

*Ans'd
Sep 18/44*

"Silver Spring",
Horseshoe Bay,
West Vancouver, B. C.,
September 8, 1944.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

I am a stranger to you, but after reading your article in Sept. 1st MacLean's, I can just about count you in as an old friend. You see, Liverpool was once my home town too.

Although I only lived there as a small child and it has been eight years since I last visited there, I have vivid memories of happy times at the school on the hill, the Fort, and Trinity Sunday School. I remember so well standing wide eyed with wee Shirley Thompson in her dad's foundry watching them pour the molten iron, and with the same little girl exploring the mysterious wonderful places along the wharves and cold storage plant. I used to be in the same classes at school with Sid Ford and so many of the other young men now in the services. The Assembly room recalls a red letter day in 1928 when Hon. R. B. Bennett was running for premiership of Canada, he was paying a rush visit to the South Shore. He was to be in Liverpool with his sister for a few hours one Saturday morning, and all the good old Conservatives turned out to welcome him in the Assembly room. For some unknown reason I was chosen from among a lot of little girls to present a huge basket of flowers to Miss Bennett. Unfortunately the lady did not arrive so the presentation was made to R. B. himself, who afterwards placed it on the war memorial. Upon receiving the flowers, the great man bent down and kissed me on the cheek, remarking rather ruefully, 'After all, it is only the very young I can kiss.' The Assembly room rocked with laughter.

Since those days I have grown up and married, and have travelled extensively throughout North America, living one year in Los Angeles and another in the farther reaches of the Yukon. At the present time we are living near Vancouver and I have as my guest Mrs. Lester McKenna (Aunt Blanche), formerly of Mill Village. It was yesterday afternoon while a bad forest fire raged through the woods not a quarter mile from our house, that we sat on the porch and read your delightful article. Of course we were all packed up ready to move out and were only trying to keep cool and collected; but how I did enjoy reading about the little town I knew and loved so well.

My dearest wish is to go back there some day and stay, just as in these uncertain times we all have a cherished dream for the future. In the meantime, My Home Town goes into the family archives to be taken out on a rainy afternoon to read again when thoughts of home bring on that old feeling.

So Mr. Tommy Raddall, congratulations on a grand job, and keep up the good work; let's hear more about the little town where folks are still just folks and 'the quality of mercy is not strained.'

Sincerely yours,

Jean Lockwood Edmonds
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