

I picked up a horrible photo of a Soldier wounded and never to my
dying day shall I forget that act of cruelty to that poor old Mc
Gill man. His tears welled up into Dr Blackader's eyes and
he bowed his head and dropped the photographs on to the
^{ground} ~~ground~~ ^{I left the sickroom at once -} I purposefully rode on it hoping to deface the photo.
It was the height of cruelty, for that poor kind hearted courteous
Canadian had just lost his boy at the front and my last
brother fell as a gunner, a few months afterwards.

Dr Blackader is to my mind the essence of a courteous grand
old Canadian Mc Gill medical man, and his reverence was
enkindled to me when working for him. I never saw his son, or
knew him, but that uncharitable act makes me feel I should
like to perpetuate his son's memory in a practical way.

I beg pardon have no objection to my broaching his Majesty
King George, in the right channels to offer his signatures to my
passport for I claim to be a fellow Shrewsbury and what no Canadian
yet can be, the daughter of a dervy man of the Gold Smith Company.
The King is not only a Goldsmith, but - a dervy man too!

As I have waited years to get level with my own kith and
kin, I will play for the highest stakes any woman ever did
for I was in His late Father's etc employ at the time of his death
and in 1920, I was made "a General" by an officer of the W.S.P.R.
I hold a Canadian Grenadier Guards tunic, pants and Cap and
these go in memory of a Canadian Tommy for you one day told me
"don't we forget" and as Admiral Smiles of H.M.C.S. was that
a Senior Nurse man will meet me at Liverpool and accompany
me with my kith and kin to Buckingham Palace -