

Sept 25-62

Dear Mr. Raddall,

I enjoyed your chat on CLOSEUP last night, and had a chuckle at the expense of a mutual friend, Napier Moore. I joined Maclean's in May 1939, as assistant to Moore and Irwin, a writer green from the West --I was, that is; Irwin had been earlier.

At that time you had been "discovered", and were strictly front office handling, along with Baxter and others, including Kit Higson, whose stories about a hellion Scottish kid were in great demand by Maclean's readers. The Higson series came to us by way of Blackwood's. Incidentally, Moore was good to me, and my four years there ended only when the Toronto climate, combined with a first-war chest condition, threatened to do me in.

One shot on CLOSEUP was of ~~an~~ an illustration showing oxen, a woodpile and plenty of snow, I believe in connection with "Tit For Tat". I believe, too, that I had the original, by John Clymer, in oils, hanging in my office at Maclean's, after I rescued it, with some others, from a heap of illustrations, thick with dust, waiting to go into the basement furnace, which, for some stupid reason, was the fate of all such after use in the magazine. Although new around there I put up a fight to have illustrations distributed to schools in Canada --suitable ones at least-- where they would create interest in Canadian artists and writers. No dice.

Another I nabbed for my office was from your story of the Indian girl who became almost "white", but finally parted the branches and faded from sight. I've thought often of that story. Artist: Charles LaSalle? I've ~~overstayed~~ overstayed. Regards,



Sep. 27/62

Dear Mr. Paterson,

I'm glad you enjoyed the chat, and it was very good of you to write. The Clymer painting of Scabby Lou and the oxen now hangs on the wall of my den. I saw it on an office wall in Maclean's office when I first visited the place in 1946. It was then unframed. I demanded possession, pointing out to Napier Moore that it had a particular sentimental value to me, for reasons he could guess. At first he demurred, but then gave in, had the thing framed handsomely, and sent it on to Liverpool. Clymer did a very good job, but there is a boner -- he painted a neck yoke on the oxen. Here in N.S. the yoke is always strapped to the horns. Incidentally there really was a Scabby Lou here many years ago, and the incident of the dynamite in the firewood really happened.

During W.W.2, Moore and his wife began coming to this coast for the summers, renting a cottage at Chester, N.S. They continued doing so for some time afterward, and Moore bought land near Chester, intending to build a permanent home for his retirement. However, that idea perished when Blanche died. As you know, he met and married an Englishwoman of title in the Bahamas not long after, and since that time he seems to spend the winters in Nassau and the summers mainly in England and on the continent.

During the summers he was in Nova Scotia we used to visit back and forth (Chester is only 50 miles from here), and I always enjoyed his wit and personality. He is such an excellent raconteur that I always marvelled at his lack of perception when it came to choosing fiction. Quite apart from my own experience I learned of many another story with a similar history. Moore either rejected it, or wanted it re-written to suit his own notions. He apparently set his stamp on this, for Maclean's editorial department continued to operate on the same lines long after he left. Now they have practically cut out fiction altogether -- probably with a sigh of relief.

With my best wishes,

Jack Paterson  
Courtenay, P.S.