

Ann had not had a very happy youth. When I met her, both her parents were dead and her home, after leaving school, was the small Chelsea flat of her legal Guardians, Mr and Mr Cooper-Willis, a retired professional gentleman and his non-academic wife. Ann's father had been a doctor in the south of England of some considerable means, and as far as I could gather his wealth arose from a family connection with the Scottish publishers Blackies. Ann was due to inherit her parents fortune on her 21st birthday on 11 November 1946. As the Cooper-Willis's were of the opinion that I was only interested in Ann because of her inheritance, I was never welcomed by them and they tried unsuccessfully to prejudice Ann against me.

However, our friendship grew into mutual love, and after Ann had joined the Army, she spent her not infrequent weekend leaves with me in my flat at the top of London's famous Baker Street. We had a good time together, as far as that was possible in war time with strict food rationing and with the little money we then had between us, but we were both very happy and endlessly discussed our joint future. There was no doubt in our mind that we would get married as soon as she reached the age of 21 and became legally independent of her Guardians.

I remember that the first thing I was able to teach Ann was cooking, as in her parents' home she had never been allowed in the kitchen. Peeling potatoes was a new skill I could impart, but of course it did not stop there. I was convinced that what the world then needed was more social scientists, as the physical sciences had proved their value during the War more than adequately, even before the advent of the atomic bomb. Ann agreed with me, and we decided that after her demobilisation from the Army she would study Psychology at London University and with her excellent school record, she had no difficulty to obtain a place at London's University College's Psychology Department. This fact greatly facilitated her speedy demobilisation.

We could plan ahead for the wedding to take place on 12 November 1946, for a three-year course of study at London University and then to emigrate in about 1950 to Australia. We were worried that a Third Atomic World War would break out and we wrongly considered then that this War would be confined to the Northern Hemisphere. It was only in 1957 that Nevil Shute published his book *On the Beach*, in which he forecast how an atomic war would spread from the Northern to the Southern Hemisphere, and he described the last few months in Australia before all life had ceased on planet Earth. Had Ann and I read his book in 1947, we might never have emigrated.