

DAVID MACLELLAN

158 South Street
Halifax, Canada
January 17, 1940

Confidential

Dear Mr. Raddall:

I have not had the pleasure of meeting you in person, although I have enjoyed you in print on many occasions. I do not know just how to phrase an introduction of myself, beyond saying that I used to be news editor of The Chronicle here and have also worked with The Associated Press and The Ottawa Journal, which should identify me as one of those horrible newspapermen.

The purpose of this letter is to advise you privately that a magazine, to be known as The Maritime Weekly, is to be produced here in Halifax, the first issue appearing about the middle of February. In size and style it will strive to be a cross between The Nation and The New Yorker, in content half-way between both of these and The London Times. The "big" names have no bearing on our effort, of course, but are simply intended to illustrate the idea, rather vaguely I fear. However, the point is that we wish it to compare favorably with any imported magazine seen on our Maritime newsstands.

We wish to appeal to the general run of thinking people in the so-called white collar class. The subject matter will include anything of interest to the average person, in this case the average Maritimer - domestic and foreign politics, European comment, the condition of business, books, poetry, music, cinema, radio, quotes, whimsy, satire, Maritime events, letters to the editor, and so forth. Fiction will not predominate as you can see, but we do want some fiction, good fiction.

With regard to yourself, I am thinking of several excellent stories that appeared in Blackwood's. Something of the same

DAVID MACLELLAN

2

type, or of an entirely different type, and of a similar quality is precisely what I should like to have, if you are interested.

In so far as remuneration is concerned, I am afraid there will be none if the magazine is a failure. If it succeeds, as we hope and believe it will, we shall pay gladly, according to our ability. Or if the public response is fair but below expectations, the remuneration will be forthcoming, but not promptly.

I have arranged for ~~some~~ quite a few contributions from non-Maritimers of some standing, and a large number from Nova Scotians of genuine talent in various fields. Therefore, I have no fears about sustaining the standard of the first three or four issues. After they appear, The Weekly will have to stand on its own feet. I believe that if it does stand up to comparison with magazines produced elsewhere we shall have no difficulty in building up a substantial circulation.

The foregoing may give a rough idea of the task that lies ahead of myself and my associates. If you care to contribute, with the knowledge that remuneration cannot be guaranteed at present, I shall be very grateful. For I feel sure that an article of yours would do much to ensure our success. And if successful I hope we may continue a pleasant relationship in the course of later issues.

Until the magazine appears, we are not advertising our intentions, which will explain the underscored "Confidential."

Yours truly,

David Maclellan

Dear Mr MacCallan,

I admire your ~~causes~~ ^{the proposed enterprise} and wish you well. A good Maritime weekly would be a joy.

As regards a contribution, you mention "Gleanings of a year" an article ~~in the future of the magazine~~. Which do you want? And what length? I appreciate your frankness with regard to payment. I be equally frank, I am trying to support ~~my household~~ ^{my household} on the ~~product~~ ^{output} of a ~~writer~~ ^{far from prolific pen}, which means I must market it to the best possible advantage. Magazines like Blackwoods want consider anything but virgin material, so that a tale (or ~~good~~ ^{good}) printed in your magazine would be a dead ~~dog~~ ^{dog} as far as ~~concerned~~ ^{concerned}. And good tales don't grow on bushes.

I suppose I could turn out a short story every week; ~~as it is~~, looking back over ~~several~~ ^{several} years I find my average nearly one a month — one worthy ~~of~~ ^{of} the public eye, at any rate. (Discards ~~don't~~ ^{don't} count; a full waste basket is ~~part~~ ^{part} of the day's — or month's — work) All this means I can't ~~contribute~~ ^{contribute} ~~first~~ ^{hand} ~~stories~~ ^{stories} to your publication. Why not ~~take~~ ^{use} ~~some~~ ^{some} of my Blackwoods tales? Napier Moore

I Magdalen has been after me (on this tack) & has in fact bought two ~~recently~~ ^{recently} (one was in his Christmas number) ~~These are~~ ^{These are} ~~written~~ ^{written} to fit a 7000 word frame which is possibly a bit too large for you. They could be whittled down of course.

P.S. Blackwoods reserve two months' clear of publication anywhere else. With that understanding the magazine rights outside Great Britain are mine.

his horse and wagon. The pallid O'Regan, having greeted the train with a sing-song " Newhaven Hotel ! Hotel ! Newhaven Hotel ! " ~~to some purpose~~, drove off in the fringe-topped surrey with a lone fat man. The loafers sauntered away towards Main Street. There would be another train and another adventure in the afternoon.

On the way to Sawmill Dam, rattling along beside the broad shining river, lovely between ~~the~~ autumn banks, Neil explained. " I just finished off my education with a forestry course. Ferring wants a forester. Hence the pyramids. How's your wife ? "

" Flo ? Oh, fine."

" Like the life ? "

" Crazy about it. Wants to go farming on her own."

" How're you making out with this thing ? "

" Oh, so-so. Keeps me in cigarettes. Buy a hat for Flo now an' again."

The first houses were in sight, snug in the trees overlooking the road and the river and the little islands splendid in Fall maple leaves. The car screeched to a stop in a little swirl of dust before the granite pillars at the Ferring gate. Neil inspected the tasteless wooden castle through the rifle-bore of the locust avenue, wondering what sort of man lived within. As he drove off, Harry called out, " Good luck, old timer. Be seein' you. If you got any money in your pockets, keep your hands on it. They're sharp, up there."

Neil pitched the suitcase into the hawthorn hedge and walked between the ~~massive~~ ^{varicose} old locust ~~trees~~ ^{trunk} admiring the finest lawns in Tobega County. The rococo house occupied a spur of the valley ridge and commanded a fine view of Sawmill Dam and the river. In the days of its Victorian builder the view had been occupied largely by sawmills standing on piles over the stream; now they were burnt and rotted and gone, and nothing remained but the picturesque wooden dam with its curtain of falling water, the old boom-piers of cribwork filled with rock, standing in orderly rows in the stream like square islets created for some mysterious purpose by a geometrical god, and near the banks, in the shallows, a pimple-rash of charred stumps. He crossed a verandah crested with an elaborate iron-work balustrade and in the shadow of a deep porch found an old-fashioned bell pull

DAVID MACLELLAN

158 South Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia
January 22, 1940

Dear Mr. Raddall:

Your letter moves me to recall my childhood vow "to go up there and kill God and be God myself" (I hadn't reached the Sunday School stage then). Today I wish for a reincarnation of a 17th century royal patron of the arts, whose largesse might dissipate the afflictions of our tribe. Alas, the comforts of a pension are not for us!

However, if we can build and keep solvent a good Maritime periodical, the incomes of a few quill-drivers may benefit. Surely if the first few issues strike the proper note, their successors can be sustained on the profits of popularity. Lacking the requisite quality and diversity of material, I am afraid the initial efforts will be crowned with bankruptcy proceedings.

Enough of this. The indications are that the venture will survive and succeed. For the material we have assembled so far seems to be of a high order. The indications will be strengthened beyond a doubt if I may reprint either "MacIvor's Salvation" or "At the Tide's Turn." Although I hate the thought, it would be necessary to whittle off about 2,000 words.

If we make the grade, I shall look forward to the privilege of paying for regular contributions from yourself. Many thanks for your kind letter.

Yours truly,

David Maclellan

Jan 24/40. Gave him permission to use Mac Ivor's Salvation and sent a typescript of the tale chopped down to 5000 words.

TOWN CRIER

FORTNIGHTLY

DAVID MACLELLAN, Editor

P. O. BOX 701

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia

February 14, 1940

Dear Mr. Raddall:

As you will gather from the letterhead, the magazine has been changed from a weekly to a fortnightly, allowing more time for the preparation of each issue. If we are successful, we plan to go back to the weekly idea. It is perhaps better than beginning as a weekly, becoming a fortnightly, then a monthly, then a memory.

The first issue is scheduled to appear on the newsstands February 28, dated March 2. Your delightful story has been included in the initial number.

This note is intended simply to keep you posted. Many thanks for your cooperation. I hope that we shall be in communication with each other fairly frequently after the debut of TOWN CRIER.

Yours sincerely,

David Maclellan

Thomas Raddall, Esq.
Liverpool, Nova Scotia