

A PAGE OF BITS AND PIECES



FIRST SOLD
FLIGHT
J.G.M.
LICENSED
AND HAZEL
4th APRIL 1931
(THE PLANE WAS
A MOTH)



EASTER 1928
AT THE FARM
AUDREY DOBLE
AND HAZEL



EASTER 1927, THE FARM
DOEY ARCHIBALD
AND HAZEL

Monday: FEB. 14 1983

ON BILLY AND WINNIE

PICNIC EXCURSION
ON THE HOBO. 1931?

ST PATS = LEMOINE HOSPITALITY

DUCK SHOOTING
WITH FEN OSLER. 1933?



J.G.M.
LARSEN
"SYMIE"
"BUG"
DAVIS
?
HAZEL

JACK HOME, LAWRENCE
HART, LOTS OF CORISTINES
ETC., FEN OSLER



THIS WAS THE WEEK-END
I MANAGED THE UNFOR-
GIVABLE; I DUMPED THE
CANOE WITH ALL GUNS
ON BOARD!

A noticeable absence in this year's marathon was 108-year-old Herman (Jack Rabbit) Smith-Johansen. In previous years, the man acknowledged as the father of Canadian cross-country skiing provided encouragement and greeted the skiers at the finish line. But this year, Smith-Johansen had another engagement. At the request of King Olaf of Norway, he attended the 100th anniversary of the Norwegian Ski Council Club.

JOHANNSSEN, Herman Smith. On January 5, 1987, in his one hundred-twelfth year, in Tonsberg Hospital, in Tonsberg, Norway. Peacefully, after a brief illness. Beloved husband of the late Alice Robinson Johansen. Survived by his daughter Alice, son Robert, (wife Aase), and daughter Peggy Johansen Auslin (Mrs. Peter R.); by his grandchildren Heidi Johansen Loyd Price (Mrs. John R.), Robert Irving Johansen (wife Sabine); Peter John (wife Helga), Nancy, Eric, and Christopher Auslin and Karen Auslin O'Gorman (Mrs. A.G.); and by his great-grandchildren Peter Jan and Patricia Auslin, Michael Brendan and Aisling O'Gorman, Jason Robert Loyd Price and Andreas Johansen. In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Mount St. Hilaire Nature Conservation Center, or to the Canadian Ski Museum in Ottawa will be deeply appreciated for in these places his spirit lives on. Memorial service to be announced.



"SYMIE"

"BUG"
DAVIS

?
HAZEL

JACK HOME, LAWRENCE
HART, LOTS OF COSTIMES
ETC., FEN OSLER



1936
THE AUTUMN
THE FARM
MAY RIACH
HAZEL
ALMA, CORKY
AND CAMPBELL
WERE THERE
TOO.



THIS WAS THE WEEK-END
I MANAGED THE UNFOR-
GIVABLE? I DUMPED THE
CANOE WITH ALL GUNS
ON BOARD!



"FRISBY"
GURD
1938?
JULIA
JENKINS



A FUN WEEK-END
CHEZ: BM HALLWARD
STE. AGATHE DES MONTS
- PEGGY. TULIA
JENKINS
FRASER GURD
ALMA? RAGN TAIT?
THE MERRETT'S -

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1938?
SING SONG: HILLSIDE TENNIS CLUB
TED NEWTON, JOHN FRANCIS, JACK CARTER
FRED GROSS (AT PIANO)
BARBARA FRANCIS, JIM,
KAY GROSS

Soultram Newspaper Correspondent (Financial-orientated Services) who had lived in China. Later on, after I had got my degree, we met to buy a cleissome jar for Mrs. F.M.G. Johnson who had become the chief Patron of the Society. I was taking a Secretarial Course that October and was carrying my note books. Paul was intrigued and ten weeks later I was office boy in the Head Office of The Soultram Publishing Company in the Soultram Building on Blenny Street! How could I ever believe that it was supposed to be difficult in 1931 to get a job? There was, however, a sad side to this because Daddy was terribly upset that a daughter of his was working — and especially that she was doing so in a business office where someone he knew, F.W. Soultram, was President. It took a long time and a lot of lunching together in Paugé's (then on Place d'Armes) for him to become reconciled and I like to think that in the end he was happy about it.

x x x x x x x x x x x

To solve the lunch problem Daddy made me, as he had Jane, a member of The Montreignin Club — a small lunch club for women students on the Tavish Street. Marjorie Stevenson, who was taking five Arts in the ~~Scale~~ den Beauv Arts, was also a member there and we became friends. She was older than I and self-acquired — which I certainly was not — and I was delighted to be taken under her wing. We explored together the small galleries of the Art Dealers as well as the ~~Montreignin~~ ^{in all sorts of} Art Gallery and the Galerie Hardi-craft Store. She also included me ^{in all sorts of} of outings she organised (always Dur Treas) such as visiting the Stations of the Cross on Oka Mountain in the autumn with our evening picnic eaten beside a fire, and spending a week-end in Rausdon so we could explore the Church. Her "gang" included Roy and Cliff and Ray Wilson, Eleanor Hamilton, John Frost, Jack LeMoine, Og Lealie.

Beatrice Howell was another real friend. It was she who introduced me to the ~~the~~ tranquility of Christ Church Cathedral and, when I was allowed a Street Permit in the Red Pat Library, to the most exciting studies and a

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Beatrice Howell was another real friend. It was she who introduced me to the blessed tranquility of Christ Church Cathedral and, when I was allowed a Street Permit in the Redpath Library, to the most exciting shelves and a range of reading far wider than even my English courses took me, All through Evelyn's and my first years Beatrice was a constant companion but she was far too bright to have to spend two years in the Sixth Form and so was a year ahead of me in McGill.

In my Second Year Evelyn and I "Came Out" which Jane had done two years before. It was all so self-conscious and out of our orbit that it was really quite a frightening experience. We felt we were being thrown to the wolves little realising that the shattering reality was in fact being ignored by the wolves! But we didn't know how to say "No" since the Parents obviously thought it was important. Four years later Alma did say "No" and this Daddy accepted gratefully. The Depression was on and there wasn't any longer that kind of money. However, in the end Evelyn and I learned to take "society" like in better stride and had a lot of fun. In that last year before The Crack there were many Private balls — mostly in the Ritz Carlton but one (for Rosanna Todd) in "Rowdenscrap" and one, as least, at the Hunt Club. I used to leave calling cards (one of mine, one of Mother's and two of Daddy's) on my hostess after my two o'clock lecture during the week following her ball. There were also the St Andrews Ball (Windsor Hotel) and the Charity Ball (Manns Royal Hotel). There I took in year after year first with assorted

Mrs. E. Edwin Howard is entertaining at dinner, prior to Mrs. Walter M. Stewarts' dance, on Friday evening. On Tuesday, November 13, Mrs. Howard will be hostess at the tea hour in honor her debutante daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Hazel Howard.

Mrs. E. Edwin Howard is entertaining at the tea hour today for her debutante twin daughters, Miss Evelyn Howard and Miss Hazel Howard.

MONTREAL

By

Montreal, December 1.

THE McGill victory over Varsity was the cause of it all! The vim, vigor and vitality generated during the afternoon of the final intercollegiate game, made itself felt in many ways and many places before the week-end was over.

One marvelled at a gentle, violet-eyed girl, swathed in a fortune's worth of sables, flinging peanuts and epithets at one below, who dared to raise the cry of the blue and white!

Tired business men forgot the struggle of life for this greater game—girls forgot their powderless noses that turned red early in the afternoon before the cruel, cold wind.

Furs of every known animal and many a little stranger in the way of pelts, came out to the game.

Montreal men are wearing Mandel coats. It remains to be seen whether they will reverse them for sports or wear them upon all occasions. They are handsome to the accompaniment of gray fedora, immaculate spats and gloves—rather a sportive, student type of coat.

Mention of gray is a reminder of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Peverley crossing



Misses Evelyn and Hazel Howard, debutante daughters of the Hon. Mr. Justice E. Edwin Howard and Mrs. Howard, of Mountain Street, Montreal. These twin sisters made their debut at a dance given by Mrs. Norman J. Davies, and were later formally introduced by their mother at a reception

—Jacoby

MY UNCLE AND AUNT

concerts and then with Campbell. Always in our Dad year there were dinner parties before the dances so that we had partners all laid on for some of the dances at any rate! When Mother and Daddy were the hosts the guests list generally included the sons of their friends (Websters, Donalds, Rickells, etc.) who could be trusted to see that the girls got home safely.

TO WHERE?

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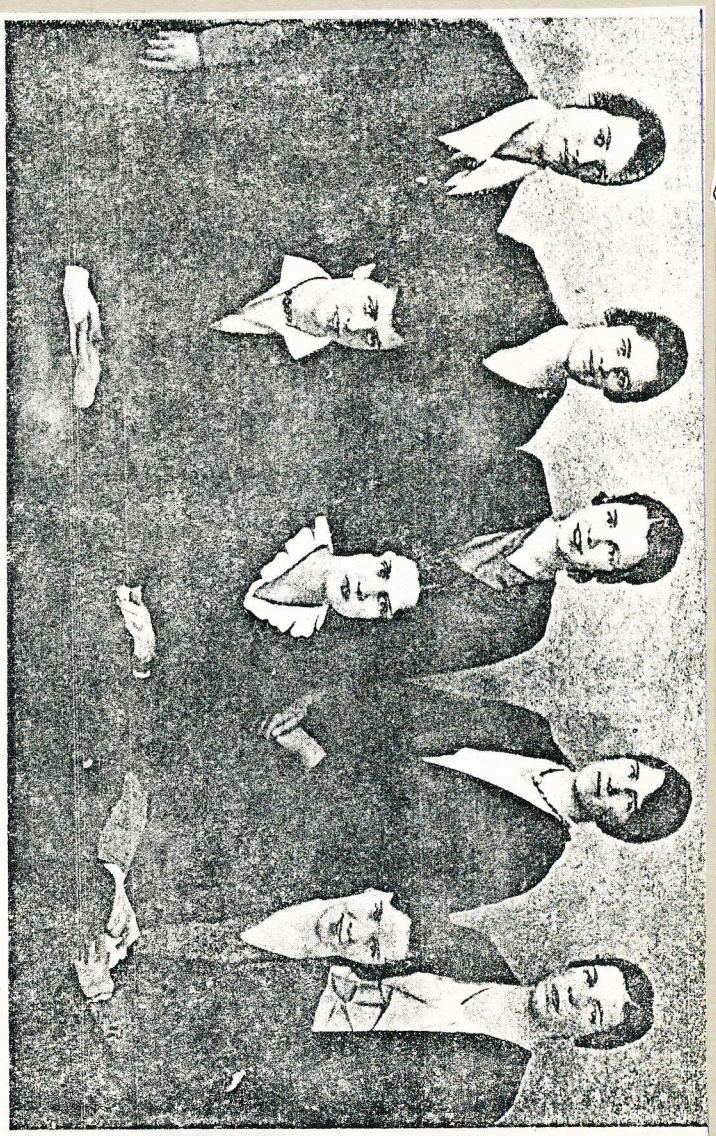
In that year, too, Evelyn and I joined the Junior League. We both did our weekly hours in the Griffintown Club, an Ottawa Street, which had been founded to keep underprivileged boys and girls off the streets. Evelyn "worked" with the younger girls and I with the younger boys. I remember clearly only one incident connected with me and the Griffintown Club. Some of the R.M.C. men were in town during their Fall break—probably in 1931. Gordon Root from Vancouver was staying at 655 so of course I took him along to Griffintown to give my boys a proper boxing lesson. The kids were tough but little and Gordon was tall so he bored them on his knees and was almost immediately knocked out! Great success! Even Gordon (when he came to) thought it was hilarious. Bless him! I also did a stint each week in the Cafeteria of the R.V.H. Quilter Clinic—working like thisⁱⁿ places where I and my experience could do no harm gave me some experience and also introduced me to Community work. Of course, during the ten years in which I was working for pay, though I remained a member of the Junior League, I had to drop volunteer work. Actually it wasn't until Tim was ready for Nursery School that I took it up again.

Looking back on all this activity — and I haven't mentioned Sunday

HOWARD, HAZEL PEVERLEY
 Born June 6th, 1909, in Montreal. Entered McGill in 1927 from Trafalgar Institute. Activities: Rep. vice-pres., 1927-28; R.V.C. Rep. to the Annual, 1929-30; Arts Rep. to the M.W.S.S. 1929-30-31; Cor. sec'y, 1930-31; Plays in the Eng. Dept., 1928-29; Players Club, 1929.



I must put in a small note about the time my foot-ball hero, Tom Fyfe, took me to the Mod. Ball. He was in training then at the M.G.H. on Dorchester East and it was arranged that I would pick him up in Daddy's car. When I arrived at the hospital there was Tom descending from the third floor on a rope of knotted sheets! The evening could do nothing but improve from then on! (Amazingly — or was it? — he was allowed to continue with his in-ternship.)



HELEN Cancell
 MARGORIE Lynch (RUSSEL)
 JEAN Anglin (OWEN)
 ALICE Johannsen
 HAZEL Howard (MERZET)
 Hill
 O. May
 Miss Gray
 Dadds
 MARGARET

The R.V.C. Undergraduate Society

Hon. President: MISS LEONA GRAY
 Vice-President: MARGARET DODDS
 President: MARY HILL
 Sec.-Treasurer: MARJORIE LYNCH

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course, the Roaring Twenties turned into the Grim Thirties and soon in our
Dob year all parties had ceased by February leaving a bit of time in which
to catch up. In my final year I was invited to join the newly organized
R.K.G. Fraternity which had a Scholarship goal and that helped to keep me
in line.

I think my last thing as an undergraduate at McGill was the Convocation Ball.
I was the R.V.C. representative on the Committee and John Charles the chair-
man. In that year Lord Rosborough was G.G. and Visitor to McGill. Their
Excellencies were in Residence in Ravenscrag at the time of the Ball and their
Son, Lord Duncannon, being in the right age group, was invited to attend.
He accepted and had such a splendid time that when the Ball ended at
I think it was about 2 a.m. when all the McGill parties were supposed to finish
John and I drove him around the Mountain in a cab for "hears" be-
fore we thought him sober enough to return home. Anyway, it was John's
idea so I can only think that Vice-regals weren't supposed to drink —
or at any rate Duncannon wasn't!!

I was supposed to begin work on the day after Christmas, 1931, but Elvinstopher Bengtson was coming from England to spend his Christmas break from Oxford meeting James' family and, of course, we all went out to the farm. So it wasn't until the day after New Year's that I galvanized myself into action and got back to town and to my job. It was years later that George Finley, who was office manager and a very gentle man, told me what a spot I had thrown him into by this cavalier behavior. At the moment I was so dazzled by the opulence of my surroundings and the politeness of everyone that I was completely unaware that anyone was questioning it. Also I was blindly naive.

The office was in the Southam Building on the top floor (the 9th), Southam Press being below at 1070 (now 2050) Bloor Street. It's now a warehouse, the Southam Head-Office, Press and all having been moved to Toronto.

After a couple of years of office-boy work and being Paul Reading's secretary Philip Fisher, Secretary General and later President of the Company, took me on as his Secretary. This was really a plush job. It gave me a privileged place in his large family (for instance, skiing "holidays" every January with 4 or 5 of the children; supervising the house and its large staff when Margaret and Philip were away; the use of a car, and even driving for my boss in his aeroplanes which he kept at the R. St. Y. C.) There was also Secretarial work! and this was made a lot more stimulating because it included Philip's active interest in welfare work. He was, or became, President of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies, Chairman of the Board of Welfare Federation of Montreal and President of the Canadian Welfare Council — all of which he had been instrumental in organizing — and I, in lieu of dictaphones, was taken along to meetings both in Montreal and Ottawa. It was all tremendously interesting and time consuming — so much so, in fact, that I virtually lost touch with a lot of my school and college friends.

While I was Paul Reading's Secretary he introduced me to Gilbert Jackson who, I think, was probably Paul's mentor. He was an economist teaching in the U. of T. and an advisor to industry. Over the years he became a loyal and devoted friend to Campbell and me performing us and visiting us after we were married whenever he

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Early in the Southam years I joined the Hillside Tennis Club (I was one of the very first women members) and it was there that Campbell and I met. This is my story about how it happened: This guy turned up at the Club one day and I realized that I had seen him on the Boulevard Street car. He was fair with a long face and was an charming-looking anony of the Griens. Of course I thought he was yet another of Diana's brothers, so boldly I introduced myself and told him so! * That was in the summer of 1935, we were married on April 26th 1937, and it was Margaret Fisher who, because Daddy was dead and Mother rather lost, gave us our wedding reception in her own house on Belvedere Circle.

We moved into a tiny maids apartment at the top of Stanley Street (No. 349) belonging to Mrs Barnard) for which Campbell designed and had built all the furniture. Nothing could have been more perfect. (Please see Campbell's autobiography where pictures are to be found.)

* He wasn't a Griens and I have a feeling that he was only vaguely amused at being so labelled. Anyhow it made no difference to me. I thought Barnett sounded just fine.

I remember about this time beginning to feel more and more boxed in by my job. As I have said, it was very privileged but I wasn't a fisher: I was a Howard and, now, a Merritt and I felt that I wanted to get into something where I might do something on my own. Well, I didn't. Instead I became Personal Secretary to Cyril James as he became Principal of McGill in January 1939, in which role there were few privileges—except these manvellous tea "hours" I managed to spend up-stairs in the law faculty where Frank Scott kept us in fits of laughter ^{and appreciation} while his manvellous quips and thumb-nail critiques (the Principal's office were then on the second floor of the Dawson Building; Bursar and Registrar on the ground floor) and my automatic membership in the Faculty Club — less pay, and much longer hours. But I was back on campus at McGill in a very different capacity than previously and off "St James Street", and this I rather liked. But Philip wasn't at all happy about it. Somehow it never occurred to me that he had fully expected me to stay with him until he retired — just like Nain Greenley, Mr. F.N. Southam's secretary had done. Althogether it wasn't the happiest move I ever made. (SEE: NOTES ON Pg. 50B-)

I was there for exactly two years growing more and more worried that I was running the risk that soon I would be too old to have children (and it was, of course, unthinkable that I could work and have a child at the same time!) So we braved everything. I stopped working! (Campbell, as he tells you in his auto biography, was during these years in the Architecture Office of the ENR and on loan as a wartime Bureauerat in Ottawa). To my in-laws' delight Tim was born on Sept. 25th 1942. — and ours, of course!! But, before he was born, we moved from Stanley Street to an equally charming apartment on the 3rd and top floor of a small Apartment Building on the east side of Home Crescent. This one had the added luxury of more space and in the living room a fire place and a bay window on the west side with a seat in it for which we blew ourselves to cushions. (Before us George, Mary McDonald had lived in that flat.)

* This obsession to have children of my own had always been with me and, therefore hangs

MERRITT — On September 25th, 1942, at the Royal Victoria Hospital, to Hazel Howard, wife of Campbell Merritt, a son.

TIMOTHY HOWARD

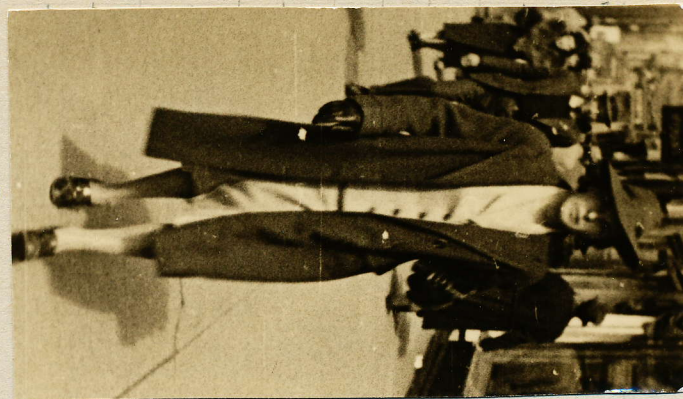
BRIAN HOWARD



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TIMOTHY
HOWARD
BRIAN
JACKSON



— 1939 —

Avenue and walked to 1590 Blenny.

* This obsession to have children of my own had always been with me and, thereby hangs the tale of the last bear. I lost him because I let it be known that what I really looked forward to was having seven kids, and he simply disappeared from my life! I was pretty sad about this because not only was he exceedingly elegant looking: just like what I considered an Eighteenth Century French or Spanish Grandee should look like but, also, he had horses to ride! They were kept in a stable at the corner of Cedar Avenue and Côte des Neiges on a three-cornered piece of land now incorporated into the By-Pass behind the Trafalgar and Glen Eagle Apartments. So while the friendship period I rode on the Mountain from there early in the morning before I went to work. Everything worked because I had Tim's car to drive. He lived in the house beside ours on Grosvenor Avenue and walked to work; I drove his car and walked from Drummond St. Nothing could have been better!

A small note here about our wedding: April 26th 1937.
 It was held in the chapel of St Andrew and St Paul Presby-
 terian church on Sherbrooke Street. Wilbert Howard
 "gave me away", Alma stood up for me and Campbell's
 brother Stuart stood up for him. Dr. Donald officiated.
 There were about a dozen immediate family members
 present. At the reception, given by Margaret Fisher in
 her house on Belvedere Circle, Wilbert toasted the bride
 as follows:

On the marriage of

HAZEL HOWARD AND CAMPBELL MERRITT

"The Campbells are coming", the old refrain goes,
 "They're coming, they're coming, Hurray and Hurray!"
 But none ever arrived, though why not, no one knows,
 Until, as you see, one turned up here to-day.

Yes, a Campbell has come, has come into his own,
 Rejoicing and happy, as well he might be;
 He will still journey far, but no longer alone,
 For a wife will be with him, through land and o'er sea.

But what of this wife that our Campbell has won?
 Are her merits so many they merit the name?
 Do you think she will do, that she'll suit every one,
 That as we all love her, they'll love her the same?

I've the answers right quick, there's no need to ponder,
 She out-merits e'en Merritts, they will all love her.
 You see she is beautiful, charming and tender
 I know she is tactful, sweet-tempered and clever.

So all charge your glasses, and join me instanter,
 Bottoms up! not a drop nor a dreg leave inside.
 Forget, for the moment, all jesting and banter,
 And drink, with full hearts, to the fairest of brides.

Good luck and good health, clear skies and fair weather,
 Long life and a happy triumphant career,
 Let no storms affright you, two stout hearts together,
 And, sweetest of brides, God go with you, my dear.

NOTES

Actually I have two or three vivid memories from those McGill days. The one I like best is of Lord Tweedsmuir's first visit as Visitor to the University.

The Principal said that tea should be served in his office where the Visitor would be robed. So, I enlisted the help of Penma Selye because I knew she would have had experience in such things. And she did, providing a beautifully embroidered table cloth and napkins and really super china and, what with both her and my silver tea services, we were away. However, what we didn't know was that the gown and hat hanging in the wardrobe had been worn by Lord Bessborough — a very different shape, especially in head size to that of Lord Tweedsmuir. The gown seemed passable but the hat was too small — but much too small! Penma rushed home to get adequate scissors and we snipped the band increasingly more as Tweedsmuir through puckered lips kept saying: "Too Small, Too Small." His was all the credit for handling so battered a job so dexterously.

P.S.: Only because I speak of a Visitor to the University do I drag in the information that it was Lord Aberdeen who was G.G. at the time and therefore, as Visitor, handed Daddy his gold medal in 1895 and in 1898.

Also, I must add this note on being Private Secretary to the James because I like to remember how well Mrs. McMurray (his University Secretary) and I got on together. She was great fun and I admired her enormously — except it always upset me that she simply was incapable of turning out a tidy letter. I teased her a lot about this. It was always good for a laugh and, sometimes, I simply retyped them for her.

And the day Stuart Forbes, Director of Physical Education, did hand-stands on my desk and cartwheels around it while waiting for a meeting with the Principal!