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the shawl. But there was a snag — I realised that I had only about enough money on me to pay the fare straight home and, as a return journey would have meant additional fare, I suggested that the lost article should be claimed next day by me. This proposal was graciously accepted, and we arrived at our destination without any further trouble. In fact I was pleased that I would have another opportunity to show my gallantry. As promised, I called the next day, and luckily the lost article was handed to me.

Needless to say, I made use of this heaven-sent opportunity to add a little *billet doux* with the parcel, which was duly sent off.

During the next day or two I was in a state of great excitement, because I was sure that my gallant efforts to redeem this historic shawl, and the accompanying letter, would get some acknowledgment. They did!

On returning home two days after the event, I found a little parcel awaiting me. Somehow or other it looked familiar to me, but, after all, parcels have a certain similarity. With trembling hands I opened it, and there a short note — not even signed — met my eyes; it read "This does not belong to me!"

I was at my wits' end. What did it mean? I undid the packet further 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 tragedy. How did it happen? The explanation was simple enough, the cupboard which temporarily harboured the shawl ready for dispatch also contained a parcel of similar size in which the above-mentioned article was packed, 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 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 poor joke, and whenever I met a member of this distinguished family I was treated with utter contempt. I felt so miserable that I seriously contemplated leaving this valley of sorrow for a land where people wear neither shawls nor bathing slips, and even to this day I cannot look a lady's shawl straight in the face without getting the "shudders"!

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M. A. ROTH LISBERGER

We extend heartiest congratulations to Mr. M. A. Rothlisberger on his recent appointment as Manager of the Ionian Bank Ltd., 64 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.

Mr. Rothlisberger was born in London — his father Swiss and his mother English — and was brought up in Switzerland from the age of three.

He received his schooling at the Primary and Secondary Schools in Aubonne (Ct. Vaud), after which he made a three-year apprenticeship (1915 to 1918) with the Union de Banques Suisses in Lausanne, in which Bank he also held appointments at their branch offices in Aarau and Zurich (1918 to 1924).

In September 1924 Mr. Rothlisberger came to London, where he took up employment with the Ionian Bank Ltd. From 1925 to 1928 he held appointments with the Bank's offices at Athens and Piraeus (Greece).

Returning in 1928 to the Bank's Head Office in London, he was mainly in charge of the Foreign Exchange and Documentary Credits Departments. In 1950 Mr. Rothlisberger was appointed Accountant, and seven years later (1957) was promoted to the post of Assistant Manager, and in May 1960 to that of Manager.

Mr. Rothlisberger is a member of the Swiss Benevolent Society, in which he has held the offices of Honorary Assistant Treasurer from 1932, and Honorary Treasurer since 1938. To this Society he has for many years rendered conspicuous and devoted services. He has also been a member of the Swiss Mercantile Society since 1924, and of the Nouvelle Société Helvétique.

We wish Mr. Rothlisberger much success in his new and responsible position.