



TÉLÉPHONE 2.71

CAFÉ DE PARIS

AIX-LES-BAINS

J. RUBAUD

R. C. 771

AIX-LES-BAINS, le

14 Dec.

1929.

Dear Tausisch,

If you probably have  
this. If so, pass it on to  
my old & esteemed friend,  
Howard Murray. If not, give  
it a place in your library  
& warm your feet by the  
fire one night with your  
beloved Edith, (pardon my  
grace!).

I have my own copy. So  
you are not depriving me.  
I'm so glad that, though  
years roll by, your friends in  
distant parts remember their  
"old professor"; and full right  
have they too.

Your Campaign to lift  
"Dahau" from the gutter  
of plain uncarpeted wooden  
worn-out floors & seeking  
latrines to its present dignity  
was a *taillame* one, I know,





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It gave you many hours - day,  
years, - of pain, but you have  
succeeded, ably assisted by  
Murray & the dear fellow  
Mackay, who had gone.

It used to humiliat<sup>e</sup>  
me coming from my  
framing<sup>-room</sup> yards, & others  
to the "halls" that good old  
John Fossell considered sufficient!  
De Montaigne nil nisi bonum.  
(If my Latin is a bit shabby, forgive  
me).

The moral & social effect  
of those days of ~~not~~ rowdyism  
& lack of gentlemanliness were  
shattering. I was among a  
few who knew how ghastly  
it all was to you & how  
you were silently struggling.  
I always admired the courage





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You had in sight in to your  
 post. How I am told, you  
 have brought your ship to  
 port. Well done! And to  
 Howard Murray, too. I exclude  
 another for a personal  
 reason that I think I may  
 indulge to you:

You will remember there  
 was a change in the Presidency  
 after the death of our benevolent  
 & loved though indulgent leader.

Well, when I landed off the  
 "Lutetia" at Halifax, on my  
 cruises his successor was  
 on the wharf to meet some  
 notable & I, in limping  
 post, got this (or to this effect)  
 "Hello, James."

That was all.

There & then Toby Jones decided  
 never to put his feet inside  
 the New Dalhousie. And I have





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not — even for your sake I  
 that means a lot. I wanted to  
 to tell you that one night  
 when we strolled out together  
 to "Citadel Hill" & overlooked  
 the harbour. But it just hurt  
 me so much that I knew  
 it would hurt you so, I  
 "held my wis" (is that right?)  
 Well, that's that. It's ruffled  
 for 10 years (11 rather) & until  
 you or Howard Murray are  
 (if) President of Dalhousie.  
 I'll never relent in my opinion  
 for my person at that home  
 coming represented not myself  
 but a hardy of fellow-Dalhousians  
 who had perished. That was the  
 "rub". Dough. You can tell "Howard":  
 we affectionately call you both  
 "Archie" & "Howard".

I've writ too much? Well, — sorry.  
 Such good wishes to you & yours.  
 Poor Jack Cahau.  
 Owen.