

LETTER FROM

Lidcombe, Sydney,

A
U
S
T
R
A
L
I
A

Liz tells me that she thinks you might like to have a few lines from Rod's mother for your journal.

Regarding Rod's career, I suppose you know as much as I do if you're the avid fans you appear to be so the best I can do is to delve back a little into Rod's very early life.

It's quite a time since Rod was a little boy and not many years older than his new little daughter is now. We are still in the same little house where Rod grew up and his picture of the three Scottie terriers still hangs beside his bed, just as it did when I kissed him goodnight after his long day's play in the garden.

He loved dogs and always had one around him. His dogs were not always so popular with me, especially the one which discovered that it was fun to go into the fowl run and break the eggs. Another used to chase the one sheep which we used to keep in the un-cultivated part of the garden. "Tan" found it wonderful exercise but the sheep, not so young and carrying a part Merino fleece, wasn't happy about being so frolicsome!

Sometimes, even now, as I dig in the garden, I come across an old marble dating from the days when Rod carried a bag of them around with him. The big swing Rod loved is long gone; the small trees are now very big. By an odd coincidence, this very morning, before I knew that I was to write this, I at last threw out a little home-knitted grey pull-over which my small boy wore when he was about seven. How sentimental mothers are! I don't know why this garment in particular should survive, but it did. It seemed so very much Rod. I don't doubt that Mary, Rod's charming wife, will have some little sock, or shoe, hidden away for years, to be smiled over when Felicia is long past babyhood.

I have to admit, too, to preserving a drawerful of oddments in Rod's loughboy; a script or so from his early plays; a little, frivolous bejewelled earter, which he had to show on stage when he played the young Lothario in "The Happy Time"; the first toy microscope we bought for him...probably to put in his Christmas stocking...everything went under it...ants (which wouldn't keep still)...beetles, pebbles, coins, etc. Mom and Dad were almost as interested as Rod was; and somewhere in Dad's shed, I'm pretty sure there's still a little wooden sword which Dad made for him...no rough affair either...which Rod used in, perhaps, his very earliest role...as a Crusader or some such, when he was in the infants school...No, Girls! You can't have any of these for souvenirs! Just grow up...get married...and produce a little boy or so, and you'll soon have a mass of them...(souvenirs...not little boys!).

Well, there's my first effort for your little magazine...and if you'd like to hear from Rod's mother again, let Liz know and she'll tell me. She's an absolute darling and since I've been in touch with her, she writes and tells me all sorts of news of my little family over there! I think I'll have to adopt her as my daughter!

Regards to you all...from Rod's Mom,

Mona Taylor

Mona Taylor