

1950 to 1951. He was keenly interested in politics, and for many years was chairman of the Badenoch Division of the Unionist Association. Among his many hobbies he ran a large ranch of silver fox and mink.

His elder son was a fighter pilot during the second world war, and was killed in action. Felix Savy is survived by his wife, his daughter, and his younger son, also a doctor, who practises in Kingston-upon-Thames.—J. S.

**G. E. G. WILLIAMS, B.A., M.D.**  
M.R.C.P.

Dr. G. E. Greville Williams died at his home at Radyr, Cardiff, on 27 December 1964. Until a fortnight before his death he was lecturer in the Department of Pathology of the University of Manchester. He was 33 years of age, and was unmarried.

Glyn Edward Greville Williams was born on 30 July 1931, of Welsh parentage. From Aldenham School he went to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. with honours in the Natural Sciences Tripos. From Cambridge he went to University College Hospital Medical School, and graduated M.B., Ch.B. Camb. in 1956. He took the M.R.C.P. in 1958 and proceeded M.D. in 1962. After house appointments at Northampton General Hospital he came to Manchester in 1958 as demonstrator in the University Department of Pathology; he became assistant lecturer in 1959 and lecturer in 1962.

His death has given poignant sorrow to his colleagues in Manchester. Our strongest impressions are of the courage and the courtesy with which he bore his long illness. From its beginning he knew the diagnosis and the dark prognosis. His courage he showed by a complete absence of self-pity and a refusal to let ill-health cloud his interest in his work, or—till physical weakness made it inevitable—to shed any of his responsibilities. His courtesy he showed by the lengths to which he went to conceal the fact that he was ill. This was largely, I believe, from a considerate wish to spare his friends embarrassment and pain.

He was a shy and modest man, with no gift for, or taste for, superficial bonhomie. On first acquaintance one would have thought that he would not make friends easily, but to those who worked with him it very soon became clear that this was a friend worth having. His obvious goodness, his generosity, and the penetration and sparkle of his conversation quickly won affection and respect.

His intellect was formidable and his knowledge encyclopaedic and critical. Senior and junior colleagues alike came to regard him as a reference source. "What does Glyn think about it?" was a standard question in the department when pathological teasers cropped up or new ideas for research were broached. He responded generously to such appeals, with comments of a maturity beyond his years and of a relentless scientific integrity. Outside medicine he was equally well informed. At the departmental tea-table, wherever the conversation ranged

he could advance and adorn the topic. His incurable intellectual zest and his voracious reading made him a worthy ally, or opponent, on any theme. He had indeed the sacred thirst of Browning's Grammarian.

Real grief must so often fall back upon a cliché. One can only say that Greville Williams's death is a considerable loss to pathology and to medicine. This young man, who was able so notably to influence his colleagues, junior and senior, would, if he had lived, have influenced many more.—A. C. P. C.

P. T. B. writes. We who were Glyn Williams's friends in Wales and knew him from boyhood pay tribute to the memory of a young man of towering intellect and noble personality. If he had lived he would surely have made significant contributions to science and medicine.

He was a true polymath, a great scholar; his mind ranged over the whole field of human thought, science, medicine, philosophy, literature, and art. His uncompromising intellectual and personal integrity was accompanied by a singular tolerance and compassion; he never spoke or did anything mean or unkind.

His "leaf has perished in the green"; the gifts of fate brought honour and friendship, but also anguish and untimely death. The way he came to terms with catastrophe, carrying on his work until near the end, and the fortitude and courage of the last few years of his life, will remain as an example to all who knew him.

**W. DEANE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.**

Dr. W. Deane died at his home at Waddington, near Lincoln, on 15 January, aged 80. He was one of that vanishing race, a country doctor of the old school, who rightly held the trust and affection of his patients not just for his medical care of them but for his help and wise counsel in so many other fields.

William Deane came of a medical family. He was born at Scothern, Lincs, where his father was in general practice. Two of his brothers also became doctors. After going to school in Lincoln he went to St. Thomas's Hospital, qualifying M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. in 1907. He then entered general practice at Wragby, Lincs, and stayed there till he joined the R.A.M.C. in 1915. He served in France and was mentioned in dispatches. In 1919 he returned to general practice in Collingham, near Newark, where he was to spend the rest of his professional life. He retired in 1951 and went to live at Waddington, but never severed his connexion with Collingham. During the second world war he undertook the work of A.D.M.S. in the local Civil Defence as well as running a busy single-handed practice. In 1945 he became a county magistrate and sat on the bench at Newark.

Bill Deane was by nature a warm and kindly man, the possessor of a great sense of humour, who readily made firm friends in all walks of life. He had an ageless quality that made many of his friends much younger than himself regard him as a contemporary. He was always prepared to go to immense trouble to help anyone, whether a patient of

his or a complete stranger (and whether human or animal). Although he had a widespread and busy practice he was a man of many interests. He played rugby for his hospital, and was a keen tennis player. In his younger days he hunted, and all his life was a keen shot. His skill as a carpenter and cabinet-maker was also legendary in the village. He was a real craftsman who appreciated and practised good workmanship.

Those were the days of the voluntary hospitals, and he not only appreciated their help himself but encouraged his patients to do likewise in a very practical way. Each summer for many years he and his wife and family helped to raise what were then very considerable sums of money for Lincoln and Newark hospitals.

He was a devoted family man. His wife, who had been an invalid for several years, died last summer. To his three daughters we offer our sympathy.—D. N. and R. W. W. B.

**T. RUDDOCK-WEST, M.D., D.P.H.**

A. P. D.-J. writes: The loss of Tom Ruddock-West (obituary, 23 January, p. 257) will be deeply felt throughout Norfolk, where he was medical officer of health for 26 years. His outside interests were numerous and varied. For over 30 years he was a keen Rotarian, and for 21 years he was president of the Norfolk branch of N.A.L.G.O. He was the county surgeon in Norfolk for the St. John Ambulance. During his time in Surrey he was the local secretary of the B.M.A. He was a past president of the Norfolk and Norwich Philatelic Society, a keen amateur archaeologist, and a keen yachtsman for many years, owning a "Yare and Bure" class yacht, known locally as a "White boat" class; he was also interested in woodwork and silverwork.

He had a great many friends and associates whom he inspired with his endless enthusiasm. He worked selflessly and helped all who came in contact with him, and was truly a great man.

He made a point of knowing personally every general practitioner in Norfolk and visiting them from time to time; his cheerful enthusiasm never ceased nor tired.

**Colonel M. M. CRUICKSHANK,**  
C.I.E., M.D., CH.M., B.SC.,  
F.R.C.S.ED., I.M.S.(RET.)

G. W. M. writes: Living here in Canada I was greatly shocked to hear of the untimely death of Colonel M. M. Cruickshank (obituary, 24 October 1964, p. 1078). I knew "Cruicky" well during the war years in India, and I can confirm that not only have his many colleagues lost a wonderful friend and counsellor, but also the world has lost a great humanitarian.

**Correction.**—In the text of the obituary of Dr. H. R. Frederick (23 January, p. 256) it was stated that he was a Member of the Order of the British Empire. Dr. Frederick was in fact an Officer of the Order of the British Empire.