

# Physio mag, '75





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## TWENTY (ODD) LONG YEARS AGO

The time, 8 a.m. on a Saturday morning. Any Saturday, it doesn't matter, they all started with an 8 o'clock lecture like any other morning. What is more a minute late and you had made that sprint from the tramcar non-stop all to no avail. The lecture door was shut and that was that. Solace was then sought in meditation for the next hour on the roof which now accommodates the locker rooms at the east end of the corridor. From this roof which was the only one to be used by students (for fear that the men in Alex. might see a poppy show) an expansive view of the uninhabited hills of the Peninsula could be enjoyed. The alternative to this early morning meditation was a belated breakfast or advanced morning tea of sliced bread, butter and St George apricot jam served straight from the half-gallon tin by courtesy of the Otago Hospital Board. (Staff had bread rolls and fruit cake at Christmas time and other such notable occasions.) An early start on high damp dusting and cleaning of the apparatus was just not on. Some mean supervisor, if they were there in time to catch a late comer, would be bound to use the whirlpool bath just to dirty it again. It is surprising really that no physiotherapist has developed liver damage since cleaning the wax room and whirlpool must have caused the inhalation of copious quantities of carbon tetrachloride. By the time the lecture was over the patients were arriving and, of course, there were the wards to be "done". This was followed by the rest of the cleaning chores and linen change. Cleaning included the polishing of the contacts and terminals of every faradic battery with "brasso" as well as recovering the disc electrodes with chamois. No superficial dusting was good enough for a plinth. The ends were lifted for inspection for fear that the atmosphere might be contaminated by a particle of dust beneath the framework. In defence of Saturday morning duty the only reprieve was that of roll call. Weekdays students lined up in the corridor crocodile fashion—booted and spurred for individual inspection and roll call at the library door. Staff assembled in the library during this period and again at the Principal's office at 4.30 p.m. to sign off and exchange nocturnal valedictions. A Saturday morning duty which went according to plan would mean that students were away from the school by noon or at least 1 p.m. The next task was to return home to wash black stockings, white blouse, starch and iron brown uniforms (for juniors). Elevation to senior student status entitled students to wear white uniforms. Uniforms and blazers of course were bought by the students themselves. It was a red letter day in the history of the Students' Association when the Hospital Board actually agreed to launder students' uniforms. It was, in fact, the same year that the Health Department introduced the present bursary for students of physiotherapy. Affluent days were upon us.

While uniforms etc. may have been an expense, books were not. During the second world war and for some years following this period books on physiotherapy were virtually non-existent. Even books on subjects such as orthopaedics did not present a large selection from which to choose. To this day the writer is indebted to the first edition of Philip Wiles, which proved to be a tower of strength for passing examinations.

Prosser's Swedish Remedial Exercises and Tidy's Massage and Movement are a far cry from the numerous books published today. "Medical Electricity" was a hopelessly inadequate textbook with the result that apparatus construction was learnt exclusively from Miss E. M. Gott's printed notes. This took the form of construction notes interleaved with blank pages for diagrams to be drawn by the students—and handed in from time to time for correction.



Questions in class were not to be encouraged. This in retrospect was not as disastrous or restricting as it sounds. Students left pondering will most times take the trouble to seek the answers on their own behalf—even if it takes years. At least an enquiring if not an informed mind was developed. The New Zealand physiotherapist has always been renowned for “having a go” at anything and, what is more, succeeding. Perhaps it was this ability to seek knowledge independently that developed the capacity for self tuition.

There was not the number of staff to give students the guidance which they enjoy today. For this reason students realised that they just had to know their work. One hydrotherapy specialist can be recalled who, having been designated to keep an eye on the ultraviolet treatments, rightly insisted that all new patients should undergo a skin test. Unfortunately though with a pin and a piece of cottonwool!

Administration was simple. The responsibility of a patient receiving a clinic appointment was that of the student. What a mad rush and scramble to get to the noticeboard when the clinic list was posted. If your patient missed out on the restricted number of appointments available then they just had to wait until the next list was put up—regardless of diagnosis or prognosis.

Patients certainly got to know the maximum number of students in the minimum period of time. Having done the circuit of perhaps shortwave diathermy room, the massage room and then say the gymnasium, the patient passed through a considerable number of hands. One might not be very familiar with the patient as a whole but after six weeks or so of doing nothing but applying shortwave diathermy treatments one became very slick at setting up any permutation of technique to any part of the anatomy.

What of examinations? Once the hurdle of “six months” was over one could forget examinations until the end of the senior year when anatomy and physiology had to be taken. What a blessed relief to pass that one, otherwise it was yet another hurdle to be overcome at the end of the course when finals were held. Finals consisted of papers and practicals in massage, S.R.E., electrotherapy and actinotherapy, medical and surgical conditions and treatments by massage and movement. These examinations were conducted entirely by external examiners to preserve impartiality—even though students may be known to their examiners through subsidiary school encounters. For the final examination and the term examinations 50% was a pass mark—with the exception of “the massage term examination” held once a year (sometimes). It was marked out of a total of 40.

Discipline was strict—“write out an S.R.E. exercise seven times” was not an unusual imposition. However, a 100% pass rate had never been achieved before, nor since, the vintage year of 1951.

While these memoirs have been recalled in a somewhat facetious vein, it is not meant to knock the system unkindly. With present day sophisticated developments in education and science technology, students find it even harder to acquire that intangible quality to touch and to feel a patient. This invaluable quality which cannot be learnt from textbooks and which can only be passed on as practical skill and developed by experience, must never be lost. If every student would endeavour to use their hands, both as a second pair of eyes as well as their most useful set of tools of their trade, they should need never fear any challenge to their domains or their efficacy as practitioners. Science and art may be recorded for posterity, but skills must be handed down by direct succession.

B. D. McLEOD



## EDITORIAL

As a brief introduction to the rest of the Physio Mag 1975, let me quote that famous old, yet noteworthy adage, "Rome wasn't built in a day". With a little imagination and a lot of conviction, it seems the same is applicable to the School in general and physio students in particular. Firstly, the School structure is continuing to expand in all directions, involving more and more people in its life and beginning to spread a little beyond the popular conception of a student conveyor-belt. Three years ago the arrival of the Auckland School swelled the numbers of N.Z. physiotherapy students, and this year it is hoped that its first graduates will provide a challenge and stimulus to their southern counterparts. Next year Dunedin will complete the practical transition to Polytechnic administration, the changes it will bring being difficult to foresee at the moment, but it is obvious that the School is progressing another step towards the future. Better bursaries are almost a certainty, and anyone who is trying to manage inflation on the present bursary (which is nevertheless gratefully received) will agree that for future students it will be both a boon and an encouragement to begin or continue studies.

Secondly, an area where the School and its constituents are growing and yet still have a long way to go is the field of human relationships. By this let me hasten to add that personal relationships do not fall within the scope of the discussion—rather, the interaction and co-operation necessary for any group of people with a common purpose to function as a team who must consult, advise and trust each other in order to be efficient. The year began with the Otago-Southland Physiotherapy Trust Fund, designed and controlled by qualified staff and relying heavily on student voluntary participation for all its fund-raising activities—these have resulted in good financial returns for the fund, as well as something of a moral uplift to staff and students who, besides genuinely having a lot of fun on milk rounds, at auctions and in elderly peoples' gardens, were, in effect, taking the name of physiotherapy to the community at large and increasing public awareness of our existence. This kind of co-operation is new and different to that found in the classroom, where students' "co-operation" is usually synonymous with "conformity to syllabus requirements".

The second big breakthrough came in August with the "Bloo Revue," a variety concert aiming to include as many people who constituted "the School" as possible. For this important goal and the tremendous effort made towards achieving it, we offer grateful thanks to its initiators, organisers and participants. This brainchild did nothing if not emphasise to all present that both students and staff are capable of demonstrating to each other the creative abilities which make them true individuals (a type of expression generally repressed by the formal system under which we are required to work), yet it seemed to strengthen the integrity of the School as a unit. Surely the very basis of physiotherapy as a career is interaction with people. It is to be hoped that outlets such as the "Bloo Revue" will continue in the future—quite feasibly to aid in the maintenance of personalities rather than the emergence of technicians in physiotherapy.

Naturally there are many areas where this blissful state of co-operation and understanding still falls short—a person who tries to organise any number of students into a concerted activity is often met with the usual, almost half-expected apathy—among many other instances too numerous to mention. Are



these only our first steps towards a feeling of more unity—or is it due to failings of individuals or of the system? One could always quote, “Rome wasn’t built in a day,” and disagree with the latter—perhaps we have only just begun. In that case, let us hope that the Hanover Street “Come Alive” campaign is fostered by future students, concerned with the expansion of the School system into a total working community staffed by total people.

My grateful thanks to all those who have involved themselves with the magazine and helped make it a reality once again, and my best wishes to all those next year who will find themselves with the same tasks before them.

HELEN TROON

## DUNEDIN FINALIST REPORT

For the first time a number of finalists stayed back in Dunedin due to various commitments—mainly of the romantic kind. Along with three repeats we number 13—an unlucky number you might say.

There was uncertainty on both sides at the start of the year—students and tutor—as this was Mrs Billingham’s “trial run”.

Work began with an 8 o’clock tutorial, work in the departments until 2 o’clock, studying until 3 o’clock and tutorial until 5 o’clock or earlier if possible. Along with the usual tasks we were involved in various clinics including the orthopaedic clinic and sessions in the Plaster Room. We each spent a day with Barbara Hetherington in her private practice learning lots of unorthodox methods to store away for future years.

We were included in a nursing course in geriatrics, a fourth-year medical respiratory course and the Occupational Therapy Conference.

The highlight of the year came with a trip to Christchurch to visit the Spinal Unit and Burwood Hospital. A good time was had by all with various social activities arranged.

The class was depleted and also lost some of its arguments when Angela, Kevin and Wayne passed State Finals in May. We all wish them well in Ward 7 Wakari, Timaru and Switzerland respectively.

Socially the year started well with the weekly T.G.I.F. (Thank God It’s Friday) Club at the Bowling Green and we were soon joined by second years and first years.

The year has seen one marriage—Sarah Gudgeon to Jimmy McDonald—and the confirmation of one engagement—Alison Pomstra to Gary Schofield. Alison and Leonie marry early next year and we wish them all the best of British.

We have also started up our own bikie club in the form of Bob and Robbie and bike parts scattered all over our room have become a common sight.

Lastly but not least we would like to thank Mrs Billingham for making the best of a bad deal and hopefully getting us through the year so that we may descend on the unsuspecting hospitals elsewhere in New Zealand.

## WELLINGTON SUBSIDIARY SCHOOL

Twelve well-fed females arrived at Wellington Hospital in early January to comprise the Wellington Subsidiary School. After a too-short Christmas holiday we arrived promptly on the ascribed day for our initiation, consisting of meeting our tutor—Gail, a class photo, being shown our classroom, and (thankfully) a tour of the hospital. The following day we started work in our allocated departments. The sink-or-swim attitude was practised in most



places. For example: a list of patients and instructions to "treat," or being told on arriving at the gym at 9 o'clock to take the 9 o'clock knee class and 9.30 foot class. We soon managed to rattle up a bit of rusty Dunedin knowledge and thus survive.

Since then, most of us have enjoyed a year of learning and socialising, but not as a class, except for a smorgasbord lunch after Stage III exams. However, some notable accomplishments included a marriage and subsequent pregnancy; two engagements, three cars (so far), one motorbike and numerous weekends (plus Monday sickies) away skiing and visiting literally all over the country.

For those coming to Wellington next year, here's a brief outline of the system. We have two lectures each day, from 8-9 a.m. and 1-2 p.m. The rest of the time (except our lunch half-hour) is spent in one of the eight departments, all within the main hospital, to which we are rostered in monthly sessions. We are encouraged to attend appropriate operations and clinics.

If any of those coming here in 1976 don't know Wellington too well, be warned. The hospital is too far from town to do any shopping during lunch-time, which leaves half an hour after work before shops close. Flats in Wellington are dear, and large flats are difficult to come by. Most of our class have found themselves a good hiking distance from the hospital. Good luck!

## HAMILTON SUBSIDIARY SCHOOL

On the night of January 27, we all found ourselves occupying rooms off a dark gloomy corridor of the Nurses' Home, which was also occupied by cockroaches at shower time, rats at supper time and radiographers the remaining time.

Wondering what lay before us in the coming year, comments like "I wonder if the hemis are any different up here" were made. Therefore, next morning we made our way dubiously to the "basement," where we found the students room and our tutor.

Within a very short time we met our charge with whom we all had personal interviews—being strongly advised against marriage, we have all lived up to this so far.

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We were all rostered to our various runs which include medical, surgical, orthopaedic, intensive care and cardiovascular, paediatrics and burns, out-patients and gym. (The hemis which were encountered were found to be not unlike those previously encountered — long-term hopeless cases.) As Waikato Public Hospital covers such a large area, patients with many varying conditions are seen and treated. Because of this we have gained quite a wide range of knowledge and experience.

Further knowledge was gained by trips to specialised hospitals in Rotorua and Auckland.

Until Stage III finals the day consisted of 2½ hours of lectures with the rest of the time spent at clinics, operations, conferences and treating patients.

Hamilton offers long summers, short winters and many escape routes for weekends away as the social life of Hamilton is sadly lacking.

However, physio-wise we have all gained vast practical experience and found the year most valuable.

## **THE LOOK, FEEL MOVE AN ASSESSMENT FROM CHRISTCHURCH**

**NAME:**

Sixteen Physiotherapy Students.

**ADDRESS:**

Christchurch Public Hospital.

**UNDER CARE OF:**

Mrs Vintiner.

**DOCTOR:**

As yet, none attached.

**DIAGNOSIS:**

Chronic Verbatum Multiplex Congenita.

**HISTORY:**

Little relevant, but are known to have previously roamed Dunedin hospitals.

**OBSERVATION:**

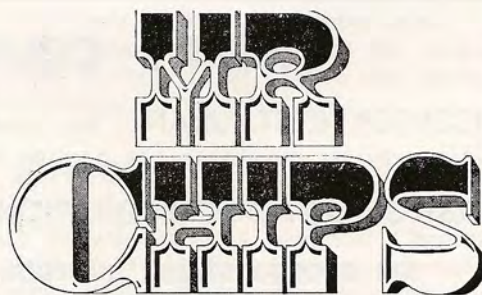
About 16 odd bods appeared from nowhere. Found packed in a room 20ft by 15ft (alias the staff room).

**PALPATION:**

Depends on the individual. Some spots tender and ticklish, others, well . . .

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**MEASUREMENTS:**

A trip around the block and up a few flights of stairs, left us standing waiting for our amazing new uniforms. One standard below-knee length was used (for measuring purposes only we were told). They also added on two inches for the starch! Cries of "My sleeve's stuck" and "no need for coathangers" were heard as we donned these garments.

**MOVEMENT:**

Varied according to the amount of licorice bought at the Antigua Store.

**AIMS:**

1. To get rich quick.
2. To pass state finals.
3. To increase exercise tolerance.
4. To relieve tension.
5. To educate for activities of daily living.

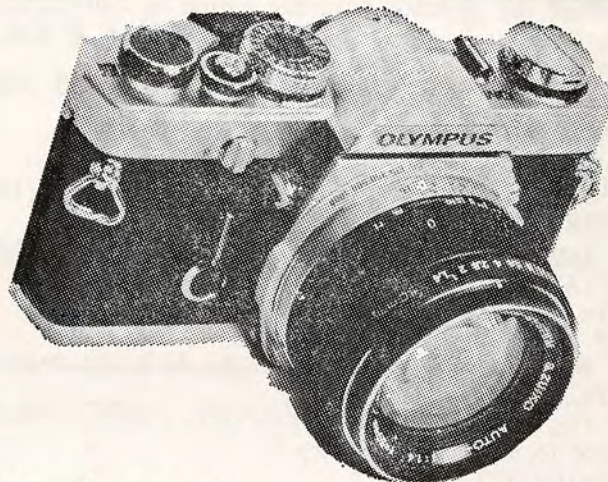
**MEANS:**

1. "Neat, it's pay day today, but it's spent already."
2. Weekly tests—"What's today? Oh, Thursday; good heavens it's the test; what's it on this time?"
3. A daily 200yd stroll, 250 if the Antigua store is on the list.
4. A trip across the road.
5. "You know all your positions, I hope you're using them."

**TREATMENT:**

Introductions over sticky jam biscuits and coffee, put hopes on our horizons

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(we can now no longer see our feet). Our first task was to find 'Santa's Boots'. We found an antiquated drafty hospital that would take the hat for warmth and waterproofness. Many a time bowls and sheets were seen decorating the wet floor providing an excellent functional obstacle course for the arthritic patient. Machines belonging to Alias Smith and Jones are used, some effective, others, well maybe for sentimental values. "We know the power supply is intact, because my pilot light comes on." "When the light goes off, you know my valves have warmed up."

#### AN AVERAGE DAY:

The Wilder ones arrive in a whirlwind with the usual "whose uniform may I borrow". A massive tornado stirs up our 15ft x 7ft room furnished with 15 lockers, one table, a chest of drawers, seven chairs and a wardrobe. A new discovery unknown before is our remarkable talent for green fingers. We have a most impressive blue ribbon fungating mass on our wall.

We work till 11.30, then to class where we discover the ins and outs of physio. "Sue's had it done on her, and she thinks it's really good." Nicki knows, "she can get it among her classmates." Jan's way "it's always easy". Then, "OK, clothes on and back to the middle, it's time to go".

Lunch followed by another class at 3.30. Sandy explains before we come out here we do some work on the bed in out-patients. She is backed by Nicki who admits, "he was frightfully sporty". Mary asks, "Mr Chamberlain, could you come and instruct me, please?" John must be in demand, "didn't I do it on you before?" questions Robin. But Mr Aldridge is assured by Mrs Vintiner, "you're nice and tall, you should be able to handle anybody". Too true, Jane comments. "He's got that naughty but nice glint in his eye." The proof of the pudding is in the eating as Jim hands Nicki seven dollars and says, "it was worth it".

#### DISEASES SUFFERED:

- Dunedalgia.
- Eccymosis Subocculi.
- Lipidoedema Glutei.
- Hyperemesis Gravidarium d'Hotel.

#### WHERE TO GO:

"You'd better stay behind after class, Miss Cannon," Mr Aldridge says.

#### SOCIALLY:

We win a few, lose a few.

#### POP THE ?:

"What have we here, done in the dark, something on the top," Mrs V.

#### EXPLANATION?:

"The erythema should not be on my face, Mr Aldridge. Please direct your glance to my thighs." Mary P.

#### SUGGESTED WE:

"Try pushing treacle around your blood stream, and see how you feel—a sticky problem."

#### THE ANSWER:

"For the patient with back ache, suggest an uplift, tell them to buy a new bra; or for the men, a pair of coloured jocks."

#### ACHIEVEMENTS:

Two parking tickets in one day.

Jim expounding neurology to a doctor (whom he later found out was a neurologist).



Breaking the four-minute mile to catch the eight o'clock transport, and there becoming part of the town milk cum postal delivery service.

**QUOTES:**

"I can do anything with a good man and a gas welder." Clair B.

"You've got that been-up-to look in your eye." Clair B.

Nu, about to be handled by Mary: "This is the way Bob wins me."

"I'm always getting it from John." Smile, Jenny T.

"If you want it Greg, you've only got to ask." Jenny L.

"I can feel your body moving, but you're not quite clearing the bed." Linda.

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## FIRST YEAR REPORT

We followed the tradition by starting in March, and coming from all over the country, to assemble in Classroom A for the formal introductions. Grand total: 70 females, seven males.

The first week was a form of orientation. We found out where morning tea was served and the location of the nearest pubs. Time was also spent with mad hassles over procuring as many textbooks as one could lay hands on. The seniors (our "mummies") helped a lot with such problems. An insight to the more enlightening and sordid aspects of physio life and lectures was delivered at an informal dinner put on by our senior adviser. These were most enjoyable and informative.

A get-together for us first-years (to informally greet each other) was held early in the year with suitable refreshments. Thereafter work was piled on and thoughts of a quiet year were banished. Eight o'clock lectures started the day and we carried on to 4 o'clock each day, relieved by a study or two hours for lunch (some days). Those saddled with physics continued till later on.

As the rugby season began, we organised a male v. female game. This was played on a Sunday afternoon, and was a mighty success. The result, a draw. Afterwards any mud which may have accumulated in the throat was washed away.

After the shock of first-term exams soon after the May holidays, the Physiotherapy Ball was held. This was "good fun and games night," culminating with a tremendous supper made in part by our very own senior students. For some keen ones it was champagne for breakfast at 7 a.m. (yawn). An earlier physio success was the Med-Physio bash held early in the first term, when pouring rain did little to dampen the spirits of those dancing the night away at Logan Park scrum rooms.

The 1975 first-years are an interesting lot. Among their "variety of stimulating pastimes" are rugby, cricket, athletics, netball, basketball, badminton, squash, skiing, riding, tennis, tramping, dancing, 500, water pistol fights and other dubious interests.

With the final exams drawing near, most are thinking a lot, but I deem the year a good one for most and one of new experience for all. Meanwhile, back to the swot.

TONY SNELL

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## SWIMMING REPORT

"Come along and join the splash" was the theme for this year's O.H.B. swimming sports, and fortunately many did. Once again held in the physiotherapy swimming pool, the sports commenced with a reasonable number of entries representing most hospital departments, after the usual printed and verbal persuasion from the organisers.

The verbal participants added to the noise of shrieks and splashes, and one and a-half hours were happily spent, finishing about 9 p.m. with supper. Consternation prevailed and many swimmers joined in a successful search on the pool's bottom when "somebody's" wedding ring slipped off during a staff-student relay. Another highlight was the diving competition in which the sense of humour of most participants provided much hilarity for all observers.

Mrs D. Fraser (chairman of the O.H.B.) presented the shield (to the physio school) and the three cups, all of which went to physio students. Our numbers dominated by far and it would be nice to see a more even representation of other hospital departments at future swimming meets.

A. MACFARLANE

## NETBALL REPORT

PHYSIOTHERAPY A: Tia Ben, Sue Davis, Leonie Verran, Robyn Buddicom, Philippa Dobbie, Chris Gibb, Jan Murray, Dianne Foote.

PHYSIOTHERAPY B: Hilary White, Wendy Eyles, Ngaire Ward, Louise Delaney, Tricia Smith, Nicola Derrett, Virginia Wright, Evelyn Dineen, Sue Grant, Chris Lees.

The enthusiasm generated by the netball team formed last year resulted in two teams being entered in the local competition this year, thanks mainly to the response by the first-year students. Both teams were placed in the second grade—the A's in Section One and the B's in Section Three.

Once again we were very fortunate that Rachel Craig (an Otago and N.Z. rep.) was willing to give up some of her time to coach us, and this was very much appreciated by us all. Both teams enjoyed their games, however, fortunes were mixed. The A's won all their games except for three losses to the same team, St Phil's B1, the winners of the competition. The B's won about half of their games with some very close scores recorded. Keep it up next year.

SUE DAVIS

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## HOCKEY REPORT

We began the season with a fine all-out effort and even managed to get our name in the paper as a result of being clad in our smart new uniforms. We played in Section One of Senior Reserve and, although we failed to get a placing, we certainly made some impression (even if it was only a skid mark on a slippery field!). Most of the time the greatest opposition was the weather—innumerable games were cancelled or shortened. We well remember having to stop a game when it was hailing, a bare three degrees and we could no longer hold the sticks because of the cold. However, all in all, everyone has enjoyed two seasons and it was well worthwhile getting a team together.

The team was: Lesley Seed, Linda Becker, Fran Willis, Karen Wilson, Sue Greer, Judi Wake, Sally McGregor, Linda Glover, Louise Stringer, Catrina Goodson, Leanne Davies.

LESLEY SPEED

## HANOVER ST HITS BROADWAY

Hey ho for the Bloo Review, and after weeks of no-action, no-ideas and seemingly little enthusiasm, the Review burst forth on August 6, a well-rehearsed masterpiece of entertainment and showmanship, that could well qualify for an academy award or two.

From Mrs Doc's caterwaul . . . er . . . singing—to our principal's cavorting, from the glamour and glitter of the cabaret to the—words fail me—of Fizzio School and from the various group efforts to the solo attempts—it was a great success and very much enjoyed by all who attended.

We encompassed the world—dances from Tonga and Samoa, Indian saris, and references to the backblocks of Birmingham. Physio in the Forties sent us rolling over the floor with laughter as our senior lecturers attempted to analyse the muscle work of the most fantastic contortions ever devised. (Doesn't seem to have changed much!!). As a final skit, guaranteed to break the camel's back (with laughter) was a take-off of one of our lecturers taking a class of pelvic faradism.

Holding this crew together, working hard behind the scenes, organising and encouraging, was the inestimable Mrs Docherty. She put a lot of effort and time into the production and a large part of its success must be attributed to her. Thanks also to all those who participated and made the evening so enjoyable.

R. MILLER

ALAS POOR  
YORICK,  
WE KNOW HIM  
WELL





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## HANOVER ST HITS BROADWAY

Hey ho for the Bloo Review, and after weeks of no-action, no-ideas and seemingly little enthusiasm, the Review burst forth on August 6, a well-rehearsed masterpiece of entertainment and showmanship, that could well qualify for an academy award or two.

From Mrs Doc's caterwaul . . . er . . . singing—to our principal's cavorting, from the glamour and glitter of the cabaret to the—words fail me—of Fizzio School and from the various group efforts to the solo attempts—it was a great success and very much enjoyed by all who attended.

We encompassed the world—dances from Tonga and Samoa, Indian saris, and references to the backblocks of Birmingham. Physio in the Forties sent us rolling over the floor with laughter as our senior lecturers attempted to analyse the muscle work of the most fantastic contortions ever devised. (Doesn't seem to have changed much!!). As a final skit, guaranteed to break the camel's back (with laughter) was a take-off of one of our lecturers taking a class of pelvic faradism.

Holding this crew together, working hard behind the scenes, organising and encouraging, was the inestimable Mrs Docherty. She put a lot of effort and time into the production and a large part of its success must be attributed to her. Thanks also to all those who participated and made the evening so enjoyable.

R. MILLER

ALAS POOR  
YORICK,  
WE KNOW HIM  
WELL





## TRILOGY

The memory of a loss is not lost.  
A burning log in time, from it were countless tunnelled paths  
But it being glowing embers in part  
Revealed silhouetted plastic forms—  
Slaters, suntanned from the warm.  
Cadaverous trunks propelled on desperate limbs  
All knowing that now their time with life was suddenly wiped—Fate had inter-  
vened.

For what can an insect perceive?

Clearly panic siezed their spunk  
Activated fully their instinct to survive  
All but one, stilled and calm,  
Stumbled irrationally to their end.  
The narrator beheld this. Decisive yet perturbed,  
His task to upset the balance of nature.  
Now the log leans—  
The force supplied by he—  
No lifelike evidence remains; they were delivered to the expectant red coals.  
Yet now their death is acceptable.  
Two green sycamores damp, covered with dew.  
An alien pair of white feet seen on rich pine-covered soil  
Steaming breath caught in a cool current  
Established life here neither forbidding nor welcoming.

**FOR MEAT**

**that is a treat to eat**

**SHOP MMM**

**21 FREDERICK STREET.**



Death: decay contrasting life  
So many obscure wonders about:  
    the dampness chills interfered light paths  
    bending life forms lean towards shadowless brightness.

How green the living.  
Sounds satiating, bringing contentment; following, following the only path down.  
The horizon; the infinite distance where the sky tucks under our mattress.  
The sky; our eiderdown, for in the world it covers and warms us all.  
A spacious environment to roll and form embryonic curls.  
The light inside, guides us through the facets of time.  
We are but the ants inside the mound of eiderdown  
Always, but never preoccupied.  
We; without, with all, distractedly seek peace  
An infinite quantity of quality.

CATHERINE ELLIS

### ST MAG'S VERSUS "THE PHYSIOS"

Nine of the 74 new physios braved the walls of St Mag's for 1975. Brenda and Trisha were found on R.C. floor with a wall between them to stop future arguments. Judy was on C floor, well away from the others due to her misleading influences. Jill and Sue-Ellen roomed together on R.A. floor, suiting each other well—bespectacled, hardworking, conscientious with a few mad moments intervening. Chris and Marg were next along the floor and were the social pair of the nine—as a result, becoming very conversant with the warden. Jenny and Anne, the shorties, were also on R.A. floor. They helped Mary and Chris make "the physios" popular with the warden.



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A typical day at St Mags begins with the shrill ring of the alarms at 6.45 a.m. shaking the foundations. Seven o'clock is shower time (the signal for a race), followed by breakfast, a hurried affair with departure times from 7.30 to 8 a.m. At 9 o'clock we come to for roll call.

Tea and bikkies at ten are eagerly awaited by the St Mags girls, due to dietary insufficiency. As lunch is not supplied we all buy our own—ranging from an apple to a three-course meal at the Savoy. Others make the effort to cook their own, congratulations going to Jill who finally boiled an egg properly.

Between 5 and 6 p.m. there is a gruelling hour of waiting spent in the room opposite the dining room with other rumbling physio tummies. We are in and out of the dining room within six minutes—seems hardly worth the wait! After supplementary coffee in our various floor kitchens there are study hours from 7 till 9 p.m. This is the signal for physios to let others know they are there, by such activities as TV goggling, card gambling, daily rounds of the library (anyone I know?), wine tasting parties, cold baths and gossip sessions in the kitchens (the last few are not really recommended!).

#### ADVICE TO FUTURE ST MAG'S SUFFERERS

1. Remember your key—saves a mad scramble up the fire escape at 4 a.m.
2. Ensure your visitors leave at 10.45 p.m.—can be embarrassing explaining why they're still there at 2 a.m.
3. Keep noise level low and avoid expulsion by *not* reading Gray's Anatomy aloud.
4. No physical exercises inside—if you were as old at St Mag's you'd crumble too.
5. Don't sing outside in the early hours of the morning—K.J. (warden) won't appreciate your serenading.
6. Don't wear your dressing gown to breakfast unless you didn't want to eat anyway.

Hope we haven't put you off—all in all it's been a good year. We've had a lot of fun and made lots of friends.

## ANNA TOMICAL











WILL TAYLOR



## TOO FEW OF US

This poem was written as a sequel to that published in last year's magazine, "The Crabbit Old Woman," which tells of the loneliness so often encountered in a busy hospital by patients, especially the elderly and dying.

### A NURSE REPLIES

What do we see, you ask, what do we see?  
Yes we are thinking when looking at thee.  
We may seem to be hard when we hurry and fuss,  
But there's many of you, and too few of us.  
We would like far more time to sit by you and talk,  
To bath you and feed you and help you to walk;  
To hear of your lives and the things you have done;  
Your childhood, your husband, your daughter, your son.  
But time is against us, there's too much to do—  
Patients too many, and nurses too few.  
We grieve when we see you so sad and alone,  
With nobody near you, no friends of your own;  
We feel all your pain, and know of your fear  
That nobody cares now your end is near.  
But nurses are people with feelings as well,  
And when we're together you'll often hear told  
Of the dearest old Gran in the very end bed  
And the lovely old Dad, and the things that he said;  
We speak with compassion and love, and feel sad  
When we think of your lives and the joy that you've had;  
When the time has arrived for you to depart  
You leave us behind with an ache in our heart.  
When you sleep the long sleep, no more worry or care,  
There are other old people, and we must be there.  
So please understand if we hurry and fuss—  
There are many of you, and too few of us.

### IS THIS YOU?

Then I was inspired  
Now I'm sad and tired  
After all I've tried for three years  
Seems like thirty  
Why then am I  
Scared to finish  
What I started!

—JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

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## STUDENT LIFE

Physio's our occupation  
And with great anticipation  
We await congratulation  
For the year gone by.  
We toil and sweat the whole year through  
Attempting physio work do  
And even when we're feeling blue  
Our patients get a smile.  
But like all things it's not without  
The happy times of laugh and shout  
Pam Russell's class we all yell out  
To help the time pass by.  
So think with due consideration  
On this piece of grand oration  
Of all the possible elation  
If physio you try.

A. MACFARLANE

## ODE TO A LAME LECTURER

On crutches Mr Krause  
Truly looked a sight,  
His lance tucked under one arm,  
The picture of a knight.  
"Charge," came the cry—  
Alas, no trumpets echoed  
Only "what?" and "why?"  
With his faithful lance raised upwards to the slide.

ANON (1ST YEAR)

## A GUIDE TO BOD. ROOM ANATOMY

The human body consists of two parts, the inside and the outside. The outside has a right side, a wrong side, a good side and a bad side. To dissect the inside you cut through the outside and, inside the outside, you find the inside of the outside. Obviously, inside the inside we find the insides, which consist of two parts, the outside of the insides and the insides of the insides.

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Furthermore, to dissect the insides you cut through the outside of the insides, and inside the outside of the insides you come to the inside of the insides. The inside of the insides may be hollow or not. If it is a hollow, it is not really part of the body and may be said to be outside the inside of the insides; while if it is not hollow it has no true inside, but is all part of the inside of the outside of the insides, which are (by and large) inside the outside of the human body.

Finally (in point of fact), if you try to get this into your topside, you will be outside on your backside.

### **THEY SAID IT (or WHAT NOT TO SAY WHEN YOU'RE A TEACHER, IN CASE YOUR STUDENTS WRITE IT DOWN)**

*Mr Kircher:* "Careful not to get the spring caught in a hairy man's legs; oops! a man's hairy legs."

*Mr Mirkin:* "A fair fat flabby fertile female of forty."

*Mrs Mosley:* "I quite like this little brain here . . ."

*Mr Hornibrook:* (Favourite Sayings): "In . . . farc . . . tion." "—gunk."

*Mr Darcy:* (Favourite Sayings): "Clear as mud." "He snuffed it." "Not much chop for this patient."

*Mr Kircher* (again): "Can I have your legs please?"

*Miss McLeod:* "I'll have to laugh first and then you'll know I'm making a joke."

*Mrs Mosley:* "You have to put in about 10 hours to get a C; you have to put in about 20 hours to get a C plus; to get an A you need to put in . . . it's almost not worth it, is it?"

*Mrs Wilson:* "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, wake up everyone."



## **JEANS SHOP**

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*Miss Russell* (on people's bone structure): "Miss Satterthwaite hasn't got a very obvious one has she?"

*Miss Satterthwaite*: "Always think of the bed as a mechanical situation one way or another."

*Miss Wood*: "You don't mind if we talk in front of you do you?" (Hemiplegic patient: "No—I'm a bit deaf anyway.") "Good."

*Miss Wood* (again): "Some people never listen."

*Mr Mirkin*: "You must gauge whether it is real pain or whether they are just excruciating people."

*Mrs Wilson*: "I'm going to be accused of speaking to you about sex and politics and betting in a minute; now stop it!"

*Miss Russell* (on side sitting): "Mr Cotton couldn't even get *into* it."

*Mrs Little* (on the female breast): "A souped-up sweat gland and a lot of fat."

*Mr Weedon* (demonstrating cardiac massage on a female student): "I don't want to squash your rosebuds."

*Miss Russell* (demonstrating uncanny faux pas ability): "Has anybody got one of those Thrust things? . . . What about Mr Windle? . . . I want to have a look at it . . . But you had it when I saw you in the department the other day! . . . Of *course* I mean the Med. School magazine!!"

*Overheard* (following heavy lecture on the skull): "If med. students had lectures like us they would be qualified in six months."

## THE EARLY LECTURE

8 o'clock it gets me down  
All the physios hit the town  
Not to paint it red  
Yawning straight from bed.  
They fall from buses, trains and gutters  
Up the stairs . . . "Mutter, mutter, mutter!!"

Anon. (1st year)

*... always a groove ahead*

*catch us if you can ...*

**EMI RECORDS**

**261 GEORGE STREET**



## THE WAKARI REPORT

(*Sordid details of life in "The Home" by The Inmates.*)

Giddy! Don't be surprised if you are not reading this, because it was due in last week.

As the violins serenade in the background, we tenderly bring to remembrance those happy days past. Wakari food threw us together; and it didn't take long for us to throw it back. Do you blame us? . . . crumbed gristle (alias chop); urinated, oops, marinated steak; viscid spud (supply your own straw); silver beet stalks . . . thank goodness for toast, crackers and birthdays.

Birthdays were heralded as an excuse for some *real* food. During the year the menu included bacon and egg pie, jelly sponge, fruit salad, icecream, and (wait for it) PIKELETS. Marion's big birthday treat consisted of candle wax,  $\frac{1}{2}$ " of curdle cream, raspberry jam and a soggy excuse for a pikelet — thus we were the inventors of the Soggy Pikelet Syndrome.

Talking of food, apple-pieing beds (amongst other things), is a favourite pastime. Because of Vaseline coated on jandals, emptying rooms of furniture, pepper in tissue boxes, sewing up of knickers, curtains and nighties, people lurking in wardrobes and alarm clocks set underneath beds, locking of doors became essential. Because this precaution was taken, Operation Masterkey naturally came into effect.

Meanwhile, back in the corridor, warfare "rained". As water flowed under the door, marmalade flew onto the door handles.

The early hours of the morning were found to be the best time for games of cards, stimulating conversation, raiding other floors for food and sewing for those special occasions — physio ball and net ball.

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The Wakari girls were not to go unclad this winter. Approximately thirty-seven knitted and twenty-five sewn articles were made, including socks, rugs, shawls, bags, hats and Ugg boots.

Clothing needed to be warm and conspicuous to brace ourselves against the physical elements that were experienced on our trek down Taieri Road each morning. With elbows extended, shoulders and thumbs abducted, we charmed the locals into giving us much-appreciated rides to Physio. With lack of money persisting, the Hitching Syndrome persisted into the holidays, when a few of us chanced lifts around the countryside.

At the end of the second term, preparation was made for a series of items for our contribution to the Bloo Review. Five weeks of hilarious non-decision, followed by two hours of practice, helped to lengthen the night's programme and make for a good evening's entertainment.

Mention must be made at this stage of the Sunday evenings enjoyed at Miss Hayward's; and these extended our feeding habits and provided a sympathetic ear to all the tales of woe ("sob! sob!").

As the aforesaid violin begins to fade into oblivion so does our story!

There's a hundred and one things we'd like to recall,

But with limited paper, we can't write them all.

Did you read this? What are ya?!!

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## WAKARI GIRLS' FAVOURITE SAYINGS AND PROBABLE DESTINIES

KAREN:

FS—"I'm never late." "Well I'm going 10-no trumps . . . no, I *know* I haven't got the joker."

PD—Crumpet connoisseur.

RHONDA:

FS—"You haven't heard of Waikuku? Hmm, Hmm."

PD—Transcendental medicator.

SANDRA:

FS—"I can't come, I've got netball, basketball, squash, running . . ."

PD—Reserve orange-girl for New Zealand under-14s.

BRONWYN:

FS—"Who did it? Who short-sheeted my bed? Sally MacGregor!"

PD—First flautist in New Zealand Orchestra.

LOUISE, S:

FS—"Back home in Mossbur-r-r-rn."

PD—Carrington Warden.

MAREE:

FS—"Squash you *fool!*" "Stupid MacGregor."

PD—Secretary O.R.F.U.

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SUE:

FS—"And for dessert, spongy puds."

PD—Carrot Queen . . . chomp! chomp!

SALLY:

FS—"Stupid Clack!! Fancy knitting an aran jersey!" "I'm not hitching with anyone else."

PD—Looking after her father.

MARION:

FS—"Come on you fellas!"

PD—Overlocking black singlets.

LESLEY:

FS—"What? What-d ya say — morning already??"

PD—Head card waiter Montecarlo casino.

INGRID:

FS—"I got this beautiful material today — it was only \$20 a metre."

PD—Tee shirt modeller.

TUI:

FS—"Well . . . could I borrow this afternoon's treatments notes, this morning's kinesiology; and yesterday's electro. Oh and while you're at it, last month's anatomy."

PD—Dolly-bored.

JETJE:

FS—"Only four letters today from Roy."

PD—Roy-al Jester.

WENDY:

FS—"It's seven-thirty, canteen time." "What's *wrong* with my hair."

PD—Painting misseyles green.

NICOLA:

FS—"Has anyone seen my frog? Who's got my fro-og?" "You go on, I'll catch you up."

PD—V-Dub Nicker.

JANE:

FS—"I'm on a diet . . . when it suits me!"

PD—Sewing buttons on M.O.W. coats.

MARGARET:

FS—"Me?" I've been down in the sewing room."

PD—Raccoon raiser.

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LOU, D.:

FS—"I want to suck your blood! You piker."

PD—Wooden spoon collector.

PIP:

FS—"Oh! for goodness sake! What have you done now!"

PD—President of Society for Prevention of Freckles.

MARJA:

FS—"Oh, I'll *never* pass."

PD—Homing pigeon.

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT, 1975

This year has been a fairly full one as far as students' activities have been concerned. There have been many activities which aided the physiotherapy trust fund towards their goal, others being social and sporting.

1975 has been a year of change and preparation, having 10 finalists at Dunedin, and a large junior class of seventy-seven, including eight males. This at times has caused great congestion in the common room.

The year started with the traditional afternoon tea for juniors, flat dinners and the like, following on with the med-physio bash etc.

The sporting highlight of the year was the rugby game between male and female physios at Logan Park. Perhaps the result was predictable in being a draw? ?

The physiotherapy trust fund has involved the students in many fund-raising activities, the first being the distribution of pamphlets for the annual Steptoe Auction. I am sure the milkmen enjoyed the company. Students also helped collect the goods for the auction. Two major raffles have been held with the aid of students selling many tickets.

The ball this year was a major success, being run quite inexpensively. Many thanks to the committee for their marvellous organisation of the supper as well as other arrangements for the evening.

As everybody knows, the official changeover of the Polytech is at the beginning of the '76-year. Many changes will be encountered including the new tertiary bursary and bonding systems. Students possibly will be more affluent next year.

Overall, this year has run very smoothly thanks to the executive and good staff-student relations.

GERALD WINDLE

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## A PUZZLE

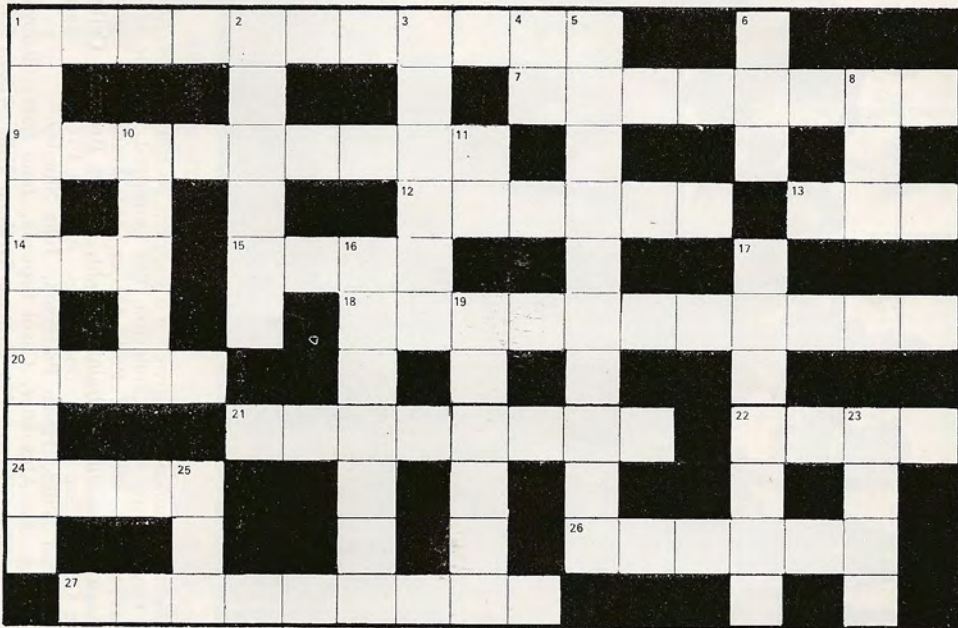
*For the keen physio. Try to work it out during your summer holidays.*

### ACROSS

1. A tight . . . grip on the knee.
7. Hangs.
9. Splits in two.
12. Referring to a chamber (of the heart).
13. Necessary for lots of energy.
14. Small important red object found in body.
15. A physio is a woman of . . .
18. Compassionate.
20. Protuberance on body.
21. Constantly moving.
22. All over you.
24. What leaves you when using energy.
26. A bit of brain.
27. This hormone regulates your carbohydrates!

### DOWN

1. These affect your balance.
2. Joke-loving orthopaedic surgeon.
3. Nasty cramp found in faradism classes.
4. You're OK with . . .
5. Money-begging action.
6. Fiery.
8. Check your legs for this.
10. Monday morning difficulty regarding blackboard.
11. Monsieur . . . Madame.
16. Movement in and out of a membrane.
17. Breathe (heavily).
19. Useful thing in a muscle.
23. A round, circular or generally ovoid shape.
25. . . . and feathers, or you could have it in a bath.



## Answers

ACROSS.—1 Ligamentous, 7 Suspends, 9 Bifurcates, 12 Atrial, 13 ATP, 14 RBC, 15 Iron, 18 Sympathetic, 20 Nose, 21 Isotonic, 22 Pore, 24 Heat, 26 Neuron, 27 Cortisone.

DOWN.—1 Labyrinths, 2 Mirkin, 3 Tetany, 4 Us, 5 Supination, 6 Red, 8 DVT, 10 Focus, 11 Et, 16 Osmosis, 17 Respire, 19 Myosin, 23 Ring, 25 Tar.





#### 1975 SENIORS

*Back Row:* Kitty Mensen, Joanne Gardyne, Yo Palmer, Robyn Miller, Anne Hewetson, Annabelle Nolan, Chris Nelson, Jan Scott, Judy Smith, Kaye Maxted, Sally Johnston, Pip Langsford, Ainslie McFarlane.

*Third Row:* Louella Thomsen, Tia Ben, Berta Meijer, Jane Hunt, Sue Fanselow, Lynn McLean, Susie Battersby, Angela Sorrell, Stephanie Tough, Chris Gibb, Virginia Wright, Glenys Browne, Cathy Moller.

*Second Row:* Esme Collins, Sue Greer, Sue Davis, Annette Freeman, Margaret Smith, Dianne Foote, Pam Finn, Claire Rodger, Ngaire Ward, Fran Willis, Helen Patterson, Julia Shapley.

*Front Row:* Ruth Young, Sue Alexander, Carol Brownie, Jane Latty, Robyn Sinclair, Lesley Seed, Helen Troon.

*Absent:* Donna Butler, Sally Gillgren, Pip Grimes, Graham Hill, Aileen Jefferis, Juliet Moss, Carol Nash, Lee Nicholls, Jill Taylor, Jane Williams, Gerard Windle.





## 1975 JUNIORS

*Back Row:* Susan Drain, Margaret Waldron, Sally de Lautour, Ingrid Tibbe, Sandra Stowell, Marja Hoogveld, Pieta Valentine, Nick O'Neill, Mark Bracewell, Leith Brown, Lawrence Cotton, Chris Lees, Margaret Jamieson, Jill Glasgow, Brenda McMillan, Judith Wake, Jill Tozer, Jenny Curtis.

*Third Row:* Jullian Rowe, Gail Smith, Stephanie Harper, Patricia Smith, Jane Gardner, Helen McDonald, Ros Brown, Sue Speight, Rowan Murie, Katrina Milicich, Sue Grant, Vivien Tunnage, Patricia Herron, Jane Miller, Janet Haslam, Joanna Wilson, Jane Brons, Catherine Ellis.

*Second Row:* Penny Wilson, Bev Anderson, Marion Livingston, Kerrin Wilson, Maree Clack, Bronwyn Rodger, Rhonda Robinson, Linda Becker, Nicola Derrett, Lesley Hibbs, Jillian Bandford, Jetje Pieters, Lesley Jones, Jane West-Watson, Jenny Finch, Ann Stewart, Sally McGregor.

*Front Row:* Wendy Eyles, Alix Kelleher, Louise Stringer, Wendy Wason, Sue-Ellen Hampton, Louise De Laney, Tui McDougall, Jane Hoggarth, Philippa Dobbie, Evelyn Dineen, Anne Chrisp, Benedicta Kanongata'a.

*Absent:* Linda Free, Wayne Hume, Lindsay Jago, Kaye Parsons, Tony Snell, Maxine Field, Roger Fitzgerald, Joanne Inder.



## SENIORS

- Sue Alexander, 8 Langsbury Ave., Christchurch.
- \* - Susie Battersby, 36 Bay View Tce., Oriental Bay, Wellington.
- Tia Ben, Titikaveka, Rarotonga, Cook Islands.
- Glenys Browne, 47 Forth St., Mosgiel.
- Carol Brownie, 34 Shakespear Ave., Uper Hutt.
- Donna Butler, 48 Brougham St., Nelson.
- Esme Collins, 93 Marshland Rd., Christchurch.
- Sue Davis, 88 Wilson Rd., Balclutha.
- \* - Sue Fanselow, 533 Broadway, Strathmore Park, Wellington.
- Pam Finn, 65 Cliffs Rd., St Clair, Dunedin.
- Diane Foote, 101 Ravenswood Rd., Dunedin.
- Annete Freman, 63 Kearney's Rd., Christchurch 6.
- Joanne Gardyne, East Limestone, No. 2 R.D., Winton.
- Chris Gibb, Woodslee Downs, No. 1 R.D., Wyndham.
- \* - Sally Gillgren, Makorori Beach, Gisborne.
- Sue Greer, No. 1 R.D., Nightcaps, Southland.
- Pip Grimes, Pahiatua Track, No. 1 R.D., Palmerston North.
- Anne Hewetson, Waerenga-o-Kuri, Gisborne.
- Graham Hill, 47 Fox Rd., Wanganui.
- Jane Hunt, 727 North Rd., Belfast, Christchurch, 5.
- Aileen Jefferies, Merino Downs, No. 5 R.D., Gore.
- Sally Johnston, Norwood, No. 5 R.D., Christchurch.
- Pip Langsford, Ruawaro, No. 2 R.D. Huntly.
- Jane Latty, 46A Ardwick St., Gore.
- Ainslie McFarlane, 31 Crichton Tce., Christchurch.
- Lynn McLean, 123 Richardson St., Dunedin.
- \* - Kay Maxted, 8 Moorpark Place, Christchurch.
- Robertta Meijer, 10 Wayne Place, Tauranga.
- Kitty Mensen, The Knoll, No. 1 R.D., Featherston.
- Robyn Miller, 3a Crofton Rd., Ngaio, Wellington.
- Cathy Moller, P.O. Box 20, Dakura, Taranaki.
- Juliet Moss, 1 Homewood Cres., Karori, Wellington 5.
- Carol Nash, 2 Kauri St., Lower Hutt.
- Chris Nelson, Grapes Valley, No. 1 R.D., Geraldine.
- Annabelle Nolan, "Scamperdown", Frasertown, Wairoa, Hawkes Bay.
- Yo Palmer, 20a Messines Rd. Wellington.
- Helen Patterson, Challis Point, No. 2 R.D., Dunedin.
- Claire Rodger, 30 Service St., Suva, Fiji.
- Jan Scott, "Stravon", Rangitata Island, Temuka R.D.
- Lesley Seed, No. 3 R.D., Matamata.
- Julia Shapley, 17 Pouwhare St., Whakatane.
- Robyn Sinclair, 454 Otu-moetai Rd., Tauranga.
- Judy Smith, 20 Sandringham Place, Christchurch 5.
- Margaret Smith, Bushby Rd, No. 1 R.D., Katikati.
- Angela Sorrell, 4 Deepdale, St., Christchurch, 5.
- Jill Taylor, 3 Mayfair Place, Tawa, Wellington.
- Louella Thomsen, P.O. Box 49, Apia, Western Samoa.
- Stephanie Tough, 259 Hampden St., Nelson.
- Helen Troon, 37 Rimu St., Glenwood, Timaru.
- Ngaire Ward, "Ohawe", Awariki, Private Bag, Dannevirke.
- \* - Jane Williams, Government House, Private Bag, Wellington.
- Fran Willis, 30 Golf Rd., Epsom, Auckland.
- Gerard Windle, Flat 1, 108 Forbury Rd., Dunedin.
- Virginia Wright, 26B Howard St., Macandrew Bay, Dunedin.
- Ruth Young, 103 Shakespear St., Greymouth.
- Mark Bracewell, 375 Fraser Street, Tauranga.
- Jillian Brandford, 63 Heriot St., Invercargill.
- Jane Brons, Anzio Rd., Reporoa, No. 1 R.D.
- Leith Brown, 18 Kaimata St., New Plymouth.
- Ros Brown, 11 Tirohanga Ave., Remuera, Auckland 5.
- Anne Chrisp, 40 Batt Street, Palmerston North.
- Maree Clack, 8 Brunswick St., Timaru.
- Lawrence Cotton, 46 Grandvue Rd., Kawaha Point, Rotorua.
- Jenny Curtis, 71 Sophia St., Rotorua.
- Louise DeLaney, 2 Percy Cameron St., Lower Hutt.
- Sally DeLautour, 33 Pitt St., Dunedin.
- Nicola Derrett, 79 Beachville Rd., Christchurch.
- Evelyn Dineen, 103 Forth St., Dunedin.
- Philippa Dobbie, 45 Kiriwai Rd, Paremata, Wellington.
- Susan Drain, Timpany's Rd, No. 5 R.D., Invercargill.
- Catherine Ellis, 12 Granville Terrace, Dunedin.
- Wendy Eyles, 22 Warwick St., Richmond, Nelson.
- Maxine Field, P.O. Box 6029, Dunedin North.
- Jenny Finch, 10 Anaru Place, Palmerston North
- Roger Fitzgerald.
- Linda Free, Stirling Street, Merivale, Christchurch, 7.
- Jane Gardner, 9 Edward St., Dannevirke.
- Jill Glasgow, 4 Ryde Place, Christchurch, 4.
- Sue Grant, 6 Callard Place, Hillcrest, Hamilton.
- Sue-Ellen Hampton, Bryson Rd., Otatara, No. 9 R.D., Invercargill.
- Stephanie Harper, 9 Mar-nane Tce., Hamilton.
- Janet Haslam, 11 Pollock St, Maori Hill, Dunedin.
- Patricia Herron, 22 Mechanic St., Dunedin.
- Lesley Hibbs, 30 James St., Riverton, Southland.
- Jane Hoggarth, 20 Matai St., Dobson, West Coast.
- Marja Hoogveld, 198 Knowles St., Christchurch 5.

## JUNIORS

- Bev Anderson, Main Rd., Waiouru.
- Linda Becker, Oturehua, Otago Central.



Wayne Hume, 6 West Ave.,  
Dunedin.  
Joanne Inder, 118 Cavell St,  
Dunedin.  
Lindsay Jago, 12 Frank-  
leigh St., Christchurch 2.  
Margaret Jamieson, 176  
Gloucester St., Taradale.  
Lesley Jones, 67 Jennifer St,  
Christchurch 5.  
Alix Kelleher, 210 Rutland  
Street, Christchurch 5.  
Benedicta Kanongata'a, No.  
3 R.D., Winton.  
Chris Lees, 104 Vernon Tce,  
Christchurch 2.  
Marion Livingston, 15 R.D.,  
Te Awamutu.  
Helen MacDonald, Oreti,  
No. 1 R.D., Winton.  
Tui McDougall, Otatara,  
No. 9 R.D., Invercargill.  
Sally MacGregor, 141 Queen  
St., Richmond, Nelson.  
Brenda McMillan, "Loch-  
aber", Irwell No. 3 R.D.,  
Christchurch.  
Katrina Milicich, 88 Nile  
Rd., Milford, Auckland 9

Jane Miller, Shingle Creek,  
No. 4 R.D., Alexandra.  
Rowan Murie, 24 Gilmore  
Street, Dunedin.  
Nick O'Neill, 12 Taipaku-  
paku Rd., Seatown, Well-  
ington.  
Kaye Parsons, 3 Albert St.,  
Ashburton.  
Jetje Pieters, 26 Carters Rd.,  
Christchurch 6.  
Rhonda Robinson, No. 3  
R.D. Rangiora, North  
Canterbury.  
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Patricia Smith, 47 Russell St,  
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Karori, Wellington.  
Ann Stewart, 19 Arran St.,  
Mosgiel.

Sandra Stowell, 331 Bur-  
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Mossburn.  
Ingrid Tibbe, 43 Rutherford  
Street, Christchurch 2  
Jill Tozer, 14 Picquet Hill,  
Te Awamutu.  
Vivien Tunnage, 14 Takahe  
Tce., St. Leonards, Dun-  
edin.  
Pieta Valentine, 49 Huatoki  
St., New Plymouth.  
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Margaret Waldron, 96 Mar-  
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2A Medbury Tce., Christ-  
church, 4.  
Karen Wilson, 44 Bryson St.,  
Cambridge.  
Joanna Wilson, 66 Russell  
Street, Invercargill.  
Penny Wilson, 26 Riverview  
St., Christchurch, 2.



**Melanocarcinoma -**  
**(malignant mole)**