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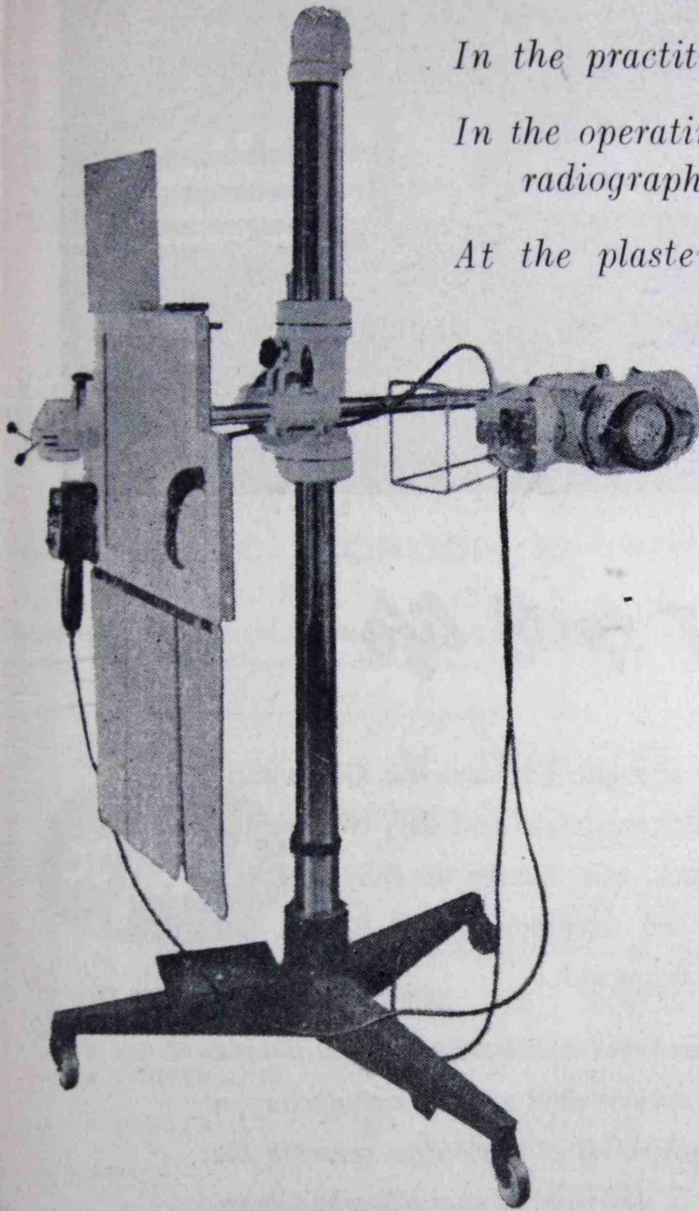
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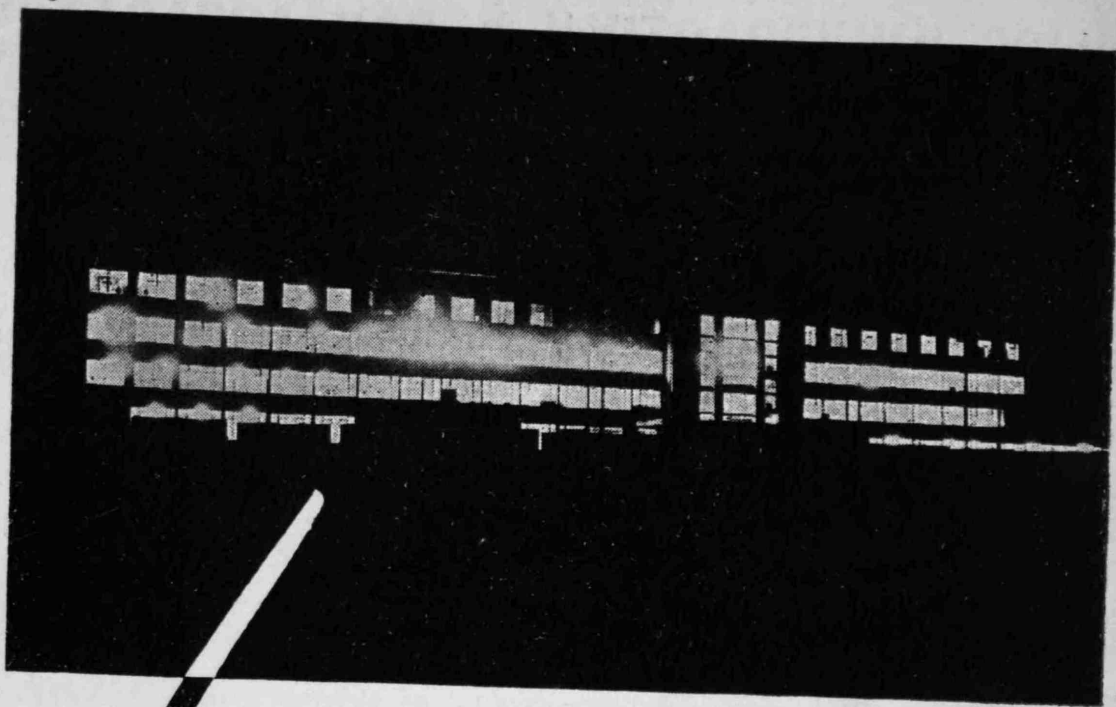
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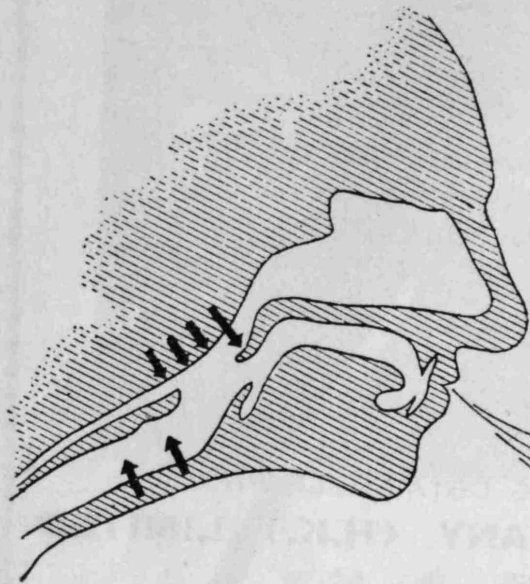
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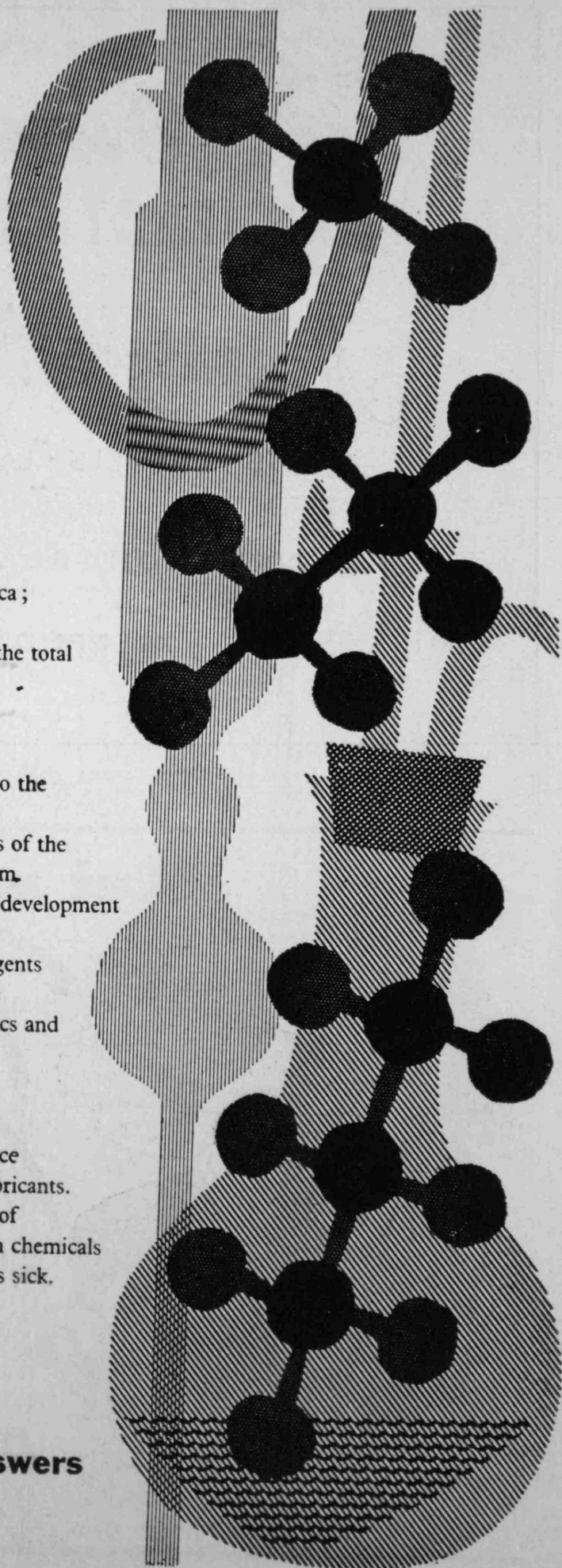
There are seven major Shell research laboratories: two in Holland, two in England, three in North America; and three Agricultural Research Stations: one in England, two in North America. At last count, the total staff of those ten establishments was nearly 5,000. The back-room boys of a great industry.

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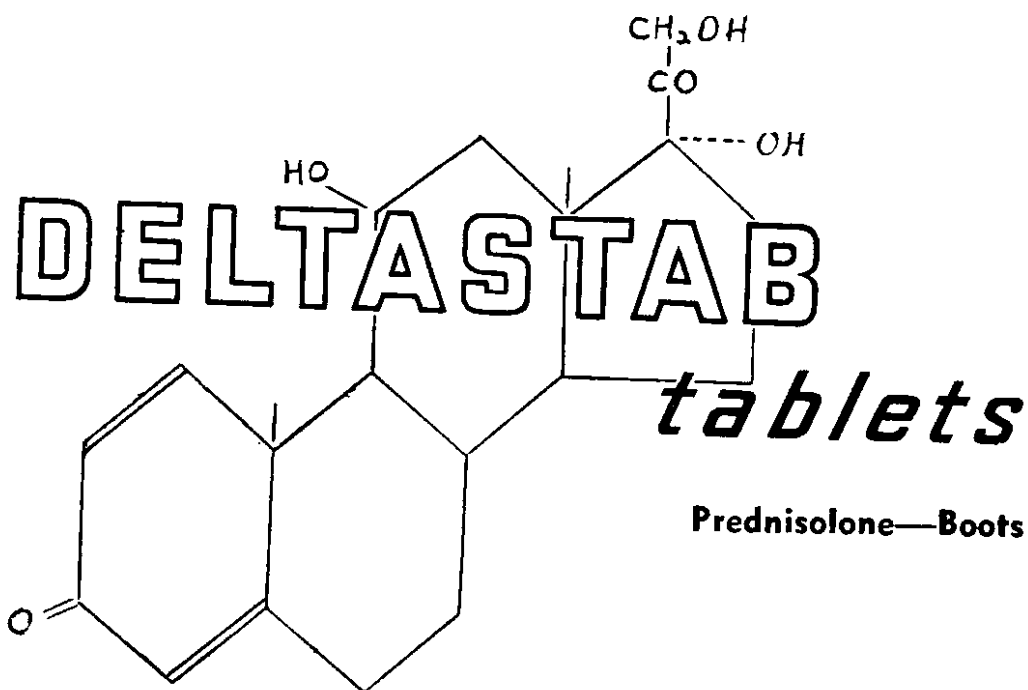
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# ELIXIR

*Journal of the Hong Kong University Medical Society*

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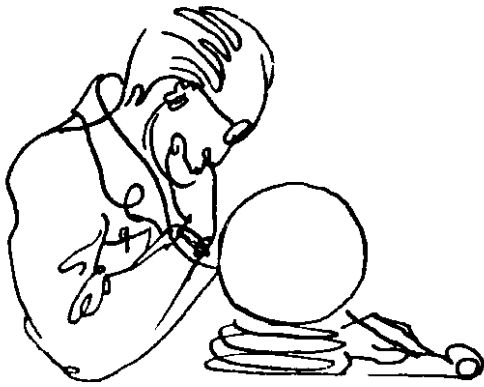
CHRISTMAS



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

**Printers:**  
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## FACT, FANCY AND OPINION



### HAPPY FAMILIES

YEAR BY YEAR 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 peoples' expense, grows and grows. In other words, the conference racket is flourishing.

In our grandparents' time, if you wanted to travel (an exercise which in those days was quaintly supposed to broaden the mind), you either saw to it that you were a young nobleman of independent means, or else you became a celebrated operatic mezzo-soprano, or in the last resort you signed on to serve your time before the mast. Since this last status was the only one of the three within the reach of most citizens, and since it was a confoundedly uncomfortable one, most citizens stayed at home.

Then this international conference racket started. In the beginning the opportunity for clambering 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 realized, and it was stuffily supposed that only people who had something worth saying about something worth talking about should normally attend these junkets. Happily that is now all changed.

To-day a vast range of organizations exists for the laudable purpose of providing their members with free trips abroad. UNESCO, WHO, and ECAFE are only examples of some of the larger and more successful clubs that spring to mind. But the aspiring

traveller need not think that he has to cut himself a foothold in such creamy society before he can pack his bags and be off. Almost any organization will do; it is only necessary to espouse yourself to a cause, any sort of a 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. International conferences are never held in unromantic places.

And never mind about where the money's coming from. If the cause to which you have hooked your waggon doesn't happen to attract large government or philanthropic subventions, you may depend upon the local sympathizers to club together and see you through. Subscribing towards the cost of sending a delegate off to a conference now has the emotional appeal found by our parents in subscribing to the cost of sending off a missionary, complete with a crateful of bibles and a load of Epsom Salts, to tame the wicked heathen. And on the whole it comes cheaper, since delegates, unlike missionaries, are usually home again in a week or so.

A sparkling example of the sort of success achieved by these mutual travel agencies was staged in Tokyo a few weeks ago, when the fifth International Conference on Planned Parenthood took place.

There are, of course, a number of sincere, capable, and balanced minds whose owners have so far achieved for themselves a position of security and honour in the world, that they can afford to employ these minds of theirs in philosophizing upon the status and the future of the rest of mankind. Some of such people are justly alarmed by the fact that the world's population is increasing

at about the rate of three thousand souls every hour. Already most of our contemporaries are underfed, and those who dwell upon this thought foresee a near future when the competition for the food necessary for survival is so keen that not all the manoeuvrings of the well-established and materially secure can prevent a bloody and mutually disastrous battle.

People faced with the certainty of death by starvation are unlikely to be deterred from violence by the mere possibility of death by the agency of atomic explosions. Herein lies the whole fallacy of the 'Peace through Strength' movement.

There are two conceptional 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.

No means are known or foreseen for the implementation of the first conception. There are means which are at least usable in theory for implementing the second.

The easiest solution would be to shoot all the doctors, turn all the medical schools into agricultural colleges, and adapt all the pharmaceutical factories to the production of ploughshares and tractors, for there is no doubt that the practitioners of the noble art of healing are largely responsible for the present state of affairs. Left to themselves, without officious interference from the medical profession, the causative organisms of malaria, plague, typhus, and small-pox would efficiently deal with the population problem. It seems unlikely, however, that such an answer will find favour.

The second, and less practicable solution, is to persuade or force all fertile couples to limit their output to whatever the statisticians tell us would yield a manageable world population. This solution faces a vast difficulty, and also an important theoretical objection.

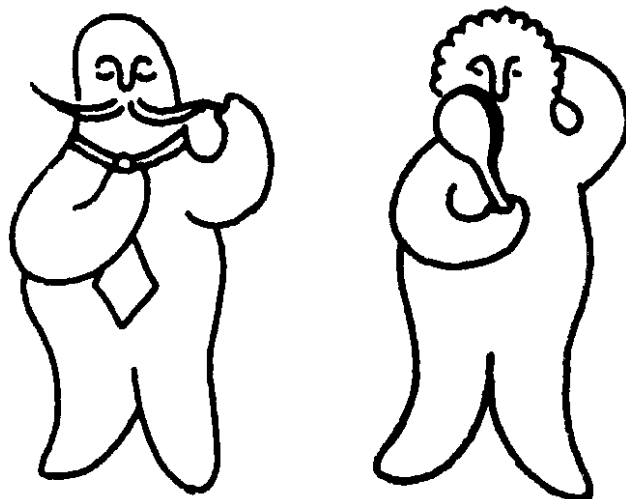
The difficulty lies in the fact – as friend Freud somewhat belatedly pointed out – that the reproductive urge is overwhelmingly strong. No intellectual appreciation of the vision of the race, Gadarene-like, plunging to destruction, will count two chips against the private wish of a couple to fulfil the urge with which God has invested them. Appeal to their wisdom, or threaten them

with penalties, there is always a stronger influence at work.

The objection lies in the fact that such controlled reproduction (the products of which would have, necessarily, cradle-to-grave nursing and protection), would negate the good old rule of survival of the fittest; and a couple of centuries under such a regime might even result in a population unable to appreciate the glorious soul-fodder provided by commercial television and Cinemascope; let alone one having the ability to work to an effect that would keep itself alive *and* provide a margin of earnings sufficient to pay for such luxuries.

Such, then, is the problem; and it is a harsh one. The five hundred 'experts' who met in Tokyo this October had a rattling good time – of that we may be sure – but from the best available reports of their deliberations, it does not appear that they came much nearer a solution.

Some very silly things were said, and an American 'population economist' named Dr. Elmer Pendell hit the high spots of futility and Hitlerite cynicism when he referred to the 'reckless reproduction . . . of our relatively brainless citizenry', and went on to advocate a legal maximum to the size of families, which, if exceeded, should result in the compulsory sterilization of the culprits; – *both* partners, it is to be assumed. His fine sense of values is further exemplified by his response to the argument that individuality must be respected. There is no further need for such old-fashioned ideas in his view, since 'the actual worth of



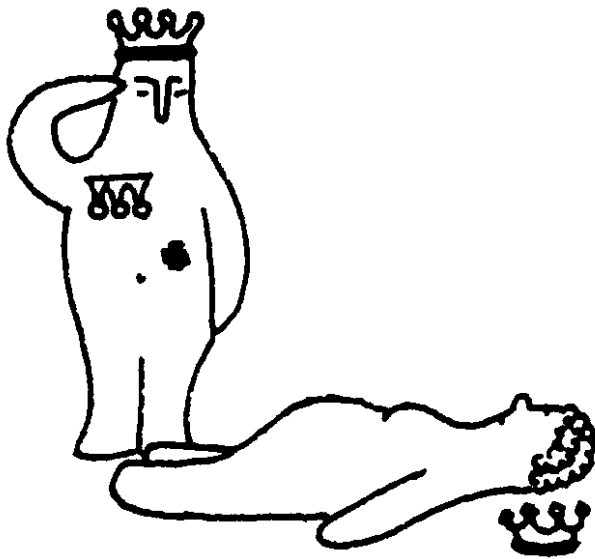
Sexual reproduction is due to fussing of the male and female.

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

the individual has been declining'. As a dramatic example of this decline he pointed out that although many Americans had been and were being held in Communist China, there were only 'namby expressions of protest'. Fifty years ago, says he, such developments would not have been permitted. He goes on to suggest that 'except as a family can show achievements which demonstrate better than average ability, the members of that family should be socially restrained from reproduction'.

Dr. Pendell is sixty-one years old. Had such measures as he advocates only been introduced in America sixty-two years ago, the world might truly now be a better place.

The Conference opened on October 23rd. On October 22nd, a news item with a Durban date line announced the disappearance of a load of arsenic sufficient to kill four hundred thousand humans. Possibly one of the delegates was getting down to brass tacks after all.



Sexual reproduction is a duty for all high-class animals.

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

## TAKE YOUR CHOICE

On the morning of October 8th, the *South China Morning Post* carried a headline 'HEART TROUBLE MAY BE MISTAKEN FOR INDIGESTION' under which was a report of a paper in the B.M.J. written by Kenneth Harris, senior physician and cardiologist at University College Hospital, London.

In it Dr. Harris had written: 'It is so easy for a patient and even for a doctor to attribute an upper abdominal restrosteral pain to indigestion, especially if it is worse after meals, or is associated with wind.'

He told of a patient of his own, a medical man, who came to him with a pain which the patient thought due to an injudicious late meal. Dr. Harris thought so too, and labelled it 'flatulent dyspepsia', but six days later the patient had a heart attack.

A few hours after the publication of this cautionary tale, the *China Mail* for October 8th appeared with an article entitled 'SCARED?' by 'A Doctor'.

'Does the news of President Eisenhower's heart attack make you feel alarmed about your heart?' ran the article. 'Do you have a sneaking fear that your last attack of indigestion may have been heart trouble after all? If you *are* scared, I say you should stop worrying. For despite what has happened to General Eisenhower, in the majority of cases, suspected heart trouble is, in fact, indigestion and nothing more.'

We now anxiously await an authoritative final ruling on the subject from the Editor of the *Tiger Standard*.

## MY LIPS ARE SEALED

And talking about President Eisenhower's heart attack, it was most cheering to learn that the President, who had become a five star general during his Army career, was promoted to the rank of six-star general recently for 'good behaviour' as a hospital patient.

Most Heads of State, of course, behave atrociously in hospital; for ever complaining about the food, making the night nurse's life sheer hell, and generally creating mayhem by indulging in such japes as the making of apple-pie beds in the 'Chronics' Ward, and balancing buckets of dirty washing-up water above the doorway of Matron's Office.

It is reassuring to find that President Eisenhower has an unusually keen and mature sense of decorum, and pleasant to feel that virtue of this calibre does not go unrecognised and unsung.

Whilst in hospital, Eisenhower wore a pair of deep red pajamas with the words 'much better thanks' embroidered across the



pocket. This is a very good idea indeed, and properly developed could make the tiresome business of conversation completely redundant.

We are considering having our own white gowns embroidered with the words: 'Gone to Lunch. Back soon'.

### NO JOKE THIS TIME

The popular joke about 'which way up is it supposed to be?' so freely applied by cartoonists and painters' friends to works of art, has been brought into the realms of happy reality at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. The other day at an exhibition,

people noticed that the catalogue number on a picture appeared to have been stuck on upside down. Only after much argument, and a careful examination of the back of the frame, was it established that it was the picture itself which was upside down.

Now that this long-heralded possibility has come off, exhibitors submitting works for hanging at our own next Festival of the Arts may feel inclined to have boldly stencilled upon appropriate portions of the frame the words 'The Top' and 'The Bottom'.

For many, perhaps, the words 'The Bottom' would suffice.

### FASHIONS FOR 1956



THE UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG has its roots in an age-old tradition of Chinese learning and culture. Conscious of this heritage, attempts are being made to bring certain University practices more in line with the 'mores' of the community within which it stands and has its being.

Our exclusive picture shows the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine and his wife, dressed in the new Congregation Kit which has just been officially adopted by the Senate for use by senior men and women.



5.

*Say, who is this guy 'comshaw', anyway?*

## " THE HAPPY MORN "

Then : then the days were dark,  
 Short days, and the gardens bare,  
 And across untrimmed pasture and park  
 Enemy storms took the air.

The clammy fogs would swim,  
 And the world was narrowing down;  
 Even the church-bells sounded dim,  
 Dying voices above our town.

And suddenly, now it seems,  
 Clear glory and sun arose  
 Over churchyard, barnyard, streams,  
 Apparelled in gleaming snows.

The clangour of the high day's bells  
 Rang at once to the wide bright miles,  
 Indomitable Nowells,  
 Answering greetings, free smiles.

A child's impression indeed,  
 A legend, but let it stay.  
 Such a transformation all need,  
 If only through Christmas Day.

Hong Kong, 1955

Edmund Blunden

# THE MAYOR OF PETERBOROUGH

## A TRAGEDY

but was forced to do so on account of his failing eyesight.

### D. & J. Club visitors

establishments this-  
visited Stanground  
tion on Monday.



The Mayor and Mayoress of Peterborough (Mr. and Mrs. R. W. North) paid their annual visit to the W.V.S. Darby and Joan Club meeting at Trinity Church Hall on Tuesday, and the Mayor joined in a game of dominoes with some of the members, all of whom are over seventy. Another visitor was the deputy Mayoress (Mrs. Setchfield).

*Cutting from the Peterborough Chronicle*

THE SCENE IS a Church Hall in ancient Peterborough. Two Old Crones are playing dominoes in one corner. Several members of the W.V.S. are engaged in knitting, chatting, and sipping cups of tea. Enter the Mayor of Peterborough and attendants, top stage.

1ST CRONE:

Why, look 'ose 'ere!  
Upon the stair!  
Well, bless me! If it ain't the Mayor!

2ND CRONE:

Now, isn't that a bloomin' shame!  
'Es shure to want to join the game.  
'Es full of stratagems and trixes  
And pocketfuls of double sixes!

The last time that 'e came, the slob,  
I went 'ome poorer by two bob.

1ST CRONE: Then let us tarry 'ere no more,  
But exit through the O.P. door.

2ND CRONE: Too late! Be'old, the Lady Mayoress  
Stands loomin' like a Russian bearess,  
Blockin' the exit with 'er frame.  
We'll 'ave to give the Mayor a game.

PAGE: Hail, ancient denizens of Peterborough's venerable piles!  
Cast off your gloom! Crease your old pans in smiles!  
The Norths have come, with Setchfield by their side!  
His Worship means to take you for a ride!

MAYOR: Hail!

LADY MAYORESS: Hail!

SETCHFIELD: Hail!

MEMBERS OF  
THE W.V.S.: Hail!

DOMINO MARKERS,  
BARRIES, JOANS &  
SERVANTS OF CRONES, } Cripes!

MAYOR: Is this a domino which I see before me?  
Or is it merely spots before the eyes?  
I've just come from a darts match at the Legion,  
And cannot feel quite sure of all I spies.

2ND CRONE: My Liege, it is a domino, as well you know.  
And now, if you'll excuse me, I must go.

LADY MAYORESS  
(aside): Oh no you don't, my rheumy crone!  
You'll stay right where you are till North has done  
That which he came to do;  
And I, frail woman tho' I am,  
Shall block the doorway with my living flesh.  
What! Do'st think we left the Legion's cosy bar  
With free drinks on the House, ours for the asking,  
Only to see the mouse escape the hawk,  
The silver flippered fish flap from the net,  
Ere we had skinned the lot?

Oh, dear me no!

1ST CRONE: Good Lady Mayoress, wilt thou let me go?

LADY MAYORESS  
(sweetly): Tarry awhile, sweet crone. 'Twould be a crying shame  
To creep off home before you'd had a game.

SETCHFIELD: Nice work, Gertrude!

1ST CRONE: Cripes! That's torn it! I might slip the boss,  
But arguing with 'is Missus's a dead loss.

MAYOR  
(jocularly, and seizing  
a brace of dominoes  
the while): Lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

1ST CRONE: My name's not Macduff.

MAYOR  
(*peevishly*): I never said it was.

1ST CRONE:  
(*equally peevishly*): Oh yes you did! You said: 'Lay on Macduff'.

2ND CRONE:  
S'right!

1ST CRONE:  
And my name's *not* Macduff, see?

MAYOR  
(*with studied patience*): Good crone, don't be such a silly old crone. I was only quoting Shakespeare. Ever heard of Shakespeare? No, I don't suppose a silly old crone like you *would* have. Well, it was a joke, see? A JOKE. J-O-K-E! JOKE! NOW do you understand?

1ST CRONE:  
No I don't understand. What's more, you needn't think I'm going to stand 'ere and let no one call me a silly old crone, not even if 'e is the Mayor and all, 'cos you're just a silly old mayor, anyway, see?

MAYOR  
(*disgusted*): Aw, schucks!

*The 1st Crone, angered by this last insult, seizes a full box of dominoes and brings it heavily down upon the Mayor's head. The Mayor responds by removing his chain and lashing out with it. In no time the whole church hall is in an uproar, dominoes flying through the air like chaff, cups of tea crashing to the ground, and Chelsea buns becoming pulverised beneath pounding feet. All join in the fray, except Setchfield, who prudently takes refuge in a cupboard normally reserved for left-overs from jumble sales. Before long, all contestants lie slaughtered on the floor, and Setchfield emerges cautiously from the cupboard and makes her way through the litter of corpses to the front of the stage.*

SETCHFIELD:  
Here's North,  
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.  
Ah well!  
At least this evening's work's done *me* a bit of good,  
For now that that old bore lies stiff and dead,  
Setchfield, dear girl, shall be the Mayor instead!

*She stoops and picks up the Mayoral Chain from where it had fallen on the floor. Claspings its rich weight about her own slender neck, she says:*

And you needn't think you're going to come across *me* pounding the beat at night, playing dominoes with a lot of silly old gaffers! Oh, no! Not *this* girlie! It's me for the Mayor's Parlour, and a nice little bottlefull of what it takes. *This* little girlie knows when she's well off, *this* one does!

So long, troops!

## CURTAIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The characters represented in this play are entirely fictitious, and no reference is intended to any real person, living or dead. Any similarity in name or situation to real people or events is entirely coincidental. There is no such place as Peterborough.

Of great historical interest is the fragment of newsprint at the top left hand corner of our cutting. The best authorities believe that this must be a portion of a paragraph announcing the imminent retirement of the Editor of the Peterborough Chronicle.





## A Retired Naval Man

by

EDMUND BLUNDEN

I NOW TAKE from my cupboard which conceals various old papers, saved from destruction some time since, one of the more haphazard unpublished journals which rest there. This one was written by a sailor. But this sailor's adventures at sea in the years after Nelson do not occupy much of the book. William Vane, the man in question, was one of the sons of Lieut.-Colonel William Walter Vane of the Coldstream Guards, who died on 11 April 1839. The particulars of the father's death are put down with great precision, but when this journal became one of my salvaged relics I was impressed even more by the manner in which the son wrote about the undertaker's part in the event. It was all a kind of mystery to him, and may be to us. Let us look at poor old Dad, technically:

"The eyes having been closed a handkerchief was tied around the head, and coming under the chin, so as to keep the mouth shut . . . . About 9 a.m. I went into the chamber of Death and found the body decently laid out and dressed with a shirt, night cap and cravat . . . . The body which had hitherto been lying in a shell placed in a leaden coffin, and laid out in the front bedroom with a plate of salt placed on the breast, was this evening placed in an elm one . . . . The cortege drove up to the door. It consisted of the hearse and six horses, both ornamented with plumes

– a mourning coach and six, similarly ornamented – and my father's private carriage (a travelling chariot) with a postilion and pair of horses, and the footman in the rumble. Being attired by the undertaker with scarves and hatbands, and informed that all was ready, Frederick, Charles and self got into the mourning coach, and the procession moved down Brunswick Square."

The record gives the expenses for the funeral of Lieut.-Colonel Vane, and for his monument in St. Andrew's Chapel, Hove, to the penny – £111 6s. 6d; and the number of letters in the inscription was 366, for cutting which the masons charged £5.

At the time when William Vane observed these circumstances of the loss of a fond parent he was aged 38. In my manuscript he tells his story, as may be imagined from the quotation given already, with a peculiarity of selection and of tone. He had been (he says) at school at Bath, and then, joining the Navy in 1814 as a volunteer, was stationed at Sheerness in a 36-gun frigate, the *Scamander*. She made certain voyages, but the winter of 1815 (after Napoleon's collapse) found Vane still at the base, Sheerness. He speaks of that season as very cold, but "we frequently amused ourselves in playing at cricket on the Isle of Grain and finishing with a tremendous tea at some house of entertainment on the Isle." Modern cricketers find the game severe



enough even in the English summer.

In 1816 the *Scamander* sailed for the West Indies, but now occurs a blank space in Vane's manuscript, and when he resumes he is noting his expenses in 1837. Some of them were incurred at Forest Hill, a few miles from Oxford, and he annotates the



items in a literary reference: "Milton once resided here. Adam and Eve, with the Serpent, and the tree of knowledge, [are] represented in plaster on a barn belonging to a farm near the church." Discoveries of that kind result nowadays in big Hotsonian volumes of research. Milton might be made out as writing his epic thirty years before he did. In 1838 Vane the sea-farer hails a modern enterprise:

"St. George's day in April this year may be remembered as an era in steam navigation. The great steamship, *Great Western* and *Sirius*, arrived on that day at New York; the former from Bristol and the latter from the port of London. The *Sirius* was 18 days, and the *Great Western* 15 days on the passage out . . . . The Commander of the *Great Western*, Jno. Hosken, was an old shipmate of mine on the *Wolf*. Thus a regular steam communication was established between this country and the United States." And that September he enjoyed one more voyage of his own, but a small one: "Go down the river to Nuneham with the Provost and Fellows of Queen's [Oxford] and dine there."

By 1838 it was accepted in England that up in the Lake District a sort of British sage had his dwelling – a poet whose views on life were respectable enough to be taught in school. Travelling for a northern holiday after his Oxford outing, William Vane reached the English Lakes, and there be-thought him of this venerable Socratic man, though he may not have known anyone of Wordsworth's poems. For 28 October he recorded:

"Attended Ambleside Church. In the

afternoon, walked to Rydal Mount, and sending in my name requested permission to walk on the Terrace, an indulgence, according to by guide-book, generally granted to strangers. The poet Wordsworth was at home, and so kind as not only to shew me in person the Terrace, in front of his house,

but the whole of his little Elysium; which, by means of terraces of different elevation, presents the charming variety of views including the Lake of Windermere and Grasmere, Rydal Water &c. He afterwards invited me to take some refreshment in the house, and introduced me to his wife. He even apologized for not being able to ask me to dinner – saying that on Sundays they dined earlier than usual on account of the Services. He said he rented Rydal Mount of the Flemings of Rydal Hall, close by but on a lower elevation.

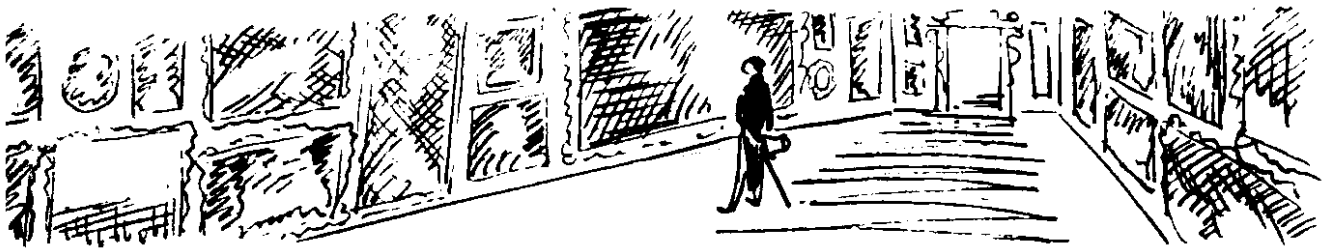
Wordsworth is tall but not stout, with an aquiline nose, and possesses altogether a fine intellectual face. He is enthusiastically fond of the Lake scenery and would talk to you for hours on the subject. He said he knew Armathwaite well (chiefly I fancy when in possession of the Speddings) and much admired the beauty of its situation. He wore a green silk shade for weak eyes, and had one of his little grandchildren with him. He evidently possessed kindly feelings. On taking leave I had some thoughts of going to the top of Rydal Head which lies at the back of his place; but afterwards went to the service at Rydal Church, where I met Mrs. W. and walked with her to her gate, and then took leave finally."

It is curious in all of us how little one set of experiences prepares us for the others to come. After his years at sea, Vane might have been thought to be afraid of nothing, but some days after his meeting Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth he was suddenly a little out of soundings. While he was trying to reach a summit overlooking Hawes Water, he lost his way, and he saw that a



November evening was closing in. "After having earnestly implored the Divine assistance," he chose one of the highland paths, and fortunately it soon brought him into the track of two better polarised horsemen; they directed him to a lonely inn called the Dun Bull. This was capital; before long, now certain of a room for the night, he was seated by a bright fire and punishing a "comfortable tea of eggs and fried ham." But even the Divine assistance could not make Mr. Vane completely easy in mind. "My rest was rather disturbed from some apprehension of perhaps being robbed in the night."

In London that month he felt much more at home. Some of the vanished shows which he took the chance of seeing are still worth the glance. "Visited plan of Battle of Waterloo. Witnessed the condensation of carbonic acid gas at Adelaide Gallery. Went to the theatre to see Van Amberg's Lions." The last was not a play but the exhibition of Van Amburgh, a celebrated lion-tamer. Vane was not tired yet. "Visited the Polytechnic Gallery in Regent Street, and went down in diving bell . . . . Lunched at the Pastry Cook's in Cockspur Street and went to the National Gallery.



Several magnificent Claudes and Titians. Hamlet by Lawrence - very fine. Christ healing the sick in the Temple, by West - the finest thing there." The National Gallery was still a novelty in 1838.

Since a clergyman brother of this fragmentary autobiographer had the living of Bletchington in Oxfordshire, invitations sometimes took Vane to that village. The battle of old and new methods of transport appears in an entry for June 1840. Vane still made his journey by the horse-drawn coach through Horsham, Farnham, Reading and Wallingford. He nevertheless remarked that the "Great Western Railway from London to Steventon, which latter place is within ten miles of Oxford, has quite

knocked up all the coaches." From London to Steventon by railway was already a matter of only an hour and a half. At Oxford, however he chose to reach it, Vane could be sure of pleasant idling.

"Inspected New Court House, and Floating Chapel for the Barge-Men . . . . In the evening witnessed the boat-race of the young men on the river. Seven or eight boats started from Islip (a village about two miles below Oxford) at a signal given by the discharge of a pistol. They were 8-oared Wherries, bearing flags indicative of their college. One was bumped when within  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of the goal . . . . Their precedence on the river was indicated by flags of different colours and devices displayed from a staff on board one of the house-boats, the uppermost belonging to the boat at the 'head of the river' at that time. Brasen-nose possessed this honour."

When Vane went out of the University city to his brother's parsonage, a rural corner, he found the old style still prevailing; the parson was afield haymaking with his parishioners, yet not so busy that he was going to miss the Lamb Ale Feast at Kirtlington. Vane conjectured that this Feast had originally been the sheep-shearing

feast, of such a kind as Perdita directs in Shakespeare's play ("The Winter's Tale"); in any case it was still a charming and well-arranged rural custom.

"The dresses of the Lord and Lady [of the revels] are ornamented with ribbons, and they each carry Maces composed of pieces of silk and ribbon of divers colours. A fair is held of gingerbread, round-about and other games; but the chief attraction is the morris-dancing, 6 or 8 men with bells to their legs and decorated with ribbon cutting capers to a tambour and fife. The fair or festival lasts a whole week . . . . The morris-dancers danced for a leg of mutton which hung on a pole. The sword-bearers carry very large maces which they

call swords. To make them a contribution is made from the young women of the neighbourhood of bits of ribbon and old pieces of silk. The cake is very good and something like the Banbury with currants inside. They are made at Kirtlington. A Fool attends the dancers, in a many-coloured jacket, and armed with a cow's tail; he keeps off the crowd from the dancers, and performs various antics. So much is thought of this fête in the neighbouring villages that, it is said, servants when hired stipulate that they shall be allowed to attend it."

And this was not all. The visitor had hardly had time to digest the Kirtlington gingerbread (does any housewife in Kirtlington make it today?) before he was put through another village test. The priest and farmer, his brother,

"had his harvest-home supper about 7 p.m. The fare consisted of roast veal and bacon, a very large boiled leg of mutton and vegetables, two baked rice and one plum pudding and one gooseberry tart, cheese, lettuce, pipes, ale and songs. About 18 sat down, much harmony and good humour prevailed and Fred's health was drank in the usual enthusiastic manner. Mine was not honoured with so much applause as before; for I had not tipt the mowers."

Photography was as yet an unusual hobby, in truth almost a magic, but Vane had taken quickly to it, and he had carried with him the weighty apparatus which used to give such good results. At Bletchington he "made an attempt with the Camera - sun too hot." The experimentalist resigned himself to a chair on the lawn, and a book or two. It was odd, but in that leafy, cool, religious corner he read the lives of David Hume and Edward Gibbon. His conclusion was that both these eighteenth-century infidels were "of mild and amiable temper and good moral characters (so far as good morality can be practised without the Gospel)." Vane's meditations on the nature of faith and worship were about to be increased by his coming into direct contact with the Oxford Movement.

On 28 June 1840 he was one of those who attended the re-opening of Sandford Church, and his journal goes on: "Visit Mr. Newman's chapel on the way to Oxford - fitted up in Roman Catholic style. We dine with Mr. Barrow - Newmanite - but

very good little man. We walk afterwards and finish by taking tea with him." The following day in Oxford the real inner conflict was caused. "Sermon at St. Mary's by Revd. Mr. Newman." J. H. Newman (ultimately Cardinal Newman) was of an age with Vane; and his conversion to Rome was as yet five years away. The sermon, as we all know, was something out of the ordinary, even if we do not know Newman's exact text of 28 June 1840.

"A most eloquent discourse, containing much ingenious sophistry. Its tendency was to discourage enquiry into grounds and evidences, and to rest satisfied with implicit faith; since the books written to establish the truth had in his opinion only tended to weaken faith rather than confirm it. Again, the study of theology, he considered, had a tendency to produce too great familiarity with holy things . . . . The church was very full, and the galleries filled with the young men."

Charmed though the young men of Oxford were and as he too was, Vane was not going to give way to the idea which he guessed was being preached. He let his pen run on inordinately while he defined, if he could, his objections to all this neo-theology, this Newmanism and Puseyism, - doctrines "calculated to make men mere machines and quite passive in the hands of the priests." Our friend might have been writing a Leading Article as his suspicions fastened on the conspicuous, the dreadful Evidence.

"Let us take a glance towards the Altar - Heavens! What a change it has undergone! A large crucifix, rich draperies and magnificent candelabra give it almost the sumptuous character of a Roman Catholic High Altar. In short, everything within the rails shines forth with increasing splendour. But this place is appropriated to the Priesthood. Can we then hesitate, can we doubt for a moment the object of these men? It is dominion over the souls and bodies of their fellow creatures."

And this perilous position (so he presumed) was entirely due to that act of Emancipation and other favours which had been conferred upon the Roman Catholics within the last few years, - to the "lukewarmness of the Government in the cause of Protestantism."

But the shadow of Rome did not prevent Vane from being absorbed in an Oxford occasion of 1 July 1840, when he was at the Commemoration in the Sheldonian Theatre. The undergraduates that day made full use of their privilege, which the later generations at Oxford neglected. But they were generally men of means, and could afford to run some risks.

"They commenced with a cheer and then gave the 'Ladies.' Ladies appeared gratified, many smirking. The proctors were cheered and Her Majesty's ministers hissed. The pro-proctor McMullins continually given, only to be hissed. The Queen and future Prince of Wales – approbation. The Duke of Wellington – great cheering. The Ladies were given successively in Blue, White, and lastly in all Bonnets. The Ladies were

Making his way (when the noise had died down) to the sights in the neighbourhood of Oxford, Vane decided that Stowe was the most delightful of them, and above all its Grecian valley:

"here hares and pheasants seem to enjoy life unmolested and consequently are comparatively tame. In fact these Gardens from their magnificence and beauty seem to realize all that the imagination can conceive of the Eden of our first Parents."

The preference lay between Stowe (now a great public school) and Blenheim (where Sir Winston Churchill was born). At Blenheim "roses of 700 varieties" were helping to present "a scene of fairy-land." I wish that the manuscript book would allow me to wander much more with its writer, who at any rate is afterwards seen taking the ever-



repeatedly cheered. The Vice-Chancellor had considerable difficulty in opening the business of the day, his voice being overpowered by the cheering in the galleries. The Bishop of Norwich who had come to be present at the recitation of his son (Stanley) who had gained the English Prize Essay was hissed. Fortunately this occurred before he entered the Theatre." I wonder why the Bishop of Norwich was treated so ungenerally. I did not know that he did anything worse than write a History of British Birds. His son duly became Dean of Westminster and Matthew Arnold wrote his elegy.

charming spa, Cheltenham, into his life. There he was glad to meet an agreeable man named Edward Gibbon Esq., *not* the author of "The Decline and Fall." He reports, however, that at Cheltenham his attention was diverted to the six Miss Carolls, – only six, – the daughters of an Irish counsellor. In a community where such a family as that was found, a man of breeding might also find a wife. This matter of matrimony had from time to time occurred to Mr. Vane and varied his journal, but the manuscript and its remarkably miscellaneous episodes come to an end without telling us how he ever concluded it.

(The decorations are by Prudence Rowe-Evans)

\* \* \*

#### HALF A LOAF

Mrs. Gutshall was born at Tientsin, North China, partly educated at the Diocesan Girls' School, Kowloon, and was an inmate of Weih sien Concentration Camp, Shantung, during the last war. *Gossip Column, S.C.M.P.*

Ah well! Even being partly educated is better than complete illiteracy.

#### BILLY GRAHAM, AND ALL THAT

'We dare not relax until our export of education reaches that of our wheat.'

*Concluding sally by Mr. William J. Moore, talking about American education to Y's Men's Club.*

At which stage, America will not only be the world's largest exporter of wheat, but of corn also.

## What the Chairman said

*Remarks made by Mr. Wei Tze Him after his election to the Office of Chairman for the Session 1955-56*

I AM HIGHLY sensible of the great honour you have done me by electing me Chairman of our Medical Society. I feel that all of a sudden you have placed a tremendous responsibility upon my shoulders. This sense of responsibility makes me rather nervous at the moment because I am afraid my abilities are too limited for such a high office; but at the same time I am encouraged by the thought that your good wishes are with me and that you all will give me your kind guidance and support.



SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL STUDENT  
*Bedside Practice.*

On an occasion like this you may expect me to give you a long list of activities which we shall embark upon during my term of office. But, as I am not a dictator, this programme can only be drawn up at our forthcoming committee meetings. However, there is one thing which I as Chairman will use my best endeavours to do and that is to hold as many social functions as possible at which the teaching staff and we medical students can meet and associate with one another not as awe-striking professors and awe-stricken students but as friends and members of the Society. In other words we shall try to create

more opportunities for us to meet our professors outside the lecture rooms so that we may adjust ourselves psychologically to them. It is hoped that in this way we may overcome the sense of awe which some of us cannot help cherishing towards our teachers. This will save me at least from fainting before my professors in my final examinations.

Now, friends, I wish to say once again that I count on you all for advice, guidance and inspiration. I hope you all will regard yourselves as the Chairman of our Society and do your very best to help me to carry on its fine traditions which are so highly treasured by all of us.



DOUBLE CHAMPS



The Medical Society Football Team. Winners of the Inter-Faculty Championship in 1954, and again this year. From left to right, back row: Tsang Yick Sang, Mok Chan Hung, Mak Woon Kong, Chan Ming Yee, Albert Hung, Anthony Chan; front row: Wong Ka Yiu, Yeung Sze Yuen, Dr. Han, Rondo Bernardo (Captain), Cheung Wan.

\* \* \*

YES, INDEED, MR. SMYLY!

One of them is the oddest looking tree—a papaya with six branches. And I feel I have . . . one feels . . . you too? . . . a certain amount in common with one of the characters in the shrines—Wei Toa, faithful servitor of the Goddess of Mercy.

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

\* \* \*

ONLY ONE MAN IN FOUR SAID TO BE NORMAL

Paris, Nov. 19.  
Fifteen men out of 20 are quite abnormal. Such is the result of a test carried out by French doctors on 200 young recruits and which was the object of a report by the Paris Medical Academy.

*Sunday Post-Herald*

And who is it in your department?

# PERSPECTIVES OF ANATOMY\*

by

K. S. CHANG

## Introduction

I AM DEEPLY conscious of the honour conferred upon me by the Senate, in asking me to give an inaugural lecture tonight; but at the same time I face the task with some trepidation. Inaugural lectures, by their nature, are difficult exercises for the lecturers, and generally uninspiring to the audience. In my case, it is all the harder, for an anatomist is seldom a scholar or a philosopher. What he knows is the intricate structure of the human body as a cabman knows the highways and byways of a town in which he plies for fare, but beyond this, little else is normally expected of him. Perhaps the only saving grace is that the subject of Anatomy is an interesting one, in spite of certain formidable aspects. It is interesting because man forms its main theme, and for most people there is a mild and lurking curiosity, to know a little of what it is all about.

I shall speak tonight on the perspectives of anatomy. I welcome this as an appropriate occasion for me to do some soul-searching about my craft, and to render an account of the field which I have chosen. A consideration of this nature may contribute in a small measure to clarify our concept of the field of anatomy, and the part it plays in medical and university education, and in research; I even hope secretly that it may have some bearing on the envisaged charting of the much needed expansion of the preclinical departments, and the timely adjustments of their needs.

Anatomy is a very old field, the most venerable in the medical curriculum. The word was coined by Aristotle some 2,300 years ago. In one way or another, most people come to know about Anatomy: budding medical students, and doctors, and certain "best sellers" are agencies

which ensure this acquaintance. Uninvited, medical students the world over would give an account of anatomy with gusto at any time, and old graduates, reminiscing, especially if their student days are hallowed by age, wax eloquent over their anatomy experience, and the unforgettable character of their professors of anatomy. However, strange though it may seem, this fame abroad is not altogether an advantage to anatomy, for it conveys certain misconceptions. In the popular mind, the medical profession included, the department of anatomy is considered as a place which contains a morgue and vats, boxes of rattling bones, and cadavers on tables. As to the subject, it is generally contended and handed down by word of mouth that anatomy is a static subject, "as dead as anatomy" as the phrase goes, and that all there is to know about anatomy has long since been discovered. In short, it is considered as a science of statics, and that while it is a valuable, and standardized and perhaps indispensable tool to the surgeons and clinicians, it is an unprogressive and dull branch of knowledge. This is a serious accusation and reproach, from a scientific and philosophical point of view, for nothing could be more subversive of a true conception of organic form and structure than to regard it as fixed. But this accusation is not entirely unfounded. I must humbly admit that we anatomists are partly to blame. We have brought this disrepute upon ourselves, either through inadequate basic background or shallow insight, narrowness of view, or slavishness to tradition. I am glad to say that this static phase is rapidly disappearing, and that a changed outlook and reorientation on a broader biological basis has replaced the narrow viewpoint of classical anatomy. This

\* Inaugural Lecture from the Chair of Anatomy, delivered on December 1st, 1955.

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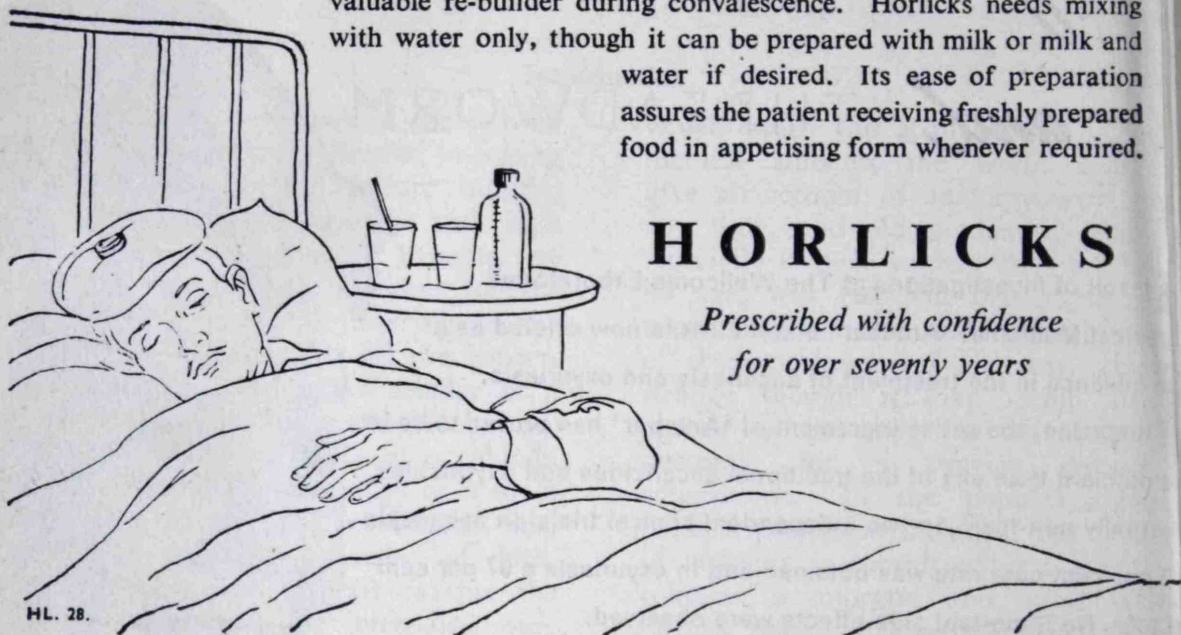


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and interest,  
year by year



trend is not new, however; in fact, its inception took place at the time of John Hunter, who was an anatomist in the true modern sense, but the period of transition has been slow and painful. There is a dogged attempt of the human mind and there is a professional bias to cling to fixed ideas, and stereotyped ways of doing things, under pretext of one excuse or another. It requires almost the magic power of the Jericho horn to break down the walls of conservatism and to jolt one out of traditional complacency. However, from another point of view, it is admittedly true that all sciences have their static and their dynamic aspects and phases. On the one hand, science is defined as an ordered knowledge of natural phenomena and on the other as a search for the reasons of things or an attempt to understand nature by means of exact concepts. The first is comparatively conservative; it involves the observation of knowledge already obtained and the transmission of that knowledge, while the second is the more dynamic and progressive component. Likewise, anatomy has its static part which is surely to be expected after a development of at least four centuries, since its renaissance in the hands of Vesalius, (1514-64), but it also has its growing zone. In contrast, Biochemistry, being a new science, is in its childhood and so its dynamic aspect is naturally more obvious, but it too will settle down in the course of time. The differences between sciences may then be said to be partly determined by age and maturity. But even so, as the spirit of man changes, and as man thinks new thoughts, perceives new relationships and asks new questions, what has been static is catalyzed to rejuvenated vigour, and efforts which have been stemming up suddenly burst through old barriers to approach new and untrodden lands, as well as making deeper explorations into the old; and a narrow landscape opens into a limitless horizon. The history of anatomy, and for that matter of any science, is replete with instances of this symphonic nature of progress as the direct outcome of the adventures of creative ideas of the human mind. Furthermore, the progress of anatomy depends on the development of techniques of precision and a revision of methodology, and upon the development of

other sciences both physical and biological. Take for example, the development of microscopes from the ordinary light microscopes to modern types of phase-contrast, darkfield, fluorescence, ultraviolet, polarizing, reflecting and electron microscopes, each with its own special merits and serving special requirements. Important advances have been achieved in microscopic techniques, such as freezing and drying techniques, high speed microtomes, the remarkable progress in stain technology (fixed, vitral and in vivo) microdissection and microsurgery, microincineration, spectrographic analysis, radioautography and the application of tracer isotopes, high speed centrifuge, histochemical methods and so forth. Special mention must be made of tissue culture and transparent chambers which have made epochal and fundamental contributions. Think also of the potentialities of x-ray techniques which have undergone considerable evolution in their adaptation to anatomical investigations, such as stereo-radiography, cine-radiography, and micro-radiology, aided by the injection of appropriate radio-opaque substances. These methods are specially valuable in the study of vascular arrangements. Perhaps the most significant feature of modern development is the stress laid on experimentation, and on a closer reference to the dynamics of the living tissue. A great variety of technical and experimental methods are employed to solve a wide range of anatomical problems.

There is a direct inter-relationship between the development of these instruments, techniques and methodologies mentioned above, and the changing concepts of the nature of the living tissue. When we exhaust the old and traditional methods, it often means that we can go no further until new ones are developed which make new findings possible.

As other sciences advance, they not only provide anatomical studies with new gadgets and methods of approach, but also a useful stock of fundamental knowledge which enables anatomists to comprehend, interpret and handle their own special problems more effectively, and perhaps, what is more, to talk more intelligently about anatomical phenomena. We may take just one example along one line of

thought and investigation. In the days when there was little exact science, the constitution of the human body was interpreted in terms of the four elements of classical antiquity, namely, earth, air, fire and water. This was so because these so-called elements were all that the ancients were familiar with. Thus Hippocrates supposed that all living bodies were made up of four humours, and that these humours had special relationships with the four elements. Health depended upon the humours being mixed, or to use the old term "tempered" or "complexioned", in the right proportion. Later, Galen spoke of the three kinds of spirits in the human body, namely, natural, vital and animal spirits. The idea of spirits came from the vapours – for example the vapours of alcohol, which are invisible and yet able to produce effects. These were terms understood by men then. With the progress of the physical and mathematical sciences in the 17th century, the model of the human body became the machine. Descartes compared the human brain to a clock wound up to go and triggered off by stimuli from the outside world. This is how we have come to talk of the structure and function of the human body in the manner of a machine.

Today we compare the activity of the brain with such man-made devices as servo-mechanisms and feed-back, of which the radar, electronic computing machines and self-aiming guns are conspicuous examples. As applied to the nervous system, feed-back means that the activity of the reverberating circuits is modified by the return of some of

the output of the system as input. Whenever one reaches with his hand for an object, a series of signals flow back (as with the self-pointing gun), through visual, tactile, and proprioceptive receptors, to inform the central mechanism how far the hand is overshooting or undershooting. The amount of error determines the return input, until the error becomes zero. Such mechanism is supposed to control the search for a goal (the so-called negative feed-back). It is supposed to accompany every motor act and even intellectual behaviour may be interpreted in terms of such extrapolations. Memory has been compared to the electronic computing machine. Recognition of objects of the same kind or shape, whether large or small, near or far, in one colour or another, the so-called recognition of "Universals", is explained as due to the cellular arrangement of the cerebral cortex somewhat akin to the scanning mechanism of the television. Thus, by our own inventions, we are enabled to catch a glimpse of light in the wondrous handiwork of Nature.

On the whole, the machine concept is proving inadequate as we go deeper into the problems of life, and the ultimate structural basis of the living body will have to be interpreted in terms of the physics and chemistry of tomorrow.

Thus, we can see, the journey of Science knows no end, but only halting places; what appears to be an end is oft merely the dawn of a new discernment.

*Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,*

*Or any searcher know by mortal mind,  
Veil after veil will lift – but there must be  
veil upon veil behind.*

### The Perspectives of Anatomy

What is anatomy? What are its aims and scope? What are its methods of investigation? I shall try to answer these questions. If I am asked whither anatomy, the obvious answer is that more and more fundamental problems of structure will be tackled by experimental methods.

Anatomy may be briefly defined as a science of the structural organization of the living body. It has two major objectives. The first major objective is the study of organic form and structure. The second major objective is the study and inter-

pretation of the factors and processes which determine, influence, or modify that structural organization.

Anatomy is mainly an observational science, which means that it generally insists on a visual verification of the structures and processes studied. So, the anatomist resorts to diverse scales of observation, first by means of the resolving powers of the naked eye or low magnification as in gross anatomy, then the resolving powers of the ordinary light microscopes as in histological, embryological and neurological investiga-

tions, and ultimately with still higher resolving powers as in cytological and certain more fundamental studies. Thus the study of anatomy begins with the cells and ends in the whole individual; in other words, it embraces the whole range of organic structure.

We may briefly consider first the four points of attack on the study of the structural organization of the human body, and then consider the factors which determine and influence this organization. The four main points of attack are gross anatomy, embryology, histology and neurology.

Gross anatomy is the most familiar subdivision of anatomy because it can be readily seen by the naked eye and because of its obvious clinical applications. Hence I shall dwell a little longer on it.

In Gross Anatomy the time-honoured instruments, the scalpel and forceps, are employed in dissecting the body. I presume scalpel and forceps will never become antiquated, for as long as medicine endures, its practitioners must learn by their use the structure and working of the machine they would mend. In order to know the gross

organization of the living body, dissection of the cadaver is inevitable and essential. However, the study of the cadaver is always open to criticism for it does not always give reliable information regarding the living; for example, the appearance and relations of structures, especially of the viscera, the function of muscles, and there are many other drawbacks. It must be supplemented by surface anatomy, x-ray and fluoroscopy. X-ray equipment is not a luxury to the department of anatomy but an indispensable tool for teaching and research.

On the surface, one may think that the subject of gross anatomy must be quite exhausted by now, but there is still a wide field of necessary reinvestigation by modern methods. I may cite a few examples. Serious gaps and inaccuracies in our knowledge of certain important details of anatomy have been revealed by recent radiological research and thoracic and intracranial surgery. These gaps are now being filled by intensive studies by anatomists. Thorough detailed reinvestigations of the pattern of vascular supply of such important structures as the lung, kidney,



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*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

stomach, spleen, liver, testis, muscles and nerves have been made or are being made by applying modern refined techniques, and these studies provide information which have practical bearing on the interpretation of pathological conditions and on operative technique. Tests by the use of electromyography and strain-gauge dynamometry in the living subject have shown text-book accounts of the functions of muscles based on inferences in the cadaver to be quite unreliable and inapplicable in the living. As an example, the serratus anterior muscle has been generally assumed to be and taught for generations as one of the accessory muscles of respiration during respiratory distress. Electromyographic studies have shown that even when breathing is obstructed, it plays no part in chest movements at all.

But gross anatomy must not be cast in the restricted frame of dissection in the spirit of a man who takes his watch to pieces and a mechanical memorization by rote of unending lists of anatomical minutiae and of their relations. If this is the attitude, then anatomy is certainly a bore, intellectually sterile and quite meaningless, for it requires no reasoning, no mental effort of understanding, interpretation or theory. Herein, I think, lies a justifiable basis of the criticism that anatomy is a dead subject and yet unhappily this is the attitude favoured by many. In fact, gross anatomy can only be understood against a proper

background of comparative anatomy, embryological foundation and a consideration of function and adaptation, genetics, variation and anthropology, in other words, the biology of man.

Comparative anatomy provides a stimulating mental weapon. Man does not come out of a morphological vacuum but is bound by ties of structural kinship to all life through evolutionary descent, but particularly to vertebrates, from whom he has inherited many structural and functional patterns. Human anatomy is a specialized branch of vertebrate anatomy, but we must not specialize to such an extent as to lose contact with the main body of the morphological science. In fact, we cannot grasp the essentials of human anatomy if we ignore a consideration of the organizational plan, certain broad morphological generalizations and principles drawn as conclusions from the study of a wide range of the living world. Morphological insight simplifies our outlook on the vast structural complexity of the human frame by reducing structure into common denominators, and by presenting a scheme in which to fit and sort out structures and by achieving order and pattern out of apparent chaos. In short, it helps to explain structure and function, and make some sense out of a mass of disconnected facts, and what is more it fans the flame of interest, imagination and curiosity. Just as there are sermons in stones, and books in running brooks, so we ourselves can draw from the structure of our body the cosmic cinema of the millenia of evolution. Practically every structure of our body has a stirring tale to tell.

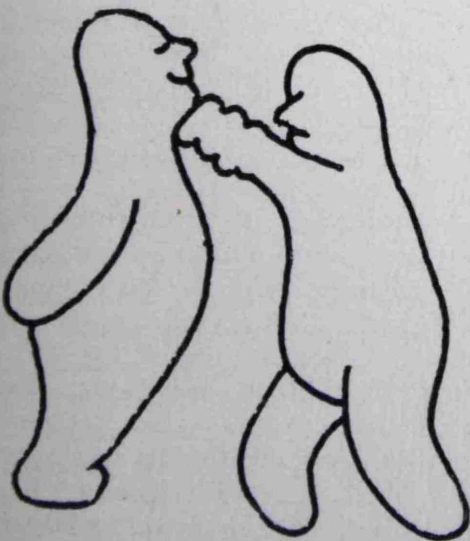
In studying structure, function cannot and should not be lost sight of, for the two are inseparable. In describing any structure of the body, the anatomist cannot omit emphasis on function. There can be no dividing line between structure and function. Form and structure are to a certain extent determined by function and yet they are the basis of function. Was it not John Hunter who said that we study function in order to understand structure and that we study structure in order to understand function? Imagine the chemists divided into two groups of devotees, one group to study solely the physical features of chemicals and the other chemical reactions. You would

say that the situation is ridiculous. Precisely the same is true with structure and function. All we can say is that the physiologist's accent is on function but he is obliged to deal with structure as well, and that the anatomist's accent is on structure but he must also consider functional aspects.

From the study of the structure of man in gross anatomy, we extend into the study of men in terms of population, constitutional types, adaptation to environment, sexual and racial differences and of the origin and history of mankind with all the theoretical implications involved. Physical anthropology is an offshoot of anatomy but it will always be connected to anatomy by a permanent umbilical cord. Physical anthropology as a branch has already made invaluable contributions to all branches of medicine. A full knowledge of all these aspects of anatomy may well prove to be of greater human significance than the relief of bodily ills and throw some light on human destiny.

Let us now pass to consider the second line of attack in the study of anatomy, that is embryology or developmental anatomy.

In gross anatomy we investigate structures of the body and their functions arranged within a more or less fixed framework of spatial pattern. In embryology we investigate with awe and amazement the orderly manner in which this pattern is achieved and how the tissues and organs come into being and fit together. It has



If there is no hard substance inside the fist, what will be the effect of a punch on the jaw?

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

some resemblance to the work of a sculptor on a block of soft clay, kneading and modelling it, by pushing the clay about (in embryology, we call it morphogenetic movement), by adding more clay or by removing (in embryology, it is expressed as differential rates of growth), the significant difference is that here in development there is no sculptor, the cells themselves perform all these processes as if by sleight of hand, and like Pygmalion, they bring their Galatea to life. In the fast turning of the embryonic pages we catch glimpses of the archives of our ancestry, our ancestry before Adam and Eve. Gross anatomy is incomprehensible without embryology, which throws a flood of light on many puzzling features of the adult, such as the explanations of the development of the heart and diaphragm and their "descent", with the resultant apparently unusual course of their nerve supplies, the asymmetry of veins in the abdominal and thoracic cavities, the cranial nerves, the nerve plexuses of the limbs, the arrangement of the gut, its glands and its peritoneal relations, and numerous other adult features. Development of structures also often clarifies their function in the adult. Take for example the suprarenal (adrenal) gland. This gland is formed by tissues of two sources and this dual embryonic origin explains its dual group of functions. Pituitary gland is another example.

Thus it is clear that the study of embryology makes the intricate relationship of structures of the body understandable and easy to remember. It supplies a comprehensive and rational explanation of the intricate arrangement of form and function, and of the anomalies as departures from the usual pattern, often by arrest, faulty timing and by other factors, or as Omar Khayyám would ask "And did the hand then of the Potter shake?"

But again, embryology has much broader implications than the merely descriptive, implications which have vital bearing on the practice of medicine and its progress. It is an important discipline in the solution of many problems of basic biological nature, such as regeneration, repair of tissues and healing of wounds, grafting of tissues, growth and senescence, abnormal growth such as cancer. It is also a key that helps

to unlock such secrets as heredity, determination of sex, endocrinology, organic evolution and so forth. Embryology is bristling with fundamental problems.

Histology or microscopic anatomy is the third line of attack. It is a logical and necessary extension of gross anatomy. A true appreciation and interpretation of form and structure is possible only when we investigate at the basic cellular and tissue level by the use of microscopes. *Natura maxima miranda in minimis.*

It may seem startling that the thousand billion cells that comprise the human body are the progeny of a single cell, the fertilized ovum, in the swift and sure drama of the embryonic Odyssey, but the aura of this prodigious number is diminished when we realize that it can be attained theoretically quite readily by some 45 generations of cell divisions. What takes our breath away in stark amazement is that the cells so produced, all bearing the same number of chromosomes, are not all alike as one would expect, but are strangely differentiated to assume different portions of life in form and function like individuals of the human society choosing different walks of life, of whom the poet says:

*True, therefore, doth heaven divide,  
the state of man in diverse functions.*

The body is not just an aggregate mass of cells, but an organization with differentiation of the component units to assume characteristic structural features, adapted to one function or another, and at the same time cooperating to build the unified composite life. This is why we call animals and man "organisms". If there is a "secret of life", it is here we must look for it; in the mysterious mechanism which brings about the arrangement of innumerable separate entities and their processes into a single harmonious whole. It is a magical unity which has become multiplicity and diversity while keeping its unity.

Thus in histology we are concerned with an analysis of the human body into its structural components. It is a study of the differentiation and organization of cells into tissues, tissues into organs, and organs into systems, and also a study of the intercellular substances which provide the framework of our earthly tabernacle and its internal

environment. In these investigations, anatomists come to most intimate grips with physiology, biochemistry and pathology. Techniques have been developed to suit the most fastidious, and the leaves of progress are turning thick and fast. Ultimately, histology leads to cytology; in fact, the accent has already passed from histology to cytology.

The fourth line of attack is neurology or neuro-anatomy, which is the study of the nervous system, the system which performs the all-important function of controlling, integrating and adjusting the body so that it may work and react as a harmonized whole, to the changes of the external and internal environment — *E pluribus unum*. Its great importance is shown by the fact that it is laid down very early in development, outstripping all other groups of tissue during the first great onrush of embryonic growth.



The brain is so soft that if we have not a skull, I think that brain will be easily hurt and man will not be so civilised.

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

An intelligent understanding of the nervous mechanism and its function requires an accurate knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system. This knowledge provides a basis for the interpretation of human behaviour, for the diagnosis and treatment of nervous and mental disorders, and for the localization of neural lesions. Very active research is going on in this field and numerous advances are being made all the time, but our knowledge is still distressingly incomplete in certain aspects. Our concepts of the subject are

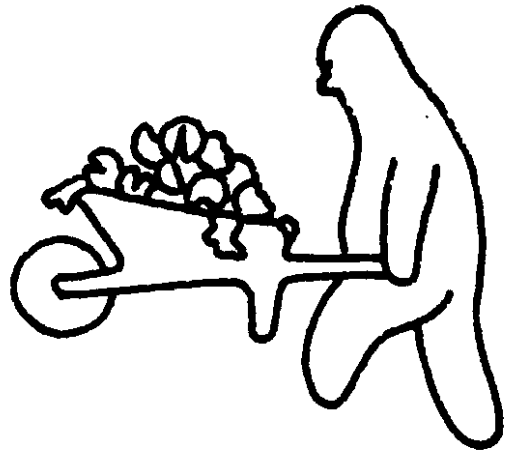
changing: from the study of different parts of the nervous system, we now emphasize the system as a whole; from the conception of localized "centres" of function to that of a parallel mechanism of induction in the form of electrical field-effect among the cell clusters (nuclei); from the idea of simple synapses to that of a vast variety of patterns of excitation in space and time; from the idea of the nervous system as mere chains of relay stations in the traffic of nervous impulses, to the concept of the nervous system as a hive of reverberating patterns of activity, rhythmically discharging circuits or looped chains of neurones which have an inherent self-exciting activity that is independent of environmental stimulation; from cordotomy to psychosurgery; from the ordinary functional considerations to that of mind, attention, wakefulness, sleep, consciousness and memory. As Fernel of the 17th century said: "Our task, now that we have dealt with the excellent structure of the body, cannot stop there, because a man is a body and a mind together". And yet, I think one is right in saying that the brain, which is a part of the body, is the matrix of the mind.

Summarizing what I have said so far, these four lines of attack in the study of anatomy bring about a connected and comprehensive story of how our body is organized macroscopically and microscopically and integrated to function as a whole or in parts, and of how that organization comes into being historically (phylogenetically) and developmentally (ontogenetically). In this way we learn something of how we "live, move and have our being", and also how we come to have our being. By such avenues of approach the subject of anatomy could never be a weariness of the spirit and of the mind, but a subject almost poetically enthralling and romantically seductive.

To these four lines of attack may be added a course of Applied Anatomy, but unfortunately a suitable text-book on this subject remains to be written. Those already in existence and undergoing mitotic revisions are futile because of their narrow and biased scope: all of them are dehorned species of anatomical texts plus surgical considerations. But Anatomy is used in all branches of medicine, not merely in surgery. Its scope is infinitely more comprehensive. A truly

applied anatomy should consider anatomy from the viewpoints of the physician, the surgeon, the gynaecologist, the pediatrician, and other medical specialists, the physical anthropologist, the physical educationalist, the geneticist and the artist.

I shall now speak briefly about the second and more fundamental objective of anatomical enquiry, that is, the investigation and interpretation of the factors and processes that determine, mould, modify or influence form and structure. All of the four fields I have mentioned before present anatomical problems of causation, and these problems involve a consideration and analysis of a wide range of morphogenetic factors. These factors may be chemical (e.g. organizers, hormones, vitamins etc.), physical (the laws and principles of physics and engineering), functional (relationship of muscles to bones etc.) or phylogenetic in diverse combinations. The fundamental problems which anatomists have to grapple with ultimately are many. Take for example, the mystery of form which is both puzzling and intriguing. The material constitution of the cells and tissues of the body are in a state of unceasing metabolic flux during life, involving continual shifts and changes. Nothing is fixed about any anatomical unit in the living body. Even bone, which appears outwardly to be fixed and stable, has been said to be, next to blood, the most plastic tissue in the body. And yet in spite of all the whirlpool of these continuous and seething changes, morphological identity and pattern remain more or less the same. In the words of Professor Le Gros Clark of



The corpuscles are taken to the bone marrow to be repaired every three weeks.

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

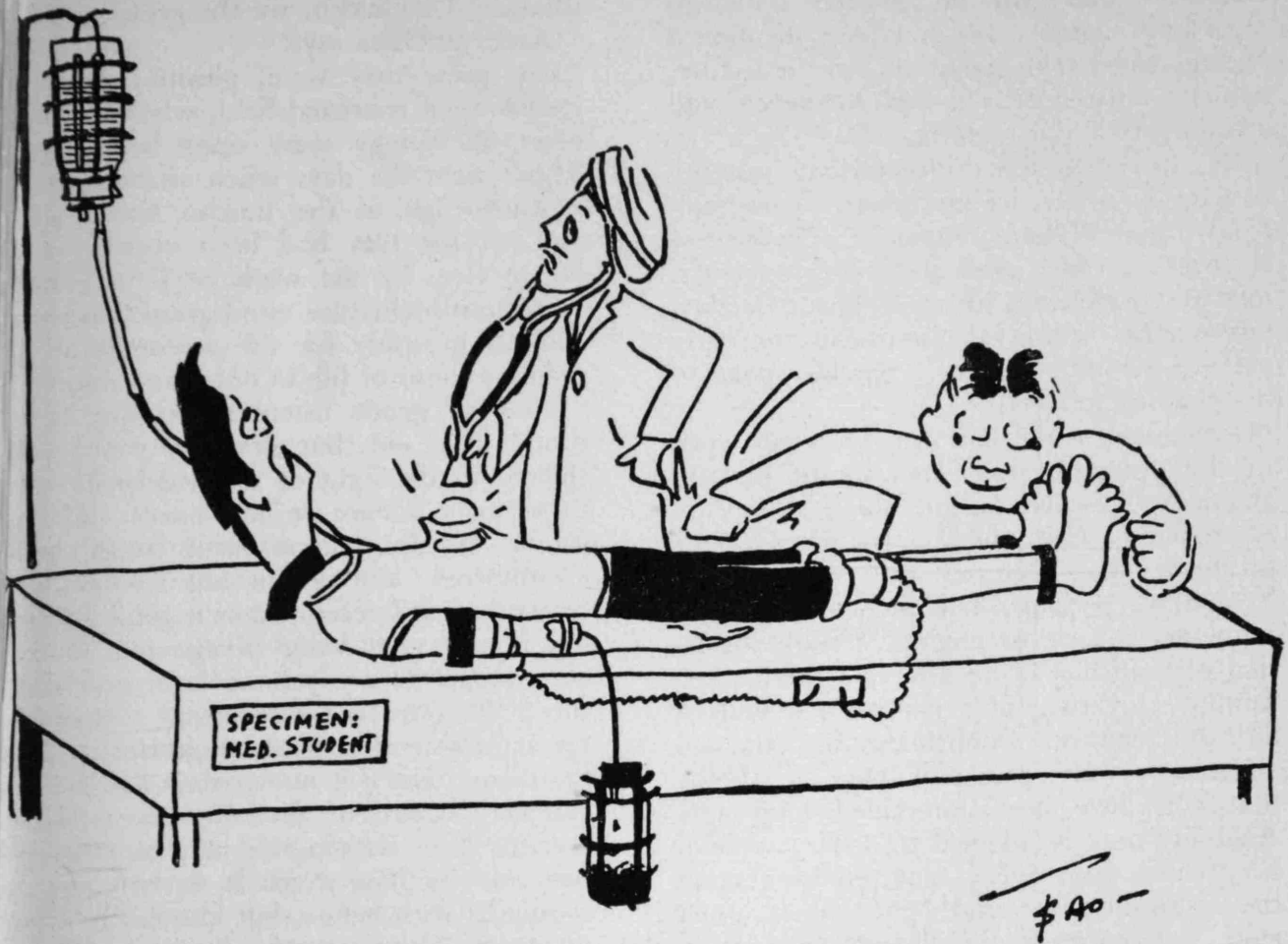
Oxford: "It seems almost to demand the postulation of a pre-existent system of physical forces with a stable spatial organization to whose pattern the molecules of organic substances must perforce adapt themselves as they become assimilated into living matter. It is as though, when we look at the living body, we look at its reflection in an ever-running stream of water. The material substratum of the reflection, the water, is continually changing, but the reflection remains apparently static. If this analogy contains an element of truth, if, that is to say, we are justified in regarding the living body as a sort of reflection in a stream of material substance which continually passes through it, we are faced with the profound question - What is it that actually determines the 'reflection'?" It is a mystery beyond our comprehension at the present time. Other riddles of life which anatomists have to grapple with are growth, and how it is started and regulated, repair and regeneration, vigour and aging, tissue differentiation and structural pattern, the transmission and unfolding of characters so faithfully passed from one generation to another, the dynamic adaptability of structure to environment and to function, the pattern and process in race formation, variation and evolution. These problems of organic form and structure are as fundamental as any in the study of life; they are perhaps more recondite than the problems of function, for structure is the basis and substratum of life and function, and the enduring order impressed upon a flow of energy. In the words of A. M. Dalq, the eminent embryologist of our day: "Form poses a problem which appeals to the utmost resources of our intelligence, and it affords the means which charm our sensibility and even entice us to the verge of frenzy. Form is never trivial or indifferent; it is the magic of the world".

The significance of anatomy requires no emphasis. It is the foundation on which Western medicine is built. In giving a clear insight into the arrangement of the parts of the body through an array of definite tangible facts, it has done more than any other science in the history of medicine to banish superstition and mysticism from the medical profession. It provides a working knowledge and basis

for physiology, pathology, surgery and clinical medicine. It has contributed to the basic understanding of every phase of medicine. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of anatomy is its breadth and its unusually wide scope of activities and the central position it occupies among the sciences and the way in which it serves as an excellent bridge between them. This is not surprising for structural organization is transcending and fundamental. Its scope overlaps all the departments of the medical curriculum on the one hand, while on the other hand it is rooted in the wide field of biology, and in its theoretical aspects it has frequent and necessary relations with the physical sciences. As knowledge advances in physiology, pharmacology, biochemistry and clinical medicine and surgery a host of new problems arise, for the solution of which anatomy provides in many cases the field of research, and in all cases the coping-stone of objective demonstration, and becomes the last court of appeal for its validity, the translation of elusive modes of reaction into the concrete terms of structure. No physiological explanation is correct unless it is anatomically possible. With these views in mind, anatomy may rightly claim to be a focal point in the science of man, for within its borders medicine and all branches of the biological and physical science can find common ground.

To round off the subject, I may make a brief reference to teaching. We used to think that anatomy should be taught as a handmaid to surgery, but we are now convinced that it should be emphasized primarily as a precursor to the whole of medicine, and as such it requires a much broader and a more liberal biological horizon. Our chief concern is to teach our students the principles of the structural organization of the human body together with functional considerations. We would insist on laboratory discipline and hope to instil in our students the habit of independent, accurate, comprehensive and thoughtful observation with honesty and thoroughness. We hope to present anatomy in an intelligent and stimulating manner to our students and to train them to use their mind and reasoning. The nature of human intelligence is such that it is stimulated far less by the desire to know than by the desire to understand





SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL STUDENT  
*Advancing the cause of science.*

and from this, it follows that our sciences which it admits to be authentic and appealing are those which succeed in establishing explanatory relationships between phenomena. Our objective must be an endeavour toward better understanding and a search for the unknown and consequently a thing in movement. Anatomy is easier today than before; it is less brutal and more humane from the students' point of view, for as we know more, we understand better and in this way we are able to simplify knowledge and to offer explanations. Facts by themselves do not educate the mind, but ideas and mental attitude do. Of course, anatomical minutiae must go. Today we teach what may be forgotten, but you will agree with me that there is a subtle difference between forgetting and not having learned at all.

Old graduates often give the gratuitous advice to prospective medical students "to

know their anatomy", but they are generally quite confused about what they mean by it. To know anatomy is to have in one's mind an organized store of the most commonly used facts and principles and to be able to observe, compare, reason and analyze critically and to apply them to living people, to have an understanding of the biological mechanism in general and of the human mechanism in particular and of the dynamic and plastic nature of the living tissue and to know how and where to find anatomical references.

We sincerely hope to develop in our students a curious and inquiring mind so that they may continue to grow in knowledge and in wisdom, prepared to meet a growing and expanding profession and a changing world with eager anticipation, intellectual integrity and with a pioneering spirit of adventure.

In concluding, allow me to suddenly

return to the two oft-repeated criticisms regarding anatomy which I have mentioned and discussed at the beginning of the lecture, namely, anatomy is a dead science and anatomy is a dull subject.

In answer to the criticism that anatomy is a dead science, let me quote a paragraph from Sir William Osler's "Leaven of Science". Osler cited the following story, told by Sir Robert Christison, about Barclay, one of the leading anatomists of the early part of the 19th century. Barclay spoke to his class as follows:

"Gentlemen, while carrying on your work in the dissecting room beware of making anatomical discoveries; and above all beware of rushing with them into print. Our precursors have left us little to discover. You may, perhaps, fall in with a supernumerary muscle or tendon, a slight deviation or branchlet of an artery, or perhaps, a minute stray twig of a nerve - that will be all. But beware. Publish the fact, and ten chances to one you will have it shown that you have been forestalled long ago. Anatomy may be likened to a harvest field. First come the reapers, who, entering upon the untrodden ground, cut down great stores of corn from all sides of them. These are the early anatomists of modern Europe, such as Vesalius, Fallopius, Malpighi and Harvey. Then come the gleaners, who gather up ears enough from the bare ridges to make a few loaves of bread. Such were the anatomists of the last century - Valsalva, Cotunnus, Haller, Vicq d'Azyr, Camper, Hunter and the two Monroes. Last of all come the geese, who still contrive to pick up a few scattered grains here and there among the stubble, and waddle home in the evening, poor things, crackling with joy because of their

success. Gentlemen, we the geese".

And, as Osler says, "Yes, geese they were, gleaning amid the stubble of a restricted field, when the broad acres of biology were open before them. Those were the days when anatomy meant a knowledge of the human frame alone, and yet the way had been opened to the larger view by the work of John Hunter, whose comprehensive mind grasped as proper subjects of study for the anatomist all the manifestations of life in order and disorder".

No, my gentle listeners, anatomy is not dead. It is old, but strangely young, considered in the light of its modern advancement as a science in movement. Having grown old in embryo, as it were, being encumbered and restricted, it has been revitalized and revamped as a going concern but it has yet to come of age as a rational attempt at the analysis of form and structure. Its growth was arrested temporarily for a number of reasons but intrinsically for the reason that it is one of the most difficult and complicated of all the sciences. However, as it is, its progress may be measured not only by how much is known now as compared with before, but also by the vastly greater scope of possible discovery that has been revealed.

In answer to the criticism that anatomy is dull, let me quote the poet Francis Thompson:

*The angels keep their ancient places;  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.*

Yes, anatomy is extremely interesting if we can only see, but if we fail to see, it is as dull and as lifeless as the formalin preserved subjects.



#### HILLS AND VALLEYS

Vladimir Matskevich, leader of the delegation, replied that he and members of his delegation had not yet made up their minds on the part played by Miss Monroe in the development of American agriculture, but several members had seen a film in which she starred in Chicago and had liked it.

S.C.M.P.

But the real question, surely, is what influence has American agriculture had on the development of Miss Monroe?

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Headline, S.C.M.P.

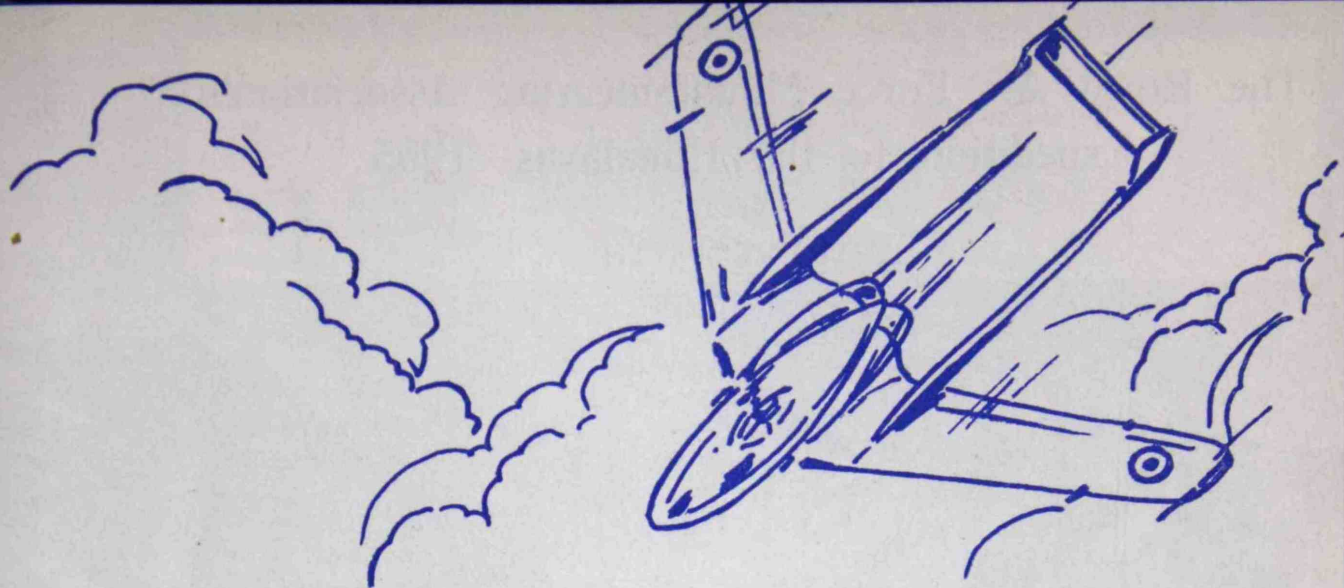
We know all about 'What the Butler Saw'. Now we're beginning to get some idea of what the blighter actually did.

\* \* \*

#### UNUSUAL EVENTS COLUMN

Author Awarded Literary Prize.

Headline, S.C.M.P.



## VAMPIRES

*Amid the blossoming clouds of Kowloon Bay four Vampires fly  
And loop and roll as one.*

*Exactly as a shoal of tiny fish in clear translucent sea  
Obey an unseen signal*

*So they truned in dizzy convolutions overhead.*

*Sweeper and rower pause to watch*

*The sweating rickshaw coolie breaks his stride.*

*A world away three pairs of eyes in glazing concentration,*

*Left and right and underneath pinion the leaders plane,*

*Transpose his little finger's slightest move*

*Elsewhere in thought and action.*

*Four hundred miles an hour!*

*A variation of one thousandth part would spell calamity.*

*Where genile arabesques are traced across the gentle sky could other things be seen -*

*The pain and stain of quick unquiet death,*

*As Satan fell before, and Icarus, and some proportion*

*Of aspiring souls who seek salvation far above the earth.*

*A wafer-thin partition still divides disaster from success.*

*The paddy worker steps upon a snake;*

*The carefree gay pedestrian struts blindly forth;*

*The earthquake traps the sleeper.*

*For so little separates the aspects of horrific and sublime*

*That at infinity the positive and negative are joined.*

*And therefore let it be remembered*

*That however fast or high these pilots ride,*

*Yet are they governed by our own terrestrial laws*

*And terminated by the same mortality.*

A.J.M.S.



# The Royal Air Force Mountaineering Association's Expedition to the Himalayas—1955

by  
ANTHONY SMYTH



*WE HAVE NOW* In Hong Kong, and in command of the R.A.F. Camp at Kai Tak one of the notable personalities among the younger generation of adventurous Englishmen, — namely Group Captain Anthony Smyth. He has won his decorations as a flying man, and an explorer, and the position which he now fills needs no further comment from anyone. He is still young, and we cannot think that his enterprises are at all completed. Possibly the most memorable of these hitherto was his leading the R.A.F. climbing expedition up one of the Himalaya mountains in 1955.

*We have been forewarned that he is rather a shy man, but we have remorselessly induced him to contribute this article to "Elixir".*

WHEN R.A.F.M.A. WAS founded in 1948, there were in it a number of people who had served in India during the war, and had taken the opportunity of climbing, or at least of trekking through various parts of the Himalayas. There were many who

had tasted the joys of the high mountains at the Aircrew Mountain Centre Kashmir, an organisation which had built up a colossal — perhaps even undeserved — reputation for itself in climbing circles. Therefore it was no new departure that R.A.F.M.A.

*The title picture is of the Kulti Valley.*

should turn its attention to the Himalayas as soon as the committee felt that a strong enough party could be assembled; and this occurred at the end of 1953. Since modern mountaineers and perhaps, modern servicemen, are a collection of impecunious people, it was decided to delay the expedition until 1955 so that all forms of financial assistance could be exploited to the full. Unfortunately, official approval for the free air passage was not received until mid-April, 1955, and this prevented trade and press assistance from being fully conscripted, but nevertheless the party set out in mid-May with the highest morale.

We were in all eight climbers including myself as Leader, Mr. Holton of Air Ministry, who had been secretary since the scheme was first suggested, Flight Lieutenant Sims of Valley as Deputy Leader, the doctor Flight Lieutenant H. Jones of Cosford, Flying Officers Bennet and Stewart with Sergeant Emerson of Kinloss and Sergeant Lees of Valley. Squadron Leader L. Davies of Headquarters, Technical Training Command, acted as Transport and Photographic Officer, a job which his knowledge of the area, the people and the language served him outstandingly. In Delhi we were joined by Flight Lieutenant Nalni Jayal I.A.F. whose exploits on Kamet and Nun Kun are well known, and who was more recently responsible for the excellent air photographs of Everest and Kanchenjunga which were so helpful to the successful expeditions. With Jayal was Mr. Dev Datta of the Indian Government who had recently attended the Indian Institute of Mountaineering at Darjeeling under Major Nardu Jayal and Tensing. After a record passage of the Indian Customs, mainly due to G. C. Beresford and the staff of the U.K. High Commissioner and with technical assistance to bash out a wing dented by a familiar type of local bird, we landed at I.A.F. Adampur. Our reception there was an example of the superb assistance accorded to us by the Indian Air Force from the C.A.S., Air Marshal Mukerjee, downwards. We were greeted by Wing Commander Melville Duarte and his whole station and treated to one of the best parties we remember; when we left Adampur after a mere three hours' stay, we were well fortified against the heat of the Indian

plains, the dust of the road and the anxiety of a local bus ride.

When we formulated our plans in 1954, we decided not to attempt a high peak of 25,000 feet since the chances of failure on this type of expedition were bound to be high—perhaps 4 to 1 against at least. The successful Everest expedition was the eleventh attempt on that mountain. Moreover, to spend all our time on one peak would not give us the experience we required on our first major undertaking—one on which a failure was undesirable from the prestige point of view. We decided, therefore, to choose a comparatively unknown area with many peaks of the 20 to 22,000 feet level. This decision, coupled with the limiting factor of a 42 day (one year's leave) time maximum, led us to the Kulu/Sahul/Spiti area of Punjab. Our original intention was to reach Manali by bus, transport our 2 tons of supplies across the Rothang Pass by horse, thence go up the Chandra to the Bara Shigri glacier, setting up a Base Camp at its head at about 17,000 feet. We would then be in a fine position to find a pass leading into the unknown area of the Gyurdi and Ratung rivers, which drain to the Spiti. Many peaks of up to 22,000 feet would give us the climbing while our surveyors, equipped with the phototheodolite of the Royal Geographical Society, would open up big fields for mapping.

In the Himalayas especially there lies a big shadow between the conception and the reality. Having myself been in India nearly a fortnight longer than the rest of the expedition, I had picked up a number of reports of the exceptionally late winter snow. I had heard of snow in Manali in late April at 6,000 ft., of a general snow line in early May at 7 to 8,000 ft. when it should have been nearer 14,000 ft. and of high Himalayan traffic brought to a standstill. This was disturbing, but it was substantiated by the cool weather in Delhi which was some 10 degrees below normal although Calcutta and the eastern Himalayas were having a heat wave. Nevertheless, we pressed on, and after a long and rather uncomfortable journey up the Beas River, we arrived at Manali, a rather dispersed village of cherry orchards set in a wide valley flanked by forests of immense deodars. After a few days in camp at the



Forest Rest House, it became obvious that the worst reports were true, and the original plan must be modified. We would have to wait at least a week before pushing our horse-borne supplies over the Rothang, and the situation in the Chandra was quite unknown to us. Enquiries about coolies quickly assured us that the hundred or more coolies required to transport our 2 tons of stores plus their own food were certainly not available owing to the late spring sowing – even if we could have afforded the extra cost.

To avoid wasting a week, we decided to send forward an advance party which was, in fact, a reconnaissance in force, able to split up into two parties of three as soon as it reached the top of the Bara Shigri glacier, both in search of that unknown pass into Spiti. Our weakness lay in our supply line for we could take only ten days food at reduced rations but hoped that the main route would be open before this; in any

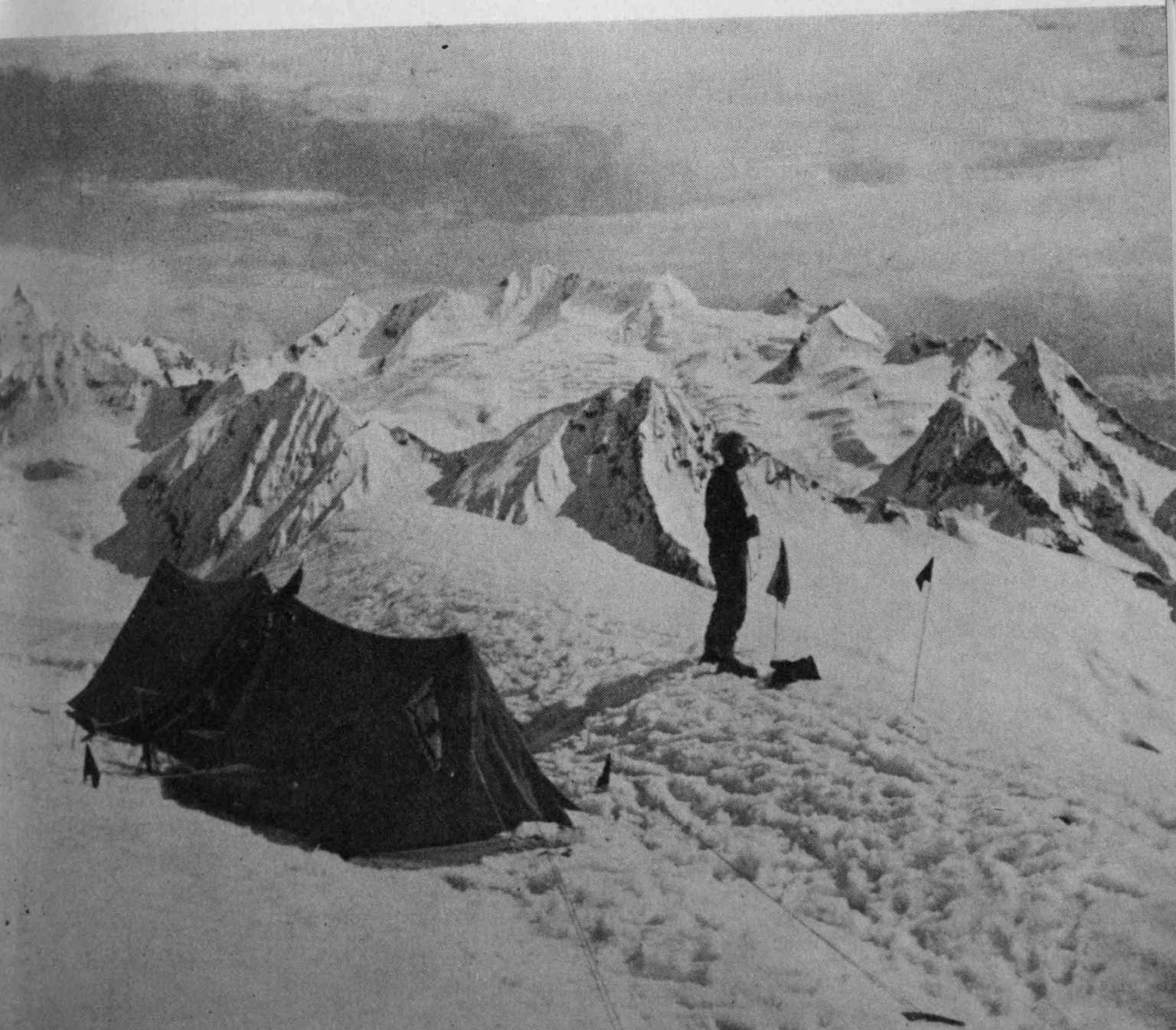
case small coolie parties could keep us going until it was. Thus, six climbers, four Sherpas and five Ladakhis, who had become a permanent feature of the expedition, and eleven Manali coolies under Pannu, their fine leader, set out on 22/23 May for the Hamta Pass. This is 14,000 ft. high as against the 13,000 ft. of the Rothang, but it provides a shorter way to the upper Chandra, and we had been advised to take this route by Major Banon, the local Himalayan Club secretary, and our host in Manali. On the 24th May this party left its wayside camp at Chika (9,000 ft.) for the Hamta Pass. It was very warm for the altitude and the sky indicated that a warm front must be very near. We were on snow immediately after leaving Chika, and while this was old and well consolidated, it provided good going, but above 10,000 ft. we came to new snow which had not yet melted off. As we climbed up the gentle valley of the Alain Nal, the new snow became

thicker and thicker until we sunk up to our knees at every step which made very hard work for the trail breakers, heavily loaded (40 lbs.) as we were, at an altitude which we were beginning to notice. Before long, two new factors impeded us; a steady snowfall now decreased visibility to a few hundred yards and frequent wet snow avalanche tips barred our way with a confusion of giant snowballs 100 yds. across, through which we had no alternative but to struggle. It took us just over ten hours to reach the top of the pass, which we did in a very weary state at about 4 p.m. Conditions were now becoming definitely dangerous for the foot or more of new snow showed signs of sliding on all steep slopes. The north side of the pass consisted of a steepish wall leading down to another near level glacier. Since we did not know the way, we tended to trust Pannu and his

gang, but it was soon obvious that they knew little of snowcraft, so we followed a better route chosen by Stewart and Bennet. By now avalanches could be heard on all sides in the mist, as we fought our way by compass along the glacier which seemed forever going uphill. It was now growing dark, and trail breakers were scarcely making thirty yards before having to give place to someone almost as exhausted. There was no alternative but to camp, trusting that we were safe from avalanche, and putting up with an uncomfortable night, 26 sleeping in accommodation for 10.

The next morning, things were better, but it took us most of the day to reach our goal, the Rest Hut at Chatiru. Hardly had we reached this oasis when the coolies in the person of Pannu announced their intention of returning the next day. They had never known such conditions in May.

*Camp IIa*



Chatiru was the last hut in the Chandra valley and they had no intention of sleeping out in the snow without full kit. We saw their point but this new situation certainly put us in a difficult position. After much meditation, we split into two parties, three going up the Shigri and four (Emerson had now joined us) returning down the Chandra to Koksar and back over the Rothang to Manali which we reached a week after leaving it. A complete new plan was obviously needed, for we had discovered that Chatiru/Koksar stretch was impassable not only to ponies but also to heavily laden coolies. Of the alternatives: to keep three men on the Shigri, and devote all the rest of our resources to feeding them; or to concentrate the expedition elsewhere. Luckily, the required conditions for the latter case existed right at hand – the Kulti Himal, a collection of peaks of about 20,000 ft. right in the centre of the Lahul Triangle. So to the Kulti we went.

From the north bank of the Chandra, exactly opposite the Rothang Pass, the Kulti Valley runs up into the mountains. From 10,000 ft. it rises rapidly to 12,000 ft. and then forms those curious pebble plains, 6 miles by one mile, which are called the Sara Flats. Thereafter, the Valley rises again, first up dying glacier debris, and then 1,000 ft. at a leap where a single icefall brings down the precipitation of the enormous basin beyond. Two miles more of gentle glacier rising to 15,000 ft. and the Kulti splits up into ten or more arms, most of them filled with impressive icefalls. We carefully reconnoitred the Peaks at the end of the Kulti from the Rothang, and became convinced that beyond them lay a more gentle plateau, lapping the shoulders of the individual mountains, as the Tibetan plateau does on a far greater scale to the Everest Group. A single curving or crescent ridge seemed the principal weakness of the southern bastion. Once up this we should be in an excellent position to climb a number of peaks from the north, and this is exactly what we did.

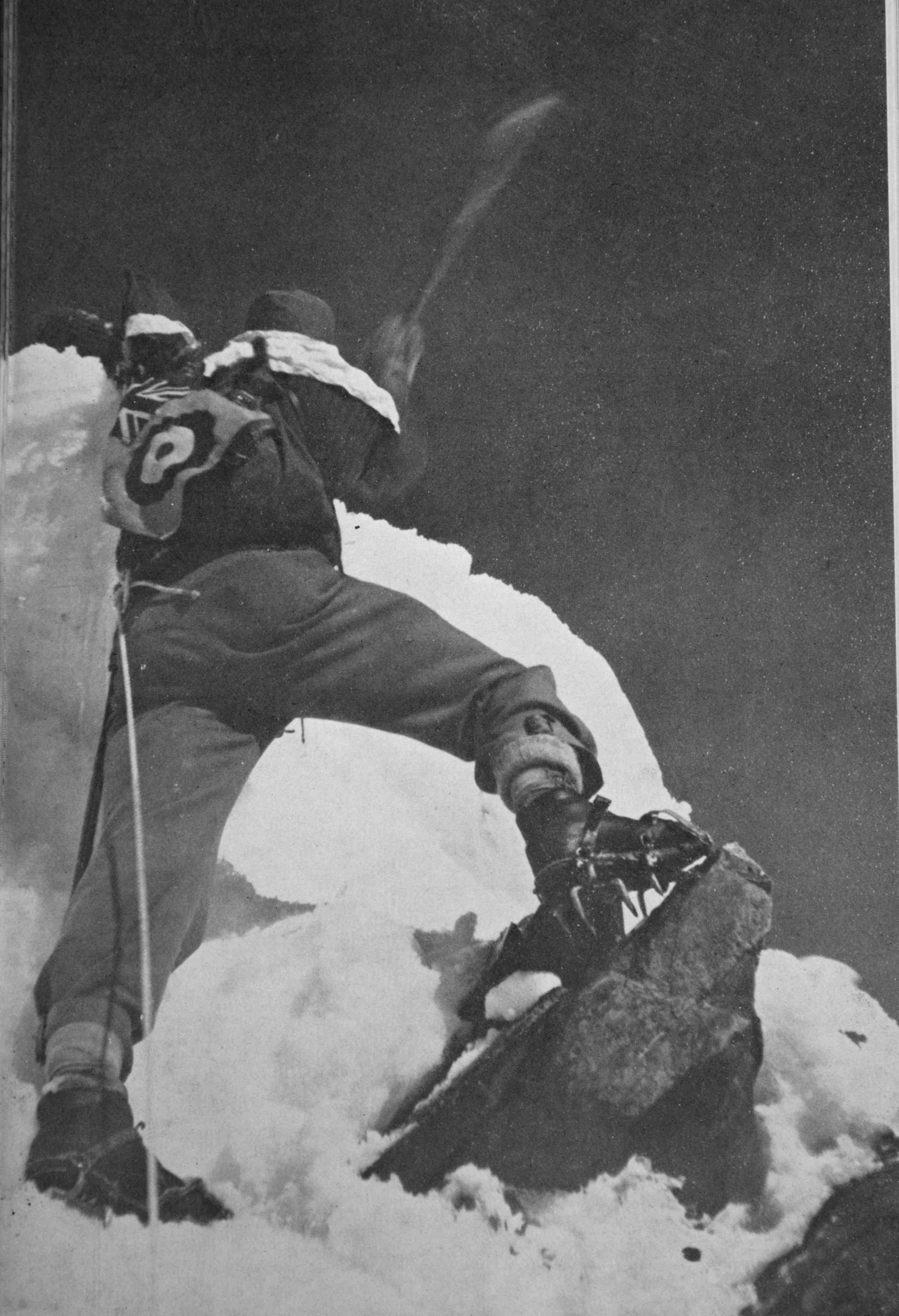
By 5th June after a fortnight in the Kulu-Lahul area we had concentrated our forces once again in a Base Camp which lay about a mile up the Kulti Valley from the confluence with the Chandra, at a height of about 11,500 ft. On 6th, a climbing party

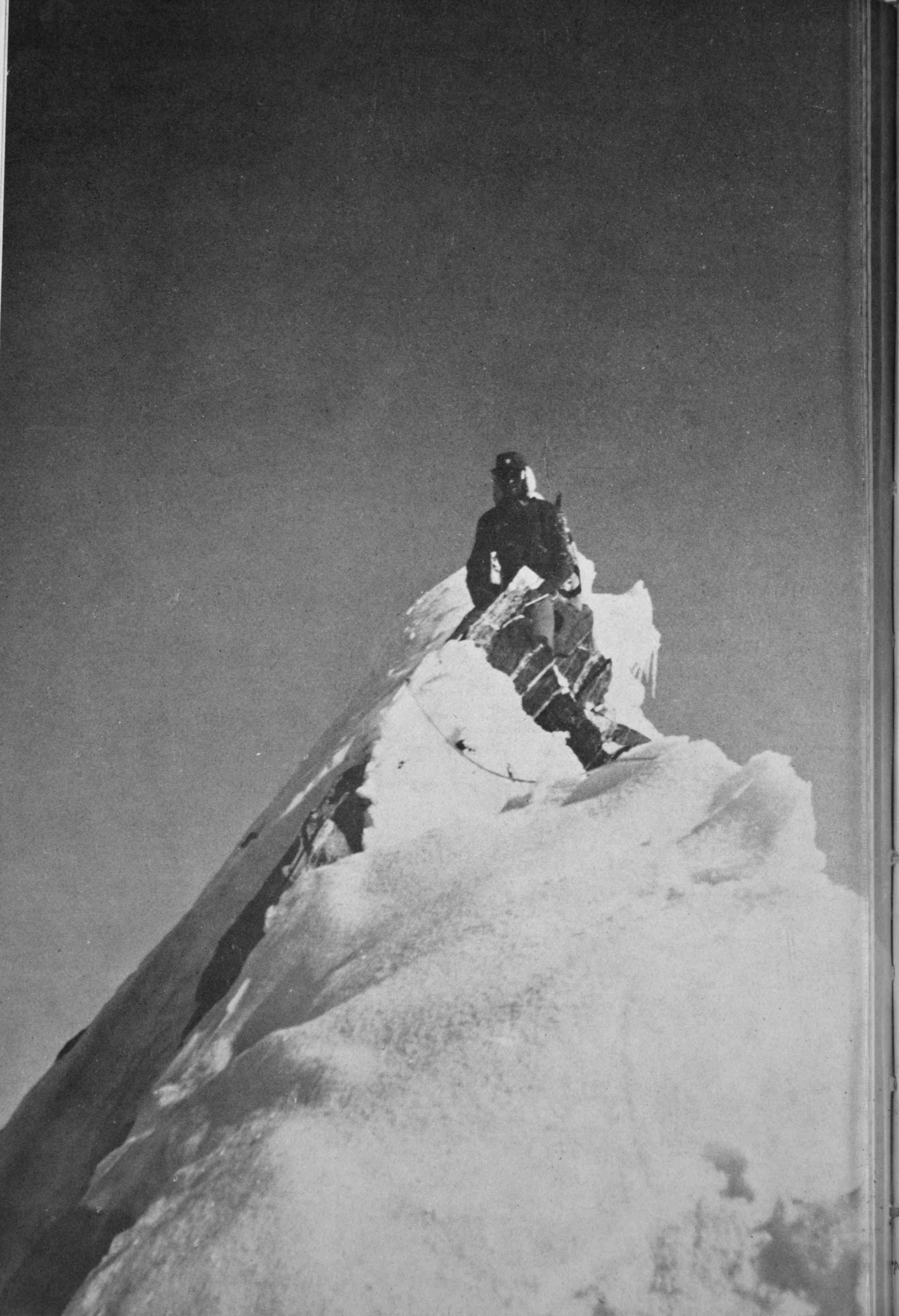
were on their way by first light to establish Camp I above the first big icefall. The main winter snow had fallen so late in the year that it had not yet had time to consolidate, so that it was only hard from midnight until about 9 a.m. Thereafter, walking even downhill became very hard work. For this reason and because of the fierce heat in the afternoons, our working day was from about 02.30 until midday, by which time we were just going to bed. The icefall was by-passed by a gully which lay between the rock and ice on the west edge, safe enough early in the morning but swept by fierce rock falls after about 10.00 a.m. Lees was later to find out. So Camp I was set up at 14,500 ft. followed by Camp IIa the next day, nestling below the curving ridge where a level corridor led off across the face of the central feature of the Kulti – Jori or the Twins. This camp at 17,000 ft. was ideally situated, both from an aesthetic point of view in that it enjoyed a superb outlook over all the south Lahul and Kulu peaks and from a practical one in that it afforded a striking-off point for no less than six first ascents.

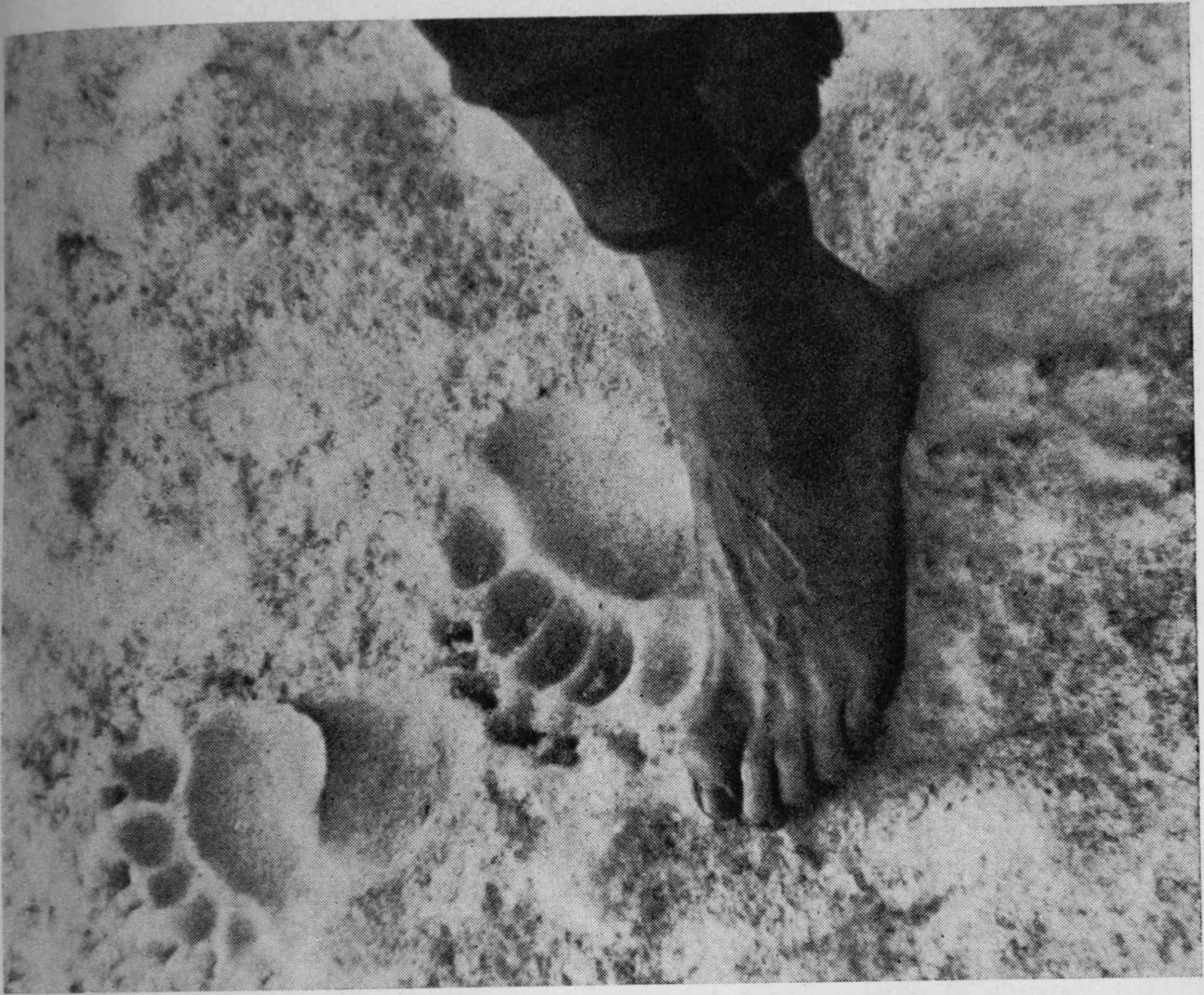
On 8th June, Stewart led us across the avalanche slopes to a steep ridge which terminated on the plateau we had seen so often with so much longing. Thenceforward we split so that Lees and I reached the summit of Jori along its eastern razor edge to plant our flags (for the benefit of our cine camera) at 08.30 followed by Bennet and Stewart who announced their success on Akala Kila a mile away and 700 ft. higher half an hour later – a precipitous climb this with 1,000 ft. of step cutting up very steep snow and ice. By relative observations from other peaks thought to be identified on the map, we assessed Akala Kila as 19,700 ft., Tambu (19,000), Tila-ka-Lahr (19,700), Western Jori (18,900) and Taragiri (21,000), followed at daily intervals, the composition of the victorious party changing somewhat but always including Stewart and Bennet. Taragiri was our highest point and we named it "Star Peak" with reference to "Per Ardua ad Astra" and then translating it into Hindi.

Meanwhile other things were happening elsewhere. The survey party with Sims and Holton had completed their preliminary work and moved to a high camp (IIb) up









*One day we found footprints in the snow which looked the sort of tracks that might be left by a large ape-like creature. Our porters assured us that these were the marks of the Abominable Snowman, and our discovery won wide publicity in the Press of the world at the time. A few days later, however, a large she-bear wandered through the camp, and her footprints markedly resembled the Abominable Snow Feet.*

another of the off-shoots of the Kulti basin. To obtain a good view they first climbed Sri Latta (18,222), and then devoted themselves to a painstaking theodolite and photographic panorama. This completed, Sims and Dev Datta, supported by Sherpa Ukien, already suffering from pleurisy though we did not yet know it, climbed to the difficult peak of Ashagiri (19,800) along narrow ridges exposed to terrifying drops. So it came about that most of us were back in Base Camp on 15th June. A week remained to us before we must pack up for good, and so we chose Bennet, Stewart and Lees with Sherpas Pasang and Numbay to make a full speed assault on Shikar Beh, a beautiful snow peak of 20,340 ft. on the Kulu border,

attempted by at least one previous expedition. By very hard work and skilful climbing in conditions harder than we had previously experienced, they conquered the peak and made their rendezvous with us at Koksar as we withdrew.

Little remained now but to withdraw the expedition over the Rothang to Manali, already threatened by the approaching monsoon. Where we had previously wallowed in snow were now primulae and potentillas, while the smooth sides of the Chandra were clothed in purple iris stretching for miles without end. Manali was already hot and sticky, and as we left it, a gentle rain began to fall, increasing, we were told, so that the bridges were down in two days. At

Adampur we learnt that our aircraft was held up and instead we took the train to New Delhi to await it there.

Looking back then, we have every ground for satisfaction. Our climbing was well up to expectation, if a few hundred feet below what we hoped. We have still not solved the riddle of the Spiti tributaries, but we have opened up the Kulti Himal and our

footsteps may well be followed by many climbers with limited time to spare; and we are firmly convinced of the value of the Ladakhi porter.

Although we returned to Delhi in the best of health, it was two days before our plane left. Those two days gave us such a hangover that we did not really recover till we reached England.

\* \* \*

SICK SIKH SEEKS REDRESS

*'I was carried away by force to home of my father'*

COUNSEL SAYS SHE'S SICK

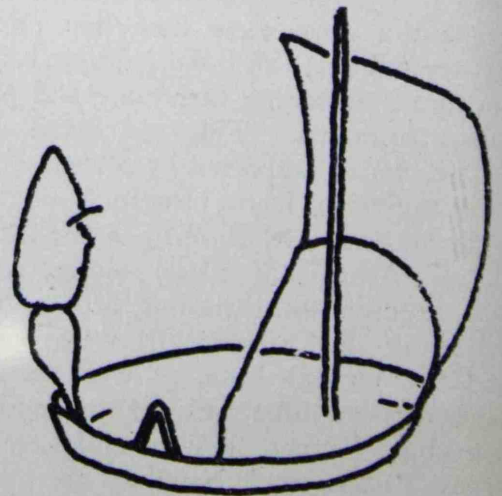
IPOH, Thursday.

A 27-YEAR-OLD SIKH GIRL, Bakhiss Kaur, was kidnapped from Kuala Lumpur and locked in her father's house in Ipoh for more than a month, the Magistrate's Court here was told today at an inquiry.

*The Straits Times*

Resulting in a sort of Home-Sickness, no doubt.

\* \* \*



The sperm sails up the vas deferens.

Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MEDICAL SOCIETY SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Since our last issue went to press we have received the following donations to our Scholarship Fund: Lt.-Col. T. M. Grant \$13.00; Miss Janet Tomblin \$14.00; Mr. W. C. Allwright \$8.00; Prof. Frances Chang \$13.00; Dr. Chu Kwok King \$100.00; Mrs. D. A. Collins \$13.00; Mr. W. G. Frost \$3.00; Mrs. R. Macarthy \$20.00; Mr. E. F. Szczepanik \$3.00; Dr. Wan Chik Hing \$25.00; Mr. Arthur Wilson \$100.00; Dr. Benjamin C. Wong \$23.00; Dr. Raymond K. W. Yang \$23.00; Dr. E. Anderton \$3.00; Miss Margaret E. Wilson \$3.00; Dr. Lincoln K. Luk \$20.00; Miss W. A. Woodfine \$13.00; Dr. H. N. Wong \$13.00; Dr. Stephen Chang \$50.00; Dr. Blondel Hsu \$10.00; Dr. S. M. Bard \$20.00; Hon. Dr. Cheak Toon Lok M\$6.00; Dr. Lee Hong Ming M\$6.00; Dr. Lim Soon Kooi M\$6.00; Dr. Por Peng Tuik M\$6.00; Dr. Tan Ewe Aik M\$6.00; Dr. S. T. Yeoh M\$6.00; Dr. Yeoh Cheang Hoe M\$6.00.

These gifts are most gratefully acknowledged. The Fund's total to date is \$4,298, plus M\$42.00.

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.

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# The University of Hong Kong

## A Poem

IT IS A matter of pride for Hong Kong to be the subject of a poem by that tragic and tortured figure Ern Malley, "The Sweet Singer of Toowoomba", and an even greater source of pride that the poem derived its title from the University. This is the first time, to our knowledge, that the poem has been printed in Hong Kong and we are indebted to Malley's literary executors W. D. and H. O. Wills for giving their permission to publish the work in this issue.

Malley, whose untimely and sordid death in the Redex Trials of 1953 deprived Australia of her most promising lyric poet, visited Hong Kong during the winter of 1952 in the course of a lecture tour sponsored by the British Council. He will be remembered by many for his poetry readings at the old Luna Park, and for his spirited interpretations of the meaning of modern poetry in the King Fu Restaurant.

The history of the discovery of this work is rather curious. On Malley's death his literary executors wrote to the leading newspapers asking for information of use in the proposed "Life and Letters of E. Malley" and eventually received a communication from a retired sanitary inspector in Hong Kong. This sanitary inspector, who preferred to remain anonymous, had by chance come across a vast

quantity of Malley's original manuscripts hanging on a nail behind a door. Realizing their immense literary value he had preserved the papers and subsequently forwarded copies of them to the two executors. The majority of the papers were rough drafts of

the "Ode on the First Intimations of Immorality" which Malley had been working on for the last five years of his life, a portion of which has since been published in the anthology of Australian verse "Two Up", but among these drafts was also found the present work written on a badly stained sheet.

Malley's style may seem disquietingly terse and austere to one nurtured on the older traditional poets, yet his transcendental mastery of symbolic imagery with the accompanying ground-base of re-iteration cannot but leave the reader in a state of intense nervous debility if not actual dementia.

Whilst not going so far as the Russian critic Podsol, who enthusiastically greeted this literary discovery

as . . . . "the biggest thing since the invention of the wheel", there is no doubt that "The University of Hong Kong" will live and do much to consolidate the position of Ern Malley, The Sweet Singer of Toowoomba.

The notes following the poem are by Podsol.



*An informal snapshot of Ern Malley caught in a typical pose during his fateful visit to Hong Kong in 1952.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

*Hong Kong Hong Kong and  
Kowloon City asking  
Grapefruits Butterfield me  
when will come back Hong Kong  
Leghorn Eggs Leghorn Eggs Sorloin Beef  
Beef Garoupa Spring Chicken  
Pheasant pheasant Gor. Cheese  
How much do you want?  
Hullo old chap where are you of to  
nowhere in particular I am just out for  
a stroll do you live nere here yes  
just close by why dont you come and  
see see me you can come along with  
Me Me Now Grapefruits  
Garoupa  
Butterfield & Swire  
Hullo old chap where  
are you of to nowheres in  
Dear Mrs. and Mr. B\*\*\*\*\*.  
hu heon hear How do you do?  
I read it over for. now  
I am thank you very much did you*

The University after forming the title, appears to have no place in the main body of the poem. Its function is that of a *camera obscura* enabling Malley to see without being seen, to be in Hong Kong and yet detached from the Garoupa and Butterfield & Swire, and to become a moral ouija board allowing Hong Kong to prophesy its own fate.

The poem opens with a plea from Kowloon to Hong Kong for the latter to renounce its western decadence and return once more to simple bliss. But Hong Kong replies scornfully with a mouth-watering description of life on the island and contemptuously offers to buy up Kowloon City.

Kowloon is not to be bribed and gently warns Hong Kong by asking . . . . "where are you of to . . . . do you live nere here", implying the transient nature of commercial luxury and commercial agents. Thick-skinned Hong Kong, however, is blinded by self-importance and urges again that Kowloon City should jump on the band-waggon. This suggestion, culminating in the exultant shriek . . . . "Grapefruits Garoupa Butterfield & Swire", is spurned and the warning repeated. Hong Kong cannot or will not learn, and is about to bombast once more when the enigmatic couple Mrs. & Mr. B\*\*\*\*\* are conjured up. Here is the amorphous presence of Doom, the cold, wet, finger pressed against the base of Hong Kong's spine, the looking-glass held up to its face, causing an Anglo-Saxon ejaculation of horror, and a recantation, a schizophrenic sob admitting guilt.

But Kowloon City, the Doubter, has the last laugh with the cynical line, half Eliot, half Dylan Thomas; "now did you".

VLADIMER PODSOL

Omsk 1955.

\* \* \*

U NU THANKS SOVIET FOR HER  
PURCHASE OF SURPLUS RICE

*Headline, S.C.M.P.*

What a pity they got rid of Thankin U.  
Just the man for the job!

The U.S. State Department, while carefully noting Mr. Krushchev's words declined to comment on his remark that there were some very stupid people in America.

Stuffy, huh?

*News item, S.C.M.P.*





## AFTER-THOUGHTS OF A HOUSEMAN

*FORTUNATELY OR UNFORTUNATELY, gentle readers, I have completed my housemanship in Malaya. Your Editor has most unkindly asked me to write on any Malayan topic, and I think that my experiences as a houseman may serve as a pointer to the course which our future housemen (and housewomen) will tread when they say goodbye to the soft and hard-boiled "eggs"!*

### HOUSEMANSHIP IN GENERAL

And talking of housemanship, I am reminded of the old, extinguished Chinese custom of *Tong Yang Shi* (adopted daughter-in-law) by which a girl was "sold" to her bridegroom-to-be's parents in her youth. In her new family she was treated as a servant girl; she had to work the hardest; get up the earliest; do the cooking and washing from morn to eve; and

she was the last to retire at night. But with all this, she had *no* say at all in the family.

She had to endure her harsh lot until the day came when she was considered fit to marry the little master of the family. Thenceforth she would gradually assume the status of mistress of the house, and finally would come to deal as mercilessly and as coldly with *her* son's bride-to-be as

she herself had been treated before. The cycle repeated itself through the centuries . . . just like the houseman system.

I always felt a mild resentment on hearing words like 'Ask the houseman to do it', instead of 'Ask the doctor on duty to do it', but perhaps I had an inferiority complex. Certainly a houseman is the lowest form of animal life in the hospital when there are no 5th or 6th Year students around to bear that honourable banner.

Physicians, surgeons and specialists jump up, crying: 'Which houseman did that?'. The physician will pass you an X-ray film and request you to read it. Your recitation affords him as much amusement as if you had read to him from a book of 1,001 jokes. You can entertain the surgeon equally well in the presence of a lump, as much to your own embarrassment as his

enjoyment. Ragging in the University (though banned) lasts only for one or two months. The treatment of housemen by their seniors is a refined and respectable form of ragging that lasts for a whole year. Like it or not, proud graduates, you have to take it!

But be not too crestfallen, for on the other side of the scales, being a houseman, you have before you a vast field within which you can put into practice all the theoretical knowledge so painfully amassed during those six long student years.

Here I am going to tell you of some of the things I saw and experienced, and sometimes you will realize just how green a houseman can be! I hope this humble article will not provoke our worthy teachers, or incite them to comment sadly: 'Elementary, my dear Watson!'.

## MEDICAL SECTION

I began my professional career (a big word indeed!) in the medical section. After staying in Hong Kong for so long a period, where the patients are virtually 100% Chinese, one tends to overlook the unique and fundamental character of Malaya, which is a multi-lingual and multi-racial country. You meet a Malay or an Indian patient, and the first difficulty you encounter is history taking. With that 'help-me-please' look in your eyes, you manage to enlist the services of one of the nursing staff to act as your

interpreter (which, by the way, is a very comfortable and natural method for starting an innocent - I say innocent - friendship).

Having cleared this first hurdle, you are now faced with the question: 'What shall I do to the patient? Wait till the Chief comes tomorrow, or shall I ask the Registrar, or shall I prescribe now?'

Prescribe, of course, for that is what a patient expects from you. He doesn't care twopence for aetiology, pathology or physical findings. What he wants now is *Medicine*. Nothing disappoints a patient more than seeing a doctor who doesn't give him something.

Go ahead! Prescribe! Haven't you passed your Pharmacology?

. . . But the patient just complains of cough. What should I give for a cough . . . ?

Seeing you in the grip of this mental struggle, the nurse, out of sheer pity, may try to help you.

'Can't you give him a dose of *Mist. Expect. Sed.*?' she suggests.

. . . *Mist. Expect. Sad.*? What's that? I don't remember coming across *that* in Pharmacology. It's a "mist" to me all right, and right now I don't expect anything but "sad" . . . Your mind starts to reel again . . . I shall get hold of the dispenser tomorrow and ask him what the



FAO

B - but I was only trying to be friendly, s - sir!

hell this miss is. . .

'Yes, nurse. Give him *Expect. Sad.*', you beam.

'How much?' she persists. Well, you can't blame her. She's expected to get orders from you, anyway. Seeing you still doubtful, she ventures further.

'One ounce b.d., or half-ounce t.d.s.?'

. . . Yes, how much is one ounce, you ask yourself. One tablespoonful? One teaspoonful? Oh, damn it! Why didn't I know all this before . . . ?

'Anything.' You try to run away now. 'Just give him one dose first'.

So ends the beginning of the first chapter of your professional career (a small word now).

I met my first Waterloo in an Indian woman who had just been admitted to the ward. She looked apparently well, and her history was so vague that I could only think of malnutrition. Think of malnutrition in any Indian patients from the rubber estates of Malaya, and you won't be far wrong.

Soon after admission, she began to develop dyspnoea, which became increasingly worse, for no obvious reason. Her lungs were clear, her heart sounds were normal, except that the rate was a bit rapid. Anaemia came to mind. Remembering that she is an Indian with pitch-dark skin, you may agree with me that nothing much could be made out externally.



Anaemia?

'Look at the mucous membrane of her mouth', you say?

Yea? She'd been chewing betel nuts, and the whole tongue and the whole gums were coloured bright red.

Look at the inner aspect of the lower eyelids.

Right! You strike oil. Milky white. No sign of blood at all. I did her haemoglobin at once—less than 20% Sahli's. Give her an immediate blood transfusion.—Right!

'Nurse! Let's take her blood for grouping and cross matching.'

But her skin was mid-night dark, and to make matters worse, she was tattooed on both forearms. A tourniquet was applied, but the veins in the cubital fossa could not be felt at all, let alone seen. After half an hour's skirmish, we managed to obtain 2 c.c. of blood. Another half hour later, a pint of blood was ready for transfusion.

But how to give it? No, no. This time the dispenser won't be able to enlighten you.

'Do a cut-down', said my angel-on-the-spot, pointing to the medial malleolus.

'Yes', I said, quickly. 'Bring a cut-down set'. But in my mind I thought that God alone knew what I was going to do with the set; I never having handled one before.

Now I had to search my brain for remnants of what I had learned in second year anatomy . . . The long saphenous vein passes in *front* of or *behind* the medial malleolus . . . ?

I "tikam"\* (this phrase I borrowed from my friend, E.T.) *behind* the malleolus.

WRONG!

Thank God the human skin is elastic. After the incision in the wrong place, I stretched, I searched, I probed, I hooked, and by crook, I got it! In my mind's eye I could see my angel giggling with her colleagues over my blunder. I cleared my throat and, forgive me, for pride's sake I lied (though mortal sin it be!).

'Please do not be surprised. In about 31.1% of normal people, the long saphenous vein passes *behind* the medial malleolus.'

The giggle stopped, and I could sense that my remark had changed the whole position. It had done more than I expected. It had inspired RESPECT!

Oh, patient reader, I reckon it to be of no purpose if I were to continue enumerating further to you my adventures in this case, except for me to say that, by the Almighty's Grace, the patient recovered. C. SELRAH.

\* This is a Malay word, meaning the placing of stakes blindly in a gamble. As it is a gamble, sometimes you hit the jackpot—just like that!

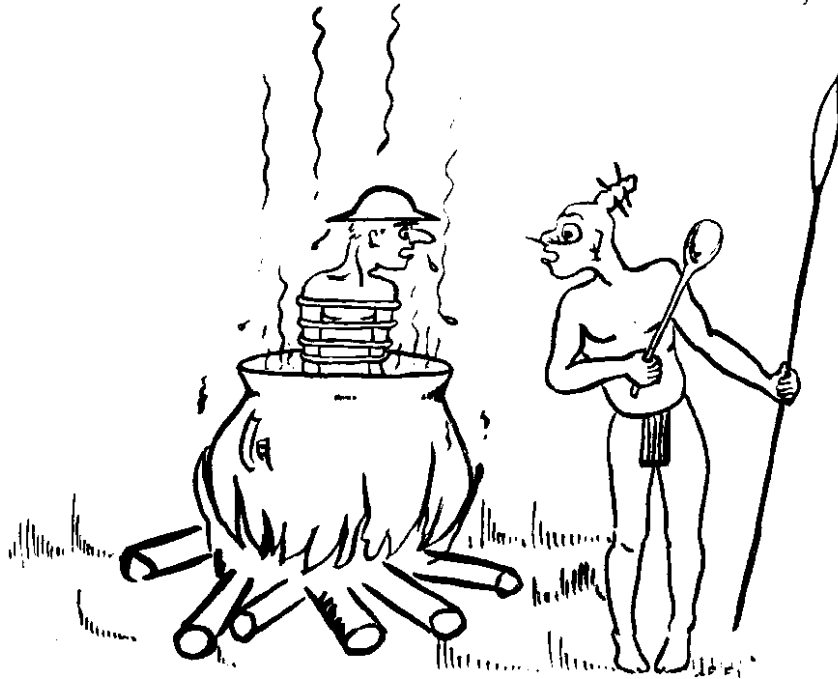
(To be continued)

# Battle of Wits

## MEDICAL VERSUS ARTS

*'Is it desirable that husband and wife should have careers of their own?'*  
*'Yes!' claimed the Medicals.*  
*'No!' retorted the Arts.*  
*'Let us decide for ourselves,' tsmporized the wedded couples.*

ON THE EVENING of November 11th, 1955, the Dining Hall of Lady Ho Tung Hall was packed to capacity with a conglomeration of men and women; or, rather, of boys and girls; mostly in the embryonic stage of their development as Architects, Engineers, Doctors, Educationalists, Teachers, Scientists and Beachcombers. They had come from far and wide to witness the historic tussle between the Arts and the Medicals; or, rather, to solve a problem that con-



*Hurry, Mbongol! Tell the chief I'm simply ruining the soup.*

fronts every growing man and woman. As would-be husbands, would they like their wives to pursue a career, and then, as would-be wives, would they like to work outside the home as their husbands would?

Professor Leslie Kilborn, Dean of the Medical Faculty, and also the Chairman of the Debate, began the evening by reading out the motion: 'That it is desirable for husband and wife to have careers of their own'. He then announced the speakers.

### GOVERNMENT

*(Medicals)*

- (1) Mr. Wei Tze Him
- (2) Mr. Edmund Lee
- (3) Mr. George Chew

### OPPOSITION

*(Arts)*

- (1) Mr. Matthias Lee
- (2) Mr. Leong Che Kan
- (3) Mr. Terence Tai

All the speakers being men, the ladies sat back comfortably in their seats and watched and listened with great amusement



as the men bellowed their lungs out for them. Mr. Wei's speech struck the audience like a thunderbolt, and in a fleeting moment he had set the house afire with the glory of a Career Wife.



Mr. Matthias Lee, for the Opposition, was more humorous than convincing, and since man is half feeling and half reason,

he half undid Mr. Wei's labour.

Mr. Edmund Lee dwelt on the efficiency of women as a machine, and asserted that they were physically as fit for any career as their fellow men.

A picture of untold misery was painted by Mr. Leong of an innocent child left to the mercies of an amah.

Mr. Chew, for the Medicals, emphasized the importance of mutual help in marriage, and stated that wedded life could be made happier, richer and fuller if the wife shared the burden of the husband by following a career.

Be ye rich or poor, stressed Mr. Tai, the



place of the woman is in the home, with her children.

By this time the audience was on tenterhooks, and when the Debate was thrown open to the House, a vast number clamoured for a chance to voice their opinions. Since the speakers from the floor were limited to a meagre three minutes, some of them had to be virtually pulled back into their seats. There was such a backward and forward flow of controversial ideas that the atmosphere was full of pep and life, and it can safely be said that everybody present had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The summing up by Mr. Matthias Lee for the Opposition was indeed a feat. His wit and humour rocked the House with mirth

and laughter. In his summary, Mr. Wei once again appealed to the reason of the audience. When the vote was taken by show of hands, it was a close run between the two faculties, but happily the Medicals saw their guests, the Arts, emerge triumphant. Their hospitality remained untainted.

Professor Kilborn then invited the Arts and all present to partake of some light refreshments. A large quantity of tea, cakes and sandwiches was consumed amidst

a pleasant mingling of thought and laughter. The occasion was indeed epoch making, in that never before has the Hall witnessed such an enormous gathering of students, such a wonderful show of spirit, and, above all, such a frank display of interest and liveliness.

Much credit goes to the Warden of Lady Ho Tung Hall for her generosity in allowing the use of the Hall for this memorable event.

LILY VERONICA YEN.



### JOYSTMAS LUCK, SIR?

*Eagerstern-wise Medicine-men Three at Christ  
Mass un-wight,  
Starring by stable.  
With hannasful of oingvents and drudge,  
Ofter longwise trivolling be sprayfooted  
Camels wearscip crying  
"Calculashows de newvow!  
Cucu, Joe, I'm intern!"*

*Solently creesping along the hoppy sun  
Reseeds (marry foectus) into the blooey,  
Anonually perustimated  
By sample-minded myrrhmythons of the mourning,  
Noodling regrassive crooned heads, disciding  
"Mum's the Word!"*

*But Joyst  
Mass cloves mummery myrrth?  
Plumms duff generuction?  
Takehee for ex-mess mumber?  
"Calculashows de newvow?  
Mum's the word!"*

ADRIAN ROWE - EVANS.

### ANCHOR VATS OVERFLOW?

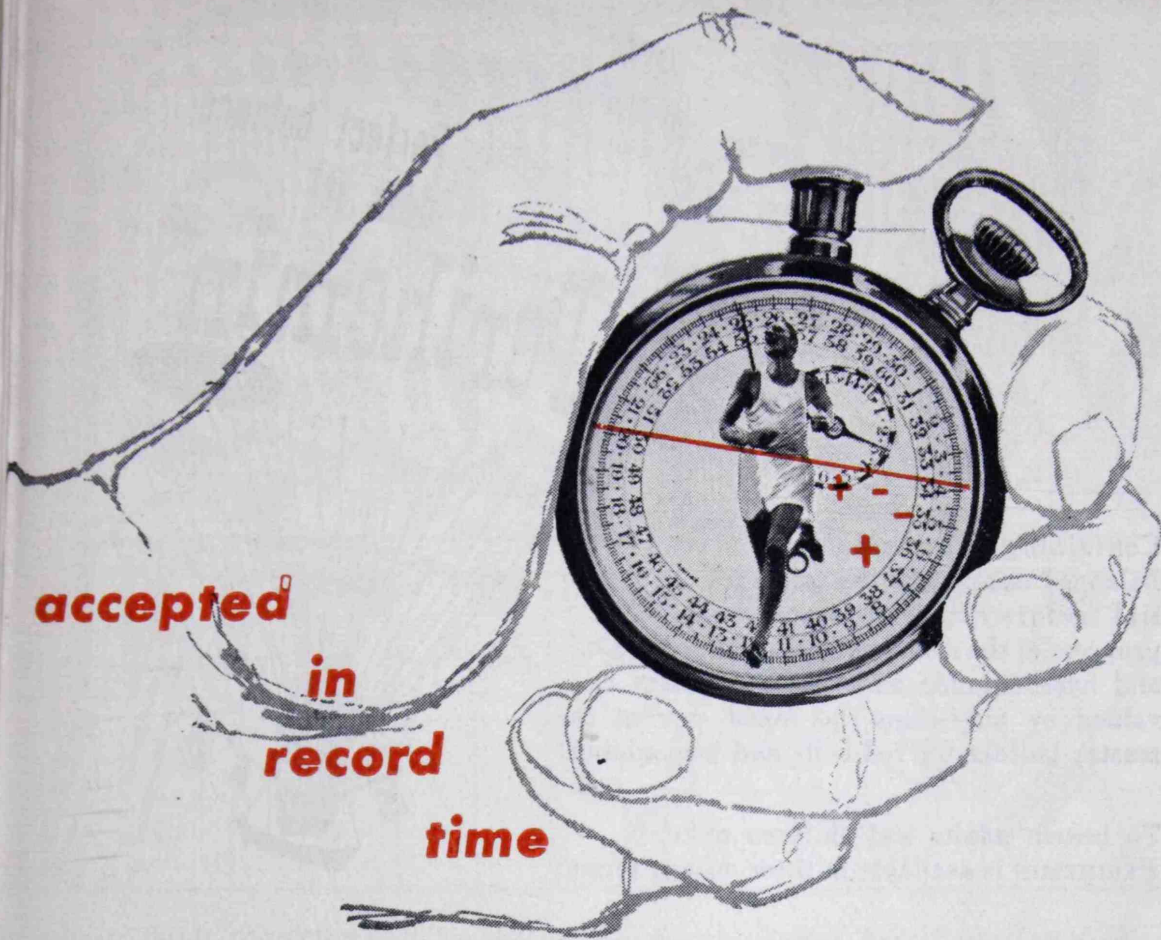
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Beer From China**

Headline, S.C.M.P.

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*It's a long way from Amphioxus,  
It's a long way to us.  
It's a long way from Amphioxus  
To the lowest human cuss.  
Farewell fins and gill slits!  
Welcome skin and hair!  
It's a long, long way from Amphioxus,  
But we come from there!*

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EX



**accepted**  
**in**  
**record**  
**time**

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*"OF OUR PHYSICIANS, many of the most judicious have contributed their Purses, their Hands, their Judgements, their Writings. This they have done, though they have also in London a College peculiar to their Profession; which ever since its first Foundation, for the Space of a hundred and fifty Years, has given the World a Succession of the most eminent Physicians of Europe. In that they confine themselves to the Advancement of Physick: But in this, they have also with great Zeal and Ability promoted this universal Inspection, into all natural Knowledge. For without Danger of Flattery, I will declare of the English Physicians, that no Part of the World exceeds them, not only in the Skill of their own Art, but in general Learning; and of very many of that Profession I will affirm, that all Apollo is their own, as it was said by the best Poet of this Age, of one of the most excellent of their Number."*

Those words of fulsome tribute to the English Physicians of the seventeenth century, standing there at the head of this note on the somewhat mystical manner in which a French Physician of the same time, by contriving a safety-valve, enlarged the prospect of variety and succulence in soup nigh beyond the limits of apprehension, were meant by the Bishop of Rochester (1) to carry a narrower application than it

appears, just as I mean, despite the apparent boldness, nay—depth, of my theme, to view it shallowly in only one of its many facets. He had poured out his full bowl of praise as a generous libation to honour those of the Royal Society who had selected, for entry into that boundless field of scientific experiment, training in *physick* as the portal; in the same way this my note is not addressed so much to those who drink soup and have done with it, as to those who savour it, and pause to ponder the mystery of its essence before passing on to the next course.

(1) Thomas Sprat, *The History of the Royal Society*, 1667. Where there are quotations in the text of my note, they are taken from the third edition of 1722, or the source is noted.

The worthies of the Royal Society, as that Bishop tells us, or as many as conveniently could, were accustomed to assemble at regular times to perform and describe their experiments; for "in *Assemblies*", we are assured, "the *Wits* of most Men are *sharper*, their *Apprehensions readier*, their *Thoughts fuller*, than in the *Closets*". They did not believe that pursuit of scientific truths was subject to seasonal inspiration: the quantity of experiment at each of their weekly meetings bore testimony to the wisdom of this disciplined procedure. Each week they would propose and debate the method of some particular experiments for the next week's programme, and it was "their *Fundamental law*, that whenever they could possibly get to *handle* the Subject (2), the *Experiment* was still perform'd by *some* of the *Members* themselves". The next week the experiment would be performed or described by the member commissioned, and duly examined by his fellows. The whole proceeding was minuted by "a *Register* (3), who was to take notes of all that pass'd; which were afterwards to be reduc'd into their *Journals* and *Register Books*".

This process of debate and experiment was the pedestrian prelude to the enchantment of a delicious soup supper served to the members of the Royal Society one chilly afternoon in April 1682, out of steam engines fitted with the first of the safety valves.

The main street of the medieval town of Blois, in the north of France, bears proudly the explosive name of one of its illustrious sons, Denis Papin, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Angiers and Fellow of the Royal Society of London. While still a young man Monsieur Papin had travelled to England, and in his first five years in London had worked in experiment with Huygens and Robert Boyle (4) on problems of the air-pump. The culmination of his work during that time was a demonstration, given on the 22nd of May, 1679, before the members of the Royal Society, of which he was not yet a Fellow, of a strange and cumbersome apparatus for boiling food.

I would like to be able to say that it was

- (2) This was more frequent than might be supposed. In 1682 Dr. Edward Browne, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P., could be discovered Dissecting an Ostrich.  
 (3) Registrar, in the modern term, though the duties seem not to have altered much.  
 (4) The law-giver.

the vista of possibility opened by the action of this engine in its application to the satisfaction of their own daily appetites that led the members, perhaps also stimulated by their wives in consideration of domestic economy, to admit him into their fellowship, as they did a year after; I would even prefer to be able to say that the members had had a visionary, foretaste of the supper with which they were to be regaled three years later, and had determined to make that pleasing prospect more assured by setting him more firmly in their midst. But the simple truth was that the culinary possibilities of the machine were but incidental to such "men of philosophical temper". Indeed, their main interest in it was not even in the purpose for which it was demonstrated. Monsieur Papin, having constructed the boiler to show off his safety valve, had contrived as a by-product of the demonstration to soften bone by a novel means — by cooking it in steam under pressure. And this (5) was the exciting thing.

We must pause a while and wonder at the medical training of so many of the seventeenth-century natural philosophers, and marvel how this one, like some others of note, gained his lustre in other fields of endeavour. Not only was his soup-machine the grandfather of George Stephenson's *Rocket* — for Monsieur Papin was the first to produce motion by applying steam to the raising of a piston — but it also heralded, with a strident whistle, a new form of culinary practice — steam pressure cookery. Of his contributions to medical knowledge, if such there were, I can find no record — although his experiments with an air-pump contraption in 1675, which led him to improve bellows for use in coal-mines where the air is impure in 1685 and to write a strange paper in 1686 demonstrating the speed at which "Air rushes into an exhausted Receiver", *might* have led him also, in time, to invent the Douglas Bag (6).

For a concise description of the engine I turn to one of our early encyclopaedists (7):

- (5) Among the set tasks for contemporary natural philosophers who believed in trial by experiment was that of softening bone by new methods. Another was that of congealing blood. Some of the methods tried were revolting beyond belief.  
 (6) A rubber machine used in emergency to cure those annoying and vulgar diaphragmatic eructations that often occur while or after drinking boiling soup.  
 (7) *Rees's*, 1819.

a very strong metal boiler, with an airtight cover screwed down with great force, hence the contained matter, being incapable of escaping either by evaporation or by bursting the machine, may be heated to a degree far beyond that of boiling water, so as to dissolve the gluten of bones and cartilages."

Interest in the demonstration spread outside the close circle of the Fellows; we find Sir Thomas Browne, that indefatigable seeker after truth, wishing to hear more of it, in a letter to his son Edward (8) six weeks after the event:

"Dear Sonne, – I have not heard a long time anything concerning, or from the R.S. That which you mention of Monsier Papin would bee farther enquired into and the way of it, may-bee, how it is performed, for it may bee useful. There was one Papin, a Frenchman, who wrote *De pulvere sympathico* about 20 years ago (9). You say the bones are softened without any liquor, that is, as I understand, without beeing infused or boyled in any liquor, and therefore I suspect it must be effected by humid exhalation or vapour, by being suspended or placed in the vapour, so that it may act upon the body to bee mollified. According to such a kind of way as in that which is called, the philosophicall calcination of hartshorne, made by the steeme of water, which makes the hartshorne white and soft, and easily pulverisable; and it is to bee had at some apothecaries and chymists; and whether a fish boyled in the steeme of water will not have the bones soft, I have not tried. Whether hee useth playne water or any other, mixed or compounded, any spirituous steeme, we are yet to learne. The steeme of common water is very piercing and active, the steemes in baths likewise, and also the fume of sulphur. You have seen a sweating tubbe of myne whereof the figure is in Loselius "*De Podagra*", a booke in duodecimo; wherein the steeme

of the water doth all, as in some the steeme of *aqua vitae*. Write agayne of Papin's farther experiments."

Three days later Sir Thomas was demanding of his son further news; and at the same time boldly prophesying popularity in the cookhouse:

"Dear Sonne, – Perhaps by this time you have inquired farther into the art of softening of bones. Consider that *hydrargyr* softeneth *nodes* and takes of *exostoses*: and as I remember Riolan saw the bones of a dead body cereous or somewhat soft like wax, which hee thinkes was a body infected with the lues, butt I know not whether mercureall meanes had been used. Quicksylver brings gold into a soft and papy substance, by an *homalgama*. Bones were soft at first and solids have been fluid; butt probably the artist only sheweth the experiment or *quod sit*, affording little light how to effect the same. Tis not improbable that the kinge will knowe it, and so that it may in time become a common culinary practise. I am not so well contented that you should bee putt to read lectures at this time of the yeare, butt if they will insist upon it, it cannot well bee hindred. The bill is enclosed."

But there was no further news of it until 1681, when Monsieur Papin, having applied himself in inspired silence to the task of recording its details and uses, produced before a wondering world his first full-length treatise, bearing the imprimatur of the Royal Society (of which he had been elected a Fellow the year before) and printed "at the Red Lyon in St. Paul's Church-yard" (10), of which the title-page gives the apparatus its proper and descriptive name: "A NEW DIGESTER, or Engine for softening Bones, containing the Description of its Make and Use in these Particulars, viz, Cookery, Voyages at Sea, Confectionary, Making of Drinks, Chymistry, and Dying. With an Account of the Price a good big Engine will cost, and of the Profit it will afford." The Digester came into great demand, and Monsieur Papin was obliged the following year to publish a French version in Paris: "La manière d'Amollir les Os, et de faire cuire toutes sortes de Viandes en fort peu

(8) That of Merton. He was then Censor of the Royal College of Physicians and apparently had some interest in ostrich-farming. See also footnote (2).

(9) This was Nicholas, Denis's father, who is chiefly known for his opposition to Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood and his defence in 1651 of the *Powder of Sympathy*, a method of treatment by applying a poultice to the instrument that causes the wound, the discovery of which had been claimed by Sir Kenelm Digby (direct ancestor of the first Professor of Surgery at the University of Hong Kong) and was the subject of a physiological discourse by that worthy knight: "touching the cure of wounds by the Powder of Sympathy".

(10) It is odd that the theme of his book had not influenced him directly in his choice of the church-yard printing-house.

de tems et à peu de frais, avec une description de la marmite, ses propriétés et ses usages." The French title is openly confined to the Digester's practical use in economical cooking. This shows clearly the measure and immediate direction of its success.

A continuation of the English book was published six years after it, listing the Digester's "improvements and new uses it hath been applyed to, both for Sea and Land" and containing some further notes on the air-pump. The discovery of the Digester also gave rise to an important economic-chemical memoir by Monsieur Joseph Louis Proust, the French chemist, on the "Method of ameliorating the substance of the Soldier" published over a century later in Madrid (11).

The gourmets of the Royal Society were not content to delay long putting to practical test the theories of the machine they had, with wide-mouthed interest, heard expounded at their weekly meetings and had read of in Monsieur Papin's book. No sooner had he left for Venice than they ordered to be made four or five of the Digesters and invited themselves to a supper of soup cooked in them. It is instructive but not conclusive to conjecture who attended that supper: perhaps Samuel Pepys (who became President two years later), though he does not make any mention of it in his diary; Sir Christopher Wren was still a member and of course the inventor's old friends Boyle and Huygens; Dr. Robert Hook, still the Registrar at that time, very likely drank the soup with delight – but the noise of taking soup and the sound of the sighs of replete contentment that must follow being not simply translated into the English language, he has left us no record of it; Sir Thomas Browne, who mixed much in the company of members, was old and ailing and within six months of his end – but his son Edward was probably there, if only to satisfy the old man's interest in the momentous machines, and I shall have a little to say later of his possible role at that supper; and why not even King Charles the Second himself – we have seen that Sir Thomas, in the former of the two letters to Edward I have transcribed above, thought it likely that the King's interest would be

(11) 1791.

aroused. Certainly John Evelyn the diarist attended the supper with great relish, and he has left us an account in his diary, which I set down here in full (12)

"12th April, 1682.

I went this afternoon with severall of the Royal Society to a supper which was all dress'd, both fish and flesh, in Monsieur Papin's Digestors, by which the hardest bones of beefe itselfe, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with lesse than 8 ounces of coales, producing an incredible quantity of gravy; and for close of all a jelly made of the bones of beefe, the best for clearness and good relish, and the most delicious that I had ever seene or tasted. We ate pike and other fish bones, and all without impediment; but nothing exceeded the *pigeons*, which tasted just as if bak'd in a pie, all these being stew'd in their own juice, without any addition of water save what swam about the Digester, as *in balneo*; the natural juice of all these provisions acting on the grosser substances, reduc'd the hardest bones to tendernesse; but it is best descanted with more particulars for extracting tinctures, preserving and stewing fruite, and saving fuel, in Dr. Papin's booke, publish'd and dedicated to our Society, of which he is a member. He is since gone to Venice with the late Resident here (and also a Member of our Society), who carried this excellent mechanic, philosopher, and physician, to set up a philosophical meeting in that city. This philosophical supper caus'd much mirth amongst us, and exceedingly pleas'd all the company. I sent a glass of the jelley to my wife, to the reproach of all that the ladies ever made of the best hartshorn."

I have italicized the word "*pigeons*": and hesitate to conjecture what connection they may have had with Monsieur Papin's printer (see footnote 10), or with the subject of Dr. Browne's experiments at about this time (see footnote 2). Indeed, it may well have been Dr. Browne who played host at the supper, as a means both of meeting accumulated social commitment and of disposing of the Bird. Vision in the dining room was doubtless fogged with the relieved expansion of steam released from great pressure, and

(12) ed. William Bray.

in such an atmosphere one boiled bird may not be distinguishable from another.

Some years later, Dr. Hook was amusing the members with the intricacies of the Chinese language (13) and Monsieur Papin, returned from Venice with renewed vigour, demonstrated a sort of pop-gun before them in such a way as to pepper them with two ounces of shot. It was this compelling combination of lead pellets and perhaps the Chinese characters for birds'-nest soup, recalling to mind forcefully the delicacies of this "philosophical supper", that ensured their continued support when the Frenchman requested the Society's imprimatur on his second volume the succeeding year.

But although he merits a triumphal place among the redoubtable artists of the stock-pot, second only, perhaps, to Monsieur Alexis Soyer (14), his name is *not* trumpeted abroad by the alliterating noses of our chefs and *maitres d'hotel*.

He should also belong to a long line of sixteenth and seventeenth century physicians who published cookery books in their efforts to regulate the feeding of their patients and

to popularize home cures, and so were pioneers in the science of dietetics, but for some indistinct reason he is never accorded a seat in their midst. When he is remembered,

it is the mechanical engineers alone who do him honour.

The Bishop has one more lesson to teach us of the contribution of such men to quiet and peace and plenty, when he speaks of their methodical experimental approach to their problems:

"This is truly to command the World; to rank all the *Varieties*, and *Degrees* of Things, so orderly one upon another, that standing on the top of them, we may perfectly behold all that are below, and make them all serviceable to the Quiet, and Peace, and Plenty of Man's Life. And to this Happiness, there can be nothing else added; but that we make a second Advantage of this *rissing Ground*, thereby to look the nearer into Heaven."

Such is the nature of honour, and of training in *physick*, that when we *do* peep into Heaven, as the Bishop bids, we see the French doctor ensconced, not, as we would expect,



(13) 1686—his paper was entitled "Observation and Conjecture concerning the Chinese Characters".

(14) To how many Frenchmen we owe our soups and sauces! Soyer, author of many culinary works in the latter half of the last century and one-time famed chef at the Reform Club of London, had fed nourishing soup from his famous stoves (still in use by the Army in the Second World War) even to the troops at Balaclava; his sauces still have a place in our daily life in the bottles provided by his two friends Mr. Crosse and Mr. Blackwell.

in the comfortable company of Mistress Hannah Wooley, Monsieur Soyer, Mrs. Beeton, and other renowned experimental cooks who have surely found a distinguished

place there, but with those brassy stalwarts Thomas Savery, James Watt, and George Stephenson, securely standing on his cloud of fragrant steam.

BERNARD MELLOR.

*(The illustrations are by Douglas Bland)*

\* \* \*

## K I T E S

*The swift paper plate;  
The darting, dipping, insubstantial substance;  
The soul on the end of a thread;  
The toy,  
The insignificant,  
The kite,*

*Is born on the belly of breezes  
And knocked down by the hard heel of the wind  
And teased by hot air rising, rising,  
And cold air rushing in to take its place.*

*It is all a purely, purely  
physical  
phenomenon,  
Without any magic at all, at all.*

*But to simple souls;  
To immature minds;  
Not yet properly adjusted  
to the material environment  
or the idea of THINGS AS THEY ARE;*

*The lively lovely kite  
seems to delight  
and dance  
and swoon  
Upon the Breath of God.*

D.W.G.

\* \* \*

## SENTENCE OF THE YEAR

This progressive attitude by London's working classes springs from the enlightenment which an intelligent understanding of sociological problems has imparted, especially among the younger generations, as the fruits of the seeds of education planted under an earlier, judicious education policy, of the London County Council.

*Excerpt from leading article, S.C.M.P.*

ELIXIR offers a prize of ripe tomatoes to the sender of the first correct solution.

## NOTES AND NEWS

### UNIVERSITY HEALTH OFFICER

With the appointment of Dr. Solomon Bard to the post of Student Health Officer, his long association with the University is made even firmer.

Dr. Bard graduated from our Medical School in 1939. Following qualification, he was successively House Physician at Queen Mary Hospital, Demonstrator in Pathology, Demonstrator in Anatomy, House Surgeon at Kowloon Hospital, and Second Assistant to the Professor of Medicine.

Despite all this activity, he had found time to marry a delightful fellow student, who became Mrs. Sophie Bard in Shanghai in 1941. Three months later the Colony became involved in the Japanese War, and after sharing in the brief defence of Hong Kong with the Volunteers, Dr. Bard was interned in the Officers' Camp at Shan Shui Po.

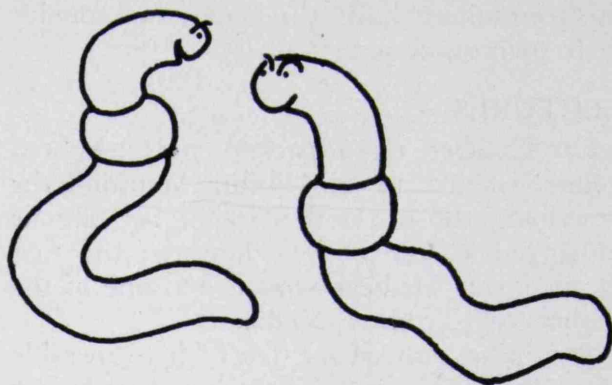


*Dr. S. M. Bard, right; Dr. Sophie Bard, left; unidentified friend, centre.*

After his release, he and his wife went to England. Mrs. Bard completed her medical training, which had been interrupted by the War, at the Hammersmith Hospital, qualifying in 1948. Dr. Bard became a Registrar at this hospital, and later Casualty Officer at St. George-in-the-East L.C.C. Hospital, Wapping.

They returned to Hong Kong, and Dr. Bard entered private practice, but retained an active interest in the University, conduct-

ing ward rounds for junior clinical students at the Queen Mary Hospital, and giving valuable help as a part-time Lecturer and Tutor in the Department of Physiology. His decision to quite private practice and join the University on a full time basis has



When the earthworms wish to have sexual reproduction, which they usually do, and are ready for it . . . . .

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

delighted his many friends here. Dr. Sophie Bard will continue to practise privately.

As well as having a reputation as a first-class medical practitioner, Dr. Bard has won even wider fame as the mainstay, first as Conductor and lately as Leader, of the Sino-British Orchestra. In addition he fishes (best catch two pounds), digs for fossils, is interested in painting, and in Chinese Art, and holds the rank of Major in the Hong Kong Defence Force. He states that it is his ambition to give up medicine and concentrate on some of these more important affairs, but it is our hope that this ambition will long remain unfulfilled.

Dr. and Mrs. Bard come to us in the New Year with their three children, and we give them all a very warm welcome.

### DIGBY MEMORIAL

As a result of contributions made by some of his old friends, colleagues, and students, a fund has been established which will be used to provide a scholarship and a gold medal in memory of the late Kenelm Hutchinson Digby, for many years Professor of Surgery at this University.

The Digby Gold Medal will be awarded annually to the candidate securing the

highest marks in the Final Degree Examination in Surgery.

The Scholarship will be awarded upon the recommendation of a Standing Committee which has been appointed for this purpose by the Senate. The first members are: Dr. D. K. Samy (*Chairman*), Dr. W. M. Shi, Dr. Douglas Laing, the Registrar (*ex officio*), and the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine (*ex officio*). Retiring members of this committee have the power to appoint their own successors.

### LECTURES

On October 1st a packed and delighted house listened to Sir Philip Manson-Bahr describing the life and work of his famous father-in-law, Sir Patrick Manson, the first Dean of our Medical School, and one of the Fathers of Tropical Medicine.

Sir Philip showed no sign of his venerable age, and in a most lively and vigorous fashion, he kept his audience alternately enthralled and shouting with laughter for ninety minutes. This is about twice as long as the usual lecturer can hope to hold the full interest of his hearers, but the applause that greeted him when he sat down was the loudest and longest appreciation ever heard for a lecturer in this place.

### FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT



*The Architects, Runners-Up to the Medicals in this year's Inter-Faculty Football Championship, make sure of a goal from a corner kick by putting EVERYTHING into the net—ball, players and all. The match was drawn 2-2.*

We hope to be able to publish the substance of Sir Philip's address at a later date.

On November 4th, Dr. A. S. Parkes from the National Institute for Medical Research, Mill Hill, painted a gloomy



The male gamete gets in touch with the egg.  
*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

picture of the likely consequences if the present rate of increase in population throughout the world is maintained. He then went on to describe the results of researches into various biological methods for reducing fertility, and showed that although several approaches are open, the production of a practical, oral contraceptive is not yet within sight. Dr. Parkes was on his way back from the International Conference on Planned Parenthood held in Tokyo.

On December 1st, Professor Francis Chang delivered his Inaugural Address from the Chair of Anatomy. He gave an account of the basic importance of anatomy in the biological sciences. His words are worth the attention of all medical students and medical teachers. The full text of the Address is printed elsewhere in this issue.

### VISITING PROFESSOR

Professor Gordon King has been granted long leave from December 14th, 1955. During his absence, the Department of Obstetrics and Gynaecology will be in the charge of Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman.

Dr. Eastman is Professor of Obstetrics at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and



our good fortune in having so distinguished a visitor is due to the generosity of the China Medical Board.

Of recent years Dr. Eastman has taken over responsibility for the well known Williams' *Textbook of Obstetrics*.



The mosquito produces an irritating effect on our sensitive feeling.

*Answer in H.K. School Certificate paper.*

#### VISITING EXAMINERS

Professor B. Sheares, M.D., F.R.C.O.G., is visiting for the Degree Examinations in Obstetrics and Gynaecology this December. Professor Sheares holds the Chair in these subjects at the University of Malaya. He is a graduate of the old King Edward VII Medical College, and his recent election to Fellowship of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists makes him the first Singapore graduate to receive this distinction.

The visiting External Examiner for the December Degree Examinations in Pathology is Professor C. L. Oakley, who is Brotherton Professor of Bacteriology at the University of Leeds. On November 25th, Professor Oakley gave a brilliant exposition of his own and others' researches into the site of antibody production. Later he lectured on food poisoning, and, with a happy and highly successful versatility, upon the fabric of the mediaeval English church.

#### APPOINTMENTS

Dr. Solomon Matthew Bard, M.B., B.S. (H.K.), to be University Health Officer from

January 1st, 1956.

Dr. Tsao Yin Kai, M.B., B.S. (H.K.), M.R.C.O.G., to be Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology from August 2nd, 1955. Dr. Tsao was previously Assistant Lecturer in this Department. He has recently returned from England, where he obtained his M.R.C.O.G.

Mr. R. B. Maneely, M.R.C.V.S., to be Senior Lecturer in Histology in the Department of Anatomy from the date of his arrival in the Colony.

Mr. Maneely is thirty-seven years old. He obtained his M.R.C.V.S. from the Royal Dick Veterinary College, Glasgow, in 1946. From 1947 to 1950 he served as Assistant Lecturer in Normal Histology and Embryology in the Physiology Department of the Glasgow Veterinary School, a time during which the School was being taken over by the University of Glasgow.

In 1950 he became an Assistant Lecturer in Histology in the Department of Physiology of Liverpool University. The following year the appointment became a Lectureship in Veterinary Histology.

Mr. Maneely has earned a reputation as a teacher, and he is regarded by good authorities as an expert histologist. He has shown a keen interest in student affairs, and was a Tutor at Derby Hall, one of the Halls of Residence at Liverpool University.

He is expected to arrive in the Colony in May, and he will be accompanied by his wife

**U.K. Rail  
Deaths For  
1954 Lowest  
On Record**

**No Passengers  
Lost Lives**

*Headlines, S.C.M.P.*

A low figure indeed! Hardly a figure at all, in fact, when you come to think of it!

and one small child. He wife holds an Honours Degree in Biochemistry, and was formerly a lecturer at Glasgow University.

**SCHOLARSHIP**

The Hiro Advaney Scholarship has been awarded to Miss Su Fei Hsia.

**FELLOWSHIP**

Dr. Arnold Hsieh, Demonstrator in the Department of Physiology, has been awarded a Fellowship by the China Medical Board to enable him to spend one year in the United States.

Dr. Hsieh will be leaving this Christmas. He will spend an Academic Year in the Department of Physiology at Washington State University, Seattle, under the direction of Dr. Theodore C. Ruch. Before returning to Hong Kong, Dr. Hsieh will have an opportunity of visiting Departments of Physiology and Medical Centres in the Eastern States.

**PRIZE**

HO KAM TONG PRIZE for securing

the highest place in the Third University Examination: Fok Po Tun, December 1954 (not previously noted).

**PUBLICATIONS**

*Departments of Physiology & Surgery.*—D. W. Gould, A. C. L. Hsieh and L. F. Tinckler: 'The Behaviour of the Isolated Water Buffalo Ureter', *J. Physiol.* (1955) 129, 425.

D. W. Gould, A. C. L. Hsieh and L. F. Tinckler: 'The Behaviour of the Intact Ureter in Dogs, Rabbits and Rats', *J. Physiol.* (1955) 129, 436.

D. W. Gould, A. C. L. Hsieh and L. F. Tinckler: 'The Effect of Posture on Bladder Pressure', *J. Physiol.* (1955) 129, 448.

*Department of Surgery.*—F. E. Stock: 'Tumours of Blood Vessels', *Western Journal of Surgery, Obstetrics & Gynaecology*, (1955) 63, 513.

F. E. Stock: 'Management of the Prostatic Patient', *Bulletin of the Hong Kong Branch of the Chinese Medical Association*, (1955) 7, 43.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 4

B	I	N	O	V	U	L	A	R		V	I	R	U	S								
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E	S	S	A	Y						A	N	O	P	H	E	L	E	S				

The sender of the first correct entry opened after the closing date was Mr. CHAN HIP SING, of Eliot Hall. If he will call at the Department of Physiology he will be presented with a cheque for \$25.00, made out to the book-store of his choice.

Correct entries were also received from Mr. Tan Jui Meng, Mr. Yeow Meng Tin and Mr. Gordon Low.

**NASTY CASE OF INDIGESTION**

A tape recording of a full luncheon—private conversation, fines, and speeches—of the Rotary Club of Redlands California, was played at the luncheon of the Rotary Club of Hongkong Island East yesterday.

The programme was done on an exchange basis, both clubs meeting on the same day and recording their luncheon programmes for an international exchange.

Only the Hongkong side of the plan suffered a hitch. After the meeting and full recording, it was found that the tapes were blank—and an emergency meeting had to be held at which Rotarians went again over the sounds of their earlier luncheon.

S.C.M.P.

Yes, that's the trouble with these heavy communal luncheons that business men seem so keen on nowadays; they are apt to repeat rather noisily.

\* \* \*

**FALSE FRONT**

There was a young lady of Cheltenham  
Whose 'you-know-whats' always had felt in 'em,  
And when thus attired  
She was greatly admired  
Except by the draper who dealt in 'em.

... in diarrhoea



In classic Greece

suspicious citizens were

went 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

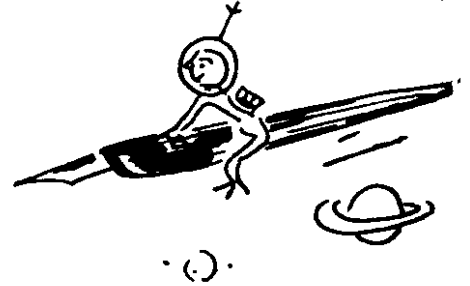
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# CORRESPONDENCE



## INVISIBLE MEN

Sir,

It is obvious that the writer of 'Invisible Men' which appeared in the last issue of your esteemed Journal, had been put up to the job in order to goad medical students into defending their status in this University.

How well she has succeeded!

In the humble opinion of this eventual M.B., B.S., the real target of her profound criticism of the 'intellectual stupor' of medical students, is the undergraduate body as a whole. References to medical students were found only in the first and last paragraphs!

Such an ill-planned treatise, with such an ill-chosen title comes strangely from the Department of English. Let them stick to Milton and Pope.

Yours etc.,

INVISIBLE MAN.

Dear Sir,

I perused with great interest your Autumn issue of ELIXIR during a sojourn in the Queen Mary Hospital for appendicitis.

The doctors there were most kind, the nurses most charming, but the *medical students!* They were most alarming! They simply flooded the place, and fiddled with every part of my tortured body, leaving no peace in me, body or soul. I longed never to *see* them again, and the day of my discharge from hospital was the happiest of my life!

Being completely convinced by Mary Visick's article on the 'Invisible Men', I felt reassured that I would never see those students again. I am fortunately a member

of the Arts Faculty, and, as she puts it, our paths never cross.

But my happiness was short lived. The first day that I stepped into the canteen, I saw to my horror and dismay the very students that had haunted me. I ran as fast as my poor legs could carry me, and headed straight for the ping-pong room, but there I nearly fainted under the gaze of another score of these monsters. My next refuge was the billiard room, where I hoped at last to find haven, but to my utter despair, there they were again; the very ones that had thumped on my chest, scratched my belly, hammered my knees, and caused me untold misery.

My last resort was the Union barber's shop, where I thought I could lose myself in a froth of shaving lather. Hardly had I relaxed for more than a blissful moment, however, when the door swung open to admit a cute looking bit of femininity. I made a full ninety degree turn to widen my field of vision so that I might gaze with satisfaction on this delightful object, and just before she disappeared through the rear door she turned to flash me a sweet smile.

But my own smile froze on my face. For the next minute, my mouth stood agog amidst the shaving lather, and slowly I cringed with a shame that I had never known before. Holy Cows! She was the one who did a routine examination on my body every day with great assiduity and care. I died a thousand deaths then and there.

Once back in the shelter of my room, I puzzled over the question of *the Invisibility of the Medical Students of H.K.U.* How

I wished they *were* invisible, for then I could live in peace. As it was, the next week was a nightmare. I saw them over and over again; in the Pavilion, in the Library, at athletic meetings and sauntering at leisure around the University grounds.

Now I have partially recovered from my recent shock, and am hardened to the scores of familiar faces that appeared at the Arts Ball, the Union Night, the Campfire Night, in the Union Band, and, especially, in the Morrison Hall Band. Now I no longer entertain the vain hope of never seeing them again, for I know one might as well hope to escape the ever present sun, or the constant flow of Hong Kong traffic.

They are all such an ever present part of our daily life that we cease to realize they are there. In my opinion TO KNOW THEM IS TO FIND THEM. Alas, if only Mrs. Visick would see! These so-called invisible medical students are HERE, THERE and EVERYWHERE!!!

Yours most faithfully, -  
AN ARTS UNDERGRAD.

Sir,

Of course, one way to show broad-mindedness and nobility is to ignore unfounded criticism. But when the name of the whole medical student body is at stake, my sense of rightness prompts me to put down some hard facts about the present medical students, even at the risk of being called proud and arrogant.

First I wish to remind the writer of the article 'Invisible Men' that the University of Hong Kong is much bigger than the Main University Building. There are places called the Sports Ground, the Science Building, the Queen Mary Hospital, and so on. Her charge of invisibility directed against medical students shows transparently that her knowledge of what goes on is limited to the happenings within her own office and classroom.

We boys and girls were 'working like dogs and invisible on such colourful occasions as Union Elections and Women Undergraduates' Club tea parties'? ? ? If she were present at the last Union Election, she would have noticed that half the Great Hall was occupied by medical students, and that they made more noise, asked more questions, and fought more gallantly for the

rights of Union members than their gentle and quiet bearing would have led an observer to imagine possible.

It is not sufficient to know 'that they may be found playing cricket, or the piano, or collecting subscriptions for ELIXIR'. She should know more. Last year we held the Chairmanships of Football, Badminton and Basketball, and were runners up in the Ping Pong Tournament. This year we hold the Championships of the Athletic Club, Basketball, Tennis and Ping Pong Clubs. Out of the eight 'Greens' in the University, six belong to medical students. For music, nothing more has to be said. The Union Band speaks for itself.

Besides Professor Braun-Tigerstedt, we have been visited by more interesting professors, and we have many more blessed memories than this one referred to by the writer. We have far more laughter than she ever dreams of. It just so happens that we do not frequently meet in places near the Great Hall when the Faculty of Arts is in session.

I sincerely extend an invitation to the writer to join me in a bottle of beer at the Queen Mary Hospital Canteen. She should be prepared for a shock, and steel herself against a very noisy session. I would not advise her to penetrate further, and visit the Students' Room, for only persons of very superior fibre are able to withstand so vigorous an environment.

Yours etc.,  
SAINT GEORGE.

Sir,

Medical students the world over are known for their aloofness from the rest of the student body. It is imperative, therefore, that the writer of 'Invisible Men' which appeared in your last issue, should venture out of her world of Arts students and the Main Building before drawing conclusions concerning our activities. Obviously she has no knowledge of the prowess of the Medicals in sport, or of our versatility in music. The fact that she has to write on the inertness of our University students (not only medicals) in your honourable magazine suggests that the Medical Society promotes the only publication suitable for the airing of provocative and controversial arguments.

Is she aware of the extent of the activities which have been promoted by and enjoyed

by the students of the Medical Faculty during the year past? I think not.

It would seem to me better that this author should concern herself with the problem of persuading the members of *her* nursery to play an active part in the life of this University which *does* exist outside the office of the Faculty of Arts, and the gossip shop of the Women Undergraduates' Club.

Yours etc.,

FULL TIME UNDERGRADUATE.

*In fairness to Mrs. Visick, we must point out that her article was written by invitation, and that it was her intention to prove provocative. In this she appears to have been eminently successful.*

Ed. ELIXIR.

\* \* \*

### THREE CHEERS FOR EDISON!

*Vox Humana!*

*Have a Banana!*

*Here's to the tone*

*Of the microphone!*

*Sing low, sing high!*

*We're on Hi-Fi,*

*And the natural voice is all my eye!*

*And it's much, much better to lisp and sigh*

*At the delici-elicate magical mi*

*Crophone, which is such a RESPONSIVE thing*

*That a girl doesn't have to bother to sing,*

*But simply droops*

*In voluptuous loops*

*About the stick*

*That carries the trick*

*Which turns her moans*

*Into dulcet tones,*

*And, aided by flimmery-flammery, shuddery,*

*Oh, so hippery! Oh, so uddery!*

*Wriggles,*

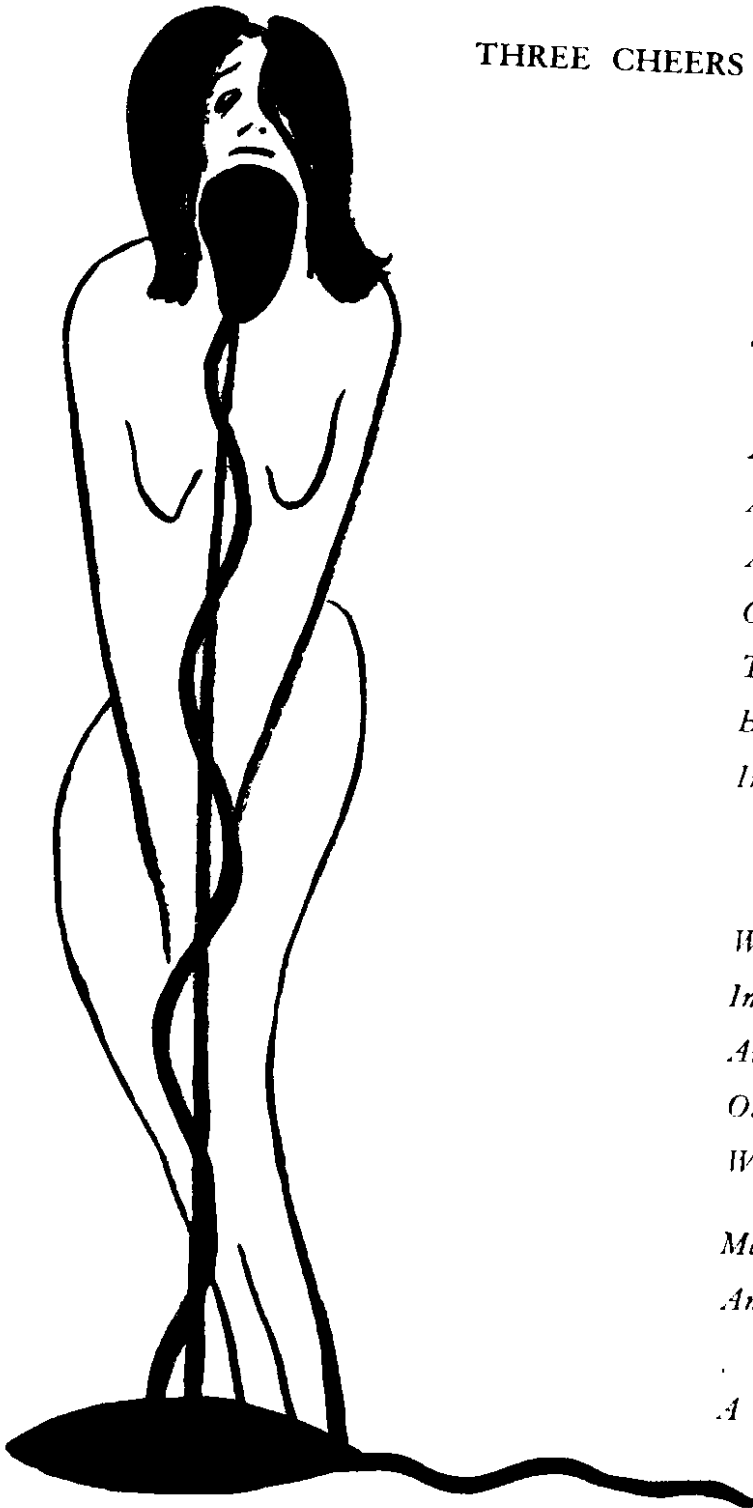
*Makes a sort of music out of nonsense,*

*And,*

*If we may make so bold as to say so,*

*A complete nonsense out of music.*

JEREMIAH.

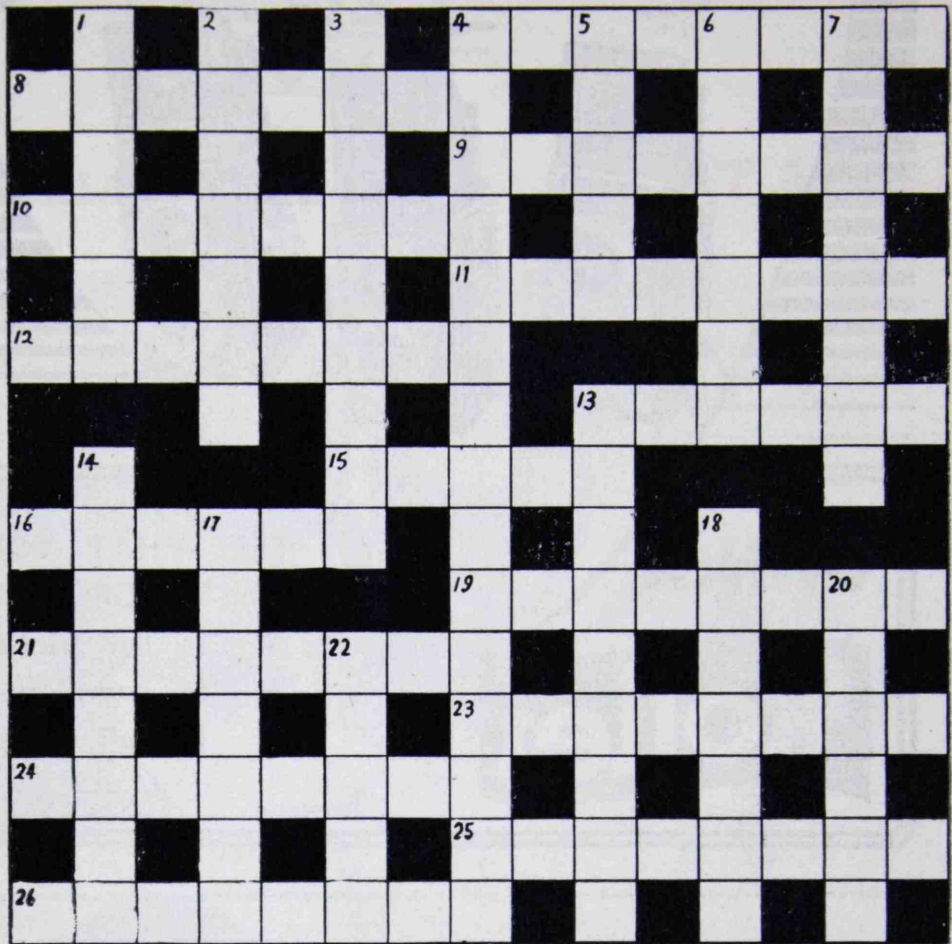


# ELIXIR PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 5

TWO PRIZES! A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

## ACROSS

- 4) These societies are a sort of mutual insurance club. (8)
- 8) Not a bad notion. (4,4)
- 9) Athletes are in this; so are medical students. (8)
- 10) He finds I am Satanic. (8)
- 11) Earth, air, fire and water. (8)
- 12) Is 10 across too harsh an epithet for this civil servant? We don't think so; not when the Income Tax Demand comes in. (8)
- 13) Sounds like the first half of an impresario, but is actually a mat for cakes. (6)
- 14) Good Christians turn this cheek to their enemies. (5)
- 16) Swiss State up the river? (6)
- 19) Come off it, Ali, answer the question. You're hiding them! (8)
- 21) Worn by prize bulls and parliamentary candidates. (8)
- 23) Sort of amphibian go-betweens. (8)
- 24) The sort of blonde who put Milan on the map? (8)
- 25) What food does to the appetite. Sausages, almost. (8)
- 26) Results of multiplying. (8)



## DOWN

- 1) Do they form the Communist Front in the dicky world? (6)
- 2) - - - - - come to judgment! yea, - - - - - ! O wise young judge, how I do honour thee! *The Merchant of Venice* (1,6)
- 3) May be of guilt; or perhaps to a cinema theatre. (9)
- 4) One puzzle that has baffled science, is how the dear old chap copes with the problem of 3 down in the case of centrally heated flats. (6,9)
- 5) I get on top of speed with angry results. (5)
- 6) Place full of dedicated women. (7)
- 7) What 23 across do as they mature. (8)
- 13) Describes the dehydrated style of some university lecturers. (3,2,4)
- 14) Singer of Christmas hymns. (8)
- 17) What we hope to be on going into hospital, —or a bar! (7)
- 18) Goggles for presbyopics. (7)
- 20) Hated, as their age increases, By their nephews and their - - - - . *Robert Louis Stevenson*. (6)
- 22) Sol-fa or in a bottle. (5)

Beginning with this issue we offer two prizes; one confined to 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 Editors of *Elixir*, c/o Department of Physiology, Hong Kong University. Books to the value of \$25 will be given to the senders of the two first correct solutions from each class opened after the closing date, February 15th, 1956.

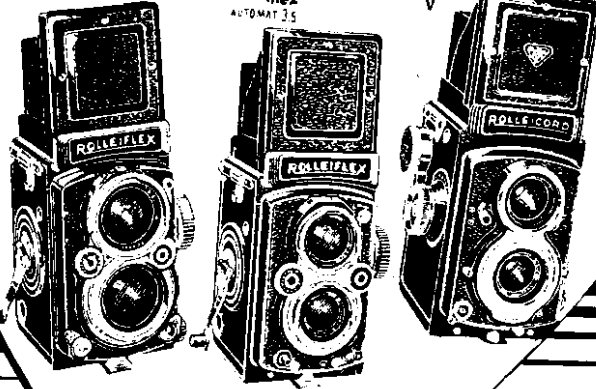


ARE YOU BURNING WITH INDIGNATION? DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD? DO YOU WANT TO START A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PROFESSORS OR THE PROPAGATION OF POPSIES? THEN BE A BIG, BOLD PRO BONO PUBLICO AND WRITE TO THE EDITOR OF *ELIXIR* ABOUT IT ALL. SEE YOUR DEAREST THOUGHTS IN GLORIOUS PRINT.

Rolleiflex  
2.8 F

Rolleiflex  
AUTOMAT 3.5

Rolleicord  
V



OWN A

**Rollei**

SEE WHAT YOU PHOTOGRAPH  
ON THE GROUND GLASS SCREEN.

- \* In full picture size.
- \* In complete detail.
- \* In full colour.

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The Spring issue of **ELIXIR** will be published during May, 1956.

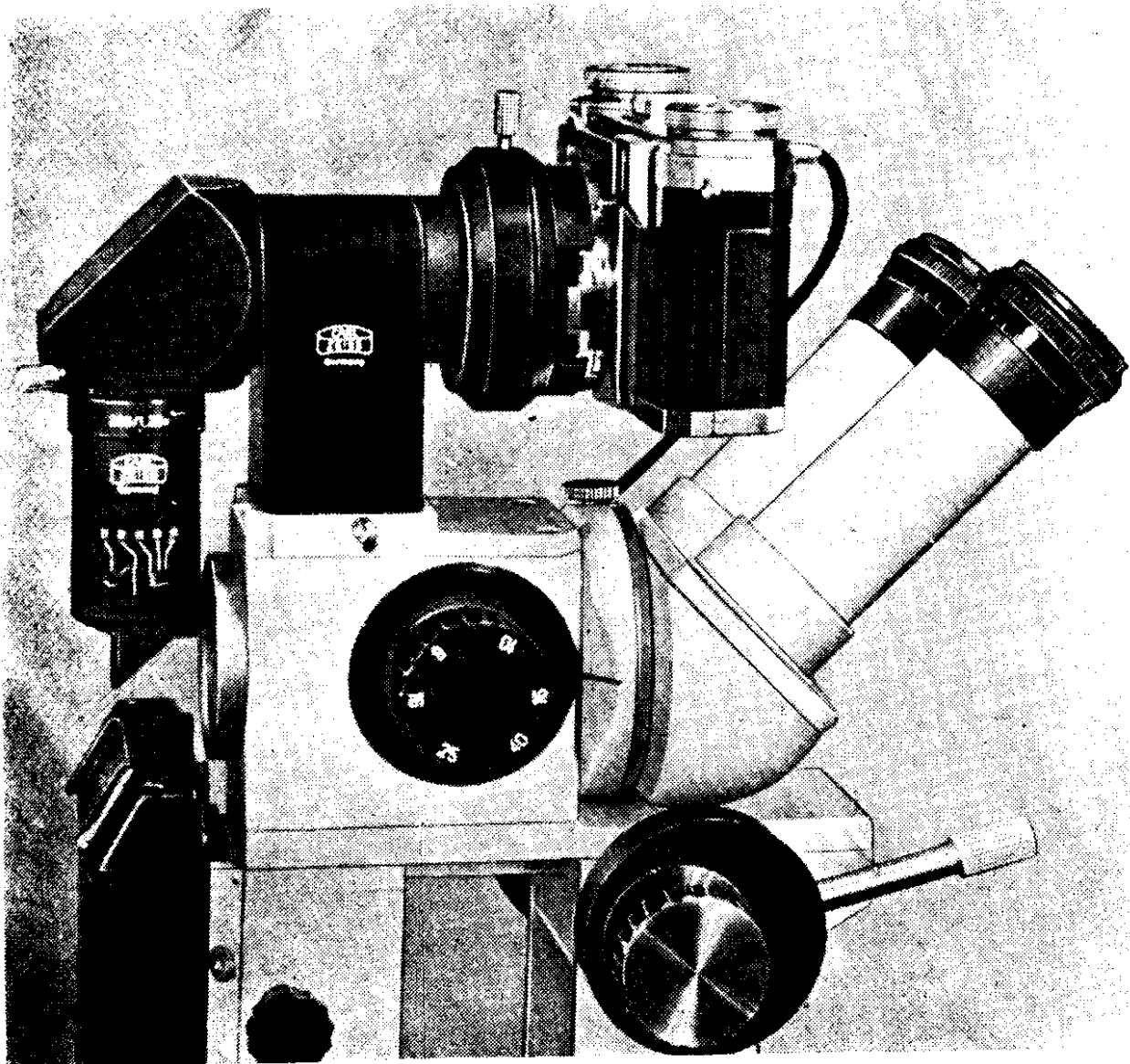
There will be a further contribution to the discussion upon a 'National' Health Service for Hong Kong; Some Impressions of Medical Education and Services in China To-day, and an article on The Problem of Capital Punishment.

Subscriptions (\$7.00 for three issues) should be sent to the Circulation Manager, Elixir, c/o Department of Physiology, Hong Kong University.





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PRONTOSIL  
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**SUPRONAL**

because of its broad bacteriostatic  
activity against

**aerobic and anaerobic**  
bacteria, and its proved efficacy  
in severe bacterial infections

tubes of 20 tablets

for parenteral and local use

**SOLU-SUPRONAL**

ampoules of 10 c.c.  
bottles of 50 c.c.

in infectious diseases of the eye

**SUPRONAL**  
**EYE OINTMENT**

tubes of 5 g.

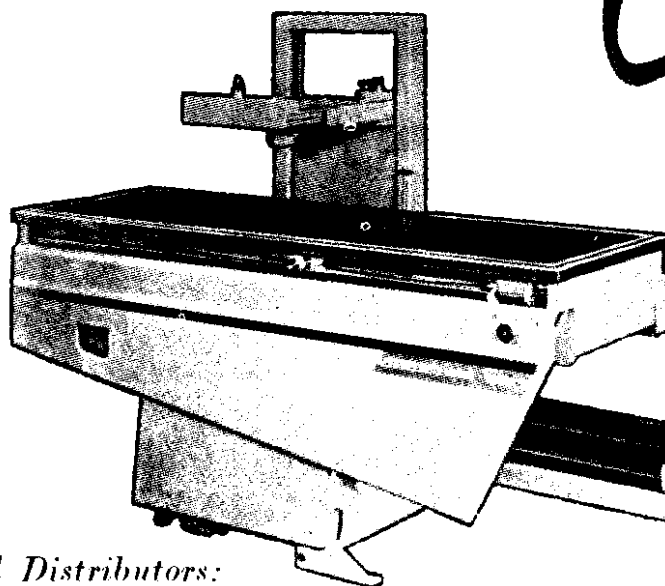
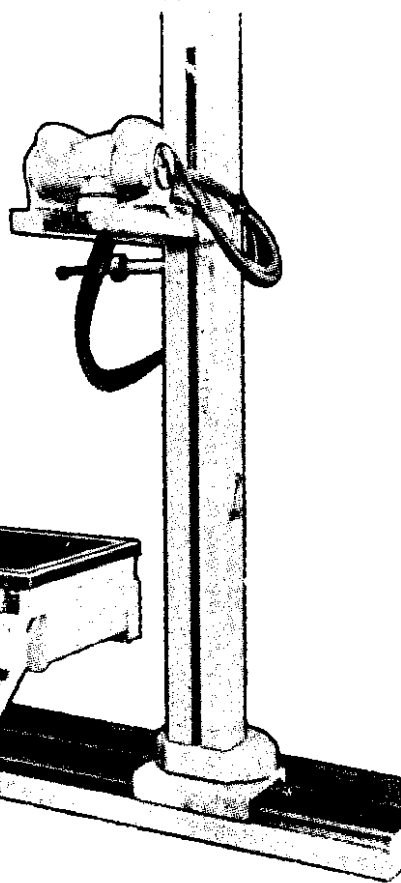
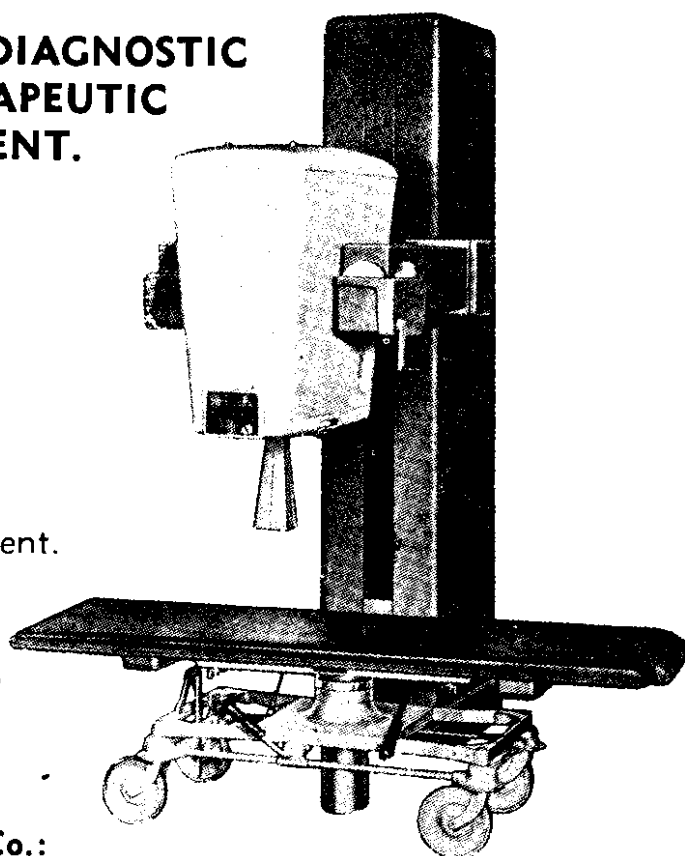




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