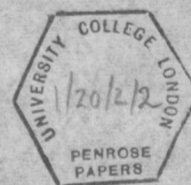


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North American Tour

Summer 1958



4 July (Fri)

This was like going home from boarding school. A hundred things had to be ticked off before we were supposed to be allowed to catch the train: though, of course, no one was ever detained in fact. Could we actually be going to see Canada again in this apparently off hand but really most carefully thought out excursion? In my excitement I forgot that Shirley could travel half fare on British Railways. At Liverpool a curious individual accosted us on the platform saying that he was the local agent for CPR and would explain to us exactly how to get on to the ship, evade the Canadian customs and obtain a free cocktail on board. I had the impression that these privileges were dealt out to those who had booked through the CPR office and not through Cook's Tours.

5 July (Sat)

Rain was left behind at the Mersey and the morning at Greenock was clear and fresh. Many white sails of small yachts confirmed the inviting climate. A lot of palaver - tenders bringing passengers from Scotland and testing of lifeboats - delayed departure. Finally we glided down past the Mull of Kintyre into the North Atlantic fog.

6 July (Sun)

Shirley luckily approves of this ship, mainly because it has a swimming bath. I am suffering from "Premieritis" or the things provided in the first class which nobody could possibly want. Special kinds of chairs you cannot write, too much to eat and "music" during tea. The pianist is a very good musician but the violinist is quite out of tune. On the first day the pianist played by himself something which brought me back from halfway down the ship to thank him and ask what it was. Bach, he said, a transcribed organ fugue. He apologised and said that he only played it because it was the first day and hardly any people were about. He added that there would be no more transgressions during the voyage and there were not.

This day was foggy and rather calm. The ship's siren blows at intervals. This kind of weather is disliked by navigators but it is comfortable for passengers.

7 July (Mon)

The depression off Iceland has arrived and is producing some Atlantic rollers. The fog has blown off and some sun appeared in the morning. When the sea is calm, fog seems to be the rule out here. As soon as there is enough wind to blow it away you get a rough sea. Sailing from East to West cuts through the weather so that there is always some meteorological interest. This evening the barometer has stopped falling and may rise during the night.

8 July (Tues)

Weather prospects better today. Still some fog in the morning but the afternoon was clear and many small birds were visible sitting on the waves and flying around. They seem to be terns : remarkable that they should apparently feel so much at home 500 miles from any land. Late in the afternoon we reached the region of the Labrador current. The temperature fell rapidly and many icebergs drifted into view. Shirley took an excellent photograph of one which passed close to the ship. It was a fine white and blue colour.

9 July (Wed)

Now we are in the St Lawrence estuary. Anticosti Island seems endless. I can't remember if anyone lives on it and, if they do, whether or not they are French. However, the prospect was pleasant.

10 July (Thur)

We sail up to Quebec and are allowed shore leave. A large party of passengers squeezed into a bus from Wolfe's cave to the town. Here we alone felt urged to walk up to the very highest point and to saunter around the Plains of Abraham Park. A touching inscription on a small monument indicates where Montcalm was fatally wounded. He was the best general of all, it says ; he had won four previous battles and lost this one through no fault of his own. It puzzles me, however, that he allowed Wolfe to surprise him : he must have seen the British ships go past and presumably he knew they had anchored at Wolfe's cover. The cliffs are far from precipitous and the only difficulty would have been to haul heavy things like guns up the steep incline. However, Quebec is still unquestionably French. We liked the horses and carriages for hire but they were all booked by Americans or others, who had been less foolish than we, and had not walked up to the top of the hill. The view there is prodigious, attractive and unusual.

11 July (Fri)

Landed at Montreal and succeeded in boarding the early train for Toronto, to my great relief, although the ship's officials said we must wait until the afternoon. Thus, we got there about 4 instead of 10.30 p.m. and were warmly greeted by Alice MacCallum at her house in Admiral Road. It was a bit too hot, as always in Toronto in the summer, but Shirley said the air seemed nice and fresh. The usual squirrels were playing about near the houses. This small district has not changed for 50 years : it makes you think Toronto is a pleasant city still.

Then we started telephoning madly. I called the Shlesers after 14 years silence : "Hullo Isaac" ; "Hullo Lionel". There might have been no more than a day since last time we met ; it is remarkable how the rapport is re-established between friends, effortless understanding.

12 July (Sat)

Nobody does any work in Canada on Saturday now so my attempt to visit the government office, where I used to work, was abortive. No one is allowed in the building on Saturdays, said the doorkeeper, nobody at all. I had lunch however with Sprott and Stanton, that is Dave and Ralph, and they regaled me with stories ranging from Fisher to Diefenbaker. Ralph Stanton mimics Diefenbaker's speeches just as Jonathan mimics the Queen or Sir A. Eden ; but I was assured that in absence of meaning Diefenbaker transcends all others.

During this time, Margaret and Shirley were investigating Woolworths. With unerring instinct they chose the right branch to meet a friend Shirley had made on the ship. This young lady had got the idea that there was a connection between dolls and dollars ; she bought one of the one for two of the other. Her father had just come from adjusting British trade in East Africa to show the Canadians how to trade with the British. We heard later that his first act in his new job was to order his daughter to return the doll and demand repayment.

The afternoon was spent in a visit to Margaret's friend Stella and the evening involved a supper party with Prof. Stokes (psychiatrist) who believes in being as Canadian as possible and so friend steak in his garden. Famous brain surgeon, MacKenzie, arrived later and talked exclusively about fishing. Shirley at this time was being initiated by the young Stokes contingent into the horrors of American T.V. I asked Stokes whether he regretted coming to Toronto 12 years ago. At that time I had encouraged him quite a bit to do so. "I have some regrets but I don't regret," he replied.

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13 July (Sun)

Still too hot. In the morning too tired to do anything. Alice played Bach and Handel to us on E.P. records. We attempted a visit to the High Park in the afternoon. Again too hot : lake not fit to bathe in - too many people all talking German or Czech with their young running around. We had to fight to get a taxi back so as to be in time to be fetched by Isaac for supper. Later he took us round by the house where Margaret lived in Toronto, 50 years ago nearly. It is now in the centre of the city instead of being at the edge of the country.

14 July (Mon)

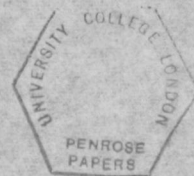
We have far too much luggage or baggage for this weather. All thick coats, wool clothes and such like are jettisoned but there is still too much to carry. Film, lantern slides and wooden models are almost an intolerable burden - I also have books, papers, medicines which I feel I must take out West. Some proper work done this morning, for I visited Kalow in his lab where he working on pseudocholinesterase most efficiently, genetically and chemically.

At about 4 o'clock we work our way down to the Union Station and wait for the great train, "The Canadian", to start. It glides out of the city into the green countryside with a kind of easy assurance. I find the rocks, the lakes, the pastures and the forests entirely sympathetic. This great railway has only a single line most of the way and it winds like a serpent round the Northern shore of the Great Lakes. It would seem impossible not to enjoy such a journey and reality exceeds expectation.

15 July

At Port Arthur the Dewdneys are there and board the train till we all got off at Fort William a few minutes later. Selwyn, on finding we can stay there one day, has everything all mapped out immediately. We are to camp with them by a lake while he investigates an Indian pictograph. Nothing could please us more. The youngest Dewdney, Christopher, accompanies us. He has a special liking for what he calls my "animated material" : good for a youngster of 5 years. They had wanted him to have been a girl (like Shirley) but Irene thinks she was too masculine for this to have happened, disregarding the fact that the father determines sex of offspring.

The "station waggon" labelled Quetico Pictograph Expedition trundles us up to Oliver Lake. Here there are, besides a real rock painting of men and canoes, bull frog tadpoles, fireflies and beavers. We put up tents, we take them down, we inflate and deflate mattresses. Endless conversations while packing and unpacking food, clothes, and utensils.

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Would it be such pleasure to meet if we lived in the same road? We think so but are not quite sure. Anyway I would like to show Selwyn the Lascaux cave.

16 July

Back in the train at midday. Impressive the manner in which the elephantine elongation moved into the station exactly on time at Fort William. Lakes and woods continue unabated until Winnipeg. Thereafter the flat plain is like the English ~~p~~ fens if they were denuded of all trees and hedges. A dismal sea of land, dried up this summer more than usual. All time low in places to live at, I thought, was swift current. A completely dessicated set of iron shacks in the scorched prairie. There are slight hills here, ~~sufficient~~ sufficient to prevent distant view and too low to be really hills. Moosejaw may be worse. Medicine Hat was better. There is a river and green trees in a kind of ravine there. At Calgary they wash the train so that you can see out of the windows. This is certainly worth while. It is amazing how easily the gradient rises in the valley of the Bow river up to the enormous mountains between Banff and Lake Louise. No bears were visible. The descent to Field past Cathedral Mountain is the best part of the route. It seems wilder than the Alps and the huge Douglas firs make it highly characteristic. As Stokes had warned me, the real barrier to the west is not the Rocky Mountain range but the Selkirks. How the engineers get these huge heavy trains up the slopes to 5000 ft is a mystery: and they have also to come down again at a reasonable speed of about 25 miles an hour.

27 July (Thur)

Arrived at Revelstoke; again in oppressive heat. An old-fashioned wild west type of place near the Columbia river and surrounded by mountains.

18 July (Fri)

We tried to climb up Mount Revelstoke but it was too hot. Shirley bathed in a municipal pool for youngsters aged 8 and was slightly reprimanded. Judy (MacCallum) Nicholas and her husband helped us throughout our visit and conducted us to the train for Vancouver.

19 July (Sat)

We were met by Kerwoods at Vancouver Station and Lionel took us off to the park and zoo in his car. A tour of the University campus and of the New Westminster Defective Institution followed rapidly. Kerwoods live in Ocean Park 25 miles south and almost on the sea - an attractive spot, perhaps ideal. Shaded by forest trees we talk about mongols and about mental deficiency in British Columbia, which seems in a flourishing state. Then we all bathed on the edge of the Pacific Ocean.

20 July (Sun)

Today the inevitable picnic ; sandwiches, pies and bottles put in a car, taken out, carried to an uncomfortable place, partially consumed, carried back to the car, etc. In the evening I saw Mount Baker, a fine sight in distance. The whole Kerwood household has 2 adults, 3 young, 2 horses, 2 cats and 2 dogs. Shirley seemed to find plenty of amusement.

21 July (Monday)

The "Empire Builder" takes us down the coast from White Rock to Seattle and we are met by Arno Motulsky and Margaret Lasker. We all lunch at Motulsky's house and then I am whisked off to the Medical School for the Lecture at 4 p.m. In the elevator I am introduced to a Professor Smith. He says his middle name is Penrose because of his mother. I ask whether that means he is from Cornwall or Douglastown, Pennsylvania ; he says Pennsylvania. So I suggest that we are both related to Boyes Penrose the disreputable political boss of Philadelphia. We arrive at the 3rd floor and he disappears. The medicals at Seattle are somewhat interested in Mutation and Selection but what they want is the film on mechanical reproduction - I suggest they wait till the end of the week.

In the evening we have a party arranged for us at Motulskys, which is miles from the Meany Hotel where Margaret and I are to stay : Shirley is to sleep at Motulskys on back porch. Mrs Olch, an old, or I should say young, pupil of mine from London Ont. days was there with her husband Jerry : female psychologist married to male psychoanalyst. Poor Jerry collapsed in the heat of the evening : there were hysterics but eventually Arno got everything under control. One good thing about it was that we were saved from having to on an elaborate motor launch trip with them the next day. This would probably have been the finishing touch for us. As it was we were allowed no rest at all.

22 July (Tues)

Consultations at the Medical School arranged all day, on mongols, medical statistics, biochemical defects, epilepsy and genetics of mental defect. In a consultation people sit round the table and air their views while the visitor supplies anecdotes and snap answers. I found it a mistake as visitor to ask questions unless they were extremely specific, like "how many people work in such and such a unit ?" or "how much would such and such a person earn ?" Otherwise I got interminable details of apparatus and design of tests. But there were a few very keen people. I had the impression that Arno has a hard time still in justifying biochemical genetics in the medical school. What they want is more genetical counselling.

That evening Motulskys took us by car some 50 miles to Rainier State School. We arrived after an enormous and efficient picnic supper on the way to find Mrs Dorothy Seely-Smith from Vancouver Island already a guest or Dr & Mrs Wesley White. I should have mentioned that Mrs Bea Kerwood and daughter Ruth had also attached themselves to the party in the Motulsky car some time during the day. They are here to amuse Shirley while Mrs D. S-S. amuses Margaret playing chess. The object of all this, I keep trying to remember, is that I can give some lectures to the summer school of teachers and medicals tomorrow and the next day. It seems that Wes. White and Mrs Wes. White are not only incredibly kind and thoughtful but remarkably efficient in hospitality technique. Motulskys of course go home to Seattle and Margaret and I have a room in a kind of hostel attached to the hospital. Outside our window a machine for watering the grass goes "click-click" incessantly and precludes sleep. On investigation I find that there is no way of stopping it except by using a special key and I hesitate to wake up Wes and ask for a plumber. Then I remember that I packed a small wrench for emergency. It just does the trick. A small screwdriver can also be useful when travelling; I remember now that I screwed up a rattling door on the ship.

23 July (Wed)

Lecture on Intelligence Variation 9.30 to 10.30, coffee till 11, then discussion 11 till 12. Infernally hot, I thought, but the local inhabitants don't seem to bother. After lunch a conference with the medical staff and this must not go on too long because Wesley has arranged to take our whole party in 2 cars up the mount'n. They love this Mount Rainier and indeed it is something marvellous. A huge symmetrical snow-capped volcano with steam still coming out of some cracks and standing almost alone. We go up to Sunrise Park, 6,400 feet high, and the summit still towers above us yet another mile up. Here the small alpine fit replaces the magnificent 200 foot Douglas pines and spruces of the foothill forests. I would like to spend hours admiring these huge trees but our driver dashes back at 60 mph because he has a new fluid-drive car to demonstrate. Still we get a good impression of the geography of this part of the State of Washington. This time it was Wes White who cooked the steaks out of doors: a pity that I do not fully appreciate this cultural ritual.

24 July (Thurs)

This morning the summer school continued and there was a lively discussion on mongolism. In the afternoon I was taken round the hospital. The building has attractive white-washed Spanish architecture - they say it is really Californian - mostly single storey with long covered passages between wards. Wesley says it was the worst run institution before he came: all doors were locked needlessly. Now it has been much improved

with a new atmosphere of emancipation and occupation for patients. I thought many wards grossly over-crowded. The local medical officers found me a marvellous acrocephalosyndactyly case on request. They had never heard of my book on m.d. so I must send them one I suppose. Wes White practically worships his mount'n and not, as I found out, without reason. It provides him with a limitless private water supply and he sells what he doesn't need to the near by municipality called Enurnclaw. If I thought this a queer name I had to revise my standards when I found one of the doctors was called Toothacher.

25 July (Friday)

What Mrs S-S. had begun to call our travelling circus was returned to Seattle this morning in time for me to show the film. There was ~~enormous~~ considerable enthusiasm and the physical chemists welcomed the models as an indication of alternatives to Crick & Watson. The press came in too but were told to reserve comment until after Montreal. So they gave me a write-up on how to cure mental deficiency by chemicals. Then more parties, visits to the local artists' exhibition and then supper at the charming Cartlers. We got back to the Meany Hotel ~~xxx~~ quite exhausted and found it too hot to sleep.

26 July (Sat)

More excursions and more heat. Mrs S-S. says they killed a friend of hers in Seattle in just this way. We have to try and survive till Monday. The circus is now in full blast. Tony Allison has arrived on his way to Alaska to blood type some Eskimo tribe. Uncharitable colleagues will say he is going to get data to present at the Montreal Congress next month. His excuse is that his wife is Canadian so he had to come to America this summer anyhow. He is on best behaviour and we all enjoyed his company. He travelled with 5 Motulskys and Shirley in their large car. I was given the Volkswagen to follow with Margaret and Mrs S.-S. It was mostly my fault too because I wanted especially to see the rain forests on the Olympic peninsula. The idea of damp green cool mossy jungles appealed to everyone. According to the arch-organizer Mrs Motulsky we must not go the short way, by the ferry, but the long way 165 miles by the high road. So a two day picnic is inevitable. We drive in the intense heat 96° to a place called Quinault where there is a lake and cabins and room to put up 2 tents for the young and hardier acrobats. Near our destination I began to dose while driving and, for an instant, we were on the wrong side of the road. I do not like these stuffy little German bugs, as a garage man in Seattle called them. On arrival at Quinault we, at once, were squashed into the Motulsky large car and driven along a dusty road up to the picnic ground. Still, the forest was fascinating all the same. Late in the evening when on the way back to the camp, the smallest Motulsky continually argued to go back ~~xx~~ home all way to Seattle. Arno said it was obviously unreasonable only to receive the devastating resort, "Everyone wants to go home 'cept you."

27 July (Sun)

Bathing in the lake was the order of the day and Shirley, Judy, Tony, Arno and I went in a rowing boat for this purpose. The trouble was that it made us hotter. At last we were allowed to explore a bit of forest by ourselves : it was certainly entrancing though I would have preferred some rain added. Not enough time though because we must hasten back to reach Seattle in time to put Mrs S-S. on a plane for Victoria, the usual transporting boars being on strike. Finally we were back again at the Meany Hotel only just alive and full of plans to get to Yellowstone as soon as we can.

28 July (Mon)

"The view is terrific on the Northern Pacific", so they said in a broadcast to passengers on the train. It was interesting but not up to CPR standards. At Spokane they said the temperature on the station was 100° but the train, of course, was "air-conditioned".

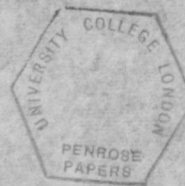
29 July (Tues)

At Livingstone, Messrs Hertz produced an enormous car of the latest press button fluid drive type. It has no clutch and it runs away by itself unless you keep the hand brake on. The foot brake is so strong (hydraulic) that it knocks everyone off their seats whenever you touch it. You get a little better after practice.

We came up to the plateau of Yellowstone in a thunderstorm and we had our first view of geysers of the Norris basin in the rain. Weirdest describes these infernal hot springs. The famous Old Faithful is rather overplayed though its time interval of eruptions has a very interesting statistical distribution. We prepare to stay the night in a cabin in an encampment of hotels and huts as populated as Broadway.

30 July (Wed)

Away from the Metropolis climbing up to over 8,000 feet on the road the car stalls and refuses to start. However we are rewarded by the antics of bears. There is also a lake up here reputed to spill water over at each end, one towards the Atlantic and the other towards the Pacific. Eventually the car starts and runs well down hill into a place called West Thumb. We are in Wyoming and something of a curiosity for no English people seem to have been here for some time. The best sight, I thought, was the black mud volcano. Foul sulphurous fumes stem and boiling mud shot up 10 to 20 feet into the air incessantly, the whole pit surrounded by blasted tree stems. Pelicans are seen in the river nearby to add confusion. Finally the Yellowstone Grand Canyon gives us a series of



thrills viewed from its carefully chosen vantage points. It is really impressive both in dimension and in colour. Now it is late afternoon and we must move on to reach Mammoth Springs before nightfall. The drive past Tower Falls was another surprise in its unexpected charm. We stopped often to study the flowers and we did not miss the petrified tree. And at night there really was a full moon over Montana.

31 July (Thurs)

Early rising was necessary for our drive back to Livingstone. On the way Shirley spotted some ground squirrels sitting up in a field looking just like wooden posts till they moved. The roadside is dotted with "historic" sites, mostly encounters with the wretched Blackfoot Indians. A pity there are no Indian historians to write up their side of the story. Back on the Northern Pacific Railway I liked the Bad Lands of North Dakota with landscapes built for modern art. I slept through Minneapolis and Saint Paul. Margaret and Shirley shared one bunk so perhaps they didn't sleep so well.

1 Aug (Fri)

At Chicago terminus Nettie was waiting for us with her car. In this city you must live 10 miles South or 10 miles North. She lives 10 miles south with son Paul and daughter; on hearing that Shirley is her age she says "What Nerve!" They have television sets upstairs and downstairs. Paul immediately explains the game of baseball to me: gives me a book to read about Babe Ruth and other great men and says that tomorrow if I like I can see a real game on T.V. between Chicago Red Sox and New York something or other. He also has two telescopes a reflector made in Japan and a 4 ins refractor. He considers me very ignorant in every respect. Joanna collects horses and has about 100 models or pictures of such in her room. She traded two small animals to Shirley for a dollar. A letter from Hsia invites us to supper on Sunday night 10 miles north of the city and Lecture on Monday at the hospital. Tonight we go and dine with Max & Fran Citelson. They start a motoring holiday to the West at 6 o'clock next day. There is no rest for anyone here but we determine to take it easy tomorrow if possible.

2 Aug (Sat)

One thing I am glad about is that I am not a baseball player standing about in the heat. Anyhow Chicago Red Sox were hopelessly outplayed by the New Yorkers. In the evening Paul and I argued about double stars and lunar craters. Margaret did a bit of shopping.

3 Aug (Sun)

Win Breslin arrived to see us with his new wife. He said Nettie does not let him into the house now, so would I take a message. All rather embarrassing but we get through it. Paul and Joanna are going off on holiday with Win on Monday for 2 weeks. Nettie is partly anxious and partly relieved. She did the same last year and said it would drive anyone nuts to do it again. Margaret and I go out with Win to the University Club and later on we have supper with David & Jay Hsia. Even he finds it necessary to grill steaks at the bottom of his garden. Shirley is a success with Win and he takes her out to his best expensive swimming pool. According to Nettie this makes Joanna jealous and uncooperative.

4 Aug (Mon)

Win insists on fetching me to lunch so that Hsia can meet us there and take me afterwards to the Children's Memorial Hospital in the north. On the way Win has to 'cheek' some trunks at the railway station. Coming out a bus backs into the front of his car and smashes it in. A cop comes and takes the side of the bus driver who swears madly at Win for being there. A woman representative of the bus company offers to make a deal: they will pay their own damage (nil) if Win agrees to pay his own. After about half an hour the special kind of cop who deals with collisions arrives. He is a busy man and at once declares the bus driver entirely to blame. We go to lunch in a taxi. Win will not need his car for 2 weeks so its all fine except that Hsia has been waiting patiently for us for 45 minutes.

I liked the Children's Memorial Hospital. Hsia has lots of good lines of research going on and good people in his lab. I had to lecture for about 1½ hours, mainly on genetical counselling though a bit on mutation. The audience, which seemed to include the entire medical staff of the hospital plus students, were exceptionally friendly and showed much interest.

5 Aug (Tues)

This is the day I have to move on to Ann Arbor. So we are off again on our travels, leaving Nettie alone with her two television sets or rather leaving her two T.V. sets alone with her unsatisfactory coloured help for Nettie has a job starting early in the morning.

At Ann Arbor, where we alighted from the train, heat was most oppressive. I telephoned the University Genetics Department and was cheered to be answered with "Welcome to Ann Arbor". Quite soon Ed Reed brought down his car and took us to a most handy hotel practically on the 'campus'. Immediately I am sept off to the great Institute of Human Genetics and shown superb maps of Michigan with dots and flags for various kinds of cases and the perfect filing system with cross references of diseases and relatives.

Neel & Schull are just back from Geneva and are finding it necessary to attend to their gardens at home.

For supper we are taken to the Reeds where the young son is flourishing and all the great with their wives, Neel, Schull and others arrive shortly afterwards. There is no lack of intellect in this Ann Arbor Department and they can get as much money as they like from the government for human genetics because of their direct connection with the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Japan. In fact Neel is going off to Japan just after the Montreal congress to follow up their consanguinity studies. In spite of all their excellent work I have a feeling that we could do much more with the same opportunities or rather, I should say, more interesting things.

6 Aug (Wed)

All morning I study the Human Genetics Laboratory again. After all, I was called in to advise on its formation in 1942 ; which reminds me to ask for Prof. Dice who started it all. I find him up on the top floor, retired and segregated but with a million gadgets, dials, clocks and electrical recorders to tell him the exact movement of wild mice (deer mouse = peromyscus) when kept in a large cage. One whole room full of apparatus is for one mouse, automatically recording day and night. Outside, a heavy storm is brewing and during lunch there are torrents of rain.

In the afternoon we move off to Detroit and back into Canada with some relief and much expectation ; because we are to see London Ont. again and Bayfield. At London CPR station we find Alice Harvey with car who captures us for supper and bed. Walt has only 4 more lectures to give on economics at the university and will then retire next week. He is said to be much enfeebled but seems to us as alert as ever. Shirley and I go a twilight walk up Victoria Street and Richmond Street. We see Taleski's store beloved by Jonathan years ago and then 1000 Wellington Street, not too much changed but with the 'waste lot' next door built over with yellow one storey houses. It is indeed an attractive suburb. In fact, the whole town is still remarkably pleasing with its wide and grassy avenues and winding river.

Canada does seem quieter than the U.S. There is no need here to expect attack by knife-carrying Puerto Ricans as in Chicago : although, indeed, one may legitimately doubt whether it is quite as bad as they believe it is there. The slum streets of Chicago have churches or chapels every other house. This is, of course, also a racket, they say, at the expense of the poor coloured population.

7 August (Thurs)

We visited Dundas Street and the kindly Bank of Montreal, where some letters had come, and prepared to hire a car in a day or two's time. Then I went off to the Medical School ~~mf~~ to see Prof. Ed. Hobbs. Shirley, I heard later, tried to get a swim at the public park lake but chose the one day in the year when you couldn't. I was luckier, for Ed. Hobbs was in fine form just as usual. He took me out, on request, to the Ontario Hospital, where I saw Archie McCausland as hopelessly confused, woolly, kindly and considerate as ever. George Whiting, the attendant who rescued me just in time from a patient's murderous attack in 1943, has retired and married - to everyone's astonishment; unfortunately he is now on holiday so I can't see him. Mr Fisher the Hospital Secretary has also retired so there is scarcely anyone I remember on the staff. But the buildings are just the same and recall many strange events to my mind not without nostalgia.

In the evening Margaret and I sup with the Vaughans, their daughter Ray and 3 grandchildren. We inspect the new house they are shortly to move into and note that the windows can be totally removed for cleaning purposes. Gertrude, the indomitable, is reading an enormous tome on Existentialism; I suppose this means that communism is a bit passe now. Shirley this evening has gone to the movies with Alice Harvey.

8 August (Fri)

This is my day for going to Waterloo College, Kitchener, to lecture on mutation to Stanton's friends and pupils. Alice Harvey insists on taking me in her car. The professor of engineering, Lazier, slept quietly through most of the lecture waiting till it is over to be shown self-reproduction in plywood. He was enthusiastic to make thousands of units for me in plastic or metal pointing out grimly that Canadian plywood is useless for such purposes. They are to build a complete universotu here. The stadium and physics buildings are already up. The money comes from beer. "It is tainted money", says Stanton. "We are sorry about this and sorry that there is not more of it." On returning to London I learn of the shattering blow which has fallen on our plans. Herbert Kalbfleisch never received our instructions about Blink Bonnie and has let it for the whole summer, indeed, for a year. So we have no home in Bayfield and no home in Canada at all. Herbert suggests turning the tenants out for a week, which they will not mind, he feels sure. However, in the meantime, Pem has stepped into the breach and insists on our staying with him and Gwen at their cottage. This sounds very attractive. Anyway we will pick up our hired car tomorrow and go to Bayfield and see what next there. While this has been going on Shirley and Margaret are at the Mackinnon's house. Herbert Kalbfleisch

takes me out there in the evening and brings me back with Margaret, leaving Shirley to sleep with the Mackinnon girls in a garden house.

9 Aug (Sat)

The car has a normal kind of gear box thank goodness. It has also a radio but the horn doesn't work. Lunch with Herbert and Pearl and then off to find Shirley at Mackinnons. Bayfield is almost unchanged though the road crosses the river below differently now. As for turning people out of Blink Bonnie we can write that off at once ; there seem to be at least 3 families with small children there for the week end. So Pem's hospitality is exceptionally welcome. A large household though for the moment ; three of us, Pem, Gwen and magnificent Roger Pem, Gordon and Carol Jack with Stephen Jack. We are happy to meet them all again and Shirley has several fine strong men to choose between to help her do gymnastics in the water of the lake where most people spend most of the time.

10 Aug (Sun)

Warm Bayfield weather, not unpleasantly hot and mitigated by breezes. We sit and talk and swim as occasion arises ; very pleasant indeed. In the evening, the Jacks go back to London and Roger back to Toronto.

11 Aug (Mon)

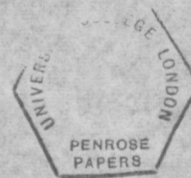
After a lazy day we went a pleasant drive up to Goderich for supper.

12 Aug (Tues)

Pem had left his coat by mistake in the Goderich A & P Store so I went with him in the morning to recover it. Jessie Metcalf turned up at the Pems' cottage later on and said she was coming to Montreal for the congress. We all bathed and I explored the Bayfield River finding my old haunts and views with great delight. I used to call it the valley of content. Half a mile away from the town it is luxuriant with every kind of vegetation, wild flowers and trees around a shallow wide stream.

13 Aug (Wed)

Today I plan to take Margaret to LaPeer, Michigan, where I must see the supposed mongol child of a mongol mother. The mother cannot be visited but they promise to show me photographs and the full documentation on the case. It takes us till lunch time to get there and we meet social psychologist Ethelbert Thomas who runs the hospital in the absence of the medical superintendent. He has 4,500 patients to look after and says he has never had time to study mental deficiency or read anything about it. When I asked



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why his published account of the cases in question was so inaccurate, he replied that this was deliberate so that the family could never be recognized. In spite of everything, however, I was convinced that both mother and child are true mongols though with some atypical characteristics. Thomas was very kind and attentive. It seems that Dr Karl Styles, zoologist from nearby Lansing University has some further details and will talk about them at the Montreal Congress. For good measure, Thomas finds me a case of acrocephalosyndactyly.

At Bayfield this evening we visit Jessie Metcalf for coffee. There is simultaneously an open air film show on the cliff which Shirley watches sitting in a car in the approved manner.

14 Aug (Thurs)

Gertrude Vaughan arrives in a car and proceeds to discuss abstruse questions of pathology and ultramicroscopy with considerable assurance. In the afternoon we all move off to Stratford, visiting on the way a farm owned by Gwen's relatives. Afterwards we discuss the curious problem of silage for which these round towers are built by every barn. Apparently you just fill the cylinder up with maize whole plants and let them decompose. What comes out at the bottom is fed to livestock in the winter.

At Stratford we see a very vigorous performance of the Beggar's Opera in a very hot and stuffy theatre only theoretically air-conditioned. The total effect was excellent mainly because of admirable singing by Polly.

We came back into a thunderstorm over the lake which, however, moved gradually away to the south.

15 Aug (Fri)

I conducted Margaret and Shirley one of my special walks across the river which they seemed to enjoy. In the afternoon Herbert Kalbfleisch arrived kindly having collected our letters from the Bank in London. He also collects his own mail at Bayfield and finds the missing letter from us there. We go and inspect Blink Bonnie. The mulberry and other trees are first class. So is the aluminium roof he has put on though there is a crack between it and the chimney which needs sealing. The floors, however, are gradually rotting away. We think it will be habitable for at least 5 years with minor repairs. Then it will probably need to be completely rebuilt.

16 Aug ~~(Fri)~~ (Sat)

We call on Leola Neal at Grand Bend on the way back to London and arrive at Randall Cole's house in the afternoon. They all talk about Joan and Oliver who impressed them greatly on a visit 2 years ago. Margaret and I chat with Sabina and Randall while the children amuse Shirley. All seems idyllic when little Kathy returns crying having hurt her neck quite badly doing an absurd somersault. We think it too risky not to get a good medical opinion and an X-ray so he took her down to St Joseph's Hospital. Their normal medical advisors, Dr Margaret Campbell and Dr Fran Shute, were away on holiday. It took 4 hours to get the child admitted and properly attended to. While Randall waited at the hospital, Margaret and I visited Pem's house in South London and Dr Jean Campbell, Shirley's obstetrician, north of the city. We went back to spend the night with the Coles all a little worried about Kathy. This night I felt really exhausted for the first time in the trip.

17 Aug (Sun)

A lovely walk in the woods, a drink with the Jacks, next door to the Coles, and reassuring news of Kathy improved morale. We said goodbye, then saw Jean Campbell, the Harveys and Pem once more, gave back the hired car at the garage and dragged our luggage into the train for Toronto. We went CNR this time because I wanted to see once again, Paris and Hamilton. So we turn up in Admiral Road once more under the wing of dear kind Alice with her nice Indian student lodgers and her carpenter from Glasgow, who is mending her house.

18 Aug (Mon)

Shirley conducted to her doll-trading friends, Margaret and I deal with the CPR for the homeward voyage, starting 2nd Sept, and then I go off to visit the Department of Genetics and the new Children's Hospital. Dr Donlan dutifully shows me statistics on mutation upon which I comment and Miss Uchida makes intelligent conversation. Then I visit the Division of Medical Statistics and chat with Bruce Marr, Hardisty Sellars and others who I am ashamed to say I had quite forgotten about. They now have 15 people to do the work we did with 3 in the 1940s. This they say is normal inflation of government departments.

That evening we have a farewell party which Alice nobly organises and tolerates. Frank English, Stella and Judith, Isaac and Helen with their daughter who is rather too sophisticated for Shirley. Sad to leave Isaac : perhaps he will come to the Canadian Med. Association congress in Scotland next year.

19 Aug (Tues)

We must be away and packed up early for the Montreal train. Selma appears at the Union station as if by magic and looks flourishing.

Arrival in Montreal starts up a new series of problems. This is rush hour and the taxi man, French, has never heard of Douglas Hall Hostel, scarcely even of McGill University. After taking one hour to travel about half a mile we are rescued by Dr Metrakos, one of the congress organizers, and put into his car. He has only time to dump us with luggage on the steps of Douglas Hall near the top of the hill. After prodigious muscular efforts we reach our rooms which are tolerable and, we find later, better than anyone else's. It takes about another hour to find the place of registration and, when totally exhausted, we suddenly meet Marco, Marcello, Harry, Bök and God knows who else. No one knows where to obtain supper. And so after walking miles up and down hill we eventually get settled for the night. I am ordered to appear at 8.30 sharp for opening ceremonies, degrees and speeches which will last 3 hours. Like everywhere else Montreal is hot and humid. It seems unlikely that many people will last out this congress. It is said that Dobzhansky has already collapsed but this afterwards proved to be a false rumour. All in all it looks like being the worst congress ever held: one complete muddle from beginning to end.

20 Aug (Wed)

Parts of yesterday's pandemonium was not the fault of the congress. The stadium, now empty, where today we enact the ceremonies, was then swarming with footballers and onlookers. In the middle of it all a patient ~~was~~ for the Neurological Institute was lowered by helicopter.

The platform party - vice presidents, mayors and university officials - sit on a dais in the stadium while congress members watch from seats at a discreet distance. Speeches follow in French and bad English or bad English and a noise believed to be an attempt at French. These translations are purely nominal as no one except the Minister of Education understood both languages. Then we get our degrees and Stern makes a clever speech of thanks to the Vice-Chancellor James. Incidentally Lloyd Stevenson, Dean of Medicine, who is there all the time claims to have been a pupil of mine in London, Ont. Considering this handicap he has done well. After the ceremony I find with pleasure that Dr Manny Straker has been there and we greet each other warmly. Kalmus prancing about close at hand seems to want to say something but all is lost in the tumult. I am invited to lunch with Boyes at the Faculty club about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. Boyes' car is full - so I walk there with Bentley Glass only to find that he has not been invited.



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Everyone is beginning to realise that this sort of thing is normal Xth congress procedure. Shirley has been sucked into some "progeny" activity and will probably not be seen again till nightfall.

Margaret and I go to a reception in a restaurant on the Mount Royal. Some 1500 people are there and they wait $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to be photographed. The result was a masterpiece, a triumph of Canadian photography as I remarked to the camera man. "Yes" he said, "I am the only man in Canada who could have done it". Besides Frezal, B88k, van den Bosch, Harry, two Chinese called Dr Li, Mrs Holt, Allison, Sylvia, Renwick, Clarke, Kemp and, unfortunately for me, Kallmann were included in the mass rally of geneticists, Motulsky, Harland, Bearn, Whiting, whom I had not seen since Philadelphia 1939, Mather, Ford Robertson and Reeve, Roper, who is staying at Douglas Hall - they are all here. One glass of wine each and a large slice of ham with salad : the mayor's present to each of us. Better than Copenhagen we agree - only the first few lucky ones got their free glass of Carlsberg beer on that occasion.

21 Aug (Thurs)

No rest today because I am chairman of one of the first sessions.

A dismal morning. Frezal spoke entirely in French which was nice to listen to but no Americans understood anything. Harry was efficient but there was too little competition from B88k, Neel and Fraser Roberts to stimulate him. Also the arrangements for reading desk lighting and microphone for the speaker were excruciatingly bad. The audience did not seem to mind but waited for the free Coca Cola which, it was my duty to announce, would be served at the end. There are two parallel sessions each morning and nine or ten each afternoon. Some are over-attended and crushed into tiny lecture rooms while others only attract a few and occupy enormous stages. The different lectures are separated by great distances and it is difficult to attend even a small proportion of the papers.

There is excitement about the Russians, 20 or more were expected but only 9 Lysenkists have arrived, headed by Gluschenko. Their lectures are well attended and they are willing to be questioned. Some of them speak English well. Even so no one is convinced by their alchemy. Kushuer, who changes the heredity of hens by injecting blood of others, was asked to arrange for his stocks to be sent to America so that his experiments could be repeated there. Kushuer replied that he thought it would be much better if the Americans repeated the experiments on their own hens. He is genial, short and heavily built.

Kallmann attacks me again and says he has arranged a meeting at 6.30 this evening about human genetics. He gets Kemp, Barigozzi, Montalenti, Neel, B88k, Lerner and Boyd together and lectures them on his greatness, his

starvation salary, his non recognition as an organizer of Human Genetics by International organizations. Very unpleasant for all but I have secretly arranged to be called for at 7 by Manny Straker, so I get less treatment than the others.

Manny has acquired our old colleague Dr (female) Helerova who is still unable to speak English. We all go in his car to a restaurant across the River. When we get back to Douglas Hall, Shirley appears out of nowhere. It's impossible to keep track of anybody here.

22 Aug (Fri)

This is supposed to be my comparatively free day. That means I can attend some other people's lectures. The highlight was Smithies on starch gel technique : he has got yet another new polymorphic set of serum proteins. Margaret and Shirley do rather better because they bring back some actual maple sugar from their excursion.

23 Aug (Sat)

Most of my time is spent in trying to avoid Kallmann. This morning that is easier because he is not interested in my film. There is a great crush in the small lecture room, where it is shown. Afterwards Caspari, who is the conference publicity officer, leads me to a strange press conference on the origins of life. Most of the press people have not seen my film and are greatly confused. In the afternoon there are exhibits of all kinds. Best thing is the Japanese silkworm demonstration. They also show a Japanese radish one foot in diameter beside a British radish $\frac{1}{2}$ inch across. Neel says the Jap radishes have, as one would expect, no flavour at all.

24 Aug (Sun)

This morning I am invited to a press conference by Maclean's Magazine. We get lunch and \$50 otherwise, naturally, no one would go. The experts include Stern, Dunn, Newcombe and Westergaard. The questions are almost all on human genetics. Occasionally I am asked one. It will be interesting to see what emerges in print. Meanwhile Margaret and Shirley have been driving around the Mount Royal in a horse carriage. Our afternoon excursion is to meet Douglas Wilson. He runs a column in the Montreal Star, giving moral advice. He is also a successful lay preacher. As he is very intelligent it is not easy to see how he continues to do all these things without contradiction. About 14 years ago he tells me he had borrowed a book from me and answered my enquiry about it saying he would give it back to me next time we met. "And here it is." The book is

Huxley's "Man stands alone" and I don't need it so much now. He also showed me a biblical concordance produced by a calculating machine. One obvious failure was to distinguish such things as references to an art as a topic and the verb art as in "Thou art...." Still it is an impressively large volume. There is an almost white squirrel which plays in the garden.

25 Aug (Mon)

Back to work today I find there is a demand for a second film show so it is duly arranged : however, the film itself has vanished. Margaret helps to hunt for it and eventually, in desperation, asks Boyes where it is. Prof. Boyes is delighted and says he wishes all his problems were so easily solved. It seems that Metrakos has kept it all the time to be ready for the next showing.

Most of my time now is spent in short conversations. Lejeune says Descartes would have liked the film. Waddington, who has just received a degree from the Catholic University of Montreal, maintains that he got, thereby, one more letter than I did to add to his name. I didn't see his ceremony ; I didn't feel I had to go because he didn't come to mine. Stern says, however, that it was very queer ; much more exciting than our ceremony. A man with a very hard expression of face, like the grand inquisitor, seemed to bend down and kiss Waddington on both cheeks. We thought we would stick to McGill ourselves.

26 Aug (Tues)

Jessie Metcalf is here and says she is enjoying the conference though much is new to her ; she asks specially about Roger and wonders whether, in spite of mathematics, he retains some interest in biology. Sidney Harland is staying here with one of his former pupils ; he is going off tomorrow to see his daughter in New England and is looking forward to living at Blackheath. This afternoon there is a great human genetics session with papers by Harris & Robson, Hirschhorn, Motulsky, Stiles (on the mongol mother and daughter) and Hsia. The main trouble with these congresses is that either you have heard it before or it is not comprehensible. Very few papers teach you something new. Later on today there is a grand finale party at the chief Montreal Hotel, the Mount Royal Sheraton, as it is now called. Barigozzi and Montalenti take the opportunity to have a showdown with Gedda. Marco, Marcello and Cavalli-Sforza are astonished but no knives are drawn and at the end all is peaceful : the place seems full of Italians.

Mention of Gedda reminds me that we went to a banquet of the American Eugenists and Human Geneticists one evening, it must have been on Friday. It was an all time low both in gastronomy and genetics. It proves, said Harry, that Human Genetics stinks. A crude view from a crude mind. More accurately, we had to pay nearly \$5 each for tickets (after having been invited) : the food was inedible and the conversation intolerable. After the dinner there were lectures, by the two presidents of the societies represented, that is by Shapiro and Boyd. When not offensive they showed gross ignorance and stupidity.

27 Aug (Wed)

Darwin is being honoured this morning by some exceedingly dull papers on topics vaguely related to natural selection. The absence of Haldane here is keenly felt. Dobzhansky, Wright and Muller have all given public lectures during the congress but none seemed to have any inspiration. This afternoon I take Waddington's place at the International Congress Committee. They have already decided to hold the next in Germany 1963. The human genetics section is likely to be bad there ; so if we like to organize a symposium or conference on Human Genetics in 1961 in England we may do so with their blessing. But not a Congress on Human and Medical Genetics they say, this would be a medical not a biological sciences affair. I think this may cut out Kallmann's schemes. Maybe, however, there will be a Medical Genetics Congress in Rome under Gedda's auspices. Incidentally, at the banquet already described, Margaret made friends with Gedda and he sent next day an enormous bouquet of flowers.

After the committee I have just time to go and see Hebb. As a psychologist he keeps sane by relying entirely on experiments and using the minimum of theory. He is now engrossed in studying the brains of rats.

28 Aug (Thurs)

Helen MacKenzie most kindly telephoned from Nova Scotia, inviting us to stay there for a bit, but it seems too far and too much effort. Easier to slip down to Kingston and get a hired car again for the week end, the last one now. This time we get a Ford, it seems most comfortable to drive and later we are told, on all hands, that it is probably the best American car available. At lunch with Muriel and Phyllis Gummer we feel at home when Phyllis brings out a protractor to help measure quantities of pie.

The road (Highway 2) to Belleville is intolerably full of traffic but thereafter we have a grand drive up to Kawortha Park, Margaret's old haunts. We stay in a cabin of the Maple Leaf Hotel.

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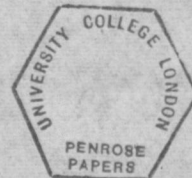
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29 Aug (Fri)

We take a boat to Wee Island and there, believe it or not, is George Douglas and Kay, looking the same exactly as 15 years ago. George is a bit more fussy but lends Shirley his canoe and teaches her the craft at which she is an apt pupil. We row and paddle round Woodonga and Point of Rocks. Stony lake is spoilt by being full of motor boats but much charm is still there. George Douglas is too busy to see any more of us, so we drive off to Orillia. Here Hubie Goodfellow has prepared to entertain us in his brand new small house by Bass Lake.

30 Aug (Sat)

After a night of thunderstorms, Hubie, who has ~~xxx~~ slept in Orillia, returns to conduct me to see the Ontario Hospital School again. We have lunch there and he produces the third case of acrocephalosyndactyly for me. Yonan Bodal, however, has been transferred to another hospital. I am greeted by Hamilton, the drunken superintendent, and we see the new wards. Later in the day we go to Stephen Leacock's house and an Indian settlement.

31 Aug (Sun)

We make a late start for Algonquin Park but reach it by afternoon in another thunderstorm. We wanted to see what this part of Canada was really like. There are many tame wild deer by the roadside ; but to see wild life properly, weeks should be spent here miles off the road. After finding good accommodation for the night just outside the park (Linton), we went a walk in the woods and collected birch bark.

1 Sept (Mon)

Our original plan to drive back to Kingston or Brockville was abandoned completely now in favour of a drive to Ottawa and train back to Montreal. But we reached Ottawa so quickly, via the far side of the river, that we decided to go all the way to Montreal by car. This was a good plan for we saw the slopes of the Laurentians and the monastery where OKA cheese is made.

2 Sept (Tues)

We were on the ship in good time and beautiful weather prevails. The heavy storm of Sunday night and Monday morning must have moved off to the East. With luck we should be trailing this in the high pressure belt following it and have good weather across the ocean.

Looking back on Montreal, the most outstanding memory is my conversation with old Sturtevant on the first day. He indicated the enormous area of scientific background now necessary to understand this subject properly. He started genetics in 1909, he said, and decided to read the whole literature. This took him about 3 days. Now, it couldn't

be covered in a life-time. Scientifically I learnt very little on the whole trip though I made many new contacts. Among these, the most intriguing were Smithies and the group with Dr Ford Walker at Toronto. In the whole trip three new cases of likely mutation to acrocephalosyndactyly were located and the mother and child mongol was confirmed. The main object of visiting Stephen Leacock's house now becomes clear ; there could be some family photographs there and I could tell if his son, reported to be a dwarf, was achondroplastic. The result here seemed to show that this dwarfed man is no achondroplastic ; he would be just short of stature and small build, so-called "ateleiotic", like a pygmy. I am told that, like the father, he is very partial to alcohol.

3 Sept (Wed)

The weather holds and we have a gentle north wind as we sail up the St Lawrence. In the evening it is clear and there is a superb display of Northern Lights : especially bright, I suppose, because of our proximity to the North magnetic pole. Some passengers think they are seeing sputniks and have to be calmed down.

4 Sept (Thurs)

Strong north wind and quite considerable swell as soon as we emerge from the Belle Isle Strait. Many people on board, including Shirley, feeling the strain.

5 Sept (Fri)

Sea is moderating today and the journey is becoming comfortable again. There are two geneticists on the ship, Griffiths from Aberystwyth and Dodds from Bayfordbury ; both agree that the congress was a washout but thought it worth going for the holiday.

6 Sept (Sat)

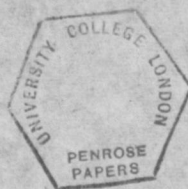
There is a chess player on aboard, Richard, who was runner up in the Canadian championship, 20 years ago or more. Now he is merely champion of Ottawa, Quebec and, he hopes, Montreal when the tournament is over. We played 12 games. I won 3, lost 6 and drew 3.

7 Sept (Sun)

Everyone is getting their things packed. Shirley and her gang, which she has collected on the boat, go swimming for the last time. They are even more unruly than usual. Incidentally, Shirley won a swimming obstacle race in the Sports.

8 Sept (Mon)

Early breakfast, that is 6.30 a.m., and we get into a dirty train for London, a poor advertisement for British Railways. The Canadians are tolerant because it is England but I wonder what the Americans think? Notwithstanding the grime and the inefficiency it is nice to be back in England.



L. S. Penrose