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considered to be a sort of heirloom, and the loss of it would be nothing short of a calamity.

Acting like a gentleman, I ought to have instructed the cab driver to return post haste in order to claim this shawl, which as it seemed was of great importance. But there was a snag, I realized that I had only about enough money on me, to pay the fare straight back, and as a return journey would have meant additional fare, I suggested that the lost article should be claimed the next day by me. This proposal was accepted, and we arrived at our destination without any further troubles.

In fact I was quite pleased that I would have another opportunity to show my gallantry, and on paying the fare I warmly shook hands with the cab driver, who, quite unaccustomed to such a warm acknowledgement for services rendered, gravely shook his head, was it a premonition of what was to come?

As promised I called the next day and luckily the lost article was handed over to me. Needless to say, that I made use of this almost heaven sent opportunity to add a little *billet doux* with the parcel, which was duly forwarded to my dancing partner.

During the next day or two I was in a state of great excitement because I was sure that my efforts to redeem this famous shawl, and the accompanying letter would get some acknowledgement — it did!

On returning home two days after despatching the shawl, I found a little parcel awaiting me, somehow or other it looked familiar to me, but after all parcels always have a certain similarity. With trembling hands I opened it, and there a short note, not even

signed, met my wondering eyes, it read "This does not belong to me"!

I was at my wits end, what did it mean? I unwrapped the packet and lo and behold, it contained a pair of red bathing slips — not a costume with which one is so familiar in this country, often adorning some bathing belle, no, simply an ordinary pair of bathing slips which boys used to wear in those days. My sister, who watched me said afterwards, that my face reflected all the colours of the rainbow, and no wonder, this was a terrible tragedy, how did it happen? The explanation was simple enough, the cupboard which temporally harboured the shawl ready for dispatch, also contained a parcel of similar size in which the above mentioned article was packed up ready for the next bathing season; an unlucky slip of the hand made me take the wrong parcel, thus nipping in the bud a romance which had started in such a promising way.

Although a detailed report of this most unfortunate happening was at once sent, and an exchange of "goods" effected, no excuse was accepted, and I was accused of having played a very bad joke, and whenever I met a member of this distinguished family, I was treated with utter contempt. In fact I felt so miserable that I seriously contemplated to leave this valley of sorrow to a land where people do not wear shawls nor bathing slips, and even to this day I cannot look a lady's shawl straight in the face without getting the "shudders".

#### SWISS BANK CORPORATION.

The Swiss Bank Corporation announce that after writing off Sfcs. 3,690,604 the net profit for 1957 amounts to Sfcs. 26,783,194 against 25,444,316 last year. The total assets amount to Sfcs. 3,602,591,418 against Sfcs. 3,391,980,239.

At the General Meeting to be held in Basle on the 28th of February, 1958 it will be proposed to make a contribution of Sfcs. 2,000,000 (as last year) to the Pension Fund, to allocate Sfcs. 3,000,000 (against Sfcs. 2,500,000) to the reserve for new buildings and to place Sfcs. 8,000,000 (against Sfcs. 4,000,000) to Special Reserve Fund. It is further proposed to pay a dividend of 9% (as last year) and to carry forward Sfcs. 1,936,611 (against Sfcs. 4,992,577 last year).

Before closing the accounts for 1957 the Board transferred Sfcs. 2,000,000 (as last year) from tax-paid internal reserves to a Special Reserve.

London, 5th February 1958.

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