RADDALL - FREEMAN 29

MILTON, June 12—A wedding of great local interest took place at the Baptist Church, at noon on Thursday, June 9th., when Miss Edith Margaret, younger daughter of Mrs. Freeman and the late Fred R. Freeman, of this town, became the bride of Thomas Raddall, formerly of Halifax, but for the last few years has resided here.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Ralph, looked charming in a gown of white satin with rhinestone embroidered silk lace and bridal veil arranged in cap effect with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of bride's roses and was attended by her sister, Miss Marie Freeman, who was daintily dressed in pink satin trimmed with ecru lace, with hat, shoes and hosiery to match, her bouquet being of pink carnations. The groom who is a member of the office staff of the McLeod Pulp mills, was attended by Mr. J. A. Parker, resident manager for the same company.

The Church had been tastefully decorated with green and apple blossoms, the bridal party standing beneath an arch. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Cook officiated at the ceremony and the wedding marches were played by Mrs. G. W. Ball, of Liverpool. The ushers were Mrs. J. A. Parker, of Milton, and Miss Hutchinson of Liverpool, who were gowned in peach colored crepe and carried bouquets of flowers.

At the close of the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, at which a large number of guests were present, including the groom's mother and two sisters, Mrs. and the Misses Raddall, of Halifax. During the afternoon the happy couple left for their honeymoon which is to be spent at the Indian Gardens and on their return will reside at their home here. The bride's travelling dress was of navy blue georgette, coat of navy Poiret twill, with hat and gloves to match.

The very large collection of beautiful and costly presents certify to the regard of their many friends.

Herald

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Thomas Raddall Interviewed by Gazette Staff Writer

Novelist Gives Frank Answers to Questions

by NITA SIDERIS 23 Feb '45

Everyone, even a college student, has his own ideas of the post-war world, but few merit the attention that do those of Thomas H. Raddall, well-known author of such noted books as "His Majesty's Yankees", "Roger Sudden", etc. In an interview this week, Mr. Raddall, now residing in Liverpool, N. S., gave us the following comment:

"I am an optimist about the post-war period. Apart from some weird political theories, and notwithstanding the Depression, the world made more progress in the 20 years after the 1914-18 war than in the 20 years before it — in art, science, production, standard of living, everything. War is destructive, but it stimulates men's minds for the work of reconstruction, and that stimulus is powerful and long-lasting; there is a follow-through that lifts the world by its own bootstraps. For six years millions of young men have been dreaming of a better world. What can come of that but good?"

Educated in Halifax

Warning us that answers to most questions would be brief because he didn't intend to write an autobiography for at least another 20 years, Mr. Raddall proceeded to tell us about himself. He was born (an untold number of years ago) at Hythe, England, and at six years entered St. Leonard's Boys' School there; left at nine years when his family moved to Halifax, N. S. Here he entered Chebucto School and the old Academy, which he left to enlist in 1918.

He became a wireless operator and served on various Canadian ships, ranging from a transport to a 2500-ton tramp "The greater part of the time," said Mr. Raddall, "was spent at sea, with such ports of call as London, the Azores, New York, Boston, and so on."

Back-ground For Novels

Mr. Raddall was then asked if writing had always been his great ambition.

"I had a vague ambition to write," he said, "from the time I went to sea, but I did nothing much about it until I married in 1927 when I discovered that two cannot live as

"Who is your most unforgettable character?"

"My father. He was killed while leading the Winnipeg Rifles at Amiens in the last war."

Getting personal, we then asked Mr. Raddall what he considered his outstanding characteristic.

Good, Bad Characteristics

"I suppose my outstanding characteristic is stubborness, a bad trait in many ways, but it has carried me over many difficulties. Apart from that, an abiding curiosity about people and the reasons why they do the things they do."

"What do you consider your most favorable charactersitic?"

"The abiding curiosity, probably. How should I know"

"What is your worst fault?"

"My worst fault I asked my wife (who should know), but she refuses to decide. There are so many."

"What are your pet hates?"

"I have a number of pet hates. Who hasn't? I love music but hate opera. I hate books in dialect, and people who talk in theatres, and spaghetti and cheese, and people who phone when I'm writing, and Sundays in Halifax. Quite often I

cheaply as one." (He now has two children, a boy aged 10, and a girl, aged 8.)

"I had become greatly interested in the people of Queen's County and their story and it occurred to me that I might satisfy my literary instincts and at the same time earn a little extra cash by writing for magazines.

"For 10 years it was simply a useful hobby. By 1938 my tales in Blackwood's Magazine had received such favorable comment from people whose opinion I valued that I threw up my job as accountant and devoted my time to writing."

His first short story, a tale of Sable Island, had been bought by MacLean's Magazine in 1928.

The next question was "What do you consider your best piece of writing,"

"My novel, 'His Majesty's Yankees', fruit of ten years of research, is my most serious piece of work. Of my short stories I like 'Blind McNair' best."

The next question boldly put forth was whether the greater part of his "fan mail" was from men or from women.

"My 'fan mail' seems to be divided equally between men and women; perhaps the women write more—I'm not sure."

"Who do you consider the three most interesting of prominent, modern-day women?"

"Madame Chiang Kai Shek, Edna St. Vicent Millay, Katharine Hepburn—but as a personality, not as an actress."

"If you could meet any three people who have ever lived, whom would you choose?"

"What a question! Well, I should like to meet Napoleon, I suppose, because I was born in the army and learned to walk in a barrack square, and he was the greatest soldier ever. And I'd like to meet Shakespeare to see how he worked and where he got his material. But, most of all, I'd like to meet Jesus Christ, to feel for myself the inspiration of his personality. I don't say this out of piety, for in the ordinary sense I'm not a bit religious; but to hold speech with such a man must have been a marvellous experience."

hate myself."

"What is your favorite food?"

"My notion of the perfect dish is lobster chowder."

"Do you smoke?"

"I smoke continually; pipe, cigarettes, and cigars — when I can get them."

"As a boy, did you like to read very much?"

Voracious Reader

"I have been a voracious reader from boyhood. I think I began with 'Buffalo Bill,' whose adventures sold at a penny an instalment. I liked Ballantyne, Cooper, Henty, Mayne Reid, Marryat, Stevenson. A much-travelled road and a good one. I still admire the skill with which my father led me along it. His one mistake was Dickens, whose works (apart from 'A Tale of Two Cities') I considered—and still consider—a lot of balderdash. Now I find Ballantyne dull, Cooper absurd, and Henty preposterous, but Reid, Marryat and Stevenson hold their charm.

"I still consider Sherlock Holmes the only detective worth reading about. The modern mystery story leaves me cold. There is too much mystery and not enough story. I'm aware that many people read them because they like to puzzle their wits; but in that case why not play chess?"

How about it Why not?

Taking Pharos Pics Sunday In Gym

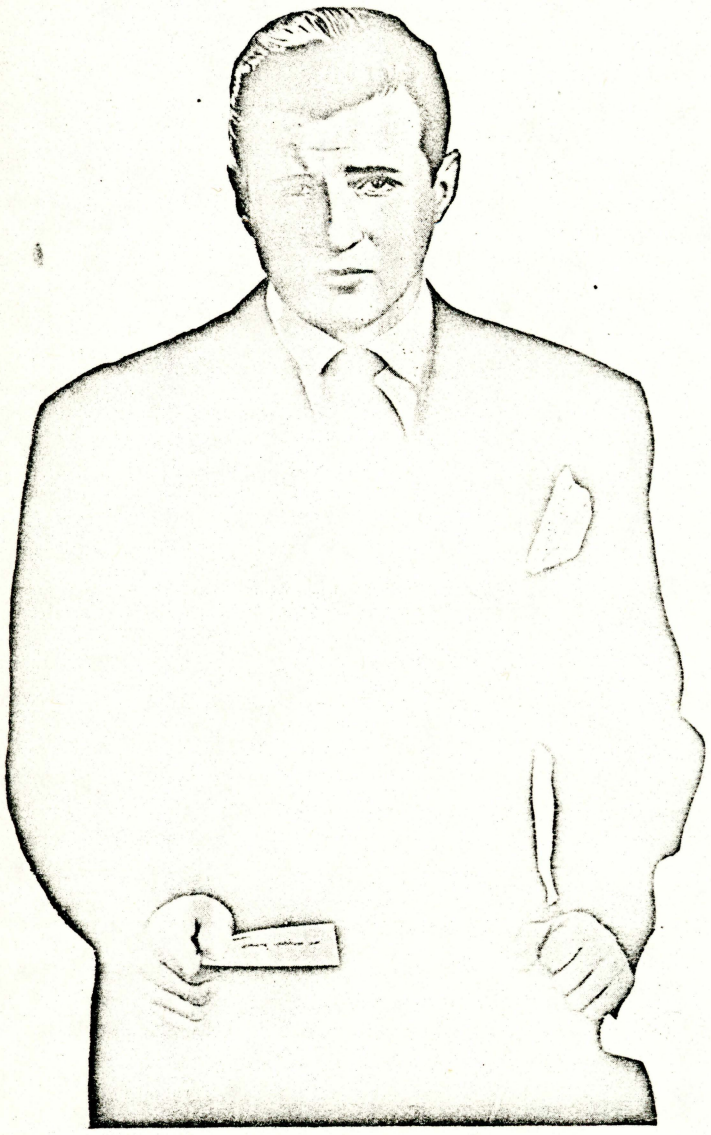
All group pictures for Pharos will be taken Sunday, in the Gym at 4.30. Included are Football team, Basketball teams (boys and girls), Ground Hockey, Hockey, and the Executives of the Law, Engineering, and Medical Societies.

Classes watch for notice concerning class pictures.

CHORISTERS NEEDED

The Dalhousie Glee Club Chorus will participate in a variety show being held March 23 and 24 in the Dal Gymnasium under the auspices of the Halifax Youth Council.

Additional members for the chorus are urgently needed.. Rehearsal and tryouts, Sunday, 2.30 in gymnasium.



The Job Hunter with Two Strikes Against Him

JACKSON'S qualifications for the job were excellent. He had a pleasing appearance, a warm personality, good references, and plenty of experience.

And yet the man across the desk hesitated . . . finally said, "No."

Jackson didn't know it, but he had two strikes* against him from the start.

Can You Get Away with It?

In these days of fierce competition to get and hold a job, can you afford to take chances with halitosis* (unpleasant breath)?

Why risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers you such an easy, delightful precaution against off-color breath?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times when you want to be at your best.

Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic renders your breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
for oral hygiene

MADE IN CANADA

IN THE *Editors' Confidence*

THOMAS RADDALL'S reputation as a novelist and magazine writer is known to most Canadians who read for enjoyment. Around this office he has recently acquired an equally formidable reputation as a leg man.

When Mr. Raddall's manuscript for "Happy Island" (page 23) arrived here, its 10 pages of double-spaced typing were accompanied by 19 pages of single-spaced notes.

We were still marvelling over this exhibition of conscientious reporting when Napier Moore, editorial director of Maclean-Hunter publications, came back from a vacation in the Maritimes with an even more spectacular story of Mr. Raddall's zeal for leg work. A few guests, including Mr. Moore, were sitting around the Raddall living room dissecting the old East Coast legend that Nelson sailed off Massachusetts about the time the American War of Independence was cleaning up its last loose ends. Mr. Raddall said it wasn't a legend; it was a fact. With this statement he dashed out of the house, dashed next door, and dashed back with a framed letter.

The letter was inscribed:

"These are to certify that I took the schooner, Harmony, Nathaniel Carver, Master, belonging to Plymouth, but on acct. of his good services have given him up his vessel again.

"Dated on His Majesty's Ship, Albermarle, 17 Aug., 1782, in Boston Bay."

It was signed "Horatio Nelson."

●Out in Rossland, B.C., where Doc Postill ("Bed's Eye View," page 24) is sitting under an apple tree, trying to beat t.b., he is known to the neighbors' kids as "the old duck in the dressing gown."

We recommend that the neighbors' kids take another look. For in his 50 years Doc has been a photographer, a chef, a tractor engineer, a road surveyor, a soldier (1918 vintage), a machinist, a sailor, a beachcomber, and now a writer. We can only offer you a sample of his comments on these vocations:

Photography: "How to make men look as they think they look and ladies as they hope they look. Nice trick, if you can do it."

Chefing: "In 1916 I was a few miles north of Moose Jaw, working for a farmer who had just spent nine years in a mental hospital. The fact that the job he gave me was cook for a five-man plowing gang is a commentary on the intelligence of the discharge board."

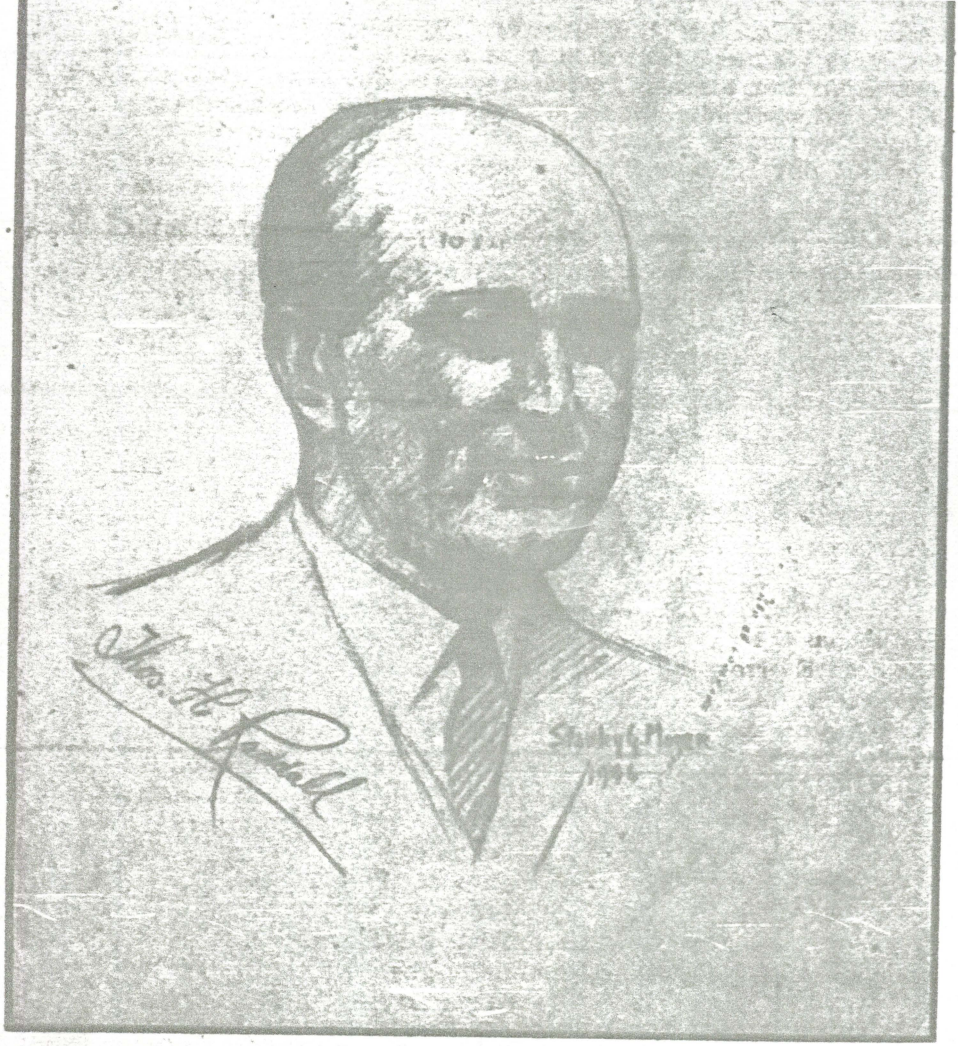
Beachcombing: "Don't let anyone tell you it's all soft southern stars and romance. It's bumming handouts and not washing enough. And policemen don't like beachcombers." Doc's interlude as an incipient Somerset Maugham hero occurred in the mid-twenties after he had missed a boat in Manila.

●Eddy Gilmore is well qualified to discuss the question: "Are the Russians Really Mad at Us?" (page 22). Mr. Gilmore has been Moscow bureau chief of the Associated Press since 1941, and the Russians aren't mad at HIM. One of them, a beautiful ballet dancer, married him. Another of them, a statesman named Stalin, gave him the best beat of his newspaper career by granting a written interview from the Kremlin on the eve of the United Nations' first conference in the United States.

●C. H. Curtis, whose novel plan for fewer, shorter and more peaceful strikes appears on page 12, is assistant head of the Department of Industrial Relations at Queen's University.

●Within a short time Ralph Allen's novel, "Homemade Banners" (Longmans, Green: Toronto), will go on the bookstands. One of its most striking passages we reprint in "Hut Scene" (page 10). This tells of a part of the war few Canadians know about. It'll shock some, bring back vivid, perhaps painful memories to others. Next issue we'll run a second and final excerpt from this novel.

The Editors



Latest portrait of Canada's well-known historical novelist, Thomas H. Raddall, whose fifth book, "Pride's Fancy" is having a well-deserved success. Born at Hythe, England, he was brought to Nova Scotia at an early age, and his knowledge of all phases of life there from the eighteenth century to the present day is apparent in his writings.

SATURDAY NIGHT, v. 62 Dec. 28, 1946 p. 4

Halifax Chronicle
Jan 4/47

—Photo Courtesy Quill & Quire.

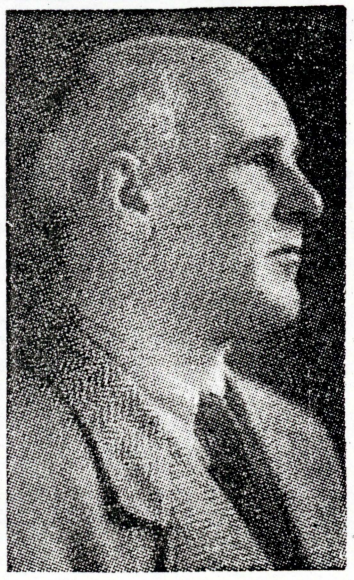
GREETED BY MAYOR — On the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto prior to the start of a speaking tour of Ontario and Quebec centres under auspices of his publishers, McClelland & Stewart Limited, Thomas H. Raddall (left), is shown being greeted by Mayor Saunders. Raddall, author of numerous novels and short stories and winner of the Governor-General's Award for fiction several years ago, is now back at his home in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. His latest novel, "Pride's Fancy", is making sales' history since its publication last November.

HALIFAX 1948

WELCOME VISITING NOVELIST

When Dr. Thomas Raddall, distinguished novelist, who resides at Liverpool, N.S., visited the city this week and spoke on a fiction writing panel with Dr. Will R. Bird and Lieut.-Commander (S) John Jordan, R.C.N., at a meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association, held at the home of Mrs. H. L. Webber, Rockcliffe, he was welcomed by the members of the local branch. Seen above extending a welcome are Miss Helen Creighton, president of the branch; Thomas Raddall, and Mrs. H. L. Webber. (Photo by Sullivan)

June 23, 1948



MR. THOMAS H. RADDALL

OUTSTANDING CANADIAN AUTHOR OF BEST SELLERS

Will be a guest in our store on Friday afternoon at which time he will autograph copies of his books, which have won for him a widespread reputation as a writer. Here you may select his books including "Pride's Fancy" "Tambour", "Roger Sudden", "The Wedding Gift" and others.

M.R.A. BOOK ROOM
MAIN FLOOR.

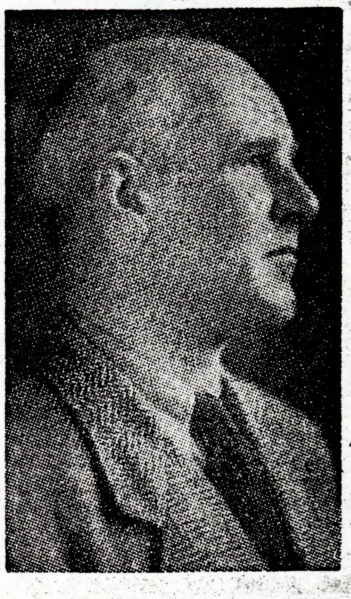
Manchester Robertson Allison Limited

St. John Telegraph
June 24, 1948

At M.R.A.'s Tomorrow!

CANADA'S OUTSTANDING AUTHOR

Thomas H. Raddall



Mr. Raddall—Ace writer of adventurous tales of the Maritimes will be a guest in our Book Room tomorrow afternoon from 4 until 5 p.m. to autograph copies of his famous best-sellers.

AVAILABLE AT M.R.A.'S

BOOKS FROM THE PEN OF THIS NOVA SCOTIA WRITER INCLUDE

"PRIDE'S FANCY"	**$2.75**
"ROGER SUDDEN"	**$3.00**
"THE WEDDING GIFT"	**$3.00**
"TAMBOUR"	**$3.00**
"THE PIED PIPER OF DIPPER CREEK"	**$2.50**

BOOK ROOM—MAIN FLOOR.

Inside Information

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOV. 6, 1948 • VOL. 4, No. 46

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Marine Bites History, Causes 'Very Important Persons' to Froth

GENERAL "Howlin' Mad" Smith, who commanded the Marines in some of the Pacific's bitterest battles, was privately reputed to be the only combatant in the whole global war capable of getting mad enough to bite himself in the back of his own neck.

This was first said facetiously. As the war and "Howlin' Mad" progressed, however, personnel were known to salute him respectfully in passing—and then sneak a quick peek at the back of his neck.

Beginning in the current Post, General Smith tells in 30,000 explosive words exactly what looked wrong to him in the epic struggles for Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima. (Post issues of Nov. 6–13–20.)

Nearly everybody mentioned, including Navy admirals, Army generals and "higher-ups" in Washington, gets it in the neck, though some of the wounds may look more like axe slashes than tooth marks.

What Madness!

Behind the publication of the three installments lies another battle, equally epic in its own way. For a change, it put "Howlin' Mad" on the defensive instead of the offensive. He yielded ground stubbornly, if at all, and what he gave up was hardly choice acreage.

Before it was over, "Howlin' Mad" had set a contagious example. He was mad, some editors were mad, Pentagon personages were mad, the stenographer who had to retype the manuscript was mad, and everybody who came into contact with them was in momentary danger of contracting a second-hand mad. There was enough surplus foam to froth a battleship's bow.

What's more, the mid-summer madness is going to continue out of season as the articles appear. Some Army and Navy "brass" may never feel the same again. If Japs, they probably would commit hara-kiri. If Latins, they might challenge "Howlin' Mad" to a duel. Over here, all they can do is cancel their Post subscriptions and, as the circulation boys say, "Our loss is nothing compared with theirs."

It all began quietly enough, when the Post acquired rights to excerpt from General Smith's forthcoming book, "Coral and Brass" (Scribner's), done in collaboration with Percy Finch, erstwhile Australian war correspondent.

Generous Slices

Associate Editor Stuart Rose, a former Army cavalry officer, began with a non-partisan military eye. He selected Tarawa, Saipan and Iwo Jima as the three main phases of Smith's Pacific campaigns, each worth an over-sized article in itself. From the 150,000-word manuscript, Rose cut three choice slices of 10,000 words—double the ordinary article length.

General Smith included some conjectures as to what other key figures were thinking, and why they acted as they did at crucial moments. Rose omitted several of these as "too controversial and open to challenge." The general countered in what proved to be a mild huff by later standards. He objected particularly to two deletions from his Saipan account, in which he scorched an Army general and units of the Army's 27th Division. For a time, it looked like the entire article might be omitted. Then the editors decided to restore the deleted material in substantially its original form. In fairness, they arranged to publish it with a 1500-word brief in behalf of the 27th by its battlefield historian, Captain Edmund Love, AUS, now a civilian historian in the Army Department.

First tentatively scheduled for early September, the articles were withheld two months because of reports that neither Pentagon officials nor "Howlin' Mad" felt very happy about them—the Pentagon because they told too much, "Howlin' Mad" because they didn't say enough.

Pentagon Acts

Upon instructions from Secretary of the Navy Sullivan, the Marine general requested the Post to send galleys to the Secretary. This was done on August 13th. Weeks later, a Marine officer telephoned from the Pentagon to ask what the Post's attitude would be if changes were sought. Up to this point, the Post—alone—was still reasonably happy about the articles. The officer was told no changes could be made without the author's consent, and that the articles would not be run at all if emasculated.

An entire month passed calmly. Then a Philadelphia friend of Secretary of National Defense James Forrestal asked whether publication could be postponed again. He was informed the first article was "on the presses."

Next day, Secretary Sullivan called from Washington to ask if the second and third articles could be postponed. He was told that a box with the first article announced that the second would appear the following week.

The following Monday, an assistant to Secretary Forrestal wrote the editors, asking extensive changes in the second article. A telegram from General Smith, from his California home, followed. By the time the changes themselves arrived, the article had been on the presses two days. The editors noted that General Smith's changes were "very minor" compared with those requested.

Avery

"Howlin' Mad" mops up after a hot battle.

Editor Ben Hibbs informed Secretary Forrestal's office that the Post felt the Pentagon was "wrong" in trying to hush up history, especially in view of the lapse of time since the war and the absence of any question of military security. History is compounded of many controversial views, he added, and the Post—without taking any sides—is simply seeking to let General Smith give his views as a commander and participant in important battles.

Sting Stays

By this time "procedure"—important in every military operation—was well established. Early in October, the editors received a carbon of a letter from Secretary Forrestal to General Smith outlining eight hoped-for changes in the third installment. Three days later, the general wired requesting that five of the eight changes be made. This time the wire arrived a day before the press run.

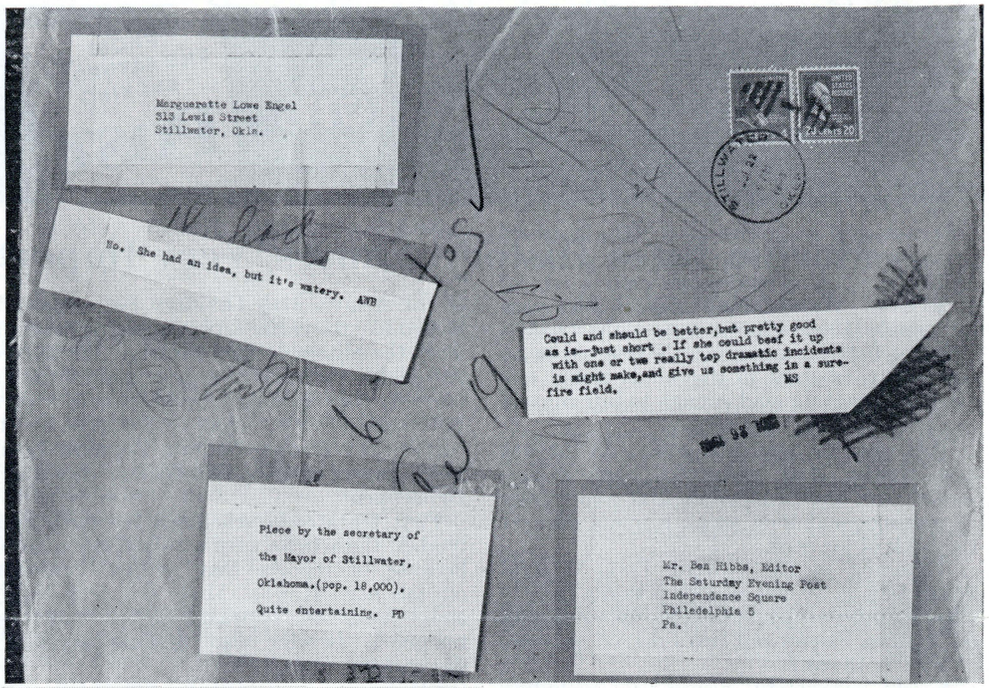
"General Smith left in the three most stinging comments that the Pentagon wanted taken out," Editor Hibbs remarked with a twinkle of amusement. "As the other changes were much less drastic than those requested in previous installments, and left the article still intact, we made them."

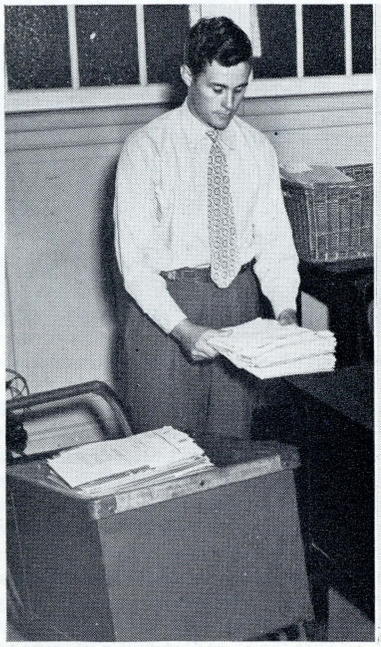
All that's left, now, is for the editors to write *their* war memoirs of their battles with the Pentagon.

WHAT'S HER STORY? For details of how this young Oklahoman sold her first article to The Saturday Evening Post—and how her unsolicited manuscript went "through the works" from start to finish—turn the page.

FROM MAIL BAG TO POST PAGES

1. HOW DOES an unsolicited manuscript get into the Post? To answer this constant question for the people who submit more than 100,000 manuscripts a year, these two pages trace the course of Marguerette Lowe Engel's first Post contribution, a current article entitled "Just Call the Mayor." Mrs. Engel, mother and supporter of two small children, is secretary to the mayor of an Oklahoma town of 18,000. She has been writing in her spare time for six years and is active in two writers' clubs. Her only published work, until now, appeared in Household, Family Circle, Oklahoma Teacher, Outdoor Canada and like magazines. In breaking into the Post, one thing is noteworthy: She chose a subject with which she is thoroughly familiar—the mad-house routine of a mayor's office in a small city. Such things help offset average odds of greater than 50 to 1 against an unsolicited manuscript.





Memo to Mr. Hibbs:

Stillwater piece. I'll be in to talk to you after lunch--PD

1. She has used caps and lower case indiscriminately in referring to city officials and departments and I was not sure about these myself. Have marked the places in the margins and will stay and check them with Ed Saile if you want me to.

2. On the college enrollment, I quoted from the Chamber of Commerce bulletin she sent, which is attached. This does not specifically ~~distinguish~~ state that it's winter enrollment, but ~~seems~~ does make clear that the figure is not included in the regular population figure.

3. I think everything else is clear now except the paragraph on page 8 about the city and college making a contract for a new water supply. Where was the water to come from? Do you understand what she means and if not, would there be time to wire her?

4. We did not make any promise to let her see galleys.

PD

? S. The more possible cut marked on last page.

2. UNSOLICITED manuscripts arrive literally by cartload (extreme left). They are read first by either Associate Editor Peggy Dowst or Editorial Assistant Kay Britton, both, by coincidence, left-handers who smoke mentholated cigarettes. While the first few pages usually "tell all" on content, the readers run most or all of way through for fear of overlooking a potentially good piece which starts badly. If they see any hope at all, the manuscript starts on a fast jaunt along the editorial chain-of-command. Usually four or five editors in all give it a thorough reading. Each jots his comments, kindly or caustic, on the envelope and initials them. (See above) "P.D." is Miss Dowst, "A.W.B." is Arthur Baum, "M.S." is Martin Sommers. Reaction in this instance led to discussion with Editor Ben Hibbs and some revision by Mrs. Engel and Miss Dowst. Then came memo (left) from Miss Dowst to Editor Hibbs, narrowing down points still in question.

3. TIME ELEMENT posed one big question. The manuscript was first submitted in July. Would the mayor (and secretary) still be in office when it came out in November? Queried, Mrs. Engel reassured: "Mayor McConkey's term doesn't expire until May 1, 1949, and if I don't kick the garbage bucket I plan to be here, too." Mayor's consent to the article was obtained. To help explain intricate relationships of the town of 18,000 with adjacent Oklahoma A. & M., enrollment 12,000, the author sent in a map and population data. At this point, Miss Dowst went on vacation, planning to complete her editing meanwhile. And the manuscript was scheduled in her absence. ("If you give me hell, I'll deserve it." No one did.) On her return, she went in to clear up final points with Editor Hibbs, errant manuscript in hand. (See right.) Title was changed from Mrs. Engel's "Call the Mayor's Office" to more casual one of "Just Call the Mayor." Half to two-thirds of all titles undergo changes, many of them far more drastic than this one.

4. WITH COPY okayed, manuscript goes through next phase. Pages edited like those at right are typed up "clean." Copy then goes to "accuracy department" headed by Associate Editor Harley Cook. There Copy Editor Ed Saile, who has caught Cabinet officers and experts in errors, reads it line by line. Questions are referred to authors on galley proofs (extreme right). Letter with them says in part: "The Post's millions of readers include many people with firsthand, specialized knowledge on every conceivable subject. We are rather jealous of our reputation for accuracy, and ask you to cooperate with us in maintaining it. To accomplish this, a double check is necessary on every fact about which there is any doubt." Later, Editorial Assistant Richard Lehman studies page proofs for slips. One, caught at this stage, was an error in Mrs. Engel's byline. It read "Margaret" where it should have been "Marguerette." Correction was made shortly before deadline for the issue.

Submitted by
Marguerette Lowe Engel
313 Lewis Street
Stillwater, Okla.

Approximately 4,000 words

CALL THE MAYOR'S OFFICE!

by

Marguerette Lowe Engel

It's four minutes past eight by the clock on the wall in the Mayor's office, Stillwater, Oklahoma. That's all right if no one saw me come in, though I was due at eight. The Mayor will not arrive before 8:20, and W. B. Rains, the Street Commissioner, whose calls I handle, too, has already been informed by Henry, the custodian, that I arrived early but went back after my stockings which everyone knows is a good joke, both about the stockings and being early.

I switch on the lights and fans and throw open the windows, and wonder for the nine-hundredth time when Stillwater will become rich enough to air-condition its city hall. Then I look with defiance at the three telephones on my desk. It won't be long until they start ringing.

Caps?

✢ ✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢✢ **DD20**
POST—GENERAL—B&W
(241) 9-23-48 Anderson—18 picas SCHEDULED
50953A—op. 1—8½ on 10 pt. 420A

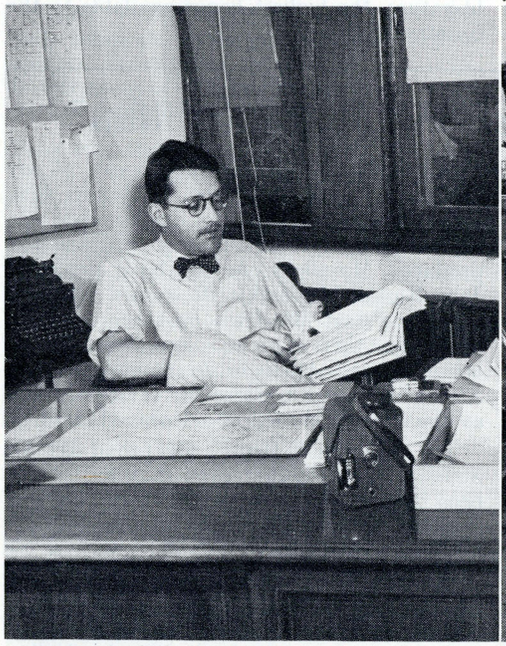
Just Call the Mayor

By Margaret Lowe Engel

nwT'S four minutes past eight by the clock on the nw wall in the Mayor's oUce in Stillwater, Oklanw homa. That's all right if no one saw me come in, though I was due at eight. The Mayor will not arrive before 8:20, and W. B. Rains, the Street Commissioner, whose calls I handle, too, has already been informed by Henry, the custodian, that I arrived early, but went back after my stockings. They bot know perfectly well it's too warm for me even to consider wearing stockings.

I switch on the lights and fans and throw open the windows, and wonder for the nine-hundredth time when Stillwater will become rich enough to air-condition its City Hall. Then I look with defiance at the three telephones on my desk. It won't be long until they start ringing.

In towns of less than 25,000 population, the category into which Stillwater falls, one office can handle more than one department. So, along with the business of the Mayor, his office handles the calls for the Park-and Recreation Department and those for the



5. MEANWHILE Photography Editor Douglas Borgstedt (extreme left) read the article and assigned a photographer, in this case Pat Coffey, of Denver. Coffey came east to Oklahoma, spent two days shooting scenes with a vast amount of local cooperation, submitted exactly 30 photos. Three—a good average—were selected. Under Art Editor Kenneth Stuart's supervision, a two-page layout with bleed space for photos was made by Staff Artist Bill Bailey. Layout and photos next went to Managing Editor Robert Fuoss, who had already given general instructions on them, for final approval. Fuoss (left) spread them on his office floor as usual, checked every detail with customary thoroughness, marked them with a small blue "OK, RF." Fiction contributions follow same general course, except that Art Editor Stuart or Associate Art Editor Frank Kilker gives some free-lance artist the assignment to paint one or more illustrations.

6. HERE, at right, is Mrs. Engel's article as it nears its journey's end. This is a "foundry" proof some weeks before publication, with title blocked in by heavy "dead" metal. Proofreaders give this, too, a last scrutiny for possible errors. Then the huge presses roar and finished pages run through bindery (extreme right). And a new Post, with a new author, is on its way to millions of readers over the world. Mrs. Engel, who studied creative writing at Oklahoma A. & M., says this was the first contribution she ever dared submit to the Post. Her writing instructors, Mrs. Thomas H. Uzzell and Dr. C. B. Williams, encouraged her in developing it. Next, she tried it out on her writing club at a "reading." The most she hoped for from the Post, which headed her list of magazines, was "helpful comment." Instead, she got a nice check.

Photographs by Ned Goode, Post, and John Harm, Curtis

Just Call the Mayor

By MARGARET LOWE ENGEL

Get my cat out of the cistern. Come arrest my neighbor. Stop the static on my radio. If you're the headman of a small city, it goes on like that all the time. Take it from His Honor's secretary. She's fired, every day.

IT'S four minutes past eight by the clock on the wall in the Mayor's office in Stillwater, Oklahoma. That's all right if no one saw me come in, though I was due at eight. The Mayor will not arrive before 8:20, and W. B. Rains, the Street Commissioner, whose calls I handle, too, has already been informed by Henry, the custodian, that I arrived early, but went back after my stockings. They both know perfectly well it's too warm for me even to consider wearing stockings.

I switch on the lights and fans and throw open the windows, and wonder for the nine-hundredth time when Stillwater will become rich enough to air-condition its City Hall. Then I look with defiance at the three telephones on my desk. It won't be long until they start ringing.

In towns of less than 25,000 population, the category into which Stillwater falls, one office can handle more than one department. So, along with the business of the Mayor, his office handles the calls for the Park and Recreation Department and those for the Street and Alley Department. We also have extension telephones from the offices of the Fire Marshal, the Building Inspector and the City Laboratory, which makes it necessary for the secretary—that's me—to know something about those departments, too, so she can answer the telephone intelligently when these men are away from their offices. It is easy to see that the city has me cornered.

Being secretary to the Mayor of this typical little Southwestern town is being not so much a secretary, in the traditional sense, as a combination expediter, information bureau and peculier to the 17,000 townspeople. We also have in Stillwater the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, the enrollment of which, including the number living in Veterans Village, adds more thousands to the population of what

Mayor L. E. McConkey never looks down on the little problems of the city residents. Sandwiched in between making decisions on the installation of new traffic lights and what else the new electric plant should be, he takes time to consider the old lady who wants the garbage men to come in on the back porch to get her garbage. She isn't able to carry it out to the alley.

"Take care of it," the Mayor tells Mr. Rains, the the Street Commissioner. "She is getting pretty feeble."

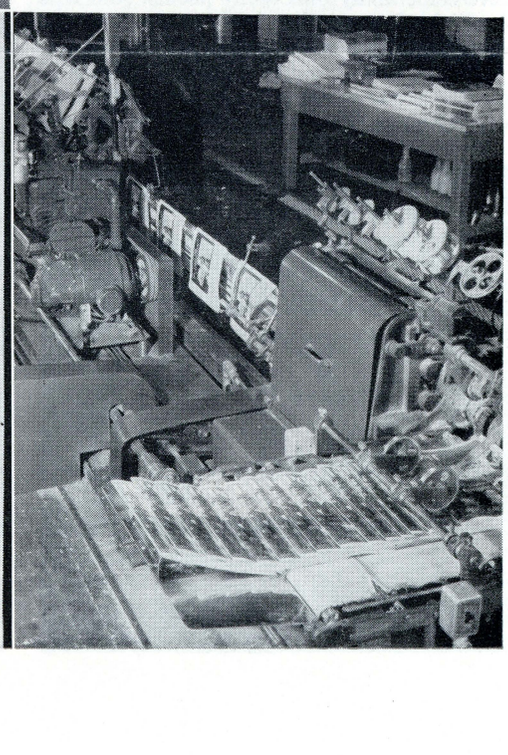
"We'll be hanging the clothes and doing the dishes next," Mr. Rains grumbles as he collects his orders. "I'll take the street sweeper along and sweep some of those back porches."

As he leaves, the Mayor calls out, "We will gather her eggs, too, if she wants us to."

But however interested the Mayor is in the town's people's individual problems, many hours of his day must be spent on the big problems of the city, and when he is in conference or otherwise busy, I try to determine within telephone calls warrant my disturbing him. Try, I say. More often than not, the caller is adamant. "I want to talk to the Mayor," he says, and I might as well give up.

If the Mayor is in, I get him on the line; if he's not in his office, but somewhere in the City Hall, I track him down and bring him back. If he is nowhere to be found, I get the number and say he'll call as soon as he comes in. He will, too—though there are times when he implies that I work him too hard.

My first week in the Mayor's office consisted of helping to dispose of nine Municipal Court trials—five for intoxication, three for reckless driving and one for disturbing the peace—sixteen garbage complaints, 146 overparking tickets, thirty-six "may-we-water-the-lawn-or-wash-cars?" calls—this was



Raddall hunting for neither fact nor fiction.

Fiction Hunt Ends Up by Sticking to Facts

THOMAS RADDALL'S colorful article entitled "Island for Sale" is a current defense of the old saw that "truth is stranger than fiction." The truth of the matter is that the Canadian author first regarded Seal Island, off the southwest tip of Nova Scotia, as a possible fiction subject.

Last May, Raddall went to Seal Island, where a ghost fleet of countless ships lies buried on the shore, to get background for a novel he was working on. "The place," he says, "proved to be literally something out of this world." While assembling his copious notes, he realized the tale of Seal Island had the romance of fiction in straight fact-writing.

The treacherous waters around this ships' graveyard, and the hardy natives of the vicinity who make their living from nets and lobster pots, are a part of the author's life and subjects he has used in short stories and novels. While biography often tends toward dull routine, Raddall's reads like one of his fiction characters.

He was born in the married quarters of the British Army School of Musketry at Hythe, England, where his father was on the staff. In 1913, his father transferred to the Canadian Army and the family moved to his present homeland of Nova Scotia. Raddall senior was twice wounded in World War I, was decorated for bravery and later killed while leading the Winnipeg Rifles at Amiens.

On his father's death, Raddall, at the unshaven age of 15, left Halifax public schools and enlisted as a radio operator on trans-atlantic transports. He later served on the cable ship "Mackay Bennett," and in 1921 transferred to coastal duty and served on Sable Island, in the vicinity of Seal Island.

After some years of this roving life he returned to Halifax, took a course in accounting and got a job with a small pulp mill in the Nova Scotia woods. There he remained, rubbing shoulders with mill-hands, lumberjacks, hunters, trappers, and Micmac Indians until he started to experiment with short stories of the sea and Nova Scotia country life.

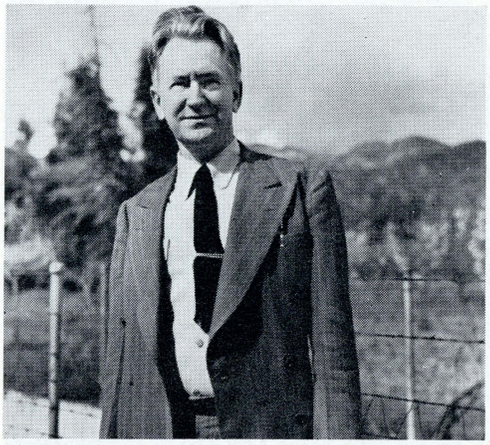
His first works appeared in 1933 and received acclaim from Rudyard Kipling and John Buchan. He has had several successful novels published, has written 10 short stories for the Post and in 1943 received the Governor-General's Award for distinguished (Canadian) literature, the highest honor available to the country's writers.

Poet McCarthy, Still Walking, Arrives in the Post "the Forgotten Man"

LITERALLY speaking, John Russell McCarthy, whose first Post poem, "November in the California Foothills," appears currently on page 111, is a cross between "the walking man" and "the forgotten man."

McCarthy's claim to the first half of this curious hybrid title antedates its radio debut by Jack Benny. "Practically all my verse," he says, "is written while walking. This seems to furnish the necessary stimuli of rhythm and idea." "November in the California Foothills," the author says, was written on a trail which he has walked hundreds of times and in all seasons. The poet's favorite walking places, incidentally, are along the Juniata River near his old home in Pennsylvania, and the Angeles National Forest and the Sequoia National Park in his newly adopted state of California. From these continent-spanning hiking spots have come many McCarthy poems. And it is the author's verse that leads to the basis for the last part of the title.

His first serious work, he says, appeared in 1914 in a war poem contest. Louise Driscoll won the prize. The runners-up included Amy Lowell, Maxwell Bodenheim, Carl Sandburg and McCarthy, among others. "All have since become famous except me," he adds. In 1918 he had another fling at fame.



McCarthy pauses while hiking up a poem.

"From my viewpoint on the Juniata River," McCarthy says, "two small books of my nature verse were published. Naturalist John Burroughs discovered the books and was excited. He wrote in an essay 'England has produced Masefield and we have produced John Russell McCarthy.' It seemed I was off to a flying start. But I was mistaken, as usual. Moreover, there was another point of view about my little books of simple nature verse. A religious paper in Cleveland reviewed them as 'the obscene ravings of a depraved mind.' "

The author adds that he was proud of both reviews, but adds that even they have since been forgotten. In 1928, however, he was awarded the John Burroughs Memorial Medal for nature writing.

Pulitzer Prize winning poet John Gould Fletcher, who officially recognizes McCarthy as "the forgotten man" in American poetry, has written an enthusiastic introduction to "Selected Poems," a collection of McCarthy's poetry now being prepared. "But even brother Fletcher has very faint hope of getting me out of the 'forgotten' classification," he adds.

Inside Information

from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Philadelphia, Pa., NOVEMBER 6, 1948

ASHLEY HALSEY, JR., EDITOR

ROBERT F. HILLS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

POST ART SOARS TO HEIGHT OF SUPERLATIVES

ON the theory that nothing is too big or too good for the Post, this issue includes something in the line of art that has kept artists busy with brush and chisel since Eve became the attractive counterpart to Adam.

The current Martha Gellhorn story, "Lonely Lady," tells of the golden-haired Fiona, who "looked too beautiful to be true." Associate Art Editor Frank Kilker gave R. G. Harris the assignment and suggested that the artist depict the lovely Fiona. "Paint your interpretation of the most beautiful girl in the world," Kilker said.

Now every man to his own choice, we always say. The art editors, however, loved the unusual head portrait enough to give her (we just can't say "it") a page and a quarter of space.

Harris reflects his version of world beauty.

[JULY 5-8, 1949]

It was good to see THIS about YOU!

Thought you might like to have the Clipping . . .

√u

NTERTAIN AUTHORS — Among the social activities of e Canadian Authors' Association convention, being held ere this week, was the reception tendered by His Worship ayor Leonard Kitz at his home, Rockcliffe, yesterday afternoon. Shown above, from left to right, are: Alderman John O'Malley, Miss Helen Creighton, Mrs. O'Malley, Mayor Kitz, Mrs. Leslie Gordon Bernard, well-known short story writer, and Mrs. Thomas Raddall. (Photo by Slaunwhite).

Thought you might like to have the Clipping . . .

Vu

Graduated At

FAIRVIEW — The first grade nine class to graduate from the new Armdale Junior High School received certificates at the graduation exercises in the school auditorium last night.

The graduates were presented the diplomas by C. A. Beckett, chairman of the district School Board.

H. M. Nason, Chief Inspector of Schools, who was introduced by the Armdale Supervisor of Schools Willis Hall, spoke to the graduating class and some 400 parents and friends present. He urged the graduates to continue diligently in their acquisition of knowledge and told them that one of the most important aims in life was faith in themselves, their heritage and religion. He said that in this rapidly changing world there was an increasing need for skilled technicians. "Select your vocation, he said, "and whatever it may be, seek by no unfailing effort to be able to do it well."

Inspector of Schools B. C. Silver also spoke to the graduates congratulating them on their efforts and said he would like to see each and every one at the grade twelve graduation in three years time.

Laurie P. Jeffery, the Class Valedictorian, thanked the teaching staff for their instruction during the year and the School Board for providing the new Junior High School. He bid farewell to the school and wished his fellow graduates every success in their next step up the ladder of success.

Roger Allan with the highest standing in the graduating class

Dr. Raddall Tells of Famous "Islands" on the South Shore

The Queens County Historical Society held its regular monthly meeting in the Navy Room, Town Hall, on Tuesday night. The president, Dr. T. H. Raddall, was in the chair. The matter of the Perkins House was discussed. The president reported that no progress had been made with the furnishing of the house so that it could be opened to American tourists and the public. Since the restoration work on the house itself was completed in the summer of 1949, it had stood closed and empty, and it was now undergoing a second winter entirely unheated. The Society's collection of relics and documents had suffered severe damage from dampness while stored on the property and undoubtedly the house itself must deteriorate if left unused for another year. The president stated that he would continue his efforts to have these matters remedied. The completion of the Perkins House project was urgent to the tourist business of the whole South Shore and particularly to Queens County; and it was a matter of deep interest to the majority of the people of western Nova Scotia, who trace their descent from the New England pioneers.

Following the reading of the treasurer's report and other business, Dr. Raddall gave a talk on "Islands". He chose five islands off the South Shore—Oak Island, Indian Island, Coffin's Island, Massacre Island and Seal Island. In connection with Oak Island he related the true account of Captain Kidd, his treasure, and the famous trial for piracy in London, when the actual treasure was produced in court; and how the court ordered that the treasures be sold to pay the expenses of the trial, the residue to be given to the funds of Greenwich Hospital. Indian Island, which lies off the mouth of Green Bay, a few miles from Vogler's Cove, has long been reputed to be haunted. The speaker related some of the tales of ghostly "voices", of a mysterious "tunnel", and of big snakes "living in the tops of trees". He described his own visit to the island last summer, and what he saw there, including a colony of nesting cormorants, whose long necks and snake-like heads possibly gave rise to the legend of the snakes.

Coffin's Island, at the mouth of Liverpool harbor, was named after Peleg Coffin, one of the famous Quaker family of Nantucket whalemen, who obtained a grant of the island in the early days. It was here that DeMeuilles, the French colonial official, encamped with his Indians on his great canoe journey from Quebec. The Indians used the small creek in the island for a haven, while awaiting good weather for their departure to the summer fishing camps along the coast, hence their name for Liverpool harbor, Ogomkegea, "the departure place". It was here that Liverpool merchants and seamen built the second lighthouse on the Nova Scotia coast, in the summer of 1811, and old Simeon Perkins went out by boat to lay the cornerstone of the foundation, to eat codfish chowder with the workmen, and to muse upon the growth of the port since he came in 1762.

Massacre Island in Port Mouton bay was the scene of a tragedy to French fishermen in the days before English settlement on the coast. They were attacked by Indians, their shore establishment destroyed, and the prisoners were taken to Massacre Island and tortured to death by fire on the stone ledges.

Seal Island lies of Cape Sable, the most westerly point of Nova Scotia. It was the scene of many wrecks, especially in winter. For many years it was a custom of certain good people from the mainland to visit the island every spring, in order to bury the bodies washed up on the shore. The remedy appeared when, in the early part of the 19th century, Mary Crowell Hichens persuaded her husband to remove with her to the island, where for the rest of their lives they maintained a refuge for shipwrecked mariners. Eventually they persuaded the government of Nova Scotia to build a lighthouse at the south tip of the island, where it still stands, and still gives warning to ships.

The Nymph and the Lamp is the second novel by Thomas Raddall (above) to be adapted by Joseph Schull for CBC Wednesday Night. Two years ago the Liverpool writer's historical romance, Pride's Fancy, was presented. Listen next Wednesday night from 9.30 to 11 p.m.

Liverpool Advance, Jan. 18, 1951

HFX CHRON-HLD JAN 26/51

King's College Publication Takes Form Of Year Book

Thomas H. Raddall, of Liverpool, and Dr. Will R. Bird, of Halifax, are among those making literary contributions to "The Record", the publication of the students of King's College, it was announced by Editor-in-Chief Carl Palmer, of Aylesford. Both these internationally-known writers are members of the Haliburton Society of King's and this will mark the second time their articles have appeared in the pages of "The Record.

It was also announced that "The Record" will print only one issue in 1951. Originally a once-a-month publication when it was founded in 1878, when King's was located at Windsor, "The Record" will now be in the form of a Year Book. One additional section will be devoted to graduate Kingsmen.

Completing the editorial staff are Dave Bishop of Grand Falls, Nfld., and Howard MacKinley, of Sydney, as associate editor and business manager, respectively. Circulation will be in charge of Don Rogers of Halifax, while Harold Kay, of Yarmouth, will handle advertising. Other staff members are Eddie Grantmyre, of Sydney, sports; Gloria Teed, of Saint John social; Lew Billard, of Glace Bay, photography; Allan O'Brien, of Windsor, Alumni; and Marshall Black, of Kentville, graduates.

SATURDAY REVIEW

High moment of Authors' convention was the discussion on how to write a sea story between Thomas H. Raddall (left) of Halifax, author of The Nymph and The Lamp, and Nicholas Monsarrat, author of The Cruel Sea.

Raddall and Monsarrat

Nicholas Monsarrat, author of The Cruel Sea, gave this primary advice to the Canadian authors in convention: "Sit down at the typewriter and write. I find authors will argue, discuss, walk, eat, sleep, make love and attend conventions, but they will not sit down and write. . . . I enjoy the actual physical act of hitting keys on a typewriter. I'd rather write than go to a party."

Thomas H. Raddall's advice was different: "Increasingly, you will be assailed to get on your feet and talk. After a time you can do it well, but you will find about that time that your writing has gone down. . . . Concentrate your fire on the best possible target." (Mr. Raddall's father was a musketry officer.)

On one point of technique these two writers of sea stories differed radically. Mr. Monsarrat thought planning the most important stage of writing a novel, and that the plan should be followed to the end.

Mr. Raddall said he begins with his characters and opening incident and feels his way forward: "I am like a skipper groping through a fog. I never see more than a ship's length ahead of me. It is a horrible way to write a book, but I get a better bite into it by not knowing exactly how I am going to get to the pre-determined end."

The Fly Leaf

As the 32nd annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association winds towards its close, the concensus is that it has been the best event in numbers and in the quality and quantity of published work represented by those attending. About 50 writers took part in the platform programs. Of course these people, being what they are, never indicated any paucity of vocabulary, even when the organization was much weaker than the sturdy body it is today.

President Paul Kuhring of Montreal, being an engineer by profession, is an excellent chairman and steers expertly. Convention chairman Isabel LeBourdais is the focus of admiration for her planning skill, her tact and her tireless labors in directing 200 writers who, by the nature of their work, are individualists. If there have been any snags, these have not been visible. Atmosphere has been genial and co-operative throughout.

In the setting the authors have been particularly fortunate and are grateful to the University of Toronto authorities. Quarters in Whitney Hall were not only comfortable but adequate and the staff saw well to the comfort of the guests.

Hart House is unique as a meeting place in its beauty and appointments. The Great Hall is an impressive dining room while various common rooms served nicely for offices, book displays and sessions. The picture that everybody will remember best is the floodlit quadrangle on Monday evening with the moon riding high and, at one end, the tall, slight figure of Mazo de la Roche welcoming the out-of-town members. Whereas her witty speech was light in character, the moment was impressive—a literary coronation. Warden Joseph McCulley and staff must be thanked for many favors, not least the delicious food suitable for warm weather.

This is a Canadian event of significance. More than 200 are registered, including 10 from Halifax, 20 from Montreal, 6 from Windsor, 8 from Ottawa, 10 from Winnipeg and so on. French-speaking members include Germaine Guevremont, Yves Theriault, Dr. Adrien Plouffe. Among contributors to this page who are present are Dorothy Dumbrille from Alexandria, Kathleen Graham from Regina, Joan Walker from Kirkland Lake and Frank McDowell from right here.

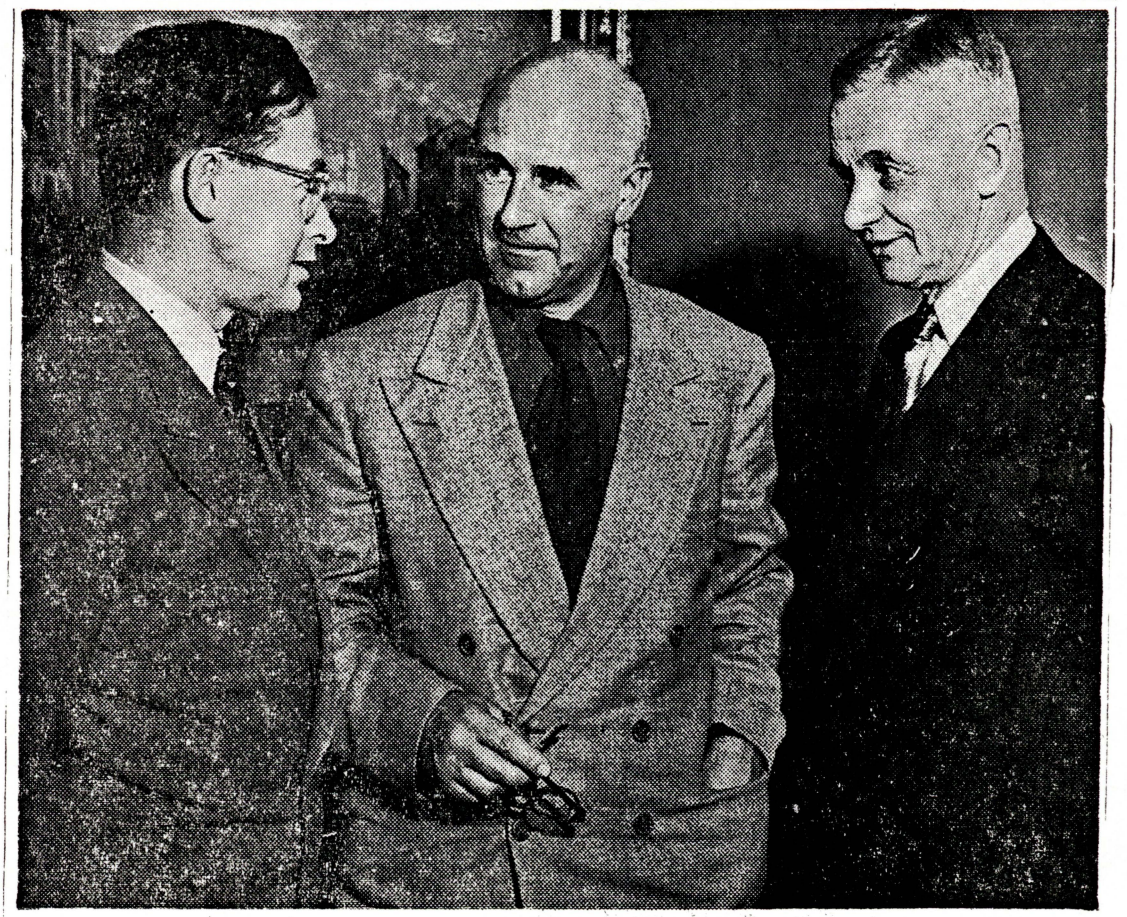
Tom Raddall, author of His Majesty's Yankees, Roger Sudden, The Nymph and the Lamp and the forthcoming Tidefall, flew in with his wife Edith from Liverpool, Nova Scotia. They were frayed by the long flight but, over a restorative, Tom recounted with glee how, as a newly elected member of the Royal Society of Canada, he had been chided by Professor Alexander on the ground that the jacket-picture of the American paper-bound edition of his latest novel is indecent. Tom explained that this detail is beyond a writer's control.

Hfx Mail-Star Nov. 28/53

WELCOME VISITING NOVELIST

When Dr. Thomas Raddall, distinguished novelist, who resides at Liverpool, N.S., visited the city this week and spoke on a fiction writing panel with Dr. Will R. Bird and Lieut.-Commander (S) John Jordan, R.C.N., at a meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association, held at the home of Mrs. H. L. Webber, Rockcliffe, he was welcomed by the members of the local branch. Seen above extending a welcome are Miss Helen Creighton, president of the branch; Thomas Raddall, and Mrs. H. L. Webber. (Photo by Sullivan)

Hfx Mail-Star Nov. 28/53



DISCUSS WRITING NOVELS—When the local Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association met last night, a novel writing panel was the highlight of the gathering. Above are the members of the panel, (left to right): Lieutenant-Commander (S) John Jordan, R.C.N., Dr. Thomas Raddall from Liverpool, N. S., and Dr. Will R. Bird of Halifax. (Staff photo by Sullivan).

Says You Don't Have To Travel To Write Novels

[1954]

Living in smaller communities has a decided advantage when it comes to writing fiction, Dr. Thomas Raddall, noted novelist, told the members of the local Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association when he spoke on panel with Dr. Will R. Bird, Fiction Award winner, and Lieutenant-Commander (S) John Jordan, R.C.N., last night, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Webber, Rockcliffe.

* * * *

"You don't have to travel to far places like Somerset Maugham; I found fiction material walking around me when I first settled in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. You get to know people more intimately than you would in the large metropolitan areas," he said, as he told of his life in Queen's County, where he comes in contact with lumberjacks, hunters, fishermen, Indians and other colorful characters.

He cited the case of Arthur Mayse, prominent Saturday Evening Post author, whom, he said, visited Liverpool, where Dr. Raddall pounds out his short stories and novels, to prove his contention.

Mayse, he said, became so enthused over writing in such a setting, where there is a harbour and a river, that when he returned to his home in British Columbia, he decided to settle in a similar setting and do his writing under similar conditions.

Dr. Will Bird, whose new novel, "To Love and Cherish," recently rolled off the printing presses, gave his listeners a spirit of confidence when he told them of his experiences in writing fiction and the success he had met in writing in his own way.

The importance of authors preserving their individuality was stressed by both Dr. Bird and Dr. Raddall. They told of novelists having vastly different methods in writing their novels, and they both held the opinion that "you should stick to your own methods." Thomas Raddall, author of the recent novel, "Tidefall," added: "If you have the confidence that you can write something, you should preserve your conviction."

Lieut. - Commander Jordan, author of the novel, "The Younger Ones," after referring to himself as a beginning novelist, alongside of Dr. Raddall and Dr. Bird, told of his writing experiences. He had discovered that an author must feel what he is writing. Besides interesting his readers, this feeling gives the author the necessary energy and enthusiasm to continue pounding on a typewriter.

Dr. Bruce Ferguson, Assistant Provincial Archivist, extended the thanks of the literary gathering to the three novelists for their inspiring and helpful craft discussion.

THE GUARDIAN

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The Thomson Co. Ltd.

Editor and Manager, Ian A. Burnett.
Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

CIRCULATION
"Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1954

Robertson Memorial Lecture

The wisdom of determining on a lectureship as a memorial to the late principle of Prince of Wales College, Dr. Samuel Robertson, has been demonstrated in the value of the lectures so far delivered. The first four annual lectures were by distinguished educators and dealt with the subject of education itself, from various points of view. The fifth lecture in the series will be given tonight, not by an educator in the narrow sense but by a leading figure in Canadian literature.

Thomas H. Raddall knows the Maritimes. He is steeped in the lore and history of these Provinces, particularly of his adopted Province of Nova Scotia, and has the skill to weave fascinating tales using the warp and woof of past events and popular tradition. His stories are alive with the tang of the sea and the colorful characters who live on or by it.

It was an excellent move on the part of those responsible for arranging the lectures to go on from having them delivered by teachers of literature and other subjects to selecting an artist who is creating some of the literature that will become part of our scholastic heritage. It is, perhaps, too new and lively to as yet find a place in many curriculua but that is a fault that time will remedy.

Dr. Samuel Robertson was above all a scholar. He led generations of students to the fount of good literature in Greek, Latin and English. It is highly appropriate that a living representative of the profession of letters should deliver the lecture that has been established in his memory.

Dr. Raddall's Address

Dr. Raddall's address on literature, given as a Samuel Robertson memorial lecture in Prince of Wales College Hall last night, is published in full in today's Guardian, as no summary would do it justice. Here we have the frankly expressed views of a leading Canadian novelist on the aims, the functions and the problems of his art. Students will find these views of great assistance in their academic studies, but the general public will also find them highly readable and stimulating.

This address, we venture to predict, will eventually get into literary anthologies and perhaps even into college textbooks. It is full of the meat of experience and mature judgment, and the style is worthy of the content. Above all it is the credo of a conscientious craftsman, who, in the words of Joseph Conrad cited by Dr. Raddall, is concerned, through the power of the written word, with making us hear, feel and see with a keener sensitivity. "That and no more—and it is everything." For if the writer succeeds in this task, Conrad maintained, each of us shall find according to his deserts: "encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you had forgotten to ask." The high desire is "to reach the secret spring of responsive emotion," which is also the aim of the poet, the preacher and the philosopher, though each takes a different road and, in the case of the novelist in particular, may wander far afield before gaining the objective. It is the sense of direction that counts, and that distinguishes the true artist in every field from the charlatan.

Charlottetown Guardian editorial, March 17, 1954

Dr. Raddall Gives Address On Story Writer's Problems

"Frankness in literature is an admirable thing so long as it keeps pace with the times," Dr. Thomas H. Raddall, noted Canadian author, told his audience last night as he delivered the fifth annual Samuel Robertson Memorial Lecture at Prince of Wales College.

A tribute to both the late Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson was paid by Dr. Frank MacKinnon, Principal of the College, in his opening remarks introducing the guest speaker. Among those in attendance were His Honor Lieutenant Governor T. W. L. Prowse, attended by his Aide de Camp, Lieut. Col. A. W. Rogers, Premier A. W. Matheson, and Acting Mayor Edwin C. Johnstone.

In a brilliant talk Dr. Raddall recalled that once as a young sailor of sixteen he had seen the Island for the first time and promised himself he would return for a closer look. He has been back several times since then. In his opening remarks, he too, paid high tribute to the late principal of Prince of Wales College, stating that all over North America there were former students who had come under the influence of Dr. Robertson.

Regarding his own way of life Dr. Raddall felt that there is an excellent field now for young Canadian authors, although he agreed that twenty years ago it was very limited because Canadian authors at that time were practically unknown.

At the conclusion of his talk he was tendered a vote of thanks by Mr. Bramwell Chandler.

Text Of Address

Following is the full text of Dr. Raddall's address:

Dr. Raddall

Continued from page 1

book people have distributed about two hundred thousand of their edition all over the United States and Canada. However you may comfort yourself with this reflection, that a lot of unsuspecting people are going to find themselves reading a good book under false pretences."

Sex And Bloodshed

However that may be the fact remains that we are witnessing the sale of enormous quantities of fiction, in cloth and paper covers, with or without pictures, which do describe the human being as a creature devoted to sex and bloodshed. What is the explanation? Some of it undoubtedly reflects the convulsions of our time, which tore the cover off what we had believed to be a civilized world and left us gazing with a dreadful fascination at what we saw beneath.

But it seems to me that in the long view this printed obsession reflects something else, an extreme swing of reading taste of the nineteenth century and the early part of the present one. Most of the Victorian and Edwardian novelists portrayed men and women as creatures with no more blood than fish, as creatures without sex, or at any rate distinguished one from the other chiefly by their mannerisms and their clothes. The picture was false, of course, and the best of them knew it Thackeray for one complained of the restraints put upon his pen by the false modesty of the age in which he lived. And he, who wrote so much about a previous age must have known that the Victorian attitude was a reaction from the literary license of the eighteen century, just as, before that again, the excessive sobriety of the Puritans was a reaction from the bawdy days of the cavaliers.

In Cycles

Apparently these things go in cycles, and it seems likely that the present output of grossness print will bring about a reaction eventually that may go all the way back to the namby-pamby fefore the pendulum swings again. One extreme is as bad as the other, and I say a plague on both. We shall do well to consider the truth of the late Lord Tweedsmuir when he said, "Frankness in literature is an admirable thing if, as at various times in our history, it keeps step with social habit; but when it strives to advance beyond, it becomes a disagreeable pose."

The social habit nowadays is very frank indeed, and I think that what we have to consider is not a deliberate assault upon the morals of the public so much as a disagreeable pose on the part of so many writers in our time. As such it will pass, and we need not alarm ourselves unduly about it. Good taste is not to be created by laws and censorship. It can come only from

mean it in that way. The observer may be moved to tears or laughter. He may convey loathing or compassion or exaltation at what he sees and feels. But there he must stop. It is not for him to lecture or to preach. That is best done by the teacher and cleric, whose business it is, and who are better qualified. Some very good writers have indulged in pet social or political theories or in hammering home with obvious blows whatever moral might be in their tale; but their book lived in spite of these intrusions not because of them, and it is proof of their general excellence that the book survived at all.

Of course books may be aimed at particular groups, and that is a legitimate object; but it is not the legitimate object of literature, whose appeal must be universal. As a rule, the moment a writer begins to intrude upon the reader with his own views of politics, morals, religion or any thing else that does not belong absolutely to the story he set out to tell, in that moment he begins to lose "readability", and when a writer ceases to be readable his whole object has been lost. In the words of Somerset Maugham, "The novel, I cannot repeat too often, is not to be looked upon as a medium of instruction or edification, but as a source of intelligent entertainment." Or as he expresses it in another place, "I think it is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform. Fiction is an art, and the purpose of art is not to instruct but to please."

Obligation To Truth

Now, to please does not mean to pander whatever public taste may be current. It does mean to set forth what is in the writer's or the painter's or the sculptor's mind so that it has the form, the color and substance of the thing he saw, in the way he saw it, and because it satisfied him in that way. His obligation is always to the truth. In whatever degree he falls short of that he fails in his art or his craft or whatever you wish to call it.

I am aware that Art is a word that nowadays has fallen into disrepute. On every hand it is invoked to explain or to apologize for all sorts of monstrosities. "Artistic talent", Aldous Huxley observes, "is a very rare phenomenon. Whence it follows that in every epoch and in all countries most art has been bad. But the proportion of trash in the total artisitc output is greater now than at any other period"

A few years ago the Royal Academy held its annual banquet in London to celebrate the opening of the summer show, and amongst the guests were the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr Winston Churchill. When the retiring president of the Academy, Sir Alfred Munnings, got up to speak, he made some of our modern art dilettantes red in the face. He declared, "If you want to paint a tree for Heaven's sake make it look like a tree." And he went on to say, "Not long ago Mr. Churchill and I were walk-

too dim for beauty or for truth. Even a looking-glass that has none of these flaws may be held too long before the shambles or the cesspool, and hurried past the flowers on the hill.

But I must not beat Stendhal's metaphor to death. In my profession we hear much talk of Art—with a capital A. True art is what we all hope to achieve of course, in our small and vague and separate ways. Most of us know false art when we see it but who knows exactly what true art is? There are as many definitions as there were tongues in Babel. If we look to those who are acknowledged true artists by good authority we find they cannot help us. Walter Sickert, the great English painter, answered one earnest soul in this way: "My pictures are like the clippings of my nails. They grow out of me and I cut them off and that is all I know about it." When someone asked Mozart for an explanation of his music he answered bluntly, "How do I know?" Bernard Shaw declared, "Sometimes I do not see what a play was driving at until quite a long time after I have finished it; and even then I may be wrong about it just as any critical third party may be." And he went on to say, "The truth is that we are apt to deify men of genius by attributing to logical design what is the result of blind instinct. What Wagner meant by True Art is the operation of the artist's instinct, which is just as blind as any other instinct."

Kipling Cited

To my mind one of the best things Kipling wrote, and certainly the most shrewd, was the little ditty he called The Conundrum of the Workshops. Forgive me if I repeat the opening lines, which probably you know.

"When the flush of a newborn sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's pretty, but is it Art'?"

Adam, foolish man, was dissatisfied with his work at once; and although Kipling didn't say so I suspect it was then that Adam, glancing about for fresh inspiration, discovered a charming female person toying with an apple and forgot what he was about. Anyhow the moral is plain. Don't be too much concerned with Art in the abstract, for the Devil himself doesn't know what it means. He can only raise the point in the regular practice of his trade.

The plain fact is that a self-conscious endeavor towards Art defeats its own purpose always. The writer's path to perdition is paved with such endeavors. And the irony of it all is that the decisive word about Art belongs to the future in any case, in literature as in everything else. Posterity alone will decide which books of our time shall continue to be

proven fact. And if they won' who will?"

There is the devil who turns up after you have toiled for some years and whispers, "Look here, why not take the cash and let the credit go? After all money's the only measure of success. And you've got yourself to think about. You don't want to drag out your old age in poverty or on the charity of your friends like almost every Canadian writer in the past, do you? Now be sensible. Here's the formula. It's quite simple. Katherine Windsor and Mickey Spillane have done it, why not you?"

There is the devil who takes your book in his long artful fingers and says, "It's alright in its way but after all this is regional stuff. It's merely provincial. Why don't you aim at the Great Canadian Novel?"

Other Devils

There is the devil (sometimes a he-devil, sometimes a she-devil) who says, "Now with regard to your characters, the men are alright. Some of them are magnificent. But it's plain to be seen that you don't know a thing about women." And there is the devil who comes right along behind and says, "Nonsense! I like your women. Anyone can see that you've made an intimate study of women all your life. But your men!"

There is the devil who says, "Now look here, you've written something very good about sailors (or prairie farmers or unhappy suburban wives or Julius Caesar's bodyguard) and obviously that is your natural line. You should stick to it. For you there should be no other people in the world. Get right down in the groove, my friend, and stay there.'

There is the devil who looks down his nose and says, "I hear your last book didn't sell very well. But then I always said you hadn't got the touch for that sort of thing." Or he comes to you and says, "So your new book is a success. I'm sorry I can't congratulate you. It's so obvious that you've thrown away your principles."

And so on. Devils and devils. And some of them such charming devils, too. They take such an interest in your work.

Back To Stevenson

Do you remember Monsieur de Vauversin, the strolling player whom Stevenson found on his Inland Voyage? I have always liked poor Vauversin, and what he said to R. L. S. has meant something to me in the quest that begins when one first takes up the pen and can end only with one's life. For it fits my notion of workmanship and it has a value in that blind journey towards the mysterious realms of art which all of us experience. You will remember that Vauversin had known better days in the theatre but that he and his

self; and that is a matter best cultivated in the home and the school, where current writing can be tested against the best writing of the past, and where it may be shown that good fiction, without recourse to the macabre or the obscene, can be exciting and full of the color and "stingo" of life.

Fradulent Extremes

With a clean public palate the blood-and-sex poseur will cease to exist, for he will cease to be read, which is the same thing; and the writer of sincere purpose and commonsense will continue to keep his pen well between those fraudulent extremes, trying to give its full value, an existence not without its crimes and follies but also with its noble themes of love and courage and self-sacrifice. Evil there is and it must be set forth, but so must be the finer aspect of mankind; and each in its true proportion to the whole, no more, no less.

In a famous mot Stendhal remarked, "A novel is a mirror walking along the road." That is not quite enough. Mirrors cannot feel, and the writer must. Otherwise Stendhal is right. And the mirror walking along the road must keep a steady gait. It cannot linger by the pig-sty any more than it can come to a full stop before the wayside shrine. It can only reflect what is there and pass along.

How is this actually done? There is no magic formula as we well know. But this much is clear, and it is the foundation. The best creative writing, the stories that have survived the mills of time, were the work of writers who regarded their profession not merely as a trade (and most worth-while authors have written for their living) but as the satisfaction of an instinct, a craving if you like, to capture with ink and paper the spirit, good or evil, of mankind. And this inner drive, this personal daemon, qualified the task. It gave them in fact a two-fold law; to write with absolute honesty and to make it readable. For all good writing is just that. Joseph conrad, one of the most honest writers in English literature, put in this way: "My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel, it is before all to make you see. That and no more—and it is everything."

Seeing And Feeling

To do this it seems to me the writer must set himself apart—not physically, for he must mingle closely with humanity in order to feel its warmth and learn its heart and mind—but apart in thought, apart from his own prejudice as well as the prejudice of others, seeing mankind with the eyes of a curious stranger. Perhaps this sounds a little cold, as if mankind were just a fly beneath the lens, but I do not

col. 1 (cont'd)

to me, 'Alfred, if we saw Picasso coming down this street would you join me in kicking hard a certan part of him?' I said, 'Winston, I would'." All this and much more was broadcast over the BBC, and the next day there were protests not only about his sentiments but the language he had used. To the press he said stoutly. "I apologize to the Archbishop last night. But I repeat, modern art is a lot of dammed nonsense."

Too Common Features

"All" is a big word of course; it takes in a lot of territory. But I confess mysef in sympathy with Sir Alfred when I regard paintings that show the human form as a tangle of cubes and triangles, or a street scene or a pot of flowers daubed apparently in an alcoholic nightmare; and when I see sculpture resembling a poor African's carving with a dull knife in very hard wood, or nothing at all but a madman's exercise with mud in the asylum yard; and when I read novels that begin and end nowhere, with strange perverted creatures in human form who speak a language never heard on land or sea, or who on the other hand speak entirely in the idiom of the brothel or the slaughter-house or the latrine. When I regard any of these common features of modern art and letters I cannot help thinking that it's all a lot of nonsense, and that the world of the future may look back on this age as one to be remembered chiefly for a strange return to primitive tribal wars and to primitive forms of art.

I do not suggest that all practitioners of so-called modern art are fools or atavists. On the contrary the movement has been led by men of undoubted genius, if somewhat erratic genius, like Picasso in the field of painting, Epstein in sculpture, Joyce and Faulkner in letters, all of them no doubt sincere in their revolt against convention and their belief that the mirror they held up to life was true. The trouble is with too many of their followers. When it was discovered by inferior minds that to paint you need not be able to draw, that to represent the human form in clay or stone you could dispense with all proportion, and that to write novels you need not trouble yourself about plot, or form, or balance, or decency of expression, or even the simplest rules of grammar and composition, then came the deluge of bad art which is now upon us.

Third-Rate Mirrors

These people walk the highway holding up their third-rate mirrors and calling on the world to see its image, and too many of them are acclaimed by critics busy hiding their own confusion behind the jargon of their trade. Mirrors can be too small to reflect anything but a narrow view. Mirrors can be warped, so that the reflection is distorted; or they may

col. 2 (cont'd)

whenever that final judgment is reached the authors will be dead. So Art with a capital A is not a matter of prime concern to those writing here and now, at any rate it should not be.

Proper Concern

Our proper concern is the work at hand, the material we gather by study, from our own observation and experiehce of life, and the fashioning of that material with all the skill and truth we have; and the best that we can look for is that something of what we write may be found good by discerning readers of our own time, leaving the question of art to that mysterious judgment of the future. Coventry Patmore set forth an honest writer's creed when he wrote in the year 1886: "I have written little but it is all my best. I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labor to make my words true. I have respected posterity, and should there be a posterity that cares for letters I dare to hope that it will respect me."

But whether the work be found good or bad, now or hereafter, the first judgment and the only real satisfaction are to be found in one's own heart. I do not mean a crass and blind self-satisfaction. That is a delusion. I mean the satisfying of that instinct for craftsmanship which surely must be present to some degree in writers all, since it made us choose this difficult medium in the first place. And it is this instinct, this personal daemon, that keeps us at the task in spite of all the devils in the shrubbery. For there is more than one devil abroad, mark you. The chap who whispers, "It's pretty but is it Art?" is only the first of many.

Shaw's Savage Quip

If you are a Canadian writer beginning the long struggle for recognition there is always a devil who repeats that savage quip of old George Bernard Shaw to a delegation from the Canadian Authors' Association years ago — "Who ever heard of a Canadian author?" And he goes on to crush you with, "My poor fool, who are you to offer your miserable wares in the marketplace where people come to buy Maugham and Hemingway?" And there is his fellow devil who comes along nowadays, smites you over the head with the full weight of the Massey Report, and cries, "Canadians don't buy Canadian books. It's a

col. 3 (cont'd)

wayside barns, before audiences of indifferent yokels. At the close of one such performance he gave the voyagers his profession of faith.

"I must go about the country gathering coppers and singing nonsense. Do you think I regret my life? Do you think I would rather be a fat burgess, like a calf? Not I! I have had moments when I have been applauded on the boards. I think nothing of that. But I have known in my own mind sometimes, when I had not a clap from the whole house that I had found a true intonation or an exact and speaking gesture and then, messieurs, I have known what pleasure was, what it was to do a thing well, what it was to be an artist."

That has always seemed to me a pretty good philosophy for a writer, too, especially a Canadian; for the Canadian writer as a matter of necessity has to look abroad for most of his income and his fame. He may not have to go about the world singing nonsense for coppers. There may be times indeed when like Vauversin he will be applauded as an artist, and on the boards of Paris itself. But like Vauversin he should think nothing of that. What matters first and last is within himself, a passionate care for his craft. If he lacks that he has nothing. If he has that, nothing else matters, whether he sells his work at home or abroad, for coppers or a fortune, and no matter what diabolical whispers he may hear behind the leaves. I hope that some of you here will turn your ambitions to the pen and take up the task of refuting the late Mr. Shaw.

2,000 SEE CHESS

LONDON, (AP)—The opening of a world chess championship match between two Soviet grand masters, Michael Botvinnik and Vasili Smyslov, drew 2,000 spectators Tuesday, Moscow radio reported.

col. 4 (cont'd)

Raddall Comments On Trends

HALIFAX MAIL-STAR APRIL 7/51

An enthusiastic audience filled the Debating Theatre of Saint Mary's University Tuesday to hear Thomas H. Raddall, author of such well-known books as "Roger Sudden", "Tidefall" and "The Nymph and The Lamp", deliver a splendid address on "The Literary Art". Mr. Raddall was introduced by Very Reverend Frederick J. Lynch, S.J., President of Saint Mary's University.

Treating the matter of present-day pocket-book covers, Mr. Raddall expressed the opinion that "some of our moralists are more concerned . . . with the picture on the cover than they are with the printed matter inside." By way of reiteration he cited as an example the cover of one of his own novels which appeared in pocket-book form, "The Nymph and The Lamp", which showed "much more of the nymph than of the lamp". "However," continued the speaker, "this was done without his knowledge", and by the time he had discovered what had occurred, it was too late to remedy the situation.

RLFLECT TIMES

"Most pocket-books describe human beings as creatures largely devoted to sex and bloodshed," said the lecturer, "and this trend undoubtedly reflects the convulsions of our times, which tore the cover off what we had believed to be a civilized world and left us gazing . . .at what we saw beneath." Telling his listeners that reading-tastes seem to run in cycles, he said that the present trend seems to reflect a swing away from the "stuffy prudery" of the nineteenth century, but that the cycle will likely be repeated, "with the present output of grossness in print bringing a reaction that may go all the way back to the namby-pamby before the pendulum swings again."

Discussing creative novels, the speaker told the audience that "the best novels of this type are accomplished by those who regard their profession not merely as a trade, but as the satisfaction of an instinct to capture the spirit, good or evil, of mankind. By so doing, the authors observe a two-fold law . . . write with absolute honesty, and make it readable." He continued on to say "The writer must set himself apart from personal prejudices, and take an objective view of mankind. Books may be aimed at particular groups," he said, "but this is not a legitimate object of Literature. When a writer starts giving his own political, moral or religious views, he loses readability." At this point in his address, Mr. Raddall quoted Somerset Maugham: "I think it is an abuse to use the novel as a pulpit or a platform. Fiction is an art, and the purpose of Art is not to instruct but to please."

Some of the pitfalls which confront Canadian authors, the criticisms, the false advice and the abuses which will come their way, were also mentioned by the lecturer. "For the most part", he said, "the Canadian author must of necessity look abroad for income and fame, but even these things must be secondary; if the writer lacks a passionate care for his craft, he has nothing."

In conclusion, Mr. Raddall expressed the wish that some of his listeners would take up the pen and refute the late George Bernard Shaw, who asked "Who ever heard of a Canadian author?"

A short question-and-answer period followed, after which the speaker was thanked by Very Reverend Frederick Lynch, S.J.

Liverpool Advance. Jan 6, 1955

SELLS MILLION COPIES

Writers and Printers, like doctors and druggists, have genuine cause to be grateful for one another's existence. This is brought to mind by the report that a Canadian author, Thomas Raddall, who was almost unknown even to the reading public 15 years ago, has had 1,000,000 copies of his books sold. Eight other Canadian authors are reputed to have attained the one-to-five million sales category: Gilbert Parker, Ralph Connor, Robert W. Service, L. M. Montgomery, Marshall Saunders, Lloyd Douglas, Thomas Costain, and Gwethalyn Graham. A great part of their success and fame they owe to the co-operation and judgment of their printers and publishers, who in turn have every reason to pay homage to successful authors. Canadian literature is not only growing in stature as part of our cultural life and heritage, it's progress toward maturity ensures an enduring demand for the works of Canadian authors, old and new. Whereas, half a century ago, Canadian literature didn't keep very many printers busy, today it must be respected as an important source of bread and butter for hundreds of printers. Poetry and novels, essays and scholarly works on many subjects, school and college text-books, and technical treatises of every description are being written, printed and published in Canada. This is a satisfactory fact, and it is still more satisfying that the volume of this printing and publishing will certainly continue to grow — (Printer & Publisher)

(Congratulations Dr. Raddall — we are proud of your record. — Editor.)

Hfx Chronicle-Herald.
May 2, 1955.

Raddall Combines Hard Work, Genius

By GERALD FREEMAN
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LIVERPOOL, N.S. (CP) — A tanned, distinguished-looking man of 52 habitually paces his soundproofed mental gymnasium late into the night sweating out some of the best books written in Canada.

Thomas H. Raddall, historian and novelist, admits his best passages don't just come to him. They're a combination of plain hard work and a genius he would be reluctant to confess.

He's a thorough-going researcher and craftsman, and a perfectionist to whom every phrase must have a ring like a good coin.

WORKS CAREFULLY

"I've never been one of those writers I've heard about who can sit down and dash something off in two or three months," he says. "I prefer to work carefully. I weigh every phrase and every passage."

He had a study built on the back of his substantial white wooden nouse so his agonies of creativity wouldn't disturb the sleep of his attractive wife and their son and daughter. Tommy is an engineering student at Acadia University and Frances expects to start there this fall.

Dr. Raddall—Dalhousie University conferred an honorary degree on him in 1949, but he is better known around here as Tom—works at his typewriter in a masculine room filled with things he likes: guns, ancient and modern, charts, framed photographs and mementoes, and MicMac Indian relics.

Five windows look beyond his lawns to woods that fringe this little seacoast town.

This spring he is finishing a novel tentatively named "Sawdust." It is the story of a young forester who returns home to break the hammerlock a monopolist has on timberlands that could mean prosperity for a declining community.

PLANS HISTORICAL WORK

When it is compllleted he will jump into the third book of a series on Canadian history. Thomas Costain's "The White and the Gold" was first in the series and Joseph Lister Rutledge has just completed the second.

His winter's schedule was slowed by illness, hitherto almost unknown to him. He looks slightly unbelieving when he admits that two successive bouts of influenza knocked him for a loop. "I'm still wobbly from the second. I've always enjoyed an iron constitution."

His schedule calls for four hours work each morning. "Then I golf, fish, hunt, hang around the wharves or walk the roads in the afternoon, and get back to work in the evening. I did work until midnight or later, but now I find that's usually too long. The evening is my best working time from old habit."

His "old habit" he picked up when he worked in the accounting offices of the Mersey Paper Company here by day and wrote, purely as a hobby, in the evening. His afternoon jaunts give him "the human contact every writer needs to know how people think and talk."

The son of a British Army officer, young Tom Raddall lied about his age and went to sea at 15 after his father was killed in 1918. He stayed on ships after the First World War as a radio operator, then transferred to shore duty in Canada in lonely east coast radio outposts including Sable island.

Then came a business course and work as a backwoods lumbercamp bookkeeper. There he became just as enamoured of the woods as he had been of the sea. Soon he was writing stories about the mill-hands, lumberjacks, and Indians he met, then stories drawn from their historical counterparts.

He received governor general's awards in 1943 and 1949.

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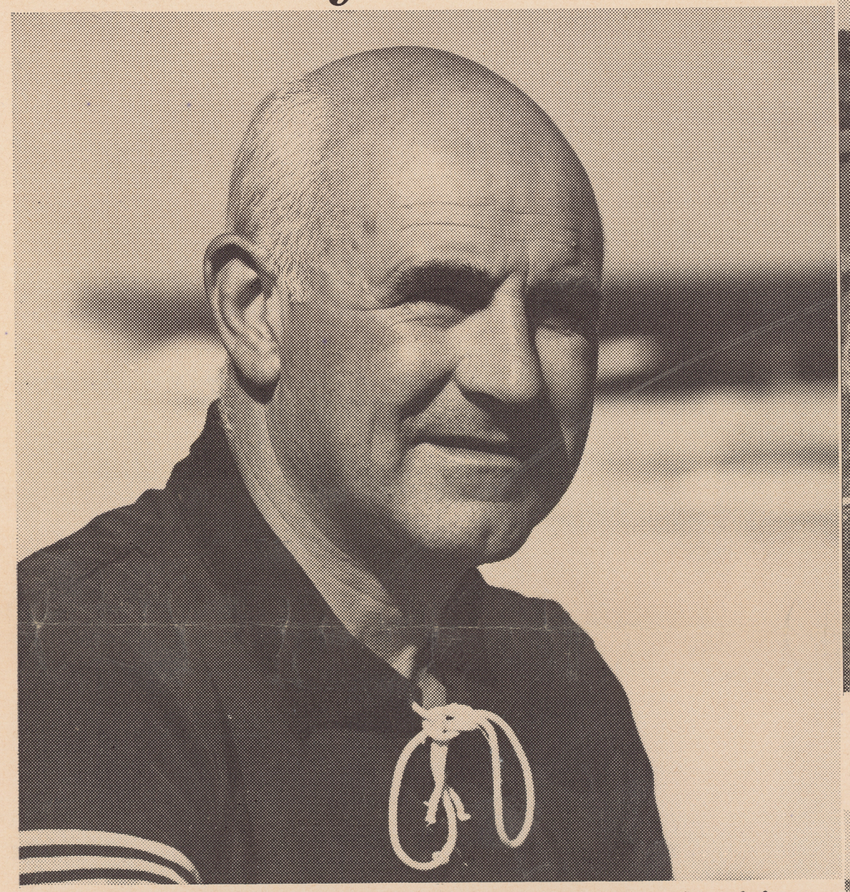
NOVA SCOTIANS AT AUTHORS MEET — Three widely known Nova Scotians, guest speakers Monday at opening sessions of the Canadian Authors Association convention at Dalhousie University are shown above. From left to right, they are Thomas Raddall, prominent author and historian from Liverpool; Blair Fraser, Sydney-born author; and Evelyn Richardson, of Bon Portage Island, Shelburne county, author of "We Keep The Light" and "Desired Haven".

Photos & captions re T. H. R.
Published by National Film Board, 1958

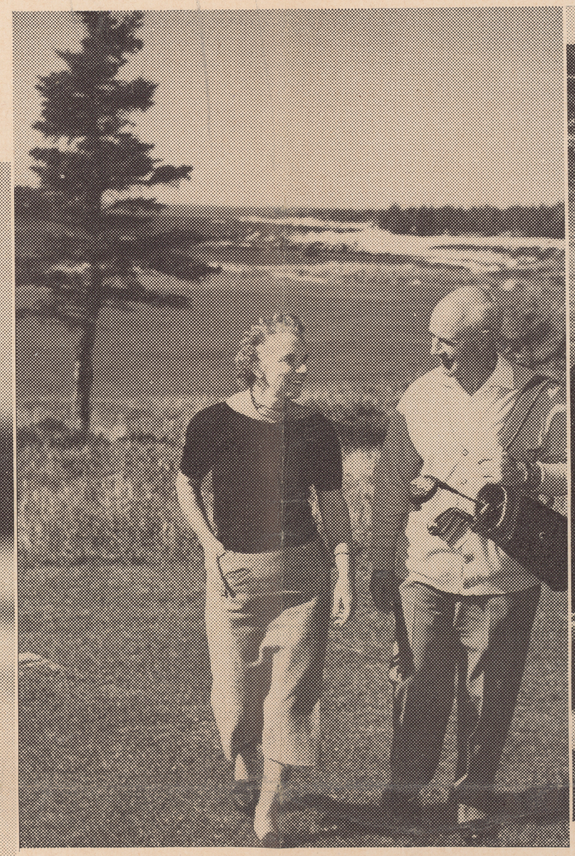
Maritimer Thomas Raddall

Writer of Distinction



Thomas Raddall was born in 1903 on Friday, November 13th, and good fortune wearing a wreath of literary laurels, has smiled on him ever since. Three-time winner of the Governor-General's award for Distinguished Literature, Nova Scotia's most successful literary salt has written boldly and vividly of Canada's pioneer beginnings in the Maritimes and with magnificent artistry in his brilliant historical novel: *Halifax, Warden of the North.* His short stories have been compared with such masters as Walter Scott, Stevenson, de Maupassant, Kipling and Conrad.

If the sea is in Raddall's veins, history is in his blood. Items from his personal, historical collection appear above (left to right) flintlock pistol used by Nova Scotia Privateersman in war of 1812; Model of Norseman *long ship;* Micmac Indian relics.

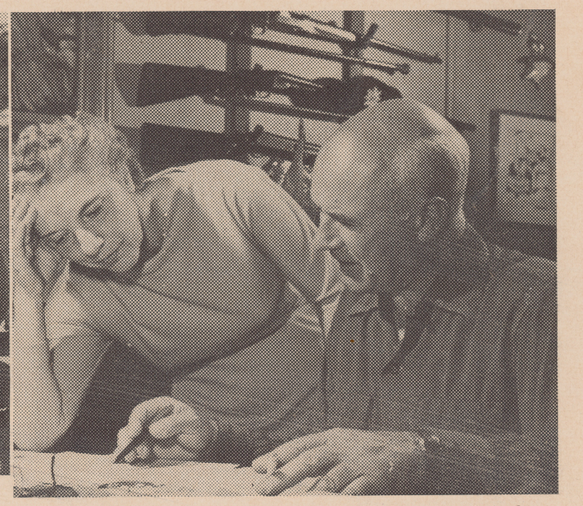


Raddall and his wife Edith live in the little seaport town of Liverpool, N.S., where the author is free to indulge his hobbies of golfing, fishing and sailing small craft.

National Film Board of Canada Photos by Chris Lund.

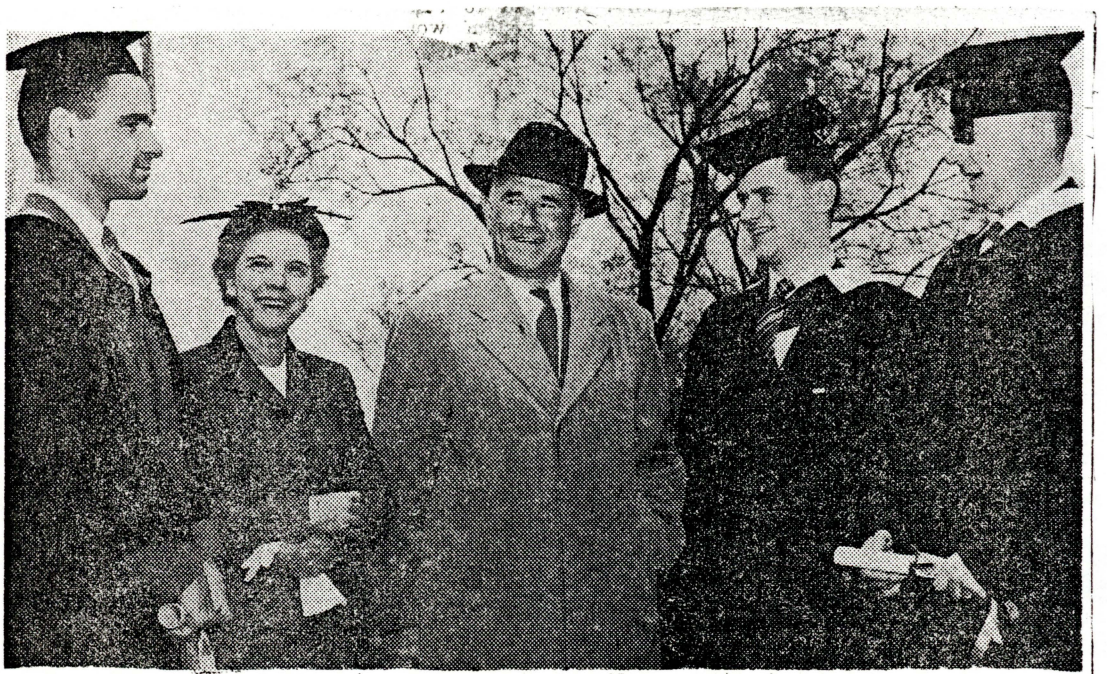
Raddall moved to Halifax from England when he was 10 and young enough to sink his roots firmly in Nova Scotian soil. The province's misty moorlands and ocean splashed shores early laid hold of his imagination, its strange enchantment giving wings to his pen. Nonetheless, his stories are rooted in reality; intimate contact with the people and places he writes of brings the ring of authenticity to his tales of romance and adventure.

On the shore of Lake Rossignol, Raddall hunts for Indian arrowheads with his wife. In his stories he displays a panoramic vision, a sharp eye for detail and an historian's passion for painstaking research. While he writes of his beloved Nova Scotia rather than the country as a whole, in so doing he has painted in bold and thrilling colour the story of the oldest and perhaps most stirring part of the broad canvas that is Canada.



Raddall and his wife check a point in his latest book before final copy goes to printers. At fifty-five, he has chalked up an impressive literary record and those who know him well say he has great stories yet to tell.

Mahone Chronicle-Herald May 22, 1957



CHESTER WARDEN GRADUATES — J. F. Rafuse, warden of the municipality of Chester, is shown above being congratulated by author Thomas Raddall and family after he received his bachelor of arts degree from Acadia University. Shown with the service station owner are, left to right, Thomas Raddall, Jr., who received a B. Sc. degree, Mrs. Raddall, Mr. Raddall, Tom Smith, Chester, a . A. graduate, and Mr. Rafuse.

Liverpool Advance Oct 1, 1959

Canadian Legion Give Banquet to Bicentennary Committee

The guest speaker at the Canadian Legion Banquet on Monday was Dr. T. H. Raddall. At the head table in this picture are G. C. Day, H. K. Joyce, Everett Killam of Bridgewater, Zone Commander, and Mayor R H. Lockward. (Photo by Padmore.)

Montreal Star, Sep. 22, 1962

A Canadian Author

He Makes His Living By Writing About Canada

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

By David Pike

THOMAS RADDALL believes that with the death last year of Mazo de la Roche he became the only Canadian novelist earning his entire living by writing about Canada and Canadians. Which seems to signify, he suggested in an interview in his home in this pleasant town of 3,500, that a truly Canadian literature is still a long way off.

He added that Arthur Hailey and David Walker and perhaps one or two others come to mind but that they either have supplementary incomes or often extend their writing beyond the Canadian scene.

Every word Raddall has written, except for "The Path of Destiny: Canada from the British Conquest to Home Rule, 1763-1850," has been set exclusively in Nova Scotia.

A CANADIAN WRITING only about his own province would seem to be courting economic hardship.

"I must admit I haven't made a lot of money," he said. "But I have managed to make a living and educate my children. Nearly all my books have been adopted by book clubs. Without that I couldn't have lived entirely by my writing."

Raddall, who has been a full-time writer since 1938, says:

"If we are ever going to have a distinctive Canadian literature, we're going to have to have a number of writers who stay home and write about our cities, our provinces, our country. I've been hammering away at that for years.

"And to write good books that will earn money, they have got to learn that they must put a lot of sweat into their work."

He says the Canadian reader "comes way down the list in civilizations as far as his book buying goes.

"BUT THEY DO READ A LOT, with paperbacks and libraries. In French Canada they support their writers better. There a good sale would be 15,000 to 20,000. In English-speaking Canada a sale like that would be nothing short of phenomenal.

"The typical Canadian book shop is the paperback stand in the drug store, department store book racks. I've been told that there are only about 20 authentic book shops in the whole country."

He travelled to New Hampshire to do research for his latest book, "The Governor's Lady," published in 1960.

RADDALL, ONETIME wireless operator on bleak Sable Island before becoming Canada's most "Canadian" author, has woven his writing so deeply into the fibre of past and present Nova Scotia history that it sometimes is difficult to recall that he was born in England.

He arrived in Halifax in 1913 as a young boy.

Only 14 in 1917 when the French munitions freighter Mont Blanc exploded, killing more than 1,600 and flattening the north end of Halifax, Raddall suffered only a slight cut and concussion. He had been attending a school in the city's north end which was turned into an emergency morgue.

NOT QUITE 15 in the early summer of 1918, Raddall decided to join the army. He was told to go back to school instead. By adding three years to his age he managed to talk his way into a pool of wireless operators serving the navy and merchant marine.

During the next three years he became one of the best brass-pounders in the business. At loose ends when the war ended, he decided to go into the merchant marine as a wireless operator, joined the Marconi company and was eventually posted to Sable Island, 100 miles east of Halifax.

In 1927 he married Edith Freeman, a music teacher at nearby Milton.

In 1938 Raddall decided to devote all his time to writing. He received encouragement from John Buchan, who became interested in his short stories and, in 1939 while as Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, Buchan wrote an introduction to Raddall's first collection.

"I soon began to realize that the story of the American Revolution as it affected Nova Scotia had never been told."

Theodore Roosevelt jr., Thomas Costain and others spurred him on and, in 1942, Doubleday published "His Majesty's Yankees," his first novel. The sale was small but the critical reception was enthusiastic.

RADDALL REMEMBERS HAVING "a pretty hard struggle in the early years" writing in and about Canada. With three historical fiction books behind him, he wanted to get out of the costume novel groove. He suggested a novel about wireless operators on Sable Island to his publisher but Doubleday wasn't interested.

English-born writer Thomas Raddall discusses a manuscript with his wife in their Liverpool, N.S., home.

"So I financed myself" and in 1950 "The Nymph and the Lamp" came out.

"In sales and public acceptance it has been my most successful book and has been published in every country west of the Iron Curtain. It's still selling well in some places."

Three more novels based on contemporary history followed, including "The Wings of Night" in 1956, the story of a former soldier and a friend who try to pry the grip of one man from the Nova Scotia timberland.

NEXT APRIL AND MAY the CBC Television network will present a series of eight one-hour episodes based on the book, with outdoor sequences shot in Nova Scotia.

Practically all of Raddall's novels and stories have been dramatized for radio and TV by CBC. The CBC's first attempt at a TV series was based on Raddall's 1953 book, "Roger Sudden," a historical novel about Halifax and the French fortress of Louisbourg.

However, he says, "radio and television have not been particularly lucrative as sources of income."

Raddall received the Governor-General's award for Canadian Literature in 1943 and 1949. In 1956 he was awarded the Lorne Pierce Medal by the Royal Society of Canada for an outstanding contribution to Canadian literature.

CANADIAN LIBRARY v. 21 Sept 1964

Sections

The ten sections held both annual and programme meetings. The Adult Services Section devoted itself to Adult Education. CACL and CLTA presented their annual awards for excellence in writing for children and contributions to the world of the library trustee. CLTA and Cataloguing amended their constitutions and the latter changed its name to Technical Services. CSLA and YPS devoted time to consideration of national standards for their types of library work. Cataloguing, CACL and CMLA specialized in detailed business sessions. CACUL and CLTA devoted a full day to workshop discussions. Reference discussed widening reference horizons under the leadership of Miss Katharine Harris and Research organized a symposium on projects of library automation in Canada. The CMLA once again entertained the conference with music. For full reports of Section activities consult the *Proceedings, 19th Annual Conference.*

Social Events

The Banquet of the Province of Nova Scotia which recreated the Order of Good Time, 1606, with colourful period costumes, imaginative pageantry, excellent food and wine, and Premier Stanfield as Master of Ceremonies, will ever be remembered! The Merit Award Banquet with "CLA" sculptured in gleaming ice, the outstanding speech of Dr. John B. Hardie on "Libraries in the Life of Mankind" and the opportunity to applaud the outstanding contributions to trusteeship of Mrs. John W. Falkner and Mr. Maxwell Van Loon followed the next evening.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Reception of the Steel Equipment Company Limited and of the Book Publishers' Association of Canada provided occasions to renew friendships and make acquaintances in a relaxed mood. The Banquet and Cabaret on Wednesday evening sponsored by the Atlantic Provinces Library Association, Canadian Music Library Association and the Scholarships and Bursaries Committee raised needed funds for scholarships and loans, provided hilarity and much social enjoyment.

Dr. Thos. Radall

Officially there were no luncheons. However a few working luncheons were admitted of which the one at The Citadel of YPS, CACL and CSLA with Thomas Raddall as speaker was "a rare treat".

Committees

Unusually full reports of Committee meetings are available for this conference in the *Proceedings, 19th Annual Conference.*

In Retrospect

Halifax was an experimental conference with some of the experiments successful and others but mediumly so. Sister Francis Dolores in her *Critique* (see *Proceedings, 19th Annual Conference)* details many of the results. Others will receive attention at the Council meetings in Toronto, October, 1964 with a final report published in the November *Feliciter.*

Appreciation

The work of the Programme Committee under Father Desrochers and the chairmen of Sections, Projects and Committees, the Committee on Local Arrangements under Miss Alberta Letts, with Miss Mollie Cameron, her able second-in-command; Publicity, under Mrs. Anne Nyland and the gifted Mr. Herman Nyland; Proceedings under Sister Francis Dolores, the Cabaret and Alumni meetings, Bibliographical Society of Canada and the Special Events Committees with a tirelessly working personnel combined to make the 1964 Conference a worthy successor to the 1954 Halifax Conference of shining memory.

E. H. Morton

Author To Give Eighth Lecture

A public lecture on the Canadian historical novel by Nova Scotia author and historian Thomas H. Raddall, will be given at Dalhousie University on April 6.

The lecture, the eighth in a series of popular addresses in the humanities and literature, is under the auspices of the English department, and will take place at 8 p.m. in Room 215 of the Chemistry Extension.

Mr. Raddall, who has devoted his full time to writing since 1938, submitted his first stories to Blackwood's Magazine early in the 1920s. Since then he has published several collections of short stories.

A history entitled Halifax, Warden of the North, appeared in 1948, and novels on a historical note include, His Majesty's Yankees, (1942), Roger Sudden (1944), Pride's Fancy (1946) and The Governor's Lady (1960).

Mr. Raddall, who has been presented with the Governor-General's Award on three occasions, has also published The Nymph and the Lamp, Tidefall, and The Wings of Night, all of which are novels with contemporary settings.

Hfx Chronicle - Herald, April 5, 1966

WILLIAM FRENCH

Without help—without regrets

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

When Thomas Raddall gave up a good office job here in 1938 to become a fulltime novelist, he was regarded as more than a bit daft. His boss offered him a year's leave of absence, so he could return when he realized what a mistake he'd made, but Raddall refused.

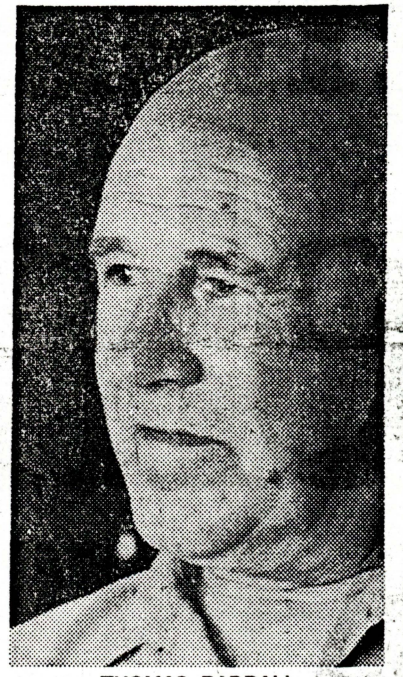
"You can't swim with one hand on the side of the boat," he said. The stolid citizens of Liverpool regarded him warily; he was one of them, and joined enthusiastically in their hunting and fishing expeditions, but he was also a man apart. The fact that he preferred to make up stories on his typewriter rather than work at a real job was baffling.

Now, 37 years later, they understand, and Raddall has long since become a matter of local pride. Three of his 19 books have won Governor-General's Awards, and one of his novels. The Nymph and The Lamp, has sold an impressive 760,000 copies in several languages. His historical novels, best known of which is His Majesty's Yankees, have given us a new understanding of the forces that shaped our destiny, and his non-fiction histories, such as Halifax: Warden Of The North, disprove the theory that Canadian history is dull.

Raddall is one of those rare figures in Canadian literature, a man who made a tolerable living out of his writing career when all the odds and omens were against it. He's done it entirely on his own, without benefit of Canada Council handouts or university sinecures. Even his Governor-General's Awards brought him nothing but medals; the $2,500 cash that accompanies the award now is a fairly recent development.

Once a year

But there were other rewards. The woman in Florida, for instance, who wrote to tell him that once a year she re-reads The Nymph And The Lamp, which he wrote out of his experience as a wireless operator on Sable Island. Her involvement with the novel became so intense that she insisted on visiting the



THOMAS RADDALL

me the room in which he works, its walls adorned with memorabilia and his collection of rifles. "This one," he points, "is the same kind that Ernest Hemingway used for his big game hunting. I didn't know that when I bought it."

He built the room himself, and made the walls extra thick to keep out the noise of two frolicking children, long since grown and gone. The window beside his desk has the same kind of opaque glass used in bathrooms, to let in light but prevent distraction from the world outside. On the desk are manuscript pages of his memoirs, to be published next year.

And, as he has been recently doing at his typewriter, he recalls details of his life—his mother covered with blood after the Halifax explosion in 1917, what was left of his school turned into a morgue, the death of his father at the front in 1918, the endless boredom of the year on Sable Island when he was 18. He recites a bit of doggerel that he composed while on duty one night to help the hours pass, the point of it being that hell will hold no terror for anyone who

magazine, which paid one cent a word. Then he wrote one about an Indian and his retribution on a mill owner, but Napier Moore, editor of Maclean's, said it was terrible and sent it back. About the same time, a neighbor was clearing out his attic and gave Raddall some old Blackwood's magazines. Raddall read them, and realized there were stories from every part of the Empire except Canada. So he sent off the story about the Indian, which the magazine bought. That began a long association with Blackwood's and led to contacts with other magazines. Raddall felt vindicated when an agent in London sold Canadian rights to the Indian story to Maclean's; Napier Moore claimed he didn't remember it.

Time to quit

By 1938, Raddall knew that the books he had in mind would require all his time, and he had gained enough confidence to quit his job. There were lean years for a while, he admits, but his family's needs were small. First came a collection of his short stories, The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek, which won a Governor-General's Award (appropriately, since Lord Tweedsmuir had written the introduction to the book).

Then, out of his interest in the effects of the American War of Independence on the Liverpoool area, came His Majesty's Yankees. The area had been settled by New Englanders who were kicked around by both sides during the war. The novel, incidentally, was almost called something else. Thomas Costain, the Doubleday editor, didn't like the title and asked Raddall to suggest another. He tried to think of something ridiculous, and came up with Red Flows The Fundy Tide. Costain decided to keep the original.

After two more historical novels—Roger Sudden and Pride's Fancy—Raddall wanted to do a contemporary novel, set on Sable Island. His Doubleday editors had him pegged as a historical novelist, and didn't want him to change. They wouldn't give him a contract for The Nymph And

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Once a year

But there were other rewards. The woman in Florida, for instance, who wrote to tell him that once a year she re-reads The Nymph And The Lamp, which he wrote out of his experience as a wireless operator on Sable Island. Her involvement with the novel became so intense that she insisted on visiting the desolate sand dune 120 miles off the Nova Scotia coast. She chartered a plane in Halifax and stayed on the island for a few days with a scientist and his wife. The plane took her back to Halifax and she went happily home to Florida—by bus.

I dropped in on Raddall the other day in this small town 100 miles down the coast from Halifax. He was waiting, a tall, relaxed man of 71, with an open, honest face tanned from almost daily rounds of golf. ("I have a unique swing," he says. "I got it from watching the effortless way a lumberjack swings at a tree with his axe. But it works.") He apologized for not offering the hospitality of a meal, but explained that his wife died this spring, and now he lives alone. The adjustment will obviously take time.

The house is a modest middle class clapboard, in a quiet residential neighborhood. He shows

THOMAS RADDALL

me the room in which he works, its walls adorned with memorabilia and his collection of rifles. "This one," he points, "is the same kind that Ernest Hemingway used for his big game hunting. I didn't know that when I bought it."

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Posting to Sable

Raddall has always considered himself a Bluenoser, even though he was born in England. He was 10 when his family moved to Halifax in 1913. He left school with a Grade 9 education, after his father was killed, and went to sea as a wireless operator. Then came the posting to Sable that was to have such a profound influence on his career.

Raddall soon realized he needed more education, and took an accounting course in Halifax. He took a job with a paper mill in Liverpool, and got to know the loggers and Indians who would later teem through his short stories. He also began to absorb that sense of history that is such a strong undercurrent in this part of Nova Scotia.

He took up writing to augment his income of $100 a month. He wrote a short story set on Sable Island and sold it to Maclean's

sold Canadian rights to the Indian story to Maclean's; Napier Moore claimed he didn't remember it.

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Raddall's historical novels are marked by a strong sense of place and by meticulous research. They are all based on actual incidents, and his insistence on this fidelity to history give them a value beyond their worth as fiction. His status as historian is recognized by the fact that his two other Governor-General's Awards were for nonfiction—his history of Halifax and The Path Of Destiny, the third volume in the history of Canada series edited by Thomas Costain.

Well, if Raddall had decided the other way about his career in 1938, he might have been a retired foreman by now, living on a pension from the paper mill. He has no regrets.

es for dancing comeback

[N.S. WRITERS FEDERATION
CONFERENCE PROGRAMME - MAY 8, 1976]

CHARTER HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS
WRITER' COUNCIL
WRITERS' FEDERATION OF NOVA SCOTIA

HELEN CREIGHTON: (Born in 1899)

Miss Creighton was born in Dartmouth, N.S.,and went to school at the Ladies' College, the University of Toronto and Indiana University. She served in Wrold War 1 as a civilian subordinate, R.F.C.; has contributed articles and stories to chief Canadian Journals; conducted broadcasts for children over C.H.N.S. and was the first station "aunt"; since 1931 she has broadcast frequently for CBC on folklore and folksong, and many songs from her collection have been transcribed for the CBC's International Service. She has lectured extensively to organizations in Canada and the U.S.; was Dean of Women at King's College, 1939-1941; she has received three Fellowships from the Rockerfeller Foundation for Folklore Research - 1942, 1943, 1946. Since 1943 she has recorded over 4000 folk songs, folk games, dances, instrumental music and samples of dialect for the Library of Congress and the National Museum in Ottawa and has been on staff at the National Museum since 1947 to collect and record folklore in the Maritime Provinces.

She has received honorary degrees from Mt. Allison, Laval, King's College and St. Francis Xavier University, and has received numerous grants, been a member of many societies, the subject of uncountable articles and the recipient of awards and medals. Last month Dr. Creighton was made a member of the Order of Canada in a presentation ceremony by the Governor General of Canada

PUBLICATIONS AND RECORDINGS:

Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia 1932, 1966
Maritime Folk Songs 1962
Folk Music from N.S. 1956
Maritime Folk Songs (Folkways) 1962
Twelve Folk Songs from Nova Scotia 1940
Folklore of Lunenburg County 1950
Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia 1950
Bluenose Ghosts 1957
Gaelic Songs in Nova Scotia 1964
Eight Folktales from Miramichi 1962
Bluenose Magic 1968
Folk Songs from Southern New Brunswick 1971

Thomas Raddall (1903-)

Born in Hythe, Eng., and came to Halifax in 1913. He enlisted as a wireless operator when he was fifteen and served on ships and at coastguard stations on the Nova Scotia coast. In 1922 he became a bookkeeper for a Nova Scotia paper mill, was promoted to accountant in 1925, and retired in 1938 to devote himself to writing. His first short stories appeared in Blackwood's magazine and later in Canadian and American magazines. He won the Governor General's Award for fiction three times, was elected to the Royal Society of Canada in 1949, and was presented with the Lorne Pierce Medal for literature in 1956.

Raddall's strong historical sense and his understanding of the manners, customs and speech patterns of Nova Scotia communities contribute to the success of his fiction, whether it is set in the past or the present.

Publications:

The pied piper of Dipper Creek (1939)
Tambour and other stories (1945)
A muster of arms and other stories (1954)
At the tide's turn and other stories (1959)
His Majesty's Yankees (1942)
Roger Sudden (1944)
Pride's fancy (1946)
The governor's lady (1960)
The nymph and the lamp (1950)
Tidefall (1953)
Wings of the night (1956)
Halifax: warden of the north (1948)

Ernest Buckler (1908-)

Born in Dalhousie West, N.S., he was educated at Dalhousie University and at the University of Toronto. He has lived on the family farm near Annapolis Royal except for a short time when he worked in an actuarial firm in Toronto. A distinguishing feature of his novels are the vivid descriptions of the land scape of the Annapolis valley to which his eyes and ears are sensitively attuned. There is nothing bucolic or sentimental about them, however, as they reveal the feelings of people who are tormented by urban pressures, personal conflicts, or family disagreements. While his plots deal with specific cases, his novels can be read as allegories of man's need to come to terms with himself and to seek reconciliation with others.

Publications:

The mountain and the valley (1952)
The cruelest month (1963)
Ox bells and fireflies (1968)

Publications about:

Ernest Buckler (1972) ed. Greg Cook

ATLANTIC INSIGHT MAGAZINE MAY 1981

Raddall in retirement

Fifty years ago, Thomas Raddall promised himself he would stop writing when he'd exhausted the themes that interested him. And he did. Pity

By Silver Donald Cameron

Oh, yes, it was a great singing that day in Taggart's forge, but long ago, and who remembers the old time now?

Those words conclude Thomas Raddall's magnificent short story "Blind MacNair," but there will be no more stories like it. Raddall is 77 now, living alone on a side street in Liverpool, N.S., and he still remembers, but he does not write. "I have no regrets about my resolve not to write any more," he says firmly. Who can call him wrong? It's his life. But a stream of wonderful stories has ceased to run.

Raddall at Bowater banquet

Anyone who cares about Nova Scotia, its history and its people cherishes Thomas Raddall's achievement, from his first collection of short stories, *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939), through novels such as *His Majesty's Yankees, The Nymph and the Lamp, The Governor's Lady*, and more than a dozen others, to his last book, the memoir *In My Time* (1976).

The books brought him honors—three Governor-General's Awards, a Fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada, the Society's Lorne Pierce Medal for Literature, the Order of Canada, a string of honorary degrees. They brought him a measure of fame, and a living good enough to enable him "to educate my children, to travel a bit, and to enjoy my life as much as any man can."

The books also brought him a remarkable affection from his fellow Maritimers. People point at McNabs Island in Halifax harbor and say, "That place has a remarkable history. You should read *Hangman's Beach*" or "Louisbourg? You know, *Roger Sudden* really brings that place alive." A great many Nova Scotians, it seems, have felt that this quiet, industrious man on the South Shore was speaking for them, setting down on paper what they believed about their own people and their windswept little country by the sea.

No wonder he was asked to become lieutenant-governor. And, given his fierce independence, his rather solitary habits, his addiction to the woods and the lakes, no wonder he declined.

And now?

I had met Raddall before, interviewing him in 1968, the year after what he had said would be his last book, *Footsteps on Old Floors*. We met again over a TV documentary five years later, and once or twice after that at banquets and the like. He was always much the same: Self-confident in a quiet way, a husky, bald man radiating the good health that comes of a lifetime sprinkled with days and weeks in the woods, at sea, walking the back roads, playing golf. A Toronto reporter said Raddall had "the good square face of a sailor," and that he carried the salt air of Nova Scotia with him.

But the last five years have not been kind to Raddall, though he wears his disappointments with fortitude and grace. He greets you at the door at 44 Park Street smiling from behind thick spectacles. It is a big house, with grass-green carpeting running from the wide living room and sun room at the front through the dining room and on out to the study at the back. Raddall added this bright and roomy study, sealed off from the main house by double doors and a soundproof wall, in 1938. The style of the house is spare, open, orderly—no pattern in the carpet, pictures well spaced on the wide expanse of wall, good mahogany furniture and not too much of it. Seven rooms and bath, all tucked in and tidy, shelter one man, who is smaller than memory had made him.

"My wife died in 1975," says Raddall, "and I live alone by choice. I couldn't bear to have a housekeeper clattering around the house, and I have a very good woman who comes in to do the cleaning and dusting. I'm not a gourmet cook, but I'm not a gourmet either, and with the frozen prepared food that you can get today I manage all right."

His marriage—it is no secret, he discusses it briefly but frankly in *In My Time*—was not a particularly happy one, matching a gregarious, fun-loving village girl with an ambitious and studious writer. In their early days, however, divorce was impossible, and in the end Raddall described their marriage as "like the sea, sparkling and beautiful at times, dark and stormy at others, with long intervals in which I plunged myself into study and writing." But now, without Edith Raddall, the house seems boomingly large.

"Then, since troubles never come singly," says Raddall, "I developed cataracts on both eyes and had to have a series of operations. There were post-operative complications, which meant three miserable years." He struggled to wear contact lenses, couldn't manage it, and had to settle for the thick, small glasses which now cover those shrewd, penetrating eyes.

"These things are like blinkers on a horse," Raddall says, "you can only see straight ahead." The eye problems put an end to his original retirement plans. "I was going to add some historical research to my papers at Dalhousie—nothing for publication, but just some things I wanted to look into, paying my debt to research—but I can't just get in the car and run into Halifax, and I can't pore over documents as I used to, either."

His life, indeed, is filled with paradox. He and his wife had dreamed of "travelling all around the world—in warm latitudes—and now she's dead, and I couldn't see it anyway. So I guess I'll never visit all these wonderful places." He laughs, his mind running back 60 years to the boy who became a marine radio operator at the age of 15. "I went to sea with the idea of seeing those places, and I spent three years smashing about the North Atlantic, which is about as rough and cold an ocean as you could find, except maybe the Antarctic."

In his first full year as a professional writer, Raddall earned $1,131.19—not enough, even in 1939, to support a household. The next 20 years Raddall describes as "the years of scratching, when the children were young. But the paradox of it! Today I've got more money than I know how to spend. Some of it would have come in handy back then." He has written no new

books except his memoir since 1967, but the old books continue to sell. *Reader's Digest* just paid $1,200 for the right to condense and reprint "Winter's Tale," Raddall's short story about the experience of being a child during the Halifax explosion of 1917. Raddall shakes his head. "*Blackwood's* magazine paid the sterling equivalent of $126 back in the Thirties, when I first wrote that—and I was damn glad to get it, too." A Toronto film company has for several years held an option on the movie rights to *The Nymph and the Lamp*, and they phoned recently looking for a year's extension. "I said no," Raddall remarks, "I said, you've had extensions on that option already. Either buy the rights or give them up. Well, in the end they decided to buy the rights."

In his working years, Raddall would disappear into a book in November, emerging in the spring with a manuscript—and often, he smiles, "with only the faintest idea of what had gone on in the world, or even in my own house, in the meantime. It was a kind of deliberately cultivated schizophrenia. When I was living in a book, I often didn't know what day of the week it was, or even what week of the month.

"A lot of people don't understand that writing means study and hard work and planning, and rewriting. They think it just comes off the top of a person's head—and of course there *are* writers like that. I've known some who said that what comes out of the typewriter is what goes to the printer. But it was never like that for me." He used to get up at seven, work till 10 in his pajamas, eat, dress, continue until noon, then spend the afternoon outdoors. Then supper, and during the early evening he would vanish again into the study to harvest the long, late-night hours that "were always my best working hours. After 10 the house was quiet, and I'd often work till I fell asleep over my typewriter—and I'd *still* get up and go back to work at seven the next morning."

When his book was done, Raddall headed for the woods, hunting and fishing and simply tramping around. "It was the only thing that seemed to relax me and ease my tension," he says. But if the monkish seclusion of writing was followed by a solitary spell in the woods, there couldn't have been much left for marriage and family. "Well, my wife devoted herself to the children," Raddall says. He pauses for a moment, and then says, "I often told her that a writer who is ambitious and is willing to work *should not marry*."

Back in his 30s, Raddall had made a solemn promise to himself. He had noticed authors going on long after they should have stopped, publishing worse and worse books until finally their juniors wondered how on earth their parents could ever have found anything worthwhile in the work of such drivellers. "I promised myself," Raddall recalled in his memoir, "that when I had written the themes that interested and excited me I would throw the pen away and dig ditches or do anything rather than grind out books in which I had no heart or interest." At 65, he simply thought that time had come. He noticed what he calls "the waning of my powers."

It wasn't apparent to his readers.

"No, not in the published work, because I cut it all out," Raddall says, rather indignantly. "But for example, I have been blessed with a most marvellous memory. It was like a storehouse, and I could just reach into it and find the fact I needed. And if I didn't remember the fact itself I could remember the place I saw it, or the person who told it to me. But now I have to hunt and hunt and hunt to find the facts I need."

He didn't need money, and neither did his children. His son, Tom, is a dentist in Liverpool, his daughter, Frances, is married to a doctor in Moncton. Indeed, his grandchildren are now of college age, and two of them are interested in writing and journalism.

To Raddall, it all added up. It was time to quit.

Today Raddall reads a great deal, golfs when he can, enjoys the pleasures of life in the small town which has been his milieu for nearly 60 years. Students come to see him—two busloads came from Lunenburg one day—and he's pleased to talk with them, partly because it's a way of passing on the favors done to him by many people over the years who helped him find information he needed.

Every afternoon, Raddall used to walk up to Milton, three miles away, where he was accountant in a rundown sawmill when he first came to the Mersey in 1923. At one point, the local superintendent of highways threatened to bill him for wearing a groove in the road. But as the years went by and traffic increased, the walk became less pleasant. "You were constantly breathing exhaust fumes," Raddall says, "and the brine from the salt they put on the roads splashed up on you. And that's very difficult to get out of your clothes." So he took up golf, as much for the walking as for the game itself. The nine-hole course at White Point is bordered on three sides by the sea, and even in winter it is a fine place to walk, particularly after a storm, when the surf piles furiously into the land.

"I can only play a travesty of golf now," Raddall smiles. "With these glasses it's difficult to judge the distance from the tip of my nose to the ball. So I lose a lot of balls, but that doesn't matter. I enjoy it."

And then there's reading, and the pleasures of rereading. "I'm rereading Churchill's life of his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, written while Churchill was out of office, before the war," Raddall reflects, "and it's interesting how it prefigures what was going to happen to Churchill himself, being defeated at the polls right after the war. Rereading is interesting in general. I'm finding that people like Kipling, Conan Doyle and Galsworthy don't really stand up; the magic I once found in them is gone. But I'm getting real pleasure out of D.H. Lawrence, possibly because I'm also reading some of his biographies at the same time."

And—oh, yes—he does put pen to paper once in a while. A new critical anthology about Canadian fiction, *Beginnings*, edited by John Moss (NC Press, 1980), includes Raddall's brief tribute to another famous Nova Scotia writer, Thomas Chandler Haliburton. And when the Bowater Mersey mill celebrated its 50th anniversary, its management asked Raddall, as one of its first employees, to write a short history of the enterprise. He did, and gave the main address at a commemorative banquet at the Hotel Nova Scotian. The premier was there, and a representative of the *Washington Post* (which is part-owner of the mill) and a number of other prominences and eminences. When the author from Liverpool sat down, 550 men stood up and applauded.

"That warmed the cockles of the old heart," smiles Raddall.

I gave him a signed copy of my novel, and he gave me a copy of *In My Time*, nicely inscribed in his flowing handwriting, in pale blue ink. I went out to the car, humming a forgotten air.

Only later did I identify the tune, a song my father used to sing. If he were living, he would be about Raddall's age, and the song might have been both men's creed:

Work, for the night is coming,
When men work no more...

I should go home, I thought, and start another novel. Now.

MY LIVERPOOL

The 'My' in 'My Liverpool' belongs to Thomas H. Raddall, the town's most famous and honoured resident. A giant of Canadian literature, he requires no biographical introduction.

William F. Miller is one of the legions inspired by Dr. Raddall. Having spent many years as a 'starving' musician/singer/songwriter, he quite accidentally fell into a successful career as one of New York's most prolific 'jingle' or commercial music writers.

Mr. Miller, seeking a saner life style, picked up roots in 1989 and moved to rural Nova Scotia, establishing an environmentally friendly ocean front community at a place called Little Port L'Hebert on the south shore. There, he set up a trust of some 300+ acres of diverse waterfront property as one of the largest private nature preserves on the coast of Nova Scotia, enjoyed by many Shelburne county residents, and others from near and far.

Some time after settling in Nova Scotia, Mr. Miller saw a CBC television program where Dr. Raddall told a fascinating story about Canadian history, and how it was he came to write his first novel, 'His Majesty's Yankees'. He had written a short story called 'At The Tide's Turn' which was published by an American magazine, and read by a son of Theodore Roosevelt.

In this story, he told of how the residents of Liverpool, mostly from New England and sympathetic to the American revolutionary cause, became galvanized in defence of their town and the Crown in the face of privateering raids. It was Dr. Raddall's contention that, had not this obscure turnabout transpired, Nova Scotia (then encompassing all of Atlantic Canada, excluding Newfoundland, and part of the state of Maine) would likely have become the 14th American colony and that, controlling the entrance to the St. Lawrence seaway, it's quite possible the very country we call Canada today would never have come into existence - instead becoming part of a monolithic American giant.

Mr. Roosevelt was so fascinated by this thesis that he contacted Dr. Raddall and convinced him his story should be broadened into an historical novel - hence 'His Majesty's Yankees'.

Mr. Miller became intrigued by this tale, read much of Thomas H. Raddall's writing, and wanted to find a way to interpret the central theme of 'His Majesty's Yankees' in song, which hopefully might induce others to read the book. He decided to write the song from the perspective of Dr. Raddall, expressing his passion for his town while attempting to capture his sense of the historical dynamic of the period.

After wrestling with the lyric for some time, having a partially written song on his hands, Mr. Miller went back and re-read 'His Majesty's Yankees' for further inspiration. It was there he found the key: using Dr. Raddall's own words from the moving chapter 'In Valediction', adapted to meter, giving the song its soul.

Upon completion, Mr. Miller sought out his passive songwriting partner, Thomas H. Raddall, and performed the song for him in his Liverpool home. It is Mr. Miller's fervent hope, in entering this song in the CBC Atlantic Song Contest, to introduce others to the wonderful works of Dr. Raddall, and to a little known yet important piece of Canadian history.

MY LIVERPOOL

Words and Music by William F. Miller and Thomas H. Raddall

LITTLE HARBOUR BY THE SEA
BANKS A ROYAL GREEN
SHADES OF MERSEY BLUE
OH LIVERPOOL - MY LIVERPOOL
IN SHADES OF MERSEY BLUE - OH LIVERPOOL

A PRIDEFUL HISTORY
DROVE PRIVATEERS TO SEA
HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES TURNED THE TIDE
FOR A GREAT COUNTRY YET TO BE
CANADA - MY CANADA

FROM MASSACHUSETTS BAY
ALONG THE COAST OF NOVA SCOTIA
NEW ENGLANDERS LAID CLAIM
TO WHERE THE MERSEY MEETS THE OCEAN
WHEN REVOLUTION CAME
THEIR SYMPATHIES WERE WITH THEIR BROTHERS
WHO BETRAYED THEM
WITH THEIR PRIVATEERING RAIDS

DO YOU REMEMBER HIM O MAN OF BOSTON?
YOU CALLED HIM JOCULARLY 'BLUE NOSE'
THAT NEW CANT NICKNAME
FOR THOSE DOWNEAST YANKEE FOLK

YOU COULD NOT SEE THE FUTURE THEN
FLESH OF YOUR FLESH
YOU CAST HIM OFF
'TWAS THE PAST YOU PUT BEHIND YOU
WHEN YOU TURNED YOUR BACK
THEN LOOSED YOUR DOGS ON HIM

AY, THE TALES THEY'D SPIN
IF DEAD MEN'S BONES COULD SPEAK
THERE'D HAVE RISEN SUCH A SHOUT
'TWOULD HAVE RATTLED BOSTON PANES TO SHIVERING
BUT FIGHTING MEN SLEEP SOUNDLY IN OUR EARTH

BY THE MARSHES OF THE MISSAGUASH
IN THE GRAVES ABOUT ANNAPOLIS
NEAR THE CLAY BANKS OF THE PETITCODIAC
IN THE OUTPOSTS OF HALIFAX
AND THE ORCHARDS OF GRAND PRE
NEW ENGLANDERS FOUGHT AND DIED
TO MAKE A FOURTEENTH COLONY

A PROVINCE FOR THEIR OWN
A NOBLE IRONY
HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES TURNED THE TIDE
FOR A GREAT COUNTRY YET TO BE
CANADA - MY CANADA

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IN SHADES OF MERSEY BLUE - OH LIVERPOOL
COLOUR OUR HISTORY
IN SHADES OF MERSEY BLUE - MY LIVERPOOL
MY LIVERPOOL

MY LIVERPOOL

LITTLE HARBOR BY THE SEA
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OH LIVERPOOL - MY LIVERPOOL
IN SHADES OF MERSEY BLUE - OOH LIVERPOOL

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