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"Cooper" Scientists have engaged in Parasitology and Chemical Research Work for nearly one hundred years, but it was in 1919 that the Cooper Technical Bureau was founded at 47 Russell Square, London.

In June, 1940, however, twenty-one years after its foundation, the Bureau moved to its newly constructed Laboratories at Berkhamsted, which is quite close to the Cooper Research Farm. In connection with this move, Dr. F. A. Cooper, Principal of the Bureau, said:

"Owing to condition of war, we cannot celebrate this event by an official opening, but we take this opportunity of sending greetings to all our friends at home and overseas. It is with confidence and pride that we enter into our new home, in the knowledge that we shall render a wider and more practical service to the farming community all over the world than has been possible in the past, and we shall advance the study of animal parasitology in general.

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Assistant Editor: J. Macdonald.
Librarian: H. Biron.
Publicity Officer: R. Crawford.
EDITORIAL.

In this magazine will be found accounts of new and far-reaching changes that have taken place in our course, staff and buildings since our last number. No comment on these is necessary unless it is to say, in the words of Sellers and Yeatman; “These are good things.”

This collection of pages is one of the most tangible reminders to a few people of the existence of the Sydney University Veterinary Society. As an organisation it has flourished with the Veterinary Faculty. It has been common in the University to hear talk of the spirit and loyalty of the “Vets.” The members of this Society are those who will benefit by the “good things” mentioned above and as the facilities for improving their Veterinary knowledge increases so also should the activities, scope and spirit of the Society and its members.

A pre-requisite for this increase is the loyalty of each and every student to his own organisation. The benefits to be accrued from the Society are too obvious to reiterate. The unfortunate fact is, that as our numbers and importance as a profession increase we find the Veterinary student relapsing into a state of passive indifference to his obligations.

Loyalty can well be pictured as a dot surrounded by concentric circles of increasing diameter. The dot is the individual, the first circle is his home, the second represents those organisations to which he belongs and embracing all these is his country. Various additions or deletions can be made but each larger circle embraces those inside it in such a way that in paying homage to it, it must impinge on and benefit those inside.

How can a student pay homage to his own Faculty Society? In such small ways as attending its meetings and functions, in aiding its various committees or, in short, by shouldering his own share of the responsibilities in the little democracy which is his as a Veterinary student. It will not be he who is the loser in the long run.

In his course here a student gains much knowledge. Knowledge is but grist to the mill of thought. Collective thought is the strength of any Society. Let us think then, for a little, in terms of how we can help the S.U.V.S. to flourish and if it does not hurt too much—then do something about it.
PROFESSOR I. CLUNIES ROSS.

In August, 1939, Professor I. Clunies Ross was appointed to the vacant Chair of Veterinary Science, which, with the retirement of its first occupant, Professor J. Douglas Stewart, then became vacant. On account of his agreement with the Australian Wool Board, however, Dr. Ross was unable to take up duties until November, 1940, Dr. R. M. C. Gunn being appointed in the interval Acting Professor and Dean of the Faculty.

Ian Clunies Ross was one of the brighter pupils at Newington College during the last Great War, and commenced his University studies in 1917 as an undergraduate in the then Department of Agricultural Science of the Faculty of Science. Realising that his interests lay more with those of the Veterinary profession than in the broader field of general agriculture, he transferred to Veterinary Science as a Second Year student, having been given the opportunity of completing a much accelerated curriculum to enable him to join the Army Veterinary Corps by 1919. His course was outstanding in more than one way; for a time he was the only student in his year, he graduated with Second Class Honours, was the first assistant in the Department of Surgery, and a year after his graduation was awarded the Walter and Eliza Hall Fellowship, during the tenure of which he visited America and England and worked in the London School of Tropical Medicine and the Moltino Institute of Parasitology at Cambridge. A little more than a year after his return to Australia, Ross entered private practice in College Street, and was appointed Part-Time Lecturer in Veterinary Parasitology. For his thesis on Hydatid Disease the University of Sydney conferred on him the recently created Doctorate in Veterinary Science.

When the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research was established, Dr. Clunies Ross was appointed one of its first research officers, and in 1929 he carried out post graduate and research work at the Institute of Infectious Diseases in Tokyo. With the building of the McMaster Animal Health Laboratory, he was made its first Officer-in-Charge. During his tenure of this post he again visited Japan and also Korea and Manchuko to investigate the sheep growing and wool producing ability of these countries.

When the Australian Wool Board, together with similar bodies in South Africa and New Zealand, decided to establish the Wool Secretariat in London, Dr. Clunies Ross was made Australian representative, and was later elected its Chairman. While acting in this capacity he visited much of Europe and America, and was instrumental in devising many original means of increasing the popularity of wool as a fabric and of expanding sales in those countries of the world in which free disposal was possible.

That he is versatile is shown by the several varied posts which he has so successfully occupied. He is original in thought, broad in his interests and undeterred by obstacles which he scarcely seems to notice. His pleasing personality makes every acquaintance a friend and follower. Under his guidance we look forward to continued progress in the Faculty, in his efforts to promote which he will have the solid support of both staff and students.
MR. H. B. PARRY, B.A., M.R.C.V.S.

Mr. Parry came to us in Michaelmas Term of last year to fill the part of lecturer in Veterinary Medicine. He has already shown himself to be enthusiastically keen in his subject, ready at all times to help his students, and not in the least dogmatic.

His eagerness to gain perspective of Australian and New Zealand conditions are soon evident to any student under his rostrum and his experience overseas allows him to pass on a broader outlook.

Herbert Butler Parry graduated at Cambridge in Arts, in 1933, and went on to do a year’s post-graduate work at the Physiological Laboratory there, under Sir Joseph Barcroft. He then worked at the Institute of Animal Pathology, Cambridge, under Professor J. B. Buxton, and later with Sir Charles Martin, on the nutritional requirements of pigs.

In 1935 he went to the Royal (Dick) Veterinary College, Edinburgh, and after a year there completed his course at the Royal Veterinary College, London. He won the Silver Medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England for medicine, and the Bronze Medal for surgery. Since then he has spent two years in the U.S.A. as a Fellow in Biochemistry and Nutrition of the Commonwealth Fund of New York, at the University of Wisconsin.

Hockey and cricket were sports in which he showed proficiency and he admits no hobbies as he finds preparation of lectures more than enough for the present.


Mr. H. J. Geddes, who has been appointed McGarvie Smith Lecturer in Animal Husbandry, took up his duties towards the end of 1940 and has been in residence at the University Farm since then.

He is the son of a New Zealand farmer, and was trained at Canterbury Agricultural College, where he gained his diploma and was awarded the College’s gold medal. In 1929 he graduated Bachelor of Agricultural Science of the University of New Zealand and in the following year took his Master’s Degree.

From 1930 to 1932 he was on the teaching staff of the Canterbury Agricultural College, and had experience with the field advisory services conducted by this College. In 1933 he was appointed District Agricultural Officer in the Department of Agriculture of Tasmania. The following year he joined the staff of the Melbourne Weekly Times.

In his last position, Mr. Geddes has had exceptional opportunities of gaining a first hand knowledge of the agricultural and animal industries of Victoria and New South Wales. His work has involved extensive visits to various districts to investigate all the major problems of interest to the primary producer.
In his journalistic work, Mr. Geddes has shown great ability in presenting scientific methods of animal husbandry in clear and straightforward terms readily understandable by the farmer, and his experience as an exponent of scientific principles to the layman is particularly valuable in a preceptor of future field officers in animal husbandry.

Mr. Geddes possesses those essential fundamentals in a teacher, a keen interest in both teaching and research and a sense of humour.

His hobbies are photography and making things ranging from ingenious mechanical gadgets to wood work on a lathe.

Mr. Geddes is married and has two small sons who are an excellent advertisement of his practical knowledge of animal husbandry.

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APOLOGIA.

Last year Centaur, for various reasons, did not appear. This year it was decided to brave the anticipated paucity of articles if even only to keep a record of Faculty events.

In the light of previous numbers this must seem very weak. There are hardly any articles connected with Veterinary subjects.

To those friends of ours on the battlefields of our troubled world we hope it will bring some news of our life in the “School at the foot of the hill.”

The Editors feel like Steve Donoghue when asked after his mount had lost a race why he hadn’t come sooner and he pointed out that he could not come without the horse. A previous Editor had to complain of lack of quality in his articles; he was lucky. Thank goodness for those letters from overseas! And if, gentle reader, you think we’re peeved at you—you are dam’ well right!

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

As explained elsewhere “Centaur” did not make an appearance in 1940. Of the very very few articles received this excerpt is the only flash in the pan. It has its other side, too—it expresses in its whimsical way the mental turmoil we went through in those dark June days.

And how can man live better
Than stemming tides of tanks?
We haven’t many of our own,
But we’ll buy some from the Yanks.

—Bovionis.
The year 1941 will go down in History as one which witnessed a series of events which determined the outcome of the war and with it the future of the world. In association with the entry of Russia into the war, the effect of which cannot yet be fully seen, the year will live in our memory as one in which the British armies suffered grievous if glorious defeats in North Africa, Greece and Crete; as one in which such losses were redeemed by the undaunted courage of the people of England, the increasing vigour of the R.A.F. and the sinking of the Bismarck. In a more personal and intimate way, it will recall a growing list of our own students, who one by one have heard the call to high adventure, and have gone to play what part they may in ensuring that from this present struggle, we shall gain the opportunity of building, as free men and women, a better and more rational order of society.

It is fitting that in a year of such cataclysmic events, we who are left in peace should take steps to see, that as far as it lies in our power, the veterinary profession shall be enabled to make its fullest contribution to the future development of our country when peace is won.

Until the present time veterinary education in Australia—in Sydney, at least, less perhaps in the young sister school in Brisbane—while modified from year to year in conformity with local requirements, has followed very much the course laid down by other and older British schools. Our object has been to train our graduates to conserve the livestock assets of the country by maintaining them in health either through the skilful treatment of the individual animal or by controlling the great enzootic diseases which in the sum of them have cost Australia millions annually. How well that objective has been attained is attested by the growing reputation and numbers of the profession and the impressive list of original contributions by Sydney graduates to the knowledge of the bacterial and parasitic diseases of our flocks and herds.

Gradually, however, it has become evident that our responsibility cannot end with the maintenance of the health of livestock; that as great or greater contribution can be made by developing the potential capacity for production of healthy stock at the highest degree. In short, the veterinarian must become as competent in the field of animal nutrition and genetics as he is in that of Pathology, Medicine or Surgery. That field in Australia has been largely neglected by both veterinarians and agriculturalists, and while we have deplored the ignorance of herd and flock masters of the scientific principles underlying their craft we have been of little help to them in pointing the way to the more efficient use of their breeding material.

Certainly, we have made a beginning. From year to year the courses of instruction have lengthened in genetics and nutrition, but up to the present, instruction in any branch of animal husbandry ceased at the third year. There were difficulties in the form of lack of staff and adequate facilities for the practical teaching of these
subjects which had to be overcome before these defects could be made good.

Now, thanks to the establishment of the Garland Fellowship in Animal Husbandry, to which Mr. H. J. Geddes was appointed, and to the further generosity of the McGarvie Smith Trust in providing an additional £9,000 for the stocking and equipping of the McGarvie Smith Animal Husbandry Farm, we are at last in a position to elevate Animal Husbandry to its rightful place in a curriculum designed to fit the veterinarian to be of the greatest service to the community.

From the present year onwards the course in nutrition will be greatly extended and will be carried over from the third into the fourth year. Genetics, instead of finishing in the second year, will be carried into the fourth year, when emphasis will be laid on the manner in which genetic principles may be used in the solution of the practical problems of the dairy farmer, the pig breeder and the flock master. To enable students to receive instruction in these subjects in an environment designed to provide the maximum facilities for the practical demonstration of the application of scientific knowledge, students will go into residence at the Farm for the whole of Third Term.

In addition to Animal Husbandry such a period of residence will make for more satisfactory clinical instruction in the diseases of farm stock than has ever been possible in the past, and a large part of the course in medicine will be covered in this period.

The Chief of the Division of Animal Industry in New South Wales, Mr. Max Henry, who welcomes the changes effected in the curriculum, has promised every assistance from his officers to make this period of residence at the farm of the greatest possible value to students.

Such an extension of the training in Animal Husbandry subjects to Fourth Year and the concentration upon them in third term represents a great advance in the training of the veterinarian, but it is not enough to enable him fully to meet the needs of the community. While all graduates in future must be better qualified in this branch of knowledge, there is need to equip further those who on graduation wish to specialise in it. The same need exists for providing opportunity for advanced study in other groups of subjects.

To meet this need, the fifth year curriculum will be so modified that, after taking a common course in first term, students will be enabled to select one of the following groups of subjects for advanced study during second and third terms: (1) Animal Husbandry, (2) Bacteriology and Parasitology, (3) Clinical Sciences and Veterinary State Medicine. Once again those selecting Animal Husbandry will go into residence at the farm, where, in addition to carrying out specific research projects in nutrition or genetics, the co-ordination of their earlier studies will be effected by courses of lectures in Farm and Station Management, and Agricultural Economics. In third term these students will spend periods of residence on selected farm and station properties before sitting for their final examinations.
Those students selecting Bacteriology and Parasitology will devote the greater part of the second and third term to advanced training in these subjects, though continuing in part their attendance at lectures in Medicine and Surgery and receiving some further clinical instruction. Students in the clinical sciences group will attend lectures and clinical demonstrations in Medicine and Surgery and will carry out advanced exercises in Operative Surgery, Diagnostic Methods and Epizootiology.

Though these alterations in the curriculum will throw a considerably increased burden on members of the staff, they have gladly accepted their responsibilities in the hope that in the near future our graduates will be able to play a worthy part in helping Australia to meet the shock of post war conditions.

The cooperation of all students during the rather difficult transition period is anticipated with confidence since they will realise that the changes effected are designed to give them greatly enlarged scope for employment and service.

—I. CLUNIES ROSS.

TEMPORARY ABSENTEES.

Many of the graduates and undergraduates in Veterinary Science have laid down their scalpels, etc., to take up arms in the A.I.F. and the R.A.A.F.

We wish all of them the best of luck and congratulate them on their decision to join up. We hope that in a happier peace they will be able to return to the job of their choice with us.

Below is a list of as many as the staff of Centaur could collect. We regret any omissions and would be pleased if we were notified of them.

C. F. P. Irwin.
R. Gilchrist.
W. Ward.
R. Adamson.
J. Anderson.
W. R. Walmsley.
H. G. Sundstrom, B.V.Sc.
P. Nicholas, B.V.Sc.
L. A. Pockley, B.V.Sc.
C. Pope, B.V.Sc.
T. H. Prior, B.V.Sc.
A. L. Rose, B.V.Sc.
J. W. Perry, B.V.Sc.
T. Isbister, B.V.Sc.
U. Lakeman.
K. Proctor.
W. Wilkie.
W. R. Mills.
B. Walker.
P. Squires.
T. Sawers.
J. N. Downing.
E. Dampier-Crossley.
G. Tucker.
T. B. Gould.
C. Fowler.
J. Johnston.
D. O'Keefe.
J. Keep.
R. N. Hewetson.
A. Miller.
L. W. Bannister.
K. Procter.
M. Nichols.
—. Hadden.
W. Stephens.
P. Jude.
From Lieut. H. G. Sundstrom,
A.I.F., Abroad. 15/8/1940.

I struggle gamely to my weary feet, claw my way through a solid mass of flies—both blow and house being well represented—clean the dust and sand from my pen, scrounge around for a piece of paper, wipe my sweat-bespattered brow, make yet another futile and frenzied attempt to annihilate a few of them, i.e., flies, and then sink more or less in a collapse until my gaping mouth has supplied me with enough oxygen to renew the terrifying ordeal, place a big bucket—in other words buckets tin ablution, 1 men for the use of—beside me full of drinking water, strip off my excess garments, swear softly but vehemently at these entomological pests, and proceed to greet you, and give tiding of my sojourn in this b-b-beautiful country.

Since I last disported myself upon paper I have lived a nomad’s life, and have had experiences, varied and exciting. However, I shall first narrate a little of the history of one H-G-S. As you may see, our Bn. is now—or was—in another Brigade, and being the senior Bn. in this Brigade we did all outpost duties, patrols, etc. We shifted camp about every three weeks—a helluva job—and then would nip away to some far removed outpost. It was quite interesting really, and I can assure you we were quite hardened and seasoned. As an example, our Bn. marched 100 miles in 5 days, with full equipment over difficult country, and dug in every night, moreover, each man was allowed only 1 qrt. of water per day for drinking, and was it hot! The Bn. had no sooner returned to camp than we were ordered out again for another four days, this time we only did about 75 miles, dug in at night, attacked, etc., and I can assure you when we reached home they were ready for a rest, so you can gather some idea of the fine condition of the men. During our last manoeuvres, which were done mainly between dusk and dawn—i.e., attack, etc., at night—my part in this show was quite an extensive one, bringing up guns, arms, food, equipment, etc., and to move around quickly I rode the motor cycle. Well, believe me or not, I rode that bike for 18 hours in each of the 24 hours, and when there was a chance of a snooze, I would just fall off the cycle and sleep—anywhere—; actually, when I dismounted I would buckle at the knees, and fold up—gosh I was tired, but its really great to work hard and help make the show a wow. We were in the thick of these series of manoeuvres, when lo, like a bolt from the blue, we were notified that the Bn. had to pack up, lock stock and barrel, and proceed to a destination many miles way the next day, to be trained as, now hold tight, Anti-Aircraft Gunners, so now we have been slogging away for 6 weeks, cramming 6 months training in. Lord, how we’ve worked. I was given a section, and now command two of the latest types of guns—“Each man in his time plays many parts.” Actually, we were split up with an artillery Regt., so that we were half and half. Training finished last Mon-
day, and already the Regiment has been sent away to man A.A. guns; and now our Regiment is awaiting orders before being despatched on service—we hope. Whilst training we had a bit of fun from the Ito's., who tried to belt us out of action. I can assure you, my hair has turned several shades paler; one bomb landed less than 50 yards from one of the guns—luckily it landed on the edge of the sand—unfortunately for my peace of mind I happened to be between the bomb and the gun position, quite unconscious of my near impending doom—the planes came over at 1500 ft., with engines cut off—when off she went: I was drenched with salt water and covered with sand, and nearly knocked silly with concussion—just a bit close, eh? At any rate, when all the guns opened up and the bombs were bursting all over the place, I fondly thought of home and the dog I left behind me, and I pictured lovely hollow logs. Actually now we've had a number of raids, and fortunately, none of the Australian troops have been hurt. The poor Arabs seem to cop it though. I've been O.C. of cleaning up party, so I know.

We are camped out in the open now, exposed to the ravages of pests—animal, insect and human, "our roof is the sky, etc." Pests? Hells Bells it's simply incredible—flies simply teem—you've no possible idea of the droves that exist, but here arch-philosophy comes to the fore again, mainly because of sheer exhaustion and futility in fighting 'em, and we just grin and imagine they're not there—we aren't brave enough to laugh in case we swallow some. Actually, however, we don't mind the flies so much, but the distorted idea of sport that these Palestinian birds have is very annoying; their forte seems to be dive-bombing, and I can assure you their marksmanship is something to be wondered at. It is really funny to see somebody stretched out in the shade of a tree, endeavouring to get cool and may be snatch a few moments sleep—ignoring stoically, of course, the mass formation of flies which manoeuvre on and about him—when all of a sudden he will jump up, turn his face heavenwards, shake his fists in a positive helpless fury, and pour forth a molten stream of invective—I've been caught quite a lot myself, whilst the arboreal acrobat sits there looking very disdainful until dislodged by a boot. It will be positive luxury to seek the comfort of a tent.

I wish to thank you, Sir, very much indeed for your kind thought in writing and sending me those two papers. I can assure you I read Country Life avidly from cover to cover, and really, I felt quite nostalgic. Training was automatically suspended to-day, when mail arrived, 87 bags of surface mail, the first (except Air Mail) we have received since end of March; and at present I'm sitting under my blanket canopy surrounded by letters, parcels, socks, mittens, balaclava caps and Readers Digests, and feeling like a waterlogged battleship, having gorged myself on luxuries such as cake, chocolates, asparagus and green peas, all of which I received in parcels from home, and at a rough guess I think I can withstand a siege of a week. You cannot possibly realise the kick one gets receiving mail and parcels. Everyone dashes around, and as soon as a parcel or letter is received they rush off to a secluded place and read and re-read letters from home. Then, when all the mail
has been read, groups will collect and swap news, and show photographs, but I suppose this scene was familiar to you during the last war.

The biggest curse of this war, is the blackout, not a single light can be shown, so after sundown all we can do is swap yarps, and swat mosquitoes until bed time arrives.

**Few days later—**

We have received orders to report back to our Brigade, and become infantry once more, acting as A.A. reinforcement at the same time. "Wouldn't———slay you?"

At present we are in the throes of packing up and shifting camp—a tiresome job, but one at which we are now quite adept, although, being in charge of transport arrangements, I shudder with apprehension, despite the fact I've shifted the battalion many times ere this, for I know to my bitter experience that things go wrong very easily. So I shall gird my buckskins and sally forth with a prayer in my heart, and a ready stream of invective to pour forth at truck drivers, contractors, railway porters and coloured policemen.

So, with despair gnawing at my vitals I'll bid you cheerio, and hope that I'll hear from you soon. Please excuse the phraseology, spelling, etc., in this letter, but I'm sure you realise the difficulties under which I'm struggling.

19/2/1941.

Circumstances prohibited me writing to you earlier, as you may have gathered, but now at the finish of this stage of the desert warfare, I sit me down on a mill chair (Italian) and write on Ito. paper, with Ito. ink, whilst my batman lays the table (Ito.) with a snowy white tablecloth (Ito.), silver cutlery, crockery, and all manner of delicacies (all Ito.). I feel terribly at peace with the world to-day. I have just been de-infested (de-loused, or de-bugged, in other words), had a nice hot shower (first wash for 8 weeks), and am new uniformed, booted, and underclothed, consequently, I feel like a new pin.

You have heard, I suppose, something of our mad hectic dash across the desert. Will I ever forget it? We started about 2 months ago, and moved towards Bardia. On the night before the attack we moved into position from about 100 miles back. Imagine if you can, the job I had trying to get the Bn. into position; trucks, hundreds of 'em, pitch black night, shells whizzing everywhere—and next morning the Bn. moved into the attack. Now that its over it was good fun, but let me assure you it wasn't at the time. At one stage of the show I thought I'd take a short cut to contact one of the Coys., but finished up by taking the wrong wadi—there are thousands of them there. Imagine my consternation at finding I had driven clean bang into a place bristling with Breda and anti-tank guns. It was too late to withdraw and I just offered up a prayer to Allah and jumped out of the truck on one side with the old .45 clamped firmly in one hand and the tin hat perched firmly on my head, and went flat and endeavoured to look like a piece of rock. My driver had emulated my example on the other side of the truck, and we prepared to do the old do or die stunt. We had a couple of pot shots at curious Ito's poking their heads over their breastworks,
whilst my head was whining with all manner of schemes to grab one of their Breda's, when lo and behold a white flag waved over a gun emplacement and then to my stark amazement white flags popped out everywhere. "Don't move, Sir," says my driver, "the yella so & so's are trying to trick you." However, I knew they could have bowled us out with one shell if they'd wished, so with my intestines twining themselves into knots, I stood up—having told my driver to keep me covered—and walked to the bottom of the Wadi, assumed a very arrogant attitude and beckoned them out. Out they came, waving handkerchiefs, pieces of toilet paper, in fact, anything white. I sort of gulped once or twice like a poisoned pup, waved my pistol under the nose of a chap who didn't have his hands high enough, and then started to wonder what I'd do. So I lined 'em up, kept my back against a rock, and searched them one by one, whilst Bill, my driver, kept out of sight, but kept them covered. Believe it or not, I found hand grenades, pistols, daggers, and all manner of weapons in their pockets—47 prisoners there were.

So far, so good, what now? However, I sent my driver to the top of the Wadi and he saw a Coy. advancing, so we handed the prisoners over to them. The poor blighters thought I was the leader of the tank attack, so gave in without a fight. After it was all over my driver and I just looked at one another and grinned and nearly kissed each other in sheer relief. Phew!

After Bardia, we pushed on very rapidly to Tobruk, and the position of honour (???) i.e., the spearhead of the attack, was given to us. We pushed through, captured our objectives, and then advanced on to the town and took it about 12 o'clock. The men had been fighting since dawn, and were pretty knocked up.

Next day on we went, and since we made in the Tobruk show such a reputation, the Brigadier gave us a very sticky job at Derna. 'Twas here I had my first experience of machine-gunning from the air. Bombing and shelling is an everyday occurrence, and no one takes much notice of it, but this machine-gunning is definitely on the move. There were 15 C.R.42's, Italian fighters, and 10 Savoia bombers. Well, they played merry hell with us for a while, then like a meteor a Hurricane fighter flashed into view and in 3 minutes he shot down 3 planes. 'Twas the sweetest sight of my life to see those planes burst into flames and crash to earth; the remainder went for the lick of their lives. Derna was taken after a bit of a fight, and we then scooted straight through toward Bengazi with us leading. My, oh my, I was nearly driven frantic. The Brigadier wanted to catch the retreating Ito's who were only 6 hrs. ahead of us. It rained consistently for 3 days, and I was tearing around like a clucky-duck, swearing at drivers, or bogged, ditched, smashed and broken down trucks. I was covered from head to foot with mud, had no sleep for two nights, 4 days growth of beard, and only sodden biscuits and bully beef at very irregular intervals, absolutely dripping wet; what a time! Eventually, more by good luck than good management, I got the Bn. through Bengazi and hot on the tail of the Ito's, who were just ahead. I nearly broke down and wept tears of blood when the message came through to
say the Ito's had surrendered to the Armoured Division, which had cut them off. Actually, the Italians were sandwiched between the Armoured Division and our Brigade, and so threw in the sponge. We moved back through Bengazi and at the present moment this Bn. is resting more or less under luxurious conditions awaiting the next move. During this whole drive our Bn. has won the highest battle honours. We also received most attention from the enemy—which we all unanimously decide can be well dispensed with.

Air raids now are very intense and every night, dusk and dawn we are bombed and machine-gunned and so far have had only relatively few casualties. We have shot down 2 Ito. planes by small arms fire—only Bn. with any to its credit—so you can gather some indication how low they fly. How we pray for the appearance of the Hurricanes, and how, at times, when the air is full of screaming diving planes, bursting A.A. shells, screaming bombs—horrible things—and shrapnel, we wish for home and the smell of the gum trees.

When I return—as I hope to do—I’m burying myself away in the back blocks. I’m sure that even a backfire from a truck would send me to ground like a pole-axed bullock. This work is really a marvellous education, but something which leaves some horrible impressions which will be impossible to erase.

I hope you can understand this writing and make allowances for all manner of grammatical mistakes, etc., since one very quickly forgets such things. Please convey my regards to the staff of the Veterinary School, and my best wishes to the students.

H. G. SUNDSTROM.

15/2/41. Cadet-Lieut. J. N. Downing, O.C.T.V., Middle East Force, is undergoing a four months course at the Officers’ Cadet Training Unit at Cairo. He writes to say that they have almost dispensed with examinations and suggests that this idea be introduced at Sydney University. His English colleagues are very interested in Australia, and ask numerous questions about veterinary work in this country. “The horses you see about Cairo are really wonderful. I had an afternoon out at the races at Heliopolis some time ago and saw some beautiful Arabs. Nearly all the horses here are grey or black . . . . It is very hard to get to know anyone in Cairo unless you can speak at least French.”

9/1/41. Pte. W. J. Wilkie wrote to say he was well and fit and hopes “that the Vet. School may continue to prosper in spite of the present circumstances.”

LETTER FROM LT. P. NICHOLAS.

A.I.F., Abroad,

Dear Dr. Gunn,

This morning I received a parcel from the A.A.V.S. comforts fund and enclosed in it was a letter from Mrs. Gunn, which rather reminded me that it was high time I wrote to you and gave you a
moderate account of our doings. The parcel is greatly appreciated and everything it contained is most useful and will be used to the utmost. This parcel was unique in that it is the first I have seen to contain a handkerchief, and I do not know why handkerchiefs are not included as regularly as socks, especially as they are not an issue.

Hadden, Walker, Wilkie and myself are all in the very best of health. Hadden is a No. 1 in the gun team and I understand is a particularly good one and a great chap for work, and in the first six weeks there has been plenty to do, especially digging. Wilkie is very much the same as ever and just as talkative and I think he is much browner. He is making a name for himself as a camouflage expert. He is as keen as mustard on the job and very interested and most thorough. Some of his efforts in camouflaging gun positions have been excellent. He has gained the attention of two English camouflage officers who would very much like to add him to their staff. However, I don’t think Col. Whitehead would be in that. Walker’s now a Corporal and a good one and is at the moment at a six week’s course at the Middle East Weapon Training School. It is an English show. Major Hawke is also in the pink, having lost quite a fair amount of weight accumulated through the voyage over. I personally am very well and fit and probably benefiting from reduced weight also. Reduction of weight was not through work, but entirely due to a bout of jaundice of some bacterial origin I had for about 12 days. Have never felt so foul and nauseated in my life and was completely off food. I am getting a wealth of experience here, having done, since arrival, plenty of machine-gun work, attended a 1 Aust. Corp School of Signals Course, lasting three weeks and some quartermastering, which I am now doing. As a Q.M. I will never be a success. The many different forms and diverse channels plus the number of pieces of paper signed before you actually get something, I find most confusing in addition to the fact they refer to forms by number without any rhyme or reason and to top off they have a crazy indexing method.

Our voyage over to this side of the world was made in the lap of luxury and comfort, except crossing the equator with black out restrictions at night made things rather close and clammy. The trip was literally as calm as the harbour all the way. We had no excitement, such as raiders, but in the Red Sea we had several air alarms without anything at all happening. We were fortunate enough to hear an Italian broadcast in English of how we were sunk by dive-bombing. Our first bombing was one night in the canal. A few bombs were dropped a mile or so away, only blowing holes in the sand near the memorial to the last war.

Palestine I found most interesting and I fortunately was able to see quite a bit of it. I had a few days leave in February in Jerusalem and had a most interesting time. I and a mate went flat out all the time, seeing all the Biblical spots and other places of interest. I found it a most interesting city. I was fortunate enough to meet the Director of Agriculture of Palestine, who is an Australian who returned to Palestine after the last war. Unluckily, I did not have another chance of locating him. I don’t remember his name now. I
had a visit to Jerico, the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea one Sunday, and I was interested in that part of the road from Jerusalem to Jerico. For a great part the trenches used by the Turks and Allies in the last war are still clearly visible. I can't imagine how horses got on at all in that type of country. The food and water problem, as that country now stands, would be absolutely terrific. As one approached the Jordan Valley the soil and surface erosion that had taken place had to be seen to be believed. It was an object lesson to me of what can happen on hillsides. In the valley itself, except for one little spot I was amazed by the bareness of it all. Not a chance for anything to live. As a contrast to the erosion on the hills away from Jerusalem, the hill surrounding the city and on the Jaffa side were thoroughly terraced and the work put into the valleys and hills must have taken ages. I was able to get some first rate photographs of the work and send them home. The part of Palestine in which I was camped and the surrounding district is one of the most fertile pieces of country I have seen, and how it stands up year after year without any fertilising, baffles me completely. Their crops are mainly wheat, oats or barley and are quite good. Their ploughing and cropping methods were exactly the same as were used in B.C. days, I would say. Oranges and grape fruit were the best I have seen or tasted and they thrived on them. They were cheap; in some cases they cost nothing, so long as you removed them.

I did get to Tel Aviv one night, but as it was wet and completely blacked out I could not form much of an impression. It seemed a modern enough city with a 90% Jew or Jewish extraction population. I regret to say the A.I.F. have behaved extraordinarily badly there, and we are all regarded with rather a little suspicion. A few hoodlums seem to be able to do untold damage, as is the case here.

During March I was fortunate to have my name drawn out of a hat for seven days Cairo leave. It was great and I enjoyed myself very much, indeed. We stayed at a house boat on the Nile, run for Australian officers on leave there. In Cairo with me were Val Bulteau, who went through the same time as myself, only in Medicine, and Bowie Wilson (Law) and Green (Dentistry) on a convalescent stay. In Cairo, I ran into both Travers, and both looked extraordinarily fit. The younger is A.D.C. to Lieut. Gen. MacKay. Since then they have both been in Greece and I think one of them was in Crete. Most of the younger Medicos over here are lads I was at the University with. Cairo in March was very much under police control and was well blacked out. At midnight punctually, all places of good and evil repute closed down like a guillotine, no matter what circumstances. In the grounds set aside for their agricultural exhibitions they have a museum of cotton. It is a wonderful and most interesting array. From the time the seed is planted to the various forms of manufacture cotton is excellently displayed with almost every detail. Maps of the areas used for cotton growing, etc., are thrown up in relief. I thought it was a pity we did not have anything so thorough and interesting for our own wool. No detail or expense seems to have been spared in putting it before the general public.
The land adjacent to the Nile and floodable is most intensely cultivated and most productive. Why they have not advanced a bit in their methods seems amazing to me. What we do with machines they appear to do with numbers of women and children, all work.

Hugh Gordon would be in his element here. Flies are most prolific, in spite of all types and shapes of campaigns that are waged against them. I have captured some at times and I am certain I have never seen them at home in Australia. Other odd insects and wogs flourish here and a collector could have done well. Where we are now, besides bombs, etc., we find common old Pulex irritans rather a curse. Two days ago Lt. Col. Whitehead and Major Hawke heard a talk about the battle of Crete from Major Gen. Freyburg. The C.O. gave it to us last night. It was most interesting, and really, in spite of the bashing we took was a most cheering discourse. As soon as we can get a few aeroplanes to interfere with the dive-bombing tactics which had an absolutely free rein in Crete, we will be more than a match for him on land. His dive-bombing there was down as low as fifty and a hundred feet and completely uninterfered with. Apart from that, Crete would have been held. However, in spite of all that, it has not all been in vain.

Well, having drivelled on for so long I will knock off now. If you see any of my confederates in crime please give them my kind regards. Newcombe, etc. I suppose still flourish. As far as we are concerned here we are all in the best condition and full of good cheer. Also, please thank Mrs. Gunn again for me for the parcel that was sent by the A.A.V.S. Comforts Fund. It is very greatly appreciated.

Yours Sincerely, (Signed) Patrick Nicholas.

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Dear Mr. Editor.

I would I could write,
An ode or a sonnet—a poem sounds trite,
Your plea has so touched me, write something I must,
I'll write for the 'Centaur' some rubbish or bust.
I've tried several themes, the ideas were quite good,
But to put them on paper was more than I could.
Now to write a short story, 'most any one can,
But mine was so short that it barely began.
So I tried for a sonnet—fourteen lines I was taught,
The title was great—but the rhythm got caught.
An ode was no better, a song a bit tough,
My sketch was a failure—the artistry rough.
By this time my waste basket was full to the brim,
So I rang the Lord Mayor and gave it to him.
So you see, Mr. Editor, try as I might,
I'm afraid that no effort's forthcoming to-night.
My stories are painful, a poet I'm not,
So I'd better shut up 'ere' my ears become hot!

WITH kind regards.

Oh, Ho! a malignant growth is this,
Methinks it spreads by metastasis!

W.S. in the "Stratford Pathologist."
VACATION EXPERIENCES ON A 200,000-ACRE SOUTHERN QUEENSLAND PROPERTY.

Management.

How few of us realise the difficulties of an out-back station manager, 60 miles from the nearest town, by roads that even yet haunt one in nightmares? Where many miles have to be ridden each day in the daily round of station tasks, and where a man who cannot sit a buck, is like a tradesman without his tools. Here is the country where the horse is more than a plodding quadruped or an excuse for gambling. The mail man arrives (he hopes) twice a week in dry weather, and he has distances of 30 miles to travel in order to reach some of the boundaries. Of course, the longer distances are done in utility trucks, but most of the work is on horseback.

Stock.

There are 150 saddle horses, 7,000 head of pure-bred Hereford cattle, with 2,700 calves, and 18,000 sheep to look after, so that there is a tremendous amount to be done. Each man has several horses on his "string," which he uses from time to time, depending on how they stand up to the work. Needless to say, in the scrub country, horses need resting frequently.

Handling Cattle.

Having vague ideas of stockwhips, dogs, shouts, and galloping horses, one received one's first shock on being told that neither whips, dogs, nor spurs were allowed on the station. Having many doubts as to the practicability of this, one watched and waited. The first day, having safely negotiated oneself on to a horse and stayed there, mustering was commenced in a paddock a few miles out, about 4,000 acres in extent. Driving towards the centre from the distant corners, odd groups were picked up at intervals until about 300 were collected at an arranged spot. This necessitated quite a bit of scrub dashing, the horse following the cattle and heading them in the right direction without interference from the rider.

Once collected in a mob they are handled as quietly as possible so as not to frighten them into dashing for the nearby scrub. No shouting or hard riding, and they move along quietly, calves trotting alongside sleek dams. They have never been allowed to become frightened of a man on a horse, and consequently are very easily handled. They are counted along a fence—never count cows and calves through a gate, and always count a mob out of or into a paddock, and the long drive for home starts. Let them spread a little if they want to, but keep ahead of them if they want to rush, and they will soon settle down. Flank men watch carefully for any suspicious move, but don't on any account rush your horse up and down, itching to gallop after a breakaway. Just move quietly round ahead of him and he will go back. And so one drives the mob into the yards where calves are drafted off for branding, dehorning, marking, and identification marking of stud cattle.

Dehorning, etc.

All stock, excepting show or special studs, are dehorned when
calves. This is done at the same time as branding. Calves are run through a crush and caught in a "Bot" type of calf catcher, which clamps them and they can then be swung over to their side. A sharp instrument with opposing cup shape blades worked by levers cuts out the horn and a small piece of surrounding skin. This, if done quickly and expertly, does not seem to cause much pain, and the site heals over in a few days. No disinfectant is used or seems necessary, and the whole job only takes a few seconds.

Yearlings.

Yearlings and weaners are the hardest type to handle, but always remember never to frighten them or use dogs or whips, and they will repay a little extra trouble a thousand-fold. There is no condition lost later from rushing about, or carcase blemishes from whips or teeth. Let them run around a small paddock for a while if they are very excited, meanwhile riding quietly among them. Ride ahead of them through a gate and stop them stringing out. Don't yell at them and keep your horse from coming too close.

Conclusion.

These ideas probably present a radical change from the usual outlook on handling beef cattle. Many will say it is impracticable, but its practicability has been forced upon the author on one of the best cattle runs in Australia.

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THE FOREIGN INFILTRATION.

In these days when we read so much of the arrogance of German "tourists" it gives a deeper meaning to the little sketch submitted below. We shall call it;

"Harking Back to Hawkesbury."

Scene: A demonstration on sheep.

Dramatis Personae:—

Lecturer.

New South Welshman—possessed of more perseverance than his fellows after five days.

Various P.I.'s. (where P = pig and I = islander).

Lecturer: Yes, I like Ryelands for fat lambs.

N.S.W.: But is the wool . . . . (elbow in short ribs silences).

1st P.I.: Do they mature?

2nd ditto: Are they fertile?

3rd ditto: Aren't they too heavy?

Lecturer: They gain daily from birth.

N.S.W.: If the Merino were—ouch!

Succession of P.I.'s.: They don't like them in the South Island.

Oh, yes they do.

They are not as U-shaped as the Southdown.

If you used Corriedales with them, would it help?

Lecturer: Fat lambs have to be chunky.

N.S.W.: Is the . . . (his voice is drowned in Trans-Tasman clamour and he turns away a broken man to swap stories with "the boys").
CORRELATION: OR A LESS DEMODED ORDER.

It has been suggested that we get away from our habit of overindulgence in "shop," and give consideration to subjects not obviously connected with Veterinary Science; but unless the immediate value of such a step can be recognised, some of us may be frightened to venture out into other fields of thought, and so miss the chance of deriving benefits which arise during the second stages of this mental broadening. Attending to intelligent men speaking on any subject should be directly stimulating, and few of us can afford to disregard the opportunity of being helped onward. I can assure you that time spent listening to the problems of people outside our own particular sphere of interest is time well spent, if for no other reason than that as a direct result we can do more work more efficiently and more rapidly. Mental furbishing cannot be attained by having a good loaf on the beach or an unthinking hour in an armchair. In the case of the brain it is far more profitable to refresh it than to relax it. Our brains aren't so weighed down with overwork and woe that they need time off during our waking hours. However, our minds do tend very positively to go stale after working along one track for long, and I do think that the majority of us tend to stick to shop far too much. Mental activity in another direction is the best cure for staleness—it won't make you feel more flogged than ever—and if I can convince you of this fact the rest of this argument follows easily. Let those unadventurous, or worse still, apathetic spirits, be reassured that they will in no way lose by interesting themselves in outside affairs; and they will inevitably come of their own accord to the second stage in which they will delight in theorising and planning and so reach the final step in which they will be conscious of the fact that they have enough general knowledge to act when necessary for the benefit of the community, as a whole, while still sponsoring the cause of Veterinary Science.

I refer to Veterinary Science since it interests us all, but give it no greater or less value than any other unit. It must be not only well balanced in itself, but also in relationship to Society, and only when all the units counterbalance adequately will the world be able to run smoothly. How now are we as Veterinarians to realise what determines such a balance if we in no way interest ourselves in the activities of the other units of this society upon which we depend.

Men of Science are particularly fortunate in having a common meeting ground whose boundaries are not limited by national consciousness or religious belief, and it looks as though men of Science will be called on in any reconstruction for unbiased unprejudiced views in problems dealing with the management of this world, problems of world wide production and consumption, the running of the world as a community in which scientific impartiality and sense of values will outweigh racial, political, and party codes. Physicists plays a little game called the resolution of vectors, and they are able by commonsense to arrive at a settlement; but the
powers that have been have failed lamentably to resolve any of the divergent forces which are at present tearing mankind apart.

I do not for a moment suggest that there should be no strife in this world, for, as Stevenson said: "The spice of life is battle." Some people's idea of a Utopia is of a life of ease and plenty. The story of some pigeons, as good looking and active as any of their fellows who were unfortunate enough to find such a Utopia is the story of the Dodo. Pasteur, after the Franco-Prussian war, at a meeting of Scientists of several nationalities, prayed for the termination for ever of wars; but also for the continuance of a struggle till the end of time, a struggle in which men would vie with one another as to who first and best could benefit mankind.

It is coming to be recognised that we have reached a stage in the progress of the world—in time at least—where old barriers of country, state and creed must be broken down and the world live as a community of men, not as lions opposed to jackals and jackals to deer—mortal strife without end.

How are we to play our part in such a reconstruction which must surely come (otherwise thinking man might as well put his head in a gas oven and hopelessness will reign supreme) if our knowledge and understanding of the working of this world does not go further than the number of pyrrol rings in Haem, the relation-ship of the femoral artery, or the diuretic effect of Pot Nit.

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY VETERINARY SOCIETY.

The International exigencies in which we find ourselves placed have meant some mitigation of the normal functions of the Society. However, every effort was made to maintain the activity of the Society, and resulted in no small measure of success.

Early in Trinity Term events of the War and Official statements made it appear impossible to hold the Annual Ball. The Executive Committee felt that the risks of a financial loss were great and reluctantly decided that no Annual Ball should be held in 1940.

Festival Day: The Faculty was not represented by large numbers of Float Exhibits on Festival Day and unfortunately we cannot even hold the Censor responsible for this state of affairs. However, the standard of the floats was good in spite of the frantic last minute dash to put the Society exhibit on the road.

Cocktail Party: A Cocktail Party was held in the Union withdrawing Room on April 19th, at 5 p.m. on the evening of the Welcome to Freshers Dance. Due to a rather small attendance on the part of the members of the Society the evening was a slight financial loss.

Dinner of Welcome to Prof. I. Clunies Ross, Mr. Parry and Mr. Geddes: On the evening of Wednesday, November 13th, 1940, the staff and members of the Veterinary Society welcomed Prof. I. Clunies Ross, Mr. Parry and Mr. Geddes to the Faculty per the med-
ium of a dinner at the Union in true Veterinary fashion. The function was a characteristic success and the event which it celebrates is a great day in the history of the Faculty.

**War Saving Certificates:** Early in Michaelmas Term a War Savings Group was started in each year and the results were highly successful. At the close of the year some 56 Certificates had been purchased by the members of the Faculty.

**Meetings:** Besides the Annual General Meeting, thirteen Ordinary General Meetings, one Special General Meeting and two Joint Meetings with other Societies were held during the year. The Joint Meetings with the Agricultural and Biological Societies have been very successful and it is to be hoped that they shall be continued. At the first of these functions, held on June 28th, at 8 p.m., Dr. H. R. Carne delivered an extremely interesting address entitled “Parasites, Animals and Disease.” The second meeting was held on September 27th, when Dr. Hallsworth, of the Faculty of Agriculture, spoke on “The Value of a Study of Animal Nutrition.”

Addresses delivered to the Society at the Ordinary General Meetings were as follows:

- April 26: Prof. J. D. Stewart. “The Metamorphosis of a Veterinary Student.”
- May 3: Mr. A. Lowndes, B.Sc. “A Comparison of the Beef Industries of Brazil and North Australia.”
- May 10: Dr. W. Beveridge. “Recent Experiences in America.”
- June 7: Dr. Gunn. “Vacation Activities of Students and the Present International Situation.”
- June 14: Dr. Briggs. “Wandering in China.”
- June 21: Mr. N. E. Wright. “Merino Stud Management.”
- October 4: Mr. H. B. Parry. “A Trip Around the U.S.A.”

P. G. SCHINCKEL,
Hon. Sec., 1940.

**Nulli Secundus.**

While the snaffle holds, or the long neckstrings,
While the big beam tilts or the last bell rings,
While horses are horses to train and to race,
Then women and wine take second place.

—Kipling.

**Dr. Johnson on porridge:**

The food they feed horses on in England and men on in Scotland—but where can you find such horses or such men?
2nd MOBILE VETERINARY SECTION.

Captain F. Whitehouse, B.V.Sc., Commanding Officer.
Staff Sergeant D. C. Blood.
Sergeants L. C. Freeman, W. E. Officer, P. G. Schinckel, J. D. Steel.

It used to be very easy to write an account of the doings of the Mobiles in the halcyon days of peace, when our annual camps were little more than country holidays. But now that we are at war, military service becomes a much more serious matter, and it was easy to see that the men went to their allotted tasks much more seriously than ever before.

The fact that we entered camp with a large proportion of recruits caused some worry at first, but after a short period of preliminary training we were able to begin the real work of the camp. We were fortunate in getting the very best in horses and the best of facilities not only for training, but for "recreation."

Most of the camp was spent doing reconnaissance in some of the wildest country in New South Wales. On the famous bully-beef and biscuits the men thrived with the help of all the local provender they could scrounge.

Amongst the hard work we had some time for amusement, and were even able to be present at the inculcation of that wonderful new Society that has become so puissant of late, the "Pixie-Woggles.” Their famous war-chant, The Pixie-Woggles Lament, turned many a hard-hearted warrior of the Mobile into a trembling craven. To enter this famous band was very difficult, because of the rigid regulations regarding enrolment. If your boots didn’t turn up at the toes you might just as well not apply. “Butch” and “The Brute” and “Peter Possum” made the grade easily. They always had those little pieces of sealing wax that are so helpful to fix things. The “Gadgets Man” and “Shiny Bob” soon became identities and “Wiry Les” and the “Screech” found much to amuse them. The “President” soon made his weight felt and what with one thing and another we passed a happy time.

Five men passed the requisite examinations to enter the ranks of that hard working clan, the farriers, and we should not have any trouble with our horse-shoeing for many a long year.

The camp was brought to a very satisfactory conclusion when we were inspected and congratulated upon the work we had done and the high efficiency reached in our training.

Il Penseroso.

Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in.
The Unit marched into Greta Camp on December 9th for 3 months training. More than half the strength were recruits, and the first few weeks were devoted to dismounted drill and lectures on Army Veterinary Services, map reading, saddle cleaning and other aspects of military training. Early in the New Year, 30 remounts were marched in, and after several long rides, the recruits were becoming fairly capable.

As the Unit was in with an Infantry Brigade, our Veterinary scope was limited. However, although we did not undertake any manoeuvres with the Infantry, we co-operated with their supply and transport during bivouacs.

The Unit gave a good unrehearsed display of mounted troop drill before the Governor General, who had been inspecting the Infantry Camp.

Considerable ground was covered with the aid of a 30 cwt. lorry on our bivouacs. The section leaders were entrusted with much individual map work, and considerable experience was gained over various types of country. We were accompanied on one bivouac by Col. Belschner, A.D.V.S., 1 Cav. Div., who commended the Unit on a fine showing.

Two members attended a Farriers' School at Holdsworthy, and were kept well occupied on their return. Four members attended a Physical Training School earlier in the camp, and P.T. was held every morning until substituted by grooming when the horses arrived.

The mess was very capably handled by one of the new members in the Light Horse who served in Palestine during the last war.

A day was spent at the rifle range. The shooting was not up to the standard of the previous year's Annual Musketry. In the sporting line, a regular cricket match with Bde. H.Q. was a feature. Entertainments were amply supplied by the various Church huts, including a nightly picture show. Dances and picture shows at Matiland and Cessnock were also patronised.

The Unit marched out on 15th February, somewhat sooner than expected, owing to special leave being granted for members to attend deferred examinations at the University.

L'Allegro.

Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair,
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air.

Arthur Guitermen.
FINAL YEAR, 1941.

Back Row (standing) — G. NICOL, R. FARERROTHER, C. S. SAPSFORD, R. T. H. RIDDLE, R. C. DENYER, D. MCQUEEN.
Sitting — Miss K. RAYMOND, B.V.Sc., Dr. R. M. C. GUNN, Professor I. CLUNIES ROSS, Mr. H. B. PARRY, B.A., M.R.C.V.S., Mr. J. W. NEWCOMB, B.V.Sc.
YEAR NOTES

VET. SCIENCE I., 1940.

We have naturally been affected by the war, and have had to say good-bye to quite a number who have enlisted in the fighting services, amongst these are Bob Gilchrist, Dick Hewetson, Peter Irwin, Alan Miller, Tracy Sawers, Bill Walmsley and Bill Ward. Of the rest of first year the great majority joined either the M.V.S. or the V.E.S., mainly the former, in fact, of all the recruits to the Mobiles only three or four came from other years.

Tracy Sawers was our year representative. His keenness for our year and Faculty, and his general popularity enabled him to make an excellent job of it.

To make up for our losses in numbers due to the war and examinations, an even greater number of second year students stayed down in order to get the benefit of another year's dissections. We are now a rather large year, totalling thirty-eight.

There were not many Veterinary Society functions during the year. The Cocktail Party was the only one of importance, and although given for their benefit was not largely attended by the freshers. However, sporting activities claimed more interest, and in football especially, first year was well represented, both by players and barrackers.

Strange eccentricities are noticeable amongst some. For instance, Jack Veech will not shave his upper lip, while Lloyd Turner refuses to shave at all; Les Symonds still thinks people still laugh at the same old jokes; Noel Freeman developed a passion for sleeping away out in the paddocks during the last few nights of camp; whereas Noel went off to sleep, Rod Falk left camp on solitary treks, nobody has found out yet where he went—Hurlstonians say he did the same thing at school. Marnie Watt and Nancy McMaster are doing well with their pet dogs. Nancy in the Show, Marnie on the Social Page. Incidentally, Nancy stunned her admirers by the brilliant adornment to her third finger, left hand.—Felicitations, Nancy!

SECOND-YEAR NOTES FOR 1940.

Having finally cast the unbecoming title of “freshers,” we all set out to bring second year to the fore in all Faculty functions. We were well represented by G. H. (Pete) Royle as Assistant Secretary of S.U.V.S., while Bruce Walker and Charlie Prescott were on the Football and Swimming Committees. Henry Biron ably upheld our year on the Executive Committee.

A goodly part of the Vet. Inter-Faculty football team came from second year, Pete Royle and “Pip” being worthy of special note.
Prescott, B. Rushford, D. Rennell and J. W. West rallied to the call for swimmers, while the rest of the year supported on the edge of the pool. (Actually about 70% of the Vets at the Inter-Faculty carnival were from second year). Talking of supporting, who supported "Kid" Stephens and Ken Proctor on this memorable occasion?

In the Inter-Faculty boxing, we were represented by McTacket, C. M. Dickens and H. Biron. There will probably never be another exhibition like Mac's!

I. Peipman, G. H. Royle and Dave Rees were outstanding in Inter-Faculty cricket, Pete shining particularly in high pressure batting.

We must congratulate Bruce King on his winning the Novice event and coming second in the Inter-Faculty Mile, but remember, Bruce, you will have to stop that savaging in the home straight. D. Rees and M. Nicols also represented us in Athletics.

At this point we would like to congratulate John Macdonald on his Blue in Hockey, and Chas. Prescott on his Swimming Blue.

In Festival Week second year was well to the fore, being the only year to field an individual float. After much discussion, Mr. Dan Barrett's theme, "Don't Let This Happen to Your Horse, Send for a VET!" was chosen, and its effect on the Veterinary profession has indeed been great.

The trip to Wagga Experimental Farm was both instructive and enjoyable (especially the latter). From the latest reports, "Scotty" Leslie has bought himself a light, and can now recognise a curve when he sees one. Clive Dickens, exponent of the great art of Exterior Decorating, gave a fine exhibition of a rural study. "Shack's" shack was wonderfully adorned with milking buckets, cart-wheels, and I believe there was something about a missing bell. What's the latest effort, Clive?

There are also ten men on the black list, but the less said, the better. "There is a time and place for everything."

Finally, we wish all the departing final year luck in the future, knowing full well that they will uphold the great traditions of the Vet. School, traditions which we are trying to maintain.

THIRD YEAR NOTES.

We started 1940 with 37, of whom 6 came from other States, and no less than 8 came from New Zealand, and we'll not mention what State they were in on Commem. Day.

Refer to columns elsewhere for those of our number answering the call to arms. We wish them all the best.

In the sporting line you read elsewhere of the doughty deeds of Flynn, Niederer, Mills, Cairney, Mumford, and so on; and Leila Donaldson and Jean Scott were no less prominent in female sport. Towards the end of year we all had the most exciting game of hunt-the-thimble yet experienced. It isn't surprising that we found a mare's nest.
We are the last of the generations using the old dissecting room—small groups of us were seen early this year plaintively pointing out what a long way you could chuck a horse's heart in the new room. "But those glass cupboards . . . ?"

It is not authentic that our motto was: "Let George do it."

Last year was suddenly telescoped and Trinity vacation cut short. It left us with a larger summer vacation and more posts than expected.

Thanks are due to Ken Ferguson for doing the dirty work of year representative in a wholly satisfactory manner, and to Phil Schinckel, who threw his weight into Veterinary Society and Faculty matters as Secretary and S.R.C. representative.

It is pleasant to know that we are no longer birds of passage between the Med. Schools (old and new) and the Vet. School. We are to pick up our tents, however, and spend Michaelmas Term at Badgery Creek.

Thanks to Dr. Carne for a gesture on his part which we all appreciated and for his suggestions, which are worthy of following up, in the manner of getting to know the staff better. We refer to his entertainment early this year and functions along that line.

VET. SCIENCE SPORTS CLUB.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1940.

Patron: Professor J. D. Stewart.
President: Dr. R. M. C. Gunn.
Vice-Presidents: Dr. I. Clunies Ross, Dr. H. R. Carne, Mr. R. M. Webb, B.V.Sc., Mr. F. Whitehouse, B.V.Sc., Mr. J. Newcomb, B.V.Sc., Mr. A. W. Banks, B.V.Sc., Mr. W. Granger, B.V.Sc.
Honorary Secretary: R. G. H. Biddle.
Honorary Treasurer: C. H. Pile.
Sports Committee: Secretary, Treasurer, W. Mills, J. Ryan, R. C Taylor.
1st Year Sports Committee: J. Veech.
Delegate to Inter-Faculty Sports Committee: R. Biddle.

Sub-Committees

Rowing: H. E. R. Beattie, L. Freeman, E. Shepherd.
OFFICE-BEARERS, 1941.

Patron: Professor J. D. Stewart.
President: Professor I. Clunies Ross.
Vice-Presidents: Mr. Geddes, Mr. H. Parry, Dr. R. M. C. Gunn, Dr. H. Carne, Mr. R. Webb, Mr. F. Whitehouse, Mr. J. Newcomb.
Honorary Secretary: F. Morley.
Honorary Treasurer: S. Niederer.
Committee: D. Rees, I. Cairney, J. Chalmers.
1st Year Representative (elected by 1st year): J. Davies.
Delegate to Inter-Faculty Sports Committee: S. Niederer.

Sub-Committees:

Athletics: Messrs. Clark, Rees, Dawson.
Golf: Messrs. Ferguson, Schinkel, Royle.
Tennis: Messrs. Chalmers, Cairney, Biron.
Football: Messrs. Veech, Mills, Niederer.
Cricket: Messrs. Royle, Ferguson, Peipman.
Boxing: Messrs. Chalmers, McTackett, Rushford.

The Sports Club this year is endeavouring, as far as possible, to extend and augment its activities considerably, especially in regard to arranging for sporting facilities at the McGarvie-Smith Farm. To this end the Committee has drawn up a constitution for the Club, setting out briefly the main objects and methods of administration of the Club, giving future years some basis to work upon for an active organisation. We hope to be able to adopt this constitution early in Trinity Term.

At the McGarvie-Smith Farm we are investing most of our funds in sporting facilities. We hope to have a tennis court soon, a couple of golfing greens, and indoor sports will be provided. As our funds are not as extensive as we would like, most of this work will have to be done by ourselves, so we are hoping to form Working Bees on two week-ends next Term for Fourth Year. This, combined with riding, cricket, and the joys of swimming in the dam, should make the farm a pleasant spot to live in, and increase the interest in our work up there.

As the Dean of the Faculty has recently emphasised, it is the duty of each and every one of us to see that we are physically fit, and with your co-operation, the Sports Club will give every assistance possible to any move in this direction.

It is, unfortunately, necessary to refer here to the relatively poor response shown by members of our Faculty in the utilisation of the time made available by the Professorial Board on Wednesday afternoons for sport. Come on Vets.—it's not like you! Go to it!

F. H. W. MORLEY,
Hon. Sec.
FACULTY ATHLETICS.

I. 1940.

This year our achievements in the Inter-Faculty contests were much greater than in previous years. Noteworthy performances were those of F. Clark, who won the 880 yds., and B. King, who came second in the Mile. The redoubtable Riddle tied for 2nd place in the High Jump, and the Hurdles team won their event, while Max Nicholls won 3rd place in the 440 yds. The Tug-o-War team defeated Arts to retain the Cup. There is no doubt that the most pleased of the many spectators was Professor Stewart himself, the donor of the Cup. In the University Championships, Clark won the 220 yards Hurdles, Bruce King gained a meritorious 3rd in the Mile, and R. Denyer came third in the Hurdles. Clark also won the half mile in the Inter-Varsity contest at Adelaide. At various times throughout the year B. King, F. Clark and D. Rees ran with the S.V. Harriers.

II. 1941.

The Inter-Faculty Athletic Contest was for us the most successful for many years, since we were beaten by only one point by Engineering for 2nd place, after lying second to Medicine right up to the last event. King and Heffer breasted the tape together to win the Mile event. G. Tewling ran a remarkably good race to come second in the 440 yds., while J. Veech came second in the 220 yds. The Tug-o-War team upheld its reputation in retaining the Cup, and the Hurdles Team performed very well to come second to Medicine.

In the 880 yds., Rees and Dawson came 4th and 6th respectively and in the Shot Putt, Morley and Morrison gained for us a creditable third place. We also came 3rd in the Relay and the Medley Relay. Limitations of space will allow us to print only the following results:—

Novice Championships.

Two Miles—B. King 1st.
One Mile—B. Heffer 2nd.
Hurdles—R. Denyer 2nd.
Hop, Step and Jump—W. McFadden 3rd.

'Varsity Championships.

220 yds. and 440 yds. Flat
220 yds. and 440 yds. Hurdles
100 yds.: F. L. Clark 2nd.
Hop, Step and Jump: W. McFadden 1st.
Hurdles: R. Denyer 3rd.
880 yds.: D. Rees 2nd, V. Dawson 3rd.
1 Mile: B. King 2nd., B. Heffer 3rd.

Thus the Vets. now hold 5 Championship Titles. For a small Faculty, it can be seen that we are more than holding our own. This fine record has been built up largely by the efforts of a small number of men. We appeal to other members of the Faculty to help us uphold this record by taking advantage of the unlimited facilities for training offered by the Athletic Club.
VETERINARY SCIENCE FOOTBALL TEAM, 1941—Winners of Inter-Faculty Competition, 1941.

Standing, L. to R.—I. PEIPMAN, I. CAIRNEY, J. ANDERSON, A. THOMPSON, A. A. JACOB.
Middle Row, L. to R.—J. SYMONDS, J. VEECH, I. LESLIE, R. HENDERSON, A. TURNBULL, J. DAVIS.
Sitting—D. REES, S. NIEDERER, W. MILLS (Capt.), D. BLOOD, F. MORLEY.
Absentees—G. ROYLE, S. ROYLE, J. WOODBRIDGE.
Football.

From the point of view of results the season was not very successful.

Two teams were fielded and neither succeeded in reaching the semi-finals. However, there was great interest taken in the sport, both by players and supporters. Some good wins were registered and in a good game in the mud Agriculture truly beat us. Every effort was made to give as many players as possible a game.

One of our stalwarts, Bruce Walker, left us to join the A.I.F. We wish him the very best.

Joe Ryan, as Inter-Faculty Organiser did good work and his keen interest in the game makes him an admirable propaganda minister. Sel Niederer raked well for the 'Varsity Firsts—our congratulations, Selwyn. He holds his place with even better form this year.

1941.

This year we were allowed to enter only one team. This meant many keen players were unable to get a game for the Faculty.

In the Inter-Faculty competition we succeeded in bringing the Shute Cup back to the Veterinary School. Although it was not the final, our most exciting game was against Engineering, where Veech's kicking put the finishing touches to a very fine effort by the whole team.

In the final against Dentistry, we won a very hard game 20—6. The Vet's excelled themselves on that day.

A team visited Hawkesbury College and had an enjoyable day with a trouncing for good measure.

This season has been successful in every way. Interest runs high both in staff and students and it is a by-word in the University, that Vet's never lack barrackers.

It is hoped that Inter-Faculty matches might be organised later in the year. With the thought that there is no final year leaving us at the end of this year, we have high hopes for 1942.

Cricket Notes.

This year the Faculty fielded a good all-round side. Despite this, we were defeated in the first round by Engineering. Scores:—

Engineering 187 for 8 wickets (declared).
Veterinary Science, 131.

For the Faculty, E. Shepherd was the most successful performer with both bat and ball.

Late in the year a Staff v. Final Year match was played. It proved to be an unqualified success from every point of view, and we hope that every effort will be made to make it an annual fixture.

We wish to thank the Staff for entering into the spirit of this match in the way they did.

Rowing, 1940.

The usual meeting of rowers and those new men interested in rowing, was held early in Lent Term. Unfortunately the attendance was rather poor, only a few new men being present.
Partly owing to the late commencement of lectures, and partly due to the speeding up of the course for third and fourth years, it was impossible to select a crew to begin training before Trinity Term. Five members and the cox, of last year's crew were available, and with several additions, the following crew began training:—


Our coach of previous years, Charlie Rowe, again consented to help us. However, owing to increased pressure of work, he was able to be with us for only a small period of our training.

All members of the crew were indebted to him for his efficient coaching and inspiration.

The period of training was most successful and when race day arrived everyone felt confident, in spite of the formidable array of crews which had entered for the event. At the start, Vet. Science was smartest away, and at the end of a minutes' rowing, was leading by a length from Engineering. Soon after this an accident happened, which cost the crew the race. Number seven's sliding seat broke down, and in endeavouring to rectify this, his blade became caught in the water, and owing to the speed of the boat, the rigger was wrenched off. By this time considerable pace had been lost and Engineering had taken the lead. Vet. Science finished strongly with seven men rowing.

To Engineering, who went on to win by a clear margin in the final, we offer our heartiest congratulations, and hope to be able to meet them again in the coming year.

In 1941 there will be no rowing.

Swimming.

Again the Inter-Faculty Swimming Carnival seemed to catch the Vet. swimmers by surprise. Despite only one training swim, we managed to field a full team, our efforts being rewarded by a fourth place.

Our only win was that of C. W. Prescott in the Inter-Faculty Breaststroke Championship. We must also congratulate him on his 'Varsity Blue.

Special mention is also due to B. C. Hagelthorn, our freestyle champion. We greatly missed his cheery presence this year, but look forward to welcoming him back soon.

Far more support must be given to this branch of sport by the Faculty in general, there being very few barrackers to spur our champions on to victory.

Boxing Notes.

Last year was a very disappointing one as far as the boxing activities of the Faculty were concerned. The results obtained can be attributed to the fact that we were unable to enter a full team, and not enough interest was shown by members in preparing
themselves for the contest, with the result that the team was sadly lacking in condition.

We could not find anybody small enough to enter as a fly-weight, which was unfortunate, but Alan McTackett gave a very plucky and entertaining exhibition in the Bantam-weight, which he did not win, but is to be congratulated on fighting at all so soon after his illness. Henry Biron was our Feather and Clive Dickens our Lightweight, but condition told in both these weights and we did not feature. John Chalmers was our Welterweight, but was beaten after doing his best, as usual. Bob Gilchrist was the hope of our team after winning his first fight, but was beaten after a tough struggle in his second fight in the Middleweight Division. It is a pity that his enlistment deprives us of his help this year.

It is to be hoped that more interest will be shown in boxing this year, and that we will be able to enter a full team with everybody in the pink of condition. With the co-operation of the junior years, I think we should be able to make a much better showing this year.

Golf

In 1940 an unsuccessful entry into the inter-faculty competition was the only activity. This year has so far shown no signs of interest in this sport.

Shooting

War-time conditions have stopped shooting temporarily as a pastime.

Tennis

In 1940 the Brettingham-Moore Trophy was won by Eric Shepherd and Dick Biddle. In the inter-faculty competition we went out in the first round to Arts.

Medical Journals please copy:

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

WOMEN’S NOTES.

Last year the Women of the Faculty played an energetic part in Inter-Faculty sport, coming third in the list. They entered a swimming team, which through no lack of effort, was unsuccessful in gaining any points. This year the spirit of the pioneers was lost and we could not collect enough to make up a team.

In Basket Ball we did quite well and in Tennis . . . Well, we tried.

In Hockey we reached the semi-finals, aided by strong masculine verbal support. This year “major” Faculties may not play Blues in their teams, but Scott and Donaldson may play for us, a
"minor" Faculty. We have so far held a strong Arts team to a 2-all draw.

We got third in the Athletics—it is a pity we have no Tug-o-War, for we feel that we have the necessary material to emulate the men's efforts in this field. The two Cups could get married and live in the Vet. School.

We congratulate the following on their sporting achievements:
Leila Donaldson—Captain 1st XI., 1940, 1st XI., 1941.
Jean Scott—1st. XI., 1940, Australian Blue, 1st. XI., 1941.
Marie Watt—1st IX., 1940, and 3rd XI., 1940.
Nancy Wickham—2nd. XI., 1940.
Peggy Christian—2nd. XI., 1940, and 1st. XI., 1941.

On Festival Day we put on a float with mounted escort. Our thanks are again due to Mr. Hurst for the loan of his piebalds, to which we become more attached every year.

In our fictitious* spare moments and numerous lectures we knitted 19 pairs of socks and sent them to Vets. overseas.

The great event of 1941 was moving into our new room. It has been furnished with 6 easy chairs, 5 lockers, some curtains and a mirror, all of which came from the Faculty or Manning. Thanks to Cath. Raymond for keeping our feet warm with some "Feltex."

The men seem to be jealous of our gas ring, and some have suggested we make morning tea for them. We thought that coffee was their long suit—isn't it Sel?

*The Editorial staff is prompted to ask if their evenings are so full that spare moments are fictitious.

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