

one pair of shoulders. He worked day and night; he often returned to his office desk at midnight. He overworked himself, strained his health, and failed to streamline his growing Department so that it could relieve the concentrated burden. For his laborious industry and diligence behind his green baize door of the Under-Secretary's Office, his officers and assistants respected and admired him; for his gentleness and human kindness, they loved him. But they were concerned that the work was not "farmed out", that they were not given wider responsibilities, that there was not more practical "division of labour" and coordinated teamwork. The Department grew only slightly; its work was not spread, but remained concentrated in Dr. Skelton's own office; and because of these defects, the Department suffered. To some extent, because of Dr. Skelton's character, it was retarded, instead of taking a great progressive leap ahead at a time of need.

Illness and Death

Four years before, Dr. Skelton had had indications of heart-strain, and had been warned that, unless he worked less hard, his life would be forfeited. The strain of the life he led, the unremitting devotion to the varied duties of his great office, had brought on the first attack. For a few weeks he was confined to his bed and for a few months thereafter he paid perfunctory respect to the warnings of his doctor by trying to get away from his office before 6 p.m. But even then he would take his unfinished work to his home and soon he