

ELIXIR



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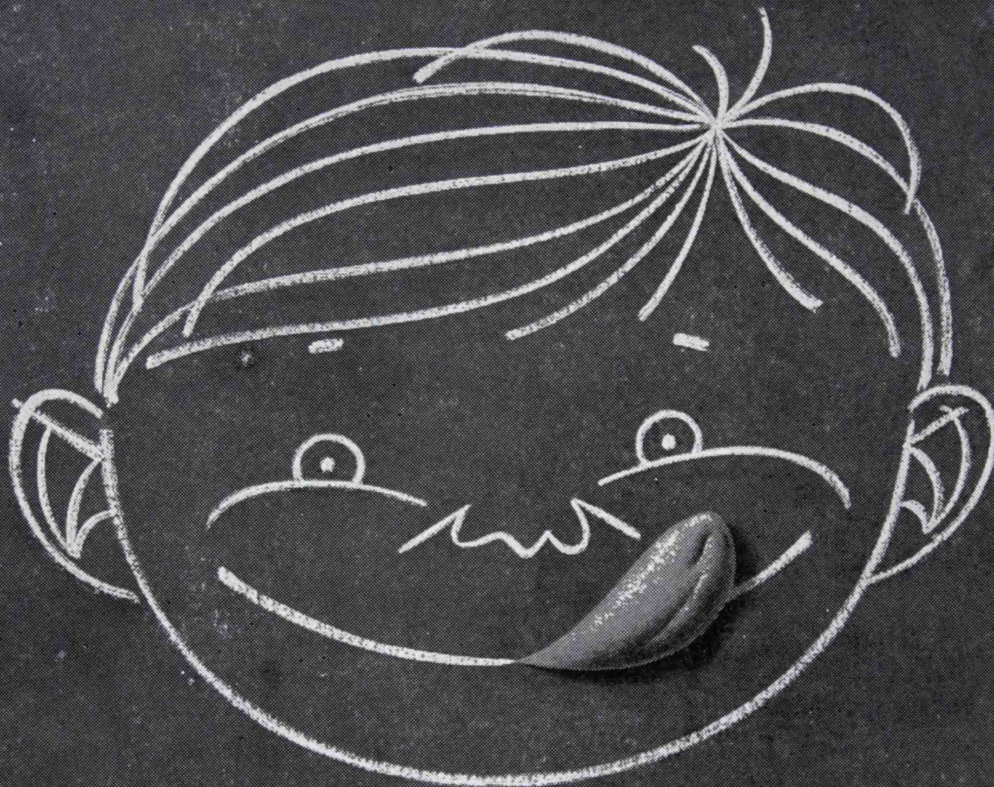
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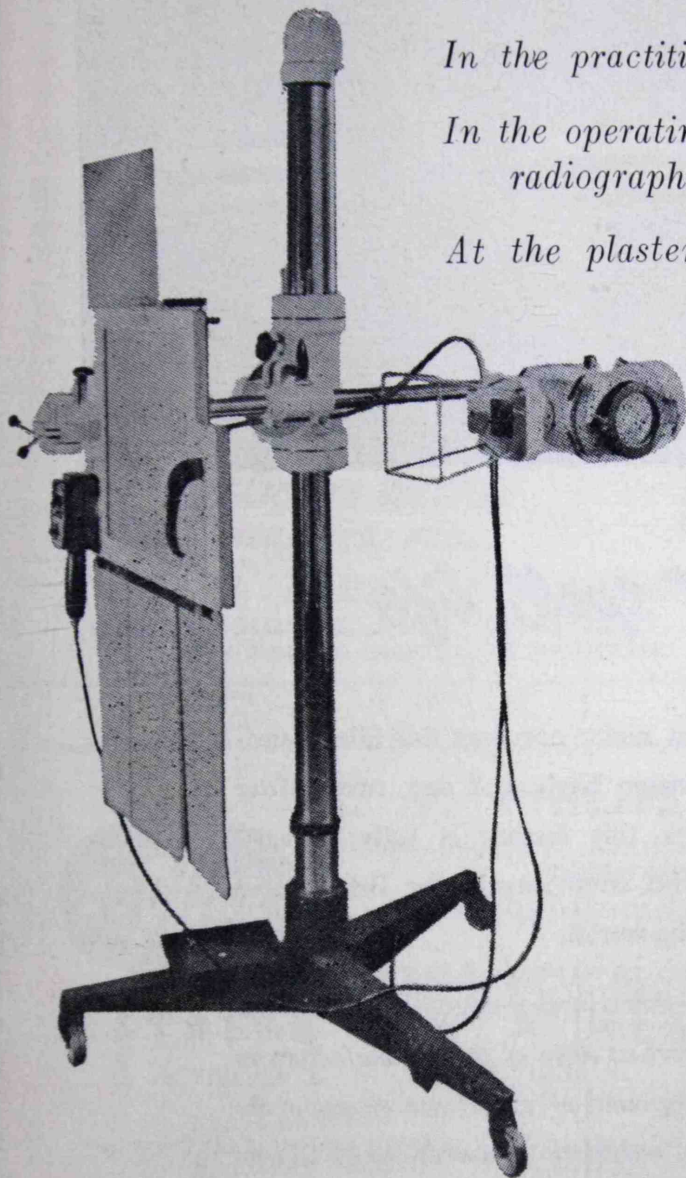
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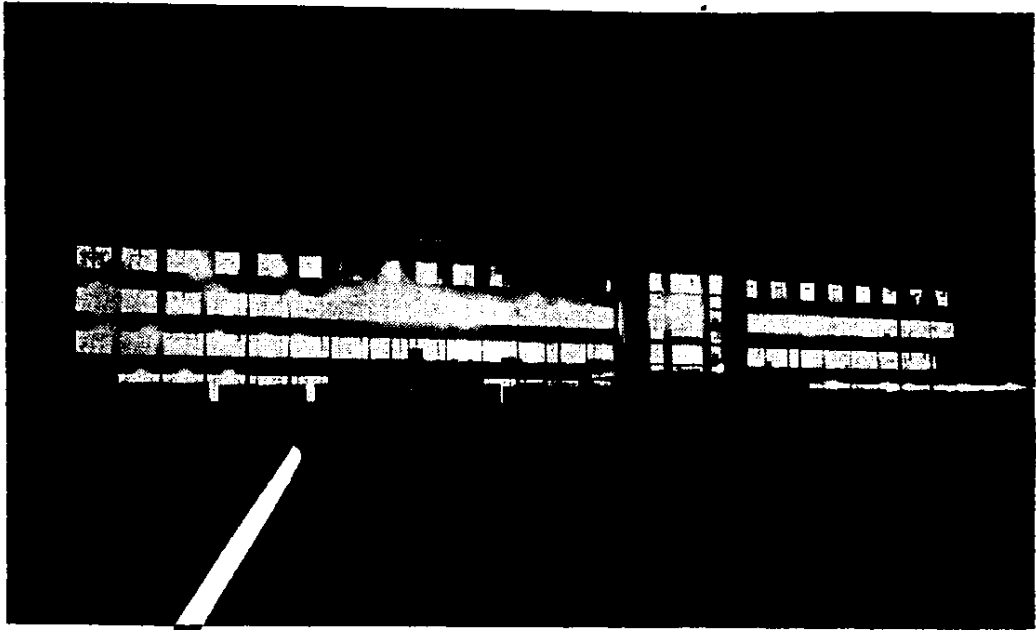
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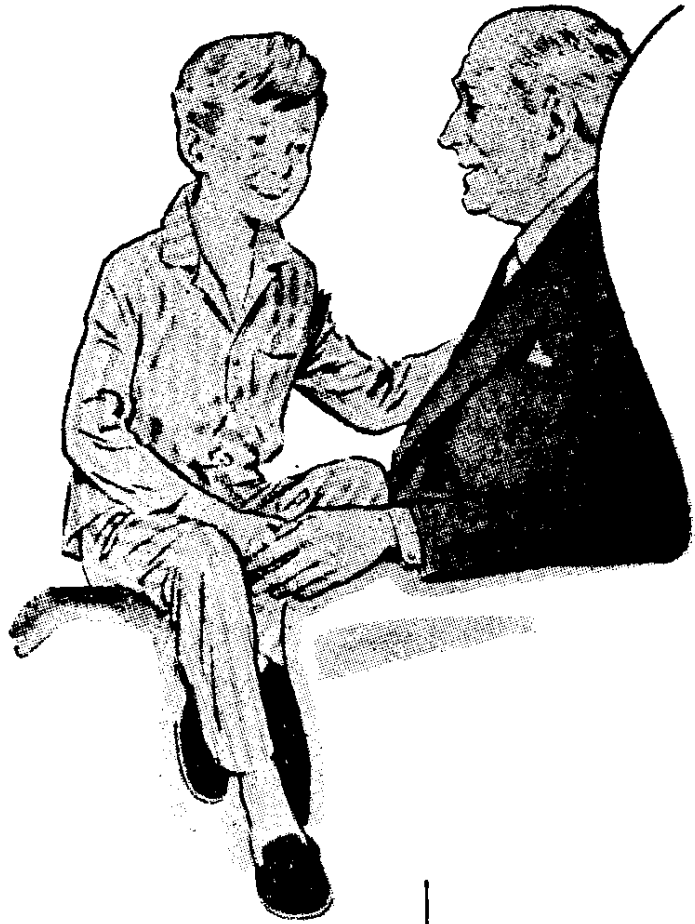
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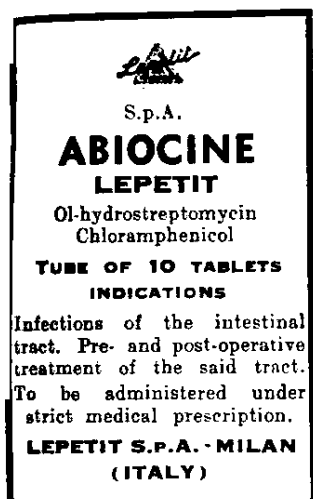


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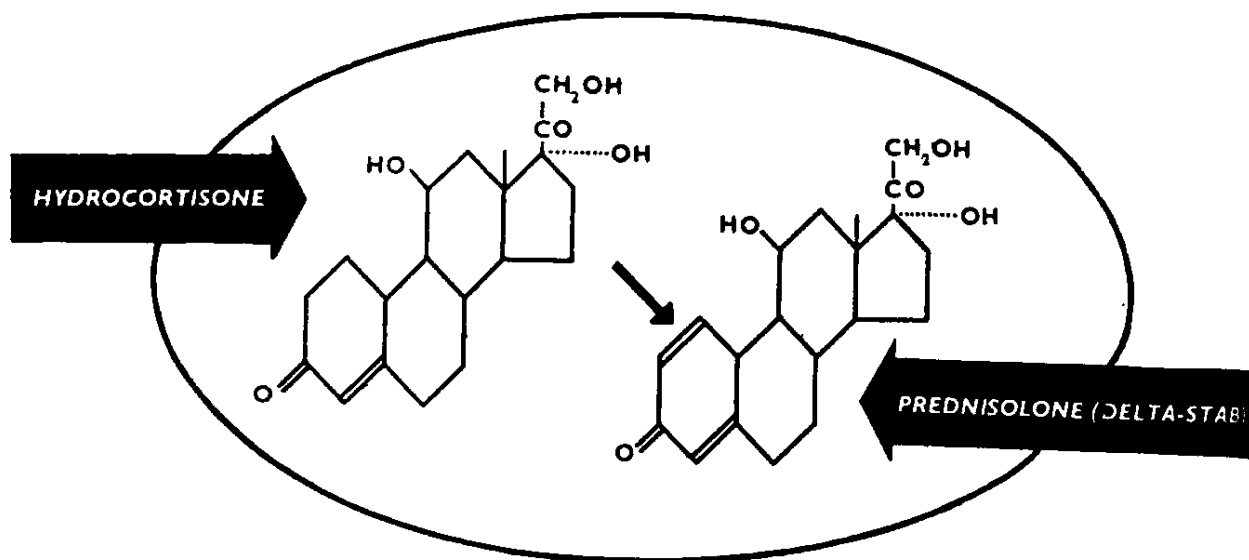
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ELIXIR

Journal of the Hong Kong University Medical Society

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SPRING



1956

Editorial and Business Address:
The Department of Physiology, Hong Kong University.

Printers:
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FACT, FANCY AND OPINION



YOUR HUMBLE MASTER

IN A POLICE Notice announcing traffic arrangements for this year's Queen's Birthday Parade, it was stated that a special taxi service of thirty cars bearing orange labels would be available, under the direction of a Police Officer, for the sole use of V.I.P.'s producing white invitation cards.

This is the first time within our experience that the term 'V.I.P.' has been used as an item of official terminology.

Older readers may remember the last days of an era during which it was popular to suppose that a sort of Utopia was within sight, based upon an idea of the sacred rights of the individual. At that time even the protean term 'democracy' had something to do with all men being equal, with allowances for the harsh fact that some were more equal than others.

Then came the second World War. As a matter of survival, the

governments of the warring nations found it essential to make the individual and his rights subservient to the needs of battle, and the individual found it essential to accept the rule. As a result, a vast horde of civil servants, whose civility had been slowly and painfully evolved over generations, suddenly tasted the joys of *not* being humble and *not* being obedient and *not* being servants.

The idea of freedom suffered crushing damage. Peace was restored, but the new

INVISIBLE MEN—I.



"Anything you can do, he can do better". That is Mr. Ng Chuan Wai (Final Year Medical) in the field of sports. He is the best long-jumper and hop-step-and-jumper the Colony has had for years. In University athletics he has held the individual championship for three successive years (1954-56). Picture shows Mr. Ng, wearing his Green, receiving the Victor Ludorum Cup from Mrs. Ride at the 1956 Annual Athletic Meet.

aristocracy born of the war remained; determined to cling by all means to its happy perch.

It became necessary to find fresh definitions for 'democracy', and since it was a floating term (albeit a popular one) without an anchor, many and strange were the meanings put to it. Also a number of practical problems arose.

In the good, old pre-war days, the more equal amongst the equal were recognisable by their superior achievements or possessions, and so they were, in the natural course of events, given the precedence that they themselves (or their forbears for them) had earned. Now it was not so. The important people were those holding office in one or other of a hundred government departments, and the qualities gaining a man such appointment were hardly those which had lifted the earlier elite above their fellows. In other words, the new aristocracy was a pretty humdrum bunch.

But of course, the new aristocracy had to have its privileges. Privilege means a right to a certain advantage (or immunity to a certain disadvantage) beyond the right (or immunity) granted by natural justice. One man's privilege, therefore, is another man's poison,

and as soon as a body begins to exercise privilege, those about him begin to ask: 'And who in heaven's name does he think *he* is?'.

So long as the answer to this pertinent question is sufficiently impressive, then (so long as the privilege taken is not excessive), everyone remains more or less contented.

A lovely ballerina may gladly be granted the privilege of a private compartment in a crowded train; and so may a moderately popular Prime Minister, or even an unobjectionable Duke. But not a man named Gilbert Snooks, who happens to be Deputy Assistant Director of the Cabbages and String Advisory Board.

When, therefore, the new aristocracy began to take advantage of its new-found power of pulling strings, and began, as a result, to enjoy many and obvious privileges denied to the members of the lesser breeds outside the employment of the string shops, the lesser breed members began to ask: 'And who in heaven's name do they think *they* are?'

The sordid truth had to be veiled by a euphemism, and the euphemism employed was a statement to the effect that they were simply Very Important People. This

INVISIBLE MEN—2.



This is Mr. Wong Ka Yiu (3rd Year Medical) with his trophies after the 1956 Annual Athletic Meet. For three successive years (1954-56) he has won all the prizes for distance running in the University (half-mile, one mile and three miles). He is one of Hong Kong's leading athletes, and has his University Green. His motto: 'To Win in the Long Run'.

pompous, meaningless, but convenient term was called into play so often that it entered into the language, and became affectionately known by its initials, V.I.P.

Now, as we note, the initials appear to have entered the official phrase book.

Next time a committee sits to consider the pay and allowances of Government servants, we shall hope to read of appropriate recommendations concerning a 'V.I.P. Allowance'.

THE LAST SANCTION

Last autumn we wrote some paragraphs concerning the death sentence, and expressed the hope that we should be able to publish opinions from various men of good will on this disturbing and heavily challenged practice.

Since that time the British Parliament has reconsidered the problem, and it seems possible that the death sentence may be abolished in Britain. Should that happen, the colonies will not necessarily follow suit, but here, as in other colonial territories, the matter is bound to be considered. We had promised an article on the subject for this issue. The article was written and was ready for the press. Unfortunately, and owing to circumstances beyond the control of either the author or ourselves, it had to be withdrawn. We shall try to continue the discussion.

AND WHAT ABOUT BABY?

'Bathing in hot water is a pleasant relaxant, but its appeal is purely sensuous,' writes Dr. Sidney C. Dyke in a recent issue of the British Medical Journal. 'The public should not be encouraged to indulge in this, or any other, sensuous pleasure . . .' He went on to claim that 'the cult of the domestic bath' was partly responsible for a water shortage threatening Britain.

Dr. Dyke is, of course, quite right to condemn the soapy sloshing which even the most apparently ascetic citizen will practise from time to time upon the pale excuse of cleanliness. He does not, however, go far enough.

Our worthy guides and colleagues, the psychologists, have already made it clear that men who suck pipes and cigarettes are merely demonstrating a symptom of arrested emotional development, and that behind their bold faces, and within their murky, smoky souls, they are longing desperately to be babes again, nuzzling the warm security of mother's ample bosom. But how about the wretched creatures who go in for all these hot baths? Any good Freudian will immediately understand the symbolism involved. The bath addicts go further than to wish themselves babes again; they wish that they had never been born. Their slopping around amongst the suds is a pitiful attempt to recapture the atmosphere of the womb.

The public should not be encouraged to indulge in this, or any other sensuous pleasure, cries Sidney. He is too liberal. The public should not be *allowed* to enjoy itself. Should Sidney ever aspire to join his illustrious medical colleagues in Parliament, he may certainly count upon our vote. We might then look forward to sadly overdue additions to the Statute Book, forbidding sun-bathing, symphony orchestras, ice-cream cornets, beer and Diana Dors.

It would, of course, be necessary to form a special body of Pleasure Police to enforce the new laws; and heaven help Sidney if they ever catch him bending his face to the fragrance of a summer rose – the sensuous old rascal!



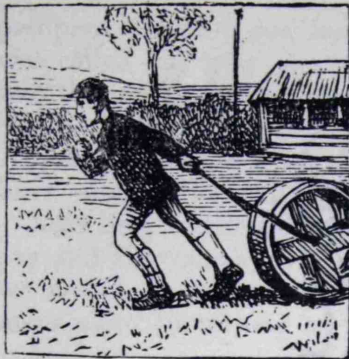
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' You allee time speakee English? '
' Certainly Madam. And you? '



Prepare cricket grounds now.



Cricket commences about now.



Hard hitting sets in.

When Cricketers Wore Belts

By

Edmund Blunden

MY FATHER, Charles Edmund, was born at Brighton, and his father, Edmund, was a zealous though cheerful cricketer. The county ground was where it now is. I think that the first great match my father ever saw was when Edmund took him to Sheffield Park, and that name belongs to a tale that is done. He sometimes remembered Brighton occasions when by doing something useful he earned either from Edmund or from Edmund's father enough to get him into the Brighton ground on a match day. One occasion which he told with simplicity and philosophy was when W. G. Grace played. Sussex, he said, had no bowler, but somebody tried to be; this innocent man, amid great expectancy round the ground, sent up an innocent delivery, and the next thing was first slip throwing up the ball - W.G. was out, caught like any novice.

I sent C.E.B. an old cricket annual I picked up, in 1933, when he was no longer a player, umpired sometimes, went to Mote Park for Kent matches, read and remembered. The result was a letter giving me some general impressions of first-class cricket fifty years before; and it seems to me to have

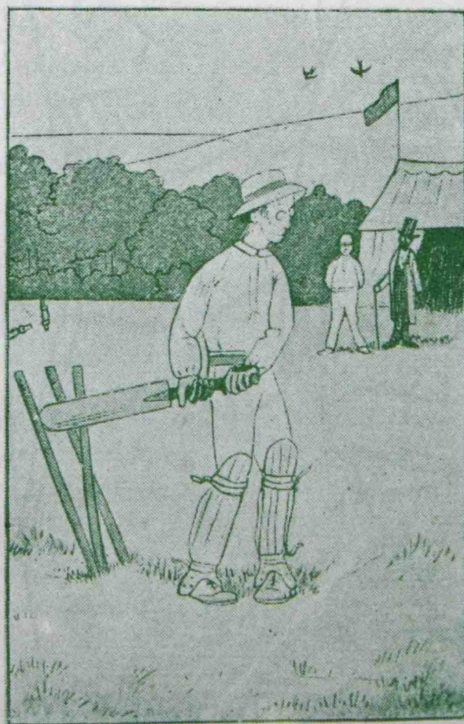
something to tell us of the contrast with our own period. My own memories of county games which I saw with him retain a little of the primitive aspects he mentions - for example, the rather round-bellied cricketers even posted on the boundary, who lobbed the ball back to the wickets, and the amiable

rustic style of many of our later batsmen - but let me give the older picture as C.E.B. drew it.

"I was greatly pleased with 'Lillywhite for 1883.' With its aid I have recaptured some of the 1882 season (when I was eleven). Sussex had at that time a most dismal record, and many a heart-ache their matches gave me. But still I walked many a mile in the hope that some telegram (if it came) might give some hope.

"At that time the Hove ground provided a single ring of rough planks (rarely full); the lunch hour was unlimited; four balls made an over; players came almost

direct from the village green; amateurs paraded grandly; captains like W.G. sat grimly in the pavilion for hours after rain had stopped; bowlers threw without penalty; even W.G. was wont to aid his side by bantering the opposing batsmen; a



wicket-keeper without long-stop caused head-shaking; and your county player might repair your shoes in the evening.

"I was on the Hove ground at some of the matches from 1879 to 1884, and some I saw over the eastern fence from a high bank long prepared for a new road though sometimes interrupted by patrolling but generally sympathetic policemen.

"Tall hats did not appear on the field, but stiff white shirts, stiff collars and cuffs and silk ties were worn by amateurs. Professionals had shirts of various hues – pink, blue and striped, and suspension was maintained by belts with metal clasps.

"Admission was sixpence, unless the gate-keeper underestimated one's age and refused it, and score-cards one penny. These often had a photo of one of the players pasted on the back (Hawkins' advertisement). Bowling was under-hand, round-arm, or over-arm; beards were usual; and – well, you'll weary of these grown-up schoolboy, remote and ghostly games."

And now it occurs to me that the last time he and I were on the Brighton ground together, though we had later days elsewhere, was in 1914; and the war, as yet unintelligible and be it confessed most boring to us both, was beginning, and the evening papers had posters out with mad allusions to the Russian Navy and other phenomena. We did our best to believe that we were simply at one more Sussex county cricket match. By 1914 there were rather more plank benches round the ground, and the players were not likely



Cricket goes on.



Good many balls at this season.



Cricket match, England v. Australia commenced, 1880.

to be mending shoes or serving drinks after stumps were drawn. But poor Sussex were still in trouble, and that though Northamptonshire, a junior club, were the opponents. One S. G. Smith, if I remember well, just batted along, until his score was 185 not out. C.E.B. watched it all, with a face of typical resignation. We emerged, and the War business seemed more serious; before long both were in uniform, and it felt as though cricket and its coloured caps and tea-tents and salutations and geniuses and dullards would never come again.

It did. C.E.B. even played again, though he never worried much after the death of Edmund my grandfather in 1897; they had taken on many games together. That was rather in Kent than in Sussex, and when I had the chance to go to a match at Mote Park with C.E.B. I was able to enjoy something I can never find again. On the occasion of county cricket in county towns, I suppose for many a year all sorts of enthusiasts will assemble, partly to watch the event and partly to see what old faces and whiskers there are still on the scene. So it was, at least, in the thirties; hardly had we crushed through the turnstiles when "Charlie! How are you doing, Charlie?" would ring out somewhere, and I stood by while a veteran with a child-like joy was rejoining one whom perhaps he last met on a cricket-ground in Queen Victoria's reign. The Kentish ale was good at such times, though I felt a little anxious about a seat in the competition of the modern multitude at a great match. I observed that these old hands were not wholly reverent towards my

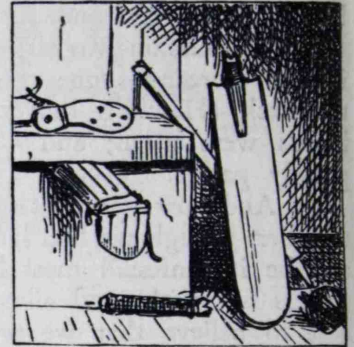
heroes, or the game as it now is; they after all belonged to a time when the village green and county ground were not very different. "What happened to Dr. Northcote's old pony?" "You remember poor old daft Simpkin who used to play the fiddle till your mother threw a ladle at him?" But now the umpires were marching out, and the prayers for rain were deferred till next week.



A very bowled man.



Presentation of testimonial to W. G. Grace, the eminent cricketer.



Cricket ends about now.

The decorations are reproduced from MY DIARY, an illustrated diary for children, published in about 1882 by Cassell, Petter & Galpin (London) and produced by Edmund Evans, Engraver and Printer.



HO SHAK, HO SHEK & TO-BED-WE-GO

or

'WE PRINT ONLY THE HONEST FACTS'

SUDDEN AWAKENING

A 20-year-old factory hand, Ho Shak, was sleeping in a hanging canvas bed at the Yuen Kwong Factory, Wood Road, when the string supports broke at about 3.30 a.m. yesterday.

Ho fell seven feet to the ground. He was treated at Queen Mary Hospital but was not detained.

down.

Employment in registered and recorded factories improved considerably during the first three months of this year, Mr Sedgwick states. There was a further increase in the number of industrial establishments and in the numbers employed.

The number of registered and recorded factories increased by 220 to 3,145 and industrial workers by 9,371, of whom 3,691 were women, to a total of 138,836.

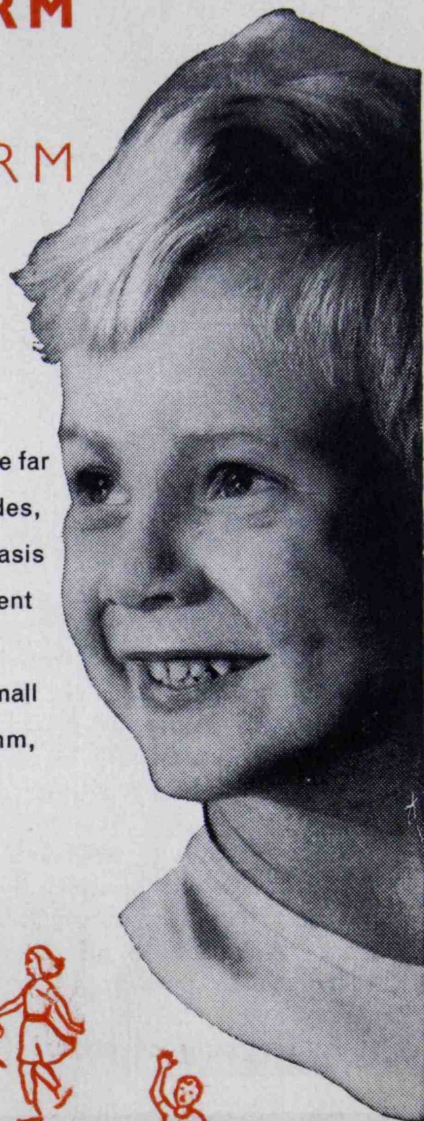
India in 1952 for Taiwan for studies and on his return in 1954, when he started teaching, he was under observation all the time, he said.

FALLS FROM HAMMOCK

A 23-year-old labourer, Ho Shek, fell from a hammock in a factory in Wood Road early yesterday morning and was seriously injured. He was admitted to hospital.

S.C.M.P., June 7th, 1956.

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PILL-ROLLERS' BALL

ON MARCH 24th all the very best people in the University (or most of them) gathered in the Great Hall for the Annual Medical Dance. Chairman Wei Tze Him (top left) was as gallantly host-like and charming as any Mr. B or Mr. K. An enormous supper kept the company silently munching for a good half-hour, and everyone seemed to have lots and lots to drink. They could hardly have done things better at Government House.

* * *

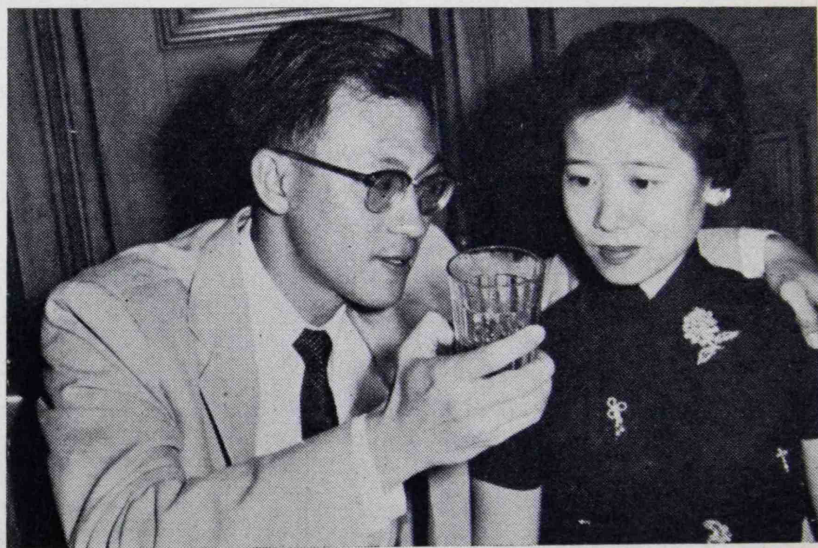
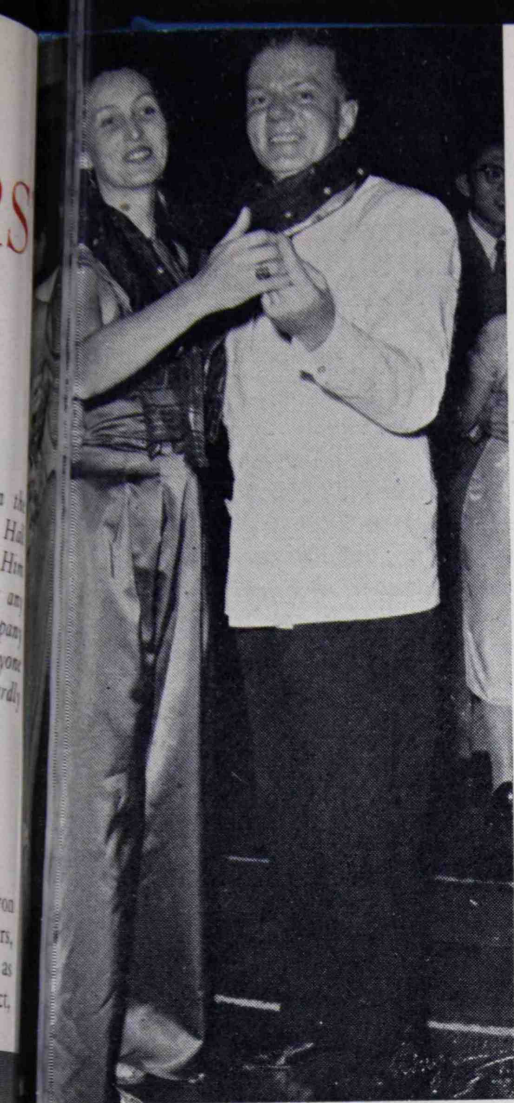
THERE WERE, AS USUAL, countless prizes to be won in the raffle. Book-ends, bottles of whisky, cushion covers, ash-trays, things to tell you what date it is so long as you remember to set them to the right date, — in fact, all that the heart could desire. And almost everyone got something.

It's hard to know who had the most fun; Mrs. Stock drawing the numbers, Mrs. Kilborn giving them away, or the lucky, lucky winners.

One prize was returned (unopened, be it said) and auctioned for the Medical Society Scholarship Fund. It was most gallantly purchased at \$100 by Mr. Tang Jwi Meng. An addition all the sweeter for coming from an undergraduate pocket.

And talking of prizes! (see bottom right).



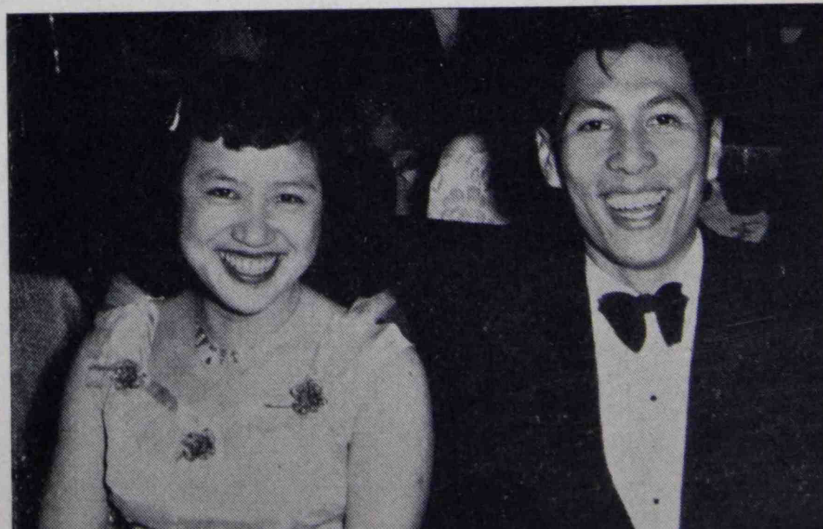


Professors and their wives danced with abandoned grace.

Prominent citizens were blackmailed by charming secretaries out of scandalous sums for the purchase of this, that and the other.

Beautiful young ladies were introduced to the taste of strange new pleasures.

In fact, as the saying goes, a very merry time was had by all.



SIR PATRICK MANSON

The Founder of the Medical College of Hong Kong (October 1st, 1887),
and its first Dean.

ON OCTOBER 1st, 1955, Sir Philip Manson-Bahr, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., delivered a lecture to a large and delighted audience in the Northcote Science Building, upon the life of his father-in-law, Sir Patrick Manson. Sir Philip spoke without a script, but afterwards he most graciously promised to find time to write out the substance of his talk for publication in ELIXIR. He did this whilst on the plane to Singapore, and we now take great pleasure in presenting his story to our readers.

Sir Patrick Manson (October 3, 1844-April 9, 1922) did great work for the Colony of Hong Kong during his residence there (1883-1889). He eventually became known as "The Father of Tropical Medicine" and was the Founder of its London School of Tropical Medicine (now the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine).

As this is a great occasion in the history of your University of Hong Kong, special attention must be paid to the work he performed whilst he was resident there.

Manson was born in Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire. The house of his parents - Cromlet Hill - still stands and is now

distinguished by a plaque raised in his memory and which was installed there on July 5, 1954.



Patrick Manson in 1875, aged 31.

Patrick Manson* was the second of a family of six and at first was apprenticed to the foundry of his mother's family - Blaikie Bros. - in Aberdeen. At the age of 16 he developed a curvature of the spine and in consequence of this, took up Medicine at Aberdeen University.

At the age of 22 he migrated to Takao in South Formosa and lived there 5 years, subsequently migrating to Amoy in the Bay of Hiu Tau (1870). Altogether he lived 23 years in South China of which the last 6 (1883-1889) were spent in Hong Kong. It was in Amoy that he

first made the great discoveries which have rendered his name immortal. First he

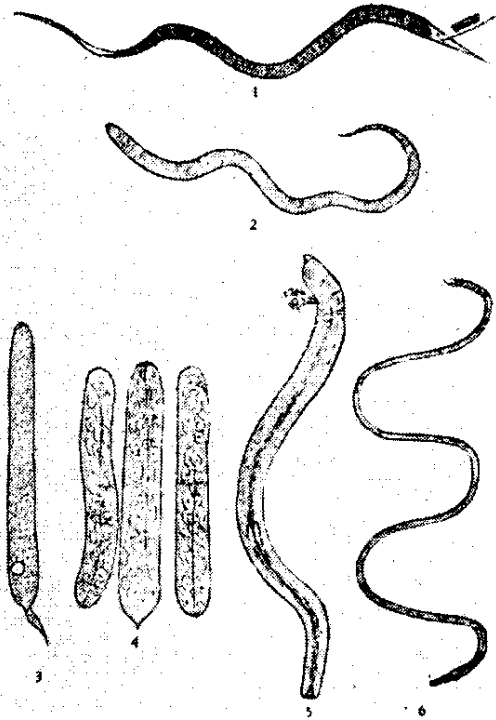
* His father was a yeoman farmer who also was Manager of the Linen Bank.

practised Western Medicine on the Chinese with great success. He became a skilful operator and in the year 1873 he recorded that he had removed over a ton of elephantoid scrota in Amoy Town. By operating behind a large glass window with access to passers-by he convinced the local people of the genuineness of his surgery. In 1875 he returned home and whilst studying in the British Museum he found the writings of Timothy Lewis, a surgeon in Bengal who had discovered the filaria in the blood and had named it *Filaria sanguinis hominis*. He decided then that this was the cause of the elephantiasis which was so common in his patients in Amoy. Whilst thus engaged there was another stout man with a black beard who was busily writing at the dusty table; he was Karl Marx on quite a different quest. So in 1876 he returned to Amoy with the best wife available and the best compound microscope procurable (this was a French instrument made by Nachet fils of Paris). Arrived back at his Mission Hospital at which he attended as well as being Medical Officer to the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, he examined his patients' blood for evidence of Lewis' filariæ and soon he found them, but in doing so, he employed Chinese assistants to prick the patients' fingers and here it was a case, as he put it, "of the discrepancy which teaches if you would learn". The assistant on night-duty almost invariably brought specimens containing numerous filariæ, whilst his day-time colleague did not. It so happened that his gardener - Hui-To - was found to be infected, so that he was able to use him as his guinea-pig, always available. He therefore took equal quantities of his blood every four hours, both by day and by night, to watch the phenomenon that he had discovered. He did so over a period of three weeks, and constructed from his figures the historic graph which has been preserved. He thereby proved the "Nocturnal Periodicity" of the minute filaria. The embryos (for such he proved them to be, as they had no mouth or alimentary canal) commenced to enter the bloodstream at 8.00 p.m., swarmed during the night, attained their maximum at 2.00 a.m., but disappeared completely at 8.00 a.m. He showed, too,

that this periodicity was not influenced by respiration or by the circulation, nor by outside factors, such as electric variations in the atmosphere which he gauged by his private meteorological apparatus. He noted, too, that the filaria in the blood was enclosed in a sheath which prevented its migration in the bloodstream. As he watched it under his microscope he saw it tumbling about "like a man tied up in a sack", furthermore he observed that when the blood was chilled, by placing it on a block of ice, the little filaria broke through its sheath which it cast aside like little Bo Peep and swarmed around like an eel in the serum, anxiously trying to escape from its imprisonment. He argued from all these observed facts that the filaria was on its way to a new post and that normally the discarding of the sheath took place in the body of some cold-blooded insect which sucked blood at night time and fed at such times as the filariæ swarmed in the blood, and that this insect must be winged to enable it to transport the filaria from one man to another in order to ensure its propagation. In this respect he regarded the mosquito as undertaking the functions of a nurse.

His theory was subjected to experiment and so he constructed a *mosquito cage* of chestnut wood with a couch in it for Hui-To to sleep upon. He surrounded his cage with mosquito netting and provided it with a spring door to open inwards. When evening came on he collected all the brown mosquitoes, with which he was familiar and which he could catch in his test tubes, and freed them inside the cage to feed upon Hui-To's blood during the reaches of the night. The next morning, accompanied by his pig-tailed "boy" carrying a tray on which was an array of glass-stoppered bottles, he caught all those insects which were full of blood and transferred them to the stoppered bottles in which he had placed a slip of banana for them to feed upon. The bottles were duly labelled with numbers and times of feeding. Then he observed that the filariæ were not excreted in the faeces of the insect, nor were their digested remains discoverable. He then proceeded to dissect the insects day by day placing them in normal saline and using a pen nib for the actual dissections. First he noted that escape from the sheath

took place in the stomach in the clotted blood, but next that the filariæ bored through the stomach wall and entered between the muscle fibres of the wings where they lay motionless and became transformed into "sausage" forms, but after the sixth day they developed a mouth and alimentary canal, became very active and moved around in the body cavity of the mosquito like a small serpent. He traced it to an elongated form over a millimetre in length, and just visible to the naked eye.



A selection from Manson's drawings of the metamorphosis of *FILARIA BANCROFTI* in the mosquito.

Knowing nothing about mosquitoes or their life histories, or how to keep them in captivity, he wrote to the British Museum asking for information. After a six months pause there came a laconic reply that there was no book on mosquitoes, but they could send him one on the *Anatomy of the Cockroach* which they hoped might serve instead. He described himself at this time as a poor and very slow investigator, crippled by the necessity of earning his daily bread, but he realized that he had stumbled upon an important fact with a distinct bear-

ing on human pathology. He wrote his classic paper on this research on the "role of the mosquito as a nurse" and it was read by Spencer Cobbold to a meeting of the Linnaean Society of London and published in April 1879. Instantly there were criticisms. One member wanted to know whether the filariæ carried watches so that they should know what time to get up and what hour to go to bed! Others suggested that this marvellous discovery was not genuine, but emanated from the ravings of a drunken Scotch doctor in far-off China! However, nothing daunted, Manson repeated all his work and produced an illustrative monograph which was published in 1883. He did not, it is true, trace the filaria to the *proboscis* of the mosquito, nor ascertain that it entered its new host in the *act of biting* (which was proved to be so, later, by G. C. Low in 1900). In order that his great discovery could be confirmed he sent a number of his filariæ - impregnated mosquitoes preserved in glycerine and fed on his gardener - to Cobbold in London. There were 5 glass bottles filled with specimens, duly corked and labelled. Cobbold undertook to dissect the insects and to demonstrate them to the Medical Society of the Middlesex Hospital in February 1884. It is not clear what happened, but the inference is that Cobbold did not actually do what he said he did, because in 1935 the original bottles were rediscovered by Professor R. T. Leiper in a drawer in the Royal College of Surgeons. They were encased in a leather container of Chinese manufacture and enclosed in a cedar-wood box bearing unbroken seals and the Amoy postmark. The box had evidently never been opened! The contained mosquitoes still bore the embalmed filariæ in their thoraces and the species was established by Edwards as *Culex fatigans*. He sent some specimens, too, to Stephen Mackenzie of the London Hospital and it was lucky for him that he was so generous. In a letter to Ronald Ross on December 23, 1895 he wrote that he was preparing the Goulstonian lectures for the Royal College of Physicians and that "I have succeeded in finding a filariated mosquito. Many years ago I sent Cobbold* a lot of them. I know that Cobbold's collection had

* Cobbold died in 1886.

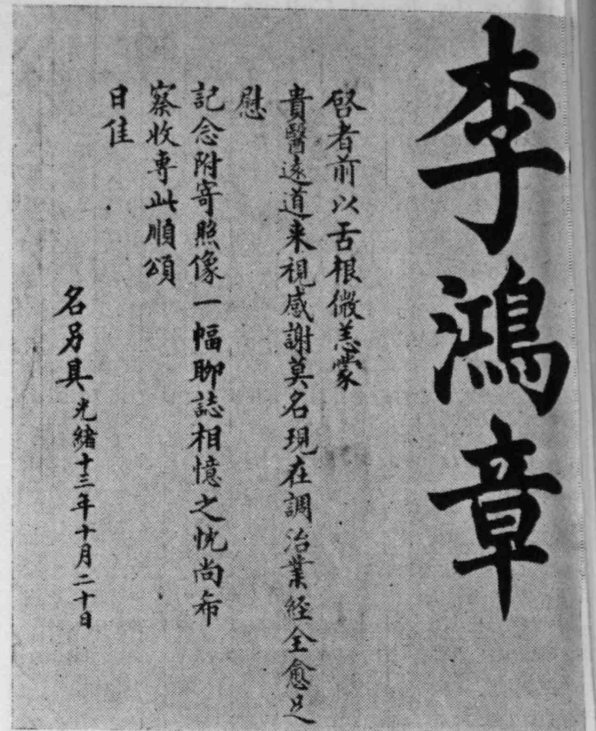
gone to the Royal College of Surgeons and so got permission to look over them for my mosquitoes, but failed, and so I went to Stephen Mackenzie and there found a solitary mosquito floating in glycerine. In a microscopic section of the blood in the abdomen there were my Amoy filariae, and in its thoracic muscles they were there too, most beautiful to behold". Manson made many other notable discoveries in Amoy on parasites of man and animals and amongst others, he found the fungus parasite of *Linea umbricata* in the skin and the filariae of birds, especially of the Chinese Magpie, but he was warned by his Chinese friends that the spirit of a defunct Emperor had entered one such bird and that by shooting it he might be killing his Celestial Eminence at the same time, but the difficulty was solved by the Magpies themselves who grew so wary that he was unable to hit them. Manson was convinced that the filaria he discovered in the blood was the offspring of a much larger parental worm which lived in the tissues, possibly in the elephantoid scrotum or leg. One of his filaria patients was dying. Being eager to find the adult worm he offered him 200 silver dollars to be handed to his widow for permission to perform a post-mortem dissection. He agreed, and a proper document was drawn up. On his death the widow claimed the money. His brother David and he then proceeded to the house, in the very heart of the native town of Amoy, and were prepared to spend hours in their search. He had barely commenced when an ominous noise was heard outside. A mob had gathered demanding the blood of the "foreign devils" and they had to flee for their lives. However, they took enough away to examine and dissect in saline solution; actually they did find the long sought thread - like filaria which Manson hopefully sent back to Spencer Cobbold only to find that it had been named after Joseph Bancroft in Brisbane, Australia, who had discovered it 3 months earlier in 1876. He made other observations - one day (April 24, 1878) a Chinese Mandarin entered his room and, aiming at his spittoon, made a bad shot when Manson noted with great anticipation, that the sputum was tinged with blood; suspecting that he might find filariae which he thought might retire to

the lungs in the daylight hours, he placed some of the specimen under his microscope and found the eggs of a hitherto unknown worm in the sputum instead. He immediately persuaded his patient to spit into bottles of water which he provided for the purpose and he wrote to his friend - Dr. Ringer - in Formosa asking him to look out for patients with haemoptysis and to examine their lungs after they died. Soon his request was answered and a bottle arrived in Amoy with pea-like bodies in it and a sediment at the bottom. When examined under his microscope it was found that it contained eggs similar to those he had seen in the sputum of the Mandarin. The fluke was called *Distoma ringeri* by Cobbold and it is now known as the lung-fluke - *Paragonimus Westermanni*. But let us return to the bottles! Some weeks after he noticed a terrible smell emanating from the jam jars sitting on the shelf in his "muck room" as he called it, so placing some of the sediment under his microscope he was lucky enough to observe the eggs hatching and *Miracidia* escaping from the shells. These ciliated organisms swam around excitedly, evidently searching for something. *Could this possibly be a freshwater snail?* So he wrote to a friend in Hong Kong to ask him to look in the water courses of the Peak for these molluscs, and in return he received specimens of a snail known as *Melania hongkongiensis*, which as proved by Nakagawa in 1917 is the intermediary host of *Paragonimus Westermanni*. He thus by a brilliant hypothesis antedated Thomas' discovery of the life history of the fluke - *Fasciola Hepatica* in the snail - *Limnaea Truncatula*.

Early in 1883 Manson moved to Hong Kong where for the next 6 years he lived on the Peak. He amassed an enormous practice on all branches of Medicine. He was universally popular and much beloved by the Chinese. He in turn reciprocated the affection and counted "John Chinaman" as one of the greatest on Earth. He was by no means idle. In 1885 he discovered and accurately described the disease we now know as Sprue and which he jokingly suggested might well represent the past participle of the verb "To spree" in which possibly he was not far wrong. He did original work on malaria and tried to prove

that the malarial agent lived in water and was contracted through drinking it (he was ignorant of the work of Laveran who on November 20, 1880 had found the parasite of Malaria in the blood). In 1886 (September 3rd) he founded the Medical Society of Hong Kong in which he called together the Medical practitioners of Hong Kong and their Chinese friends to discuss matters of mutual interest. The meetings took place in the Alice* Memorial Hospital. Early in 1887 he was called to Tientsin to attend Li Hung Chang, the great Prime Minister of China under the Empress. Li was thought to be dying of a cancer of the tongue, but Manson found that it was only a sublingual abscess, which he opened, and the great man was cured. It took Manson six weeks to reach Tientsin by pony and by junks, but he was well rewarded by Li Hung Chang's gratitude and later he received a letter of thanks - as follows:—"Your treatment has resulted in a complete cure. Calm,

* Alice was the wife of Sir Kai Ho Kai, a great benefactor of Hong Kong. The Hospital was demolished in 1916.



Li Hung Chang's letter of thanks to Manson, with a visiting card attached. The letter is in the Prime Minister's own script.



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then, your anxiety on my account. I send you enclosed a photograph which may perhaps serve as a reminder of our good feelings towards one another. This is the object of my letter and I take this opportunity of wishing you an elegant time."

In this same year Manson collected his friends together and suggested founding a college of Medicine in Hong Kong for the teaching of Chinese Students. He selected the Alice Memorial Hospital. His old friend Li Hung Chang backed him up. In his letter he wrote "Gentlemen I am in receipt of your letter informing me that I have been elected Patron of your college and I thank you for your desire to perpetuate my name on your College walls. I wish you every success for your benevolent design. I learn that there are now 20-30 students in your college studying Medicine and consider it most proper that they should pay attention to the sister subject of Chemistry and understand to compound and how to analyse, thus ensuring greater accuracy in the diagnosis of disease and in the preparation remedies".

1886 appears to have been a fruitful year for them. He proposed and later organised the Dairy Farm which now forms such a prosperous and beneficent feature of Hong Kong. Before a herd of European cows could be imported it was necessary to create a grazing ground on the steep and bare slopes of the island hills. A site near Aberdeen was chosen and grasses imported from Australia (Queensland) were tried out, before a suitable fodder could be provided. Manson was urged on to this adventure spurred by his sympathetic and patriotic spirit and moved by his concern for the children of the garrison stationed in Hong Kong, as well as for the sick for whom a supply of cow's milk was essential. The animals and the yeomen farmers were recruited from his Aberdeenshire countrymen. Hens, ducks, and geese eventually came the same way. Mr. W. Walker was appointed Manager and it is wonderful to relate that he still resides in old Meldrum at the advanced age of over 90.

Although there have been vicissitudes on the fortunes of Manson's Dairy Farm it has survived and now flourishes under the present efficient Management and Mr. Walker, who came to see me on his retire-

ment, still takes a lively interest in this concern. Manson's address at the founding of the Medical College of Hong Kong on the 1st October, 1887 has been preserved. It is a very forcible and impressive document of over 5,000 words. The meeting took place in the Town Hall (on the waterfront) before a large congregation, the Governor of the Colony, Sir William Henry Marsh, and numerous notables. He deplored the lack of Medical facilities and education. Although Hong Kong had been a Crown Colony since 1831 nothing had been done. There was Kerr in Canton, McKenzie in Tientsin and Myers in Formosa who had done their best with limited facilities. These were the "Sir Galahads" of Medicine.

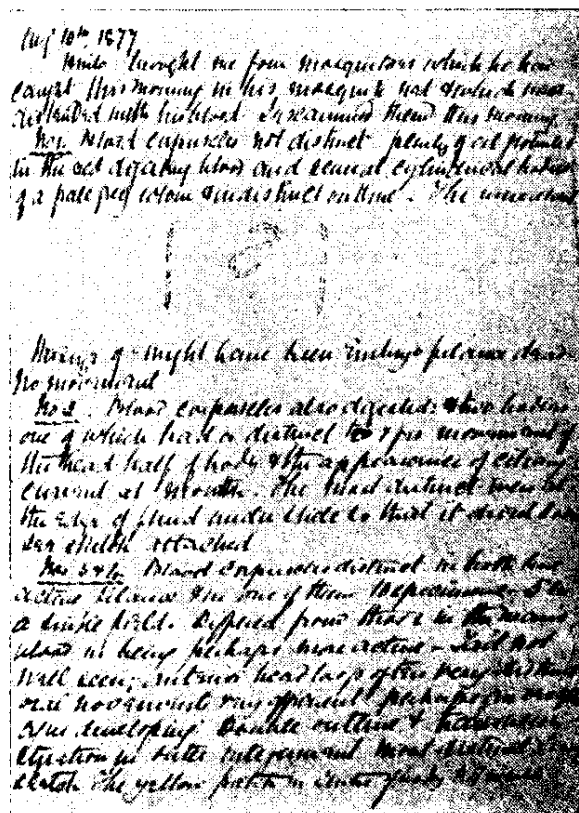
After referring to the Taiping rebellion in 1867 he spoke about the gradual development of China. The outcome of it was that this country is changing front gradually and all along the line and, whilst doing so, had avoided disintegration and revolution, had compelled respect, and had kept foreign fingers out of the pie. Sure enough, the unjustly despised "Celestial" was effecting an unprecedented feat and was passing from ancient to modern without spilling a drop of blood. The old lines of government that had stood the test of thousands of years were broad enough to take in even railways, telegraphs, iron-clads and machine-guns. From below upwards would proceed the greatest reforms; from below upwards would spread revolution in thought in the way men regard religious, political and social matters. Until they understood, and understood it in all its bearings, Chinese would not adopt a new thing. They were in point of sagacity, as well as in size, the elephant among nations. They would not make a new step, until they are sure that the ground they tread on was firm and reliable. In his opinion they were wise in this. And when these reforms were effected and changes made what to us Europeans would be the consequences? Politically over 300 millions of this most industrious, thrifty, persevering and clever people would be no insignificant factor in the combinations of the future. Perhaps, when the deadly *upas* tree of opium had been uprooted, minor peoples would go down before them. The people who gave us the invention of *printing* would give yet other useful and peaceful arts.

The first to use *gunpowder* would not be backward in the art of war; the discoverers of *inoculation* would add again to the prevention and cure of disease. These hundreds of millions would double the recruiting-ground of Science and must give back to Europe more than they got!

After this progressive start Manson became the first Dean of the School and two years later was succeeded by his countryman, friend and partner – Mr (afterwards Sir) James Cantlie. Sun Yat-Sen was the first and best pupil. It will be remembered that some 9 years later it was through the efforts of his two old teachers (Manson and Cantlie) that Sun's life was saved after he had been kidnapped and imprisoned in the Chinese Legation in London. The story of Manson's encounter with the Foreign Secretary of the time, Sir Halliday McCartney, still makes good reading. There is a good medical story of Manson's career in Hong Kong which must be recorded. When Manson went to Tientsin he left behind a fair lady patient on the Peak who suffered greatly from anaemia. He handed her over to Cantlie when all their medicaments had failed. On his return, after an absence of two months, she was there to greet him – all pink and rosy. What had happened? "Oh," she replied, "I got fed up with you Scots doctors and went to the Chinese joss doctor, who with his snake skins and incantations has cured me, as you see. He also gave me some pills." What was inside them she did not know. So Manson had himself asked to a Chinese feast with his Chinese colleague and, whilst plying him with rice spirit, tried to pump him without success, till finally, as the orgy was coming to its close, he blurted out "I gave her the dried liver of a dead cow". Henceforward Manson used a decoction of liver, – liver soup, – for the treatment of sprue and sprue anaemia with great success. He knew not why. We all know why now since the discoveries of Minot and Murphy in Boston in 1926; but the Chinese have been using liver for thousands of years.

In 1889 Manson returned to Kildrummy, his estate in Aberdeenshire, intending to live the life of a Scottish laird, but Fate was against him. The Chinese dollar fell in value and his large income was reduced,

so he had to 'fare foreign' once again, and come down to London where he set up as a consultant in 21, Queen Anne Street. Here he had to face neglect, jealousy and opposition. Many thought he was a quack and avoided him. But he soon got a practice together, gained recognition and made more discoveries. These were numerous and included the discovery of three new species of filaria in man, the working out of the life-history of the guinea-worm in the water-flea – *Cyclops* – and, finally, in December 1894, he enunciated his famous mosquito - malaria hypothesis which was really the corner-stone of modern Tropical Medicine and established it firmly as a separate science. With cold and irrefutable logic he compared the life-story of his filaria with that of the malaria parasite in the mosquito. He hypothesized that the exflagellation of the malaria crescent (*Plasmodium falciparum*) was a parallel phenomenon to that of the antics of his filaria in the stomach blood clot of the



An entry in Manson's diary for August 10th, 1877, just after he had found the filaria in the mosquito.

mosquito and that further development of the parasite, outside the human body, must necessarily proceed in some special species of mosquito which was prevalent in those areas where malaria was rife. This was of course the *Anopheles* mosquito which had recently been described. All the accumulated and ascertained facts pointed to the truth of this hypothesis and displaced the outworn *missma* theory of malaria. This led to his encounter and association with Major Ronald Ross of the Indian Medical Service in 1894. Ross had written on malaria and had made fun of the parasite of Laveran which he could not find in malaria blood. The situation can be judged by the following letter:

“21, Queen Anne Street,
9th April, 1894.

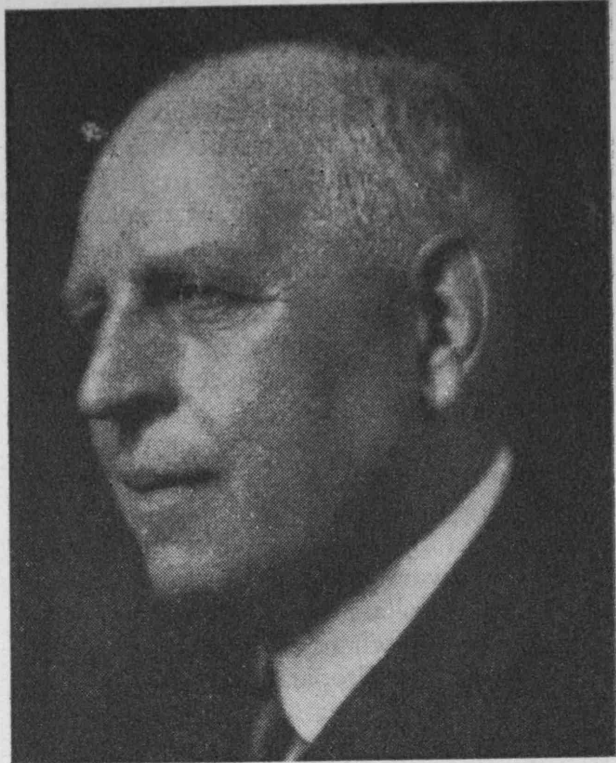
Dear Surgeon Major Ross,

I am very sorry I was out when you called this afternoon.

I read your papers some time ago in the *Indian Medical Gazette* with much interest. As against – and some others, your position is perfectly correct. These are only physiological phenomena. But, I am certain, judging by the minuteness and accuracy of your observations, that you have not seen the *Plasmodium Malariae*. Otherwise you would not have failed to recognize its pathological character, and the reason you have not seen it, is the technique you employ. It will give me great pleasure to be of any service to you, for I am quite sure you can do good work and have the patience to do it. The first forenoon (tomorrow, if possible) you have the leisure, call upon me and we can arrange to make the most of the malaria cases I have access to.

Yours very truly,
PATRICK MANSON.”

The result of this was that Ross went out to India with the blessing of Sir Charles Crossthwaite, the Under-Secretary for India, in 1895, and at Secunderabad on the 20th August 1897 he found the oocysts of the malaria parasite in the stomach of *Anopheles stephensi* and wrote the famous lines “I have found thy seeds at last, O million-murdering Death”. The specimen in glycerine was sent to Manson who was



The author, Sir Philip Manson-Bahr.

shooting in Scotland and cabled back “Congratulations, you are on the right track at last.”

The Malaria problem was solved at last but the public remained unconvinced. To convince them, the Government and the world, Manson devised two complementary experiments. In July 1900 a mosquito-proof hut was constructed and erected at Ostia in the Roman Campagna, an historically malarious spot, and there Dr. L. W. Sameon, Dr. G. Carmichael Low, Mr. Engel Terzi, and an Italian servant, lived for three months from July to October 1900, without contracting malaria – all around lay stricken. All they did was to sleep in the mosquito-proof hut and remain healthy. As a corollary anopheles mosquitoes (*Anopheles maculipennis labrachieae*) were fed on malarial cases. They were despatched in specially constructed cases in the Embassy Bag to London. The first arrived at the end of July 1900 and was made to bite Patrick Thurbun Manson (aged 23), who was then a student at Guys Hospital, London. He subsequently developed malaria fever and malaria parasites were found in his blood. Manson’s cup was now full. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society

and was knighted by Queen Victoria, but all this was now marred by the death of his favourite son in March 1902. In the meantime Manson had been introduced to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and had become Medical Adviser to the Colonial Office in July 1897. This led to the organization of the London School of Tropical Medicine, and its opening on October 1st, 1899. From the commencement, although it was situated in the Albert Docks, nine miles from the centre of the metropolis, it was a great success. Manson taught there for the next thirteen years. Under his guidance the School flourished and became famous. In 1919 it was moved to Endsleigh Gardens in the centre of London. In 1922 Manson died, not before he became aware of the Rockefeller bequest of a million dollars to move the School to Bloomsbury and where as the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine it now stands and flourishes under Government support. Manson's ideas has triumphed. It was a long way from Hong Kong to London but it all followed an ordered sequence. To complete the story we must absorb the meaning of his philosophy when he wrote "Never refuse to see what you do not want to see, or what might go against your own cherished hypotheses, or against the views of authorities. These are just the clues to follow up, as is also, and emphatically so,

the thing you have never seen or heard of before. The thing you cannot get a pigeon-hole for is the finger-point showing the way to discovery". How true this is and how true his prophecy was of the inevitable outcome of Medical Education in Hong Kong and of the progress of the University there, I leave you to judge, but that it was prophetic and prescient is undoubtedly correct.

Manson's life was an eminently happy one. He was happy in his home life, happy in his children, happy with almost schoolboy happiness in his work. He was ever fertile in his ideas, making opportunities for others as well as for himself. He was appreciative of life in general, of sport, of gardening and of good literature. In his school he was honoured as a prophet, but this never spoiled him. He lived as he died a great and simple soul. It is not yet for us to judge the exact niche he fills in the role of fame, but assuredly he belongs to that company of the great. He fulfilled in full the famous lines of Chaucer: "*First he wroghte and afterward he toghte*"

PHILIP MANSON BAHR
written on the plane to Singapore
October 3, 1955.

(111 years after Manson's birth
on October 3, 1844)



New York, Jan. 28.
Soprano Rise Stevens
twice dislocated her
shoulder singing the title-
role in "Carmen" with
the Metropolitan Opera
Company.

The shoulder snapped
back into place the first
time with no interruption
in her performance. But
after "dying" at the end
of the opera it refused to
oblige a second time.

S.C.M.P.

And if the singing was B flat, that's only B natural, considering the B sharp pain. And as for the end of the tale, what can you expect from a dead joint except the cold shoulder? Miss Stevens would probably have done better had she remained a plain soprano. Her present status is most d-stressing.

DUMFRIES American frontiers-man Davy
DAVY Crockett may not have been
born "on a mountain top in
Tennessee." Major E. Crockett, of Bexhill, a
65-year-old retired British Army officer, says he
often heard his mother speak about his great-grand-
father's brother who went to America and whose
name was David. He was born in Dumfriesshire
and was one of five brothers, four of whom were
sea captains. Major Crockett, who believes he may
be the famous Davy, is his great-grandnephew.

China Mail.

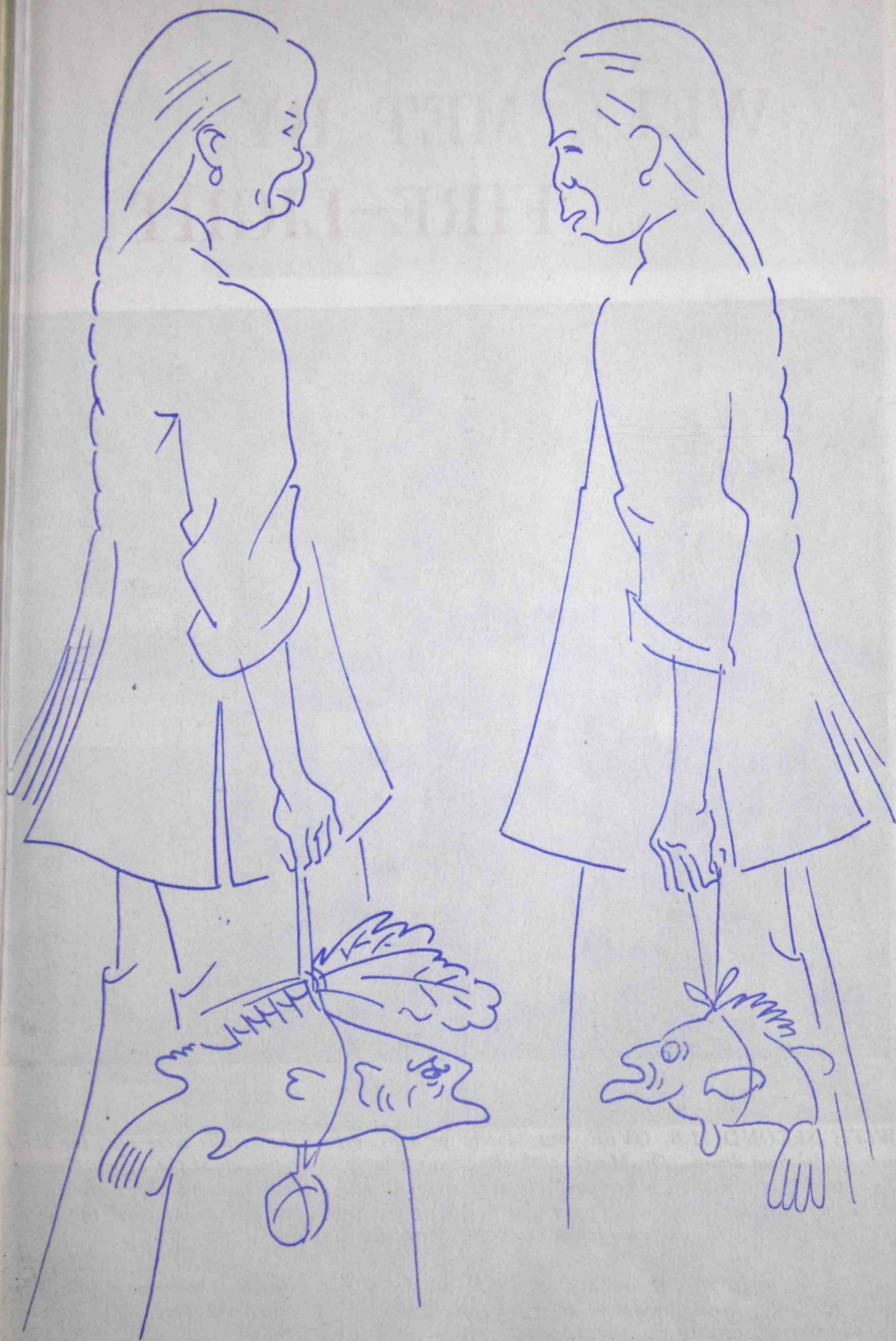
Seen a psychiatrist lately, Major?

* * *

ENGINEER MAKES FULL CONFESSION

To illustrate his point that the standard of comfort was keeping step with engineering progress, Mr. Black recalled the various engineering work done during the internship was to make life unbearable.

Report on talk to Engineering Society, S.C.M.P.
Collaborators, eh?



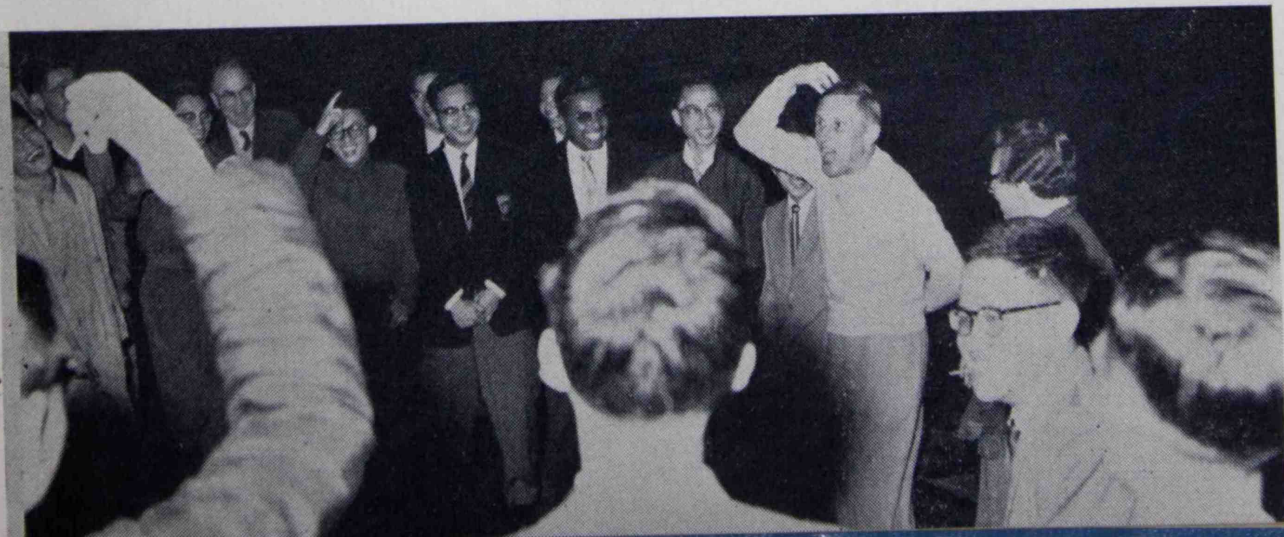
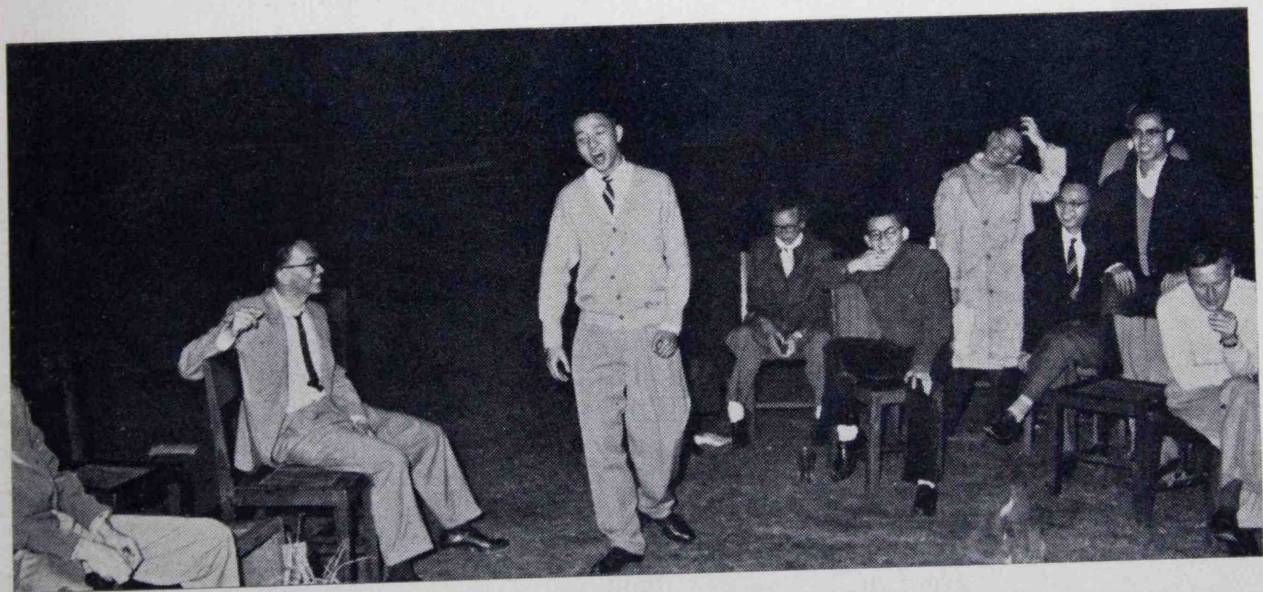
“ Alright, alright, there’s no need to keep on saying ‘This is a pretty kettle of fish’ ”.

WELL MET BY FIRE-LIGHT



WITH SECOND M.B. OVER, but, wisely perhaps, before the results were out, the third year let its hair down. On March 19th they built a large camp-fire up at the Sports Ground. The flames rose high, chicken and sausages frizzled and fried, beer and the warmth and the dancing light chased care from the minds of the just examined and melted the ice in the teachers' hearts, and suddenly everyone burst out singing.

But in the midst of life we are in death, we know not when our hour may come, and here, suddenly, in the midst of their laughter and glee, freezing the very song on their lips, appeared





..... a most engaging looking monster. Terror stricken students fled before its gaping maw. Fortunately, however, a sound physiological training had taught them that, under circumstances of this sort, there's nothing like.....

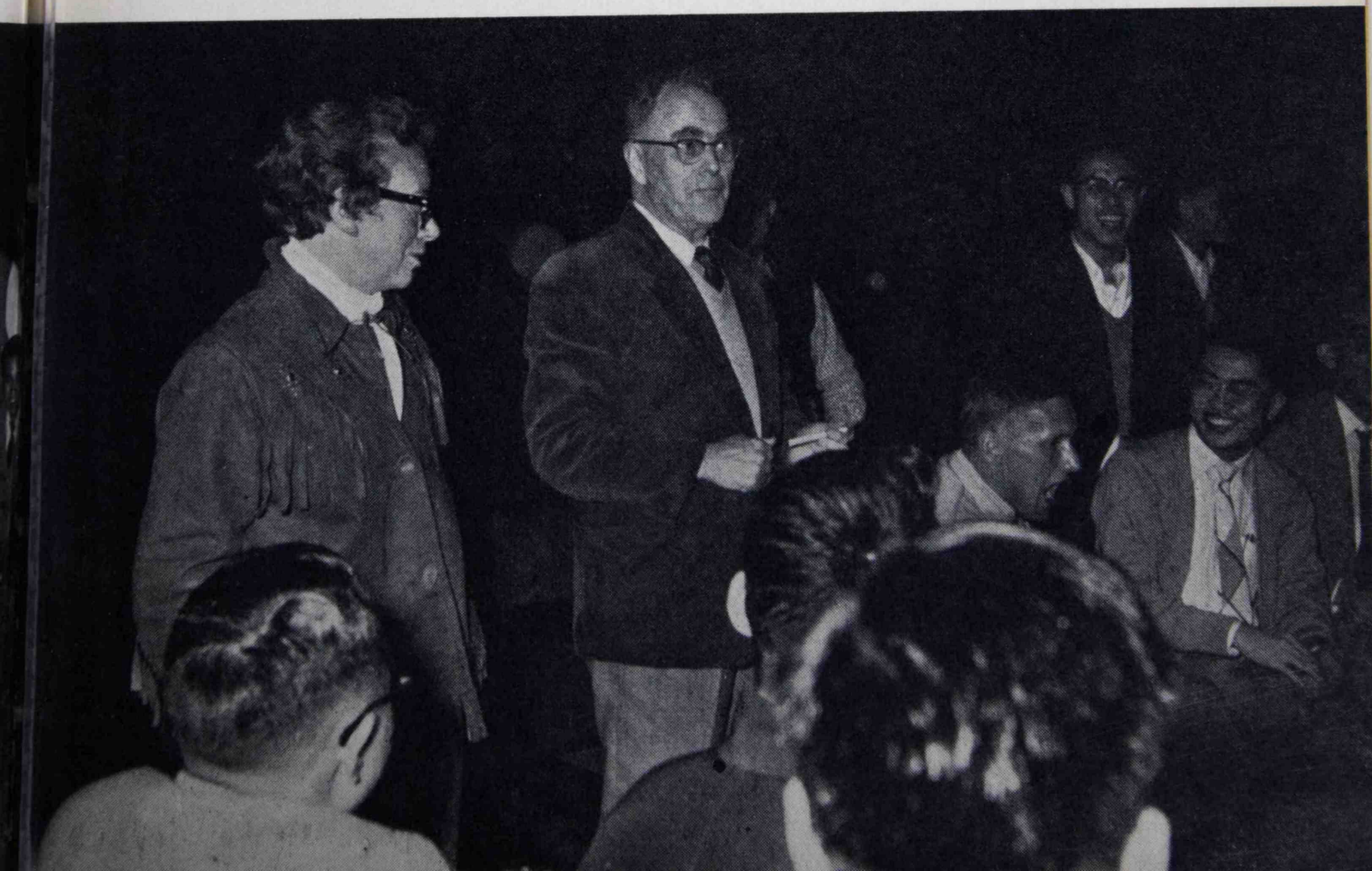
..... a spot of adrenaline!





In a moment the magic works, the hunter becomes the hunted, and the return of law and order is fittingly celebrated by a touching performance of a fine old Canadian folk song.

And when all was done and paid for, a useful \$62.00 remained which was pleasantly added to the Medical Society Scholarship Fund.



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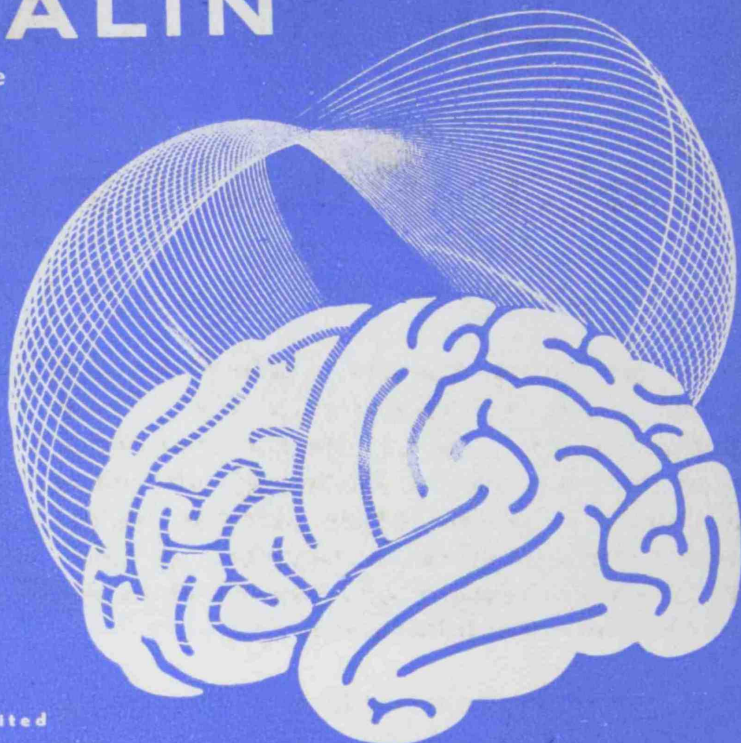
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Ritalin is primarily indicated for patients suffering from abnormal fatigue, depression, debility or exhaustion e.g. during convalescence. In addition, its stimulating action may in certain circumstances be helpful for healthy subjects also. Apathy, hang-over, "Monday morning feeling", fatigue (e.g. after long journeys or sleepless nights) - all these may be expected to respond favorably.

Ritalin: each tablet contains (phenyl-(*o*-piperidyl)-acetic acid methyl ester) 10 mg. in bottles of 30.

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(DOMIPHEN BROMIDE B.P.C.)

NON-TOXIC and may be safely given to children

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Bradosol Lozenges do not give rise to resistant strains of organisms and sensitisation is not produced in the patient. Stomatitis and glossitis do not occur and the risk of fungal overgrowth is avoided. These are all the disadvantages which may be encountered with antibiotic lozenges therapy.

Package: Tubes of 20 tablets

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The Hong Kong Tiger Hunters' Gazette

(WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED QUACKS' OWN PAPER)

Since our circulation has not reached the thirty-thousand mark as rapidly as we had hoped, we have decided that our editorial matter must somehow lack popular appeal. In an attempt, therefore, to capture the interest and the dollars of the great mass of charming, cultured and educated people who make up the population of this island paradise, we are taking a lesson from some of the more successful of our contemporaries, and in this special supplement we present a series of features of a sort which experience shows can be guaranteed to Make Friends and Influence People.

MUTTERS MUSICAL

by

Old Mother Ribey, O.S.

Last Thursday's concert by Mr. Yehudi Menuhin did not disappoint those of us who had looked forward to the enjoyment of a competent technical performance, and the only jarring note was struck by the audience, whose vociferous enthusiasm betrayed an ashaming lack of true musical appreciation.

Mr. Menuhin is an experienced concert artist, and he realizes that in order to satisfy the average audience, it is necessary that the programme should include a number of tiresome, popular compositions. These inevitable intrusions, however, he treated with a severe scholasticism, and his interpretation of *In A Monastery Garden* held none of the vulgar emotionalism which this work usually evokes from the performer. He did not allow himself to be dismayed by the large variety of notes which the composition displays, and he showed enormous skill in following the score exactly as the composer had written it.

By far the most satisfying item, however, was Sludge's *Concertina in A Flat*. This seldom heard work was written when the composer was 87 years old at a time when he was suffering from deafness, blindness, paraplegia and an unfortunate mental affliction leading to a conviction that black is white. This caused him to confuse flats and naturals, but the result was a composition of outstanding originality and great intrinsic musical worth. Menuhin did it full justice, and I was gratified to note that I seemed to be the only member of the audience who enjoyed the piece.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

CORRESPONDENCE

Anxious Mother

(To the Editor, H.K.T.H. Gazette)

Sir,—I wish to draw the attention of yourself and all your readers to the scandalous and disgusting state of affairs existing in Hong Kong now which ought never to have been allowed to develop in the first place but since it seems that the standard of morals of the general public is so appallingly low that it has developed then I feel that it is high time that the Police and the Urban Council and the Reform Club banded together to put an end to this intolerable menace once and for all.

I refer, of course, to the so-called 'gentlemen' who swim at public beaches in *topless* garments.

DISGUSTED (MISS).

MUTTERS MUSICAL

(Continued from Page 1)

Should Mr. Menuhin return to this Colony, he may be assured of yet another generous appreciation from this column.

In sharp contrast, yesterday's concert by the Anglo-Cantonese Orchestra was a dismal failure. The choice of works was utterly unsuitable and far beyond the capacity of the players. When will local musicians learn to stick to the good, old tried favourites? The conductor showed no originality, and led the players to interpret the score exactly as it was printed. The result was a flat, uninspired and thoroughly pedestrian performance. Surely the Colony deserves better than this of its local, spare-time players! If I were not so occupied with broadcasting and journalism, I would lend a hand myself toward the making of music.

STOP PRESS:

It seems that there has been an unfortunate confusion in my diary, which is perhaps understandable in view of the many, many calls upon my time. The violinist referred to above was not, it seems, Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, but a Mr. Bo Too Flat (a local boy), and the orchestra was not the Anglo-Cantonese, but the London Philharmonic. If readers will but substitute these names and reverse the criticisms, all will be in order.

(Unless otherwise stated, all facts and opinions quoted in this column are derived from Grove's DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.)

Around the Cinemas

THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

THE BEST FILM showing this week is undoubtedly the new M.G.M. musical "Pier Plowman" but as I have not yet seen it I must leave the review of it until tomorrow. It is unfortunate that the film is only on show tonight, but if you keep the clipping of the newspaper then you should be able to look up my criticism of the film when it comes round again and decide whether or not you wish to see it.

A British Comedy

For those who missed the film on its first showing I recommend a visit to the Majestic Theatre where "Hamlet" is running for a few nights.

It is difficult to describe how to get to the Majestic Theatre as there are so many places to start from, but taking a person who lives in Ice House Street as an example, he must first walk down Ice House Street as far as he can go. This will bring him to the Star Ferry where he must board a ferry to take him across the harbour. On reaching the other side of the harbour he must then disembark otherwise he will be brought back to Ice House Street. On getting off the ferry he should walk eastward for a short distance and then turn up Nathan Road and carry on walking northwards. This is important, for if he were to walk southwards he might fall into the harbour and miss the 9.30 show. After walking up Nathan Road northwards for about ten minutes a large building with "Majestic Theatre" written above it will be seen, and this is the Majestic Theatre. A person living in Kowloon can find the Majestic Theatre more easily as there is then no great need to cross over the harbour.

The film "Hamlet" is one of the unpretentious, inexpensive films that Britain makes so well nowadays. It is based on a stage play that ran for many years in London and has, I believe, the original London stage cast. The leading lady is Jean Simmonds who plays the part of a mad nun and she is supported by Stanley Holloway in the role of a grave digger. It may seem to be in rather questionable taste to write a comedy about the relationship between a grave-digger and a mad nun, and I must admit that at times the jokes are a little too broad for my liking, but on the whole this

(Continued on Page 4)

GETTING AWAY WITH IT ALL

By *The Rambler*



I SOMETIMES THINK — you too — perhaps? — But enough of this, for by now the two dogs were snuffing at the porch of that lovely lady — the mistress of the lucky, shaggy licky one with the dumb brown eyes that seem to demand an answer to a thousand unspoken questions — and then they both set up a howling which could mean only one thing.

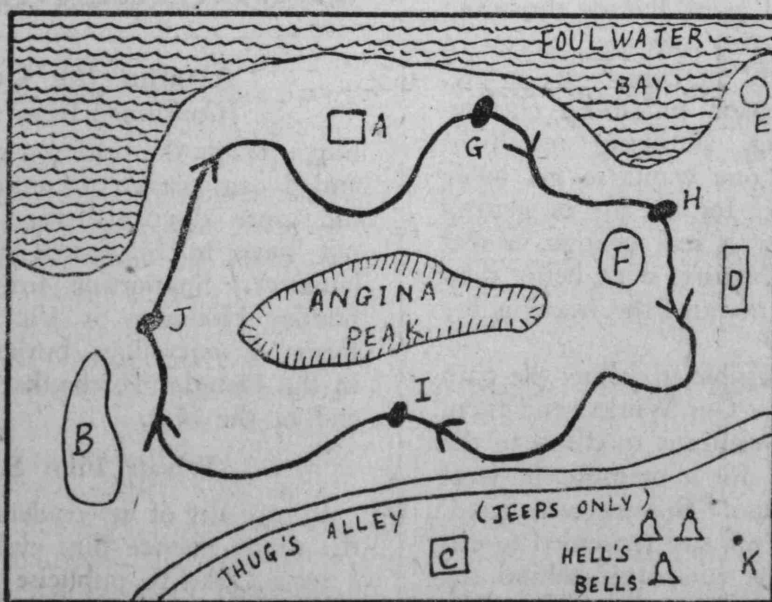
Of course, the door opened, and there she was, wearing the very dress that I had seen her admiring although she never knew I watched her as she gazed into the elegant windows of that very good shop that so much reminds one of sunny spring days (and wet winter ones too!) far away in that 'other world' place of Chelsea Pensioners and the stately ranks

of a million crocuses spiking the green of Royal Parks. The dress made a lovely frame to the long, graceful limbs and full, generous curves of the goddess of the porch,

with its deep, daring, plunging neck-line that revealed so much and suggested a whole paradise more, but her thoughts were far away with — or was I guessing too much into that dreamy gaze — a certain young man in a certain place — nothing definite of course — but I have been back to that very good shop since to look for a wedding gift that might hope to match the beauty of she

who shall be its owner soon.

And so without a word — words are so unnecessary — I think — you too? — she
(Continued on Page 4)



- A. Lighthouse Keepers' Recreation Club
- B. Site for sore eyes
- C. Comfort Station
- D. Abalone Refinery
- E. Cheongsam Slitter-Uppery
- F. St. Paul's Cathedral
- G,H,I,J. Circular track (for going round in circles)
- K. Chief Research Assistant from Cheongsam Slitter-Uppery

GETTING AWAY WITH IT ALL

(Continued from Page 3)

flung me the shaggy brown-eyed one's lead and closed the door on all of us. Wuff, wuff - scramble, scramble, - through the doors and out of the windows as they licked my bare knees and sniffed at the ruck-sack on the seat beside me with our rations in it for the long trail we had planned. Bill had said he would come with me as he had never climbed over that part of the island before, but he had cried off at the last minute because of the unexpected arrival of a gorgeous creature in a graceful cheongsam sheath with slits that reached up and up and up until

That left me and the two dogs - all alone as usual. Hell! When am I going to get a break? Why is it always the *other* chaps who get all the luck? With a whine the engine burst into life, and we were off.

The path leads off to the left just after the rather sharp bend on the other side of Kelly's Corner. For two or three hundred yards it winds between the great grey grim buttresses of an abandoned slate quarry, and then drops by easy stages down into the fish market. I love the bustling city, with its gay neon signs, its fascinating green trams, like some primaeval great lizards threading their way through the towering forests of commerce, and with, of course, its lovely, lovely creatures dressed in slit-up cheongsams and plunging, plunging necklines. But oh, sometimes one wants to get away from it all - if only for the joy of getting back again, and for a real change, a real touch with Mother Nature, what better than the invigorating scents and the heaving life of the fish market?

From here it is possible to follow the path up further round the Gas Works, and then, by way of the bus terminus to climb to the very top of the hill for a magnificent view of the slaughter house. But we were tired, and so Fluff and Wuff and I decided to call it a day, and as the sun sunk behind the cement works I thought to myself: 'We must do this sort of thing again.' And we will, dear reader; we will, believe me! Next week!

KOWLOON TRAGEDY AVERTED

A black cat was seen on a wall in Chatham Road yesterday. A passer-by informed the fire-brigade who turned out an appliance. When the Chief Officer ascended a ladder in a gallant rescue bid, however, the cat leapt from the wall and disappeared in the direction of Kowloon Tong without giving its name or address. (H.K.T.H.G. Special)

THE PANTY BOX

Ladies! See our startling new collection of delicious nite niftys and slumber slops.

Alluring ! ! !

Compelling ! ! !

Unique ! ! !

Once tried you will buy no others ! ! !

Also Just Unpacked
Fifth Avenue's Latest Craze

EYE-FILLING BRA-LESS STRAPS

S-o-o-o C-o-o-o-o-I ! ! !

All at

THE PANTY BOX

Around the Cinemas

(Continued from Page 2)

film upholds the tradition of British comedy and I can heartily recommend the film to the more discriminating persons who do not have to be forced by slapstick into laughter. Supporting Jean Simmonds and Stanley Holloway is Vic Oliver who performs a marvellous burlesque sword duel in the Douglas Fairbanks style towards the end of the film.

Private Film Societies

In case any of my readers are not aware of the many private film clubs in the Colony I would like to publicise the one I visited yesterday afternoon. It is located in a hotel room in North Point and to get to it one must saunter up and down King's Road until approached by the club's publicity agent. The films are rather old and I remember seeing one of them in Port Said some ten years ago, but it was almost like a meeting of old friends to see the familiar characters again. Anyone interested in this society should apply to Mr. Maxwell for a membership form.

YOUR LUCKY STARS

by

Stella Twinkle

*A guide to your activities and fortunes during the coming week,
as seen through the heavens.*

TAURUS WILL BE in the ascendant this week, and Virgo becomes a little paler than usual. Later on the Heavenly Twins appear, and astral affairs liven up a good deal. Be prepared for wet weather.

★ ★ ★

SUNDAY: If in need of spiritual guidance, go to church. Why not ask some friends in for a family supper? Or, better still, get some friends to ask you *out* to supper! An excellent day for mending broken gusset valves and old harmoniums.

★ ★ ★

MONDAY: Washing day. Take care of a delicate situation that might be discovered at the seat of Father's pants. Too vigorous an approach to this problem might lead to a complete breakdown, with embarrassing results all round.

★ ★ ★

TUESDAY: There now! What did we tell you? Better spend the morning downtown getting him some new ones.

★ ★ ★

WEDNESDAY: This evening is highly favourable for romance. Why not arrange the Little Woman to get away for that long promised visit to Mum's Place? Or if you *are* the Little Woman, encourage Hubby to start off on that fishing trip he's been talking so much about.

★ ★ ★

THURSDAY: If you followed the stars' promptings for yesterday, today will also prove highly favourable for romance. If you have a near relative who is temporarily away from home, get in touch by telephone, just to make sure everything is in order. It won't cost much, and might be the means of saving yourself a great deal of unpleasantness.

★ ★ ★

FRIDAY: There is danger of a serious quarrel due to the unexpected arrival of a person unsympathetic to your present way of life. Check the First Aid cabinet this morning, and replace any deficiencies.

★ ★ ★

SATURDAY: You may find it an advantage to spend today in bed. Come to think of it, you might be well advised to spend the entire week in bed. Better luck next week, chums!

★ ★ ★

QUIDNUNCS' GUIDE TO BRIGHTER BILLIARDS

Impossible shots Achieved through the use of Common Sense and a Bit of Side.

THE LEFT HAND diagram shows a set-up that is often found in club matches and occasionally in professional matches. Imagine how the average club player would tackle this position. Possibly he would pot the red directly in the top right-hand pocket and the cue ball might finish in the position X, right up against the top cushion, leaving a very difficult black for the next shot.

Alternatively he might hit the red on the wrong side and go in-off; or even miss the ball completely.

The diagram shows how I would tackle this shot. The cue ball is hit hard with just sufficient left-hand side for the ball to clear the blue on the way back from the left hand bottom cushion.

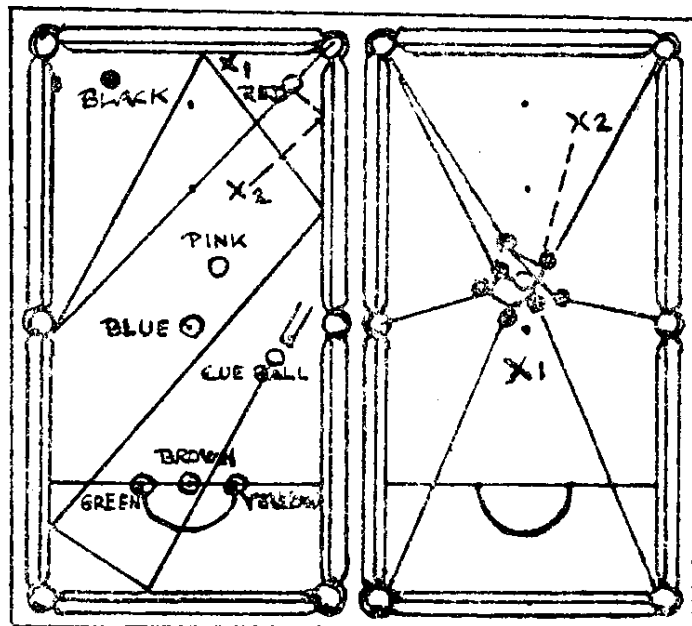
The cue ball should strike the bottom jaw of the left hand middle pocket at the correct angle to come back and pot the red in the top right hand pocket. The cue ball finishes up in position X₂ leaving an easy black. After potting the black it is a simple matter to pot the remaining balls. This break building shot is achieved through the use of common sense and a bit of side and is well within the capacity of the average player.

My second diagram illustrates a forcing

shot that, although rarely used, should be in the repertoire of the average club player. The only difficulty here is getting at the cue ball which is surrounded by reds.

On my private billiard table this difficulty is overcome by the use of a trap door in the position marked X₁, but as most club tables do not have such a fitting I advise the average player to stand on the table half-way between the baulk line and the

centre spot. From this position it is then easy to get to the cue ball. It should be noted that one cannot use the normal cueing action when standing on the table and my advice is to use a niblick or, if no niblick is in the club room, to use the thick end of the cue. By these means the possibility of tearing the cloth is avoided. It is better to take off



your shoes before getting on the table.

Hitting the cue ball with a little right hand side the seven reds will all be potted and the cue ball should finish up in the position X₂, leaving an easy black.

Some billiard markers claim that standing on the table to take a stroke is illegal, on the grounds that it is liable to damage the cloth, and my advice to you is to perform the whole thing quickly before the marker has time to object.

POSITIONS WANTED

COMMERCIAL

RECINT GRADEWIT Hong Kong Unyversiti with honers in English willing to consider post as maniger of any big company or wood even be willing to luk after a bank since i hav always bin very clever with figgers so pliz right stating how much yu will pay mi and when yu wont mi to start wurk to Box 999.

LOST

A GYMNASIUM answering to the name of Eu Tong Sen disappeared from its home in the grounds of the University of Hong Kong several years ago, and has not been heard of since. It is thought that it may have strayed amongst the files in the Registrar's Office, and become inextricably entangled with a set of draft regulations. Will any person who may have knowledge of the whereabouts of the said gymnasium kindly communicate with the President of the Students' Union, Hong Kong University.

Advice from A Friend

being the text of a short address from Professor C. L. Oakley, Brotherton Professor of Bacteriology at the University of Leeds, made to the candidates for the Degree Examination in Pathology last December, at their request.

Professor and Mrs. Hou, Staff of the Pathology Department, Mr. Lai, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It's very easy to be an External Examiner: the student has to do most of the work, while the examiner listens with increasing gloom, or even sometimes with delight when things go well. I have even wondered occasionally whether External Examiners could be dispensed with; but I have always been reassured by my own experience. As I expect you know, we have the same arrangement in England: the External Examiner takes his full part in the examination, marks the questions, and shares in the oral examination. In this way he not only corrects any local bias there may be against or even in favour of a particular candidate, but he gives me the chance to find

out something about his methods of teaching, his ways of thinking, and the standard of his school. From your point of view the last is very important: I have examined you at the standard I should expect from my own students, apart from the standard in English; if I were examined in bacteriology in Chinese, I should no doubt make a very

poor show of it, so it seems fair enough not to expect too much of you when you write in a language that is not your own. I make no complaint of the results.

From my standpoint, the experience has

been a remarkable one, for not only have I had the chance of examining you, but I have been given every opportunity of seeing Hong Kong, and of seeing and understanding Chinese life and customs. I have indeed been treated with a kindness and generosity beyond measure, and I should like particularly to thank Professor and Mrs. Hou and the staff of the Department for going out of their way on my behalf – a kindness which will culminate this evening in the hour of Peking

Opera, which is being given, as the notice says, for my entertainment, or as I should prefer to say, for my enlightenment.

I have now to say three things to you that are your more particular concern. First, I have noticed among you that tendency that students everywhere show, of believing excessively in text-books. I understand that



Chinese is so difficult a language to learn, that Chinese students are able to memorise and quote text-books with even greater certainty than European students can manage. I think you ought to realise that examiners may get a little tired of hearing the same paragraphs of the same text-book quoted to them by student after student, until even though they themselves know the text-book fairly well, they begin to be affected by the constant repetition, and even to believe what they hear, including the misquotations.

I should like to emphasise instead the value of a logical approach to problems; if you tackle your problems by a process of logical deduction from the evidence, instead of guessing and then quoting the appropriate paragraph from the text-book, you will not only please the examiner – quite a valuable thing in itself – but you will in time acquire a method that will help you not merely in working through material whose nature is known, but also in attacking new and unsolved problems.

Most of you, I imagine, will become general practitioners – doctors in the usual sense – and members of a very honourable profession. I must warn those of you who do so against the fallacy that research work can be done only in laboratories. There is no reason why the same logical approach, the same unbiassed attitude to a problem, should not be applied in general practice, and there is always room for acute observation and keen thinking, at the bedside as much as in the laboratory. Much early research work in medicine was done by clinicians, by general practitioners – some of it before there were any laboratories to help them.

This brings me to my second point. Some of you may feel that there is hardly much left to know in pathology and bacteriology – that morbid anatomy is worked out and that it is a thoroughly dull subject; and that there may be a little more bacteriology to discover, but certainly nothing very much. The text-books are full of information: surely there cannot be any more! This is a natural enough attitude, perhaps, for in medicine there is so very much to know already; but what I want to emphasise is the extent of our ignorance – how very little we know, and how much remains to be found out. To many of the commonest problems we have no satisfactory solution, and much that we accept is based on very little evidence. Now I do not pretend that pathology and bacteriology offer the same monetary rewards as clinical work; they do not; but I have certainly never found them dull and they do offer excellent opportunities for extending our knowledge. Some of you may feel that in that sense they are well worth while, and that you would like to work in those fields. If you do, I am sure you will get the utmost help and encouragement from Professor Hou.

My last comment is rather more general. Most of you are Chinese and all of you are Easterners, all of you heirs to cultures far older than my own. One of the great pleasures of my short stay here has been the opportunity it has given me of seeing and hearing so much of Chinese culture: for most of this I have to thank the learned Chinese scholar who is your professor. Most young people, in their desire to improve the world, tend to despise their elders, and perhaps more important, to despise the culture in which they live; but I am sure that you will gain in every way by a study of your own culture – its painting, its sculpture, its literature and its superbly beautiful calligraphy. In a colony like Hong Kong, where the impact of the two cultures has been so striking, it is not surprising to see some of the worst facets of both; but this should not lead you to reject your own in favour of an alien tradition, however productive of material benefits, but rather to use the best in ours to extend your own – a culture in whose remarkable achievements you may justifiably feel the greatest pride.



AN AUSTRALIAN MADE ETHICAL BY
CHARLES McDONALD

*Heading on blotter from
Australian pharmaceutical firm.*

How did he do it?

ALTERNATIVE TO TUNNEL

Headline, S.C.M.P.

or

If you don't like it, you can LUMB it!

A LONDON SYMPOSIUM

ELIXIR REAPPEARED JUST before Christmas 1954 after a peaceful sleep which began in 1951. The blame for this disturbing occurrence must lie largely with Mr. S. A. Vanar who was at that time the Chairman of the Medical Society. Vanar wisely left the University before the appearance of further issues could entirely undermine his local reputation, and he has since been pursuing his medical studies at Guy's Hospital, London. There he has persuaded some of his friends to write about life in a London medical school, and these articles we print below, with grateful thanks to the authors.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT

Dear Elixir Reader,

It is my privilege to send you a few articles written by my colleagues and friends in London in the hope that you will be interested in learning what your counterparts are thinking and doing over here.

Their goal is the same, but the atmosphere in which they are nursed, and their methods of approach are certainly different. They seem to develop a certain philosophy as they go through the mill. They are made to have independent thoughts and views about subjects both academic and otherwise. They are led in a subtle manner to have interests beyond their books. In short, nothing is carried out to extremes. This is most gratifying.

But I am not crying new lamps for old, and I want to say that I am very proud to have been associated with my Alma Mater, and spent most happy years in Hong Kong. I wish you all the very best in all your endeavours.

Cordially yours,
S. A. VANAR.

* * *

THE SHIP'S CREW

I SUPPOSE THE general definition of the word 'nurse' in a lay mind is that she is a soul dedicated to serving the sick in ways such as soothing flushed brows and smiling gently and pathetically on pain, though doing little to relieve it. She is an angel in a disguise of white starched apron and cap, attractively slim waist, possibly blonde hair and feet that glide noiselessly over the wooden flooring to a tune she is humming happily to herself just low enough so that sister does not hear.

In fact, therefore, the lay mind hardly ever does think of a nurse unless he is brought into contact with her, having had his adenoids removed at the embarrassingly senile age of twenty-five – all his friends having had them removed at five or so years old. "Bit late for this sort of thing ain't, 'Bot?" Other patients tease and he blushes – but nurse understands, doesn't she? Nurse is, of course, a poppet!

Ask the medical student, the second greatest factor in her life, what he thinks of



A soul dedicated to serving the sick.

a nurse. You will get a whole string of popular grievances from him. "She's a bore. She can't dance - her feet are too large and flat from ward walking. She has no respect for one. Absolutely insists on calling you by your christian name - the cheek of it! Can't take a blood pressure for the life of her. Has no discrimination as to who she is seen with. Prefers housemen to students!"

On the positive side one can perhaps get three good results. A fellow with a bright smile can wheedle a whole jug of coffee out of her on night duty, can suggest that a crepe bandage is just the thing to wind round one or the other of his game joints so that he can bring victory to the hospital in the rugby match on Wednesday - "Lord, don't let Sister count the bandages before Thursday - ". He can also extract her heart, play around with it, quietly break it and replace the pieces like so, only in order to hear it reported secondhand that he is still one of the nicest men in the whole of the medical school.

A few might even admit in a fit of condescension, that she works hard!

Naturally, the only true account of what a nurse is and why should come from a nurse herself. She will say: "When a girl first enters the profession she is nothing more than a drudge, a kitchen maid and a messenger. A person to whom others in higher authority say "Do this! Do that!" without as much as a 'please' or 'thank you'. At the end of a year, out of the embryonic stage, she may be given some authority of her own which she proceeds to flaunt in front of those other hopeless Junior Students a whole 12 months behind her taking up the lamp. She is allowed to measure drugs - carefully checked by staff-nurse or ward-sister - and is allowed to receive the brunt of things going wrong in the ward and the sharp side of the head nurse's tongue. She vows a dozen times a day, just as she did in her first year, to leave 'this terrible place' - and never does. As a pupa, surrounded by the rules and regulations of hospital life she is the lost creature of her country because she knows so little about so much.

The end of her second year is cause for rejoicing. Now she may enjoy her responsibility. No more chores for her,

only the most interesting dressings must she do. She can walk, not run about a ward. Rarely does she see a bed pan. Rarely does she wash a back. There is time to talk and dawdle over making beds. There is time to get to know the songs. If she makes a mistake then the 4th year nurse is blamed for it. She is generally a happy soul who complains only of how hard she has to work.

Then comes the time of someone handing her a belt and saying graciously: "Congratulations! you have passed the state examination" and she is - if she really did pass - and "no one ever fails their state in this hospital, nurse!" a fully qualified nurse ready to proceed into her fourth year doing the same kind of work, but less, than she has been doing in her third year. If she is lucky she might be offered an acting-staff nurse's post which merely means she has the same off-duty period as a staff-nurse. If there is also a full staff-nurse on her ward, an acting-staff nurse's life is heaven - and she admits it.

The worst position of all - other than a Junior's position - is that of a staff-nurse. As such, in her fifth year - if she has been invited by the hospital authorities to return after a short absence (good for morale) from her teaching hospital - as a fully-fledged staff-nurse, she may check drugs, may be looked suspiciously upon as either having swallowed them, injected them into herself or as having sold them as black market produce in some dark Soho street, if any should prove missing from the Drug Cupboard. She must be able to take the blame for all mishaps; be able to reprimand the fourth year nurse, who reprimands the third year nurse and so on down the line until the culprit has been exposed and put to shame. She must be a good entertainer, know all the answers, and bear up under the knowledge that few people like her and the Junior thinks only blasphemous things about her. And a staff-nurse does work!

There is then the period of a lifetime ahead of becoming a half-blue or half-Sister and a full-blue or a Sister. Few, however, bother to stay and find out about this part of a nurse's life. Those who do are very secretive!

Who would be a nurse? who would?

Day duty is one long shambles of being

on duty at eight in all winds and weathers. Doing all routine work before 9.30 a.m. when report on all patients is given and temperature charts are written up. Coffee for the patients; coffee for you if you're lucky. All routine dressings are done after this: glucose drinks given, operation beds made if you are a surgical nurse; hourly drinks given if you are a medical nurse. Then drugs perhaps and lunch trays and lunch and washings and tidy and tea and temperatures. Suppers and drinks and tidy and prayers: settling down ready to be settled down again by the night staff. Interspersed between this mode of life are occasional upheavals averaging six per day depending who the big man is who is going to insist on bringing his fifteen odd students round Mrs. Smith's bed as she has just started her third cream bun, booming "Isn't Mrs. Smith a Gastric, eh? Nurse?" The Staff Nurse glares at the Junior who slinks into the sluice muttering: "It was only meant to be a treat, honest!" Little upheavals such as a wandering student

requiring shaving apparatus which is stocked at one end of the ward, as you are changing a blood drip at the other. "Down at the end of the ward, bottom left hand cupboard" you say, watching the glass connection. Moments pass. A voice at your elbow: "The cupboard's locked, nurse", and so it goes on.

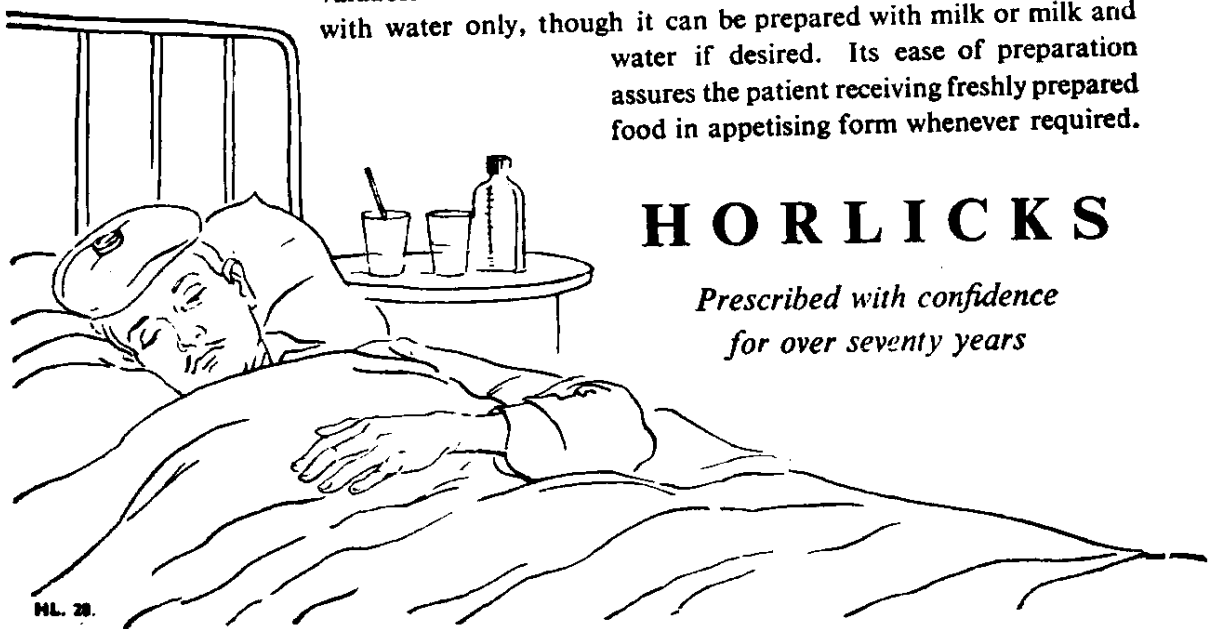
The faces of the night nurses are a welcome sight at 8.30 p.m. and by as early as five to nine sister murmurs: "I say nurse haven't you gone yet?", and you duck out of the door quickly before she finds something that has been left undone. A quick cigarette and wash and change finds you ready to go out for coffee with that nice fellow who takes so long to extract blood from Mr. Jones.

And what of those night nurses who come into the ward at 8.30? Three at the most - to cope with a ward full of ailing men or women, a kitchen full of medicals and Night Sister. Firstly they unsettle all the settled patients with thermometers, hastily pushed between unyielding lips.

diet in fevers

In fevers and febrile conditions Horlicks has proved itself to be an excellent form of nourishment.

Horlicks is easily digested and readily absorbed. It contains first class protein and its soluble carbohydrates possess marked protein-sparing qualities. It thus helps to prevent tissue waste, and is a valuable re-builder during convalescence. Horlicks needs mixing with water only, though it can be prepared with milk or milk and water if desired. Its ease of preparation assures the patient receiving freshly prepared food in appetising form whenever required.



HORLICKS

*Prescribed with confidence
for over seventy years*

The Junior gives out Hot Milk, Cold Milk or Cocoa, Breakfast trays, takes down what the patients must have for breakfast (not what they would like). Drugs are given out by the head nurse – often one of those poor lost creatures in their 2nd year, and both nurses resettle the patients. You sit down for coffee at 10.30 p.m. having seemingly quenched the thirst of the entire medical school previously, and up go the feet and head nurse gives reports. Everything is going fine, then a whisper crosses the darkness: “Nurse, can I have a –” and you are up and off before they finish. The Night patrol has started. One Nurse goes to Meal at 11.30. One stays behind, ears pricked, making gauze squares or rolling bandages for the stock cupboard. One returns from Meal – a whole forty-five minute episode – and the other goes.

Sometime between 1.30 and 2.30 peace reigns. Up go the feet again and off comes the cap. The Junior wanders into the sluice for a cigarette . . . Measured steps down the ward foretell Night Sister’s approach. There is never such an obvious scuffle. The Junior sidles into the ward smelling strongly of Senior Service and Sister’s nostrils dilate. “Keep circulating Nurse, keep circulating”, she snaps “Why is that man coughing. Quickly, quickly get him a drink!” and she takes not one whit more notice of you as long as you ‘keep circulating’. Old Poppa Brown snores so loudly it wakes Billy Jarvis next to him so you run every so often to Poppa to pinch his nose so that he stops snoring. Of course, Night Sister doesn’t see this. Poppa is conveniently placed in a shadow.

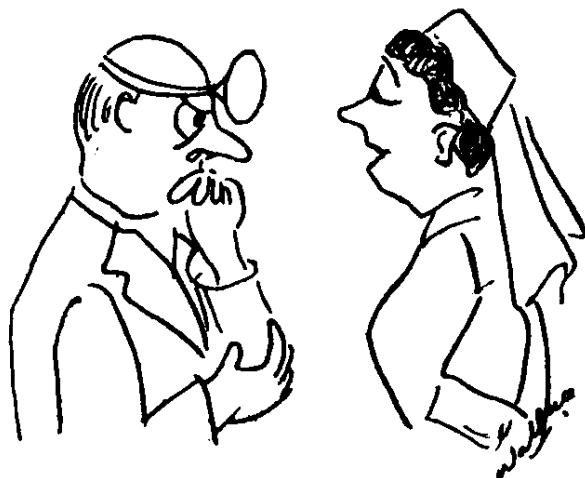
The Junior makes the tea for 4.00 a.m. and for a blissful hour no-one seems to disturb you. There is even time for a sleep. It’s a peculiar kind of sleep on night duty though. You are always waiting for that measured tread, resulting in waking to your own voice saying: “Who did you say had to be catheterised in the morning?” This fools no-one but it might be plausible enough as long as you change the sentence fairly regularly.

The morning rush on General Wards begins at 6 a.m. Washings, temperatures and early morning cups of tea. Drugs and breakfast. Clearing away, special treatments and charts. You tidy the ward, collect the

masks washed sometime during the night and count the minutes until 8.00 a.m. and breakfast for you.

Night Duty consists of getting up on a bell, eating, work, eating, going to bed – and is therefore boring. It is understandable then, just how important one’s off duty is. It varies considerably in all hospitals. A popular rota now is to work ten nights and have five nights off. That appears fair enough but when you are working from 8.30 p.m. to 8.00 a.m. with an odd two hours for eating, it’s a long night. Ten of them are disastrous.

Day Duty off-time is a little easier and less tiring. A nurse is allowed 1½ days off the ward per week: 2 hours off a day and one evening off from 6.00 p.m. Girls long to get back onto Day Duty when they



'Don't worry, doctor! Bed 13 is in no danger.'

feel that at least their sleeping hours are civilised – during the hours of darkness, that is. Yet despite the ‘civilisation’ of Day Duty a hospital remains a world unto itself.

Some even prefer to remain in that world a lifetime. An ancient sister will gladly work ‘nights’ for years to remain in the hospital atmosphere. This diehard type is often in time loved by all, though she tries impressively and incessantly to instil fear of her professional prowess in you. She is often, too, a rhetorician who can talk anyone into believing anything. “I say, young man, that No. 36 will be dead by morning and that you’d better give him some more blood now, or else.” She has an uncanny way of being correct. When she finally retires the students mob her and she weeps. Night Sister weep? That old so-and-so who

could stand four square in front surgery watching a man vomit his insides out and yell at him: "Well and what do you suppose is wrong with you? For goodness sake don't stand gawping, fetch a bowl, Nurse" all in one breath.

There is the Theatre Sister who cares little for other sisters; lives in a private endless world of helpless bodies: who rules all who enter therein – the greatest surgeon (though he would not admit it) down to the trolley porters. Who can say in the most scornful of voices: "These airways clean then, eh Nurse? What did you do to them, spit?" She learns her vocabulary from the surgeons and likes to think she can converse with them in their own language. Irrespective of that she is generally a very clever woman.

And a ward sister? She can diagnose a case within minutes whilst the houseman is still recording the signs and symptoms, but due to professional etiquette she must remain silent. It is years of experience, day in, day out, that helps her know if a man is going to live or die. A wise young doctor will refer time and again to the ward sister and only then may she give her opinion.

There is the Sister on Private Block who marches up and down the corridor outside the patients' rooms (for which they are paying a mere twenty guineas for the bed alone), chanting the words: "We are a ship, of which I am the captain and you are the crew. As the crew of my ship I expect you all to pull your weight, understand? No landlubbers, no sea sickness, or out you go, see?" One cannot help thinking that this one has been thwarted in previous life, but her patients love her and, despite their grumblings, the nurses respect her.

Home Sister – the Nurses' Home superintendent – who changes rules to suit her moods, who takes violent dislikes to certain girls and who is generally disliked herself. She waves her iron rod and superficially rules appear to be adhered to, but, as in her own day, Nurses are for ever purposely breaking regulations to shatter the monotony of routine. Home Sister stretches out a knowing hand at the nearest nurse, having been informed that "One of your girls was seen entering the hospital at 7.00 a.m. this morning through the main gates", asking "Did you not know it is a rule that no



*'We are a ship—I am the Captain—
You are the Crew.'*

nurse without a late pass is out after 10.30 – and to be seen at 7.00 a.m. coming into the building – well—". Only she slips up, because in her flurry she emphasises the word 'seen' and not the time.

The pettiness of the Nurse's home is deplorable. The inhabitants know it but can do little about it.

You can try to see Matron, but you have to go through the Office Sisters from the most junior in rank to the Assistant Matron herself, who says briskly: "It's probably something I can deal with, Nurse. Now tell me—". You tell her "But what on earth do you want to go out after duty for, anyway?" The battle is lost before you've reached the battle field. Only if you wish to leave, are you able to achieve parlance with the neat little, soft voiced woman sitting behind a huge desk in a lightly painted office. As you are airing your worries, her eyes never leaving your face, yours never meeting hers, you notice she's an Ernest Hemingway fan by her books, has a fascination for glass animals and Poole pottery. A pleasant, likable woman who has the tremendous burden of satisfying five hundred-odd nurses over the

long years and still smiles. Maybe the battle is lost before it is even contained in the conscious thought.

You remind yourself of all the wonderful careers you could have chosen – a typist perhaps, a lingerie sales girl in Swan and Edgar's, a waitress in a cafe. After all who wants to wait at a bedside, mend pyjamas or write up charts. Who wants to mop up blood in a theatre or good naturedly catch the surgeon's scalpel as he throws it at you, exclaiming: "Sharp, Nurse, sharp? I might

as well use the edge of a female baby's tongue!"

Who would not prefer a warm orange fire to the grey cold of a December dawn, and a cloak that seems like a sieve for the four winds? Who would choose the life of Day bustle and Night shadow, to blush unseen in a profession which does not pay enough and in return gives you the fear that you have every known disease.

Who would choose? Some would!

R.L.



A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

THERE WAS AN obvious lack of enthusiasm displayed in the faces of the students gathered, with some reluctance, in Dr. Sphincter's clinic. It was a sunny Wednesday afternoon. They were already anticipating with little relish the usual indulgencies in the highly technical aspect of electrocardiography, with which their chief would shortly regale them.

The arrangement of the chairs in a neat semi-circle had been calculated by Dr. Sphincter's predecessors to effect the maximum amount of adulation from the minimum number of students. Even those same illustrious predecessors had given up as hopeless the task of lending inspiration to more than a faithful few. Alas! Wednesday afternoons at Guy's were renowned for sundry activities in the sporting field. The student body on this particular Wednesday seemed to be rather more lethargic than was usual even for them. A reason one did not have to seek further than the mercury level of the little thermometer on the wall. It modestly pointed to the region marked "Too Hot". Unusual as it was for an April afternoon in England, the land of smog, the sun was streaming in through the huge plate glass windows. At the same time, little squiggles of air arising from the radiators told that the hot water system was full on. It was a well intentioned and firmly adherent rule, destined to force perspiration to the faces of those in close proximity until the end of May. Reality is indeed foreseen, as the old English proverb so clearly puts it: "Ne'er cast a clout".

For a quarter of an hour the students played idly with various instruments of very doubtful diagnostic value. These had been carefully arranged on the chief's desk, ophthalmoscopes with broken bulbs, tendon hammers whose heads flew off with even the gentlest of introductions to a ligamentum patella and auroscopes with anaemic batteries.

An interesting digression during this period was provided by the occasional entrance of a shapely nurse with a fresh bundle of notes and X-Rays. Her dexterity in avoiding the attentions of certain members of the weary and frustrated group was engendered from past experiences among medical men. She had long since given up debating the reason for the lack of subtlety in their approach. She resigned herself to the doubtful consolation that her measurements weren't bad anyway!

At a quarter past two Dr. Sphincter picked his way gingerly through the threatening crowd of patients. Most of them had been waiting since one o'clock, sipping cups of tea bought off the patients' Cafeteria. He entered the outpatient room with an air as becomes a chief, knowing that among his students his prestige was assured and never doubted. "Good afternoon gentlemen, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting; I have just been to the country to see Lady Brittle tongue . . . a most interesting case, most – interesting." The immaculate grey suit crinkled elegantly as the physician's form seated itself at the desk. Already he was thumbing through the pile of notes and had apparently forgotten all about

Lady Brittle tongue. The students were left to conjecture whether her interest lay in physical signs or the rather more attractive social attributes. For the next five minutes the consultant engaged himself in a silent meditation, turning from the patients' notes to the doctors' letters, and then on to the piles of X-Rays and neat little pockets of electrocardiograms.

In the presence of their chief the students awoke to a fuller realization of their responsibilities. A complicated system of gesticulations followed in which they nodded meaningly at each other and then at the testing bench. Each student affirmed in hoarse whispers that he had tested the urines at least five times during the appointment. The matter of delegation of this unpopular duty to one of their number seemed to have reached an impasse when it was happily solved by the late entrance of another student. Immediately half a dozen fingers were pointed at him. He had vainly tried to walk in as inconspicuously as he could but as usual the chief missed nothing. "Good afternoon doctor. I am sorry you have to spend this sunny afternoon indoors, but I'm sure you will amuse yourself with that row of specimens on the testing

bench." The last few words of the chief were drowned by the clatter of feet on the floor, made by the students – the time – honoured mode of showing approval, and indeed the most effective.

The poor fish fished a cigarette lighter out of his waistcoat pocket and tried to light the bunsen burner. The bunsen seemed to be as unwilling to start the afternoon's work as the student himself. Every time he applied the flame, it backfired with a vicious little pop, until on the third repetition of this performance Dr. Sphincter was aroused from his reverie. "Turn the gas full on, doctor, before you put the light to it – good heavens, why we waste an expensive scientific education on you fellows is beyond my comprehension." The student by this time was uncomfortably hot round his well starched collar. The chief, to show there was no ill feeling, grinned at the rest of his disciples who obediently tittered.

"Now let's proceed to business; this good lady", here he tapped the green folder as if he were actually indicating the patient herself, "this good lady has a spot on her nose but that's as far as her doctor gets. The average general practitioner today seems to be morbidly terrified of making



a diagnosis. Whether this is some weird manifestation of political intrusion into medicine under the guise of a National Health Service or not I don't know". The right hand corner of his lip went up. "Anyway we had better see her, though Dr. Vesicle is the man for spots not me." He pressed the bell on his desk and the nurse appeared. "Mrs. Funclocker, please nurse." She ushered in a timid little lady in a gaudily striped dressing gown. "Good afternoon madam, come and sit down. Good, now tell me what you notice wrong?"

"Doctor, I don't see why I should have to undress and get into this awful dressing gown because I have a spot on my nose." "Never mind about that - hospital rules, you know. Now then, how long have you had the spot?" "Er about 6 days, I suppose." "Good. Water works regular? Disposal unit working alright? Monthly cycle? Beauty sleep? Waist-line under control?" To each of these questions the patient replied in the affirmative with a dismal nod of her head. "Have you noticed anything else wrong?" "No doctor, only this spot." "No shortness of breath, that is remarkable." He pushed the notes over to the nearest student, "Have a look at her Hanson". Hanson who was doing his best to keep awake, managed to direct the good lady to one of the curtained-off examination couches.

The chief sat apparently immersed in an E.C.G. tracing for a few moments. He then roused himself from his abstractions to tell his rather junior colleagues about an odd electrocardiogram he had seen that morning. He pointed out that T reversal had followed upright T waves halfway through the recording. "Most remarkable, gentlemen, most remarkable", he added.

The chief saw several more patients and kept up the interest of his disciples by firing questions at them. When all the examination couches had been occupied he led the remainder of the students in to Mr. Funclocker's department. Hanson had only found the left ankle jerk somewhat uncooperative. The chief grunted, examined Mrs. Funclocker and said: "Now, show me where the spot is, madam". "Oh, but doctor, the spot's gone now, but you see my doctor at home said I'd to come up 'ere so I didn't like to break the appoint-

ment." "That's most thoughtful of you my dear. I think you had better run along to the Skin Department, you see spots never were really in my line." He scribbled a note to Dr. Vesicle. "Good afternoon Madam, nurse will tell you where to go."

So the organization called medical out-patients rolled on in this fashion. Hanson tested his tenth lot of tendon jerks and the late student added another set of ditto marks to the unbroken line under "Albumin - nil, protein - nil" at the top of his paper.



Outside the bees were buzzing cheerfully as they sampled the pollen from the flowers in the window boxes. The faint smell of perfume wafted across the park as those more fortunate members of the nursing staff set out to find relaxation in the city.

Little wonder, then, that at least one of our faithful few had one eye on the clock as he struggled vainly to detect a murmur which he alone seemed unable to hear. Dr. Sphincter wearied of questioning patient after patient, eyed the last, who had the airs of a dowager. He considered it an apt moment to allow the exercise of his own favourite cultural and historical allusions. These were of doubtful educational value to the students, to most of whom these sparkling references were hardly new, but they tittered respectfully. They had become aware from experience that medical out-

patients frequently required a keen knowledge of the classics and the arts, and were rarely in a mood to demur with their chief's scepticism of Florence Nightingale, or his appreciation of Van de Welte (in the National Gallery).

The last patient was attended to, and nurse had begun to tidy up the debris on Dr. Sphincter's table. "Be off gentlemen, it's well past tea time, and thank you."

It was with scarcely concealed signs of relief that the students began to leave the

room muttering words of thanks. Even the interesting sport of attempting to date the nurse paled before the thought of tea and taking out the new "light four" on the river.

Our last faithful colleague crept past the door with a satisfied smile, the nurse returned his wink, and a voice could be heard through the door . . . "Really Sister, why I waste time on these chaps on Wednesday afternoons, I can't think. Their minds are on different pastures!" P.S.



IN RETROSPECT

IT'S A FUNNY THING, but every now and then one sees life stretching forward with no hope of light relief from good honest – but wearing – work. Then two days later you have more to do in the social way than you can possibly manage in twenty-four hours, let alone work. So it was at Christmas.

benevolent smile and distribute presents to their little charges. Christmas trees were to be seen lying on their sides in the park, waiting to be decorated and lit up. In fact an undercurrent of activity could be sensed, in no way marred by the fog, drizzle and street of the usual London December.

Now at any one time there are two



For a month beforehand there had been odd little hints for the discerning to pick up. Nurses were to be seen cutting out decorations while comparing invitations. Students likewise – everyone but me. Those on the Children's Ward were preparing, in addition to their normal duties, to don red robe and white beard, top it off with a

"Take In" firms on duty for emergencies, one medical and the other surgical, in addition to the obstetrics and children's firms. The take in firms over Christmas were faced with the double duties of putting on entertainments and coping with a rush of the ill, injured and moribund such as is only seen on August Bank Holiday, the

evening one wants off, and at Christmas. It was not easy.

As the bells pealed out from the Cathedral, at midnight on Christmas Eve from by the river, I was in a laboratory near the top of the main Medical block, eye glued to a microscope, counting red cells from a recent case we had taken in. A good omen, I felt. It was indeed. I did not get to bed that night, or the next.

From before breakfast until lunch, carol singing, organized tours of the wards for patients that they might see all the decorations and occasional "glasses of medicine" passed the morning.

Christmas dinner on the wards was a noble affair. Complete with Staff nurses, students – and of course the patients, it was quite unforgettable. One well known sister being invited to sing a song is a memory that will long remain. Unfortunately however, I was not long in succumbing to an acute toxæmia, which did not aid coherent memories, but could not blind me to the atmosphere of true Christmas spirit. The liver is an inadequate organ for some purposes, plodding on at its steady but rather mean 10 ccs hour. However, everyone enjoyed himself in their various ways, most of all perhaps those who could not leave their beds, for they had such a fuss made of them, and really had quite the best view of everything. That it was so, was perhaps the best thing about this Christmas.

* * *

At the end of a firm, when the three months apprenticeship to the two consultants is over, it is usual to hold a dinner, or party. Such is known as a Firm Dinner, and to it are invited the consultants, their registrars and the housemen.

The exact function of a firm dinner is hard to define on paper. Some might say that it is just an excuse for a party. Others that it gives one a chance to meet consultants informally – as it certainly does! Others again that "it helps one's record if one gives a good dinner to the honaries" – though personally I very much doubt it. But the most pressing reason for having a firm party is that no firm could possibly be completed without one. As to the particular form they may take, that varies according to the taste, pocket and inclination of those

concerned, as does the place – pub, road-house, restaurant or big hotel. It does not matter.

But the stories and jokes at the expense of the consultants; their replies, their own stories – doubtless of lower moral tone even if more subtle, and their "all on the same level" behaviour are there whatever the circumstances may be, and whatever form the party may take. And when they leave, the registrars come into their own, and can be given more ale and started off on "people we both know very well," and "Sister – who was a sweet little junior when I was a ward clerk". Then is the time to fill your own glass, and be thankful for good companions, teachers and friends.

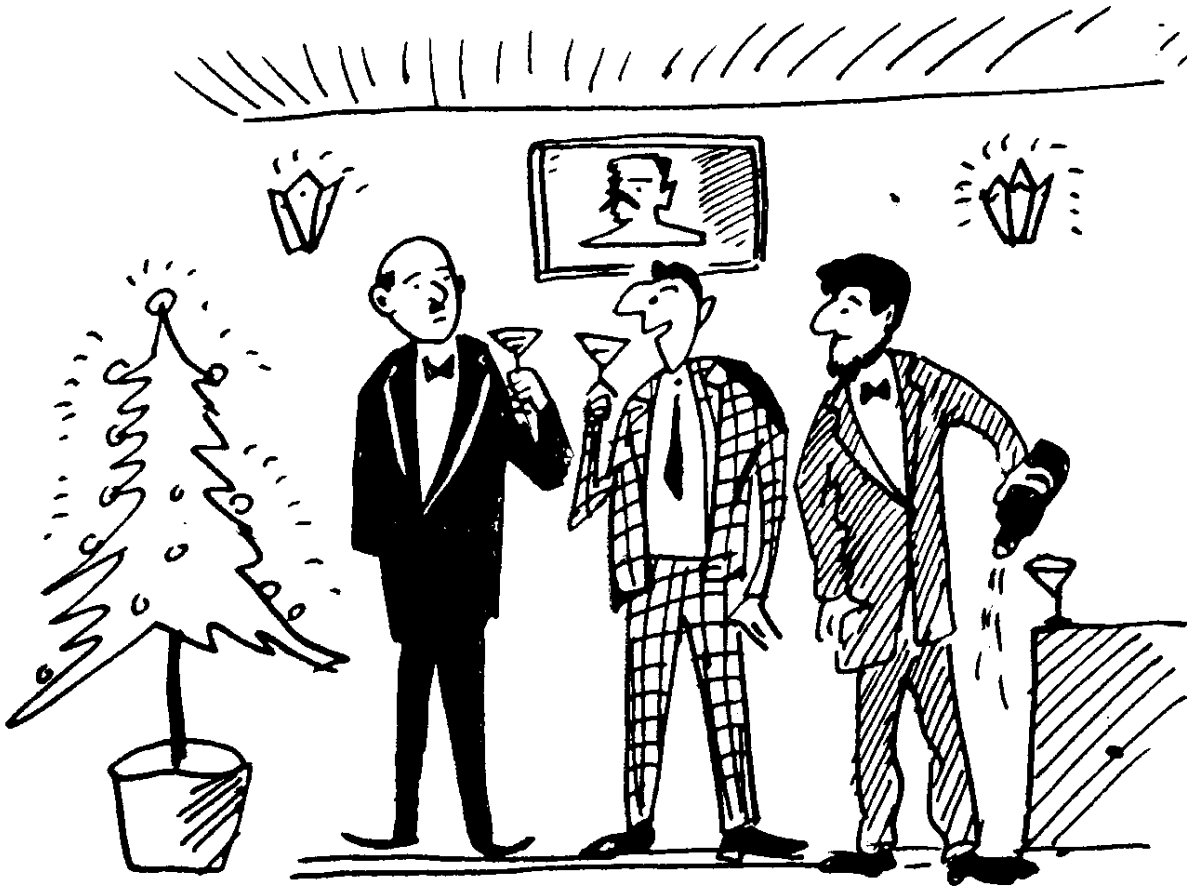
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Every year, early in January, Matron holds a Ball for her nurses, known appropriately enough as Matron's Ball. Owing to the large numbers of nurses wishing to go, and the limited space available for the occasion, there are in fact two balls held. Now it is the aim of all to so manage things that one not only receives an invitation from A to the Tuesday night session, but in addition one from B to go on Thursday evening. As may be well imagined, this not infrequently leads to some awkward little situations. My own particular problem was that B couldn't get Thursday night off, but was free on Tuesday, and wanted to go then, while A could not understand that I had "Suddenly to go home" on Tuesday, but would be back for Thursday.

However, when all is ironed out, a very enjoyable evening ensues. One of the most delightful memories of it that comes to mind is that of the old hospital pub, an unpretentious and homely, but warm and friendly hostelry packed with couples in evening dress. Matron has not approved of bars in the nurses' home till this year, and then everyone fought shy of it.

* * *

One week of events this year was that of the Inter Hospitals Rugger Cup Final, which in addition, was the week of the General Election, an affair of much less interest to every one connected with two hospitals at any rate. I am not myself competent to describe the extraordinary scene of confusion, soot and students before the match, the excitement, disappointment and



glory of the match, or even the various goings on after the match.

However, I will say the statues of another hospital whose portals I entered for the first time that night were extremely heavy. Carrying them back next morning, in the rather messy state in which they ended up, must have been hard and unpleasant work for someone. And never before have I stood on a floor inches deep in broken glass and beer, intimately mixed by feet keeping time to Songs one wishes one disapproved of, especially in mixed (very mixed) company!

As for the General Election, that was an anticlimax for all save the publicans, who were aided by a rainy night – so there were no crowds, opening hours till mid-

night, wireless the same, and television in not a few pubs.

* * *

What else is there to say about the social life of a student? The only possible answer could be “The major part”. I can only suggest the main events upon which one’s life is based, leaving all the many intimate little parties in home, hostel, digs or flat, each with their own brand of guests, humour, entertainment and punch. And the many other formal and informal affairs, the societies’ Balls and the informal “hops” – all these are the major part, but evade coherent description, and yet I hope I have suggested something of an atmosphere that is true to them all, and that I and many others enjoy.

P. GODFREY.



LIVING IN LONDON

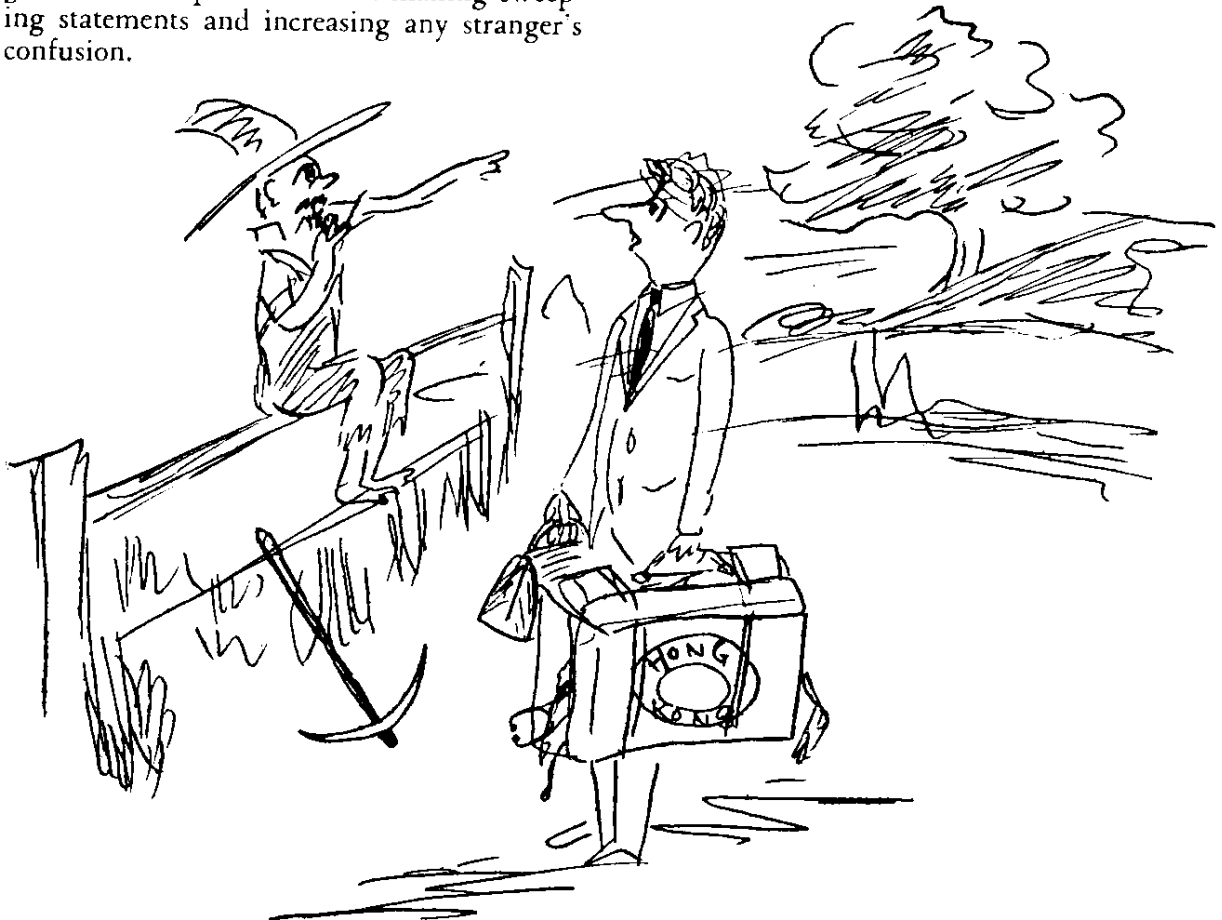
EVERYONE WHO WORKS at Guy’s and the other London Hospitals is faced at the outset with the problem of finding somewhere suitable to live. This is especially so in the case of the visitor from abroad,

and in this short article I have tried to describe the domestic life of the average medical student (male and bachelor) and also to give the stranger an insight into the types of accommodation available.

Guy's Hospital itself is situated on London Bridge – that is in the East of London on the south bank of the Thames. Also gracing the district is a large railway terminus which supplies the south-eastern suburbs of London. For this reason these areas have a greater percentage of medical students than the rest of the Capital. Train fares are not too expensive and the average cost of a return ticket daily is about 1/6d – 2/-. The trains themselves run fairly frequently except when you are in a hurry. Some of the areas in the district are more habitable than others, but with an article this length it is impossible to elaborate their good and bad points without making sweeping statements and increasing any stranger's confusion.

Except when they are on "take-in" (i.e., handling emergency admissions) students are unable to live in the hospital. They have to do one of four things.

- (1) If their home is near the hospital they can live there.
- (2) Failing this they can put themselves in the hands of a landlady and go into lodgings (or "digs").
- (3) The hospital runs two small hostels – holding about 30 students each, which are very much in demand.
- (4) One can join up with some friends and rent a flat and try one's hand at a little housework.



'Sure, Doc! You can dig on my farm. Want a space?'

The nearer you live to Central London the more rent you'll have to pay. Furthermore, it is advisable for anyone who is not versed in the highways and by-ways of London to make sure that they are within easy reach of the hospital. Often what seems to be only a short distance from the hospital may entail a journey of about one hour to get there.

The great majority of students are in "digs", probably because they don't have to worry about cooking or housework. The hostels are always full because this is the most economical mode of life.

The student who lives at home is not as independent as the other students. The number of social duties he has to face is considerably greater than when he is isolated

in the back streets of London. Dogs always seem to need to go out and neighbours always seem to come in at those occasional moments when conscience has the upper hand and the embryo doctor is at his books. These are all very well at happier times, but under the stress of an impending examination they can drive him to acute mania.

Another disadvantage is that the parental eye is always on him, calculating the number of hours per week he is working. The whole household seems to know how many evenings in the week he was working, and how late he was on the other evenings: whether he walked to bed, staggered there, or had to be put there.

However, there is much to be gained from the comfort and economy of home life in the occasional moments of leisure. Some people are willing to put up with quite a lot of extra travelling for these added luxuries, and can accommodate themselves to doing a fair bit of work on the train.

It is very difficult to obtain "digs" within walking distance of the hospital as most of the houses in this area are small, cramped, and overcrowded, but about 5 miles further south in such areas as Blackheath, Camberwell, Lewisham and Forest Hill there is little difficulty in finding somewhere to stay. Suitable addresses, with full details of cost etc., can be obtained free of charge from the University of London Lodgings Bureau in Woburn Square (near Russell Square). The average price for a room with breakfast and evening meal, and full board at the week-ends is about three guineas a week. Similar accommodation in Central London is more expensive and may be as much as £4. 10s.

A lot depends on whether one can achieve amicable relations with the landlady. The type that relates with horror all the vices of the previous student from nicotine to alcohol *via* women will probably never be a friend of yours. In fact a little examination of conscience will probably make you



le-vault champ's late for the lecture again!

realise that you are more than a shade worse than he was.

Medical students are privileged by being given a full medical report by the landlady. This includes her ailments, those of her family and even those of the neighbours. If you are the only medical student in the house you get treated as an unpaid medical supervisor: every member produces his varicose veins, slipped discs or bronchitis, and very soon you get presented with a more bizarre set of signs and symptoms than you are likely to meet during your stay at hospital.

Medical text-books, especially the highly illustrated ones (preferably with a touch of colour for good measure) are extremely popular with every member of the household. The only time they are not in great demand is when everyone is eating.



'Now, Master Landlord, perhaps you'd kindly return my AIDS TO MIDWIFERY.'

Meals, on the whole, are not very elaborate, but occasionally you may find a landlady who is an excellent cook. Most often the trouble with "digs" is difficulty in obtaining a decent supply of hot water. The houses are usually old and the water heating system is invariably well past its prime. To make matters worse the pipes are often sclerosed.

The hospital hostels are two in number – the Old Hostel – which is in the grounds – and St. Christopher's which is eight minutes walk from the hospital. The charge in these is 25/- a week for the room. At St. Christopher's you can also have breakfast for an extra 10/- a week. The other meals can be obtained at the hospital, the approximate prices being lunch and dinner 2/6 each and tea 9d. To get a room in either of these is not very easy as there is always a waiting list for rooms, but for a short period one might be able to sublet a room from someone in his absence. The Warden of the college should be consulted on this score.

You have complete freedom in the hostels as to when you come and go, and the amount of noise you do or don't make varies with your neighbours, views on their subject. Some people do complain that these establishments are too noisy for working in, but in practice this is not usually the case. Occasionally the silence will be shattered by someone vainly attempting an operatic aria or a revised edition of an old English folk-song in the showers. There is, too, a resident menace next door to St. Christopher's who is always repairing his motor cycle, each time making the engine just that shade noisier. In the early days it was hoped that the machine would eventually disintegrate, – but people have now given up hope of this, and having consulted the statistics on motor cycle accidents *per annum*; are just waiting patiently.

Male visitors are allowed to the hostels at any hour of the day (or night) but members of the opposite sex have to curtail their social engagements to between 4 p.m. and 11 p.m. If during their visit the clock stops or they lose track of the time they can either remove their shoes and creep out, climb down one of the fire escapes, or stay till the early hours of the morning when everyone is asleep. By such methods their virtuous reputations will remain unblemished.

A recent law, which caused much heated correspondence in the *Hospital Gazette*, forbids nurses from Guy's to frequent the hostels. They are, however, allowed to visit any other place in London. One must therefore conclude that the stern hand of

authority prefers reputation to honour. However, since the sisters and matrons have to obey the rule as well, who is there left to catch the unfortunate junior probationer who has been lured up there by some dashing medical student to admire some non-existing etchings?

To obtain perfect liberty one must rent a flat. This has to be done through a housing agency and will probably entail the signing of a lot of documents. Flats can be rented furnished from £3. 3s. upwards, the price varying with the district, the merits of the flat, and its size. Flats can usually be found that can accommodate as many as six students. One occasionally hears of small single ones being available.

Before moving into a flat one should always try to break the news at home. Many parents have visions of their offspring rapidly degenerating at the mere mention of the word "flat". They visualize an

untidy room which is covered in dust, in one corner there is an enormous stack of dirty pans and dishes and to crown it all there is – lying on the unmade bed – a woman of easy virtue. It is quite useless trying to explain to them that flats have changed since their young days.

Surprisingly enough one does not even hear of many cases of food poisoning, cirrhosis of the liver, dietary deficiencies and avitaminoses among the flat dwellers.

These are the varieties of accommodation open to the English medical student. The same types of accommodation – with the exception of living at home – are available to the visitor from overseas. If he is in any doubt about whether he is getting value for his money or not, or whether the district is handy for the hospital, he may visit the medical school office who will see that everything gets arranged for the best.

M. DE G.



And in the last resort you can always dig your own digs.

BY PILL BOX TO THE B. AND O.

*Pursuing our dedicated task of spreading light and culture,
we present a third extract from Mr. Edwin Lo-tien Fang's
'MODERN ENGLISH CONVERSATION'*

AT A GARDEN PARTY

- Chang:* Hello, Wang, you have got a bid to the vaude of this evening?
Wang: You mean from the Overseas Chinese Club? Yes, I have one. I learned a similar gathering is to be held in New York at the same time.
Chang: Yes, the directors and members will talk on radio on this occasion across the seas and their speeches will be air cast to the public as well as the assemblies.
Wang: It must be a big gathering then.
Chang: Sure; all the big guns, big names and highbrows-in-chief of the Chinese on the two boards of the Pacific are expected to speak.
Wang: That will indeed be a vast community of ideas and sentiments. I hope the fraternity between the overseas Chinese in America and the motherland will be henceforth cemented forever. And what's more important is that our foreign trade will be expanded and will not be handicapped by enactments of foreign countries.
Chang: Sure, with the highering of our national status, there will be no discrimination against our trade abroad.
Wang: Well, we're now on the approach of the association building. See, the thoroughfare is already lined with hippos and pill boxes, the whole scene is beflagged with ensigns and lanterns. But what's that platform for in the center of the campus?
Chang: It's for the B. and O. I think. We have Hawaiian musicians to play choruses, duets, and solos tonight, according to the list of numbers.
Wang: And what are those frameworks for?
Chang: For fireworks, which are a tag of the log.
Wang: Now, let's take our seats; the schedule will begin soon, it's already half past six.
Chang: Yes, fortunately we're on the same table. I wonder whether Mr. Lee is come. He's the chairman of the National Chamber of Commerce and is to make a speech according to the program.
Wang: He's motoring down for the gathering, I think. But listen, the brass band strikes up and the national anthem is sung. The mikes report that the central station is to operate on 7.23 megacycles, broadcasting the inauguration speeches by the Chairman of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in New York and the potential magnates of that city.
Chang: Listen, our people on the other side of the Pacific are speaking – Oh, mighty pleasant speeches. They tear the audience out of their chairs in New York as well as here.
Wang: Indeed, they're far-sighted big names. It's worthwhile that many baseball games are called off and the night clubs are empty. The people are staying at home to listen to their radios or loud speakers in the streets. By the by, it's now our turn to make a reply to them.
Chang: Yes, you see the chairman of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce in his fish tail is before the magaphone to make an address.
Wang: A well-worded speech too! It gets a big hand in New York, you hear. People of thousands of miles away now seem to talk in a room. What a marvellous world it is! Now he rises to drink the toast, let's all follow him.



HIGH BROWS

SANTALIN

INVITATIONS

DO YOU
HAVE B.O.
TOO

- Chang:* Yes, and the Hawaiian musicians are entertaining us with their sweet jazz, it's celestial indeed: They make us think of the quivering foliage of an autumnall forest, or the surging billows of a wild midnight ocean. And the lanterns shine so bright as myriads of stars in a glorious firmament.
- Wang:* Really you give a poetic touch to the whole scene. But how do you think of jolly up?
- Chang:* Jolly up? Yes, I like varsoviana for its gyrations, pauses, advances and polka steps. It gives vent to our merry and joyful sentiments.
- Wang:* As for me, I don't like polka or waltz or galop in a weather like this. It's too warm for quick sprightly motions. I prefer minuet; it is all elegant and graceful and fit for this stately occasion too. Anyhow, let's follow the B. and O. be it: fox trot, or tango, or l'konga.
- Chang:* That's right. I'll be your partner.
- Wang:* Have you no daddy or fiancee waiting for you?
- Chang:* No. Miss Lee has promised to come, but so far I have not seen her yet.
- Wang:* Then, it will be good of you to join me this night of revelry.
- Chang:* Well, let's beat time to the music.
- Wang:* But lo! What a huge dazzling rocket shoots high up into the air! and such a rapid succession follows it, making the whole sky a pyrotechnic display of colorful sparks in all directions.
- Chang:* Yah, and the music strikes galop. It's animating and vigorous enough, but the whole party is going to a close, I believe. Let's express our thanks to the director before we motor back.
- Wang:* All right, I agree with you.

AUTHOR'S GLOSSARY OF TERMS

bid – <i>invitation card</i>	B. and O. – <i>band and orchestra</i>
vaude – <i>vaudeville</i>	list of numbers – <i>programme</i>
hippos – <i>cars</i>	log – <i>programme</i>
pill box – <i>small car</i>	mikes – <i>microphones</i>
fish tail – <i>evening-dress</i>	tag – <i>the end of the programme</i>

(The illustration is by Douglas Bland)



FOR

*See Hong Kong harbour lit with myriad lights,
Embracing ships and ferries, sampans, boats,
Low-lying under us. Hear hawkers' plights:
With droning tones they praise their heavy loads,
Yet ludicrous, yet self-assured they seem;
Now sweetmeats, now soups, now bamboos they cry,
Evoking your delight – see how you gleam
And imitate with childish glee – while I
Laugh wondrously at your own singsong voice
Laden with silent laughter also. Rich,
Enchanted is our ivory-tower, by choice
You and I built with dreams ourselves; for which
No castle would we barter though so fair.
Enough we have: content and love and care.*

E.A.

OBITUARY

LEE HAH-LIONG, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.P., D.C.H.

DR. LEE HAH-LIONG died on June 12th, 1956, at the early age of 51. He was brought up in Malaya, but came to Hong Kong University to study Medicine, graduating in 1933.

As an undergraduate he found time for many interests beyond the curriculum and showed then the liveliness and uninhibited readiness to enjoy life that so characterised his later career.

He was sometime a member of the Union Council, and Chairman of his Hostel, May Hall, but outstandingly he was an athlete, being University Champion in 1930 and 1931, and being the first undergraduate to run the 100 yard race in ten seconds.

After graduation he spent a period first as House Physician, and then as Clinical Assistant to the Medical Unit. Later he went to Peking Union Medical College and to the United Kingdom, acquiring the Diploma in Child Health, and Membership of the Royal Colleges of Physicians of both London and Edinburgh.

On return to this Colony, he became for the time being Consultant in Children's Diseases at the Queen Mary Hospital, and from 1939 to 1952, he was Honorary Lecturer in Diseases of Children in the University.

In addition to the claims of a busy private practice, Lee Hah-liong was much occupied in public affairs. He maintained an active and generous interest in the University

Athletic Club and in the Medical Society; he was a member of the University Court, being appointed by the Governor as a Representative of the Registered Graduates; he was for seven years President of the Alumni Association, and as a Mason he was a member of the University Lodge.

The sports ground and pavilion are in part a memorial to Dr. Lee, for after the war he accompanied Dr. Sloss (then Vice-

Chancellor) on a tour of Malaya, during the course of which the two of them collected \$50,000 for the purpose of re-turfing the ground and repairing the damage done by looters to the building.

In a wider field, Lee Hah-liong was sometime President of the Hongkong Chinese Medical Association, a member of the Medical Board, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Society for the Protection of Children, a member of the Executive Committee of the British Red Cross Society, and a member of the Council of Social Service.

He is survived by his widow, two sons and a

daughter, and to them we extend our deep sympathy.

R.K. writes:

'As a social worker, Dr. Lee will always be remembered for his interest in the welfare of children, especially very young children. He was always ready to give free treatment to the needy. But his main interest was in the Society for the Protection of Children, which during the last few years has specialised in infant welfare and the



instruction of mothers in the care of babies. Dr. Lee believed very much in the value of correct feeding for the first year of life, and much of his welfare efforts were directed to ensuring this in all cases known to him and registered with the Society for the Protection of Children. Almost every year since its revival after the war, Dr. Lee Hah-liong held office in the Society, either as Chairman, Vice-Chairman, or Executive Committee member.

Another organisation in which Dr. Lee showed a natural interest was the Society for the Relief of Disabled Children, inaugurated nearly three years ago (under a slightly different name). Dr. Lee was one of its early committee members. The Society has been building a Convalescent Home for Crippled Children, which will be opened in a few weeks. It is very sad that Lee Hah-liong will not be able to see the culmination of this project which he helped to bring about. He represented the Society for the Relief of Disabled Children on the Hong Kong Council of Social Service, and was also a member of the Council's small Standing Sub-Committee on Child Welfare. In 1951, as President of the Chinese Medical Association, Dr. Lee was on the Advisory Council of the British Red Cross Society. His loss will be deeply felt by all the welfare organisations with which he was connected.

At the funeral service on June 14th Dr. T. P. Wu paid the following tribute:

'A man's life is not to be reckoned in weeks and years, but by the measure of his friends and his achievements.

Hah-liong has died whilst still in every real sense a young and vigorous man, but the life so sadly shortened was as rich and fruitful as any may hope to lead. He was a whole man, standing above his fellows in sport, in scholarship and in humanity. He was a true physician, joining skill, compassion, and the deepest sense of service. Such a one not only builds happiness for himself, he spreads it round about him.

Hah-liong not only served the sick who came to him for help; he inspired and encouraged all of us who were his friends and colleagues. His lively, intense enthusiasm; his rapid, forceful arguing of ideas, his ready humour made him responsible for many good and useful efforts by others. This we shall lack, for now and the days that remain to us, and for this we mourn him; but the good he has already put into the world can never perish, and for this, when the first sadness of loss is softened, we may be proud and happy.

It was only a few weeks ago that Hah-liong learned of his illness and realized its bitter meaning. He told none but those who had to know, and carried on with the daily duties he had made for himself until the physical strength for doing so no longer remained. There can be no better proof of sincerity, and no better example of faith and courage.

Good friend—farewell!

* * *

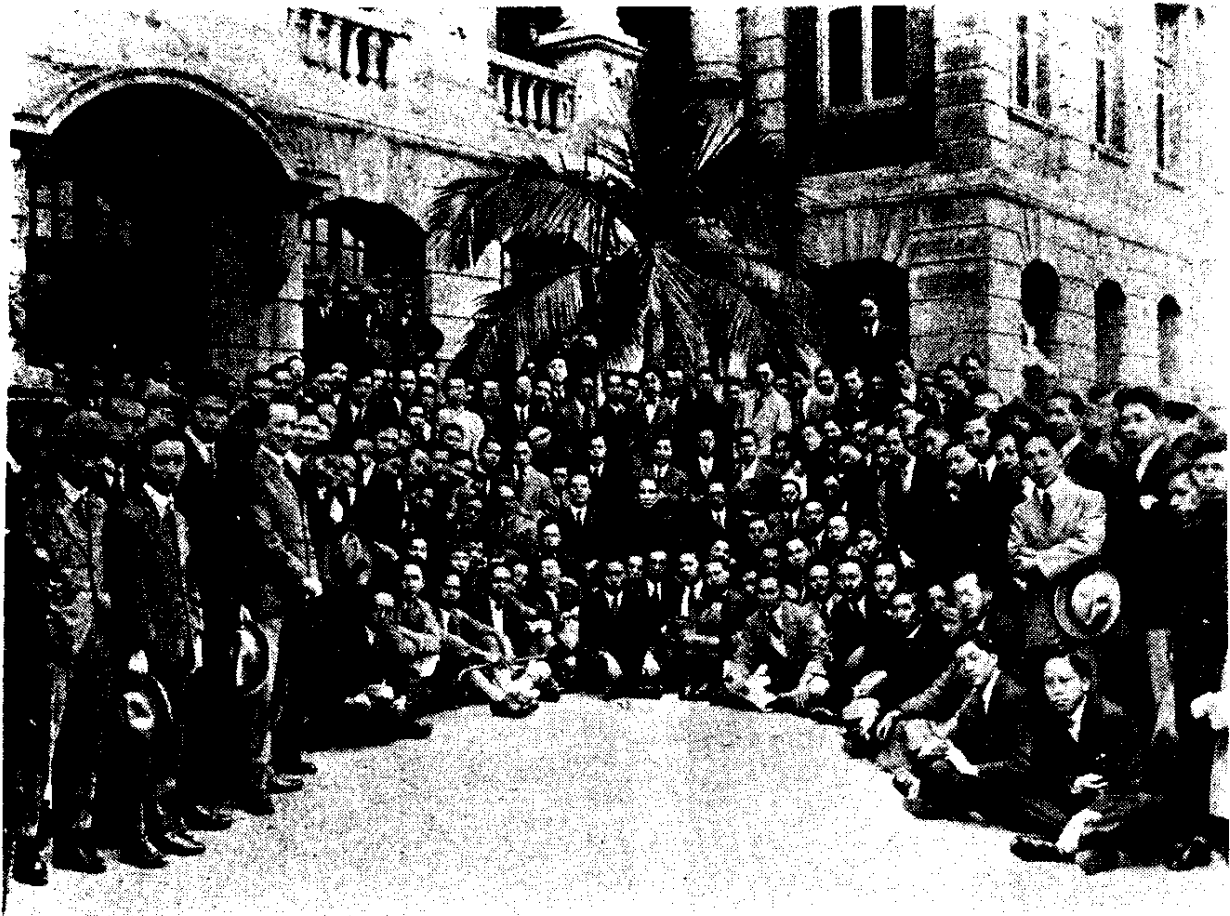


LEE HAH-LIONG as a student. This picture is taken from a group photograph of the competitors in the 1931 Inter-University Athletic Meet between Hong Kong, Lingnan and Sun Yat Sen Universities. Hah-liong was Secretary of the Athletic Club at the time. At this Meet he won the 100 Metres, the 200 Metres, and the High Hurdles. He is the second from the left in the front row.



HONG KONG TENEMENT

From an original pen and wash drawing (10½" x 8") by A. C. Scott, reproduced by permission of the owner.



THIS PICTURE WAS taken on February 20th, 1923, upon the occasion of a visit to the University by the President of the Republic of China, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Dr. Sun was one of the first graduates of the Hong Kong College of Medicine, from which Hong Kong University later developed.

The Registrar of the University is making an effort to establish a collection of records and photographs of the past. Older readers of ELIXIR who may recognise themselves or others in this picture, would be doing the Registrar a favour by marking and naming the recognised bodies on the loose leaf duplicate picture enclosed with this issue, and sending it back to him.

* * *

HIGH OFFICIAL PREDICTS PUMPKIN TRANSPORT BY 1957

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, yesterday expressed the hope that it would be possible to send a group of Scouts from Hongkong to attend the Jubilee Celebrations which are to take place in England next year. He was addressing the annual St. George's Day Boy Scouts' Rally at the Kowloon Cricket Club, at which His Excellency himself received the Silver Wolf award, the highest in Scouting.

His Excellency pointed out, however, that it would be a fairly expensive business. . . .

South China Sunday Post-Herald.

Sounds like a job for a Fairy Guide-Mother.

WELL KNOWN HIKER PREFERS MID-LEVELS

But Hongkong has charms as fair as any, and I would not exchange for long for any sight on earth the elegant lines of Chinese ladies' dresses, their high nylons and lambent lovely faces, nor either the flare of Western skirts, sunburn and freckles, and sun-gold hair that mingle with them here; or the daring neck-lines that plunge towards levels towards which the cheongsam slits ascend.

Mr. William Smyly. Getting Away From It All, in the Sunday Post-Herald.

And when East meets West, Mr. Smyly--what then?

CORRESPONDENCE



HAPPY FAMILIES

Sir,

Your last, Christmas, number shocked many subscribers by opening, most unseasonably, with one of the worst pieces of Scroogery on record.

Under the heading "Fact, Fancy and Opinion" an item – containing little fact, but much that might pass muster for fancy or opinion – led off with a most curmudgeonly attack on "the conference racket" (taken as a means of people enjoying themselves).

"Year by year", it said (as its opening message for the season of Goodwill) "the list of shameless excuses used by otherwise moderately respectable members of the professional *bourgeoisie* for having themselves transported vast distances to far gatherings at other people's expense grows and grows . . . Today a vast range of organisations exists for the laudable purpose of providing their members with free trips abroad . . . Almost any organisation will do; it is only necessary to espouse yourself to a cause, any sort of cause, and sooner or later the chance will arise to go off as a delegate to confer about it in some far and invariably well-worth-visiting place . . . And never mind where the money's coming from . . . you may depend on the local sympathisers to club together . . ."

Such words could not, I presume, come from the person who, though he does not disclose his identity in the magazine itself, is generally reputed to be the Editor of ELIXIR. For one thing, I know that *he* has an alibi. When those words were printed, he was journeying a vast distance

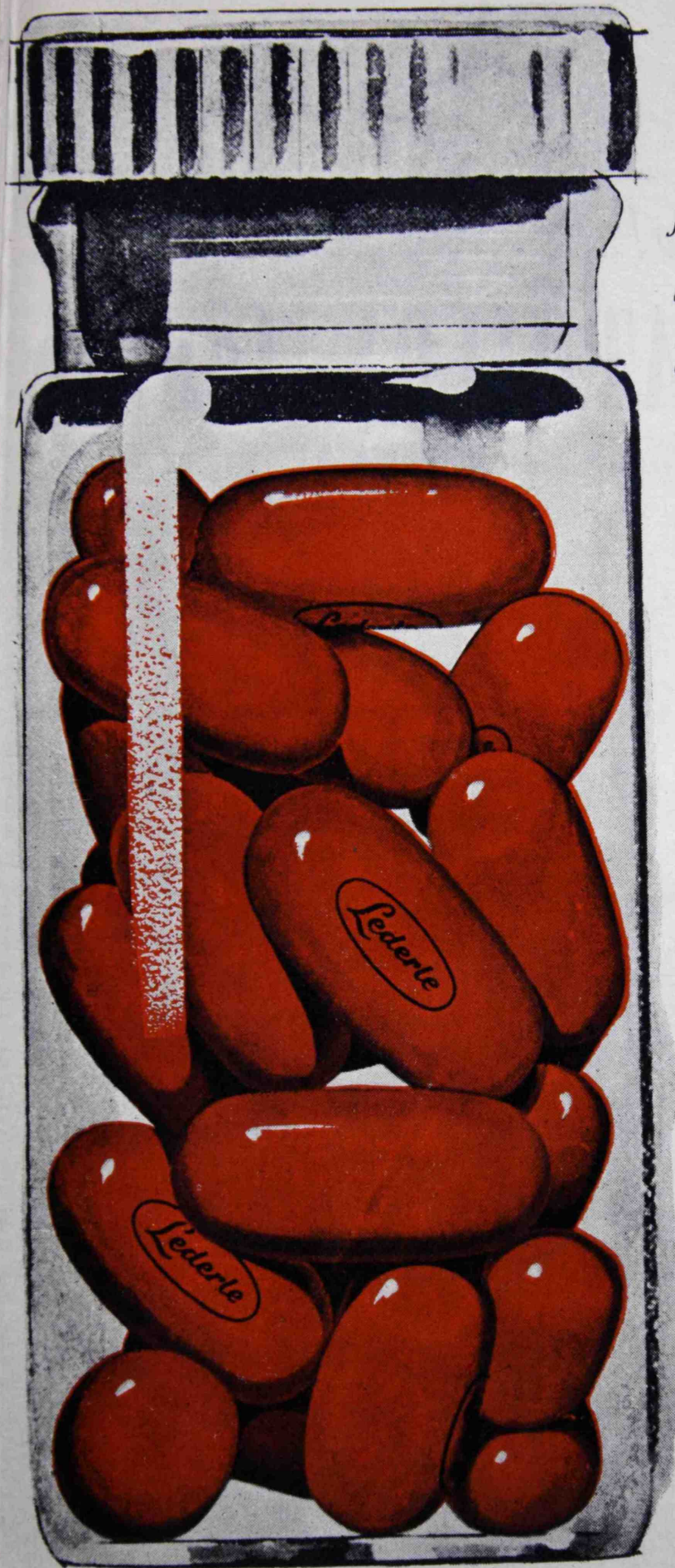
abroad at the expense of the People's Republic of China, to see a man about a dog (Pavlov). A cause, any sort of cause . . .

Many people consider that in any case Expatriate Members of the University staff are *ipso facto* qualified in Travelmanship, receiving trans-world passages at other people's expense every 3½ or 4½ years. Some go further, by taking Homeside degrees at others' expense, extending their itineraries to America, etc.

The unknown contributor, who thus attempts to undermine much that the reputed Editor stands for (and much that has been stood to him) evidently represents that odd streak of cantankerousness and misanthropy sometimes evinced by members of the medical profession, which is so much to be deplored and pitied. Nothing does more to undermine the reputation and influence of what your contributor calls the "noble art of healing", in modern society – unless it is that other propensity, to rush into print or speech on all sorts of complex and critical problems lying much beyond the competence of medical expertise.

"Year by year" – if I may, Sir, paraphrase your own journal – "the list of shameless excuses for getting into print, for satisfying some curious itch to write about any topic, however difficult and remote from one's own field of competence, with sneering references to the efforts of hardworking people in other lines of activity from one's own, grows and grows. In other words, the magazine racket is flourishing."

"In our grandparents' time, if you wanted to scribble (an exercise which in those days was quaintly supposed to broaden the mind)



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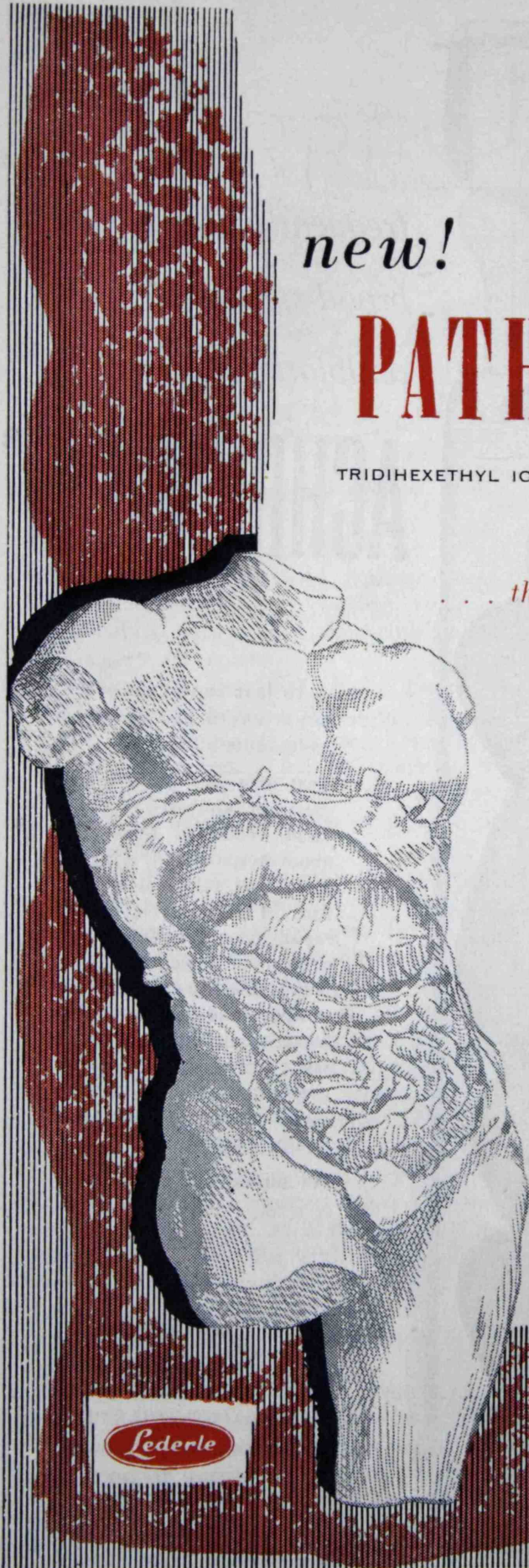
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you either saw to it that you were a young nobleman of independent means, or else you became a celebrated novelist, or in the last resort you signed on to serve your time on a newspaper. Since this last status was the only one within the reach of most citizens, and was the least satisfactory of the alternatives, most citizens were content not to write except on subjects they knew something about."

"Then this backyard magazine racket started. In the beginning the opportunity for climbing aboard the band-waggon was pretty well confined to chaps who had reached a well-earned eminence in a well-established branch of human endeavour. The full potentialities of the system were not at first realised, and it was stuffily supposed that only people who had something worth writing should normally contribute on the printed page. Happily that is all now changed".

"Today a vast range of magazines exists for the laudable purpose of providing for anybody and everybody to write about anything they imagine themselves qualified to write about. ELIXIR is only one of the examples that spring to mind. But the aspiring litterateur" (French for one who creates a litter) "need not think he has to cut himself a foothold in its creamy society before he can unplug his fountain-pen and start to flow. He can easily launch a magazine for himself."

"Any institution, University, outhouse or dog-house exists, with luck, as a means of commercial blackmail for extracting advertisements from those unfortunates who depend on purveying the requirements of the said institution, to get their livelihood and the means of paying taxes to support the said institution. If you can back this up with a really *touching* slogan, such as "every dollar helps a scholar", you should be quids in; at least until people begin to wonder what sort of narrow-minded anti-social "education" it is helping the scholar to. So 'never mind', as ELIXIR says, 'where the money's coming from' . . ."

"A sparkling example of the sort of success achieved in putting any drivel into print was achieved last Christmas, when \$2.50 worth of EMETIC came out. It dealt in its first 2¼ pages with the world population problem, undernourishment, class war,

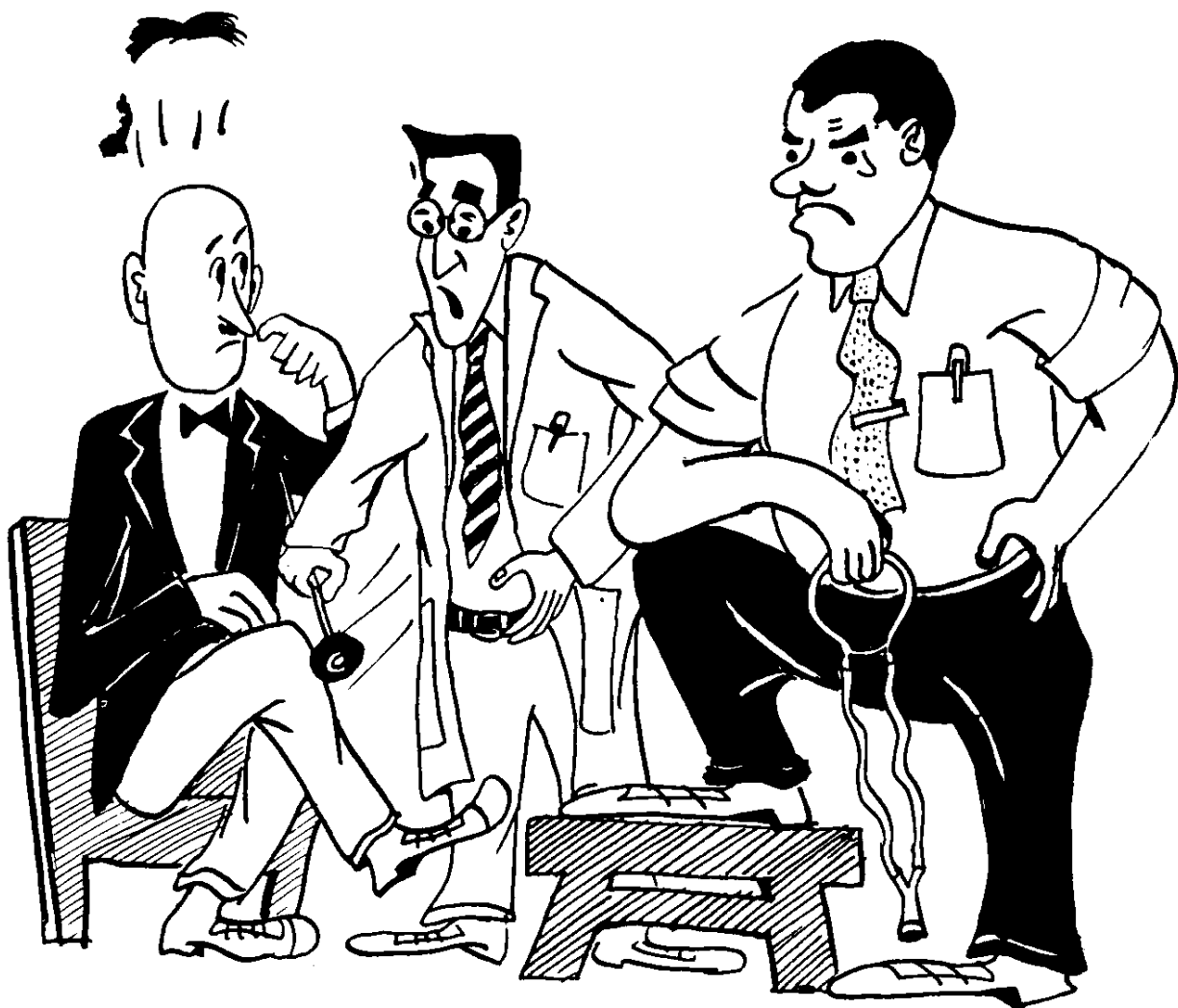
prospects of food supply, atomic explosions, the shooting of doctors, the turning of medical schools into agricultural colleges and pharmaceutical factories into tractor plants, expert interference, malaria, plague, typhus, smallpox, fertility, family limitation, international conferences, human instincts, Freud, the Welfare State, television and

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MEDICAL SOCIETY SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Since our last issue went to press we have received the following donations to our Scholarship Fund: Drs. Anderson and Partners \$25.00; Dr. Au King \$10.00; Dr. R. A. Bones \$3.00; Dr. K. W. Chaun \$25.00; Mrs. B. N. Church \$1,000.00; Father Dargan \$3.00; Mr. A. W. T. Green \$7.50; Dr. C. T. Huang \$13.00; Dr. M. N. C. Lee \$3.00; Dr. Peter C. Y. Lee \$3.00; Dr. T. M. Lim \$10.00; Mr. R. Oblitas \$3.00; Dr. C. F. X. Da Roza \$3.00; Mr. J. L. Young Saye \$6.00; Dr. Ernest To \$10.00; Dr. K. K. Tsang \$3.00; Dr. Hsueh-yen Tso \$100.00; Dr. P. A. M. Van De Linde \$18.00; Dr. H. C. Wong \$3.00; Dr. Joyce Kolling Wong \$2.00; Dr. Mary Wong \$3.00; Dr. Hung Tak Wu \$13.00; Dr. Yeoh Hone Soo \$3.00; Dr. K. T. Young \$10.00; Mr. W. A. Young Saye \$3.00; Dr. H. M. Soo M\$6.00; Proceeds from the 4th year's Medical Students of St. John's College at the Christmas Party, \$101.30; Proceeds from Auction at Medical Society Dance, \$100.00.

These gifts are most gratefully acknowledged. The Fund's total to date is \$5,781.80, plus M\$48.00.

Contributions may be sent to the Circulation Manager, Elixir, c/o Department of Physiology, Hong Kong University. Cheques should be made payable to: Hong Kong University Medical Society Elixir Account.



TRIALS OF A MEDICAL STUDENT
The uncooperative subject.

cinemascope, Hitler, the worth of the individual, the fate of Americans in Red China, and the Fifth International Conference on Family Planning.” (This is just a rough outline; there may have been some more outstanding issues settled between the lines, which I as a mere economist and social scientist did not notice.)

Your contributor pours summary scorn on “the five hundred ‘experts’ who met in Tokyo this (last) October” at the Family Planning Conference, because they “did not come much nearer a solution” on some or all of these problems. The overwhelming majority of them (who, of course, did their best to have a good time) were indeed experts; though there were, as usual on such occasions, about one per cent of cranks among them, and (as usual on such

occasions) the medical profession contributed rather more than its proportion to that minor percentage.

Your contributor quoted “the best available sources” – presumably the local press – to single out one of these as the star of the occasion. In fact, he was so unrepresentative of what happened at the actual conference that I myself never noticed him, or heard any such things said as were quoted in ELIXIR. Perhaps the “best available sources” exaggerated or misquoted a trifle? A reference to better, but possibly less available, sources (such as an actual record of the conference itself) might perhaps show this. However, the best sources available to your contributor may be sufficient for the purposes of Scroogemanship. True Magazinemanship would, I suggest, dispense

with any sources at all, other than a fevered and malevolent imagination.

Of the obscurantism resulting from the free exercise of the latter, the ELIXIR leader in question is at any rate a highly concentrated example. Only in one passage is it at all constructive:

'There are of course a number of sincere, capable and balanced minds whose owners have so far achieved for themselves a position of honour and security in the world, that they can afford to employ these minds of theirs in philosophizing on the status and the future of the rest of mankind'.

University teachers and editors are supposed to be of that stamp. To be sincere: that is, not publicly to abuse the only available means of international contact and exchange of ideas, on which the future of mankind so much depends, while being privately ready to take advantage of those same means themselves. To be capable: that is, to stand in judgement only on topics of which they really can claim special knowledge. And balanced: that is, not to misquote, misrepresent, or misaccuse.

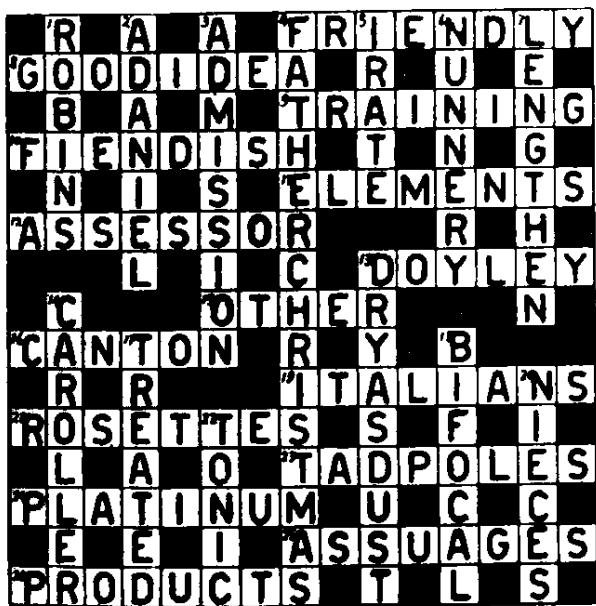
'Some of such people', your contributor went on, 'are justly alarmed by the fact that the world's population is increasing at the rate of three thousand souls every hour . . . There are two conceptual solutions to this urgent problem. The first is to increase the food supply to an extent that keeps pace (and more than pace) with the increase in population; the second is to reduce the population'.

Such wisdom, perception, erudition and penetration! This brings us safely to the starting point, from which all our conferences and international exchanges long ago began.

It does not go on quite so well, however. 'No means', it sweepingly alleges (quoting, no doubt, the "best available sources") 'are known or foreseen for the implementation of the first conception'. (I.e., presumably, the former idea; not the 'first conception' in the birth-control sense?). Quite a lot has in fact been done in that direction. Would your contributor be surprised to hear, for instance, that food supply has actually grown as fast as population, in Asia in the last



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 5



The senders of the first correct entries in each class opened after the closing date were Mr. TAN JUI MENG and Miss SOONG HWEE HWA. They have received their prizes.

Correct entries were also received from Mr. JAY CHENG and Miss F. XAVIER.

C'wealth Pool Of Top Civil Servants

Headline, S.C.M.P.

Adding point to the exhortation: "Oh, go jump into the lake!".



Vatican City, Jan. 6. Catholics may eat seal (sea calf) and dolphin on Fridays and other days of abstinence for meat-eating, the unofficial Vatican City weekly newspaper, Osservatore Della Domenica, said in a reply to a reader's question. S.C.M. Post Special.

And for Chinese Catholics, the seal may presumably be substituted by a chop.

few years? And that international conferences (of ECAFE, UNESCO and others whom your writer despises) distinctly and practically contributed to that result?

'There are', your pontificator continues, 'means which are at least usable in theory for implementing the second' (i.e. reduction of population). Isn't the progress of medical knowledge marvellous; certain means of that kind are very much used in practice. And it is grossly untrue to suggest, as your anonymous sage next does, that human couples have an unlimited urge to reproduction, against which all our theories, meetings and inventions will avail nothing.

International conferences and other gatherings of the kind are infinitely more constructive, useful, informative and intelligent than your contributor - a master of Backyardmanship - appears to have any inkling of. They are also, I can assure him, usually hard work; and not necessarily romantic.

In the social and political fields, they are absolutely essential to the present salvation and future development of human society. You see, to put it briefly, some things (chemistry or physiology, for instance) are the same from China to Peru; but the range

and forms of social conditioning, the economic and cultural stages of development, etc., are extremely diverse and intricate. Diagnosis and treatment are impossible, in the latter fields, without full and constant meetings and direct exchanges and comparisons on the widest possible basis.

Thanks to the extension of "all that sort of thing" in recent times, we are a very great deal further towards a peaceful and effective solution of the problems of the human race. If it had not been for all that sort of thing, the war would never have been won in the last decade, and in the present one we would already be again in the abyss.

The future depends, even more, on the continuance of progress by conference. I trust that Hongkong may be taken, in the world at large, as having more to offer in this respect than ELIXIR has served up. We may be a backwater, but there's no need to make it into a sink.

Yours etc.,
STUART KIRBY,
University,
April 2nd, 1956.

We are modestly gratified to find our humble sprat has hooked so fine a mackerel.

ED. ELIXIR.



WASTE NO TEARS

*If there is sadness,
And there is, Tra-La!
Then there is joy.
And joy there is, Fa-La!
So sing whilst breath still lasts;
Even in sadness, sing,
Upon the sureness of a good tomorrow;
Knowing that time is wasted spent on sorrow
And that breath
Is a very short and precious thing,
Tra-La!*

D.W.G.

* * *

DEATH WATCH BEETLE

Experiments To Wreck Its Love Life Being Made.
Headline, S.C.M.P.
Family Planning Association up to its old tricks again?

Under Special Expenditure provision is made to replace the life in the south wing of the Queen Mary Hospital.

Budget report, S.C.M.P.
Present staff being retired at 45, eh?

... in diarrhoea



In classic Greece

suspicious citizens were
wont to swallow a handful
of clay or moist earth
before going to a dinner where
they feared a rival's poison.
The adsorptive action of the
clay was expected to "soak up"
toxic substances.

Upjohn

fine pharmaceuticals since 1886

when diarrhoea is simple

The control of uncomplicated diarrhoeas with Kaopectate is now classic clinical practice. The highly purified colloidal kaolin consists of extremely small particles which furnish an enormously large adsorptive surface area. Bacteria, toxins and other irritants are taken up by the kaolin molecules. Kaopectate has no antacid effect and thus does not derange the chemical reactions of the gastrointestinal secretions. Kaopectate is also demulcent and thus protects the intestinal mucosa from the irritation of causative agents. Assaulted tissues are soothed, while stools are solidified.

Kaopectate * AN UPJOHN "CLASSIC"

when pathogens are suspected

When pathogenic organisms are suspected in gastroenteritis—particularly in infantile diarrhoeas—the addition of a proven antibiotic to Kaopectate provides the physician with a wider margin of safety. Neomycin has been shown in laboratory and clinical tests to be specially active against various strains of *Escherichia coli* which are so frequently implicated in gastrointestinal disorders. The physician is able to exert a twofold attack on such disorders with Kaopectate with Neomycin. Neomycin attacks bacteria in the bowel, while the Kaopectate removes toxins and irritants by adsorption. The intestinal mucosa is protected and soothed. Kaopectate with Neomycin acts entirely in the bowel, suppressing irritants and reducing inflammation. It does not disturb the chemistry or digestive functions of gastrointestinal secretions.

Kaopectate with Neomycin *

Description

Each fluid ounce contains:
Kaolin 90 grains
in an aromatized vehicle.
Bottles of 10 fluid ounces.

Dosage

adults: 2 to 8 tablespoonfuls
after each bowel movement.
children: One or more tea-
spoonfuls (according to age)
after each bowel movement.

Description

Each fluid ounce contains:
Neomycin sulphate . . 300 mg.
(equivalent to 210 mg.
neomycin base)
Kaolin 90 grains
in an aromatized vehicle.
Bottles of 4 and 16 fluid ounces.

Dosage

adults: 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls
four times daily.
infants under 2 years: 1 to
2 teaspoonfuls four times daily.
children over 2 years: 2 to
4 teaspoonfuls four times daily.

KAOPECTATE*
Bottles of 10 fl. oz. and gallon.
KAOPECTATE w/NEOMYCIN*
Bottles of 4 oz.

* Reg. Trade Mark

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NOTES AND NEWS

PROFESSOR GORDON KING

Professor Gordon King has resigned his Chair in this University and has accepted an invitation to become first Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology in the new medical school at the University of Western Australia. He and his family have been so much a part of the life of Hong Kong University for almost twenty years past, that their going will leave an evident emptiness.

Gordon King was trained at the London Hospital, qualifying in 1924. As a student and young graduate he spent a good part of his time in winning scholarships and prizes.

Beginning with the Buxton Prize in Anatomy and Physiology, he went on to win the Surgical Dressers' Prize, the Letheby Prize in Chemical Pathology, the Sutton Prize in Pathology, the Andrew Clark Prize in Clinical Medicine and Pathology, the Arnold Thomson Prize in Medical and Surgical Diseases of Children, and finally he was awarded an

Alston Research Scholarship upon which he carried out an investigation into the laevulose tolerance test for hepatic efficiency.

Two years after qualifying, Professor King became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the following year he began his long association with the East by going to the Peking Union Medical College as Instructor, and later as Associate in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

In 1932 he moved to Cheeloo as Associate Professor and Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, and in 1938 he was appointed to the Chair in Hong Kong.

Here he rapidly established a reputation as a first class teacher and clinician, and amazed his associates by an apparently tireless capacity for doing two days' work within the space of every twenty-four hours.

He became Dean of the Faculty in 1940, and was Dean when the Colony fell to the Japanese. He was not interned immediately, since he was in charge of the University Relief Hospital which had been established in one of the hostels. He decided very quickly that he could do far more useful service by escaping than by staying to be interned, and he made his way out of the University by crawling down the nullah

which runs past the physiology school. With the help of friends outside he was able to reach unoccupied China.

This escape was most fortunate for many students of the Medical Faculty, for once in China, Gordon King energetically set about finding places for Hong Kong undergraduates in Chinese medical schools, and when the war was ended, he was able to secure

recognition for the training these students had received. There are many doctors in Hong Kong today who owe their degrees directly to Gordon King's efforts. Recently, indeed, sixty-nine former students showed their gratitude by subscribing a total of \$14,000 with which to establish a Gordon King Prize in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. This war-time work was also recognised when he was appointed O.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List of 1953.

Immediately after the war, Professor King returned to the Colony as D.D.M.S. in the Military Administration. In 1948-9 he was



At a farewell cocktail party given to Professor Gordon King by members of the Faculty of Medicine, Mr. Wei Tze-him, Chairman of the Medical Society, presented Professor King with a scroll. The characters were interpreted to the company by Professor Hou Pao-chang as designating Professor King: 'The Seasonal Rain in the Medical Forest'.

once more Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and in this post played a large part in re-establishing the University from out of the ruins left by the war. Despite the very heavy nature of his teaching and clinical commitments, he again served as Dean from 1951 until 1954, and he was appointed Pro-Vice Chancellor for the period of Dr. Ride's long leave during 1955.

His post-war distinctions also include election to an Honorary Fellowship of the American Association of Obstetricians, Gynaecologists and Abdominal Surgeons, and appointment as an Honorary Consulting Medical Officer to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney. His considerable professional reputation, reaching far beyond the confines of Hong Kong, has been affirmed by the invitation which has caused him to leave us.

Two of his daughters, Margaret and Ellen, have recently qualified in Medicine at this University, and they too have shown something of the family habit of winning prizes. Ellen won the Ho Fook and Chan Kai Ming Prize, and the Ho Kam Tong Prize in Public Health. Margaret, a year earlier, also won the Ho Fook and Chan Kai Ming Prize, and, to her father's considerable but pleased embarrassment, most fittingly became the first winner of the Gordon King Prize in Obstetrics and Gynaecology.

Mrs. Gordon King, herself a medical woman, will be long remembered by many fair alumni as the excellent first Warden of Lady Ho Tung Hall.

Professor and Mrs. King are at present on leave in England. He takes up his new appointment in November.

LEAVE

Long leave has been granted to Professor L. G. Kilborn from July 1st, 1956 until January 1st, 1957. He will attend the International Physiological Congress in Brussels during August. Dr. D. W. Gould has been appointed by the Board of the Faculty of Medicine to perform the duties of the Dean during the period of Professor Kilborn's leave.

TRAVELLING FELLOWSHIP

The China Medical Board has awarded a Travelling Fellowship to Dr. A. R. Hodgson

to enable him to visit orthopaedic surgery centres in the United States, and a similar Fellowship to Dr. Kenneth K. L. Hui to allow him to visit general and thoracic surgery centres in the United States and the United Kingdom for four months during the winter of 1956-7.

VISITING EXAMINER

Professor Charles Wells, M.B., CH.B., F.R.C.S., of the University of Liverpool, visited the University as External Examiner in Surgery during the May 1956 Degree Examinations. Whilst here, Professor Wells gave a most interesting lecture before a large audience upon the surgical treatment of hypertension.

PERSONALIA

Professor A. J. S. McFadzean has been elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Professor Hou Pao-chang has been elected to be a Corresponding Member of the Association of Clinical Pathologists of the United Kingdom. Mr. R. B. Maneely has been awarded the degree of Master of Science of the University of Liverpool.

Dr. Olaf K. Skinsnes has been appointed a Visiting Professor at the University of Chicago for a period of three months during his current leave, for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures on the pathology of leprosy.

RESEARCH GRANT

The British Empire Cancer Campaign has given a further grant of £900 to aid research within the Department of Pathology on carcinoma of the liver and carcinoma of the nasopharynx.

RESIGNATIONS

Professor Gordon King from the Chair of Obstetrics and Gynaecology from October 1956, on his appointment to the new Chair at the University of Western Australia.

Dr. Y. K. Tsao, Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology, from September 1st, 1956.

Dr. Gerald Choa, Lecturer in Medicine, from July 1st, 1956, upon his appointment to the post of Medical Specialist in the Medical Department of the Hong Kong Government.

ONE SHORT

In our last issue we announced the impending arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Maneely, and stated that they would be bringing with them one small baby. We find it hard to say now upon what authority we made that statement, but when the ship arrived, no baby was aboard. We have been assured that there is no question of foul play, and that in fact, there never has been a baby. We apologise for the innacuracy, and trust that it has not led to the unwarranted purchase of christening mugs by friends of the Maneely's in other parts of the world who may have read the note.

HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS

FRANKLIN LI WANG PONG: M.B., B.S., with Honours, Distinctions in Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics & Gynaecology. (May 1956).

GORDON LOW: Distinctions in Surgery and Obstetrics & Gynaecology (May 1956).

JOSEPH SU CHI KEE: Distinction in Medicine (May 1956).

FOK PO TUN: Distinctions in Medicine and Obstetrics & Gynaecology (May 1956).

AUTHONY CHAN: Distinction in Biochemistry (March 1956).

CHAN PING CHEUNG: Distinction in Biochemistry (March 1956).

Tso SHIU CHIU: Distinctions in Biochemistry and Physiology (March 1956).

LEE SHEUNG SUN: Distinction in Physiology (March 1956).

CHAN WOON CHEUNG: Distinctions in Pathology and Social Medicine (Dec. 1955).

Tso SHIU LIM: Distinction in Pathology (Dec. 1955).

KAN YING CHIU: Distinction in Social Medicine (Dec. 1955).

LAI KAI SUM: Distinction in Social Medicine (Dec. 1955).

PRIZES

NG LI HING PRIZE, March 1956: Mr. Lau Man Pang.

HO FOOK AND CHAN KAI MING PRIZE: March 1956: Mr. Tso Shiu Chiu.

ANDERSON MEMORIAL MEDAL, May 1956: Mr. Franklin Li Wang Pong.

C. P. FONG MEDAL IN MEDICINE, May 1956: Mr. Joseph Su Chi Kee.

GORDON KING PRIZE IN OBSTETRICS AND GYNAECOLOGY, May 1956: Mr. Gordon Low.

DIGBY MEMORIAL GOLD MEDAL IN SURGERY, May 1956: Mr. Gordon Low.

HO KAM TONG PRIZE IN PUBLIC HEALTH, Dec. 1955: Mr. Lai Kai Sum.

C. P. FONG MEDAL IN PATHOLOGY, Dec. 1955: Mr. Chan Woon Cheung.

AW BOON HAW PRIZE IN OBSTETRICAL AND GYNAECOLOGICAL PATHOLOGY, 1956: Miss Sylvia Loo.



Found Dead
With 46 Cats

Headline, S.C.M.P.

The mew-tabby-lity of human life.

Suckers Brought
From Singapore

Headline, S.C.M.P.

Reform Club hoping to pack the next elections?

* * *

EVENTS IN THE WOMB OF TIME

Back at Indiana U. he helped pay tuition by teaching physiology to prospective embalmers.

Time Magazine.

So that they might the better prepare their customers for the life after death?

CLASSICAL COMPOSER PAYS TRIBUTE TO COLE PORTER

Piano Solos, Bach Grade IV (Sea Miner Prelude).— 1. Cha May-lee (90); 2. Nancy Loo (89); 3. Pearl Au (88).

Report on Schools Music Contests, S.C.M.P.

ELIXIR PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 6

TWO PRIZES OPEN TO ALL COMERS

ACROSS

- 6) Catch sight of what is hidden in bees' pyjamas (4)
- 9) Time off for egg-sample? Or break for buns (6,7)
- 10) Broken lids having slipped (4)
- 11) Way below sea-level, but for drivers, not divers (7,6)
- 12) Candidates' K.O. (4)
- 13) Short mother married to little Edward (5)
- 14) The result being a baby Teddy (4,3)
- 16) This warm is pretty cool (4)
- 19) Most gums stick, but these stick gums. How sweet! (7)
- 20) Top man (4)
- 24) Illumined by secondhand sunshine (7)
- 25) Evil is four fifths of evil's Prince (5)
- 26) Man of the clinic; almost mayor (4)
- 28) Sounds like a chirping insect powdered up. Actually a place for bats (7,6)
- 29) Shut with loud bang (4)
- 30) Makers, but not usually of handiwork, despite their title (13)
- 31) Intensely attentive — sounds like a parcel (4)

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	R	S				E	S	P
9	E	A	S	T	E	R	H	O
		N	A				10	S
								L
11	A	B						E
								L
		W	B				12	F
								A
13	M	A	T	E	D		14	B
								E
		Y	D		15	J		O
17	T		18		19	O		F
20	H	E	A		21	I		
			24	O		N		
							25	E
26	M	A	Y	O		A		
							27	A
								V
			28	C	R	I	C	K
								E
29	S	L	A	M		L		
								A
								U
			30	M	A	W	K	F
								A
								C
31	R	A	P	T		B		
								E
								S
								S

DOWN

- 1) The bath-water when the plug was taken out—the dish with the spoon (3,4)
- 2) Thrust through. Treated by acupuncture, perhaps (7)
- 3) O world! how apt the poor are to be —. (Twelfth Night) (5)
- 4) Sour sauce source (6,2,7)
- 5) For serving fish, perhaps, in red nets (anagram) (6,3)
- 6) Relaxed (7)
- 7) Plan of the course, but not for jockeys (8)
- 8) Highly placed songster (8)
- 15) Want to play cricket, sail boats, strut the stage? Then - - - - (4,1,4)
- 17) Shylock (3,5)
- 18) Intent warriors, so to speak (4,4)
- 21) For the cleansing of soles (7)
- 22) There's a bit of the devil with ours. It gobbles (7)
- 23) 25's disciples (7)
- 27) Sounds like a possible way in, but stony (5)

There are two prizes. One for medical undergraduates and interns, the second open to all others. Fill in the puzzle, detach this page, and send it in a sealed envelope marked 'Crossword' to the Editor of Elixir, c/o Department of Physiology, Hong Kong University. Books to the value of \$25 will be given to the senders of the first correct solution from each group opened after the closing date, Sept. 30th, 1956.



HAVE YOU A BIRTHDAY COMING ALONG SOME TIME DURING THE COURSE OF THE NEXT YEAR? MANY HAVE! IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, WHY NOT JOIN OUR ELIXIR BIRTHDAY CLUB? SEND US ONLY \$7.00 AND WE WILL SEND YOU A BRAND NEW COPY OF ELIXIR EVERY TIME IT COMES OUT FOR THE NEXT THREE ISSUES. FOR AN EXTRA \$100 WE WILL ALSO SEND YOU A WARM GREETING ON YOUR ACTUAL BIRTHDAY. DO NOT MISS THIS RIDICULOUS OFFER!

**You've stood it this far . . .
you can stand anything!**



SO

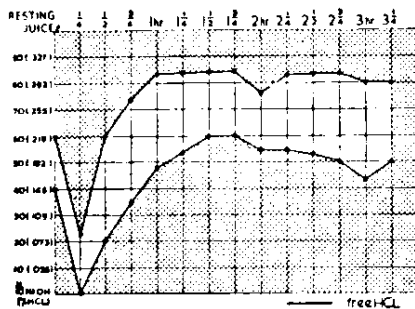
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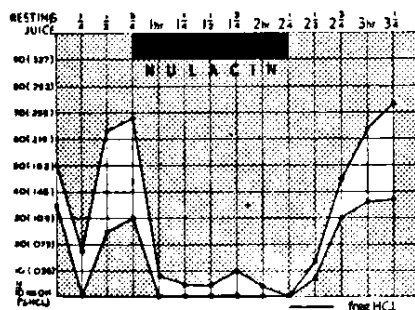
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peptic ulcer
treatment

NULACIN

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GASTRIC ANALYSIS Superimposed gruel fractional test-meal curves of five cases of duodenal ulcer.



GASTRIC ANALYSIS Same patients as in Fig. 1, two days later, showing the striking neutralizing effect of sucking Nulacin tablets (3 an hour). Note the return of acidity when Nulacin is discontinued.



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INDICATIONS

Nulacin tablets are indicated whenever neutralization of the gastric contents is required: in active and quiescent peptic ulcer, gastritis, gastric hyperacidity.

Beginning half-an-hour after food, a Nulacin tablet should be placed in the mouth and allowed to dissolve slowly. During the stage of ulcer activity, up to three tablets an hour may be required. For follow-up treatment, the suggested dosage is one or two tablets between meals.

Nulacin is available in dispensary packs of 25 tablets and handy tubes of 12.

Nulacin tablets are prepared from whole milk combined with dextrans and maltose, and incorporate Magnesium Trisilicate 3.5 grs.; Magnesium Oxide 2.0 grs.; Calcium Carbonate 2.0 grs.; Magnesium Carbonate 0.5 grs.; Ol. Menth. Pip.q.s.

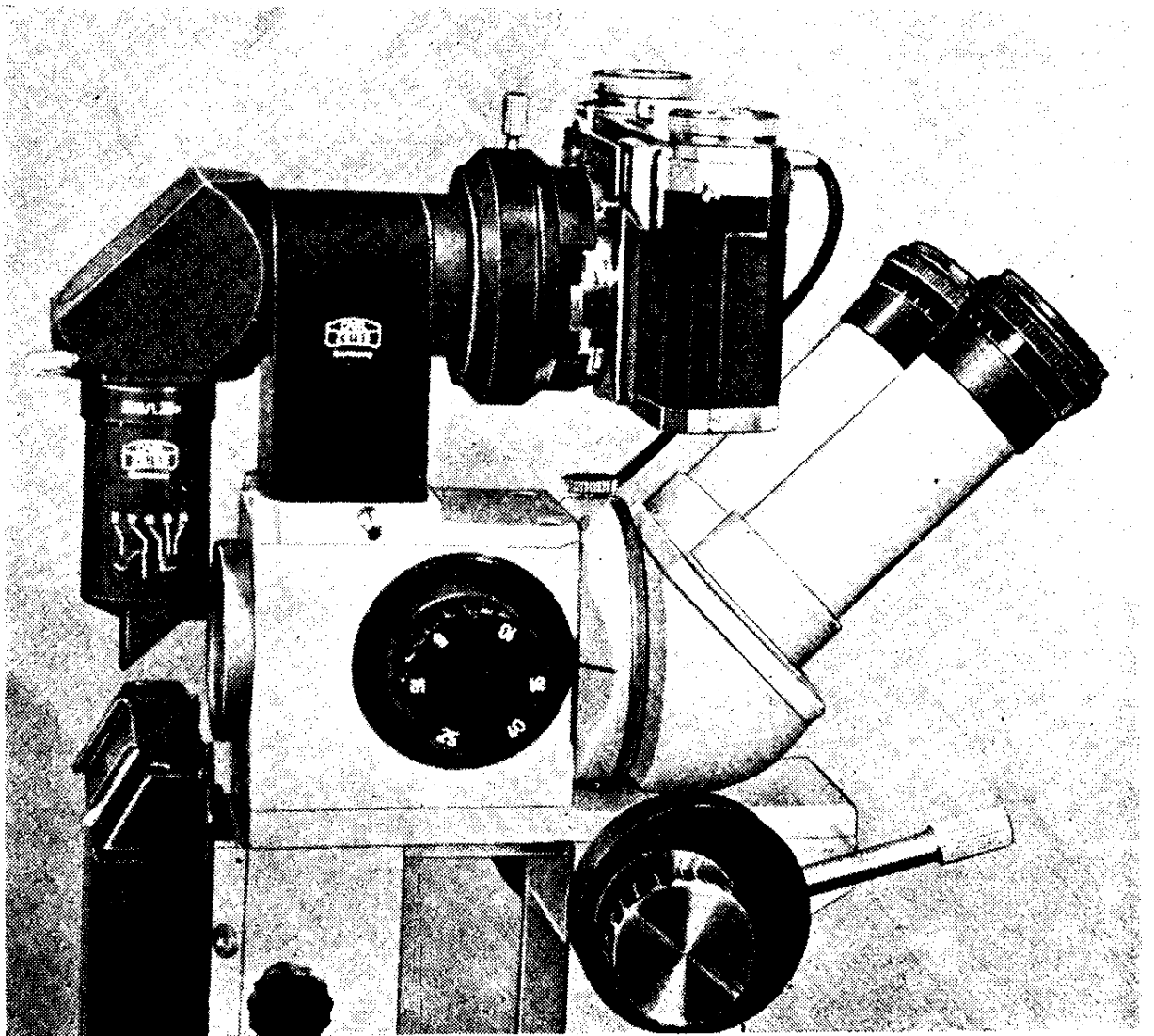
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1 to 3 grams can be given daily, that is, from 2 to 6 tablets. These should be taken at regular intervals preferably in a hot drink. Treatment should continue for two or three days but doses should be reduced.

The antipyretic properties of CRYOGENINE are also of value in TYPHOID FEVER with a constant and prolonged effect TUBERCULOSIS WITH FEVER.

By reason of its analgesic properties it may be used in all forms headache, neuralgia, stiffness, lumbago, rheumatic pains.

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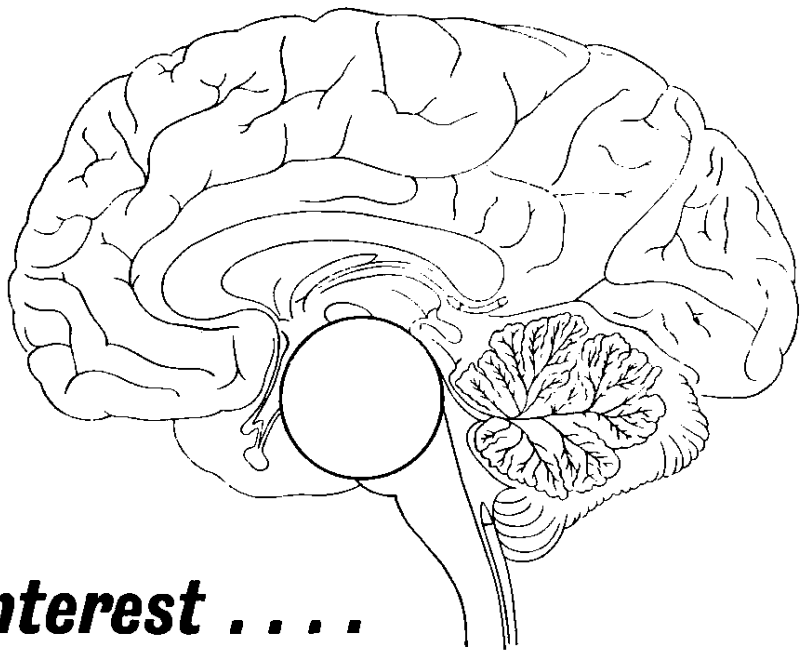
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to help
a scholar?



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- 2 Control of nausea and vomiting
- 3 Control of motor excitement
- 4 Relief of tension, anxiety, and apprehension
- 5 Management of hyperpyrexia
- 6 Reduction of operative shock
- 7 Relief of hiccough
- 8 Relief of pruritus
- 9 Enhancement of the actions of hypnotics, sedatives and analgesics

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