

Senior Year Book

Faculty of Arts

University of Sydney



UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY
Fisher Library

Senior Year Book

1969

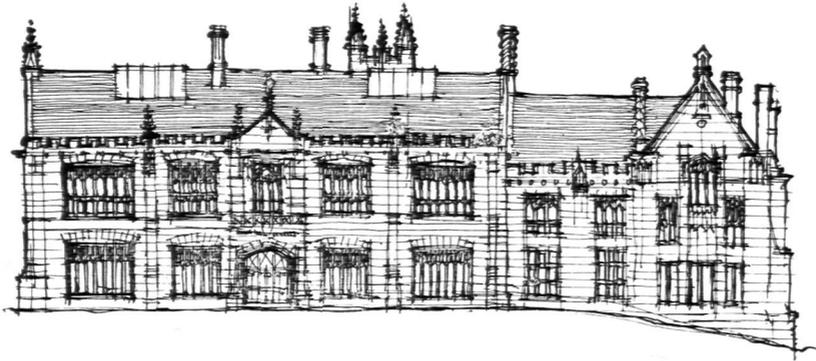
*"Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements
that men's virtues and vices may be best discerned,
but very often an action of small note, a short saying,
or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character
more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles."*

—PLUTARCH.



Faculty of Medicine
University of Sydney

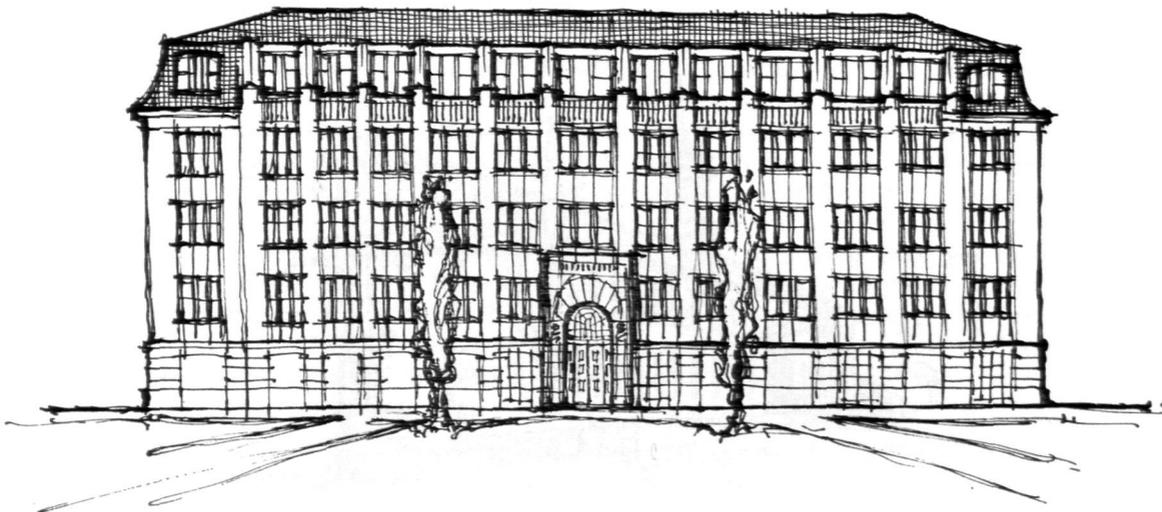




ANDERSON STUART BUILDING—*Old Medical School.*

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

THERE ARE few enough moments in anyone's life that can be remembered with unalloyed happiness. Usually there is some minor feature to mar the completeness of one's joy. However, we in medicine can usually claim a single such moment, common to all of us. It happens when we learn that we have, in fact, passed our final degree examination. It is a wonderful feeling which all of us have shared and is the first real time that the student of medicine realizes that he or she has become fully incorporated into the band of men and women who have devoted their lives to medicine. They know, at that moment, that all those who have taught and helped them are with them, and that they are fulfilling not only their best hopes but also the real, though often unexpressed, wishes of a large group of those who have assisted them in their progress to this stage, and especially in their surmounting of their last hurdle.

Everyone of those who has been involved with you in your course and in your examination process is totally united in offering their warmest congratulations and their universal good wishes to you for the future. There is no question of the warmth of the congratulations because everyone is aware that the course is pitched at a high standard and whilst the testing that is carried out might at times seem a little tyrannical the nett result is that those who achieve the degree of M.B., B.S. Sydney know themselves, and are known by others, as possessors of first-rate intellects who have succeeded at an arduous and testing course of instruction.

The year that has finished the finals in 1969 has been a very good one. There have been a number of outstanding performers but members of the Faculty are well aware that the general level has been first class and that it has been a particularly rewarding task to teach and in general to be associated with this year. It is clear that they will enter their period of graduate training well prepared and with a lot of enthusiasm; equally it is obvious that they will not need paternalistic instruction to continue their studies indefinitely. In this regard medicine is so different from any other of the major professions. The law graduate may, if he wants to be very special, take a Mastership at say Harvard or Oxford; the engineer can have little in the way of formal graduate training, the architect, veterinarian, dentist and others can go fairly direct to the practice of their particular profession. In medicine not only do we require one full year of mandatory apprenticeship before full registration will be given, but it looks as though a second legally imposed year of apprenticeship may become a reality. Then, as we all know, this may be succeeded with a period of five to ten years of further specialist training. All this makes medicine rather special, and the awareness soon after one has passed the final of a long road yet to be traversed sometimes is a little sobering. On the other hand, from now on there are not only reasonable financial rewards and independence, but also the great joys of being asked to help by people who need it most and the happiness that comes from offering one's service to such people.

Everybody in the Faculty of Medicine joins in wishing you all many years of good health, happiness and fulfilment in the performance of your profession. May you find everything that you seek.

JOHN LOEWENTHAL,
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.



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

Editorial

AT THE END of our university experience, it behoves us to reflect upon the changes that have evolved in ourselves and in the University. For only looking back can we see the progress that we have made and evaluate our deficiencies, in order that we might remedy the defects, and consolidate our good points.

Of ourselves, can it be said that we have really benefitted from a tertiary education? To be sure, we have gained a degree. This merely attests to the fact that we have acquired enough facts, and expressed them, in order to pass a series of yearly examinations. It is *not* an education.

One of the hallmarks of an educated man is that he is able to *entertain* a new idea—neither to accept it nor to reject it, but to evaluate it in terms of his present experience and to form some intelligent opinions about it. For this to be possible, one must have a broad basis of experience upon which to place reliable judgements, and it is all too easy to become immersed in a medical education, and let all worthwhile contact with the real world, the world outside the University, to slip away unobserved.

How many of us have made a genuine attempt to broaden our horizons? Time has, of course, been short, and the most highly enlightened person's experience must be limited. But everyone has had some opportunity to get outside the confines of their scholarship—to read modern history and current affairs, or to work in farms and factories with the people who will be our patients for our lifetimes, or to travel abroad meeting our neighbours, learning a different point of view. Closer to home, how many of us have gone out of our way to mix with people of other faculties, or even to talk about things non-medical with our own friends in the common-rooms and colleges?

It will be essential to have a ready armamentarium of first- and second-hand experience at our disposal, as more people turn to their doctors for personal rather than medical troubles. Therefore it is part of our responsibility to become educated in the fullest sense. Our success or failure cannot be evaluated by examinations; we can however, by personal reflection, judge our progress. Our patients will ultimately decide for *themselves* our worth as educated men and women.

The changes in the University have been numerous, startling and obvious. Perhaps the most significant development has been the present explosion of student activism and civil disobedience. More and more, a militant minority have sought to imprint their thoughts upon the minds of the majority by a series of marches, demonstrations and public meetings. In the main these have been marked by outpourings of hysteria and bad temper, which have served only to cloud their fundamental purpose and to defeat the basic aim of free, rational argument. Thus, sympathetic supporters have been turned away, and any good has been largely negated.

The intellectual honesty of such methods of communication is open to doubt. Those who take part are often careless and intolerant of other

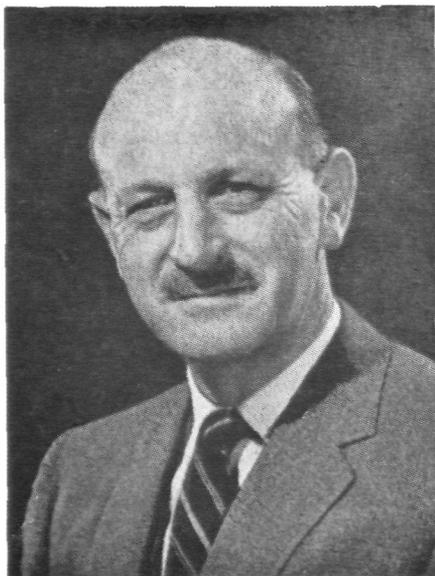
people's opinions and attitudes, forcing their beliefs upon them, and denying them any opportunity to reply. In so doing, they oppose the very freedom of expression that they themselves demand.

Where do university students and graduates stand in the context of pressure groups? They assuredly have no mandate to force upon the public their attitudes towards issues which are beyond their specialized sphere of study and knowledge, when these attitudes will be taken as representative of the group to which they belong. Similarly, a group of academics, pronouncing themselves as such, has *no right* to pontificate on matters of "moral conscience", demanding and receiving an amount of publicity out of proportion with their moral status as ordinary citizens.

As medical graduates, of course we have the right to individual opinions on matters of conscience, and to express them. However, we must be aware that our individual views will be considered as those of members of the medical profession, and not merely personal beliefs.

Nevertheless, we do have justification for expressing representative opinions on some problems of community importance. The present lack of any widely accepted standards of behaviour has been mainly due to two factors: a breakdown in the family unit, and the failure of the Churches to come to grips with the problems and realities of modern-day living. Whilst once expected and equipped to give wise counsel, they are now largely scorned and impotent. Problems of marriage breakdown, alcoholism, drug addiction, suicide and violence are all ultimately related and lie within our sphere, and social awareness must become an integral part of our fraternity. The whole concept of Public Health will need drastic expansion if the quality of life as we know it is to be maintained and improved.

Our responsibility is to become educated. This can be achieved only by our own efforts, by becoming increasingly sensitive to individual and community needs and familiar with their attitudes. In an age of computer medicine, may we not forget this obligation.

*Professor of Medicine*CHARLES RUTHVEN BICKERTON
BLACKBURN

Dean of the Faculty of Medicine
Professor of Surgery

JOHN ISAACS LOEWENTHAL

It is hard to write of one we see so seldom, for the increasing tasks of guiding a Surgery Department, a Medical school, transplantation, grants, congresses, and our futures have reduced his time with us. Nevertheless, his influence upon us and his concern for us is apparent from many angles. By those who sought five minutes, and received an hour of his time, it is readily appreciated.

Always striving for a better understanding of his students, Professor Loewenthal brought an interpreter, his daughter, to dinner before Dr. Barnard gave his Lambie-Dew Oration. She was able to explain to him the compliment in being called the "Alf Garnet of Surgery", a title he wears proudly.

Time will not dim our memory. In the course of our practicing lifetime we will surely remember those moments when we "heard the words that one by one the touch of time has turned to truth", and then reflect on our undergraduate days, not as a learning situation only, but as an educational experience, and will remember the men and women who made it so. Foremost amongst these we must place our Dean, our mentor and defender of our faith, John Loewenthal.

With our arrival in Fifth Year, a new frontier in medical education was opened to us as we weekly gazed at that slightly stooped, greying figure in white that all but filled the T.V. screen before us. Well we will remember his concise introductions to a complicated topic, right, and his commonsense conclusions after a confusing clinic that, though the performers oft strayed, brought order to the chaotic mind.

During the course, he became aware of the increasing distance between student and professor, and so instituted his 8 a.m. Thursday coffee break with year representatives, surely the next best thing to a beer at the pub. However, despite T.V., coffee and tutorials, he somehow remains somewhat of an enigma and it is a shame that the system prevents our knowing him more personally. Then the post student would know that he failed first-year Latin, the iconoclast that he reads "Peanuts".

Whatever becomes of us once we are released, it is certain that we will remember Professor Blackburn with much affection; he has tried to convey to us those ideals that he believes are right and proper for us to hold, and with a bit of medicine thrown in for good measure.

We hope that our professional career will enhance our contact and that many more of us will come to know him less as Professor of Medicine, but more as a friend.





*Professor of Obstetrics and
Gynecology*

RODNEY PHILIP SHEARMAN

As an Associate Professor, Professor Shearman first lectured to us at the beginning of incoming V. Since that day, each of his lectures or tutorials has been well presented and studded with pearls. A perusal of the appropriate notes cannot help but recall the value of his teaching and presentation.

He is noticed to have a strange effect on most of his students, leaving them overawed and lost for words (especially the girls). An impressive figure—omniscient, sartorially elegant, just slightly stooped, and somewhat cold, serious and unsmiling—an air of hormones like a corona surrounds him.

In Missenden Road he may occasionally be spotted in a suit with attache-case or in a clean white coat with hand in pocket, rushing unhurriedly from his pregnant mammas in the Castle to his infertile ones in the Institute.

In the laboratory his assistants also hold him in awe, but here his obstetrical air may fall away. He may be warm and friendly, he even smiles. In an occasional absence, an assistant may avert disaster by taking from him his smoking pipe and while the ether quietly boils off beside him, R.P. comes back to the present.

His welcome appointment as Professor in October, 1968 has recently been followed by assurances that no great changes were contemplated for the '69 finals. Other years may see changes but we are thankful for all he has taught us in the Mayes era as it draws to a close.

Professor of Medicine

JOHN ROBERT READ

"Who got a distinction in . . . ?"

Our early meeting with John Read in Fourth Year could be called one of the "happenings" of the medical course.

Prophet of the pulmones, iconoclast, cigarette smoker and pulmonary vascular responder to boot, he was soon noted for his raconteur teaching style and those ventilation-perfusion diagrams (Freudian according to Moran Campbell).

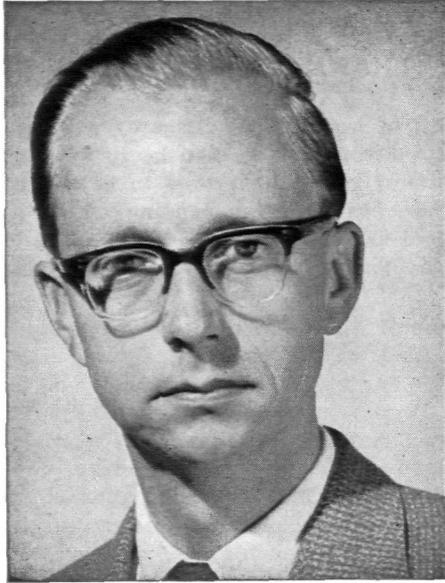
At this time he seemed a distant figure, reclining on a Respiratory Olympus, but on meeting him face-to-face this year we soon realized he was at least partly human.

Many things became quickly obvious: those who agreed with him had a high probability of being right; clinical jargon is irritating; listing is only for North Shore students; crying girls embarrass examiners. These and many other thoughts constitute Read's laws. The ephemeris expands by the hour.

For many students, this agile exponent of dialectic will remain an enigma, like his office at Sydney Hospital, whose door perpetually bears the painted conundrum "John Read is OUT!"

Is this the simple truth or a portent of a new regime? Whatever their views, many students have partaken of his teaching sessions where, under the plan of early breaking-in, second-term fear and panic, and terminal psychotherapeutic calmness, they hope to pass the final degree examination, "God, Blackburn and Read willing—especially the latter two".





Professor of Surgery

GERALD WHITE MILTON

Professor Milton left St. Vincent's Hospital two years ago, but his sensitivity, sympathy and good humour, teamed with his surgical capabilities, have left behind a permanent impression. His easy and relaxed approach to surgery made the introduction to what could have been a frightening subject quite pleasant.

He was lost to St. Vincent's in 1968 when he migrated to Sydney Hospital. Here he became a phantom father-figure, emerging sporadically to conduct stimulating impromptu tutorials.

A keen student of the art and science of teaching, Professor Milton's lectures and occasional visits to other hospitals are universally remembered as entertaining and enlightening. His laconical humour and shrewd ring-mastership made any dry topic palatable and easily digested.

The major side-effects of his teaching have been:

(a) Local: a spate of minor operations to remove sundry imaginary potential melanomata, and one rare but real hæmangioepithelioma; a tendency to scrutinize every freckled person we meet; a desire to palpate the draining lymph nodes.

(b) General: to recommend Professor Milton for the ensuing excision/biopsy.

Professor of Psychiatry

DAVID CLARKSON MADDISON

*"Hark, what light is in the sky?"
"It is not the dawn . . . Broughton Hall is on fire."*

Even if this were so, David Maddison could be relied on, not so much to fiddle, but to accompany on the piano and make shrewd suggestions as to who might be doing the incineration. (Was it Ralph? Maybe Ivan? What about dear old Helen?)

When he stepped onto our already overcrowded professorial stage in 1967, Professor Maddison had the experience of an inquisitive rather than sensorially indolent group to hear him. A transference situation arose with remarkable speed and he and his colleagues created optimum anxiety and unstructured situations on a grand scale all for our benefit. The opprobrium of past lecture series in other fields seemed suddenly unimportant. A goodly number of "studies" became introspective, but were quietly encouraged not to take the arcane phrases of Freud too much to heart.

Professor Maddison himself could be regularly seen at Broughton Hall "going a few rounds with" (i.e., interviewing) patients. If one could circumnavigate his secretary Medusa, then more of the true man would come to light with discussions of matrimony, mourning and the pianoforte. "Our paths crossed, and the dust may never settle."





Nuffield Professor of Anæsthetics

DOUGLAS JOSEPH

To some, the prospects of anæsthesia are synonymous with unfeeling slumber. Professor Joseph and his lectures debagged this for all time. He taught us that the anæsthetist is more important than the patient in any operation, and almost the equal of the surgeon. The enthusiasm that Professor Joseph showed for his discipline was projected clearly in his lectures in Fourth Year. This ensured that the partial pressure of necessary facts absorbed in our C.N.S. was high enough at the end of surgery term for examinations to be performed without discomfort.

He is one of the few clinical professors who made the effort to take part in the teaching programme at each hospital. This friendly tutorial technique and even friendlier examining manner has eased us through anæsthetics, often with the gentle chide: "Make sure you do some gassing as a resident, my boy."

Perhaps we will remember his teaching when we take a life in our hands and apply the ethereal gases; perhaps not, but we will remember Doug.

Professor of Pathology

FRANK REES MAGAREY

For most of us, Professor Magarey was the first of the great white fathers we had heard we would meet in our clinical years. He proved to be no disappointment. Quite obviously commanding all he surveyed, he presented us with a series of lectures and lecturers, all well drilled in the art of communicating their message.

It was under his tutelage that we first learnt of auto-immunity and, as expected, we observed some slight cynicism towards the more widely held southern approach. This point of view, we later came to realize, was characteristic of his enquiring approach to all things. If he had been a contemporary of ours, we might have called him a "stirrer", nonetheless, his attitudes and approach, as far as we can discern them, together with his continuing efforts on our behalf, are admired and deeply appreciated.

As pathology is the basis for an understanding of medicine, so we are certain that the solid foundation we have received from Professor Magarey and his energetic department will, we are certain, keep us out of trouble, if not in the forefront of our profession, for the many years to follow.





Professor of Pædiatrics

THOMAS STAPLETON

It was virtually impossible for any student to miss at least some contact, however fleeting, with Professor Stapleton, or "Stapes" as he is affectionately known. He provided by far the most satisfying term of our Fifth Year, notable for its emphasis on social pædiatrics and greatly enlivened by the intra-faculty politics of his clash with ophthalmology. (Stapes versus "the rest"—hooray!)

Not everyone has the opportunity of attending his paramedical pub tutorials, and only the select few made it to Queenscliff for an evening of D and C (dinner and communication). He played a large part in organizing positions in South-East Asia for unallocated term, characteristically giving his own emphasis more to the social and cultural aspects of these trips.

What else? Well, there was always the charming ensemble of the tie (that INEVITABLE tie!) and the underpants (not alone, of course).

Yes, we'll remember Stapes.

A TRIBUTE



BRUCE T'OOMBA MAYES

Professor Mayes last year relinquished the Chair of Obstetrics and Gynæcology of the University of Sydney after having served with distinction for twenty-eight years. He was Dean of the Faculty of Medicine from 1957 to 1959.

He was admitted as a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in 1931. At that time the renowned Professor R. W. Johnstone occupied the Chair of Obstetrics and Gynæcology in Edinburgh and his text book was used as a basis of the teaching of obstetrics in the University of Sydney. This was yet another link in the historic association of the University of Edinburgh and the Medical School in Sydney.

Professor Mayes followed this tradition but during the war while serving in the Royal Australian Air Force as a part-time specialist gynæcologist he

periodically published papers on "Practical Obstetrics" for circulation amongst the troops serving overseas. These papers bore the imprint of his personality and teaching methods and were particularly well received by young medical officers divorced from academic associations. Based on these writings in 1947 he published a small book, "Practical Obstetrics". Then in 1959 he published his distinctive "Text-Book of Obstetrics" which has been used by all his students since.

Soon after Professor Mayes returned from Britain in 1931, he was made a Research Fellow at The Royal Hospital for Women. His interest in research continued and in 1958 he established The Queen Elizabeth II Research Institute for Mothers and Infants as part of his Department and was appointed its first and continuing director. This institute now enjoys international acclaim.

In 1935 he was admitted as a Member of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynæcologists and in 1946 was made Chairman of the Australian Reference Committee of the College. When in 1947 the first provisional Council in Australia was established by Sir William Fletcher Shaw, one of the co-founders of the College, Professor Mayes became the first honorary secretary and treasurer and continued to serve for many years on the Executive, holding the office of Chairman from 1956 to 1960. In 1954 the Council of the College in London appointed him Sims-Black Travelling Professor and he spent some months lecturing throughout Britain.

For services to Royalty he was appointed a Member of the Victorian Order.

Throughout his career, Professor Mayes has been fortunate to have the help of his wife who, with her warm personality, has contributed much to the University and to the College.

He always had great understanding of and affection for each of his students and none of them ever sought his help in vain. This made for a very happy Department. One can best judge a teacher by the achievements of his pupils and from amongst his many eager and well taught students have come the outstanding and brilliant obstetricians and gynæcologists in our midst today.

All his students join in wishing Professor and Mrs. Mayes a happy future.

SIX YEARS OF

To think back, to ponder a little on what has passed during the last six (academic) years, this is what we are trying to do.

When we arrived fresh-faced (if you don't think so, have a look at a Med. I student 1970) there is no doubting that most of us were excited—we were going to become free-thinkers, educated people; we were going to learn all about disease; we were going to cure patients.

It didn't last long, of course. Even Orientation Week was a bit of a let-down. True enough we saw a few stark medical films, joined a lot of societies, and got to know the Lalla Rookh; but there wasn't much excitement in it. And when term started it was just like being back at school; more people talking at us, more prac. classes, and more hopeless text books.

Of course Med. I *was* important—after all atoms and molecules are basic to diseases or people or something, as we always wait—but somehow fail—to hear in correlation clinics. There were a few personalities—Sinclair and Simpson, Chem. School who competed for popularity poll honours in the lecture-room stakes; Prof. Birch with his studied wit, dirty mind, and a soupçon of Christianity; that gorgeous Zoology demonstrator; those volumes of black physics books which had to be corrected in lectures.

Second year started with gloomy predictions of casualty rates by representatives of every department. They were right, of course, but that was a long way off.

It was still a bit like school. Never has a text book been restyled more eloquently or so fast as by Bill

"It's all in West & Todd" Hensley and Geoffrey "The log of 1.4296 is . . ." Kellerman. We still don't know whether they really did get on. Whittaker made a conscientious effort to bring understanding to the chaos of ordered and disordered pathways, which was a welcome respite.

Rotating on her pituitary-pharyngeal axis, perpetually pregnant Philomena patrolled the dissecting rooms. With her, superiorly related were:

- (a) Dr. Munro, who endeared himself by
 - (i) getting smashed at a year dinner,
 - (ii) doing a series on "leukæmia following irradiation of the shoulder joint".
- (b) Dr. (now Professor) Perrott with his obsessive insistence on punctuality, and demonstrations of dynamic anatomy and syphilitic gait that will never be forgotten.

As we narrowly escaped the introduction of high-powered electron microscopy, we probably learned much more relevant Histology than our successors. What a mixed crew our teachers were—from Cleland, forever photographing wild sperms, to Miss Epithelium (alias Dr. Rae) clad in hues of H. & E.; and dear old Larry, whose patient efforts on our behalf we will always remember.

The physiology department took time off from their cats' brains, sheep's testes, and dogs' carotids, to tell us how we worked inside.

Simultaneously, there began in earnest the tradition of multiple teachers: Bishop, Taylor, Burke, Waites, Dunlop, Hayhow, Everitt, Jose, Halmagyi, Greenaway—



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



*P. O. Bishop,
Professor of Physiology.*



*W. J. Hensley,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.*

it didn't matter; we really didn't begin to understand it till Final Year when the heat was on, and the cerebral metabolism warmed up.

Third year was just the same, but it was different, because it was so short, and it was easier, and they told us it was different. We were bored stiff with books, and endless facts that had no significance. Of course we knew, because we had been told, that it would all assume vital importance later, but this was not much comfort, and we didn't believe it anyway.

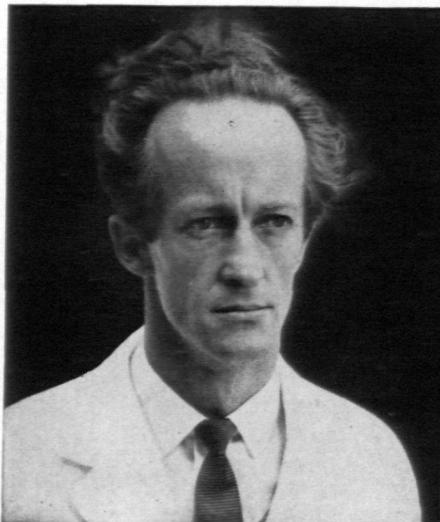
At last we moved away from the Old Medical School, and into the world of the New. "At last we're going to be doctors" we said. We were again frustrated as we were faced by a succession of lecturers, professors and bulldogs.



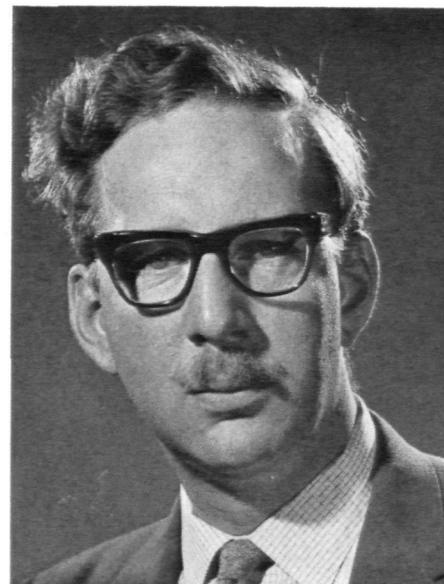
*G. M. Kellerman,
Senior Lecturer in Biochemistry.*

Things were no different for us than for previous years. The Dean gave his annual "Now you are graduates" address with passing reference to dress and demeanour. Then they came at us.

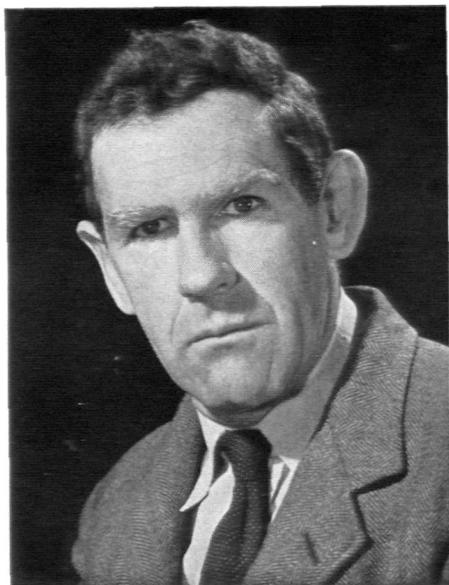
First the Pathologists: Professor Magarey, conservative, elegant and unruffled, and a master of classroom technique, presented a dichotomy: preaching on the ills of smoking, whilst inhaling vast clouds of pipe smoke. Ernest Finckh, noted in lectures a a genial extrovert and seen as such at all the dinners, will be remembered long after his notes are discarded. We loved Mary Gilder—for most of us these were the most perfect notes



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



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



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

of our career: the facts and nothing but the facts—sometimes not even the facts.

From Bacteriology we had: Professor de Burgh, orator, couturier and juggler extraordinaire; Associate Professor Faine, showing little patience with fools and slow writers, and now departed for another place; and David Nelson, the Immunologist who did *not* get away. Also there was Tony Cronin, part Dermatologist, part Bacteriologist, who will long be remembered for his early a.m. lecture the morning after *that* dinner.

Pharmacology was a four-letter word spelled out over 50 consecutive lectures in the late afternoon and early



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

morning. Side effects included; anorexia, nausea, vomiting and headache. One remembers our mentors well: Thorp, a large beardless man; Cobbin a little man with a big beard; Starmer, the Will Rushton of Pharmacol; Chesher, the father of Dennis the Menace; and two birds.

Later, after May, we were to be bombarded by specialists. They provided a morass of knowledge, all derived from clinical experience, from which we emerged almost unaffected.

There was Frank Claffy, with his slides and free lecture notes (to all those who turned up to his last



*S. Faine,
Associate Professor of Bacteriology.*



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



Adrian Johnson,
Lecturer in Dermatology.

lecture); Adrian Johnson, with his slides, who hurried back from Vietnam to tell us all about the itch; Volney Bulteau, with *his* slides, and an insistence upon the correct use of the instruments; and Professor Joseph, who didn't have many slides but seemed to get his message across.

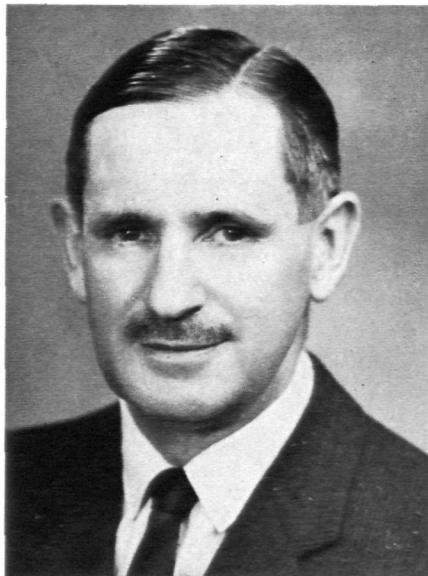
There were others, of course, whose names we can remember . . . Professor Kerr on Genetics, Professor Black on dengue, and Dr. Winton on his hobby.

Tom Stapleton, with, *pari passu*, Dr. Walker-Smith, introduced us to the fascinating world of children, whilst Professor Katz let us in on their minds. We listened enthralled as Dr. Laing recounted his stories—"the Rape of the Christmas Chook", "the Demise of the Elderly Client", and "the Case of the Misplaced Lighter".

We were the last to have presented to us the now classic treatises on aspects of Public Health, by Sir Edward Ford. Another lecture course that could be pruned, we thought, and so it has been!

We created another last by attending the last showing of Professor Mayes. The new boys Shearman and Llewellyn-Jones were very high-powered, but somehow they lacked that certain cosiness. Dr. Stening liked his Lent Term lectures so much that he repeated them word-for-word in Michaelmas Term, with his slides.

But wait! Why have we forgotten Psychiatry? . . . If it's not that nasty old ego kicking remembrance into the unconscious where it seems to have stayed! Psychiatry was too anxiety-provoking by half, and anyway it says you just can't trust anyone. After all, Professor Maddison is a bit clipped, and Dr. Pilowsky is somewhat too agreeable; but who would suspect dear old Ralph Schureck? . . . or is that just a defence?



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

Intermittently appearing, with casts of thousands, were the Departments of Medicine and Surgery. Professors Loewenthal and Blackburn paved the way for many others, most of whom appear elsewhere in this chronicle.

Of those who don't, we cannot but remember such men as Associate Professor McRae, who seemed to find his lectures as enjoyable and amusing as we did; Douglas Sturrock and his long, strong traction; Bill McCarthy, who tried to teach our teachers; John Turtle and 3', 5' cyclic AMP; and "Ding" Chalmers who provided by far the most memorable Correlation Clinic.

Somewhere along the line that incredible year ended, and in Fifth Year we completely lost contact with those outside our own teaching hospitals.

Our experiences would all have been much the same — games, laughter, vomit and convulsions at R.A.H.C., with visits all over Sydney; the private parts made public in outpatients' departments and maternity wards in O and G term; Medicine and Surgery terms complicated by specialities.

All too soon it was Elective Term and then Final Year, with its terror, panic and neuroses. Facts, pure cream, and the good oil were what most of us wanted. Thank God for registrars who had it all from the latest journals, and who could regurgitate it systematically for hours. After all, this is what we are going to be examined on, . . . isn't it?

To think back . . . to ponder . . . Each of us will have his own recollections of these years, his own memories of these people; for each of us the time has been a unique experience. They have taught us it has just been an introduction — to education, to life, to . . .

. . . . MEDICINE



THE ROYAL PRINCE ALFRED HOSPITAL

When I was asked to write an article about Royal Prince Alfred Hospital for the 1969 Senior Year Book, my thoughts immediately went back to 1932—my own final year—when, as one of the editors, I wrote the notes concerning the Hospital for the Year Book. Immediately I realized that history was now repeating itself in some respects. I made reference at that time to the closure of a number of wards thus reducing the amount of clinical material available and making it more difficult for the students. The same situation exists now but for a different reason. In those days it was lack of finance, now it is a shortage of nursing staff, a world-wide and serious problem.

An incident in the year 1868 was responsible for the origin of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. At that time, H.R.H. Prince Alfred, second son of Queen Victoria, was visiting Sydney, when he was shot at a picnic at Clontarf. At this picnic he was attacked by an Irishman named O'Farrell. There was then only Sydney Infirmery, (later known as Sydney Hospital) in Sydney and it was to this hospital that Prince Alfred was taken and the bullet removed by Alfred Roberts. Great public indignation followed and a public meeting was held to decide on a permanent memorial—£30,000 being raised. Initially, it was intended to develop Sydney Hospital, but it was finally decided to establish a new hospital within the university grounds which was to be named Prince Alfred. The foundation stone was

laid in 1876, but it was not until 25th September, 1882 that the doors of the Hospital opened and the first patients were received.

Alfred Roberts, later Sir Alfred Roberts, was the first secretary of the Hospital and its driving force until his death in 1898. The first Medical Superintendent, Dr. Robert Scot Skirving, was the first of a long line of famous superintendents. The Hospital became a clinical school in 1887 when the first students commenced training, and the first graduates from the Sydney University Medical School, seven in number, appeared in 1889.

The first Chairman was Sir Edward Knox; Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart followed and his reign lasted from 1898 until his death in 1920. At this time also he was Professor of Physiology and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and played a tremendous part in the early development of the Hospital. It was early in his association that permission was granted to name the Hospital "Royal Prince Alfred Hospital". In 1907 Herbert Schlink graduated and became a resident medical officer at the Hospital, beginning a career at the Hospital which was unbroken until his death in 1962. He was a man of remarkable vision and ultimately proved to be the greatest Australian hospital administrator in this century. He had the advantage of working with Anderson Stuart and although considerably occupied with the development of the Hospital, he was

at the same time a noted gynaecologist and teacher who did much original work. The Education Centre (completed since his death in 1962) in which you have spent so much of your time, bears his name as an everlasting memorial. As my own association with the Hospital commenced as a student in March, 1930, I had the opportunity of seeing the extraordinary development in the Hospital which occurred under the guidance of Herbert Schlink.

Herbert Schlink joined the Board of Directors in 1925, became Vice-Chairman in 1933, and succeeded the late Sir Samuel Hordern, Senior, as Chairman, in 1934.

At this time, no actively used Prince Alfred buildings were on the western side of Missenden Road where there were rows of terrace houses and two hotels—the Prince Alfred and the Grose Farm. At this period also, the appearance of the front hall of the Hospital was different. On entering the front hall immediately to the left there was a small desk at which stood the chief hall porter Rattigan, a figure well known, especially to all students in those days. On the left-hand side behind the present hall porter's office the Medical Records Department existed; further down the hall again on the left-hand side the Casualty Department was found. On the right-hand side within the entrance to the front hall administrative offices were present and, further down again on the right-hand side, were the offices of the Medical Superintendent and admission office. The floors above the front hall were occupied by the resident medical officers. In the basement below the front hall the outpatients' clinics were held. Various changes then took place, all due to Herbert Schlink's influence and activity. Up to this time the administrative control of the Hospital under the Board of Directors was in the hands of the Secretary and Chief Executive Officer, Mr. William Epps, who served the Hospital faithfully for many years. Sir Herbert was the first to conceive the idea of a General Superintendent who would be both medical man and chief executive officer. The late Dr. William Bye filled this position in a temporary capacity for one year in 1933, carrying out the duties of General Superintendent and Medical Superintendent. He was succeeded in turn by Dr. Alan Lilley, Dr. Hal Selle, Dr. Edgar Thomson and Dr. Don Child. In 1936 the Outpatients' Department as we know it now was built, also the nurses' home was extended considerably, and the large red brick building (which still exists near the neurosurgical block) known as the 1936 Nurses' Home, came into existence. At this time, also, he was responsible for fulfilling another one of his great aims, namely, the opening of the Hospital to private and intermediate as well as public patients. Gloucester House was opened in July, 1936, by the late Sir Murray Anderson, who was Governor of New South Wales. In 1937, the psychiatry and neurosurgery blocks were opened. Schlink had always envisaged the development of an obstetric and gynaecology block, and in the late 'thirties William Morris Hughes, well known Federal Minister and former Prime Minister, was interested in assisting to build a new block for this purpose; however, at the last minute these plans fell through and for a while it appeared as though Schlink's aim in

this regard would not come to fruition. However, not to be outdone, he overcame these difficulties, and the present King George V Hospital was opened in 1941. The year previously the Hospital had also secured the Dame Edith Walker Convalescent Hospital at Concord.

The year 1943 saw the completion of the large Fairfax Institute of Pathology—all pathology had hitherto been carried out in the old building now occupied by the Department of Dermatology. The year 1949 saw the conversion of the old D3 ward into a clinical research department, and the Hallstrom Institute of Cardiology followed. In 1954 Her Majesty the Queen bestowed a knighthood on Herbert Schlink in recognition of his great work in the hospital field. In the constantly expanding Hospital one of the difficulties was to find sufficient accommodation for nursing staff and the huge and modern Queen Mary Nurses' Home was opened in 1956.

With the assistance of the then Minister of Health—Sir Earle Page (himself a former resident), The Page Chest Pavilion was also opened.

The Medical Centre in Carillon Avenue opposite St. Andrew's College provided consulting rooms for members of the staff wishing to be in close proximity of the Hospital, and was another of Sir Herbert's great achievements—the first of its particular kind in New South Wales.

Long ago the hospital was officially accredited by the American College of Surgeons as a first-class institution. This was a national recognition of the Hospital as a tribute to the work done by its professional staff as well as to its enlightened administration of affairs by the Chairman of Directors.

Reference must be made to one of the most recent developments of the Hospital, namely the building of the Blackburn Pavilion (named after Sir Charles Blackburn). The opening of this block was one of Sir Herbert's last acts before his death. In the development of this block recognition must be paid also to our present Professors of Surgery and Medicine—Loewenthal and Blackburn—who played a big part in its planning.

Most of you will have heard of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Medical Officers' Association, which came into being in 1929, again due primarily to Sir Herbert Schlink. I urge all of you who become residents of the Hospital to join this association and take an active part in its doings. Even if you are not residents remember that you have been Prince Alfred students for which you should be grateful and ever loyal to the Hospital wherever you may go.

The general standard of clinical teaching at the Hospital has always been high, and Prince Alfred students have always ranked high amongst those graduating with honours. In consequence, many have subsequently attained considerable prominence in the profession. However, I would remind you all to remember that specialization is not everything in the practice of medicine, and that the general practitioner can still be regarded as the backbone of the profession, and his work can be every bit as rewarding.

THE HONORARIES

LESLIE JOHN ALLSOP

Dr. Allsop is known to most of us because of the interest he promotes in the neurology clinics. There is a good overflow from the student presentations to the unit rounds where the keener of us stay back on Thursday night.

Dr. Allsop can be seen frequently in C.1 with his brown box of tricks and an impressive trail of honoraries, senior and junior residents and some students besides.

It is a delight to watch him perform with a facility only got by years of experience, the whole gamut of neurological testing and to hear with astonishment the harmony of the chords struck by the multiple tuning fork tests.

Dr. Allsop's didactic teaching has been a great help to us by giving us a permanent interest in neurology.



ERIC VERNON BARLING

"There's a track winding back to my sacro-iliac. . . ."

Surgery à la Barling was much more than simple bread and butter stuff—it was the real afternoon-tea-party surgery, a sort of social surgery. Between our bites and his returns to the theatre, we managed to catch a leaking bottle or two, with such high-level discussion as: "It's a gall bladder, sir"—"Left or right?"

Unfortunately, not many of us managed to attend his 6 a.m. ward rounds; and most of us reached his 8.30 a.m. tutorials late enough to be greeted with "Where's your note?"

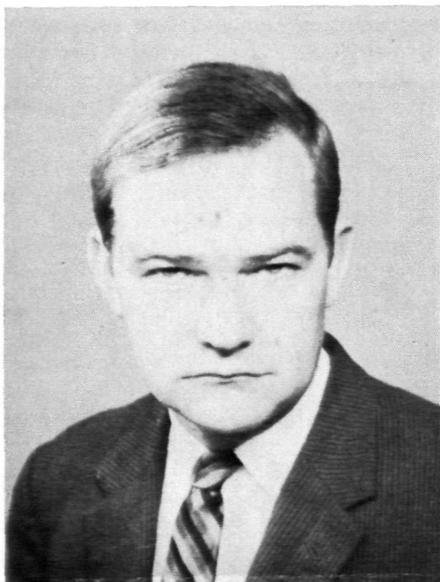
In addition to all this hilarity, this gifted tutor managed to make surgery live for us—as one of our more poetic colleagues remarked, "Barling is a darling!"



LOUIS BERNSTEIN

We are unlikely to forget the course of inspiring tutorials in cardiology given by Dr. Bernstein. We were quite amazed with our knowledge of the subject at the end of the five weeks. The tutes were always conducted in that friendly, relaxed atmosphere so conducive to learning, and no important point in any discussion would escape without our having a full understanding of it. We certainly owe him a great deal for his patience, good humour and his remarkable gift for teaching.





FRANCIS HARDING BURNS

His quiet, unobtrusive manner has endeared him to all students who were privileged enough to learn from Dr. Burns.

Never put out by our amazing ignorance, he proceeded to instill into us the basics and some of the finer points of medicine, taking full advantage of the wealth of clinical material available. His understanding and teaching (especially of diabetes) left us, as students, well prepared to face the final hurdle. To him we are more than grateful.

TIMOTHY BOYD CARTMILL

"I brought my students along to see you. . ."

Mr. Cartmill took us on an informal five-week tour of the thoracic cavity, dressed in his uniform of theatre cap and boiler suit. Always keen to show us the facts that are important as exam. material, he described the clinical picture of the Mallory-Weiss syndrome, using the hospital's yearly allotment of patients. Apart from this, he tackled the problem of the description of chest X-rays, and for this we are grateful. Above all, in the short time allotted to teaching thoracic surgery, he laid the foundation for further study that will make the finals just that little bit easier.



IAN STUART COLLINS

Always impeccably dressed and mannered, Dr. Collins would greet us with a smile and an apology for his occasional (and minimal) tardiness. Often postponing or abbreviating a ward round with his residents, he would conveniently spend his time with us.

A very knowledgeable and kind man, he is nevertheless quick to politely chastise any member of the group for "faulty thinking".

His intelligent wit was hit home on several occasions, and, "that some people are handicapped because they have the habit of thinking with their neuroglia", we believe to be an original.

Friendly, helpful and always eminently approachable, Dr. Collins has taught us the honest approach to medicine, some of which he hopes will remain with us until, and perhaps after, the finals.



JOHN ERNEST DUNLOP GOLDIE

"I don't think surgery is really on."

Those who have spent a Monday afternoon at one of Mr. Goldie's tutorials know that it has been an afternoon well spent. The correlation of the clinical picture with the pathological and radiological findings was a feature of these tutorials that has been greatly appreciated by his students. Equally appreciated were those times when the sister was prevailed upon to provide afternoon tea!

During our association with Mr. Goldie we were constantly impressed with his sincerity and gentlemanly manner in dealing with his patients.

Mr. Goldie, we thank you for your interest.



STANLEY JACK MARCUS GOULSTON

J.C.: *"What are vose bloody students doin' at the Residents' teaching session?"*
 B.McR.: *"Beddaleddam stay—they're Stan's boys."*

One of the more retiring, but nonetheless eminent, protagonists of the P.A. power game, Dr. Stan Goulston soon proved to be a win in the final-year tutor lottery. Not content just to be a good teacher, the image of a mature-age radical soon emerged leading us to admire his grasp of reality and his recognition that ignorance and conservatism have no peak age incidence. A genuine interest in student problems and the will to do something about them makes a refreshing change from the usual malignantly patronising smiles of many of his colleagues. Perhaps the most significant feature of this affable and highly respected physician is that, unlike the vast majority of words accompanying the senior smiles of this publication, all of the above is true.



ALEXANDER FALCONER GRANT

"Cough! Retained secretions!"

Behind the façade of a Monopole cigar and a rough, six-foot frame lies the new image, side-levers Sandy, no-nonsense surgeon and tutor. By direct and forceful interrogation, he was able to extract, in a logical and orderly fashion (remembering that "all surgery is just anatomy and physiology"), information on any chesty topic. Above all, we would like to thank him for his time, understanding and patience in stimulating an inspissated apathetic group to a more expectorant future.





EDWARD JAMES HALLIDAY

"WOT! Give up?"*

Having been warned of the "I-can-be-late-but-you-can't" approach, we dutifully presented ourselves for cardiology on time. Thanks for the concrete scientific approach you taught us, and for making us think. Here was a man whose very approach could be described as "medicine matters".

RICHARD LALOR HARRIS

*"Formal at that, respectful in the extreme
Short, to the point, and lofty in his theme."*

—THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Dr. Richard Harris put us immediately at ease in his A.1 roost by his commanding figure, his courtesy and his approachability. With gentleness, this "commonsense comforter" brought home those time-honoured diagnostic principles which he himself applied so diligently. Our hasty opinions and medical minutiae he dispelled with his kindly personality and gruff humour; we specially recognized the value of knowing the state of the rectum and its "digitalization". His infallible ability to "sniff out" a diagnosis harked back to the days when physicians used ALL their senses, including tasting the urine.

Dr. Harris has encouraged a fundamental knowledge in meeting, diagnosing and treating the patient, and we are grateful to him for giving us a perspective in medicine.



HENRY PETER BURNELL HARVEY

*"Come on, ten causes of lung abscess! Oh well, make it
three — that's fairer!"*

A tutorial with Dr. Harvey is a most enjoyable experience, no hypertensive outbursts from the teacher or sudden hypotensive feelings in the student, a truly delightful way to look, listen and learn in Page. The Doctor himself does not look much older than his students—his boyish features, his infectious smile inculcate enthusiasm which causes even the view from the Page Chest Pavilion to take second place in the learner's sensorium.

He greets us a few minutes late, asks who has seen whom, promises the embarrassed students that one day he will go to that office and find whose patient Mr. X is, but right now he has got an interesting patient which he would like us to see and discuss so let's go . . . so once again begins the truly painless extraction of knowledge.



JOHN EVERARD HASSALL

If arriving a little late for a lecture you found the lights down low, a slide on the screen, and a little man with a long pointer speaking rapidly to his students from somewhere in the first row, you might suspect the identity down in front was John Hassall. A request not to write anything, but to listen and think, would be both expected and ignored, and the myriad slides would flash across the screen and bits of each list would be frantically recorded. Unbearable it is to miss the gems on joint diseases cast by a man with an enviable reputation in this field.

In tutorials he taught us mainly in Med. V and for these and his efforts as Medical Supervisor especially, we thank him for jobs well done.



FREDERICK CHARLES HINDE

Dr. Hinde, or "Mad Fred", as he was known affectionately by a few students, greeted us at the beginning of our obstetric term with the curious statement that students worked best when they weren't told what to do, and that furthermore, if we didn't do what we were bloody-well told there'd be trouble. As the term proceeded things became curiouser and curiouser. Neither dictum was followed strictly, and we came to appreciate Dr. Hinde's teaching abilities, which in the event smacked more of persuasion and Socrates than of blood and bombast. And so again, briefly, in Final Year.

Unfortunately, administrative duties prevented closer acquaintance, but we did hear that Dr. Hinde was also quietly engaged in teaching others to teach. A very welcome innovation.

ELTON HOLMAN

"You only have to spit on it and she comes into labour!"
"Mercy!! Spit on WHAT?"

But turns of phrase such as this kept us alive, listening, interested and waiting for another such comment during lectures at the dreary hour from 5-6 p.m. at the end of a solid day.

In a masterful and eloquent manner he gave us a good grip on the Holman methods of treatment and his opinion of all methods to the contrary.

We much appreciate his clarity on examinable subjects obstetrical.





ALEXANDER SKEFFINGTON JOHNSON

The gaping depths of the theatre fall silent; against the portentous blank of the screen breaks a lurid vision—the stupendous unforgettable spectacle of the g.i.t. filmed in fantastic “volvulovision”. Once again, Director Johnson rears a colossal epic on the columns of Morgagni with the magic of “Caecostocolour”.

It is the privilege of a few of us to know the maestro in his alter ego—a surgical tutor with a quiet humour and unvarying courtesy that accompanied complete assurance. This year, after thirty-six years at R.P.A.H., he has retired, leaving C2 and eight elect students bereft, the great projector chilled and empty and an eponymous trophy for the residents to bat for.

MAURICE ROY JOSEPH

“This patient was a doctor friend of mine.”

Having discovered that 50% of Dr. Joseph’s patients appear to be members of the medical fraternity, many hypochondriacal students immediately have their routine chest X-ray and (some) vow to never smoke again. With hundreds of excellent slides, he has imprinted on our minds the appearance of tuberculosis, carcinoma, tuberculosis, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and many others (including tuberculosis). As well as making sure we knew our thoracic medicine, he found occasional time to test our knowledge of Prince Alfred—(e.g., Do you know the origin of the fountain in the quadrangle near Susman’s Library?).

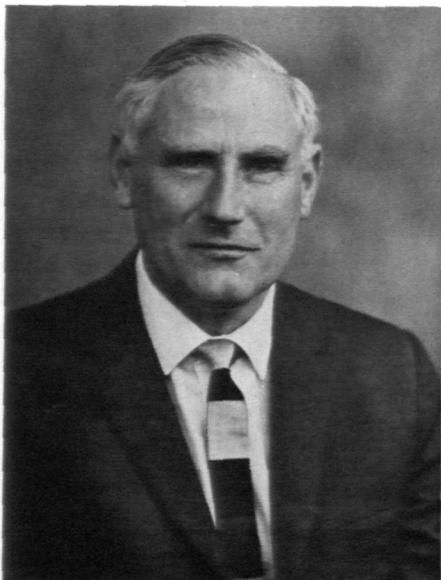
For those of us fortunate enough to have had him for a tutor, we shall always be grateful for what he has taught us.



WALTER LLOYD HOLCOMBE KELLER

“Sorry I’m late, I’ll try not to make a habit of it. . . .”

A surgeon with a gentleness usually attributed to physicians, Mr. Keller is a tutor who is keenly interested in the needs of students. His practical approach supplements and even overshadows textbook information. Tolerant of students’ answers, he is always willing to listen to their views. However, he is every ready to guide them back to the “path of righteousness”, with some mention of more modern trends. Students who meet him in Final Year are provided with a solid foundation of surgical approach.



BRUCE DOUGLAS LECKIE

"I said to him, 'Arch, you've had your Richard'."

Not many Final-Year students have the privilege of being soundly abused by Bruce Leckie, but those who are lucky enough will never look beyond thoracotomy as the panacea for all ills. Oh, to be one of his patients, to be run around Page Chest Pavilion, mercifully spared the dubious benefit of cytology, scans, bronchograms and Dr. Read's breathing tests. Then, joy oh joy, to emerge from the theatre with multiple ringbarks, 12 tubes and 642 stitches, and finally, "Big cough or I'll break your jaw". One thing we have learned is that Ca. of the lung is a shadow till proved otherwise, and for this pearl and many others we all gratefully thank him.



GEOFFREY LANCE McDONALD

Owing to an unfortunate brush with that other half of the medical profession, we were this year deprived of Dr. McDonald's teaching skills until the last and most hectic term. That his absence earlier in the year was a very real loss, his third-term group is well able to testify.

Over the years most students have encountered Dr. McDonald in his capacity as clinical supervisor, and all are agreed upon his value in that position. All have found him a true friend, and that rare person in the Prince Alfred rat-race, "one that backbiteth not with his tongue, no doeth evil to his neighbour, no rendereth a reproach against his neighbour".

And may he stay away from those bloody surgeons.

FRANK HARLAND MILLS

As in previous years, Mr. Mills started the term with a dissertation on the many features of the proverbial lump.

At first it seemed a little mundane, but as the hour went on, we began to realize just how little we had remembered of the basics, a fact he often brought to light in subsequent weeks.

On one occasion we visited a patient under "total surgical care" in the ultra-modern tetanus-treatment room near D1, where we were once again reminded of the many facets of management of patients in general.

It is not so much for clinical methods that we remember him, but for imparting to us the humanitarian side of surgery.





BRIAN PATRICK MORGAN

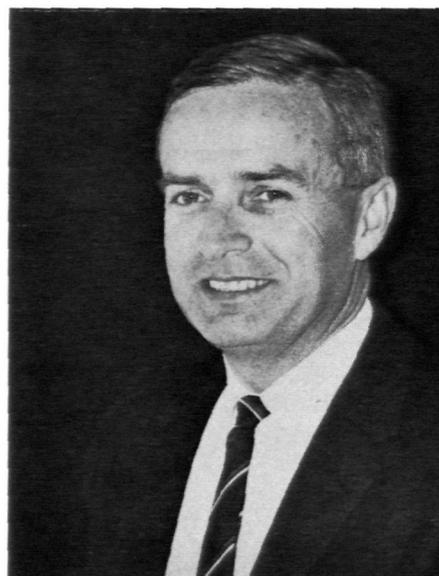
B.P.'s teaching in our final year has been limited to a few lectures, but during our clinical years at P.A. we have been fortunate to see a lot of him (as a tutor, that is). In the capacity of Surgical Supervisor he has seen more than enough of our final year as the seemingly impossible task of improving Med. VI surgery teaching is tackled with some gains. He is intensely interested in our welfare, but in moments of utter frustration, he has been known to exclaim: "I taught myself surgery!", and we wonder.

For his enthusiastic work as Clinical Supervisor and for his very good teaching in surgery we are sincerely grateful.

RICHARD JOHN MULHEARN

Those of us who were put at ease by Ric in Fourth Year (and, on the side, virtually put through the clinical exam. statim) looked forward to more pleasant afternoons. Time very unfortunately proved too short for another barbecue-and-dry-red night, and for us to watch Ric at the bedside.

Dear Ric, thanks for rubbing some of that bedside manner off on us, and for the example you set. Don't stop teaching.



MARGARET MULVEY

"Does she or doesn't she ever . . . sleep?"

8 a.m.: Lecture. Despite the early hour, and late arrivals, Dr. Mulvey managed to expound the wonders of gynæcology with her usual maximum of long sentences and minimum of breaths.

9 a.m.: Saw her in theatres.

4 p.m.: Dr. Mulvey looked searchingly at her students after gynæ. clinic; decided their ignorance must be rectified forthwith, and then followed a dynamic tutorial.

5 p.m.: Another tutorial—at the Women's College. This tutorial ended with (all in one breath, of course!): "You girls are looking very tired . . . are you getting enough sleep, hmm? Don't work too hard."

3 a.m.: A breech birth. Dr. Mulvey wasted no time in grasping this ideal opportunity—yes, another tutorial.

4 a.m.: At the door of Labour Ward—this time, engaged in a philosophical discussion.

"Dr. Mulvey, are you getting enough sleep, hmm?"



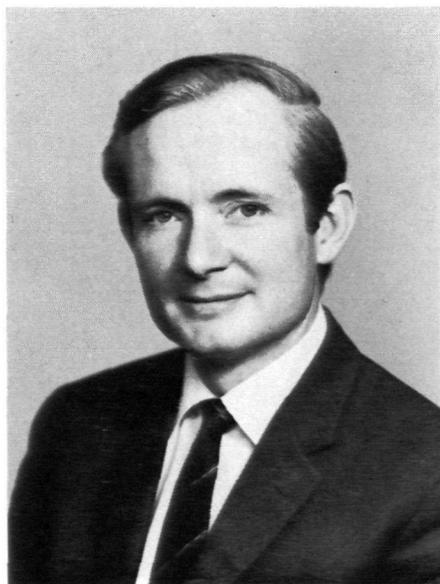
GEORGE ROWAN NICKS

"Mind you, I'm not against the advertising of cigarettes—it's like advertising the widespread use of narcotics."

Clad in bow tie and pin-stripe suit, even on the hottest of days, or in a boiler suit between mitral valvotomies, Rowan Nicks taught his fortunate students the basic principles of thoracic surgery. Slides ranging from photos of his first patients to the latest critical evaluation of his own surgical results, informal therapeutic conversations with his registrar, and ward rounds demonstrating grateful patients—these were all part of his teaching.

His sincerity, honesty and approachability earned respect from his students. His gentle manner seemed out of place in such a rat-race profession.

Rowan Nicks is a perfect gentleman and we were fortunate to have him as our tutor.



HOWARD JOHN PEAK

Upholding one of the commandments of cardiological practice, our tutor would optimally exercise himself by moving from Page 6 to A2 in 90 seconds followed by his breathless students a while later. This inevitably created problems when we had to sift our patients' precordial sounds from our own dynamic circulation.

Dr. Peak's interests do not stop at cardiology. He is a keen surf-board rider and speaks Italian fluently, a great asset to the local people here. He also spends some valuable time working at the Wayside Chapel.

With a dynamic approach, Dr. Peak has stimulated us into a better understanding of medicine, always eager to help us, either at the Medical Centre or by the Wayside.

JOHN GRAHAME RICHARDS

"One swallow doesn't make a Summer."

Probably one of the most dynamic characters that any student is likely to encounter, Richards managed to impress even the most cynical with his ability to make sense out of hearts in five short weeks. Cardiology teachers are distinguished by the fact that they are all good—he's probably the best of them.

The epitomy of the "big Aussie made good", his blustering, didactic approach is counterbalanced by all the endearing features of the Australian variant of the Protestant ethic. For those who doubt the existence of such an ethic, or consider it anachronistic, we prescribe GJR tds. In this context he becomes one of the most interesting PA heavies, is certainly one of the best teachers, and makes an ideal Final-Year examiner.





JOHN ROBERT SANDS

Dr. Sands, with unassuming manner and steady voice, showed us just how easy interview, diagnosis and treatment could be (that is, if we had a small part of his vast store of knowledge).

His commanding ability to phrase topics in a few sentences won our esteem; such logic instils good habits for the coming exams! We will miss his smile and understanding and warmth.

THEODORE SELBY

Dr. Selby showed us just how incredibly simple respiratory disease could be.

In plain language he reassured our emotional (asthmatic) stresses, minimised the irritant aspects, and produced in us a gradually developing tolerance to PTB dosages.

His relaxed approach put us at ease in this subject and we breathed sighs of relief (into a spirometer).



JOHN WALTON SPENCE

Tall, dapper, distinguished, he tried to imbue us with his knowledge and æsthetic appreciation of the female breast, particularly Spence's axillary tail.

He always maintained an unflinching good humour, even in the face of appalling student ignorance. Undaunted by off-beat answers, he would produce a tatty sheaf of multi-coloured notes from his breast pocket, take off his coat, swing his long legs onto the table, then finally comfortable on his coccyx, he would expound at length on subjects "not well done in Bailey and Love".

We are glad he managed to "stay alive" for all our tutes and persevered with us.

"Come on, tell me what you found."





PAUL ANGUS TOMLINSON

The grey eminence of the Prince Alfred Surgery Department, and the very epitome and personification of that Department, Mr. Tomlinson flushed his recalcitrant students through the labyrinthine channels of surgery like so much bewildered biliary mud. Pausing occasionally to coalesce into a stone, or to endure the agonies of stricture, we finally made the joyful leap into the duodenum, only to be at last frustrated by the eccentric phenomenon of retrograde peristalsis. And that doubly so, since it doesn't exist.

All was not lost on us, however, and Mr. Tomlinson may take heart in the knowledge that when we finally reach those peripheral hospitals and get amongst the carnage, we will always remember to pull the liver up and the duodenum down, before clamping the common bile duct.

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

Mr. H. C. Barry
Mr. W. D. Sturrock
Mr. N. H. Morgan
Mr. A. W. J. Watts
Mr. C. L. Greaves
Mr. H. D. Tyer

UROLOGY

Mr. H. G. Cummine
Mr. L. D. Wheeler
Mr. B. S. Pearson
Mr. D. D. Arnold
Mr. G. J. Coorey

THE REGISTRARS

MEDICINE

R. J. McRitchie	A. Stewart	M. A. McGrath
A. Ware	R. D. Clark	P. S. Morey
P. Roy	C. Clarke	M. S. West
P. Piggott	W. K. Flukes	L. M. H. Wing

SURGERY

C. Andrews	D. Baird	I. J. Greenwood
C. Williams	A. E. Farnsworth	A. W. Wechsler
D. Liggins	M. D. Pool	

OBSTETRICS AND GYNÆCOLOGY

A. G. Child	A. R. Korda
N. Jools	I. J. Stewart

THE STUDENTS

ALAN PHILIP SCOTT ADAMS

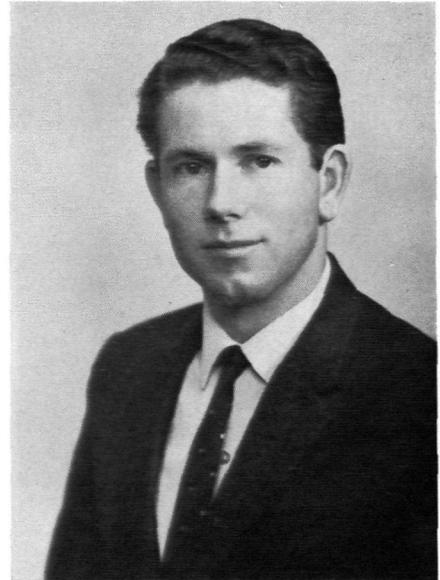
"SUNNY BLUE in the fifth. . ."

On speaking terms with most of Sydney's horses, "Pip" has valuable information for the student gambler, his certainties certainly never win! Pip arrived from North Sydney High and spent his first two years at the Lalla Rookh, only vacating his stool for the mid-week race-meetings.

Pip has shown an amazingly successful ability to summarize the course in five pages.

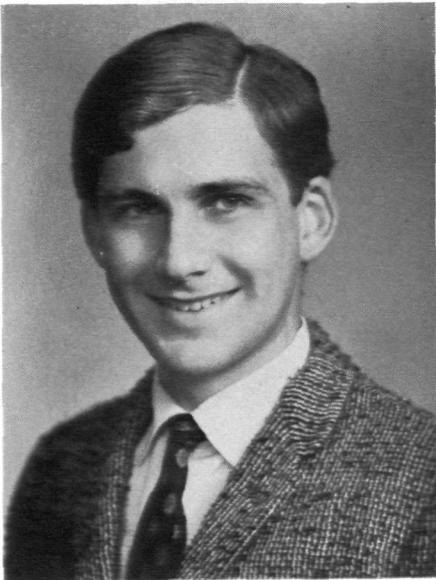
During the unallocated term he endeared himself to the locals at Madang, but blotted his copybook by exhuming one of them. He still insists that he will be welcome back, even though under a black ban from the witch doctor union.

Pip is a valuable friend, and we wish him well for an assured future.



IAN FABIAN HENRY BOWYER

If you looked at his First-Year results you'd think he was bright, but if you looked anywhere else you'd know he was a gentleman. Lives the quiet life and drinks the quiet beer. Chases the occasional golf ball and the occasional woman and is often chased by wild dogs, which he grins down. Apart from that he enjoys folk music, long conversations and films. Although he is quiet and unassuming, Ian is someone worth getting to know. Sincere and thoughtful, he is surely the type of person needed by the medical profession.



HENRY BRODATY

"How do you pronounce that name?"

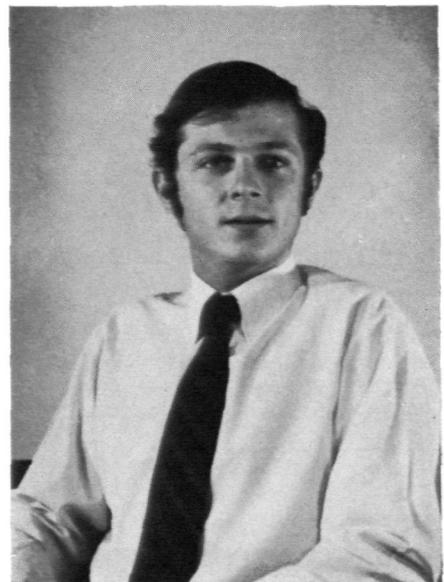
Having written a complaint to "Twisties", Henry set about his non-civic duties with similar enterprise. Try anything—squash, weightlifting, football, judo, he enabled Med. to be placed (?) in interfaculty sports—"Well, we got one point for entering'.

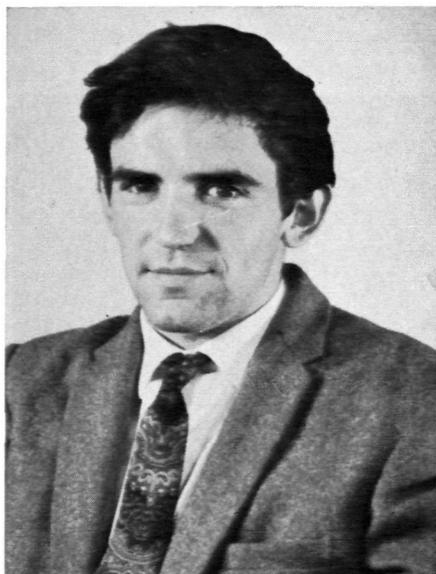
Clinical years meant living in at Whisky A-Go-Go, somehow gravitating to Crown Street, but with half a delivery to his name, obstets. was rather interhospital bridge and St. Margaret's nurses.

Forced by neighbours to vacate his Vauclose flat ("I'll call the Police"), Henry sought unallocated term asylum in Hong Kong before running into some more crossfire.

Six years and 900 mandarins (he never could adjust to no play-lunch) leaves Henry medically a "mechanisms maniac", a mass of C's and D's and many mates.

The future—anything.





MICHAEL JOHN CAMPBELL

Having spent the longest six years of his life studying medicine with varying degrees of bewilderment, boredom and, finally, enthusiasm, he intends to take up his former nomadic existence once released from the clutches of the Royal Australian Army Medical "Corpse".

GABRIEL KAI FAN CHAN

Following a well-rounded education in Wah Yan College, a highly respectable school in Hong Kong, "Gabe" then decided to try his fortune in Sydney.

After a year at Cleveland Street High School, he was conned into doing an electrical engineering course at Kenso. Four years and an honours degree in B.E. later but having no desire to spend the rest of his life designing transformers, Gabe then "saw the light" and at once realized his true vocation was medicine. Since joining us he has had gratifying results year after year, culminating with the poise of a senior physician.

We look forward to seeing a Gabriel Chan pacemaker in the near future. All the best to this engineer-medico.



ROBERT YOUNG TAI CHIA

Robert came to Australia from Hong Kong in 1960 and completed his secondary studies at Knox Grammar School.

Being conscientious and taking a deep interest in his studies, he has proved to be a very sound scholar throughout the medical course.

Medicine is certainly not his only interest; he takes an active part in the youth group at the Chinese Presbyterian Church, is an ardent fan of Chopin (life ambition was to become a concert pianist until he woke up to his senses), and scored numerous successes in table tennis championships both within and outside the University.



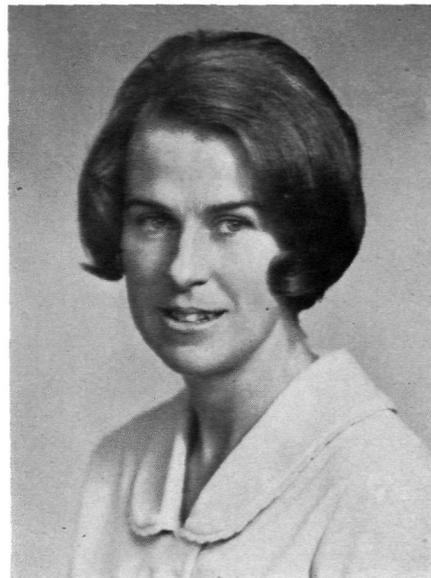
JENNIFER HIBBLE CORNISH

"8 o'clock in the MORNING?—That's not civilized."

As a year-old pharmacist, Jen entered Medicine with great enthusiasm and had three very successful years; in Fourth Year she became side-tracked and took time off to "mature".

She returned with a far greater understanding and liking for her fellow man; combined with her readiness to take time to listen, this should stand her in good stead in her chosen field—country G.P.

Apart from people, she likes music, reading, days in the surf, and living under a gum-tree in a tent. Her greatest vice is sleeping late, for which she is known amongst her friends as "The late Miss Cornish."



ROBERT BRUCE CROFT

Schooled from a mere youth at Newington College, released to the University to be trained as a dentist, then, for reasons best known to himself, took to self-punishment by joining the ranks of the fresh faces early in 1964 in the Faculty of Medicine. Now in extended late adolescence, he is a shining example of what not to be: a confirmed bachelor, killing himself by degrees at university.

Amongst his valuable possessions are a certificate saying he is a lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserve, a Holden handy for giving students a lift, an ability to look at the funnier side of life, and a warm understanding of the other person's misfortunes.

GREGORY BRUCE (BE PREPARED) DAVISON

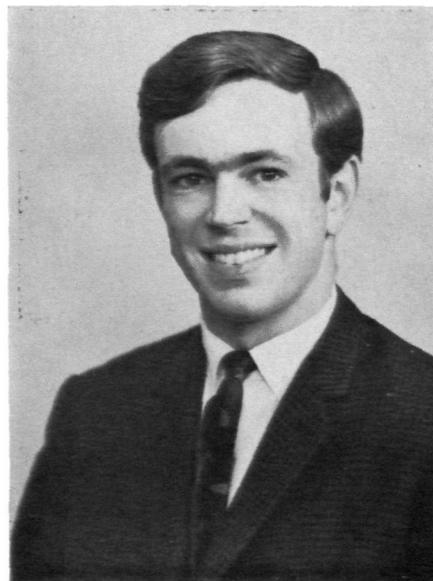
"I've got eighty feet of rope in the boot."

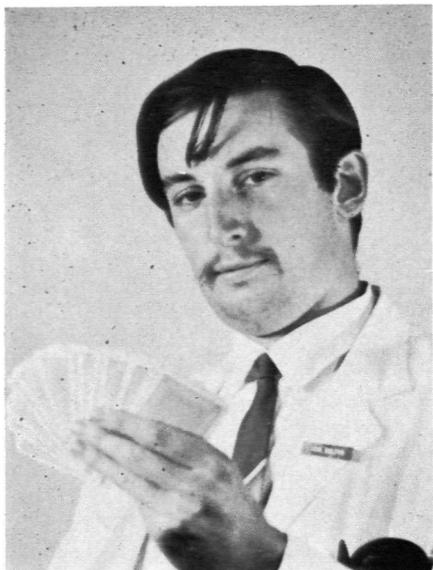
Greg bounced into medicine with a brilliant academic record after a total education at Trinity. He maintained his record in First Year, but then his folly became apparent to him and he diverted his attention to things that matter.

Noticed as one of the few medical students in possession of a luxurious 3-litre Rover, Greg. never hesitates to back up fifty yards for a willowy blonde.

His pursuits are varied: gold-panning at Sofala; a constant endeavour to make the Sunday social pages; an active member of the Boy Scouts and the Medical Society Council and memorable physical tutorials at Sancta Sophia.

Greg's great range of activities and his great friendliness ensure him of a rewarding career.





RONALD LESLIE DOLTON

*A is for alcohol, preferably port,
B is for bridge, his favourite sport,
C is for conservationist with his retort, "Save Colong".*

From the Union's political circle, Ron moved in Fourth Year to the downstairs common room at P.A., here to be seen any time playing bridge, delighting in jump bidding from a short club to four no trumps.

Ron is well known for his carefree attitude, his wild parties in obstetric and pædiatric terms and his rapidly changing nocturnal occupations one year.

He has a love of travelling, especially hitch-hiking, meeting the local colour (in all States and New Zealand), or tagging a passing wallaby.

Apart from all his other interests, Ron finds time for medicine, too, and in this he will surely succeed.

MALCOLM BENSON CRITCHLEY DUNLOP

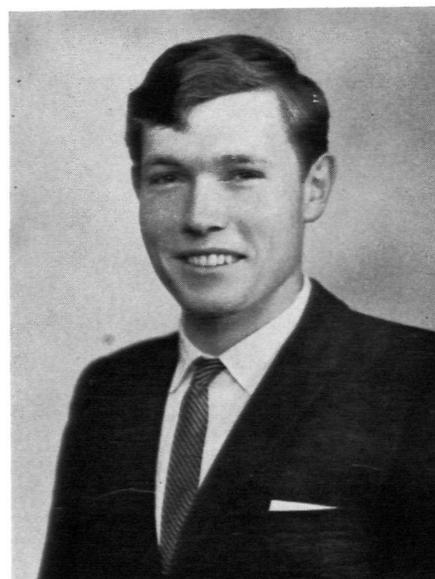
"All learned and all drunk."

—COWPER.

Malcolm, a tall, red-headed and violently enthusiastic personality, lives in a world of learning and music, with suitable interruptions for indulgence in alcohol and other vices (indeed, he is well remembered for several such memorable performances during his pre-clinical years, both on top of and under the table).

His three great loves are his piano (which he polishes constantly), his car (which he never polishes) and his library of books.

Malcolm's energy is well disguised by a most professional bearing (during waking hours) and his insatiable appetite for text books. His case histories tend to trigger a guilty conscience in less academic colleagues and future patients must benefit from his infectious enthusiasm and wide interests.



KRYSTYNA MONICA DZIEDZIC

Standing five feet seven in her slavic sox, this pungent lovely, this double-bunger of opposites, this sardonic wench, exploded among us with a report that has left shrapnel wounds on all our brains. Who hasn't been desecrated by one of Chrisey's irreverent remarks, lacerated by her fierce intelligence or assaulted by her immoderate derision? And yet, at other times, Chrisey is the mother of grace and can render the most gentle of reassurances. And so learning to live with the bomb has been, on the whole, a positive affair.

We have learnt it is a good thing to be unaffectedly human.

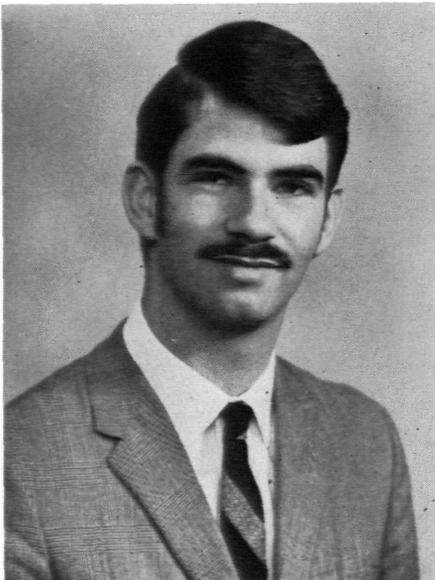
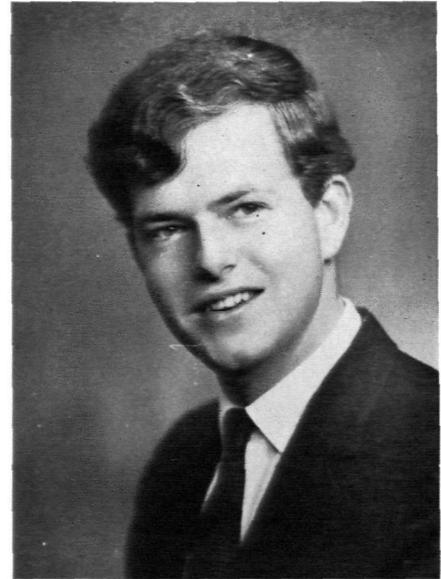


RUPERT CLIVE EDWARDS

Although he followed the family tradition of Knox, Andrews and medicine, Rupert straightway established himself as an individualist, albeit a gentleman, by doing French I. Since then he has further developed a nice taste for whisky, a healthy disdain of pursuits athletic, and a penchant for sopranos, be they lyric, dramatic or coloratura. These tastes have no doubt helped him to move among his friends whether at the Pioneers' Club, Art Gallery Society or the hospital.

However, this pukka image did not extend to the tennis court where he has been seen to sport Bombay bloomers and gumboots, or to the beach where his Monte often struck a gay note.

One hopes that Rupert's life will continue at the leisurely pace which he has enjoyed at university.



PETER JOSEPH FLETCHER

Peter adolescent and pubesced at Kogarah—meaning frog noise—where, after inspiration from those delightful swamp creatures, he took up the gentle art of singing—Rana tenor. This, combined with his appreciation (and need) of acting, has led to many an enjoyable concert, especially of the G & S variety; and to the choice of his profession, medicine. The presence of a sometimes overactive but astute cortex has produced a career of excellent results, including a B.Sc.(Med.) in physiology.

After two years' clinical irritation, and an Indonesian trip on an R.S.L. unity ticket, Peter has developed an upper-lip hairinoma with bilateral temporomandibular secondaries. Although his friends fear the awful possibility of an associated hairy brain, Peter's enthusiasm and (sometimes) pleasant personality are sure to produce results.

PATRICIA MARGARET FLIGHT

Pat spent her formative years in the sheltered cloisters of the Dominican Convent, Moss Vale. In 1963 she descended from the hills for a short sojourn at Sydney Tech., before embarking on the chosen profession.

The first three years passed quietly enough, and on her arrival at RPAH she demonstrated her remarkable efficiency and energy by knowing all the goings on in the place and the whereabouts of just about every patient. Final Year saw Pat let down her hair and raise her skirts.

In short:

Ambition in life: "To have five children as sweet as their mother."

Attitude to patients: "Hello, dear, that is a lovely nightdress you have on today!"

Answer to tutor: "Well, Sir, it can be due to a number of causes."





KIT FONG FOK

"The mind boggles, doesn't it, Miss Fok!"

There is much more to Kitty than meets the eye. A year after arriving from Hong Kong, she began studying for a B.Sc., and after successfully graduating, she turned her mind to things medical.

Early in the clinical years Kitty found herself in a group of six-footers whom she successfully cut down to size in the subsequent examinations.

Her earlier passion for knitting has slowly given way to apple eating and sleeping in lectures.

Kitty's delightful naivety has frequently brought smiles to the faces of her colleagues. A few more fortunate mortals have also been privileged to sample the exquisite Chinese meals which she and her fiance can so ably produce. Their future happiness is assured.

MARY ELISABETH ANNE GILLIN

"Airy fairy, quite contrary."

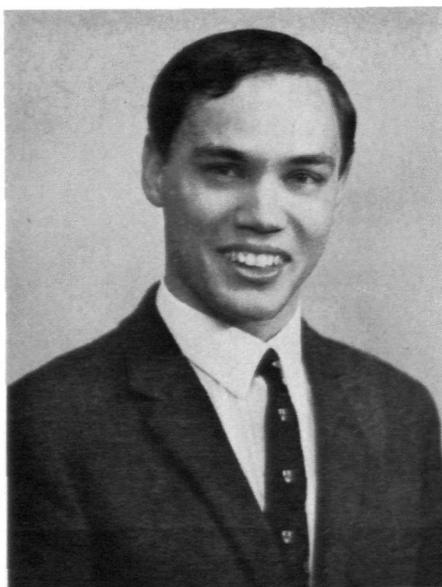
From one of the less disreputable schools at Parramatta, Mary wafted through medicine, never quite managing to leave anyone with the impression that she had both feet on the ground.

After five respectable years at Sancta, interspersed with torrid evenings at Wesley and the Botanical Gardens, she moved to Annandale where she befriended only the greengrocer (and isn't that enough?).

After sudden distinction in jurisprudence, Mary, in elective term, fled to Indonesia. Here her diminutive frame, beguiling blushes and long, dark hair left lasting impressions on those northern neighbours.

Her chief interests are expensive: shopping, clothes, jewellery, perfumes and greengrocers. She also manages well as a waitress and as a doctor's receptionist.

One wonders what will happen to her now. . . .



CHRISTOPHER HADGIS

Battling conflicts between medicine and music, Chris invaded Sydney and St. Paul's. Here he indulged in excesses and leisure and pleasure as, with fortunes fluctuating, he climbed through medicine.

We shall remember much of him. His likes were many. Music is an integral part of him—loud, at all hours, of all kinds, but receiving enormous pleasure from the voice of lovely Elizabeth Schwarzkopf. Those who have had the pleasure of dining or drinking with him will know of his immense liking for fine foods, good wines, French champagne—and beer.

Medicine, an interest of more recent development but of rapid progression, should hold a promising future for this injury-prone social rugby three-quarter.

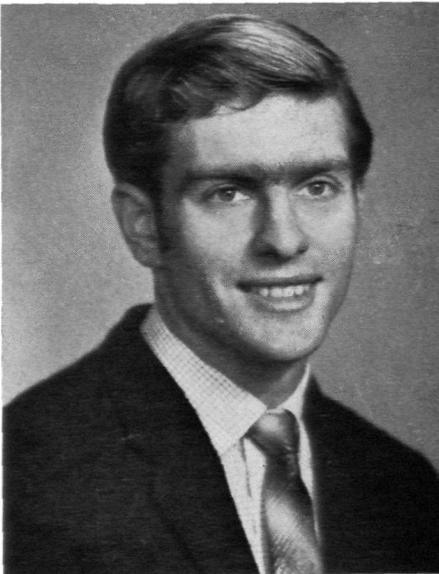
We wish him well.

JANETTE MARIE HARRIS

Lots of people love Jan Harris—we can see their point; after all, she's a superb story-teller, holds champagne breakfasts and is even kind to animals! What more could anyone ask?

A few years in the sanctity of one of the local castles—the one with the ecclesiastical moat—had apparently no harmful effect except, perhaps, for a yen for exploration of the wilderness. Firstly, a sojourn in the depths of Glebe, where she lived in a subterranean cave (with a naughty cat and a disturbed Alsatian neighbour), then to the New Guinea jungle, and recently to the land of the Maori at Whakatane (pronounce it properly please).

Success in medicine should be at least inversely proportional to her height (WOW!). However, her only fault remains an unfortunate habit of always seeming happier than everyone else . . . why, Jan?



JAMES BARCLAY HARWOOD

Jim hailed from Scots College and did well enough in maths. during First Year to qualify as a maths. coach, which occupation has kept him well remunerated for the interim. His interests lie in many fields: music, women, swimming, skiing and driving incredible distances in his trusty old blue Datsun, which is finally beginning to show signs of its strain.

His keen sense of humour, his sincerity and interesting reflections are well known to those who know him and are sure to benefit him in his further pursuit of medicine and pleasure.

CHAIM HARRY HEITNER

Harry joined us, having been dux of Vacluse Boys' High. The beard he sported in First Year (grown during a year's study in Israel) soon disappeared and has not been seen since.

An avid photographer, reader and husband (he married a fellow med. student at the beginning of Fourth Year), his sense of humour has kept us amused many a time. His friendly personality and confident, reassuring manner should make him popular with patients.

Among his zaniest achievements was a burst of amateur acting a few weeks before the Fifth-Year finals (much to his wife's horror), but he didn't let her down and we hope he will pass again into a successful medical career.





PETER RONALD HOWARD

"I resign as group leader!" (For the sixth time!)

Forsaking the sweet allure of C.S.R. in '63, Peter embarked on a career which allowed more scope for his friendly and sympathetic personality, preferring patients to bags of sugar.

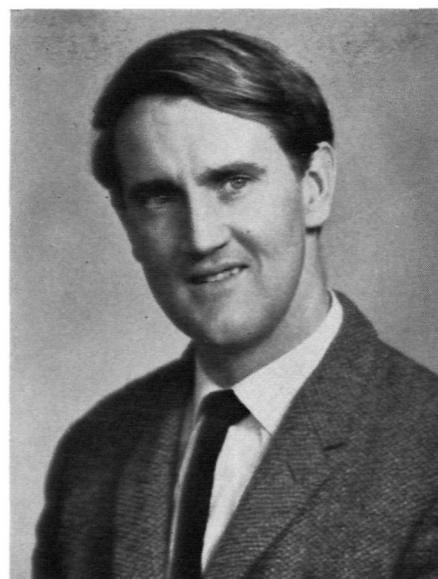
Through the years, he is remembered as a paragon of conservatism and immaculate dress, general chauffeur, sympathetic confidante, reluctant leader of group 2, porcine obstetrician and suitor; this latter pursuit climaxed in his unallocated-term wedding, allowing him to settle into his predestined role of "family man". From their nuptial nest the Howard's house extended hospitality to all comers.—"Oh, er, come in, I forgot to tell Sandra you were coming!"

JOHN VANE HOWELL

John arrived in the Faculty via Knox, and after a slight set-back in second year (solely to add more friends to his large following), has consistently satisfied the examiners ever since. Gone are John's rough Rugby days and multiple beers with the boys due to the skilful application of psychology by a certain charmer who accompanied him to some of Sydney's more intimate restaurants and first-night openings of theatres.

Vacations see a streak of fast-moving red Volkswagen Thredbo-bound in search of hard-packed snow; John's skiing prowess is reflected by intact tibia after many seasons.

Eternally cheerful and unruffled, the trials and tribulations of a future large private practice won't give John any worries.



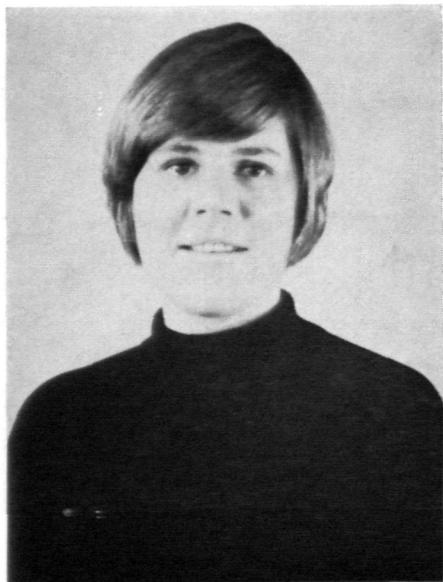
WENDY ELIZABETH HOY

"I really should buy two apples for lunch."

Wendy was imported into Second Year fresh from the A.N.U. Narrowly avoiding phagocytosis by the Immunology Department, she emerged with a B.Sc. (Med.) to join us in Fifth Year.

She spent a hypothermic unallocated term in mid-winter Scotland ostensibly studying the merits of Glaswegian macrophages, and on her return took up her appointment by Mr. Barling as overseas surgical consultant.

Wendy's academic record has not been unimpressive, but her friendliness, her willingness to butter a scone, and last, but not least, her exalted position as owner of the group torch, are the things we will mainly remember.

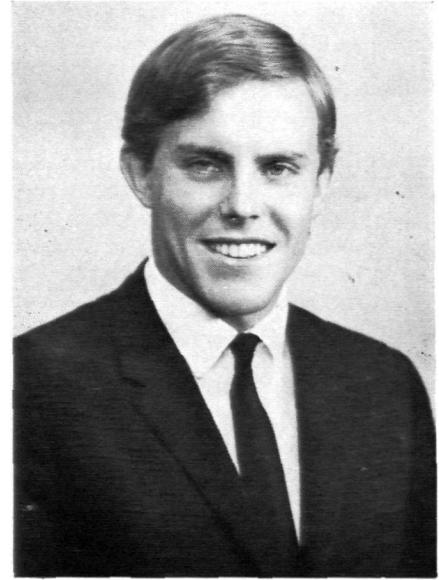


RICHARD CARLYLE HUDSON

From Pymble, Shore, Palm Beach and Paul's, Richard, with his penetrating blue eyes and very fair looks, has trapped women for years and should continue to do so. He couples his appearances with notable performances in sports, especially athletics and football. In the latter, he is a sought-after member of college, intrafaculty, interfaculty and hospital teams. In summertime, he regularly rescues swimmers from the rugged Palm Beach surf.

Richard is also a masterful dead-pan humorist, and the occasional tutorial collapses in mirth following a quietly-muttered phrase. He does have a serious approach to things that matter; hence his steady progress through medicine.

Although sometimes quiet to the point of shyness, Richard is well known, well liked and a complete and capable personality.



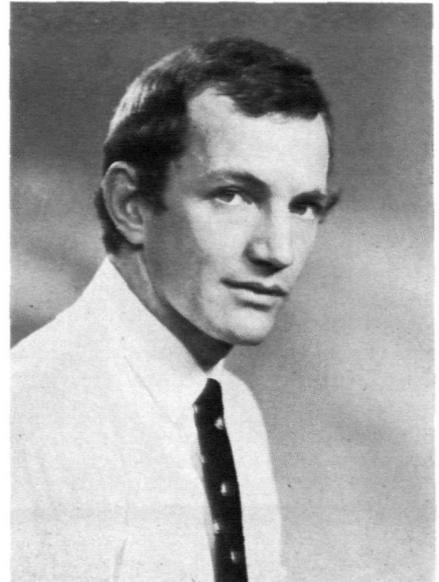
IAN WARWICK HUFTON

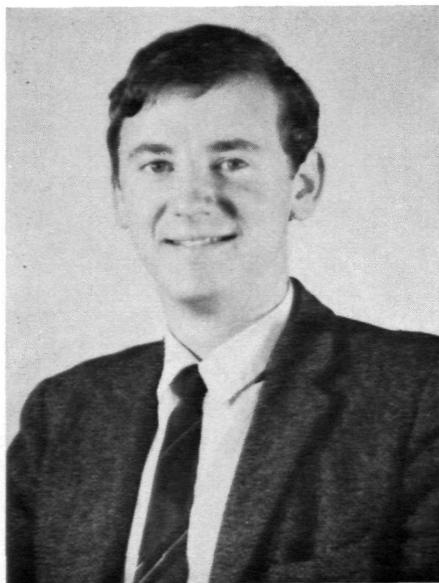
Sent from his country home at the age of six to gain an education, Ian found his basic schooling at Scots and arrived at the University to enrol in Economics. His trial in this Faculty convinced him that Medicine was more appealing.

Among his notable sporting achievements were a duck in the inter-pathology cricket competition and last place in the 1966 Perisher Cup. Ian's seven-year sojourn in Andrews has necessitated his becoming a connoisseur of the cheaper second-class restaurants of Sydney. In between numerous exams, Ian has made several field trips including ones to Central Australia and New Guinea. His opinion of the local girls has not changed after recently viewing the joys of Bali and Bangkok.

DESMOND FRANCIS (BEAST) HUGHES

Des started in engineering but saw medicine as his calling—he did zoology for Med. I—and since then has only specialized in one subject a year. Feels the University owes him a rebate for four years of unattended classes in various topics, but still manages to get through on a night's work. Arrived a week early for psychiatry exam. Tutors consistently enquire about his health. Found that he could rarely fit his timetable into his beach hours—spent leisurely at Tamarama. Has currently made constant visits to Moree to see Judy and enjoys life on the farm. Has always been a good source of information about where the action is seven nights a week, but is invariably a bad historian the following afternoon. We feel he cannot help but be a successful practitioner, because of his experience with people outside the profession and feel that someday O & G will be his forte. We wish him well in whatever he chooses.





RICHARD STUART HUGHES

"Excuse me, Sir, but it's 5 o'clock."

Riding the old 480 bus, exhausted after a solid night of T.V., Richard emerges each morning from the clouded West, with twin Coca-Cola bottles (acquired the previous day at the oval) dangling by his side. With battered briefcase on his lap, he is always ready to play cards (be it stud. or bridge) and, if time permits, study medicine. Only occasionally venturing onto the sporting field, he had one brief moment of "glory(?)", as goalie for the victorious '67 Medicine hockey team, but has not featured since. A fine judge of sailing craft and occupational therapists—he has one of each—his ready wit and keen, probing mind, make Richard a popular member of any tutorial group.

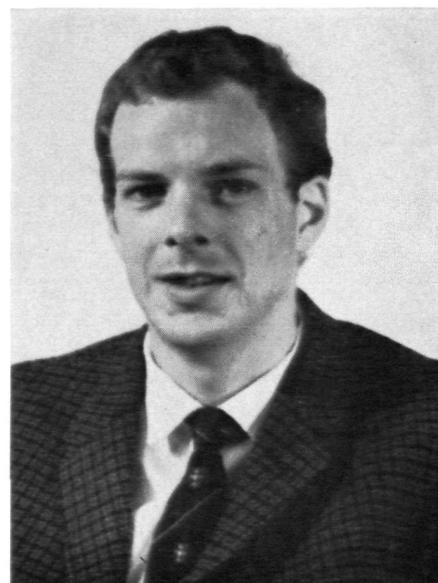
TIMOTHY JAMES HUMPHERY

Having been educated at S.C.E.G.S. (Redlands?), Tim entered Medicine and immediately started collecting his formidable library. From then on he could always give the latest information.

During his sojourn at Andrew's, Tim developed more than a passing interest in veterinary science and was sometimes noticed splaying the local Newtown animals. His sporting interests are widely varied—first Rugby; more recently, "The Arms".

Forsaking the sunshine, Tim flew to swinging London, where he proceeded to reorganize Middlesex Hospital's Radiotherapy Department. Straying from the straight and narrow, he crossed the Channel, but was forced to return with the Paris runs, much to the dismay of the mademoiselles.

On graduation it is his intention to apply for J.R.M.O. on one of the Greek Islands in the Ægean.



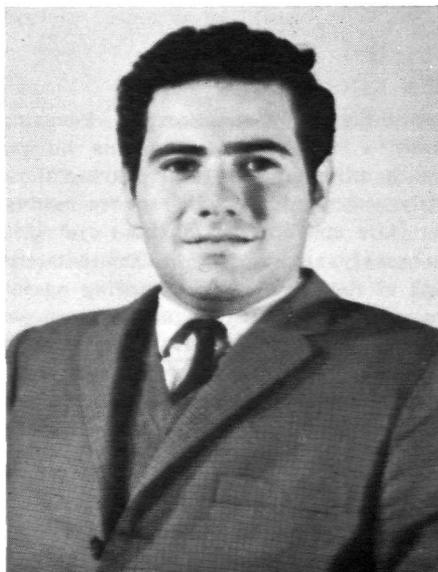
JOHN GEORGE JABOUR

It took us, in our innocence, some considerable time to realize that beneath that ingenuous exterior lurked an artful, devious Cassanova. Reports of Jabour's amorous exploits filtered back from everywhere. Always a keen attender at Faculty functions, it was said that Jab's judgement was inversely proportioned to the alcohol consumed, and this may explain why he had to take two birds to the Med. Ball.

Despite this, Jabba not only managed to pass Med. II, but also found time to collect the prosectorship prize as well.

Unallocated term found him reviewing the international scene (harem-wise) in Lebanon; until a certain young lady finally caught up with him. We are sure they will be very happy together.





STEPHEN DOUGLAS JOSHUA

If one phrase could describe him, "passive aggression" would surely be it. The eagerness and precision with which he approaches any task, be it social or academic, is always combined with a most delightful and unassuming manner. This has not only won him the admiration of his friends, but has also made him a welcomed participant in any activity, whether it be hiking, squash or chess.

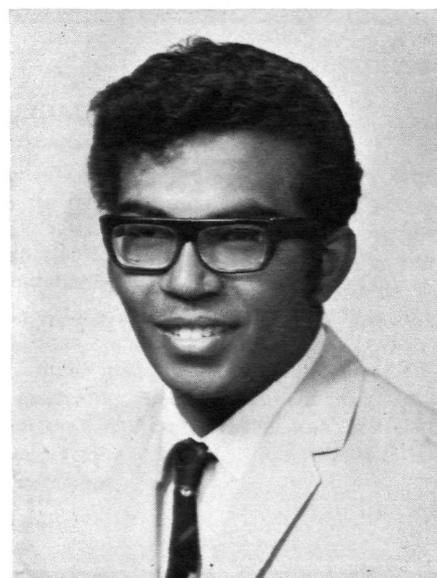
His gift to produce the apt turn of phrase must surely rival even that of Hamilton Bailey—no wonder he enjoys debating! A product of Sydney Boys' High School, he has certainly enriched our university life.

We wish him much success in his chosen profession.

VELLAYAPPAN KARUPPIAH

"Great White Father."

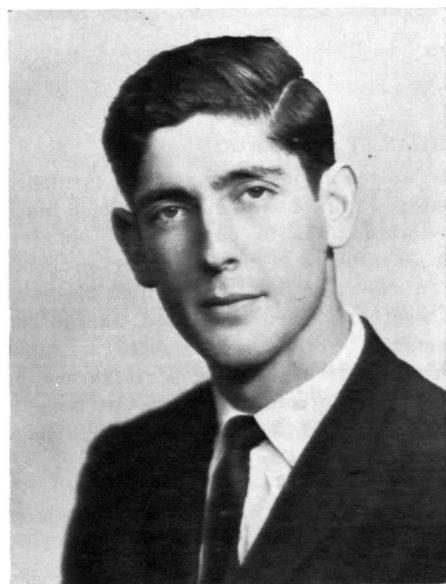
Originally from Singapore, Vella entered university intending to study engineering; but, by the wish of Lord Siva, he ended up in the noblest of professions—medicine—and proceeded to glide through the trials of pre-clinical medicine with his inscrutable ivory-white smile intact and enter clinical medicine where he has perfected his already formidable mahjong, poker, badminton and snooker. When not hard at work in Schlink, Vella might be seen arranging a Chinese meal in town that night or anxiously asking if he is to present a patient at the next tute. Seen but never heard in tutes, Vella has continued to defy the examiners and is assured of graduating, only to leave us and return to beloved Singapore—to home, wife-to-be and a successful future.



HARRY KAY

Fresh from a classical education within the sheltered cloisters of Sydney High, and thwarted from Latin I, Harry eagerly dissected any term, anatomical—or otherwise—with his Latin dictionary or Lexicon. Indeed, so scholarly is this keen anatomist that he once pronounced a body female by looking at its virgin aorta while the uterus stared him in the face.

However, in clinical years, this sober introvert, this incorrigible note-taker, this compulsive crossword addict underwent a metamorphosis—taking up, at the expense of study-time, bridge, skiing, golf, the occasional banned book or beer—even venturing overseas in unallocated term while still continuing to defy the examiners. This promising start augurs a successful future in medicine and life.





MARTIN KINSTON

Born 1946 under the malign influence of the Scorpio. Yearning to be a healer, another Schweitzer, a cauterizer of abrasions, he was happily and nervously admitted to university in 1964. During those years he has travailed full busily and pertinaceously, *in diu avidus*, as his Faculty sufficeth, without fair speaking of editing.

An omnivorous reader, he bravely admits from a Freud-Sartre-Beckett modulation, to the death of the novel—he is working on the idea of the medical textbook-as-novel. This will lift nausea into yet another sphere.

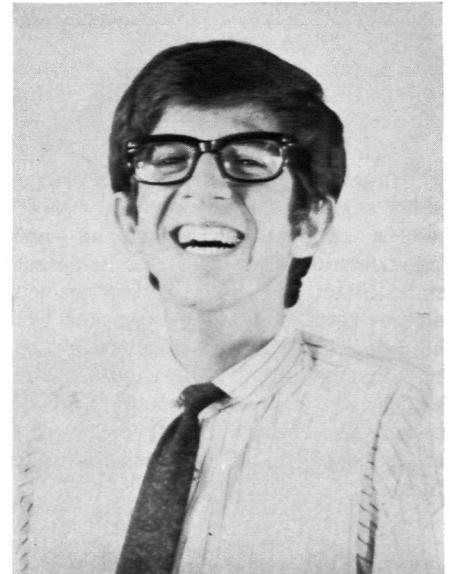
Yes, Martin is something of a poet (vide Keats to William Carlos Williams). I myself have often caught him unawares in such a dreamy-poetic attitude, rhyming 'vowel' with 'bowel' on the back of an old prescription paper.

WARREN KINSTON

He entered Medicine I in 1963.

He finished Medicine VI in 1969.

P.S. His "Passing through Medicine" for this Year Book wasn't printed either.



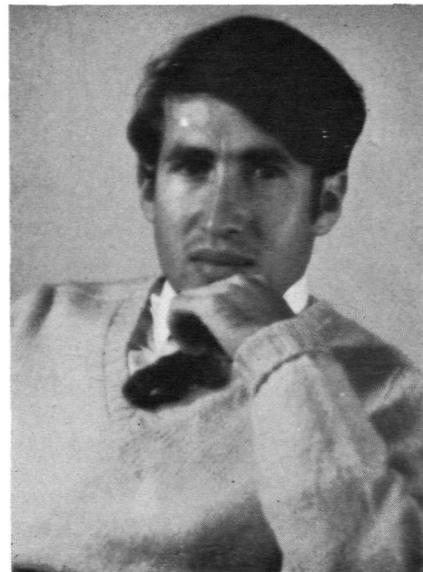
JANINE MARGARET KIRKWOOD

Being acutely aware of how women in medicine may be tarnished by their profession and its training, Janine has managed to keep much of her life and her part-time occupations to anti-medical spheres. However, she has a deep-seated yearning to become a doctor, probably a specialist, and not less than an expert at that. Just which specialty still depends somewhat on the weather. When motivated, Janine has amazing energy and if an impulsive whim were to seize her now, tomorrow she might appear on stage, or be running a restaurant, or be making a belated challenge for a University Medal—but none is likely. She'll push on successfully through Med. VI and she'll make her goal unless a man good enough can make off with her.

ILYA ZDENEK KOVAR

"Mmmm . . . nice legs."

This dynamic little guy entered Medicine in 1964 with an unwashed set of jeans, a duffle coat and dirty ideas. His first three years are better forgotten—but we count the clinical years. Concerned about his lack of exercise, Ilya had sporadically taken up horse riding, soccer (a funny game they play in Europe), skiing (for his health), karate, and plays squash with an incredibly lousy style which must be seen to be believed. He took up bridge for a while but gave it up at the request of fellow players, and now spends most of his time chasing nurses, driving an open car and walking his dog (said to resemble him). Ilya will be long remembered by us all—an individual personality and an unusual name.



EDWARD PHILLIP KREMER

"Pardon me, Miss, I thought you were a turnstile."

Ted arrived in the Faculty after a tour of duty at Sydney High School, and has made his presence felt during the intervening period. Assistance in his capacity as honorary technical adviser during lectures will always be remembered, as will his Porsche (with overdrive), cunningly disguised as a VW—this vehicle currently holds the land speed record for the Physics-Road course. Varied activities have characterized his progress through medicine. He has introduced projects and given vigour to older ones. These included editing "Innominate", designing and producing the S.U.M.S. car badge and obtaining a university car sticker. Although there was criticism, these projects have always proved very successful. This will doubtless apply to his future career in medicine.

ANTHONY CHING HUNG KWAN

"W.O.G."—Westernized Oriental Gentleman—well describes Anthony Kwan C.H. who has lived in Australia for over ten years.

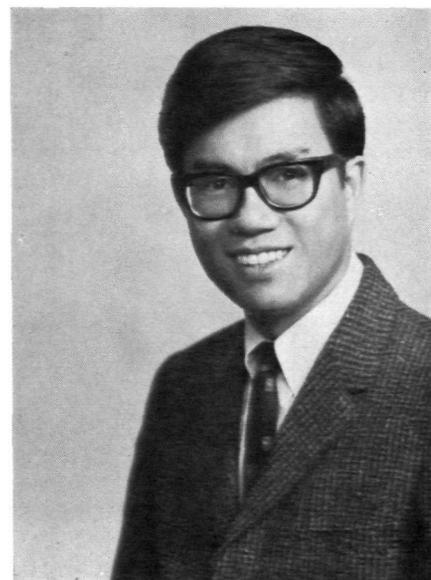
Anthony arrived in Australia in his early teens and thereafter completed his high-school education.

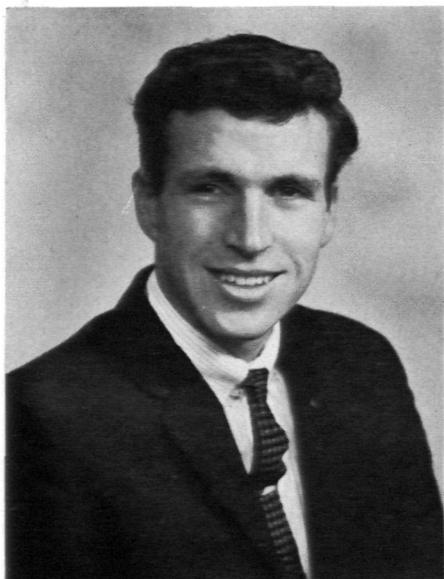
Originally from Sabah, he is of Malaysian nationality, yet Chinese by race, born in Canton and received his early schooling in Hong Kong.

He has an adventurous nature and is a sport craze. His favourites range from swimming, fishing, to skiing, not mentioning others. "Give anything a go" is his motto.

Cars are his greatest weakness, his most-talked-about subject and his dream world.

Is it possible that endeavouring into Medicine is but another of his ventures to uphold his motto.





PHILLIP MURRAY LAMONT

Phil came to The University of Sydney in 1964 from Canterbury Boys' High School and during the medicine course has maintained his outside interests. He has been a fellowship and youth leader, learnt to play a guitar and compose his own music and lyrics, and is always ready to listen to other people's problems and help them and give Gospel guidance. He is never frightened to express his own opinion or to express his opposition if he disagrees.

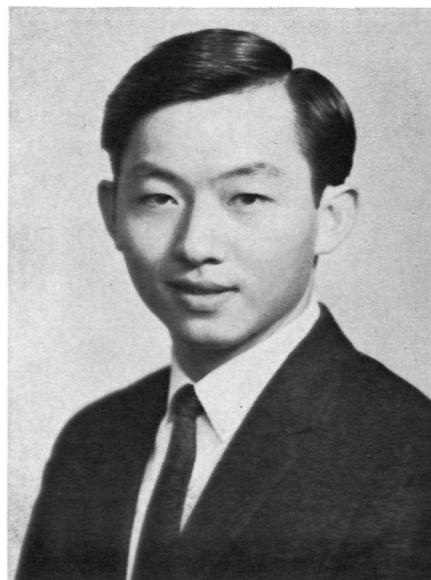
Phillip will find medicine a unique field in helping people—physically, socially and morally.

STEVEN KIN CHUNG LEE

Reversing the thriller movie gradient, Steve came from Shanghai to Sydney. Educated at North Sydney Boys' High School, he arrived at Sydney University with an enviable academic record, which he has maintained by taking quite a fast boat ride through six successive years.

Combining a Lieca camera and a very beautiful girlfriend, he, naturally enough, acquired a passion for photography, as those who smiled for him on frosty Thredbo slopes will testify.

With the possible exception of bow-tied Barry, he has managed to impress the majority of his teachers with the minimum of Chinese howlers. However, it is the steady, quiet and invariably polite Steven who is liked and known by so many of us.



DAVID JOHN LEWIS-DRIVER

David entered medicine with clear aims and goals and his future practice of medicine will certainly be the better because of his singlemindedness.

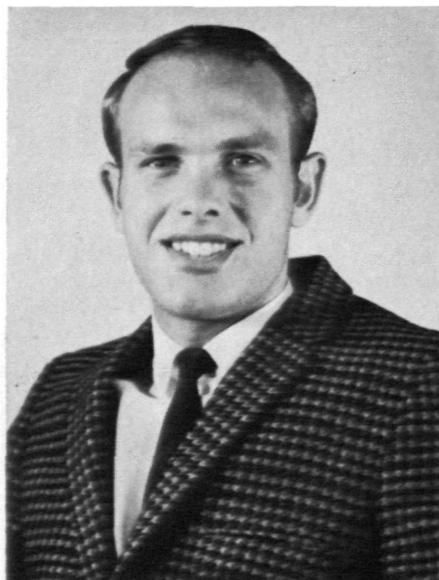
He was probably one of the most organized people in our Year and could frequently be seen consulting his diary for train or bus timetables. His slide rule was almost dislocated from obscure calculations of the quickest way through peak-hour Newtown.

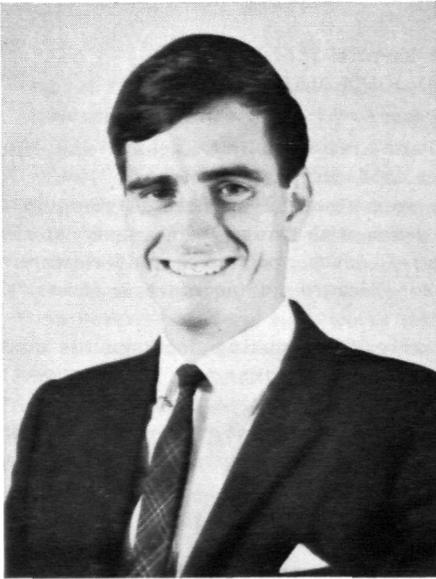
David even volunteered for an elective appendectomy during a vacation.

His marriage after Fourth Year interfered considerably with his living-in during Fifth Year, resulting in his scoring an all-time low in K.G.V. deliveries.

It is also rumoured that he owned a Public Health textbook.

David's quiet and self-effacing personality will continue to win him many friends.





IAN STUART LOVE

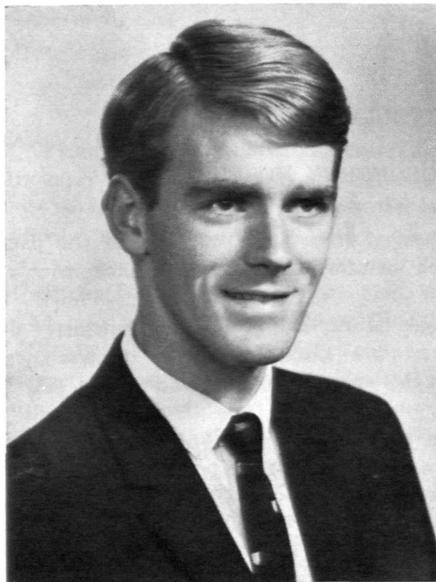
Educated at Knox, Ian entered the Faculty in 1964 and soon became known as a white-shirt man with old Regimental tie who has sailed through Medicine smiling all the way.

Fundamentally a gentleman, his spheres of activity include golf and skiing, but as far as is known, he has so far kept clear of crutches.

Ian is very quiet, but it is known that he shattered one blonde English sister's heart during surgical residence; when interrogated he apparently didn't realize this.

Although at some risk of entering E.N.T., we suspect he will end up a physician, being a level-headed and methodical worker.

We wish you luck, Ian.



FREDERIK JOHAN LIPS

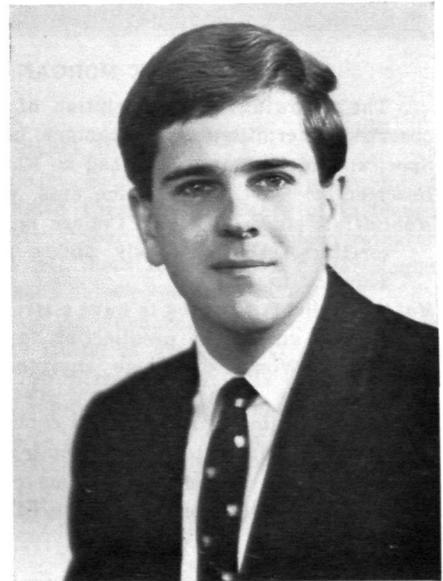
"I've got to pull my finger out!"

Fred migrated from the Dutch East Indies in 1951 at the tender age of 4. He sprouted into the Medical Faculty in 1964 after an Australian education at Knox.

His remarkable enthusiasm speaks for itself in his numerous and varied interests: skiing, caving, bush-walking, golf, squash, soccer, fishing, bird-watching, classical guitar, operas, concerts and drama (with the Hut Theatre) and spending elective term touring Europe as well as Tasmania.

To his tutors and colleagues Fred's conscientiousness is a source of inspiration (at times even exasperation). With head buried in the patient's chest and a look of intense and immovable concentration, Fred auscultates in a manner that would do credit to Osler.

His basically serious approach to life, agile wit and infectious humour will assure him of future success.



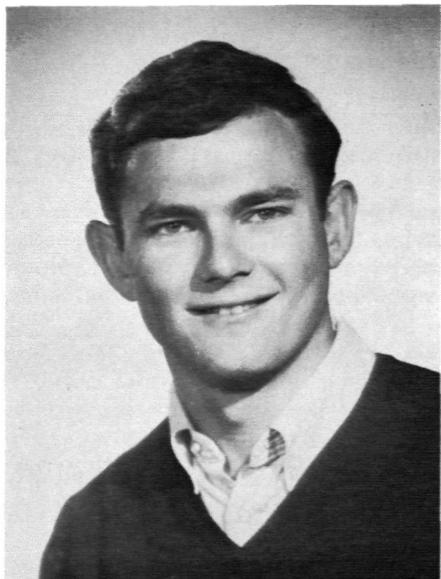
COLIN MACLEOD

Colin has much in his favour: addresses of distinction (McCulley's Gap, Andrew's, Morpeth); splendid performances in examinations (science wasn't testing enough); healthy pursuits of things artistic. . . .

Known to most by virtue of his age ("You must be one of the youngest in the Year") and height ("Do all tall people have problems?"); we were served nasturtiums stuffed with whipped cream at his 21st; blessed with thoughtless recall for distant events and always having read the best biographies, Colin has invariably been an interesting and entertaining companion.

Although that rather awkward occasion of excess in his cups together with those nocturnal ramblings through a nearby bed of carnations may seem out of character, few know the full story behind the cheesecakes.

And then there was the time. . . .



RICHARD JOHN MARTIN

"G'day, Cock!"

After receiving a Moore Park area schooling, Richard and Mini arrived at Med. I at 5 minutes to 9, March, 1964.

Well tanned ("some tutes were absolutely not worth going to"), he thriftily entered clinical years with innumerable lusty stories highlighting the secret lives of deans, professors and lecturers. However, medicine remained for Richard not so much a career, as a means of passing the time.

His conquests at K.G.V. succeeded in casting doubt on his quiet nature, and Richard (by then a household name in Dixon Street), was destined for the Philippines during elective term.

Having expressed during each specialty that "this was his field", his future in the right one looks bright, and can readily be followed in the daily social pages.

JEANETTE MORGAN (NÉE ROLLS)

The following is a description of a rare and beautiful creature observed intermittently on campus between 1964 and 1969.

Species: Jan Morgan (described as Rolls in earlier literature).

Description: 5' 3", blonde, blue eyes, with an everchanging plumage.

Habitat: Nests at Women's College but may be observed in Hospital territory. Makes weekly flights to the south—a characteristic acquired in 1969.

Habits: Reliably reported to have a strong social drive but observations difficult due to the predilection for nocturnal activity—the result of her Women's College environment. Sleeps most mornings. Frequently joins with three other species to perform an odd religious rite in the Hospital common room.

Diet: Not restricted to, but predominantly chocolate.

Future: Despite the obvious unique character, this species is in no danger of extinction and is assured of a long, happy and successful future.



ROBERT GEOFFREY MOSES

"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

Bob's Herculean frame emerged from the front row of the pack at Barker College and settled comfortably into the back row of lecture theatres.

Living in St. Paul's College, he rapidly became an authority on medical conventions, wine-bars, pink gin, cheese-cake, para-medical females, crosswords, bridge, Rugby spectators, Goon-shows, the Morris Cooper "S" (and Police).

Many a colleague has been intimidated by the bluff exterior only to find on closer examination a heart of gold and a genuine interest in the welfare of others.

WILLIAM HENRY PARKINSON

Personal History: Born and educated in Cessnock. Matriculated 1963.
Moved to Sydney.

Past History: Excellent health while in Cessnock.

Allergies: Work, tutorials, breakfast.

Drugs: Self-prescribed ethanol—dosage increased as required.

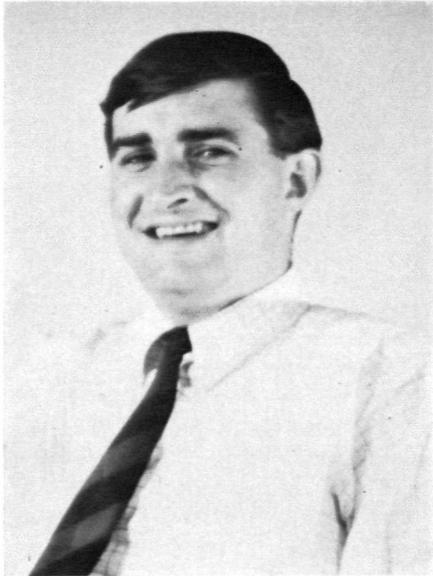
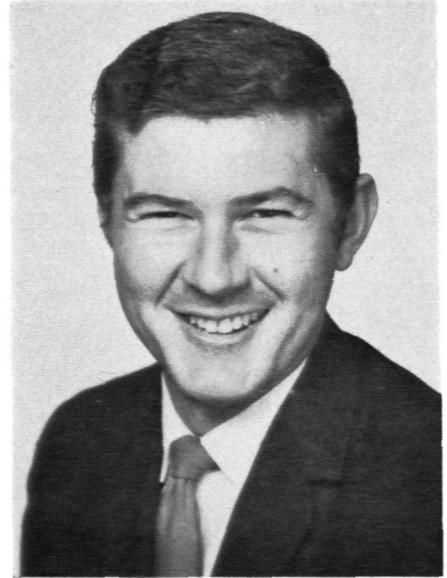
H.P.I.: Six-year history of lethargy with November exacerbations of depression, anorexia and insomnia. Euphoric episodes coinciding with exam. results are common. The symptoms have increased in severity and are now worse than ever.

O/E: Ruddy complexion, friendly disposition, older than stated age.
N.A.D. but conjunctival injections, and pupillary constriction.

Diagnosis: Final-Year medical student.

Treatment: M.B., B.S., followed by one week of ethanol in massive dosage.

Prognosis: Treatment is curative and the prognosis good. A large country practice is the eventual ideal in this case.



JOHN ROBERT PENHALL

John came from Orange High School in 1959 to study for a science degree which he completed (despite a plethora of incidents, absences and posts) in 1961. For a year he worked in food research with Edgell's at Bathurst and left there to become a bacteriologist at the I.C.P.M.R., Lidcombe where he worked for two years.

In 1965, he enrolled in Med. II, then followed two years as a supervisor in the Deaf & Dumb Hostel at Stanmore (free board and lodgings), a series of gentleman's passes, a felicitous match in 1967 (Leonie), and an R.A.A.F. cadetship in 1968 (financial difficulties!).

John will spend five years in the service of the R.A.A.F. Then another country G.P. May there be good fishing wherever he goes!

MICHAEL ELLIOTT PIDCOCK

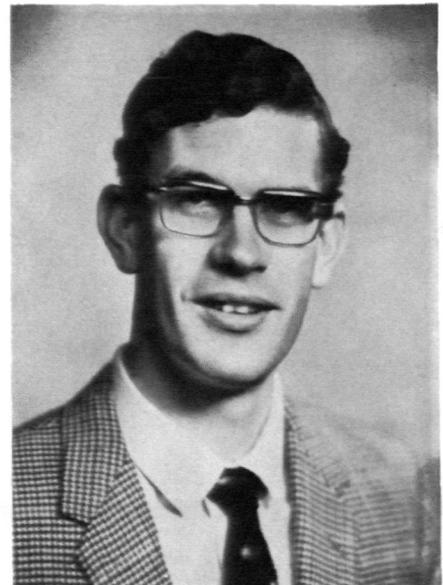
From Woodlawn, Michael entered university through St. Johns. His early prowess in Latin always assists his confrontations with the more pedantic examiners, and in Second Year he became an ardent follower of Bacchus and Apollo, resulting in innumerable soirées with an abundance of Club port and J. S. Bach.

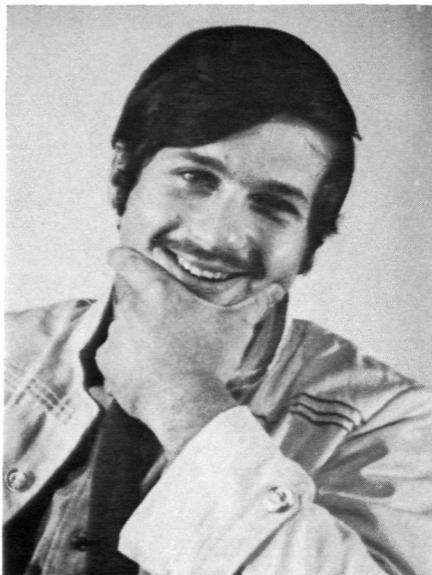
Michael's attendance at the Med. IV dinner will be long remembered, particularly by Professor Finckh.

Medicine term in Fifth Year saw him promoting Australian "music" at the Adelaide Arts Festival. Subsequently, during obstets. term, he was regularly telephoned at the Grose Farm from K.G.V., and passed ophthalmology despite 10 minutes of stunned silence with Dr. Claffy.

Recently, unallocated term was spent as an honorary member of Broughton Hall (staff); however, as yet, Michael is undecided about following Professor Maddison's career as a musical psychiatrist.

In whatever he chooses, we wish him well.





EDWARD DANIEL PRICE

“... take off your trousers before getting violent.”

—YOKO ONO.

This Paddingtonian taxi-driver and gold medallist at the '69 R.P.A.H. Face Hair Olympics presents with an unremitant history of pig-headed individualism.

Apart from occasional inter-faculty debating and cricket, one presumptuous attempt at Med. Society election and an upper percentile academic career, he has little to look back upon with regret. Amongst his close friends must rank Balinese, Mrs. Doff, N.R.M.A. servicemen and Sir William Yeo. His time-consuming interests embrace most of non-medical Sydney from second-rate football teams to first-rate fornication.

Most would foresee a “good medical career” for Ed. when he “buckles down”. Hope not, it sure don't need paper maché physician No. 3526.

MARGARET MARY PRYKE

Margaret is a doer of things studious, sporty and social; a doer of things today and ne'er tomorrow. Apart from six years of medicine, she has chalked up almost as much experience with the TAB. Thank goodness her medicine has proved more successful than her gambling ventures.

Socially, her interests have been diverse, but perhaps best remembered amongst them is her long-term follow-up of the occasional patient.

With ten siblings, Margaret learnt early in life to fend for herself, and began her university career by seeking refuge in college. Essentially a college bird, it seems; having tried slumming it for a year down Annandale way, she has returned to Sancta to pass Final Year in comfort.

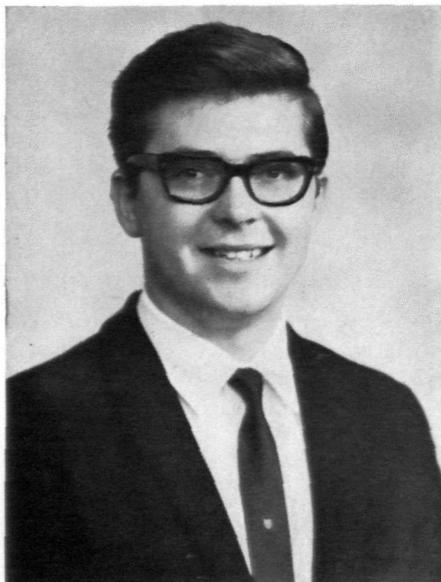


GEORGE ARTHUR PURIS

“May I ask a question, Sir?”

Demurely strolling with his steady “plumber's” bag by his side, George, a former student of Birrong Boys' High, quietly entered the Medical Faculty in 1964.

Now a mild-mannered student in a large metropolitan hospital, he has climbed through the years with a diligence that has reaped just rewards academically. Unruffled by six years of medicine, he remains always placid, with never a quick word, nor a loud one. A keen front-rower, he could, with equal adeptness, discuss a football game or which sister last appeared on “New Faces”. Those who travelled to and from Redfern will miss the “Tiger of Platform 4”, while others will miss his kindly lending of notes.



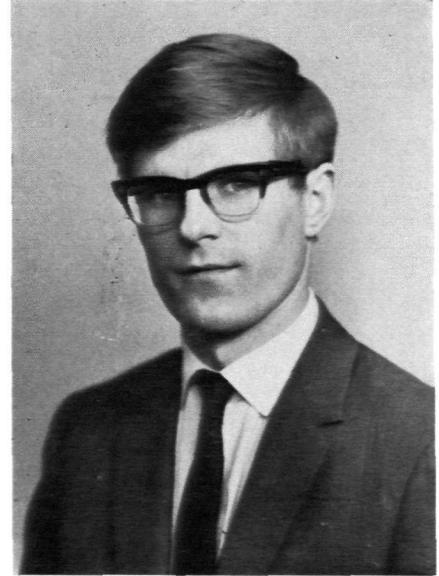
ALFRED STANISLAUS RENIGERIS

Alf's somewhat atypical name is substantially accounted for by his Lithuanian ancestry. It has provided a stringent test of the integrity of the cerebral cortex of many of his tutors, some (even professors) revealing a hitherto unsuspected nominal aphasia.

Impeccably dressed, mild in manner, deliberate in thought, Alf will be remembered amongst his colleagues for his easygoing, friendly nature and unhurried approach to life.

A man of many parts, Alf has wide cultural interests. Classical music remains his first love, but he is a keen follower of chess, opera, ballet and archæology. Politically very conscious, Alf has delivered many sermons about the spiritual decadence of the Communist system.

We all wish him a happy and successful future.



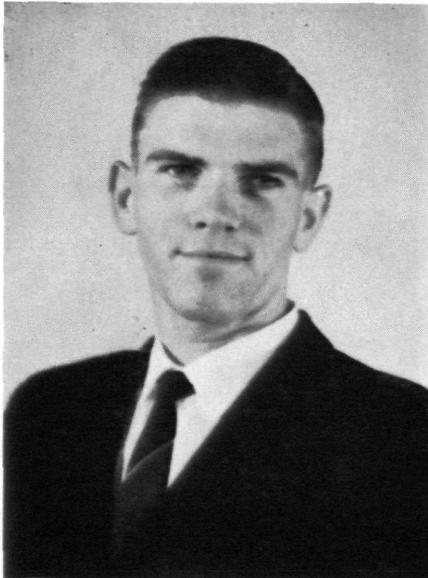
DAVID RYAN

"Hold on a minute, I'm coming to that. . ."

Dave came to us from Newcastle, where he works in B.H.P.'s plant during vacations, giving him a broad insight into the problems of all types of patients.

He is perhaps best known for his quick-change act in theatres with his sneaky 16" cuffs and automatic tie. He is also known for his pity for bridge players, and an uncanny ability not to miss tutorials.

His logical and wholehearted approach to medicine, his continual thirst for knowledge and readiness to question (especially tutors on contentious issues) assure Dave a good future in a profession that is becoming more complex as each month (and therefore each journal) goes by.

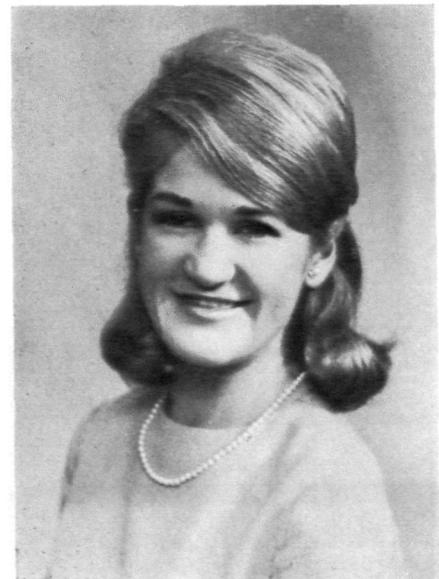


JOANNA SDANOWYTSCH

Joey, and her blush, joined us in Second Year after a year at A.N.U.; but a late start did not deter her. At the end of Second Year she distinguished herself by passing four posts, reputedly the first for 37 years.

With the advent of clinical years, she exercised a woman's privilege, with a change in heart, resulting in a transfer of interests from Canberra to Sydney. This did not interfere with her work, however; on the contrary, she attended the hospital with more enthusiasm. Here she impressed us all with her flair for dodging awkward questions—that blush won over the most censorious of tutors. However, her restraint and timidity were restricted to the hospital grounds, for less than 500 yards away her mischievous and Puckish spirit emerged, horrifying and delighting the rest of Women's College.

Her sincerity and innate feminine charm (and her blush) have earned her respect and admiration from us all.





BELLA SINGER

*"Do you know I am a woman?
When I think, I must speak."*

—AS YOU LIKE IT.

This 5' 2" brunette bombshell delighted us and tutors with her ability to sustain a disinterested look and comely air and yet retain her masterly (creditsful) hold over exams.

Her tenderness and natural charm won our affection as she would crane forward to talk to and palpate patients.

How did she keep her eyes sparkling and her personality radioactive? An occasional Hb and FBC helped.

Bella retained her sweetness as, perched on a high stool over the familiar cup of coffee and cigarette she brewed her wit.

A fascination for time pieces suggests to us that "the little alkaloid" has a yearning to travel (witness her Continental and Israelian holiday), so we wish her success for the future.

COLEMAN IRVING SMITH

Much of Coleman's side activities in the past years have been taken up with growing hair in most unusual places and fleecing other less fortunately endowed students—who but Coleman would venture to coach such topics as home science, plumbing and interior decorating. In the true spirit of the "so what" philosophy, this steady source of income has led to a large series of motor vehicles, which at last are becoming more roadworthy and reliable.

It is now certain that there is one flaw in Coleman's life—an obsession for distinctions. One would think that after almost six years of collecting these creatures that he would retire!

With his pervasive pleasantness, good humour and unbelievable exam. results, Coleman is assured of a very successful and happy future, provided he can keep his weight down.



EVAN RICHARD SMITH

After three quiet pre-clinical years, Evan radically changed his image by acquiring a small but mean Honda and luminous yellow gear, scorning the more conservative and less adventurous types in their cars.

His love of the outdoors is further shown by his endless bush-walking, camping and touring trips, regardless of weather or terrain.

Not to be confined by Australia, this brave adventurer set off for the highlands of New Guinea during his unallocated term, testing his medical ingenuity and physical endurance to the limit.

Evan's love of medicine, his interest in people and friendly, easy-going manner should ensure his future success in his profession.



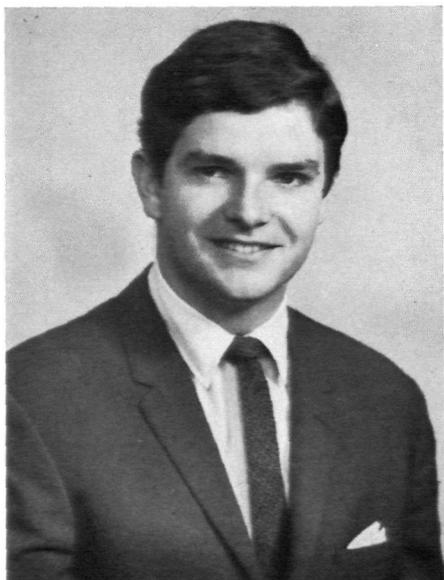
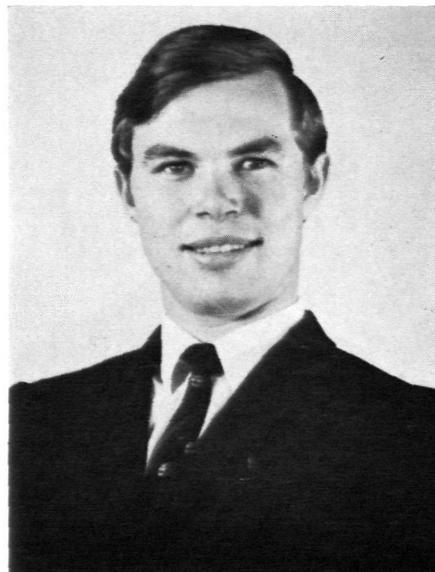
DAVID GRAHAM SPENCER

After completing his early growth spurt in western New South Wales, this son of a French mistress completed his education at North Sydney Boys' High School.

He joined medicine in 1964, commuting daily by motor bike. As a fresher he joined S.U.R. and, after swimming strongly upstream, was commissioned in 1965. The bike retired and was replaced by an M.G. "B"; how did he earn the parking sticker?

In Fifth Year the faithful liver packed up and, after experiencing the social difficulties of being jaundiced, he was arranged to be whitewashed in Hawaii in a pædiatric hospital. It is believed that the U.S. Navy's 5 a.m. "Phantom" sortie was organized to wake Dave so that the colonel's daughters could be all present and correct at breakfast.

We wish David luck in his future plans to check out the rest of the world's nurses.



DAVID ROBERT STEVENSON

David, like most college men doing medicine, has the right sense of values. It takes a cool, calculating head to pass gracefully through from First Year, delightfully avoiding posts and mostly finding distinctions irksome and time-consuming. From Rosehill to marathons at college convivialities and a long list of paperback novels, he presents a versatile image. Despite many late nights with grandmother and at the Journos' Club, he still manages to keep up with lectures, row in the College eight and keep the footballers moving.

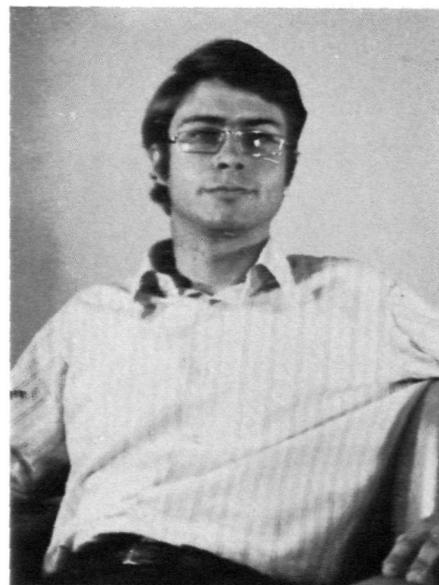
In 1965 he gained some early experience in the field of head injuries after the inter-faculty football match, and has since been mainly an enthusiastic coach.

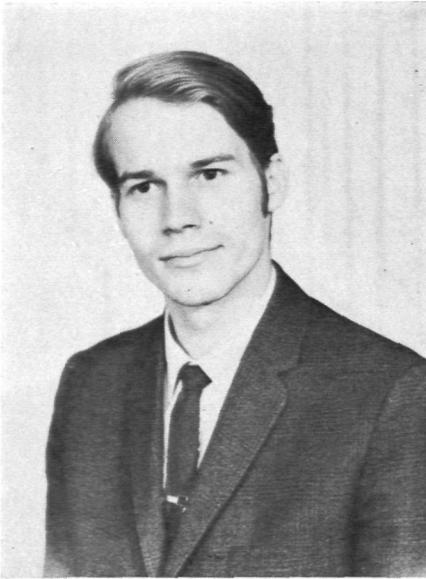
We are assured that David will find success and wish him well in whatever he decides to do.

GRAEME JOHN STEWART

"... fighting for the right to fight the right fight for the Right."

By courtesy of the Department of Pathology, this articulate surf-board rider became known to most of us in the spring of '67. He is the one who passed on the great Rain Lover tip in '68; who reasoned with Professor Stapleton for an hour; who would always back eight to sixteen in a stud game; and who, failing to introduce socialism to Manila, tripped the light fantastic in Hong Kong and the other capitals of South-East Asia. Graeme will be remembered by some as a fair-haired, fair-minded perpetrator and arbiter of many a lengthy discussion. Others may fondly recollect his obstinacy. Nevertheless, he will be thought of by all as a thinker and as an individual.





COLIN EDWARD SULLIVAN

After a quiet three pre-clinical years, with holidays spent exploring Sydney as a bus conductor, Colin retired to the laboratory for a year, ostensibly to commune with feline carotid sinus nerve fibres. Miraculously he emerged with a working knowledge of air-cooled engines, a B.Sc. (Med.) and a new personality.

With the latter he then developed into the resident extrovert/student radical/horticulturalist/air-cooled engine consultant/nerve fibre expert/sex deviant of R.P.A.H. Patients will never forget the taste of his golden locks as he attempted to auscultate. Tutors will never forget his brilliant attempts to explain everything on a physiologico-biochemical basis ("Wait a moment, Sir, while I work it out.>").

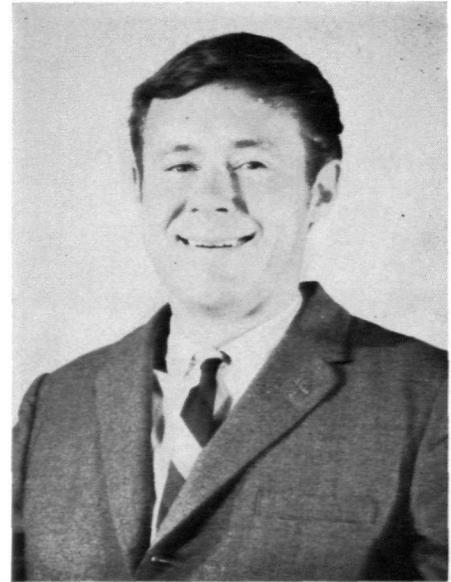
Nor will his fellow students ever forget his crazy good humour.

KENNETH JAMES SUNDERLAND

Ken, who hails from the back o' Bourke is an old boy of St. Joseph's College. Two years of university life as an "outpatient" convinced him that he could only be intellectually satisfied in the hallowed portals of St. John's. Here he applied himself to the pursuit of pleasure, while at the same time giving due consideration to the academic hurdles.

Ken spent his unallocated term working in New Zealand, where he claims to have perfected the art of femoral immobilization the Smith-Petersen way.

Whether he decides to practise in the country or in the city, we wish him every success with his medical career, knowing that with his patience and keenness he will succeed.



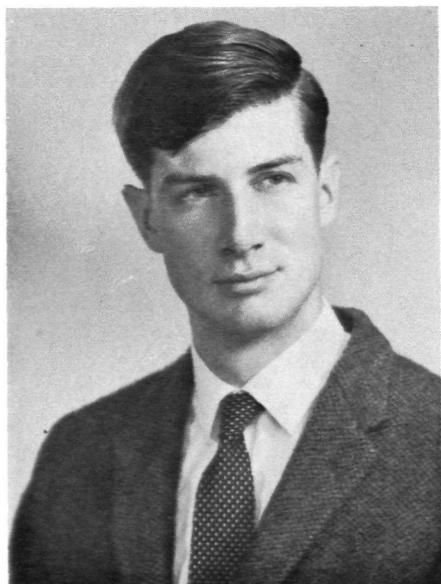
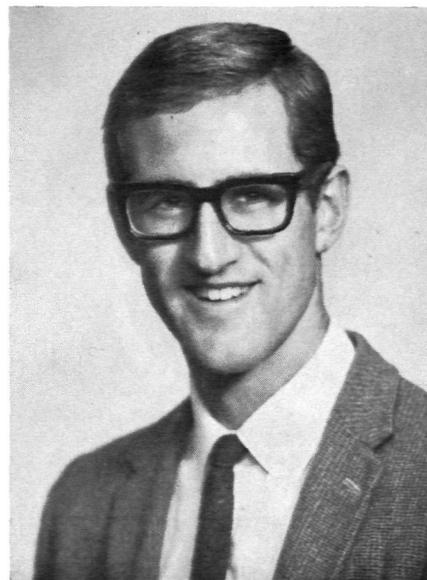
ROSEMARY SWIFT

A lady, we think it is fair to say, refined in dress, speech, soul and the use of the butter knife. Another disconcerting habit Rosemary has is this: she invariably knows what she is talking about. Combine this with a penchant for amassing coloured slides, personal experience of "Australia's Commitment in Asia", charm, good looks, cordon-bleu "Billy Tea", the ability to provide a trout breakfast on a bush walk, piquancy in argument and tutorial, and her future seems assured. But for all that there is still an undefinable "je ne sais quoi" about Rosemary which adds to her attraction.

PAUL REGINALD TANDY

Unlike his contemporary Novocastrians in medicine, Paul found himself in Science I in his fresher year. It was not until he had proved himself in that Faculty that he considered himself able to tackle medicine. This he has done with distinction. An Andrew's man since First Year, Paul has oscillated between the P.A. "nursery" and W.C. in senior years for female company. Stool collections in his Fifth Year filled the tomes of gastroenterology literature as well as supplementing the bank balance.

Well known for his hurdling ability, it would seem that future obstacles will be cleared with the same ease and grace that he displays on the field.



JAMES ARCHIBALD TELFER

Taller than most of us, Jim took a tall, blue-eyed view of the world. A good-natured, under-stated sort of humour enforced a clear intelligence. These facilities were exercised in such diverse and ingenious activities as collecting E.C.G. tracings, hunting wolves in Iran, rescuing nuns from drowning, and drinking ale in the country.

In spite of this background, he seemed to enjoy listening to the carefully rehearsed anecdotes and histrionic fancies of his colleagues. (He wrote a large number of obituaries in this book.)

The true Marcellus of our Year, he nevertheless must find something lacking in this, for he now says that he would like to practise medicine in the country.

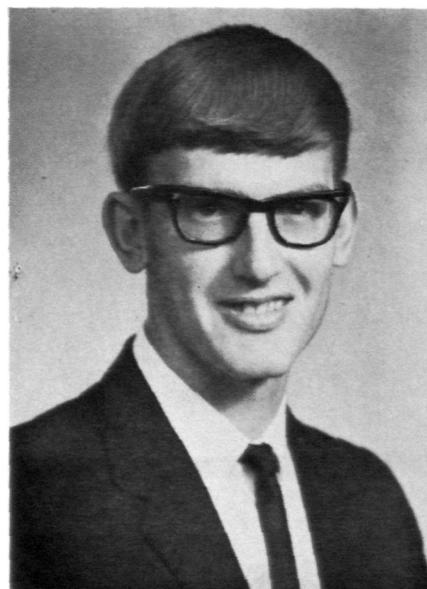
COLIN JOHN THURSBY

Colin entered Sydney University in 1964 as one of a number of students from Newcastle Boys' High School, and has managed to progress through the years as a medical student in his usual quiet fashion.

He is a keen tennis player and, during his years at university, has represented both the University and Wesley College, where he has been a resident for five years.

During recent years Colin has been seen more and more in the company of one particular young lady, and now we congratulate Colin and Helen on their engagement, and wish them both a long and happy life together.

We wish Colin well in his future practice of medicine, and feel sure that his quiet talent will ensure him success.





PHILLIP SIMON TONG

"tonga . . . a mixture of barks formerly used in the treatment of neuralgia."

—NEW GOULD MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

Eleven years ago Phil Tong,
Hailed from the distant Hong Kong;
But now to us does belong.
Always punctual, on the gong.
He is no nong,
And in tutes rarely is wrong.

He loves the theatre, photography, music and song;
Enjoys playing basket-ball and a game of ping-pong,
And is a keen hand at Ma-jong.
Holiday trips? To . . . N.Z. and Wollongong.
A jolly good bloke, sad to say "so long".

PHILIP LESLIE TRAVERS

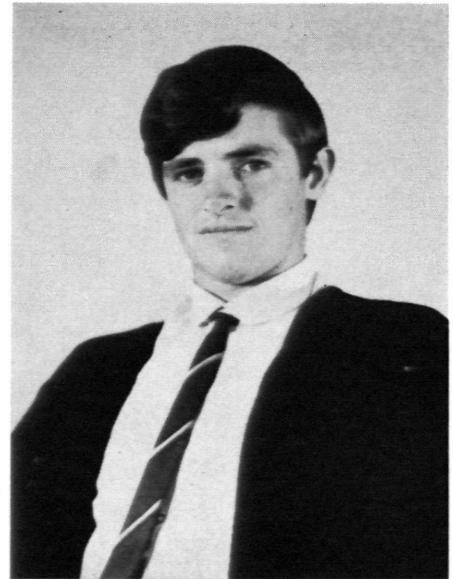
"Trust every man . . . but cut the cards."

—WILL ROGERS.

Incorruptibly dinkum, Phil has spent a huge fraction of his university waking hours chasing, with considerable success, almost all the shapes and sizes of balls conceived by mankind; parallelling; draining "the one"; and making small bets in small-time poker schools, all much to the detriment of a study programme but not sufficiently to preclude a comfortable mortgage on graduation honours.

Corruption, however, was recently purchased for the price of a diamond ring, and an extremely vibrant and attractive young lady has been added to Phil's identity.

Should he contract the "oneupmanship" virus (particularly the virulent PA strain) a career carte blanche would ensue. Healthily, both he and Christina appear innately immune, obviating the need for, but not the pleasure in wishing them all the best for the future.



DIANA JOAN WHEELER

"Where is your friend today?"

Didy joined us in First Year after occupying the lofty position of head prefect, P.L.C., Pymble.

Her undergraduate career was marked by an extremely rare attendance at tutorials—the result of an inverted sleep rhythm; days spent in slumber with nights reserved for friends at Women's College (coffee, bridge and advice on all matters). Indeed, Didy's philosophy on life was one of avoiding excessive strain of any sort—so much so that she spent several weeks sunning in Fiji during her unallocated term whilst colleagues indulged in more strenuous activities.

Her unruly curls, engaging smile and delightful vagueness have made Didy well known to her colleagues and are bound to see her through her future career.



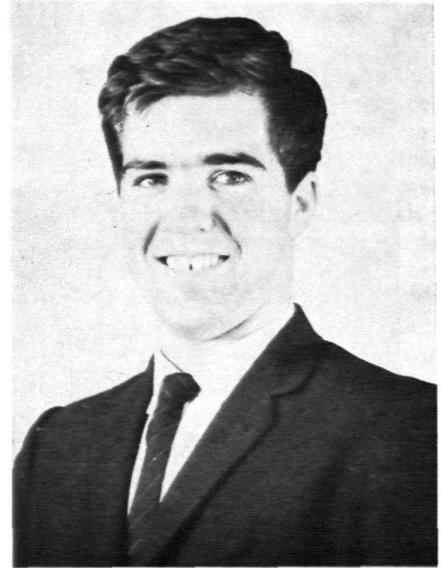
RODERICK AMOS WOODHOUSE

Originally from Cooma, this "Man from Snowy River" soon became a dedicated Sydneyite and, having equipped himself with a sound secondary education at Shore, joined our ranks to wage the long, hard campaign for an M.B., B.S.

A long history of heart trouble led eventually to marriage and a deferred examination in psychiatry. (What would Freud have said?)

Rod will best be remembered sitting in the antique P.A. common-room, invariably drinking a cup of tea, displaying his unique prowess playing bridge, and keeping others informed on the local hockey scene.

With his ability to establish rapport with his patients, and with fellow students, Rod's future is certain to be a resounding success.



STUART MAXWELL WYNTER

"Just as Darwin discovered the law of development of organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of development of human history: the simple fact, hitherto concealed by an overgrowth of idealology, that mankind must first of all eat, drink and have shelter and clothing, before it can pursue politics, science, art, religion, etc.; that therefore the production of the immediate material means of subsistence and, consequently, the degree of economic development attained by a given people, or during a given epoch, form the foundation upon which the State institutions, the legal conceptions, art, and even the ideas of religion, of the people concerned have been evolved, and in the light of which they must therefore be explained, instead of vice versa, as had hitherto been the case."

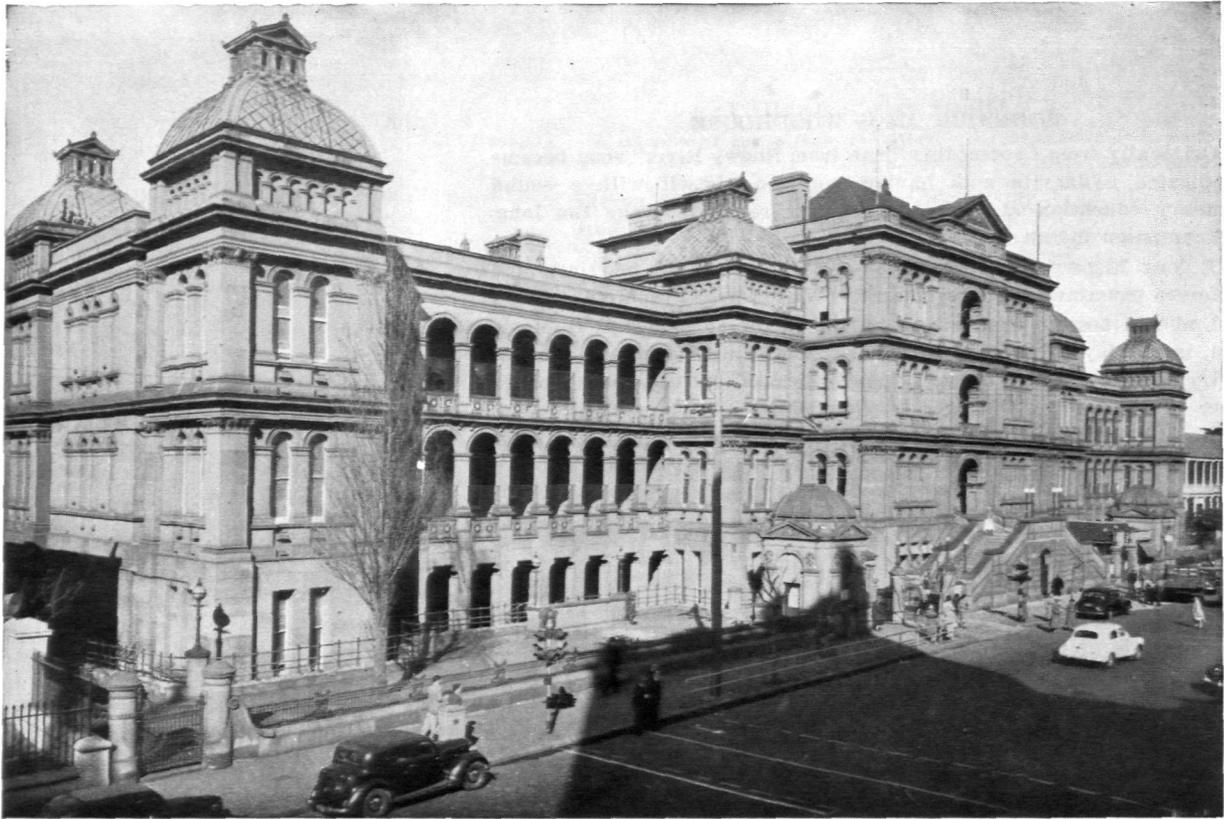
JOHN CHENCHOW YUEN

Born in Canton, China, arrived in Australia in 1958; educated at Enmore Boys' High School; entered the Medical Faculty in 1964.

His colleagues and friends respect him for his friendliness and sincerity. He is always smiling, calm and collected. A quiet character, but has often enlightened those about him with profound and philosophical comments. He is also noted for his persistence in pursuing something that interests him, and he will not "give up" until he has succeeded. He has fared well in his course. This is merely a reflection of his keenness and dedication to his chosen profession.

We are certain that such a devoted scholar will do well and will always try to do his best in the future in this profession.





SYDNEY HOSPITAL

For the first, you carry with you certain things from those who have in various roles been your teachers at Sydney Hospital over the past three years: their congratulations, their good wishes, their affection, and not a little of their envy for your youth and future opportunities and sympathy for your problems.

For the rest, you must bear with a little sermonizing from one of them in order to maintain the tradition that someone from each hospital should attempt to say something different each year.

Sydney Hospital has had a long and, at times, glorious history. Fragments of this history have been recounted many times in the pages of this Year Book and elsewhere over the past decade, to the point where they bear no further repetition. You are now part of that history. You are (and have been for several years) part of Sydney Hospital. You are also part of many wider communities.

A great institution consists far more of people than of buildings and facilities. Yet the facilities are not

unimportant. At the same time, they do not exist solely for the convenience and satisfaction of the members of the institution. Both staff and facilities have their *raison d'être* in the services they provide in their sphere of responsibility. Looked at in this light, it is not to be denied that your alma mater has its problems. Indeed, it *must* not be denied.

In pondering these problems, it is not enough to dwell on history. In considering questions of diagnosis, treatment and prognosis, we hope that your education has taught you to take into account not only history, but also physical changes, the results of special investigations, and the total life situation of the patient. When you apply these criteria to Sydney Hospital, your conclusion may easily be that all is not well. That you may come to this conclusion may cause you some unease; it should not make you feel like some sort of heel.

It is reported that, shortly before she was shot by a German firing squad in 1915, Nurse Edith Cavell com-

mented, "Patriotism is not enough"—a conclusion borne in on her with shattering finality some few moments later. Neither patriotism nor loyalty is as fashionable as both once were; indeed, it is far more fashionable to sneer at both, or to pretend that neither exists as a relevant issue. In fact, though it is often hard to sort them out from the overgrowth of naked personal or parochial self-interest, one suspects that they remain powerful motivating or confusing factors for many if not most people.

What is clearer is that the concept of "my country (hospital/university/profession/State; cross out that which does not apply) right or wrong" is a pretty sterile and stultifying one. That is why I shall be at no pains to influence whatever views you have already had plenty of opportunity to form for yourselves on the role of Sydney Hospital in your lives. You may love it or revile it. My judgements won't really influence you. That it has played a role is unarguable: three years of any experience cannot leave you unmarked both for good and for ill.

You may be one of those who feel (with me) that a university medical school best discharges its obligations to its undergraduates by providing them with the widest variety of learning exposures in the widest range of clinical schools available to it. If you are one such, you will feel that from Sydney Hospital you may

have gained much, but that from Sydney Hospital plus other clinical schools you might have gained more. You may even feel that Sydney Hospital (and other hospitals) might have gained something by recurrent peaceful invasion from the outside world. Or you may be one of those who feel, with equal sincerity, that there is more to be gained by constant association over a longer period with a single teaching hospital; that familiarity with things around you, esprit de corps, and a sense of belonging outweigh, on balance, those advantages which those who think otherwise would claim for movement between hospitals.

Nostalgia is heady stuff. In future years, you will recall much with pleasure, with amusement, occasionally with resentment. Time will blur the image of many of the physical and intellectual inadequacies which you experienced in your undergraduate days. You will recall Sydney Hospital with affection. Yet, being realistic in the present circumstances, few of the ablest among you will (based on the history of your more recent predecessors) seek to return in the long term to work there.

Nostalgia, a feeling for history, a real affection for people and places: all these things foster. They are little enough to cling to in a life of materialism. But don't accept that there is only one right way. Patriotism at any level is *not* enough.

JOHN READ.

THE HONORARIES



EDWARD MORELL CORTIS

Mr. Cortis has done much to take the tension and pain out of surgery. Always the perfect gentleman (even though a surgeon), he greets our most ludicrous answers with a smile and a searching look from his clear blue eyes; and then quietly drops some piece of information which we would undoubtedly do well to remember.

In our time with him, we have "serendipitously" learned to diagnose bowel obstruction by the X-ray appearance of "upside down birds' nests", to reassure patients by telling them "we hope you won't all fall apart", and to refrain from exhibiting "protrusio colli" in tutorials.

Indeed, as well as experiencing Mr. Cortis' kindly manner and dry wit, we have increased our surgical knowledge to such an extent that at last we can understand the mysteries of breast lumps and thyroid swellings.

PETER HOWARD GREENWELL

"Right! Now, Lassie!"

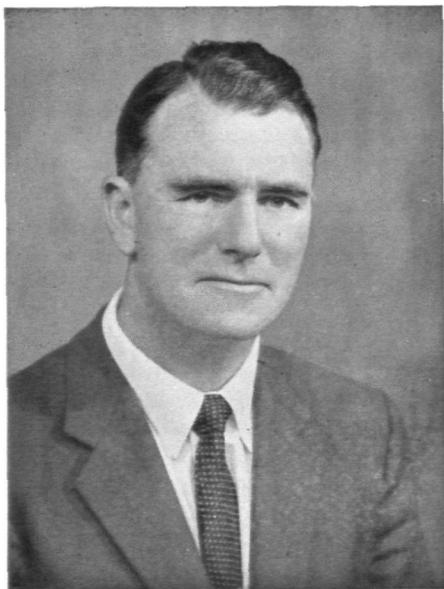
Having spent our term with him, one cannot help but feel capable of handling any surgical emergency or condition, provided that it occurs at Gulargambone Base Hospital. His friendly, therapeutic and helpful approach to the tutorials, students and patients alike is valued by us all, as is his constant concern for the student morale.

His punctuality for the tutorial was something we could not match and this precision was carried through to the tutorial apparently in the hope that some of it would rub off on us. We hope it did, and some time in the future, if not now, we will say "Thank you, Sir".



ERIC ALFRED EDGEWORTH HEDBERG

There is a rumour that Goering had a nervous habit of reaching for his revolver at the mention of the word "culture". It's a funny thing, but whenever I attend a Hedberg tutorial I am forever reaching for my handkerchief. I hesitate to identify with Goering, but I think I know how he felt. You see, at Sydney Hospital, Hedberg meat is Pooh Bear poison and many a small-brained student has choked on Mr. Hedberg's brand of medico-classics porridge. However, as the man might have said himself, "to know a'l makes one tolerant", and so we managed to put up with him. At least (I got that around the wrong way, didn't I), Mr. Hedberg managed to put up with us.

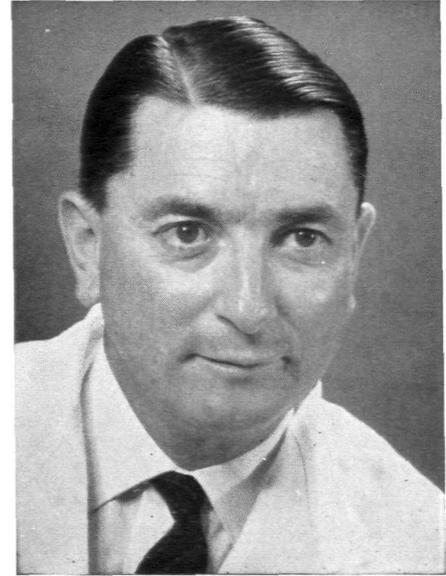


ALAN EDWARD McGUINNESS

"And now he's got Tabes and sabre-legged babies. . ."

What appeared to be a fatal malignant condition at the beginning of term, became an encouraging word, a warm arm around the shoulders and a favourable report to the Dean. At once the most erudite and fearsome of tutors, he manages to demoralize the student, rip away his sham self-confidence, only to slowly rebuild it over the succeeding ten weeks, during which time the student manages to learn some medicine in spite of himself.

He will be remembered by us for his exciting bedside teaching methods ("Go on with your dreary tale, boy"), his Kokoda trail reminiscences, and his stubborn insistence on running the tutorials his way.



JOHN RAFTOS

From our first meeting with Jack Raftos it was obvious that ward rounds were a serious business. His quiet, stern, impressive manner steered a sure-footed path through crystal-clear tutorials. We were soon to learn the value of his long and extensive experience in clinical medicine (which, he admits, dates from the days of George-Street trams).

Though his square, "Dick Tracy" jaw has been likened to a certain digitalis effect (Lown, 1969), he will also be remembered for his solid build, his dark Athenian features and his linguistic prowess.

Associate Professor of Medicine:

SOLOMON POSEN

"And what's the mechanism?"

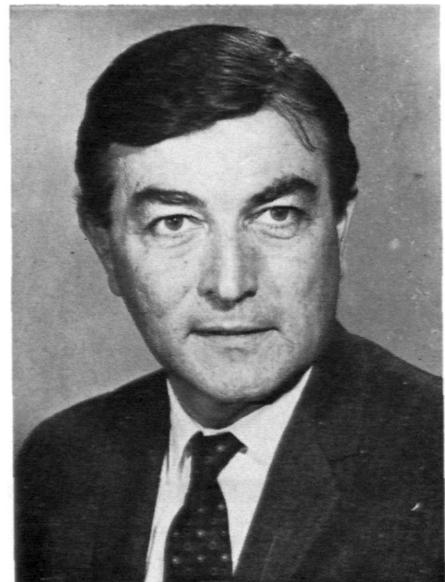
Few people teach medicine with the gusto of Sol Posen—even fewer can impart this enthusiasm to students as Sol does.

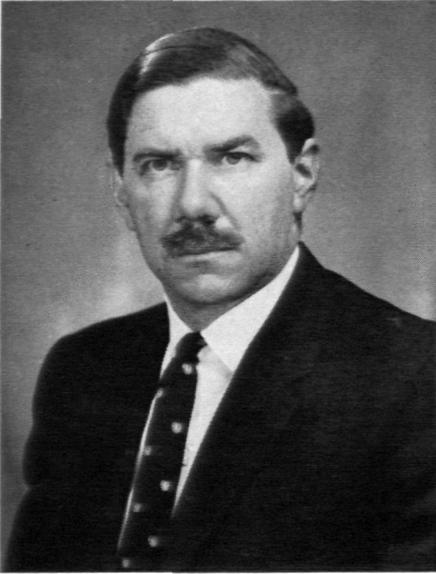
With his reputation for being purely a "stones and bones" man, Sol surprised us all by being a "good going" fount of knowledge in all things medical.

He looks so hurt by answers he receives in tutorials that his exhortations to "convert to a credit answer" bring results if only to see his face light up.

Besides his starched white "maxi" coat and his tactful manner of putting delicate questions to patients, most of us will best remember Sol for his emphasis on the mechanism of disease processes.

For this, and for adding many pleasant hours of dynamic teaching to our course we are most grateful.





FRANK READ

"Shift before shadow", "Read's sign" in reflex œsophagitis, and the cultivation of the finer points of bedside manner were the main features of our term with Dr. Read. His emphasis of the basic physical signs and elements of history-taking taught us that there was more to the practice of clinical medicine than the serum tungsten or fœcal uranium.

Humility, politeness and just being "a good bloke" will be the attributes that we remember of him—together with his love of the finer things of life, notably thoroughbred horses.

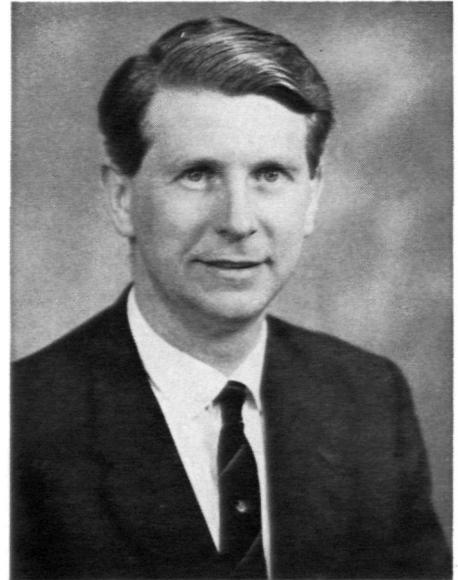
We thank him for his time and effort spent with us—and may Bluescope's progeny be forever fleet of foot and sound of limb.

JOHN EDWARD REIMER

It is a rather sorry fact that "Jack" has all the low-down on his students tucked away in numerous secret dossiers, and yet we know little of the man other than his rather austere administrative side.

Those of us who have been lucky enough to work with him outside the hospital have learnt that Mr. Reimer is much more than just a dedicated surgeon—he is extremely understanding towards student problems and is always able to offer constructive advice.

Next year he will have the opportunity of supervising common-room games even more closely than before. He and the "girls" are moving up to our level and students will have the pleasure of his more intimate acquaintance. We wish them all the luck in the world.



THOMAS INGLIS ROBERTSON

"You are missing the most exciting part of medicine."

On meeting Dr. Robertson, we soon became aware of his ability to attack any medical problem both concisely and logically. He expects his students to do likewise, and so, at an early stage, we realized that punctuality is important, a one-paragraph history desirable, and memorized details of each patient essential for a good case presentation.

Soon we were approaching our patients in his detective-like way, looking at them as a whole, so as to get a good return for our money, and finding such things as what a billiard-maker is, and what a ship-bottler does.

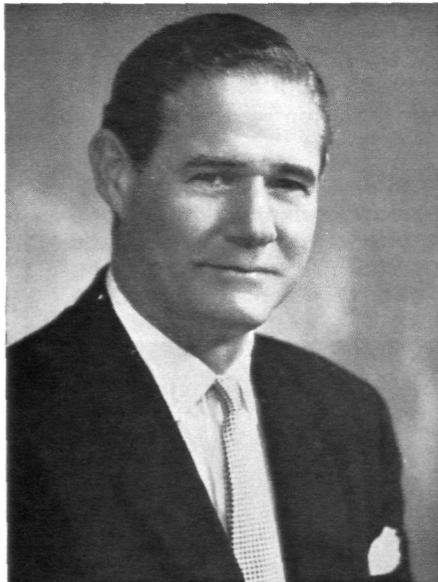
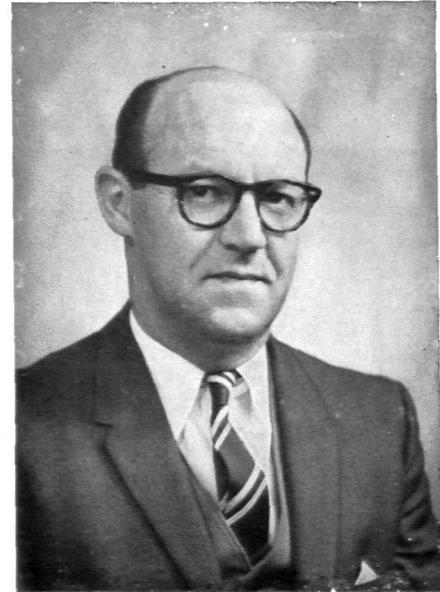
With special interests in hæmatology and the side effects of drugs, Dr. Robertson's enthusiasm for medicine and teaching is obvious, and we thank him for his help.



JOHN NELSON SEVIER

Dr. Sevier is a gentleman physician. His tutelage is not in terms of academic minutiae but, rather, in the coin of practical concern and the practice of medicine "secundum artem". At a time when the "art of medicine" seems to be evanescing over the white heat of medical science, it is reassuring to know that people like Dr. Sevier still exist and that we can still go to a "real" doctor should medical science fail us. And while we are still unformed as doctors, it is lucky that we have a model to follow in Dr. Sevier should we care to become the sort of doctors that offer just that little bit more than all the heads in Blackburn put together.

P.S.: I had a dreadful attack of Hodgkin's disease last week and, to show you the sort of doctor our tutor is, he cured me in a flash. Now, could medical science have done that?



ALAN CATHCART RITCHIE SHARP

One Tuesday afternoon the group first met The Team, arranged in descending order of size and rank, ready for the racing rounds of this genial giant, Mr. Alan ("where's my resident?") Sharp. Quickly dispensing with pathology sermons from Boyd's Bible, we proceeded to bi-weekly sojourns with our sympathetic sympatsectomist.

From the pulsating life in the wards he leads his entourage onward via the tranquillity of the hospital chapel to the luxury of the surgeons' room ("Tea for 15, please, sister"), where he gathered us around the aetiological table to discuss the problems of having ants in your pants.

For the knowledge and humour he shared with us, we thank him. We move on still wondering if alcoholic excess is really the cause of Dupuytren's contracture!



Associate Professor of Surgery:

FREDERICK OSCAR STEPHENS

Certainly one of the giants of Sydney Hospital, Fred guided us through our first clinical exams in Fourth Year, then backed up for another go, both as chairman of surgery correlation clinics (we will never forget those jokes) and as a Fifth-Year tutor. Unfortunately, he was lost to us in our final year of need due to a trip to the U.S.A.

Fred's surgery tutorials mainly revolved around the radiotherapy Department, the pilonidal sinus in ward 16, and the many slides in his office—and from all of them he managed to fill some of the abyss of ignorance that sat before him.

Despite the many moments of anguish we have given him, his sense of humour was maintained, and for this he will be remembered, if for nothing else.



IAN LYALL THOMPSON

Our first contact with Ian was in his position of clinical supervisor as we arrived into our clinical years. Soon after, he was replaced by a warden and became our supervisor in medicine, a position that he has filled as enthusiastically as he performs in grand rounds and as gracefully as he appears in "Vogue".

In keeping with the policies of the Clinical School, he has been consistent in his efforts to drive us from the card tables—and who amongst us has not been encouraged to attend the Wednesday seminar with the exhortation, "Mr. X, there will be a certain question in the final examinations on today's topic".

Despite this concern for our welfare, he will remain in our memory as a popular and worthy tutor.

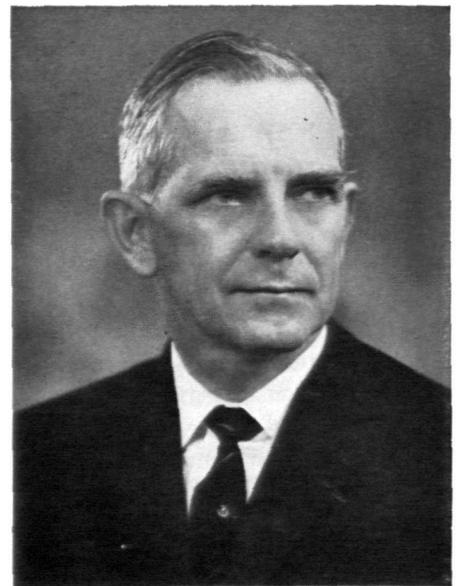
EDWARD WILSON

"No, that's not right, is it!"

The qualifications which Mr. Wilson has earned indicate that he may have distinguished himself in many fields of medical endeavour; a "students'-eye-view" suggests, however, that Utopia lies south of the caecum for this man, that happiness is a competent sphincter.

He is a quiet man, a phlegmatic observer of the turbulent activities of those around him. Student witlessness he accepts taciturnly, yet on those rare occasions when the light of understanding appears, he is not slow to encourage: "the bearded ones are doing well today . . . this surprises me".

And so we all pass on, flowing towards life's inevitable "Cloaca Magna"; provoked to thought and precision by T. E. Wilson.



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

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OUR OTHER TEACHERS

These also added water to the fount of knowledge:

Dr. Bauer	Dr. Marsh
Dr. Berry	Dr. Mitchell
Dr. Charlesworth	Dr. Peterson
Dr. Cramer	Dr. Ravich
Dr. Francis	Dr. Reed
Dr. Gunz	Dr. Roach
Dr. Harvey	Dr. Stewart
Dr. Hunt	Dr. Vincent
Dr. Jeremy	Dr. Wolfenden
Dr. Lewis	Dr. Wright
Dr. Mani	
Mr. Arthurs	Mr. Inglis
Mr. Baccarini	Mr. Jessup
Mr. Blackman	Mr. Killingback
Mr. Bloch	Mr. Latham
Mr. Campbell	Mr. McKessar
Mr. J. Ellis	Mr. Newlinds
Mr. M. Ellis	Mr. Perry
Mr. Failes	Mr. Potts
Mr. Furber	Mr. Rhydderch
Mr. Gill	Mr. Thew
Mr. Glen	

THE REGISTRARS

SURGICAL:

BURT BENCSIK—"A bone by any other name."
 ALISTAIR BROWN—"I wanted to be a guardsman."
 BOB FRENCH—"Smile as you fail, my boy."
 MAL GOLDSMITH—"Today the parotid, tomorrow . . . ?"
 RICHARD HO—"We'll give then another ten minutes."
 MATTHEW KWA—"Where's the piano, please?"
 SAM SAKKER—"Football practice tonight, lads."

MEDICAL:

ALF CALVERT—"Why hurry?"
 PHIL CLIFTON-BLIGH—"Magnesium!"
 JOHN McGRATH—"Well, errrrmmm, a man of my dimensions."
 BILL PIGGOTT—"Medicine is a charted sea, but there is an ocean yet to be charted."
 MICK SWINBURN—"Who's not here today?"

THE STUDENTS



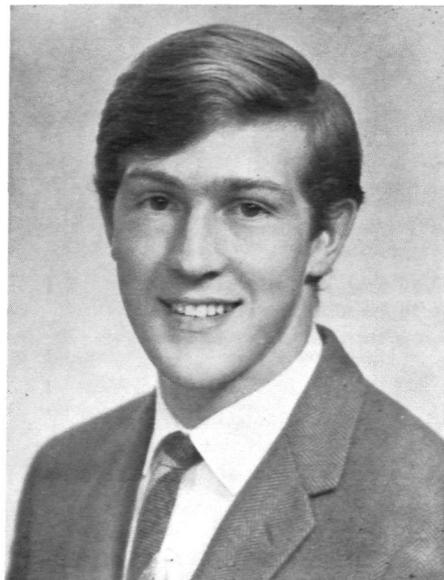
GERARD MAXIME BAROLD

"Rien ne va plus."

Despite an early desire to be a croupier due to his birth amongst the fertile grapes of Burgundy, it is his and our fortune that medicine is his ambition.

His enthusiasm for all things—save only dermatology—stands out, despite an earlier setback when he suffered a leg injury that prevented him from continuing his first love, judo. Gez interrupted the middle years of the course in order to court, and after numerous transcontinental visits and 'phone calls, we were pleased to learn that he had found the girl of our dreams.

Being now totally prepared for the future, he must go from strength to strength, and we wish him the best, hoping that his knee will hold out.



PAUL FREDERICK ANSELINE

"Well, putting that another way. . ."

From the pollution-free heights of Newcastle, Paul wandered onto the campus equipped with a number of pairs of brand-new casual shoes; he leaves with a lesser number of casuals—not so new—and a huge white 1955 Ford Customline V8.

During his stay he has impressed many with his conscientious nature, his trip to the television screen to outline the mechanism of palpitations, and his attempt to lift a certain swimming team to heights not reached for years. A rather obsessive character who, during his fifth year, proceeded to systematically psychoanalyze his female companions only to find them all "nuts", Paul should graduate to become a very thorough clinician. But let's hope that he soon graduates from that throbbing V8.



WILLIAM REGINALD BARTER

"So I've got spiders!"

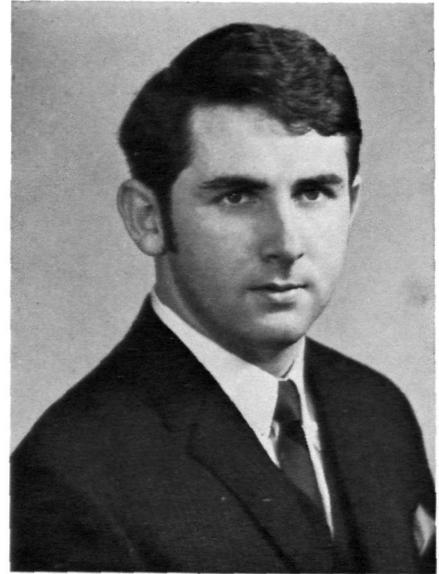
Our authority on matters rural ("where's Cumnock?"), Bill came via All Saints, Bathurst, as school captain no less. Forsaking science as a profession, he joined us at the completion of Science I in the dreaded main dissecting room. A sportsman of some talent, at least for getting black eyes, he has been missed at times while indulging in "cricket practice", although his prowess in tutorials has cast some doubts on this.

A certain flying female is one of his better hobbies, another being driving heavy trucks in the vacations. The thoroughness of this thwarted curate augers well for his practice of the art.

JOHN CLAYTON BEATTIE

This rotund, one-time bewhiskered, very Victorian lad came to join us from Sydney Boys' High School (of course!) and proved to be a highly argumentative though inoffensive member of our social and educational stratum. He has distinguished himself in his studies, especially the clinical years, during which he took out the Fourth-Year surgical prize.

During his stay in a small town in New Zealand at the end of Fourth Year, John discovered booze and birds and not only the white heron variety. On returning to Aussie-land he has now settled down to his former staid, moral self. John tells us that he spends many pleasant hours fishing, playing tennis and squash and listening to records. He plays the piano with a 1920 Al Capone-type flavour or delights many of us with his little arrangements during lunch-hour.



ELIE LESLIE BOKEY

"How often do you pass your bowels, Sir?"

A slightly hypomanic Frenchman from Alexandria, via North Sydney Technical Boys' High, Les has been known to astonish nursing and medical staff alike by conversing with patients in fluent Arabic or French. His grip on the English usage, whilst secure, contains some fascinating expressions q.e.d. Linguist, poet, humanitarian, singer, are all names attributable to Les who, while approaching the patients in the approved scientific manner, does not forget that they are still human beings.

This year will culminate in his wedding to Jessica, along with a place in the fraternity.

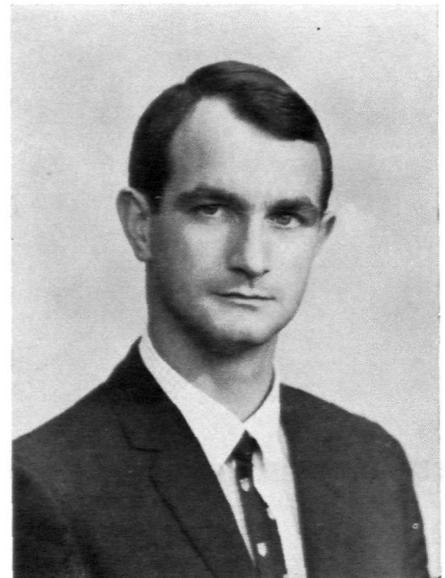
His diligence and understanding will suit him well for his chosen task.

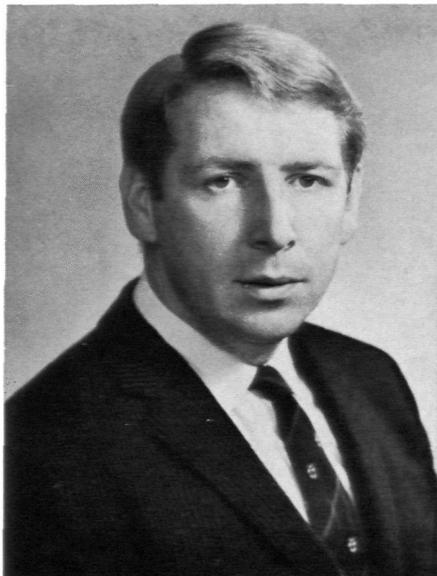
ROBERT NEIL BOYLE

"Rack off."

Although Bob is noted for his lack of verbosity, we all listen on the few occasions when he does hold forth, as he has a wonderful imagination and has expounded some rare philosophies, to say the least. An accomplished footballer, rower, skier, taxi-driver and pancake-maker, he also loves playing squash and cooking barbecues—especially on his very own block of land at Copacabana, in total fire-ban season.

Returning from a long vacation jaunt in New Zealand, Bob started Final Year with a flourish by presenting a certain Sue with a beautiful diamond ring. Bob's friendly, sincere nature will ensure his success as a doctor and we all wish him and Sue a long and happy future.





GRAEME BRUCE BURNS

"If ever you want to be introduced to a nurse. . ."

Graeme entered the Faculty after completing his secondary education at Trinity Grammar, bringing with him that characteristic broad smile and friendly, warm manner which remain the hallmarks of his personality.

His sporting achievements, in the broadest sense, have been notable and include a term as Sports Rep. on the S.R.C., and also Rugby with the Faculty, hospital and inter-district.

A healthy appetite for fine wine, fair women and Rugby songs truly reveal his distant kinship with the Scottish bard—no doubt these pleasant activities have contributed to the maintenance of his adequate frame.

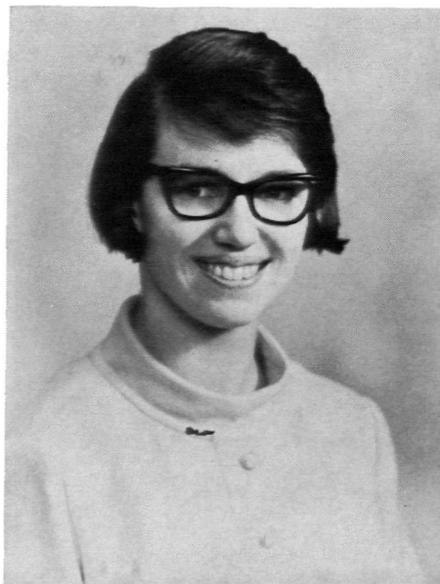
The future will, no doubt, see him gain ascendancy over many things, and his profession has no chance of escaping this fate.

SYBIL ELAINE BUTLER

Known by less energetic male members of her group as "the athlete", Sybil has put to good use her hockey, squash, basketball and running experience in matching a certain Fourth-Year surgery tutor who takes the stairs three at a time. Despite such sporting achievements, she proved unable to elude capture last year by an engineer from the rival establishment.

Next year may prove psychologically traumatic for her, as she is forced to abandon her winter uniform of kilt and long yellow socks. No longer will an appreciative honorary be impelled to exclaim: "My, we are looking Tyrolean this afternoon!"

Such distinctiveness and energy extend also to her academic career, indicating an excellent prognosis for her present and future success.



HENRY TAK-YUEN CHOY

"Beg your pardon, Sir?"

A "Real McChoy" Chinese from the Hong Kong-based Choy dynasty, Henry is well known to students and staff alike for flashing the Colgate-Palmolive smile whenever confronted with a question. He is also noted for his scant but informative contributions during tutorial sessions.

Besides good food and medicine, Henry has great passions for bridge and for current affairs. Thus Henry is not uncommonly seen holding a deck of cards and asking around the common room "anyone for bridge?". As for worldly matters, Henry can be instantly recognized as the student who invariably read *Time* during lectures. Yet not all of Henry's vast knowledge on medicine is derived from *Time* and we suspect he has spent many hours studying as well as being part-time librarian in the Medical Library.

Henry's achievements are all the more remarkable when one considers that he should have been an electrical engineer, both by inclination and family tradition; however, we have no doubt Henry will do well in all his pursuits.

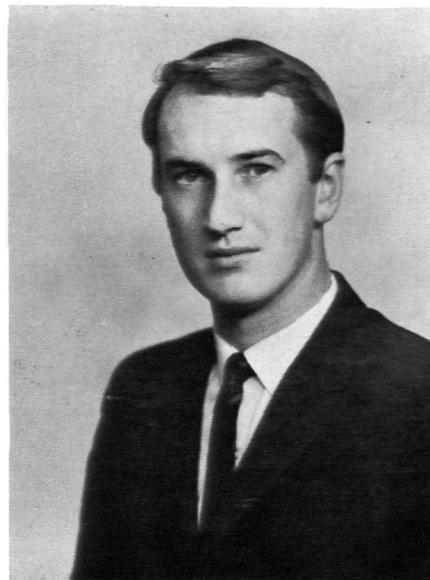


PAUL VERNON COLLETT

Tall, fresh-faced, intermittently enthusiastic, and continually in good humour, "P.V." arrived from Fort Street Boys' High with every intention of making the most of medicine. In this, he has not altogether failed, for one only has to listen to his endless anecdotes on the bizarre behaviour of tutors, *other* students and nurses to realize that he has taken much in.

His academic career is best described as creditable, and time will no doubt build on this; something has to! The highlight was his appearance as singer and dancer in the hospital revue, thus demonstrating his varied talents and proving his place in the annals of our Alma Mater.

No doubt Paul's zenith is yet to come, and until then we wish him all success.



JEROME HOWARD COOMBS

Entering Medicine with congenitally grey hair, a very fast car and in insatiable appetite for fine wine, fine food and fine women, Jerry waxed fearless of the Sage Ones and eventually joined us three years ago. A casual connoisseur's survey of the lecture group revealed Nerida Burton, whom Jerry subsequently married one year ago.

An advocate of the benefits of a classical education, a forceful orator and a daring and rash exponent of poker, Jerry has not failed to impress both staff and students.

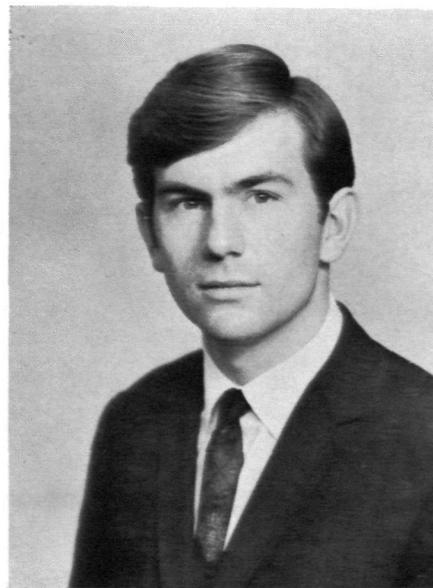
His forceful personality, sense of humour, and perception, are bound to carry him far, not only in medicine, but in other spheres as well.

LASZLO IMRE CSENDERITS

Having left Hungary in the teeth of the Communist takeover, it was in keeping with his national pride that he embark on a career with challenge. However, he decided to do medicine, and after a distinguished record at Marist Brothers, Randwick (since closed down), he has so far performed no less notably.

His main achievements have been since Third Year, and his performance on the wing for the inter-faculty hockey team, his skill with poker machines, his "vintage" Holden, his naevous sebaceum, and, more recently, his brilliant work on carcinoma of the colon and rectum complicating psoriasis, are now legend.

Whether it be as G.P. to the Hungarian community, or whatever, we wish him well, knowing that good fortune and Sandy are in front of him.





CHRISTINE DENISE EADE

Hailing from Newcastle, Christine joined our group as chaperone in Fourth Year. As group "mother" she has had a very successful clinical course. Ever willing to make frequent cups of tea for thirsty med. blokes, or iron shirts for students in residence, Christine's fate was to listen sympathetically to our tales of woe about other girls.

In tutorials and ward rounds she delighted in feigning ignorance in all topics related to medicine, only to be a ready source of knowledge when really pressed.

As a change from spending her vacation making milk-shakes, Christine spent elective term in Burnie, where she restored their faith in Sydney's medical students and practised her other loves on the slopes of Cradle Mount and Lake St. Clair (i.e., bushwalking).

Christine's pleasant manner and charming personality assure her of a most successful future in her chosen field.

BRUCE WILLIAM FERGUSON

Bruce joined us last year after spending some time earning—a strange pastime for a student. After a rather gay first term at Crown Street, he settled down to some serious bridge-playing and working in an after-hours pharmacy. Bruce is a pharmacy graduate and one of our few joys is Bruce delivering a dissertation on therapeutics to someone vastly senior.

His knowledge serves him in other ways: he has lately developed a penchant towards consuming vast quantities of bitter lemon—all the while muttering something about quinine and libido.

With his conservative, soft-spoken and friendly manner, Bruce should have little trouble finding his niche—perhaps a lucrative job with a drug company. We all wish him success.



GEORGE JOHN FOLDES

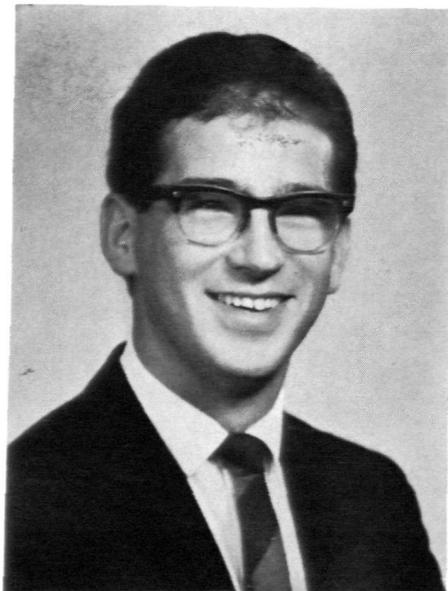
"This may be a naive question, but. . ."

George arrived from Hungary in 1957 and proceeded to educate North Sydney Boys' High School in the ways of European culture.

His ready smile and cheery bedside manner made George one of the better-known students around the hospital, and enabled him to establish excellent rapport with patients and staff alike.

In the common room, George was noted for his gaiety, his "subtly" dropped "atrocities" and for his many attempts at mastering the Aussie idiom. Away from the cloistered confines of the hospital, George's interests include adventures with the opposite sex, playing bad squash and bridge, skiing, opera and other "good music".

If things go as we expect, George will soon be a competent, young, bald pædiatrician.



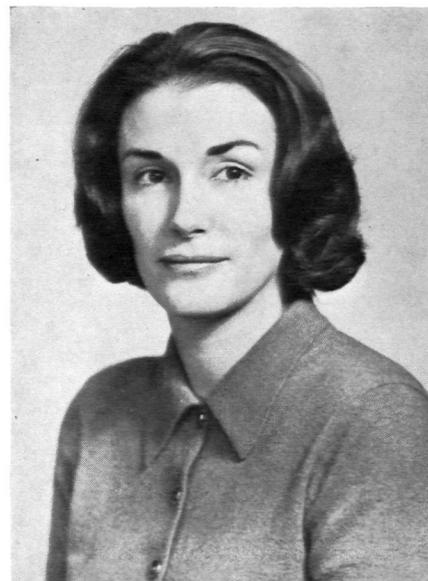
JENNIFER GIBBONS (NÉE WOOD)

Nobody is quite sure why Jenny had to leave London after only two years' study at the Royal Free, although her husband's migration was probably the major factor. Between 1965 and 1968, Jenny did seven terms of medicine and two of practical obstetrics, finally joining our Year in the middle of Med. V.

With her delightful Pommy accent and infectious smile, she was soon established as one of the "Belles" of Final Year.

Jenny satisfies her yen for fast driving by making frequent trips to her family at Maitland. Her varied tastes in music are exemplified by her numerous tapes—who else could put "Hair" and a "Requiem" on the one tape?

We wish her well in her chosen career of wife and mother, with a touch of medicine when time permits.



SUSAN HOLLIDAY

Here is a lady with varied accomplishments. A green belt in judo, a yen for politics, and even a graduate from the June Dally-Watkins School, Sue is a girl whose easy-going charm turned many a masculine head.

The dilemma of unallocated term, and where to go, proved no problem to Sue. For a while she worked at a psychiatric hospital, then migrated north to Cairns where she spent some time with the Flying Doctor Service. A seasoned traveller, Sue has seen Fiji, New Zealand, New Caledonia and the Hebrides.

A connoisseur of food, music and the theatre, Sue promises to be a discriminative and conscientious doctor.

YONG LOK HOONG

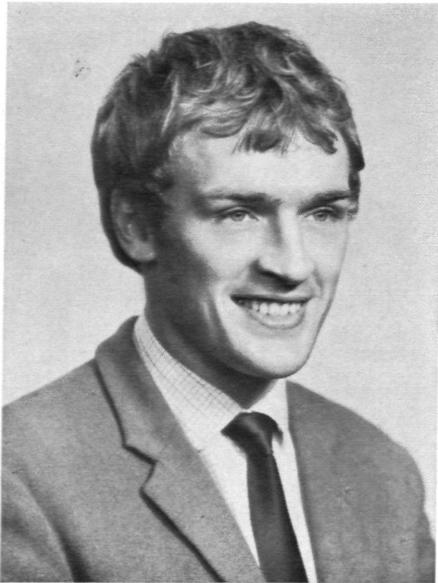
"Hey, why you come?"

Lawrence came to our Medical School from Penang and we have enjoyed his company, his sense of humour and the cosmopolitan touch that he added to our group. Although his Malaysian accent has confounded patients, tutors and colleagues alike, on occasions, he revealed an astonishing command of English by his prowess in the "Scrabble" games which enlivened the hours of awaiting deliveries at Crown Street.

His other interests include reading comics, bathing neonates and entertaining sick children. Contempt for Australian food led to his frequent disappearances in the direction of Dixon Street, but he is gradually becoming acclimatized to eating pies and sauce.

We wish him well in whatever field he enters and in whatever country he makes his home.





ANTHONY HOPE JEBB

*"Inspection . . . er . . . Percussion . . . er . . . Auscultation . . . er . . .
PALPITATION!"*

Originally from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tony is our soccer enthusiast. He carries the bustling zest from the soccer field over to the tutorial rooms where he is just as successful in parrying and fending himself from the "opposing team". Besides soccer, Tony is also struck with wanderlust, and we saw him jetting to the Mother Country in Fourth Year, trekking to Perth in Fifth, and hopping around the Indonesian Archipelago during the elective term.

In other areas, Tony is also well noted for being the pioneer in summer shorts at Sydney Hospital, thereby shocking the Establishment into the present policy. He also holds the record for being ahead of the Hospital ambulance in the daily dash to reach the Hospital. No doubt there will be other firsts for Tony.

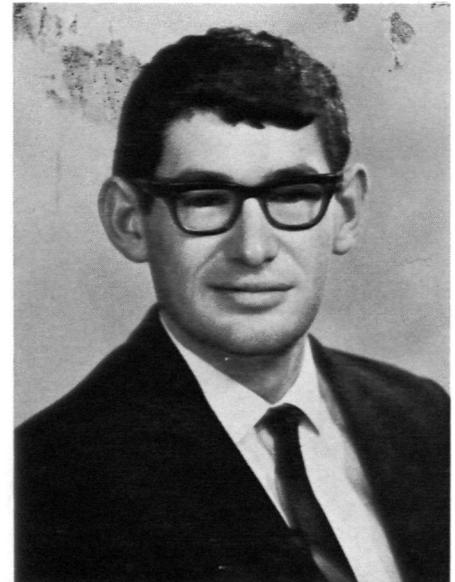
JOSEPH KEMPLER

"I just love that hospital food."

A familiar face in the wards and ancient corridors of Sydney Hospital, Joe has an amicable personality which has gained him many friends. He came to Medicine from Sydney High, where he was noted for his collection of assorted reptiles. It is rumoured that he once caught a goanna which eventually escaped into the middle of Maroubra.

Joe's other interests include chess—in which he remained undefeated champion in his Crown Street days, bushwalking and nurses. He has figured prominently at most social functions, added some culture to our group with his abnormal interest in Latin, and was the first clinician to diagnose a case of "manic Spaniard".

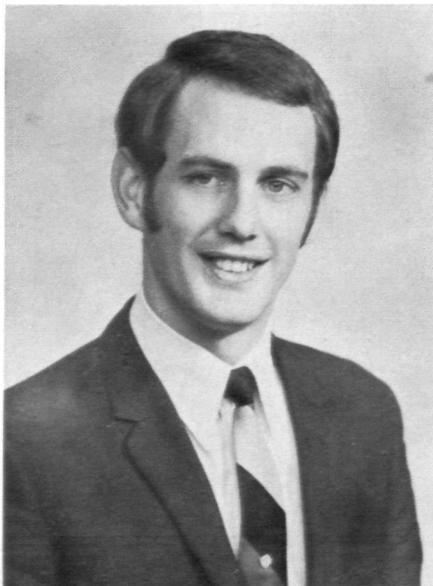
Joe has all the ingredients to ensure him success in his future career.



IAN BRAMWELL KINGSTON

"Sorry I'm late, Sir."

After an inconspicuous passage through the world of pre-clinical medicine, Ian entered Clinical School to set a number of precedents. In a burst of patriotism he donned the blue uniform of our Navy, and some months later answered the tolling of matrimonial bells. After years of practice Ian has become a master at joining ward rounds half an hour late and appearing as if he had been there all along. His unusual and incredible flair for imitation livened up many a dull tutorial otherwise best forgotten. At times doubting his choice of medicine instead of a musical career, Ian's devotion to all he undertakes will ensure him of success for the future.



MICHAEL KLEEREKOPER

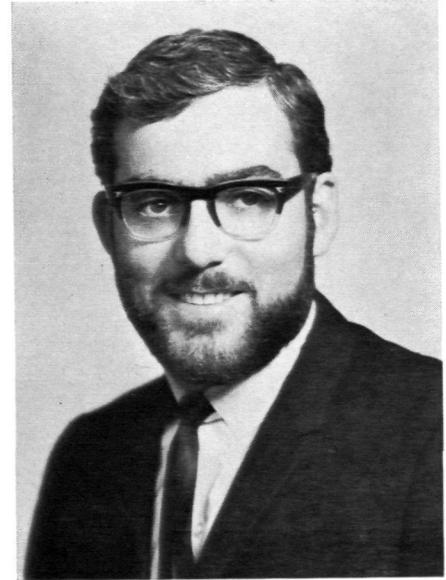
Incessant talk, a pall of smoke and a cough that makes clear-chested men despair: these are the hallmarks of "KLOP".

Coming to Sydney Hospital with a B.Sc. and "a desire to work in a Lab. somewhere", he has left his mark on alkaline phosphatase and an undisclosed number of rabbits.

Perennially short of cash, constantly chewing almonds, "Klopper" found time to edit one journal and occasionally a lesser-known Sydney newspaper, as well as leading many group-therapy sessions down the well-trod path to "the Rex".

In 1968 Mick met his match and became engaged to Robyn: the only girl who could ever talk him down.

An enquiring, energetic mind and an amazing ability to raise anxiety levels of many people will carry Mick through his life of research.



GARY THOMAS KLOPFER

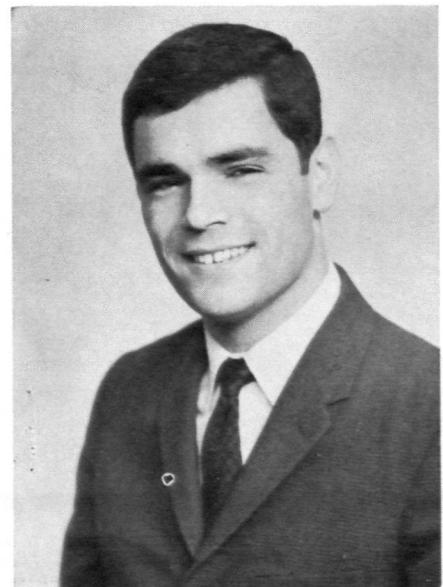
"Look, I'm really getting crapped off."

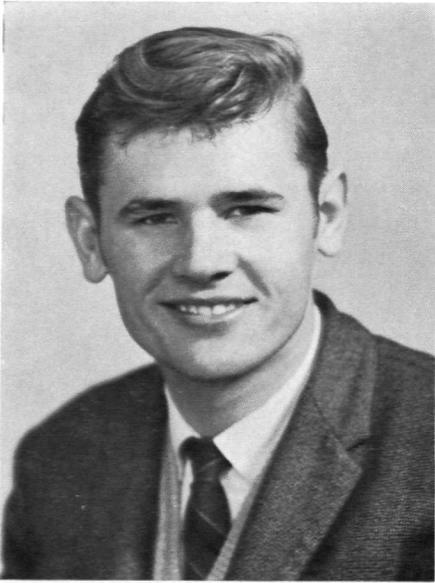
Gary won the admiration of his fellows with his boundless organizing ability, and once elected was never permitted to relinquish his position as group representative. His long vacation spent in Canada combined with follow-up research have established Gaz as a world authority on hydatid disease. Somewhat obsessive in his opposition to bridge-playing, he could be found watching a game for hours continually remonstrating the players for their foolishness. His ready smile and extremely quick wit have gathered many friends within the Faculty and we have all witnessed his considerable charm with the ladies.

ELIJAH KLEINER

"Dammit, I'd forgotten that!", and "Three no trumps, that will do!": these are the characteristics of Eli's mind, split between medicine and the card table.

Eli came to us from Randwick Boys' High and stood head and shoulders above most of us; as did some of his bidding at the card table; but with expositions on enzyme induction by drugs, and changes of the oxygen gradient across the alveoli membranes with morphine and pentazocine can only mean that he will go much further into the field of medicine. His ready smile and sense of humour have brought him many friends whilst amongst us, and we predict a successful outcome to his bid to become a . . . physician?





VLADIMIR KOLEDA

The owner of this famous grin is customarily called Victor Koleda. As the picture suggests, his calm and good-natured manner have won him many friends in his student career.

Since 1964, the year of his enlistment, his progress through medicine has been unshakeably steady. His contributions to dissecting room humour will live in the memories of those lucky enough to have been near.

But it was Fifth Year that readily intrigued Vic; Broughton Hall, with its unique collection of patients and staff, chez Professor Stapleton, surgery *et alia*, Crown Street ("No, Doctor, not the pink cuddily!").

Stoicism is an admirable quality, especially if you are in Final Year, and Vic has lots; may he prove the good doctor he promises to be.

JAMES KONG-HING

"Well . . . I mean to say!"

If Jim's surname sounds like a Chinese puzzle to you, there is no oddity in this because even tutors have mumbled and fumbled over the two little words. However, though the name rings with the Orient, Jim knows little of it, for he was born in Gunnedah, N.S.W.

He is a lover of horses, good food and Bacardi. The horses thrill him, food fills him, and Bacardi "kills" him.

Jim's conservative and conscientious qualities will enhance his future. We wish him success in his medical career.

When he becomes a "doctor at large",
He'll pull tonsils, remove cysts and muscles massage,
For the ugly and sick he shall do his duty,
Though more pleasant 'twould be with a raven-hair'd beauty.



ROBYN MARGARET LIGHTFOOT

Robyn ventured to Sydney from the town of Wollongong with one aim in mind—to be the first doctor in the family. Not only has the goal been pursued with consistent success, but she has also impressed us by similar success in unravelling the mysteries of knitting bed socks and cryptic crossword clues.

Although exposed to city living, she has retained many attributes of the quiet country girl, evidenced by her good sense of humour, even temper and her patient, sympathetic listening to the problems of patients and friends alike.

She does not commit herself very often in tutorials, but when pressed she displays much hidden knowledge, much to her own surprise. Robyn is clearly assured of a successful and rewarding career.

BETTY LIN

Despite appearances to the contrary, Betty is disappointingly Australian. However, in tutorials she maintains an Oriental inscrutability which an unexpected question will demonstrate to be closely akin to sleep. Her excessive addiction to somnolence has even led her to snatch a brief nap on the theatre floor while assisting Professor Stephens.

Some metabolic wizardry allows her to combine a continuous food intake with an unobtrusive size, thus enabling her successfully to evade the tutor's eye. Failing invisibility, she has been known to retreat into inaudibility. Such apparently demure behaviour is belied by an impressive, often-demonstrated ability to whistle, and a secret long-standing passion for carpentry—perhaps to be sublimated in orthopædics in the future.



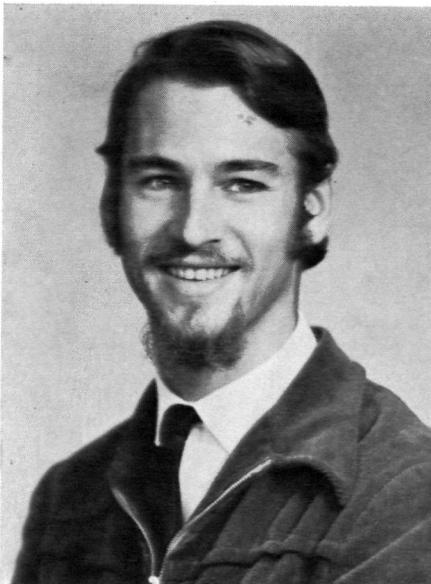
ROBERT HENRY LOBLAY

"I could use a sleep."

Notable achievements in all aspects of the course have characterized Bob's progress through medicine. Academic demands have not hindered his keen interest in music, astronomy, skiing, carousing and, of course, women—all of which he pursues with customary vigour.

His constant companion in recent months has been Matilda (a white MG "B"). However, it is believed that the two are just good friends. Elective term spent in the New Guinea highlands resulted in a beard to decorate his "laughing gear"—he regards all derogatory comments concerning the former with his usual equanimity.

Rob's kindness and diplomacy, together with his clinical skill and judgement, ensure his success in whatever branch of medicine he may choose to enter.



IAN FRANCIS LOCKE

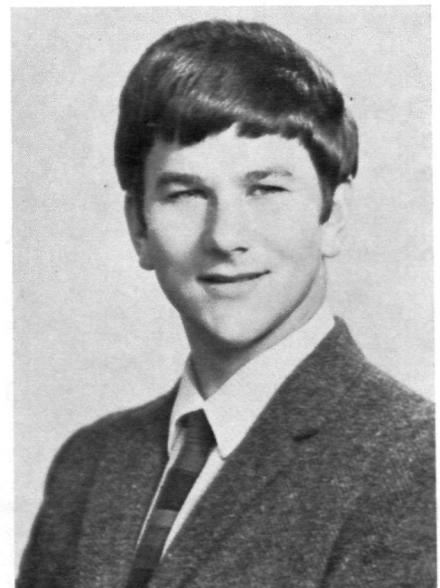
After the occasional bout of gastritis in early years, Locke arrived at Sydney Hospital where he soon became well known.

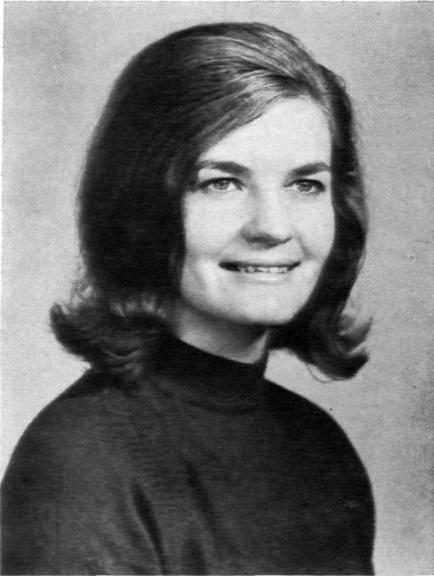
His natural flair for the dramatic was rewarded with a starring role in "Tincture of Rhubarb" 1967, with an encore in 1968.

While enjoying all aspects of the clinical course, Ian's memories of obstetrics will be fondest. Romance flourished, culminating in his engagement to Jennifer at the end of Med. V.

As Year Representative he nurtured enthusiasm among his fellows for various schemes ranging from "social affaires" to removal of lectures from the curriculum.

With a yen for the bizarre in medicine ("never underestimate diarrhœa"), Locke's happy disposition and conscientiousness should assure him success.





JEANETTE RUTH MARTIN (NÉE POOLE)

Almost a blank in this book, but far from a blank in our (and her husband's) hearts, Puddles has, over the clinical years, successfully dispelled gloom and radiated life in our group. She is known particularly for her delightful laugh which, indeed, defies all attempts at description, and the length, or rather the lack of length, of her dresses, which have risen since her marriage earlier this year.

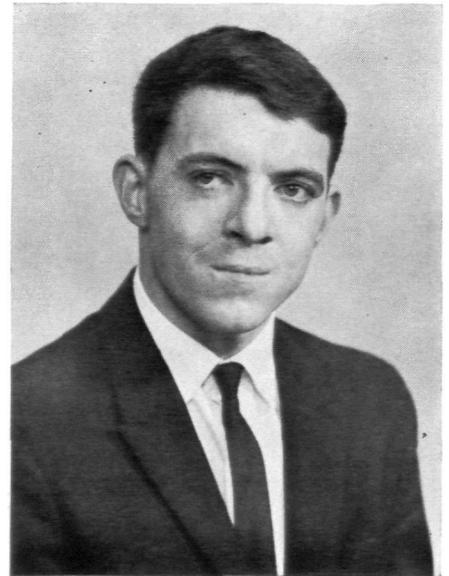
Far from slow on the uptake, Jeanette is, however, known to have shown a marked preference for biochemistry, which hobby she eventually dropped to take up her clinical years. Her interest in people and her highly humane approach to patients will, we are certain, fit her well for her chosen profession.

PETER STEWART MOORE

Peter entered the Medical School after serving with distinction in the Shore School Cadet Unit where he rose to the rank of private. On arriving at Sydney Hospital he quickly became known for his loudly expounded views on all topics, his good exam. results, his ability to tell a good story, and his sense of humour.

Between bouts of studying, Peter has built and sailed a Catamaran yacht and taught himself to play a mean tune on the guitar. He has also spent much energy in keeping his well known, off-white, Hillman "Husky" on the road and now, we believe, is preparing to race this vehicle next year.

Although he has hotly denied all suggestions that he follow family tradition and become a pathologist, we are sure Peter will do well in whichever field of medicine he chooses.

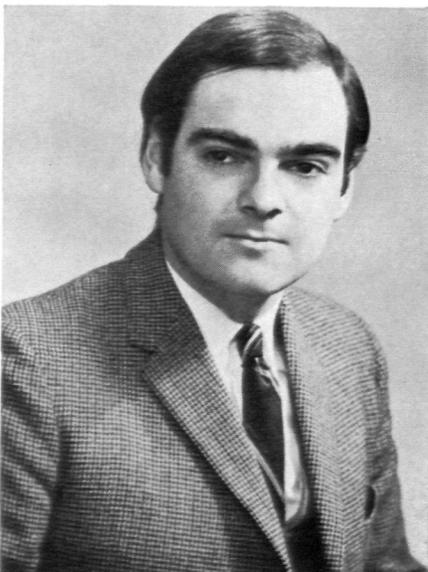


OWEN IDRIS MORGAN

"Bumblefingers Morgan."

Coming from a noted Newcastle medical family, Owen gravitated into the Faculty by virtue of an hereditary predilection. Forsaking Andrew's in Fourth Year after a successful stockmarket coup, he moved to a small house in the eastern suburbs, there to become the bon vivant we know today.

A master of examination brinkmanship, great judge of wine, a connoisseur of the fair sex, a gourmet, and one of the few who can roll a cigarette no-hands, he has become an indispensable part of the hospital scene. His good nature and ability to adapt make him a certain success in his chosen career.

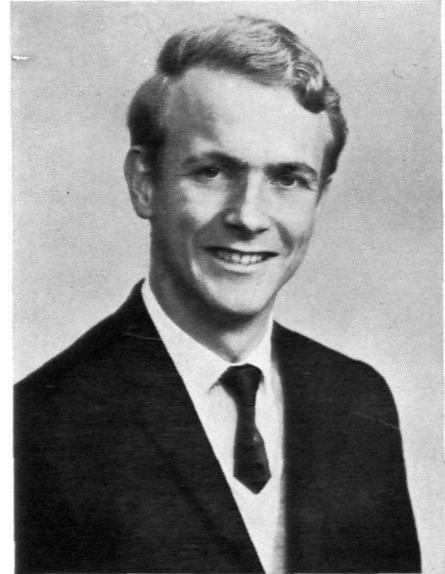


TORE NORDLAND

Nordic in name and nature, Tore Nordland hailed from England to the fair shores of Australia, where his father was sent as Consul for Norway. After arriving in Australia, Tore, being almost of driving age, decided to try the consulate's "Mercs" and "Jags". Recently he has swung back to his VW which, he says, is the only car he can afford to run.

Gliding, cross-country skiing, rally driving, these aren't everyone's idea of a cup of tea, but somehow Tore has been able to survive them, and with a bit of luck will also survive Final-Year medicine.

All the best for an adventurous and varied career in medicine.



IAN MILLER PAINTER

"The reason I asked that was. . ."

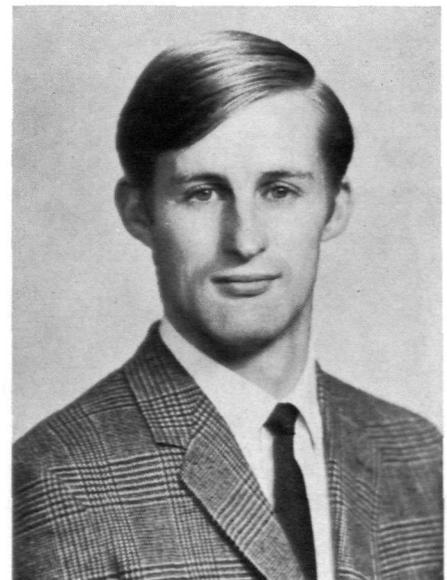
By bullock dray and flying doctor, Ian cantered into the Faculty. Impeccably groomed, country style, he put his clinical years to good use with a balanced level of womanizing and ward work. Never stuck for a word, he amazed his tutors with his masterly grasp of the English language in all its intricacy, and his methodical clinical examination, particularly palpation ("Come on, Mr. Painter, you're not at the drive-in!").

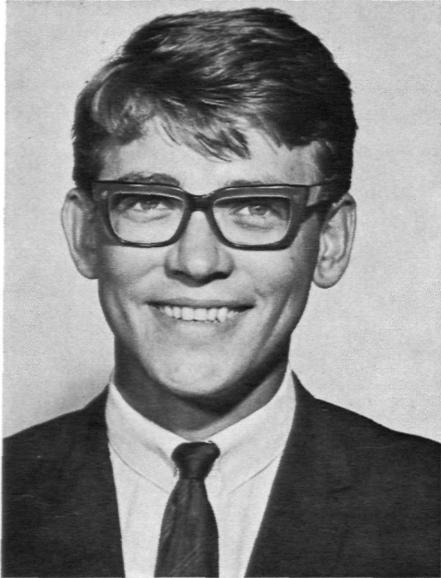
With a bottle of Toohey's oatmeal close at hand, Ian has enlivened many an evening with his guitar-playing and singing, but his true love is Caroline, a vintage Hillman in virginal state.

His conscientious outlook and charming manner augur well for his future in the profession.

ANDREW BRUCE PETTIGREW

In 1963 Andrew, without a licence, drove a car-load of his friends into a ditch after telling lies about his driving skill. In 1968, this time with a licence, he got a job driving an ambulance. I have every faith that Andrew obtained this position without guile and, further, I believe that he did not disgrace himself. In short, this former Toad of Toad Hall has been truly reformed. At least, I believe he has and even if he hasn't there is no virtue in pessimism. I'll drive with you anytime, Andrew.





BRIAN PATRICK PEZZUTTI

When not attending to important military matters or making his daily dozen mysterious 'phone calls, Brian can be seen padding around at all times with his little brown briefcase (a variation on the security blanket), ward rounds included, ever in the pursuit of truth, justice and the distinctly better way of life.

Of his many off-the-cuff strokes of genius, the recent suggestion of prophylactic infarcts in the treatment of coronary heart disease ranks with his best of a long line of therapeutic gems.

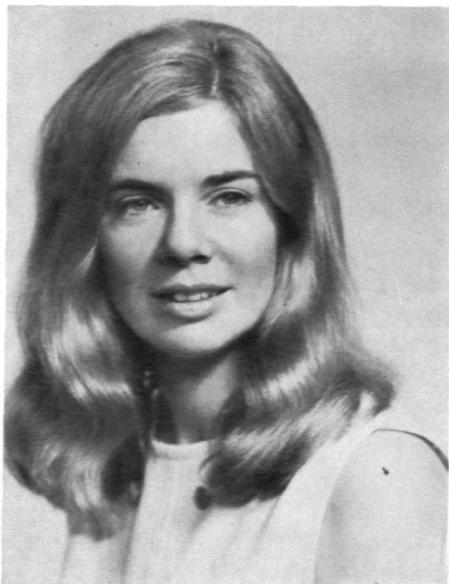
But don't let these moments of flippancy lull an adversary into a false sense of security, for Brian will quickly dispatch any inferior though or deed thus into oblivion: "It's obvious! The man's a fool".

"IL PORCELLINO"

"Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

"Porcellino" is part of Sydney Hospital. Wise, yet unpretentious, he welcomes the company of all beings; grand, grandiose, diminutive, obsequious: all these at all times. Seldom sleeping, he prefers to sit with dripping jowl, consumed by the thoughts which have characterized men and boars in every age.

The shining eyes have chanced upon the dramas and comedies of the past year . . . student riots, marches past, fleeing schizophrenics, returning professors, surgeons, physicians, streetsweepers . . . all who make up the Macquarie Street of our lives. And to those few who derogate his coarse exterior, the affable Porcellino silently rumbles: "Tusks to you!"



MARY VERONICA ANN RIDDINGTON

We all love Mary and that just about sums it up, but I guess I'd best explain. None of us burn for love of Mary, I don't think, although if you feast your eyes on her legs you might, and Mary is an adorable flirt sometimes, but no (I'm getting off the track), our love is something else. It's in terms of admiration, affection and acceptance (three A's, so it's easy to remember). For example, we all gape in open-mouthed admiration at some of the things Mary says in tutorials; we'd be hard-hearts if we were not affected by the quaint way Mary cleans her contacts; and our acceptance of her is, in fact, more than our long-time toleration of her might suggest. But this is only the start of our love for Mary; the end could not be told without mention of Mary's love for us. And that is another story.

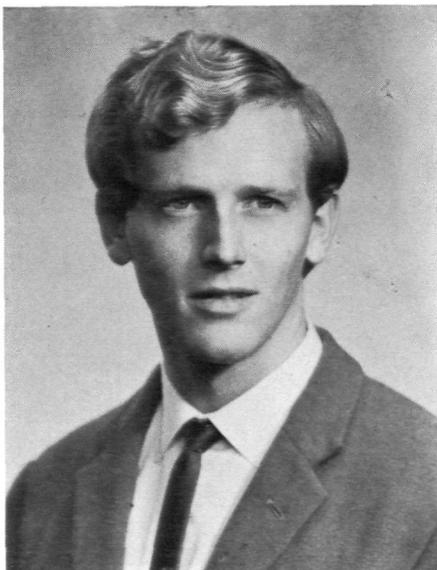
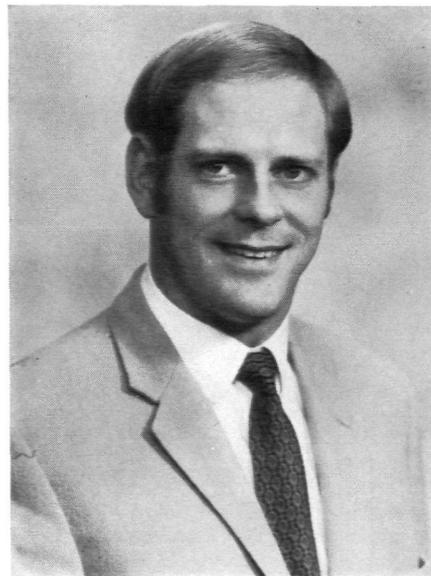
JOHN CHARLES GREGORY ROBERTS

"The Alpha and the Omega."

Descending from Geelong Grammar with a well-bred savoir faire, he has succeeded in cramming into a decade of "varsity life" more than most will do in a lifetime.

Affectionately nicknamed "Super-John", his achievements include vast international travel, presidency of the ski club, competing in national ski titles, a blue for skiing, Sports Union committees, opera, drama, politics and a well-earned B.Sc.

His perfection of the "Roberts' viva technique" has amused us all, as has the variations in his many ties amazed and the success of his charm enlightened us. His classic counter to any argument: "Well, I agree with you, but . . ." will be long remembered and we look forward to hearing them often in the future.

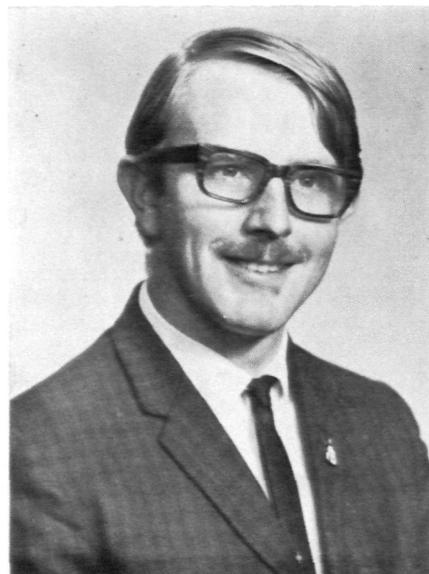


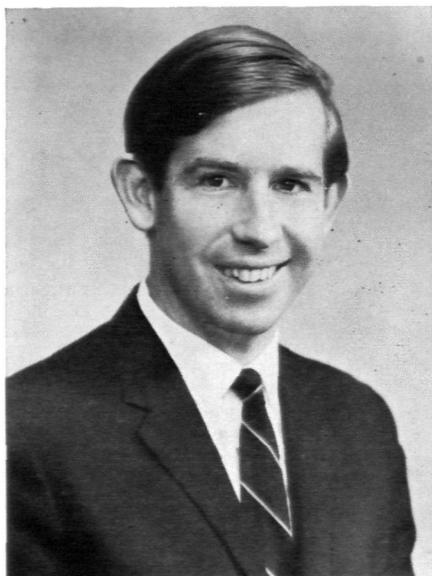
ROBERT JOHN RUSSELL

We are duly convinced, now, that Robert is really the mortal embodiment of Pan and that he is only doing medicine as an imposition from the gods. Often we have caught him sneaking off to exercise his former calling. His abandonment to organ, piano, clarinet, chorus and the rest may not be the same thing as a frolic in green fields among nymphs but it appears to be a good compromise. For work, Robert has little stomach, yet for some reason, he manages the credit list every year. Perhaps his musical door in the wall is the secret of this balanced success. Whatever the truth, Robert seems at one with his lot even if he does get a bit far-away in the eyes at times. At the end of his imposition, we hope that he stays among us.

DAVID OWEN SILENCE

This is the first year we have seen Dave without his familiar hirsute disguise (goatee plus moustache). He joined us in Fourth Year after a pilgrimage through arts where, he tells us, he picked up his interest in music, philosophy, Vietnam and aboriginal welfare. As he started in science, proceeded to medicine and then to arts, we often wonder where he is going, but he says it is all consistent (even if eccentric). We wonder if his recent interest in the pill and hæmatological research are an indication of where his systematic, conscientious and enquiring approach to medicine will take him.





STUART ROBERT SPRING

Coming to the University from Shore, Stuart's undergraduate life has been dominated by many interests which he has successfully mixed with his medicine. He joined the Squadron, where he developed many well-known talents, became involved in the theatre and, as a strong advocate of Rugby Union, became a competent, though infamous, referee. He has always been involved in student affairs and medical politics, and served as treasurer of both the Medical Society and the Australasian Medical Students' Association. Nothing is dull while Stuart is around. He is a very quick-witted person with a fine sense of humour who always looks on the bright side of things. With his confidence, cavalier nature, and pleasant manner he will make his mark in the community.

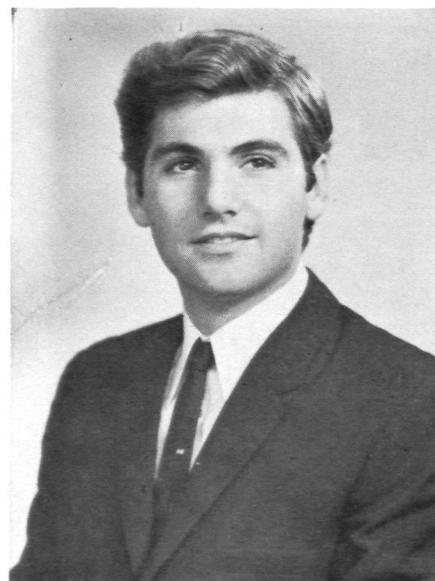
PAUL JOEL SPIRA

It's never hard to find this mild-looking chap. Wherever there is a hint of adventure or a hair-brained scheme, you are quite likely to find him in the thick of it.

If he isn't dreaming of far-off places and tropical islands you may see him emerge from a dingy cave with a dirt-smearred face, posing for a censorable photograph.

And every year, like clockwork, two weeks before the exams, he says "Vladivostok, I should have started earlier", and every year he hurdles the fence.

Without doubt, if he doesn't patent some new invention and make a million, he will make a fine doctor.



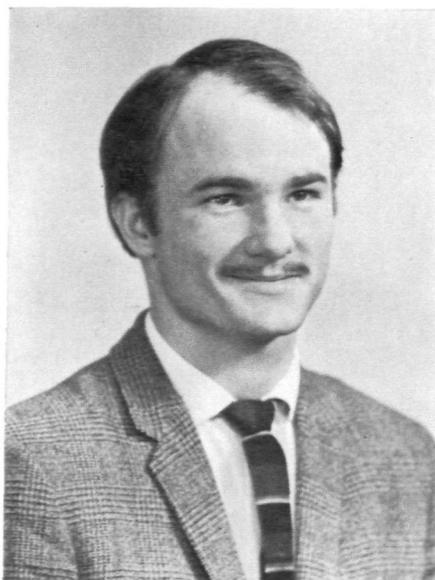
PETER STEPAN

This Jekyll and Hyde character, although usually disguised as a mild-mannered student, may suddenly be transformed to a fiend of astounding bravado, climbing sheer mountain peaks or getting hopelessly lost in the depths of complex cave systems.

This inexhaustible explorer recently entered into the adventures of "holy matrimony" and judging by his secretive smile, is finding it more than an even match.

His voracious appetite, accompanied by a trim physique, never ceased to amaze the less fortunate among us, who theorized that anyone carrying such heavy lunches had to be fit.

The gentleness of his manner, with his natural sincerity, will make him a certain success.



CAROL SUE SUTHONS

Not one for blending in with the furnishings and certainly not the average "Med. bird", Sue makes her presence ever felt in her direct wit, her diabolical bridge and her charming habit of placing an apple (not hers) in her colleagues' teacups. These and others of her traits will make her ever remembered from our clinical years. Large of heart, incapable of deceit and open-faced describe Sue well.

Known to have hitched solo around New Zealand, Sue's other interests seem to be vigorous to most (viz., bush-walking, swimming, tennis and bee-keeping) and her penchant for photographing all, still or mobile, near and far, in her environment is well known. Her personality will, we are certain, ensure her of a firm place in the profession.



MARIETTA JAN SWANE

In spite of her "ladies' college" (Kambala) education, Mim has successfully adapted to the hurly-burly of this predominantly male medical "society". An inhabitant of the W.C. for many years, she has built up a vast circle of friends throughout the university. Her pleasant smile and easily amused (? simple-minded) nature have also won her a large number of admirers outside the University, and of late she has become an authority on conditions ailing soldiers recently returned from Vietnam.

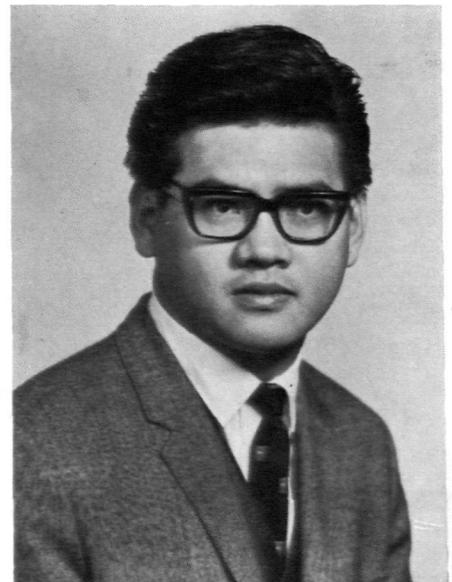
Although always pretending to be perplexed by questions thrown at her in tutorials, Mim's smooth flight through the medical course has proven that she is merely "acting dumb". We predict a very successful future for Mim, both within and outside the medical sphere.

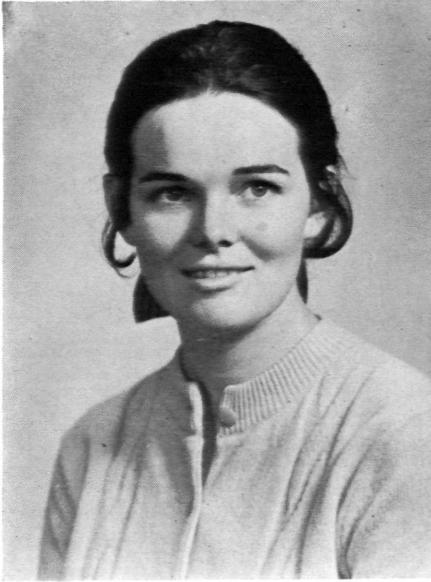
TEO, SIAA TICK

"I haven't examined the patient yet but. . ."

No student, either local or from overseas, has done more than Teo in his constant efforts to bring about interactions between Australian university students and students from overseas. A past president of the National Malaysian-Singapore Students' Association, as well as National President of the Overseas Students' Service (N.U.A.U.S.), Teo has also given us some appreciation of his culture through his precise knowledge of Chinese food and English language.

A gifted conversationalist and a B.Sc. graduate, Teo has a promising future as a doctor in his homeland, Singapore.





CATHERINE ANNE TURNBULL (NÉE McGRATH)

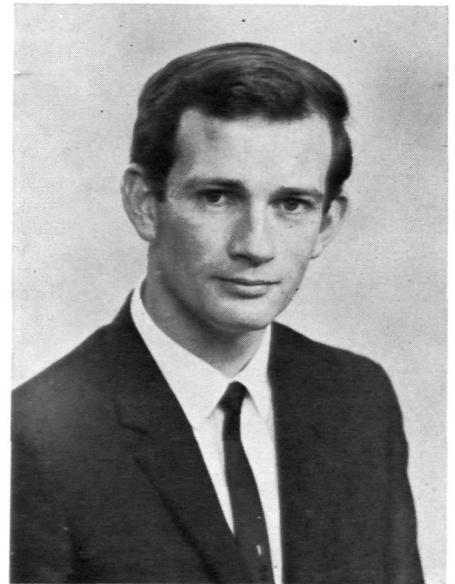
The whole truth about Cathy is contained in her smile, which is a mystery. There is no mystery about her smile, for hubby and the narrow-eyed smile when she says, "Don't be silly, you aren't a goat, you only look like one", is no problem in analysis. But what about the not-so-dumb smile in tutorials, the beaming smile at the joke you didn't get and, above all, the knowing smile when you appear to have done something stupid? What is the truth about that? In short, what is going on in Cathy's head? I'll bet we will never know. Still, whatever it is, I'm sure that it isn't nasty. At least, I'm half sure that it isn't nasty.

TREVOR JOHN WILSON

"Oh, shut up!"

Although proud of his British parentage, Trevor is our expert on Australiana in all its forms. The hospital corridors often resound to his off-key renditions of bush ballads and his love of Australian wild life is exemplified by the weekends he spends "getting amongst it", either in prolonged bushwalks or on Tamarama Beach. Nevertheless, he is also a renowned indoor sportsman—although a great squash player, he often plays chess with a certain young lady from Maroubra.

Trevor is feared for his habitual opposition to other people's ideas and is well known for his strong imperturbable nature. He is a hard worker and is assured of a prosperous future, if only from continuing stock-market successes.



ROBERT XAVIER WOTTON

There is very little we know about Robert, really. We know that he can do a good imitation of the nervous student—you know, the shot reflexes, the half-moan laugh and the eyes that bespeak disaster. And we know that underneath all this physical and emotional lability, a Machiavellian mind is thriving on the quirks and oddities of us all. Every situation has Robert's evaluation, yet his off-beat wit and sense of the ridiculous have restored our sanity so many times.

Robert has endless tales for the gullible, but at least we are sure that he is married; we were at the wedding. (It was for real wasn't it, Robert?) We hope so because they are living together.

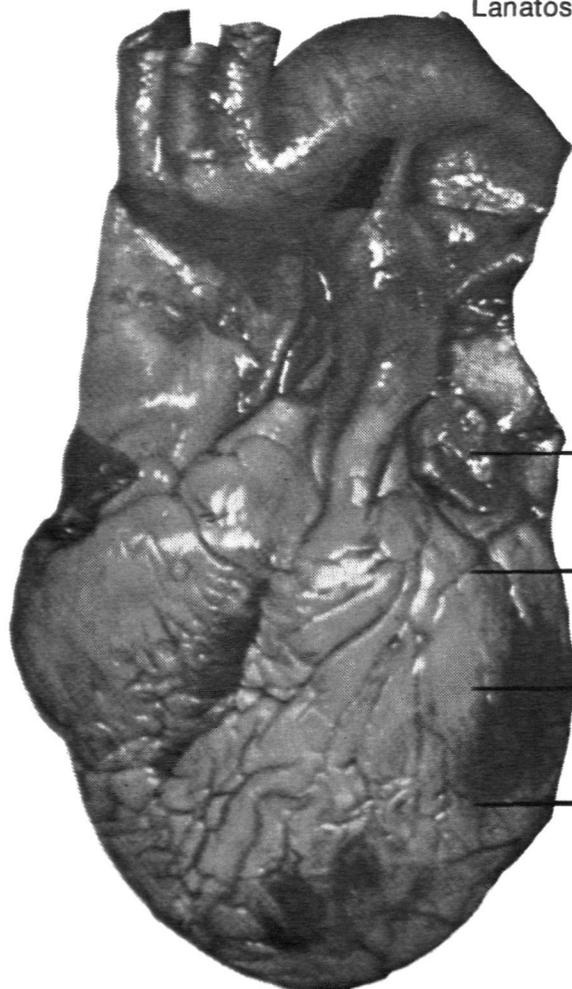
May Robert and Sue and their little black babies live happily ever after.



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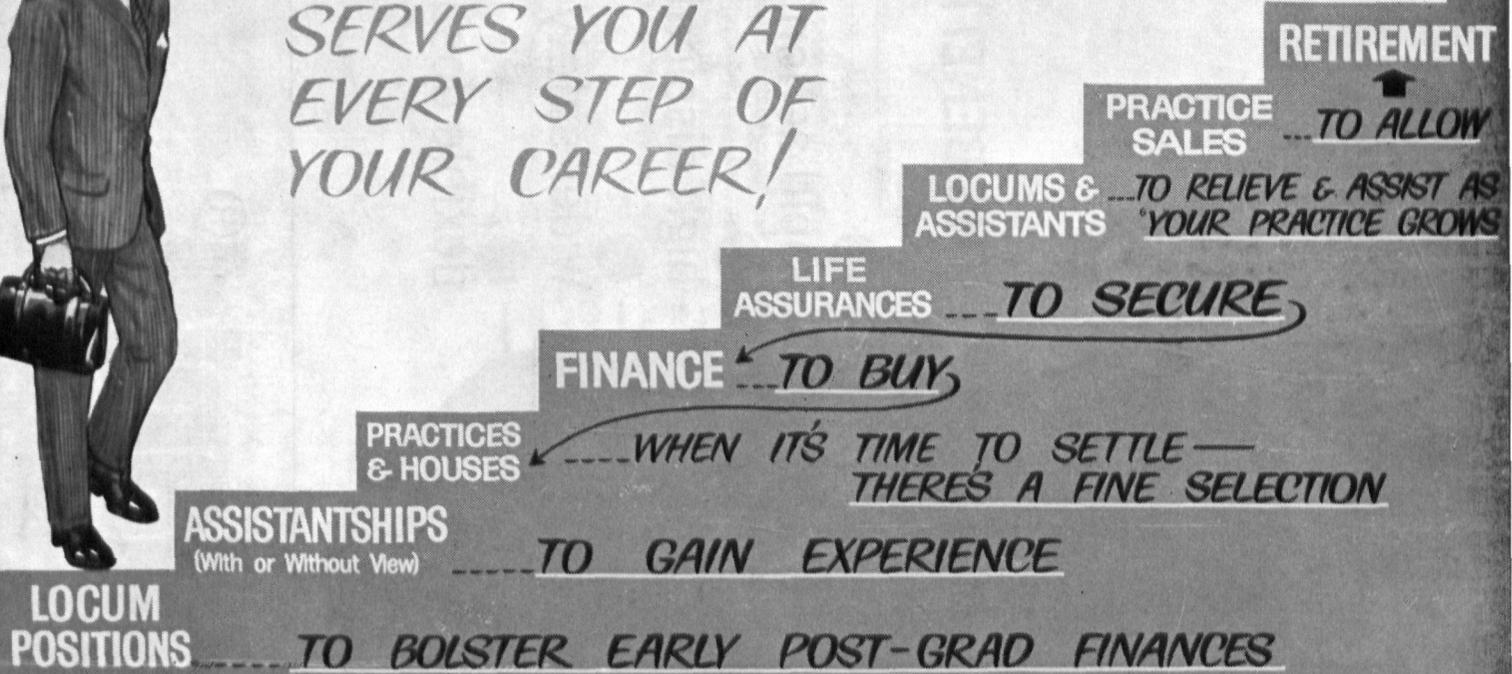
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Affiliated with the University of Sydney in 1923 as a clinical school, the Hospital now is on a great wave of expansion, having its own general hospital, research institute, clinical school, students' hostel, thoracic wing and radio-isotope department. In this setting are grouped all facilities to continually probe at the frontiers of medical knowledge, ranging from organ transplantation to endocrine function and the physiology of the stomach.

The Clinical School which you have adorned in the three past years has, since its inception, produced a host of graduates, some of whom are distinguished in administration, some in academic circles, some in

research, and the majority in the role of giving patient care in the tradition of charity. Our past graduates have gone forth to service with distinction on all planes.

You will, in your time with us here, have seen all the common diseases, the bulk of all possible injuries, and the most sophisticated modern techniques.

You will, as young people, know the conflict between past and present, and will surely realize that the old established order can adapt to the new, and the new can learn much from the old, what is good to do, and what is not good.

Just as our former students now hold high places in the community, you, in your turn, will come eventually to equally high tasks, and it is the earnest wish of all your teachers that what you have learned at St. Vincent's will stand you in good stead in your future careers.

Never forget the origin and reason for your Alma Mater is charity.

Our best wishes go with you, and we look forward to greeting you as graduates and as friends.

P. J. KENNY,

Warden of the Clinical School.

THE HONORARIES



WILLIAM JOHN GERARD BURKE

"You've got a nerve!"

Dr. Burke's tutorials were exemplary in every respect. There can be few areas of greater student ignorance than neurology, yet even against overwhelming odds he managed to make the obtuse seem sensible. His constant attack of "where is the lesion", initially frightening us, gradually bore fruit in that we learnt a method of attacking such a problem.

Indeed, this mild-mannered, bespectacled gentleman has impressed us with his vast knowledge of his subject.

Thank you for your time and effort, Sir.

RICHARD DANIEL CONDON

"I only intend to show you simple things."

And so, with the above statement fresh in our minds, we plunged into a veritable plethora of freckles, fistulæ and other frivolities, the essential simplicity of which was somehow lost on us.

However, despite our shortcomings in most surgical matters, this amiable and admirably locquacious surgeon provided an invigorating and refreshing change at the end of a long and heavy day as he inexorably coaxed, cajoled and finally avulsed from us some small part of our surgical knowledge.

His sincerity, the essential humanity with which he practises his profession, and the lucidity and decisiveness of his teaching make those students who come into contact with him indeed fortunate.



IAN COPE

We first encountered Dr. Cope in gynæcology outpatients, where he seemed to dispense little coloured tablets to every woman in Sydney. He will be especially remembered by one who came in with discharge and left with a Colles fracture.

But Final Years will remember him as a willing, helpful tutor with a "down-to-earth" practical approach to obstetrics and gynæcology—and an ability to get the message across simply, while at the same time, he is able to satisfy the most inquisitive of students with his depth of knowledge of the latest and most complicated of theories.

We are indebted to him for his enthusiasm and interest in our plight.

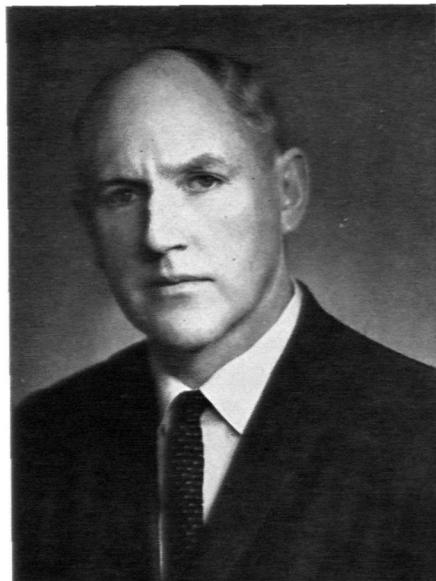


BRIAN CURTIN

"Is there anything else we haven't asked this patient?"

Dr. Curtin has taught us well the methods of examining every relevant fact in a medical history. In his quiet manner he showed us the logical approach in the treatment of a patient in a way that simplified it in our eyes, but also made us think more about the problem. During the ward rounds his patients showed their obvious liking to him and he responded by genuine dedication and interest in their troubles.

Although we could only be taught for seven weeks by him, which was far too short, we are all grateful for this enlightened approach to the science and the art of medicine we received.



JUSTIN PAUL FLEMING

"It seems that the Radiology Department is the busiest department in the hospital."

When we first timidly entered the outpatient department of this fine gentleman, we were given a quiet summary of our duties during the next seven weeks. All that was required was our very best.

We soon found that this was not done out of spite, but Mr. Fleming believes that hard work, especially in the wards, is the best formula for learning surgery.

It thus turned out that after seven weeks of obeying his commands, we all emerged unscathed but with a definite increase in our surgical knowledge. For this we sincerely thank you, Sir.

REAY IGNATIUS EAKIN

"Well, is she going to live, doctor?"

The most striking feature emanating from this huge frame is a practical approach to his patients, and his students gleaned much worthwhile knowledge from his encouragement of their active participation in patient management.

The informal and relaxed atmosphere of his ward rounds made for many light and humorous moments both for patient and students. He showed an apparent abhorrence for climbing several flights of stairs and thus we tended to gravitate to ward 2 with the ladies.





GEORGE VINCENT HALL

"Yes, what else . . . ?"

Dr. Hall introduced us to therapeutics in Fifth Year, but it was not until Final Year that his talents as a physician and tutor were fully appreciated. He was able (one amongst the few) to keep students interested in his tutorials, often by the frequent dropping of "pearls". The emphasis on "common things occur most commonly", and there being a logical, simple explanation for most symptoms, signs and managements, made the seemingly impossible burden of Final Year a more tolerable load to carry.

Although conservative in dress and manner, his diverse and thorough knowledge of all things medical . . . makes him an outstanding figure.

PATRICK JOHN KENNY

"What does the female breast feel like, Mr. . . . ?"

With such an orthodox opening as the above quote, Mr. Kenny proceeds to present an erudite lecture-discussion on his topic for the day.

His "no nonsense" approach to the understanding of any disease process helped his Final-Year students to clear from their cluttered minds irrelevant and unimportant details, leaving them with a clear, concise understanding of his topic.

Both in his tutorials and as warden of the Clinical School, he has shown himself to be "the student's friend", always being ready to discuss any matter whatsoever, whether it be medical or otherwise.

For his friendship we are grateful; for his tutorials we are deeply indebted.



ROBERT McINERNEY

"Wests to win."

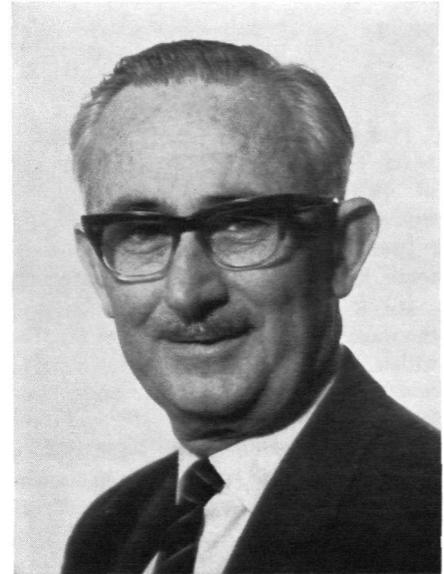
Here is a man of many presentations. Over the years "Bobsy" has been well known for his dignified appearance and suave manner. These qualities still persist in combination with his fine clinical acumen. This man impresses all with his enthusiasm and dedication and his resignation to perpetual harrassment by the stork. His brilliant fetal impersonations demonstrated the difficulty of not having womb to move. Apart from his student activities, a marked proportion of his time is devoted to his advancement of St. Margaret's as a teaching unit.



NOEL NEWTON

"Where's Mr. Cross?"
"Studying anatomy, Sir!"

We all enjoyed tutorials from this friendly man. Beginning with "Who's going to tell us about this patient?", he would proceed to a systematic but good-natured annihilation of his protégés. He presented surgery in such a way as to make it interesting and stimulating for his students. Indeed, it is understandable he is as fine a surgeon as a tutor.



ERIC WILBERFORCE SIBREE

"If the good fairy allowed you only one test. . ."

His methodical exactness and his insistence on detail and the scientific approach to both clinical medicine and teaching brought to light many defects in both his patients and the students. His marathon dissertations on the minutiae of G.I. bleeds kept us so enthralled that he had to remind us that time was up. With his questioning look and firm, yet gentle manner, he has guided us in the proper direction of accurate clinical diagnosis—"remember pulmonary embolism". We like to learn too.

God bless you, Eric Sibree.

OUR OTHER TUTORS

Professor Tracy and Mr. R. Lord, as the advance party from U.N.S.W., very kindly gave us a number of outstanding lectures and tutorials on Surgical subjects—we envy our colleagues from Kenso.

Professor Hickie was able to spare a few hours for some informative and enjoyable tutorials.

Mr. K. Bleasal and Mr. A. Connolly gave us a very thorough and practical grounding in neurosurgery which will stand us in good stead in the years to come, while Mr. H. Windsor and Mr. M. Shannhan got to the heart of thoracic surgery for us and impressed us with their ability and integrity.

Examining X-rays at 5.00 a.m. two mornings a week with Dr. I. Jenkinson and Dr. T. Hanks was most

worthwhile but definitely damaging to our already labile psyches, especially as some of us had to quaff our All Bran and dash off to "Breast Breakfast" (a copy of the notorious Lung Lunch) with Dr. McMannis—a pleasant and digestible hour.

Mr. Rowe and Mr. Roarty helped us to bone up on Orthopædics, and when the call of the turf overcame them were ably replaced by Dr. Thomson.

There were many others who generously gave of their time—Dr. Lazarus, Dr. Hennessy, Dr. Seldon, Dr. Michell, Dr. Gunner, Dr. Woodforde, Dr. Tong and Mr. McNamara were some of them. To all these men who guided and led us from IV year to graduation we thank you.

THE REGISTRARS

We also wish to thank the registrars for their valuable time.

Dave Bryant	Merv Cross
Cres. Eastman	Bernie Tynan
Mick O'Rourke	Henley Harrison
Tim Bohane	Mick Donnellan
John Edmonds	Pete Ryan
Alan Concannon	Vic Fazio
John Sutton	

Without doubt their contribution to our education is vital, as they have the closest knowledge of the requirements for a Junior Resident and for the final exams.



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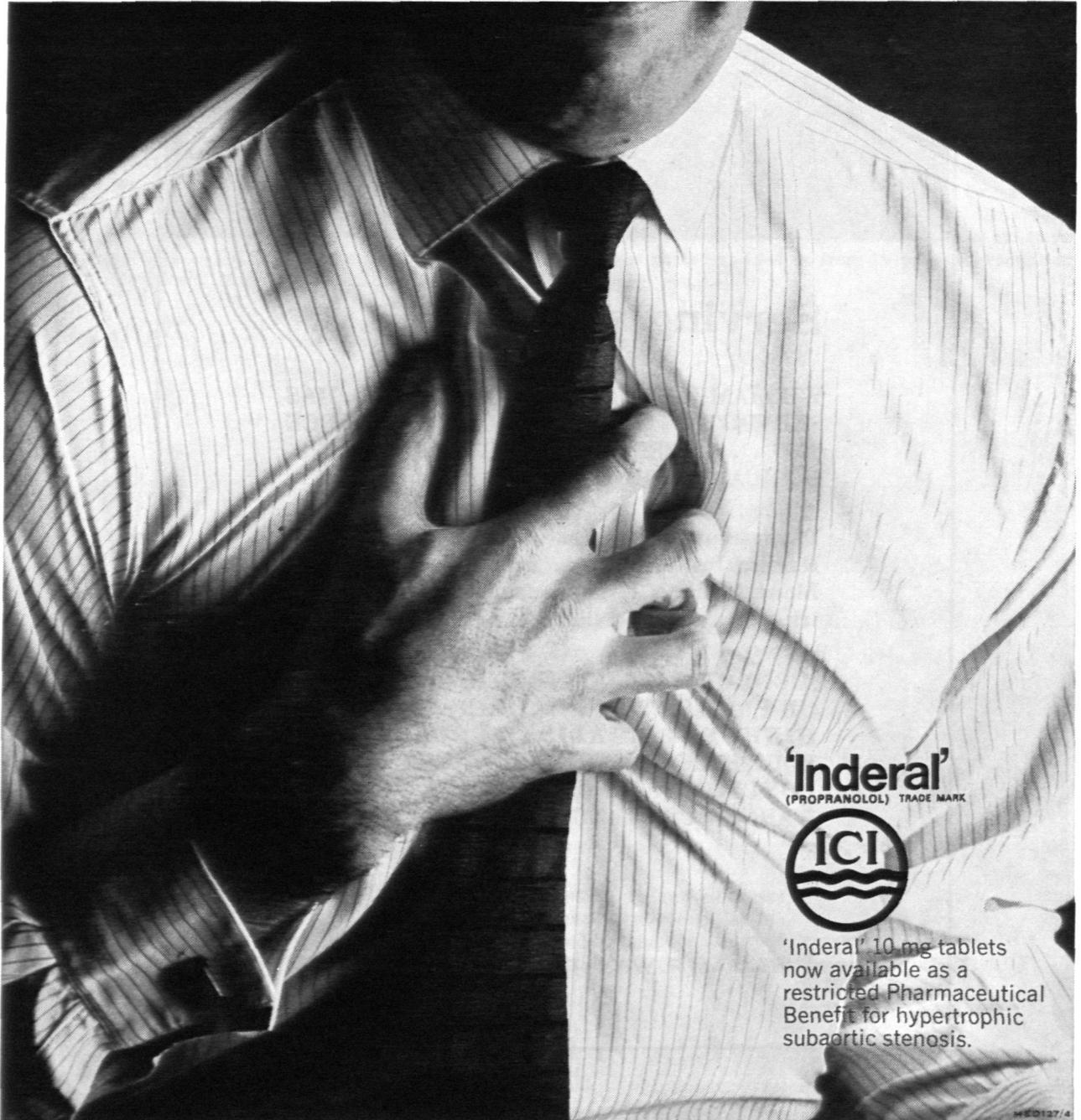


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THE STUDENTS

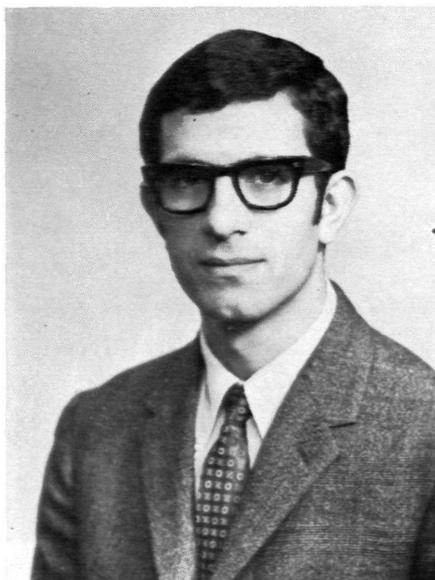
JUDITH BARBARA BALL

"Could you speak up, Judy?"

Judy hails from Goulburn, but the big smoke has in no way compromised her country drawl or friendliness, though it has meant substituting her "hoss" for a mechanical replica—Judy's enterprise on her Honda makes her the envy of the Med. VI bike pack and the terror of the local constabulary. The latter group of gentlemen have finger prints and mug shots of Judy's honest face following the memorable orgy she held at her Bondi flat in Fifth Year.

Judy is a steady worker, but she in no way confines her activities to medicine as witnessed by her enterprise on the squash court and "at the pub after".

Judy's quiet friendliness, ready smile and her application to her work assure her of a successful career and a lucky husband.



JOHN BOULAS

In the tradition of Pythagoras and Hippocrates, John comes to us from the Ægean Isles, famed since antiquity for their wine, women and song. Which raises the question—"What is he doing here?"

He is doing extremely well indeed, scoring credits with monotonous regularity and winning the coveted Spero Gravas Scholarship for Greek students. Around the wards he is often seen yielding his "multi-diaphragm" stethoscope.

When suitably roused at a party, John has been known to revert to the old Greek custom of dancing Zorba-style on table-tops and shattering anything within reach.

Nowhere has his strength of character and great determination been more apparent than on the squash court, and such qualities will be sure to stand him in good stead in his future career.

ANN PHILIPPA BOYLE

"There are only a few things a man needs, most of them haven't got them."

Ann came to our fair country over 10 years ago. Although often threatening to return to her birthplace, the mere thought of England's ice and snow sends her scurrying for the common room heater, momentarily forgetting its mythical nature.

Ann will be remembered for her infectious laugh often heard ringing through the Clinical School bringing joy and temporary relief from the "Final-Year blues" to the common-room students and helping the library students to keep study in its rightful place.

Although with her love of horses it may have been thought that Ann would make an excellent vet., she nevertheless decided to do battle with texts and tutors and apply her talents to members of her own species.

Wherever her talents lead her, both in and out of hospital, success should be hers.





CHRISTOPHER BRADBURY

Capping a capital education as captain of Canberra Grammar, Chris "Hat-trick" Bradbury, or "Bruiser" to his friends, bounced into Medicine after a year's sojourn in science at A.N.U. Bruiser in no way refers to his career as a university, medicine and St. Vincent's footballer but refers to his enthusiastic approach to the art of percussion. We have also seen him as a cricketer and a bullet performer in squash.

Maintaining his family's military tradition, Chris became a legend in his own time at Singleton where his mighty thirst led to the economic revival of more than one pub.

A November camping weekend at Sofala was Chris's downfall. He announced his engagement to Pat the next weekend and brilliant Med. V results followed.

We wish Chris and Pat a productive future.

ANNE MARIE COOPER

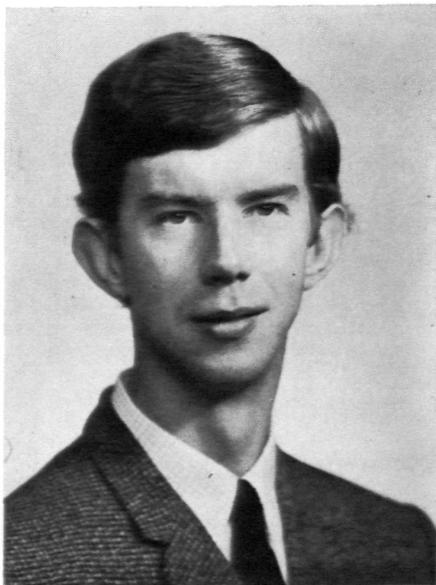
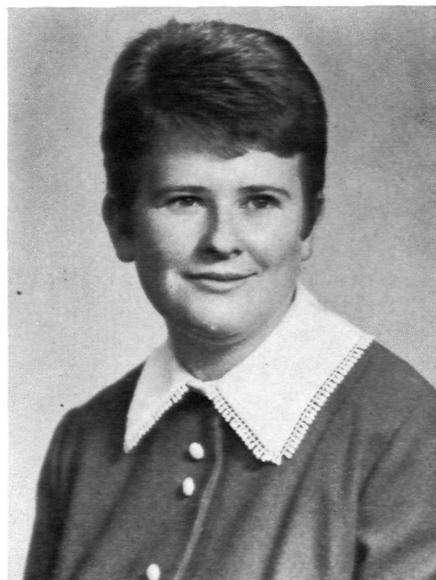
Anne came to university thinking she could stand four years here before proceeding to psychiatry; thus, she established her knowledge of human behaviour within the confines of the Sydney cinemas, progressing from pop idols to sex symbols.

Meanwhile, the effects of her toilet training manifested itself in her Fourth Year. She procured a motor scooter which enabled her to get from the W.C. (Women's College) to tutorials on time—30 minutes early.

Anne has maintained her enthusiasm for psychiatry throughout these years, and, undaunted, she has a compulsion to be psycho-analysed—savouring the day when all those delectable repressings will be brought to the fore.

Such courageous explorations into the mental precincts of self and others deserve our warmest wishes.

Best of luck for your future, Anne.



MARK DAMIAN CRADDOCK

Mark is undoubtedly the world's greatest eater. He backed up so consistently for seconds and thirds that for months the kitchen staff thought he was triplets. Yet he never seems to add a pound to his tall, spare frame. In view of his excellent academic record there is only one conclusion—it goes straight to his brain (which gives us food for thought?).

A keen conscientious student, Mark has impeccable moral standards and, although he has not yet been exposed to temptation, we have no doubt that should it happen he would firmly resist.

He is an enthusiastic golfer and a keen, though clumsy, musician.

In his earlier years his boyish eagerness sometimes led him to say disturbing things in the hearing of patients, things like "cancer", "syphilis" and "impending death"; but he has matured with time and will undoubtedly be the epitome of a conscientious hospital doctor.

JOHN ALEXANDER CROSS

A good indication of John's character was depicted in that he was awarded the Senior Proficiency Award in his Final Year at Marcellin College.

Not distinguished as a scholar, but accepted as a sportsman, he entered our ranks.

He began his role of a year and hospital representative in Third Year and has continued such to date, though in somewhat controversial manner.

There is no doubt he has really enjoyed his years as a undergraduate, even though he is often forced into a game of solo.

In Fourth Year John married Cheryl, and has at last count two little crosses to bear, a son Clayton and a daughter Deanne.

To John and his family we wish the best of health and success with the finals.



RICHARD OSBOURNE DAY

A Scotsman known scholarstically for his conscientiousness but far better for his extra-curricular activities. Never to be forgotten are his legendary afternoons in the Lallah Rook, that unsuccessful walk from Rodd Island, his many campaigns to Singleton "to earn a bit of fruit", an attempted locomotive drive to Newcastle, and the fanatical snarl when hunched over his blue machine.

In football, hockey, basketball, waterpolo, baseball and swimming, together with his innate ability as a sports promoter, he steered medicine to a win in the Penfold Shield in 1967.

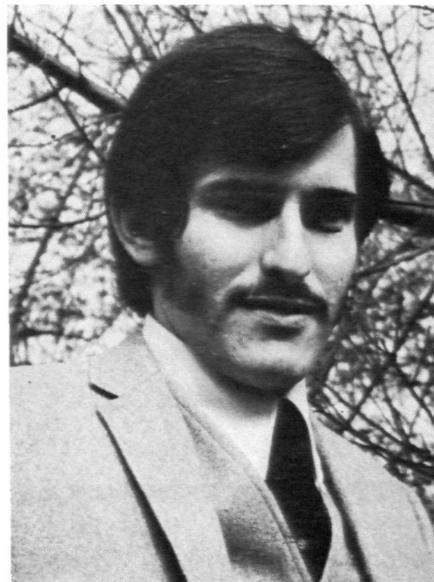
Richard has been one of the real personalities of the year about whom all can recall their own anecdote and without whom the Faculty would be that much less colourful.

ANTHONY MICHAEL FRUMAR

Do not be alarmed by the picture shown here, folks. This pilophilic is a serious-minded introvert(?) with the potential to excel in any field he desires, be it medicine or interior decorating. He may be seen in Paddington (or is it Woollahra?) at almost any hour, on foot, or on a bike or in a car or with a certain well-known actress.

For his friends he will do almost anything. He delights many a tutor with his gay outbursts of mirth during a ward round. He loves skiing and the things which interest him are perfected with determination.

Only the future can tell whether Tony will emerge from his hair, but regardless of this fact, medicine has gained an important addition.





PAUL ANTHONY GARVEY

"I was only doing 90 and I could still speech alright!"

Typical Aussie outdoor type who likes a beer with his mates on Friday night. Despite his rare appearances in tutorials ("Are you in my group?") which is hardly surprising considering his numerous extracurricular activities—playing and coaching football, tennis, squash, sailing and deep-sea fishing, he is a diligent and consistent worker as his results have shown. A solid citizen with an intrinsic wit, Paul is bound to make a popular and successful medico.

GEORGE MAX GROSSLIGHT

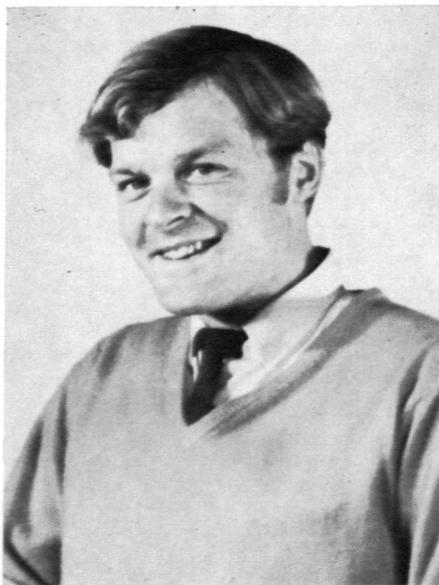
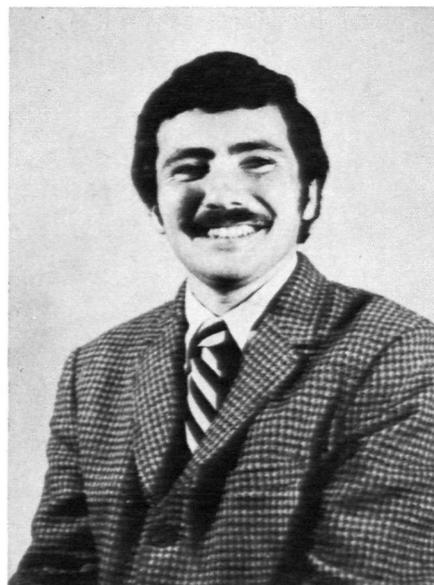
"Bed rest, push fluids and antibiotics."

This funny little man is best known for his wit, friendliness and novel approach to medicine. This latter includes not studying until the honoraries say it's too late and a unique and simplified approach to therapeutics (see above). On any day he can be heard in the back row giving a running commentary on the lectures ("Grosslight tachyglossia").

His general interest is sleeping. More specific ones range from science fiction to tennis to Mahler (who's Mahler?).

This year, at the risk of contracting scurvy, he moved into the students' residence for a final concerted effort. He didn't get scurvy, but a strange growth on his upper lip, as you can see in the photo.

Wherever he goes we know he will be a good doctor, spreading mirth, medicine and Mahler.



JAMES CHALFONT HOLLEY

"If music be the food of love, get me a season ticket to the Con."

They say it can all be traced back to his early childhood, when, foregoing the dummies and rattles played with by his contemporaries, he formed a great attachment to a bottle-opener in the shape of a naked woman. Later on he added a new obsession—surfing. He was very proud of his new board—equipped with a bottle-opener, and fashioned in the shape of a naked woman.

A non-conformist, he has an unerring dress sense which enables him to wear bad clothes excellently and excellent clothes badly.

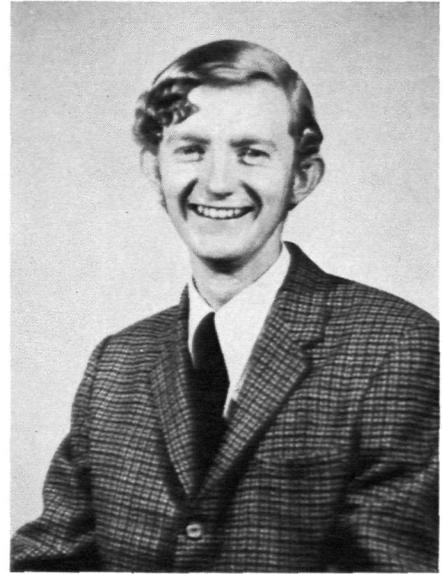
He is a social activist, inclining politically (and anatomically) to the left. His anarchistic tendencies sometimes show through in his work.

Jim Holley, lover, surfer, brewer, cynic, has enriched the Year, and offended only those who deserve it.

FRANCIS PAUL HUME

The "Red Fox" came screaming out of his eastern-suburbs abode—1964 armed with the unique ability to do the cryptic crossword in two minutes flat and sure in the knowledge that if he ever got into any trouble he would be able to call on help from any one of his 57 close relatives and friends who held reunions at least twice daily and sometimes more often at his home.

His assault on the University never got much beyond the billiards table at the Union in First Year. Lectures were regarded as something to fill in the time between billiard games. This did not affect his progress through medicine, but it did have a serious effect on the cryptic crossword. Some people's idea of heaven is a bed, a bird and a bottle, but Frank's would be sitting at a card table with an unbeatable hand at bridge entertaining an enthralled audience with stories about "My sister Joan", or "Ken said . . .", and sending them into peals of laughter with his atrocious puns. We feel sure that Frank, with his keen mind and his great ability, will be an honourable addition to a great medical family.



JOHN JOSEPH KEARNEY

"Marriage is the institution for love; love is blind, therefore, marriage is for the blind."

John came to university for a second time to do medicine. After doing pharmacy he indulged in most of the worldly pleasures of life and it was good to see the medical course has not interrupted the rake's progress. What other medical student lunches at the "Summit" and then uses it as an excuse when he is late for a tute at hospital? What other student own two cars? Admittedly one is 20 years old and painted passionate pink with house paint. The other is more modern—17 years old. Still, two cars. . . .

During his career John advanced politically and became Vice-President of an A.L.P. Branch. He has marched many times for the cause. As one of the master brewers in a local consortium, he threatened Tooth's with extinction.

One of his more spectacular achievements was to take two weeks off in the middle of Final Year, explaining that he really couldn't afford to peak too early.



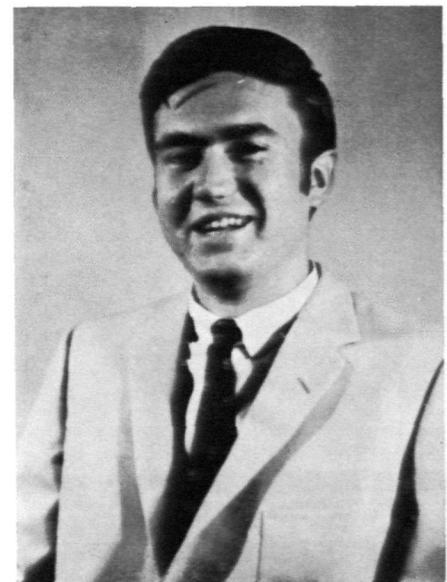
JOHN WILLIAM KELLY

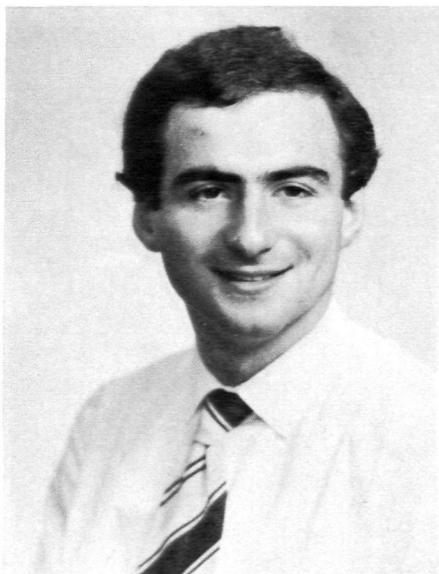
When John came to us in '64 he was fresh-faced, eager and innocent, unexposed to liquor, sex and the better things in life. He has since learned to drink (and drink and drink!). This, however, has never interfered with his application to study and his relentless progress through medicine.

He is a keen sailer, sailing most weekends from the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

In '68 he became a keen follower of the Stock Exchange in an attempt to finance his amazing appetite for Chinese food.

His medical career has been highlighted by finding out that he has the highest testosterone level in the hospital and the fact that he accurately diagnosed his own appendicitis.





ALEX KORNFELD

"Why me? It's only Thursday!"

After five years at the Kibbutz (Randwick High), Alex enrolled as the Cyrano de Bergerac of the Medical School (see photo). From that day, Alex managed to combine work and pleasure so successfully that the Faculty gave this indigestible extrovert a "hurried passage".

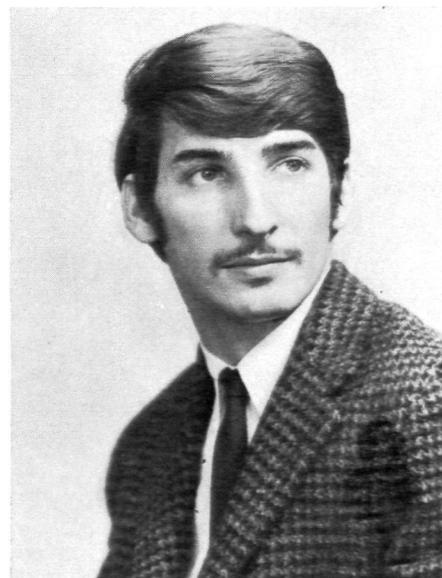
In the wards, staff and patients rejoiced when his features were offset by ties of lurid colouring and enormous proportion. As an astute student, Alex did not like wasting time with needless repetition. He will be remembered as being the student exiled from labour ward for voicing his opinion that "If you have seen one delivery, you have seen them all". He saw no more.

An artist when it came to invention of classic phrases, we will remember his almost paranoid wit, perpetual good humour and sense of the ridiculous. His patients will be attracted by his pink, yellow, orange and violet plate outside his practice.

ANDRÉ LALAK

At first sight, André seems to be a reserved character and is somewhat of a mystery. In getting to know him, one begins to wonder about the man who "treads carefully" in answering tutorial questions and in playing his would-be solo hand. If noise is any indication he drives the hottest red coupé around. Driving caps and gloves, moustache, tweed coat, and pipe—all are items to be noted when one considers André's student days.

Far from a study in eloquence, André's conversation is nevertheless highlighted by a dry wit. His keen perception and ready comprehension of what is required have stood him in good stead where exams are concerned. (They also helped him to choose a lovely wife.) His thoroughness should guarantee success in the future.



BIN BIN LEE

Bin (just what does that name mean?) came from Singapore to complete her schooling at Cremorne Girls' High and then plunge into medicine.

Her pre-clinical years were marked by continuous somnolence at Women's College—only conscious for meals.

In Fourth Year Bin distinguished herself by taxiing to and from hospital every day, but in Fifth Year she discovered the joys of public transport and still continues to sponsor it occasionally—"I've only caught taxis four days this week".

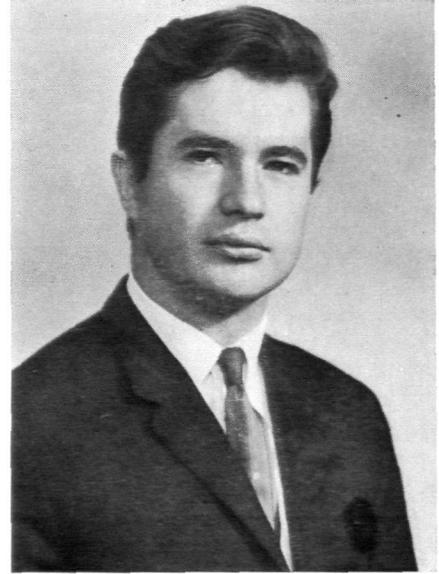
Other distinguishing features are micro-mini skirts barely extending below the waist, an unparalleled power of observation (she was once known to remark that a pair of identical twins looked alike and might be brothers)—and inability to find her way to the Union steps after three years at university.

Her genuine interest and understanding of others ensure Bin of a successful and rewarding future.

STEVEN JOHN MAMCZUK

This charming Cossack from the Ukraine, Steven has impressed us with his sense of humour, integrity and ability to cross swords successfully with professors and tutors. An easy-going fellow with a flair for art, he favours vintage rock and roll and the more buxom style of woman. A naturalist at heart who is apt to go bush to look at birds, both astral and terrestrial. Recognizable from afar in his lolly-green car (Chitty-Chitty Bang Bang!).

His winning ways are bound to gain him many friends (and patients) in years to come.



DENNIS HARRY MOIR

Dennis, the muddle-headed myope, has been host to a remarkable internal struggle this year, not only between his alimentary canal and St. Vincent's food, but also between his "id" (inflamed by alcohol, a stable of pigs and other nefarious nonentities of the students' hostel) and his super-ego (formed at a Marist Brothers' Concentration Camp). For students of human behaviour Dennis swings between elation (dramatic renditions of his own blank verse; passionately arguing about nothing; beating the "bandits" at Balmain; serenading the students' hostel at any hour of the day or night, etc.) and ominous silences were most instructive.

Who can say where this rolling stone will come to rest. But his great capacity to be outrageously joyful, his sensitivity, his many talents and the intensity of his search for himself have produced a fine doctor and a true friend.

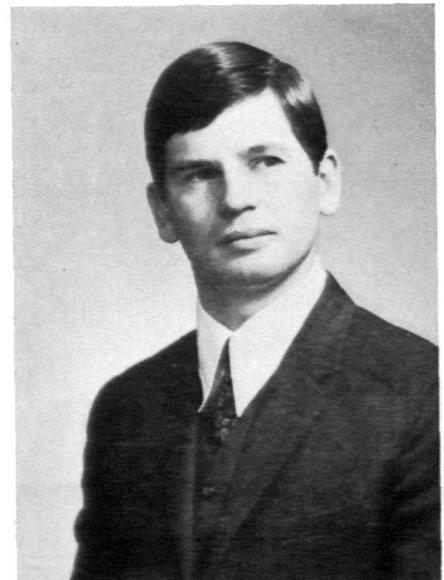
JOHN ANTHONY MORAN

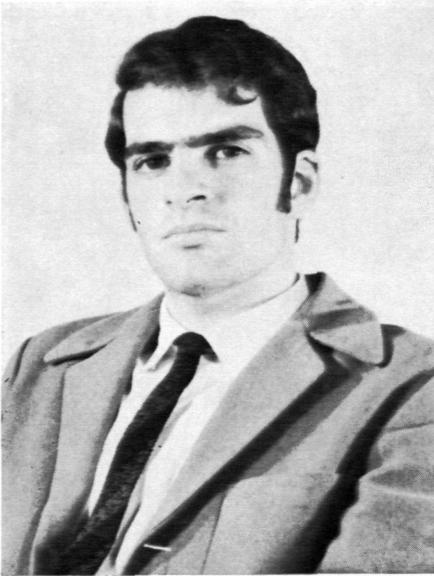
"What was the lecture on this morning?"

One of the most diversely schooled students in the Faculty, John enrolled in the medical course, being curious at the time to know what medical golf would be like. By the end of First Year he realized that professors weren't pros in the strictest sense of the word. Thus disillusioned his drive suffered such that his exams were deferred each year. He shrugged this off with resignation and "don't do today what you can do tomorrow".

His range of interests widened considerably in Fourth by his acquisition of a lovely wife and a commission as lieutenant in the Army. A year later they were largely supplanted by the acquisition of a bouncing baby boy. Henceforth, John began to appear less frequently on the hospital scene and was often overheard saying "I don't think it was worth coming in".

We wish the imperturbable John the best of luck in the Army and vice versa.





LAURENCE ANTONY MOSES

Laurie is a keen but not a brilliant student. His main aims in life are to live and to love. He has a few virtues and a few faults, to which he is giving due consideration. Nil else. And so we leave him waiting patiently for his wine (and other things) to mature.

JOHN RAYMOND NEVIN

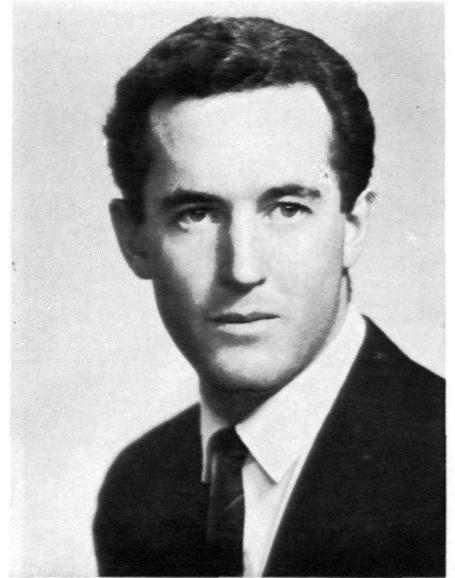
"How are the waterworks, mate; can you hit the back of the pan?"

With country charm, an enviable vocabulary (see above), and an incredible ability to find long-lost friends from Tamworth, in Sydney's most unlikely places, John has propelled his way through medicine.

Often seen with sophisticated journals under arm, John strides through the hospital in search of knowledge. His ability to continually ask questions of devillish cunning, e.g., "why?", has earned him the fearful respect of tutors.

In Final Year, John throttled his motorbike to death and acquired a car which enabled him to disappear on weekends to parties in Tamworth, Parkes, Newcastle, etc.

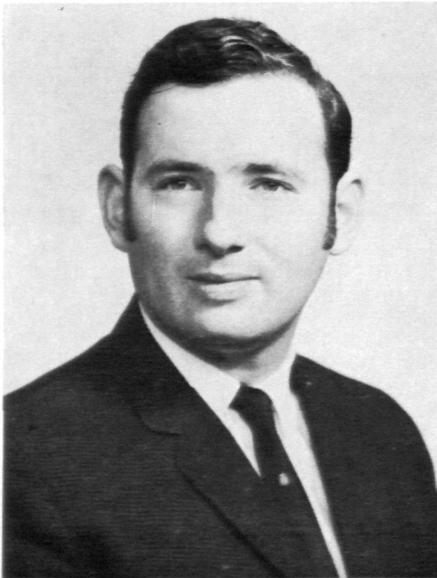
We are sure that these petty limitations will not prevent John earning his mantle of success and wearing it well.



MICHAEL ARTHUR WILLIAM NOEL

"Who dealt this trash?"

Michael, it is reputed, enrolled in medicine by mistake, thinking at the time that he was joining a Leagues Club. Once in, he decided to work on the periphery. This confusion as to who his tutors were often led to junior residents, janitors and, on one unhappy occasion a ward sister being addressed as Sir. Others attribute this to Michael's eyes, reddened by squinting at his cards through the inevitable mushroom cloud of smoke about his head. While others sported beards, Michael's lower lip grew a permanent filter tip. Michael's passion for gambling has led to his undying love affair with (in his own words) "any machine you can put money into". It has also led to his purchase of an elderly Goggomobile. Although constantly losing bets ("Bet I don't pass"), he always manages to come out on top.



STEPHEN GEORGE NOGRADY

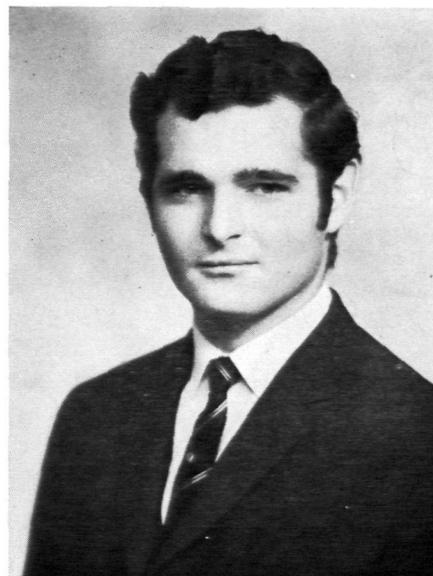
"This 1930 port . . . it's a beauty!"

Steve (or "Snog") joined us from Riverview College in 1963, and proceeded to use this fact as a basis for wearing the old school tie. His flamboyant bow ties of earlier years were gradually replaced by the neck wear of the Riverview old boys, the Medical Society, St. Vincent's and Sydney University. More symbols of his identification were picked up during his elective term in New Zealand.

In the wards, tutors and students were thrilled by his endless rumination on "Whipples Triple" and "the dreaded Lithuanian Lerg". Back in the common room, card players knelt in thankful prayer when Steve's conscience changed him from the world's worst bridge player to a looker-on.

His other interests included the gentleman's sport of sailing and collecting rare wines of greater vintage than his own.

We wish him every success and good quaffing.



JOHN DARRYL PICKERING

This phenomenon is characterized by a remarkable natural history commencing with a childhood in the backwoods of Woy Woy. Began his med. days with a determined enthusiasm which soon degenerated into an apathy towards the more basic academic subjects. This [apathy] was nevertheless balanced by a love of women, jazz, degenerate cars and a gift of talking about nothing. A connoisseur of wines, Charlie Byrd and the gentle art of spearfishing, he functions on the "all or none" principle—it's either "too much" or hopeless.

His diverse interests were a direct contrast to his aversion to study. It was in Fifth Year that J.P. decided to concentrate his efforts somewhat; this soon resulted in marriage and he spent vacation term blissfully rather than medicinally.

In Sixth Year emerged a new image—conscientious, ambitious, nevertheless amiable, with faithful gourmet-cook wife by his side.

With his old enthusiasm restored, what great things lie ahead.



MARY ELIZABETH PLANT

A good example for women doctors, Mary has added the necessary feminine touch to a predominantly masculine profession.

Ever friendly and helpful, her encouraging ways have endeared her to many a needy patient.

Apart from these very feminine attributes, she has an outgoing practical side to her approach, as is shown by her achievements in representing the Faculty in squash and softball.

Her sincerity and kindheartedness will reap their own rewards in her future as a worthy member of the medical profession.





DAL MARTIN RETALLACK

Dal is a eccentric musician who originally took up medicine as a hobby. His astute sense of rhythm invariably leads to the correct diagnosis of many a cardiac murmur.

A man of many talents: chef, gourmet, jazz pianist and classical guitarist, he appreciates the finer things in life—in particular, his wife.

His technique in tutorials and vivas is to overwhelm with information, relevant or otherwise.

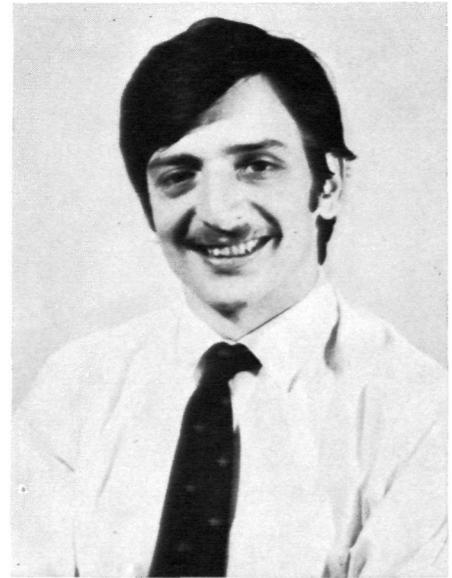
He was President of the Sydney University Jazz Society in 1965, and his ability as a leader has carried through to the clinical years. His sympathetic and understanding approach to patients and their problems will form a sound basis for any branch of medicine he enters.

ELLIOTT ("ZEKE") SAVDIE

"All I want is three passes."

Greetings! Here we have a photo. It is of a fit young man who, if the photo were in colour, you could see has no jaundice or cyanosis (although he has had clubbed fingers and toes for years). He is real and not a fuzzy caricature of a well-known obstetrician. If we had a skull X-ray we could see he has congenitally absent wisdom teeth, an index of his evolutionary development; we could also diagnose that although it is invisible in the photo, he has developed cerebrum, with, we feel sure, a very large pineal gland.

This face has been in many countries and even in a passport book. Study it closely, it will go a long way on the road to success.



JOE SCOPPA

"If music be the food of love, play on!"

An Italian romantic who likes his "pizza and vino", Joe's light-hearted and enthusiastic approach to his studies has been a source of inspiration to his colleagues. An avid Apia supporter, he invariably arrives battered, bruised and contused on Mondays after shouting himself hoarse at the match on Sunday.

Between stamping on grapes and amorous episodes, his other exploits include topping pharmacology and sundry other conquests. "Guiseppe" will go a long way.

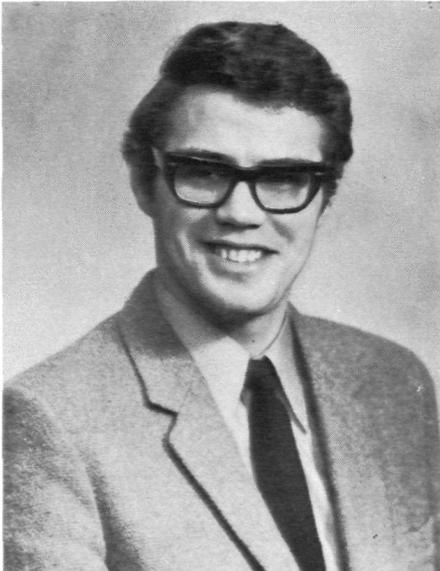
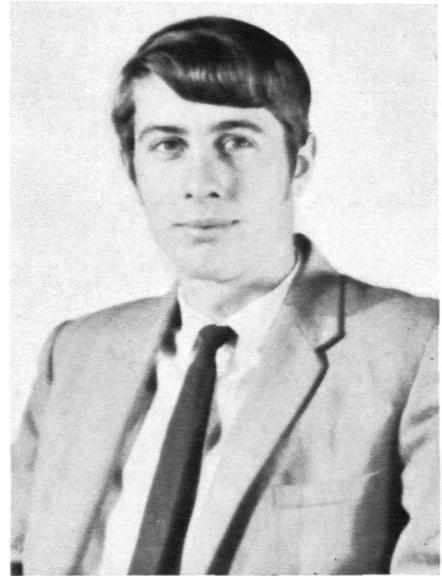


JOHN PAUL SEALE

"It can also occur in hyperparathyroidism."

There were very few discussions to which he was unable to add this catch-phrase. It was probably the diverse and complex nature of the mechanisms involved in this topic that held his interest. We knew him as a man of many facets: university blue in basketball, part-time Wesley College administrator, part-time Vincent's full-back, part-time student, part-time patient. In a frenzy of sporting enthusiasm he featured in three victorious inter-faculty teams in one year. Whilst in a fugue state one evening, as sole director and producer he staged a send-up of "Hair" in a tiny third-floor apartment in Kings Cross "for the benefit of our New Zealand friends".

Exit J.P. and good luck with the trout fishing.



GREGORY PAUL STEELE

Greg has pursued a rather leisurely course through medicine, needing little encouragement to digress and sample a slice of Bohemia, eye politics suspiciously, read most things printed and wring the last drop of appreciation from a good vintage.

Matching his 6'3" height is a spontaneity and magnitude of thought, plus an impulsiveness, exemplified by his decision to leave the students' quarters.

A: Why did you leave, Greg? Food lousy?

B.: No. I just decided to get married.

A determination to enjoy all facets of life characterizes his nature, and he looks forward to the future convinced that good books, drink and travel should make it bearable.

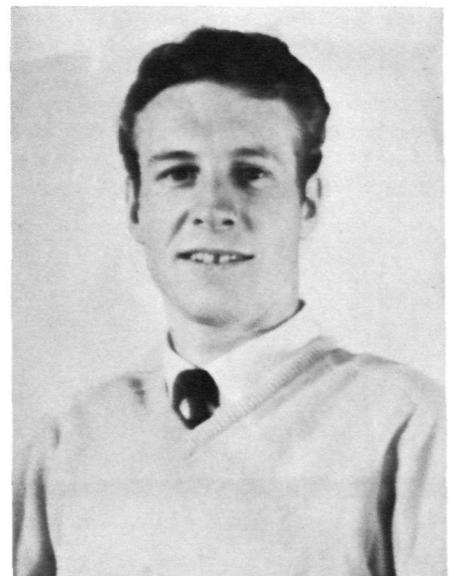
COLIN FRANCIS SUMMERHAYS

Colin, a product of Waverley College, started at university as a keen, fresh-faced youth in 1964, but soon realized that there was more to the university campus than lectures theatres.

For Colin, Fifth Year in particular proved to be a year well spent and a serious attempt was made to use every hour profitably; parties, balls, cards and long drives ranked high among his activities, a due amount of time being left for relaxation—playing golf or at the beach.

During the unallocated term, Colin took the opportunity to develop his "surgical prowess", working with a mop and bucket in the Balmain Hospital operating theatres.

We wish Colin all the best for the future, knowing that with his keenness and patience he will succeed.





ALEX SYWAK

Alex rejoined the rest of us clinicians in Fifth, after spending a carefree year voyeurizing the sexual mitotic behaviour and personality differentiation of liver cells as seen through the keyhole of an electron microscope. With the fervour of a scientist and the convictions of a Freud, he proceeded to pursue and lay bare the subtleties and frivolities of Fifth Year. Textbooks, the study room and midnight mugs of coffee were discarded for skis, squash courts and beer.

And then suddenly it was Final Year. Time for a painful but necessary transformation. We wish Alex the best of luck. We know his tenacity, diligence and practical approach to life will serve him well in his chosen field of medicine.

ANNE ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"Think I'll go home now."

It might be thought that a young lady, delicately nurtured in prim Santa Sabina, would find medicine a disturbing study—all those naked bodies, those gruesome biological details! But no, Anne jumped in enthusiastically and hasn't allowed her finer feelings to deter her since.

She has spent the last three years as the "lone bird" in a ribald and blasphemous group, and has learnt much about the ways of men, without, however, losing her femininity. On a trip last year to hard-drinking North Queensland she acquired, amongst other things, a taste for Queensland men and a liquor capacity remarkable for her weight and years.

In a profession not famous for its leniency to women, the way she has acquitted herself so far augers well for the future.



LEON ALBERT WICKS

"Another goodly day."

Having come to the colonies from England at the age of six and grown slightly older at Sydney High, Leon quota-ed his way into medicine. His early years in the Faculty were spent nurturing a '52 Hillman which was sorrowfully buried in Final Year. "If only it could have seen me graduate", said Leon.

Before his bereavement (and to the chagrin of the jealous Hillman) Leon learnt his psychiatry by driving a cab.

Perhaps his proudest moment was at St. Margaret's, when he delivered twins, "a goodly drop".

Leon was soon christened king of stirrers, and the card schools in the common room sat in awe of this ubiquitous little figure bobbing up behind their chairs to say "a goodly hand". All that is left is to wish him luck in his chosen profession.

JOHN GERARD WALTON

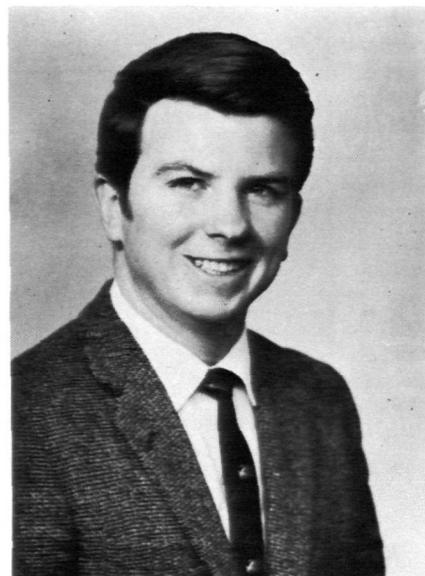
"That b— b—. Oops, sorry, Mary!"

"Jolly" Wally Walton is a renowned horseman from Chevalier College. Following in his father's footsteps, he quickly established himself as a character of some repute at St. Vincent's.

A general all-round sportsman, John is particularly interested in water-skiing and is known to be an erratic punter with a well nigh fanatical following of a certain Royal Marine.

Most weekends and many a weekday would see him "mini-commuting" to the 'Gong, where the dinner lights were more suitable for his favourite pursuits. Despite his many and varied extra-curricular activities he managed to find the time for some study.

Very popular amongst staff and students, his open and friendly disposition will assure him of a bright and prosperous future.



VINCENT DAK MING WONG

"I am just going out to Bondi."

The wild man from Borneo, who has proven himself to be quite the contrary. A perfect gentleman who nevertheless has a flare for the gay life—sleek cars, surfing and dancing.

Keen and devoted to his work, he has impressed his colleagues by his diligence and perseverance.

Chinese nationality by birth, he has lived most of his life in Borneo; and having come here to be educated, he has in fact given us an education. A very sincere person is our Vincent. Unfortunately, we are to lose him to Borneo where there is a greater need. Our loss will be their gain.



ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

The Royal North Shore Hospital, in certain respects, is one of the most unusual of the teaching hospitals in Sydney in that it had many special clinics well developed long before it became a Clinical School of the University of Sydney. It had the best facilities for the treatment of chest diseases for many years, the first congenital heart clinic in this country, an outstanding urology department very early in the development of this specialty, and a famous orthopædic unit from which—for better or worse, according to how history will judge—Elizabeth Kenny achieved international attention for her ideas on the management of poliomyelitis.

Over the last twenty years or so the Hospital has been singularly fortunate in having a wise and devoted administration. Sir Norman Nock, as Chairman of the Board, ably assisted by Mr. C. J. Watt, a very active member of the Board with a great deal of hospital administrative experience, guided the affairs of The

Royal North Shore Hospital with great skill over this period. Dr. Wallace Freeborn was appointed General Medical Superintendent and Chief Executive Officer in 1946, having had a distinguished career in two World Wars and his considerable wisdom and vision of the future was only exceeded by his personal devotion to the Hospital. He literally lived in, and solely for, the Hospital for over twenty years. Although there have been many others who have made very significant contributions to the development of the Hospital in the last twenty years or so, the recent retirement of these three men make it appropriate that their names should be remembered. The Hospital also has been fortunate in having a series of personable matrons of outstanding character who, by happy combinations of being able to select nurses from some of the élite of Sydney's young women and by their example and sensible direction, have maintained a standard of nursing that could not be bettered anywhere in the world. All these people have been

active in establishing The Royal North Shore Hospital as a Clinical School even in the face of doubts and opposition which would occasion great surprise now. It takes very many years to build up a teaching hospital with attention to many details—the fostering of young men coming on who can be recruited to the staff, negotiations with the University and other authorities and attention to a thousand other matters of this nature. It is well, therefore, to remind ourselves what has gone before because all of us in the hospital at all levels have a responsibility in maintaining the standards set down by our predecessors and to try and reach to even further heights. “Per ardua ad astra.”

It is always unwise to try and forecast the future but the winds of change are blowing throughout this country generally as well as in the medical and hospital services. In this context, in a small way, an immediate and interesting challenge is the association this year of this Hospital with the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital in the matter of student teaching. This affiliation has enabled the Fourth-Year students to have a wider exposure to patients and teachers and also helped in meeting the extra demands created by the greater

number of students the Hospital was asked to accept in 1969. So far this association of the two Hospitals gives every indication of one that will prosper and it may well set a pattern for similar arrangements with other hospitals in the future. As a profession we must try and broaden our vision as never before, not only within our own country but in the South-East Asian region in which we live. It is obvious that there will be greater demands for more medical education, the medical curriculum is constantly changing, and expansion and growth of this and related hospitals is inevitable.

The members of the teaching staff of the hospital believe that you who are soon to graduate have made a wise choice in The Royal North Shore Hospital of Sydney, and those of you who are fortunate enough to continue this association can look forward to a promising future. The clinical teachers hope you have enjoyed your time in the Hospital as much as they have enjoyed teaching you and they wish you every success and happiness for the future. Your profession offers challenges and rewards beyond price and to refer again to what has been stated already, reaching for the stars is what gives zest and meaning to life.

IAN MONK.

THE HONORARIES



PETER ERNE BAUME

As Medical Clinical Supervisor, Peter came to us in 1967, following his gastroenterological peregrinations in the New World.

From the start, he made his mark as a teacher of boundless energy, drive and enthusiasm in a basically conservative "olde worlde" professor.

He is a modern man in his ability to grasp new ideas and to implement these especially in the field of student teaching. His outspokenness—which is mainly on the constrictive side—and his drive to teach medicine in terms of whole patient care, filled in gaps in our teaching which perhaps were inevitable in the teaching hospital environment. His encouragement to students was found invaluable in the long hours of candle burning.

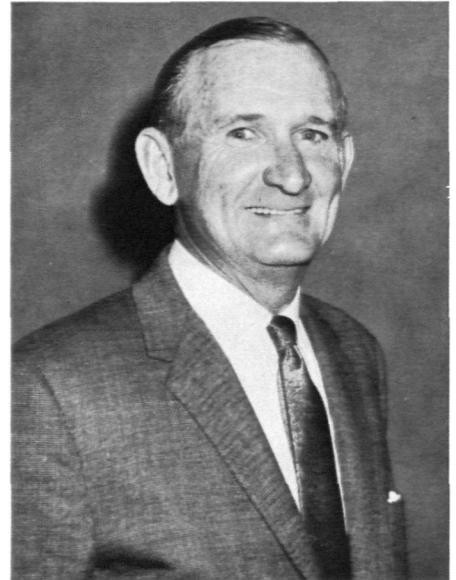
All this, together with his sense of humour, have made him one of the most popular honoraries at this Hospital.

JAMES BROADFOOT

"No histrionics, my friend!"

Ridiculous, isn't it, when some of your best surgical tutes are given by a urologist. This lean and hungry-looking Cassius of the Foley and Whistle tip in fact led us through the wards far, far away from the esoterica therein displayed, to the harsh realities of life so beloved by examiners. Thus, the lowly hernia and lipoma were re-discovered in all their glory.

As for the man himself, it's almost enough to say that no one ever misses a Broadfoot tute. His approach to teaching, his keenness to stay on for that extra ten minutes, together with his ability to enjoy a quiet chuckle ensure that while he may never have known our names, we are unlikely to forget his.



GRAHAM ARTHUR EDWIN COUPLAND

Meeting some as a Fourth-Year tutor, Mr. Coupland met us all in Fifth Year in his vain attempts to restore the teaching of surgery to "surgery term" and again in Final Year when he was responsible for the reincarnation of the elements of pædiatrics which we had long since forgotten.

Despite a multitude of timetable changes, his weekly tutorial always commanded a very good roll up, a point which speaks very highly of "our Graham's" teaching ability and enthusiasm.

His genuine concern for both the teaching and welfare of all his students is always evident and most appreciated.

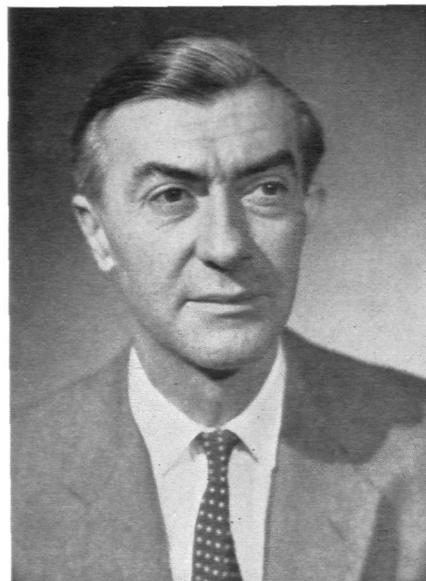
BRUCE LYNE GEDDES

Through a blue haze of cigarette smoke ("You may smoke if you wish—a filthy habit") Bruce Geddes instructed us in the intricacies of respiratory diagnostics.

Flying through the wards at a great speed, his students following in his slip stream, he showed his carefully selected patients, emphasizing basic principles—a very useful series of tutorials in Final Year.

He rarely disagrees with a student, but his statement "If you really feel that this is the case", and his irrefutable logic—"it goes *comme ça*, like this, *comme ça*, don't you agree?", invariably draws the most sceptical and misguided to his viewpoint.

A conscientious doctor and a fine example to his students, we remember the few short hours spent with him with gratitude and pleasure.



JAMES ISBISTER

"Well how about you look it up for us?"

James Isbister brought a refreshing new slant to medical tutorials by encouraging us to combine sweet logic and general knowledge with a "modicum" of classical rote-learning in considering diagnosis.

His continuing desire to learn new facts meant that the derivation of words and syndromes carelessly dropped in answering questions was revealed, if not immediately from pooling of group knowledge, then by his time-honoured delegation of "homework".

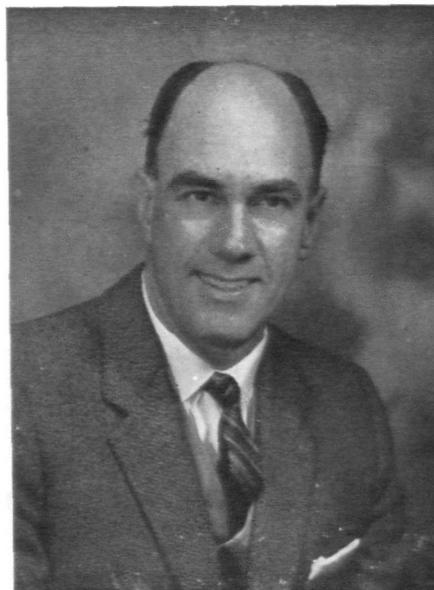
Frequent tangential slides from the initial theme of tutes have led us from philosophical reflections on shallow water b'ackout in diabetics and industrial hazards facing coopers to awesome deliberations on the dreaded asbestos belt surrounding the earth.

In short, the happy times spent with him were stimulating and looked forward to: testimony in itself to his natural flair for teaching.

WILLIAM GEOFFREY JASPER

Whether running before a good wind in the posterior fornix, tacking across the pouch of Douglas or performing a D & C with a boat hook, mornings in theatre with our senior gynæcologist are entertaining and instructive, as the complexities of the weekend's sailing are discussed with his anæsthetist. Immaculately dressed, no matter what the hour, Geoff Jasper is never late for a confinement. Students, of course, unlike fetuses, are better able to wait, so 4.30 lectures usually start about 6.00. However, the wait always proves worth while, for with his logical and systematic teaching, O & G becomes a pleasure, even for the most hardened mysogynist.

Mr. Jasper's wide experience has led to a healthy suspicion of others who would venture south of the pelvic brim . . . "General surgeons have a habit of getting their hot little hands into the pelvises of young girls—now this is alright, as long as they keep their feet on the ground!" Obviously a sad case of disproportion.





ERIC FRANCIS LANGLEY

On Mondays, last tute of the afternoon, six to eight students would be found waiting patiently though tiredly for the gum-chewing, cigarette-cigarette-cigarette-smoking surgeon to throw his surgical pearls to those not yet in the know.

Ruddy of complexion and imperturbable in nature, except when all or most of his patients had been discussed in an earlier Broadfoot tute, this casual yet aloof tutor would lead off into the ward and, with his Machiavellin questioning, lay bare the patients and our ignorance. A trying yet stimulating end to a long day.

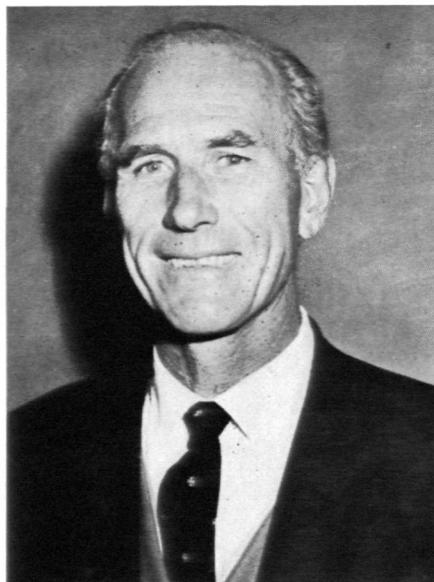
RONALD WILLIAM McGLYNN

"Anyone who doesn't wear seat belts is a moron—like me."

A dapper, charming man, looking more like a village squire in tweeds and brogues with, of course, the inevitable waistcoat and autocratic car, Mr. McGlynn, with a keen grasp of the student's thirst for knowledge, tried to simplify and categorize as far as possible the fundamentals of his profession and especially the principles of sensible shoes.

A unique sense of humour—"Don't give me any canaries"—which made learning much more bearable than the painful process it should have been, endeared this tutor to the hearts of his students, especially the females ("The bed is the best place to hide under, girlie!").

His tutorials filled admirably the criteria for an hour well spent, informative, amusing and relaxed.



RONALD WILLIAM DONALD MIDDLETON

"Principles are what you need."

Sprightly of gait, golden fob-watch always within easy grasp, Mr. Middleton introduced us to the engineering of medicine in Fifth Year, and then followed up with ward rounds in Final Year. Never did he despair, though well he might have—muscle attachments, nerve supplies, blood supplies to obscure metaphyses, all reappeared to haunt the unprepared student.

Owner of a "sports machine", complete with seat belts, this man represents the new-breed orthoped.



MR. IAN MONK

Surgeon (of the heart and lungs), Warden of the Clinical School, and "Mr. Nice Guy" are but a few appropriate titles for this easy-going member of the Country Club. Relatively unknown to us before reaching Final Year, 1969 saw him popping up all over the Hospital—Lung Lunches, Cardiology meetings and even in the wards where he tutored us, each and every one, in the mysteries of his "trade".

New to the administrative jungle he inherited on becoming Warden, Mr. Monk has wasted no time in settling in and implementing some of his own ideas. Always interested in student welfare, he has been quick to negotiate extra tutorials, and has introduced a new concept of personalization to his position. For all of this we thank him.



Associate Professor of Medicine:

DOUGLAS WILLIAM PIPER

"Do you follow, Mrs. Nerida?"

Walking the wards in his white coat, followed by eager underlings, his stethoscope plugged firmly into his neck, Dougie, as he is affectionately dubbed, is an institution at the "Country Club". Of all our tutors, none is more interested than he; knowing us all by first name, he never fails to say hello whenever he sees one of us.

Only on getting to Final Year did we come to realize that he does not regard us as being completely dumb: "It's perfectly clear to me so there is no reason why it shouldn't be perfectly clear to all of you"; in earlier years he'd made it painfully obvious that the nurses were far brighter than we.

His lectures are always completely up to date "unless something new has appeared in the last 24 hours, follow?"

Being taught by Professor Piper—an experience both humorous and stimulating—is one of the things that makes doing medicine at Royal North Shore so worthwhile.

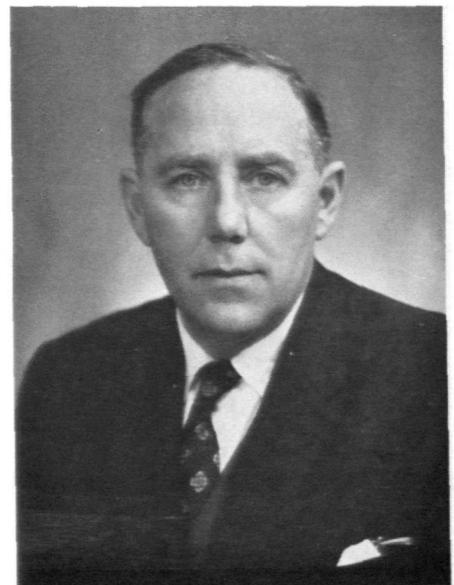


ROBERT DELMONT PUFFLETT

"Don't argue with me, son."

With his unique approach to diagnostics and therapeutics, Bob Pufflett shed new light on many a common medical problem and left a lasting impression on all who knew him. Indeed, what individual with lesser clinical acumen than this would-be bilingual physician could fail to be impressed as he followed proudly through that "veritable treasure-house" of patients.

His confidence in diagnosis is only equalled by his hesitancy to accept facts not personally experienced by himself through the years; he truly strove to make logical discussion the keynote of his clinical teaching.

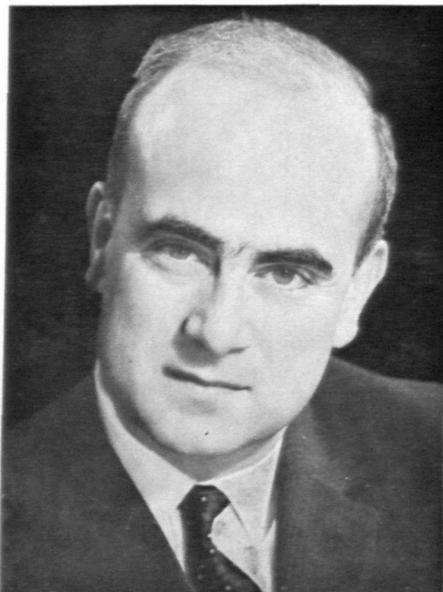




THOMAS FREDERICK ROSE

"This is hot off the press, boys."

What's in a name? Well might one ask. A Rose by any other name would, however, be rather confusing, so no mention will be made of the many aliases of this well-known surgeon. Among the heavies of heavies North of the Harbour, Mr. Rose cuts an elegantly casual figure clumping through the wards in his hob-nailed boots constantly on the alert for outbreaks of gas gangrene or the dreaded pig bel in his convalescing patients. With his justly famous taste for continental automobiles, this epitomy of surgical dynamism has excited the admiration and devotion of those students privileged to call themselves his disciples.



GEORGE SELBY

George Selby—a confusing mixture of personality traits. His brilliance in his vocation and his ability to teach, an otherwise obscure and confusing subject in an apparently unconfusing and logical way, can be questioned by none.

His tutorials were a pleasant and sometimes even satisfying interlude in an otherwise long and trying Monday. At these tutorials one became almost a convert; but after the hour, and back amongst the less esoteric, neurology once more became a clinical puzzle of no mean complication.

He will be remembered for his constant smile, of which we were most unsure: was it at us, with us, or a joke on himself?—his pipes of varying calibre and efficiency, and his ophthalmoscope which seemed to work on some ancient gearing principle which has passed into antiquity—probably of the days when there was hair.

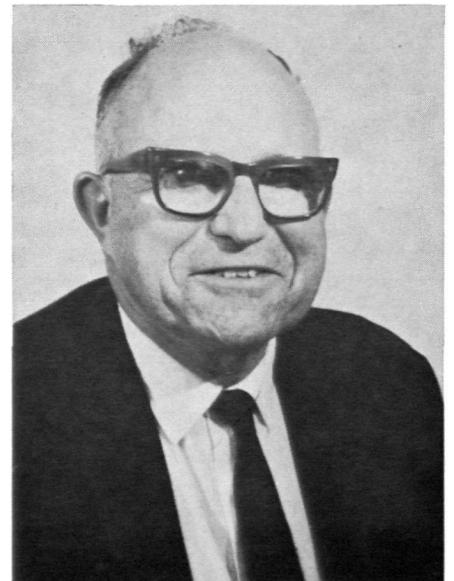
Associate Professor of Surgery:

THOMAS SMITH REEVE

"Let's face it, fellahs, there are two sorts of people: boys and girls."

Possessing a deep insight into the needs of his vast array of never forgotten patients who can, as so many claim with wonderment, "talk to him", Tom Reeve is a true gentleman of the knife with the common touch. Yet more. A thin veneer of Americanism and a delightful wit combined with a calculated and scientific approach to experimental medicine ensure his lectures are enlightening, inspiring and entertaining, if a trifle prolonged.

With a profound understanding of students and especially the late ones (one senses a certain ego gratification when he cheerfully admonishes a late-comer), "Uncle Tom" represents most of the qualities which each of us hopes to attain.



DOUGLAS SEAVINGTON STUCKEY

While commanding our attention, yet listening to our questions, this kindly tutor guided us through many topics of cardiology, both during the 8.30 a.m. Monday morning lectures and in tutorial groups.

With his well-known precision and conciseness he showed us the value of ordered, careful history-taking and observation. He always had patience and encouragement for our valiant efforts to interpret the many and varied heart murmurs that were at the end of his stethoscope but never seemed to be at the end of ours.



IAN DAVIES THOMAS

*"Apologies are degrading for both giver and receiver—
but explanations are necessary."*

If you see a tall, well-dressed gentleman with glasses and a size 16 collar around a size 14 neck, tapping his foot and waiting patiently for his students who are 30 seconds late, it is likely to be Dr. Ian Thomas—punctual, precise and methodical. His interest in students and his keenness to teach ensures that his tutorials are well attended. He has a sardonic wit and acknowledges that outside the field of endocrinology he has limitations—"Breasts? Two? I didn't count them. Anyway, that's gynæcology!"

Dr. Thomas insists that by cramming one's head full of unimportant facts "neuronal dropout" is prevented. His favourite pastimes are watching T.V. (??) and attending musica viva concerts (he plays a mean liquorice stick himself).

We congratulate him on his appointment to the senior staff and recommend his tutorials to all oncoming students.

OTHER PERSONALITIES

This page of the Year Book is reserved exclusively for other distinguished personalities whose profiles have not appeared on previous pages, but nevertheless to whom we give as much if not more credit for our sometimes questionable knowledge of clinical medicine and surgery. It contains more names than any other page of this book.

As clinical virgins in Fourth Year we were ably tutored by John Castle, John Moulton, Geoffrey Cutler, together with John Wingfield, Max Elliott (complete with spotted kerchief) and Murray Lloyd, "there are 13 causes of a collapsing pulse . . .".

The kaleidoscope which was Fifth and Sixth Years produced an endless variety of new and interesting faces and personalities. Surgery was brought to life by "Chook" Fowler, Harry Richards and Ray Hollings, whose bed-side diagnoses fascinated us all. Ted Morgan and his crew in his "anæsthetic terms" taught us all there was to know about THE subject. Dr. Gee instructed us in the finer aspects of urology (are there any?) and Mr. Dowe and Mr. O'Donnell in the inspection of a hundred inaccessible recesses in the ear, nose and throat. Rex Becke and Keith Myers kept us guessing in dermatology clinic, while Dr. Sterling-Levis and Dr. Halliday demonstrated fundoscopic gymnastics in the eye clinic.

We were given some insight into the esoteric diagnoses of psychiatry by Ralph Schureck and John Ellard, and were instructed ably by John Grant and Robin

Rushworth in the more obvious problems of neurosurgery; Eric Davis, whose ability to demonstrate an enormous variety of neurological signs with minimum effort, performed regularly each Friday at 0900 hours.

Neonatal pædiatrics was demonstrated precisely by Dr. Clair Isbister and less precisely by Bob Vines, both with some success.

Orthopædic lectures by Keith Daymond and his time spent with us in O.P.D. were greatly appreciated, as was John Solomon's methodical approach to this subject. Ray Robinson's arthritis clinic was enlightening, as was Ian Hales on thyroid—"has that confused the issue?". That master of the catheter lab. Laurie Donnelly assisted us most ably in the mysteries of cardiac arrhythmias and their management.

To the registrars "who taught us all they knew" go our thanks: Dick Herrmann, Harry Woods, David Champion ("Let's run through it systematically"), John Snowden, Tim Heap, Nick Kringas, Richard De Lambert, Steve Leeder, Bill Buddee, John Davies, Mike Stuckey, John Pardy and John Finlayson.

Instruction in pathological oneupmanship came from Keith Viner Smith, P.U.O. and viruses from Bill Chia, and interpretation of "needless" biochemical tests from Dr. Radcliff. Finally, Keith Jones as the Country Club's "king red blood cell", imparted to us a few of the gems which are his alone to give.

"NEVER HAVE SO MANY DONE SO MUCH
FOR SO LITTLE."

“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.

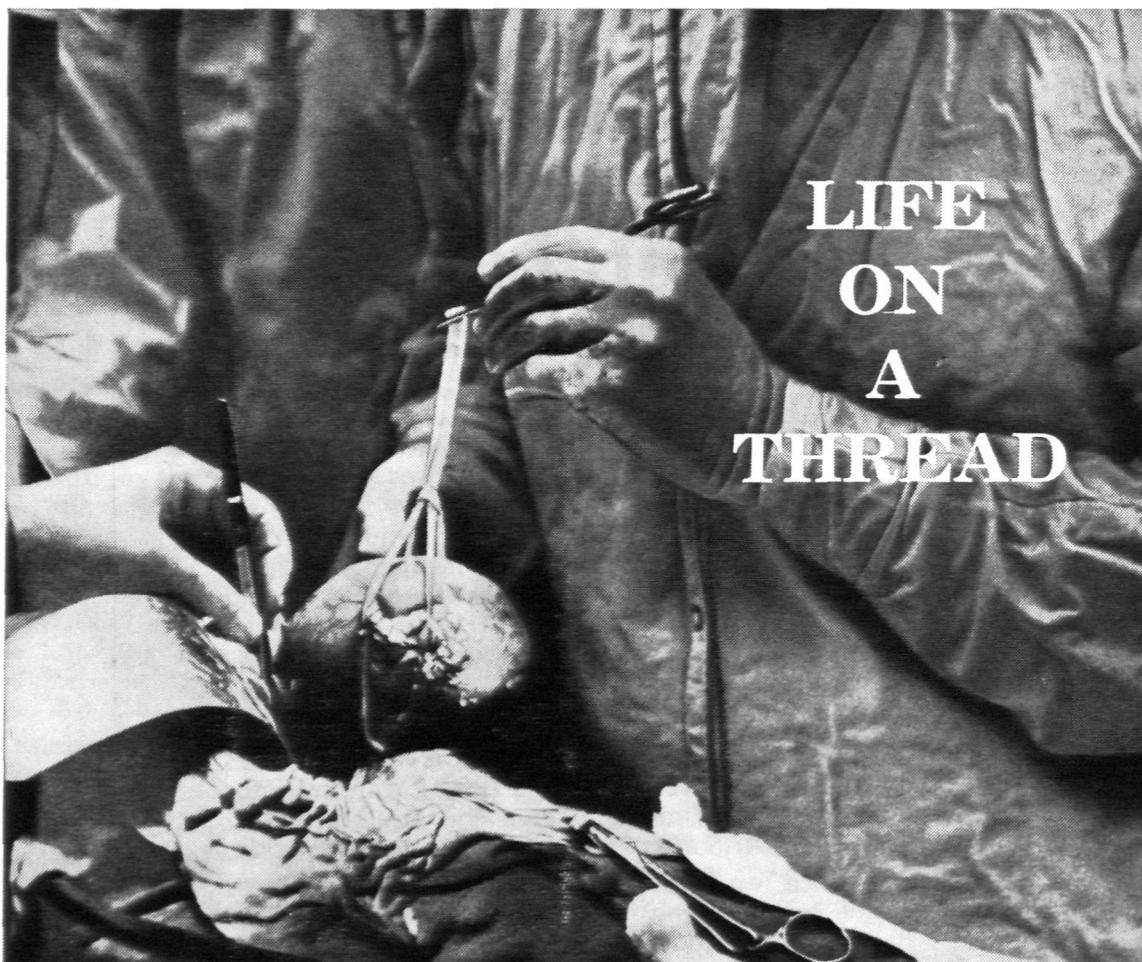
Progressive expansion has continued. Watson Victor is now the largest manufacturer and distributor of quality medical/scientific equipment in the Southern Hemisphere, and our export record is a healthy one.

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LIFE ON A THREAD

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The discovery of highly specialised drugs such as 'Imuran,' whilst of great medical importance, can never be of significant economic value to their originator. They are developed only after years of extensive, costly research, and research of this nature does, of course, need constant support.

Each time you prescribe for a patient, whether it be a simple analgesic or a more specific therapeutic agent, you can endorse the fine work of The Wellcome Research Laboratories by specifying a 'B.W. & Co.' product whenever possible.



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THE STUDENTS

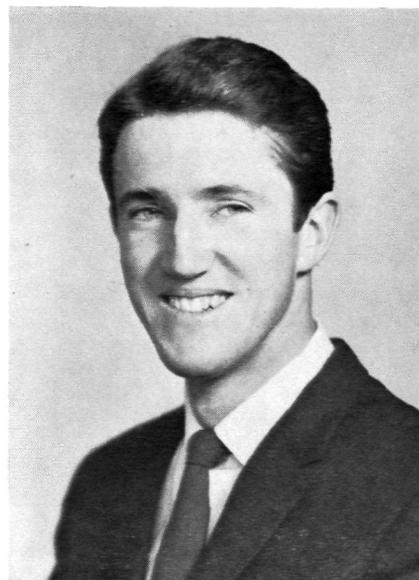
BRIAN HUXTABLE ADAMS

"... are you always late, Mr. Adams, Mr. Adams?"

Brian wandered into medicine from North Sydney Boys' High and has continued to impress by his chronic lateness in attending lectures, tutorials—even exams.

A quiet, reserved and thoughtful member of Final Year, Brian can be relied upon to express his opinion in precise form: "Ah . . . well . . .", and also affirms deep Christian convictions. He has maintained an active interest in his church and sport, having played squash for a university team during the last few years.

Brian's thoughts on specializing in pædiatrics may or may not persist but his tolerance and concern for patients will be of value in whatever field he enters.



PHILIP JOHN BENJAMIN

"I'll drink to that."

"Big Phil" arrived on the medical scene from Barker College and has continued to impress in many of the extra-curricular activities.

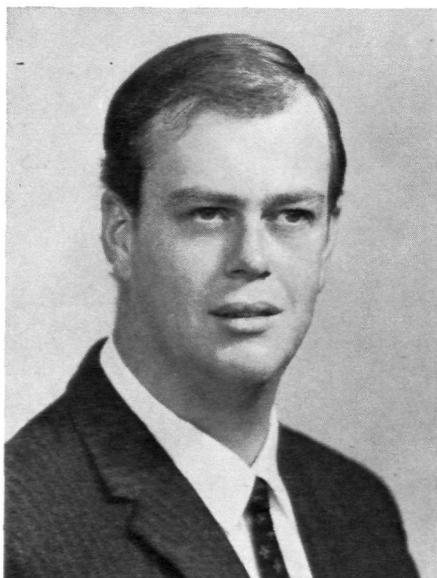
Like many largish chaps, he is endowed with a "Panda-bear" type personality epitomised by his prowess as a "lump of a forward" in the subtle art of getting to know you, football. He provides an interesting mixture of Christian connections and the gay way of life.

This veteran medical undergraduate:

*"Ye lyfe so shorte,
Ye crafts so longe to lerne"*

(—HIPPOCRATES)

hopes to become a general practitioner in some area outside the booming metropolis where we feel sure he will find his rewards.

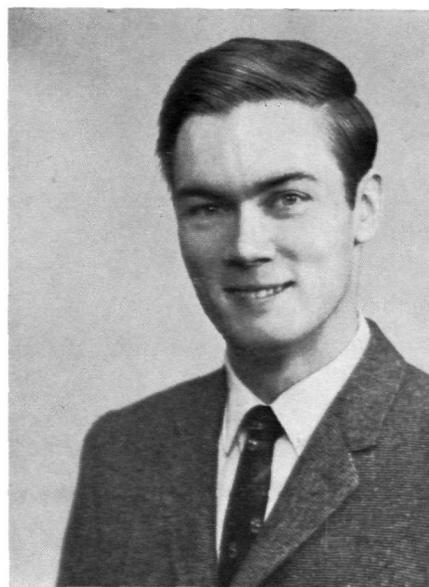


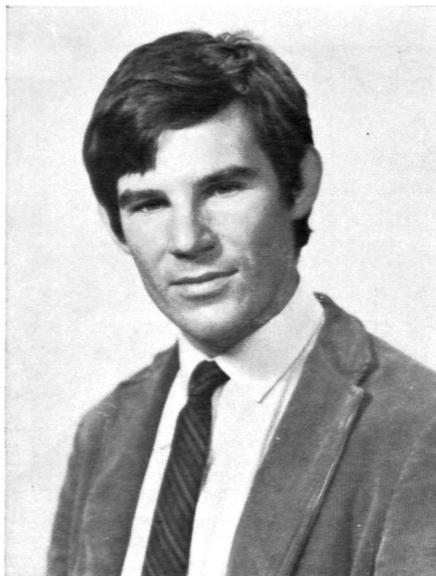
DAVID JOHN BENSON

David joined us after serving five years at Fort Street Boys' High School, and despite warnings from his mathematics teacher that the only hope he had of not being an embarrassment to his parents was to get out and get a job, entered the Medical Faculty.

During his time as a student, he has never been known not to have a current pet theory on one topic or another. These have ranged from how to pass exams easily (learn your work), to how to avoid costly car repairs (buy a new car), to his most famous theory on how two people can live cheaper than one, which culminated in his marriage at the end of Fourth Year.

All this notwithstanding, David has had little trouble keeping his head above water, both socially and academically, and because of his mature and thoughtful approach to life, we feel sure he will make an excellent future for himself.





IAIN SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL BRUCE

He appears between ten and one, a rather incongruous figure looking as though he has just been woken up.

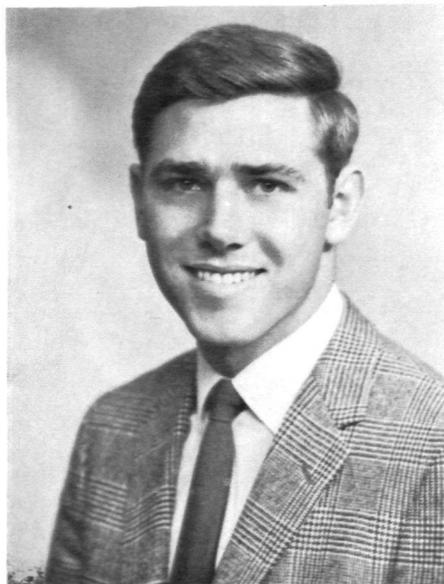
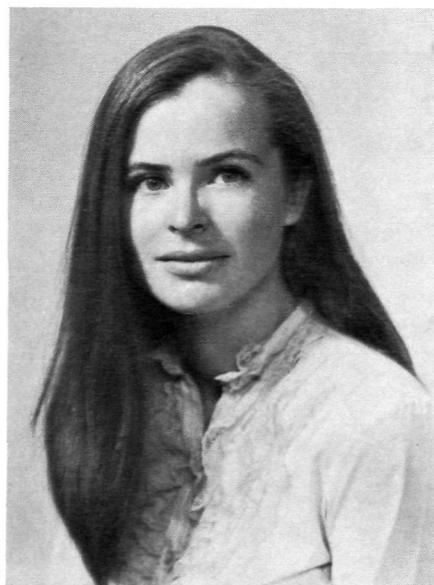
His contribution to tutorials is generally paramedical (e.g., medical history), and he has provoked many a tutor with his outspoken views on medical ethics and economics.

Around five he returns home, lovingly coaxing his battered motorcycle into life and disappearing in a cloud of thick blue smoke. But after supper, when you pile logs on the fire, and bring out a flagon of rough red, he comes to life. He will talk about Marxism, Rosicrucianism, amateur veterinary orthopædics, or his plans for his next (fourth) degree, etc., and will, in fact, have something interesting to say on almost any topic you would like to name.

NERIDA COOMBS (NÉE BURTON)

"Got to miss that lecture to do the bloomin' shopping."

Whilst the classical scholars amongst us will immediately recall the fifty Nereids (literally "the wet ones") of Greek mythology who were sea nymphs, daughters of Nereus, a prophetic old man of the sea, Nerida tells us that her name actually comes from an aboriginal word meaning "water lily". Despite her devotion to the healing arts and her chronic compulsive knitting, this charming young woman has been in many ways a mother to us all; until last year, that is, when her affections, maternal and otherwise, became permanently fixed on one Jerome Coombs. Needless to say, they are at the moment living happily ever after and we wish them both much success in their future profession.



ROBERT ARTHUR COOPER

"I know the results are on the board, but. . ."

Bob came from Holy Cross College, Ryde, where he was captain in 1963. His colleagues have always thought him to be a far better clinician than his results have indicated, as he is extremely thorough and perceptive.

After acquiring a taste for Scotch and discarding his attraction for geographically impossible birds, he is now a regular attender of both "turns" and tutes, finding it far more convenient to be driven than to drive. Bob is a keen Rugby League supporter (Balmain) and a poor guitar player—as his friends will vouch!

He is a valuable friend and we wish him well in his hopes to return to his home town, Coffs Harbour, after graduation.

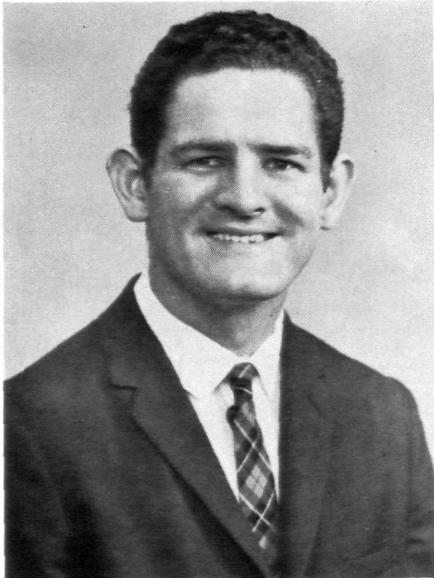
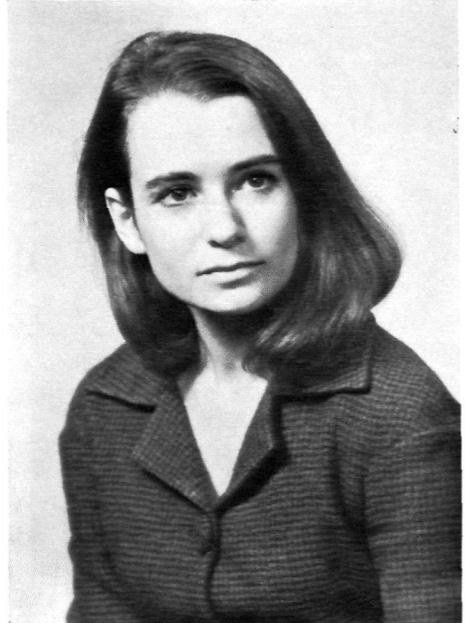
GINA SUZANNE COTTEE

"Ummm. . ."

This diminutive, brown-eyed embodiment of the feminine mystique wafts her personal charm like a sweet zephyr over her (alas) unappreciative peers. Short-sighted and a sexy dancer, and undisputed master of the lax-finger percussion technique, she may be seen scurrying about the hospital tirelessly fulfilling her duties as group administrator.

An unfailing charm with elderly patients belies her antagonism to the welfare state, and such ferocity behind the steering wheel surely would be rarely associated with such calm outward serenity.

Extra-curricular activities include a passion for the arts, spelology and becoming stranded on the Snowy Mountains slopes. A shy admission to a liking for anæsthetics indeed gives wind of a promising future.



VICTOR GOLEBY CRITOPH

"Sorry I'm late, Sir."

Emerging from Fort Street Boys' High as a young man well established in the fields of physics and chemistry, Vic pursued a problematical but successful passage through medicine.

Vic's vast knowledge of the changing scene of the car market throughout the world has greatly benefited us all, even if at times his intricate descriptions were well beyond us. His willingness at all times to participate in anything that was on—especially to make a fourth at bridge—has made him many friends.

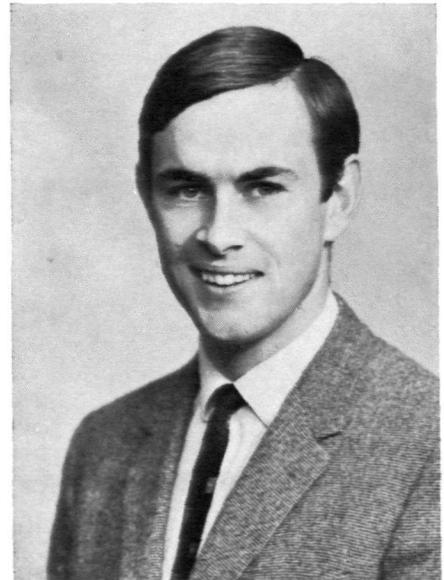
As a medical student, Vic's great knowledge of physical signs and thoughtful application of these to the patient's problem will make his future a very enjoyable and successful one.

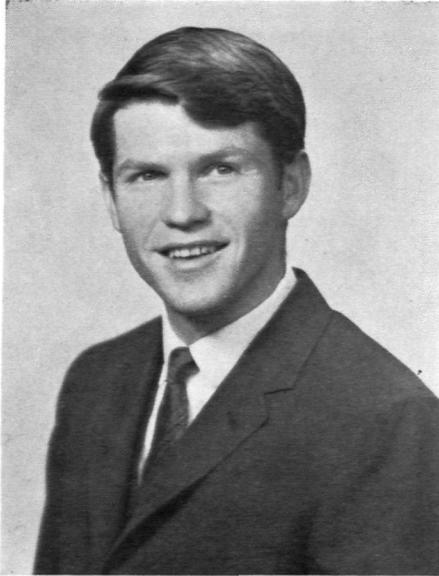
JOHN ALEXANDER DARLING

". . . typically South Australian."

Generating superbly the atmosphere of the "Country Club", John's preferences for the golf course, the surf, the footer, the vineyards and occupational therapist(s), have successfully maintained his interests in proportion. Shore did a lot for this boy—in medicine he showed us his real form. Acquisition of bird, bike, beard, bonds, pipe and brogues. The Adelaide convention saw John abandon his questionable ego controls and preconceived notions of academic endeavour for the pursuit of Bacchus, whom he incidentally caught.

John is held in high regard by his fellows. He is a valuable friend. With his riding boots and moleskins, John looks forward to country practice with Rosanne. His future can only be rosy.





ROGER FRANCIS DETHLEFS

Not the least curious among Roger Dethlef's many remarkable attributes is the pronunciation of his name. He is, as he modestly explains, one of the few surviving descendants of a tribe of marauding Viking thugs who flourished in Scandinavia circa A.D. 900 (which perhaps explains his somewhat eccentric addiction to Prince Valiant comics).

It is difficult to do justice to this far-from-gloomy Dane in a few words. One must mention his sensitive interpretations of Beethoven on the psychiatric unit piano, his mastery of table tennis, his tutorial soliloquies . . . the list is lengthy, but fortunately not endless. A belief in the hereafter combined with that ready sense of humour, enabling him to see the funny side of almost any disease and a deep-seated kindness to animals, make Roger the archetype of what a doctor should strive to be.

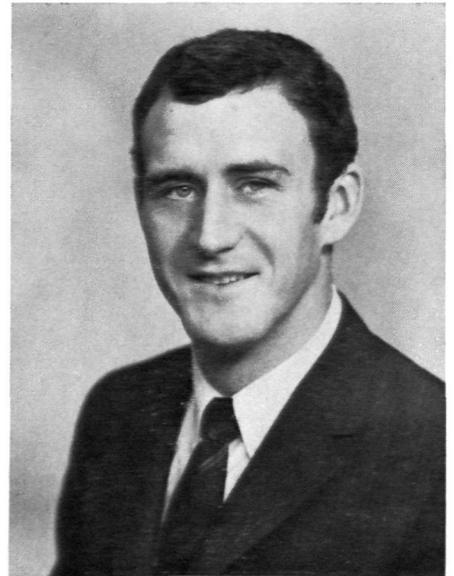
PETER EDWARD GILLESPIE

" . . . the fellow in the maroon jumper."

Pete came from Fort Street High in 1963 and after a shaky start in medicine has come good in the straight (so well, in fact, that the stewards were nearly called in!). He has always enjoyed a good life and a "quiet ale", winning many a "boat race" in his earlier years (he still can't row!), and he has maintained Med's supremacy at a few dental balls.

After being financially salvaged by his friends, by honouring a bet to abstain from the poker machines for one year, Pete deserted the boys in elective term to gain a beautiful wife. He and Penny honeymooned in scenic Dungog.

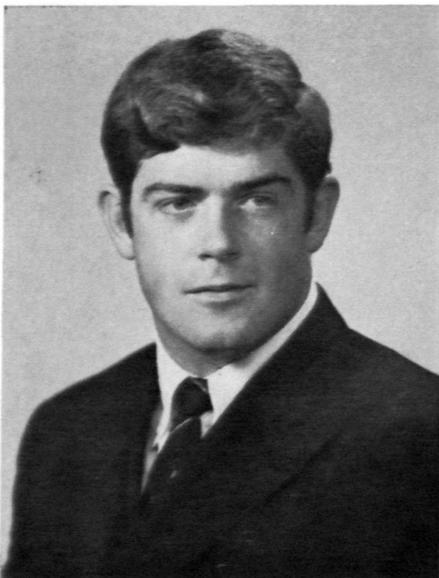
Every success is sure to be his after graduation.



JOHN MEREDITH HARRISON

" . . . and what does that tie stand for, Mr. Harrison?"

Despite his enthusiastic attempts to gain a publication in *J. Neg. Res.* with his, to say the least, abstruse investigations into the detailed circulatory pattern of strange beasts, and despite his not insignificant role in a whole spectrum of water-polo teams ranging from C.H.S. through Inter-Dominion to Australia's quasi-Olympic team (his debut into the international swimming arena was his being rescued from the Asswan Dam by the U.S. Sixth Fleet during the '56 Suez crisis), student Harrison did eventually make it to Final Year . . . a not-altogether-unmysterious figure with those fond memories of his beloved plasticine age and even more beloved Healey 3000. It is doubtful if wild whammies will stop his progress now. Anyone for a dip?



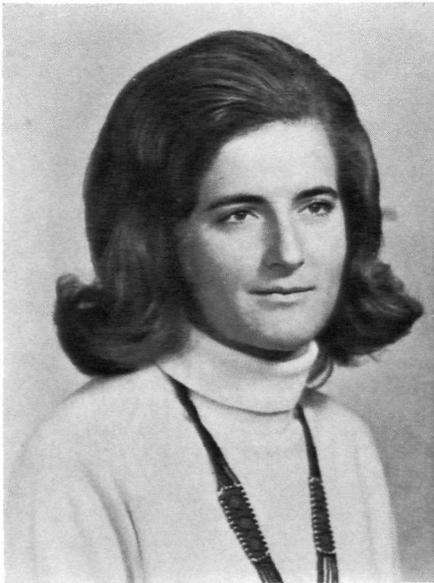
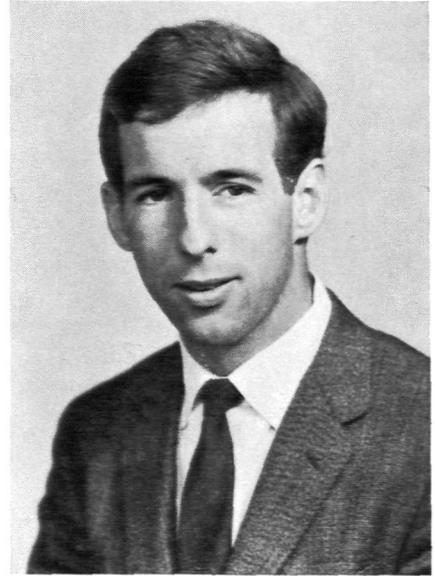
GORDON CHRISTOPHER HOWE

"This depends on a number of factors, Sir!"

Chris entered medicine after a year in the merchant navy—perhaps this accounts for his profound ability to "waffle" convincingly on any known medical subject.

Remembered by those who know him for his sincerity, outspokenness and the possession of a tremendous sense of fun and of the ridiculous, his exploits whilst "living-in" during clinical years are unparalleled and probably best forgotten—who else would engrave a students' win on the "students-residents" football trophy the day before the game was played?

A talented footballer, a keen Christian, and a sailing enthusiast, Chris has not allowed medicine to interfere with these activities—perchance some day his enthusiasm will be channelled into medicine?



HANA HRONES

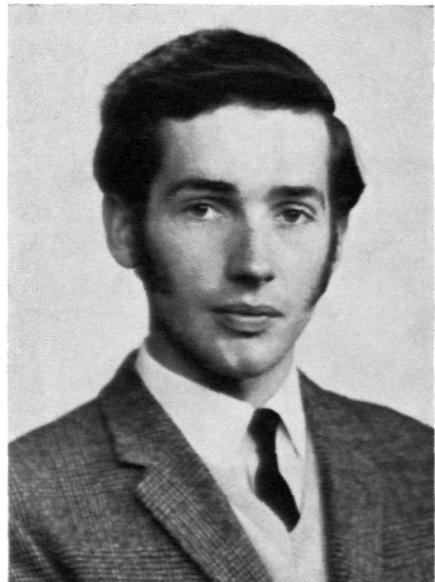
It was a good year that year! Nurtured on the southern slopes during the winter months, Hana acquired a promising colour. Smooth and full bodied, she has been gently coaxed to maturity in the coolest wards, by men skilled in their craft. Eagerly sought by connoisseurs, she travels well on a pair of excellent legs or in a small Japanese car. During unallocated term she was highly prized at Munich beer festivals and blended with others of similar vintage on the sunny side of the Alps.

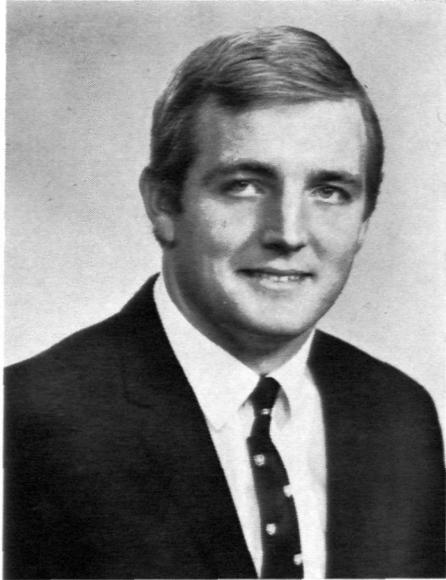
Hana mixes perfectly at parties, has served with distinction at inter-*varsity* and will certainly go down well in her future employment (for medicinal purposes only).

MARK JOHNSON

Mark Johnson spent his early life at Picton, his university years at Wesley College. His constitution was far from weak, but believing his health was promoted by exercise and change of place, he undertook (1968-69) a journey into Europe and Asia, of which his account, so far as it extends, is very curious and elegant. Criticism, metaphysics and medicine made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement; and he had a fine taste in music, prints, architecture and gardening.

In the science of diagnosis and the other arts he is, to himself at least, innocently employed and to others certainly beneficially.





CHRISTOPHER JOHN LOWRY

"Oh, he's got a lovely naval uniform, uniform . . . !"

Chris started medicine in 1964 after attending Knox Grammar School. An accomplished sportsman, being keen on football and surfing, he may be found at "Little Avalon" in the early hours of every Saturday morning regardless of the weather or his physical state. He was married in 1967 and now has a son.

It is felt by his friends that he joined the Navy for reasons other than his well-known love of the sea—or is it just that he likes schooners close by?

Chris has an enquiring, pedantic nature and has extended many a tutorial by asking "One final thing, Sir—what's the prognosis?"

We wish him good luck in his future career.

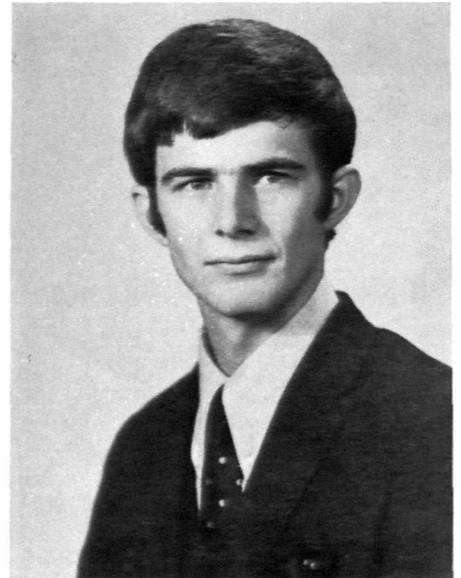
ROBERT CARLETON LYNEHAM

"OK group . . . here's a little test!"

Premature and misguided aspirations towards the bar meant Bob's early education was classically orientated. This was fortunately reversed, but is still reflected in his sartorial elegance and turn of tongue. Indeed, his way with words has stood him in good stead during tutorials where he has shown particular interest in etymology, bizarre statistical formulations and rephraseology . . . a technique for answering questions invented and extensively developed by himself.

His impeccable taste extends to women, and his shy claims to unofficial Sydney-Orange record are certainly not due simply to his extra-curricular interests in town and country planning.

He denies his winning the "Deep Pit Latrine Award" for Public Health will influence his future career.



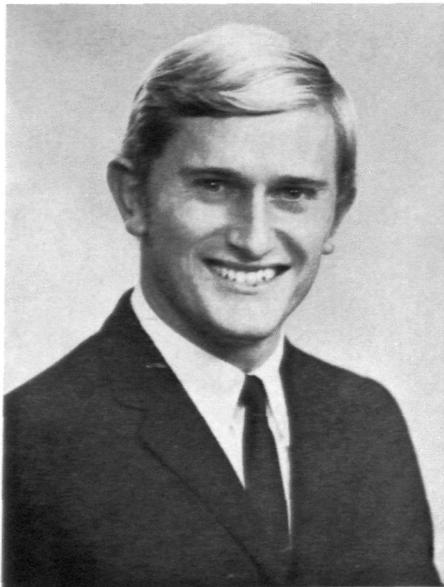
PETER LLOYD MAUNDRELL

"Have a good weekend . . . ?"

Peter came to university in 1964 after attending Newington College, and since then has moved smoothly through the course. Although a person of quiet, friendly disposition, Pete has never let the tutors get him down and on more than one instance has risen to the occasion, matching the tutor's own comments.

A keen golfer off single figures, he has successfully combined extra-Faculty activities with his studies, and it can be said that he has passed through medicine in par figures (with only one "birdie" on the way). Nor has he let medicine interfere with his other loves—bridge, table tennis and surfing.

Yet all will agree he is a painstaking historian and a precise clinician, and we know he will do well in the field he chooses. We wish him every success.



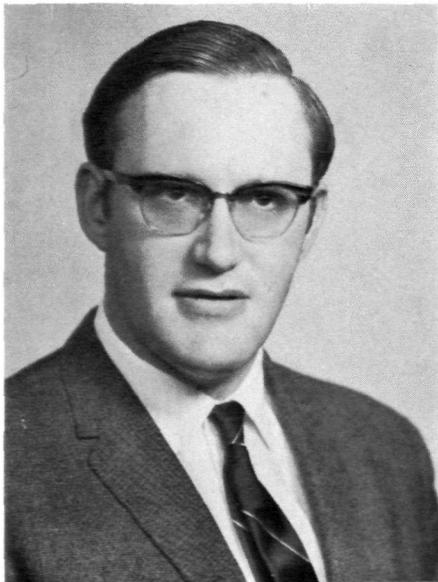
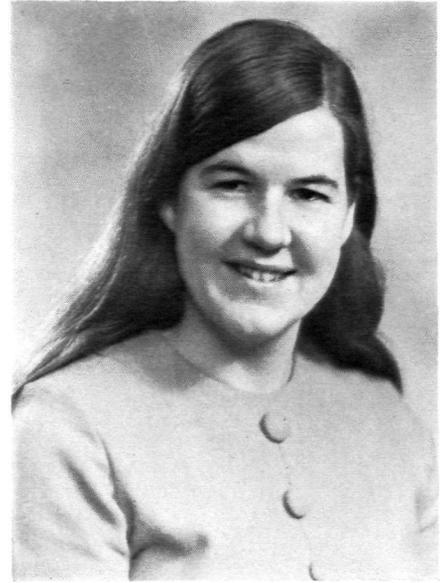
SUSAN BARBARA RETTIE

"Oh, I was just going to say that!"

Sue came to the University in 1964 from Hunters Hill High and has breezed effortlessly through Medicine. Her results, sporadically brilliant, have been obtained with "no work" (e.g., credit in anatomy after one weekend's work!), and she has excelled at the obscure, topping dermatology and ophthalmology at R.N.S.H.

During the clinical years she helped her group immensely, drawing on her vast family history of all diseases . . . "Oh, I've had that too" . . . and she has demonstrated admirably the cunning art of evading all tutors' and examiners' questions.

Fond of Kaiser Stuhl Rosé and unfairly thought of as "one of the boys", she was engaged to an engineer in late 1968—but we still wish her well.



JOHN ALBERT ROBERTS

John came to medicine from Cranbrook School, having gained honours in English and Ancient History; this may lead to the question why he enrolled in the Medical Faculty. During his pre-clinical years this question occurred both to him and most definitely to his tutors.

In the clinical years, J.A.R. felt more at home, and became convinced of his correct choice of profession, being able to make the most of his interest in patients as individuals. He hopes to be able to enter a field where it is possible to maintain the personal doctor-patient relationship.

John has many interests, including politics, economics, history and music. In addition, his uninhibited love of the good things of life make him a welcome addition at parties.

His friends wish him a happy and successful future.

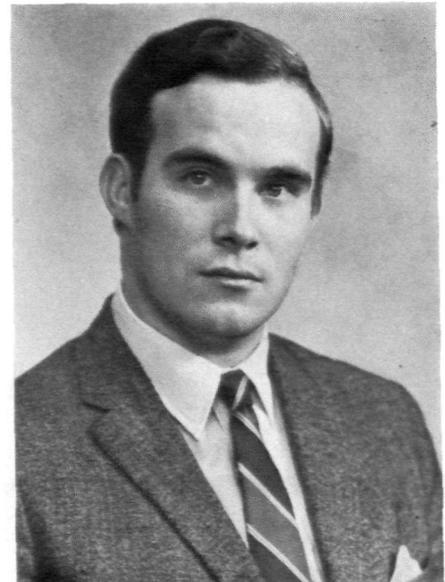
COLIN McINTOSH ROSE

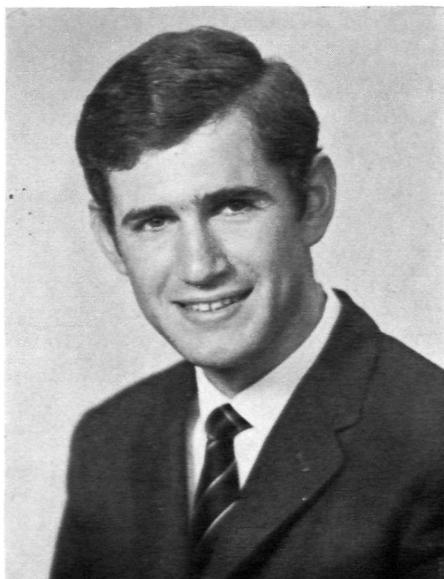
"What a lovely day for a roll on the lawn!"

Colin's arrival in Bombay in 1954, although too late to alter the course of the Indian mutiny, ensured the fluency in several Hindi dialects so essential to the acquisition of a more than medical education. On entering medicine he was immediately christened "Rosebud" and elected to the post of hospital rep.

A self-confessed bon vivant, Colin is addicted to such pleasures as Filipino fleshpots yet still maintains an active interest in Australian females. As an opera enthusiast and keen horticulturalist, his attention is divided between Verdi and the aspidistras, while other diversions include such Bacchanalian pursuits as cooking (cordon bleu), thrashing a Mini-Minor and solid drinking, the latter talent acquired in obstetrics term and perfected during unallocated term in Hong Kong.

Despite these social handicaps, Colin's calm competence and ready sense of humour guarantee his popularity and future in the medical profession.





GEORGE LESLIE RUBIN

"Excuse me, Sir, sorry for interrupting, could I ask a question please?"

With his inestimable charm and delightful tact, George inevitably leaves a stream of swooning women as he passes around the "Country Club". "Oh that little Goerge, he is louverly!", the cry still reverberates through the hospital.

Despite having empirically proven that one can have a normal P.B.I. with thyrotoxicosis, George undertakes activities both curricular and extra-curricular with enviable zeal and enthusiasm. The obsession for 0-50 times of this seasoned world traveller is a true indication of his fast living.

With his pseudo-Littmann and brilliant auscultatory mechanism, this plectrum-plucking Duane Segovia can only go forwards. Look out, Paul Wood!

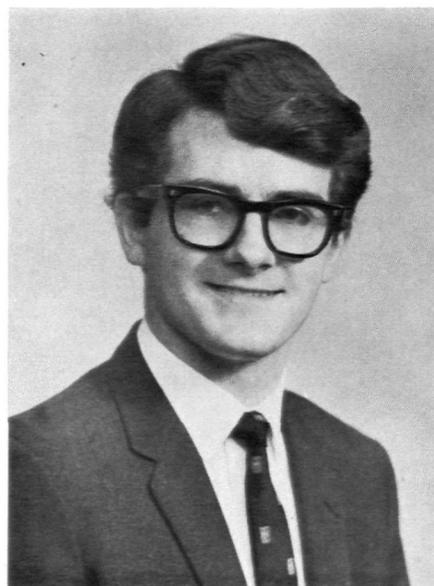
MICHAEL DESMOND RYAN

"Oh no! What a unit—out of control."

Leaving Ireland at the age of 12, Mick attended Riverview College before commencing medicine in 1964. A person of tradition, he has retained his Irish brogue and his battered blue and white old boys' jumper and has maintained a healthy Irish interest in meaningful things—namely birds and whisky. His manic interest in cars, his ability as group representative due to marked obsessive-compulsive traits, and an indescribable love for both Bob Dylan and Bach, stimulated his great interest in psychiatry.

Meeting Mick has been a "brain-softening" experience.

Hoping to be not only competent, but wealthy, he dreams of a country practice. We wish him well, and issue warning to both man and animal alike!



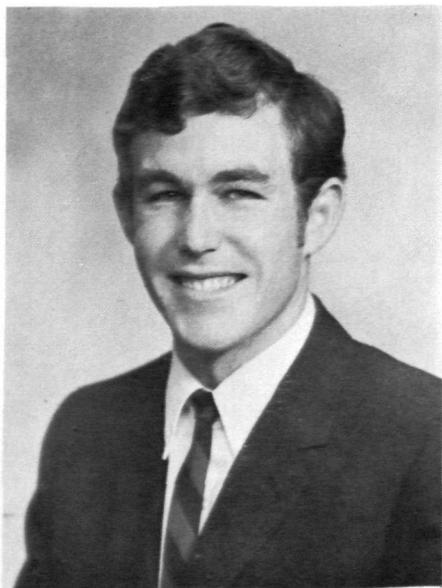
NICHOLAS ANDREW SAUNDERS

"Coupla hands, anyone?"

Nick left Newington College in 1962. After working for a year he began his medical career in 1964 with brilliant results, the standard of which has not declined in the following years. He has always impressed his colleagues with his academic and general achievements, about which he is extremely modest.

Nick has always been a keen and successful sportsman, particularly enjoying golf and football. He enjoys a wide range of recreational activities—predominant among these is bridge.

Nick married his lovely wife, Libby, during elective term and spent a "working honeymoon" in a New Zealand hospital. We wish him every success and know he will reach the top of whatever field he chooses.



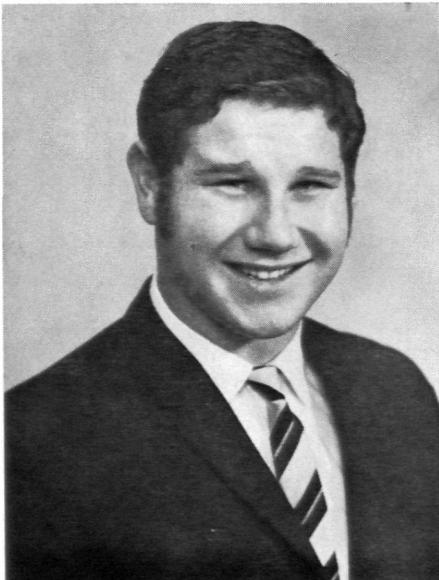
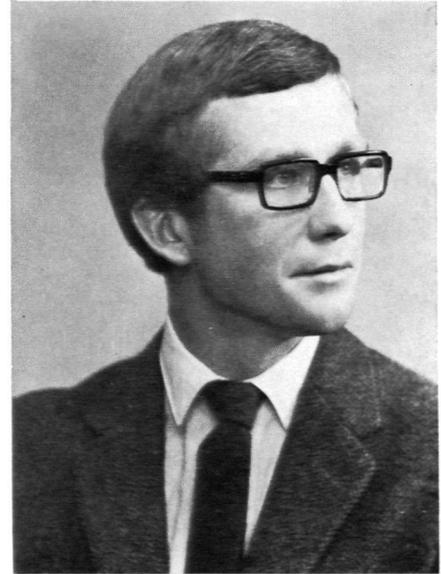
JULIAN GRANT SHORT

"Crisp and delicious. . ."

Burdened with a schizophrenic smile, a Hillman Pimple, and the largest collection of brown woollen ties known to man, Ian has gambolled through medicine.

Entering the Faculty in 1964 after a disturbed childhood (!) spent in Sydney's northern beach suburbs, Queensland, England and Europe, he rapidly adjusted to the social demands of his chosen profession. Study, he has found an interesting recreation, and a pleasant break from the interminable tedium of drinking (dry red and "ginkers-and-tonkers"), girling, and skiing.

Spurred on by his enthusiasm for new experiences, unallocated term was spent mingling with the masses in Hong Kong and, to a lesser extent, Japan. Only recently has he recovered sufficiently to think about taking his place in the sober ranks of the medical profession, for which we wish him all the best.



MICHAEL DAVID STEINER

Resounding with the qualities of an education at Cranbrook, Michael entered the Faculty and soon became known to us all.

To Michael's leisurely progress through the course we attribute his uncanny ability to remember and quote from material given "in that tutorial in the beginning of Fourth Year". Renowned for that "quick hand of bridge" and those bright red socks, Michael's only problem lies in finding enough to occupy himself without having to resort to that fearful student vice of study. To this end he is fairly successful.

Occasionally exasperating, but always stimulating company, his wit is spontaneous and original, and being interested in almost everything and with opinions to match, Michael is always frank and forthright in expressing them (his famous exhortation on exophthalmos).

We wish Michael well wherever he goes and know that his patients will appreciate his cheerful approach and sincere understanding.

DENNIS WILLIAM SUNDIN

"Aw, I don't think I'll go to that tute."

Quiet, modest and a surprisingly good worker, Dennis is one of the few chaps who seems to have gone right through medicine without making a single enemy.

Coming to us from North Sydney Tech. High, he pursued an uninterrupted course, faring rather better than a gentleman most of the time.

His fame as a sportsman is great, and at anything from A-grade hockey to billiards, he's deadly.

This fondness for sport has led to one of his main failings: he says one can't play golf and go to tutes at the same time—he likes golf.

It is at lunchtime that we like him best—with his usual pie and inevitable "Coke", playing bridge—he's happy. A real nice guy!





TANYA RENNETE TARENTY

"From Russia with love. . ."

Born on the other side of the world, Tanya was transplanted at an early age to Wagga Wagga, where, with the aid of the latest immunosuppressive techniques she flourished. A second transplant placed her bang in the middle of medicine, 1963.

Since then she has thrown herself into Faculty life both at uni. and later at the "Country Club". She has reaped as she has sown . . . Melbourne Convention (1966), senior women's rep. on the Medical Society (perennially), demolition of the old R.N.S.H. students' quarters (1968), Auckland (unallocated term).

Between sporadic cramming sessions, Tanya has managed to nurture a love for bridge, red wine and medicos, the latter always a little older and more distinguished than her colleagues. In short, she has proven that "a med. bird need not be a dead bird" and we all wish her luck.

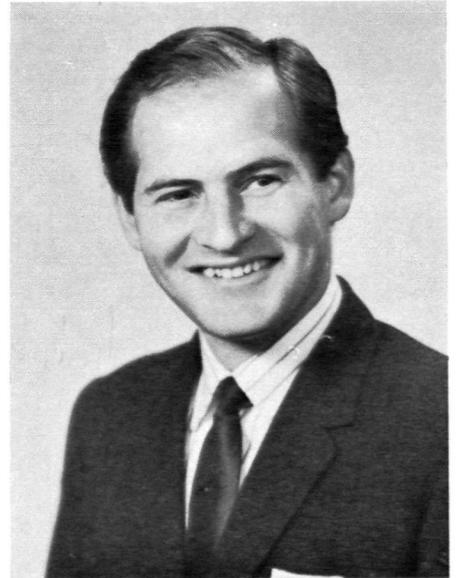
MATHEW ALEXANDER NICHOLAS VADAS

"That's werry wague."

This syndrome developed from a spontaneous mutation in Buda, spread to Pest, and is now reported from Thredbo to Philadelphia. Its bizarre manifestations are nothing less than protean.

Occurring mainly in youth, a pathological craving for both renal tubular function and the esoteric mysteries of the lateral geniculate nucleus offers a serious prognosis. Happily, a love of classical music and an insistence on five-card major openings affords some relief for the often unsuspecting victim. The *sine qua non* of the syndrome is a boisterous but tardy entry into a lecture with tie, belt, stethoscope, pullover, white coat and Paul Wood draped around the neck and splattered with Tabac.

If one survives the early symptomatology the long-term outlook is excellent.



JOHN RICHARD VALLENTINE

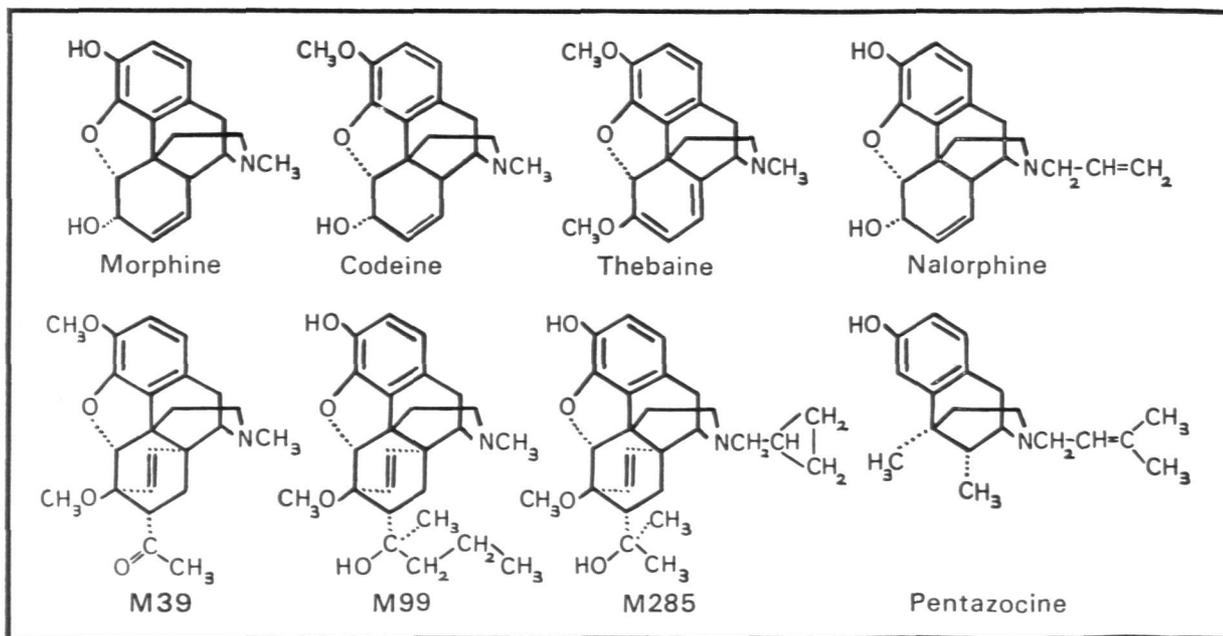
"I prefer Mozart's Third Sebaceous Horn Concerto. . ."

To doctor, or not to doctor: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the psyche to suffer
The doses and harms of outrageous treatments,
Or to take arms against a tide of tutes,
And by opposing end them? To miss: to sleep;
Much more; and, by a sleep to say I yearn
"Le Sacre" and the thousand grand bassoons
My lips are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To miss, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to snore: ay, there's the rub;
For in that tute of death what dreams may come
When I have hitch-hik'd off through Turkestan.
Thus sweet id doth make bikies of us all;
And thus the hirsuit facies of bold verity
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of 'pothecary.



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REPATRIATION GENERAL HOSPITAL, CONCORD

Concord, the youngest teaching hospital, was established for the treatment of servicemen, ex-servicemen, their widows and dependants in 1941. What it lacks in age and tradition is more than balanced by a very able teaching staff headed by Associate Professor Pheils (surgery) and Dr. N. D. Gallagher, Senior Lecturer in Medicine, and a wealth of clinical material and problems.

Traditionally a foster home for graduates of other teaching hospitals, the Repatriation Hospital, Concord, has, for the second time since World War II, been producing an alma mater of its own. The number of post-graduate degrees gained in medicine and surgery has always been high; a reflection of excellent and enthusiastic post-graduate teaching. In spite of the important role this hospital has had in the training of so many graduates, few can call it home, as most come from other teaching hospitals.

In 1966 we resumed production of a group of our own graduates and again Concord will be able to give to the world of medicine fully-trained doctors peculiarly her own.

Friendship between students and teachers and high opportunity to instruct characterizes this huge establishment of some 1,400 beds, with its ability to grip

one's interest by the diversity of the clinical material available in any sphere of medicine.

Unique, too, is the opportunity for the student to see total patient care in operation. Since ours is a uniquely stable hospital patient population, patients may be followed over several illnesses and many admissions. So, in spite of the size of this hospital, the staff still retains a sense of personal involvement with its patients, as problems arise and time passes.

This hospital is undergoing a period of change, too, in its structural configuration. The teaching and clinical sciences block, long overdue, has been started. Excellent facilities for student teaching are planned. A new suite of four modern theatres was opened in August, 1969, coupled with expansion in the pathology and biochemistry departments. Even a new set of lifts is being constructed—no longer will our students be late for lectures on the sixth floor.

We hope that your three years at the hospital gives you a sense of belonging and a wish to serve its needs and that you have enjoyed the company of your tutors as much as they have enjoyed teaching you.

Retain an interest in your hospital; seek advice within its walls when problems arise in your practice of medicine and join us at reunion times to renew old friendships.

R. M. DUNN.

THE HONORARIES



ALBERT BRUCE CONOMY

"That's train-driver medicine."

Dr. Conomy has a genuine interest in student teaching and strives to show them how to think clearly and logically. He is unusually versatile in all medical systems. His special interest is neurology and he never misses an opportunity to bring out the neurological aspects of a case. His remarkable skill is demonstrated by his ability to pick up murmurs that the cardiologist missed, and palpate the liver that the surgeon overlooked. No matter how "thick" the students would seem, he would persist until they grasped the point.

His extra tutorials were greatly appreciated and we are indeed fortunate to have had the benefit of his teaching.

Senior Lecturer in Medicine:

NEIL DAVID GALLAGHER

We are all grateful for the day when the High Command saw fit to appoint Dr. Gallagher Senior Lecturer in Medicine, and thus Commander of the Cavalry at Concord. Basically an unobtrusive person, he shows a quiet enthusiasm for all that he does, be it engaging in therapeutic battle with disease, or training his cohorts in the art of diagnostic tactics, mixing exhortations with gentle sarcasm.

He has spent much time and thought on seeking to enable and organize student involvement in the wards. We regret that we met his scheme only in Final Year, when our thoughts were mainly on book-learning. To those that follow it will surely be of great benefit.

We thank him for his patient teaching and his efforts on our behalf. We hope that we can perform up to his expectations.



STANLEY GORTON KOOREY

Although looking the part with greying hair and the garb of affluence, Mr. Koorey's fatherly advice often fell on deaf ears as one remembered him as "Stan", the former Concord student who, having made good in the world of chop, was appointed student supervisor at his old hospital. Ably assisted by his secretary, Miss McNally, he set about further advancing Concord as a teaching hospital with more accent on the student and not the supervising as well as, not unexpectedly, surgical teaching.

Working with Professor Pheils and Dr. Gallagher, the practical aspects of medicine were impressed and the more erudite offered for the taking.

For those fortunate to attend, his tutorials were outstanding as though at times, to the anguish of Les Femmes, quite upstanding as many points were discussed by bedsides and in hallways. He will be remembered as a true champ.



DOUGLAS CAMERON MACKENZIE

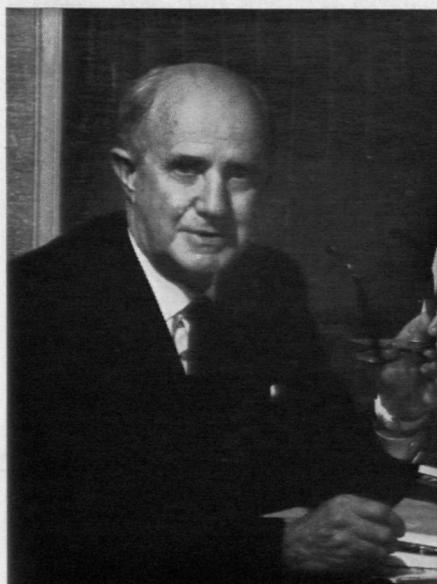
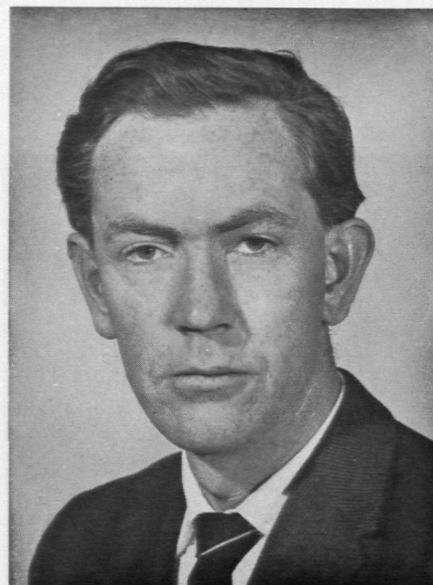
"If you are out to describe the truth, leave elegance to the tailor."

—EINSTEIN.

Doug MacKenzie's teaching is God's gift to over-confident candidates. ("You are now being marked out of 10, Mr.—!") In a manner delicately unsubtle, or subtly indelicate, he exposes clinical flaws, floors weak answers, answers knotty problems, and then ties up loose ends so that one's knowledge is considerably augmented. He showed scepticism for some aspects of student histories—"Three pints a day?—He'd spill that!"—but could quickly orientate our attention to the meat of the matter—"I've seen the file, you ninny!").

Despite all this, he is basically very modest. ("I don't care who you go to. If you want the best, you'll come to me.")

Thank you for your efforts, Doug.



JOHN PATRICK O'NEILL

"Oh yes . . . and how long is it since you've done surgery?"

Tall of stature, Mr. O'Neill also possessed ample teaching ability and, most of all, patience to inform us of medicine as an art based on science. He taught of patients and people and not only diseases or biochemical consequences. One gained much, watching his thorough, but gentle, manner with patients; but he must have wondered at times whether we had seen or heard at all, as the same mistakes occurred. However, never perturbed, his sincerity and friendliness left a deep impression on all who knew him and we are sure that his influence will be felt and seen in our future actions for some time to come.

SIR WILLIAM MORROW

Sir William staggered us by his early morning vitality, and we wish that we could only share his obvious delight in the joy of living, as well as in the exigencies of medical practice.

Although a compulsive reader of journals himself, we were delighted by his down-to-earth attitude to the more esoteric ramblings of enthusiastic registrars. The gentle humour he displayed here was also in evidence during our case presentations. Such comments as "worse than a reformed harlot", in response to a self-righteous description of an alcoholic, make us more careful in our choice of epithets.

Sir William has taught us much, and for this we thank him. We only regret the lack of opportunity to see him more often in action at the bedside.





KENNETH WILLIAM PERKINS

"Can't stay—I have to take the kids to the Show."

Dr. Perkins certainly had no cure for the chronic late-comers. Under his management they were never detected. However, once his tutorials were finally under way, the "good oil" flowed freely. He has the ability to arouse feelings of inadequacy and anxiety in both the most assured and the most apathetic, at the same time demonstrating that by logical thought all are capable of solving most problems.

He has his own individual method of presenting the therapeutic problem: "How would you want *your* third-stage Hodgkin's treated?", which tends to orientate one's thinking to fundamentals.

His calm assured manner spells confidence, and that he sometimes showed the same attitude to *our* efforts is at least heartening.

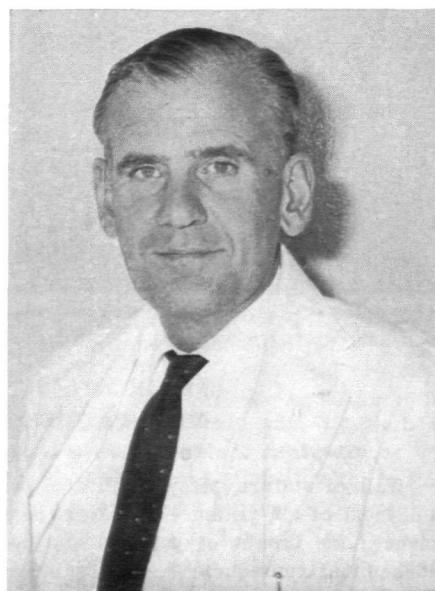
Associate Professor of Surgery:

MURRAY THEODORE PHEILS

Two years ago, this elegant Englishman added his contribution to the brain-drain from Britain. Their loss has indeed been our gain. He has quickly undermined the rigid academic peck-order in clinical meetings by inviting students to participate, and at afternoon tea by welcoming discussion on any subject from "Hair" to ingrowing toe-nails.

Professor Pheils was, until this year, the only university academic on the full-time staff at Concord. Under his guidance, an integrated surgical teaching programme was instituted, of which our class has been the first to reap the full benefit. We hope that our results will reflect the keen interest that he has shown in our welfare.

Although at times refractory, we remain warmly appreciative of his efforts.



ROBERT PETER SILVERTON

This competent tutor impressed us all with his ability to discuss any topic in a way which added not only to our knowledge (an easy task), but also to the statements on the subject made by others. Coupled with a ready humour, this made our full attention assured.

He was, perhaps, at his best in clinical meetings. He used to turn up sporadically and sit at the back, from whence he would offer erudition and wit. ("I like to sit up here—it makes them anxious to hear a voice they cannot see.")

Eminently approachable, he always had a ready answer to any question, even if it was "I'll have to look that one up" (which he *would* do). We thank him for his time and patience.



NORMAN RICHARD WYNDHAM

This kindly, paternal figure has had three opportunities to impart his knowledge to us. In Second Year, testicular descent and embryology; Fourth Year, tumours of the testis, plus appropriate embryology; and, in Final Year, a quick change of terrain to the head and neck, but still plenty of embryological points imparted. Whilst encouraging argument, dissent was usually futile, as Mr. Wyndham was able to quash any theoretical contention with vast practical experience and many, many slides, especially of personal cases.

His mission to Vietnam last year greatly enlarged his collections of invaluable slides, personal anecdotes and first-hand political knowledge.

Food and wine at the master's home was a highlight of a most profitable association with Mr. Wyndham. We hope that the carnation will be seen by many generations to come.

OUR OTHER TEACHERS

There are many who by their teaching, both formal and informal, have been a source of information and inspiration during the last three years.

In Fourth Year, Dr. Burfitt-Williams, Dr. Gallagher, Dr. Noble and Dr. Royle took us through a painless process of enlightenment by getting down to basics. They quickly affirmed that "physiology is really necessary" and "cardiology can be fun".

Mr. Gillett ("Do you think this patient is jaundiced?"—closing the yellow curtains), Mr. Healey, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Koorey demonstrated that any lump can be described in terms of site, size, shape, colour, contour, cut, clarity and caratweight.

We approached Fifth Year with a false sense of confidence. This was abruptly destroyed by:

HUGH GIBSON, who would emerge from behind a smoke-screen and form-guide to pick holes in our histories and illuminate our inadequacies. One knew that his praise really had to be earned. For his guidance and stimulation we will be constantly grateful.

TOM BURFITT-WILLIAMS, whose tutorials were full of wisdom and humour when the girls were there, but much more fun when they weren't.

ROSS DUNN, a surgeon whose no-nonsense attitude startled us at first. ("They're always belly-aching about something after gastrectomy.") Later we came to recognize the shrewdness of his judgements and the worth of his opinions. His handling of patients is a lesson to us all.

DAVE PERRY, whose bronchi were always clear, and his teaching always explicit.

MR. FURBER, a plastic surgeon who proved that, happily, the end justifies the means and may improve on the original.

DR. BEAR, who demonstrated that dermatologists never pass rash judgements.

DR. BYERS and DR. O'LEARY: Between them they infused enough knowledge for the exams. and left us more awake to the full responsibilities of anaesthetics.

DR. CHAMBERS, whose essentially practical approach to psychiatry was a welcome revelation.

DR. DAVIES, who provided marathon sessions in ENT-ology.

DR. LENNON, an orthopod with a huge collection of X-rays and a flair for imparting his knowledge systematically.

DR. LENNOX, whose patient instruction was a real eye-opener.

DR. PURSER, a placid pathologist; we never heard about acute papillary necrosis, but his bottle tutorials were a good brew.

In Final Year, we were possessed with a frightening realization of our abysmal ignorance. In our dazed wanderings around the wards we despaired of the day when we would be sufficiently non-lethal to treat patients like the ones that confronted us. Our fears were somewhat soothed by massive doses of knowledge and supportive psychotherapy from many with whom we came in contact.

PROFESSOR BLACKBURN calmly and logically dissected complex problems to basic fundamentals, then carefully assembled appropriate therapeutic regimes. Under his tutelage we gleaned many useful facts, and most importantly, an appreciation of the value of a sound approach.

DR. CARRODUS ran the gamut of urology with unerring accuracy. Possessed of a good stream (of knowledge), his quiet method of delivery was appreciated by us all.

DR. DEVENISH-MEARES and DR. MCGARRITY took us on a comprehensive tour of gynæcology and obstetrics. Although not always well-attended, their tutorials were always thoughtful, well orientated and especially helpful to those whose grasp of O & G was somewhat shaky.

MR. GRANT and MR. MCGLYNN provided us with an invaluable set of lecture-notes on orthopædics and then brought it all to life in the wards. They thus brought order into the chaos of our minds, showing again that a systematic approach is the basis for success.

DR. MATTHEW's sessions on radiology were not only an enjoyable experience, but also a revelation as to the fascination in studying shadows. By alternately mobilizing and allaying our anxieties he soon showed us what radiology is all about.

To all these men we owe our thanks. Our association with them has been enjoyable as well as profitable and we look forward to consulting them on our patients' problems in the future.



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THE REGISTRARS

As God looks after his children, so our registrars have cared for us. Fully aware of our faults and limitations, they have been eager to instruct and to encourage our halting efforts. Many of us have been hauled away

from idle conversation with the injunction "Come and have a look at *this* case", and the enthusiasm thus shown has been a great stimulus. We give them our unqualified thanks.

OTHERS

There is no denying that Judy McNally is a good bird. No one envies her job, but we all envy her cheerfulness (with everybody), tolerance (with us), and Fiji honeymoon (with her husband). Our gratitude, Judy, is unlimited.

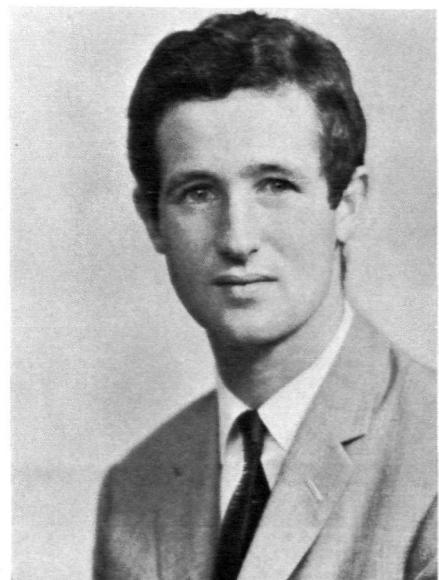
Finally, we thank the sisters and nursing staff, without whose patience and forbearing our presence in the wards would be neither a pleasure nor a possibility.

THE STUDENTS

PETER JOHN BAKER
"Well, chaps." (Beaming.)

Though diminutive in size ("I think my baby son is getting bigger than I"), Peter provided much with an easy manner, dry wit, deft ability with crosswords and plenty of tobacco smoke. All these qualities blossomed forth with the aid of a few quiet ales. He often dissents about the inadequacy of teaching. Perhaps he is speaking with some authority as he frittered away part of his youth doing the same, and is also married to the profession via Anne.

Peter has been able to fit a smooth academic career in amongst marriage, family, cab-driving, car-tending, waitering and various jobs and activities. He promises to be an excellent family doctor, judging by his many natural and acquired attributes.





PETER BILENKIJ

Peter came from Orange High School and commenced his medical course in 1964. Throughout the years he has been keen (and near exam. time—conscientious) and has progressed steadily in his studies.

In recent times he has developed a liking for neurological phenomena, such as eliciting obscure signs in patients and encouraging basic reflexes with the nurses. During the long waiting periods in obstetrics, he took up card-playing, but succeeded only in providing much amusement to others. Other activities have ranged from assisting at infant feeding to lamp testing in operating theatres.

He has never been afraid to say what he thinks, and those that have known him wish him well in his career.

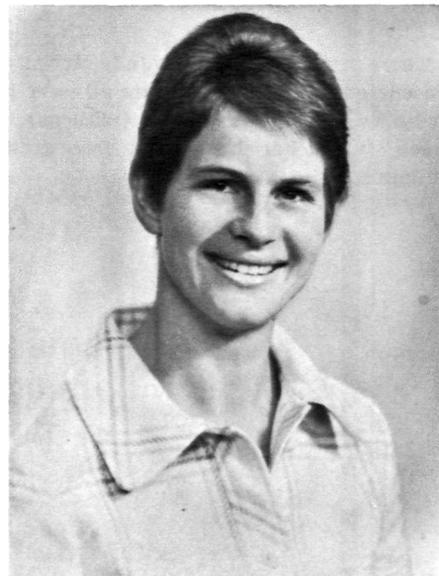
ALEXANDRA BUNE

Whilst vigorously defending her femini-st position in an academic field, Alex is continually thwarted by her own femininity. However, she has always been a champion of lost causes, and is prepared to argue any viewpoint until the oppositi-on wilts, whether she believes in it or not.

She shows her gracious manner by bestowing gifts of cake at lunch—free cake acquired from a corrupt canteen-lady.

The proposed idea to buy Alex a shooting-stick for marathon surgical tut-orials she negated by train-ing Mr. O'Neill to offer her a seat at the bedside. She has also educated her male colleagues to provide her with morning and afternoon tea.

However, she has fared less successfully with her son: "Excuse me, Sir, for being late; Matthew was hours on the potty."



DAVID TAK CHIU CHOY

Having graduated from St. Joseph's College in Hong Kong, David followed the footpaths of his cousins to come to Australia for further studies. He wanted to study engineering initially, but later found interest in medicine and decided to choose his career in the latter field.

During his course in medicine, David has always been a quiet student but a steady one. He has established himself among some of his colleagues as the swiftest accoucheur in St. Margaret's.

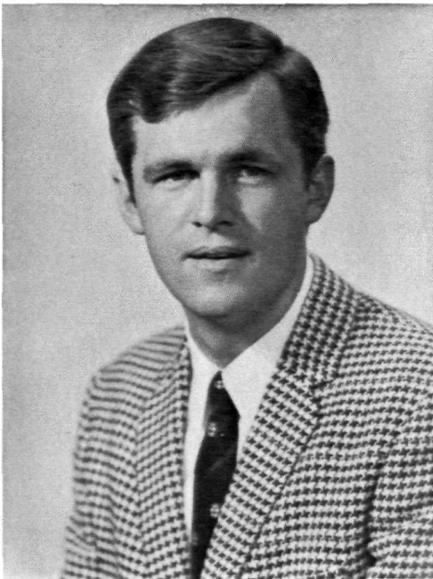
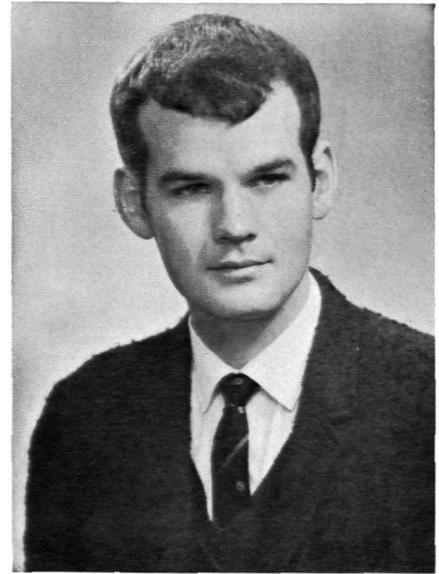
After his term in the Children's Hospital, pædiatrics stimulated his latent interest, and he hopes to pursue this field on his return to Hong Kong. We sincerely wish him every success in the future, both in his career and his other aspects of life.

MICHAEL BRUCE DALLY

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs. . ."

We picture Co-lonel Dal-ly ensconced in a World War III casualty clearing station, in bed with his pre-breakfast cup of orange pekoe, scrutinizing his air-mail edition of *The Australian*, with a coal-fire glowing in the grate, whilst the battle rages outside. For he insists that one must always live like a gentleman. He it is who instituted the annual chicken-and-champagne picnics in the park across the river; who seconded a tea-strainer for the common-room; who has demoraliz-ed many a teacher by sceptically knocking out his pipe with reverberating vehemence.

One of a dying race, t-he educated doctor, he has astounded us with his wide knowledge, whilst at times devastating us with his wit.



ROBIN LANG DUNCAN

Robin did his schooling at Newcastle Boys' High.

Early in his medical career he regularly ran the whole length of Broadway for lectures. Subsequently, he graduated to a push-bike and now has two motor vehicles and a wife.

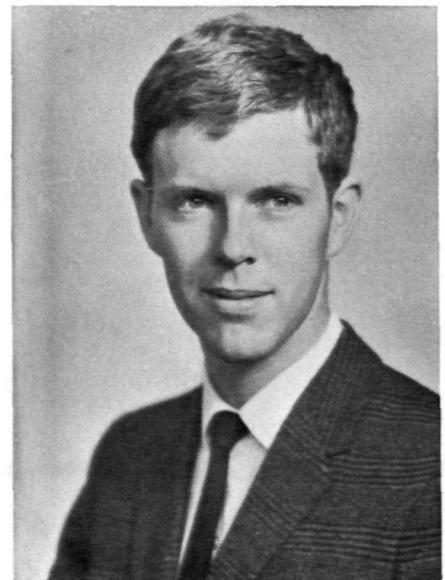
His ambitions are to work no more than is absolutely necessary and to never miss a good surf.

Considering these lofty ideals, we confidently predict a bright future and that he will be worthy of his position as an Army officer.

VICTOR MARSH DUNCOMBE

Out of the smoggy depths of Balmain (Rozelle end), Vic is heard roaring his way west, ever anxious to be on time . . . to read *The Australian*. His interest in public affairs is combined with a penchant for chess and a passion for games.

A ready good humour and an unruffled approach will ensure his success in all he attempts.



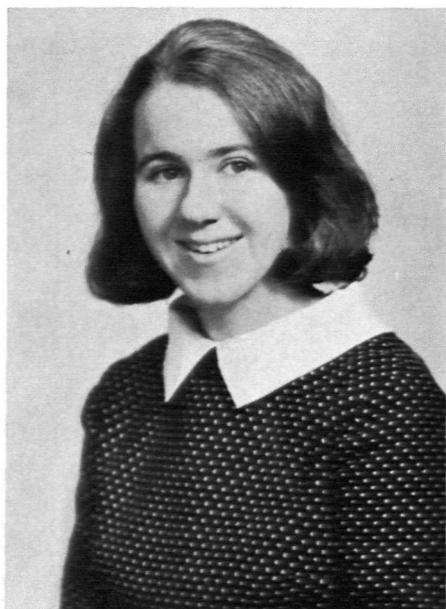


MICHAEL JOHN HENSLEY

We first encountered and were impressed by his name in the Anatomy Museum amongst the labelled prosectorship exhibits. Little did we know then how much of the dissected specimen was patched and padded until years later we got to know him better in our tutorial groups.

This huge, enthusiastic and energetic Irishman was derogatory about his achievement like all others—when asked about his academic progress his credits and D's came out mumbled and slurred—it was hard to decide whether he was glossing over these results or was embarrassed (his complexion always had a blush), or was it because his mouth was always full of gum, sweets and prophylactic antibiotics and his lips nearly always held a cigarette?

Valiant were his tries (not the football kind) as he attempted to limit these (next to Union and birds) his only sins, but we were always sure his scholastic progress would not be impaired irrespective of the number of vices he adopted.



VIRGINIA LOUISE HOOD

Virginia drifted into Medicine II after a successful year in Science I and has continued on her effortless course pausing occasionally to savour those subjects which take her fancy.

Her flair for amateur acting required our presence at one of her performances. We think her skill for extemporizing during tutorials must owe a lot to that inborn talent.

We feel sure her future course will continue to be varied and enjoyable.

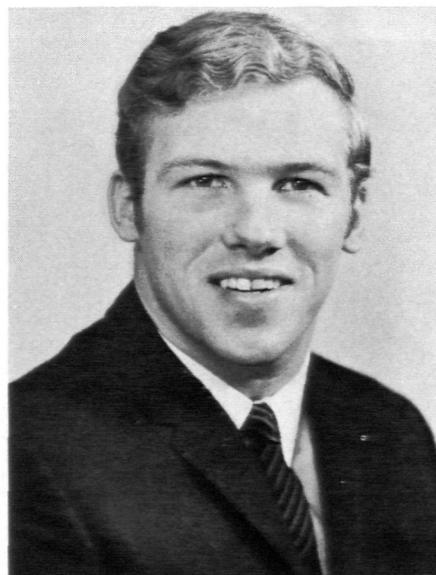
TERRY HEINS

Travelling is the major affliction of Heins.

When not maniacally plunging into any fast-flowing stream in his flimsy canoe, or voyaging to the New Hebrides and treating various tropical maladies, he makes multitude excursions to Canberra where many pleasant hours are spent ("7.5% of my time").

The first pursuit may suggest a predisposition to wet feet, but events of last year and his continued engagement with Canberra falsify this premise. His orientation towards voyaging forth is further evidenced by his residency in a backyard caravan ("for undisturbed study").

With an unscathed passage through the years and also his proven qualities, one can only predict much movement for Terry in his chosen profession.



ROBIN FRANCES JENKINS

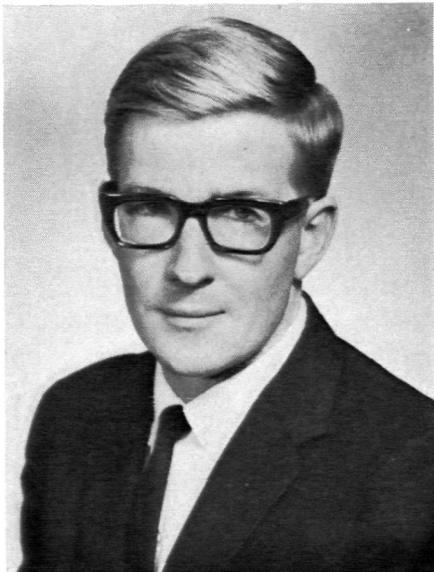
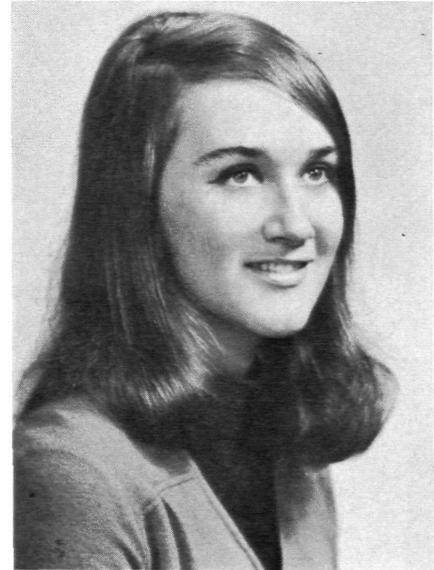
"Woman—a class of beings . . . devoted to the irrational arts of pleasure and attraction."

—A. P. HERBERT.

There is a certain *nous ne savons quoi* about Robin, an air of mystery, and a propensity for doing the utterly unexpected. Who would have dreamt that the once wide-eyed, demure freshette would spend Christmas vacations hiking around South-East Asia living with natives or exploring the wilds of Tasmania with a mob of bearded bushwalkers; or that she would later build up a fearsome reputation at Paddy's Market, haggling with vendors with a skill hitherto unknown?

She has wafted pleasantly through medicine, still astounding her colleagues by taking time off in Final Year to coach her young brother, or to attend an interstate pottery conference, or . . .

Her extraordinarily wide circle of friends are an apt testimonial to her attraction.



BERNARD FRANCIS JONES

"Labor omnia vincit."

Bernard is a man of contrasts—a bespectacled diligente, he is nevertheless known for his dry sense of humour.

Athletics appears to be his only vice, but we still suspect that a fearless exposé of the "Secret Life of B. Jones" would command a high price from the Sundays. As it is, he was renowned for his moonlight runs to Bondi, but we point out that Bondi and Kings Cross are equidistant from St. Margaret's. There were also mystery trips to Narromine—never coinciding with the cotton harvest.

In Final Year he was never to be seen without Crawford Adams, and we were delighted to see that he had reached Chapter Two by August—this boy should go far!

MARGARET KEARNS

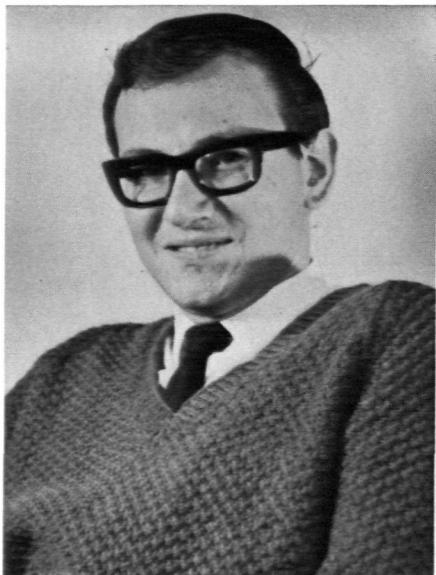
Margaret was sent to do her clinical work at Concord because the Faculty knew she came from out that way—home is at Broken Hill. We are grateful for the wisdom of the Faculty. This comely lass, with her ever-changing array of gear, has been an enchanting stimulus for her colleagues and teachers. She has proved a wonderful anti-soporific in tutorials.

After a few years at Sancta Sophia, she took to the wilds of Annandale, flat living, where life is marked by lost front-door keys, strange dietary habits and great turns.

We are glad to report that her understanding of medicine far exceeds her knowledge of the various illnesses that afflict her vintage Prefect—now sadly consigned to the scrap-heap.

Margaret's prognosis is excellent for both medical and non-medical pursuits.





RODERICK ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

From Wagga, Rod embarked on a lively passage through medicine, unchecked even by his recent marriage.

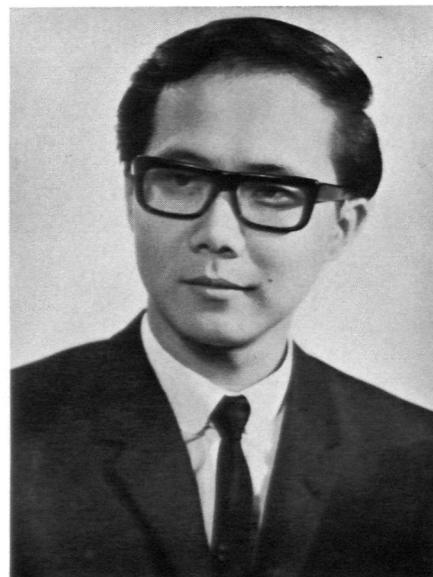
Having persuaded the Army to pay for his last three years in medicine (despite a previous contract with them), he now finds they insist on the pleasure of his company afterwards. It is with certainty, therefore, that we predict for him a *major private's* practice.

KHAY HUA NG

"... and we wish him many sons."

Richard, with his intermittent attendance and ever-present smile, has always managed to liven up the dullest tutorial.

Found more often in Dixon Street than in the wards, he is suspected of harbouring a secret ambition to be a Chinese chef. During the obstets food crisis we were sustained by his culinary delights. If he brandishes his scalpel with the same gusto as he uses his chopper he should be able to cope with every gallbladder in Singapore when he returns.



ROBERT JOHN PILLANS

"Would a computer be of any help?"

Robert studied at Goulburn High then proceeded to gain qualifications in dentistry and teaching and then proceeded to the Faculty of Medicine.

Bob is well renowned for allowing but fifteen minutes after the stated time for a tutorial, then Bob's off.

His vehicle, a 1951 Lanchester, is a miracle of English engineering. It will long be remembered travelling along the University-to-Concord route.

On odd occasions he has been asked to give an opinion on various oral lesions for the benefit of the Associate Professor of Surgery.

Patient histories are Bob's specialty, for he misses nothing.

Having observed his progress through the clinical years, we feel assured that Bob will make a steadfast practitioner.



GLENN BREE ROSENDAHL

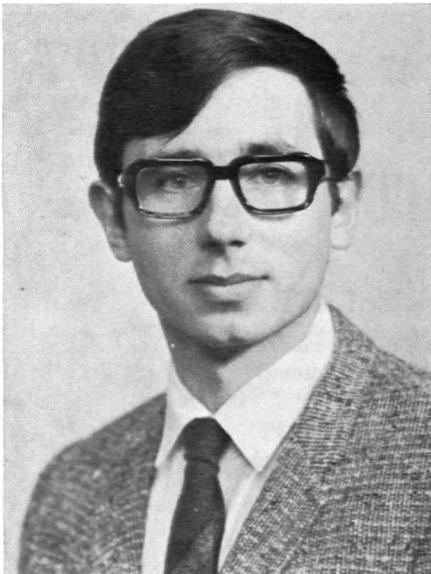
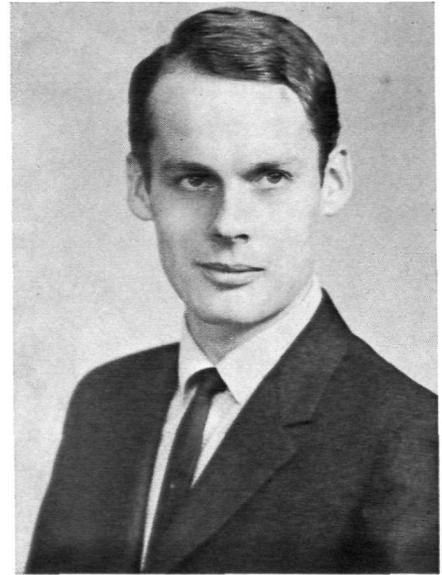
"The sleep of a labouring man is sweet."

—ECCLES, V. 12.

Glenn's capacity to sleep through the noisiest of tutorials would be equalled only by the selfless devotion which he displays towards music. His dedication to the violin, despite the objections of his soulless colleagues, led him to invest also in a 'cello.

Wesley College had the benefit of his presence for a year. We noted that his reluctant departure coincided with an outbreak of coeducation in that institution.

We shall miss the elegance of the tapered hand placed upon patients' abdomens in the manner of a concert pianist, and the lyrical quality of his case presentations. However, he has worked hard and will do well.



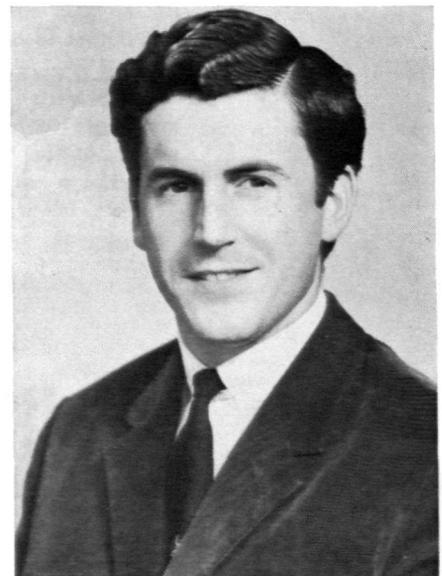
MICHAEL SHIHOFF

Michael's presence seems to guarantee that an argument will increase in depth, passion and volume. Perhaps his Russian heritage aids this vitality in discussion. The use of more discretion was obvious with most of Michael's activities. Concert affairs, classical music and, of late, the guitar, chess and a refined taste for women, food and wine, form the basis of his intra-curricular activities. Mastering the guitar undoubtedly widened his musical knowledge, but also his circle of friends. However, a serious approach to study and especially the practice of medicine and his ease of communication with people augur well for Michael's success in his future.

THOMAS GOULD TAIT

Arriving from Nowra and settling into Wesley College, Tom soon established an interest in good food and much wine. This has protruded itself on our notice as the years have passed. Though refined by his recent marriage, his consumption has by no means diminished.

His affable nature has allowed him to combine varied social life and a successful medical course. We wish him well in the future.





ROGER NORMAN WYNDHAM

"Well, why don't we. . . ?"

Roger is the last of the great enthusiasts. His *joie de vivre* crumbles problems, and overwhelms his less-motivated fellows. Planning something with Roger, one feels superfluous.

Roger and fourteen friends becomes a football practice; and two friends—a bridge four; and nineteen others—a party for the opera. He is a man of catholic tastes—which he pursues with vigour, and often all at once.

He carries out all manner of unpopular jobs—complaining loudly, but secretly enjoying it. Roger arranges an early rendezvous and is either first to arrive, with stern head, or last to arrive, with sheepish head.

His contributions to tutorials are always exciting, although he may need to be woken by the Professor to make them. From his editing of the Year Book, it is apparent that should he ever tire of medicine, a career as a diplomat awaits him.



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THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL (CROWN STREET)

The Women's Hospital (Crown Street) has been associated with the University of Sydney's Medical Faculty since before the turn of the century and it doesn't seem to have done either institution much harm. Until 1965, obstetrics only was taught at Crown Street, since when, because of the growth of the Gynæcology Department, both these interrelated disciplines are now taught.

As in every obstetric unit, students either loved or loathed their incarceration. Those who see beauty all around waxed lyric over the delights of being involved in the procedure of someone being born, while their more caustic colleagues chafed at the discipline of the fire-eating dragons of the labour ward.

Those of you who go before, will recall with nostalgia or nausea the high-rise penthouse that was your common room. So centrally placed in the Hospital that with the very first muffled pop of a can, drink-thirsty residents would descend on the bottle and at the very first maidenly shriek, the wrath of God (the Super-

intendent) would scuttle down from his nest to proclaim in broken Swedish that the noises were nine months too early for his Hospital, so please to leave and come back then.

Alas! All this pleasure and high living is to go. No more that unshaven drunken pyjama-clad dash down the stairs to labour ward. No more that four-storey dropping of beer bottles on the night matron's head (you're right, it bounced off!). Helas! Progress has overtaken even somnambulist Crown Street in beautiful up-town Sydney. A new students' block is to be built next to the out-patient department. It is to be named the Professor Peter Sellers Isolation Block after you know who. All retiring students are most cordially invited to its opening which will coincide with that of the Opera House. Guest artists will be interchanged and the smart money is already backing Crown Street's Greek chorus in Stage II to hit more high C's than our Joannie in Act II.

All the good wishes of Crown Street's medical staff go with the class of '69,



ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL

We all have vivid recollections of our ten weeks' sojourn at St. Margaret's. However, it is with considerable difficulty that we recall the principles of the gentle art of obstetrics.

"Albion Street" is now a legend in medical students' circles. Renowned for its tasteless interior decor, its improvised staircase, and its ample cricket pitch in the backyard, "our home" has seen a multitude of "turns" and will probably weather another two or three.

We remember the immense pride with which we sported the grey buzzers for the first two weeks; we remember how this pride was quickly supplanted by a fanatical pre-occupation with silencing "the little

grey beasts" so that a contract of six spades could be played out.

Labour ward was a megalomaniac's paradise. As one assisted those precious babes around the bends and out into the fresh air one was conscious of all those admiring onlookers, watching every fumbling move one made.

We thank the teaching staff, especially Dr. McGrath, Dr. Flynn, Dr. McInerny, Dr. McAuliffe, Dr. Ryan, Dr. Bracken, Dr. Tully, Dr. McMahon, Dr. Thong and Dr. Shipton for their tireless efforts. Most of us now know the difference between vernix and vertex.

We also extend our thanks to the administration.



The Obstetrics Block

ROYAL NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL

Obstetrics term proved to be a period of both frustration and satisfaction. Frustration because of the sense of futility in studying a subject during Fifth Year, not to be examined till the end of Final Year. The satisfaction of obstetrics came, however, with the greater sense of involvement we experienced as students. For the first (and only time) during our course we had a significant role in the management of patients. We undertook total patient care, from rubbing an aching back to delivery of the child and then producing the traditional cup of tea, followed by the inevitable (but separate) tasks of washing linen and baby.

We owe thanks to the patience and understanding of the labour floor staff who introduced us to the niceties of swabbing a perineum and counting the cotyledons.

Our gratitude also to those tireless nocturnal creatures who were our tutors: Dr. Geoffrey Jasper, Dr. "Darkie" Pfanner, Dr. John Leaver, Dr. John Kemp, Dr. Ewen Sussman, Dr. Bill Patterson and Dr. Ian Truskett, who instructed us in the intricacies of the episiotomy and restitution, occasionally in the most colourful terms. Nor should we forget the efforts of Doug Saunders and "J.C." (Pennington) and their midnight breeches.

During our specialty year, living-in students moved from the old hut, with its straight-through ventilation and generations of beer labels, to the new students' residence, a far more lavish affair; yet the nostalgia persists for those careless days of "smash-ins" and "Tumbles-drags" when the finals were only a cloud on a distant horizon.



KING GEORGE V MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

The winds of change are blowing through King George V Hospital. The cell, the pride of students, the five-star luxury accommodation so graciously provided by that Hospital, has vanished. In its place is a sterilizing unit, no doubt necessary to purify the area, contaminated by student presence over so many years. However, it is still the intention of the hospital to encourage integration of the sexes; this time under the supervision of the resident chaperone, Dr. Heseltine.

In this era of student power and rapid, perhaps bewildering, change in medical knowledge, it is comforting to be told that pregnancy and its attendant ætiological factors have not changed. It is somewhat distressing to discover that there are evil chemists

who are plotting the abolition of pregnancy and that with the mini-skirt has come the mini-pill. However, there would seem to be little evidence to suggest that their influence has gained much ground in this busy Hospital.

It is also reassuring to learn that babies are still delivered by the same method and that the stork story, or test-tube baby, is still only a fairytale, even though the Roman short cut would appear to be increasing in popularity.

The overall impression is that this memorial to King George V continues to fulfill its role of increasing the community as well as providing a service for mothers, babies and students.



ROYAL ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

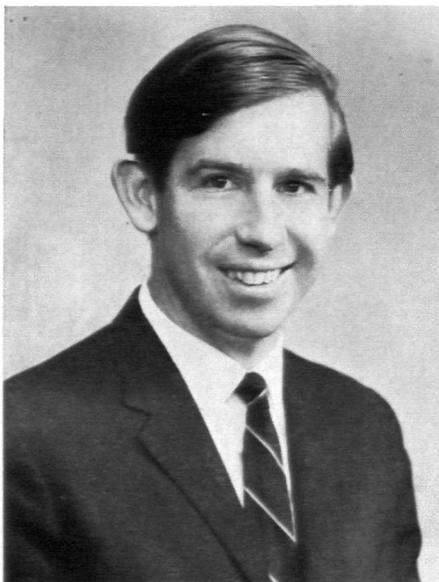
We came away from the ten-week term at the Children's Hospital feeling as though we had attained a greater insight into the reality of medical practice. This was a pleasant and rewarding supplement to the teaching at our own hospitals.

The term was full of contrasts. It was not unusual to walk from a lecture of very high academic standard, delivered in an obsessive-compulsive vein, to a ward

where people obviously rejected the very idea of law and order, and in this sphere of studied indifference one could easily fall into the trap of blowing bubbles, giving piggy-back rides and helping to mend broken toys.

No matter what aspect of hospital life was experienced, it was obvious that students, as relative strangers, were not regarded as such. In other words, the feeling of warmth is still there.

“ROBIN MAY” MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNER FOR 1969



STUART ROBERT SPRING

Ever since Stuart entered the Faculty of Medicine there has been no doubt as to who would win the “Robin May” Prize in 1969. It was not just because he held high office in the Medical Society, and did an incredible amount of work for the Society besides. It was certainly not because of brilliant academic achievement, although one always knew that when the dreaded “List of successful candidates” went up Stuart’s name

would be there. It was not even because of great sporting prowess, even though he did represent the Faculty in water polo on one occasion.

What then are the sort of attributes which made Stuart the logical choice as the most outstanding personality of our year? Firstly, irrepressible good humour and imperturbability, described by William Osler as an “essential bodily virtue”. He combines these with the ability to match the mood of an occasion, whether it be in common room discussions, at a formal dinner, as a toastmaker, or at an Air-Force bivouac.

Secondly, camaraderie and friendship. Stuart has an enormous circle of acquaintances—he is probably the only person to know everybody in the year by name. Countless times he has demonstrated his willingness to work for and on behalf of these people, often quietly and in the background, but always efficiently and effectively. Those who knew him closer as a friend are grateful for his companionship, loyalty and *joie-de-vivre*.

Of course, he has his weaknesses. He plays abominable bridge, and even worse cribbage; he continues to perpetrate many excruciating puns; and when playing Rugby he seems entirely ignorant of the rules, although when he dons a white jersey and a whistle, he claims to know them all.

However, let us not dwell on his faults. Rather may we remember him as a striking individual, a humorist, raconteur, adviser, confidant and friend; a man who provides wisdom and sound common sense when needed, who joins debates usually to argue for the weaker side, who shows respect for authority, but irreverence towards the pompous; a man of boundless energy and enthusiasm; a truly outstanding personality.

FINAL EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1969

PASS

December, 1969 (Alphabetical)

Adams, A. P. S.
Adams, B. H.
Anseline, P. F.

Ball, J. B.
Barter, W. R.
Beattie, J. C.
Benjamin, P. J.
Benson, D. J.
Bilenkij, P.
Bokey, E. L.
Boulas, J.
Bowyer, I. F. H.
Boyle, A. P.
Boyle, R. N.
Bradbury, C.
Brodaty, H.
Bruce, I. S. C.
Bune, A.
Burns, G. B.
Burton, N. A.
Butler, S. E.

Campbell, M. J.
Chan, G. K. F.
Chia, R. Y. T.
Choy, D. T. C.
Choy, H. T. Y.
Collett, P. V.
Coombs, J. H.
Cooper, A. M.
Cooper, R. A.
Cornish, J. H.
Cottee, G. S.
Craddock, M. D.
Critoph, V. R. G.
Croft, R. B.
Cross, J. A.
Csenderits, L. E.

Dally, M. B.
Darling, J. A.
Davison, G. B.
Day, R. O.
Dethlefs, R. F.
Dolton, R. L.
Duncan, R. L.
Duncombe, V. M.
Dunlop, M. B. C.
Dziedzic, C. M.

Eade, C. D.
Edwards, R. C.

Fletcher, P. J.
Flight, P. M.
Fok, K. F.
Foldes, G. J. S.
Frumar, A. M.

Garvey, P. A.
Gibbons, J.
Gillespie, P. E.
Gillin, M. E. A.
Grosslight, G. M.

Hadgis, C.
Harris, J. M.
Harrison, J. M.

Heins, T. J.
Heitner, C. H.
Hensley, M. J.
Holley, J. C.
Holliday, S.
Hood, V. L.
Hoong, Y. L.
Howard, P. R.
Howe, G.
Howe, G. C.
Howell, J. V.
Hoy, W. E.
Hrones, H.
Hudson, R. C.
Huiton, I. W.
Hughes, R. S.
Hume, F. P.
Humphrey, T. J.

Jabour, J. G.
Jebb, A. H.
Jenkins, R. F.
Johnson, M.
Jones, B. F.
Joshua, S. D.

Karuppiah, V.
Kay, H.
Kearney, J. J.
Kelly, J. W.
Kingston, I. B.
Kinston, M.
Kinston, W. J.
Kirkwood, J. M.
Kleerekoper, M.
Kleiner, E.
Klopfer, G. T.
Koleda, V.
Kong Hing J.
Kornfeld, A.
Kovar, I. Z.
Kremer, E. P.
Kwan, A. C. H.

Lai, J. C.
Lalak, A.
Lamont, P. M.
Lee, B. B.
Lee, S. C.
Lee, S. K. C.
Lewis Driver, D. J.
Lightfoot, R. M.
Lin, B. P. C.
Lips, F. J.
Loblay, R. H.
Locke, I. R.
Love, I. S.
Lowry, C. J.
Lyneham, R. C.

Mackenzie, R. A.
Mackintosh, G. F.
MacLeod, C.
Mamczuk, S. J.
Martin, J. R.
Martin, R. J.
Maundrell, P. L.
McGrath, C. A.
Moir, D. H.
Moore, P. S.
Moran, J. A.
Morgan, J.

Morgan, O. I.
Moses, L. A.
Moses, R. G.

Nevin, J. R.
Ng, K. H.
Noel, M. A. W.
Nogrady, S. G.
Nordland, T.

Parkinson, W. H.
Penhall, J. R.
Pettigrew, A. B.
Pezzutti, B. P.
Pickering, J. D.
Pidcock, M. E.
Pillans, R. J.
Plant, M. E.
Price, E. D.
Pryke, M. M.
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Roberts, J. C. G.
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Ryan, D. S.
Ryan, M. D.

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Class I

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Hoy, W. E.
Smith, C. I.
Saunders, N. A.
Savdie, E.
Vadas, M. A.
Fletcher, P. J.

Class II

Sywak, A.
Lyneham, R. C.
Loblay, R. H.
Sullivan, C. E.
Rubin, G. L.
Fok, K. F.

Travers, P. L.
Kay, H.
Smith, E. R.
Hensley, M. J.
Sillence, D. O.
Lewis Driver, D. J.
Dolton, R. L.
Scoppa, J.
Day, R. O.
Boulas, J.
Harrison, J. M.
Chia, R. Y. T.
Lalak, A.
Lee, B. B.
Howard, P. R.
Barter, W. R.
Kovar, I. Z.
Bradbury, C.

SPECIAL PRIZES

University Medal:
Kinston, W. J.

Arthur Edward Mills Graduation Prize for Distinction over the Whole Medical Course:
Kinston, W. J.

Dagmar Berne Prize for Proficiency among Women Candidates at the Final Year Examination:
Hoy, W. E.

Norton Manning Memorial Prize for Proficiency in Psychiatry:
Holliday, S.

Robert Scot Skirving Memorial Prize:
Hoy, W. E.

W. E. Upjohn Prize in Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics:
Loblay, R. H., and Lyneham, R. C. (shared).

George Allan Prize for Therapeutics:
Bradbury, C.

Harry J. Clayton Memorial Prize for Medicine and Clinical Medicine:
Loblay, R. H., and Vadas, M. A. (shared).

Harold John Ritchie Memorial Prize for Clinical Medicine:
Humphery, T. J., and Loblay, R. H. (shared).

Glaxo-Allenbury Prize:
Hoy, W. E., and Saunders, N. A. (shared).

Hinder Memorial Prize:
Saunders, N.

Robert Craig Prize:
Bilenkij, P.

Clipsham Prize:
Rubin, G. L.

William Henry and Eliza Alice Sharp Prize for Clinical Surgery:
Hoy, W. E.

Dame Constance D'Arcy Memorial Prize:
Hoy, W. E.

Mabel Elizabeth Leaver Memorial Prize in Obstetrics:
Nogrady, S. G.

Albert Hing Memorial Prize in Gynæcology:
Lyneham, R. S.

DISTINCTION AND CREDIT LISTS

MEDICINE

Distinction:

Loblay, R. H. }
Vadas, M. A. } *Aeq.*

Credit:

Mackenzie, R. A. }
Hoy, W. E. }
Retallack, D. M. } *Aeq.*
Swane, M. J. }

Humphrey, T. J. }
Kinston, W. J. } *Aeq.*

Fletcher, P. J. }
Lyneham, R. C. } *Aeq.*

Travers, P. L. }
Kay, H. }
Steiner, M. D. } *Aeq.*
Sywak, A. }

Brodaty, H. }
Lewis Driver, D. J. } *Aeq.*
Rubin, G. L. }

Savdie, E. }
Sullivan, C. E. }

Barter, W. R. }
Davison, G. B. } *Aeq.*
Day, R. O. }

Dolton, R. L. }
Kovar, I. Z. } *Aeq.*
MacLeod, C. }

Sillence, D. O. }
Smith, C. I. } *Aeq.*
Spencer, D. G. }

Gillin, M. E. A. }
Hadgis, C. } *Aeq.*
Heitner, C. H. }

Chia, R. Y. T. }
Dethlefs, R. F. } *Aeq.*
Hughes, R. S. }

Lee, B. B. }

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Howard, P. R. } *Aeq.*
Rubin, G. L. }

Hufton, I. W. }
Davison, G. B. } *Aeq.*
Fletcher, P. J. }

Flight, P. M. }
Hoy, W. E. }

Hensley, M. J. }
Lyneham, R. C. } *Aeq.*
Saunders, N. A. }

Day, R. O. }
Bradbury, C. } *Aeq.*
Edwards, R. C. }

Harrison, J. M. }
Loblay, R. H. } *Aeq.*

Adams, A. P. S. }
Bune, A. } *Aeq.*
Cornish, J. H. }

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Credit:

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Nogrady, S. G. } *Aeq.*
Smith, C. I. }

Lyneham, R. C. }
Pryke, M. M. } *Aeq.*
Sullivan, C. E. }

Burns, G. B. }
Davison, G. B. } *Aeq.*
Humphrey, T. J. }

Jabour, J. G. }
Vadas, M. A. } *Aeq.*

Frumar, A. M. }
Lee, B. B. } *Aeq.*
Mackenzie, R. A. }

Eade, C. D. }
Edwards, R. C. } *Aeq.*
Hume, F. P. }

Saunders, N. A. }
Savdie, E. }

Butler, S. E. }
Day, R. O. } *Aeq.*
Fletcher, P. J. }

Fok, K. F. }
Hoy, W. E. }

Karuppiah, V. }
Retallack, D. M. } *Aeq.*
Rubin, G. L. }

Seale, J. P. }
Sywak, A. }

Thursby, C. J. }

Cornish, J. H. }
Dally, M. B. } *Aeq.*
Harris, J. M. }

Harrison, J. M. }
Hensley, M. J. }

Hufton, I. W. }
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Contributions:

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 Dr. A. S. Johnson.
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