

for his exhibit of stamps at the Doctors' Hobbies Exhibition. He leaves a widow and two children, and to them we extend our sincere sympathy.

R. V. K. writes: During his 20 years in Welwyn Garden City Kurt Richard gave himself unsparingly to his work. His patients, who regarded him as their friend and philosopher as well as their physician, were all well known to him, and he inspired their confidence and trust by his genuine interest in them as individuals. He will perhaps best be remembered by all who were privileged to meet him for his kindness. His courage and cheerfulness while facing recurrent ill-health in his later years were tributes to his personality and his spiritual faith.

**S. J. CAMPBELL, M.B., F.R.C.S.Ed., D.T.M.**

Mr. S. J. Campbell, a surgical specialist in the Malayan Medical Service, died suddenly at Reading on September 23.

Samuel John Campbell was born at Belfast in 1908 and was educated at the Royal Belfast Academical Institute and at the Queen's University of Belfast, where he graduated M.B., B.Ch. in 1930. Four years later he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and in 1938 he took the Liverpool D.T.M. After graduation he held the appointment of resident surgical officer at the Royal Halifax Infirmary. In 1935 he entered the Colonial Medical Service and was posted first to Kedah, then to Brunei, and was in Kuala Lumpur when it was captured by the Japanese in 1942. From 1942 to 1945 he was a prisoner of war in Changi Camp, and after hostilities had ceased became surgeon at Kuala Lumpur. In 1950 he became senior surgeon at Penang, a post which he held until the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, Mary Harling, whom he married shortly after taking up his post in Penang.

P. J. H. writes: Samuel John Campbell had a host of friends scattered all over the world, to all of whom the news of his death will come as a severe blow. His outlook on life was based on firm principles of common sense. He was contemptuous of all frills and pretentiousness, an attitude which was reflected in his professional work, and which made him an admirable teacher. His success in this respect was shown by the number of junior colleagues in the service who had the benefit of his training and obtained their higher degrees in this country. His complete professional honesty made him very humble regarding his own ability, and, although his clinical judgment rarely failed him, he would never hesitate to refer a case if he thought it would be to the patient's advantage. Above all, he enjoyed his life. Keen on all forms of sport, he enjoyed considerable success as a rider at race meetings in Malaya before the war. Most of his friends, however, will remember him as a conversationalist who loved a pithy aphorism, a man of supreme common sense, who was rarely out of humour. He will not be easily replaced in Malaya, and to his widow our sympathy is extended in her sad bereavement.

A colleague writes: The medical profession in Malaya has suffered a sad loss from the sudden death, while on holiday in England, of Sam Campbell, as he was always known to his colleagues. During the war he was interned by the Japanese in Singapore, but after release was soon back at work. At this time he was appointed surgeon to the General Hospital, Penang, where his professional skill was widely appreciated. He combined sound and careful diagnosis with a high degree of operative ability, and he set out to provide in his unit the best possible standards of general surgery. He took a particular interest in training his staff, recognizing the need for each doctor to be prepared for work in isolated parts of the country. Campbell was forthright in his opinions and tolerated poorly any pretentiousness or insincerity, but those who were sick or in trouble could count on his help. In particular he was fond of children and had the happy knack of making friends with those who were brought to him for treatment. His

death at a comparatively early age will be greatly regretted by his colleagues, both in the Malayan Medical Service and among the general practitioners of Penang.

**ROBERT RUTHERFORD, O.B.E., T.D., F.R.C.S.**

Mr. RONALD MACBETH writes: May I be permitted to add a few words to the rather formal obituary on Robert Rutherford which appeared in your issue of September 6 (p. 642)? I doubt if many of his friends were more than vaguely aware of what was, in fact, his first name, since it was as "Jock" that we always knew him. His was one of the more colourful personalities of the King's Medical School of the 1920s. With Scots and Irish in his ancestry, he had a combination of determination and humour, allied with a temper which was easily aroused and as easily quelled. He started on medicine relatively late in life, having already qualified as a dispensing chemist. He found that his post-war pension and gratuity were insufficient to cover his expenses as a medical student, so for a number of years he worked each evening up to midnight in a chemist's shop in the West End, catching the last tram back to his digs. Often the work in the shop was not arduous, and when working for his primary F.R.C.S. he used to make a point of thoroughly digesting at least ten pages of Gray each night. I fancy that he did not always find such learning work easy, because as registrar at King's and superintendent at Hillingdon he seemed to know instinctively the difficulties of surgical comprehension which the younger people might be having, and his teaching was all the more valuable for that reason. He took up his appointment at Hillingdon shortly after the local Board of Guardians had handed control over to the county authorities, and he found a hospital of the workhouse-infirmary type which was scheduled for upgrading under the new regime. To a man with his active imagination and zeal for new ideas this was a heaven-sent opportunity, and he had the satisfaction as superintendent of seeing the work of the hospital expanded out of all recognition. But the pace was too hot for County Hall, and the bureaucratic brake became so irksome to Jock that a parting was inevitable.

When he decided to take a practice on the Borders near his old home town, he had the expectation—partly realized in the days before 1939—of doing much of the surgery of his practice himself. He had dramatic stories to tell of an urgent tracheostomy on a farmer's kitchen table, and of transthoracic drainage of a subphrenic abscess in a shepherd's cottage, miles from the nearest road. This kind of difficulty was the spice of life to Jock, and it is understandable that in the Army he was perhaps a greater success as an officer in charge of a surgical division than as the commanding officer of a hospital. On his return to civilian life he found to his sorrow that there was little or no place in the National Health Service for the surgically active general practitioner, but he found solace in fishing and sketching, at both of which he became a skilled performer. Many of his friends at King's had assumed that a surgical consultant appointment awaited Jock, but I know that in those days of the great slump he did not feel he could afford to wait for something to turn up. He may have had his regrets, but his humour and zest for life induced an ultimate philosophy which made mental capital out of what he had seen and done and prevented his grieving for the might-have-been.

**D. N. NABARRO, M.D., F.R.C.P.**

Professor J. HENRY DIBLE writes: May I correct one small point in your admirable obituary (*Journal*, October 11, p. 919) of Dr. David Nabarro? You say, "He was also the senior member of the Pathological Society of Great Britain and Ireland." This should read, "a senior member." The society was founded in 1906 and Nabarro elected a member in 1913. After more than thirty years' membership he was elected to the class of senior members, to which ordinary members of thirty years' standing are qualified for admission.