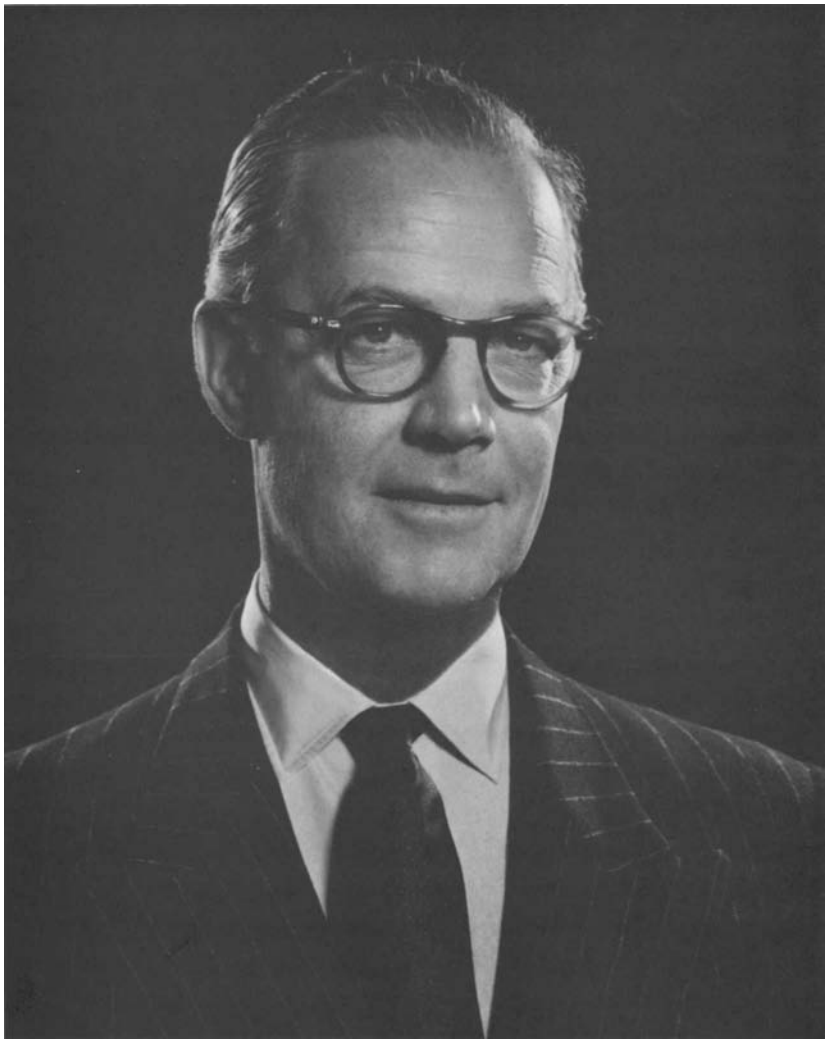
The things that are Caesar's

Edited by Brian Heeney

Arnold Heeney had a distinguished career in the service of the government of Canada—as secretary to the cabinet, undersecretary of state for external affairs, ambassador to the North Atlantic Council, twice ambassador to the United States (1953-7 and 1959-62), and co-chairman of the International Joint Commission.

His career in public administration began in 1938 when he left a growing law practice to become principal secretary to Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. Two years later he was appointed secretary to the cabinet, the first to hold this office, and for nine years, from 1940 to 1949, he kept the minutes and the secrets of the government of Canada. His memoirs recall his years of service; they form a lucid, modest, illuminating, and entertaining account of value to historians, political scientists, and other citizens interested in the workings of government. The first former mandarin to write his memoirs, Arnold Heeney sheds light, from intimate vantage points, on policy processes over thirty years as well as on a large cast of characters, domestic and foreign.

BRIAN HEENEY is Master of Champlain College, Trent University.



A.D.P. Heeney

ARNOLD HEENEY

The things that are Caesar's

Memoirs of a Canadian public servant

Edited by Brian D. Heeney

Foreword by John W. Holmes

University of Toronto Press

Toronto and Buffalo
ISBN 0-8020-1930-7
ISBN Microfiche 0-8020-0268-4
LC 72-90745

Contents

This page intentionally left blank

To

my wife Peggy

and for

my children and grandchildren

This page intentionally left blank

Foreword

If you knew Arnold Heeney in only one or other of his official roles or from press reports, you could have missed the Irish in him. But that would not have happened if you had known him better. His assurance, his utter competence, his grace and style, and his unassuming air of distinction seemed far removed from the Gatineau hills where he had his roots. But one of the many joys of this recollection of his life is his romantic account of his Irish family background and his own growing up in Winnipeg and at Oxford. It is a remarkably happy history, full of wonder and excitement, yet it is saved from sentimentality by his sense of irony - a quality which is essential to a successful civil servant and diplomat.

Out of such a combination of characteristics great mandarins are made. Here is a lucid, modest, illuminating, and entertaining account of value to historians, political scientists, and others. He recalls his life as creator of the post of secretary to the cabinet, as ambassador to Washington, and in the various other capacities in which he, more than any other individual, established a sound and effective structure within which the Canadian Public Service could grow. One might have feared that a rigid devotion to the principles of Civil Service confidentiality would make this a dull record. Arnold Heeney was always firm; but he was never rigid. This book is properly discreet but never unduly so. Without betraying secrets, he sheds light on the development of some government policies over thirty years, as well as on a large cast of Canadian and foreign characters. He might seem too generous in his judgments, but he was a Christian who understood human weakness and looked for and brought out the best qualities in those with whom he dealt. We might hope that his accomplishments will serve to convince a cynical generation (the older one, that is) that the philanthrope succeeds better than the misanthrope in public life and diplomacy.

This is the story of a man who deserved good fortune and fashioned a career with which he had every right to feel satisfied. His father was an ac-

quaintance of Mackenzie King and there was, he says, 'no damned nonsense of merit about my entry into the Public Service of Canada.' A deep attachment to his native country, a sense of duty which was the product of his inheritance and the education of his times, a zest for the noble and exhilarating game of government, as well as honest ambition led him from a more profitable profession in Montreal to public service in Ottawa. His prompt resistance to Mr King's assumption that service to the Liberal party was included in the new job strengthened a new generation of public servants. His intellectual and moral integrity, the granite in him, radiated confidence.

He was always a passionate Canadian, but his nationalism was of the large-spirited kind which enabled him to glory in the whole Canadian inheritance. As his accounts of his days in diplomacy reveal, the respect and affection he felt spontaneously for his foreign colleagues never got in the way of his arguing toughly the Canadian case. The modest irony with which he tells this story does not fully reveal his quality as a diplomat. Arnold Heeney, well briefed, articulate, master of a terse and muscular prose, and always in control, was not a man to whom the representatives of great powers readily said no, partly because they respected his argument, but also because they liked him.

Heeney's attitude to the United States, too often misunderstood, was that in dealing with a giant whom we cannot exorcise and who could crush us if he were so disposed, we are more likely to protect our interests if we preserve a spirit of mutual good will and of give and take. There are times for loud diplomacy and tough talk, but preferably after sweet reasonableness has been tried. In recognizing that Canada was locked on a continent with the United States and that Canadians had to keep their wits about them to survive, he was a 'continentalist.' One purpose this book will serve, however, is to make clear that he was no continentalist in the pejorative sense in which the term is now often used. He was alarmed by talk of customs union after the war, and in his term with the International Joint Commission he strengthened a principle of international association which, in his view, guaranteed Canadian independence and Canadian interests by providing for equal membership in continental associations and also preserving the sovereign right of the Canadian government to take the final decisions. At a gathering of powerful Canadian industrialists and financiers several years ago someone ventured to suggest that because Canada depended on the United States for defence, investment, and markets it should associate itself unequivocally with American foreign policy. 'I could not disagree with you more,' said Arnold Heeney from a height of about eight feet, his conviction by no means diminished by his smile. During his terms in Washington, as he reports here, he defended Canadian contributions to continental defence not as tribute but as the means by which an ally which had freely committed itself to defence by alliance maintained its inde-

pendence and self-respect. His explanation of the report prepared with Livingston Merchant on the principles of Canada-United States relations will, it is to be hoped, remove the misinterpretations to which the report was subjected at the time. Typically he blames himself for wording that was open to misunderstanding.

He retained to the end his capacity to adapt and adjust his ideas to changing conditions. This scion of Irish Protestants not only defended the extension of French in the Public Service, he insisted on using that language himself - and before it was fashionable or expedient to do so. He never ceased pondering on the United States-Canadian relationship, and his last testament on that subject at the end of this book shows a heightened awareness of the Canadian dilemma. He knew that times and the balance of forces had shifted. He was an optimist not only by nature but by discipline. Whatever the odds against the Canadian interest, he knew that when one is engaged in the struggle, defeatism is inadmissible. If, as he admits in the end, the Americans too often marshalled superior resources and outmanoeuvred the Canadians, the weakness was usually the government's, not that of this public servant.

To call this a heroic account would have gravely offended the author's sense of proportion. And yet it is the gratifying story of a young man with a heroic view of life who grew to do his country service. He was a generous man to work for and with, precise, encouraging, and fair, rarely downcast. Nothing was more courageous in his life than the ending. It had taken some persuasion to get him to write a memoir, as he deprecated both the significance of his experience and his literary capacity. Most of this account, so full of the joy of life, was composed during his last year as he weakened from a mortal illness. All his life he had carried out his assignments. He finished this one by the deadline he had set himself. Three days later he died.

Toronto 1972 JOHN W. HOLMES

This page intentionally left blank

Preface

The first draft of this book was completed by my father less than a week before he died in December 1970. For two years he had worked at it spasmodically on holidays and weekends, and during the last few months of his life he devoted an ever increasing proportion of his declining energy to its completion. His original intention was to work through the first draft with care, to reconsider its proportions, to check his recollections against available evidence, and to revise the whole work. Had he been able to do these things this would have been a better book.

As it is, the final result is a team effort. The Canada Council generously allowed me to make use of a research grant originally awarded to my father. Supported from that source, John Bryson undertook the arduous task of checking references, names, and dates, and identifying quotations whenever he could do so. He also offered me very helpful literary advice. Nerta Lacharity, my father's secretary, assisted him at every stage. The editorial skill of Diane Nelles of the University of Toronto Press greatly improved my draft version. I am grateful to King and Ruth Gordon who made valuable practical suggestions and, along with Rik Davidson and many others, gave me encouragement and moral support. Two people deserve special recognition. John Holmes helped both my father and myself in many ways. His warmth and affection, as well as his advice and aid, were invaluable. My mother's contribution has been incalculable. She reassured my father that the project was worthwhile; she raised his morale by keeping him at it when he was mortally ill; she has supported me firmly and lovingly since I took over.

Although a great deal of the substance of this book is based on the author's recollections and not any written records, references are made to a small collection of letters and fragments of diaries which form Arnold Heeney's personal papers. The letters quoted in this volume, including the correspondence between Mackenzie King and Bertal Heeney and the short selections from the author's very sketchy and occasional journal, are in this collection. This mate-

rial is now deposited in the National Archives of Canada. The only source materials referred to in this book which are still retained by our family are the diaries and journals of the author's father, William Bertal Heeney.

Champlain College
Trent University
Peterborough, Ontario
August 1972

BRIAN HEENEY

The things that are Caesar's

This page intentionally left blank

1

A long way from Tipperary

I begin with William, my paternal greatgrandfather, for it was due to him that our family became Canadian in the first place. He was born in County Meath, Ireland, on 10 April 1811. His father died when he was very small, and when his mother remarried young William was packed off to school in Dublin. There he remained, apparently until he graduated. Little else is known about William's early life except that in 1834, at the age of twenty-three, he married Sarah Howard. Ten years later, perhaps because, as family legend would have it, he had been involved in some troubles in which he had probably killed some one, William and Sarah sailed for Canada. With them were their five children, including my grandfather, Henry, who was then six weeks' old. They were going to join a number of Sarah's relatives and friends from Tipperary who had emigrated some years earlier and settled in the Ottawa valley.

The Heeneys first established themselves at Fitzroy in the western part of Carleton county, an area largely settled by Protestant Irish and English emigrants many of whom had served in Wellington's armies. Nearby were miscellaneous and interrelated Howards and Greenes and Carrys so that while there was much that was strange and forbidding about the new surroundings there was much too that was warm and familiar. Above all, there was new hope for the young, free of the dark anxieties of the old land. William seems to have settled quickly into teaching, first at the 9th Line school and later in nearby Huntley, and soon a second daughter and two more boys were born. Here, for the next two decades the family shared in the life of a pioneer Canadian community, and with their fellow Irish contributed to the speech and customs, the standards and prejudices, the strengths and weaknesses characteristic of that region.

To participate in the emerging lumber trade, the family moved in 1861 to Danford Lake in the Gatineau north of Ottawa. Luke, the oldest son, had taken the initiative and built a house there for himself and for his father's family. Soon after, Henry acquired a considerable tract of crown land in the neigh-

bouring township of Alleyne at what later became known as Danford Corners. Then followed the building of a barn and necessary outbuildings and, finally, the grand house to which he brought his young bride Eleanor Jane Walsh of Bearbrook, Ontario, in the spring of 1867. My father was born here on 18 February 1873, the third of eight children, six of whom were boys. He was christened 'William' after his grandfather and 'Bertal' by some undisclosed fancy of his mother's.

As Bertal and his brothers and sisters grew up, the problem of educating them became increasingly worrisome to their parents. To his own regret in later years, Henry's schooling had been brief and rudimentary. As a youth in Huntley he had preferred to go north to the shanty with the men rather than to stay the winter at home under the severe hand of a father who was also his teacher. What had appealed to him then was the life of the woods and the rivers and the freedom and companionship that went with it. As a youngster he had chafed under the discipline at home, but he never had been afraid of hard work and, in the company of men who exalted physical strength and skill in the demanding lumbering trade, 'Harry' Heeney had acquired something of a reputation. The vitality and wit which had made him popular along the river in the early days was matched by a sharp intelligence and voracious curiosity about all manner of things in the wider world. So, for his children, he was almost as anxious as their mother - who, despite the cares of a growing family and the never-ending labours of the household, would snatch whatever time she could to refresh her mind and imagination in poetry and fiction - that they should have schooling. Both father's parents went to great pains to provide the best they could for the education of their children.

Father's first school was a crude one-room log building near Luke's farm, presided over by a veteran of the Crimea and the United States civil war who had a wooden leg and a terrible temper. An attempt to establish a school in Danford Corners failed after father had spent only one year there, so in 1887 James Senior, the local Church of England clergyman, was prevailed upon to provide regular lessons to the older Heeney children in return for room and board. For two years my father and the others gathered daily around the diningroom table with the textbooks on which Senior insisted, while this 'red-headed Englishman and scholar,' as Henry later described him, attempted to acquaint them with the traditional disciplines. A year or so later, when father was sixteen or seventeen Senior returned to his former lodging by the lake. Then father had to make daily journeys through the bush in order to have the old parson's continued guidance and some beginnings in the study of Latin and Greek. After a short stay at a school in Shawville, in the fall of 1891 father was accepted at the Lachute Academy, a high school which at that time enjoyed one of the best reputations in the province of Quebec.

For the eighteen-year-old boy from the Gatineau, the little town of Lachute, a mostly English-speaking rural community, must have been a new world. By comparison with what he had known it was modern and comfortable. His first problem was to arrange for his lodging and board, for the family could provide little more than moral support. He was taken on as the night operator at the telephone office, a job which had the important advantage that the calls were infrequent so that he was able to study or to sleep. By the time father had passed the University School Examination and was certified as an Associate in the Arts in 1893 his decision of several years earlier to devote his life to the Christian ministry was confirmed.

That fall father entered the Diocesan College in Montreal and registered in the Arts Faculty at McGill, for he was determined to obtain a bachelor's degree before embarking on his theological training. During the years which followed he continually struggled to secure the means to provide university and college fees and personal living expenses at the most modest level. He spasmodically received small sums from home, although these were more an indication of the family's moral support than a serious contribution to his budget. But his life at McGill was not all grim. The whole academic community of that university at the end of the century, generously nourished by the prosperous mercantile element of English-speaking Montreal, was stimulating and optimistic. Among his McGill friends was Lemuel Robertson, later professor of classics at the University of British Columbia and the father of my own close friend and colleague, Norman. At McGill father expanded his horizons and tastes by reading outside the limits of his formal curriculum, and by the time he left college in 1899 he was steeped in the Victorian literature to which as the years went by he returned for refreshment and release. Two years later he graduated in theology. When he walked out of the Diocesan College for the last time, at the age of twenty-eight, his emergence from the Gatineau was complete.

On 1 June 1901, after father had been ordained and appointed curate of Christ Church in Belleville, Ontario, father and mother were married. They had met when father was in his final year at McGill at what was then known as a 'conversazione,' an evening gathering in the home of a Montreal family at which out-of-town students were received for coffee, cake, music, and talk. Mother was Eva Marjorie Holland, a tall, slim, dark-haired girl with beautiful violet eyes. From the beginning it was a romance in the Victorian manner, and as their friendship developed into love, mother came to embody for him an ideal of Christian beauty and refinement which set her apart from all other women. She was the daughter of one of the large group of merchants who in the latter part of the nineteenth century and in the early years of the twentieth gave to English-speaking Montreal its special flavour of commercialism

and evangelical Christianity. Though not wealthy by the standards of some of his contemporaries, her father was able to maintain his family in comfort and some style. Both he and his wife were Methodists, and his considerable energies were expended with equal zeal on his import business, his church, and on the work of the YMCA. The young couple was married in the old Holland house on Sherbrooke Street West and set off at once for Belleville.

The life of the young Heeneys at Belleville was taken up immediately with the establishment of a new home and the many church and community duties. And then on 5 April 1902, I was born and christened Arnold Danford. Father recorded in his diary that it took 'some time to realize I am a father,' but even at this early stage my primitive hibernian appearance led him to nickname me 'Paddy.' That first summer of my life father took us back to Danford, for him the 'dearest place on earth,' where he could find refreshment and renew himself so that he could return to his parish to deal with the poor, the old, and the sick, whose wretched conditions always depressed him.

After four years at Christ Church, father accepted appointment as rector of St George's Church, Newport, Rhode Island. It was a difficult decision for the young parson, not least because it meant leaving his own country. But it was a new challenge and we moved there in the summer of 1905. It is not difficult to imagine the contrast of the new surroundings to the familiar environment of the small Ontario town on the Bay of Quinte. St George's parish was by no means the part of the Newport of the 'cottages' where the fashionable and wealthy from New York and Boston spent their lavish summers. Nevertheless father and mother did have some contact with that other strange and glittering society which was then near the height of its fame – or at least with some of its less ungodly members. But despite the compensations of their life in Rhode Island, it was not long before the longing for home became irresistible to both mother and father. In fact father had come to realize that from the time of their arrival there had been a feeling of strangeness, a transitory element, in the new surroundings. Perhaps that was because he had expected it to be so. He had always intended to return to Canada, but before a year had gone by he became determined that his son should be 'brought up under the British Flag.' When he had an opportunity to return to Canada, less than two years after he had gone to Newport, father had no doubt as to where his duty as well as his inclination lay. By the end of 1906 the family was installed in Barrie, Ontario, which a newspaper account of my father's appointment described as consisting 'mostly of retired Englishmen, officers and gentlemen of culture and refinement.' Father became the vicar-in-charge of Holy Trinity Church, I attended my first school, and my sister Marjorie Eleanor was born.

Father's sentiments and loyalties meant that from the very first I was surrounded by British influences. The earliest stories which I read were of British

heroes from Alfred of the Cakes to Kitchener of Khartoum; a cousin of mother's had won the Victoria Cross in South Africa for 'saving the guns.' By the time I was seven I knew every line of a book, *Deeds that Won the Empire,* by an unremembered author, and when I arrived in Winnipeg I was ready for the spate of G.A. Henty to roll over me. Most of my companions at that first school had the same influences working on them; it was the time of the British empire.

In the spring of 1909 our family moved to Winnipeg, which was to remain our home for the next quarter century and more. These were important, critical, and exciting years for all of us. Father was at his most vigorous and productive, and though he continued to love and often to visit eastern Canada, he became caught up from the very beginning in the new and stimulating environment of the prairies; indeed so much so that to the end of his life he was to think of himself as a westerner. For my sister and me it was natural that the years of school and college should have a lasting influence and leave an enduring bias on our later attitudes.

In the first years of the twentieth century Winnipeg was an exciting self-confident community only recently emerged from the pioneer period. With some reason, Winnipeggers regarded their rapidly spreading city as the capital of the prairies, the hub of the west between the Lakehead and the Rockies, for which a prosperous future lay round a brief corner in time. Manitoba school children knew of Laurier's prophecy for the Canadian twentieth century and we felt in our bones that a special destiny was intended for Winnipeg. When the visiting Bishop of London described our city as the logical capital of the British empire, we were not one bit surprised but took it as our due. These were also the years of the great annual waves of European immigration which followed the railways and changed the face and spirit of the settlement community. It was the time of the wheat boom which turned Winnipeg from a remote prairie railway town into a centre of international trade. Except for the immigrant labourers whose wretched conditions were soon to arouse the righteous indignation and social conscience of J.S. Woodsworth, prosperity and confidence in the future were virtually universal. The community into which the young Anglican clergyman and his wife and children came was boisterous, self-assured, and exhilarating.

As I recall prewar Fort Rouge, the south Winnipeg suburb where the still-to-be completed St Luke's Church stood, it was a community of wide, flat streets bordered by comfortable but undistinguished frame houses and garnished rather surprisingly by respectable trees and grass boulevards. Most of our neighbours seemed well-to-do, at least by my standards, although I was conscious that within father's parish there was less affluence south of the inevitable tracks. St Luke's drew its support from all quarters of Fort Rouge

and included all the variations of economic circumstances as existed among the essentially English and Scottish inhabitants.

Our own means remained modest enough. I cannot remember a time during my childhood or youth when my parents did not have to exercise caution and ingenuity in their household budgeting. One way or another, however, they were able to establish a comfortable home at the rectory and also to provide my sister and me with the conventional advantages of environment and education.

In 1911 I was sent to St John's College School from which I matriculated in the last year of the war. It was an unusual establishment by any measure. Located near the then city limits in what was known as the North End, the old grey building with its mansarded towers stood along Main Street in an enclave of grounds and playing fields. It was a tough school morally and physically. Here I first experienced the anxiety and satisfaction of taking part in the organized games which our elders then considered essential in preparing the young for the exertions and temptations of adult life. Fair or foul, hot or cold, a goodly portion of our days was devoted to rugby and hockey under the stern supervision of our seniors. There were also various informal but no less violent varieties of physical competition to occupy our few unscheduled hours. As the terms went by, my endurance increased with my stature, and my fear of exhibiting embarrassing incompetence diminished with experience. Like most of my schoolmates, I came to regard regular physical effort as an integral and at least relatively enjoyable part of normal life. Trophies and photographs of championship teams were displayed at the school and for years St John's was a recruiting ground for major hockey teams.

From the lower first form to the fifth and sixth, the school population included boys from all over the Canadian west and northwest, the sons of Hudson's Bay Company factors and missionary Anglican clergy and settlers, some from as far away as the Rockies and the Arctic circle, a number of whom were unable to return home even for the long summer holiday. In my time there were still a few boys of Indian blood; earlier there had been many more. Many boys came from the burgeoning towns and cities of Saskatchewan and Alberta as well as from Manitoba. Most of us came from Anglican homes, but there was a healthy minority of 'dissenters' and always a few Roman Catholics.

The school's origins were frankly English. They had derived in some vague way and in part from the Westminister School, but I think we owed more to Rugby and the tradition of Thomas Arnold than to any other source. Discipline was harsh but on the whole governed by a rough justice. Morning and evening chapel were compulsory, and I can still recapture the special savour of our school assemblies as I hear the familiar phrases of the *Book of Common Prayer.* The British aspect was reinforced by the fact that many of our

masters came from the United Kingdom. My first headmaster was Eric Hamber, a Cambridge man of intellectual quality but of somewhat unpredictable and violent temper. Doubtless he had been tried beyond endurance by his barbarian constituency.

But although its origins were trans-Atlantic, there was never any doubt that an important element in St John's was that it was unmistakably indigenous to western Canada. My second headmaster was Walter Burman, himself a Johnian and vibrantly Canadian in every sinew. He too could be driven to savage outbursts, but 'Old Walt' - he was in his forties - was an inspired and relentless teacher, especially of Latin and English syntax, a sound knowledge of which he believed to be essential to an ordered mind. His whole being was devoted to the school and its grubby inhabitants who, needless to say, did not appreciate their good fortune. It was only many years later while serving briefly as a junior master that I came to realize Walter Burman's rare gifts of mind and spirit.

Inevitably the school is among the strongest memories of my boyhood. And although the accepted values of the school were impressive and influential, I have no doubt that the chief inspiration of those years was the family in which my father reigned but my mother governed in her own unobtrusive way. Our home provided the warmth and love which nurtured our growth and development. For each one of us, especially father, it was an unfailing source of encouragement and reassurance when the going was rough, a refuge from the harshness and exhaustion of life outside. We were a close, affectionate, rather demonstrative family, and our emotions were never very far from the surface. School, like church, was important, but there was never any doubt that home and family loyalties were first in our hearts.

Two years before the first world war we managed a family visit to England, the first for all of us. It was a memorable summer. As we moved among the enduring evidence of the history we had read and revered, father was entranced. For me, London was the living centre of the great post-Victorian legend of Empire. My appetite for Henty and Kipling and the others was sharpened by the sights and sounds of Britain. From the day I spent in Cambridge with father, it was my ambition to get to Oxford or Cambridge myself. This was the country which seemed to me, at the age of ten, to stand for everything that was noble and exciting.

When the war came in 1914 father endured a long struggle of conscience. Should he respond to the call of 'God and Empire' and go overseas? Or did his superior duty lie with the people of his growing parish so soon to be drawn into the deep personal tragedies of the war? Before it was over St Luke's would send no fewer than two hundred and fifty volunteers, and its roll of honour bore witness to the scores of families to whom he would bring com-

fort in their bereavement. If his own emotional nature, his physical vigour, and his Irish unionist background impelled him strongly to the more active role, his judgment and his conscience directed him to stay. His decision was to remain at home to nourish and sustain those left behind, though to the end he regretted that it could not have been otherwise.

For me the war was all excitement and glamour, or nearly so. Like others of my age my anxiety was that it would not go on long enough for me to get into it somehow. I thrilled to watch the 27th City of Winnipeg Battalion, soon to endure the horror and glory of Vimy, as they swung past the rectory gate to the strains of *Soldiers of the Queen.* When the 61st Battalion won hockey's Allan Cup before going overseas, it seemed to me a matter of national importance, an augury of victory in a bigger league. Only in the final year, months even, when the names of some of the eighteen- and nineteen-year-old boys I had known at school began to appear in the long casualty lists did I become conscious of the tragedy of war. But in spite of that in the autumn of 1918 I was disappointed to learn that the Main Street recruiting office for the Royal Naval Air Service could not take anyone before his seventeenth birthday.

The bands, the marching troops, the heroism at Second Ypres, the Somme, and Vimy, the growing legend of Canadian airmen, even the familiar names in the casualty lists, the whole impact of the war served to emphasize and to exaggerate the British element in my experience. At the same time, my reading outside as well as inside the schoolroom was mostly British. Every year before Christmas my friends and I would walk downtown in our mocassins, pea-jackets, and toques through the cold winter streets to identify as preferred Christmas gifts the volumes of Henty which we had not yet read: *With Clive in India, With Moore at Coronna,* yes, and *With Wolfe at Quebec* and all the rest of that amazing series. With *Chums, The Scout, The Boys Own Annual,* and *The Captain*, these were our favourite reading and our staple diet.

Until after the first world war there was little that I recall to balance this dominant British element in our 'cultural' environment. There was certainly nothing of equal weight on the 'American' side. True, we read Horatio Alger's stories and doubtless appreciated in them the already familiar western doctrine of the triumph of virtue and industry. There were James Fenimore Cooper and Mark Twain, of course, though to my discredit I never warmed to Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn. The movies, too, with their strange new flavours of Hollywood, were beginning to impinge on our minds before I had left school. Douglas Fairbanks - senior, of course - combining his engaging and continual smile with splendid athletic accomplishments was an early favourite. I also remember my attempts to adjust my limited wardrobe to the style of Jack Pickford. But these were later and less enduring idols.