

July 14, 1931.

Sir Arthur Currie,
Principal, McGill University.

Dear Sir Arthur,

I wrote you pro forma, the other day, resigning. May I write you now, personally, to say how great the wrench is, despite the attractiveness of Dalhousie.

For years now I have felt that I was striking roots in McGill. I've always been blessed in McGill with some excellent friends. Almost from the beginning I got to know and esteem H.M. MacKay and John Tait. I had previously known Woodhead, Eve, Keys and others - and now got to know and like them better. As for yourself, I felt from the first moments of conversation that you and I would be friends, - so far as a Principal of a great University and a junior member of the staff could be friends. (This underlined part was my own mental addition and reservation. I did not know then how thoroughly human and easy your relations with your staff were) But a few days later you hailed me from the far end of the Faculty Club room, and asked my opinion about something you were discussing with A.B. Macallum. That gave me new light! Still I was a little uneasy, fearing you were rating me more than a bit too high, on the strength of reading me and hearing legends about me.

But before the year was out no uneasiness was left! I confess to you that I was at first testing the whole institution. You know, McGill has so often been called "the kept mistress of St James St.", and other nosegays of that kind. And from