IN MEMORIAM

CECIL DIGAN LANGTON
1907-1965

Cecil Digan Langton was born on March 17, 1907, the son of Dr William Langton, a general practitioner of Redfern, Sydney. His school days were spent at St Aloysius' College, Sydney, where he distinguished himself by becoming dux in his final year. He then went to Sydney University to study medicine and graduated in 1932. He was appointed resident medical officer at Lewisham Hospital the next year and later became superintendent. Thereafter he went to England and obtained the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The outbreak of the second world war found him still in England, and in 1940 he joined the Royal Air Force, rising to the rank of Wing Commander. During this time he gained an extensive knowledge of the treatment of injuries. After the war he returned to King's College Hospital, London, and while working there was selected as an A.B.C. travelling fellow, one of the thirteen surgeons of the "younger" school chosen to participate in the combined meeting at Quebec of the American, British and Canadian Orthopaedic Associations. After this meeting a comprehensive tour of many American orthopaedic clinics extended his knowledge and experience.

In 1948 he returned to Sydney and was appointed to the Honorary Staff of Royal North Shore Hospital, Lewisham Hospital and the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. This last appointment he had to relinquish later because of pressure of work. He was the senior orthopaedic surgeon at both Royal North Shore and Lewisham Hospitals at the time of his sudden death on October 30, 1965.
Cecil Langton was a quiet, unobtrusive man with a certain old-world charm of manner. He was an extremely competent and experienced orthopaedic surgeon. His two interests were his work and his home, and both showed the signs of the care and hard work he put into them. He will be sadly missed by his friends, colleagues and patients.

Langton’s thirteen years in England left a lasting impression, and he had a great regard for the English way of life. His stone, Georgian type home, 100 years old and venerable by Australian standards, set in a charming garden overlooking Lane Cove River, was to him a source of never-ending pleasure. Here he designed and helped construct a swimming pool, and from some source he obtained a number of old red hand-made bricks with which he built a wall on one side of the garden. He delighted to entertain his many friends in these delightful surroundings and it would be difficult to find a more pleasant and peaceful spot in the Sydney suburbs.

With honorary appointments at two major teaching hospitals and a large consultant practice, Cecil Langton led a busy life, but his approach to his patients, whether in the outpatient department, the hospital wards or his own rooms was kindly and unhurried, and he inspired confidence and friendship. A Fellow of the British and Australian Orthopaedic Associations, he took an active interest in this latter body, and on a number of occasions gave valuable service on the Executive Committee. Had he survived he would undoubtedly have been president within a few years.

Cecil Langton will be sadly missed by a host of friends, colleagues and patients. His wife Mary and daughter Jane will remember with pride a life well spent in happy, useful service, but our sympathy goes out to them in their premature loss.

Cecil Langton was one of the orthopaedic rehabilitation team with Watson-Jones and myself in the Royal Air Force during the last war. He came in after a splendid training at King’s and in the Emergency Medical Service. Before he was demobilised from the Royal Air Force he became the senior orthopaedic specialist in the rank of Wing Commander. As an orthopaedic surgeon he was completely reliable and sound and he was an admirable doctor as well. His units were always perfectly organised and administered. He was a delightful colleague with a fine sense of humour. The writer and he did a long official tour of German orthopaedic units after the war and he was a most stimulating and enjoyable companion. Seen a few short years ago in his native Sydney he seemed in his usual excellent spirits and working as hard and as eagerly as ever. We discussed the possibility of his visiting London again which he was eager to do. It is sad that all of us who knew him will not have a chance to see his cheery, kindly face again, and we grieve for and with his wife.

H. O.-C.

**STUART SCougALL**

1889–1964

Stuart Scougall, one of the elders of orthopaedic surgery in Sydney, died after a long illness in which he showed dogged determination and unwillingness to admit defeat. He suffered from leukaemia for many years but in no way let this interfere with his work which he continued until almost the end.

Born in Maryborough, Queensland, in 1889, he had early ambitions to become an engineer and journeyed to Stanford University in the United States of America which offered free tuition. Because of financial difficulties he had to abandon this and worked his way back
to Australia as a ship's steward. In 1915 he studied medicine at Sydney University, graduating in 1920. He went into general practice in North Sydney, but always having interest in orthopaedic work did an intensive study tour of the orthopaedic centres of Italy, Great Britain, the Continent of Europe and North America in 1929. He soon became a full-time orthopaedic surgeon, was the founder of the orthopaedic department at the Royal North Shore Hospital, and gave devoted service to it until 1938 when, after disagreement with the administration, his resignation was accepted.

This departure from his self-created department was a serious loss to the hospital and a great sorrow to him. Thereafter, he applied his energies to the orthopaedic department of the Ryde District Soldiers' Memorial Hospital and soon had an expanding department running efficiently which he served in consultant capacity until his final illness.

Through association with Professor A. J. Arnott, Dean of the Faculty of Dentistry, he gained interest in the orthopaedic aspects of dentistry and in 1938 was appointed consultant orthopaedic surgeon to the United Dental Hospital of Sydney. He introduced the treatment of fractures of the edentulous mandible by open reduction and retention with special Kirschner wires, without intra-oral or external splintage, so that the patient could eat normally from the time of operation. This technique was also employed in the management of protrusio mandibuli.

In early days he had little time for the aesthetics of life, but became a recognised authority on the growth of trees and arboreal planning. Deciding, even at the age of fifty-four, that he knew little of musical appreciation he sought instruction from a distinguished teacher and became an ardent supporter of the Sydney Philharmonic Orchestra. He identified himself also with developments in the modern school of painting. In 1957 he organised a visit to Melville Island in Northern Australia, his own duties including advice on the medical care of the aboriginals. He gained insight and appreciation of the secrets of primitive bark paintings and later presented a collection representing native culture to the Art Gallery of New South Wales, a collection to which he added the year after his further excursion into the little known Arnhem Land. Exhibitions of this culture were shown by Qantas Airlines in many parts of the world and he personally introduced them in Tokyo, Teheran and the United States of America.

He was an enthusiastic tennis player and loved playing singles, even on the hottest day, against men several decades younger. He was an honorary adviser to Australia's Davis Cup Team and worked ceaselessly to relieve the orthopaedic troubles of many of Australia's leading tennis players.

Despite these many facets of his gregarious nature, Stuart Scougall remained an individualist to the end. Not everyone understood his complex personality. Given to little praise and few words, his individualism and cold altruism were summarised in prose and verse in his own book Consider the Lilies in reference to the memorial garden to his eldest son killed in the second world war:

"Then it rained in the desert of my heart
And I went on my way Unionly yet alone."   

G. S. C.

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