

those who met this courteous member of our profession on his unhurried path through life. Nothing ruffled him, nothing dismayed him, nothing daunted him. His life as a country doctor began when the country doctor could only with great difficulty obtain specialist help, when there were few aids to diagnosis, when surgical emergencies had to be dealt with on the kitchen table by the man on the spot.

Francis Eddison always inspired confidence, not only in his patients but in those who were privileged to work with him, and by his exceptional hospital training he was quite capable of dealing with acute appendix, strangulated hernia, or perforation. All fractures were tackled as a matter of course. He used to say that one had to live with one's failures as well as with one's successes, and infinite care and considerable skill resulted in few of the former.

His good humour made him a delightful companion in his car or by his fireside, and a fund of anecdotes enlivened his conversation and his public speaking, of which he was no mean exponent. He was, perhaps, seen at best in his coroner's court. His dignified serious bearing, his shrewd and immediate grasp of a situation, his kindly treatment of witnesses, especially the bereaved, made him an outstanding coroner for almost thirty years. Osteoarthritis of hips rendered him at first relatively and then completely immobile, but he carried on with a measure of his work with great courage and without a vestige of self-pity—a fitting close to a long life of toil—displaying to the end the qualities which endeared him to his many friends and a host of patients.

#### ARTHUR HARRIS, M.D., D.P.M.

Dr. Arthur Harris, physician to the Bethlem Royal Hospital and the Maudsley Hospital, died in London on May 22. He was 50 years of age.

Arthur Harris was born on July 18, 1908. He already had a degree in economics when he took up the study of medicine at Manchester, his native city. After graduating M.B., Ch.B. in 1934 he became a house-physician at the Liverpool Stanley Hospital and in 1936 he joined the L.C.C. mental hospital service. It was at this period of his life that he proceeded to the M.D. in 1938 with a thesis on the treatment of schizophrenia, and in the previous year he obtained the D.P.M. of the English Royal Colleges. After service at Bexley, Hanwell, the Maudsley Hospital, and the St. Francis observation ward he joined the R.A.F. in 1942 and became a specialist in neuropsychiatry with the rank of squadron leader.

At the end of the second world war he returned to the Maudsley and was acting medical superintendent in the transition period before the inception of the National Health Service. In the many changes that occurred in July, 1948, the Maudsley Hospital and Bethlem Royal Hospital were combined as the postgraduate teaching hospital in psychiatry. Medical became replaced by lay administration, and Harris was elected chairman of the medical committee, a post of special importance at that time. He gave valued service in this position and as a member of the board of governors of the hospital. He was also a member of the academic board of the associated Institute of Psychiatry, and was a recognized teacher of the University of London. For several years he served on the Psychological Medicine Group Committee of the B.M.A. and on the Joint Committee of the Group Committee and the Royal Medico-Psychological Association.

D. L. D. writes: In the early days of the National Health Service many problems of medical reorganization had to be faced, and it was in large measure due to the personal influence of Arthur Harris that these were solved at the Maudsley with the minimum of friction and a workable machinery evolved which has met all subsequent requirements. He brought to bear on these problems a great fund of common sense, patience, and a capacity to distinguish what was really important. He never sought personal gain and was utterly devoted to the hospital which

he served. On matters of medical planning and policy, memoranda would be required for guidance, and it nearly always fell to Arthur Harris to prepare these. After the passage of years the wisdom which he injected into such drafts is evident even more clearly than at the time of preparation.

His clinical interests, characteristically, were in the severely ill and the chronic sick. His early work was on the "cardiazol" treatment of schizophrenia, and among his latest was a critical investigation into the value of insulin treatment for that condition. Realizing the limitations of current therapies in such a disabling illness, he turned his attention increasingly to the social problems involved and published many papers dealing with rehabilitation. He was one of the pioneers of the psychiatric day hospital. Because of his drive and interest an old house next to the Maudsley was converted for this purpose, and when a cricket pavilion at Bethlem reverted to hospital ownership he seized the opportunity to show how cheaply and expertly it could be adapted to the same end. Later he grafted a night hostel on to his day hospital to serve still further the socially handicapped. Few patients were too far gone for some kind of help in his scheme of assessment. With the general decline of deep insulin therapy empty beds began to appear in the ward set aside for this purpose, and he used this opportunity to collect some of the prognostically hopeless who came to the hospital, many of whom achieved a surprising degree of social improvement under his care.

To his registrars he was a somewhat avuncular figure, ready with advice and encouragement to take up clinical investigations. His hobby was motoring abroad, and no sooner had he returned from one such trip than he began to make plans for his next. He would study the country he proposed to visit, its history, climate, food, and wines. He was an excellent host and liked to entertain visitors from countries he had visited or intended to visit. He made two Continental trips after his first heart attack in 1956 and seemed to be fully recovered when he was again struck down.

Our sympathy goes out to his widow, who was his perfect companion and shared his interests to the full. He will be sorely missed and always remembered.

#### W. K. PARBURY, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H. D.M.R.E.

Dr. W. K. Parbury, formerly radiologist to the Bedford County Hospital and the Kettering and District General Hospital, died at Bedford on May 8. He was 93 years of age.

H. P. B. writes: Walter Key Parbury was a remarkable man who led a varied and remarkable life. Nearly 6 ft. 6 in. tall and of magnificent physique, he was a notable figure in any gathering of men. The son of George Parbury, of Bickley Park, Kent, he was educated at Uppingham. We know little of his scholastic or athletic prowess there, for who is there now remaining who can tell us of a man who was born in 1865? But we know that he was a keen cricketer and that in later years he was a very successful player of tournament tennis. From Uppingham he went to Woolwich to become a soldier, but while he was there his father died and left him a comfortable independence. This may have unsettled him. At any rate he decided to change his profession, and partly, perhaps, from the influence of his uncle, who was surgeon to Queen Victoria, entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital to study medicine. There, though he stayed for several years, this restless, active giant could not be contained. He had already reached the final stages of his studentship when he fell violently in love with a charming young lady, married her at short notice, abandoned his studies, and went careering off on a round-the-world honeymoon cruise. Arriving at New Zealand, he was so captivated with the country that he decided not to return to Bart's. He bought a sheep farm, and there he stayed for ten years, and there the first three of his children were born.

But the urge to medicine had never really left him, and after doing some work at Otago University he sold his farm (now in the possession of Sir Sidney Holland, late Premier of New Zealand) and returned to Bart's, where he qualified M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. in 1901. He was then 36 years of age, and he went into general practice at Sharnbrook, a village near Bedford. But general practice soon became irksome to so independent a nature, and in 1910 he took the D.P.H.(Cambridge) and was appointed medical officer of health to several rural districts in Bedfordshire. Then came the first world war, and in 1914 his military instincts quickly took him back into the Army—not this time into the cavalry, but, pushed by his qualification, into the sanitary section of the R.A.M.C.

He retired as a major and returned to Bedfordshire, but in his wanderings in France he had seen something of x-ray work, rather primitive though it was in those days, and he decided that here were fresh worlds to conquer. In 1922 he took the D.M.R.E.(Cambridge), and after a period as clinical assistant at Bart's he started practice as a radiologist in Bedford and was appointed the first honorary radiologist to Bedford County Hospital and later to Kettering General Hospital. While continuing to live at Sharnbrook Grange he bought for his private x-ray practice a house in Bedford's "Harley Street," where he installed genuine deep x-ray apparatus in the front room and diagnostic apparatus in the back. At the same time, since radiology was then still only an adolescent science, he continued some of his work as a rural medical officer of health. He was chairman of the Bedfordshire Division of the B.M.A. in 1923-4.

It is odd to think in these days of grace that in the 1920's, and in some cases even later, there was no full-time radiologist in either Bedfordshire or in any of four neighbouring counties. Even in the large industrial town of Northampton, where in a vigorous department the x-ray work is now shared by four busy radiologists, it was then the part-time province of a consultant physician. In Bedford it was probably in x-ray therapy that Parbury did his best work. He was a born pioneer who would have nothing but the most powerful apparatus, and given wider opportunities he might have done great things. Those were the days before shock-proofing had come in, and H.T. sparks were apt to fly from place to place, but Parbury was quite unperturbed; and if a naked cable activated at 220,000 volts seemed a little close, he just tied it back with a piece of string. In diagnostic radiology he was probably a little less interested, or perhaps, already in his sixties, he felt that it was growing too fast for him, and in 1932 he decided to retire from this branch of his work and hand over to a full-time radiologist, while keeping on some of his work as a rural district medical officer of health.

It is a long time now since he retired from Bedford Hospital, and most of those with whom he was associated have now passed on, but echoes of him still remain. Though genial and good-natured, he was, as radiologists sometimes are, a very forthright man, and he could not abide officials. The story is probably a true one that on one occasion, irritated beyond endurance by one who did not like his paper-work, he seized the unfortunate fellow, himself a big man, by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and hurled him into the passage. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. What would he have done in these days of nationalized committees and controls?

Parbury could not be idle, and he kept on his work as a medical officer of health all through the second world war until 1946, when he was 80 years of age. Earlier this year, when he was 93 years old, he survived a major operation, and when the writer of these notes met his wife a few days after he had returned home she had just had great difficulty in keeping him indoors because he wanted to go and see the gas people, who, he was assured, had overcharged him. To the last he was gardening and carpentering and in the evenings playing bridge, at which, on the night before he passed suddenly and peacefully away, he took a shilling off each of his opponents. Parbury was married three times. His first wife, Ann Lilian Crouch, died in 1926; his

second, Muriel Osborn, died in 1936. To his widow, who was Muriel Sale, and who for the last twenty-one years of his life gave him unceasingly gentle yet unobtrusive care, the family owes a great debt. Five daughters survive him, and all of them helped him at some time in his practice, especially the youngest, who is Miss Kathleen Parbury, the world-famous sculptor. There are nine grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

#### W. J. C. SYMONDS, B.M., B.Ch.

Dr. W. J. C. Symonds, who had been practising in Toronto for the last five years, died there on April 12. His untimely death at the age of 36 has been a sore blow to his many friends and patients.

After serving during the war as a pilot in the R.A.F., William James Charters Symonds completed his clinical work at Guy's Hospital, where he obtained house appointments in the face of strong competition. In 1953 he emigrated to Canada with his family, where for a time he worked in a life assurance office. However, he soon realized that this was not the life he wished to lead, and set up in private practice, confining himself to medicine. He was not only a doctor of first-class ability, but he also quickly became the trusted friend and confidant of his patients. His practice grew rapidly, and within a short time he was one of the hardest-worked practitioners in Toronto. In spite of this he never spared himself, and was always ready to listen to the problems of his patients and give them kindly and sympathetic advice.—J. J. C.

T. R. L. F. writes: Those who were privileged to know Bill Symonds will feel a deep sense of loss at his untimely death. Bill possessed a truly magnetic personality; his unselfish generosity combined with a courageous spirit and bubbling sense of humour endeared him to all. These qualities were quickly appreciated by his patients and colleagues at Guy's, where many examples of his kindness will be remembered. He had qualified as a fighter pilot in the R.A.F. before coming to Guy's, so as soon as he qualified he volunteered for service in the Royal Auxiliary Air Force and became medical officer to 600 (City of London) Squadron. With them he spent every available moment, flying as often as possible. Many an A.T.C. cadet has cause to be grateful that at his first trip into the air he was piloted by the ever-thoughtful medical officer. Bill's success in Toronto was assured. It was characteristic of him that for many months he had been overworking, and it was this that led to his sudden and totally unexpected death. To his wife, four children, and family we extend our deep sympathy.

#### E. GORDON CAMPBELL, M.B., B.Ch., D.P.H.

Dr. E. Gordon Campbell, who was in general practice in the West Riding of Yorkshire for 35 years, died at his home at Harrogate on April 1. He was 72 years of age.

Edward Gordon Campbell was born in Tipperary on July 7, 1886, and was educated in Scotland and Ireland, graduating M.A. at Dublin University in 1909. After a short spell as a schoolteacher, during which he played rugby football for Cumberland, he was ordained in the Church of England in 1910, and held curacies in the north and south of Ireland until he entered the Army as a chaplain in 1914 for service in the first world war. He served in Flanders until 1917, when he returned to Dublin, and in the following year re-entered Trinity College as a medical student. He obtained the degrees of M.B., B.Ch. in 1921 and the Diploma in Public Health in 1922. After holding an appointment at the Rotunda Hospital he was granted the diploma of L.M. in 1921. In 1923 he married Clare, daughter of the Rev. James O'Callaghan, and went to Nidderdale, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to take up an appointment under the Bradford County Borough Council. Some years later he moved to Ripley, and finally to Harrogate, where for