when one realises as I do today that for most of these years the nagging misery of his ulcer was making tremendous demands on his fortitude and self control.

Doubtless like other sons whose fathers have died prematurely I have long regretted that in the time available I did not achieve a greater degree of intimacy with him. This would I think have developed as I became more adult but some measure of Scottish reserve would first have had to be overcome.

It goes without saying that we were immensely proud of him even though in my case it was not till later days that I realised the full extent of his fame. However, what mattered more to us at the time was the fact that he proved himself a tolerant and generous parent who at all times strove to do the best he could for his family and for this we will ever be in his debt.

REMINISCENCE

Major-General Sir ERNEST COWELL

K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., T.D., D.L., M.D., F.R.C.S., late R.A.M.C. (Retd.)

I FIRST met Sir William Leishman when he came to live in Croydon in the early twenties. Every Saturday morning he was to be seen working in his garden, pruning roses or cutting the lawn. He was a happy family man. Lady Leishman took an active interest in the local Red Cross, and was a charming and most gracious lady. His three daughters were all successful in their academic careers and his son is today a distinguished physician. The General, a small, slight figure, was the acme of kindness and courtesy; for instance he gladly accepted my invitation to dine with the officers of the T.A. C.C.S. which at that time I was commanding. He came in uniform.

On another memorable occasion, the General took me as his guest to the annual dinner in London, of the Old Students Association of Glasgow University, of which he was that year President. I was given the place of honour and sat at his right hand. When the time came for his speech he said: "I am not going to give you the usual platitudes, stories and reminiscences of our Alma Mater, but will take you into the future. In a few years you will be flying off to the country for the weekend, travelling miles and miles, in comfort."

Latterly I was the General's doctor; he remained in harness to the end of his life. Actually he did not "report sick", but Lady Leishman called me in and I immediately took a grave view, recommending admission to Millbank. He demurred but gave in to his wife. Within the hour, an ambulance arrived and I helped carry the stretcher. In a few days, in spite of all that could be done, a very gallant and noble gentlemen passed on.