

Transcript of a letter from Mrs Davies to Mr McIntyre

23rd August 1975

Dear Sir

You wanted to know anyone (who) have recollections of the penny bazaar Marks & Spencer in the old market.

I was born in 1892 and my sister was ten years older than me. She was an assistant behind the counter. The Xmas (of) 1900 I would be 8 years old. I had to take my sister her tea. They were so busy she could not come home. When I got to the stall I could not get near and Mr marks came to me and I told him I came with my sister's tea. He took the basket off me and told me he would give it to her and told me to hurry home before it got too dark. There were no lights them days in the street and I will always remember, he bent down and took my hand and wished me a merry Xmas. He must of asked my sister how many in the family. There were 10 of us. This is the lovely part. Two weeks after Xmas a big hamper came to my mother's house and it was full of toys, most of them were broke, or he could not sell. We were only kids but he made our day. No wonder they call him Saint Michael.

Yours

Mrs Davies