

Tips for surviving
SUMMER PLACEMENTS

An interview with
Nick Cave

MAKING THE
MOST OF BVSc5

REVIEW
Which textbooks
are worth it?

NOSE TO TAIL

— Quarterly —



2019
ISSUE FOUR

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Here we are— less than a month away from the break! Just a few pesky exams to whiz through first. We hope you enjoy reading through the pages of the final *Nose to Tail* issue of this year. We've got hilarious stories, sound advice, great photos and wise words. What more could you want to take your mind off all the study you should have started already? This year has gone so quickly for me, and that means my time as editor is coming to an end. I could natter on for ages about *Nose to Tail*, and how proud I am of what our little team has achieved this year, but we wouldn't have done it without the continued support of MUVSA, Debbie and the MAS team, the staff and student contributors, and most importantly, you as the readers, who inspire us to keep our pens to paper with your fantastic ideas and wonderful feedback.

Next year *Nose to Tail* will be in great hands, with Julia Burton taking over as editor, and Ashlee Larsen and Bianca Mercer as assistant editors. Having watched these three develop as fantastic writers and creatives, I can't wait to see what they do with the publication next year.

I want to say a final gigantic thank you to the *Nose to Tail* team. When I put out a call for writers, I didn't expect any responses. But each of you came, bringing your passion and creativity, your fantastic ideas and your enthusiasm. It has been humbling to work with such a talented group of people, and I can't wait to see what the future holds for each of you. I want to also say a particularly enormous and heartfelt thank you to my contributing editor, biggest supporter and wonderful partner— Samuel Frost.

I hope you all have a fantastic summer holiday and a marvellous Christmas and New Year, surrounded by those you love. Georgia Beasley, and the *Nose to Tail* team



FROM THE PRESIDENT

Well team, that's a wrap.

Semester 2 has flown by, and now it's nearly exam time. But before everyone gets into stress mode, we get to read this exciting last edition of the *Nose to Tail*. This edition welcomes our MUVSA team for 2020. I'm enthusiastic to see what this team is going to bring to the table, and I wish them all the best.

To my MUVSA team, I thank you. Its been an awesome year, and we should be proud of our efforts.

To everyone, good luck for exams. Thank you for letting me be your president. Keep looking out for one another x

Georgie Martin

President, Massey University Veterinary Students' Association

MUD, SWEAT & BEERS

Jack Cameron reports on the most competitive weekend in the vet school calendar, second only to the MMA interviews.

Photographs provided by Jenny Jang and Jack Cameron
Happy Hour photography from Dauntless Photography

As the sun began to set over the brown and contaminated lagoon, a few brave heroes boarded some questionable vessels for the Annual Raft Race. During their mad dash to the water, several went under, showing everyone that an E. coli infection was worth winning the coveted title.

Reigning supreme were the fifth years, the most environmentally conscious of the bunch – showing everyone that literal rubbish bags are the most effective form of water transport. In a shockingly twist of events the first years actually showed up and, believe it or not, they didn't even come last!



Despite the grim looking sky, students came in droves for a full day of sports that most wouldn't have played since P.E. was compulsory. Kicking off the morning was touch rugby. About half way through the round, the heavens parted to bless us a rare moment of perfect hang-out-the-washing weather, just in time for the next events.

Capture the flag brought out a competitive streak most hadn't seen since pre-vet, and Bubble Ball was comparative to the Masonic on a Friday night – colliding bodies, a sense of dizziness, and an overwhelming stench of B.O. Next up was netball, where the claws came out faster than a pillared cat (the 'social' aspect was lost on most).

After a scrumptious sausage sizzle hosted by MAS, we had one of the most anticipated events of the day: Tug of War. Competition was tough, and horsey students became valuable team members; their arms well adapted for the lead-pulling of stubborn ponies.

In the relay it was up to a select few from each class to prevail. I've never had to run backwards so fast in my life! After the relay there was Frisbee (I don't even know where to begin with that one), which was followed by Dodgeball, where we saw the final players duck and dodge better than a sheep's vein under a needle. Finally, everyone settled down in the late afternoon sun to soak up the rays and watch a light game of rugby.

Amid rumours of cheating, which they abhorrently denied, first place unsurprisingly went to the fourth years. In a (not really) shocking turn of events, it wasn't the new kids on the block or even the devastatingly underpopulated BVT, but rather the second years that came in last place. Losing to the first years twice in two days? That must be a hard pill to swallow.

To finish off a cracker of a weekend, the vet cohort tumbled their way into the Masonic, wearing anything but clothes (well, mostly). This theme seemed to suit the student budget, with most people looking like they'd spilt the contents of their rubbish bin onto the dance floor.



COMMUNITY ROOTS

On a wet day in August, vet students gathered to give back to the Palmerston North community

Capitalising on a golden opportunity to practise squats, be at one with nature and polish those vet student halos, 40 eco-warriors headed out to the wop-wops on Saturday 17th August for the annual community day's tree planting. A collaborative initiative from Horizons, Palmerston North City Council and Green Corridors community group, the planting of Turitea Stream will provide a glorious walkway to residents of the nearby future subdivision. The 870 native trees, provided by Totara Glen Nursery, will also help to reduce the erosion of the stream bank so a glimpse of the bottom of the Manawatū River may not be so far-fetched in the future.

Just as messy as a typical vet event- but without the ethanol consumption- the tree-planting was a day filled with banter and

good cheer. Aside from the questionable choice of Buckaroo, the spot prizes were very popular, thanks to fantastic support from the sponsors: Hill's, Royal Canin, Virbac, VetEnt, Zoetis, VetLink and Orijen. Despite the ever-threatening clouds, all 870 trees were planted within two hours of arrival and with minimal rain in the process. The same cannot be said of the post-planting sausage sizzle, cake and sandwiches however, when the heavens opened and sent all 40 cherubs scurrying for home.

Overall, it was a brilliant, refreshing escape from the confines of a lecture theatre and it was nice to have a vet event where digging holes did not involve digging ourselves back out of them.

Photographs and words by Catherine Nelson





The 2020 MUVSA Executive

Back L to R: Maithreyi Sundaresan, Nadine Hartley, Tatjana Wagner, Hannah Martin, Shannon Cassidy, Chris Riddell, Con Tencate, Sarah Hofmann.
Front L to R: Shresta Maharaj, Alessia Morel, Olivia Wilbourne

We welcome the MUVSA Exec team for 2020, headed by

Maithreyi Sundaresan

MUVSA PRESIDENT 2020

Who inspires you?

My parents came from quite humble beginnings in India and have managed to achieve so much in their lives. They inspire me to make the most of the advantages they have worked so hard for me to have and make my mark on the world.

What are your goals for next year as president?

I want to continue the work that Alisha and Georgie started by bridging the gap between vets and techs. Another aim is to make sustainable and functional changes to promote student well-being within the vet school.

How do you plan on further bridging the gap between Vets and Techs?

I look forward to working with Nadine to add more mixing events, particularly with those classes that will be in rotations together so that the bonding can start before we are thrust together in the hospital. We are happy we will have Alessia as our first Vet Tech Social Liaison working as the 5th member of the bar team to make sure they are represented.



A Quick Fix

Ashlee Larsen speaks with the Massey SPCA Desexing Clinic, working for the benefit of the community, vet students, and local cats.

Imagine you are about to perform your first spay as a practising veterinarian.

You feel the nerves begin to take hold as you scrub in and take your place within the surgery room. The vet nurse looks expectantly at you from across the table, waiting for your first incision. The scalpel feels heavy in your hand and you begin to question every step you're about to take. As you look down at the tabby cat sprawled unconscious next to you, all that runs through your mind is, "man, I really wish I had practised surgery more in vet school."

Well fear not, comrades! I know just how to prevent these thoughts from ever crossing your minds. The Massey Surgery Club provides an incredible opportunity for both vet students and vet techs alike. Every weekend, students can gain hands-

on clinical and surgical exposure under the supervision of experienced vet volunteers. With roles ranging from administration to cat spay surgeons, all levels of experience are able to make the most of this programme. Joining this club allows you to enhance the essential practical skills taught throughout vet school, and gain much needed preparation for our clinical rotations during fifth year.

Since the desexing clinic was launched by Dr Carolyn Gates in 2017, over 1000 cats have been desexed and more than 300 student volunteers have been trained. As well as benefiting students, the services provided by the Surgery Club also have a huge impact on the wider community. By teaming up with the local SPCA, they are able to provide a low-cost desexing scheme to cat owners that possess a community service card. At just \$10 for males and \$20

for females, all vet students can get their feline friends desexed for a much more affordable price! The SPCA has also noticed a significant decrease in their intake of stray and unwanted cats, which is great news for cat colonies in Palmerston North.

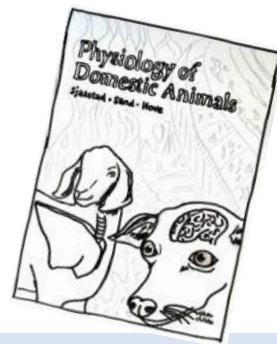
If you want to be on top of your game for future surgical procedures, the Surgery Club is a great way to start. To get involved, you can sign-up for your available dates on the forms emailed to students bimonthly, and wait for selection to be confirmed. Or, you can stay up to date with their progress by following the 'Massey SPCA Desexing Clinic' page on Facebook. Make the most of this opportunity, and ensure you head into your first day of clinical practice with confidence!

Ashlee Larsen

Anatomy of the Dog; Budras et al. ★

As the starting point for any first-year's textbook collection, it is only apt this book reflects the degree so beautifully. With stunning pictures and a lovely hard cover, it appears wonderful to any naïve outsider— however, upon delving into content you realise everything is not what it seemed, and you indeed know sh*t-all.

Budras does however, make a great statement piece for any first-year, carried under one arm along with a pair of shiny new Red-Bands and an embroidered polo shirt—letting all your failed pre-vet friends know who is superior in the hall. Budras retails for \$135.59. For this price you could instead purchase a Russell Hobbs 2-slice toaster from Briscoes, along with 14 loaves of Vogel's Sunflower and Barley bread. If you're unsure on how to spend your hard-earned Study Link cash, and are considering Budras, we'd recommend you go for the toast.



Physiology of Domestic Animals; Sjaastad et al. ★★★

Much like losing your virginity to a sexually experienced partner, Sjaastad eases you in gently, guiding you through the perils of physiology without forcing you into the uncomfortable places you'd rather not go.

If the expression "*Don't judge a book by its cover*" were written for a specific publication, it would without a doubt be Sjaastad. Although the content is marvellous, many students turn this book face-down before they go to sleep at night, as it is said the eerie goat on the cover with its smug, knowing smile, infiltrates dreams and fills them with diagrams of gibberish action potentials.

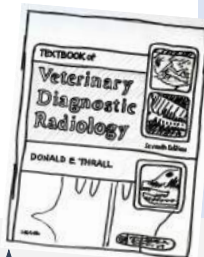
We found for the same price you could purchase 3 Nubian Buck goat kids from Trade Me, so think long and hard before you hand your precious cash over to the greedy mitts of a fifth year trying to make a quick buck in the foyer.

Veterinary Diagnostic Radiology; Thrall ★★★

I bought this book with the hopes it'd help me make some head or tail of Ron Green's radiology lectures, but it is just so tedious. Unfortunately, it was only after opening it that I realised the entire thing is in black and white.

Paul Wightman does recommend it for fourth and fifth year though, and after finding myself enlightened by his *trees in the fog*, I'd listen to just about anything he recommends.

Coming in at \$166.40, you could get 56 return trips on the esplanade scenic railway for the same price. We know what we'd choose.

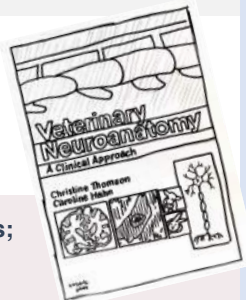


Practical Guide for Cattle Veterinarians; Thompson, C ★★★★★

This book should be called:

"How to not look like a completely incompetent tw*t in front of dairy farmers."

It is so useful, not just for cattle medicine, but for common sense. From correcting a twisted uterus to climbing a gate, this book shows you how to be a functional bovine vet and takes you through cases as you would see them on a New Zealand farm. At \$173.91 you could buy 24 bottles of cheap sav that taste like cow piss, or you could invest wisely on this little paperback beauty.



Veterinary Neuroanatomy: A Clinical Approach; Thomson et al. ★★★★★

Neurology for many of us is a paradox. Why is the brain so complicated, yet not so complex it can understand itself? This book is the solution. Short, sweet and cheap— it is perfect in every way the veterinary degree is not. Set out with wonderful diagrams and useful photos, written by one of Massey's very own vets— it is a textbook understandable even to those of us who've destroyed the majority of our brain cells with booze.

Retailing at just \$70.22, you won't have to work those extra weekends milking cows for this textbook. For the same price you could get a Weber Premium Glove set from Mitre 10. It's a difficult decision on which is the better purchase, so we'll leave that up to you.

The Sheep; West, Bruere, Ridler ★★★★★

Anne Ridler yarns on about this one, but we've got to give it to her— it is a bloody good book. Much like her lectures it's straightforward, to the point, without any woolly bits. We reckon this one is a must-have for rural mixed practice too. It might be hard to believe, but we promise this isn't a sponsored message (though if you'd bump our production grades up a few marks Anne, we certainly wouldn't complain).

At \$80 we think The Sheep is quite reasonably priced, though we do realise you could buy 40 Bunning's snags for the same amount. Up to you.



Reviews by
Georgia Beasley
and Andre Grafas

an interview with Nick Cave

Nose to Tail's Jess Darling Warner and Julia Burton
talk to Massey's most charismatic clinician.



What's changed since you studied at Massey?

The ancient Greek philosopher, Heraclitus, said that you can never step into the same river twice, because new water is always flowing through. That's how I think of this place—it's not the bricks and mortar, it's the people that make up the place. When I reflect on what's changed, my memory is dominated by that *era* of certain people, which obviously imparts a certain flavour to the place.

The hospital is now enormous—when I was doing my residency there were two medical residents, two surgery residents (including Andrew Worth), and an anaesthesia resident (Vicki Walsh), and we did just about everything. Since then, the caseload has exploded.

The class sizes also make a huge difference to us as teachers. It makes a difference at your level too. It's good for the university, but it's not as enjoyable for us as teachers. For those of us—and I'm definitely one—who enjoy teaching, one of the great joys is getting to know the people that you teach, and the bigger class sizes erode that possibility. My class had 62 people in it.

Your education is better, and we know that your curriculum is better than it used to be. I think we're paying more attention to how we teach, what we teach, and what we *don't* teach—as painful as it is as specialists to leave stuff out!!

Have you been able to travel and work overseas with your career?

Yes, I did my PhD in California at UC Davis, and I did a second residency there in clinical nutrition. But I've not worked outside of New Zealand other than that.

How do you deal with failure?

Just determination. And recognition that we're all fallible human beings and that none of us are perfect. I barely graduated.

I was one of those people who the staff sat around and argued about whether or not I should be let out into the workforce. I had no enthusiasm for the degree whatsoever. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to be a vet. So it's not like I set my level of standards punishingly high when I first came out. But then I very quickly decided that I *wanted* to improve. I didn't want to be hopeless. But, in order to survive you have to recognise that we're all going to make mistakes, and it's a much more accepting, a much kinder environment now compared to even twenty years ago. I think you're graduating into a more understanding and kinder environment.

"I had no enthusiasm for the degree whatsoever. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to be a vet. So it's not like I set my level of standards punishingly high when I first came out. But then I very quickly decided that I wanted to improve."

Is that because it's female dominated now?

Well, I don't think that's irrelevant to the question, but I think we would be paltering with the truth to say that's entirely the cause. Because I think... it's a change in society. Now I think—and this may seem, and probably is, at first and second glance, maybe even third glance—irrelevant, but I think it is relevant. I didn't know a single gay or lesbian person at school. Now is that because they didn't exist? No, of course not! It's because it was almost seen as shameful, and to be in any way different from the norm, when I was at school, was difficult. Troubling. And you just didn't want to put yourself out there. And now, there's such an openness and awareness—it's not even

really a point of conversation anymore. It's just accepted. No, you've grown up in a generation that's so much more accepting of not just the vibrant diversity of humanity, but also of the diversity of what we have to offer. We're not defined by just one thing—our career, our gender, our sexuality. We're much more interesting, complex creatures than that. So, I think you can take some credit for that, as women, but I think it would be over-egging the pudding to say that you were the only ingredient of interest.

What encouraged you to go into nutrition-based research?

It's a great shame that in the literature and the public domain, food and nutrition are seen as different things. Nutrition is all science-y and food is more chef-y, like you plate something up and drizzle it with the tears of a swan. But for me they're the same thing.

When I graduated, there was no education on nutrition except for in production animals. When I came back [to Massey] to do my medicine residency, I knew I had to have some ideas for some research projects. So I literally turned up with a list of ten things—I thought ten things would be good. They were all tainted with my naïve Labrador puppy-like enthusiasm—they were reasonable questions to ask, but *hopelessly* unrealistic research projects.

I was living then with Wendi Roe, Angus Fechny and my now wife in Hamilton and over a drunken dinner I had an idea that we could take the protein content of diets and chop it up into fragments. I thought I had invented the idea of hydrolysed protein diets. I was somewhat disappointed to realise it had been created 50 years before that. This struck a chord with my then supervisor, and from there Hill's z/d diet came about.

Then I became interested in food hypersensitivity and realised this was a very important and interesting part of companion animal medicine. And since 100% of animals have to eat, it seemed to me that it was the foundation of health. So then thinking about a PhD it was the obvious choice. I came very close to going to Edinburgh but in the end I decided on UC Davis.

What is your own diet like?

I am a vegetarian. I realised it was the appropriate moral choice for me probably ten years before I eventually changed, because I love eating meat. Animals are incredibly tasty. When I became a vegetarian I had meat based dreams for a year! I still eat dairy products, which I actually don't think is morally defensible, but I do. That's just a reflection of my mediocrity and inconsistency as a member of the ethical community.

If you were going to impress someone what would you cook them for dinner?

I could talk for hours on this subject! It depends who they are. Most people who come are not vegetarian, so you have to cook a killer dinner and work hard. I love making fresh pasta—when you eat a good ravioli, it has to have *lots* of filling wrapped in a *thin* sheet of pasta. I want one of the three dishes of the meal to be showstopper. There's a psychological phenomenon called the End Effect, where you remember the last dish—so you're far better off to go with dessert. Dessert has to be *fantastic!*

Once a year on my birthday (it's the 23rd of Dec—I don't expect a card) I invite as many people around as I can and cook for them. We have a theme every year. Last year, we had a Christmas theme—I made a chocolate Jesus in reference to the song 'Chocolate Jesus' (by Tom Waits). That took ages. I had to get an image of Christ off the internet and 3D print a plastic mould, then made a silicone mould so I could make my chocolate Jesuses on a stick. A lot of hassle for a silly joke!

I love messing around with gels. You get blood oranges and purple beetroot, juice them and set them with gel. Sweeten them a little and make it into a gel cube. So you have a cube of each presented on a plate. What you see are two beautiful clear gels—one deep purple and the other a wonderful orange colour so you immediately assume the purple is beetroot, and the orange is orange... then there's a wonderful moment in your mind when you realise the flavours are the wrong way round!

Do you rehearse your sound effects for lectures?

No! I never rehearse—that is exactly why I end up saying inappropriate things in lectures! I do not rehearse anything actually!

I mean I think lectures are an archaic and silly way to teach people really, if we were just starting to design universities nobody would think of the idea of a lecture.

However, that's the way it is.

My favourite speakers are people who are obviously enthusiastic, obviously dynamic, obviously know what they are talking about. But equally there is a spontaneity, dare I say it—a level of chaos to their presentations.

We definitely enjoy your lectures!

See, that means a lot to me! I would wave it off but genuinely, it means a lot to me. When I've given a bad lecture it will drag me down for the whole day.

"I want my life to involve a job that I love, a job that I find rewarding. That gives meaning to my existence.

And if I don't get that from my job then I should get another job."

If you could give one piece of advice to students at the business end of the degree or a new grad what would it be?

I'll say two apparently discordant and contradictory things:

Firstly, do not be afraid to wonder what the hell you've done! Many of us mention to our parents or at school that we might want to be a vet and they go 'Yes! Yes! Yes! Do that! A respectable profession, yes we'd like a vet in the family, yes you will be a vet!'. And then you've stepped on what feels like a traveller at the airport and there's no getting off until you've got to the end. We didn't stop to smell the flowers along the way and think 'you know what, this isn't actually everything I thought it would be'.

Who are you at 18? Are you the same person as when you graduate? I know I wasn't. I know most of us are still working out who the hell we are, what turns us on, what turns us off. The idea that as a bright, motivated 17 year old that you know what you want to do is preposterous! None of us know what we want to do at that age! Many of us die not knowing what we want to do. Knowing what you want from life is a difficult psychological achievement. So, I

think we should be gentle with ourselves and not feel like it's a failing if for instance you get to the end of final year and realise you don't actually want to be a vet. I would strongly encourage those people to still go out there and be a vet because it's only being a vet that you will know if you enjoy it. But if you decide it's not for you then that's okay—you are not defined by the degree that you have done. We talk about ourselves in very strongly descriptive terms. "I am a vet." It has the same resonance as saying "I am a woman," but it shouldn't. "My *job* is a vet." Yeah, that's fine. But you are something independent of that.

And the contradictory thing I am going to say is that it is equally okay for you to feel that it does define you. It is okay to feel like you want to spend long hours at work. I profoundly disagree with the concept of work-life balance. *It's just life*. And part of life in this current society on earth involves work. You will be working unless you've come into fabulous independent wealth. You will spend more time of your waking life working than doing anything else! So the idea that your life is *outside* of your work is a terrible concept. Is 'my life' only a small part of my waking existence? No, bugger that! I want my life to involve a job that I love, a job that I find rewarding. That gives *meaning* to my existence. And if I don't get that from my job then I should get another job.

And the thing is with all of you, you are capable of doing so many jobs, and the idea that you'd be anchored to one career because you have that veterinary degree is a terrible thing and leads to much unhappiness. I am not in favour of the concept that we recharge outside of work. I am in favour of the idea that if the good stuff only comes when you're not at work, then you are in the wrong job. And it may just simply be the wrong practice, but it may be the wrong career. This can be a fantastic career, it is a noble career, it is a noble, good thing to treat animals and help people that own animals. It is a wonderful thing. You are constantly intellectually challenged, it can be physically challenging, yes there are long hours, yes it's stressful and difficult but you are all capable of rising to that challenge. And if you don't find meaning and satisfaction in that, then the answer is not mediation or long walks with your dog, it's get another job.

I don't know if it's good advice (laughs), but I do believe that.

HOW TO HANDLE THE HEAT

You don't have to be fresh outta pre-vet to find placement work daunting; it is an intimidating prospect and each experience is different. You may have two weeks full of laughter and learning and practical, hands-on work whereas the next time might be slightly terrible. So many of us have been forced into uncomfortable circumstances and don't know what to do. We should know exactly what to do in every one of these situations and do something about it though, right?

Wrong. Despite managing to convince someone that we knew what we were doing in the CASPER and SJT, we are all human and often it is a whole lot easier to circle an action on a multichoice, than to actually do it in real life. Placements are great for the most part though, and in fact some heart-warming and downright hilarious experiences can happen while working your holidays away with unpaid labour. So, we have compiled some advice for the young and old alike, as well as some stories that we hope will enlighten this dark journey into the world of placements... or at least make you laugh.



Tell them if you get injured, if only to get your ACC claim.

Don't drink and drive (even quad bikes).



Do not underestimate a sheep's desire to get back to her mates.

Tell the vet if you're feeling unwell (fainting in the middle of observing a sterile surgery is not recommended).

Get baking for the clinic on your last day.

Buy the farmer a box of beers.

I was on placement in Nelson, and we had a morning call out to revisit and change a horse's bandage. The previous week it had run through a fence and torn the skin over its cannon bone. When we arrived on the farm, the owner was already beside the horse in her wide brimmed hat and Dior sunnies. We loaded up our gear, the vet opening the gates and me trying not to drop the unwrapped, half used bandages onto the mud below. When we got to the horse, the owner held the horse's head while the vet got to work unwrapping the few-days old bandage from his leg, which had (typically) slipped down into a squashed doughnut at the base of the cannon bone.

This is where the fun began.

The owner wore bracelets, which looked like they could pay for my student loan, and was constantly tapping the nose of her horse, saying "Yah yah, ahh, yah yah," trying to calm this already, very chilled out horse. The vet was quietly unwrapping the bandage, sans gloves, as he was just taking off the superficial bandage layers. As he unwrapped it, the bandage was getting gradually wetter and wetter, the closer he got to the softban layer; his hands becoming covered in these soaked bandages. We couldn't quite work out why, and he was quietly telling me that maybe this horse had an infection and there was purulent material underneath, maybe he had run through a puddle. That was until the client piped up and said "Oh, I hope you don't mind, I changed the horse's bandage yesterday. But don't worry, I re-used the same bandage."

This was bizarre.

"Yeah," she said, "I have a good, natural cure for most wounds. I soaked the bandages in urine." And it wasn't just any urine, she was telling us. It would make a little more possible sense if it was the horse's urine. But no. It was her urine.

"I do this to my kids all the time, and they're just fine. Urine is sterile, isn't it?"

So there is this poor vet, kneeling on the ground, holding this woman's urine soaked bandages with his bare hands. I don't think I've ever seen anyone put gloves on so fast in my life. I wasn't sure if I should start dry retching, or laughing.

The vet calmly explained that she shouldn't use urine as a curative agent in any instance and that it's less sterile than she thinks. What I want to know is, did she urinate into a bowl and soak the bandages, or pop a squat in the paddock, right next to the horse? Is urine more effective if it's fresh?

Her poor kids.

Ellen Hodder



My first day on the dairy farm, first milking and I was trying to get used to putting the cups on the cows. All I could think was “Whatever you do, don’t stuff it up”. Well of course, I stuffed it up. I got the suction on, then got one of the cups attached to the front of my overalls. I then proceeded to make an awkward situation more awkward in my embarrassment, and just said “Whoops, wrong tit!” The farmer didn’t know where to look, and nor did I for that matter!

Catherine

Help the vet nurses— you are not above anyone.



Don't look at your phone when out with the farmer.

Always open the gate for the farmer or vet if you are in the passenger seat. (If you can't open a gate, try lifting it a little).



Drink lots of water and plaster on that sun block when going out on the farm.

Don't stab yourself with a needle and inject yourself with Orf.

Leave the gates as you found them.

My friend and I were on our second year calving placement together at a local dairy farm; it was a friend-of-a-friend situation so we didn’t know the farmer personally but there were ties. One afternoon he said that we were going to slaughter a few sheep which he also kept on the property. So, we mustered the sheep into a small pen and while my friend and I closed up the gates, the farmer took one of the sheep around the corner and killed it. By the time we got there, we just saw it bleeding out from the neck. At this point I hadn’t really realised what was wrong but my friend had caught on—the farmer had killed the sheep by just slitting its throat. Even once I had realised what had happened I didn’t have the courage to say anything or maybe I didn’t really know if what I thought was wrong was actually illegal and to be honest even if I had I don’t know if I would have said anything. It can be a very awkward position to be in, seeing your placement manager do something illegal or unkind but these sorts of situations are much more common than I previously thought. Often people will not say anything in the moment whether due to ignorance or simply fear of being scolded or kicked off placement. However, my friend courageously spoke up, and I am so glad she did. She asked the farmer whether he had stunned the sheep first in any form and he said he hadn’t but that the sheep died pretty quickly anyway. Then she went on to explain the rules outlined by the Animal Welfare Act 1999 in the *Code of Welfare: Commercial Slaughter* which states that an animal must be stunned before slaughter. As it turned out, the farmer had no idea about these relatively new regulations put into place a year ago and was immediately apologetic. He asked about a better way to perform the killing since he did not have a stunning device and together we came up with a better solution which enabled an immediate death for the sheep. Although it was unclear whether this home-kill counted as ‘commercial slaughter’ under the Code’s regulations it was overall a positive and informative experience with the farmer and shows that sometimes speaking up does not result in punishment or humiliation and can be extremely beneficial for all those involved.

Anonymous

What do you do if you feel **uncomfortable or unsafe** during your placement, or need some advice? Contact Massey on 021 995 454 at any time, or the UG office during opening hours on (06) 350 5222 or (06) 951 8171.

What to do if you witness **animal cruelty** or ill treatment of production farm animals? Contact MPI on 0800 00 83 33.

By Bianca Mercer and the Nose to Tail team



Julia Burton

Surviving Fifth Year

What advice do you have regarding OWNS/ Rosters?

Don't be scared by the smallies roster, as its not as bad as you expect. I was dreading it and actually ended up really enjoying it! Yes it's long hours but I learned so much! (Andrew isn't as scary as you think he is— just be confident with him).

If you're interested in equine then I highly recommend Masterton Vet Services with Louisa Broughton as she's a great teacher. Ray Lenaghan at Otaki is also amazing as he's so passionate about equine dentistry and really funny! Bulls Production was great too as they let you do heaps and the staff and young and personable. Wildbase is highly recommended. Such a cool placement, even if you're not interested in wildlife.

Tips and tricks

- Get a cheap deal from Pak 'n Save and stock up on chocolate as a thank you for clinics!
- Always take your wallet when you go out with the vet for impromptu coffee stops!
- Meal Prep. Because you won't have time for anything!
- Do not expect to get any other work done during the week, so if you have an assignment due make sure you do it in a spare week.
- Collect your poisonous plants while it's summer! And make friends with a fifth year for help.
- Balancing fifth year can be really difficult, so remember not to be too hard on yourself, it's only a year!

Jess Darling Warner, interviewing Cindy Spatholz

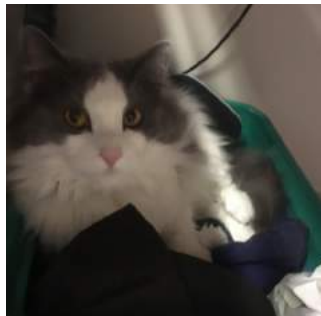
PATIENTS OF THE MONTH

By Tracie Ketcher



I couldn't finish the year without mentioning this little guy, as he is too cute not to include in my Patient of the Month column. This lamb (dubbed Boris by some students) is here to brighten your day and show you how adorable and fluffy he is. He was staying in Farm Services for a few days for special lamby daycare!

This close to the end of the year, I thought I would give this special wee man the attention he deserves. Born on Massey's own Dairy 1 Farm, Felix has become an icon in the large production animal clinic. Farm Services isn't the same without him, and he has been around since he was a kitten. So, if you pass by Farmies or have a roster there, be sure to give him a once-over with his brush or a scratch under the chin (this is his absolute favourite).



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Aries (Mar 21 – Apr 19)
Something is looming over you. Okay Massey, we get it, we have exams. Keep making the point why don't you?



Taurus (Apr 20 – May 20)
As the moon aligns with earth you will feel an electrical energy course through your body. Check those farm fences are off before you try climbing them.



Gemini (May 21 – Jun 20)
As the sun aligns with Neptune, an unpleasant force will enter your life suddenly. Watch out for raised tails and keep your mouth closed in the dairy shed this summer.



Cancer (Jun 21 – Jul 22)
If you don't pass this issue on to at least three friends, you'll fail all your exams.



Leo (Jul 23 – Aug 22)
You will be drifting along happily, until, without warning, you will be sharply brought back to reality. Bob can't help himself.



Virgo (Aug 23 – Sep 22)
The allure of something expensive will tempt you this cycle. Go on— spend those course related costs on a trip to Aussie.



Libra (Sep 23 – Oct 22)
Soon, you will lose something significant from your life. The weight on your shoulders? More likely to be your stomach contents after swimming in Hokowhitu Lagoon.



Scorpio (Oct 23 – Nov 21)
This chapter of your life is closing, my advice is to embrace the coming storm. Shout out to the 5th years moving out into the wide scary world, show us how it's done yeah?



Sagittarius (Nov 22 – Dec 21)
Everything is blurry, you're losing your balance. This is mainly due to Earth spinning faster because it's strongly connected with Saturn, but it's partly to do with Saturday night too. It's okay, Preet said it helps to drink away your hangover.



Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)
One morning this moon cycle, you will be frothing at the mouth. Is this the prospect of a lecture on chicken production? Or have you been bitten by a rabid dog lately? Both involves some form of insanity regardless, notify the authorities.



Aquarius Jan 20 – Feb 18)
You will lose your identity, and become someone you loathe. Sounds like you're coming to Happy Hour in an Australian rugby jersey. Hope you're prepared for battle.



Pisces (Feb 19 – Mar 20)
Run out of space. Look's like there's not much in your future.

Catherine Nelson and Andre Grafas