

Content of St. Anne

287 Broadway

Kingston, New York

February 11, 1961

Dear Mr. Raddall,

By a curious coincidence the enclosed clipping appeared in the paper the same day that I finished reading your "The Nymph and the Lamp." a book which had held my rapt attention from the moment I began reading it. Being carried away with the ending of your story, my mind was turning over possible sequels, or at least future developments. I can picture Marina now as a base for a giant radar post. I can even ponder how Matthew might have reacted to such developments. Etc. Etc. Etc.

But in any event, the clipping was just too apt for me to omit sending it to you, along with my appreciation of a very fine story. I have had the good fortune to visit Nova Scotia just once, really, though we have entered at the border two other times just to say we had got to Nova Scotia. The friend with whom I travel in the summer, is a descendant of the Loyalists who settled on the Long Beach of the Saint John. She herself was born in this country. Since she is the one with the car, and I am sort of "excess baggage" I go where the car goes and delighted to do so. We did Cape Breton very thoroughly the year I met Halifax. At Lunenburg we looked up Earl Baily. I am a polio myself, since I was 15, but of course not as bad as he - nor as talented alas. I am now using what they are pleased to call down here "Canadian Crutches" as they are supposed to have been invented up there.

Other years we have got as far as Stratford but shook off the dust of Ontario as fast as possible - never again, too hot! We have been around the Gaspé, and been to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, but usually we head for Saint John. So you see I am genuinely interested in Canada. I have been trying to get your Volume of the current Canadian History series, so far without success. I have I, II, and IV, but am entertaining hopes that my friend can locate III in Boston in time for my birthday next week. If not, better hope next summer in Canada.

Would you mind giving me the titles of some of your other books, other than Halifax, "arden . . . Haven't read that as yet. You see I love books but haven't the funds to get all the ones I yearn for. The local library is pretty provincial, and Canadian books are as rare as Sanscrit. When I go into the gift shops in N.B. and N.S., I just drool over the book counters. I don't suppose there is anywhere I could borrow books from Canada - so much redtape no doubt. Loving books as I do, I am careful to return them to their rightful owners.

I was a bit puzzled by the title of Nymph & Lamp almost to the end. Very fitting. You avoided sentimentality in a masterly way - in every respect I found your book to live and breathe. Tell me, is there a real Marina or is that a composite Island. I was deeply interested in all the technical details, especially the description of the hazing of the brash young operator

by the German ship. Also the discussion of how the "traffic" stopped when a ship was in distress. And I laughed right out loud at the mention of "W - Gee - Why in Schnectady, like somebody talking down a rainbarrel." You see I live in WGY territory. It is the most powerful station in (or near) Albany where I lived 10 years recently. I am listening to it at this very moment on my little transistor.

I am old enough, 49, to remember the early days of radio, our first crystal set, and my father yelling up the stairs to my Mother to come down quick and "listen to your Wop" - meaning Rudolph Valentino! I was taken to WEAF in New York about 1924 and remember it with wonder, the heavy velvet drapes, to absolute silence demanded when the performers were "on the air." I was especially intrigued to see three clowns all dressed in costumes. This was a mystery to me in the days long before TV. I was told they had to get in the mood and so wore the costumes. My father was a Colonel in the Army, perhaps that is why I have always been interested in all sorts of technical things. From the dustjacket I learned that you had put in a stint as a wireless operator - that is evident from the book.

Enough of this, but I could not miss the opportunity to say thank you for a grand good story. I shall be trying to locate more. Oh yes, I got this book in New Brunswick from the aunt of my friend who at the time was thinking of breaking up her home at Rothesay. She let us take any books we wanted, I grabbed all the Canadian ones I could see, but just got around to reading this one. By the way, I am Anglican and I loathe those hearty Anglican priests who bustle into sick rooms saying brightly "Hello, hello, hello." I've met 'em. I have spent more than two years in hospitals at one time or another, 13 months when I had the polio! You would like to shoot them, and all like them whatever the denomination - it is not confined to Anglicanism!

Sincerely yours,

Sister Caedmon, O A

Odd name chosen because I also write poetry - Religious - as did the old Caedmon back in 680 or so.