

1178 Mountain Street  
Montreal, P.Q.  
January 10, 1946

My Dear Raddall:

I finished PRIDE'S FANCY at six this morning having started it yesterday. I don't mean by this that I was up all night with it, but when I woke at four-thirty with a bad sinus I did use that as an excuse to get up and complete the book. My best congratulations on a grand job. I much enjoyed the other two novels, but PRIDE'S FANCY seems to me a real advance. The sea writing, the ~~xxx~~ sense of movement in the ships, the contrasting atmospheres are superbly done. I don't think anyone has ever come ~~with~~ a mile of you in getting the feel of what was essentially Nova Scotia.

Scotch who came in later rather changed things, and perhaps their point of view tended to earlier one, and of course the legends got crossed. I think Bart Erebner and yourself have done in untangling ~~xxxx~~ the legends.

It sometimes occurred to me that a great book could be written by an historical novelist on the interplay of the Scotch and loyalist characters in Canada. My own notion, which may be baseless, is that on the whole they have brought out the worst in each other. The Scotch tended to adventure more in ideas, the Loyalists more in action. I wonder if perhaps the rule-book puritanism of the loyalists, which never barred them from action in the early days, did not inhibit the Scotch, working in conjunction with the Presbyterian Church? And vice versa, I wonder if the deeper moral earnestness of the SCOTCH did not inhibit the Loyalists in action? There may be nothing in this but passing fancy, but there must be some explanation for the long sleep, in action and thought, from which Canada suffered from the middle of the nineteenth century until just before the war, for the same phenomenon is observable in Ontario as in Nova Scotia.

Anyway, I hadn't intended to press the theory now. Mainly I wanted to congratulate you on a grand tale, and wish you all the best on the next. It was a pleasure to meet you, however briefly, in Montreal last month.

Sincerely yours,

*Hugh MacLennan*

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*Hugh MacLennan*

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Mailed Jan. 20/47

Dear MacLennan,

I'm so glad you liked PRIDE'S FANCY. Ever since I first picked up one of the old privateers' logbooks I've wanted to do a novel about them, faithfully based on the facts, but keeping the history well in the background where it belongs in a tale of this kind -- in fact permitting nothing to interfere with the flow of the ~~\*\*\*\*~~ tale. (There was a great temptation to indulge in lush descriptions of the Haitian scene, to let the tale become deeply involved in Toussaint's struggle, or in the life of Halifax in the 1790's, with the amours of Prince Edward and his madam, or Lady Wentworth the scandals of Lady Wentworth, and so on.) My publishers moaned about this, seeing what a nice fat book I could have made of it, but I didn't give a damn. I'm sorry to see that my friend Roberts, whose LYDIA BAILEY is just out, succumbed to temptations of this kind and lost his story in a mass of irrelevant tripe. No doubt the book will be a huge success financially but I can't help feeling that it's the ~~worst~~ worst book he ever wrote, from a literary standpoint, quite unworthy of the man who did OLIVER WISWELL.

Your theory about the Scots and Loyalists is interesting. A modern Scot ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ from Cape Breton once pointed out to me how the Highlanders, with ~~##~~ everything to choose from, settled chiefly on the barren hill-tops -- because they were used to that kind of thing, and liked the view -- leaving the fertile river bottoms to be taken up by others, many of whom were sons of ~~###~~ Loyalists. -- who knew good farmland when they saw it. He remarked wryly that he knew what he was talking about because he was of Highland descent

and his family, right down to modern times, had made a sparse living ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ on the hills and looking out over the sea. I wonder if that is precisely the difference ~~##~~ between the Highland and Lowland minds as the Highlander all moral earnestness and the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ Sassenach with ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ his attention ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ down to earth.

Of course the Loyalists themselves included many Scots -- some of the regiments were full of them, -- and it's impossible to draw a broad line in any case because the Carolinians who came to Nova Scotia in 1764 were sharply divided in outlook from the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ New England ~~###~~ Yankee and Southerner are to this day, and the New York Loyalists ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ class by themselves, very worldly and superior compared with the ~~###~~ or the New Englanders. The marvel is that they all managed to ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ together in Nova Scotia and ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ somehow produce which the world knows as Bluenose. There wasn't much intermarriage until ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ generation. Yet here's an odd thing -- there was a leaven of Scots in every Loyalist group, intermarrying freely with the other groups. Can it be that the Scot, with his genius for getting along with other people, showed the way to unity in other ways as well?

As for the mental and physical sluggishness ~~\*\*\*\*~~ of the second half of the nineteenth century in Canada, ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ compared with the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ energy of the United States in that period, I have a theory that the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ Civil War was largely responsible. I admit that war *per se* is a bad thing, yet good things come out of it. The chief good is a thorough stirring-up, ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ physically and mentally, of the nation. Provided that its man-power hasn't ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ utterly decimated, that stirring-up always results in great national progress the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ next 25 or 30 years. Witness the American Revolution, the ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ termath of that was a vast movement of Loyalists and others seeking peace ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ new start; one stream poured into Canada, the other poured over the mountains ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ the American middle West. The effect on both countries was terrific.

Stanley C.

Marked Jan. 20/47

Dear MacLennan,

I'm so glad you liked PRIDE'S FANCY. Ever since I first picked up one of the old privateers' logbooks I've wanted to do a novel about them, faithfully based on the facts, but keeping the history well in the background, where it belongs in a tale of this kind -- in fact permitting nothing to interfere with the flow of the ~~story~~ tale. (There was a great temptation to indulge in lush descriptions of the Haitian scene, to let the tale become deeply involved in Toussaint's struggle, or in the life of Halifax in the 1790's, with the amours of Prince Edward and his madam, or Lady Wentworth the scandals of Lady Wentworth, and so on.) My publishers moaned about this, seeing what a nice fat book I could have made of it, but I didn't give a damn. I'm sorry to see that my friend Roberts, whose LYDIA BAILEY is just out, succumbed to temptations of this kind and lost his story in a mass of irrelevant tripe. No doubt the book will be a huge success financially but I can't help feeling that it's the ~~worst~~ <sup>most boring</sup> book he ever wrote, from a literary standpoint, quite unworthy of the man who did OLIVER WISWELL.

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Of course the Loyalists themselves included many Scots -- some of the ~~regiments~~ <sup>regiments</sup> were full of them, -- and ~~it's~~ <sup>it's</sup> impossible to draw a ~~clear~~ <sup>clear</sup> ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> ~~company~~ <sup>company</sup> ~~line~~ <sup>line</sup> in any case because the Carolinians who came to Nova Scotia in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~1700's~~ <sup>1700's</sup> sharply divided in outlook from the ~~settlers~~ <sup>settlers</sup> New England ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Yankee and Southerner are to this day, and the New York Loyalists ~~came~~ <sup>came</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~right~~ <sup>right</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~settled~~ <sup>settled</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> ~~places~~ <sup>places</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> the New Englanders. The marvel is that they all managed to ~~live~~ <sup>live</sup> ~~together~~ <sup>together</sup> in Nova Scotia and ~~somehow~~ <sup>somehow</sup> ~~produce~~ <sup>produce</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~Bluenose~~ <sup>Bluenose</sup>. There wasn't much intermarriage until ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~second~~ <sup>second</sup> ~~generation~~ <sup>generation</sup>. Yet ~~that's~~ <sup>that's</sup> an odd thing -- there was a leaven of Scots in ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> ~~Loyalist~~ <sup>Loyalist</sup> ~~group~~ <sup>group</sup>, intermarrying freely with the other groups. Can it be that the Scot, with his genius for getting along with other people, showed the way ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~unity~~ <sup>unity</sup> in other ways as well?

As for the mental and physical sluggishness ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the second half ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the nineteenth century in Canada, ~~compared~~ <sup>compared</sup> with the ~~dynamic~~ <sup>dynamic</sup> energy of the United States in that period, I have a theory that the ~~loss~~ <sup>loss</sup> in Civil War was largely responsible. ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~think~~ <sup>think</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~war~~ <sup>war</sup> ~~per~~ <sup>per</sup> ~~se~~ <sup>se</sup> is a bad ~~thing~~ <sup>thing</sup> ~~yet~~ <sup>yet</sup> good things come out of it. The chief good is a thorough stirring-up, ~~both~~ <sup>both</sup> ~~physically~~ <sup>physically</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~mentally~~ <sup>mentally</sup>, of the nation. Provided that its man-power hasn't ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~terribly~~ <sup>terribly</sup> ~~decimated~~ <sup>decimated</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~stirring-up~~ <sup>stirring-up</sup> always results in great national progress ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~next~~ <sup>next</sup> ~~25~~ <sup>25</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~30~~ <sup>30</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup>. Witness the American Revolution, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~birth~~ <sup>birth</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~vast~~ <sup>vast</sup> ~~movement~~ <sup>movement</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~Loyalists~~ <sup>Loyalists</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~others~~ <sup>others</sup> ~~seeking~~ <sup>seeking</sup> ~~peace~~ <sup>peace</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~sw~~ <sup>sw</sup> ~~start~~ <sup>start</sup>; one stream poured into Canada, the other poured over the mountains ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~American~~ <sup>American</sup> ~~middle~~ <sup>middle</sup> ~~West~~ <sup>West</sup>. The effect on both countries was terrific.

Annex 6



McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

as from North Hatley, P.Q.

August 3, 1956

Dear Tom:

Forgive me for not having answered your fine letter long ago. It arrived the day after I went down to Cape Breton for a fortnight's visit with my mother. It was the first break of any sort I've had in three years and I was dead tired.

Coming from a writer I immensely admire, your letter did me a lot of good. I unfortunately have no children of my own, which is one reason why I do this part-time job at McGill. Professors are apt to be much too close to the students ever to know them, or to realize how rapidly one generation changes, and though I like some of them very much, as a class the academics are invariably at least a generation--meaning in this case 25 years--behind everyone else. A good example seemed to me that dismal paper we had to listen to at the Royal Society. I don't think the public gives a damn about what the professors say about any writer, but since the English departments have increased with the virtual disappearance of Latin and Greek, they do have a power to promote certain writers--Faulkner at present is the prime example--who write with sufficiently obscurity to enable them to spin out hour-long lectures explaining the symbolism. I remember the look of pitying disgust I ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ aroused in an American professor when I suggested that one explanation for Faulkner's sentence structure might lie in the fact that he is seldom sober. I was also intrigued by Mr. Pacey's professed admiration for some of our French-Canadian colleagues, though I couldn't help wondering whether he was able to appreciate Robert Elie, whom I happen to admire very much, since to the best of my knowledge Elie has not been translated into English yet.

All good wishes,

sincerely,

Hugh

Max  
Hugh  
for  
[unclear]



McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

November 14, 1960

Dear Tom:

I am writing to you on the off chance that you have not heard that the Royal Commission on Publications meets in Halifax ( or rather, sits) on Dec. 2 - 3.

The issue before it is to save the Canadian magazines from extinction because of the competition of the U.S. "Canadian" editions, of which there are now at least ten. By incorporating in Canada, and importing duty free an almost total U.S. editorial content, they are able, using split-run advertising techniques, to knock the economic basis of our own magazines out. Even Maclean's is in serious danger from this creaming off ( by virtual dumping rates) of Canadian advertising dollars. The most virulent of the competitors is TIME, which is also little better now than a propaganda outlet for Harry Luce's political imperialism.

My view ~~is~~ is that if our magazines go, Canada as anything that means anything will go after them inside fifteen years. ~~xxxx~~ We will become an American colony for American dumped periodical literature.

I believe that the Commission will decide rightly, but they are very fair and would welcome as many outstanding writers as are willing to testify.

For more complete information you could write :

Michael Pitfield, Secretary  
Royal Commission on Publications  
P.O. Box 1501, Station "B"  
Ottawa.

Perhaps they have already approached you. If so, disregard this. But if you feel as I do, your influence and reputation would be valuable for the cause. Unfortunately there's not much time to spare.

Sincerely,

*Hugh*  
Hugh McLennan

November 16, 1960

Dear Hugh,

Your letter disturbs me, because I have a deep regard for your ideals and judgement, and yet I can find no sympathy in myself (or in anyone else on the seaboard) for the recurring efforts of the Canadian magazines to restrict the entry of U.S. magazines like Time.

I hold no brief for Time. Its coverage of U.S. politics always has the luce bias, and it injects the U.S. slant into world affairs. But this is done openly, even nakedly; one can recognise it and apply the salt-cellar. At the same time it gives the best world news coverage available in quick form anywhere in North America. Certainly no Canadian publication can approach it. Any attempt to make Time more expensive to the Canadian reader will bring the same reaction as the last one, which did the Canadian magazines no good at all -- to put it mildly.

Also I find it hard to believe that Maclean's (for instance) is in any danger of being driven to the wall by American competition. One has only to look at its growth, in circulation, assets and staff, during the past twenty years. In my own observation the Canadian who subscribes to Time is usually a subscriber to Maclean's, because they cover utterly different fields and he wants the best of both. The sub-literary class just reads the funny papers. When I go into the homes of farmers, fishermen, lumbermen or mill hands I always look about me to see what sort of thing they read. Apart from the daily or weekly newspaper it's usually cheap pocketbooks of the more lurid kind. Occasionally one sees Maclean's or the Maritime Advocate. Time -- never.

I enclose an editorial from this morning's Chronicle-Herald.

Sincerely,

Hugh MacLennan  
McGill University  
Montreal



McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

November 18, 1960

Dear Tom:

I was glad to have your letter and the editorial from the Halifax paper. I'm sure you understand that my original purpose in writing you was chiefly to let you know that the Commission was intending to sit in Halifax. I had assumed that you were acquainted with the situation as it seems to us up here. If I pursue the situation any further, it is not in the presumption that I may convince you, but to explain my own attitude.

This Commission has not been rigged by our own magazine publishers, as the editorial in the CHRONICLE-HERALD implied. If any one individual is responsible for promoting it, that individual is myself. Last winter I realized that the "Canadian" editions would have exterminated every magazine in Canada of our own within a period of another 18 months unless something was done. Among them would have been Maclean's, which has made no profit for several years and has been carried by the chain. SATURDAY NIGHT was on its last legs and has lost more than half a million dollars in the last few years. THE MONTREALER, MAYFAIR and three other magazines had gone down the drain, and THE MONTREALER, after a new start in 1955, was for two years en route to becoming one of the best small magazines on the continent. Its cartoons in that period equalled those of the NEW YORKER. Why not? Two of the best New Yorker cartoonists were Montreal men who drew regularly for it.

The point is not now, and never was, to exclude American magazines from the country, but to save Canadian advertising revenue for our own. TIME and READER'S DIGEST alone take nearly 50% of the Canadian dollars which otherwise would be used in Canadian magazines. This they do by dumping advertising here at cut rates on their own split run techniques, while importing at preferential rates an editorial content almost entirely foreign. Incidentally, David McLellan (formerly of Halifax) was dead right when he said this was a policy of the U.S. government announced in 1959. O'Leary later admitted, when he saw documentary proof, that he had been hasty in censoring McLellan for saying this, but wisely, O'Leary refused to bring international politics into a discussion which should be entirely economic. *Concerned with an economic situation vital to Canada's existence.*

My view is that if all our native magazines die, Canada as anything more than a U.S. colony will soon disappear into limbo. Every advertising man in Montreal and Toronto, even though they would suffer no loss, agrees with this view.



*(This view)*  
What is more significant is that the government, very reluctantly, came to agree with it, too. The man who took steps to inaugurate the Royal Commission on Publications was Donald Fleming. Four years ago, in Opposition, he promised to cancel the old Magazine tax imposed by the Grits on the ground that it was an infringement on free communications. Only after he came into power and saw the economic facts, did he realize that the reverse was the case. These so-called "Canadian" editions, by cutting the economic base out of our own publications, were making it impossible for our own to exist, much less grow. It was Fleming who reversed his own policy, and it took a lot of courage and integrity to do so.

I agree with you, incidentally, on the magazine tax. It was a poor measure, ill thought out. Something less obviously discriminatory, something with a real principle in it, will be found in the future. Now that the Commission has been launched, I believe it will put the entire matter in a very different light before its sittings are ended. It has been scrupulously fair, and has invited every American publisher interested in the Canadian market to appear before it. In the Ottawa sittings alone, U.S. publishing interests offered one more brief than our own people did.

With all good wishes,

sincerely,

*HML*

Hugh MacLennan

December 12, 1960

My dear Hugh,

I hasten to offer my congratulations on the latest accolade that has come upon you -- the banning of your excellent *Barometer Rising* (after twenty years!) by a group of organized prudish in Manitoba. Most of them hadn't read the book, but that is quite in the book-burning tradition, and you must be as happy as I am to see the fuss proceeding on such well established lines. As Thomas Jefferson said a long time ago, a little bloodshed now and then is necessary to refresh the tree of liberty.

It all reminds me of a letter I got, years ago, from a middle-aged schoolma'am in the American mid-west -- the so-called Bible Belt. She informed me that she had read *The Nymph and The Lamp*, found it highly indecent and immoral, and had ordered it removed from the school library. She went on to say she had noted, from the jacket, that I was a married man with children, and she was amazed that a married man with children could write a book obsessed with sex. Believe it or not, she closed by saying that she would pray for me.

Out of sheer curiosity I re-read my book, noting every passage that referred to sexual congress. I added up these paragraphs and found that they amounted to eight or at most nine pages out of the book's three hundred and seventy six.

As a rule I never reply to crank letters. In this case I had a whim to do so. I was very polite, thanked the lady for her letter, suggested that she check my addition of the sexual matters and then go on and read the other pages, which obviously she must have skipped. I closed by saying that I, too, would pray -- not for her, but for the children in her school.

Cheers!

Mr. Hugh MacLennan,  
McGill University,  
Montreal.



McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

Dec. 15/60

Dear Tom:

Thanks for a delightful  
note. The world is full  
of asses, but on the whole  
I prefer them to organiza-  
tion men. I had not  
known The Nymph & The Lamp  
came in for a better life  
that. I've had it on the  
shelf - course I give here in  
Canadian prose literature  
& the students love it.

All good wishes, for the  
season & always,

(Hugh MacLennan)

Hugh

North Hatley, Québec  
August 17, 1976

My Dear Tom:

Peter such, of BOOKS IN CANADA, sent me the galleys of IN MY TIME saying that he is featuring the book in his October issue (40,000 circulation.) He asked me to write a review of it and I agreed. My trouble now is that I don't see how I can possibly do justice to it.

This book creates a great, rounded character in depth, <sup>and a</sup> variety enormous and massively human. I have had little use for this modern habit of saying that this or that book is an author's best. Anyone like yourself has produced an oeuvre and this final volume is its capstone. It will enlarge the value of your novels and non-fiction, and at the same time they enlarge the value of this unique self-portrait.

Peter

In writing to/such, I said that I hoped the Toronto reviewers would be up to a work like this. At the moment they're of the middle generation isolated between the veterans and the new ones coming along, who in spirit are closer to us than to them. They're generally hostile and particularly so to any established Canadian writer.

I <sup>have been</sup> ~~lived~~ <sup>the last</sup> for three days in your company, and there are so many things and persons I longed to discuss with you. Apparently you and I had dealings with Little, Brown about the same time. I went to them on the advice of Bernard de Voto and personally I got on well enough with Angus Cameron. But when my novel Each Man's Son appeared, the publication had been held up for some nine months and I knew something was wrong in the firm. Whether rightly or wrongly, Cameron was ~~accused~~ of being a communist. He may well have been close to being one, but Little, Brown never recovered its past reputation. Your treatment by Doubleday was no surprise to me. Indeed nothing you wrote professionally was any surprise, for I went through the whole of it and on the whole I think you fared somewhat better than I did. My BAROMETER RISING sold 15,000 in hardback in Canada and ~~x~~ 100,000 on the Collins' paperback. The Canadian royalties amounted to slightly less than \$750. TWO SOLITUDES sold 68,000 hardback at \$3.00 a copy in Canada, royalties were about \$4500. <sup>in 12 months.</sup>

Nevertheless we wrote in a tremendous age of transition, and your autobiography implicitly reveals it on page after page. However, nowhere on the continent has the transition been so swift and violent as in Quebec. It has now become frightening, for its leaders are out of touch with reality. Montreal became a world city too fast for its own safety, and the violence under the surface is something you feel. I often wish I had been able to stay in Nova Scotia, but though a job was open in my field at Dalhousie when I returned from Oxford, I was told an Englishman was applying for it.

I was amused by your ~~reference~~ mention of that tennis game I had in Liverpool with Peter Aitken. I'm sure he'd never heard of me but I had certainly heard of him. In my last year in Oxford I was the tennis secretary and Peter's name was sent to me by the Cambridge secretary as one of their players. Just before we went to Cambridge to play, I was informed that some other man was taking his place. Later I heard he was kicked off the team because he drank so much. A few days after the game in Liverpool he arrived in Halifax to get some tennis and we later went to Sydney for the Provincial tournament. I introduced him to Janet Macneill (via her sister Edith) who was then 19. She was foolish enough to marry him, and it broke up a few years later, and subsequently she married Debbie Piers who made a ~~admiral~~ rear-admiral, R.C.N. and they have been very happy together. Edith told me that Peter fell overboard off a yacht in Copenhagen harbour, hit his head on the rudder and drowned. It was at night, apparently. From my recollection this was just after the war, but I'm probably wrong. But he certainly had the temperament, as you said, for a fighter pilot.

So now I'd better get to work on the review. My thanks for a wonderful reading experience and congratulations on a superb piece of writing.

Sincerely,

Hugh

Hugh MacLennan

P.S.

You may know that Desmond Pacey died a year ago of cancer. I discovered that he had acquired a detestation of me because I was fool enough to join Gwen Graham as <sup>at</sup> reader for a MacLean's short story contest. Napier Moore's people received 1000 stories, selected 12 extremely poor ones, and he then outvoted Gwen & myself in the final selection. It was a very bad story and Pacey apparently felt that we had slighted him. Of course his story never reached us. It could hardly have been worse than the one that won the prize.

H.

HUGH MACLENNAN

August 23, 1976

My dear Hugh:

I was delighted by your telephone call, and your very kind letter. As I said on the phone, coming from you especially those words brought a particular warmth to my heart.

As you say, we have both lived and worked in an age of tremendous transition. But, Hugh, we refused to be dismayed by it, and in our different ways we set forth the Canada we knew, in its past and in the passage of our time.

What changes we have seen! As a boy of six I heard the excitement of my father and other soldiers at Mythe, when Bleriot flew across the ~~English~~ Channel, 21 miles, and landed at Dover, only twelve miles, from the British Army's School of Musketry. With<sup>n</sup> sixty years, seated comfortably before a television set, I watched and heard men traveling to the moon and back!

I can't see anything very well just now. Two weeks ago I had an operation for the removal of cataract in my left eye. After being obscured for so long the optical apparatus within the eye will take some time to recover, and in the meantime cataract is developing in my right eye. I expect to get my first set of new specs at the end of this month. At the present time I can see well enough to type, but I can't read newsprint without the aid of a large and powerful hand-held magnifying glass -- an awkward business.

My specialist assures me that that before long I shall be playing golf at White Point with a score in the low seventies. As we used to say at sea, that will be a very foggy Friday. With my awkward style I never could play below eighty in my best days.

Again my deep appreciation, and with my continued admiration of your own work in our turbulent times.

Sincerely,

Tom