

Senior Pear Book

Faculty of Medicine University of Sydney

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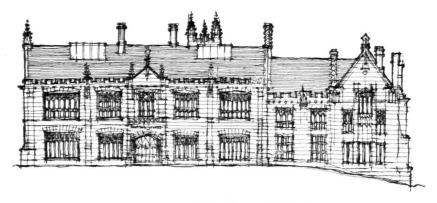
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Senior Year Book



1968

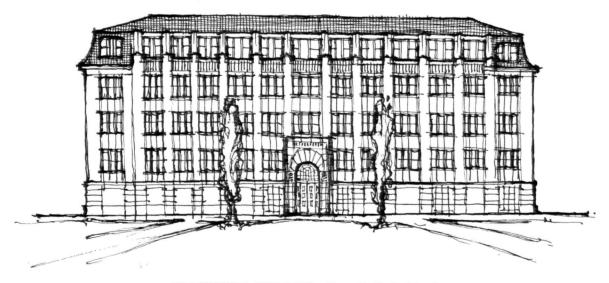
FACULTY OF MEDICINE
University of Sydney



ANDERSON STUART BUILDING-Old Medical School.

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

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



BLACKBURN BUILDING-New Medical School.

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SYDNEY UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY,
BLACKBURN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY



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



The School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine.

Foreword

To graduate from the Medical School of the University of Sydney has never been easy. The way is long, the course of instruction is arduous, the hurdles to be overcome are tough and testing, and the standard is high. The enormous and rapid growth in biological knowledge over the past two decades has not only made the way of the student a harder one but equally has complicated the teachers' task. One by-product of it, however, has been to draw the teacher and student closer together; the teacher, more than ever acutely aware of his own areas of ignorance, has found it easier to acknowledge the inevitable gaps in his students' learning. As a result of their common problem and with increasing tolerance, improvement in communication and understanding between them is clearly taking place.

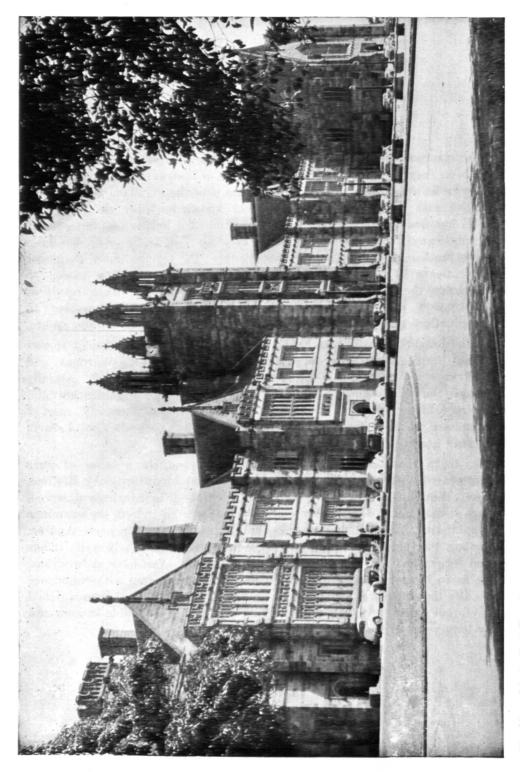
This desirable process has been accelerated by the establishment in our teaching hospitals of the academic administrative units. Wardens and clinical supervisors started their task at the beginning of 1967. Already they have made a significant impact, not only on the organization and supervision of teaching in the hospitals, but also in the "pastoral" care of the students. Much remains yet to be done, but it has been a splendid start; your year has been the first really to benefit from it.

To learn that one has passed the "finals" produces a sense of pure unadulterated happiness that is not often matched in an ordinary lifetime. And so it should, for such success is never accidental—it is invariably deserved. Though it may not always be apparent, the teacher and indeed, the examiner are applauding. After all, your success is his justification—in part. And so, more than ever before, your teachers wish this year particularly well: it has a good record and some outstanding individual ones. You have shown yourselves fit to inherit a proud and high tradition and to enter with confidence into a life that offers rewarding effort, fulfilment and satisfaction unmatched in any other calling. We, your teachers, wish you every possible success and many long years of health and happiness.

1, -

JOHN LOEWENTHAL,

Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



The Main Block, East Façade.

Editorial

Our apprenticeship is over — we have done our time diligently and can justly feel proud of ourselves, because, for the first time in many years, we may sit back momentarily and congratulate ourselves (and each other) on a job well done.

But, in this brief respite, let us cast an eye back over our sojourn at the University. As I peer down my retrospectoscope, I perceive a band of fresh-faced pimply youngsters — each feeling self-satisfied in the knowledge that he has squeezed through the stringencies of the quota system and made it, with the three hundred other privilegees, to that faculty of faculties, "Medicine". There we were, full of aspirations and resolutions for the future. Some of us were determined to slog it out, others were just as determined to do it the gentleman's way—but few of can honestly say that the promises we made back in Med. I were in fact kept. We know that there is no easy way through Medicine. We all slogged it out — to a variable degree, perhaps — but slog we did.

At the end of every struggle there comes that period of reflection when each of us must ask himself the inevitable questions if he is, in fact, to justify his participation in that struggle. And I feel, in our situation, that these questions are twofold.

The first is, "What impact has my environment made on me?" Am I a better person for my stay in the University? Has my personality developed and matured? Am I now better equipped to conduct interpersonal relationships with the people around me? And (most importantly for our particular vocation) am I now in an adequate position to help those people who come under my care? The answers to these questions will decide the value or otherwise of the time spent and the effort entailed.

The second question which I feel we must ask of ourselves is, "What impact have I made on my environment?" Have I indeed made an effort to participate in the cosmopolitan life around me (be it as water-boy in the Tiddlywinks Society or as President of the S.R.C.)? Or, have I allowed my circle of interest to remain so narrow that I must class myself as a spectator rather than as a participant? In how many of the clubs and societies in which I avidly enlisted during that first Orientation Week did I, in fact, participate?

It has been impressed on us repeatedly over the years that all learning is not to be found in books. And now, as we face the responsibilities attendant on the title of "Doctor", we realize, for the first time, the true meaning of this cliché.

Yet here we are—about to embark on the practice of the art and science of medicine. "They" told us that only half of what they taught us would still be true by the time we graduated; and now we are about to find out to which half they were referring. But we can rest assured that no matter how hard it was for us—digesting those vast mountains of new facts and modern

technology—it will be even more difficult for the generations of doctors who follow us. Only by constant and diligent effort will we be able to stay abreast of the developments of the future and prevent ourselves from languishing in some backwater of Medicine—still using the rationales and methods, many of which, though modern by today's standards, will surely be dated in the not-too-distant future. The onus lies with each of us if we are to maintain our Dean's rating as one of the most up-to-date bunch of doctors yet to graduate from this University.

But enough of the past! What does the future hold in store for us? As the song goes,

"We shall soon be scattered",

and scattered we shall be to the four corners of the medical world and into all the specialities of clinical, academic, research and administrative medicine which are available to the modern medico.

"Some of us will grope and crawl,

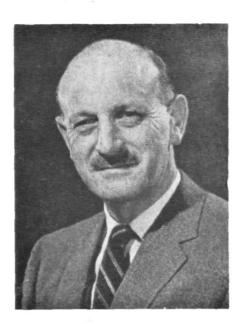
And get up very knocked about and battered."

This, unfortunately, is a by-product of the competitive profession into which we now launch ourselves—each of us searching for that niche which is capable of providing the greatest personal fulfilment. But no matter where our path leads us, into whatever field in whatever country, we will always be bound by the knowledge that,

"Still we all are members of the Same old Varsity."

Our past is completed, our future unsure, but here we stand, with that brand new degree (the ink not yet quite dry) clasped tightly in our hot little hand. We are ready for the next challenge. How we will fare only the future knows. But as is inevitable, we step out to meet it, a trifle tentatively, perhaps — but hopefully, with our best foot forward.

NORMAN A. OLBOURNE, Editor, Senior Year Book, 1968.



Dean of the Faculty of Medicine

JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

That initial encounter with our Dean that Monday morning back in Med. IV instilled into us immediately the respect (and the fear) which all innocent lambs owe to their kind but formidable shepherd. We were shorn *statim* of our *gaudy* fleece (and thongs) and donned instead the sombre uniform of The Graduates' Club, of which he assured us we were already members.

His lectures and after-dinner speeches (alike) reflected the polished ease with which he administers to all—be it the cumbersome wheels of the Faculty machine or the individual patient at the bedside.

But somewhere deep beneath that veneer of implacable efficiency and confidence (which exudes from every pore) lurks "Loewenthal the Humanist". He regularly descends from his professorial pedestal on Tuesday afternoons for a "cup of BP", tea, and a friendly chat about non-medical problems with his students.

His incisive wit runs the whole gamut from convening debates on controversial subjects (e.g., "to beard or not to beard—that is the Q"), to topical quips on "the other place's" latest attempt at misappropriating one of our teaching hospitals, to his ability to produce yet another joke at every dinner.

In his spare time he runs a highly successful vascular unit and enjoys a first-name acquaintance with every notable surgeon who visits this country.

Professor of Medicine

CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON BLACKBURN

"Suppose, say . . . say . . . isn't that right?"

It is indeed hard for us to analyse our debt to Professor Blackburn and to decide the extent to which he has influenced our ideas and our thinking during our contact with him.

That first meeting in Med. IV left us all a trifle bewildered and a great deal overawed that a deity such as this could converse and teach (and therefore think) on a comparable level to us mere mortals.

And the bewilderment was not resolved until our bedside tutorials with "The Prof." in Final Year. And as a result of these all-too-few first-hand meetings our awe increased.

The logical manner in which he analysed each small clue proffered by the patient—conjuring up all the various possibilities and mechanisms, and exhorting us to think as he led us deliberately to the final conclusion which seemed all too obvious once he had explained it.

He was for ever imploring us to remember that patients were not "cases", that this patient complained of this symptom and this sign, not of that disease.



As he stood there at the bedside—his figure slightly hunched and his arms wrapped around, the half-smile on his face and those pinpoint pupils (glaucomatous, of course?) fixed enquiringly on the student in the "hot seat"—we gradually came to reason "why" and learn "how". He taught us the value of the "retrospectroscope" and preached that logical appreciation of the scientific method is the key to the art of the practice of medicine.

That he practises what he preaches can be seen in the smooth operation of his ward, his department and his research. For years he has spent some time in New Guinea investigating the highlanders in this same logical, scientific manner. He has researched his way through their livers, their kidneys and their lungs—heaven only knows which organ he will choose next.

The only regret which we have to express in regard to this great teacher is that we saw too little of him.



Professor of Medicine

JOHN ROBERT READ

"I am a 40-year-old man with pain under the left breast: have I got angina, or am I in love?"

The appointment of John Read as full Professor of Medicine at Sydney Hospital has been compared to the giving of "Alupent" to the severe asthmatic. Even students from R.P.A.H. will cross the city to wait upon his every breath.

Professor Read's impact upon Sydney Hospital students is such that, while we may not share his passion for respiratory physiology, we inevitably catch his infectious enthusiasm for medicine and become better "semanticians".

His original and varied approach to teaching sessions is a welcome relief from the multitude of somniferous lectures thrust upon Final Year students. Always conscious that he may be neglecting some students, especially those in the back row, Professor Read does not hesitate to prance up the Maitland Theatre steps to comfort them (and no doubt at the same time help keep his vital capacity up to par). His frequent dissertations on teaching techniques will be a blessing for any of us who fall by the wayside, for we shall certainly make excellent teachers. Furthermore, his concern for the morals of his students is evidenced by his never smoking an unfiltered cigarette in their presence.

With the passing of time we can expect Professor Read's ambition and evangelism to have borne fruits: asthma will be renamed "Read's syndrome"; vitalographs will be seen in every doctor's surgery; students will interpret chest X-rays with ease; medical teaching will have had its reformation; cigarette holders will become compulsory for all smokers, and all of us will say exactly what we mean in the most grammatically-correct English.

Professor of Surgery

GERALD WHITE MILTON

"Mr. Local and General."

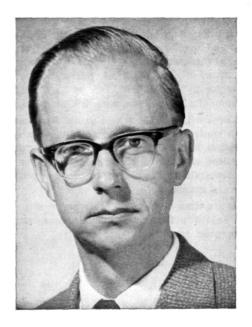
Professor Milton has been closely associated with our year since our arrival at the Clinical School. Some were fortunate enough to attend his Surgical Out-patients' Department at St. Vincent's Hospital in Fourth Year; a grand introduction to clinical surgery. Here, in the best of surgical tradition, he emphasized the importance of the observation and detection of basic physical signs as well as the value of adequate history in any medical condition. Yet consideration of the broader aspects of any topic were openly and freely discussed. We became aware of Professor Milton's genuine interest in our total medical education and our personal attitudes to it.

From his formal lectures he makes it clear that an ordered and systematical approach (with headings and subheadings) is necessary before complete understanding of any diagnostic problem is possible. He highlights the basic mechanisms of the clinical features behind surgical disease, thereby imparting a simplicity to the principles of diagnosis and treatment

Our contact with Professor Milton has helped us realize that there is much more to our teachers and tutors than a mine of information; and that from this relationship we learn more than a collection of facts for passing exams.

St. Vincent's loss in 1967 proved to be Sydney Hospital's gain as Professor Milton threw himself into the intricacies of organizing student teaching on a hospital level with the same vigour he exercises at the Faculty plane.

We feel sure that student education in our Faculty will benefit from his orderly, logical and systematized approach.





Professor of Obstetrics and Gynæcology

BRUCE T'OOMBA MAYES

"One recalls the patient that . . ."

Bruce Mayes is truly unique—after an untold number of years of obstetric practice, it seems that he still has not discovered where babies really come from. This fortunate "lack" of insight allows him to treat each separate pregnancy as an exciting adventure, eventually climaxed by childbirth. This enquiring attitude pervades the whole of that famous anecdote-studded novel and cannot fail to impart to the student the ideology that the patients (mother and fœtus) always come first and should be treated as individuals.

Always a picture of sartorial splendour, the Prof. is an erstwhile movie producer and screen hero of some renown. His lectures were regularly illuminated by melodramas in which our hero waged a never-ending war against the villains—maternal and fœtal mortality and morbidity—in the drama of pregnancy and child-birth . . . "One designed the non-reflecting retractors oneself, especially for cinematography".

This year will see the retirement of this pillar of our Medical Faculty and the end of an era. Bruce T'oomba Mayes spent 28 years as Professor of Obstetrics and four years as Dean of the Faculty. Over this period he played his part in establishing the standards and traditions of the Faculty, and the proud reputation which his department enjoys is due in no small part to his conscientious and continued efforts over that period.

The high esteem in which he holds his students is adequately attested to by the number who achieve credit standard in his estimation at the finals. We feel that this result is a testimonial to a man who has spent his life trying to "teach us all he knew".

Professor of Psychiatry

DAVID CLARKSON MADDISON

"Have you heard the one about the gynæcologist who . . .?"

Professor Maddison began the 1966-67 Recital Series for Soloist and Buffoons with twelve études in Medical Psychology, mostly in a minor key. With consummate versatility and the aid of some of his protegés he covered the notable composers from Pavlov to Eysenck and laid the groundwork for what was to follow.

The major work in the programme was his Rhapsody on a Theme from Freud. Like most modern works of any consequence this was initially lampooned by sceptical critics, until their maturing ears gradually became accustomed to the enigmatic harmonies and sometimes unpalatable tonal qualities of this monumental masterpiece.

Later on, in a series of matinée musicales in the antipodes, he further demonstrated the practical subtleties of his art with a deft series of analyses (there are those cynics who would call them syntheses).

Earlier in the year he undertook a highly successful study and concert tour in Boston, and has been known to play duets with a ministerial brother.

The magnitude of his virtuosity was amply demonstrated when, like Orpheus, he charmed the "Gods that be" into allowing him to breathe life into psychiatry by substantially expanding and extending the curriculum.

For many of his pupils, the sight-reading exams in November proved a rather sombre coda to an otherwise highly successful season.





Nuffield Professor of Anæsthetics DOUGLAS JOSEPH

Douggie Joseph ascended the steps of academic loftiness when the Chair of Anæsthetics was founded and has since proceeded to preach the sleepy-time gospel from his professorial pulpit in a most down-to-earth manner.

His teaching style is but a reflection of the man. His eyes light up with excitement as he conducts the gaseous proceedings from behind the controls of the latest Mk. X E-type anæsthetics machine, and they are still afire with the joy of the moment as he beams at the world in his frequent appearances in the social pages of the Sunday Press.

He managed to condense his subject into a compact, delayed release, long-acting capsule, and read order and logic into a previously unretainable conglomeration of pharmacological agents and their properties. His gospel of practical experience before theoretical knowledge made our anæsthetics team in Med. V all the more interesting—but left little time to pursue the specials—E.N.T. and surgery.

Professor of Pathology

FRANK REES MAGAREY

"The great white father."

This distinguished self-styled bastion of "The Old Order" has left an indelible impression upon all with whom he has come in contact.

His precise and dogmatic teaching left little room for further interpretation, but he was nonetheless aware of other points of view; these, however, received little publicity.

Interest in "atheroma" has led him to propose its ætiology and his personal prophylaxis includes pipe-smoking (? rationalization) and weekly sailing (? exercise).

As Professor of Pathology he conducts an extremely well run department, appreciated by students and admired by his staff.





Professor of Pædiatrics
THOMAS STAPLETON

It is a commentary on the conservatism of medical students that they should, in general, consider this donnish little imperialist to be a "Pinko".

Stapes probably makes contact on a more personal level with students than any other member of the teaching staff: he preys on unwary students loitering off guard in the corridors, or else traps all-male groups for paramedical arvo teas followed by a quickie or two at the grotty Millers local.

For years, Stapes has been the final common pathway to Asia for unallocated students ("and don't miss a quick trip to Canton"). His knowledge of the world arrives three days late by the airmail *London Times*—L.B.J. had been and gone before he could draw up a placard.

Stapes triumphed at last over the Children's Medical Research Foundation by trumping Soraya with Philip ("better than the average non-medical layman")—whom he entertained in his "Univ"-tie, and good suit, to an afternoon of cakes, tea and a statue of two naked "angry young men" in action, commissioned for the foyer of the Institute of Child Health.

PERHAPS THEY DIDN'T TEACH US MUCH . . .

As we cast our minds' eye back over the last six or so years and cogitate about the time we've spent in the Medical Faculty, we can't but chuckle a little when we recall the narrow scrapes we've had; the stunts we've pulled and got away with; and the teachers we've had: their idiosyncracies, their foibles and their value—if, indeed, they had any! We are forced to agree, however, that the last six years have exposed us to an endless line of personalities—each and every one different in his (or her) own way.

What is it, then, that we remember of our stay in Medicine?

First of all, there was Orientation Week, when we sat in awe in that inspiring Great Hall and were welcomed by Sir Charles, who warned us that one in three must fail. We remembered these words as we scampered from Wallace to the Chem. School and then to physics prac. and back to Carslaw. We sucked in avariciously the knowledge that was spewed at us—but whom do we remember? Professor Birch, resplendent in striped cotton suit, as he unveiled to us the wondrous facts about baby whales being born at half a ton and suckling at the rate of six gallons of milk in four seconds; Harry Messel, who started the craze in pencil-thin beards; Hans Freeman, who led us to sherry in chemical beakers; and Peter Simpson who, after all, was only one of the fellas!

Next year, with bright new lab. coats and shining scalpels, we crammed into Anderson-Stuart to hear that fearsome Black Prof.—with Dupuytren's and liver palms—warn us not to hurl the meat around the place (not that many of us felt like it when we encountered our first cadaver!); but when the music was gone, the melody lingered on and we soon learned to eat our lunch reeking of formalin whilst reading our slimy dissecting manuals. Anatomists proved to be funny bods—there was even a lady surgeon; a full-time footy referee who filled his weeks in confusing the students with neuro-anatomy; old Bob, who had a knack of turning a blackboard into a kaleidoscope of red vessels and brown muscles—and we never had enough colours to keep up with him.

The physiologists strove to teach us how things worked. There were those two B's, Bishop and Burke, who taught about nerve and muscle; we first met that confusing hæmatologist who kept cropping up even to Final Year; and don't forget that immaculately-dressed respir-orator who expounded the properties of the "maas of gaas". We also encountered that gay bachelor English chappie who finished his lecture on heart and pulse pressure waves in half an hour, and so turned around and did it all again.

The histologists taught us about that universal phenomenon "the eye of faith", and we swung along to the sombre tones of Professor Cleland and the musical sing-a-long style of van Lennep. But we mustn't forget the terrible twins: Hensley with the tie for every mess night and a propensity for both aviation



N. W. G. Macintosh, Professor of Anatomy.



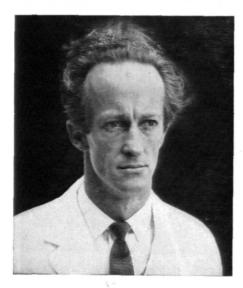
P. O. Bishop, Professor of Physiology.



W. J. Hensley, Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.

medicine and roasting "G.M.K.", and that brilliant young(-ish) high-browed biochemist who bounced along in short sleeves and ripple soles and always managed to have the equations rubbed off before we got them down. And a thought for Dr. Whittaker, who picked up the few crumbs they tossed him and taught them well in his own quiet way.

Then we made senior school and had the distinction of being with the heavies "down there in the Blackburn Building". We traded in our long white and somewhat grubby lab. coats for the latest in cut-aways, and rehearsed the art of dangling the stethoscope non-chalantly from the neck. The welcoming committee was Professor Loewenthal, who welcomed us as ("pseudo")



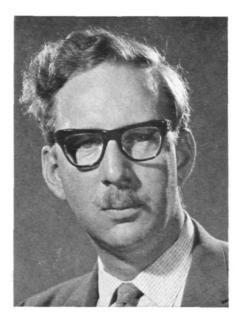
K. W. Cleland,
Professor of Histology and Embryology.



G. M. Kellerman, Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.

graduates and then promptly set about treating us as freshers by reminding us of dress and decorum (wear a tie or out!).

Ah, the pathologists! The white-haired professor with his rimless specs. who turned off his hearing-aid before each lecture so we wouldn't ask an embarrassing question; his curly-topped understudy, who confused us even more by telling us all about what not to read in reference to Bright's disease; "Dame" Mary Gilder, who was as thorough as could be, and made sure we had time to get it all down.



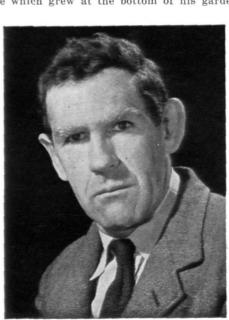
M. G. Taylor,
Professor of Physiology.



R. H. Thorp,
Professor of Pharmacology.

By way of distraction, the powers above tossed into the melting pot a beatnik bacteriologist who lectured on every disease from first-hand knowledge, and who sported the same torn shirt and used "Kleenex" tissue for the full year we spent with him. And don't forget his offsider—the fastest talker in the west—who had us chasing our tails (and those of the spirochætes) as he kept up an interminable stream of multisyllables.

Professor Thorp and his Aztecs emerged from oblivion, fired pharmacology at us for ten weeks and then retired once more whence they came. Thorpie taught us of the foxglove which grew at the bottom of his garden (you



P. M. de Burgh, Professor of Bacteriology.



Sir Edward Ford, Professor of Public Health and Preventive Medicine.

know, down where the fairies play); the bearded wonder expounded the value of alcohol through bleary eyes, and the feminine cyclotron tied us in knots with structure-function relationships.

And, finally, we met the clinicians—those part-time lecturers who taught us that not all patients were "cases": there was, say, Professor Blackburn, say, who clued us up, say, in his own lucid way, say, about, say, renal disease.

That respiratory dynamo, John Read, gave us the drum on the lung and took great delight in thumping all those time-honoured mechanisms to be found in the



S. Faine,
Associate Professor of Bacteriology.



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

books, telling us "Alupent" will fix it all, anyway. Piper-Piper told us what every first-year nurse already new and Hickie stopped chewing cough drops long enough to deliver his cardiovascular lectures.

And then there was Professor Milton, who divided the manifestations of melanoma into local and general, and later became the first total body transplant through a joint effort by St. Vincent's and Sydney Hospitals.

And then in Med. V we trotted off to the various hospitals; but still the personalities confronted us: that sartorially-elegant obstetrician who was so proud of his birthplace that he wore it in his name for all to see—he stood there with his smiling "Stanley Holloway" countenance and told us all the little anecdotes which were printed in his textbook. Professor Shearman appeared again—more dynamic with every meeting—and we believed him because he sounded as though he new his stuff. And we truly enjoyed the skylarking Liverpudlian who kept us entertained with



R. P. Shearman, Associate Professor of Obstetrics.

his theories on whether or not the unfertilized ovum really did drop out onto the pavement; but we must not forget our weekly forays to the University where dear old Teddy squeezed in a description of the deep-pit latrine and the "flaming fury" between spelling tests.

Our narrative would not be complete without a mention of our stay in Uncle Tom's cabin where controversy was the common fare. We all got to discuss euthanasia and abortion in those little intimate tête-à-têtes each week, and the boys who were fortunate enough to make Tom's group (hand-chosen, too!) all learnt to dislike that little Miller's pub where they went, just to be different.

Yes, in retrospect they were a motley lot; if nothing else, they showed us what a vast spectrum of personalities there is to be encountered in the world of medicine.

We must grant them that they taught us what they thought was best, in fact . . .

. . . THEY TAUGHT US ALL THEY KNEW

A TOAST TO OUR TEACHERS

The Dean, Professor and all our Teachers, Fellow students and other creatures, In sketching this profile of the staff, My only aim was to make you laugh, And so, I hope, you won't detect, The slightest sign of disrespect.

Professor Loewenthal, our Dean,
Is a man who's very keen,
On protocol, white shirt and tie,
Most important, we can't deny.
For it seems we must look smart indeed,
If in this game we are to succeed.

The Professor of Medicine, a most genuine soul, Treats his patients as a whole,
Not just the disease, remember the mind,
It behoves the physician, therefore, to be kind.
To allay anxiety as best he can,
The entire horizon, in fact, to scan,
In order to find those clouds of doubt,
And help his patient to sort it all out.

Respiratory Read, that dynamic bloke
Related how chop-bones caused people to choke,
A stickler for grammar,
His points he did hammer,
And made things so clear,
That some students fear
That he can't be right,
Why Halmagyi's pretty bright.
Yet his message was dense,
And his style so intense,
That we shelved in desperation,
The work of respiration.

Professor Milton just got a new chair,
At last he's reached that rarified air,
It's a long, winding path to the top,
Gave him angina, but now he can stop.
Factors local and general aided his climb,
Although the terrain was rough, the weather was
fine,

He also remembered points, one to seven, On how to enter, the academic heaven.

Blood and mucus, blood and mucus.

Piper, Piper, was the name, was the name,
Of our man of G.I.T. fame, of G.I.T fame,
A student's delight, a student's delight,
We always knew our notes were right, were right,
For this Prof. from Royal North Shore,
Royal North Shore,
At the risk of being a bore, being a bore,
Repeated each phrase twice or thrice,
Which I for one found jolly nice, jolly nice,

Professor Hickie had a sore throat, He chomped cough drops while he wrote, Poor chap, it really must have been hell, It lasted four weeks before it got well.

That dapper trio, with Mayes at the head,
Are men of whom it may be said,
Have a great understanding of women at large,
Their duties they with finesse discharge.
Their patients know they have nothing to fear,
These men get babies for ladies all through the
year.

The Radio Doctor, Llewellyn-Jones,
Lectures in theatrical tones,
He sings about the endometrium,
And the elegance of reproduction,
Waving the pointer all the while,
On his face, an evangelical smile.
Professor Mayes and Shearman, too,
Keep us abreast of that which is new,
Medicine, at last, is coming alive,
We're beginning to think we might survive,
This protracted labour, with all its pain,
And emerge at the end of it, still quite sane.

Prof. Stapleton has got me beat,
I really must admit defeat,
I'm told that he's a sensitive male,
But I have no further descriptive detail.
THIS puts me in a difficult spot,
To send him up, or perhaps better not?
My problem is quite unresolved,
The Stapleton mystery remains unsolved.

Psychiatrist pianist, quite versatile is he, Who tells us that things aren't what they seem to be,

His subject and style leave us in no doubt,
That Maddison knows what life's all about.
He's got to the point where we sit quite repressed,
Not daring to giggle, all urges suppressed;
For he who laughs reveals himself true,
"Thank you, young man, I know all about you";
If it weren't for the complex of Œdipus Rex,
And man's preoccupation with sex,
A psychiatrist's life might be a bit dull,
There'd be little left from which to cull
A pattern of conflicting forces,
No challenge to analytic resources,
In fact, Freud and the boys would never have
been,

Imagine the empty, psychiatric scene.

Anæsthetics, a complex science,
Seems to be a tight alliance,
Twist mathematics and chemistry
This makes it very hard for me.
Professor Joseph, a comic guy,
Was unable to tell us exactly why
His gases and liquids put us to sleep,
And made it difficult to keep
Our lids apart and our fissures wide,
For into oblivion we slowly did slide.

One has to be wary
Of Professor Magarey,
He doesn't like the beard,
Or anything else weird.
He's often in the noble minority,
Without a thought of inferiority,
For he knows what he thinks is right,
Remains for the others to see the light.
"Auto-immune" is a dirty word,
Which in his Department is seldom heard,
"If its proponents would just pause and reflect,
On this issue of cause and effect,
Of course they would see that the antibodies there,
Appeared after the damage was brought to bear."

Professor Finckh hasn't a chair, And he doesn't think this is very fair, For he works awful hard, does all that he's told, But knows he won't get one till he's quite old.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What will the next slide be?
Lymphosarcoma, meningioma,
Hope she doesn't pick on me.
But her lectures were so clear and concise
That we all thought Mary was pretty nice.

A bohemian bacteriologist, an extremely rare bird, In whose breast kind feelings stirred, Dropped juicy morsels, oh tender titbit, Which tasted good, we must admit it; A true teacher in every sense, To the point of lowering his own defence, Schick positive he is, no toxoid protection, He keeps it this way for the students' inspection.

Professor Faine made it quite plain,
That Bacto. prac. gave him a pain,
We felt the same, I'm impelled to add,
This made the whole affair quite sad.
When he lectured in his inimitable style
Not pausing for breath, even a teeny while,
We called him the Faculty Anaerobe,
Our walking, talking Professor Microbe.

Perhaps one could say, the weather's to blame,
That the students at Oxford all look the same,
XX's, XY's, you can't tell the diff.
Thought our Dr. Nelson, this is a bit stiff.
"I'm happy", he said, "to be back home,
Where there's little doubt about the chromosome."
He lectured on Bacto.'s "growing edge",
A slippery, non-adherent ledge,
To which, with a D.T.H. responded some,
Anti-bodies to it, were found in more than one,
An irradiating dose of examinations,
In May, cured most of Nelson's patients.

Professor Thorp lectured with ease, His motto was, "I aim to please", So he kept us amused with tales of the court, How the case of the State versus Thorp was fought.

Cardiac glycosides are life-saving drugs, Those who don't listen to Thorp really are mugs.

I want you to picture Dr. Cobbin
At Perisher on his toboggan,
He just loves those icy hills,
Which offer lots of thrills and spills.
But look, he's down, a leg he's broke,
He lies forlorn without a smoke.
Ah, wait, a flask there on his hip,
He lifts it to his trembling lip,
For in his plight, he's forgotten the rule,
That alcohol makes the body more cool
And that was the reason for his demise
Right there in the snow, poor Cobbin did freeze.

"In pharmacology", says Dr. Temple,
"Nothing could really be more simple,
Than physical chemistry, my dears,
I fail to understand your tears,
It's quite the most fascinating topic of all,
It can stimulate and absolutely enthral,
For we're just at the end of coming to grips,
With those structure-action relationships."

From Manchester comes Mr. Starmer,
We all agree he's quite a charmer,
He loves to lecture to Med. IV
And so he rarely ever gets sore.
But when his lecture material is pinched by
others

By his bacto. and pathological brothers, Gone with the wind is his English reserve, By gum these dinkums have got a nerve, I don't know that I can stick it, This sort of sharking just isn't cricket. Prof. Bishop, of lateral geniculate fame, Six months ago didn't know that the name "Renshaw" belonged to a Premier, too. We wondered if it were really true. But, indeed, he's quite a man, Following his usual plan.

All his reflexes are up to scratch.

For Cassius Clay he'd make a good match.

Lord Taylor of Paul's
Always had us enthralled,
With his humorous chats
About this's and that's.
But he kept us guessing
As to where he was heading,
And we tore our hair
Wondering where, oh where,
Was he leading us now,
When he'd asked us how
Would we like it if he
Changed the topic, you see,
He wasn't enthused;
We were not amused.

Malcolm Whyte of Kanematsu, A funny man through and through, Lectured with the right idea: "Make 'em laugh, and they won't fear." "'Body fluids' will always be To them an eternal source of glee."

Dr. Burke has a liking for cats,
While Dr. Everitt is partial to rats.
Lest you suspect a philanthropic aim,
I have taken the trouble to come and explain,
That the animals in question are painlessly slain,
Having given of their best to make it more plain
To the honourable doctors and students as well,
That we see blue when we do, and how we can tell,
What hormones can do, if in excess,
Or, if deficient, an equal mess.

Dr. Halmagyi, whose greatest delight
Was switching on and off the light,
Gave us a few bouts of apnœa,
When his train of thought was far from clear.
Henderson-Hasselbalch gave him some trouble,
"Log acid" rose to the top, like a bubble.
His lectures read like Jules Verne,
But still we were surprised to learn
Of operations down 30 metres
And nitrogen at noxious titres.

With Dr. Cope
We almost lost hope.
He had some pretty worried,
And others quite flurried,
With very complex things
Like cyclic carbon rings
Of steroid hormones,
And their actions on bones.
But we were glad of his printed sheet,
When our exam. paper we did meet.

And now Dr. Hensley,

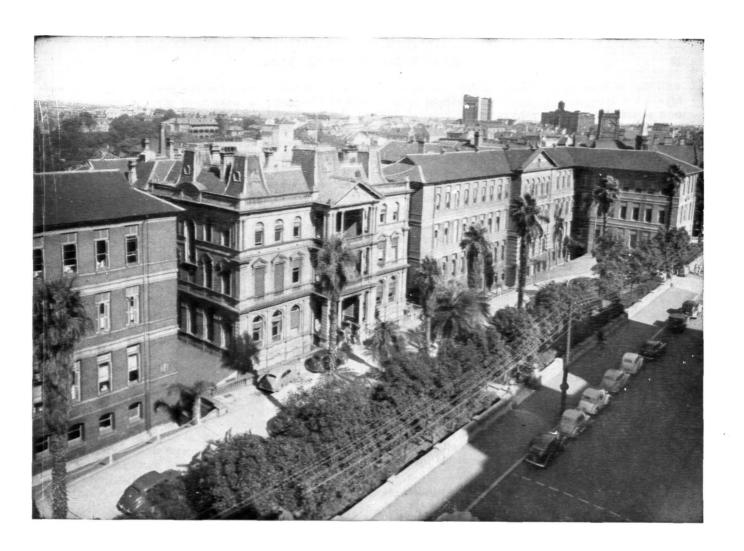
Who each morning at Wesley Implores his dumb students To exercise prudence, Not to leave it too long, Then he'll sing his favourite song: "Nearer and nearer draws the time, The time that shall surely be, For you, dear boy, it is too late To pass biochemistry. Master, have you have heard it said, That when I was a student, I never went to bed? INSTEAD! I used to burn the midnight-oil, So that in November I could foil The men who tried to take me down, Who had looked at me with a sigh and frown. "Young Will", they used to say to me, "You have surprised us exceedingly, For since you never were in class, We didn't really expect you to pass."

About Dr. K.
There is much I could say.
He looked after the "Hot-shots",
Ignoring the "Have-nots",
With atropinic throats,
In anguish they cried:
"We've tried, oh, how we've tried
Your many points to see.
But we just don't seem to be
Able to surmount the problem,
Posed to us by biochem."

Poor Dr. Whittaker always draws the short straw, While the other two sit back, he works more and more.

This leaves little time for his favourite pursuit, Which is writing for Mavis to roll in more loot.

Mrs. Nick, Mrs. G., Pam and Kerry, too, Once again many thanks we owe to you, For without the good offices of the Med. Soc., Which is rarely, if ever, out of stock, Our medical life would have one flaw, Lacking that essential ésprit de corps.



THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

In 1868, just a century ago, the second son of Queen Victoria, H.R.H. Prince Alfred, visited Sydney. During that visit an attempt was made on his life, fortunately not successful. The citizens of Sydney decided that some permanent memorial should be established as an expression of gratitude that the life of the Prince had been spared and £30,000 was raised by public subscription. Controversy arose as to the form the memorial should take until some wise person saw an opening for the erection of a hospital on a portion of the area known originally as "Grose Farm", and allotted by Parliament to the University. By arrangement with the Committee of the Fund and the Senate of the University, an act was passed in 1873 to provide for the foundation of a hospital to be known as Prince Alfred Hospital on this site. At the same time the act stipulated that the medical staff should be appointed by a Conjoint Board of the Senate of the University and the Board of Directors of the hospital, and further, that medical students should be allowed the practice of the hospital. It was not until September, 1882 that the buildings were ready for the reception of patients.

Circumstances favoured our hospital from the beginning in that it was situated in close proximity to the University and its affiliated colleges, that its opening coincided with the establishment of the Medical School at the University of Sydney, that it was located in a high-density population area and, finally, that the first Honorary Secretary was Sir Alfred Roberts. Sir Alfred may have lacked the vision of some of his successors, but it is recorded that he was meticulous in the details of administration and successfully guided the infant hospital up to the time of his death in 1898.

In 1901, fortune again favoured us with the election of Professor T. P. Anderson Stuart as Chairman of the Board of Directors, a position he held in conjunction

with that of Dean of the Faculty of Medicine up until his death in 1920. His appointment as Chairman ushered in a period of physical expansion of the hospital—the erection of the Victoria and Albert Pavilions, new Nurses' Home, improved pathological and operating facilities. Indeed, there were few aspects of hospital administration and development that did not engage the attention of this remarkable man. He advocated the idea that hospitals should go up in the air rather than spread laterally. He foresaw the importance of the almoner or social worker. He was insistent that students should be adequately trained in the wards by the best available clinical teachers; that students should be given the opportunity of a hospital residency at the completion of their course and that the more promising should be retained as the future members of the hospital staff. The third member of a distinguished triumvirate whom we wish to honour is Sir Herbert Schlink. He joined the Board of Directors in 1925 and was elected Chairman in 1934 and died in office in 1962. Former medical superintendent, friend and disciple of Stuart, his vision and energy were responsible for much of the hospital with which you are familiar today. The erection of Gloucester House, King George V Hospital, Page Chest Pavilion, Nurses' Home, Psychiatric and Neurosurgical Pavilion were all due in the greater part to the foresight and wisdom of this great servant of the hospital. It may be truly said that apart from his professional interests, those of the hospital were his life's work.

What are your feelings towards an institution in which so much of your time has been spent in the last three years. I trust that it has become more than just an institution which you attended because the by-laws of the University so prescribed. How have the standards and ideals of the founders been maintained, and what of the future which will be in your hands. The situation is well put by William Osler writing about John Hopkins Hospital sixty years ago. I quote: ". . . the type of

school I have always felt the Hospital should be and which we tried to make it—a place of refuge for the sick poor of the city—a place where the best that is known is taught to a group of the best students—a place where new thought is materialized in research—a school where men are encouraged to base the art upon the science of medicine—a fountain to which teachers in every subject would come for inspiration—a place with a hearty welcome to every practitioner who seeks help—a consulting centre for the whole country in cases of obscurity." I cannot do better than that.

Once it was sufficient for a medical graduate to have familiarity with the natural history of disease and with the lives of ordinary and extraordinary folk. This is no longer adequate. Your course has taken you through a field beginning with the physical sciences, proceeding to the biological sciences, then the clinical sciences and, more recently, to the social sciences. It is the duty of the University to acquire and impart knowledge. The community is most interested in the application of that knowledge. It rests with your teaching hospital to marry these two points of view. This your hospital has tried to do in its 86 years of useful existence. It has weathered two world wars and the financial blizzard of the thirties and the problems arising therefrom. The responsibilities of your chosen profession have always been heavy, and with the present explosion of knowledge in the medical and paramedical sciences, they are not going to get any lighter. It is to be hoped that a fair proportion of your number may shortly become resident medical officers of your hospital. Whatever the future may hold for you, it is your teaching hospital that you should feel free to return as often as you wish so long as you remain in practice, and where you will always be most welcome. The Royal Prince Alfred Hospital wishes you well.

R. L. HARRIS.

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

Dr. Allsop's neurological knowledge is truly amazing to behold. He at times described geographical areas in the C.N.S. with which we had as much familiarity as the geographical areas back o' Bourke.

With his finely-tuned, well-balanced reflex hammer and his smooth, polished action he elicited many a reflex that had his students all ataxic with admiration. But in this age of specialization he is not just an expert neurologist, but can hold forth at will on such general medical topics as: the E.E.G. changes in obstructive jaundice, the incidence of convulsions in uræmia, VIth nerve palsies in diabetes, peripheral neuropathies in carcinoma of the lung, etc.

Dr. Allsop has a lesion of the pouncing centre—best seen when pouncing to the right.



ERIC VERNON BARLING

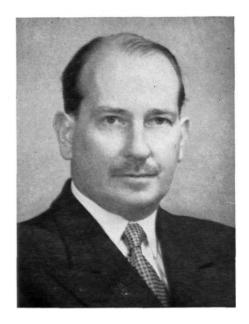
"You're down here on earth with the surgeon, not up there with the physicians!"

To Mr. Barling everything very sensibly comes in twos.

First, there are two types of students: those where the knowledge goes in the right ear and comes out of the left, and those where it goes in the left and comes out the right.

Then there are two types of beings: surgeons and others, and very definitely two types of answers: right and no!

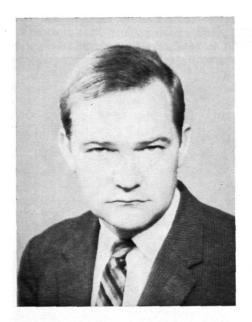
We will remember and appreciate him for his tireless, undaunted tutoring in the face of unlimited student ignorance, and for his insistence that no tutorial can be conducted without accompanying tea and cakes.



LOUIS BERNSTEIN

Dr. Bernstein's tutorials were exemplary in every respect. There can be few areas of greater student ignorance than cardiology, yet even against overwhelming odds he managed to make the abstruse seem sensible. The luxurious comfort of the Page solaria in which all the actual teaching was carried out, and his ability to maintain an atmosphere of constant informality without allowing things to degenerate into a rabble contributed in no small way to the efficiency of his teaching. Lamentably (for the purposes of this thumb-nail sketch), Dr. Bernstein seems to be free from obvious eccentricity, but he will be remembered by all he taught for calm, friendly and highly-efficient teaching.





FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

"Who! No, that patient hasn't been allocated to a student, Sir!"

Dr. Harding Burns has a remarkable gift of being able to sustain with cheerful patience a tutorial when none of his students have seen their patient except for the last five minutes of Wednesday visiting hour.

One of his most endearing characteristics is his recognition of students' need to sit down during ward rounds instead of dying on their feet in the middle of a ward or a draughty corridor.

His well-thought-out lectures, with an imposing list of references, dismay even the strongest students as they realize that here is yet another topic which cannot be covered simply by a set of lecture notes.

TIMOTHY BOYD CARTMILL

A diligent tutor whose groups have thoroughly appreciated his practical, down-to-earth methods of teaching. Ever-benevolent in spite of our ignorance, his cruellest comment yet has been, "That's very good, some of you would have passed."

One of the more approachable and well-liked "heavies", he will always take time with a student in spite of the fact that he seems invariably to have just finished, or be in the middle of, or be just about to, repair a ruptured aneurysm.

He will be well remembered by his students.





JOHN ERNEST DUNLOP GOLDIE

"We don't know whether her anomia was due to menorrhagia or the menorrhagia produced her anomia."

John Goldie, who may often be seen driving his multiple daughters around in one of two immaculate Rover 2000's, is firstly a gentleman and only then a surgeon. This order of priorities is evident in all of his tutorials, where each patient is considered as an individual and not merely a container for a disease.

The basic principles of surgery are often illustrated with Picassolike strokes on the blackboard in the C2 tutorial room—"All we ask for is an examination bench and we got cupboards and a sink, according to Government regulations."

Thanks, Mr. Goldie, for showing us that surgeons, too, can be human.

STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

Those who were fortunate enough to have Dr. Goulston as a medical tutor will remember him, above all, for his enquiring mind: irrespective of the air of confidence with which we answered his questions, he never failed to ask "Why?".

This kind of searching enquiry dispelled many illusions on our part about our understanding of the mechanisms of disease, yet he never allowed us to become discouraged, and stimulated us all to think more analytically and to use our powers of observation to the full.

His friendly and approachable personality endeared him to us all, and even if at the moment we very often don't know "why", his encouragement, has ensured that in the years ahead we go and find out.





ALEXANDER FALCONER GRANT

"Think anatomically!"

In the face of overwhelming difficulties, this tousle-haired tutor managed to implant some minute seeds of knowledge of thoracic surgery into the gyri of his eager pupils. He laboured long and hard to achieve this end, with frequent exhortations of "Think anatomically!", "Nonsense!", "It's all so simple, if you would just think!". Many an ulcer twinged in the face of Sandy's wrath.

Masochistic gratifications were to be satisfied from regular attendance at his tutorials, and a sense of delight obtained if one were fortunate enough to outwit the "beast".

We thank you, Mr. Grant, for your lively teaching and interest, and will remember the fray with respectful amusement.

EDWARD JAMES HALLIDAY

"What! You mean to say you've never heard of da Costa's syndrome?"

Undoubtedly one of the finest tutors we have had during our course of clinical instruction, Dr. Halliday, in his friendly and personal manner, taught us all the cardiology that is humanly possible in five short weeks.

His most memorable features were his old-fashioned stethoscope with the built-in mitral diastolic murmur, his uncanny ability to quietly rubbish his students, and his punctuality: "Afternoon, gentlemen, sorry I'm late; when I say 3 o'clock I don't mean quarter past . . . where's Mr. X, we must have our quorum of 80% you know?"

Apart from cardiology, his greatest love is skiing; during the offseason he can often be seen running up and down the stairs in the Page Chest Pavilion to keep fit while his students take the lift.





RICHARD LALOR HARRIS

"You're blinding me with signs; what about the patient?"

First impressions from Fourth Year: the awe-inspiring vision of the distinguished elder physician, silver-haired, rubicund and of weighty bearing; impeccably attired in waist-coated, pin-striped suit, conferring round a bed with his Final-Year students.

Now we have graduated to higher things, we have come to know his impish and often misleading grin, his keen interest in the patient as a person, and his elbow, with which he has never failed to impress us.

Brief though our contact with Dick Harris has been, his human approach to medicine has left a deep mark on each one of us. For this we thank him.

HENRY PETER BURNELL HARVEY

"Er . . . er . . . er."

Can you blame the girls for wanting to mother Dr. Harvey? He arrives, odd socks, clothes awry, and a lovable boyish grin on his squash-scarred face.

A physician with the common touch, he is full of stories of "old tuberculars on the turps" and young ladies of loose virtue. Equally at home with students or conducting a physical examination at grand rounds from the balcony (Prof. Read: "I'll say it this time of you, but I won't say it often—your guess is as good as mine!"), he is never at a loss for a fact or an appropriate response.

His tutorials ("Good thinking, Olbourne!") were indeed medicine without tears.



JOHN EVERARD HASSALL

Our first meeting with John Hassall was in Med. IV when he greeted us on the P.A. steps in his rôle as student supervisor. The efficiency and thoroughness that maketh the man impressed us *ab initio*, and this was but the beginning.

Those early-morning case presentations in medicine term in Fifth Year refreshed our memories of Dr. John's impressive ability to get his message across, and whenever confusion reared its ugly head, he was always available up there in the Ivory Tower for consultation on any matter, be it personal or academic.

In Final Year, though personal contact with him was decreased, Dr. Hassall was never far from our thoughts; as the hospital's "arthritis doctor", his advice appeared in consultation on almost every patient's case history through which we pored in the search for knowledge.

FREDERICK CHARLES HINDE

"A man of distinction"-S.Y.B. 1955

Dr. Hinde assumed his appointment as Supervisor in Obstetrics and Gynæcology in February, 1967, and for the first time, the much-maligned obstets. student had a willing ear to whom he could take his innumerable complaints. All grievances were heard, and the slow wheels of change were set in motion, and the reforms came. Dr. Hinde devoted the same attention to student welfare that he had employed as Superintendent of K.G.V. and we received a better deal as a result.

On other fronts he strove to reorganize the teaching programme and evolved a more efficient (and regular) programme for Final-Year revision. His "own tutorials were conducted clearly, concisely and without padding, and we thank him for his efforts.



ELTON HOLMAN

"Corect speling is exteremely imporrtant."

Dr. Holman was the fourth person to lecture to us on the same hoary old obstetric chestnuts; but he did so in a style which was nothing if not picturesque. His lectures were liberally sprinkled with women bleeding like stuck pigs, blue-nosed flies running around like chickens with their heads chopped off, and people hopping in and out doing manual removals (the mind boggles!), all the while taking care not to fiddle around like a rat in a rat hole.

Meticulous in manners and dress, he urged us to be likewise in writing exam. papers and not use nasty abbrns. like P.E.T. because in the past examiners had not realized it meant pre-eclamptic toxemia. (P.P.H. was allowable, apparently they realized that it stood for People's Palace, Hanoi.)



ALEXANDER SKEFFINGTON JOHNSON

Every Monday, Cecil B. de Johnson invites us around for a sneak preview of the perineal region captured at f.8, 1/100th. His latest production, "Zooming in on the Anus" is a cinerama holiday in the meanderings of the large bowel. Climbing the columns of Morgagni we enter the realms of the untouchable, and our guide emphasizes the need to return with specimens for further examination.

In the afternoon, a live show follows for a select few, and the experience of travel in distant regions is passed on, along with biographical information on other great explorers like Sir Harold Dew.

Both the members of his tutorial group and wide audience thank Director Johnson for his use of the visual media in the propagation of surgical information.





MAURICE ROY JOSEPH

"I will have to stop using this slide—it dates me."

Dr. Joseph's youthful appearance and constant activity gave us little idea of his vintage. It dawned on us that here before us stood one of the pioneers of the desperate, fierce and, at times, successful, battles against the deadly tubercle.

His tactics vary from chest X-ray (antero-posterior and lateral), kilos of drugs, and even the surgeon's knife. Despite all this, he appears to have escaped the clutches of the A.F.B.'s himself.

Having helped subdue the phthisis, he now concentrates on earning a living and his latest battle; this assault is on the filthy grey vapours from the larger-than-kingsize coffin-nails. Here he plans a massive propaganda campaign aided by huge amounts of impressive statistical data.

We are awaiting the results of this zealous enterprise.

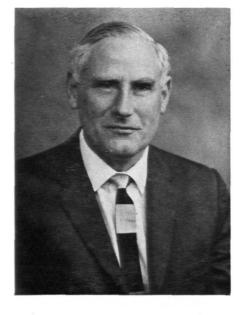
WALTER LLOYD HOLCOMBE KELLER

"It seems sensible to . . ."

Mr. Keller's approach to surgery is a practical one, and this concept he managed to convey even to us, his students.

His tutorials were noted for their quality, rather than for their length, this being due to a systematic and concise organization of his subject matter.

For his clear exposition, coupled with an ability to put himself in the students' shoes and a sympathetic ear for the first borborygmi which heralded our hunger pains, we thank him.





BRUCE DOUGLAS LECKIE

For those fortunate enough to have had Dr. Leckie as tutor, a lucid understanding of thoracic surgery emerged in Final Year.

Our confrontations with practical and illustrative clinical situations and his illuminating library of X-rays went far for our thoracic education. Little did we, in our ignorance, realize that the next step in diagnosing a lung shadow was "to roll him over and do a thoracotomy".

Equally efficient is his surgical technique, and there is no doubt Dr. Leckie could do a pulmonary embolectomy with a Drew-Smythe catheter under local anæsthesia in the back seat of his car.

We thank him for those enjoyable sessions of which, unfortunately, there were only five.

JOHN CAMERON LOXTON

"These figures are from a personal communication with Braunschwig in New York."

A resplendent figure in trim suit with neat white handkerchief in lapel pocket, J.C. led us logically through the intricacies of prolapse. He followed up with the good oil on venereal disease and climaxed his lecture course with detailed and informative treatise on total pelvic exenteration ("a hole as deep as your hat"). The valuable features of his topics Dr. Loxton summarized for us in printed notes and saved us from the tedious scribbling which attends so many of our teaching sessions. An imposing and commanding figure in theatres and ward, Dr. Loxton maintains his professional attitude at all times—even when speeding eastwards in latest Jaguar, his Trilby cocked jauntily on his head.



GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

"Have you seen the man with heart failure?"

Dr. McDonald seems to be aged considerably since he appeared in last year's Year Book—being warden of the Clinical School has its hardships.

Decidedly a very placid gentleman and tutor, he strongly believes that to teach the common things is very necessary—and often necessary.

Dr. McDonald has many varied interests, and is a notable expert of the origins and history of the "Treatise on Eskimo Nell".

Most of all, we appreciate his pampering of us as students and the way he made us feel that we knew more about medicine than the patients did.

May he continue to anabolize on canteen-type food.

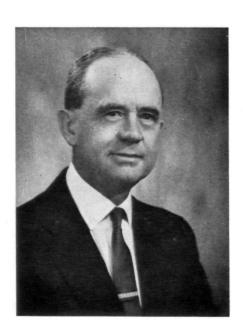
FRANK HARLAND MILLS

"Things ain't what they used to be."

Mr. Mills, surgeon, gourmet and greengrocer extraordinary, enlivened our tutorials with tales of the past glories of the medical profession and the past glories of food.

The former was greeted with the usual student apathy, the latter with enormous interest, since he on one occasion provided the group with a selection of fruit, including persimmons, custard apples, pomegranates and a Chinese gooseberry.

Mr. Mills, amidst these forays, managed to convey to us the importance of humanity, of not making the cure worse than the disease itself.





BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

Product: Morgan, B. P.

Presentation: Ovoid preparation with distinguishing coloured bow

towards one end.

Dosage: Once or twice weekly for ten weeks. (Course may be repeated

after twelve months.)
Actions: C.N.S. stimulant.

Mechanism: i. Conversion of potential energy to mechanical energy.

 Binding to brain responsible for cumulative effects determining reversibility of action.

Side-Effects: Common, but not serious—anxiety, facial flushing, tremor. Overdosage: C.N.S. depression, dyspepsia.

Administration: Aural; early in course may be loss via contralateral ear, soon overcome. Better results if not taken early in morning. Therapeutic Uses: i. Invaluable adjunct to absorption of surgery and in retention (pre-examination type).

ii. Powerful stimulant in lack of enthusiasm.

iii. Beneficial in supervision of difficult students.

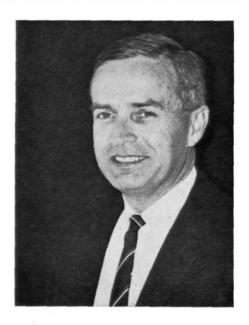
Contra-indications: Dangerous reaction in drowsiness and inattention.

RICHARD JOHN MULHEARN

Trim, impeccable, correct, a friendly, easy-going gentleman with plenty of time for his patients and an incredible array of fascinating stories for the students.

Tuition was indeed painless, consisting perhaps of the comparison of the rear view of an elephant to a cross section of the mid-brain, or a merry progression from *Myasthenia gravis* to asbestosis or even the story of the lead pencil diagnosed by pathology as a hamartoma.

What we are trying to say is that the thought put into Dr. Mulhearn's sessions has been appreciated.





MARGARET MULVEY

"Now I'll meet you all in the museum in five minutes, h'm?"

Meg and her retinue descended upon us in Fifth Year and life became a superb confusion of Bonney's blue, "Hibitane" collars and 8 a.m. Fridays.

Impromptu tutorials or ward rounds at any time of day or night were common—her own tirelessness more than compensating for the often semi-comatose state of her students.

For her interest in us, the time she spent teaching us and for dubbing us "Doctor" we thank her.

GEORGE ROWAN NICKS

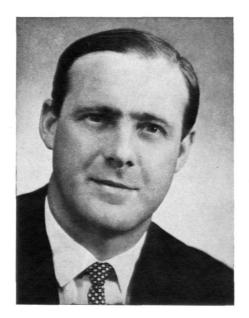
"The Rowan Knight of the surgical table."

Courageous, sincere, he wages a never-ending crusade against the Mitotic Masses, Aschoff's Army and Koch's Klan, mounted on his shining steed "By Pass" and armed with double drain and Starr-Edwards valve.

His operative jousts with the thoracic infiltrators are made vivid in tutorials by lance-like thrusts to the anatomy of the nearest pupil. He is not deceived by the hydatid, masquerading as the beauteous water-lily; neither is he neglectful of the victims of the invading scourges, his warm interest in the patient encouraging trust and confidence.

We thank vou, Sir, for your guidance on our passage through thoracic badlands and wish you further success in your campaign.





JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

J.G. is the red-headed blustering dynamic physical fitness fanatic-cum-cardiologist of Pages 6, 7 and sometimes 8. To him, the roots of all acquired coronary lesions lie in modern man's sluggish mobility patterns in a highly tobacco-flavoured atmosphere. Fact after fact revealed, faces pale and ulcers gnaw, and the staunchest nicotine habitué appreciates his folly. Perhaps to get away from the tars and vapours of the atmosphere of the sub-world, he makes frequent pilgrimages to the cool, clear, pristine atmosphere in the western sky. Page Pavilion is his domain, where he takes on all and sundry, his example sets an enviable standard for those physically and mentally capable of following him.

JOHN ROBERT SANDS

Dr. Sands impresses us as one of the original three wise men. His years of life-experience allow him to remain calm and unruffled despite the appalling ignorance and lack of industry displayed by his students. A true gentleman, he appears to accept philosophically the many shortcomings of lesser mortals. Perhaps it's just as well, as a student's *Tabula nasa* can precipitate many a coronary, resulting in a high turnover of senior honoraries.

The enormous disparity of knowledge on each side of the semipermeable membrane fortunately allows a high osmotic flow of information to his grateful students, enriching their meagre supply of "the good oil".





THEODORE SELBY

Our association with Dr. Selby was short and sweet. During our term of thoracic medicine he taught us much, including the adequate treatment of acute respiratory failure (NOT just bronchodilators!).

We appreciated his great concern over the state of our Mantoux reactions before we ventured into the tubercle infested fourth floor of Page.

We were equally grateful to him for the practical demonstration on the uses and abuses of spirometry. We learnt much about ourselves if not about F.E.V.'s.

Thank you, Dr. Selby.

JOHN WALTON SPENCE

"I'll take you for a tute on Thursday-if I'm still alive."

Big Jack peeled off his coat, swung his legs onto the table, cleaned the corner of his mouth with a somewhat characteristic gesture, fished his multi-coloured notes from his right breast pocket—and proceeded to demonstrate all his surgical points from family history or the desert campaign.

As it became obvious that there were no girls in the group and that he wasn't treading on any socio-economic or religious corns, surgery took a rather down-to-earth turn—and Jack proceeded to teach us something in his natural, man-to-man way.

When the examiners are pleased with our performance—we'll owe our success to Mr. Spence for his interest and help, and to Mr. Barling, who fortunately always seems to have been on hand to attend to all Jack's many surgical emergencies.



PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON

An impressive, silver-topped figure, this surgeon is admired for his innate dignity, kindness and ability. He always takes the trouble to carefully inform the patient himself just what to expect.

To his students he is a fatherly figure with unrivalled patience; a stock of informative recollections and a willingness to talk even about his own mistakes in earlier days.

Mr. Tomlinson has always stressed to his students that the only relevant data is that concerning the patient's condition and management. On many ocasions he said "Statements like 'Mrs. X is a patient of stated age and in no apparent distress' send chills up and down my spine".

Always the perfect gentleman, he is well-respected by staff and students alike. All appreciate his conscientious, gentle way.

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

Space does not permit us to write in more detail about our teachers. To the following tutors, who were no less colourful, capable or helpful than those more libellously described above, we record our grateful thanks.

ORTHOPÆDICS

UROLOGY

| Mr. H. C. Barry | Mr. H. G. Cummine |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Mr. W. O. Sturrock | Mr. L. D. Wheeler |
| Mr. A. W. J. Watts | Mr. B. S. Pearson |
| Mr. C. L. Greaves | Mr. D. D. Arnold _ |
| Mr. H. D. Tuor | Mr. C. I. Coorow |

THE REGISTRARS

MEDICINE

| J. Chalmers | A. Ware | R. Fox |
|-------------|---------------------------|-----------|
| M. Gillies | D. Chan | S. Hunyor |
| R. Kalucy | R. Hawker R. McRitchie | P. Pigott |
| J. Pollard | A. Rebuck | P. Ray |
| G. Schapel | J. Shaw | M. Silink |
| A. Stewart | E. Tai | D. Tiller |
| | SURGERY | |
| C. Andrews | L. Wing | F. Combe |
| D. Liggins | F. Binns F. Niesche | C. Sharpe |

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY

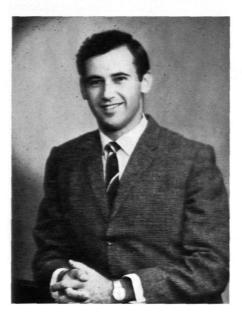
C. Williams

| K. Atkinson D. Read | A. Child | N. Jools |
|------------------------|----------|----------|
| D. Reau | | |

G. Stewart

T. Vandeleur

THE STUDENTS



ROBERT GEORGE ADLER

"Le Voix."

Bob arrived at Uni. with a well-established reputation—both academic and sporting—having rowed in a wooden spoon G.P.S. eight. But Bob's exuberant personality quickly made him conspicuous, he was bounced from a physiology lecture by a snorting Hungarian compatriot. Bob has proved himself a true man's man: his snappy clothes, fur-covered pipe and love of the finer things in life are well known to half the Q.M.'s and most of the P.M.'s

"Bob'll do it" is a familiar phrase amongst his friends; his expert organizing capacities are much appreciated by the Medical Society and the Faculty in general. He edited the 1966 Med. journal and was secretary of the A.M.S.A. convention year 1967.

Bob's future success in medicine has never been in doubt.

DAVID HENRY ALLEN

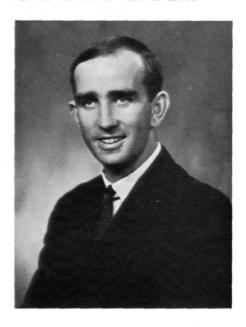
Born at K.G.V., a rather shrivelled, post-mature infant, he proved a great student curiosity, and ever since he has been driven by a great urge to get on the other end of the stick.

Although his business-like ward activities are readily apparent to even the casual observer, only astute observation over the years has revealed more about this dark horse. Rumours reach us of weekends spent at skiing, yachting, squash and numerous "pursuits".

His more exotic activities included ward serenades at "Kids" and a trip to South-East Asia where he contracted a rare disease of the upper lip. Fortunately this affliction resolved on returning to temperate zones.

David's consistently good academic record is proof of his ability to work hard while enjoying life to the full.





GEORGE WILLIAM ALLMAN

After a brilliant record at school, George flew into Medicine with unbridled, boyish energy, pausing only in Second Year to take stock of himself. Subsequently, a more sober approach led our George back to his schoolboy loves of football, squash and water polo, to which was now added a new love—the theatre.

From his present academic heights the more mature George may look back over a vista of research triumphs, which include fluid-balance studies at the Grose Farm and the introduction of ethanol anæsthesia for obstetric students.

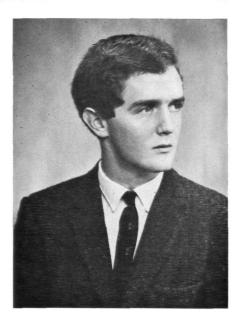
We feel sure that George will join the other three hundred smiling faces in this book on the road to success.

MICHAEL STUART ARMSTRONG

Educated (?) at King's, latterly Andrew's. Pursues active sparetime interests in medicine when not involved in more serious pursuits: flute, harpsichord, piano, bushwalking, squash, skiing, records, Russian novels, army, metaphysical poetry, organ, opera, orchestral concerts, carillon. . . .

Disapproves of organic diseases, laboratory tests, special investigations and other affectations of the modern physician; deeply regrets passing of medicine as an art.

After graduation intends to purchase golden pomander cane as the mainstay of therapy in a gentlemanly practice of psychiatry.





MICHAEL GUSTAV ASHER

Hungarian by birth, Michael's predominant trait is his humanitarian approach to medicine. He really believes that patients can be people.

A lone wolf—maintaining financial independence the hard way—his breadwinning activities have included ten years of taxi driving. He maintains a small pad in Glebe (with garden), buys red wine by the flagon, and cooks delicious goulash.

Michael's interests and general reading range wide, and he enjoys an almost epicurean delight in the good things of life—friendly company, women, Tempe tip, growing grapes, reading Thurber or Rabelais, walking the dog.

His sense of humour is wry and ironical; his tongue can be caustic and cynical; his smile is gentle as a flower.

RONALD AVEDIKIAN

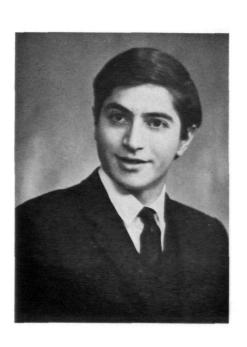
Ronald is an Armenian from Lebanon, but has spent most of his school years in Australia.

In January, 1962, he attended the first summer science school, and in the same year distinguished himself at Enmore Boys' High School by coming dux of Fifth Year in the Leaving Certificate.

Medicine appealed to him strongly. He has persevered through the years and his determination to succeed has seen him through.

He appreciates music and is a skilled yet modest pianist (he learnt the piano at the State Conservatorium of Music).

He is quiet and amicable to all who know him. His interest in medicine, combined with his humility and kindness, ensure success for him. We all wish him well.





VALMAI LORRAINE BARR

When Valmai first entered the Faculty it was soon realized that she was rather out of the ordinary, but it was not until Third Year that we learnt what an extra "Barr body" can do for one.

She is also known for her adventurous spirit which took her into the midst of the New Guinea natives during unallocated term. After one of her numerous hunting trips to the wilds of Wesley College, she was once seen fleeing toward the hospital, a diamond ring firmly clutched in her left hand.

Val's pleasantly feminine manner and ready giggle have brightened many a dreary tutorial, even the mighty Leckie could not bully this "mere woman"; she would still remain steadfast in her point of view.

ALEXANDER FRANK JOHN BELL

1940 Born in England.

1952 Came to Australia.

1954 Left school.

1955 Apprentice turner and fitter.

1961 Qualified fitter and turner, matriculated and started medical course.

1962 Married.

1965 Son born.

1967 Daughter born.





JANET WENDY BELL

Janet came south to the "big smoke" and Med. I in 1963. She progressed with the rest of us through Second and Third Year, perfecting her technique against lecture note borrowers (now even she can't read them).

Fourth Year saw the emergence of the true Bell personality—the early morning and late night disorder miraculously transformed to lacquered perfection for the benefit of the hospital population.

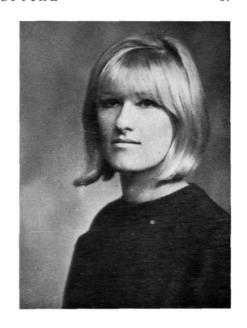
Her compulsive attitude to bridge must be somehow connected with her obsessional attitude to work—both are markedly diminished by after-exam. visits to the Grose.

We're sure, anyway, that all the midnight oil will have been burnt in a good cause, and that Janet will competently carry on the family tradition.

VALERIE BERAL

Cunningly disguised as a dumb blonde, Val has sailed through medicine just as she used to sail her "Moth" across Middle Harbour; with aplomb, without capsizes in the strongest winds, and with line honours in many of the races. Her willowy go-go dancing, along with a Mary Quant hemline which, year by year, recedes relentlessly toward her navel, have achieved close attention by a large number of her male colleagues. The less resolute have been deterred, however, by the unwarranted fear of an intellectual battering, and Val has had at least a little time left for the books and bridge.

Val's rapid post-graduate success is assured once she works out how to avoid exsanguination while percussing with feline fingernails.



STEVEN SAMUEL BOCK

Steven joined the Faculty in 1963, fresh from Scot's College, where he achieved notoriety in the Cadet Corps Orderly Room as a corporal, and where he was often co-opted to tabulate exam. marks and prizes at the end of the year. He tends to put relaxation before his medical career and thus would much rather attend football, cricket, tennis or golf fixtures than study the intricacies of sarcoidosis. As well as being a spectator at any sport you care to name, he plays squash and golf regularly. His other interests include live theatre, concerts, operas and the like, and he is often heard extolling the praises of the latest show. His friends will also remember him as a ready source for a small loan.

ANTHONY RICHARD BOUFFLER

I am confident that if Tony was asked to describe himself he'd quote Zola: "I find perfection such a nuisance that I often regret having cured myself of tobacco." Tony arrived here from Bathurst in 1962 with gimlety grey eyes; he left this year with glazed red ones—a fact generally attributed to long hours of study under a dull lamp. The year '63 was a good one, but the examiners temporarily managed to outsmart him—which occurrence hurled him into a vortex of work from which he emerges exigiously for a few quiet beers, Mozart, and some unobtrusive one-upmanship.

Tony's easy-going nature and cooperation have made him a permanent friend of many. We wish him well,





JOHN DAVID BURGESS

John was born on 23rd May, 1946. He went to school at Normanhurst Boys' High, where he was a foundation member. His entry in 1963, and subsequent passage through, University was uneventful. He obtained several credits and a couple of distinctions during this period.

John spent his "unallocated term" in "New Guinea" (New Ireland) when, amongst other things, he had an opportunity of indulging in his favourite non-medical activity—movie photography.

He is now an officer in the Royal Australian Navy and this will occupy him for the next few years.

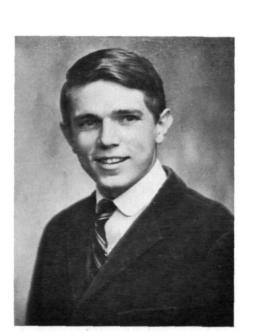
IAN BRUCE CAMERON

"Sorry I'm late, Sir! The Governor again!"

Lt.-Cpl. Ian B. Cameron and bagpipes arrived at Sydney University from Scot's College in 1963. Ian has remained a faithful Scotsman, playing his bagpipes for the University Regiment, the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, Billy Graham and Group 5. His appearance in a mini-kilt caused much confusion and embarrassment—upon arrival in labour ward his sporran was promptly given pubic toilet.

Ian's hobbies included women, the stock market, and a well-looking 1951 Wolseley of stated age.

Although Ian failed to reveal what a Scotsman wears under his kilt, he did reveal a keen and conscientious mind which will take him far in medicine.



MICHAEL WILLIAM CARR

"I can't get a classification."

Mike Carr, originally from Lismore, finished his secondary education at Homebush High and started medicine in 1963. Now, via sailing, bushwalking and canoeing, he has reached Final Year, fortunately, without any delays.

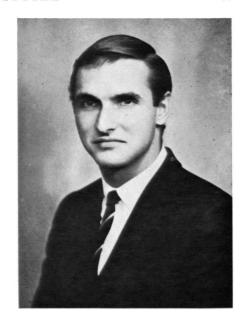
His clinical studies have not all centred on texts and bedsides, however. He has perfected the art of being thrown (almost bodily) out of Cas., and of making gynæcologists blush with his views on hypertrophy.

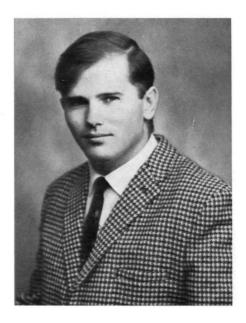
Michael's affable personality and sincere nature have won him many life-long friends both in and out of the Faculty and assure him a successful graduation from student life.

JOHN PIUS CASKA

John, together with his two brothers, was banished from his father's country practice to learn the gentle art of healing and dealing with the fairer sex. Both of these he has accomplished admirably and should now be well equipped to be thrust upon the unsuspecting public.

John is well known for his ability to instil calmness into his annually panic-stricken friends and willingness to take up a hand of bridge. His intelligence and engaging manner assure him of success in the future and our good wishes go with him.





DAVID LAIDLEY CAY

"You include T.B. and syphilis in every differential diagnosis—on historical grounds."

David was raised in a mid-western, wheat-belt, country town, and at a tender age was packed off to boarding school to be educated. This was dutifully followed by his entry to Paul's. Despite these handicaps, and a year in Economics, he has emerged ready to accept his fate in this, our "Noblest of Professions".

As a student, he failed to grow a beard or march in any protest, but settled for a blue in rugby and the bridge table.

ANTHONY NICHOLAS CIARDI

Tony's main ambition in life was to become a doctor, and he approached his school work with this objective in mind. A Commonwealth scholarship enabled him to culminate this ambition. His interests include photography, going to Bondi Beach and looking after his old, ever-blue Morris Minor.

No doubt he will be well-remembered by the pharmaceutical representatives who visit the hospital as the student with enough samples to equip a chemist's shop; but Tony is no doubt best remembered for his versatility in foreign languages which made him always in demand by the various tutors with patients who could not speak English.

With this unique ability and his many other talents, together with his likeable personality and his genuine interest in medicine, Tony has a future which is guaranteed.





SUE ANNE CRAIG

"And why, Sir, shouldn't a mere woman do medicine?"

It's not that Sue's a feminist or anything, she just pretends to be equally at home in the examination room, on the trapeze of a cherub, holding any kind of bat, at the bridge table, and juggling boyfriends, professionally, Sue more than holds her own. She believes what she believes what she believes—for a while at least. For instance, there was a time before Darwin when she didn't drink beer.

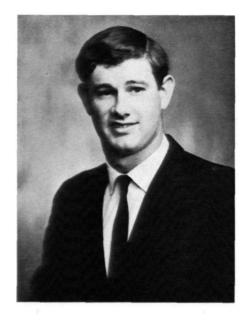
A warm smile, a ready blush, and a forthrightness that inspires confidence in all who know her will see Sue completely along the path of success.

JOHN ANTHONY DALTON

"The cry goes out and it cannot be refused."

John came to us from Riverview somewhat less substantial than he is today. It is said that his development in stature has been brought about by numerous quiet weekends in the country, where, in the presence of versatile sportsmen and stimulating female company, this peaceful, easy-going personality has been nurtured.

An imperturbable temperament on the golf course, an erratic brilliance at cards, and a determination to achieve these goals that he sets his sights on, have been features of John's extra-curricular activities, and it is this determination to succeed which should ensure him a successful career in the future.



JOHN BROUGHAM DOCKER

"The Great White Mouse."

As the full moon has done strange things to people in the past, so the purchase of a 750-c.c. despatch-rider's 1942 model, garage-roof-green H.D. motor-cycle changed John into the terror of the road. Seen in full-length flying suit, helmet, goggles, gauntlets and face muffs, setting out on a trip up the street for a tube of toothpaste, was awe-inspiring beyond description.

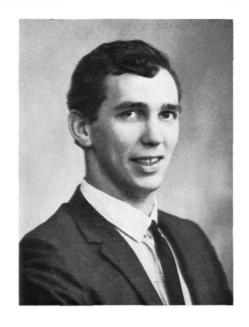
John rows, sleeps, studies, sleeps, even brunettes, and around exams. seems to sleep while everyone works and work while everyone sleeps. He has rowed for University and in four winning eights for St. Paul's.

His pleasant manner, understanding personality and sense of humour should equip him well for his chosen field.

TERENCE MICHAEL ENGLISH

Terry reached University uninhibited by his preliminary training at St. Joseph's College. He has had a smooth progress through medicine, occasionally bothering to take enough time off from more pleasurable pursuits to earn a credit or two. Terry's pre-clinical years were occupied with a certain black T.C., a seemingly insatiable thirst, and all ability to organize some very lively "turns". In his clinical years Terry expanded his interests to weightlifting, football and skindiving, etc.

Terry is well known in the Year for his ready smile and a distinctive laugh which belies his true depth. More recently Terry has become married and we know that he and Christine are assured of a happy and successful life together.



PETER MAURICE FITZGERALD

"H-h-h-m-m-m . . ."

From Riverview he came—the final student to enrol in Med. I—and at that tender age he thrust himself vigorously into inter-'varsity activities, which he pursued actively for six years. Awarded a "blue" as a fresher, he subsequently represented the State of New South Wales and Australian Universities.

His classical taste and common sense is reflected in his choice of sport—throwing the discus—("No one else thought of going in it"); also, in his recently-acquired taste for vintage port and moreover in his recent choice of feminine companionship, "H-h-h-m-m-".

We are sure the future holds success for him in the practice of the art he is learning.

ALAN WILLIAM GALE

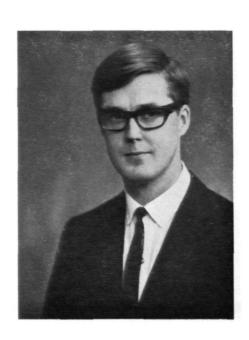
"Excuse me, Sir, alcoholics MAY have hyperlipæmia-in Zieve's syndrome."

When not found testing reflexes or soothing the occasional choleric sister, Alan could be seen creeping from the hospital, squash racquet in hand, at some late nocturnal hour.

His witty caricatures and numerous anecdotes of experiences gained whilst thrashing a cab around the "Cross" at night enlivened many a long wait for tardy tutors.

With his enthusiasm for esoteric signs and syndromes and his readiness to draw attention to unexplained features of disease, he frequently contributed to teaching sessions.

Alan's thoughtful yet fundamental approach to medicine, together with a keen understanding of the patient as an individual, form the basis of an undoubtedly successful future.





IAN MILES GRANT

Born at Crown Street in 1946—21 years later they wouldn't have him back, so he did his obstetrics at K.G.V. Was educated at North Sydney High and embarked upon the study of medicine in 1963.

During the ensuing six years, apart from medicine, his favourite pastime has been playing golf: at present he plays off a handicap of 5, and in 1967 represented Sydney University in the inter-varsity series.

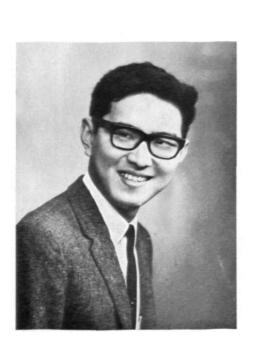
Also enjoys cricket, occasional bets on the ponies, and the odd game of "penny-poker". A noted "table-talker" at the card table, he can often be found around the students' quarters and/or wards at R.P.A. looking for a fourth for bridge.

JURGIS GEDIMINAS GRUDZINSKAS

Completely disguised as a bluff Australian, Gedis has bowled over medicine just as he is wont to bowl over opposition on the basketball court or football field; with successful tackling of research projects and high scores in annual competitions.

His rugged charm provokes from the fairer sex a regular siege, which he is at rare times forced to repulse with a delightful, picturesque Lithuanian turn-of-phrase like "Get lost!". We are envious, but suspicious, of his professed hedonism as we observe him, armed with basketball blue and B.Sc. (Hons.), coaching the women basketballers on to victory in competition and the physiotherapy girls on to victory in physiology exams.

On graduation he will succeed and do vigorous research on the ætiology of premature male balding.



HAN PING

Han was born in Singapore and decided to study medicine in Sydney and discover the illnesses arising from uninhibited Australian habits. This work was extended in 1966 when Han examined the eating and drinking habits of thousands of millions of hungry macrophages and so formulated a model theory on how people change shape. Fortunately, Han was able to take refuge from the animal world at Moore Theological College during this study.

Apart from his scientific achievements, Han has won the admiration of his colleagues as a splendid ambassador and will no doubt be a successful doctor back in Singapore (even though the macrophages will have to remain in Sydney).

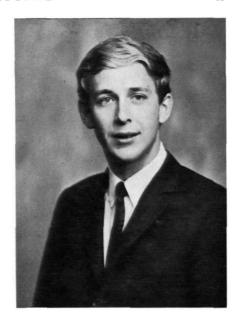
CHRISTOPHER HARMSTON

During his six years at Sydney, Chris. has had several changes of address, changed cars, and acquired the "title" of "Doormouse" for his ability to nod off in any situation.

Well known for his complete disregard of the Surgeon-General's report—he is, however, much appreciated by his friends for his willingness to share the dreaded object amongst them.

We know that his ability in dealing with people, including the undiminished even after a term in the Professor's ward round group.

We know that his ability in dealing with people, including the examiners, assure him of success in the future.



MICHAEL JOHN HORNE

"Lady Chatterly's apologist."

"Horny old Michael" came to University with a book under one arm and a football under the other. D. H. Lawrence and the passing of the years awoke him to the folly of his youth; and the football was discarded for paint-brush, guitar, woman, test-tube and a never-ending succession of books.

While performing this sleight-of-hand he picked up (among other things) a B.Sc. (Med.), credits in English literature, and a house in Paddington.

His latest achievement has been to prove to the grey-flannelled-suit enclave that "flower power" is not incompatible with success in medicine. Many a tutor has been amazed to find that beneath the Paddingtonian exterior lies a keen, enquiring mind and a wealth of medical knowledge.

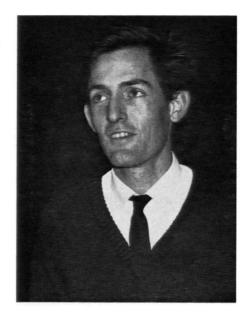


GEORGE HOWE

George came to Australia in 1957 and studied at Macquarie Boys' High School. It was quite a struggle for George at first, because he could not speak a word of English when he arrived. In 1962, he was one of the 150 high school students in New South Wales to win the Summer Science School Scholarship. Later that year he passed the Leaving Certificate with two honours and was awarded the Commonwealth Scholarship. He entered the Faculty of Medicine in 1963.

His interests include movies, theatres, music and bridge. He can speak three dialects of Chinese.





DAVID GORDON HOWSE

Like some of us, Dave's path has not been a smooth one; but because of his determination and patience he is able to make it with us. Graduation thus has more meaning to him than many of us who have had a "smooth sailing" all along.

An unpretentious and friendly person, a willing helper, he is also easy to get along with.

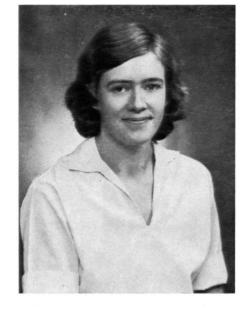
With these attributes and his experiences in these few years, I believe he will carry with him into his later practice a deep understanding and appreciation of those people with less fortunate things in life

JEANETTE MERRY HUGHES

In 1962, Jeanette—already a qualified pathology technician—decided to do medicine. She tackled the matriculation, gaining five A's after six months' study.

Her approach to life is typically energetic and courageous. Her medical record shows passes with distinction and credit in spite of extra odds at every turn. Outside activities include Sunday School teaching and study for her theology diploma. She is also an accomplished ballet dancer, basket ball captain and (not least) a devoted wife.

Her unique frankness and forthrightness of manner can be alarming at first meeting but soon endear Jeanette to her colleagues. Her loyalty, practical mind and sense of fun are also admired.





COLIN STUART JOHNSTON

"We'll just have a quick cup of tea and then we'll go and see some patients."

That's Colin, always managing to keep everything in its right perspective!

But it wasn't always tea; under the watchful eye of an earlier tutor, Colin developed a most agreeable interest in Hunter-Valley wine—one of his many para-medical pursuits.

After wine comes—well, perhaps not in Col's case. Dolores obviously comes first—and he's been looking much better nourished since he took her home to slave over his hot stove. (Actually that's her story.)

Every success in the future, Col, the profession is gaining a valuable addition; and, in fact, those "patients" don't realize how fortunate they are—they're getting a team.

DOLORES MARGARET JOHNSTON (NÉE HILL)

Dolores and Colin went up to the museum, Never one without the other. Ostensibly, two credits to bring, But no! Instead, appeared a ring.

So began Dolores' clinical years.

One of Dolores' most remarkable qualities is her perceptiveness. Many times she has diagnosed pathology which completely eluded her fellow students. Prognosis, however, does not follow naturally after diagnosis. She once was heard to profoundly prognose eventual mortality for all.

Dolores' breezy cheerfulness has gained her many friends in the Faculty. Efficient organization has characterized her student life, and augurs well for a successful future.



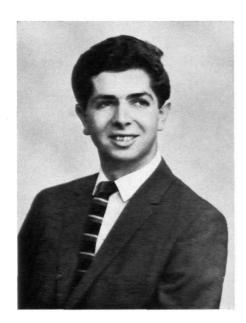
GEORGE JOHN KELEN

"That is just not so . . . ! ! ?"

Since his arrival on the campus this diminutive dynamo has striven to prevent medicine interfering too much with his way of life.

George is an authority on most subjects, particularly those ones about which he knows nothing. An expert photographer, electrician and debater, George's greatest loves are skiing—especially during term—and piano playing, at which he has no rival.

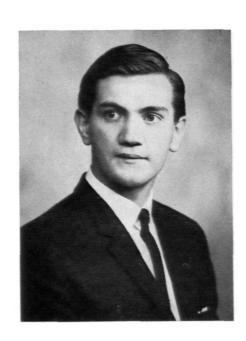
George is the one fellow among us who will allow himself to be conned into volunteering for jobs which no one else would take on in a million years. And the success of his A.M.S.A. Convention in 1967 testifies to the ability which George has in making the world do it his way.



WILLIAM VICTOR KINGSLEY

A former student of Homebush Boys' High School, William commenced his medical studies in 1963. During his years at the University he has managed to maintain a wide range of interests outside of medicine. He has been a member of E.U. and a youth group leader and has always had a liking for music, skindiving, electronics and motor sport. He enjoys all branches of medicine but has a special interest in ophthalmology and nuclear medicine.

William is quiet and conscientious, and his application to his work should assure him of success in the future.





STEVEN KOSSARD

"Macroglobulinæmia was just described by Waldenstrom . . . Er."

Born in Shanghai, China, he decided at any early age that an English education was much easier than learning Chinese character writing; so he migrated with his parents to the isolated island-continent of Australia.

After finishing his secondary education, he entered Sydney Medical School in 1962. Macrophages, lymphocytes and antibody production evoked his love and admiration. He left the normal curriculum to do research in immunology and submitted a thesis for a B.Sc. (Med.).

He will be remembered for his readiness to shake the hand of anybody who answers the questions he fires at his colleagues. He brandishes a rainbow-coloured notebook at tutorials and lectures; he is the only person in R.P.A.H. who does so.

We wish him success in his desire to be an immunologist.

JANET ANNE LANDAHL

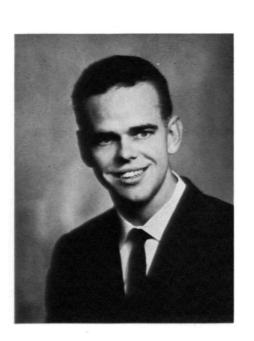
"Tea? White, with no sugar, please."

Cast into the Medical Faculty from behind the sheltered walls of North Sydney Girls' High School, Janet has followed her success there in both academic and sporting fields with an even better record at University. A keen swimmer, she has represented the University in inter-varsity carnivals.

Her list of pleasures also includes playing the piano, reading novels and bush-walking.

Janet's ready blush (or does she really have an argentaffinoma?) and easily provoked laughter always help to make dull tutorials pass more quickly.

An easy-going personality and a conscientious approach to medicine ensure her success in whatever career she may choose: medical, domiciliary or otherwise.





HUGH MAXWELL LAWRENCE

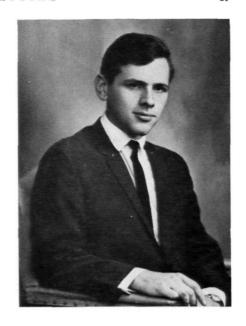
After his secondary education at Sydney Technical High School, Hugh entered University in 1963 to commence his pastime, medicine. His career has been more in the line of motor-bike touring, bushwalking, sailing, conoeing and repairing an ever-troublesome V.W. As a contemporary explorer of the wilds of N.S.W. he gained local fame for an epic 100-mile canoe expedition down the Macleay River.

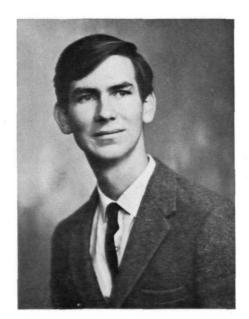
Despite his numerous other activities and interests, Hugh has passed steadily through medicine. Hugh's pleasant demeanour and calm, unhurried approach will be of value in his career.

ERIC ROGER LIPPEY

Eric has never been identified with any of the particular types of personality of our year. He is not one of the intellectual giants but makes short work of most challengers in chess. He is not one of the sporting personalities, but has been known to cause himself and others grievous bodily harm on the squash court. He is not one of the eminent political commentators but appears sporadically in Sydney's Press making profound statements on the current political crisis in Israel. He is not one of the great Cassanovas but is married to a delightful young economist. He is not one of the great drunken revellers, but has been known to lead early morning serenades in the back alleys of King's Cross.

We dare not predict what the future holds for such versatility and enigma.





ANDREW DUNCAN MACLAINE-CROSS

Migrated from England in 1951 and spent his early years living on a boat in Sydney Harbour.

Coming from Newcastle in 1963, Andrew spent his first three years at University in St. Andrew's College before departing to live a nomadic existence amongst the happy subculture of Glebe.

Andrew is best known for his use of a pushbike and is often to be seen pedalling frantically through the University.

Ambitions? To tour Europe on a push-bike; post-graduate training in pædiatrics; to be a G.P.; to have a large family.

MICHAEL GIDEON MARMOT

Born U.K. in 1945; became educated in 1966, incidental to a research project on cardiac inotrophy. In his spare time: reads *Encounter*; talks eloquently and never medically at parties; visits a flat at Blue's Point; sails a skiff; uses a "Pentax"; goes bushwalking; visits a flat at Blue's Point. Well travelled, he learnt surgery in San Francisco and pidgin in the New Guinea highlands. His everquestioning nature, fostered by the liberating effects of 1966, has prompted an exasperated surgeon to remark: "Stop thinking and start memorizing!"

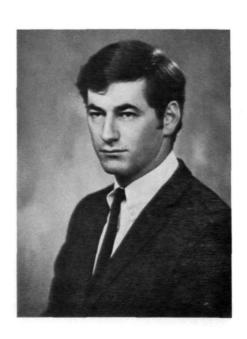
The despised list-learners may well say of him:

Of science and logic he chatters

As fine and as fast as he can

Though I am no judge of such matters

I'm sure he's a talented man.





DOUGLAS IAN McCLOSKEY

"Father" McCloskey, although married for three years, has not yet justified his nickname, despite great encouragement from his friends—they even send him Father's Day cards. However, he is perseverent: he never stops trying despite heavy losses on the daily double.

He is scholarly: his summary is always longer than the book; he is humorous; and he has a thing about trees: through his efforts the surrounds of the University Oval are being replanted with assorted native trees.

Ian wants to become an "administrator" (? politician). Although a member of the A.L.P., he lives, liberally enough, in bourgeois-respectability in his own home.

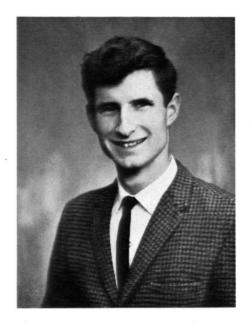
It remains to note that he is also a University blue, Rhodes scholar, B.Sc. (Med.) and D.Phil. (Oxon.).

ROBERT ARTHUR LAWRENCE McGREGOR

Since coming to us from Homebush High in 1962, somewhat shy and wet behind the ears, Bob has succeeded in living up to his highland ancestry and has soon become known for his acts of bravado (? foolhardiness).

His metamorphosis gained momentum in Third Year, when Bob went to army camp and discovered the delights of the bottle and other associated vices. When he began picking his women from the back page of *The Australian* the change was complete.

Bob's constant support for the second-hand car racket, his hill-billy "geetar", frequent excursions to the bush and eight-litre laugh (confirmed by spirometry!) have endeared him to us all.



MICHAEL JOHN MORRIS

"What, me worry?"

Michael scraped into University after an undistinguished career at a suburban, non-independent school (North Sydney High).

He was not dux of the school, played no sports, his nomination as prefect was refused, and he is remembered, if at all, for augmenting his pocket-money by manufacturing and selling bombs to his school-fellows.

At University he has continued his pedestrian career. An early drop-out from St. Andrew's, he reached the perigee of his career with honours (second class) in B.Sc.(Med.).

A passing interest in caving and several third-grade water polo matches comprised his sporting career. Occasionally plays cards without success.

Unlike the other 300 smiling faces in this book, success is far from assured. But perhaps....

SUZANNE LESLEY NEIL

"I think I'll spend the afternoon in town, shopping."

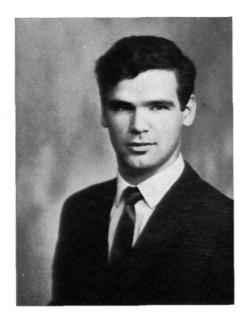
Coming from the wilds of P.L.C., Pymble, Sue ("not Susan!") set out to prove that one can do medicine without forfeiting any of the leisures and pleasures of being a lady.

A move to Women's College was prompted by the realization that you could get out of bed later if you lived next door.

With her usual flair for the original, Sue spent her unallocated term in Fiji, where she survived an attack of fish poisoning and a trip around the islands with a boatload of natives.

Sydney's loss will be Canada's gain if Sue succeeds in her present scheme of doing her residency overseas.





JOHN ALAN NORRIE

John was a product of Sydney High with an impressive record which continued into his University career where he gained his share of distinctions and credits.

John always appreciated a good tutorial, but his pet hate was a boring tute which precipitated in him an acute episode of Horton's "histaminic cephalgia".

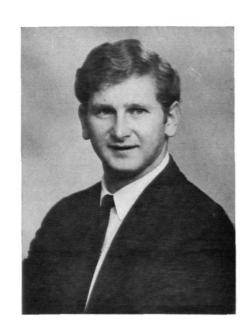
He was always popular with his fellows, and if he approaches the practice of medicine as keenly as his bridge playing and his trapping of Forest Lodge birds he will undoubtedly make a sharp physician.

NORMAN A. OLBOURNE

"Did you know VAM went up three points today?"

Norm's claim to uniqueness among the members of our Year must surely be unrivalled. Who else had two rhinoplasties in two months, only to break that phallic symbol at football a fortnight later and undergo two more? And who else spent a whole delicious B.Sc. year studying in ultimate detail the lymphatics of the female breast? And who spent unallocated term studying hepatitis?

Yet even more than unique, Norm is ubiquitous. Impressing examiners, slogging hard for the Medical Society, organizing year dinners, telling jokes of generally-above-average quality, he has added much to the enjoyment of his colleagues. Boundless energy and a never-failing sense of humour will always see him through.





GERALD OPPENHEIM

Another illustrious product of Sydney High, Jerry came to us with an enviable academic record which he has maintained throughout his University course.

Despite his studious nature, Jerry is one of the year's commedians. His pet philosophy is "a good laugh is as good as a holiday" and he gave us plenty of holidays, especially in tutorials, where his jokes and impersonations brightened many dull spots.

Jerry's hobbies are golf, snooker and sex, not necessarily in that order, and he accepted quite casually his seemingly fatal attraction for nurses.

Jerry's conscientious, hard-working nature will no doubt take him far in whatever field he chooses to follow.

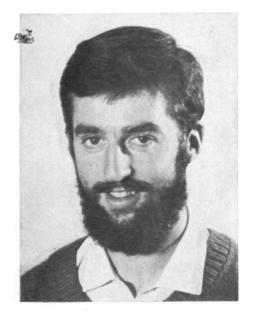
BRUCE ORSATTI

Direct from the land of Chianti and "O sole mio", this happy Italian import has managed to lift the gloom of our never-ending studies with his light-heartedness and pleasant personality.

Always willing to devote himself to serious pursuits ("wine, women and song"), Bruce is renowned for his notoriously casual attitudes in spite of which he manages to progress academically without undue effort.

A gay companion and a loyal friend, Bruce has the necessary sympathy and kindness which will ensure him true success in his profession.





JOHN DOUGLAS PETTIGREW

"Keep 'em cool, fellas."

A primordial interest in things round and paired resulted in Jack being the first man to scale Ball's Pyramid (a phallic structure rising 2000 feet out of the Pacific). This same twin interest manifested itself as certain sartorial habits aimed at mitigating against the deleterious effects of high scrotal temperatures.

His interests were not confined below the belt, however, but soared to intellectual heights with his elucidation of the mechanisms of binocular vision, a feat which earned him an M.Sc. and an international reputation in neurophysiology.

A distinctive walk (the result of a temporary estrangement with an anti-Australian mountainside) and his delightful mate, Rona, make this hoary hirsute an outstanding figure.

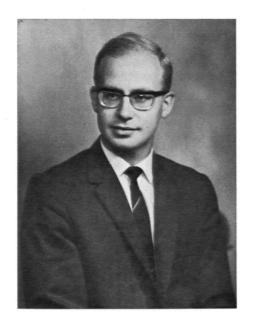
INGE ANNA MARIA PLUSCHKE

"NO, we are NOT twins."

There is a striking resemblance between the academic records, the interests and activities of Inge and those of her brother, though minor but possibly significant differences can be detected. Whether this reflects a hereditary predisposition or merely the actions of similar environmental influences is debatable.

From bushwalking and biking to swimming and skiing, from dreaming to drawing range her interests, overshadowed by one ambition: to become a good doctor. Combining considerable determination and ability with an unfailing capacity to see the bright side of things and the warm sympathetic approach to people that is her natural heritage, how could she go wrong?





WALTER ERNST WILHELM PLUSCHKE

Walter came to us in 1964 from Sweden via Canberra Grammar and First Year at the Australian National University. Spoilt there, he had to adjust to the more staid (?) surroundings of our Hunterian. Resident at Wesley, he will be remembered for chess, spirited discussions and a hot-house room. Regrettably, economics forced an adjournment to flatting and also made it harder for Walter to follow his great interest in getting to know this corner of the world, but he still managed to go walkabout, skiing and photographing quite often. As well, Wally beat the examiners every year and we are confident of his succeeding, whatever the future might hold.

PETER LAURENCE RENSHAW

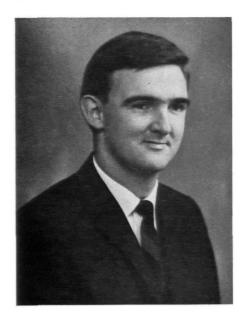
"Rusticus expectat dum defluit amnis."

When Bud shook the western dust from his boots to enter the antiseptic world of medicine, he failed to remove all the vestiges of the countryman. His years at Riverview had failed to eradicate these vestiges and St. John's probably confirmed them completely.

Not for him now are the beckonings of the "Grose Farm"—formerly the focal point of his social life. More tender and alluring are those mysterious feminine charms which send him on a worn path to Paddo.

Bud's even temperament and unfailing common sense have won him the respect and friendship of many and, eventually, the House Presidency at John's. These same qualities make him a genuine asset to the medical profession.





GRAHAME JOHN ROBARDS

"Grahame . . . spelt with an E!"

Grahame hailed from Fort Street Boys' High to enter Medicine in 1963. Throughout First Year he showed a remarkable aptitude for making numerous friends and combining a full extra-curricular programme with good end-of-year results, and has continued to do so for the succeeding five years. Of late, he has shown an unwaning interest in a certain musical young lady referred to by Grahame as "That's me bird"; however, he still manages to shine in tutorials.

Those who've known Grahame have found him a good friend with a tremendous sense of fun and a willingness to listen to and help with any problems. With these qualities, Grahame should find success in his career.

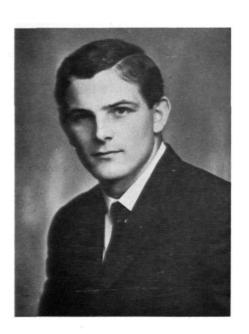
DIANNE JANICE ROLLO

Following her arrival into the world as a breech extraction, Dianne has always maintained a degree of disorientation.

Although she was planning to do medicine on leaving school, she managed to end up at New England University for her first year. When she did finally enter the Faculty in 1964, she found to her confusion that D. J. Rollo had already posted Second Year and, in fact, at the end of every year she was congratulated for being a jump ahead of herself.

After her induction into R.P.A.H., she at last found her true vocation in life—as a coffee dispenser—and has been seen administering this potent remedy to long-suffering students at all hours of the day and night.

During her course she has been women's medical representative on the S.R.C., a reliable fourth for bridge, and a compulsive knitter, but hopes to become a successful G.P.





IAIN KENNETH ROSS

"Migraine . . . a neurovascular dysfunction accompanied by disturbance of blood in individuals of driving perfectionist personality."—Noyes & Kolb.

Of his extra-medical activities Iain has revealed only a little. He has been seen to make sneak journeys to Pymble to catch breaths of its salubrious air. His ambitions to enter the Indianapolis 500 have been thwarted by lack of time to tune up the steam engine powering his Riley-Ross-Mobile, a machine of time-honoured quality; however, he regularly fights out last place in yacht racing on the Harbour.

Iain is forever in quest of amassing clinical "know-how" which, we feel sure, is acquired more by osmosis than by any active process. We, however, respect this abundance of knowledge and his friendly, unpretentious manner which will surely accumulate him many contented pill-swallowers.

THOMAS SIDNEY SELWOOD

Tom, the well-nourished, wine-loving group physicist with his ready laugh and fantastic repertoire of "little anecdotes" kept us amused through many a long neurological examination.

He was often seen arriving late in what was left of a 1949 V.W. and always proclaiming "Sorry I'm late, my wife kept me!"

Tom has that capacity of interpersonal contact that should make him a success in any field (or vineyard) he chooses to enter.



IVAN SERGEJEV

Ivan, scuttling daily between Camden and Camperdown in his red V.W., was one of our more travelled colleagues. His eagerness to be on time to lectures was rivalled only by the enthusiasm of traffic police to issue speeding fines, a fact he incorporated into his running costs.

Finding life on the surface too hazardous, he would at times seek refuge in the bowels of the earth by disappearing into the Tuglow Caves. When not searching for the grand-daddy of all stalactites, Ivan would, in his holidays, indulge in a little sun worship, pursuing it all over Australia from the canefields of northern Queensland to the beaches of Western Australia.

Ivan's humanitarian outlook on life, supplemented by his rational judgement, will assure him success and satisfaction in the future.

ARABELLA SMITH (NÉE KINSKY)

Ellie arrived at University via Prague, Czechoslovakia and Strathfield Girls' High School. She developed her taste for medicine during a course in occupational therapy, which she completed, and then headed for Europe for an 18-month holiday with her canework and weaving.

Ellie's course in medicine has been marked by excellent results in First to Third Years, but Fourth Year was her downfall at the hands of a judo black belt who later became her husband. Fifth and Final Year were full of surprises, a positive Gravindex being followed by a beautiful baby girl.

We wish Ellie, Bob, Natalie and all the future Smiths all the best for the future.





RICHARD LAURENSON SMITH

"Now, it's this way with birds."

After a dynamic start in Med. I, Dick forsook the books and decided that living was more important. He took up bohemian habitus in St. Andrew's College and diversified his interests through drama, rowing and Segovia-type strumming.

His premorbid interest in anything feminine is demonstrated by his ability to pinpoint all the available talent in every hospital ward.

Dick has many attributes, but conformity is surely not one of them. A 1929 Ness-era Chrysler, a benign growth on his chin which has since been resected and a demi-sec humour which perceives the ridiculous in all of us are only a few of the qualities which make our Dick a most unusual "Smith".

ANDREW STROKON

Andrew ("Charlie") is one of the better known characters in the year, having established his identity through academic success, his perpetual affability and an amazing ability to be tops at any sport which takes his fancy.

But behind this choir-boy countenance lurks the very devil, and there is many a bruised heart around to testify to his "hit-run" technique. However, "Charlie" is not as unblemished as one might think—his first two screws being served to him on a silver plate après-ski à la Sturrock. Yet, undaunted, our hero was soon found to be hanging five and singing with the swingers with a spirit that will surely stand him in good stead in the future.



PETER TALLOS

"No haircut, barber-just a quote."

The long-haired, eloquent connoisseur of Wagner, New Zealand beers and dilapidated Renaults, whose distractions have ranged from translating Horace to collecting aboriginal bark paintings, was one of the truly educated members of our year.

Though adopting a critical approach to medicine, he could at times baffle tutor and colleague alike by his verbal acrobatic capacity—transforming uncertainty to fluent exposition.

We feel that his understanding of both patient and nurse alike will establish for Peter the basis of a successful career.

JOK LIN TENG

Jok was packed off to Australia by his family with instructions to qualify in something. He enrolled in Drummoyne Boys' High and adapted so well that he was able to join us in First Year.

The way of the traveller is seldom smooth, and Jok participated in the Med. II slaughter, but was able to stay with most of his friends the following year.

His easy-going oriental philosophy and adaptability have supported him in the academic finals ever since, and this, as well as his cuisinary skills, will long be remembered by us all.



ENN TOHVER

Enn comes from Estonia, a country so small that I believe the 2000 compatriots who live in Sydney constitute approximately one half of the total population. Enn has integrated into the Australian community extremely well—no one could distinguish him from the natives streaming out of the closing doors at 10.10 p.m.

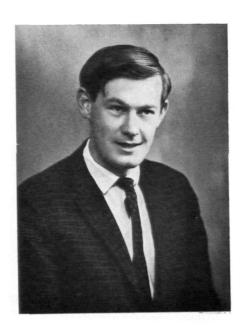
In recent years the wine bug has bitten friend Tohver, and he now selects his wines from the cask. There is no truth in the rumour that he was saved from drowning by someone grabbing his ankles on the last trip to the Hunter.

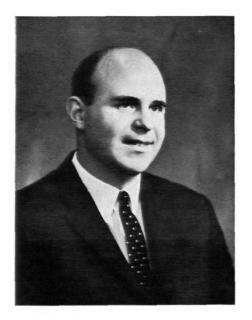
This quiet, affable, "mature age" student with his? hereditary tremor will without doubt find a branch of medicine to suit him and will do well.

VALENDAR FRANCIS TURNER

"Such a multiplicity of side effects." (Today's drugs.)

Val, best known to his friends as Valendar, late of Wagga, has impeccable manners and can always be relied upon to say the wrong thing at the right time. He has flourished as lead guitarist in a local pop group and hopes to further his career as soon as the finals are out of the way. Val has lived in a multitude of evil dwellings including King's Cross and College, but the old boarding house days were the best. In his younger days, a typical boy just escaped from home, he now appears to have satisfied his inner psychological needs and will settle down soon to become a well 1(earned) doctor,





PETER WILLIAM URQUHART

Peter joined us in Second Year after obtaining a degree in pharmacy. He holds a unique record in being the first person with a B.Pharm. degree to complete the medical course at Sydney University. During his stay in the Faculty he has made several contributions towards improving the status of the humble medical student, not the least of these was being greeted enthusiastically by the visiting Professor of Obstetrics, who was so pleased to meet a man of such maturity he overlooked the attending honorary registrar and resident.

Peter's likeable personality and good nature will impress colleague and patient alike and assure him of success in the future.

FOREST SHANE WADDELL

While most individuals are inclined to hurry through medicine without tarrying to enjoy the delights of undergraduate life, Shane has managed to keep alive the tradition of the gentleman student.

In spite of episodes of golf, squash, rowing and football, he has consistently maintained positive caloric balance by spending regular afternoons at the Grose. His less vigorous interests include wines, fine foods, theatre, a variety of vehicles of European manufacture and beach-inspecting.

His sensible and mature approach to medicine is most apparent in tutorials where, as conjecture and theory explode about him, he maintains an enigmatic silence and lends a touch of refinement to the gathering.



JUDITH WAGNER

Initially rumoured to have arrived from another planet, it has over the years become generally accepted that Judy's strange hieroglyphics really represent not another language but her own particular brand of shorthand.

Periodically she disappears home to the range where she and the wildlife play and where she is hoping to swell the general-practitioner ranks in the not-too-distant future. During term she flats at Cremorne and usually manages to attend the latter half of most tutorials.

Our best wishes go with her in the future.

JAMES LEONARD WALTER

A man of science, Jim joined us in 1964. Although older in years, Jim proved more than a match for his younger colleagues.

Though a diligent student when in Sydney, his frequent escapades in search of sun, sand and surf led to his reputation as the phantom student.

He found time in Fifth Year to lecture physiotherapy students, his tutorials proving so popular that it was wondered just how closely he followed the syllabus. Lately, for some mysterious reason, Jim is often to be seen in the Radiotherapy Department—a new-found interest in radiotherapy, or so he says.

Two things are certain about Jim's future: he will enjoy life, and wherever he eventually settles it will be near the sea.



GWENYTH MAY WARNE

"Would you like a cup of coffee?"

Coming from Fort Street Girls' High, Gwen entered medicine in 1963. During the pre-clinical years she showed an aptitude for study as well as for making friends amongst her colleagues.

Despite a set-back in health in Fourth Year, Gwen continued undaunted and succeeded in Fourth and Fifth Years. Besides studying in later years, Gwen also showed aptitude in extra-curricular activities which culminated in her engagement at the beginning of Final Year.

With her warm, understanding personality she has the ability to establish excellent rapport with both her patients and fellow students, and this will undoubtedly assist her in her future in medicine. We wish her well in her medical career and forthcoming marriage.

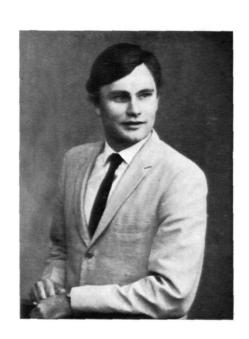
FRANCIS ROBIN WEEKES

Robin came to the Faculty of Medicine from Randwick Boys' High School. He has been a quiet student and hasn't excelled in any particular field at University; however, he has been a well-liked student and has formed many rewarding friendships.

It could be said that his greatest achievement during the last six years has been in the field of horse racing, through which he has been able to maintain a steady source of income, as well as provide himself with a flashy red sports car.

Robin's message to the Faculty is: "Would the Administrative Section stop addressing him as "Miss F. R. Weekes".

By the way, this biography should clarify the point as to what the "F" stands for.





GILLIAN KATRIN WEIR-WILSON

Gillian comes to us from the Faculty of Arts where her flare for poetry no doubt delighted the examiners of the English distinction course. This one-time ballet dancer, actor and author has turned from the humanities to the discipline of medicine. To add even more variety to life, Gillian has spent holidays in Queensland mustering and inoculating cattle. She loves sleeping under the stars and "wild life".

Her disastrous attempts at labour ward hypnosis have provided good experience for the future.

Gillian's diligence, conscientiousness and charm ensure us a valuable member of the medical profession.

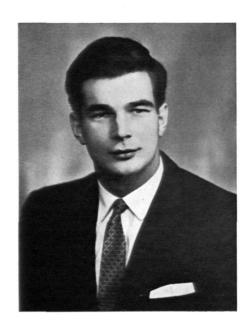
KALEV WILDING

Those who have had occasion to feel Kalev's friendly pat on the back could have little doubt of his ability to hurl the shot over prodigious distances. A keen skier, he was often seen on the slopes with his skis above, around and, occasionally, beneath, him.

In his early years he tried his hand at motor wrecking with devastating success, although he now claims to have retired from this occupation.

With regard to the fair sex, all we can say is that an apparent innocence is belied by a diabolical grin and an evil gleam of the eye.

Finally, mention should be made of medicine. Kalev has never counted exams. amongst life's difficulties, probably because he enjoys what he is doing. We wish him well.



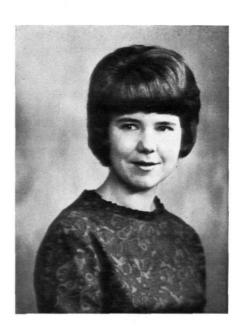
ELIZABETH WRAY WILLIAMS

Liz. quietly joined us in Second Year, having preferred the rigours of Med. I at A.N.U. to Sydney. Second and Third Years revealed an inexplicable but undeniable talent for anatomy.

Now she is still with us, having triumphed over adversity, including a joust with the dread infectious mononucleosis and psychiatry at one and the same time.

Always a trifle aphasic at early-morning tutorials, Liz. is much brighter in the afternoon, provided someone in Women's College has remembered to wake her from her post-prandial nap.

Even more aphasic about her future career, we are nevertheless sure it will be highly successful.





DENNIS KOON SEE YUE

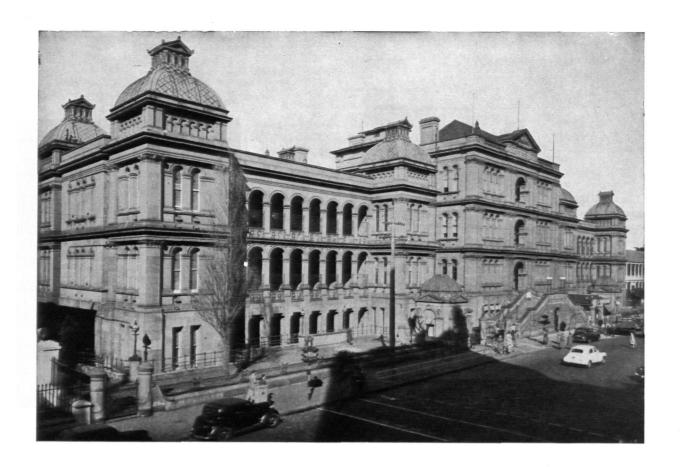
"Dennis came to Uni.
With a head of jet-black hair;
But six years of trial and worry,
Left a grey one here and there."

This obsessive-compulsive little Chinese sneaked into Medicine in 1963 and immediately secured a ninety-nine-year lease on Fisher Library, where he can be found at almost any hour underlining Harrison in red, green and black—and his results attest to the efficiency of his methods.

But "running dog" has his weaknesses: the all-night mah-jong orgies where he fleeces his sleepy friends; the lost weekends down Burwood way; and his ability to order dishes that aren't on the menu when he hosts table at Mock's Café.

Dennis' friendly smile and helpful attitude assure him of a successful joust with the big bad world outside medicine.

They also ran: BRIAN CHURNIN, LAWRENCE HARVEY MULLAN, EE KONG WONG.



SYDNEY HOSPITAL

The following article on the "Sydney Infirmary" appeared in Volume 1 of the Australian Practitioner—1877-1878.

Since our last issue, this important charity has been the subject of much discussion and criticism, the usual result having followed, viz.: great activity and revived interest on the part of the management, graceful adaptations to new conditions and circumstances, and a general display of zeal and enterprise on the part of the entire staff. At nearly every meeting of the House Committee, the Honorary Medical Staff has felt it is its duty to bring some matter of administrative detail to its notice, the consequence being that the position of Director to the Infirmary is no sinecure just now.

The number and gravity of the cases applying at the gates for medical succour continue to increase at the rate one would expect in a rapidly-growing city peopled by an energetic, industrial race. We fear, however, the record of casualties at the Sydney Infirmary reveals a proportion of serious accidents involving loss of life or

limb, greater than obtains in any other city of Englishmen; and we attribute this sad peculiarity to the chaotic state of our municipal institutions.

In no other city in Greater or Central Britain would a municipal body so tamley submit to be the scapegoat of so many sins of omission and commission as does the meek and gentle Corporation of Sydney. Unhappily, the more kicks it receives the more pachydermatous it becomes. What its sensibility may ultimately become is a subject for speculative enquiry.

To be serious, we fear that unless the professional, merchant and better-educated classes are compelled, in their turn, to fulfil municipal duties, the chronic paralysis of the Corporation will terminate fatally.

Bereft of all useful functions, "their Worships" will go the way of the old parish beadles, and be left in unmolested enjoyment of their cocked hats and dignity. It is not to be expected that small retail tradesmen in the decline of life—unassisted and uncorrected, can, with even the utmost goodwill and purity of intention

on their parts, efficiently devise and carry out the many details of municipal government incident to a large manufacturing and commercial city and seaport. Our police have become timid, and zeal is but a tradition in the service—indirect causes of the numerous street accidents.

The fearful and unexampled prevalence of drunkenness, and some other circumstances too serious to justify more than an allusion to, also produce their quota to the disproportionate number of cases applying for admission into the wards. To meet the ever-increasing amount of work, the resident surgical staff will be strengthened, and it is expected the honorary staffs—both medical and surgical, will have some addition at the next annual meeting.

A considerable number of your men and youths are now attending in a desultory sort of way the extensive field of practice presented in the wards, and a committee is at present engaged in devising arrangements for their better guidance and instruction, with a view to forming the nucleus for the complete medical school at length thoroughly determined on by the Government.

To the cynical onlooker it might be suggested that little has changed in our "municipal institution" when one observes the fantastic growth of the city around us in the post-war period, but the fact that the Clinical School has been able to grow and develop and retain its special flavour in spite of the tremendous physical deficiencies of our present site speaks volumes for the tenacity of the teachers—and yourselves.

With the expansion of the Specialty Departments and Clinics, the Departments of Medicine and Surgery and the creation of a Warden of Clinical Studies within Sydney Hospital, it is not an unreasonable claim that your year has received more scientific and clinical teaching than any before it, and that your curriculum has been the subject of more debate.

As the case material is limited by the physical size of the hospital, the teaching facilities are strained to the utmost and this is a problem that continually exercises the Clinical School; but the close liaison that has developed between the students, the Warden's Office and the teachers themselves has gone a long way to solving the problem.

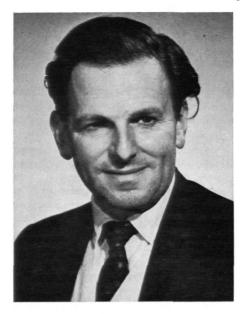
The student is always in danger of being overwhelmed by seminars, tutorials, lectures, ward rounds and case taking, particularly as the material being presented is increasingly complex and the time to present it is rather short; in fact, he is in danger of input fatigue unless he is allowed time to think for himself, to read for himself and to see something of life outside the confines of hospital.

Whether this is the case I am unable to say, but judging by the calibre of doctor produced from this hospital and by the atmosphere of friendliness that has always prevailed in the students' common room it would appear that your yourselves have been able to strike a happy balance between two extremes.

When the present historical building is razed to the ground I believe we shall all look back with great affection to our Clinical School, with sadness at its passing and pride that we were part of the Rum Hospital.

IAN L. THOMPSON,

THE HONORARIES



GASTON EGON BAUER

No ordinary honorary Gaston, A learned gold-medallist he, His wit, his charm, his candour, He is what we'd all like to be.

We've all become more cultured, Meandering through the heart, His tutes are a revelation, Of history, science and art.

For football is his stronghold, That's soccer to the fans, But more we envy his travel, To unique and foreign lands.

Yet many students falter, even panic, When faulted by this faultless hypomanic.

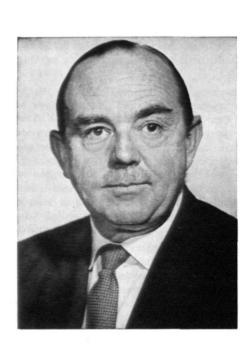
EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

"De Quervain's disease, my boy, is how to make your reputation."

We welcome "Ned" to his initial appearance in the Year Book. A very pleasant-mannered man, always a gentleman to both patients and students, he will be remembered by us for his many Latin quotes and his concern for simplicity.

Though his orientation is toward breast and thyroid lesions, we thank him for a general grounding in clinical surgery and for impressing us with the importance of thorough bedside examination.

We now appreciate that the arrival of Mr. Cortis as a senior tutor was "serendipitous" for us all!



PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

". . . adequately exposed in the anatomical position. . . ."

This all-round general surgeon who makes subtle use of the laying-on of hands and discreet interrogation of feminine physiology, gently leads his students via Gulargumbone to an understanding of clinical surgery.

His sedating manner, which tends to dispel student anxieties, encourages the diffident to participate, knowing that this benign gentleman never becomes malignant. Furthermore, his consideration for his patients' comfort is evidenced by "female-only" palpation of tender areas.

Modest in his appraisal of his own surgical experience and attainment, Mr. Greenwell has given those fortunate enough to have met him a comprehensive view of the surgical spectrum.

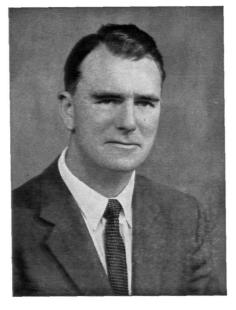
ERIC ALFRED EDGEWORTH HEDBERG

"A pleasant feeling of affective tone."

Below the stern exterior of this tall, austere surgeon lies the epitome of the clinical scientist (sans scrotal swelling, sans breast lump . . . sans everything students frequently attribute to him). Besides being a well-known thyroid swelling classifist (classo-, etc.), he delights in teaching students about fractures (i.e., breaks in the continuity of bones). It is rumoured that there are few fractures that he has not had himself.

During frequent excursions into classical literature we have gleaned many gems of knowledge including cognency (cogo, cogere) of African chiefs and hæmangiomata of the dinosaur vertebræ.

Thank you, sir.



ALAN EDWARD McGUINNESS

"Here was a Caesar! When comes such another?"

Classification: Universal stimulant.

Mode of Action: Basic mechanisms beginning at mitochondrial level. Dosage: Continuous ninety-minute infusion twice weekly for ten weeks.

Indications: 1. Typical "Sydney University" students.

2. List-learning.

3. Surgeons.

Contraindications: 1. Inadequate clinical clerking.

2. Unpunctuality.

3. Surgical interference.

4. Evangelism.

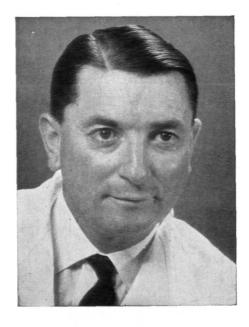
Side-effects: Aphasia, tremor, frequency, tachycardia, bruising.

Antidote: Not known.

Prophylaxis: Massive doses of "Green Journal".

Recent advances: New England didactic dynamics.

Surely this was the way medicine was meant to be taught.



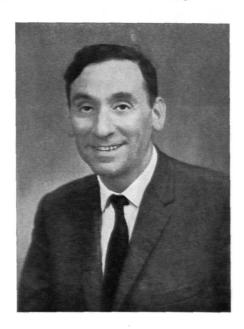
Associate Professor of Medicine:

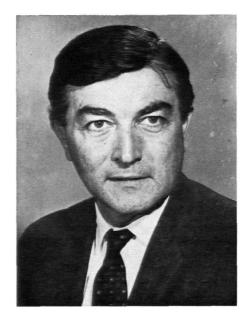
SOLOMON POSEN

"Am I to go away from this seminar with the understanding that...?"

Sol is always ready to listen to our thoughts on the management of his patients. However, the argument is never complete without some "Solisms". "Reference? . . . Mechanism? . . . Proven to a high-powered audience? . . . Was it a well controlled series? . . . C.C.F. is not a diagnosis, my nine-year-old daughter could tell you that! . . ."

On many occasions he confounded us with a multitude of diseases associated with changes in the serum calcium or alkaline phosphatase. Unquestionably an excellent tutor who inspired us to search through journals for valid information, and taught us to think, question and criticise intelligently.





JOHN RAFTOS

"Another notch for my stethoscope."

"Cock" is a word that could be a valid refutation of some current thinking in cardiology were it to come from Jack Raftos. Jack never uses it, but it would save a lot of people's time if he did—he is so imposing an influence. His hand is the "royal routine" each time: you realize he does not bluff, and so he is usually doing you a favour.

In the aura of his dark, primordial wit, steeled by incessant use, we think not of Jack as a director of the board or cricketer with a blue, but as an ever-present kick in our puddles of complacency—a kick where it hurts for woolly thinkers.

JOHN EDWARD REIMER

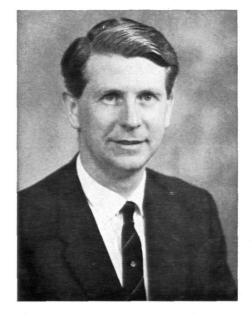
". . . my patient, Mrs. X, wife of a well-known North Shore bus conductor. . . ."

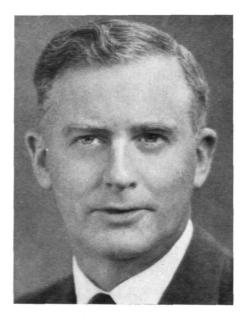
Mr. Reimer, the Warden of our Clinical School, is the classical Sydney Hospitaller who, ably assisted by "Loyal Coyle", has made Ward 8 side-room the mecca of students in distress.

Apart from taking a fourth-year surgical group, we all meet John during Fifth Year surgical term when he sheds many pearls of wisdom and relates relevant stories from his private practice.

His practical advice to students about to graduate is exemplified by his suggesting that all who drive carry a carpenter's kit containing at least a device to perform a burn hole.

We all have appreciated his unselfish attitude towards his honorary position and his genuine concern for students with problems.





THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

Cast in the mould of a classical teacher of medicine, his approach is to catalyze and channel the thoughts of his students towards perceiving the roots of a patient's problems and treating him as an individual, not a disease entity.

With his interest in hæmatology he likes to get to the marrow of matters. We congratulate Dr. Robertson on receiving the Archie Telfer Prize for his work in enhancing the reputation of the hospital and on his appointment as Visiting Professor to Singapore.

We thank him for giving a commonsense attitude towards medicine.



JOHN NELSON SEVIER

"Whose case is this?"

With a nod and paternal smile, Dr. Sevier leads his group calmly through the storms of Final Year. His masterful diplomacy is utilized fully during diagnostic debates, and one cannot but marvel at the way all sides win the same argument.

We have learned that it profiteth more to know much than why, and that doses are best memorized in church from the back of one's prayerbook.

In summary, we see him as a benign condition of learning associated with a high incidence of carnations, tactful interrogation, colourful tabs and having an excellent prognosis.

ALAN CATHCART RITCHIE SHARP "Quiet son, you're destroying my act!" To Mr. Sharp all the world's a stage . . . Act I was when we met, Eager to learn, enthusiasm bloomed; We read our lines so cleverly, And never missed a clue.

Then came Act II:
We seemed to change,
He acted strange,
And why I think we knew.

Maybe he lied when he said we would pass, And we had full cause to doubt, But we'd rather go on hearing his lies, Than to face reality's rout, Or to give up now and pull out.





Associate Professor of Surgery:

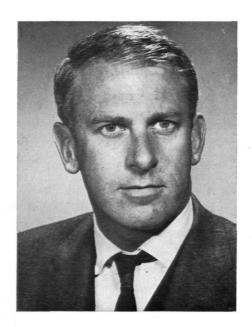
FREDERICK OSCAR STEPHENS

Following his success with the 1967 Final Year, Professor Stephens, in his initial encounter with us, urged us to continue to take out the lion's share of the surgical prizes.

Despite our initial gaucherie surrounding surgical case presentations, notably in the presence of a visiting surgeon, we feel sure that he has rightly attributed this to inexperience.

Professor Stephens will be remembered for his impeccable performances as chairman of many a correlation clinic, as will his (usually) successful attempts at humour when introducing speakers and when summing-up.

It has been a pleasure to have met a senior academic who retains a realistic sense of humour and at the same time produces erudite surgical papers.



IAN LYALL THOMPSON

We congratulate Dr . Thompson upon his maiden publication in the Year Book.

Although he has had more publications in the Sunday social Press than the medical journals, he has diverse and profound medical knowledge. Dr. Thompson is affectionately called the clinical "butterfly" of Sydney Hospital, for he never remains in one place for any length of time: if not playing student supervisor he is tutoring fourth-year students in medicine or lecturing to Final Year or attending the pulmonary or hæmatology clinics or performing at Grand Rounds or visiting Crown Street Hospital . . . he also has a private practice.

Despite his denials, we believe he was offered the role of "Jim Kildare" while studying in the U.S.A. His marriage in 1967 was a shock to some of our starlet students. However, he still retains an energetic intellect and remains one of our most approachable and sympathetic teachers.

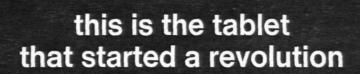
EDWARD WILSON

"It's the pregnant girls that do well! . . . Yes?"

Despite his multiple diplomatosis, Mr. Wilson soon proved to be the most agile of tutors. He was always happy to argue to point, an exercise which might, if we were lucky, trigger off his machine-like list of classifications which we can only assume are congenital, but may indeed be acquired, inflammatory, neoplastic, degenerative.

With his considerable experience, Mr. Wilson could always remember cases to support his opinions—but the girls still are not convinced that getting pregnant is a good way to pass the finals. We are doing a controlled series to find out.





'Largactil'* was introduced in 1954. And the "psychiatric revolution" began. Every so often a group of substances is discovered which changes the whole face of medicine. As with the sulphonamides and the antibiotics, so with the phenothiazine derivatives. 'Largactil', the first of these major tranquillizers, is still the basic therapeutic agent in many psychotic disorders and the standard with which others are compared.

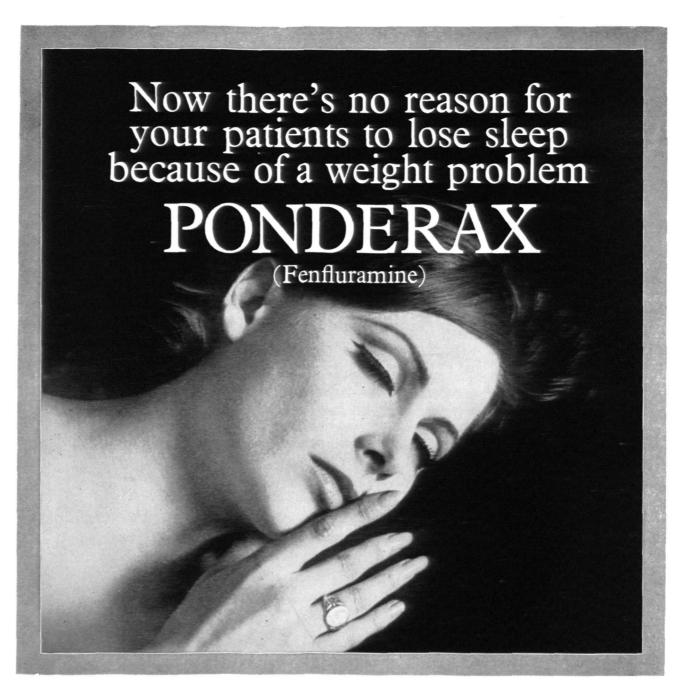
The care in formulation, the skill in manufacture and the broad background of research that led to its introduction are still behind you

every time you prescribe



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Effective appetite control in the obese patient is frequently complicated by the problem of night-time hunger. The patient's inability to tolerate further doses of the anorectic without suffering from excessive stimulation and consequent insomnia has resulted in a dilemma — either the patient will break the regimen

or lose sleep. The dilemma may now be resolved, however, by the use of Ponderax. Since Ponderax has no stimulant properties, it may be taken at any time, to give flexibility of dosage and 24-hour appetite control.

Clinical studies* indicate that Ponderax will produce a greater weight loss, sustained over a longer period, than many other preparations commonly in use. No cases of habituation or addiction have been reported, and there are no contraindications for diabetic, cardiac or hypertensive patients.

*Reference: Munro J. F., Seaton D. A., Duncan L.J.P. (1966) Brit. med. J., 2, 624.

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SPECIAL KUDOS

REGISTRARS/FELLOWS

KEVIN "NO CRAP" LAWRENSON
"WEE" JOHN PROVAN
TONY "HYPOPARATHYROID" IRELAND
KEVIN "SMILEY" HOURIGAN
FRANK "GIGGLES" DUDLEY
JOHN "NICE GUY" NIESCHE
JOHN "INAUDIBLE" MCGRATH

MAL "GOLDEN-BOY" GOLDSMITH
FRANK "SPELT WITH A "T" "STITT
ALF "MUMBLES" CALVERT
PETER "NOT EXACTLY" HUDSON
PHIL "COLLEAGUE" CLIFTON-BLIGH
BOB "ETERNALLY YOUTHFUL" FRENCH
BILL "GOD IS LOVE" PIGGOTT

Oscar for best performance by a senior resident: Dr. O. J. HOBKY—"MY JUNIOR".

OTHERS

VICTOR PANNIKOTE: Medical Superintendent at Crown Street Hospital, his extra tuition in Final Year was rated the best teaching effort of 1968.

FRED BERRY: Director of Anæsthesics, has the greatest capacity for fluid intake among the staff, one of the boys.

 BILL WOLFENDEN: Medical tutor, he can personally demonstrate any neurological sign better than the patients.

BRUCE HURT: Medical tutor, endocrinopathies are his forte.

MAX O'MARA: Plastic surgeon, whose clinical curiosity has warned off the male students from interfering with Mother Nature.

LOCHIE GLEN: Surgical tutor, "want a fight?".

PATRICK HARVEY: Physician with a gastro-enterological slant; he has revolutionized our bowel habits.

EDDIE HURST: Pathologist, whose organ recitals and impromptu confrontations highlighted our clinical years.

Dr. Bear, Dr. Ellis and Dr. Arnott: E.N.T. tutors who allowed us to observe that even medical students have wax in their ears.

Bruce Peterson: Psychiatrist, narcoleptic but rarely hypnotic.

Dr. DEANE-BUTCHER AND Dr. HILL: Ophthalmology tutors, aye for an eye.

DON DUNCOMBE: Potent urologist, also rumoured to be assistant student supervisor.

MARGARET COYLE: Jack of all trades, mistress of none the students' best friend.

Ross Campbell: Surgical tutor, he confounded us with his 66 causes of pancreatitis and 23 d/ds. of B.C.C.

Peter Francis: Physician, spleenologist and noted autohepar-palpater.

RITA RAMAGE: Sympathomimetic, responsible for widespread student tachycardia.

DR. FURBER, DR. GILL, DR. THEW AND DR. BACCARINI: Gynæcologists, whose combined efforts have given us an understanding of the deeper facets of feminine function, abnormality and management. MARK KILLINGBACK: Dedicated surgical tutor, colostomy king.

JUDY BOWDEN: Rumoured to be a secret agent from the Faculty planted in Ward 8 office to spy on the spending of student funds.

MARGARET POWER: Mod. librarian, never been known to issue a fine for overdue books, she has an infectious smile for all (especially tall, dark bachelors).

DAVID FAILES: Excellent and popular surgical tutor, fastest gun in the rectal clinic.

Val Thompson: Former opera singer turned student confidant-mater, she is reputed to have the largest collection of white coats in Sydney.

Con Reed: Dynamic physician, specialist in Cantonese medicine.

ALAN JESSUP: Quiet, dignified surgeon.

Dr. Gibson, Dr. Blackman and Dr. Potts: Urologists who have made us realize the importance of a good flow.

GUS McKESSAR: Surgical tutor, remembered for an abortive attempt at a four-hour ward round.

Dr. Heller, Dr. Wright and Dr. Hambly: roentgenologists extraordinary.

Dr. Ellis, Dr. Allman, Dr. Tooth, Dr. Bloch and Dr. Rhydderch: Orthopædic tutors, the best five-man pack in the hospital.

MAL INGLIS: Surgical tutor, peripheral pulses present.

DR. LATHAM AND DR. SCOTT-CHARLTON: Hyperdynamic neurologists who are also surgeons.

Ron Lewis: Medical tutor, can smell a murmur from the end of the bed.

Dr. Finley and Dr. Rae: Dermatology tutors, never known to make a rash diagnosis.

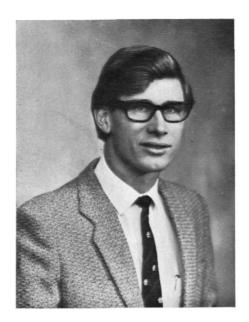
John Dixon-Hughes: Surgical tutor and consultant mammologist.

DR. GUNZ AND DR. STEWART: The wonder-boys of clinical research.

DAVID PERRY: Thoracic surgeon with clear bronchi and a big heart.

FR. NEWELL AND HIS ASSOCIATES: Attend to our mistakes.

THE STUDENTS



DONALD BRUCE AITCHISON

"You must have read a better book than I did, sir."

This nocturnal schizoid cyclist migrated into our Junior IV having spent the previous year drifting between the balmy days of Thursday Island and the chilly waters of southern New South Wales diving for abalone.

His bicycle raised no eyebrows until he parked it in his room while living in. And even the easy geniality of Dr. Pannikote was barely equal to the riding lesson he gave a fellow student along the corridors of Crown Street.

Although often seen doing battle with city traffic on the way, he was rarely actually observed at the hospital until bewitching hour, when he would appear with his weekly washing or two baby tortoises.

Prognosis: Guarded.

ROBERT JAMES ALLEN

"Whose lead?"

Bob entered University in 1962 after receiving secondary education at Barker

His many attributes include an uncanny ear for diastolic murmurs, an allergy to certain types of female make-up and a knowledge of electricity which enabled him to rewire the whole buzzer system at Crown Street.

A well-endowed card player and ardent reader of "Westerns", he has managed to satisfy examiners, although no one has ever actually seen him with a medical text.

His casual attitude — "I'll try anything" (well exemplified by skiing: "Just point 'em down hill")—and genial nature have made him a well-respected friend of us all. We wish him well and know he will make the most of his chosen career.





DMITRI DMITRIVICH BATALIN

"I've been working my guts out."

This Czarist aristocrat fled Manchuria in 1954. To those who did not know this Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, the Tolstoi lover image and the sexy lift of the eyebrows was the measure of the man. To those who did, his maniacal giggle and the Cossack gesticulations which he bestowed on the departing backs of the former, were more familiar.

His habitat was chiefly the library, and he was noted in tutorials for exhaustive classifications of subjects not under discussion.

When not being booked for multiple-hiring, he gave advice on venereology to his late night taxi-passengers bound for the Blue Light.

The few patients he cannot charm he will certainly bamboozle,

RICHARD JOSEPH BELL

Richard is the enthusiast. He has devoted his attention and enthusiasm to varied fields, both medical and otherwise. He has expounded to us rare syndromes from *The Lancet* and politics from *The Bulletin*.

"Where do you stand in Vietnam?" Beware! Richard is out for a good argument. However, he didn't stop at words, but put his political interests into practice in the Medical Society and S.R.C.

That worried look of concentration—Richard is playing his last game of cards or maybe reaching for his classical guitar.

Except at such serious moments, he always has a ready grin. His enthusiasm and attraction to the unusual hold promise of an interesting life in medicine.



DONALD LESLIE BURROWS

"Yeah, go baby!"

This hip musician came to the University from Homebush Boys' High School and spent several social years going through Pharmacy before realizing his true vocation and joining us in Medicine. This pharmacological background has been of great value, either in stunning his associates and tutors alike with a multitude of brand names or discussing obscure points in the metabolism of hypoglycæmics.

He has since retired from his wilder pharmacy days, and now enjoys the better things of life—cool music, cold beer and a hot Hungarian.

Now greying at the temples, Don scoffs at the rumour that he plans to retire after his first "hundred thousand". None the less, we wish him luck for a long and prosperous career.

STEPHEN ELSWORTH CAINS

Probably one of the most confused minds to enter the profession, Speedy came to us from North Sydney High, where he passed through an uneventful adolescence, giving little clue to his future momentous deeds. Numbered amongst his achievements are the invention of the one-minute car wash (discovered while parked on top of a tap in a rockery) and the finding that pedestrians will always give way to a motor-cycle if it's travelling fast enough and making enough noise. Other projects include a complete revision of the English language, resulting in Cainsisms like "gibber-schmibber".

We wish him success in the future, both professionally and otherwise, perhaps even to the extent of his finally mastering the bongoes.





LESLEY VERONICA CAMPBELL

"A magic Med. bird."

Beginning medicine in '63, Lesley has flown through despite bouts with viruses, suitors and the belated discovery that blondes really do have more fun!

Despite an endearing dislike for work, she has picked up an aweinspiring number of Cr's and D's including a first in pædiatric term and a devastating HD in public health. We all remember tutorials, lectures and even exams. where, slipping off her shoes, she sat munching an apple or sipping coffee.

Never ceasing to delight people with her wit, charm and love for others, Lesley has been one of the most popular girls to grace medicine. Such attributes are sure to make Lesley a loved and valuable member of the medical profession.

NICHOLAS JOHN CASSIMATIS

"Deal Frecolith!"

This black-bearded devotee of St. Fiacre appeared amongst us after a halcyon year learning the vices of the proletariat in the Pharmacology Department.

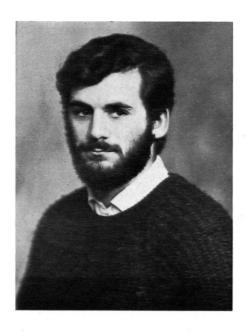
Passionately devoted to the card table, he was undeterred by the administration's relentless escalation of the size of prohibitive notices; playing stud with a triumphant patter of perineal epithets until the small hours.

Scorning an invitation to repeat surgical term, he chose to drove ladies of the night around the Cross in his taxi.

From long cases to lecture notes, the plagiaristic propensities of this infectiously good-humoured reprobate saved endless hours for more important pastimes.

We trust the transition to original ward notes will be uneventful.





BLANKA CHARAUS

"I think I've got leukæmia."

Although just "a simple girl from Bankstown", Blanka is a confirmed idealist with the most plausible explanations for the obvious failings of others. "I'm worried about my patient", she is heard to exclaim with wrinkled brow.

She is proud of her Czech. background, and between jetting to and from Europe, has brought an international flavour to our year.

From the midst of apparent uncertainty, she has a knowledgeable answer for every tutor and a ready blush for all stressful situations.

PETER ROBERT COHEN

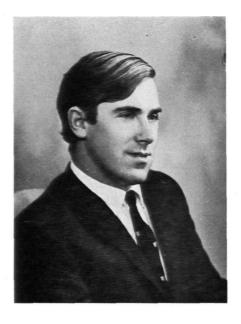
"Fish" passed through Shore in 1961, then took up residence "opposite the P.A. Club". Always a hard man to find in Sydney over any weekend, Pete in his habits is like a koala which only "eats shoots and leaves".

He earned his blue for rifle shooting in 1967.

Among his few excesses are surf-board riding, accounts of which were relived in the "Florida" at Terrigal, and skiing—he is a good après-ski coach, we are told, and the "occasional flutter", some on the stock exchange!

Never deterred by academic minutiæ, his research of journals was sometimes profitable: "Eh, Arvin, Sir? That's from the buccal gland of the Malayan pit viper."

We wish him the luck he does not need.



PETER HARDING CORLETTE

"Sydney Hospital's first honorary consultant student."

First seen emerging from a scrum feet first in Fourth Year, it soon transpired that Peter, in typical style, had completed his preclinical years at a university somewhere on the Gold Coast. He has maintained this connection by his annual attendance at refresher courses there.

Despite his somnolent mien, Peter, with devastating speed, soon had the heart of every girl in our year in his hands (and this the pre-Barnard era, too!).

Known to his tutors as "the quiet stranger" (the reason is lost in obscurity), Peter impressed surgically with incisive comments on laparotomy under L.A. and his descriptions of the famous Corlette splint.

GEOFFREY PAUL CURTIN

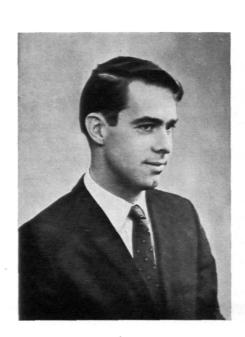
Paul soon showed us all that he knew "the drill" by getting his teeth into the army during his holidays, amazing us with his resultant affluence.

A connoisseur of vintage automotive rust, he has been the proud owner of a series of esoteric (but short-lived) continental cars.

His theory is the rustier they are, the lighter they are to push to Bowral—his home away from home—St. Andrew's of the south—the brewer's delight.

Paul, of course, has other interests, a fine ear for music, a cauliflower ear for football and an oracle for tutorials.

After Dentistry and Medicine, the question is: which Faculty next?





ELIZABETH ANNE DIBLEY

"Has anyone seen my keys?"

Even though she is constantly teased by other members of the group, Anne still has a good sense of humour and is always ready to make coffee or listen to problems.

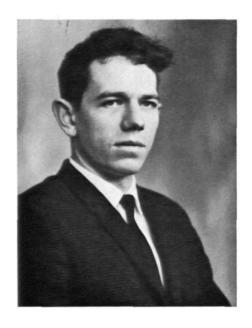
Overheard during a ward round: "Miss Dibley, what would you do in a case like this?" "Well, you know it's so hard to imagine doing it myself."

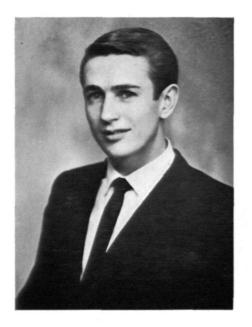
However, that was a while ago; Anne has finally climbed off the fence of indecision. She brings beauty, sympathy and competence to the profession.

GEOFFREY WALLACE EATHER

After completing his first year at U.N.E., "Muscles" Eather came to Sydney in 1964. Since then he has demonstrated repeatedly what little effort is really necessary to pass each year—just how the many hours remaining are spent is largely conjecture, but there have been rumours: (1) seeking cheap board and lodgings, (2) big-timing at Thredbo, (3) playing his guitar, (4) looking for a comb (to date unsuccessful.

Whichever may be true, Geoff. has the qualities of generosity and independence of thought which have won him so many good friends and will ensure his future success.





GARY B. ERICKSON

"Do you charge for a repeated thyroidectomy, sir?"

Hailing from Wingham, but educated at Taree High, Gary soon settled down to his nocturnal study ritual. This resulted in his unimpeachable mark in histology in Second Year and the subsequent recuperation during Third, Fourth and Fifth Years.

Some of his diversions meantime included vigorous attempts at conducting Dvorak to the blare of his stereogram and cultivating the acquired title of Don Juan.

Gary has an extraordinary ability to placate tutors by his somnolent presence, punctuated by outbursts of sharp clinical acumen.

His congenial charm, together with his outgoing personality and his genuine concern for his patients determine for him a bright and satisfying future.

LAWRENCE TASMAN GADD

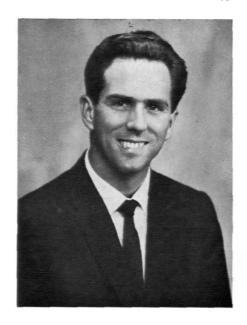
"Fair enough, mate."

Currently a pipe-smoking winer-diner from the Dee Why younger set, Lawrie came to us with a background of gentleman-farming and financial acumen.

His achievements on campus include a number of academic distinctions and the lion's share of the University Squadron's graduation prizes.

Off campus, Lawrie has developed intimate associations with the paramedical fields of pharmacy and nursing, the latter cultivated during an elective stint at an isolated New Zealand hamlet. In addition, his ambitions to travel, exemplified by his fleet of cars, indicates a profound interest in broader and greener fields.

When he eventually settles down, Lawrie can be expected to be the obstetrician in a thriving (North Shore) group practice.



CAROL ISABELLA GIBSON

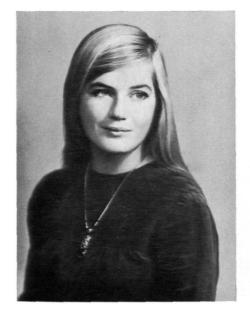
"Isn't he gorgeous?"

The maid from Lilli Pilli, initially despatched to St. George, was fortunately soon upgraded to Sydney Hospital, a position where her talents could be truly appreciated.

Since arrival, Carol's performance during ward rounds has been remarkable for demonstrations of recurrent vasomotor insufficiency, which, despite sympathetic attention from her male colleagues, has persisted. We suspect that this, coupled with her reflex eyelash-fluttering when asked to elucidate a clinical syndrome, indicates yet another usage of her abundant feminine guile.

Her deficiencies attendance-wise have not prevented her from making such an original contribution as the "Fanconi test" for hydatid disease.

The future will offer many enviable possibilities to Carol.



JOHN RICHARD GRAHAM

"Of course, over in Boston . . ."

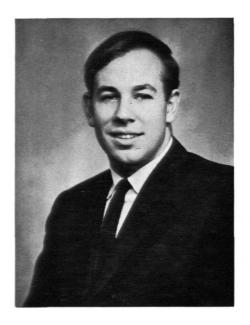
Following his success at Shore, John entered Medicine in 1962 and continued to distinguish himself, gaining, *inter alia*, first-class honours in his B.Sc. (Med.) in neurophysiology.

"Dapper John" quickly became renowned for his immaculate dress and manners, and for his vast assortment of ties . . . 150 at the last count.

A whiz at cardiology, and winner of the ophthalmology prize, John demonstrated remarkable ability in eliciting and interpreting many obscure physical signs, and he won fame and fortune with his report of exsanguination from bleeding spider nævi.

Side-interests in stud cattle, quarter horses, golfing, skiing, young ladies and America's Cup yachting have coloured John's student days, and his friends all confidently wish him well for the future.





WARWICK RAYMOND HARPER

"Bit of tone, boy, bit of couth."

A product of Newington College and the Vet. School, this cheerful myope entered medicine and proceded to tuck success after success under his more-than-adequate belt.

Warwick's many and varied extra-curricular activities have included a buoyant, flamboyant bird-watching role (otherwise known as lifesaving); off-shore spearfishing (after three months' practice in his neighbour's goldfish pond); farming (with a little rodeo on the side); and rugby, where, despite the handicap of rugby knee and a low B.M.R., he has gained State representation.

As the courageous owner of a wee vintage car he had little difficulty in driving a beautiful young physio. to the point of betrothal—his grand future is now assured.

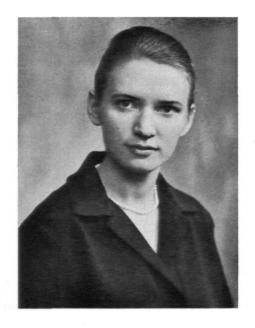
PAMELA BRAWDLEY HARRISON

Hemizygotic in origin, Pam's first calling was as a microbial morphologist at the Mater, Newcastle. A visit to the land of her origins included employment at Guy's where she received a higher calling to the clinical life.

Superficially reserved, Pam has demonstrated unexpected potentialities, as noted from the exhausted cigarette-machine at a certain exclusive night-spot. Furthermore, her ethanol dehydrogenase has proved more than adequate for the modest substrate provided.

Academically, her earlier training helped provide Pam with the only distinction at Sydney Hospital in Fourth Year. Undoubtedly, she is destined to become a dedicated and proficient pathologist.





JUDY I. HENDERSON

"Let's have a party!"

Leaving the serenity of the banana country behind her, Judy eventually found her niche in Sydney's bohemian quarter. Basically a cyclothyme, she is well recognized by her athetoid propensities (notably when directing professorial surgical sessions) and highly developed maternal drives which reached peak levels during an elective term project on histocytic reticulosis at R.A.H.C.

Never one to take offence at trivia, Judy's warm sense of humour and rosy disposition have enabled her to handle any situation.

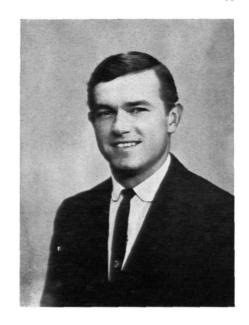
Despite a somewhat premature leaning towards anæsthetics and obstetrics, her congenial attitude and genuine concern for all patients will be a firm basis for a lucrative general practice.

DAVID JOHN HENDERSON-SMART

"It's all a matter of will-power."

With the courage any Springbok would be proud of, David has withstood the many storms of the past few years, some of which have occurred many miles from any place of learning. But with his well-trained crew of one, he very rarely fails to reach a secluded bay for that quiet bar-b-q. Now the story goes that the captain and the crew have formed a more permanent team.

Now in more academic fields, David has certainly excelled himself; his knowledge of diverticulæ being unsurpassed, and proof that his love for medicine is more than skin deep is seen in his development of clubbing. New Zealand is another story!



ALLAN CHEE BOO HONG

"Ah so . . . language difficulties."

Reputedly ascended from a line of oriental businessmen, Allan forsook his Singapore origins when he was re-incarnated at Crown Street Hospital.

An innate charmer, he uses this faculty to full advantage in orientating his feminine acquaintances and cheerfully smiling away searching questions. He discredits the rumour that his sole income derives from his expertise in games of chance. However, he can never deny hypersensitivity to the evil ethanol as evidenced by frequent observations of facial rubor on exposure.

His ability in the eastern culinary arts, besides giving pleasure to all, has expanded his girth to the point of exertional dyspnœa.

Allan's infectious optimism and practical ability indicate an excellent prognosis.

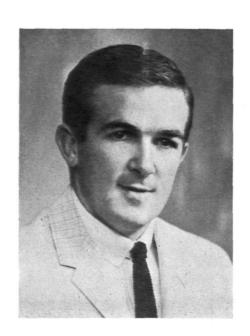


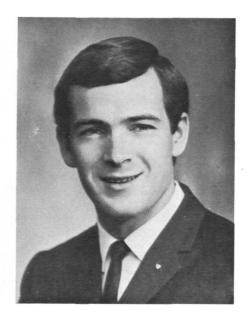
TERENCE WILLIAM HOWISON

Terry ("a punched-out lesion") joined us after a prominent sporting career at Christian Brothers, Lewisham (this explains his deep religious feelings), and continued in this vein at University, where he gained his boxing blue along with the N.S.W. "Golden Gloves" and Australian Universities' Championships.

Despite these activities, he managed a certain amount of academic work and maintained a lively, if somewhat irregular, passage through the course. He started his clinical years at St. George Hospital but soon realized his error and joined us at Sydney where he very quickly settled into the social life.

A very easy-going personality, Terry will be most welcome and accepted in whatever professional role he chooses—we wish him the best of luck!





ROBERT ALEXANDER HUGHES

After an enjoyable stay at Belmont High, Bob discovered University, which he so loved that he decided to repeat Second Year.

An effortless string of credits ensued in the next three years, giving him ample time to pursue his other loves and cards and football and yachting.

With all this, Bob takes an active part in the welfare of his country—spending many Sundays in the Domain. He is also a recently-returned ambassador to New Zealand, where he became an authority on local beer and wild-life.

His charming bedside manner, as many of his girlfriends' mothers will agree, will ensure his success.

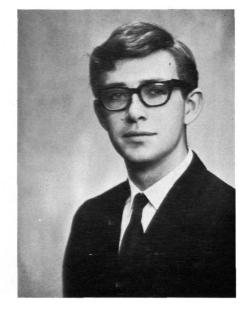
RUSSELL DOUGLAS HULL

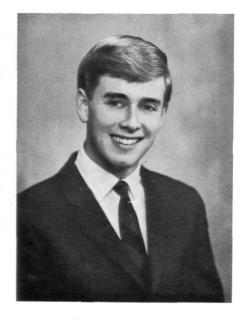
Russell's tall frame, when not in naval uniform or soaring above the ground in a glider, can always be seen interposed between patient and other members of the group.

Recently addicted to smoking a pipe—"I know it's not alight"—he returned from Sweden this year with his first wristwatch. Now he'll know he's late.

A known authority on minis, Russell's third love is his work, at which he is very diligent.

A pacesetter who is sure to succeed, Russell looms as a future authority on hydatid disease in northern Lapland.





ROBERT ALEXANDER HUSBAND

"Did I wake up during that lecture?"

Robert's sleepy look oft repeated, has hidden his active, fertile mind from all but his closest associates and examiners—but his recent marriage to a pretty young schoolteacher has revealed his ingenuity to others.

Despite complaints from patients that he is too young to be a doctor, his interests have tended to the more mature aspects of psychiatry, parathyroid adenomata, and spark plugs (his "FJ" does ten miles to the plug).

He also conducted practical research into infection with Salmonella crownii during obstetrics term.

Bob's irrepressible humour is bound to make a visit to the doctor a happy occasion.

SALLY JANE JASPRIZZA (MRS. C. S. LAUER)

"A ready wink and a flashing smile . . ."

Sally joined us at the end of Fourth Year, having recently gained a B.Sc. (Med.) and a spouse (Chris) from the Pathology Department.

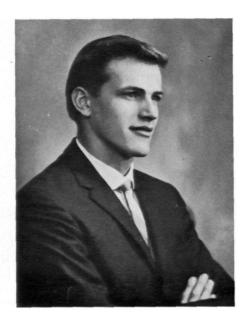
We gather she devoured the earlier years with the same casual ease that enabled her to complete high school in Fourth Year.

In tutorials Sally is an embarrassment to her fellows—she always knows the answer—and is just as shocked as the rest of us when she does not.

Doubtless inspired by winning the Pædiatric Prize, she is currently approaching obstetrics with unprecedented enthusiasm (hear they are having a boy).

Her knowledge, competitive ability, warmth with friends and patients, augur so well for Sally it makes you jealous to think about it.





HENDRIK KLAAS KUIPER

Henry has usually dominated his group, not only by his height, but also by his willingness to have a go at anything. It was not without reason that he earned the title of "Hacker Henk" in anatomy classes. Any tutor that has dared to be half an inch taller than Henry has automatically become "shortie".

Henry has always warned his male acquaintances of the dangers of associating with carriers of the XX chromosomal pattern. Not practising what he preached, he married in Fifth Year. On the academic side, Henry is interested in certain medical conditions, but our feeling is that "Hacker" spirit is going to guide him in the future; how right we are remains to be seen.

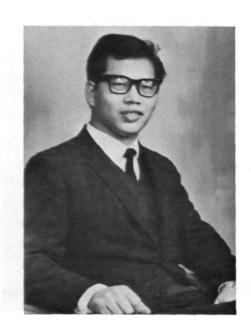
JOHN C. T. LAI

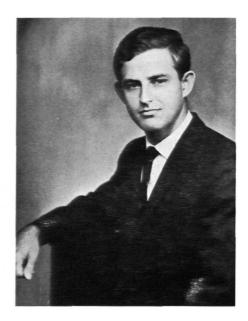
A dutiful export from Hong Kong, with typical shy, quiet exterior, John has on many occasions shown a personality steeped in lumour and intelligence.

John's easy manner is a joy to his friends and patients, although not always to his tutors. As for language difficulties, he acts with what we believe to be tolerable restraint towards his tutors—they speak dreadful Chinese!

Allegedly related to a long line of Asiatic card merchants, John will always be remembered for his remarkable and unique methods of playing bridge: "Six hearts is easy!"

Always well dressed, conscientious and hard-working, John will be a worthy member of the medical profession.





GERALD MURRAY LAWRIE

Complete with tartan tie and Johnnie Walker, Gerald piped himself into the Faculty from Scots College.

Ever since his giant black racer disembowelled itself on a trip to the snow, Gerald's interests have expanded to include sailing and golf. His golf can be quickly dismissed as acute, intermittent and . . . malignant. Each Saturday, however, stupefied with "Andrumin", he goes down to the sea.

He believes so strongly in the cathartic value of this ritual exercise that he has formed the R.H.Y.C. for our mutual marination.

His Captain Bligh tendencies are but thinly submerged even when ashore, and he is quick to crush any hint of mutiny from his scurvy medical crew, be they who they may!

ANDREW LOEWY

"Want a lift?"

A recent addition to our group, although better known on the racecourse, Andrew's wit and searching intelligence have been enjoyed by us all. His generosity in offering to chauffeur any itinerant wanderer to Afghanistan has become renowned. While coming ninth in the N.S.W. State Bridge Championship, bowling and playing dawn golf, he manages to take a keen interest in medical matters.

He makes the same approach to discussions, both medical and philosophical, arousing fierce controversy while delivering his own brand of rhetoric.

During his elective term, Andrew organized Sydney Hospital's clinical slide collection with a cataloguing system which, if patented, will enable him to retire early from what will surely be a brilliant medical career.



GABOR ATTILLA CHARLES MAJOR

"Wake me at lunch time."

Gabor reached our shores from Hungary in 1956. Since then a deep love of natural fauna has sent him on long searches for exotic wild pigs and birds.

Many tales are told of his hunts along the banks of the Murray for wild Thai pigs, and we noticed the addition of another blond feather to his cap on his return from New Zealand.

Despite frequent exacerbations of narcolepsy (especially the morning after), Gabor has managed to keep ahead of the work.

Always keen to accept a challenge, he obligingly took on all the hard cases at Crown Street. We wish him many happy reviews of the literature and success in his career.

DAVID A. MATHEWS

Following his brother's illustrious footsteps through Medicine, David has continued in the tradition of ink-riddled, buckled texts—mute evidence of his determination to obliterate the print. His inverted diurnal sleep rhythm, developed in Second Year, reached its peak at Crown Street where he would inevitably be found at 3 a.m. supping with the nurses or teaching them the finer points of chess.

David's impeccable tastes in music is typified by his ceaseless search for Stravinsky records and his efforts in gaining perfect reproduction from the stereo—the victim of frequent modifications.

With his practical approach to problems and his extensive general knowledge, David will have a rewarding and interesting future.





GAYLE MARIE McINERNEY

"Oh, no!"

Usually to be found hiding in the back of the group, behind the tallest member, Gayle nevertheless has a great fund of medical knowledge which she reveals after a lot of persuasion. She is the smartest dumb blonde we know.

Her sparkling personality and original mode of dress have made her the centre of attraction in our group. Despite a long engagement and recent marriage, she has made steady progress in her medical

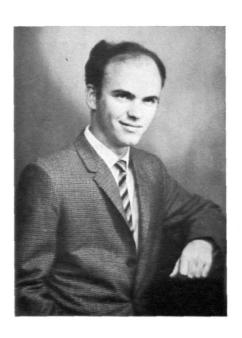
Her intelligent, sympathetic approach to patients will make her a very successful medical practitioner. We all hope that, together with the diversions of married life, Gayle will have a long and satisfying medical career.

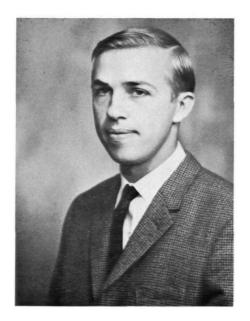
JOHN ROBERT MERORY

John has sailed a straight course through Medicine due to diligent hard work and interest. When not asking abstruse questions of tutors ten minutes after a tutorial should have finished, he is to be seen in the wards asking abstruse questions of the patients.

Outside "medical hours", his interests are broad, ranging from concerts, opera, intellectual books, political seminars and a wide variety of ladies about whom he has told us very little. At his sporting best as a member of the Thredbo ski-patrol, he seemed just as efficient at night around the village.

For John the future looks good no matter what field of medicine he chooses to follow—we wish him well in his choice.





JOHN RAIMUND MILLA

"Oh well, not to worry."

Lithuanian by birth, John came to Australia at an early age to distinguish himself academically at High School. An unassuming and friendly sort of fellow, he commands the respect and friendship of all who know him.

Although not usually in the "fore" in tutorials, John's knowledge of medicine and surgery is extensive, and he seldom fails to answer questions directly proposed to him.

John's hobbies are many and varied and he plays a "mean tune on his fiddle".

We know that for John success is certain—which is excellent, for it is a just reward.

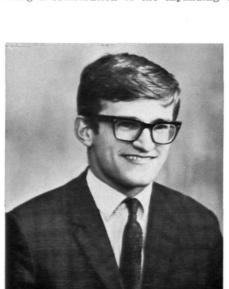
ROSEMARY MORTON (ALAS, NOW MUNRO!)

"Bob knows I am no second-hand Rose."

Rose's introduction to clinical medicine was highlighted by gaucherie with percussion, melanotic onychogryphoses and horror at sigmoidoscopy. However, she soon blossomed as the lone XX in her group and achieved two enviable rewards: a budding young radioastronomer (hence the twinkle in her eye) and the William Kay Prize.

Despite the obvious advantages of five years at Togetherness College, including a year as head maiden, Rose admits to anxiety over her initial efforts at home economics. Darwinian psychodynamics explains this as a benign elective guilt-reaction to functional coquetry (excellent prognosis).

The future for Rose holds a galaxy of possibilities, not the least being a contribution to the expanding Universe.



JAMES FRANCIS O'BRIEN

"We are all cast in the same mould; but some are mouldier than others."

So Bucko filled the mould cast by his medical father and two brothers when he came to us from Riverview. He should have done Law, as he will spend much of his time "at the bar". Despite a thirst for knowledge, he cultivated a savage thirst for the Saturday's "few beers under the Stand".

His course through medicine has been punctuated by many football matches, card games and the pursuit of rustic pleasures at Bong-Bong picnic races. His infectious laugh and cheerful manner might be the tonic for his patients if his medicine is not—good luck, Jim.

COLIN GEOFFREY PEARCE

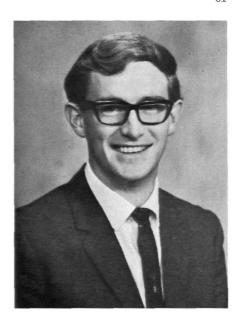
"Well flop me."

Colin's achievements belie this! A product of Sydney Grammar, he has combined his many talents and interests with a study of medicine.

An expert potato-peeler in the Swedish tradition, Colin worked his way to America by sea in 1966-67, arriving back in time to pass anæsthetics and E.N.T., and amuse his surgical tutors.

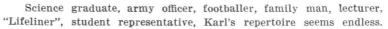
A trip to Darwin in unallocated term resulted in his intimate knowledge of northern flora and fauna, Queensland floods and the Stony Desert.

Back on one of his frequent visits to Sydney, Colin is a regular attender at R.N.S.H. His breezy disposition and honest approach leave one in no doubt that his future in the army is assured.





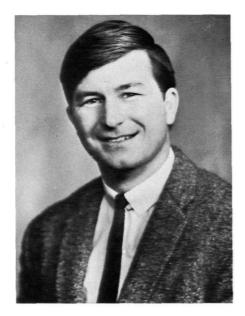
"Call me sir."



This B.Sc. from Armidale must surely be rated as "Sydney Hospital Personality of 1968". His widely-known extroversion (occasionally misinterpreted as hypomania by amateur psychiatrists) has penetrated clinical and administrative departments alike, with varying rebound phenomena.

Apart from an unforgettable experience as a fledgeling-anæsthetist, high points of Karl's hospital career include being mistaken by a patient for the Professor of Surgery, and the advice of a senior physician to "go forward" at the Billy Graham Crusade.

Karl's enthusiasm for any project undertaken, coupled with an eminently practical approach to the patient's problems, assures this prospective surgeon of the success he deserves.



PHILIP SIDNEY RING

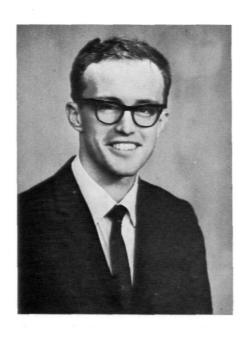
"Mr. Ring-not Ring."

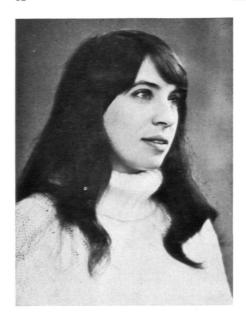
First-born in a family of eleven, Phil seems intent to carry on the tradition despite the expected pressure from pharmaceutical representatives.

Having acted *in-loco-parentis* towards his brother and sister since they left their country origins, Phil developed a leaning towards psychiatry. This calling has been strengthened by his notorious autonomic lability in matters of courtship and his domiciliary meanderings.

Phil's academic performances, although not revealing his wide knowledge, have resulted in his accumulation of a considerable number of credits. This disparity can be explained by his insistence on the use of one authority.

His discriminating perception of psychopathology is a sane basis for head-shrinking.





DENISE ANN ROPERT

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Denise loves:

French wines, French fashions, French men, Good jazz, bad jazz,
Flying—that's where she learned to parachute,
Playing the guitar (and playing the field),
Food—she just adores food,
Film—by the foot,
Clothes, or lack of them,
TV—she's always in "Conflict",
Medicine—although sometimes it's hard to tell,
Everything,
Everyone.

And we all love Denise.

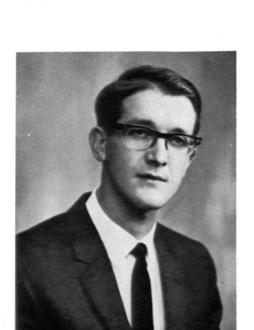
DANIEL PATRICK RUSSELL

Dan, one of the more senior members of our year, entered Medicine after gaining his Leaving Certificate from Sydney Technical College, having been a commercial artist for a number of years prior to his deciding to do medicine.

Dan, with his easy, sophisticated manner, must have, at times, been somewhat dismayed at the behaviour of his younger colleagues, but never allowed himself to show this, mixing well with all with whom he came in contact.

He has continued to amaze us in tutorials with his knowledge of recent journals, a reflection of his avidity for reading.

Dan, with his calm, responsible approach, will, we feel, have a highly-successful medical career.





GEOFFREY PAUL RYAN

Geoff. entered the Medical Faculty in 1963 from Sydney Technical High School. Since then he has successfully managed to satisfy the examiners year by year. He commenced his clinical years in the suburban solitude of St. George Hospital, but in Fifth Year was welcomed to Sydney Hospital where he rose from obscurity to gain the Anæsthetics Prize.

His quiet, unassuming nature and droll humour made him well liked at both hospitals.

An enthusiast for doing the right thing, he was always available to handle an extra case and carry the group through many a traumatic tutorial.

His genuine interest in medicine and his ability to inspire confidence in his patients will assure him of a successful future.

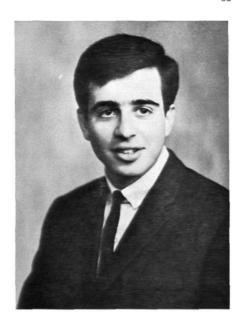
CHRISTOPHER GEORGE SCARF

"If you'd just shut up for a moment, sir, I'd be able to answer your question."

Chris's most outstanding qualities are his tact and charm, which have endeared him to honoraries, nurses, patients and many a hopeful mother-in-law

As "King" of our group he has kept us entertained with his endless repertoire of jokes, an enormous store of useless information and his intracerebral catalogue of the Sydney social "Who's Who".

Though disclaiming any credit, Chris (he reminds us) inherited all the humility of the Scarf family, and despite his atrocious spelling, he has maintained an enviable academic record. With all this, who needs our best wishes for the future? He has them anyway.





PETER SLEZAK

"In the latest journal of . . ."

An incredible list of eponyms which Peter will expound and an equally fantastic ability to "make up" those which he cannot explain, have made Peter quite a character around the hospital and tutorials. Peter's first love is divided between medicine and other "things" (as indicated by the occurrence of sudden ventricular ectopics at the appearance of pretty physiotherapists during ward rounds). Although his first love is medicine, "Slez" has an enviable knowledge of surgery; this is most evidenced in tutorials—"Shut up, son, you are ruining my act".

With his extensive knowledge of the latest literature, his easygoing, pleasant personality, we will not be surprized to see him in future years "up with the heavies".

JOHN PAUL SMITH

John Smith, the owner of that not-unusual name, knows his medicine and gains good rapport with patients of similar nomenclature.

John has a good sense of humour and always enjoys a joke—sometimes at the expense of the girls in his group.

He gained notoriety as a party organizer at Crown Street. So successful was his advertising that the matron nearly came too. However, we feel that advertising is not the only field in which John will succeed, for his quiet, sincere and responsible approach to work are pointers to future meritorious achievements.





KERRY FAYE VATSELIAS

"Are you a doctor or a lady?"

Of Greek parentage and Rumanian birth, Kerry came to Australia and studied classics at Sydney Girls' High. Matching her femininity with feminine logic, she naturally chose medicine as her career.

A compulsive note-taker, Kerry has on file every word spoken in lectures over the last few years. However, being almost inaudible, it is only by her fluid hand movements and vivid facial expression that she can reply to questions.

Her "loves" include clothes, hairpieces, more clothes, sleeping on the beach, playing "bad" squash, "unusual" dishes. . . .

We feel sure that with her charming ways and enthusiasm for medicine she will show that one can be both a doctor and a lady.

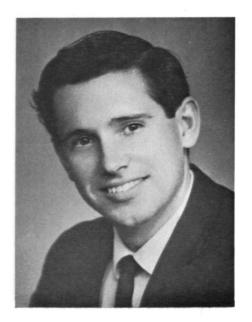
CAROLYN MARY WEST

An ex-pupil of Sydney Girls' High School, Carol blossomed into full academic bloom in Fifth Year when she topped the students at Sydney Hospital.

We often hear her in the common room at lunch time saying "Who's going to the organ recital?" She classifies most people as "twits" or "non-twits", and is often seen terrorizing group members who dare to ride in her green "Joey".

Melbourne medical circles were most impressed by Carolyn's enthusiasm during the elective term — a letter from her senior to Professor Milton stated that if she was an example of Sydney students, then those of Melbourne had better look to their laurels. Troubled by phleboliths?—See Carolyn (by appointment only).





JOHN BARKER WHITTLE

"May I ask you a question, sir-who the hell are you?"

John joined us in 1962 from Trinity Grammar School. His course through Medicine was punctuated by a short stop in Second Year and many stops at the table tennis room.

His first four years passed unobtrusively, but he hit the spotlight by becoming Med. IV representative and since then has been loved by all.

After a successful take-over bid for St. George Hospital, he was fortunate enough to reach the card-playing tables at Sydney Hospital and the palace across the way.

Among his many attributes are: genuine modesty, good looks, expert skier, wide knowledge and sincere tact. We expect John to do well in whichever field is fortunate to have him included.

KELVIN KENNETH WOOLLER

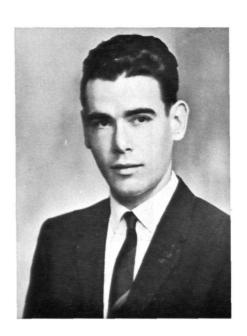
"There is no point in overdoing it."

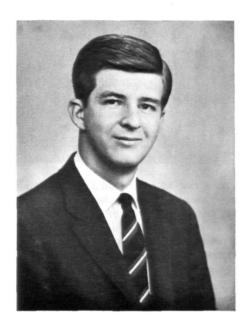
The tall, dark bachelor-gardener from Newcastle began his clinical studies on a horticultural note by offering his services as a consultant to a well-known cardiologist whose carnations had contracted the "failure-to-thrive" syndrome.

Never one to waste words in tutorials or ward rounds, Kelvin has conscientiously applied himself to the practical side of medicine, hence his credit in E.N.T., and has attained considerable dexterity in digital examinations (in which we observed genuflection to be an indispensible component).

His competence in the fields of high finance, high fidelity and health foods needs no further comment.

Kelvin's ordered approach to his work augurs well for his future career in clinical practice.





GREGORY PAUL WOTHERSPOON

"Mmm-beautifully proportioned, perfect consistency."

Greg. is basically an epicurean with a "nose" for fine women and rare wine. As Group L's representative, he has displayed an uncanny knack for establishing rapport with allcomers.

Immaculate handwriting and intellectual finesse have enabled him to secure an ample share of credits and a distinction. His extracurricular activities include: clothing smart young men at David Jones; honorary hitch-hiking; establishing a cellar while draining others; wrestling with problems of papal infallibility; reading the social columns and trying to put (North) Bexley across the Harbour.

Despite his original contribution to anæsthetics, Greg. was converted to the "Green Journal" in elective term and is assured of a prosperous career as a physician.



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL

"Caritas Christi Urget Nos"

I have been reading Year Books since 1935 and have observed the gradual transition from what a Year Book was to what it now is. There is not much change, for the Year Book is a collection of one's colleagues, their histories, their imprint on oneself and others, and their reactions to their hospital, their tutors and their environment.

The only constant thing in these reactions is their hospital. The students change, the teachers change, the hospital is always their Alma Mater. It may physically alter, its traditions do not.

Those of us who have been students at St. Vincent's Hospital since its inception as a Clinical School of the University of Sydney since 1923 have seen many changes, as are natural to a hospital which began way back in 1857. "The old order changeth, giving way to the new." But the old order does not change, nor is there a real new, in the doctrine laid down by the Foundress of the Charity Nuns "charity to all, irrespective of colour, class or creed", nor in the tradition of service to all at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Willing or not, you, all of this 1968 vintage year, are now part of the history of this great hospital. You may be emotional, or phlegmatic, but you cannot ever shrug off the cloak that you may wear with some great distinction, that you were a St. Vincent's man. You cannot, either, deny than in your brief time here as an undergraduate, you have absorbed a modicum of the driving spirit of the hospital—of charity—and you will never throw this off.

Other volumes have told of our proud heritage. May this one carry the message that this honoured record now includes each and all of you who, in turn, as in the handing on from the old to the new, must assume the responsibility of ensuring that the dignity of the individual is paramount, subservient only to the truth that service to the other man is more important than to oneself.

You have done well in your hospital years. You cannot now rest and relax, for more is expected of you, and more you must do. That is the way of life—and of your hospital, and of your teachers. You in your turn must assume this mantle.

You will wear it well.

P. J. KENNY, Warden.

THE HONORARIES

WILLIAM JOHN GERARD BURKE

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

The intricacies of neurology are transiently made simple in his tutorials. Afterwards, faced with a patient and grappling with the problem "where is the lesion" a relapse occurs and our wires are again crossed. However, Dr. Burke's patience with use through Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Years, together with his fatherly understanding of our problems, will allow us to stammer through our "neuro. case" in the finals.

We thank him for the benefit of his alpha waves.



RICHARD DANIEL CONDON

"I am accused of always being kind to the ladies."

Until Final Year, few of us knew this dynamic teacher; then, for seven weeks, each of us was subjected to the influence of a unique personality whose boyish grin and scintillating wit was more than enough to keep a late-afternoon tutorial alive—usually a nigh-on-impossible task.

We were impressed with his kindness and smooth approach to the patient, his simplified teaching methods, his wide knowledge and his readiness to impart it. But mostly we were impressed with his enthusiasm—and being impressed, we learnt. The process was not so painful after all.

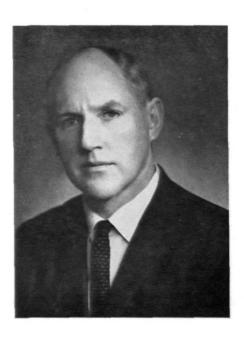
Seven weeks is not long enough to be exposed to a teacher of this calibre. Sir, we thank you.



BRIAN CURTIN

In Dr. Curtin we have a man who commands our admiration and respect. In the short time we spent with him we were impressed by his approach to life, medicine, patients and students alike. A quietly-spoken man of great understanding and tolerance, he guided us through the unravelling of a wide range of medical problems with a characteristic unhurried and logical thoroughness based upon a wealth of vast experience. Confused thinking on our part often evoked his wry sense of humour and a friendly smile which was always reassuring.

We have learned from him more than an understanding of physical medicine, and for all this he will be remembered with gratitude.





REAY IGNATIUS EAKIN

"Which of you doctors is curing Mrs. . . "

This gentleman is one of the "old school" of physicians who believes that diagnosis of a patient's ailment is made by clinical rather than laboratory means and that this is more accurate in many cases.

Dr. Eakin is a kind and considerate tutor who is always ready to help his students and doesn't mind explaining something for the umpteenth time. He is one of the few tutors who can understand and accept why some students come late for, or are absent from, a tutorial.

As a family man with many children of his own he is in a good position to give advice on human relationships and emotional problems—obviously an essential part of the art of medicine. Most who ask his advice at least consider it carefully, for there are few situations he has not previously experienced.

JUSTIN PAUL FLEMING

This urbane gentleman invariably presents to Final-Year students an optimistic picture of Final Year ("the day begins at sunrise") and with repeated exhortations to "learn surgery from the wards" he has no doubt become accustomed to the large numbers of patients who are mysteriously and inaccessibly accommodated in the X-ray Department.

Despite the anxiety engendered when faced with the rhetorical "and, of course, you took the temperature and tested the urine?", tutorials with Mr. Fleming were always interesting, and with the aid of thermometers, clinistix and his clinical acumen, Mr. Fleming, on occasion, succeeded in the impossible—rays of light penetrated our inherent apathy and we even acquired a workable knowledge of the hospital layout.





GEORGE VINCENT HALL

"Nobody ever reads my notes until the final term!"

Dr. Hall has given us a goal towards which we may strive. We would do well, indeed, to follow the example of this gentleman, physician and scholar.

His teaching sessions are marked by the elucidation of a logical pattern from an apparently endless tangle of medical yarn. This he does after listening patiently and considerately to the odds and ends of his students' knowledge, yet accurately correcting our errors.

The store of knowledge behind his own imperturbable mien appears to approach the infinite, and to quote him in discussion is to demolish the arguments of lesser authorities, such as "Harrison—or whoever he is!"

Doctor, we remember you with gratitude and respect.

Associate Professor of Medicine:

JOHN BERNARD HICKIE

We first met "Ick" in Fourth Year when he delivered his ruminations on CVS; at that time our chief query was "Is it chewing gum or a nervous tic?" In Med. V the position was reversed, for we found ourselves twitchingly presenting our 30-page (minimum) efforts to his benign if slightly cynical leer.

In Final Year we were greeted by the optimistic thought that "there are 30 weeks to the finals" and were exhorted to bring any little problems (viz., nervous breakdowns) to our father-figure.

For all his concern about us, we now should like to thank him, and especially for his scintillating monologues and his helpful, sympathetic, byschologically-orientated hints to tiny-tots. S.V.H. would not be the same without him.



PATRICK JOHN KENNY

"Now, there's been a lot of complicated rubbish written about this . . ."

Although hampered by his time-consuming tasks as senior surgeon and Warden of the Clinical School, Mr. Kenny managed to impress us, both with his competence as a lecturer and as a personality. This occurred in spite of occasional liaison difficulties with the students, due to weak administrative links.

His informative, if somewhat "lay", approach to surgery lectures only reminded us too well of our basic ignorance. We can only thank him for his patient tuition and attempts to teach us what others had unwittingly presumed we knew at the end of Fourth Year.

Certainly we will always regard him as one of our mentors; one who always made a genuine attempt to understand us, and whose glowing countenance was matched only by his warmth and generosity.



ROBERT McINERNEY

"I didn't take on obstetrics because I could stand on one leg, you know."

We first met "Bobsie" last year at St. Margaret's, where we were amazed at his phenomenal endurance on labour ward up to the wee small hours of the morning. This year he has entertained us with his dramatic and frequently provocative re-enactments of the hazardous feetal navigation of the birth canal. What more can we say—we may remember no obstetrics; but Bobsie, the familiar voice, the impeccable couture and the blue Merc., will long live among treasured memories of our student days.





GEORGE MICHELL

"How can the less the greater comprehend Or finite reason reach infinity."

—Dryden.

With heels clicking and stethoscope swinging, Dr. George Michell, often resplendently waistcoated, opened the gates and introduced us to some of the mysteries of medicine. Dismissing the text-books, he taught us only what he himself could understand and demonstrate, or what some of his "good friends" had discovered.

On the more complex E.C.G.'s "I don't understand it. If any of you do, then I suspect you must be frightfully clever." But though we weren't, he gave us, as usual, a basic, practical understanding of the subject.

Always ready to descend from the "heavies" and to assist where he was able, Dr. Michell will be remembered as one who did his best for the student body of St. Vincent's.

NOEL NEWTON

A formal introduction around the room, a friendly word for all, and our surgical tuition was in swing. Over the next few weeks we learnt of hernias, hæmorrhoids, thyroids, appendices and the like, none of this "rocking horses' manure" for us. We also came to suspect this man as a fine surgeon, a kindly gentleman and an impressive tutor.

His quiet sense of humour and natural flair for student teaching made even his Sunday ward rounds popular, and his advice on examination techniques will be remembered with gratitude in October.

Noel Newton is respected and liked by all who come in contact with him—by patients, staff and students alike.





ERIC WILBERFORCE SIBREE

"Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."

-Longfellow.

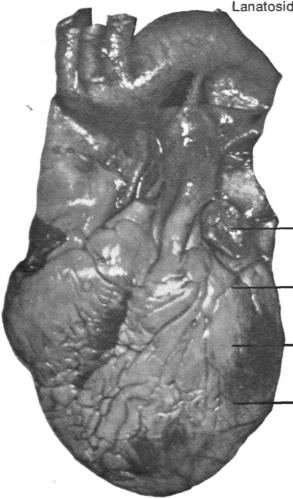
There will be few of us who will have failed to benefit from our short time with "Sibe". One was most impressed by his disciplined and methodical approach to diagnosis and management as he tried to instil into us, his "children", the importance of recognizing "the basic problem in this particular patient".

His rounds were long and his questions usually embarrassing, but we shall all be better clinicians from our contact with him.

Thus we address his registrar and ask him to "tell Dr. Sibree he has taught us well the fundamentals, and for this we are truly grateful". when you prescribe

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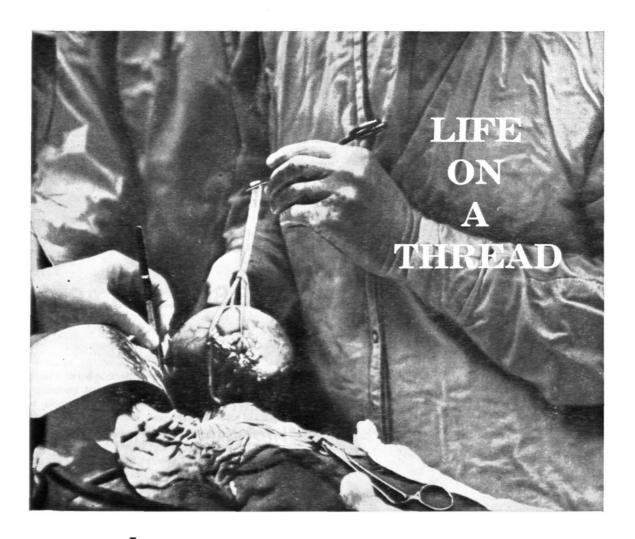
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OUR OTHER TUTORS

There are numerous others to whom we owe a vote of thanks. Many of these we would like to characterize, but perhaps some will be glad we didn't let our caustic wit dispose of them under the guise of anonymity.

Our medical and surgical tutors in Fourth and Fifth Years deserve a special mention for their groundwork. They were:

MEDICAL

Dr. J. Benecke Dr. J. Farrell Dr. J. Morgan
Dr. J. Biggs Dr. H. Gallagher Dr. R. Spencer
Dr. R. Dalton Dr. Moloney Dr. M. Weston

SURGICAL

Professor G. Milton Mr. L. Cam Mr. T. Nash Mr. F. Collins Mr. J. Graham Fifth Year brought a number of specialities and with them a host of tutors. They were: Dermatology, with Dr. Parer and Dr. King; Ophthalmology, with Dr. Beckett and Dr. Cahill; Otolaryngology, with Dr. Levi and Dr. Tonkin; Psychiatry, with Dr. Woodforde and Dr. Kerridge; and Urology, with Dr. Craven and Dr. Schnitzler.

A special mention goes to the Anæsthetics Department under Dr. Brian Dwyer and Dr. Warren Gunner for a series of interesting lectures and demonstrations.

To Professor Stephens, whose radical ideas on student teaching were lent to us for one breakfast session per week by Sydney Hospital during Sixth Year we say "thank you". Obstetrics and Gynæcology lectures during the year by Dr. McInerney, Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Priddis and Dr. Cope were much appreciated.

THE REGISTRARS

These men deserve a lot of credit for our clinical training. Although often pushed for time, to a man they take the time and interest to answer questions and demonstrate techniques as well as giving numerous tutorials with the right blend of humour and informality. To them we are indebted.

MEDICAL

Tony Breslin Don Chisholm Chris Eastman
Dave Byrnes Alan Concannon John Mahoney
Col Chesterman John Dwyer John Sutton

SURGICAL

Mick Donnellan Paul Fagan Diarmid McKeown

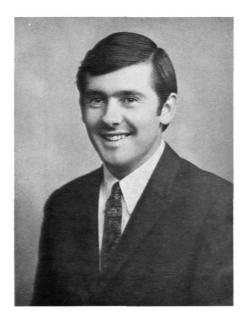
Max Sumich Brian Sheridan

ORTHOPÆDICS

Merv. Cross

Finally, thanks also to the Warden, Mr. P. J. Kenny, and Student Supervisors, for their help and advice over the past three years.

THE STUDENTS



MALCOLM EDWARD AGNEW

Mal Agnew, the Tyrone Power of our year, comes to us from Sydney High. A keen surfing fan, he has often been seen heading towards points east when the pace at the hospital looked like slackening. This year, however, as a matter of principle, he has foresworn these and other pleasures and joined the common rush to the finals. We wish him all the best over these and other minor hurdles, feeling sure that with his pleasant personality and sense of humour he will be a welcome and much-appreciated addition to the profession.

PHILLIP PATRICK ALLAN

"Known to have strong feeling tones."

Phil, arriving in Sydney from the deep north coast, found himself among intellectual inferiors, but decided to keep quiet about this for several years. Since then, his incisive wit and devastating commentary have provided joy to us all. His incredible perceptivity of people and situations is only dimmed by a tendency to project his own psychopathology. With this background of interests, one wonders why he chose medicine; but, in any case, his outstanding intelligence and his aggressive approach to study mark him a potential success.



ROBERT IAN BEAR

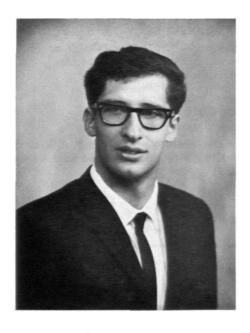
"Wake me in time for the next tute."

Arrived from Sydney Boys' High for an unimpeded course through medicine. He passed the American entrance exam. before commencing Final Year.

Robert is a keen hiker; he survived a trip around Australia, but later made headlines by getting "lost" whilst rock-climbing in the Blue Mountains. He prefers surfing to lectures, as evidenced by his recently-acquired board-bumps. He has also represented the University in athletics.

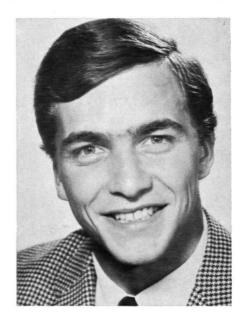
His carefree nature is exhibited in that he is often found asleep in the library or a tutorial room. In pre-clinical years he was "resident student at Badham Room, Sydney Union".

His relaxed approach should ensure him an enjoyable medical career.



PAUL GABRIEL CASKA

Paul began life in the German university town called Heidelberg, and though only a three-year-old when next spotted on Australian soil, his character—as Freud tells us—had already the blueprint of his essential features. Quick to the point and proud, a scoundrel, a reveller—that's Paul. He entered Medical School at seventeen, and with much play and a dash of work, is about to sit for his finals. "The Wedge" is gone, but memories are still fresh of the good "tutorials" spent there and, of course, the ones after a visit were so confusing. With this distraction eliminated, he is regularly seen—guess where . . . no, you wouldn't believe it—on TV munching and crunching away at a cherry pie several times a night with his fiancée. Mary Chambers.



PETER CASKA

"I'm Peter . . . he's Paul."

It is said no identical twins are identical. Even though they bear the same genes and have inherited the same disease, medicine, they are still individual. By now, most people in the year have learnt to distinguish him from his identical "genotype" and Peter now enjoys real individuality in being regularly called by his correct name.

Peter began medicine in 1963 after completing secondary school with the Christian Brothers in Gosford. He has been a genuine and sincere friend to his fellow students with a laugh and joke at the right time. In February this year he married his sweetheart, Roslyn Ward, of Lavender Bay, and is now the youngest married scholar in the year. He says the extra time he saves is invaluable—let's hope he uses it!

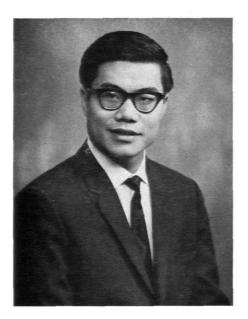
GREGORIO CESCO

"What was the lecture on this morning?"

Greg, a former student of St. Joseph's, became a pharmacist, but after a few years decided that medicine would be more to his liking. He was late in joining us and has been late for most things since. However, at the tutorials which he did attend, he was our force in regard to drugs, their colour and dose. He broke many a long, embarrassing silence created by our lack of therapeutic knowledge. Not being left behind in all fields, Greg. was married to Judy in Fourth Year, which could explain his late-morning arrivals at the hospital.

Greg.'s practical approach to problems and his pleasant personality ensure him of a successful career.





FRANK KYE KEONG CHIN

"Wei gwo ren."

Frank started university in 1962 as an engineering student, but found himself entangled in the field of applied mathematics; so the following year he did biochemistry in Science II for a change; having established his interest in medicine during that year, he decided to join us in 1964.

His undeniable sane approach to life saved him from eternal damnation. Whereas most of us have existed for the last six years, Frank has tried to live. His old-time Chinese politeness, good looks and a quiet and sure self-confidence have earned him the friendship of his colleagues and the love of women.

BRYCE STEVEN CLUBB

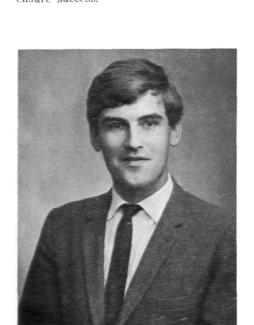
"Yon Bryce 'e 'as a lean and hungry look."

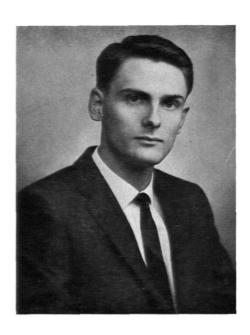
Bryce joined the Faculty in 1962 after spending years acquiring erudition at that exclusive finishing school, Waverley College. This erudition has since been conscientiously knocked out of him.

He lingered awhile in Second Year, acquiring strength for his future string of credits and distinctions.

Bryce is well known for his contacts with the underground of the nurses' world. When not arguing with his tutors he can be seen gallantly charming a passing nurse.

Bryce aims at closing the bridge between psychiatry and normal medicine. We hope that he will not be too discouraged by this futile task. If this can be done, Bryce's consideration and kindly nature will ensure success.





ROBERT JOHN COBURN

Bob feels that his outstanding feature is the fact that he commutes to and from Penrith daily. Whether this prolonged period on the trains has had anything to do with his philosophical approach to life is a matter for conjecture, but many a time we have been grateful for the still small voice of commonsense amidst the otherwise ill-considered conversation.

He also expresses a love of music, Beethoven in particular, and has been seen to shake a mean hip at less-inhibited parties. In our six years together we have appreciated very much Bob's friendliness and quiet sense of humour which also endear him to craggy patients.

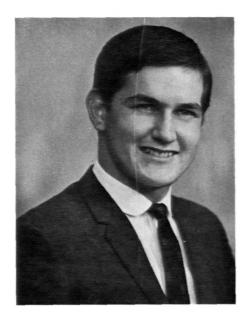
We are sure that he will be a welcome addition to our noble profession.

MAXWELL JAMES COLEMAN

Max, a product of Waverley College, entered the Faculty in 1962. He tarried a while studying anatomy, thereby allowing us to join him through the succeeding years.

He enjoys medicine, being a regular attendant at casualty, and has been involved in numerous research projects as guinea-pig and researcher. In some way he has left his mark at every hospital we have been to. His extra-curricular life is also full, playing squash for the University Club and many holes of golf. He is also a keen photographer, his photographs providing a record of the many girls who have come under his eye.





PAUL DARVENIZA

Paul Darveniza, otherwise known as the football hero, or, more familiarly, as "our Darv.", came to us from a successful career at Cranbrook. Since then he has impressed us with the range of his hobbies, which include beer, birds and medicine, and with the ability to out-argue our tutors on their own ground. In addition, he has done well exam.-wise, having the distinction of being one of the few people in our year who have never done a post or failed a year. He says he works little, and who are we to disbelieve him.

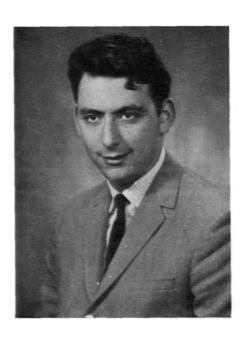
All in all, we thoroughly enjoy his company, envy him his quite remarkable memory, and wish him all the very best.

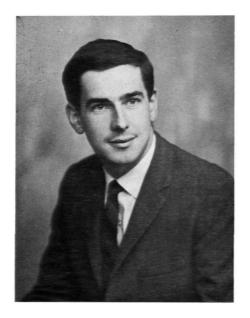
MICHAEL DORSEN

"Loads of tone."

Michael entered Medicine from Sydney High School, and after a raging success in First Year, narrowly avoided a flame-out in Med. II. During the subsequent years he was seen at many tone-full functions, played inter-'varsity basketball and could be said to have left no turn unstoned. In 1966 he joined the R.A.A.F. undergraduate scheme, and for two years enjoyed the luxuries of mess life.

He has gained wide reputation for quick wit, generosity and amiability. We feel sure that with these qualities he is assured of the success reserved for officers and gentlemen.





JOHN ANTHONY DOYLE

"No, it's the Dorset-horn sheep that have the curliest horns."

Hailing from Corowa, John spent his formative years tormenting the Marist Brothers at Joeys. Slipping quietly into Medicine, his industrious approach to study soon earned him the first of an impressive collection of credits.

Not to remain quiet for long, however, on arrival at St. Vincent's, John set out to prove that there is nothing as good as Corowa wine, fast Cortinas, Australian wool and country boys for city nurses.

His natural friendliness and consideration towards others have won him many friends. Coupled with this, his thoughtful approach to patients and application to his chosen profession ensure John of many future successes.

BARRY GEORGE ELVIN

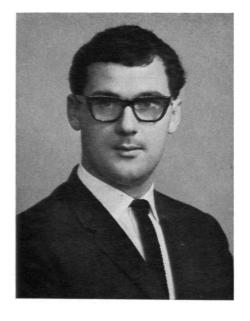
"For the love of God, a surgeon . . ."

(TWELFTH NIGHT, V, i)

Barry was educated by the Patrician Brothers and entered the Faculty of Medicine in 1957. After an absence of six years he rejoined us in 1965, being now a brother in the Hospitaller Order of St. John of God.

He has impressed his fellow students with his conscientiousness, friendliness and unassuming nature. In addition, Barry could be relied on for a good argument in the Beresford after a hectic day in the labour ward. He is also remembered for his endeavours on the squash court, and is awaiting the development of a larger racquet.

We wish Barry every success in his future practice of medicine.





KINGA MARIA GORONDY-NOVAK

"Bridge, anyone?"

Kinga, originally from Budapest, arrived in Australia following the revolution in 1956. After the completion of a suitable education for a young lady at Kincoppal, she forsook a promising career in gymnastics in order to pursue the gentle art of healing. As with all her projects she has progressed through the course with enthusiasm and determination which so far examiners have completely failed to daunt.

Of latter years the two abiding passions in her life have been her husband Neville, a legal beagle, and bridge tournaments.

Whatever field of endeavour Kinga chooses in the future, she will surely be an asset to fulfilling the dual role of trained scientist and understanding doctor.

SANDRA PATRICIA MARY THERESE GRASS

"Saw'st thou my Daisy?"

-DRAYTON.

A diminutive representative of the gentle sex, Sandy has coloured our undergraduate years with her warm personality in its gay mod. gear. Maintaining the academic standard of her days at Monte Sant' Angelo, her progress through the Faculty has been swift and graceful.

Well matched, her faithful "Snoopy" waited for Sandy each day—looking a little blue—but soon warmed as they motored towards Castlecrag.

During rounds, the shadowy mysteries of the "inner man" were regarded as her special challenge—a budding radiologist?

Sandy will be an asset to the medical profession and a delight to her patients. As one young man remarked, "If she is the doctor, I'll be taking 'sickies' more often."





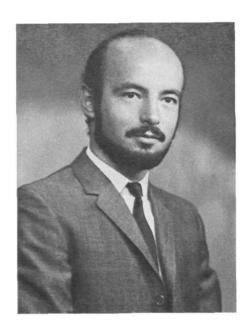
"Where's Mr. Gross?"

This is a question frequently asked by tutors, but rarely able to be answered accurately. Most frequently, nobody knows. Occasionally, one may reply "In Mexico, Sir!", or "Having multiple little accidents".

John is, in fact, a man of many talents and interests. He is the unrivalled "born loser" at the card table, and the hospital's authority on Eastern philosophies. A very interesting soul himself, one could listen to him for hours (sometimes without option, once he starts!).

Of uncommon generosity when times are plentiful, John has scant regard for money *per se*, and it flows through his hands like the blood through his fantasied incompetent aortic valve.

To know John is to be impressed by his intellect. We wish him well.

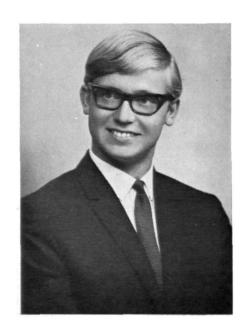


MILAN HOLECEK

"You should have seen the surf this morning."

Blending in with an inborn error of melanin metabolism, he has a vocabulary coloured by such words as "fantastic surf, glassy conditions, offshore winds". After leaving Waverley College, Milan has since managed to avoid the examiners' full wrath and at the same time fit the necessary work into his pleasure. He has many interests, including golf, fishing, skiing and photography, and also has displayed a particular fascination for meteorology and equilibrium mechanics. His fellow students are appreciative of his readiness to convey them between the various establishments of learning.

Milan's generous and friendly nature, together with his capability when he applies himself, assure him of a successful future—we wish him well.





HEATHER ELIZABETH JEFFREY

"Life is a gift to be used every day."

Heather has the true gift of being a natural—she tries (underneath it all) to be little influenced by conventionalism, tradition and the establishment. You can almost see her become "manic" by "one-upmanship" and a multitude of other small pretences. She knows well that it pays to conform and hold currently-accepted opinion (in certain circumstances). In her work she has always shown much obsessionalism, making up for lost time and never doing less than the prescribed four hours nocte.

However, we all know she is a genuine, amenable rebel who enjoys the best that life has to offer. One wonders how much our rebel will change after she has graduated a few years?

FRANK LEONARD JOHNSON

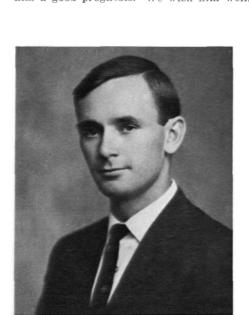
"Basically, Sir, we have this problem . . ."

Yet another product of Waverley College, "L.B.J." has done well over his six years. Starting with a H.D. in Psychology I, he has regressed to mere credits in later years.

However, notwithstanding a fine academic record, we notice his interests include football, skiing, university tennis, squash and baseball, and even flying. "Thus, basically", we feel this indicates a well-rounded personality.

Keen on the theatrical, Len has given some excellent performances in several medical history presentations. How could anyone at St. Vincent's forget "Mr. B—, a classic example of D.L.E.".

Always a gentleman, Len's conscientiousness and popularity ensure him a good prognosis. We wish him well.





PATRICK FRANCIS KEVIN

"Excuse me, Sir, I have an appointment."

St. Pius X's claim to fame is Paddy (of Irish extraction and temperament) whose determination and ability to resort to a concentrated effort when most needed has satisfied the examiners every year.

His interests range from wheat testing with the Gulargambone locals to snowfield revelling and New Guinea natives. For some time, however, his interests have been unidirectional and pursued energetically as far afield as Rushcutter's Bay, Kogarah Bay and Ward 14.

Always willing to make a four for cards, or have "a quickie" at the nearest pub, Paddy is the best of company. With his ability to wrangle over important minutiæ, his militant gait and disarming grin, Paddy will do well.

ALBERT E. LAM

Chairman Lam comes from Hong Kong, which, as everyone knows, is pretty near China, and therefore qualifies as the mysterious East. He has brought to our midst a wide range of Eastern exotica and has successfully introduced his colleagues to golf, squash and every Chinese restaurant of worth in Sydney. For this cultural revolution we are profoundly grateful. We have also enjoyed his company and good fellowship.

We wish him all the best in his ensuing career and in his battle to outwit the immigration authorities into letting him stay in our fair country, as we are sure that he will be an excellent addition to the medical world.



AYLWYN MANNELL

Behind that conservative look and dignified style there lurks an intriguing personality. From what little we have seen of Joan during the academic term there is, however, unmistakable gentleness and compassion in her work.

Combine this with a gay enthusiasm for the night life, wit, and determination, and you have the sort of person who flies a small plane, manages to lose herself in the previously unexplored depths of the craniopharyngeal canal for a year, dashes off to the Himalayas to work in a mission hospital, charms her way out of the consequences of fast driving and manages to collect D's and H.D.'s in her spare time.

One feels that any comments about her future are unnecessary.

BARRY PATRICK McGRATH

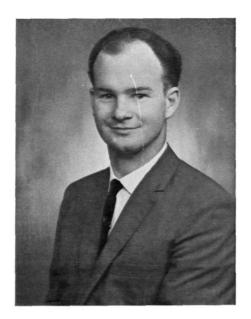
"What a bloody hopeless lecture."

Joining us from Joey's, Barry's inquisitive mind soon found out what happened to fermented sugars, what made little girls tick and the mechanism of breaking a fibula at football. Whilst keeping his mind active for such pursuits, Barry amassed an impressive array of credits.

As hospital rep., whether organizing a ball, putting on a keg for Final Year or doing scores of other less rewarding tasks to keep his constituents happy, Barry has shown a cheerfulness which makes us proud to be his friends.

His genial approach to his patients and his tenacity of purpose will assure him of a successful future.





KERRY LEONARD MORONEY

"Oh yea, yea, yea, sure, but . . ."

Under the guidance of the Christian Brothers, Kerry had an uneventful but successful schooling. He came to the Faculty via dentistry, with an open mind to learning, but was soon diverted. The lover of absolutes, his interests in girls, though intense, was highly critical, yet he managed to find his true love who, strange to say, is called Kerri, a pretty physiotherapist.

Always the moralist, Kerry, none the less, is a lovable character with his boyish appeal, baby blue eyes and an entirely innocent appearance. Don't be deceived, girls! There is more to an iceberg than meets the eye.

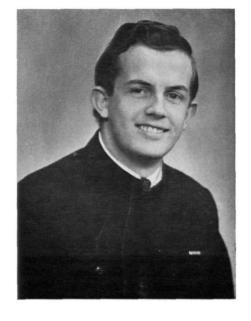
He has steadily progressed through the Faculty and should make a good doctor.

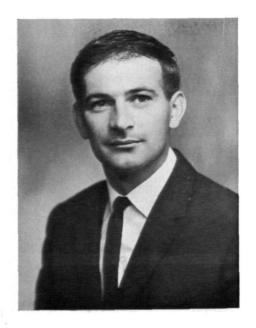
PAUL DAMIEN NIALL

"Ni hao!"

Paul has always been an individualist, even to the point of eccentricity. His tour of Japan, Korea and China during the unallocated term is an example of this. We are not sure what impression Paul made on the Chinese, but they have made some impression on him, as can be seen by the large tapestry of Mao hanging on his wall and a quotation from Uncle Ho over his bed.

Paul, although not a strong believer in tutorials, has been a valuable member of his group, for his critical approach and analysis of the subject concerned is appreciated by those of us who would have accepted it at face value.





PAUL JOSEPH NURSE

Paul, of the aristocratic features, impressed us early in the piece with his sense of propriety and morals. His colleagues feel that he has often been the only saving grace and refinement of an otherwise coarse-mannered group. We have enjoyed some long and educational discussions on sex and morality.

In this, the final leg of our journey together, we have also noted with wonder his devout attention to a patient, and feel sure that herein lie the ingredients of the good practitioner.

We wish him every success in his future career.

PHILLIP JOSEPH PALMISANO

"A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt."

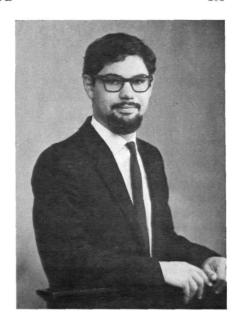
—Old Indonesian saying.

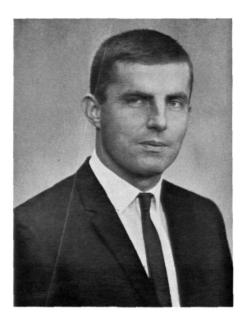
Having survived recurrent attacks of hepatitis and St. Patrick's College, Strathfield, Phil embarked upon a study of medicine. His pre-clinical years were characterized by: a passion for reading; a successful attempt to grow a unique beard; many arduous hours spent in the University table tennis room; and cultivating a definite liking for "brandy and dry" which could explain his consequent hæmatemesis and diagnosed duodenal ulcer.

Despite these diversions and one year in which he was detained by the examiners, Phil arrived at St. Vincent's in his \$200 Vauxhall deluxe, well equipped for taking notes on graph paper "flogged" from a certain Biochemistry Department.

His clinical years have been successful, especially his term at St. Margaret's, in which his escapades to "Pounding Palm Beach" resulted in his engagement to Annette.

Phil's individualistic philosophies, coupled with his amicable personality, should ensure him of a successful life which, we understand, will be spent in the land of the endemic goitre.





KERRY JOHN PEADON

"A place for everything and everything in its place."

Kerry entered Medicine from St. Joseph's College and has taken the best part of six years to get himself organized (though he still has some problems to work through to a conclusion). He has a fine upright character and unimpeachable moral standards. He was born again at St. Margaret's in Fifth Year and was under the tutelage of his more worldly colleagues. Since then he has been noted for his relentless pursuit of beautiful women. Even so, this has not interfered with the most passionate love of his life—medicine.

His devotion to his work is surely pathological, but academic success is certain not to elude him.

SUSAN MARGARET POND

At the age of sixteen, Sue escaped the restrictions of boarding school (Santa Sabina), joined the Faculty, and rapidly developed a florid reaction formation. This resulted in numerous activities—playing Uni. squash, annual trips to Thredbo, water skiing, and X number of parties—all of which resulted in an entourage of numerous admiring males.

One of the original pacesetters, Sue has been seen in most of the Peter Stuyvesant territory and capped all her travels by celebrating a double New Year due to the International Date Line.

However, she has a consistent record of distinctions and credits, marred by only one pass (jurisprudence). Recently, this medical knowledge has been stressed by coping with her lovesick Afghan, "Twiggy".

We predict a happy and brilliant future.





DAVID EDWARD SCHUSTER

"Of deep voice and imposing figure . . ."

Entering the Faculty with a maximum pass from Waverley College, David has upheld this academic tradition throughout his undergraduate years with an impressive array of distinctions and credits. A constant source of amazement to tutors and colleagues, he will deliver learned dissertations on subjects ranging from linear accelerators to John B. Murphy.

A man of gourmet tastes, David can always advise on the best flagon of red wine or a good pipe tobacco.

He has been known to disappear for weekends armed variously with fishing-line, rifle and bottle of rum, and accompanied by stalwart friends, to satiate his love of the bush.

David's varied interests in life, his friendliness and particularly successful approach to work, ensure for him an excellent future.

JANICE ANN STEINER

Let us say first, with confidence, that Janice is a bird—due to a combination of feminine charm, chic fashion and (they tell us) the singing voice of the proverbial nightingale. Despite the pressures of medicine, she still manages to enjoy life to the full, with frequent weekends at Leura (getting away from it all?) and a busy social calendar which only recently bowed to the demands of Final Year. However, extra-curricular activities have not prevented success in her studies with regular appearances in the honours lists. She will be a worthy addition to the medical profession and to any home—lucky fellow!





WILLIAM K. W. TAM

"To some people one under par is a chicken."

Bill came to us from Sabah and proceeded at a leisurely pace through medicine, acquiring a wife and daughter in the process. His daughter, Veronica, the apple of his eye, has enabled him to perfect his nappy-changing skills, recently acquired at St. Margaret's Hospital. She also provides him with an excellent excuse for looking haggard at 9 o'clock in the morning.

 $\,$ Bill divides his time between the golf course and excursions into the $\,$ $\,$ wards.

If ever Bill should care to give up the practice of medicine, he can be assured of a successful future on the golf course or vice versa.

TERENCE FRANCIS TYDD

"Well, son, I'm off to save a few more lives."

Terry arrived at the University from St. Joseph's College with two aims in life; to back the daily double and add M.B., B.S. to his name.

He soon became well known for his football prowess, and during his clinical years never missed a game of solo,

Terry could always find time for a beer, and he disappeared frequently at weekends to Canberra in pursuit of the fairer sex.

He achieved his major ambition at the start of Final Year, and with his new-found wealth, driving a cab became a thing of the past.

Terry's ability to get on with his colleagues and patients ensures him of a rewarding career.





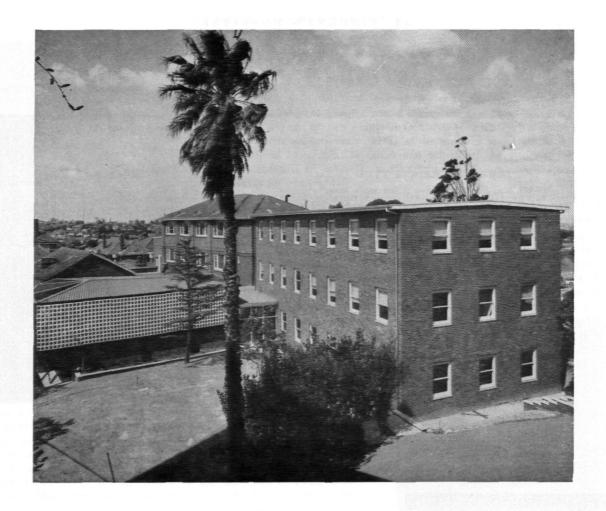
BRONWYN ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

Following a successful career at Marist Convent, Woolwich, Bronwyn went on to collect a conglomeration of distinctions and posts in her pre-clinical years. On arrival at St. Vincent's, she brushed the hair from her eyes and assessed the scene; in ward rounds she has saved the group on numerous occasions by winning the tutor's heart.

Her past activities include winning the Fourth-Year golf championship (by being the only girl to finish); hitch-hiking in Tasmania; crop-dusting; playing the auto harp; and completing the Commem. 39-mile walk.

Bronwyn has always kept her charm and poise despite the rowdy element in her group. With her ability to make friends and enjoy life, she is assured of a happy and successful future.

He also served: MICHAEL ROBERT YOUNG.



ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

The relationship between a teaching hospital and its students is rather like a marriage—each accepts the other for better or for worse until death (or graduation) do them part. Each of you has been "married" to the "Country Club" for the past three years. You have now finished the course and are free. Some of you will elect to stay at the hospital for the early part of your post-graduate training, while some of you will leave either temporarily or permanently to work elsewhere. Each of you, however is now an alumnus of the Royal North Shore Hospital. Each of you is entitled to maintain your association with the hospital through its Medical Association for the rest of your professional life.

It is worth taking a moment now to examine this institution which you are leaving. It is worth trying to anticipate how it may be changing and how this may affect its function as a hospital in the future. For the Royal North Shore Hospital is changing. It is not the same hospital which welcomed you in January, 1966. A new administration has supervised your teaching for

the past two years and, sadly, the first Warden of your Clinical School died during 1968. The teaching block has been extended and improved and new student quarters have been occupied, providing new standards of comfort unknown to previous generations of students (and limiting certain traditional aspects of North-Shore social life!).

Many things have been the same. Associate Professors Piper and Reeve have continued to delight students with their inspired teaching and good sense. Students have continued to love and to hate those who have taught them, have continued to flock to one man's lectures and to cut another's. Dr. Vanderfield has continued to administer the hospital in his spare time from refereeing and Dr. Ingram has continued to administer the Board of Medical Studies.

No doubt the Royal North Shore Hospital will continue to change further. It is known that it will have to take more students as teaching hospitals continue to "desert" the University of Sydney for more lucrative pastures. It is possible that the North Shore may form a new kind of association with what are at present non-teaching hospitals north of the Harbour in order to increase its teaching potential. Perhaps one day in the distant future the North Shore Hospital too may change its allegiance, but that day is certainly far off. No doubt more beds and more wise men will come to the hospital and extend the therapeutic horizons and the technical expertise even further.

But certain things must not change and you, the newest alumni of the teaching hospital, must resolve to help prevent certain changes.

The traditional friendliness of the Country Club must not be lost. It is fair to say that from the first day each of you came here you were made to feel wanted and welcome, and it is this above all that sets North Shore apart. The close liaison and friendship between resident staff, honorary staff, nursing staff and students is not seen to the same degree anywhere else. The social contact between students and residents is close and invaluable and to some extent are made possible by the annual sporting events which bring the groups into close contact. Each of you, as a graduate of the Medical School of the Royal North Shore Hospital, has a duty in the future to help protect this tradition, and those of you who eventually become teachers at this hospital must never forget the warmth which you were shown as junior students in Fourth Year.

The dedication of the teachers at the hospital is another valuable asset which must be protected. This is the task the administrative staff has, but also involves the students themselves. The normal give and take of personalities, the natural impatience with people who seem to preach a different therapeutic doctrine, must not be allowed to obscure the fact that the teachers are giving of their best and are trying to impart the medicine which they practise. To date, the teachers of the hospital have always had their reward from the interest and subsequent good performance of their students, and you, as new graduates, must now prove your worth to your recent teachers.

The tradition of continuing contact is strong at the Royal North Shore Hospital, and is indispensable for its continuing strength. Each of you is now a potential member of the North Shore Medical Association and each of you should join this association immediately. You should maintain at least intermittent contact with the hospital and with your class mates of the year 1968.

Congratulations, each one of you. You have seen the old order pass and the new order ushered in. Whether it proves the beginning of a triumphant era for the hospital depends not least upon the new graduates who go to represent it around the world. May each of you attain the professional and personal goals you have set for yourselves—your hospital is proud of you.

PETER BAUME.

THE HONORARIES



PETER ERNE BAUME

Dr. Baume became Clinical Supervisor for Medicine during our fifth year. With his broad, irrepressible smile and his wealth of knowledge, he soon established himself as one of our more capable and likeable tutors. Despite the effort involved in establishing his own practice, he was always willing to be of assistance to the student body. Whether this was attending to our ailments, arranging and giving extra tutorials and lectures or refereeing the annual student-resident rugby match, his help was always appreciated and invaluable.

Apart from his activities with the students, Dr. Baume managed on many occasions to make his presence felt at the physicians' meetings and seemed to have any number of clinical trials going on at any one time.

To Peter, in the future, we wish the best.

JAMES BROADFOOT

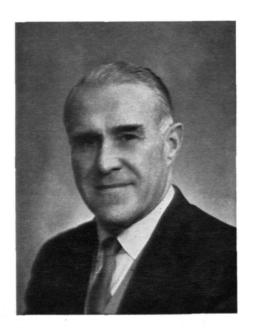
"Don't knock the nipple nibblers."

Ten a.m., Monday mornings, invariably saw a full herd in surgical ward awaiting the pearls from "Broadie".

No ivory-towered academic, this worldly surgeon quickly won our admiration with his lack of affectation, his dry sense of humour and his first-rate teaching.

Tutorials were liberally-sprinkled with digressions from thorax to Thebes, penis to Pindar, revealing a classical scholar of no mean ability despite an occasional lapse with a Greek root.

We are delighted to record our sincere appreciation of our happy days with Mr. Broadfoot.





EDMUND COLLINS

"Never in my thirty-five years of obstetrics."

Dr. Collins had been known to students for many years as an obstetrician of long and wide experience. Last year, this champion of the student cause was appointed warden of clinical studies, which role he entered with great enthusiasm, and within a year had to his credit the establishment of the new "hut".

Dr. Collins' tutorials were well known to be excellent examination preparation. He aimed to provoke student comment and could always do this by asking "What would you do if she was your wife?"

It was with shock and sorrow that we learnt of Dr. Collins' sudden death in May—the loss has been felt deeply by us all.

GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

Mr. Coupland returned to R.N.S.H. from Alder Hey Children's Hospital, Liverpool, at the start of last year. He was immediately appointed a Fourth-Year tutor and soon afterwards Clinical Supervisor in Surgery. His first operation was to return the "anæsthetics term" to surgery.

Mr. Coupland is found to be ever helpful to students and a constant source of knowledge and enthusiasm, whether giving a tutorial, grafting an aortic aneurysm or plicating a sheep's vena cava.

We extend to him our congratulations on his appointment late last year as Senior Lecturer in the Department of Surgery. R.N.S.H. is fortunate have such a fine surgeon and capable student supervisor.





VICTOR HENRY CUMBERLAND

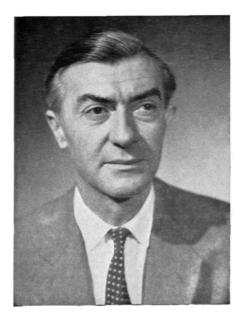
Having thoroughly intimidated us on our first encounter, we soon found out that apart from an insistence upon absolute punctuality, Mr. Cumberland proved to be a surgeon of great charm, who showed a warm sympathy towards his patients.

His clear and logical presentation of surgical material did much to clarify and expand our hitherto lamentably fragmentary knowledge.

JOHN DEAKIN

Over the years, Dr. Deakin has been well known for his dapper and dignified appearance. These fine qualities still persist in combination with his clinical acumen; his ward rounds were always conducted in an atmosphere of calm thoroughness. He never failed to bring into focus that easily-forgotten facet of medical education: the histories of those venerable men whose names are associated with clinical syndromes. When asked about these, students often exhibited a characteristic syndrome of their own: a short silence, transient pruritus and a wry smile, henceforth to be known as Deakin's syndrome.





BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

We first met with Dr. Geddes in Fourth Year, when, through a cloud of cigarette smoke, he instructed us in the intricacies of bronchial anatomy. We again struck him in Final Year when he gave us a solid, straight-forward basis in the interpretation of physical signs of thoracic medicine.

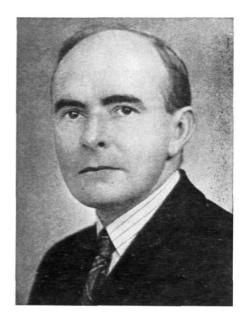
A pleasure to learn from, no student was ever made to feel foolish when a mistake was made. Rather, we were quietly re-educated to a fuller understanding of the subject. So good was his instruction that at the end of our term with him we were almost able to keep up with his lightning speed, both in the interpretation of physical signs as well as along the corridors of the thoracic unit.

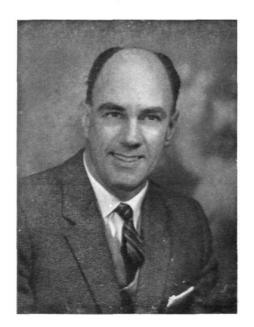
JAMES ISBISTER

"Did anyone read the paper this morning?"

This cold-headed, warm-hearted physician introduced us to the fascinations of general medicine, especially diabetes and occupational hazards. We particularly remember the dangers associated with the Wynyard tunnel, high-octane fuel and power kerosene.

He sets a fine example in the interest and enthusiasm with which he deals with the problems of his patients, both medical and social. He conducts his personal refresher courses from the pages of the *Sydney Morning Herald* and imparts this knowledge to his students. In giving us information on viva technique, Dr. Isbister taught us that, in fact, Final-Year examiners *do* play games with students, contrary to popular hope.





WILLIAM GEOFFREY JASPER

"How would you like a lump of ice up your vagina?"

Whether hands be gripping the helm of a "Bluebird" or a pair of "Neville Barnes" for negotiating that final tack or the Curve of Carus, Dr. Jasper stands wide-based and erect, controlling her to the finish.

Emphasis in those Wednesday late-late shows was laid upon three foundations.

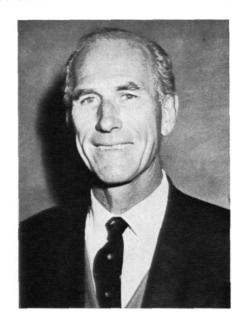
Firstly, that no obstetric procedure be undertaken until proven faultless; secondly, that any tool is only as good as its user; and thirdly, that episiotomy is no more an expedient than a disfigurement and repair no less a necessity than an art.

Thank heaven someone practises what he preaches.

RONALD WILLIAM McGLYNN

As he steps from his aging Bentley, immaculately dressed in suit and inevitable waist coat, Ron McGlynn reminds one more of an ad. for Anthony Squires than the excellent orthopædic surgeon that he is. In his lectures and tutorials he attempted, we hope successfully, to instil a basis of the complexities of the ailments and aches of bone and joint into our lamentably thick skulls. His patience and good humour with our interpretation, or rather, misinterpretation, of X-rays, was greatly appreciated.

This, we are sure, is a man who, given the right breaks, will go far in his specialty.





RONALD WILLIAM DONALD MIDDLETON

"What did Hippocrates know that we don't?"

This dapper orthopod, weighed down by his dignity, watch and gold chain, was an excellent tutor. His flamboyant nature and enthusiastic manner enlivened a potentially dull subject. Ward rounds were peppered with rhetoric, biblical quotations and good "tips". Teaching was orientated around basic pathology, forming adequate callus—strong enough to withstand further stresses in our training.

His seat-belt and 5BX will keep him young for years to come.

Associate Professor of Medicine:

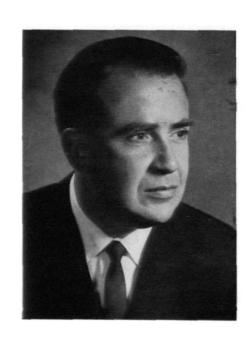
DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"Oh dear me, disastrous! You are doing medicine?"

It is impossible in a few words to do justice to the immense popularity and respect this gentleman commands. Whether at the bedside, in the tutorial room or on the highways and byways, buses and trains of this city, Professor Piper is always ready to stop and talk to us. His lucid, dogmatic lectures and tutorials were most enjoyable, both for knowledge and entertainment value. His liberal helpings of encouragement, "I gave this lecture to first-year nurses; they understood it perfectly", and tips, "know infarcts", were greatly appreciated as the finals approached.

We learned that patients are either good or poorer, "This poor, unfortunate man . . .", that few antacids are any good, ". . . placebo, follow?", and that with A.A., alcoholics "get caught up in a chain of events from which escape is virtually impossible, virtually impossible".

After we leave R.N.S.H., it is certain that Professor Piper will be remembered long after other memories have grown dim.





ROBERT DELMONT PUFLETT

Dr. Bob Puflett, tutoring to a limited audience, discussed important details of several medical obscurities. His universal use of sedatives, coupled with antidepressants, revolutionized our thoughts on the treatment of medical problems. In addition, his ability in the hearing and interpretation of heart sounds impressed us all.

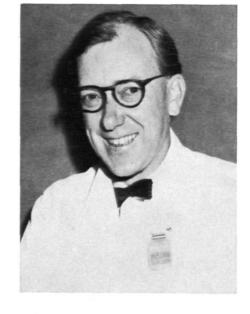
Associate Professor of Surgery:

THOMAS SMITH REEVE

"Dammit, man-you're over twenty-one now!"

This distinguished gentleman endears himself to all, both patients and students, by his humility and understanding. His delightfully informal tutorials were heightened by personal anecdotes of 12-hourlong showers to prolong his half-life, trips to America, and anticoagulating sheep. These chats were held anywhere from Wakehurst Gardens to the middle of the parking lot to the corridors of E5.

As sure as God made little apples, his teaching will stand us in good stead, especially when one of us, one day, will be practising in Podurh Hollow. There, heparin will be given pride of place amongst the four drugs we will carry in our bag.





THOMAS FREDERICK ROSE

"Yes, yes, yes; you'd operate."

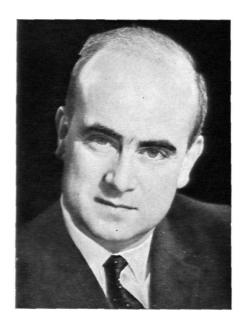
We will always remember those informal Wednesday afternoons with this friendly, approachable surgeon when we were introduced to many new syndromes. Abdomens, thyroids, lumps, bumps, breasts, gall-bladders were unfolded before our eyes before they were closed at precisely 3 p.m. His following lecture was preceded by the appearance of a harassed junior resident complete with slides and projector, while we supplied the eye of faith, especially where some rather hazy mammograms were concerned. We do not believe that the sound of a faulty suction apparatus can be likened to his "grande auto".

GEORGE SELBY

"I'm most upset! You have omitted Selby's sign!"

It has been said before and we say it again: "Everybody loves George." Tutorials from this distinguished neurologist were always clear, explicit and extremely pleasant. Fears of a neurological lung case in the finals were quelled one by one; in fact, some people actually hoped for them. The most obscure neurological signs were demonstrated clearly with minimal instruments: two-point discriminator, hammer, a stethoscope especially for bruits, and an ophthalmoscope which appeared to work only for its master. He even discovered a new use for his lens brush.

Always immaculate, exhibiting a variety of pipes, Dr. Selby's kindly, helpful explanations elucidated an otherwise confusing subject.



DOUGLAS SEAVINGTON STUCKEY

"Well, I think we'll begin now."

Students at North Shore had little contact with this lean cardiologist until Final Year, when his lectures drew large crowds even at 8.30 a.m. on wintery Monday mornings. With characteristic precision and conciseness, he elucidated the mysteries of many topics ranging from "growing pains" to heart-lung transplants.

Dr. Stuckey's tutorial groups were even amazed by his ability to hear an infinite number and variety of sounds in one very short second. However, he was always tolerant of students' heroic efforts to unravel the medley of sounds in that chaotic cardiac cycle—"Well, that isn't quite what I heard."

We know that Dr. Stuckey's tuition will stand us in good stead, both in the immediate and more distant future.

IAN DAVIES THOMAS

"That murmur is like the last note in Til Eulenspiegel."

Dr. Thomas was never doubted, always doubting. His tutorials in Fourth Year taught precision and organization in examination and were enlivened by discussions on subjects such as censorship and other controversial subjects; and also by anecdotes concerning his personal life—including early morning swimming, food and M.G.'s. We were amazed to learn that all his children were expert percussers at the tender age of nine, and that, in fact, Thomas' toe-tapping test actually worked. After extensive research into onycholysis, immortality was denied him when he learnt that it had been described fifty years previously. His presence is always noticed, and the soporific atmosphere of clinical meetings is often disturbed by his rapier-like comment.



OTHER PERSONALITIES

To the other honoraries, staff members and registrars, whose unenviable task it was to drive a little knowledge home, go our sincere thanks.

Reg. Epps, "If we waited long enough . . .", was well known for his quiet, reassuring manner and precise clinical teaching. In Med. V, Eric Davis, "This tutorial starts at 0900 precisely, my boy . . . ", demonstrated neurological signs with the vigour that characterizes his attitude, coupled with a kindly and understanding approach to patients; and our Fourth-Year tutors: Murray Lloyd, of renal biopsy fame, together with John Wingfield, Max Elliott and Ian Thomas, ably prepared us in correct bedside manner. The Fifth-Year sojourn through the specialties was something new-we slept through eye tutorials and were thoroughly brainwashed in skin disease by Monty Lewis and Rex Becke. Ted Morgan made it very obvious that surgery term was really anæsthetics term, and his mammoth Mondaymorning sessions will never be forgotten. Dr. Claire Isbister and Dr. Vines instructed us ably in neonatal pædiatrics. The "arthritis clinic" taught us all about bones and joints and both in the O.P.D. and on Saturday mornings, Ray Robinson and David Champion elucidated, admittedly rapidly, the numerous aspects of this important specialty. Registrar tutorials were sought after: Martin Sulway, "Oh, no . . .!", Pat Fiddes, Peter Procopis, Harry Wood and Dick Hermann all gave ably of their time.

Surgery was enlivened by bedside tutorials in V from Noel "Chook" Fowler, "Well, Professor?", and Ray Hollings, "... the string sign of Kantor is obvious here". Basic lumps and bumps were taught in IV by John Moulton, "There's really no need to stand the patient up . . .", Geoffrey Cutler and John Castle, who had a morbid preoccupation with malibu boards.

The macabre aspects of neurosurgery were ably imparted by John Grant and Robin Rushworth, and we slid gleefully down the urinary tract with Doug. Keller. Keith Daymond's lectures and bone quizzes in O.P.D. kept us on our toes, and the chest surgeons, Harold Richards and Ian Monk, told us about hernias and by-pass surgery respectively. The Surgical Registrars, Dave Johnson, Bill Buddee, Graham Barnett, Mike Stuckey and John Solomon herded us through emergency, T.U., Orthopædics and General Surgery, instilling a little knowledge on the way.

O. and G. brought us face to face with David Pfanner, "This old bogtrotter from the Bunda. . .", Hugh Patterson and his suave, elegant manner, "Blue" Kemp and his episiotomy scissors, Ewen Sussmann, "whose turn to put on a glove?", and John Leaver, "We are doing all that is humanly possible".

Pathology chats were made valuable and enjoyable by Keith Viner-Smith, and Bill Payne, while Eric Campbell laboured long to teach us "acid-base balance for tiny tots". Bill Chia's lectures on P.U.O. and viruses, Keith Jones on blood, and Clive Harper's quick quizzes in the "Branch Office" completed a memorable picture.



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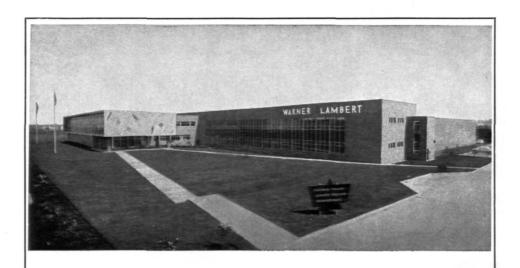
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THE STUDENTS

BRIAN SYDNEY ANDREWS

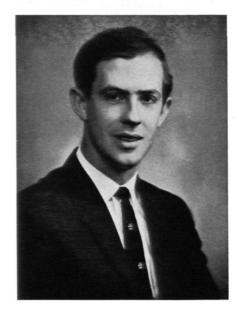
"Hang on to your water, troops."

After topping pathology, Brian spent twelve months working with oliguric rats—they hung on to their water too well. Mission accomplished, magna cum laude, he joined us in Fifth Year.

Almost immediately romance blossomed in the "Hut" over a symphony concert and "Bailey and Love". During the psychiatry term, an engagement was announced which was followed by a wedding seven hours after the jurisprudence examination. This apparently altered Brian's conception of time—he is now consistently five minutes late for early-morning lectures.

Having hooked for the hospital football team, he has added a more restful sport to his repertoire and now, whilst fishing, his wife Judy reads him excerpts from the latest *Lancet*.





JUDITH-ANN ANDREWS (NÉE LIGHTSTONE)

"Uh! I'm sorry, Sir, I just drifted off."

Having discovered that a nurses' uniform did nothing for her figure, Miss Judith-Ann embarked on a medical career.

Variations on a theme of Lightstone were many—Lighthead, Lightstone's auscultatory area is well known to all her colleagues, wedding at the end of Fifth Year settled this for ever.

Professors $et\ al.$ have been immortalized by her witty poems. She is now composing shopping lists.

Lightstone's auscultatory area is well known to all her colleagues but her driving manœuvres to a frightened few.

Mrs. Judith-Ann tackled many tutors on iatrogenic disease and "feetal quality". Preoccupation with the latter led her to declare that she would enter hospital at thirty weeks to rest until term.

PHILIP NEWELL ARBER

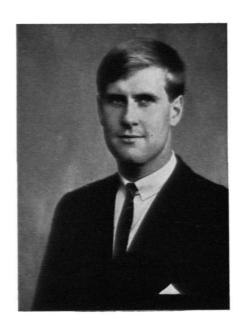
"It's a wise man who will admit he's a fool."

Forever destroying that axiom regarding Cranbrook boys, Phil enrolled in, stumbled against, then smashed the portals of, medicine.

Notwithstanding his landslide selection as hospital year rep. under the banner "A vote for Arber is a vote against the system", Lieutenant Arber's diversities include The Regiment, golf, clanger-dropping, eructation, mosaics on restaurant floors and telepathy with his dog.

Together, his boisterous enthusiasm, inexhaustible fund of popular misconceptions and supply of fresh fish have endeared him to his tutors.

He applies himself exhaustively to every enterprise, and to his friends offers the honesty and sincerity to which many could do well to aspire, though scarcely claim to emulate.





MARIE JEANNINE BRANDWEIN

Marie, for reasons that escape her even in Final Year, wandered into medicine after a distinguished career at North Sydney Girls'.

Most importantly, she has avoided the pitfall of becoming a soulless medical technician. She kept alive her love of music, studying with success the pianoforte and singing, even in the most hectic years. Similarly, she keenly pursued her interest in sport, and never let her studies (albeit most successfully carried out) interfere with her gay social life.

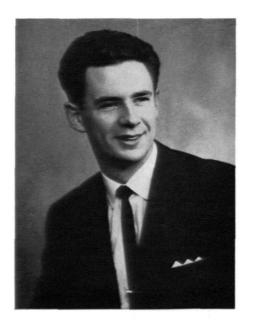
In Final Year, Marie emerges truly feminine, warm, and with the ability to quickly establish a trusting and meaningful relationship with her colleagues. These qualities will take her far in her future career.

PHILIP TEBBUTT BROWN

". . . the only one in the group with virgin lungs."

After matriculating from North Sydney High and taking a year off for a world trip, Phil entered Science in 1963 and swung over to join us in 1964. This was the unorthodox beginning for one of the enigmas of our year. Who could reconcile the mild-mannered image of bedside Brown with the dare-devil figure renowned for his exploits on or about Thredbo, the Balmoral highwire, the nurses' home downpipe, the 20th in George Street, and others? Whether as a tireless church worker or the sun-follower to Samoa for an unallocated term, P.T.B. has always side-stepped the traditional approach. Phil may at times have been hard to fathom, but always good to know.





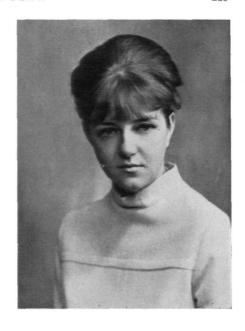
JOHN WILLIAM CASH

John Cash entered the Faculty of Medicine after being educated at Enmore Boys' High School. He has been a most conscientious student and has done well throughout the course. He was awarded the New South Wales Department of Public Health Prize in Fifth Year. Although not well known to most students in his year, those who have had the fortune of knowing and working with him have undoubtedly been impressed by his kindly manner and pleasing personality. These attributes and his devotedness to medicine should make him a most appreciated member of the medical profession.

SUSAN MARIAN COLLINGRIDGE

Those formative years in a Parramatta girls' institution left the stamp of rebellion on Susan. What was "in" for the masses was "out" for her; not that her tastes have been peculiar or extreme—"beat", perhaps. Purple coarse-mesh stockings sheathing a delicately-turned limb is as much a caricature as a tousled mane, her ever-loving guitar or a wall plastered with Botticelli.

Dreamy, drowsy, doe-eyed, 'dorable Susan; well aware that medicine was not the only gift the good Lord bestowed upon his long-suffering people, she attended the curriculum out of courtesy for those who taught her, and in sympathy that they should believe all that she did not.



TIMOTHY GEOFF. CURLEWIS

"Bat on regardless."

Timothy Geoff., fresh from Barker College, conscientiously embarked on his medical career.

However, having new-found freedom, interests turned to many fields—"grog-ons", golfing, "grog-ons" and other anti-girl activities (example, fifty-mile runs; sublimation?). Bowral and Blackheath were the scene of many a lost weekend.

Tim, in the "throws" of Fifth Year, decided it was all too much, and, at the beginning of Final Year, turned to matrimony instead. He then went off in the long vacation, gallivanting around the world with his wife.

On his return to R.N.S.H. in March, he again conscientiously embarked on his medical career. We wish Tim a successful and productive future.

ALEXANDRA (SANDY) HELEN CURLEWIS (NÉE BODEN)

One of the more attractive members of the year, Sandy always enjoys holidays. During her student days she has been on two world trips, the latter her honeymoon with a fellow student.

She loves kissing deans, professors, lecturers, etc., at Year Dinners, etc., being, as we all know, of such a friendly nature.

Sandy spent her developmental years imprisoned in Presbyterian Ladies' College, Pymble. She used to horse-ride; now her hobbies include cooking, reading and other indoor activities.

In the future she plans to have a family of six boys. We wish her a successfully productive future.





MICHAEL ROBERT FEARNSIDE

"Mr. Fearnside, you're a man of infinite knowledge . . ."
——PROF. PIPER.

After escaping from Barker College, Michael embarked on a highly successful medical career, including first place in Psychiatry. Despite both this and intense personal psychoanalysis, he continues to smoke and denies any psychological implications in his marine-blue M.G.B. He has been an active member of the Medical Society and his flair for the theatrical has been evident from his masterly compering of year dinners to his convincing portrayal of Professor Piper at the Country Club revue.

After an encounter with a taipan while caving in New Guinea, he has decided to confine his interests to scuba diving, skiing and squash.

Someone seems to be shaking his hard-line policy, "F.R.C.S. before marriage".

DAVID GRAY FEGENT

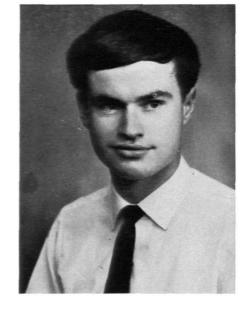
"Are you one of the Fegents?"

Upon his arrival from North Sydney High, David decided that the Sydney University Squadron should be given the task of transforming him into an officer and gentleman.

In Second Year, following his introduction to rock-climbing, he repressed an interest in bush-walking and, a year later, helped form the S.U. Climbing Club, becoming secretary. After various trips to distant peaks, both in Tasmania and nearer home, he spent part of his unallocated term mountainering in New Zealand.

David plays squash (for Uni.) and since coming to R.N.S.H. has taken up table tennis and bridge.

Whatever he does in the future, David seems certain to go somewhere high up in the world.



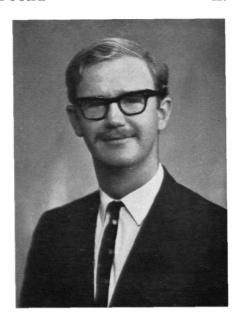


WALDTRAUT (VALI) FRIZZA

Vali came to Medicine from Macarthur Girls' High at Parramatta, where she was school captain, via a year at Sydney Tech. where she learnt the necessary facts (about life, etc.). After a somewhat turbulent start to her course while she established her study patterns (up at 3 a.m. and bed at 6 p.m.) she progressed with relative ease through the clinical years, although she regularly became dehydrated in vivas. She has gained credit in dressmaking, hairstyling and pianoforte and a blue in matrimony in her Final Year—a fitting climax to a brilliant career as an undergraduate female medical student.

PETER ALEXANDER SCOTT GERMANN

Germann, with a hard "g" and definitely no "h", as some professors are wont to use, came from Knox to join the student ranks in 1963. A man of many parts, ready wit and uncontrollable laugh, he had the enviable knack of passing through the course with aplomb and ease, picking up a prosectorship and the odd credit. This success was never at the expense of considerable outside interests. Nowhere was his reputation more established than in those fiercely contested ranks of North-Shore philanderers, and his ability to recite the current nursing roster in the same breath as causes of atrial flutter is well known. To the chagrin of many, his theoretical knowledge was backed with clinical experience and we shall always recall Scott as the roué extraordinaire.



JOHN STEWART GILES

"Oh dear, I'm fed up!"

Another arrival from Barker College, John joined us in Fourth Year after a sojourn in the Department of Physiology where he studied old age in rats. This resulted in a paper published in an obscure Swiss journal and a B.Sc. (Med.).

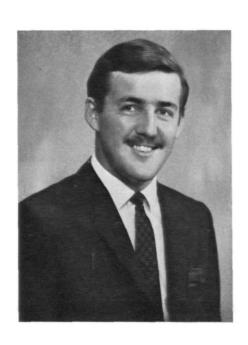
John has had a distinguished academic career, despite his ready answer of "Oh, I don't know" to his tutors' questions. He has also gained skill in making tea (acquired on the labour floor), a blue Morris 850, and a love of the arts, particularly the theatre.

Having survived bribery in Manila, a riot in Hong Kong and straying in the jungles of Cambodia, John's future seems assured.

JOHN MORSE HALES

From a weaning in Noumea and the rigours and privations of schooldays at T.A.S. John entered the Faculty to begin a protracted, hedonistic whirl of the pre-clinical years. Gradually, as the finals approached, we saw him mellow to the cool character shown here. (One of the latest touches—the moustache—dates from an elective term in Asia.)

Throughout, this dilettante has shown considerable variation in outlets and interests, both as a versatile and competent sportsman, and gamester known to misquote Goren. He has followed these pursuits with an enviable calm, and if it was at the expense of academic honours, it was towards a fullness of character we know so well.





STUART JOHN HAZELTON

"Sam."

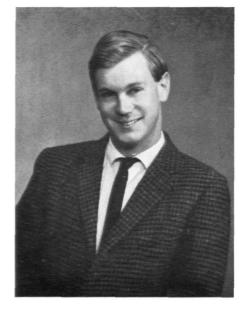
Quiet, unassuming and meticulous, Stuart found his way into the Faculty from North Sydney Boys' High School, convinced by Dr. Perrot that, in fact, he could reach over the dissecting table. Not only could he do this, but Sam attained the honour of having a hand in the anatomy museum. A bright academic record was highlighted by being the only member of his group to see the light in ophthalmology, and by being literally thrown at a patient by a Fourth-Year surgical tutor. Other side-effects of his medical career include a voyage from Perth on a migrant ship, a talk to his fellowship group on the "pill", and, as a result of his interest in fitness, 5BX and squash.

IAN ALEXANDER HENDRY

Ian's major problem throughout his scholastic years was his natural brilliance. He entered Uni. with such a distinguished Leaving Certificate that he had a formidable task to keep up with himself. However, he topped Chem. I and floated comfortably through his preclinical years, never forsaking his loves of fun and sun.

A B.Sc. year of Biochemistry (Hons. I) started him on his way to a life of laboratory research, and in the elective term he received acclaim for some original work at Stanford University.

A good sportsman and an eager follower of the gods Venus, Bacchus and Hewie, the beast will always live a full life in the broadest meaning of the term.





ROSS WILLIAM HINDMARSH

"Any figures to prove it?"

After being school captain of Grammar, Ross has had a clear academic record which has been punctuated by many sporting activities including football, golf, tennis and bridge. His split personality was evinced by his calm, tolerant attitude amongst his colleagues and his mad, dare-devil life on a "Harley monster" complete with leather jacket. Skin fascinated Ross, and this was rewarded with the R.N.S.H. Dermatology Prize—restful nights are assured. Being an enthusiastic member of E.U., he is very tolerant of his infidel colleagues.

His massive physique and booming voice caught the eye and ear of a pretty medico—good luck, Ross and Libby.

TREVOR CHARLES JOHNSON

During his early years at University, Trevor developed a love for sailing and spent much of his leisure time becoming an expert in the many classes on Middle Harbour. Since coming to University, his first love became medicine, or so we thought until Fifth Year, when he became engaged to a R.N.S.H. nurse.

He is honest in all things except when playing bridge with equally deceptive partners.

He has seen hospital life from many points of view, including those of a student wardsman during vacations and through the eyes of his fiancée. He is equally adept at expressing each differing point of view.

Trevor, with his love for medicine and friendly nature, should do well and we wish him every success.





GEOFFREY LOUIS KLEIN

Geoff. entered the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University slightly less than six years ago; he was first noticed in pre-clinical years for his taste in casual fashion—and was later even "complimented" on this publicly. In Fifth Year he discovered his true calling—to obstetrics—but this was rapidly overshadowed by the call of the wide open spaces (fish and R.S.L. club) of Taree, unveiled to him during vacation term. His interests lie between football—where he shows one spark of originality with his incessant cry: "Get Balmain on side!"; and rum, where he shows no originality at all.

We wish him all he can get in the fields of fish, R.S.L., etc., and even medicine.

PATRICIA MARY LAY

"Tall and tanned, and young and slender."

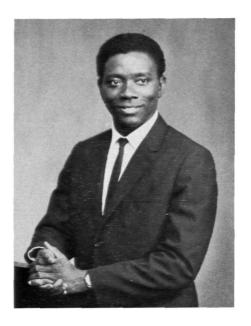
Coming to the University as dux of P.L.C. Pymble, Pat entered Science, but disenchanted with the mysteries of Physics, she turned to study the magic of physic. She is already a pædiatrician of note, having recently published an article in the M.J.A.

Previously an itinerant of no fixed address, she finally settled down in the new "Hut", where she gets "tied up" organizing riotous parties.

To relieve boredom in lectures, she knits chronically, but on fine days she may also be found sunbaking in the courtyard of the "Hut".

During the unallocated term she was often seen by the Tasmanian roadside waiting to be picked up—she will go far.





J. NULI LEMOH

Nuli comes from Sierra Leone in West Africa. At Bo he starred academically, was senior prefect for two years and a member of the school's soccer team.

Nuli spent two years in Wesley College, where some knew him as "Jo Lemoh from Bo!". He actively participated in College sports and socials.

He left College and moved into the wilds of Glebe to batch and battle—he wanted to experience the life outside a College environment.

He believes medicine is a path of service and satisfaction, a path he is determined to tread in his native Africa.

He firmly regards Australia as a place where he obtained a fine education and a home from home.

PIRET LOZZI (NÉE STURM)

"I think I heard a murmur, but I'm not sure."

Born in Sweden of Estonian parents, this dizzy blonde, after completing her schooling at Fort Street Girls' High, where she was dux, landed in the Medical Faculty.

In Med. IV, being the only female in her group, Piret managed to resist the charms of the other members and of a certain dermatologist.

Her brilliant academic career was highlighted in Fourth Year by bagging the bug prize.

The other side of Piret's life came to light in Fifth Year when we witnessed the comings and goings of a tall, dark stranger who engineered her into marriage. Armed with a husband and a second-hand V.W., Piret's future is assured.





KEITH MA

With a penchant for lazy days and "Scotch on the rocks", Keith joined us from St. George Hospital in Fifth Year.

His retiring manner and gentlemanly ways were soon found to be a façade behind which lurked a villainous Eastern potentate devoted to his harem and hashish.

Few will forget Keith's contented countenance as, towards the end of an evening's festivities, he would drift into the happy land of Hong Kong "honkies" oblivious of all surrounding bedlam.

As convener of a hospital Chinese feast, Keith won immortality by post-prandially revealing the hieroglyphics as monkey brains, braised dog and curried cat.

We return our old mate to his homeland, confident that he will rapidly overcome the population problem.

MARGARET PHILP

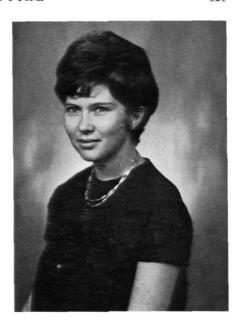
"Malaria, Sir?"

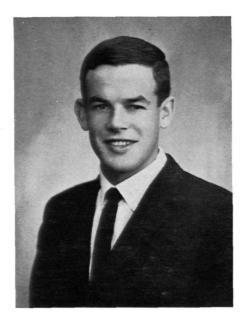
Marg. emerged from the steaming jungle in 1963 to face the perplexities of Med. I and Women's College.

Life since has been a series of banishments: from St. George to North Shore, and, when the call of the tropics became too much, back to the malarial jungle (chest and abdominal pain will never be anything else!).

Her propensity for oblique and crafty questions is surpassed only by her ability for inaudible but (usually) accurate answers. The horror of her driving and the outrage of her bridge must be seen to be believed.

But we know that her odd abilities will assure her of success both now and in her future career, to which Marg. would reply (very audibly) rubbish!





PETER MALCOLM HUNGERFORD PIKE

"Minstrel, poet, sometime scholar, poultry farmer."

It's whisper quiet. A melancholy blues balladeer wails forlornly before a trumpet blast splits the night. The one-man Dixieland band wagon is rolling again! That's Pete, and his love of the wee dram, assorted bits of tartan, clunky brogues and misquotes from Burns and Scott repay his Scottish heritage.

Equally as successful an agitator: "There's only one thing to do, boycott his tute", as ideas man: "Well, how about a beer-and-prawns night?", Peter has managed to gather about him a most unlikely assortment of radicals.

Following a Nuffield Scholarship to Africa, this unique collection has been extended through royalty and medical hierarchy to dictators and mercenaries.

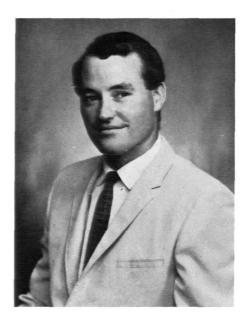
JENNIFER JUNE ROBINSON

Jennifer's decision to study medicine, by design or fate, was an appropriate one. She is not only individualistic in her thinking, but also analytical in solving various problems; these are indeed essential qualities in the practice of medicine.

Her three years' residence in Women's College moulded her into a typical College student who enjoys parties, adopts pseudo-critical taste for culture and yet is efficient in the academic field. She "cracked" a credit in psychiatry.

Now that the end of the road is in sight, Jennifer may justifiably look forward to the successful finish, and an exciting start in practice.





PHILLIPE ARNOTT SCAMPS

"Excuse me, Sir, it's pronounced 'ScOmps'."

Coming from Knox, Phil bowled his way into the Faculty and into the University cricket team. Of French ancestry, Phil has had difficulty with his name and once was called "Phillipa" in a rat castration class.

The quiet member of the group, he is known to have featured extensively in the social columns of the Sunday papers, due, of course, to his beautiful partner—now his wife. He is a confirmed tea drinker and biscuit dunker—Arnott's, naturally—and looks into the future by tilling and preparing his plot of land.

His claim to fame in Fifth Year was being the fastest baby washer on the labour front—one swish and they were done.

RICHARD SIMON SEKEL

One of the crowd from North Sydney Boys' High, Richard's ambitions of specializing in Surgery were stimulated by his prosectorship at the end of Second Year.

Over the next three years his interests were evenly divided between his work and his girlfriend, whom he duly married in Fifth Year. There was much speculation on why he conveniently chose obstetrics term for his marriage and pædiatrics term for his settling in period.

During his elective term, Richard had a taste of research work, attempting to change his hospital's point of view on respiratory treatment. However, his interest in surgery holds true, and he is sure to carve a successful life out of the roots he has so far planted.





IAN R. SMEE

Ian arrived from Melbourne in 1963 burning with ambition to become a great physician or, at least, to eponymise a syndrome. In pursuance of these goals he worked hard and fruitfully and in his spare time was active in the S.U. Squash Club. The year 1967 saw Ian as captain of his squash team and hospital rep. on the Medical Society. He climaxed his political career by acquiring a boot-cleaning box for the hospital. This feat was a significant blow for civil rights and symbolizes our entry into the "great society".

In the long vacation, under the guise of conducting research into asthma, he was actually engaged in getting engaged. Ian would like it known that a persistent rumour of a honeymoon in Vietnam is "not" true.

ALEX LESLIE SZIRT

Born in Hungary but migrated to Australia at an early age. He was educated at Marist Brothers, Kogarah, from where he came to Sydney University and the Faculty of Medicine. He spent an uneventful sojourn at the St. George Hospital for one year before changing to the Country-Club atmosphere of the Royal North Shore Hospital. He helped to battle unsuccessfully against the residents in tennis for two years. He is a confirmed bachelor and teetotaller, but an avid drinker of Coca-Cola. His main interests lie in football and politics, both of which he views from the Right wing.

We wish him every success in the future in whichever field he chooses.





Singapore lost Billy at a tender age and Sydney Boys' High undertook the task of moulding this carefree Chinaman along scholastic lines. Its time does not seem to have been wasted, as, for instance, there is his penchant for posing those impressive questions—irrelevant but impressive.

Equipped to match any opponent on his own ground, he poses a threat in table tennis and golf, and though uncanny behind a bridge hand, would often find himself without his shirt after a poker game. And so, to maintain financial stability and summon strength for his flagging willpower, Bill retired for three months (presumably to meditate), then emerged married. Inscrutable, yes, but hardly did we think so charming!



RONALD FREDERICK TILBURY

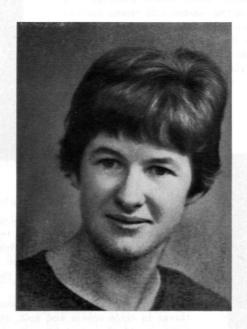
"Oh no, me again!"

Ron, an innocent country lad, came to Sydney from Narrandera to seek his fortune. Running quickly through an accountant's office, the Public Service and the newspaper game, he decided to settle on medicine. During this course he decided on married life, so he got married.

Ron's mature outlook on life and ready wit made many tutorials a pleasant experience. His invariable habit of being chosen as first candidate by all tutors, while making life easy for the rest of the group, tended to make him a bit nervous at the beginning of each term. However, try as he might, he could not hide from any of them.

We hope that this is an omen and you always get chosen first for great things.





LORRAINE MARGARET WHEELDON

Lorraine, or is it Heather, or is it Christine, is a triplet, a fact which has caused much confusion in the unwary. She was educated at Bathurst High School, where she distinguished herself both academically and in the field of sport. Lorraine tried nursing and science before she settled into medicine in 1963. She maintained her interest in sport and has represented S.U. in inter-'varsity badminton every year except fourth. After an initial appointment to St. George Hospital, Lorraine was reappointed to R.N.S.H. a year later and for two years now has been an integral part of life at R.N.S.H.

We wish her all the best in her future career.



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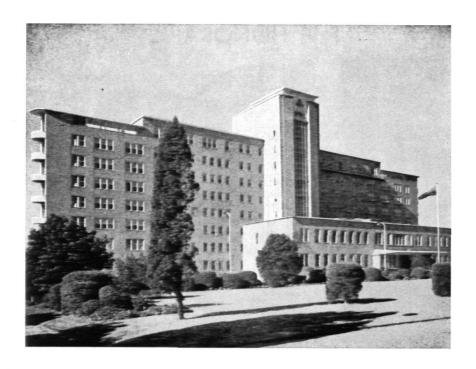
Scientific Integrity, Original Research, High Therapeutic Quality:

These are Traditions of ROCHE.

During the past 25 years, our laboratories have produced and investigated over 16,000 different substances; but only a small proportion of these have satisfied the high standard required for introduction as ROCHE specialities.

Original Research in Medicine and Chemistry

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REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

Sprawled over 200 acres of lawns and gardens, with its swimming pools, tennis courts and bowling green, the Repat. is undoubtedly the most beautiful of our Sydney hospitals. This community boasts a post office, banking services, two canteens, a barber shop and hairdressing saloon, billiard room, a theatre and a Red-Cross library. The hospital itself, with its modern, well-equipped operating theatres, intensive-care unit, Hæmatology Department, Pathology Department, postmortem block and professorial and surgical unit, offers first-class diagnostic and treatment facilities.

With the co-ordination of specialized medical and surgical units, a large number of specialist consultants, physiotherapy and occupational therapy units, psychiatric ward, social workers, recreational facilities, and an active Red Cross branch, the Repatriation General Hospital much more closely approximates the idealistic therapeutic community than any of its counterparts.

However, as a repatriation hospital it necessarily differs from the other Sydney teaching hospitals in a number of ways. Its very basis precludes the younger age groups, a casualty department and certain medical

and surgical problems. Despite this, it offers a wealth of clinical material and teaching experience for both the undergraduate and graduate student.

We, as students, feel strongly about the need for the institution of a full professorial unit in Medicine, to bring together the various teaching components into a co-ordinate unit. This is not a criticism of our teachers, who are of the highest quality, but the elevation in the standard of surgical teaching brought about by the introduction of a professorial surgical unit two years ago bears witness to this need. We trust that the University recognizes this requisite, and for the benefit of our successors we look with anticipation to its institution.

We would like to express our gratitude to the nursing and administrative staffs, without whose co-operation and good humour our jaunt through the hospital could not have been as pleasant or profitable. A special vote of thanks to Colleen and Judy, who have helped us through many personal as well as academic problems.

Last but not least, we are proud of our hospital, and trust that it will be proud of us on the day of reckoning.

THE HONORARIES



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

Dr. Conomy's practice of the principle "that a little criticism is worth ten pats on the back" has borne fruit. We have learned a great deal of medicine in our association with him, but probably even more important, he has helped us strike a reasonable balance between academic and bedside medicine.

His accent on bedside medicine has taught us the practical application of our knowledge (such as it is) and, after all, the bedside is where we will eventually use it.

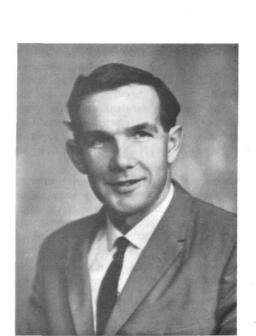
We thank Dr. Conomy for his patience and persistence with us.

NEIL D. GALLAGHER

Plucked from the heights of his academic career and plunged into the depths of Final-Year tuition at Concord, Dr. Gallagher has surfaced slowly but surely.

Between his research and teaching he has had a hand in shaping the destinies of many mice and men. We have appreciated his patience with our hasty and often ill-prepared case presentations and his ability to extract from a mass of facts the relevant information.

In contrast to his students, he is always a gentleman and a scholar.





DAVID GILLETT

We first became associated with this youthful tutor in Fifth Year. He quickly displays a wealth of knowledge and considerable experience in the practice of surgery.

His teaching is razor sharp, well-pitched at the undergraduate, and amply caters for student dependency needs. Indeed, his tutorials would not be complete, nor proper, without a couple of "Mother and little Johnny" stories to illustrate clinical points, and the quotation at the appropriate percentages.

Future years will find, as we have, how invaluable their time spent with him is. We sincerely thank him for his effort and consideration.

STANLEY GORTON COOREY

"No more, thanks, I'm operating at 8.30 this morning!"

"Stan" has been associated with us since Fourth Year, originally as a surgical tutor and now as our student supervisor. Although extremely elusive, a man with more interest in student affairs would be hard to find.

He will be remembered by us all, not only for his ability to simplify clinical surgery, but also for his genuine friendship and fine sense of humour.



SIR WILLIAM MORROW

"What does the current literature say about this . . . ?"

Sir William, with his experience in student teaching and his wide knowledge of medicine, has guided us through many discussions, gently chiding us for our lack of perspective and helping us appreciate the patient as a whole rather than just an illness.

He is gifted with the gentle art of giving a critical appraisal of our case history efforts without engendering the feeling that we have been shot down in flames.

We have benefited from the many illustrations of clinical points drawn from his experience, and his explanations of the intricacies of medical problems were never aimed above our heads.

JOHN PATRICK O'NEILL

"What is the name of that cytotoxic drug that makes your hair fall out?"

The manner in which this surgical tutor pleasantly, quietly, smilingly exposed our ignorance to not only the group but the whole ward is an example that should be emulated by all aspiring teachers.

It must be rare indeed to have surgery taught with the combination of humour, logic and "good oil" that Mr. O'Neill expounds.





KEN PERKINS

"The Iron Man."

Keenly interested in students and their academic welfare, Dr. Perkins has become well known to us. He imparts his wide clinical experience in an absorbing and friendly way, often pausing for a joke or an anecdote from his colourful past, especially reminiscences of his days in America.

Laconic and youthful, he appears to exist on a diet of hard work, Coca-Cola and chips. Congenitally late, he always manages to produce an excuse.

Despite the fact that he has fathered only daughters, women students still worry him. He is forever kind and does not chastise us—only screws up his face, grunts and coughs!

Dr. Perkins has shown great enthusiasm in arranging students' programmes and is always ready to rectify a complaint.

Associate Professor of Surgery:

MURRAY PHEILS

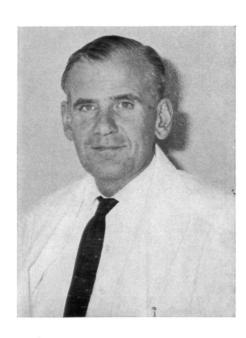
"Infarction, derived from the Latin farcire-to stuff."

Distinguished by his imposing stature, his father-like attitude toward his students, his assortment of glasses and his quietly-spoken English accent, the "Prof." has been largely responsible for the elevation in the standard of surgical tuition that Concord has experienced in the past two years.

His clinical acumen and his middle-of-the-road approach to surgical problems ("I wouldn't like to be dogmatic about that, but in my experience . . .") have taught us true values which will remain with us throughout our medical careers.

His anecdotes and subtle humour have made even our three-hour Friday afternoon sessions enjoyable.





ROBERT PETER SILVERTON

Mr. Silverton has an ability to present surgery as a mixture of common sense and simplicity, and in a manner which commanded our attention from the first to the last word. Even the most dormant of us found it no effort to rise in time for his morning tutorials.

His ease with, and his understanding of his patients, has been an example to us all and as a tutor he has few equals.

Our association with him has been a pleasant and profitable experience.

"But who's going to read the ad if there's such a lot of copy...?"

To those who won't, we'll be brief:

Watson Victor, since 1888, has been a pioneer in the field of scientific equipment for medicine, research and industry in the Southern Hemisphere — and continue to be so.

To those who have a moment, the WatVic story is one of quiet history-making, swift growth and progressive development.

Originally filling the role of distributors of microscopes and allied appliances in the late 1890's, Watson Victor was supplying X-ray apparatus and equipment just THREE YEARS after Roentgen astounded the world.

Ever since, we have kept pace with overseas advances in the scientific and medical fields, making available the very *latest* equipment.

The two world wars made heavy demands on our specialised production capacity, and we are justifiably proud that these demands were met.

Progressive expansion has continued. Watson Victor is now the largest manufacturer and distributor of quality medical/scientific equipment in the Southern Hemisphere, and our export record is a healthy one.

This reputation for fine equipment and organised service is 80 years young.

WATSON VICTOR LTD.

Offices in all Australian States and New Zealand



the problem of pain . . .

In the United Kingdom and Australia, the laboratories of Reckitt & Colman are conducting continuous research into new analgesic compounds.

A dramatic new discovery in the field of analgesics is represented by the diagram above.

From the initial compounds prepared, further research has resulted in the development of compounds with 1,000, 5,000 and even 10,000 times the potency of morphine. It is this type of research that makes Reckitt & Colman a leader in its field, both here and overseas.



(Pharmaceutical Division), Australia



OUR OTHER TEACHERS

Over the past three years a host of physicians and surgeons have had a hand in laying the foundations of our medical careers. Each has cemented a little knowledge as well as a little of himself into our lives. To these teachers we are deeply indebted.

| Dr. R. Royle | Dr. J. Davies |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| Dr. T. Burfitt-Williams | Dr. F. Lang |
| Dr. N. Noble | Dr. W. Hughes |
| Dr. K. Byers | Dr. R. Healy |
| Dr. J. O'Leary | Dr. D. Perry |
| Dr. C. Bear | Dr. R. Dunn |
| Dr. R. Chambers | Dr. N. Wyndham |
| Dr. B. Purser | Dr. D. Mackenzie |
| Dr. R. Evans | Dr. W. Lennon |
| Dr. J. Findlater | Dr. A. Grant |
| Dr. C. Matthews | Dr. T. Furber |
| Dr. McGarrity | Dr. D. Meares. |
| | |

A special vote of thanks to Mr. Stan Koorey, our clinical supervisor, and to Dr. Hugh "has anybody got a match" Gibson, who has had, perhaps, a greater influence on our medical orientation than any other single person during our clinical years.

To our registrars, who have given us many enjoyable hours of clinical tuition, we thank you:

Dr. R. Bartrop, Dr. G. Bautovich, Dr. J. Casamento,
Dr. D. Cody, Dr. P. Despas, Dr. E. Emmett, Dr. J. Fowler, Dr. C. Grace, Dr. M. Lawrie, Dr. A. Lewis, Dr. H. Martin, Dr. Mayday, Dr. P. Pratten,
Dr. M. Price, Dr. B. Roberts, Dr. R. Scamps, Dr. P. Van Vliet and Dr. R. Wright.

THE LATE DR. E. PARRY.

The untimely loss of this gentleman, colleague, surgeon and teacher has saddened all who knew him.

THE STUDENTS

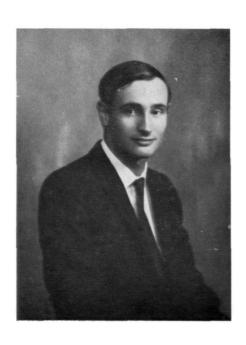
RICHARD PAUL ARMATI

"A disappointing wine."

For the last seven years, Richard has resided in St. Paul's College and has been a prominent committee member of the St. Paul's College Wine Cellar. As a result, he has cultivated both a palate and a great affinity for wine.

But life has not been all beer and skittles. Richard did a B.Sc. (Med.) and to see him trotting off at the weekend to feed his rats was a truly touching sight.

Being basically a serious person and a devotee of learning isolated little facts (... more common in Afghanistan, Lower Slobbovia and N.-E. Mongolia) he will probably pick up further marks from his examiners for further original thinking.





ANTHONY GEORGE WILLIAM BARRETT

"Gawd, you should see my case history."

Usually found sprawled on the common room floor with shirt hanging out and religiously attempting the daily crossword, Tony has become distinguished amongst his fellow Concord students.

Tony (or "Barn"—a name he acquired at Scots and by which he is usually known) has shown a many-faceted character. Although sometimes thoughtful and introspective, he is usually cheerful and extroverted. He can, with the greatest of ease, turn the most serious tutorial into a riot. Interested in music, he plays the piano, bagpipes and organ.

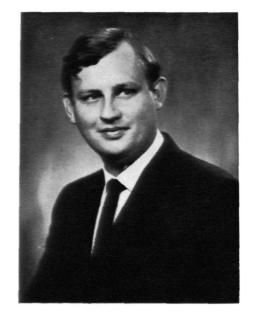
With his great understanding of human nature, his ability to establish a friendly relationship with almost anyone, and his down-to-earth personality, Tony will go far in the world of medicine.

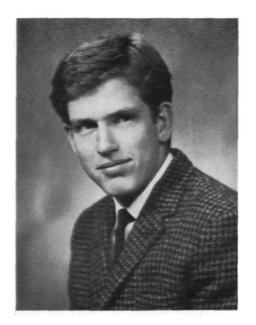
MALCOLM JOHN DUNLOP BORLAND

Although a hedonist by nature, Malcolm practises a statistical approach to life. Intriguingly he attacks even the smallest problem with searching analysis and system. Little wonder his interests should include chess and cards, literature, music, "Winnie the Pooh" and wargaming. He enjoys the pleasures of the table and stimulating conversation.

Typical of Malcolm's cloak-and-dagger style was his ability to keep secret, from even his closest friends, his plunge into matrimony.

Malcolm's sense of humour, his good taste and sympathetic understanding will allow him to succeed in any field of endeavour.





JEFFREY JOHN BOYD

This quiet intellectual, renowned for saying the unexpected, descended upon us from the heights of Katoomba via Macquarie Boys' High.

When Jeff is not mountaineering, having long holidays in the country, bird-watching, skin-diving or sleeping (with Bailey and Love under his pillow) he is avidly consuming such heavies as Turgenev, de Maupassant and James Joyce.

This man of mystery, with his diverse range of extra-curricular activities, has never ceased to amaze his examiners (and us).

His medical career, should he find time for one, will surely be eventful.

COLIN ALEXANDER BULL

"Don't use the lift-up the stairs."

Presented: An eager young man of imposing stature and character from Homebush High.

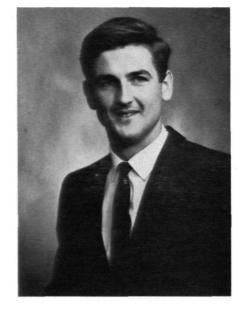
Past History: Service with the Regiment, many and varied vacation employments and numerous trips around Australia, including a sojourn on an uninhabited coral island, have given Col. a deep understanding of people.

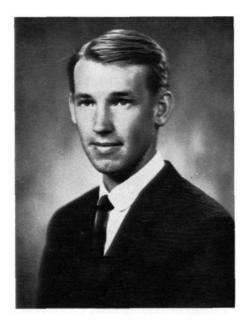
Personal/Social: A pianist of great repute who keeps fit on squash and night runs, whose other interests are cloaked in mystery.

Present History: A diligent student whose capacity for work was the envy of his colleagues, Col. took every spare moment to do 5 P.M's three short cases . . . ?

Therapy: Saturday afternoon sailing; Saturday evening?

Prognosis: A leaning towards surgery will undoubtedly find expression in the practice of his chosen profession.





JOHN NORMAN CARTER

John came to medicine from Newington College. In 1966 he took a year from his medicine course to pursue an interest in spirochætes and obtained his B.Sc. (Med.).

John's interests are mainly sporting: golf, cricket, football, trots and cards—"Why not, I say".

Amongst the many characteristic things about John is his collection of ties, one for every occasion, and his ability to always find an answer "In geese, I believe. . . ."

John's wit and apt turn of phrase has been a delight to us all. We wish him well in his promising medical career.

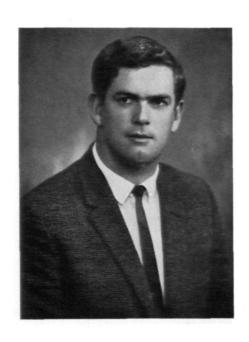
DAVID JAMES EFFENEY

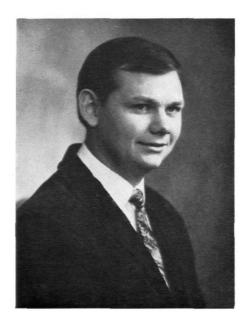
"Could you shout a little louder, please, Sir."

David came into the Faculty from Waverley College with an open personality, a head for organizing people and a reputation for swiftness. At University he had a periodic concern for examiners but a constant association with sport. He pursued a progressive course, playing football and running for the Faculty and University, later captain of the Athletics Club and treasurer of the Sports Union, and, finally developing into a more paternal figure cajoling "his troops" (Uni. U20 footballers) around the oval.

In later years he has developed a tendency to waistcoats in winter, dining at Doyle's and scrutinizing white wines.

We feel sure that Dave's suppleness at handling "women with their ovaries in a knot" will stand him in good stead for the future.





DAVID IAN FEVRE

"Well . . . gee, er."

At all times a gentleman — from his gentleman's passes, his gentlemanly demeanour, his dapper dress, to his gentleman's retiring hour.

The casual observer might fail to detect the subtle wit, some will detect an air of mystery, but none could fail to be impressed by the ever-present self-confidence and dignity.

Perhaps the reason for it all lies in those lost weekends spent in his home town of Wollongong. He admits to being a grade hockey player, steelworker, concrete finisher and impersonator of eminent surgeons, but denies anything else. Who knows?

One thing, however, is sure, that is his guarantee of a successful future. We wish him well.

LORRAINE AUDREY GRAHAM

Lorraine's career in medicine has been not only one of continued successes, but one punctuated by many extra-curricular activities. Despite the demands of the medical course, she still manages to find time for her favourite sports of squash and "politicking". She has provided much amusement to her group with her naivety and gullibility as well as much relief with her ready and usually correct answer for the harder sorts of question. With her friendliness and attractive looks, Lorraine has established rapport quickly and easily with most of her tutors (? paternalism) and fellow students. She is readily remembered by most patients for the coldness of her hands.

With her quick and inquiring mind and her interest in other people, Lorraine can only do well in the future.



CAROLYN HILDA KEFFORD

Commonly known as "Littley" or "Cuddles" by students and tutors alike, Carol is renowned for her friendliness and cheerfulness and for her sincerity and genuine concern for others.

Petite and attractive, Carol has a great many friends both in and out of the Faculty. She has always kept up a wide variety of interests, notably dieting, Ian (her fiancé), tennis and church activities. She has also been seen painting roofs at La Perouse.

Although Carol may have trouble in reaching her patients, she always puts people at ease and is quietly efficient in her work. She should do well.

PETER LINDSAY KLINEBERG

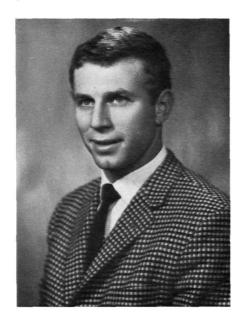
"I've gotta start working."

From the beginning, Peter managed to avoid much reading. Working from "tutes" he amazed the sceptics yearly with consistent "gentleman's" results. A keen Wesley man for four years, he was noted for his rowing, reforming the house committee (as a junior), sleeping and epic hangovers.

Frequently dissatisfied with things as he finds them, Peter has more than once clashed with authority. Highlights of his clinical years include his brush with an eminent surgeon on the advisability of removing a segment of infarcted bowel.

He climaxed his pursuit of the fairer sex by marrying in 1967, and went on a spearfishing expedition (honeymoon).

With his practical outlook and concern for the individual, Peter is certain to do well in medicine.





PATRICK SHEUNG CHI LEE

"Would you mind repeating that, Mr. Lee?"

Patrick slipped into medicine via Sydney Technical College from Hong Kong after managing his father's business for a number of years.

Highlights of Patrick's career include raising goldfish, an engagement to Frances, disposing of out-dated cars and express deliveries at St. Margaret's.

His quiet relentless acquisition of knowledge coupled with his gentleness assures him of respect as a family physician.

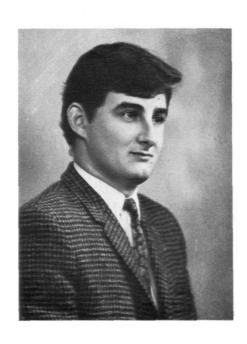
Although his driving ability is not suited to the leisurely pace of Sydney traffic, it will guarantee his survival on return to Hong Kong.

ANTHONY KAROFILIS MARINOS

"I'd rather play cards . . ."

Tony started his career in St. Paul's College where he rapidly became famous for his hair style (now modified), his bridge-playing into the small hours, and his ability to do well academically after rather a late start on his studying binge.

He moved out of College to live in flats in nice places like Kings Cross and Glebe. There he became the master of one-handed cooking—the other arm is fixed in flexion to hold a glass of wine. In this environment he thrives on a balanced diet of study, parties and occasional card games.





PHILIP MILDENHALL

"I'm waiting for Joy."

Raised in Terrigal and schooled in Gosford, Phil came to Sydney to do medicine and to find joy. In the process he has acquired a B.Sc. (Med.) in immunology, a car sticker, a wife, a car, and an auto-immune response to all clinical problems, including fractures.

His dead-pan case presentations always give the surgeons' viewpoint, much to the delight of the physicians. It's very easy to criticize the surgeon afterward.

He is a keen christian and worker for E.U.

Phil climaxed his marathon engagement by spending his long vacation term marrying one Lindsay Joy Allan (Senior Year Book, 1967). His knowledge of tumour transplants in C57 mice assures him success as a junior resident.

DALE STEPHANIE MYERS

From Lithgow and the south coast, Dale came to Sydney, graduated from Fort Street and entered Medicine in 1961. After side-stepping the Faculty in 1965 for a year with the Pharmacology Department, she joined us in Fourth Year.

Her passage through Medicine has been a quiet one, "Could you speak up a little, please, Miss Myers?", highlighted by spending her unallocated term at Queen Mary Hospital in Hong Kong.

Despite immense odds (alone in a group of boys), Dale has made the grade. Her determination, her intense interest in people and her yen for travel assure her of a rewarding medical career.





STEPHEN NICHOLSON

"What are trumps . . . whose lead is it?"

Steve's tie with his old school (Newington) is so strong that he still wears it. He led a quiet and studious(?) life until he entered Fifth Year, then the action started. He quickly showed considerable potential (and profit) at cards. Steve developed a keen interest during obstetrics term. She found him an engaging fellow.

Steve's other interests include the odd game of golf, a spot of fishing, a passion for classical music, and car accidents. His unusual sense of humour and his good clinical judgement should ensure him of success in his future medical career.

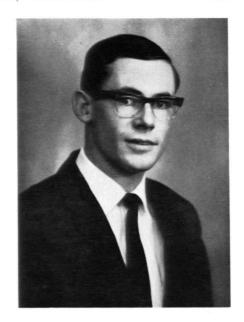
NEVILLE JOHN NOTT

"Seven no trumps."

Neville hails from the country around Dunedoo. He entered Medicine after distinguishing himself at All Saints' College, Bathurst. His mathematical brilliance has lived on in Neville, the bridge-player, and he is to be regarded as one of the best. However, he willingly bestows his bridge knowledge on his ignorant colleagues, patiently teaching us the fundamentals during obstetrics term.

Although he has acquired the trappings of a city slicker, he slips with ease into the country life at the end of each year. He is inseparable from his "Honda" except when going up one-way streets the wrong way.

With his quiet confidence and ability, Neville's future is guaranteed provided he trades his two wheels for four.





JOHN WILLIAM ROBINSON

"Goose Farm maiden runner by Woodlawn out of Lismore."

It was only natural that John, fresh from the farmlands of the north coast, should reside at St. John's. The proximity of the Goose and Grose Farms enabled him to feel completely at home.

His penchant for tall, sophisticated blondes, preferably with a touch of intelligence, occasionally upset his diurnal rhythm to such a degree that the medical correspondence course was at times embraced. The end of each year, however, would see a change of heart as John endeavoured to follow his axiom: "It's an overrated pastime."

John, with his ease of manner, quiet sincerity and deep sense of responsibility, is assured of being a genuine asset to the medical profession.

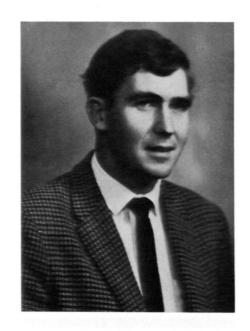
DAVID RUSSELL ROXBURGH

Many people could be deceived by the unassuming, quiet nature of David, the gentleman.

Many people do not know about the aggressive sailor, the university rower, the transformation to the outdoor sportsman that occurs when he leaves the ward; in fact, David is almost the classical wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not only a keen sportsman, but also a conscientious student, Dave has a well-balanced outlook on life that is the envy of many of his friends

His kind personality, reliability, helpfulness and Anne, his future wife, assure him of a successful future.





PATRICIA MARGARET SHALALA

A former M.L.C. student when Patsy joined us, she was immediately confronted with an unexpected popularity. At Concord she was cast into a group with six males and has always been the object of the sympathy of little old ladies.

Although Patsy has difficulty in testing reflexes, her own are easily elicited; she tends to scream and lash out indiscriminately when touched, though her anxieties are generally well controlled by the many pets she keeps, and her overtly aggressive driving. She is also responsible for "the legend of the phantom Plymouth".

Patsy's future will be full of interest.

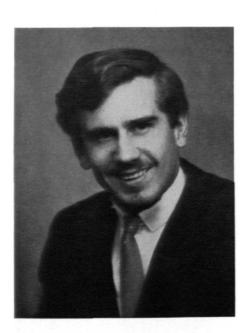
BRUCE SUGRIV SINGH

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

Bruce arrived from Fiji at an early age to begin his distinguished career at Normanhurst High. From success in First Year he moved into Second Year and Wesley College and left both thankfully, his inability to make early morning lectures being a feature of those tender years.

Banished to Concord ("it's a conspiracy"), Bruce alternates between complete absorption in medicine and disillusionment—finding relief in horses, golf, music and books. During vacation term he took off for the Inter-Dominion in New Zealand, working at a hospital in close proximity to the track.

With his academic energy and gentleness, which has survived along with his always immaculate appearance, Bruce is bound to achieve something in medicine.



DAVID JOHN SMITH

"From the benign to the ridiculous."

Dave, ex-Sydney High, entered medicine with the two aims of becoming a politician and forming a rock-band. He has been successful in both. His notable achievements have been a P.R. mortality of ten percent, an attempt to cannulate the radial nerve, flooding the students' quarters at St. Margaret's with bathwater, cementing trans-Tasman relations and succinct statements including "I was sick as a child" when asked why he did not give blood.

Unaccountably, Dave is a Liberal, a neo-socialist (without nationalized medicine), and an inveterate optimist and idealist, chivalrous in the extreme. Although he has not shone academically, Dave is completely at home in a clinical setting.

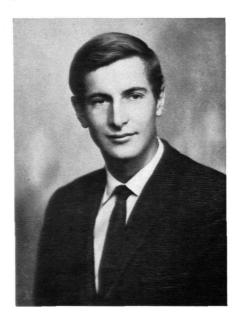
PAUL RAYMOND TREVILLIAN

Paul, more commonly known as "Slim", was of such youthful appearance in Med. I that lecturers used to ask if he was looking for his elder brother.

We often feel that this is the reason for his success with women. His determined pursuit of the fair sex has involved forays into some of Sydney's more unseemly pubs. His excuses for the incredible number of "knock-backs" thus accumulated are always entertaining.

Paul's card playing is enthusiastic but fraught with basic indiscretions such as bluffing against a full house or confidently assuming "Joker" is in kitty.

Nevertheless, his easy-going manner and lively sense of humour have made our hours of tutorials far more pleasant than they might have been.





MAXWELL DOUGLASS CHATFIELD TRUSCOTT

"I'll just slip over and see the bird."

Doug has had an interesting progression through Medicine. He first attracted attention to himself by his habit of falling in love with girls hundreds of miles away and used to spend the better parts of weekends driving headlong into darkness to and from the waiting arms of his "flame".

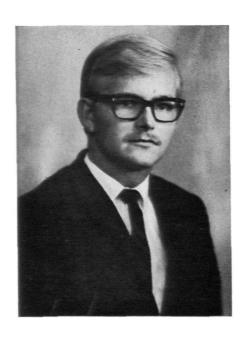
He will be long remembered at St. Paul's College for his loud record player and his multiple copies of Johnny Cash, Elvis, "The Big 'O'", etc.

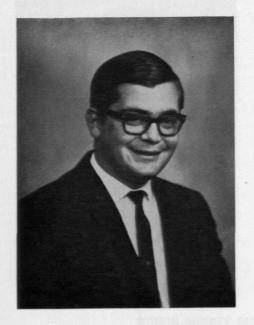
In his last year he has retreated to the quietude of his aunt's home and is studying hard in order to produce an academic personal best.

NICHOLAS VARGASSOFF

Nick has been attempting to grow a moustache for at least five years. If you peer closely at the accompanying picture, you will see that his endeavours have received moderate success. Nick has had a bug for speed. He likes fast women, fast drinking and fast cars—he thus brought a V.W. and added twin carburettors and four wide wheels. This year he bettered this by purchasing another car with a bigger, better back seat. Poker machines are another downfall. He usually has to return home via the Gladesville Bridge after he has played the machines for a few minutes to avoid the toll.

Academically, Nick is inclined towards psychiatry—we wish him success in this field and with his career in general.





ALLAN PRESTON WHITE

"That's a big pile of X-rays, Sir."

—(at 4.55 p.m.)

Allan, one of East Irian's most valuable exports and very knowledgeable on selected tropical diseases, is noted for his characteristic sense of humour and his organizing ability.

As a member of St. Paul's College, his activities included the usual excesses, but especially bridge and the literary magazine. He also classes himself among the fifty best croquet players in Final Year. The purchase of a battered, unattractive (but fully imported) 1955 Simca (affectionately termed "Heapus collapsus"), bearing the number plate "ARS 113" was one of the pinnacles of his social achievements.

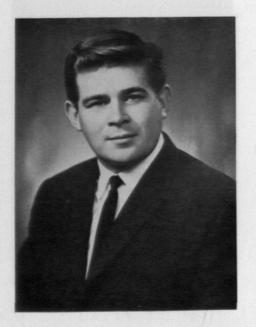
KERRY MYRA WHYTE (NÉE ROBERTS)

Known variously as Miss Roberts, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Whyte and Mrs. Whyte, Kerry's identity is still a closely-guarded secret. Highlights of her career include surviving three years in Women's College, surviving three years of marriage, and knitting a dress in obstetrics term. She has encountered difficulties with forward patients, but can always be relied upon to get out of trouble with a well-timed blush.

Kerry has never allowed the vicissitudes of the medical students' life to interfere with her varied outside interests, which include Gordon, books, music, bushwalking and play-going.

Her strong feelings on the subject of working married women doctors ensure that her medical studies have not been in vain.





RONALD CHARLES WILKINSON

"Don't call me Ormsby!"

Ron, our year rep., born and bred on the backblocks of West Wyalong, first cast his infectious smile upon us in 1961. However, we were not the only ones to receive his bush charm, for he quickly settled down to the fatigues of married life.

His chief delights are his pipe, his battered old guitar, and those infernal cryptic crosswords. He is always willing to make up a four, consistently undercalling his hand by up to three tricks.

Ron's cheerful disposition, his untapped potential for hard work and his common touch assure him of a satisfying orthopædic career.

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TAO

ORAL HYPOGLYCAEMIC AGENT

DIABINESE

ANTICHOLINERGIC AGENT

DARICON

STERILE EYE DROPS

VISINE

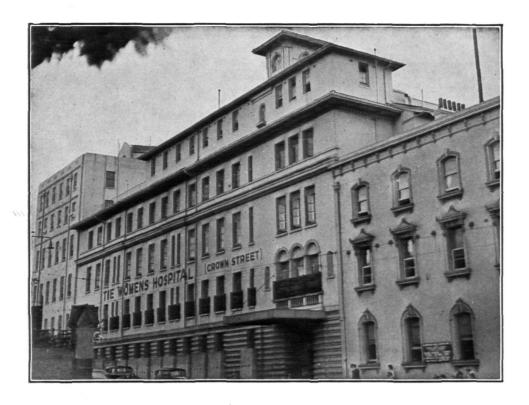
VITAMIN AND MINERAL FORMULATIONS

VITERRA HEPASOL BCM AND MULTI B FORMULATIONS

ANTI MONILIAL AGENT

DIASTATIN ORAL AND VAGINAL TABLETS





THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

As October, 1968 is a very important month in the history of The Women's Hospital (Crown Street), it being the 75th anniversary, it would be an opportune time to retrace the development of this hospital.

Before October, 1893, there was no systematic treatment of pregnant women in Sydney, the only indoor accommodation then being available was at the "Lying-In" Department of the Benevolent Society. The need for an indoor and outdoor institution was impressed upon the late Sir James Graham and Dr. A. Watson Munro, and in October, 1893, The Women's Hospital was inaugurated by these men with its headquarters and dispensary in a cottage at No. 207 Hay Street, Sydney (present "Haymarket" area). Only very modest accommodation could be provided in the Hay Street premises and there are references in early records to this hospital (four rooms and an attic) having four beds, but usage of these beds is not recorded.

The Royal Commission on Charities in 1899 stated, "For three years the work of the institution was con-

fined to the treatment of women in their own homes and to affording advice at the dispensary. The necessity for the establishment in Sydney of a hospital exclusively for women then led the management to rent and furnish a home, 242 Elizabeth Street, where an indoor department was established, and the first in-patient admitted in October, 1896".

A further move was made only eight months later, the indoor department being transferred in June, 1897, to a residential building known as "City View", formerly a church home on the corner of Crown and Albion Streets. This building was originally furnished with 20 beds. The Elizabeth Street premises were retained for some time as an outdoor department and nurses' home; the outdoor department was subsequently moved to 191 Albion Street.

From these beginnings grew The Women's Hospital (Crown Street), as we know it, with the absorption of adjoining land, new buildings and also the acquirement of annexes, "Canonbury", at Darling Point, and "Lady Wakehurst" at Waverley.



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

St. Margaret's is a unique experience. Like those before us and those who will follow, most thoroughly enjoyed their ten weeks whether impressed with obstetrics or not. Our initial trepidation and feelings of inadequacy on labour floor soon gave way to feelings of self-satisfaction as we become involved, for the first time in five years, even if only to assist in a natural process and wash the dirty linen afterwards. We were instructed in strict labour ward technique, right down to the last "peri pad", by the sisters and nursing staff who were behind us at all times.

A game of "scrabble" with the "waiting girls" was misconstrued, a command was issued and an old threestorey tenement house became our home. Those of us who had the pleasure of living there were impressed with its lack of facilities, but with some nostalgia we remember how an initial enthusiasm for answering the 'phone soon gave way to a nocturnal curse. We remember the parties, the card games and the sense of comradeship with those from another teaching hospital as well as those from our own group. Some of us even remember going to tutorials.

We thank the teaching staff and especially Dr. McGrath, Dr. Flynn, Dr. McInerney, Dr. McAuliffe, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Bracken, Dr. Tully, Dr. McMahon, Dr. Thong and Dr. Shipton for their persistent attempts to instil some obstetric knowledge into us.

We also extend our sincere thanks to the sisters and nursing staff upon whom we were thrust so often. Their patience and ever-ready advice during our jumbled efforts, often at ungodly hours, were much appreciated.



The Obstetrics Block

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

"It's easier to replace a good student than a good labour-floor sister."

—D. Peanner

The most memorable period of our association with North Shore was without doubt, the five weeks spent living-in during our obstetrics term. During this term we were instructed in the "art of the accoucheur", and the care of the newborn. Any other skills acquired along the way, such as floor mopping, washing dirty linen and making cups of tea, were a bonus.

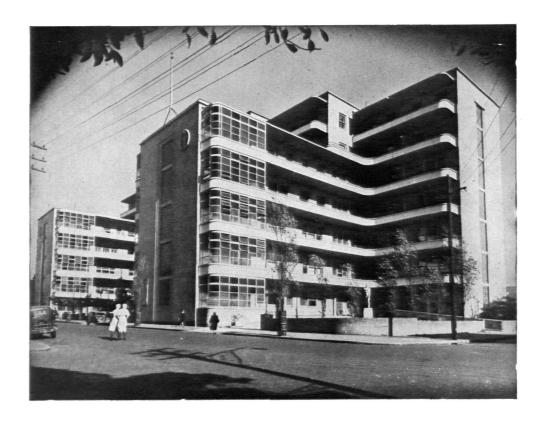
The initial enthusiasm for responding to the shriek of the buzzer or the ring of the 'phone with a headlong rush up two flights of stairs was, on the whole, well maintained. At the end of our time we were well and truly convinced that obstetrics is a nocturnal profession. The prospect of delivering a baby after midnight and returning some two hours later to wash and dress it soon lost its particular appeal.

We are indebted to the combined efforts of Dr. Edmund Collins, Dr. John Leaver, Dr. David Pfanner,

Dr. Ewen Sussman and Dr. John Kemp, who were our able and respected teachers. Their good humour and high standard of instruction made the term worthwhile. Our thanks must go also to the nursing staff who reacted to our invasion of their domain with tolerance and willing assistance.

This narrative would be incomplete without a mention of the old "Hut". Draughty and uncomfortable though it may have been, its memory will persist when most others have faded. It was replaced this year with a new sterile residence. However, in years past, it was witness to the consumption of immeasurable quantities of alcohol and shook, usually until the early hours of the morning, with the noise and activity of its occupants.

Our lives are undoubtedly richer as a result of our association with the Obstetrics Block.



KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

In previous year books, the obstetric hospital annotations have been written by members of the departing Final Year. As this year book changes previous practice, it may be appropriate to consider some historical features of King George V Hospital.

The hospital was the concept of the late Sir Herbert Schlink, senior gynæcological surgeon and chairman of the Hospital Board for many years. The building, highly commended for its architectural design, was prominent on the skyline until the construction of the Nurses' Home and the Page Chest Pavilion in the 1950s. It is a pity that Sydney's first race track was moved from the site of the present-day Camperdown Park: students would have had an excellent view of proceedings from the back of K.G.V.!

King George V has been endowed with additional "outhouses" from its beginning. One such was the

"Prince Alfred Hotel" which formerly nestled in the projecting limbs of the hospital at the Salisbury Road corner. Now only a disdainful surgeon stands where once Bacchus held sway. Of the group of three temporary huts sheltering from gaze behind King George V, one was used for a time as a place of student residence. The situation was ideal for proximity to the labour ward, but noisy parties were the subject of police visitation on more than one occasion at the request of nearby citizens. There must have been much quiet relief when the students' quarters were moved to their present site.

In the years after graduation, most will look back to their obstetrics term as one of the highlights of the course: to the beginnings of practical participation in medicine, to parties and late nights in the labour ward, and to friendships cemented for a lifetime.

FREDERICK HINDE.



The Johnson Medal

The Johnson Medal for Research and Development was established in 1960.

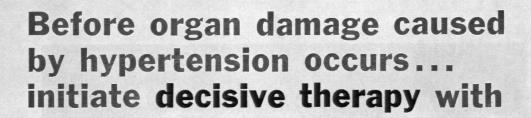
It is awarded annually at the discretion of the board of directors to scientists throughout the world-wide Johnson & Johnson organization for outstanding achievements within the extensive research and development programme.

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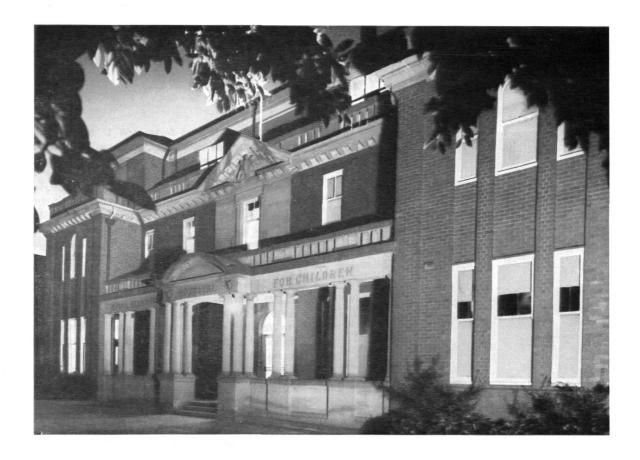
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N.H.S. ITEM:

CIBA



ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

"Home away from home."

During our pædiatric term in Fifth Year, an attempt was at last made to put medicine into some sort of realistic perspective. Many of the tutorials were conducted by visiting general practitioners who aimed to teach us that there is a human side to the practice of medicine outside the coldly "scientific" atmosphere of most teaching hospitals. It was here that we came to realize that more patients have human problems than rare biochemical abnormalities.

Visits to baby health centres and kindergartens provided an excellent opportunity for the study of the normal development of children. Psychiatry tutorials in such nearby centres as Parramatta illustrated many of the problems which must be overcome during maturation of the infant into "healthy young adults".

A hospital littered with children and their toys, attractive nurses, and a friendly, approachable teaching staff, all served to make the pædiatrics term one of the most enjoyable of the medical curriculum.

"ROBIN MAY" MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1968



FRANK LEONARD JOHNSON

Of all Final-Year awards, probably the most coveted is the "Robin May" Memorial, traditionally awarded by popular vote to the student displaying combined talents of popularity, Faculty spirit, sportsmanship and academic record. With proven success in all these areas, the prize for 1968 was conferred on Frank Leonard Johnson.

Len, as he is universally known, is one of many St. Vincent's students to have received the prize in recent years.

He joined the Faculty in 1963 from Waverley College. The school days there became the template for university life and, as later, the campus, field and court were a better yardstick to his success than the cold figures of exam. results.

Tennis was his real forte, and it was a source of amazement to see with what precision this moderatelybuilt, stocky frame could repeatedly outcourt most opponents. He represented the University in tennis, squash and baseball, and was one of the illustrious XI who put down the staff in Fourth Year. With football, though less skilled, he was no less active, and in later years was instrumental in arranging many of the interhospital matches, occasions where his speed and size made him a dedicated rather than first-class player. If it wasn't organizing, it was arbitrating, and the all-white, whistle-blowing figure of Len as referee was familiar on most College ovals. Undoubtedly his worst ventures were over the green beige, a pastime he was introduced to in Fourth Year and never mastered, although he was always prepared to sit down with more worthy adversaries.

Len, as a student identity, came to the fore in junior Fourth Year when the year's composition finally started to stabilize. A few holidays as "waiter class II" at Singleton army camp widened his circle of student contacts before a posting to St. Vincent's. There, as before, his academic career sailed a better-than-average course, with consistent appearances in the credit lists, but as usual was coupled with outside pursuits. It's probably a fair example of the good-natured, laconic wit that was so characteristically his, that in Final Year he took a leading rôle in scripting, directing and acting in the St. Vincent's Students' Review '68.

The elective term, split between a G.P.'s at Coffs Harbour and ward rounds in Launceston, more or less completes the "clinical" Len with the milestones we have all looked upon and by which we have gauged our own progress. Yet it is hard to tabulate in concrete terms the undemonstrative, obliging sincerity that to his fellow students was so distinctive of Len. It was a peculiar form of straightforward unaffected enthusiasm for his associates, and an honest bonhomie, delivered with a grin, a laugh and a flick of the wrist, which became the hallmark of his nature. Whether as confidant, compatriot, team mate or friend, this combination of conscientious application and good fellowship makes him a most worthy prizewinner for 1968.

FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1968

PASS

December, 1968 (Alphabetical)

Adler, R. G.
Agnew, M. E.
Aitchison, D. B.
Allan, P. P.
Allen, D. H.
Allen, R. J.
Allman, G. W.
Andrews, B. S., B.Sc. (Med.).
Arber, P. N.
Armati, R. P., B.Sc. (Med.).
Armstrong, M. S.
Asher, M. G.

Barr, V. L.
Barrett, A. G. W.
Batalin, D. J.
Bear, R. I.
Bell, A. F. J.
Bell, A. F.
Bell, R. J.
Beral, V.
Bock, S.
Borland, M. J. D.
Bouffler, A. R.
Boyd, J. J.
Brandwein, M. J.
Brown, P. T.
Bull, C. A.
Burgess, J. D.
Burrows, D. L.

Cains, S. E.
Cameron, I. B.
Campbell, L. V.
Carr, M. W.
Carter, J. N., B.Sc. (Med.).
Cash, J. W.
Caska, J. P.
Caska, P.
Caska, P.
Caska, P. G.
Cavalouski, R. E. Caska, P. G.
Cavalouski, R. E.
Cay, D. L.
Cesco, G.
Charaus, B.
Chin, F. K. K.
Ciardi, A. N.
Clubb, B. S.
Coburn, R. J.
Cohen, P. R.
Collimgridge, S. M. Coleman, M. J.
Collingridge, S. M.
Corlette, P. H.
Craig, S. A.
Csihar, T. F.
Curlewis, A. H.
Curlewis, T. G.
Curtin, P. G., B.D.S.

Dalton, J. A.
Dibley, E. A.
Docker, J. B.
Dorsen, M.
Doyle, J. A.
Dwyer, V. D.

Earlam, T. S. Eather, G. W. Effeney, D. J. Elvin, B. G. English, T. M. Erickson, G. B.

Fearnside, M. R. Fegent, D. G. Fevre, D. I. Fitzgerald, P. M. Frizza, W.

Gadd, L. T.
Gale, A. W.
Germann, P. A. S.
Gibson, C. I.
Giles, J. S., B.Sc. (Med.).
Gorondy-Novak, K. M.
Graham, J. R., B.Sc. (Med.).
Graham, L. A.
Grant, I. M.
Grass, S. P.
Gross, J.
Grudzinskas, J. G., B.Sc.
(Med.). (Med.).

Hales, J. M.
Han, P., B.Sc. (Med.).
Harmston, C.
Harper, W. R.
Harrison, P. B.
Hazelton, S. J.
Henderson, J. I.
Henderson-Smart, D. J. Henderson-Smart, D. J.
Hendry, I. A., B.Sc. (Med.).
Hill, D. M.
Hill, M. J.
Hindmarsh, R. W.
Holecek, M.
Hong, A. C. B.
Horne, M. J., B.Sc. (Med.).
Howison, T. W.
Howse, D. G.
Hughes, J. M.
Hull, R. D.
Husband, R. A. Husband, R. A.

(Med.).
Jeffrey, H. E.
Johnson, F. L.
Johnson, T. C.
Johnston, C. S. Kefford, C. H.
Kelen, G. J.
Kevin, P. F.
Kingsley, W. V.
Klineberg, P. L.
Kossard, S., B.Sc. (Med.).
Kuiper, H. K. Lam, A. E. Y., B.Sc. (Gen. Sc.).

Jasprizza, S. J., B.Sc.

Sc.).
Landahl, J. A.
Lawrence, H. M.
Lawrie, G. M.
Lay, P. M.
Lightstone, J. A.
Lippey, E. R.
Loewy, A.

Maclaine-Cross, A. D. Maclaine-Cross, A. D.
Major, G. A. C.
Mannell, A., B.Sc. (Med.).
Marinos, A. K.
Marmot, M. G., B.Sc. (Med.).
Mathews, D. A.
McCloskey, D. I., B.Sc.
(Med.), D.Phil. (Oxon.).
McGrath, B. P.
McGregor, R. A. L.
McInerney, G. M.
Merory, J. R.
Mildenhall, P., B.Sc. (Med.).
Milla, J. R. Milla, J. R.
Moroney, K. L.
Morris, M. J., B.Sc. (Med.).
Morton, R.
Mullan, L. H.
Myers, D. S.

Neil, S. L. Niall, P. D. Nicholson, S. Norrie, J. Nott, N. J.

O'Brien, J. F. Olbourne, N. A., B.Sc. (Med.). Oppenheim, G. Otter, B. W.

Palmisano, P. J.
Peadon, K. J. H.
Pearce, C. G.
Pettigrew, J. D., B.Sc.
(Med.), M.Sc.
Phillips, A. J.
Philp, M.
Pike, P. M. H.
Pluschke, I. A. M.
Pluschke, W. E. W.
Pond, S. M.

Renshaw, P. L.
Richardson, K. M., B.Sc.
Ring, P. S.
Robards, G. J.
Robinson, J. J.
Robinson, J. W.
Rollo, D. J.
Ross, I. K.
Roxburgh, D. R.
Ryan, G. P.

Scamps, P. A.
Scarf, C. G.
Schuster, D. E.
Sekel, R. S.
Selwood, T. S., B.Sc.
Sergejev, I.
Shalala, P. M.
Singh, B. S.
Slezak, P.

Smee, I. R. Smith, A. Smith, D. J. Smith, J. P. Smith, R. L. Steiner, J. A. Strokon, A. Sturm, P. Szirt, A. L.

Tai, T. J. W. Tallos, P. Teh, V. B. K. Tilbury, R. F. Tohver, E. Trevillian, P. Truscott, M. D. C. Turner, V. F. Tydd, T. F.

Urquhart, P. W., B.Pharm.

Vargassoff, N. Vatselias, K. F.

Waddell, F. S.
Wagner, J.
Walter, J. L., B.Sc.
Warne, G. M.
Weekes, F. R.
Weir-Wilson, G. K.
West, C. M.
Wheeldon, L. M.
White, A. P.
Whyte, K. M.
Wilding, K.
Wilkinson, R. C.
Williams, B. E.
Williams, E. W.
Woong, E. K.
Wooller, K. K.

Yue, D. K. S.

HONOURS AT GRADUATION

Class I

Beral, V. Yue, D. K. S. Pond, S. M. Kossard, S., B.Sc. (Med.). Hazelton, S. J.

Class II

Class II

Pettigrew, J. D., B.Sc.
(Med.), M.Sc.
Adler, R. G.
Fearnside, M. R.
McGrath, B. P.
Landahl, J. A.
Ross, I. K.
Andrews, B. S., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Gale, A. W.
McCloskey, D. I., B.Sc.
(Med.), D.Phil.(Oxon).
Marmot, M. G., B.Sc. (Med.).
Giles, J. S., B.Sc. (Med.).
Strokon, A.
Sturm, P.
Mildenhall, P., B.Sc. (Med.).

West, C. M.
Scamps, P. A.
Maclaine-Cross, A. D.
Schuster, D. E.
Han, P., B.Sc. (Med.).
Smith, A.
Horne, M. J., B.Sc. (Med.).
Morris, M. J., B.Sc. (Med.).
Peadon, K. J. H.
Harper, W. R.
Lay, P. M.
Pluschke, I. A. M.
Robards, G. J.
Grudzinskas, J. G., B.Sc.
(Med.). (Med.).
Niall, P. D.
Graham, J. R., B.Sc. (Med.).
Allen, D. H.
Olbourne, N. A., B.Sc.
(Med.). (Med.).
Oppenheim, G.
Gadd, L. T.
Warne, G. M.
Doyle, J. A.
Singh, B. S.
Armati, R. P., B.Sc. (Med.).

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal: Beral, V.

Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the Whole Medical Course: Beral, V.

Norton Manning Memorial Prize for Proficiency in Psychiatry:

Not awarded.

Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency among Women Candidates at the Final Year Examination: Pond, S. M. Branthwalte Prize:

Beral, V.

Robert Scot Skirving Memorial Prize for Highest Aggregate in Medicine and Surgery Papers:

Beral, V.

Harry J. Clayton Memorial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine:

Yue, D. K. S.

Hinder Memorial Prize in Clinical Surgery:

Adler, R. G.

George Allan Prize for Therapeutics:

Ross, I. K.

Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Clinical Medicine:

Yue, D. K. S.

Ophthalmological Society of Australia Prize:

Not awarded.

Glaxo-Allenbury's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. Prize:

Shared:

Pond, S. M. Singh, B. S.

William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize:

Adler, R. G.

Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize in Gynaecology for a Woman Student:

Frizza, W.

Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics:

Pond, S.

Albert Hing Memorial Prize in Gynæcology: Frizza, W.

DISTINCTION AND CREDIT LISTS

MEDICINE

Distinction:

Yue, D. K. S.

Credit:

Landahl, J. A. Peadon, K. J. H. Pond, S. M. McGrath, B. P. Pettigrew, J. D., B.Sc. (Med.), M.Sc.

Kelen, G. J.
Marmot, M. G., B.Sc.

Med.)

Aeq

Pluschke, I. A. M. Fearnside, M. R.

Beral, V. Maclaine-Cross, A. D. Aeq.

Allen, D. H.
Graham, J. R., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Strokon, A.
Barr, V. L.
Bull, C. A.

Bull, C. A. Dibley, E. A. Ross, I. K.

Husband, R. A.
Mannell, A., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Schuster, D. E.

Aeq.

 $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Doyle, J. A.} \\ \text{Hull, R. D.} \end{array} \right\} \ \textit{Aeq.}$

Steiner, J. A.

Adler, R. G.
Charaus, B.
Gale, A. W.
Jasprizza, S. J., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Scarf, C. G.
Wagner, J.

Hazelton, S. J.
Henderson-Smart, D. J.
Kossard, S., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Robards, G. J.
Andrews, B. S., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Brandwein, M. J.
Lippey, E. R.
Oppenheim, G.
Slezak, P.
Singh, B. S.
Sturm, P.
Campbell, L. V.
Clubb, B. S.

SURGERY

Aeq.

Morton, R. Neil, S. L. Scamps, P. A.

Credit:

Adler, R. G.
Maclaine-Cross, A. D.
Marmot, M. G., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Pond, S. M.
Yue, D. K. S.
Harrison, P. B.
Hazelton, S. J.
Singh, B. S.
Dibley, E. A.
McGrath, B. P.
Andrews, B. S., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Campbell, L. V.
Caska, Peter
Harper, W. R.
Pettigrew, J. D.
B.Sc. (Med.), M.Sc.
Ross, I. K.
Tallos, P.
West, C.

Allen, D. H.
Beral, V.
Caska, Paul G.
Germann, P. A. S.
Hull, R. D.
Jasprizza, S. J., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Morris, M. J., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Morton, R.
Burrows, D. L.
Coleman, M. J.
Doyle, J. A.
Dwyer, V. D.
Henderson, J. I.
Loewy, A.
Scamps, P. A.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY

Distinction:

Pond, S. M. Steiner, J. A. Adler, R. G. Frizza, W. Hendry, I. A., B.Sc. (Med.)

Credit:

Beral, V.
Giles, J. S., B.Sc. \} Aeq.
(Med.)

Clubb, B. S.
Hazelton, S. J. \}

Andrews, B. S., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Jasprizza, S. J., B.Sc.
(Med.)
Mannell, A., B.Sc.
(Med.)

Armati, R. P., B.Sc. (Med.)
Barr, V. L.
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