E. Asia to start Final Year determined to give up bridge. Instead he has confined himself to chess, billiards and lie-dice. Despite his continuous efforts to make the perfect home brew, the occasional game of Rugby and a running battle with the parking attendants, Andrew has managed to squeeze in quite a bit of "sly" studying this year. He is expected to do as well as ever. We all know that Andrew will have a successful career, and wish him all the best.





JILL VERONICA TIMBS

Jill came to Medicine after an illustrious career as a school teacher. (This may explain her peculiar interest in the Battered Child syndrome!). However, Jill has triumphed over it, by occupying her idle hours in many and varied ways, ranging from geriatric nursing to those extra-curricular "demonstrations of surface anatomy" in Second Year. Visitors to the biochemistry labs will remember her as "Joan's hand maiden", and we all witnessed her dressmaking talents and soprano voice in the 1974 Medicine Revue.

A rare bird indeed: red plumage, long-legged, double-breasted pink puffer, a synthetic type, species "raucous hyperventilatus". Between puffs of Ventolin she elegantly draws on a fag while relating tall tales and true of the horrors of a Thoracic Ward pleurodesis. Jill is also vocal on women's rights, which she is ready to defend at the drop of a uterus.

Jill believes in the personal approach to medicine and we are sure that her wide experience and good humour will be of great benefit to her patients.

SUSAN JOY TOWNS

"And Sue . . . oh yes, her plane left yesterday for . . ."

Sue's medical career can best be summarised on a world map on which some of the names are changed — New Hebrides becomes Paediatrics; first term Sixth Year covers Borneo, Malaysia etc., etc., etc. . . Each holiday, Sue organises her trips to start as terms begins; then returns, deeply tanned when most of us have forgotten what summer was like. Her attendance at Hospital, punctuated as it was by these absences, was marked by dedication to matters medical and to the Union Hotel down the road. Originally the only girl in the group, Sue has become the brunt of many jokes, scrotal examinations and drunken afternoons at the pub but she has managed to retain her quiet charm and femininity. She leaves her mark on RNSH in the form of 'Town's Law' — 'that the desired answer is the obvious-too obvious mostly.'



SUZANNE ERROL TOY

"I haven't got much, but what I do have might be useful in the right places."

Suzy — "Mum" to so many whilst living-in in Fifth Year, was often to be found in front of a bank of radiators, eating chocolates and watching "Days of Our Lives". Also a foundation member of the Epping Mothers' Club, she is head of the Galston Sub-branch. In Anatomy tutorials, Suzy had trouble keeping track of her shoes, but managed to keep them in good repair by being carried on numerous occasions. She is a friendly soul who even opens her door to drunken strangers at 3 am, but this is not how she met Pat Cregan, who was neither drunk (at that time) nor a stranger. Pat and Suzy have recently become engaged and we wish them much happiness in the future.

Suzy is a delightful person who will be remembered by many for her thoughtfulness, friendliness and enthusiasm for a wide range of activities during her years at University.



CHRISTOPHER BERESFORD TYDD

"At least I'm an honest man"

A determined Manly-Warringah supporter hovers around the back of the lecture theatre at the respectable hour of 8.27 am. This was Christopher Beresford Tydd, son of the Irish aristocracy (though he has been accused of being a 15th Century Georgian Eskimo). Fighting off great indecisiveness, Christopher, with his impressive musical background and artistic flair, was able to find time to lead the Royal North Shore Hospital Medical Revue onto the stage as its becloaked Musical Director.

Christopher has left behind an image of a quiet unobtrusive figure whom all people remember as courteous, helpful and at all times ever ready to listen to the whining hysteria of his fellow colleagues. With these qualifications, with his persistent drive to succeed, and with his understanding of human nature, Christopher must become a valuable and understanding doctor.

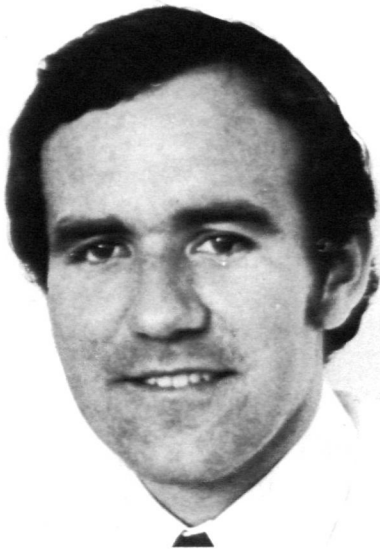


NEIL GORDON STUART WALLMAN

"Slopps for me"

Neil entered Medicine as a very quiet young lad. But, of course, this was short-lived and he developed into the happy-go-lucky character we know today. His main interests seem to be football, females and fluid (amber of course), his preference depending on who or what is in season. Despite these diversions Neil always sailed through exams comfortably.

Neil made good use of a spell in hospital as an introduction to many members of the nursing staff, and a series of very popular parties followed his discharge. From this excellent start to his clinical years he has never looked back. We wonder if his interest in sports injuries heralds his retirement from his captain-coach position, or indicates a future interest in Orthopaedics. We are sure Neil will be a great success in whatever interest he chooses to pursue.



LEONARD REX WALTER

Len resembles a blond surfer, driving an insecure Holden whose rust is covered annually with roof to floor fibreglass to get its Harboard registration certificate. He does Med. part-time while he fixes his house full-time, and was conspicuous in the Faculty hockey team for knowing which end of the stick to hold, and how to use it. His is the eye which spots the X-ray lesion no-one else can see, his is the logic which has nonplussed Senator Baume. He's a hard man to carbon date, but he and Sue seem to know many of the Registrars. He may soon join their ranks, because, after a leisurely start in Med, he has raced up to the finish line and his momentum should carry him through and on.





DOUGLAS BALDWIN WELCH

The "Beau Brummell" of Final Year, Doug is renowned for his exploits in Medical and Hospital Revues. This led to a starring role in Sulway Studio's classic film "Sweet Urine" in which Doug plays the role of a young schoolboy torn between his childish dependence on insulin and his passionate desire for a macro-biotic, radical surfing weekend complete with panel van (rated M for medical audiences only). His talent is truly amazing and a promising young medical career has come close to a precipitous end. However, off stage, Doug is a simple man with a straight forward approach to the trials of medical study, which he solved by marrying an attractive, mini-skirted theatre sister, who now panders to his whims, immoral though they be. As sure as snow melts before the morning sun, with his ability and his technique of being able to bluff (bullshit) his way out of any situation (Medicine's very simple, don't you agree?), we are certain Doug will do well in whatever field he enters.

STEVEN LEIGH WOOD

Lecturer: *"Why would you operate in the acute stage?"*

Steve: *"Well, that way the patient won't have a chance to look for another Surgeon."*

You can see the basic logic which characterises Steve's thinking. He was harvested from James Ruse Ag. College and transported to the silo near City Rd. Here he lost most rural stigmata, though his relaxed attitude and easy-going manner remain. He has even acquired a wholemeal beard. His shyness hides most of his achievements from the notice of his numerous friends. His skill as a photographer was a great contribution to this book, and he is catching on fast as a cyclist. His parking spot (in the dark at the bottom of the stair well) made sure his seat was always dry. Steve's enthusiasm has brightened our progress and will assure him a successful career.





REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

On being allocated to Concord for clinical teaching, students in the past, and indeed we ourselves, considered it to be the end of the earth. In the last few years however, it has become more widely known as a good teaching hospital, and many students now place it number one choice on their list. Given our time over, most of us would, too.

Set on the "scenic" Parramatta River, and still known to many of the "diggers" as Yaralla, its 1,400-odd bed capacity makes it one of the biggest hospitals in the state. Anyone who has ever walked from the multiblock down to ward 34 would certainly testify to that.

With the opening of the clinical school in 1973 came many facilities previously lacking, the biggest asset being the lecture theatre, so necessary for holding large clinical meetings. Apart from this, however, there is little difference now compared to

when we arrived, but the hospital is beginning to undergo some of the changes promised over our three years there. The Casualty Dept. is built though not operational yet, there is a Professor of Medicine on his way, and there is beginning to be more than just a trickle of general patients admitted to the wards. Once all of these eventuate, Concord's teaching potential will be even greater. It is a credit to our tutors that with the relatively limited clinical material available, they managed to cover all aspects of medicine and surgery, emergency or otherwise.

As we prepare to join the salaried ranks of practising doctors, some plan to return to Concord and others to seek out greener pastures, but wherever we go, the basic teachings gained here will remain with us and surely stand us in good stead.

Jeffrey Flack.

THE HONORARIES



MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

Professor of Surgery

"The ways of the transgressor are hard, and so are his inguinal lymph nodes."

We got closest to our beloved Professor of Surgery during our term in ward 610 in Fifth Year. During ward rounds we learnt the importance of the stool, pulse and temperature charts in the general care of every surgical patient. The timely tea break in the middle of these mammoth four hour ward rounds gave the students time to prepare the rest of his patients, or provided the opportunity to discuss the current political scene. The groundings we gained in colorectal carcinoma and diverticular disease from one so eminent in the field was also invaluable.

This fatherly figure of good English stock has helped us through the traumatic times of final year by providing a sympathetic ear to those in need of it. His Friday afternoon jaunts through the intricacies of case presentation proved most entertaining, and we have all benefited from our association with him.

JOHN ERNEST PAYNE

Senior Lecturer in Surgery

"What can you tell me about ..."

Onset: Sudden, at the beginning of Final Year.

Site: First floor, Clinical School.

Type: Lecturer in Surgery, not sharp, stabbing, burning, gnawing or aching.

Point of maximal impulse: Lectures to Final Year.

Radiates to: Clinical meetings, tutorials and ward rounds.

Duration: Most of Final Year.

Precipitating factors: Student ignorance.

Relieving factors: None.

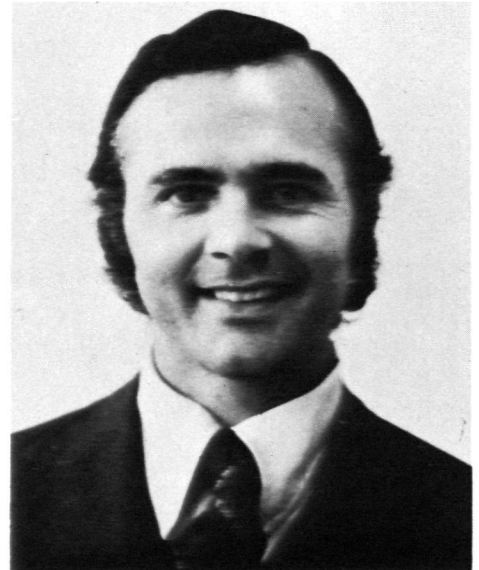
Associated features: Cricket and tennis fanatic. Drives a yellow Volvo.

Other features: Present during the day only — i.e. features of a "functional"

Payne.

Diagnosis: A necessary stimulant to Sixth Year students, designed to produce an adequate response.

Prognosis: Promises to be of value to future Final Years.



ANN JANET WOOLCOCK

Senior Lecturer in Medicine

"What would you like me to talk about ..."

The students at Concord owe their understanding of Respiratory Medicine primarily to Dr. Woolcock, who managed gradually to implant on our brains the essential points of this difficult subject. Beginning in Fourth Year, she took a group around the wards introducing clinical aspects, and then in Fifth Year she conducted informal group case discussions during Medicine Term around coffee and biscuits. Here she not only introduced us to "problem orientated" history taking, but also indicated to us the finer points of patient interrogation. Final year saw her giving a number of lectures to us, (always begun with the above quote). With blank faces and no response from an unthinking audience, she would then give forth a 'standard' but informative lecture (on asthma).

Always available to talk to the students, it is with appreciation that we all thank her for her efforts.



STANLEY GEORGE KOOREY

Warden of the Clinical School

"For exam purposes, TAKE the deep fascia".

With Mr. Koorey's dedicated surgical tuition in Fourth and Sixth Years, he has given us all a solid grounding in the differential diagnosis, investigations and possible treatments of any lump that has been the least bit visible or palpable. His pet topics received special attention. Scrotal pathology could not have been more thoroughly taught; likewise the varying philosophies on melanomas, and of course, peri-anal conditions.

As a man who stood on his own two feet, he made all his students do likewise, often for three hours at a time, with backs to the wall in his extended corridor tutorials. He was always on time, more often than the students anyway, and would drum home the message by covering and recovering the topic endlessly. His clinical supervision was very thorough, his teaching really did sink in, and his interest in student welfare made him very popular amongst all of us.



WARREN JAMES ARGALL

By common consent, Warren Argall is the only Psychiatrist any of us would go to (if we needed to, of course). He managed to convert a highly theoretical set of fourth year lectures into a practical clinical science, whilst giving us the benefit of his knowledge of human nature. After establishing the basic 'ground work', he set about covering those important topics not covered well in the books, and a tribute to him is the fact that at the end of his Friday morning tutorials, one did not realise that a whole three hours had elapsed. Perhaps this was because he brought certain topics to life in class, such as sexual deviation, encouraging certain students to carry out further research, whilst making others realise that after all, the constant wearing of shorts was just a latent form of "flashing".

Finally, thank you Warren for making us realise that not all Psychiatrists enter the field in search of self-cure.

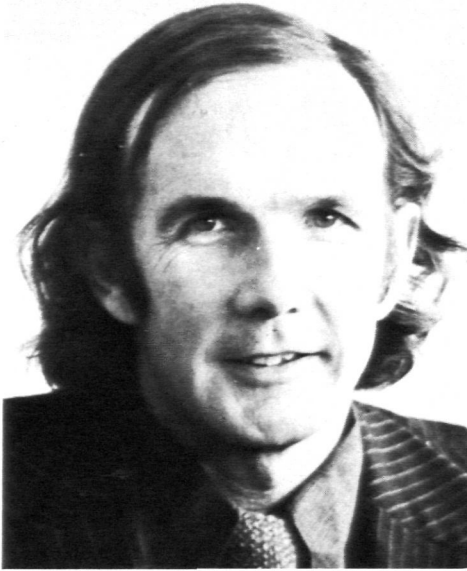
ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"I'm even still learning".

Dr. Conomy, who has an eponym for everything is Concord's Senior Physician and "elder statesman". We feel that he must subscribe to every Medical Journal ever published, and what's more, he reads them. What's even more remarkable though, he manages to digest all the relevant (and irrelevant) material and regurgitate it appropriately (or inappropriately) when required. A Neurologist at heart, he prides himself on being a general Physician, and so wide is the scope of his knowledge that he usually has the last word at any clinical meeting. Add to this the largest collection in Australia (and perhaps the world) of, and an enormous personal interest in, cases of Dystrophia Myotonica. He is also to be found interstate at regular intervals sorting out Repat. problems, or travelling to Newcastle or Canberra to lecture on alcohol, a pet topic.

We have been fortunate and privileged to have someone of his knowledge as a tutor and lecturer.





DAVID JOHN GILLETT

"I know there's a 12% recurrence rate, but..."

Mr. Gillett is a man of immense energy and usually somewhat behind schedule, due principally to the size of the work load he sets himself. Those students privileged to have had him as a tutor, benefited most from his wide coverage of the surgical course, especially from lectures in those fields that interest him most, i.e. peptic ulcer and carcinoma of the breast. Not content to just illustrate the principles of Surgery however, he continually taught the principles of answering examination questions and approaching surgical vivas, and his advice in this regard should prove most helpful.

With his silver Fiat coupe and generous locks, he cuts a figure allied to the image of the 'conservative Surgeon'. Nevertheless he has won the respect of us all from our undoubted knowledge of his surgical prowess, from his willingness and ability to teach, and from his refusal to ridicule, even when confronted with ignorance or stupidity.

MARGARET ANN GILLIES

"Have you done your long cases yet?"

The Concord students owe much to Margaret Gillies for, in her capacity as student supervisor, she organised our teaching in Medicine in the absence of a Professor. This she did with great enthusiasm, and always mindful of the topics that we had requested or were deficient in, she would arrange suitable coverage. Also, knowing the benefit students receive from seeing patients in the wards, Dr. Gillies would *always* encourage us to involve ourselves in this direction. In her own field of Gastroenterology, she lead many a fruitful discussion, and covered all important aspects more than adequately. The crucial Final Year teaching was painstakingly organised with her help, and it is here that our appreciation of her grew. Not only lectures and tutorials, but practice long cases were her forte.

We all do thank you wholeheartedly Dr. Gillies for your contribution to our medical knowledge.



WILLIAM IRELAND

"I've never used Hartmann's solution".

Dr. Ireland's easy going nature and unruffled disposition are legend at Concord. Always approachable, he is prepared with a logical and down to earth way of tackling any problem. We all remember his ECG "short cuts" like "M for mucked and W for wrong" in reference to bundle branch block, and the exotic fields of hyperlipidaemia, hypercalcaemia and metabolic bone disease were made easy to follow by the "Ireland approach". His advice on examination technique was most valued by many students, as was his method of avoiding speeding fines — i.e. "Drive into the nearest hospital and run like hell towards the Maternity Dept".

Behind the mild mannered exterior, however, beats the heart of an excellent clinician, and while ever he devotes his energies to Medicine, the patients he treats and the students and registrars that he teaches, must surely benefit.



PETER WILLIAM ODILLO MAHER

The Time: The ungodly hour of 8.45 am.

The Day: Tuesday.

The Place: A darkened lecture theatre, Clinical School.

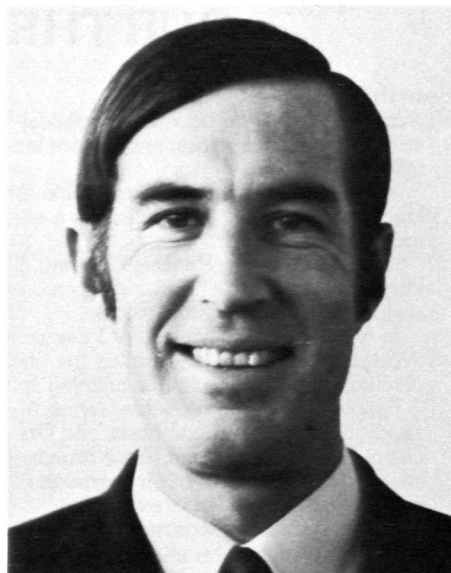
The Maestro: One Peter Maher, a tall dark happy smiling Urologist (see photo) with distinctive deep voice.

The Audience: Sleeping, ignorant, yawning but keen students (after all, it is 8.45 am.)

The Topic: How to get in to, out of, through, around and behind the bladder and all of its connections in a few easy going tutorials.

The Method: Projecting onto the wall, the greatest collection of black and white slides of IVP's ever assembled, as well as slides of "guess what this is a slide of", followed by myriads of two dimensional sketches of how to re-implant a ureter or to perform a urethroplasty.

The Result: An unobstructed flow through the stream of Urology, with no pain, hesitancy or terminal dribbling.



DAVID CLAYTON PERRY

"What do you think of this old turkey, champ?"

Not one to mince words, this Thoracic Surgeon tutored us all during surgery term in Fifth Year, imprinting upon us a good grounding in the clinical approach to problems above the diaphragm. "If it's operable, chop it, if it's not, don't," is a basic Perry principle. Peering down upon the students from his great height, this 'portly' gent would break into his distinctive raucous laughter at the innocent failings of the unsuspecting students. One point that will be remembered by all those who came under Mr. Perry's teaching, concerns the site of a primary for a node in the neck. After examining surfaces and reporting all areas clear, the student would always be asked, "Did you look in his gob?"

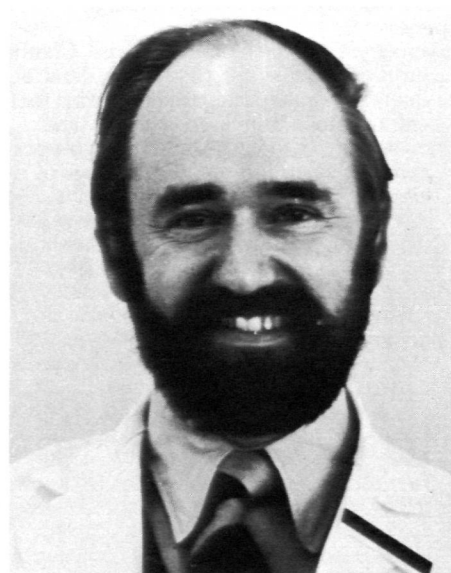
With rigid oesophagoscope in hand and green clogs on his feet, he forms an impressive figure in the operating theatres and an integral part of the surgical team at R.G.H.C.

KEN ROBERTS-THOMPSON

Surgical Registrar

The final year students owe much to Ken, for he so willingly accepted a request from us to re-awaken our forgotten or partially acquired knowledge in O & G. Not only did he devote his time after hours and with such diligent preparation, but he managed to cover the entire course and put it all into perspective; and all this with no monetary gain. His warm and friendly personality, accompanied by his characteristic facial hair distribution, endeared him to all of us.

Lacking the appropriate on the spot knowledge to answer high powered questions from the front row (due to his temporary absence from O & G as a surgical registrar), he would immediately turn to the appropriate page of his voluminous reference text and quote therefrom, without first having to consult the index. Of special value were his remarkable mnemonics such as "thirim", "forceps" and "the six P's". Many thanks Ken, and best of luck in England.



OUR THREE YEARS AT CONCORD

Fourth Year:

Medicine: Our initial introduction to clinical Medicine came in the form of specialties, and we are indebted to the following—

In *Cardiology*, thanks to Drs. Noble, Arter and Hunyor for showing us how to use a stethoscope and measure the JVP.

In *Neurology*, Drs. Prineas, Conomy, Royle and Polgar taught us how to swing a percussion hammer and how to stick pins into people.

In *Respiratory Medicine*, Drs. Pinerua, Mann, Hartnett, Woolcock and Dunn, showed us the finer points of percussing brick walls and examining sputum mugs.

Following these introductory terms, Medicine was taught on a more general basis, and Drs. Husband, Dunn, Mann, Pinerua and Royle broadened our knowledge and smoothed off the rough edges in preparation for our clinical exams.

Surgery: The grounding we obtained in this subject was in the form of recognition and description of just about every type of surgical pathology known to man. During those times, the cry of "what else could it be?" echoed throughout the multi-block, and we learnt the important facts that 'common things occur commonly', and 'those exotic, rare things go on the end of the list'. We are grateful for the way these facts were taught and wholeheartedly thank Messrs. Koorey, Hughes, Moulton, Healey, De Burgh and Duraiappah and the Registrars, Drs. Kingsell and Mannell, for their efforts.

Orthopaedics: A brief introduction to this subject was given by Messrs. Marsden, Drummond and Hume.

Our wholehearted thanks and appreciation go to them all, for we well realise now that what we learnt then, is the basis of what we know today.

Fifth Year:

Medicine: In our short ten week term, Drs. Noble and Woolcock taught us case presentation, Dr. Gillies held lunch time tutorials and Professor Chalmers took us on his ward rounds. We were also attached to wards and would like to thank all the Honoraries, Registrars and Residents who taught us here.

Surgery: A five week stint with Prof. Pheils and Mr. Barnett in ward 610, Mr. Gillett in Out-Patients, Mr. Perry on chests, Mr. Dan on heads, Mr. Lennon on bones and Mr. Korbel on introductory Urology.

Specials:

Psychiatry: Our thanks to Drs. Argall, Chambers and Spragg for their lectures and case discussions, and special thanks to Drs. Nancarro and Bowman for their enthusiasm in devoting their spare time.

Dermatology: Thanks to Dr. Bear for his potions and cure-alls, as well as a good coverage of the course, ably assisted by his Registrar Dr. Commins. They taught us that Dermatology is not just skin deep.

Anaesthetics: Here Drs. Pollard, Harper and Sporr taught us the intricacies of that 'monster' known as the anaesthetic machine. The opportunities to attempt intubation and to put up IV lines was also appreciated.

Ophthalmology: Thanks to Drs. Findlater and Lennox for teaching us how to use an ophthalmoscope properly, and to Dr. Francis for his interest.

E.N.T.: Who could ever forget those marathon Friday afternoon (and evening) tutorial epics with Dr. Davies, or the Monday afternoons with Dr. Woolcock with the head mirror looking in ears, up noses and down throats. With Dr. Szasz standing in ably in either's absence, the topic was more than adequately dealt with.

Thank you to all these people who helped make Fifth Year one of the best of our student days.

Final Year:

This is the year in which we probably managed to acquire more knowledge than the other five combined, much of this being due to the way we were taught, and in the following lines we would like to thank those people we have as yet not mentioned.

Medicine:

Dr. Joffe: Through his lectures and his "student oriented" Neurology meetings, we got a good basic approach to this subject with such prodding as "where is the lesion?" and "what could it be?"

Dr. Crane: A new and welcome addition to the Concord staff, he managed to ably teach Haematology covered so poorly at other times. His logical approach was helpful, as were his "handouts" at each lecture.

Dr. George: Renal Medicine was really broken down to the basics in his lectures and tutorials and no one will ever forget his 15 minute stint on oedema.

Dr. Evans: (Concord's bike riding mineral metabolist) returned to Concord in the latter half of our final year and in that short time, through hyperkinetic teaching and hikes up and down the Multi-block stairs, managed to teach us a great deal of practical Medicine.

Dr. Noble: Rounded off three years of involvement in our medical education with a series of lectures in final year, jam packed with every conceivable detail and delivered with the 'super-coolness' we have come to expect from him.

Dr. Martin: Lectured in Respiratory medicine and 'starred' at the Chest Meetings. His constructive criticism of our patient examination and treatment was much appreciated.

Dr. Arter: With his starched white coat and ECG photostats, he managed to convey the principles of electrocardiology and treatment of arrhythmias in a few easy to follow tutorials.

Visiting Physicians:

Our thanks go to Prof. Blackburn, Prof. Piper and Dr. Harding Burns for their tutorials and case discussions, and to the following visiting lecturers — Drs. Corrigan, Gallagher, Skyring, Cody, Yu and Howard and Professors McLeod and Turtle.

The Registrars:

For the time they devoted to lectures and tutorials we thank Drs. Duncombe, Somerville, Ian Russell, Cowlshaw, Paul Russell, Howe, Oldfield, Greengarten, Morgan and Jones.

Surgery: We are thankful for the knowledge gained from our tutorials with the following surgeons:

Messrs. Healey, Hughes, O'Neill, Silverton, Koorey and Gillett, and their Registrars, Drs. Morris Kline and Ross Smith.

Thanks to Drs. Curley and Haertsch for their trauma tutorials, to Mr. MacKenzie for Vascular Surgery and to Dr. McEwen in Radiotherapy.

Orthopaedics: Messrs. Grant and Hume and their Registrar Dr. Higgs taught us the finer points of fracture healing as well as the practicalities of examination, and we thank them.

Radiology: Thanks to Dr. Sporr, Soo and Schieb for enlightening us on how to read, not only simple chest X-rays, or more difficult ones using contrast media, but also for revealing some of the exotica.

O & G: Thanks again to Ken Roberts-Thompson.

We trust that *no-one* has been omitted, and if so, thank them as heartily as we do all those whose names appear on these pages.



*Left: Common Room
Below: Reading Papers*



*Above: Sue Gee & Neville Silk
Right: Drinking tea*



The hidden profit

Nobel prizewinner Sir Ernst Chain — leader of the Beecham research team that “split” the penicillin molecule to produce the Beecham range of semi-synthetic penicillins said this of medical progress:

“I could do without the means for fast locomotion which modern technology has made available to us, be it motor cars, trains or jets; I could live very nicely without a wireless or television set, and in fact do, and I could at a pinch do very well without electric light — but I shudder at the thought of having to undergo the torture of the extraction of a wisdom tooth without a local anaesthetic or, much worse still, of having a limb amputated, or even undergoing an appendectomy, without a general anaesthetic. I should certainly hate to

be in a position in which we were before the armoury of modern drugs and vaccines was available to therapeutic medicine, when I might have had to helplessly watch my wife dying from child-bed fever, or my friends going down with diabetes or tuberculosis, or my children being crippled with rickets or — worse still — paralysed by poliomyelitis.”

Since 1970, Beecham antibiotics have been used to treat the infectious illnesses of 10,000,000 Australians.

As a result, millions of productive man-hours that would have been lost to industry and the schoolroom have been saved, and so have hundreds of human lives. These are “hidden profits” that no society should ignore.

Beecham Research Laboratories

Pharmaceutical division of Beecham (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Chesterville Road, Moorabbin, Victoria, 3189. Phone 95 4111

STUDENTS

RENA PARTHENA ALEXANDROU

Rena is a Greek Cypriot English Australian woman, dedicated to the ideal of peace. Although she has rather uncertain national alliances, she elected to complete her medical studies in Australia. She is sensitive and expressive, so expressive in fact, she seems unable to talk without her hands. This was graphically demonstrated one day by a well known Surgeon who asked her to describe some anatomy without waving her hands about, and she could not speak. We do not mean to say that Rena is a poor student though, for she is not. But she is prone to say the wrong thing for various emotional reasons. She once demonstrated her quick wit and profound clinical insight in the field of Urology — Question: "What is the treatment for benign prostatic hypertrophy?" Rena: "You remove the prostrate". Question: "How do you do that?" Rena: "Prostatectomy".

Nevertheless, she is an eager student with a genuine compassion for people and will surely put her Medical skills to good use.



GREGORY MALCOLM BRIGGS

Greg first came to the fore with his forthright questioning of and disagreement with O & G lecturers on their views on certain aspects of the management of pregnancy, but survived these onslaughts without having his medical course terminated. In a tight spot, he has been known to turn out a case history for presentation faster than a frozen section report. He also has the unmatched ability to spot a patient at fifty yards and report his name, diagnosis and exceptional physical findings (like 'onychogryphosis of left big toe and three Hutchinson freckles').

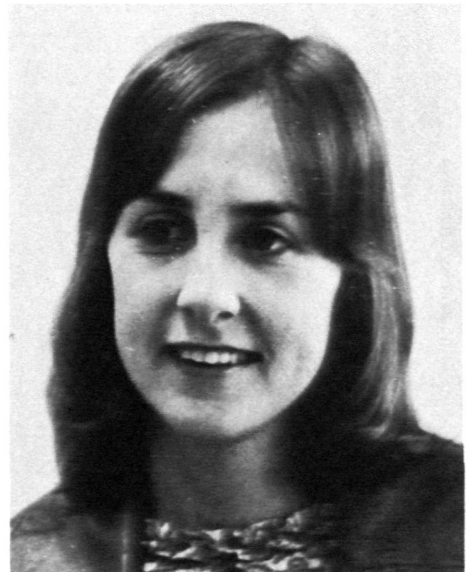
With his liking for the ring, he was once asked if boxing and medicine mixed and his only intelligible comment was 'arr . . .'. In Final Year, cycling took his interest, and on his early morning rides, he made a well worn path around the streets of Concord.

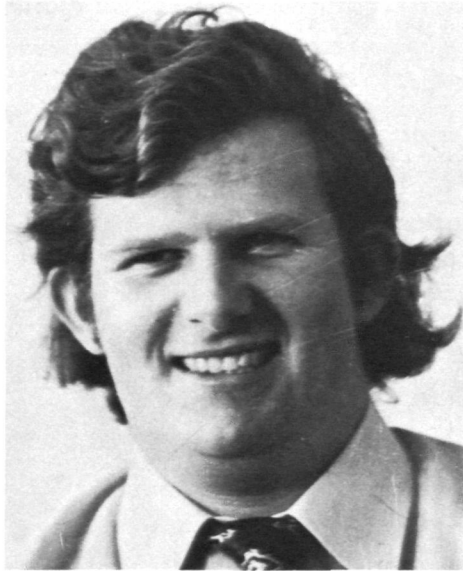
Whether his resident days are spent in Perth, Melbourne or Sydney (who knows), we wish him all the best.

KATHRYN ELSPETH CHRISTIE

Kathy arrived on the Medical scene in 1968, fresh from C.E.G.S. in Tamworth. The usual six years natural history of the 'disease' called Medicine was however to be somewhat extended for her. Marriage to David in 1971 changed her prognosis. Life became a many splendoured thing, what with a new house in Annandale in 1972, and young Paul making his presence felt and finally heard in 1973. Kathy decided that motherhood took precedence over Medicine, and thus, 1974 was spent in remission keeping an eye on Paul. She suffered an acute exacerbation at the end of 1974, however, by venturing back to the fold.

Although most of us have only known her for a year, Kathy has proved to be a capable student, and her future medical career should add the finishing touches to a very satisfying life. We wish her well.





RAYMOND FRANCIS COOPER

Ray stumbled into Medicine in 1970 with the rest of us, but managed to sustain a fractured tib. and fib. in the process, thereby gaining in First Year an understanding of fracture healing which still eludes most of us in Final Year. He progressed uneventfully to Fourth Year, during which his interest in and cynicism about education emerged, and we became familiar with the 'guess what I'm thinking' tutorial and the 'vaccination theory' of learning. After showing interest in most terms in Fifth Year, Ray spent his Elective Term in N.Z. A self reliant experienced clinician returned, and each of us was to benefit from his practical knowledge through the year, and if light relief was needed, there were always "Dr." Cooper's anecdotes.

We have all enjoyed our student days with Ray, and we know that wherever his career leads him, his integrity, likeable personality, sound knowledge and clinical judgement will be guarantees of success.

CATHRYN CARMEL DORAN (nee PLATT)

Heavily pregnant at Gynae. tutorial, "So that's how it happened".

Cathy has made her way through the years we've known her, accompanied by the clicking of knitting needles and trailing lengths of wool behind her. Showing a fine sense of judgement, she even took her knitting along to tutorials so that she'd "have something to do". Cathy's tastes also run to drinking gallons of tea, sipping 'Cold Duck' and playing bridge.

In early Fourth Year, she acquired a 'magnetic' VW, magnetic in that it managed to attract innumerable reckless drivers. Also, she became an ardent supporter of the Haberfield Rowing Club, and by the end of Fifth Year became an associate member (by marriage). Thus she acquired a rowing (hopefully not roving) husband Mark. The family was enlarged this year with the arrival of Elisabeth who, following in her mother's footsteps, attended tutorials and lectures in a comfortable bassinet. But, Cathy, surely that's starting them a bit young.

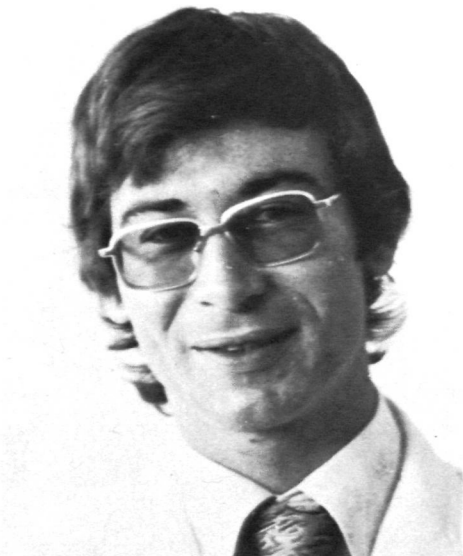


PETER MICHAEL DORMER

"I turned up today".

Peter is a man of great presence at Repatriation General. He is undoubtedly a brilliant student with a remarkable memory. In fact, of all his group, no one can claim such a familiarity with widely diverse syndromes and enormous lists of aetiology. He has demonstrated his deep understanding of cardiology by repeatedly asking any gullible student "what are the causes of atrial fibrillation?". After the typical floundering replies, he then quotes an enormous and bewildering list. At times he gives the impression that there are finer things in life than medicine. He has also shown that he did not entirely misspend his youth by demonstrating a remarkable dexterity on the green felt in the common room.

Peter has a very friendly and amiable manner, which makes him a popular student at his hospital. This combined with his zest for life and undoubted medical knowledge will surely make for him a highly successful and satisfying career.



GEOFFREY STEPHEN DUNN

Geoff is an evangelist, dedicated to bringing the light to us all, particularly George. Forever the optimist, he is a man of great friendliness and integrity. This, combined with his talent for bringing life to dull evenings with the piano, has made him a popular companion at R.G.H.C. even if he is a Pommy.

There is another side to Geoff, the 'adventurer'. While doing his Gynae. term in Newcastle, he suggested a 'quick' walk to the shipwrecked "Sygma". They left early in the morning, and after having investigated the vessel and enduring an arduous three hour trek, they found a road sign, 'Newcastle — 20 Km'. They eventually staggered back, just in time for dinner that night, but this has never been held against him and he is well liked by his fellow students.

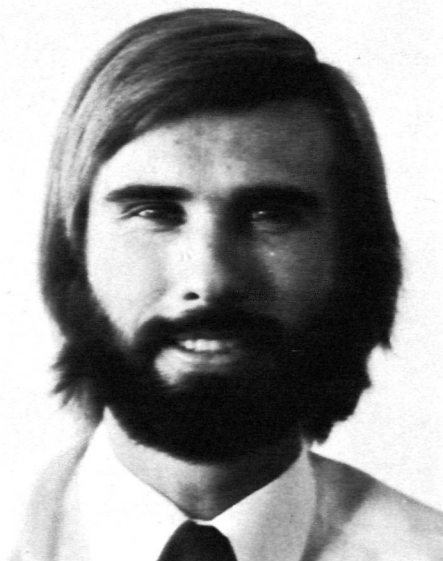
He has always demonstrated a keen interest in Medicine, and despite an epic journey each day from the outer Western suburbs, Geoff attends *all* tutorials and lectures. A remarkable effort.



ROBERT ELLIOTT

After two years of Vet. Science, Rob decided to put the skills he had acquired into practice in Second Year Anatomy, where he amazed his colleagues with a dissertation on the relationship of the rumen to the coeliac axis. He is a keen bushwalker, and on many weekends he would disappear into the bush, but would always manage to hike back to the wards where, dropping his pack and donning his coat, he would scale the peaks of spot diagnosis and meandering paths of patients' histories. Disdaining lifts as suited only for dyspnoeic diggers, he made record breaking climbs of the multi-block stairs, always arriving before any lift-goers.

During a N.Z. elective term, he acquired some useful practical medicine (including first hand knowledge on the management of diabetes in obese Maoris) yet managed to include skindiving and sailing into his schedule. His detailed knowledge, complimenting his thoroughness in patient examination, will assure Rob of a fine future.



JEFFREY RONALD FLACK

Q "When is a bus, not a bus?"

A "When it turns into a street."

Perhaps no-one but Jeff could fathom the depths of Gardiner's and Bamard's syndromes, and also be aware of such politically significant figures as General Peritonitis, El Dopa and Manuel Labour. As well as being our sporting correspondent, keeping us up to date with the progress of the Eastern Suburbs Rugby League team, he has relieved the occasional boring lecture with a good mid-stream specimen of his witticisms.

Being well known for his "taste" in matching ties and shirts in Fourth Year, he progressed to being able to tell serum bilirubin levels at fifteen paces early in Fifth Year, only to abandon this in Gynae. term in favour of physiotherapy, particularly that at Newcastle Hospital.

After all: "What do you get when you marry a physiotherapist to a doctor?"

A. "A strong armed person with a bad taste in ties."





ADEL AYAD HABASHY

"This is caused by Bilharzia, beri-beri or pellagra"

Along with oil and other petrochemical goods, one of the valuable imports Australia gained from Egypt over the past few years, was Adel. He joined us in Fifth Year with an already well consolidated knowledge of Medicine, a tolerance of Surgery, and a well cultivated dislike of Psychiatry in any form. Despite the change of environment, Adel has preserved his basic nomadic instincts by frequently changing tute groups to gain maximal benefit from all available tutors. His presence in each group is accompanied by his inclusion of deficiency states and exotic tropical illnesses in the D.D. of anything from paronychia to congestive cardiac failure.

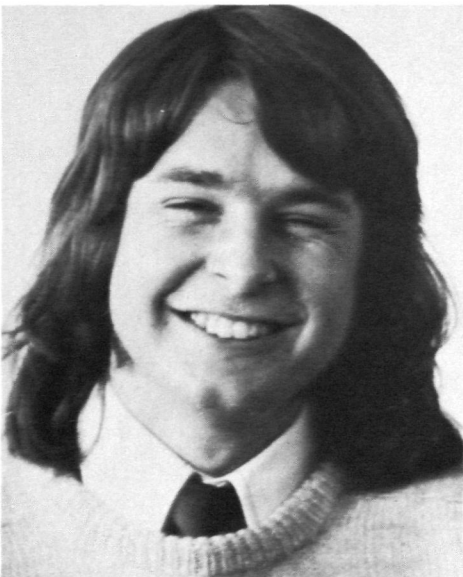
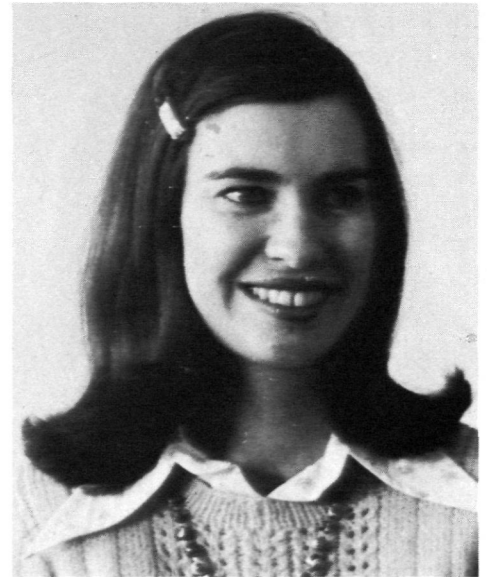
Adel is always sighted, book in hand, implying that initial difficulties with the English language are being overcome, and the prognosis is that he will settle down well to a successful medical practice in Australia, and, if his dreams are fully realised, in South Australia.

ROSEMARY ANN HACKWORTHY

On palpating an abdomen: "Gee this is hard work".

From the shy demure angelic creature we knew Rosemary to be in Fourth Year, she has developed (or should we say blossomed) into a well rounded personality. This metamorphosis began in the halls of Children's Hospital, and by the end of her Elective Term tour of Europe it was a different Rosemary who re-joined our group in Final Year. No longer was she quietly sipping orange juice on our Hunter Valley trips. No longer was she the last one to get a joke. She even began making fewer faux pas, though the practice has not yet completely died out. Despite these widening social interests, she has never been scholastically backward, and our group's 'little Neurologist' has often come to our aid when the question of peripheral nerve distribution was raised.

For the past, you've been good to know; for the present, you're a good friend; for the future, good luck.



JEFFREY PRICE HALES

Jeff could be called the 'phantom of Final Year' at Concord, appearing quietly in the back rows of those lectures which interested him, yet disappearing stealthily from those he considered of less value. Never venturing to make his presence felt by asking questions, he was once put on the spot by Professor Blackburn. Sitting behind Jeff in a tutorial, the Prof. prodded him, saying ". . . And what do you think, 'madam?'", to which Jeff, whose head has more profuse locks than many in Final Year, exclaimed indignantly, "What do you mean, 'madam?'" The professor, finding his spot diagnosis wide of the mark, conceded his error.

His dedication to doing things his own way, unfettered by the restraints of organised teaching, seems to be a formula that suits him and makes him an individualist in a Year where there is a tendency to conform at all costs. Jeff is likely to augment his fine academic record in the finals, and we wish him every success in his endeavours.

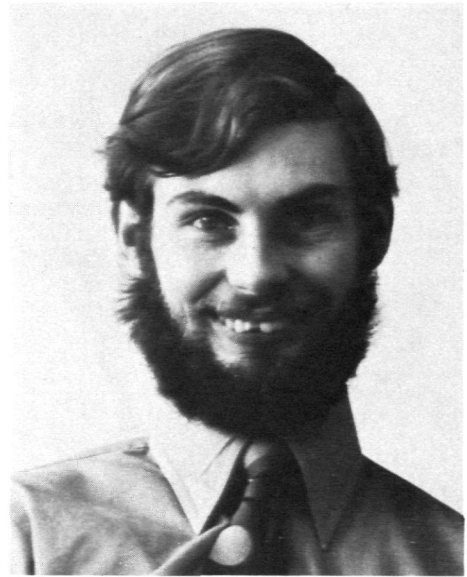
GREGORY JAMES HASKING

"Medicine is just my hobby you know."

Greg is one of the few of his group who can claim to be at least a fourth generation Aussie. He has a number of extra-curricular activities, one of the most time-consuming being his aspiring career in the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, which has undoubtedly given him his good grounding in commonsense Medicine. When Greg entered the hospital he was determined to gain some basic clinical skills. He was always the first to the patient's bedside to inspect, palpate, percuss or auscultate, or whatever. In Final Year when the billiard table arrived, he took on another pastime.

Unfortunately, in latter years, Greg has developed a rather obtuse sense of humour, not always appreciated by his fellow students. He has actually been heard to say: "Leave the witticisms to me"— Luckily we haven't.

He will do well in his chosen career (hobby?), and we expect to see him achieve many great things.



JAMES YAN CHEE IP

Jimmy "Hong Kong" Ip arrived in Australia in 1967. His early years in Medicine were made memorable by his ability to organise Chinese banquet extravaganzas, but most remarkable is, perhaps, his penchant for distraction. In second year he played basketball and met Jeannette (now his wife); in Fourth and Fifth Year he exploited his business sense fully when he held down fifteen jobs and still passed his exams; in Fifth Year he undertook a research project on hypertension in amputees thus becoming the first person to make money out of collecting "Dead legs"; and finally in Sixth Year he felt the need to broaden his horizons, so he embarked on a whirlwind four week world trip.

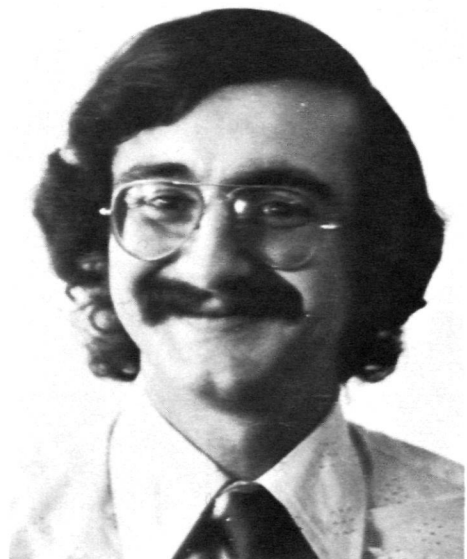
With a diversity of talents in basketball, chess, bridge and kung fu and his warm personality and outgoing nature, Jimmy is known to everyone from the cook to the top staff specialists, and it is this aspect of his character which will make him a very able doctor in the community.

LOUIS IZZO

"Whaat? Charming".

After some misguided years pursuing the Arts, Louis found himself to his amazement, in the Medicine faculty once again. Having never really recovered from the change, he continued his aberrant life style spending more time over his traditional Italian siestas at Doyle's and the like and in pursuit of mature women and even older wine, than in the cold confines of the lecture rooms.

With the determination that Medicine should be more a hobby than a way of life, he has, in spite of various obstructions, made his way through. Although Final Year has seen the distressing change of his studying long and tedious hours we rest assured that he will return to his former ways. Therefore we wish him well, whether to achieve his aim of owning a Ferrari (if he keeps his licence that long), and having an Eastern Suburbs practice, or to return to Naples and open up a clinic for wayward women.





ANTHONY PHILLIP JOSEPH

Tony (affectionately 'Joe'), descended upon the Faculty of Medicine from the "great prison on the hill" (alias St. Joseph's College), where his outstanding academic achievements were overshadowed only by a reputation of being the most unco-ordinated rower at the Collège. His pre-clinical years were highlighted by many hair-raising, record-breaking trips along Parramatta Rd. in a great variety of second hand heaps, culminating in a '64 Chev. with defective windscreen wipers. He accepted his extradition to Concord with quiet resignation and soon became a star student, taking out the general proficiency prize in Fourth Year.

Joe's apparently monastic existence was proven to be a falsehood when the magnitude of his petrol bill indicated long distance carryings on, eventuating in his marriage to Paula. Asked to comment on his honeymoon, he said, "If there's one thing we did, it was eat".

Joe's classical Arab profile, his heavily bearded jowl, his 90db laugh and his course physiological tremor have endeared him to his colleagues at Concord.

CONSTANCE HELEN KATELARIS

"I object. They aren't going to push us around like this".

How such determination, emotion and sweetness all fit into this little dynamo is remarkable. Her pre-clinical years were spaced by numerous motor cycle accidents which culminated in her heeding road safety pleas to "give it up". At Concord, Connie is the best little coffee and tea maker of all times, and as a self appointed activities supervisor of the live-in students she runs a clean and lively band. Her activities at various social events at the hospital have proven that Connie is extremely popular with everyone, and that she doesn't usually drink alcohol, especially champagne. But when she does, wow...

Her experience with the people of New Zealand and Wilcannia during Elective have stood her in good stead for the future. An ardent front-rower, and one of the keenest of all Concord students, Connie is destined to be an excellent doctor.



ANDREW JOHN MICHAEL KRZYSZTON

"Greetings, crepitations and fasciculations".

Australian born of Russian and Polish parentage, with an English accent of dubious origin, Andy joined us in Fourth Year after a B.Sc. (Med.) year "misspent" in the Biochemistry Department.

A lover of the Arts, Andrew is well versed in opera, the classics and FM radio. Recognisable to all as the man in shorts (all year round), he has tried hard over the years to cultivate a roaring Type IIa hyperlipidaemia with his continuous, overzealous, milk consumption, (without apparent success).

His interests are wide and varied. From bushwalking in N.Z. during Elective Term (after three months slaving in the renal unit at Auckland Hospital), through scaling the Harbour Bridge at full moon, to Physiotherapy in Newcastle, a recent engagement. Academically sound, his prospects look bright and we wish him well in his future career.

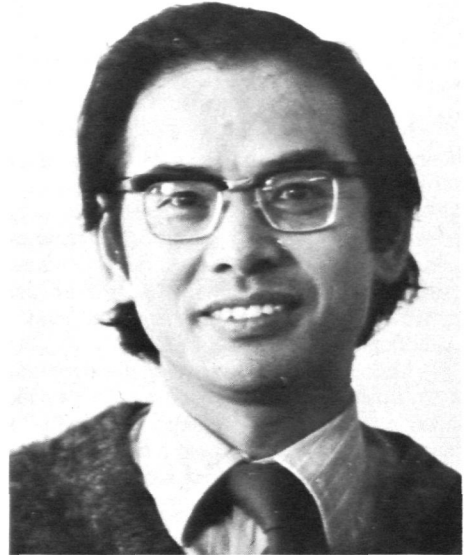


GEORGE WAR LEE

"What are you talking about?"

George, one of our beloved Asian Comrades, is well known for his firm political and economic views. He belongs to an elite crowd that hangs out in the students' common room. They are known as the 'tea-swillers', a small group (2), with widely differing views. George, a dedicated Maoist, has taken upon himself the task of achieving the popular liberation of his whole group, and he has actually been known to slip away to the People's Republic of China for 'personal' reasons (possible re-education). He gets along well with everyone (even his political enemies), and Professor Pheils will never forget the affectionate pat on the back that he received as a greeting one morning. George has never been known to offend anyone (except the dirty Capitalist war-mongers), and is well respected by all his friends.

A dedicated medical student with a willingness to work hard, George should do well in later years.



CAROLINE ANN LONGWORTH

This exotic bird, a sometimes R.G.H.C. kitchen girl, is believed to roost in B block of the live-in quarters. Aside from occasional unconfirmed sightings in the multi-block, she is only observed on short flights, to and from the Library, clutching journals to feather her nest, which is already lined by a great number of medical textbooks. Brooding on the nest of knowledge, it is expected that the eggs of research will have hatched by exam time. A previous perch was the labour floor of St. Margaret's, where she spent the small hours of the morning fluttering between deliveries.

Carol's bower bird instinct has resulted in her accumulating an impressive collection of leather coats and rings. Next year she plans on coming from her nest, to become a fully fledged member of the resident staff at Concord, in full white plumage.

We wish her all the best.

KATHLEEN MARGARET McCARTHY

"I approve of this . . ."

Imagine a person who can sit down to a game of bridge saying to her partner, "I hope you don't mind, but I play bridge my way". Add a tendency to eat pickles on toast and to know why Ethelred was Unready. Complete the picture with someone who keeps lemonade on top of and vodka below the wardrobe so that she can 'tell the difference in the middle of the night,' and believe it or not, this is only part of our Kathy. The adventurous side of her nature was shown in her elective term as she set off on the trans-Siberian Railway to Moscow. As a native of Concord, she has given us the inside information on the district.

In the end, she's a mild-mannered medical student at a great metropolitan hospital, fighting the never ending battle for a good ward, less paperwork, and a new car 'that doesn't fall apart'.



"Robin May" Memorial Prizewinner for 1975

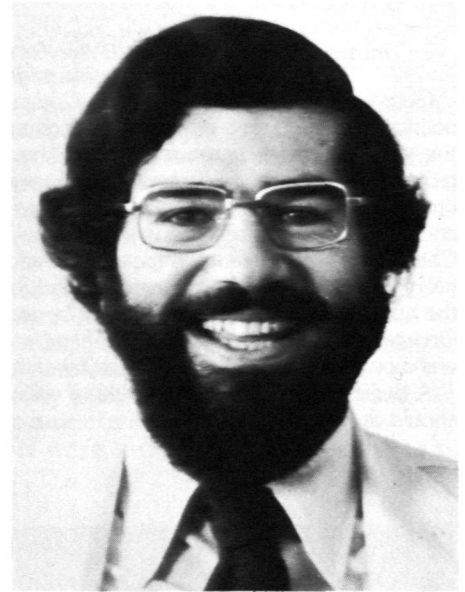
GEORGE MARK MALOUF

"Malouf's my name, money's my game"

Mark came to Med. as a product of Marist Brothers' Parramatta, the heart of "Malouf territory". In his early years, this shy retiring serious student set his sights on sharing the family fame and fortune, and studied diligently, gaining distinctions. Having successfully campaigned for the prestigious position of Concord Rep., Mark's horizons were suddenly broadened. Here was an opportunity for him to develop his remarkable powers of wheeling, dealing and diplomacy. Mark's serious academic pursuits have been punctuated by various trips abroad, around Aust. and to the snow, all contributing to his 'broad education'.

His overloaded Toyota jeep has been a familiar sight on his many treks for a day's pleasure at the family farm. To his colleagues, Mark has proved a likeable and entertaining friend, despite his racist, sexist, capitalist though not bigoted viewpoints. We wish him well as he prepares to join the family company of Malouf, Malouf, Malouf & . . .

The "Robin May" Memorial Prize is awarded annually in Final Year to a student showing leadership and good fellowship throughout the Medical course, as well as being no slouch, academically. Each fellow Final Year student votes from a list of nominations and the Dean selects the winning nominee. This year's selection was also a very popular one and we are sure Mark will continue to show his familiar friendship throughout his days.



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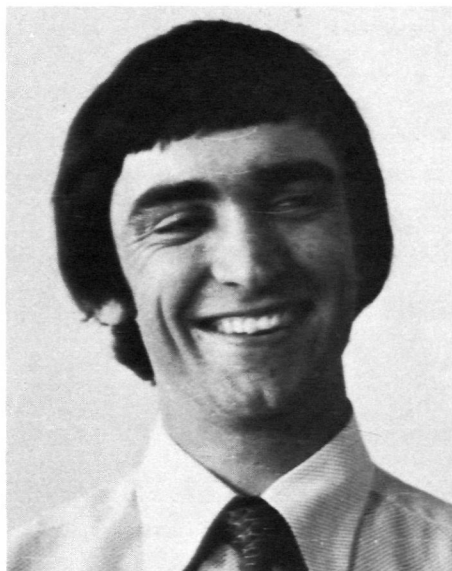
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DAVID KENNETH McKENZIE

Tall lanky "Mac", from Joey's, ace high jumper and Dux of the College, came to Medicine and quickly showed forth his talent of having the right answer at the right time. In true ex-Joey's style his first year consisted of wine, women and song, and little study. In Second Year, however, he sobered up and spent many hours religiously dissecting every possible nerve in the hip joint. During this time, Mac imagined himself king of the road in his luscious red VW with a seating capacity of eight. His B.Sc. (Med.) interest in respiration and greyhound stretch receptors, gave way to a more permanent investment in haematology with the acquisition of his wife, Ruth. In keeping with his new found image, the VW became a Corona and jeans became grey flannel.

Although his capacity to recall minutiae has at times proven frustrating to the rest of us, his remarkable ability academically augurs well for future Professorial positions.



IAIN JAMES MacROBERT

When Iain matriculated from Richmond River High School, he decided that medicine was the career that suited his ambitions, and he commenced at Sydney University in 1965. He became a Christian in 1968, and after completing fifth year in 1970, he left Medicine and worked with a Christian Mission, at first with teenagers in Sydney, and then for two years with Chinese Churches in Hong Kong. He married Virginia in 1972 and their son Martin was born in Hong Kong in 1973. There are now three MacRoberts studying at Concord: Martin as a fan of Sesame St. at the child care centre, Virginia as a second year nurse, and Iain, in his time between those extra tutorials, as a highly respected snooker player.

He is well liked and respected by all who know him as he has proved to be a man of high standards and integrity. Iain and his family are looking forward to serving God in Medicine, and we wish them every success.

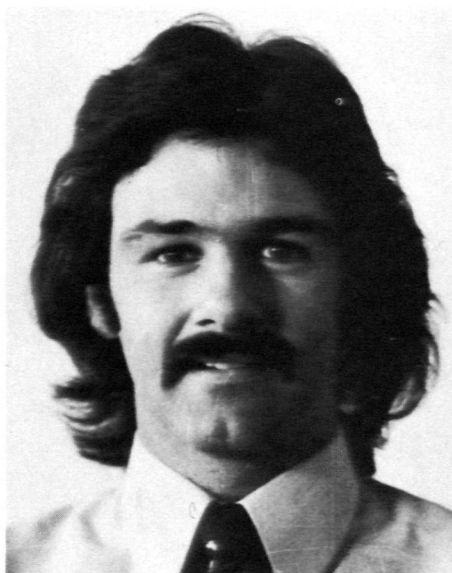


CHRISTOPHER JOHN O'BRIEN

"I would like to disagree with all this."

Chris joined us from Marist Brothers' Parramatta, and in the pre-clinical years he starred in most things at Uni, especially football and women, and despite this he passed all subjects easily. During the clinical years, when students got to really say something, he shone forth with the eloquence and distinction of a born leader. Having read the subject the night before and learnt all possible aspects of the topic, Chris has never been lost for an answer to any question — be it right or wrong.

In later years with tennis, swimming, rigger, billiards and general oneupsmanship, he has emerged as Concord's iron-man all-rounder. He even managed to brush up on the snow bunnies and skiing of St. Moritz in his Elective Term jaunt through Europe and the U.S.A. And finally, even before graduation, Chris, in his bright green Renault, already looks the part of a junior staff specialist.





PAULINE JOY PATON

Pauline will be especially remembered by us all for her unique ability to be one of the boys, whilst still remaining one of the girls. Hailing from the Western suburbs, she has a good sense of humour and a good sense of priorities and favourites, as exemplified by the following:—

Favourite footballer: Tom Raudonakis, 'he's terrific'.

Favourite car: Aston Martin; but she drives a Torana.

Favourite drink: Anything with a cork in the bottle. (She was of great assistance as technical advisor on outings to the Hunter Valley.)

Favourite pastime: Cards (many hours having been spent as a fourth at bridge.)

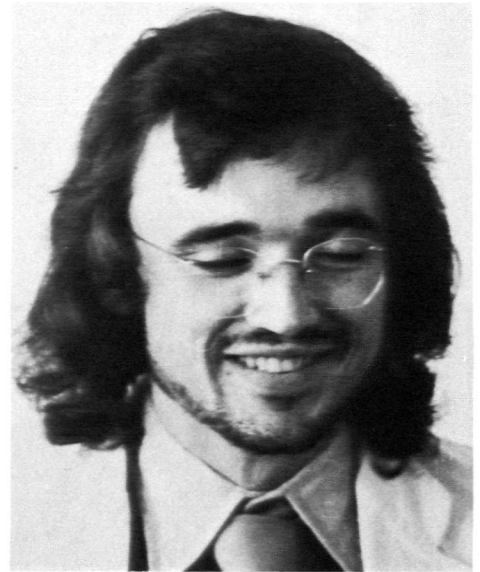
Despite all this, and a habit of falling off platform shoes and twisting her ankles, she still finds time to handle the Med. course adequately. With her sincerity and ability, she cannot fail in whatever she undertakes, and we wish her well in her future career.

MARTIN LAKELAND RILEY

Martin joined us in Final Year after taking a year off after completing Fifth Year in 1973. A quiet natured student, he would seldom offer any spontaneous remarks during a tutorial, but whenever called upon to give an opinion, answer a question or give a case presentation, he would usually rise to the occasion commendably with a more than adequate understanding of the condition under question.

In his crimson Volkswagen and with the acquisition of a beard in second term to go with his longish hair, he cuts a striking pose as a 'Mr. Cool' around the wards. His quiet, unpretentious nature is sure to win him the respect of his patients, as it has that of his peers.

We wish him every success.



JOHN GARY ROGERS

John is blessed with a metabolism hell-bent on maintaining his body weight and physique in a steady state, regardless of his eating habits. Consequently, any clothes (for instance) that he bought in Med. I, would fit him if he chose to wear them today, (contrary to the author and, undoubtedly, most others). Despite, this 'gift' however, John has maintained his fashion sense, which determines a constantly changing pattern of shoes, trousers and monogrammed shirts. This well-groomed student then managed to attend lectures and tutorials in a variety of shared and borrowed family cars until the purchase of his very roomy Austin 1800, late in Fourth Year.

Married in early Fifth Year and somewhat spasmodic, or perhaps selective, in attendance in Final Year, we are sure John has his future in perspective, and he is assured of success in Medicine with his ability.

Good luck, John.



WIESLAW (WEST) RZETELSKI

West has been a revered member of the Faculty for numerous years and in pre-clinical days he won acclaim and notoriety as one of Medicine's more 'interesting' bods. We have had the distinct pleasure of West's company since Fourth Year, during which time his singularly original approach to clinical problems often boggled the minds of less gifted colleagues. Never wanting for a red herring or a canary, he very early graduated from mundane wrong answers. His keen (never glazed) eye and moist (though certainly never sweaty) hand, complemented his active mind. Often during his case presentations we waited rapturously for his confident assertion that "Scrotal pathology was normal", and his inclusion of the dimensions of genitalia was too infrequent a bonus.

Always a social gay (though never gaye) blade, West bedevilled the ladies, but to his credit, maintained impeccable standards — two X chromosomes being his lofty demand. West, we wish you well and your patients well.



RONALD STRAUSS

"I know it's a little off the topic, but could you talk about ..."

Ron drifted into our lives in Fourth Year, and much to his surprise has stayed with us ever since. Despite many hours of swimming and cycling, he has finally realised that the best way to keep fit is to drive a silver Celica in the general direction of Concord R.S.L. There, as well as here, muted cries of 'Gough must go', were heard. In keeping with his right-wing tendencies, Ron has his own intelligence service, with which he keeps us informed about the intrigues, events and scandals at R.G.H.C. This information is gleaned with the aid of his gift of being able to talk to anyone, anywhere, any time and on any subject.

Ron's appreciation of the good things of life, his business acumen and his taste for expensive cigars, finally leads us to ask the question, "will success spoil Ron Strauss?"

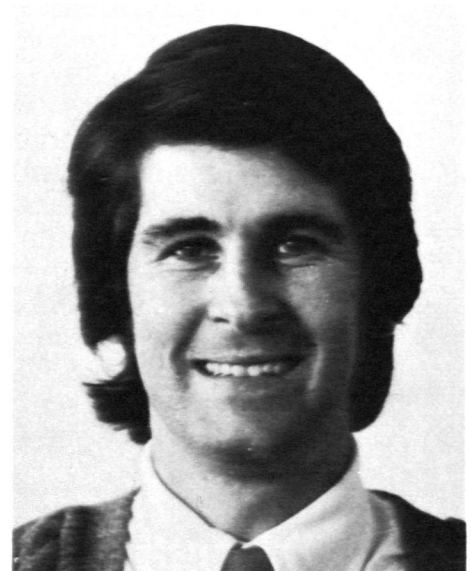


GARY STEPHEN SYKES

"Well it could be, er, um ..."

The loudest thing about Gary Sykes is his English wardrobe, which he acquired returning from the darkest depths of Africa, where he spent his elective term. Being a true denizen of Concord, he was unable to make this trip without the accompaniment of a public servant — in the form of his wife, Rob, whose presence in his life has been made manifest over the past few years by the reams of computer paper with which he turned up for each lecture.

On first meeting Gary, one was instantly impressed by his quiet, friendly nature. On second glance, a subtle but extremely effective sense of humour became obvious. What was seen at third glance though, was neither subtle, nor quiet when we discovered that Gary has a penchant for playing noughts and crosses on the blackboard in the middle of Psychiatry tutes. Provided he can solve this Sykological problem, his success in Medicine is assured.



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ROYAL NEWCASTLE HOSPITAL



1974 and Fifth Year saw a migration in rotation of students from Sydney, RGH and a few select students from RNSH to this fine hospital, where, roomed in the cells off that dimly lit corridor known as the Students' Quarters we spent an otherwise thoroughly pleasant five weeks.

Whilst the RGH and RNSH students explored the depths of womanhood under the Gynaecologists, the Sydney students saw a wealth of routine surgical cases in this treasure house of clinical teaching. The gynae. students remember the pleasant, ever-smiling Dr. Ward, his registrar, Dr. Pullen, the around table discussions in social gynaecology with Dr. Lang and their sessions with Drs. Gallagher and Rachow.

The surgical students are shown to Dr. Bissett's room. Within sits a man seemingly oblivious of our presence and staring fixedly at the back page of the first half of the Sydney Morning Herald, muttering to himself "of course, it must be a bloody anagram". His clinic Sister, Sr. Heyn, informs him of our presence and after an introduction we watch a succession of sigmoidoscopies interspersed with the occasional return to the cryptic crossword for a clue or two. We learn a great deal about colon-rectal surgery in between patients from this earthy self-confessed "bum man" who "if I can't remember their faces,

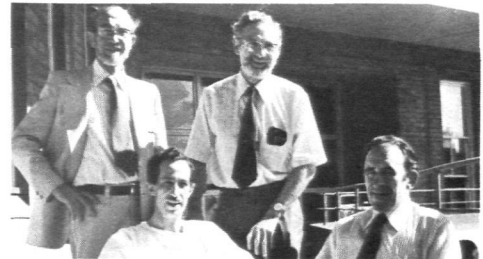
I'll recognise their tails". Dr. Hennessy, firm but softly spoken, puffs gently on a cigar whilst trying to drum basic general surgery into our heads. In desperation, at the conclusion of his tute he invites us down to the Beach Hotel for a game of darts. Dr. Wright prefers a pipe, his beard greying that little extra every time we drop a "clanger" as he leads us through his paediatric kingdom, Wards 3 and 4. Then there's Dr.

Robinson, who summons us from our sleep each Thursday with a request for a retractor holder for the morning's arterial bypass operation. While the practical Dr. Kerridge teaches us what to do at the scene of a road accident and what to carry in the car's glove-box at all times, routine Orthopaedics talks are given by Drs. Ostinga and Sage. Anaesthetics with the hyperactive Dr. James, ENT with Dr. Dhasmana, (laryngeal viewings from his mirror interspersed with the more pleasant view of Newcastle Harbour from his window), more General Surgery from Drs. Gillies and Smythe, Urology with Dr. Howarth, home visiting as part of a short Geriatrics course with Dr. Grant, and medicine tutes even with Dr. Duggan complete our curricular activities.

As for extra-curricular activities, visits to adjacent Newcastle Beach and the Beach Hotel, long nights at the 246 club at the pianola, prolonged stays at the Dining Room (such food!!), offering services in A.R.A. and Cas. at night, one day trips to the Hunter vineyards, inspections of the B.H.P. and a coal mine arranged by Dr. Kerridge, visits to the neighbouring Nurses' Home, visits by the neighbouring nurses . . .

We remember the Students' Quarters corridor, that famed cricket pitch, the splattered mirror (????) in the Gents, the number of cakes of Sunlight soap we lost down the drains, the smell of Indian cooking hovering in the kitchen upstairs, but above all the friendliness of this institution.

The transfer of this hospital to Newcastle University's Medical School is a great and sorry loss for our University.



L-R Drs. E. J. Hennessy, E. Arnold, J. E. Wright, R. L. Bissett.



Dr. G. Kerridge.



"The black hole of RNH".



L-R Drs. R. Cuffe and J. P. Ward.

THE ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN



Amidst the sickly sweet odours wafting in from the neighbouring Weston's biscuit factory we spent ten weeks in Fifth Year at the Camperdown Children's Hospital, one of Sydney's growth centres. Ah... memories...

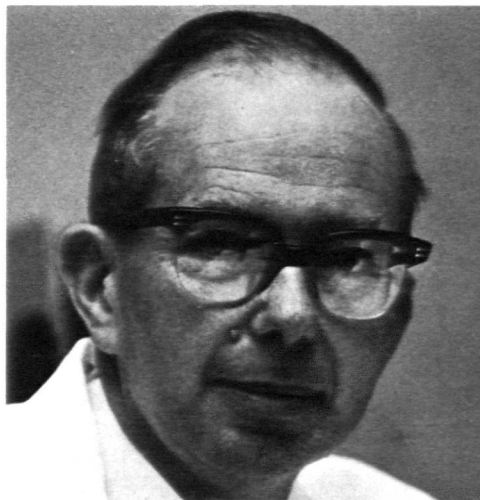
Dressing gown lectures (8.30 a.m.!) ... the locked back door to the lecture theatre after 8.30 necessitating an entry in full view of Prof. Stapleton ... blackboard recommendations of the preferred male dress ... that crammed perplexing timetable ... the inter-hospital pooling of students and random division into groups and subgroups such that Stapes' group

was all male ... his obsession with encopresis and male students wearing shorts ... the Friday afternoon sessions in the grotty old pub ... visit to Child Guidance and Baby Health Centres, the Spastic Centre, Grosvenor House and the Aboriginal Health Centre ... THAT six thousand word essay and ridiculously non-specific short answer exam ... tutes with G.P.s ... Dr. Bowdler's excellent radiological chats ... the kindly Dr. Dowd with his one inpatient, one outpatient and one topic for discussion ... the cynical Dr. Rowe whose eyes lit up when a "social" case was presented; Dr. McDonald, who always gave our answers thought before dismissing them; Dr. Vines — always impressed by our ignorance and A/Prof. Katz who showed us that his branch of Psychiatry was really child's play ...

Our visits to the wards: the constant sobbing or the shrill shrieking; the danger of dinnertime when one might get caught in a crossfire of strawberry mousse, or be confronted by a hard-to-refuse appeal for assistance with feeding or nappy changing from a smiling face in a pin striped blue uniform; learning to stand out of the line of fire in the neonate ward when examining a male whose napkin has been removed; hearing that crunch beneath one's feet as another ward toy bites the dust, or, as if in retaliation, holding your breath during a tutorial as one of the little cherubs on his tricycle rides over your protruding feet or kicks you in the nether regions as you gently hold him in your arms.

And, of course, that aptly named Student Hostel whose maids did all they could to hinder us (typical of this surprisingly unfriendly institution) and with few good points to its name save a spectacular view of the Nurses' Home swimming pool. The Nurses' Home thankfully supplied us with this amenity plus, of course, its Squash Court, its parties and its nurses.

In conclusion, a talk about "Kids" would be incomplete without mention of that first-rate cuisine — marred only by the meagre rations and the limited dining room hours for students (rigidly enforced by the domestic staff, of course).



T. Stapleton, Professor of Child Health.



Students' "Hostel".

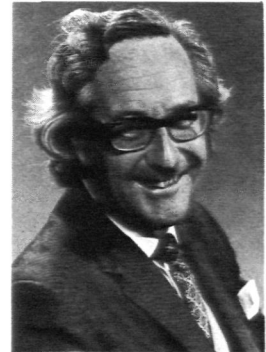
THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)



This largest of N.S.W. women's hospitals served as the Fifth Year training post for many of us in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Possessed with a fully equipped comfortable Students Quarters, where we spent half hour after half hour waiting for the ever-on-his-way Dr. Murray, it was the ideal place for long nights spent around the bridge or billiard tables. "Please do not disturb until lunch-time" notices tended to be the rule rather than the exception on the bedroom doors of a morning, although fresh hot buttered scones for morning tea was a great incentive for getting up a little earlier.

However, we spent some time around the hospital proper, as well. Most of this was spent on the labour floor where Sr. Sparrow and her staff guided us through many a vociferous Southern European delivery, where we lost a pair of shoes to the meconium, fluid, blood, faeces and urine amongst which we slid while catching the bub, where we had to be on our toes to ensure we weren't cheated out of a delivery by the mentally agile pupil midwives and where, amongst the nursing staff, we met the epitome of obsessive-compulsive personage matched only by the domestic staff at the Children's Hospital (q.v.). The nursery sisters were (very) willing to let us feed and change their charges. Outpatient sessions taught us the fundamentals of antenatal and gynaecological examinations while our organised tutes with Drs. Macbeth, Bowman, Birrell, Brake Pannikote, MacDonald, Bench and Lee gave us a little theory which was supplemented by talks we conned the Registrars into giving us. We must also give thanks to Robyn, the librarian, ever willing to do anything for us, whether it be suggesting references for Preventive and Social Medicine essays or lying on a bed (to model for the photo in this section), and Jenny, the Professor's secretary, for all their help.

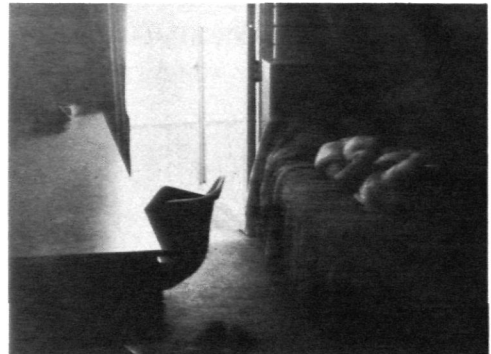
Of course, our Crown Street education wouldn't be the same without our theatrical Professor from Kuala Lumpur, Derek Llwellyn-Jones, in the family tradition a showman (who, because of this, has found it impossible to say the words "human somatomammotrophin" in his own dialect). After spending the first half (48%) of our time at Crown Street in discussions with him (or were they lectures?) on social gynaecological topics, he spent the last half (52%) with every (100% — unpublished data from Kuala Lumpur) good intention of covering new research in O. & G. — what a pity these latter talks always (93%) terminated as discussions (or were they lectures?) on social gynaecological topics. A casual dresser at whole-of-year lectures in his trademark skivvy, he notably never "pushed" his textbooks (which show an obsession for figures and percentages), although those of us who used them (85%) were rewarded at final examination time. We wish the Prof. luck in his Battle of Ground Floor Founders with the Hospital.



*J. D. Llwellyn-Jones, O.B.E.
Associate Professor of
Obstetrics and Gynaecology.*



Common Room



Student Bedroom (and Robyn)

A summary of our ten weeks at Crown Street? A most enjoyable time had by all.



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

During Fifth Year, all Concord and some North Shore students combined at St. Margaret's for five week obstetric terms. The student quarters occupy part of the fourth floor and consist of bedrooms, kitchen and dining facilities, lounge area with TV and a small laundry. The rooms have to be the most spacious of any hospital quarters, having an extremely large floor area, a wall of built-in wardrobes, a bed-cum-divan, a long desk, blackboard and bookshelf area, and a lounge chair.

The food was good, but being hospital food became somewhat monotonous, especially evening meals, but the fridge was always stocked with a variety of sandwiches, drinks and ice cream for after hours nibblers.

As obstetrics at St. Margaret's is patterned on a very definite rhythm we scored more deliveries on the whole than our colleagues at the other women's hospitals and now know first-hand the value of this contraceptive method.

Tutorials were organised and varied from sit down lectures to around the ward discussions, and during any free time, if enough people could be gathered, a game of cards was the order of the day. Each group contained from four to eight students who worked a roster system to man the delivery floor, day and night. When rostered on the student could be called upon to deliver any suitable patient and would be paged from his tutorial or his meal during the day, or from his bed at night. Many is the time that at 3 am the phone would ring, the student would leap to his feet, dress hurriedly, stagger bleary eyed to the lift, and finding it unresponsive, climb the three flights of stairs to the labour ward and then, by this time, fully awakened, deliver the baby.

Most students enjoyed their time in Obstetrics as it was the first time in their long course where they were not only involved in something active, but were also given some responsibility.

The hospital undertook a refresher course for Final Year students and we returned for a series of lectures and demonstrations that proved most beneficial.

We thank all the staff involved in teaching us over these two years, the Honoraries, registrars, residents, sisters and midwives.

* * *

Anxiety is a major ingredient for learning

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CONVERSELY EXPERIENTIAL LEARNING PROVIDES THIS
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 *M. J. Field
 C. A. McDonald
 A. P. Pricolo
 G. W. Hardacre
 M. F. Stevens
 R. D. A. Abraham
 R. J. Simes
 W. G. Wilson
 D. A. R. Brown
 R. Elliott
 Z. H. Endre
 D. Gillis
 G. A. Carr
 K. P. Hort

Shared University Medal

Second Class Honours

J. E. Floyd
 B. J. Solomons
 D. R. Sullivan
 H. J. Iland
 L. J. Hayden
 I. M. Davison
 D. K. McKenzie
 M. A. Kotowicz
 R. F. Kefford
 C. E. Butt
 L. J. Murphy
 M. A. Gottlieb
 R. A. McKenzie
 C. Bilinsky

M. S. Stern
 N. H. Bill
 R. L. Henry
 M. J. Dibley
 T. J. Carr
 M. A. Bentley
 G. M. Malouf
 R. A. Hackworthy
 A. Thomson
 J. R. Raftos
 C. Hampshire
 J. P. Hales
 P. R. Clyne
 D. S. Durham
 R. P. Eckstein

A. M. Mijch
 A. L. Sullivan
 C. H. Imhoff
 J. H. Gallo
 A. P. Joseph
 S. N. Iland
 L. A. Kohan
 C. P. Mendelsohn
 A. B. F. Grant
 G. M. Briggs
 G. B. Branch
 M. D. Nicholls
 R. A. Hargraves
 R. S. Cohen
 G. J. Gumley

FINAL YEAR SUBJECT HONOURS (Alphabetical)**MEDICINE****Distinction**

Field, M. J.
 Iland, H. J.
 Solomons, B. J.

Credit

Abraham, R. D. A.
 Bill, N. H.
 Brown, D. A. R.
 Buglar, B. L.
 Carr, G. A.
 Davison, I. M.
 Elliott, R.
 Endre, Z. H.
 Floyd, J. E.
 Gillis, D.
 Gottlieb, M. A.
 Hardacre, G. W.
 Hayden, L. J.
 Henry, R. L.
 Iland, S. N.
 Imhoff, C. H.
 Kotowicz, M. A.
 McDonald, C. A.
 McKenzie, D. K.
 McKenzie, R. A.
 Mijch, A. M.
 Miller, I. B.
 Murphy, L. J.
 Pricolo, A. P.
 Simes, R. J.
 Stern, M. S.
 Stevens, M. F.
 Thibault, P. K.
 Wilson, W. G.
 Woog, R. H.

SURGERY**High Distinction**

Hardacre, G. W.

Distinction

Brown, D. A. R.

Credit

Abraham, R. D. A.
 Bentley, M. A.
 Carr, G. A.
 Clyne, P. R.
 Davison, I. M.
 Durham, D. S.
 Endre, Z. H.
 Fagan, E. R.
 Field, M. J.
 Floyd, J. E.
 Gillis, D.
 Gottlieb, M. A.
 Gumley, G. J.
 Hampshire, C.
 Hort, K. P.
 Katelaris, C. H.
 Malouf, G. M.
 McDonald, C. A.
 McKenzie, D. K.
 Mijch, A. M.
 Miller, I. B.
 Murphy, L. J.
 O'Brien, C. J.
 Pain, N. R. W.
 Selby, S. P.
 Simes, R. J.
 Solomons, B. J.
 Stern, M. S.
 Stevens, M. F.
 Sullivan, A. L.
 Wilson, W. G.
 Woog, R. H.

OBSTETRICS & GYNAECOLOGY**Distinction**

Simes, R. J.

Credit

Bulgar, B. L.
 Clyne, P. R.
 Cohen, R. S.
 Cooper, R. F.
 Cregan, P. C.
 Darnell, D. B.
 Eckstein, R. P.
 Elliott, R.
 Empson, P. C.
 Endre, Z. H.
 Fagan, E. R.
 Field, M. J.
 Floyd, J. E.
 Gottlieb, M. A.
 Gumley, G. J.
 Hampshire, C.
 Henry, R. L.
 Hort, K. P.
 Iland, S. N.
 Kotowicz, M. A.
 McDonald, C. A.
 McKenzie, R. A.
 Murphy, L. J.
 Pain, N. R. W.
 Pricolo, A. P.
 Stern, M. S.
 Streimer, J. H.
 Stuckey, B. G. A.
 Sullivan, A. L.
 Thibault, P. K.
 Torzillo, P. J.
 Woog, R. H.

HOSPITAL APPOINTMENTS 1976

(to the best knowledge of the Editor)

ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

* R. Woog	(1)	A. Farrell	(1)
* M. Field	(1)	B. L. Buglar	(1)
A. Pricolo	(1)	S. Grogan	(1)
* R. Abraham	(3)	K. Evershed	(1)
R. Simes	(1)	L. Stevenson	(1)
D. Brown	(1)	A. Boogert	(1)
* R. Elliott	(4)	E. Morey	(1)
* Z. Endre	(1)	R. Choy	(1)
L. Hayden	(1)	M. P. Burt	(1)
I. Davison	(1)	J. English	(2)
* D. McKenzie	(4)	A. Lezynski	(1)
R. Kefford	(1)	G. White	(1)
R. McKenzie	(1)	P. Robinson	(1)
R. Henry	(1)	M. Rickard	(1)
G. M. Malouf	(4)	M. F. Harris	(1)
R. Eckstein	(1)	P. Hatton	(1)
A. Sullivan	(1)	S. Howlett	(1)
C. Imhoff	(1)	J. Homsey	(1)
L. Kohan	(1)	A. Davidson	(1)
R. Cohen	(1)	V. Stoermer	(1)
B. Stuckey	(1)	J. Goldbaum	(2)
I. B. Miller	(1)	P. Dormer	(4)
P. Torzillo	(1)	A. Wallington	(1)
D. Lee	(1)	R. M. Hill	(1)
P. Faber	(1)	I. Janowski	(3)
C. O'Brien	(4)	L. Izzo	(4)
		R. Wiseman	(2)

SYDNEY HOSPITAL

C. McDonald	(2)	P. Clyne	(2)
* D. Gillis	(2)	S. Iland	(2)
J. Floyd	(3)	R. Hargraves	(1)
B. Solomons	(2)	G. Symonds	(2)
H. Iland	(2)	S. Fenton	(2)
* M. Kotowicz	(2)	R. Kass	(2)
* L. Murphy	(1)	S. Myers	(2)
M. Gottlieb	(2)	M. Haylen	(3)
M. Stem	(2)	E. Fagan	(1)
* M. Dibley	(2)	M. G. Harris	(2)
M. Bentley	(2)	T. Havas	(2)
C. Hampshire	(2)	T. Robilliard	(2)
J. Hales	(4)	L. Brown	(1)

HORNSBY HOSPITAL

K. Hort	(3)	M. Fulton	(3)
G. Branch	(1)	S. Selby	(3)
M. de Jong	(1)		

WOLLONGONG HOSPITAL

R. McMahon	(1)	L. Walter	(3)
J. Rogers	(4)	J. Banks	(3)
J. Timbs	(3)	H. Liu	(1)

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, DARLINGHURST

R. Hackworthy	(4)	G. Hasking	(4)
J. Flack	(4)		

ST. GEORGE HOSPITAL

S. Moulding	(1)
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LAUNCESTON GENERAL HOSPITAL (TAS.)

D. Welch	(3)
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HEADING FOR SOUTH AUSTRALIA

A. Habashy	(4)
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ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

M. Stevens	(3)	N. Pain	(3)
G. Carr	(1)	M. Frommer	(3)
D. Sullivan	(3)	B. Adams	(3)
C. Butt	(3)	H. McLarty	(3)
C. Bilinsky	(3)	L. Pinczewski	(2)
N. Bill	(3)	H. Jagger	(3)
A. Thompson	(3)	P. Cregan	(3)
J. Raftos	(3)	G. Cussell	(3)
D. Durham	(3)	J. Blackman	(3)
J. Gallo	(3)	L. Thew	(3)
A. Grant	(3)	G. Berry	(1)
M. Nicholls	(3)	B. Ockenden	(3)
G. Gumley	(3)	D. Darnell	(3)
P. Giltrap	(3)	T. Karplus	(3)
A. Cooper	(3)	W. Cayzer	(3)
N. Wallman	(3)	S. Wood	(3)
D. Dowda	(3)	S. Towns	(3)
		S. Toy	(3)

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R. Cooper	(4)	G. Lee	(4)
* A. Krzyszton	(4)	C. Hayes	(1)
K. McCarthy	(4)	J. Yuen	(1)
L. Welyczko	(1)	D. Little	(1)
P. Bissett	(3)	G. Sykes	(4)
J. Riscicato	(1)	J. Streimer	(1)
A. Lark	(3)	H. Francis	(1)
I. MacRobert	(4)	C. Duncombe	(1)
R. Alexandrou	(4)	G. Asten	(3)
C. Tydd	(3)	D. Selby	(3)
J. Rizzuto	(4)	P. Paton	(4)
J. Blaxland	(3)	P. Clements	(1)
K. Christie	(4)	C. Katelaris	(4)
		E. Strauss	(2)

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G. Hardacre	(2)	J. Newton	(1)
P. Thibault	(1)	I. Goodenough	(2)
P. Haron	(3)	P. Empson	(1)
M. Ireland	(2)	R. Henderson	(1)
D. Parker	(1)	J. Stern	(2)
S. Ireland	(2)		

CANBERRA HOSPITAL

G. W. Wilson	(1)	T. Davidson	(1)
A. Zdenkowski	(2)	R. Wade	(2)
		M. Potts	(2)

UNIVERSITY OF N.S.W. HOSPITAL GROUP

T. Carr	(1)	Z. Fialova	(2)
A. Mijch	(3)	A. Gold	(2)
C. Mendelsohn	(2)	P. Lai	(2)
J. Ip	(4)	A. Johnson	(1)
J. O'Sullivan	(1)	T. Aczel	(2)
		N. Fairley	(2)

PRESTON & NORTHCOTE COMMUNITY HOSPITAL (VIC.)

W. Glaser	(1)
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SIR CHARLES GAIRDNER HOSPITAL (W.A.)

G. Briggs	(4)
-----------	-----

WAIKATO HOSPITAL, HAMILTON (N.Z.)

M. Diplock	(1)
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Legend:

* Professorial Unit Appointment

1 Trained at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital

2 Trained at Sydney Hospital

3 Trained at Royal North Shore Hospital

4 Trained at Repatriation General Hospital

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