

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE,
KINGSTON.

18th June 1924.

My dear General,

Mea Culpa, Mea Maximus Culpa, my Chief's daughter has been here and gone and I never saw the lady or did a d----d thing. I did not see her anywhere at the Memorial Arch Service or Closing Exercises (all of which went off well with plenty of pep, and at the same time dignity).

On the night of the Ball I made sure I would be able to intercept her as she passed Lady Macdonell and myself en route to the Ball room. The receiving tent was some distance away, and I now learn that a lot of people went to a photo that was being taken and did the natural thing and walked straight into the Ball room without seeing us. As she was there, I fancy she did that too; I am sorry.

I am sending you a paper of the Unveiling which may interest you. Whoever wrote the item about me angelized me out of all recognition by my friends, didn't he?

The Minister was tremendously pleased with the Arch Ceremonies and got MacBrien and they two agreed that after all the prizes were given out, it would be a fine thing to re-promote the First Class to their former ranks. In this I concurred, so at ~~one~~ o'clock on the day of the June Ball they got their ranks back, and Under Officers Sashes appeared like magic. They certainly had worked hard to redeem themselves and promoting all was different to G's idea of re-instating Crowe before the end. Sergt. Hamilton won the Sword of Honour and deserved it.

I am Sir, with kindest regards to yourself and Lady Currie - tell the daughter I refrain from stating she is pretty foxey to take good care she was not worried by an antiquarian like myself, but the facts speak for themselves!!!

Yours as ever,

a. e. macdonell

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