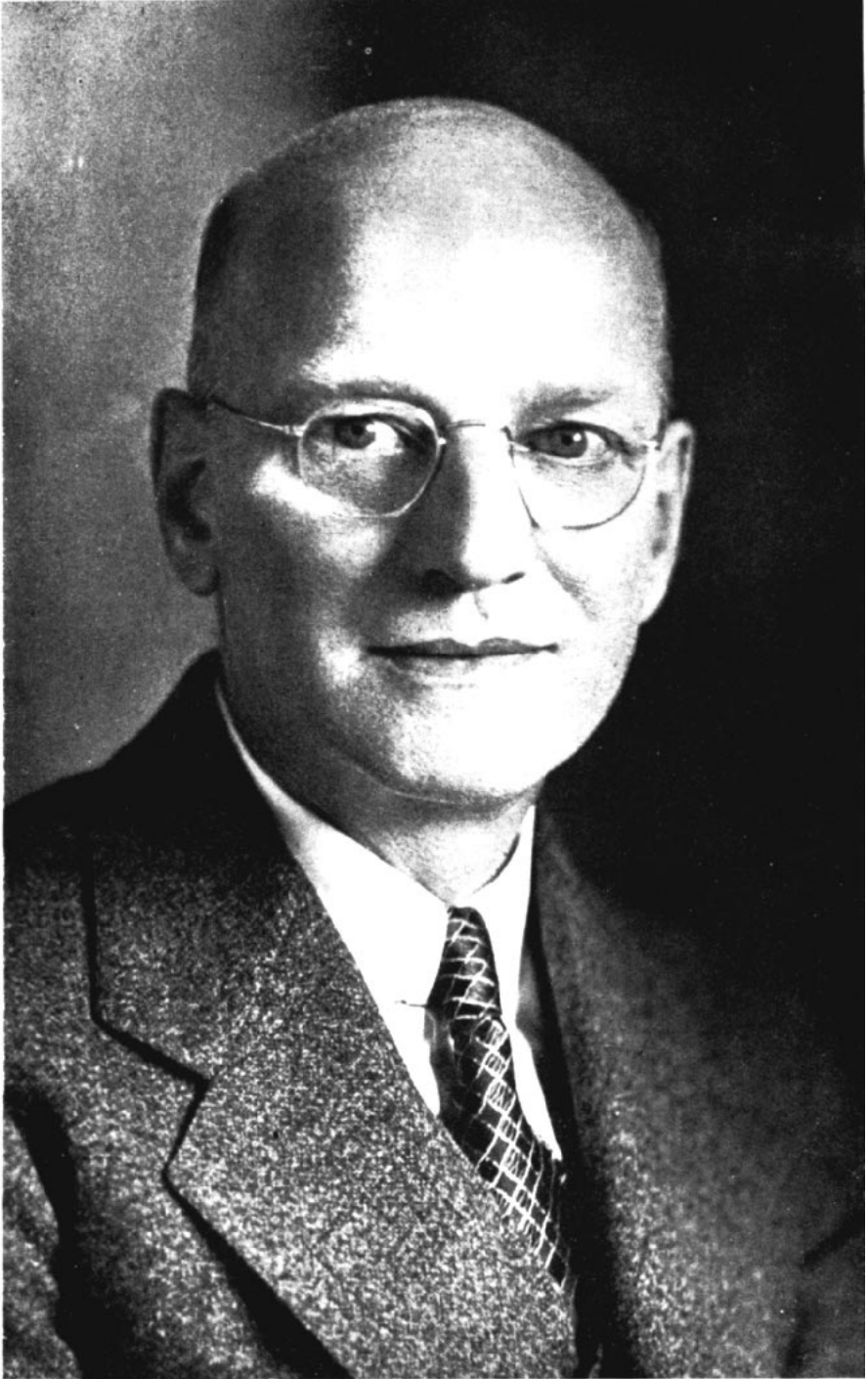




RUDOLF KRONFELD
(1901-1940)



DR. JOHN HOWARD FURBY
(1882-1939)

Rudolf Kronfeld

1901-1940

IT SEEMS incredible but it is true. Dr. Rudolf Kronfeld is dead. A man of exceptional gifts, a man of international repute, a man whose career of usefulness was established and unquestioned, has been cut off just as exuberant youth was merging into full maturity. A man devoted to science, dead of a malady that still baffles science.

It is difficult to capture the exact reason why everyone who hears of his death finds it so unimaginable. Probably it is because all who knew him had a lasting impression of the dynamic enthusiasm, the physical energy, and the forceful personality of the man. His optimism, his vision, his buoyancy, all seemed combined to give the lie to death. And yet he is gone.

Born in Vienna on December 10, 1901, christened Rudolf Kronfeld in the Lutheran church, he attended the primary school and gymnasium there. Thus prepared, and following the example of his illustrious father, he entered the University of Vienna and received the M.D. degree in 1926. Dentistry there was strictly a specialty of medicine and it was to this, again following his father, that Dr. Kronfeld turned.

Very early in his dental career he became inclined toward research, and soon was a member of that world famous coterie of workers surrounding Dr. Bernard Gottlieb in his laboratory at the Dental Institute. It was here that he first met Margaret North, of St. Louis, who later became his wife.

In 1929, Dr. Kronfeld came to Chicago to become director of the department of research at the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, Loyola University, and professor of dental histopathology, which carried the added distinction of making him the youngest professor of the faculty. He was married in April, 1930.

In order to obtain an American dental degree, he completed the didactic and clinical requirements of the junior and senior years at the college and was awarded his D.D.S. in 1933. Purely out of academic interest he pursued additional studies at the University and received a B.S. degree in 1935.

His rise to renown in his chosen field was rapid yet firmly constructed each step upon a sound foundation. The first edition of his textbook on dental histopathology appeared in 1933. It was quickly recognized as an unusually clear and authoritative exposition and its use rapidly spread to schools, study clubs, and scientific organizations and individuals all over the country. In 1937 his textbook on dental histology was published. In 1939, the first edition of the histopathology text was exhausted. A completely rewritten second edition followed.

In addition to these three books, Dr. Kronfeld wrote innumerable articles, papers, essays, and the like, and contributed to many more. His untiring appearances on dental society programs and his activities in scientific and academic associations are too well known to need reviewing.

He was a member of the Federation Dentaire Internationale, the American Dental Association and its affiliated societies, the International Association for Dental Research (president-elect), a Fellow of the American Academy of Periodontology (secretary), the Odontographic Society of Chicago, and others. He was a member of Delta Sigma Delta fraternity and a recipient of the honorary Blue Key of Loyola University.

Besides his dental activities as teacher, research worker, and practitioner, he was devoted to several hobbies, especially philology, botany, horticulture, photography, skiing, and outdoor activity in general.

He is survived by his widow, his father, Dr. Robert Kronfeld, his brother, Robert, Jr., author and record holder in the art of motorless flying, his cousin, Dr. Peter Kronfeld, a prominent ophthalmologist in Chicago, and more friends than is common for one man.

WARREN WILLMAN

John Howard Furby

1882-1939

IN THE town of Onarga, Illinois, John Howard Furby was born on May 23, 1882. His father, John Furby, was a general merchant in this town where he had settled soon after his marriage to Mary Ludwick of Pennsylvania in 1880. John Howard, the second of five children, lived, worked and studied here until he entered Northwestern University for the study of dentistry in 1903.

Although he had little money, and since his family was unable to be of much help to him financially, he became accustomed to depend upon himself. By ushering in theaters at night during the school year and working as a motorman for the Chicago Rapid Transit Company during summer vacations, he earned his own way through dental school. Notwithstanding this, he stood well in his class and was made demonstrator in freshman chemistry during his last year at the university.

In 1906 he was graduated in dentistry and opened an office in Barrington, Illinois, where he practiced for ten years and then moved to Chicago. At that time he learned from Dr. Frederick B. Noyes that Dr. Angle had reopened his School of Orthodontia in Pasadena, California. He immediately made application for admission and was accepted. Under Dr. Angle's tutelage he became deeply interested in orthodontia not only as a branch of practice but as a profession separate and distinct from dentistry. Later, after having assisted Dr. Angle in his teaching at the school, orthodontic education and legislation became matters to which he gave much time and thought. His article on Orthodontic Education, read before the Edward H. Angle Society of Orthodontia reveals his advanced ideas on that subject.

Early in 1922 Dr. Furby opened an office in Hollywood for the practice of orthodontia and on September 16 of that year he was married to Miss Agnes Mary Carroll of Pasadena. After two years in Hollywood he was forced to discontinue practice because of ill health. During the next year he regained

his health and opened an office in Pasadena where he was practicing at the time of his death, August 16, 1939.

Dr. Furby was a studious, serious-minded man who loved his orthodontic work, books and garden more than he did golf and other usual forms of recreation. He had one great passion, the mountains. He was never happier than when on a trip in the high, rugged mountains where he could fish, hike and breathe the free air of an unfettered man. It was on just such a joyous trip, with two friends the night before they were to break camp, that death overtook him. He was stricken with coronary thrombosis. The blow was a bitter one to his close associates in and out of his profession. They knew him as a true and loyal friend, a staunch supporter of all that was best in the profession and a man and citizen who tried to do his duty. There is no one to take his place. He is survived only by his wife.

“There is no better place I know for dying
Than in the hills where kindly people are;
Than near a mountain top where clouds are flying
Wind-swept against a glowing northern star.”

A. H. A.