ROBERT HAROLD BLYTHE

Every institution of any substance and importance has its story of ups and downs, in which is chronicled at least one major disaster, which seems at the time to shatter not only its fortunes, but also the spirits of those who are responsible for its work and welfare.

The Fellowship of Postgraduate Medicine has had to record the loss of many distinguished servants, mostly members of the medical profession whose names were a household word throughout the country. The sudden and unexpected death of our Business Manager has come to us all as a shattering blow. Mr. Blythe came to us in 1941, at a time when the Fellowship was hard put to it to maintain its equilibrium, and it is no exaggeration to say that its continued good fortunes and the increase in the prestige and success of its two Journals were largely due to his initiative and to the loyal and untiring energy which he devoted to its interests. To say this is the least we can do in justice to his memory; to express what we shall feel at the loss of one who had become to all of us on the Executive Committee and Editorial Board a very dear personal friend is far more difficult. Like most high-souled individuals to whom their work was a real vocation, he was gentle, modest and unassuming. His interest in our future well-being was very real, and he gave us of his best to the utmost. Those who had to work with him can never forget his untiring energy, his tact, and above all his extreme patience and forbearance, often in circumstances in which others, more materially minded, would have thrown up the sponge and left us in the lurch.

Blythe was a first-class man of business, full of knowledge, experience and initiative. With these qualities were combined a devotion and loyalty to his employers which are not conspicuous in these days. There is little doubt that the constant output of mental and physical energy which he expended, regardless of himself, in the discharge of his obligations were partly responsible for his sudden and untimely death, and so we bid him farewell with a deep sense of gratitude and in the knowledge that 'greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

MAURICE DAVIDSON

EDITORIAL

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Weighing the Odds

Weighing the odds is a process familiar to all of us from our earliest years. Probably the first such situation to be faced consciously for most of us concerned food and was a matter of quantity. Later we had to measure such risks as those involved in a catapult after a summary, but obviously unreasonable, confiscation; were they merely serious or catastrophic? Obviously such questions could only be settled by experiment, and experience was apt to be painful. Thence we passed on to slightly more serious matters involving

others as well as ourselves. If we won the toss should we bat first, or should we put them in and hope for some quick wickets?

Generally speaking, however, throughout our school days experiment was a healthy line of approach to most problems. The penalties of losing were not too high and, in any case, involved nobody but oneself. Much depended on personalities and in these matters your schoolboy can be a first-class psychologist.

Having surmounted the difficulties of youth in which a slowly increasing experience came to our