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Dear Mr. Kahn.

I recently had the great pleasure of reading your book on Salt Spring Island and felt I would like to write to you and tell you a little of my experiences there many years ago. I am now 86 and living in Tasmania.

I was born in Glasgow in 1921 at the Lady Minto Hospital and was brought into the world by Dr. Sutherland. We lived in Vesuvius Bay and my parents were Leo & Peggy Chaplin - mentioned in your book. I found it so exciting when I first found their mentions! Our neighbours were the Goodrichs & the Inghis family. (I played with Ken, Ruth & Iris Goodrich) I was able to meet up briefly with Ken when he came over with the P. P. Light Infantry all those years ago. (Obviously I was then living in England).

In 1930 we left S.S.I. during the depression when the poultry farms folded up. (By then my father had 2 partners, one called Mr. Oswald & I forget the other) - not mentioned in your book. He went to England where I lived until 1967 when we emigrated to Tasmania with 6 children - 'her seedlings all over the world'. I vividly remember our farm and all the prized stocks, incubators & brooders, baby chicks being despatched all over the world. I have many photos of the prized hens! (one enclosed!).

I always remember that Jack Goodrich was in very poor health having received a 100% disability pension from the war. I kept in touch with Ruth Henricky for some years. I knew the Hoopes (Ronnie & Heather). Frequently Ronnie was killed in France at CAEN. I remember as a child going to his home at St. Marys Lake. He also looked us up in England en route to FRANCE in the 1940's.

Gordon B. Hencourt was a small boy I remember playing on the beach (a wonderful little Pinnac & dived at a very early age).

The hostess had a family with all the names beginning with "D"!

My godfather was Gavin Mount, and I clearly recalled the old George Stone pictured in your book — exactly as I remember it. Also we knew Miss Elliott and Miss Turner.

My Mother drove an old Chevrolet and used to drive longer up from the wharf at Yessville to the CRANBERRY.

I used to love the wild flowers in the vicinity — Indian Paint Brush, lilies on the Bluff and Trilliums etc.

My Mother also played the organ in Jucford Church.

I also remember the eccentric Mr. Bullocks and his passion for giving the ladies earrings, & encouraging high heels etc and his boys & the etiquette & grooming etc. Quite a character & his arrival in his very English style, must have caused quite a stir!

A Mr. PENROSE was the P.O. at CENTRAW in those days.

Kathleen Oxenham taught me at FORMBY HOUSE school. Also Leticia Jenkins who eventually married her daughter Constance, & went to live in England.

I remember Mr. James on the farm. He used to say "Never eat a cucumber after the first day". Funny how we remember these small things!

I might explain that my father went to Canada as a young man in 1908 and always loved B.C. He joined the Canadian Scottish Regt (often talked of Col. Pock) in the 1st W. West and was sent to FRANCE, where he was wounded. He was sent back to England to a convalescent Home — met my Mother and was married in 1918, when they went back to Canada. A big step & somewhat daunting for my Mother who was only 22!

Your book has given me great pleasure & brought back a host of memories. I could quote many more. I have very fond memories of B.S. even if I was only 10 when we left. Our property extended right down to the beach and I feel sure it would all be unrecognisable now. I think I prefer to remember it as it was!

Many thanks for your excellent book. I have found it of great interest & have learnt a lot about the history. Yours sincerely, JOAN ATKINSON