

April 21, 42.

Mr. Thomas H. Raddall,
Liverpool,

Dear Mr. Raddall,

Since reading this morning's issue of the Halifax Chronicle I have had an urge to tell you of the pleasure I have had in reading and rereading your story The Trumpeter in the Saturday Evening Post. It reminded me of many a summer afternoon spent on the hot red banks of the Cornwallis and in January that was a pleasant thing to be reminded of. Though I cannot think that the mosquitos would have made it comfortable for anyone dressed like your heroine. As you doubtless know both the Cornwallis and Annapolis meander around here for a while and then take their different courses through the valley. You certainly made the Valley heat more alluring than it has sometimes seemed in an August hay field with the Cornwallis coiled across it like a snake presenting an outrageous amount of river bank which must be hand clipped.

But besides the local interest I enjoyed the story because of a quality which for lack of a better word I must call "cosiness" by which I suppose I mean the use of intimate detail which makes one really know the people of the story and take the same interest in them as one takes in the neighbours where neighbours are very few. The quality that Mary E. Wilkins had to the nth degree.

Simply because it is also a local story I have been thinking of Frank Parker Day's "Rockbound" I do not know if it is well written but it seems to me that it has this quality. And it brings a pleasant saltiness to ^{an} inland valley.

I have been also wondering if we may some time have a story from your pen about Joe Howe. Dr. MacMechan once said that his life was like a splash of scarlet across the history of his time.

Yours sincerely,

A. G. McKay

A. G. McKay,

Berwick,

Kings Co.

*Ans'd.
May 1/42*