

bedrooms by the light of oil-lamp or candle, with a neighbouring practitioner to give the "rag-and-bottle" anaesthetic. A keen lover of sport in his younger days, he played cricket for Cambridgeshire.

He was a charming companion, a good sound doctor, a man with a great interest in the well-being of his fellow creatures. He was a good friend that it was bitterness to lose, and he leaves a gap in our ranks impossible to fill. He is survived by his son, also a doctor, and by his stepdaughter.—R. and A. L. D. J.

T. H. WOODFIELD, M.D., D.P.H.

With the death of Dr. T. H. Woodfield on 6 June at the age of 96 a link with the past has been broken.

Thomas Harold Woodfield was born on 16 January 1868, the last surviving child of William Woodfield, needle manufacturer of Redditch, Worcestershire. He was educated at Hurstpierpoint and St. Bartholomew's Medical College, where he qualified with the Conjoint diploma in 1893 and graduated four years later. He obtained the D.P.H. in 1899 and proceeded to the M.D. in 1912.

After a short time in general practice in the country, where he rode a horse to do his visits, he entered the fever service of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and was appointed assistant medical officer to the Brook Hospital, Shooters Hill, and later Gore Farm Hospital, Dartford. He then became medical superintendent of the Downs Sanatorium, Epsom, and in 1914 medical superintendent of the Park Hospital, Hither Green. At the Park Hospital he lectured and held ward rounds for students taking their course in fevers and was known well to many students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After his retirement from the Park Hospital in the middle 1930s he returned to Brightlingsea, and on the outbreak of the second world war helped his old friend, Dr. Neath, with his general practice. During his long years of retirement he was able to devote much of his time to his deep interest in ornithology, for which he was well known. Dr. Woodfield was unmarried.—H. W.-D.

R. J. D. GRAY, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Dr. R. J. D. Gray, who was in general practice at Ashford, Kent, died suddenly on 17 June at his home at the early age of 47.

Robert James Dow Gray was born on 24 April 1917 and was educated at Harrow School and St. George's Hospital, where he qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. in 1942. He obtained the post of house-surgeon at St. George's Hospital, and later at the E.M.S. Hospital at Slough. He then joined his father's partnership in Ashford, where he practised successfully until his death.

"Dr. Robbie," as he was affectionately known, was conscientious, painstaking, and sympathetic, and will be greatly missed by the many patients to whom he gave confidence and encouragement.

He leaves a widow and a married daughter, to whom our deepest sympathy is extended.—J. C. H.

W. A. D. OLIVER, L.R.C.P.&S.ED. L.R.C.P.GLASG.

Dr. W. A. D. Oliver died suddenly at his home at Coxhoe, Co. Durham, on 19 June at the age of 62.

William Athelstane Dickinson Oliver was born at Coxhoe on 18 April 1902, the second son of Dr. W. Oliver. Educated at Bailey School and Durham University, he qualified in 1925, and on the death of his father succeeded with his brother, Dr. O. H. D. Oliver, to the family practice, to which he devoted his entire professional life. His tact, sincerity, gentleness, and infinite patience quickly established him as a firm favourite with the patients, while his integrity and clinical acumen, particularly in dermatology, in which he was specially interested, won him the respect and admiration of his colleagues. He never spared himself in his work, and the very high standard he set and maintained was an example to those of us who worked with him. During the second world war, in addition to working in the practice, which had by then greatly increased in size, he looked after the practice of a colleague on military service, served on numerous medical boards, acted as medical officer to the Army camp at Coxhoe Hall, and was medical officer to the 22nd Battalion Durham Home Guard.

He was keenly interested in all forms of sport, particularly in golf, at which he excelled, though his limited recreation time allowed him few opportunities to play at Brancepeth Golf Club, of which he was a founder member.

The last 10 years of his life were marred by persistent ill-health. He knew the diagnosis and prognosis from the outset, accepted it with calm fortitude and never complained, regretting only that he was unable to pull his weight. His determination to get back into harness at the earliest possible moment undoubtedly shortened his life.

The death of "Dr. Athel," as he was known by all, ends 82 years of family practice in Coxhoe. He will be sadly missed as a devoted doctor, loyal friend, true gentleman, and loving husband and father, and our sympathy goes out to his widow, daughter, and two sons.—R. E.

H. C. SQUIRES, C.M.G., M.A., D.M. F.R.C.P., D.P.H.

Dr. ALI BEDRI, F.R.C.P., and Dr. ABDEL HALIM MOHAMED HALIM, F.R.C.P., write: Dr. H. C. Squires (obituary, 29 February, p. 566) retired in 1930, after many years of hard work to build with others a welfare medical service in the Sudan, or a social attempt, as he called it in his book. He took back home with him the love, admiration, and respect of those who worked with him and those whom he taught. With his fine presence, his sincerity of purpose, and his eloquent, concise lectures, and his stimulating clinical ward rounds, he captured the imagination of his students. He inculcated in them his accuracy, his lucid presentation of a case, and the power of observation.

With a vast knowledge of psychology he taught them to treat the patient as a human being. As a great believer in continuing education in medicine he kept personal contacts with his students and colleagues. All this

he did with and for students in whose country modern medical education was introduced for the first time. His Christmas letters written in his own handwriting came regularly to them. All sorts of topics were touched upon generally and the new developments of medicine were discussed in particular. Many of his students still keep these letters as a valuable treasure. The last letter from him was received by one of us a few weeks before his death.

He kept the progress of the Kitchener School of Medicine at heart. He saw the assessors before they came to the Sudan and met them after their return, so when the School was recognized by the Royal Colleges he was the first to break the news—and most triumphantly.

Squires was a well-educated and cultured doctor. He was a well-informed natural historian in his own way, and so he insisted on seeing that his students became educated and cultured. He encouraged them to learn and study aspects of life outside the realm of medicine. A good physician should be an all-round doctor. His homes at Eltham and in London were all open to new-comers from the Sudan. With his wife and two charming daughters he made us all feel at home and not at all homesick. He introduced his students to the great men of the profession. His arduous task was the interest he took in the postgraduate studies, a further step in the development of medicine in the Sudan. He lived to see all his dreams come true.

The last time we met him was in his old club, the Athenaeum, with others who were the builders of Medicine in the Sudan and the ambassadors of British Medicine and British culture. Squires was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians who not only upheld the prestige and maintained the traditions of British Medicine but also passed it on to his students in the Sudan. He loved us. We shall miss him.

J. W. SCHARFF, M.D., D.P.H., D.T.M.&H.

I have only just seen the report of the death of Jack Scharff (2 May, p. 1190). I worked with him for some years in Malaya, where he was chief health officer, Singapore Rural Area, and professor of public health in the University. He was a man of great energy, swift decisions, and, best of all, rapid and practical applications. Each medical student lived for a month in the rural areas, working with him and his staff. Some of the reports they sent in were models of what every medical student should know about community medicine and environmental sanitation. Later I worked with him in Trengganu, where he was simply magnificent. (*Indian Medical Gazette*, 1942, 77, 552 and 689.) His ability to "cut the cackle" and get down to work was outstanding. In these days of prolonged and expensive surveys, of lengthy reports from advisory groups, and of complicated schemes for a multiplicity of organizations it is an inspiration to remember Jack Scharff's energy and effectiveness.—CICELY D. WILLIAMS.

Correction.—The obituary of Dr. T. C. Graves (27 June, p. 1711) inadvertently omitted to state that his first wife died in 1932 and he is survived by his second, Dr. Kathleen A. H. Sykes, whom he married in 1933.