

layout but down to the smallest detail, and plunged whole-heartedly into every aspect of the institution of this new service, from the active surgical work of which he at once retired when it became possible to appoint a whole-time specialist in this branch. His creative skill found scarcely less opportunity for full play in the many improvements and large additions to the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital since the war, some long accomplished and others now under construction or as yet only designed in detail which he was destined not to see, but all of which bear the manifest imprint of his influence and skill, as all engaged with him in the committee work would readily testify.

The colleague to whom we are indebted for this memoir adds: In Dyball the profession has lost a man who was generally beloved and who combined powers of independent and original practical thought with manual dexterity, and it is not too much to say that the whole county mourns his loss.

THE LATE MR. BERNARD CRIDLAND

Dr. S. S. writes: As one of the number of residents whose privilege it has been from time to time to work with and for Mr. Bernard Cridland, I would like to add to the many that you will have received my appreciation of his unfailing kindness to his juniors. In particular he maintained an interest in the future of the many younger members of the specialty to whom in their hospital days he so freely imparted information and help, and encouragement to emulate his operative skill. Though he set himself and his residents a high standard of perfection, he was more than charitable to one's constant failures to attain it. His hospitality, generosity, and courtesy will be long remembered and appreciated by all who had the opportunity of personal contact with him, and his influence will continue to be felt for many years. Since leaving his immediate supervision I have had many occasions to be grateful to him for his considered opinions on matters of every kind, and his juniors have lost not only a revered and respected chief, but a very good friend.

THE LATE SIR JAMES FOWLER

Dr. REGINALD HEARN writes: I feel that I may have something of interest to add to your obituary notice of that gracious personality the late Sir James Fowler. He and I, since my election in 1924, were the only medical members of the Beefsteak Club. He loved the place, and not only visited it in former years, as you correctly state, but continued to dine there with the utmost regularity until the latter part of 1933. He then told me with uncanny accuracy that he had only a short time in which to live, that this was his last visit, and that he intended at the end of the year to resign from the club after a membership of nearly fifty years. At the Beefsteak everyone dines at the same table, and conversation is general. In the vast majority of cases its members are prominent and distinguished in most varying walks of life; but in our profession we all know the stupid manner in which even the most intelligent layman will occasionally attempt to discuss the technical side of medicine with a doctor. Fowler hated it, and the whimsical, kindly, albeit sometimes cutting manner in which he repelled all such attempts was a joy to behold. This side of him only appeared when laymen were present. If, as often happened, we were alone together, he would delight in giving me the benefit of his rich professional experience, and I only hope that I may have benefited from it. Such occasions would be late in the evening after other members had left, for he was always a late diner, and going early to bed did not appeal to him. His great friendship with his fellow member Lord Montagu was formed at the Beefsteak, and the associations with Beaulieu which resulted from it were the delight of his later years. His general culture was wide and profound, which rendered his conversation fascinating. About him there seemed to cling the atmosphere of the more spacious and leisured age

which he represented, and in his passing we have to mourn one who was, in the truest sense of the term, a "scholar-physician" of a rare and splendid type.

Dr. ARTHUR F. PERIGAL, New Barnet, writes: I was fortunate to be one of Kingston Fowler's house-physicians at Brompton thirty-four years ago, and learned much by his meticulous and thorough examination of patients and his accurate deductions therefrom, albeit street noises were often distracting, causing him to remark upon the difficulty of auscultating to the accompaniment of popular tunes of the day! He had a charming and genial manner which made consultations with him a pleasure, and his kindness I have never forgotten.

Dr. DAVID CHARLES LLOYD, the tuberculosis officer for Cardiganshire under the Welsh National Memorial Association, died at his home in Lampeter on June 26th after only a day's illness. A native of Corwen, North Wales, and a student at Guy's Hospital, after qualifying in 1911 he went into general practice at Llanfairfechan, where he remained for three years. His knowledge of the work and the trials and difficulties of general practitioners stood him in good stead later on in establishing cordial relations with his colleagues in practice. The Welsh National Memorial Association, for the prevention, treatment, and abolition of tuberculosis in Wales, was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1912. To an ardent Welshman fresh from hospital work this national effort to stamp out a national scourge made an immense appeal. From quite an early date Lloyd was co-operating with the tuberculosis physician for his area and consulting with him on cases met with in his own practice. From this interest grew what was to become a life-long passion—the fight against tuberculosis. In 1915 he entered into the service of the Memorial Association and came under the stimulating influence of Dr. Marcus Paterson, and learnt to apply the basic principles of the treatment of tuberculosis laid down by the latter. After various appointments under the association, Dr. Lloyd became a tuberculosis physician for Cardiganshire, and after his eighteen years in the county it is difficult to think of Cardiganshire without thinking of him. Those who have been engaged in tuberculosis work realize the long uphill fight which took place in the early days before the subject received adequate recognition; the long struggle against prejudice, ignorance, and superstition. The work was exacting and the discouragements many, and those devoting themselves to it were of the nature of pioneers. In a pioneer we expect ability allied to fearlessness, tenacity, and self-sacrifice. The pioneer must live with and for his work. In medicine we expect to find in addition sympathy and understanding. The work is important, but must never be allowed to submerge the patient. Dr. Lloyd had all these qualities combined with a receptive mind, always open to new knowledge, and ever ready to apply what was useful to the treatment of his patients. He was generous in giving credit to others, and, although disclaiming any credit to himself, had the satisfaction of seeing the death rate in his own county fall from 157 to 66 in a period of twenty years. To his patients he was physician, counsellor, and friend, and in his dealings with them never forgot they had minds as well as bodies. He lived a full and strenuous life, and the manner of his going was such as he would have wished—to go when still actively engaged in the work he loved so much.

H. A. R.

We regret to announce the death, on July 15th, as the result of a motor accident, of Dr. ROBERT HERVÉ YELF of Norwich. Both his father, Dr. R. E. B. Yelf, now of Selsey and a past-president of the Oxford and Reading Branch of the B.M.A., and his grandfather, the late Dr. L. K. Yelf, were medical practitioners at Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire. He was educated at Rossall School, served during the Great War as lieutenant in the 2/4th Royal Lancashire Regiment, and was badly gassed. He studied for the medical profession at King's College Hospital, London, and, after qualifying M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. in 1925, held resident posts at his own hospital,