

December 29th, 1951

Dear Bill,

Thanks so much for your letter, and for the copy of Shay's book, which I am reading, and which will make an interesting addition to the nautical side of my library.

I was surprised to learn that Hugh MacLennan is quitting the writing of novels for a professor's post, although he will keep up his magazine and radio work. I had the impression that his novels were doing extremely well, although I know only too painfully that a novel can sell many copies, especially through the book clubs, and still bring the author a reward for his time and labor that would horrify the average bricklayer in these times. The Dec. 17 issue of Time devotes its book section to a discussion of the U.S. book trade in 1951. Under Fiction it says, "Whenever publishers and editors gathered, the question of the year was: What is going to happen to the novelists? One worried answer was that they would soon stop writing novels and take to better-paid magazine writing, or ~~write~~ quit fiction entirely. For the fact was that many a good novel, even when kindly reviewed, was far from being a moneymaker. Apart from book club distribution only about 3 or 4 novels sold more than 100,000 copies."

This is the harsh truth. The publishing industry itself is more prosperous than ever before in its history but the writers are in very different case. I have managed to keep my head above water, but only by a combination of good fortune and a dogged and single-minded devotion to my work, and by the simple and frugal habit of life which comes naturally to us here. It will soon be 14 years since I ceased to regard writing as a pleasant hobby and took the full plunge into these murky waters. In that time more than 400,000 copies of my books have been sold (the Nymph so far has run well over 214,000), yet I am appalled to realize how little of the cash involved in such sales has trickled down to the author. The book club sales are deceptive in that the royalty rate is only a few cents per copy, and of that one's own publishers take 50% and the U.S. government takes 15%. The copy sold for the full price over the bookshop counter is still the author's best resource, and you know what that means in these competitive times. It would be easy, I suppose, to ditch one's standards and join the blood-and-smut school which is so popular nowadays, but that involves ditching one's pride in craftsmanship, and no game's worth that candle. Anyhow, with a good heart and a bit of luck I hope to stay the course I set for myself 14 years ago.

Edith joins me in all the best to you and Sally.

Sincerely,

Tom

...to which I am referring, and which will be found in the original of the original side of my library.

I was surprised to learn that your copy is identical to the original of the original side of my library. I had the impression that it was a copy of a copy, and that the original side of my library was a copy of a copy of a copy.

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...to which I am referring, and which will be found in the original of the original side of my library.

66 Parkhurst Blvd., Toronto 17,

Dec., 20, 1952

Dear Tom; [Rossall]

I remember your wife's name now. Edith -- right ?

Funniest thing in a long time is A. P. Herbert's Memory in his new collection of light verse called Full Enjoyment. It tells how he met two old friends at a social function and, when he attempted to introduce them to each other, he could not remember either of their names. After due apologies, the awkwardness was overcome. Then, half an hour later, finding one of them beside him, he attempted another introduction, "and I had forgotten his distinguished name again." I, too, have reached this stage; and I assure you it is very funny indeed -- when the forgetter is somebody else.

Congratulations on Tidefall - a wonderful title - and I am eager to see the book. You stand a number one chance, my lad, of being remembered as the leading Canadian novelist of our generation.

My latest book was published in 1933. After 20 years, some pressure is being put on me to return to the field. While there are three or four volumes of this and that which, I suppose, ought to be written, I feel diffident about re-entry. So many clever people have become authors during the past 20 years that my homely words and ideas might not be well received; and I'd hate my paper to suffer the shock.

What is under consideration is really journalism in book form - things I know about, such as the present state and rationale of Canadian literature. I decline to do the text-book stuff; and I fear the professorial types would scoff at my simplicity, as well as rebel at my heterodox notions of what literary art is. Whether the common reader would be even interested I cannot imagine. I'd hate a flop.

50 Lakeshore Blvd., Toronto 17,
Ont., M2S 1L9

Your copy (1964)

I remember your wife's name. Billie -- right?
Familiar thing in a long time is A. V. Harper's Memory in
his new collection of light verse called Full Enjoyment. It tells how
he met two old friends at a social function and, when he attempted to
introduce them to each other, he could not remember either of
their names. After his agonies, the awkwardness was overcome. Then
half an hour later, finding one of them beside him, he introduced
another introduction, "and I had forgotten his distinguished name
again." I, too, have reached this stage; and I assure you it is very
funny indeed -- when the forgetter is somebody else.

Congratulations on Libelini - a fine book. You state a number of
pages to see the book. The state a number of pages being
being reviewed on the leading Canadian literary magazine.
My latest book was published in 1964. While these are
preparations in being put on as to the other side of
three or four volumes of this and that, I suppose, ought to be
written. I feel differently about the other side of the
before editors during the past 50 years that my hourly words and lines
might not be well received; and I'd hate my paper to suffer for space.
That is under consideration in weekly journalism to back from
- think I know about, such as the present state and interests of
Canadian literature. I decline to be the best-book editor; and I love
the professional types would result of my insignificance, as well as regard
at my beloved nation of the literary art, which the common
reader could be even interested I cannot imagine. I'd hate a thing.

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On the other hand, my ideas and pronouncements - obiter dicta of all kinds - are now dust in newspaper files. Last winter I delivered about 20 lectures at the Ryerson Inst. of Tech. here; and found I could only touch the highlights in that time. I'm discursive and a lot of by-paths are peculiarly within my knowledge. My publisher likes books of 50,000 words because of production costs. I doubt whether I could write anything I'd be satisfied with under 100,000; and what I'd dearly love to do is talk myself out on each topic. Alas, the gentle reader would go to sleep. . . .

It's quite a problem. I think my decision will be to try; but I am quite frightened at the prospect.

Regards -

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The Globe and Mail

Toronto, 66 Parkhurst Blvd., Toronto 17,
Canada, January 6, 1953.

Dear Tom;

Thank you for encouragement. For better or for worse I am now tied to a schedule for production of new volumes in 1954 and 1956 - the first an exposition and interpretation of Canadian literature from 1920 to the present. This work of what I hope is constructive theory will be followed by a book of personal anecdotes about authors, publishers and editors I have known - light and casual. Word portraits, humorous incidents, character sketches. Something to preserve the memory of our generation of writers as human beings.

But, before I get to either of these big chores, The Four Jameses will reappear in 1953, after an eclipse of a quarter of a century.

It can go just as is; but I believe two brief additions to the story of James D. Gillis would improve it.

Henry Munro, Supt of Education for Nova Scotia, told me an exquisitely funny story about Jas. D. when he was attending Norman School.

Would that be in Truro? Such is my memory but I don't want to say he attended Normal School in Truro if it was Halifax. The first of several definite requests I have to make of you tonight is to check on Truro as the locale.

My second query is about the propriety of Munro's tale. It will at that point definitely break down the illusion that I am praising Gillis. If he is dead, it will not matter; nobody will be hurt and my book will be improved. If Gillis still lives, he must be in his 90's, and possibly disintegrating to the point where he will not care and will not be aware, perhaps, of the new edition of my book.

I presume there is somebody up where he lives or lived up in Cape Breton, who can supply the information as to whether Gillis lives; if so, what condition? Some postmaster, perhaps, can report on the present survival of the author of The Cape Breton Giant; or that bookstore proprietor in Halifax who published The Cape Breton Giant.

I could, of course, go to Nova Scotia to do my own research; but I hope you are closely enough in touch with the situation to save me the trip. Especially as my publisher is putting The Four Jameses on his spring list - May publication - and that means type-setting will start very darn soon. I am, as it were, just catching the train as it pulls out. There is no time to spare.

Third and most important. A few years ago in Halifax I remember having a meal with you, during which you delighted me by a recital of the week Gillis spent in Halifax, when you took him to Howe's grave and to deliver speeches at various places. I made no notes. I do recall that you will ^{did} valuable work in recording certain music - tunes - which Gillis either played or sang. There were, you said, some broadcasts. Yourself and Gillis.

Now my problem is this : Have you printed any of this stuff ? You are a very craftsmenlike and methodical fellow (which I admire). Have you plans to use the episode of the week in any future writing - such as essay, memoirs or magazine article ?

If you have published a record, where can I get it to quote from ?

Should you not have published anything, but plan to do so, then I haven't any third problem at all. The stuff is yours; and you would certainly deliver it better than I could, and I shall leave it alone (as I guess I shall have to anyway if Gillis is still alive).

The humor of situation is so delightful that I covet the episode to round out The Four Jameses. I should also wish to include, in serious vein, mention of the broadcasts during which you performed the valuable service of collecting these tunes.

As you told the story to me, I was enraptured; and of course you can tell it better than I can. You would certainly tell it in greater detail than I wish to. Just what do we do ? You are my only source of information. The relatively brief and general mention of The Week, which I should like to make, need not preclude you from working up your own full version for separate publication later.

If any of this material is available to me, can you write out the facts in time to let me get this book on the press ?

My apologies for bothering you when you are engaged in the final work on Tidefall, which I think a marvellous title. You must be aware of my conviction of the great forward step you took in *The Nymph and the Lamp*; and I am looking forward eagerly to reading it. I wish it could have appeared last fall, when the several Canadian novels were reasonably good but not exciting. Sally Creighton sneered over the air from Vancouver that they were "competent". For myself, I use the word competent as a compliment and not a reproof but I realize what she was trying to convey. Your *Tidefall* would have shone like a star among them. What else is coming in fiction in 1953 I cannot say. Certainly the biographies were far ahead of the novels in 1952.

Please be very frank about how you feel on these several points, especially this matter of my alluding to *The Week*.

Were you on the expedition to visit Gillis in Cape Breton when they held the poetry contest ? Do you remember what year it was ?

Andy Merkel sent me an elaborate report at the time; and it is barely possible that I can locate it among my papers. I used it in the *Mail and Empire*; but there must be a sentence or so about that in my book; but the date eludes me. Would it be about 1931 ? Was Robt Norwood of the party ?

Well that's the story and you have my very humble request for assistance. *The Four Jameses* is going anyway; but it will be a much better book if I can round out Gillis with a page or two about (a) Normal School in Truro; (a) the poetic excursion to Cape Breton; and (c) highlights of *The Week* in Halifax.

I am, Sir, you²₁ very humble and most obedient servant

Bid

P.S. The Toronto convention starting June 24 will be a much bigger affair than the one you attended here seven years ago- and YOU, me lad, will be a bigger personality there than you were in 1946, even though many Big Names are coming. Isabel LeBourdais is holding a prominent spot on the program for a set address by Thomas H. Raddall on any subject he cares to discuss.

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Letter to
Mr A Deacon
Toronto

with enclosures.

Jan 19/52
per mail
& registered

January 17th, 1953

Dear Bill,

Sorry to have been so long in replying to your request of the sixth. Communications between here and Jimmie D's retreat in Cape Breton are poor at this time of year, and I am still awaiting word from friends in those parts regarding the present state of Jimmie's health. He was definitely alive and kicking last autumn and if he had died in the meantime I feel sure I would have heard of it. I expect definite word any day now but as you said time was pressing I thought I'd better let you have the other information you wanted. In reply to your questions:-

One. The Normal College is in Truro.

Two I don't know what Munro's tale was, so I can't offer an opinion regarding its propriety. All I can say is, deal gently with the old boy. He is by no means an idiot and he could be hurt. The handling of him in the Four Jameses was all right. He is to some extent a figure of fun, of course, but one shouldn't forget the quality of mercy.

Three I wrote an account of The Week in a little sketch called "Halifax Revisited", which I enclose, together with a copy of Jimmie D's own account. Note that I wrote of Gillis in the past tense; I intend to publish it some day when he is dead, hence the terms in which it is couched. You are at liberty to use as much of it as you like; I know that I can rely on your good sense, and as you will see there are certain references (e.g. to D.C. Harvey and to Sir Joe Chisholm) that I would not publish until a good many years have passed. I set down these notes as a matter of record at the time, planning to eliminate what was injudicious when the time came for publication. I was not present when the Song Fishermen made their famous voyage to East Dover (not to Cape Breton) in the schooner Drama; but I have had good accounts of it from Merkel and others, and have seen Merkel's movies several times. A few years ago, when Merkel was still in his right mind (he's gone quite potty now, a lamentable case) I went with him to East Dover and visited the spot, calling on the fisherman in whose field the picnic was held. Merkel called in a number of other fishing folk who saw that memorable feast and showed them the movies. Their comments were good, and they confirmed the accounts I had heard. The Song Fishermen were a high-spirited lot. Bob Norwood was their guiding genius and when he died their activities came to an end. The Drama voyage took place about 1930. I joined the circle at 59 South Park Street much later on.

Well, there you are. Choose wisely, and let me have these papers back again, for they are the only copies I have.

All the best,

66 Parkhurst Blvd., Toronto 17, Feb, 14, 1953.

Dear Tom;

Mea culpa ! My apologies to you for delay; but all is well. The advantage of a job is a regular income, to which I am partial; the disadvantage is that the job has to be done. If it is a job one loves, it is done thoroughly, regardless of what else goes by the board. I've had a disgracefully sparse home life because most of my time at home is spent in this workroom, laboring just as if I were at the office.

Accept thanks for sending me the precious memoirs re Gillis. They are safe. I have carried them in my bag daily since receipt and they will be re-mailed to you registered. I am distressed that you have only one copy each. I am making copies for my files and shall put in carbons for you.

I am glad to hear James D. is alive, even though it knocks me out of certain additions I wished to make. Principal of these is Henry Munro's story of Gillis at Normal school. It must not be published in his lifetime. Nor can I use the ironic aspects of the Halifax Week. It is your story anyway.

So what I propose to do is add a page or less to the book. Say that he is still living; mention briefly and straightforwardly the poets' trip to visit him -- no innuendos -- and, equally briefly, the Halifax week with emphasis on your radio interview and recordings. I think those three things should be noted. If you had published your memoir, I ~~wixx~~ would have quoted from it; but this is your piece and I have no doubt you will someday find a place to publish it; so I shall spoil the story by scalping. By mentioning your active part, anybody can then go to you at need. It is just possible that some editor will see the reference and and ask you for an article.

Now I have been extremely busy and have not done a word of those extra few sentences - especially as I believe Ryerson will not be

publishing the reprint of Four Jameses this spring as Pierce first intended.

I'd be glad of your two pieces safely in my file, in case the day comes when these things can be incorporated into my book without injuring either Gillis or yourself.

I am also grateful to you for the Dalhousie Review essay on your life from age 0 to 10. You will see that it reached me just in time to fill a fair percentage of my Fly Leaf today. It was not my sole object to get some easy copy. You may note the phrase "lit with magic", This is my judgment but it is also published in the hope that it will give some publisher an idea about your autobiography. You write well of historical events and of imaginary characters. Not everybody who does that can also write acceptably about himself. You can; and why not ??? Your 40 years in Canada have given you ample material. If a fellow leaves that job too long, he may find the story too long; and must scamp it to get it into print at all. We are not all able to copy Sir Osbert Sitwell and devote a hefty volume to our first seven years - and find a publisher for a 5-vol life. I advise you to write your first 50 years now; and then at 70 you can do the supplement.

Presumably your part of Tidefall is finished and we shall all have a treat this fall.

Isabel LeBourdais, who has turned out to be the best president Toronto branch has ever had, is very anxious to have you at the convention here June 22-25. Apparently you enjoyed yourself 7 years ago; and this show will probably be bigger and better. Attendance is increasing yearly and the average production of members increases too. There will be many people whom you don't know. They would find you of interest and, in some cases, the interest would be mutual. The show comes when, I fancy, you could spare the time. Isabel wants you as a speaker on the program.

Sally suggested that we ask you and Edith to stay here to reduce expenses. I pointed out that this house is many miles from Hart House; and a great part of the fun and benefit comes from mingling at meals and at other times of informality; also that I should likely be too busy as a reporter to make a good host. I had been considering a room in Whitney Hall to avoid wasting time. Now Isabel has explained that to get a reasonable crowd for Hart House to cater for, Toronto members ought to sign up for all meals at the university. This house will still be here and there is plenty of room; you would be most welcome, of course. But if you used taxis you would save no money; and if you used street-car and bus, you would spend two hours a day going and coming. So I don't think much of the idea as a practical aid to the Raddalls.

Isabel is pressing me to press you to come. Naturally, I want to see you. You would certainly contribute to the success of the event by your presence; and I believe you would enjoy the affair. But I interpret the fact that you have not answered Isabel; nor whatever I said on the subject; as indication that you do not find it convenient to attend. If so, I certainly shall not pester you about it. When you have made up your mind, one way or the other, it might be a good idea to tell the convention chairman, who is holding a spot for you and is specially keen that you come.

~~XX~~
~~XXXX~~ For a writer, Toronto is obviously more interesting during a convention than at any other time.

When Jean-Paul Jordan was here last fall, he expressed his great admiration for you as a lecturer on naval history. He was specially impressed because you used no notes whatever.

Best regards to you and don't worry about the papers. They will be going back in a few days. Sincerely, *Bied.*

February 17th, 1953

Dear Bill,

Thanks for your letter. By all means keep the Gillis documents as long as you wish, or make copies and send me the originals. I have written Isabel LeBordais saying that I'd like to come to Toronto and will do so if at all possible. This summer I must gather material for the next novel, and until I've made up my mind what the story is to be I can't say just where I'll be in July.

Meanwhile something else has arisen that may set the course of my labors for the next year or so. Tom Costain has written asking me to undertake the second volume in Doubleday's projected three-or-four volume history of Canada. He says the original plan was to do the whole thing himself, and he is now completing the first volume. The new idea is that I do the second, and that other (still to be chosen) Canadian authors the rest. I've answered that I'm willing to do it (the second volume will cover the period 1700-1763, of which I've made a study for years) provided that Little Brown and McClelland & Stewart feel happy about me making a one-book contract with another publisher. As it happens Stanley Salmen is in Europe and Jack McClelland is on his way there, so that point can't be cleared right away.

All this is under your hat, of course. I'm setting it forth because I'd like your advice or opinion or a guess -- anything you like -- about this proposal. I've never met Costain, although I had some correspondence with him ~~when~~ he was an editor at Doubleday's and I was writing my first novel for them. You mention in the Fly Leaf that Costain is now at work on a novel about Attila the Hun, and it's clear that for some time he's been busy on this history of Canada as well. My impression of Costain is that he's dashing out a stream of books with other people doing the research for him, and that while it's all very slick and profitable the literary value is low.

Questions arise in my mind. Why has Costain suddenly decided to break off his part in the projected history at the end of Volume One? Did he just get tired of it? Did Doubleday think the set would sell better in Canada if two or three Canadian authors were in on it? (The Canadian market seems too small for a huge firm like Doubleday to worry about. They like big printings.) Is it to impart a literary value that it might not have with Costain's name alone? (Doubleday has never cared a hoot about literary value unless it had sales value.)

Costain assures me that Doubleday expects to ~~xxx~~ sell a lot of these histories in the States as well as Canada, and that they are disposed to make generous arrangements if I consent. As you know Doubleday was my former publisher. We parted amicably but I found them a hard-boiled lot, and when the Greeks come bearing gifts it's natural to wonder what's behind the tray. Maybe I'm unnaturally suspicious. Maybe they've really decided to educate the great American public on their neighbor's past and maybe they really feel the writing should be largely Canadian. Maybe they just naturally like the way I part my hair. What do you think?

Cheero,

Confidential Memo

(Note:- X = Thomas Costain. JHR)
D = Southday

Some of the statements that follow are fact, whether or not not provable in a court of law, others hearsay, others my deductions from what I've been told.

X is 68 yrs old on May 15, 1953. He was born Brantford, Ont. After high school a reporter, at around 21 became managing editor of Guelph Mercury, a small daily, & married Guelph girl. Editor Maclean's at \$4,000 when a small, lousy magazine. Jumped to asst. ed. S. E. Post at \$18,000, rising to \$21,000 - a stretch of years. Next writer/editor in Hollywood. Then one of half a dozen D editors.

Am told he invested good part of salary in Curtis Pub. Co -- later in D. All novels have been Lit Guild choices (owned by D). About 7 of these in 10/12 years - all best sellers. "I left Canada to make my fortune when it was still possible to make a fortune." This would be about 1920; and it never occurred to him ^{to} ~~of~~ regret. He was in the Big League - SUCCESSFUL, if you know what I mean. Said now to pay a 90% income tax.

Personally affable and, if not modest, makes a good bluff at it.

Stringer told me he couldn't read The Black Rose, it was so badly written; and this was awkward as he was a close personal friend. Prewar, about '38, S confessed to us what a fool he had been to leave Canada for the fleshpots in 1922 - he had never been happy there. "You fellows think of me as a big successful ^{or} man. I envy you. You are honest men, who have kept your integrity." Then he wept.

In '48, we begged S to return, assume Authors presidency and give us leadership. He couldn't - old, sick, family ties, sick wife. He realized his error of '22 but too late to correct it. (It was quite a lesson to me, I'll tell you - ex-Canuck earning \$40,000 to \$65,000 per and vomiting it up as a mess of pottage - in his own mind a traitor and a fool.)

It was around that time that X, possibly influenced by S, turned up as the lion of the Ottawa convention; spoke at Toronto Empire Club, endowed in perpetuity \$100 annual literary prize in the Brantford high school. Talked of annual \$5,000 Canadian novel prize (shared with D 50/50) but lost enthusiasm and back-tracked.

Evidently wanted to be literary big shot here, and was quite incapable of comprehending that some Canadian writers with circulations 10% or 1% of his were esteemed in Canada, and that a million copies or a million dollars connected with a man quite forgotten as one of us might not turn this people upside down with excitement. Oh, yes! A big fellow, successful in a Hollywood way, entertaining but without artistic prestige here, without abiding connection with us.

He made quite an effort. Son of Hundred Kings is based on early life in Brantford. Determined it was going to be popular here. It was. Local D (an autonomous branch of some size) spent ~~\$15,000~~ \$5,000 advertising in my paper alone; and 15,000 copies sold in Canada.

On the head of that he announced the Can. history to be in several volumes. Came up with six top D brass from N.Y. and signed the contract here publicly and made a speech at Arts & Letters. He was very patriotic then. We carried a picture of the signing. I reported the speech.

The whole thing disturbed me, partly because I foresaw what a shallow man of no real knowledge of the subject would probably do to us. He was thinking in terms of story-book history. He is no scholar, no psychologist, no sociologist, has no creed to base a history on. His research is done by himself, all right (has one secretary); but novels of that type (adventure, really) can be based on reading a few books. For a history as complex as ours and coming into modern life - NO. It would take him longer than he would live to understand thoroughly what has been going on here and why. A nice man, my friend, but I could see

him being butchered by the scholars, ignored by the unlettered. He has not your capacity to see into the human mind and heart -- and history is people, character, what made them move in a given direction (mostly unconscious that they were blazing trails that would become roads, then controlled-entry highways, the instruments of forces they never dreamed of.

So I asked him, after the speech, a few questions about his attitude towards certain 20th century developments. Apparently, such things had never entered his mind; we were still the sticks and never would count in the world -- a picturesque UK and US backyard. Quickly, he backed away. He was not interested in Canada after Confederation. Hell ! He didn't know anything about it before, either - no ideas on the rationale.

His whole attitude bothered me so much that, later, I wrote a short general article on the writing of history. Inter alia, I said that the fabric of a nation was a multifarious unity. The present is only comprehensible in the light of the past; and the past itself takes on new significances, which change from time to time owing to experiences of the present. The 1950 view of events in 1750 must differ from the 1900 view of the same 1750 events. Etc.

Well, he wrote me. ⁻⁻⁻Said he was greatly impressed, as a few professors were also. Gave him something to think about. Maybe this none too courageous soul feared ^{would} we/gun for him on publication. Maybe our mutual friend Rutledge dissuaded him. Anyway; he backs off once more -- away back to Atilla the Hun. After all, he merely ^{wants} ~~was~~ acclaim, money, the insignia of success. He's not a Canadian like us, nor a craftsman like us. Sure, we like money, too, and cheers; we're human, not saints. But our inner impulses are profoundly different -- they are more inner. He is a big, handsome, rich and superficial guy. We find happiness when immersed in something bigger than ourselves.

D is in a spot. X's reputed bad heart can be blamed for change of plans; and he is 68. There is no reason to doubt that D will be generous with the substitutes. They can afford to lose cash to save face in this difficulty - and to buy real prestige ^{which} ~~what~~ is what they lack. Also they have the coin and losing a few thousand on you just means that much less profits tax.

My advice is to accept on the clear understanding that you have no confidence in a large circulation in either country -- a few thousand copies here and also there. But royalties are not enough. You will, of course, take royalties as a bonus if there is a commercial success. But you are not gambling on that. You will only work on guaranteed royalties of blank dollars, payable one-third on signing, one-third on completion of ms., one-third on publication ---- your ideas may be better on the details. Represent that it will take you two full years; but concurrently you might put in a little time on your next novel.

Jack will be in Europe for only a few weeks. Back April. If you can get release, my idea is that you ought to see Wilfrid Ford, head of Canadian D here. They themselves have plenty of accumulated profits. WF told me it is D policy to leave local profits with branches to spend as they like; and it is his own deepest wish to do Canadian publishing. Three-quarters of our publishers began as outlets for foreign firms; every one of them becomes acclimatized and get into the native product. It's more fun to back your own fancy; and what gets attention here is the native product. Even publishers born elsewhere gradually become Canadians. Henry Button of Dent's was here 1913-21. Went back, heard two Londoners arguing about Canada on a bus-top. Both were wrong; so peanut-sized Henry butted in to correct them. Quarrelled and managed, by some fluke, to throw one former compatriot off the bus. Our Henry served 8 or 10 days in jail defending Canada.

One big factor. When D took Canadian agency away from McC 5 or 6 years ago, old John regarded himself as ruined, insulted, etc. He hates D -- slaved for 5 years and ditched. Maybe he didn't work as hard as he should. He has m mellowed remarkably. Maybe he'll let you off; but it's a question.

If you wish WF sounded out without anything in writing, I am at your disposal. I could find out to what extent these local boys are involved (perhaps deeply, perhaps not at all). Get his ideas on what cash might be expected, etc.

After all, writers of popular Can. histories are few. Most of the histories -- almost all -- are written with an eye on schools or university sales. We have reached the point where our history is well taught in the schools and universities (unlike my day) but the public has never been taught to read it as mature entertainment. There is no use calling on Prof. Y or Z, who would only turn out another book to impress other professors (and maybe get in on the educational racket.)

Now I'm sending this because I have to go out and cannot take time for a letter. You want the low-down and I've tried to help. What I have said is sufficient for the moment. Perhaps you will want to ask specific questions. If so do. The main answer to your main query is that, in my belief, X discovered he had bitten off more than he could chew and wants to wiggle out of it. For all we know, he may bear part or all of the cost of a replacement - he's a rich man.

Nobody would be happier than I to see this task placed in more competent hands. After all the fanfare, if it isn't carried out by somebody, questions will be asked; and X will suffer more than D, who need only say that their writer's health prevented fulfilment of the very public, spectacular contract.

February 24th, 1953

Dear Bill,

Thanks for an illuminating memo. It confirms much that I had merely suspected and fills in a lot of the picture that was unknown to me. It had occurred to me even in this far corner that G. in recent years had begun to seek literary prestige in Canada (where it counts for something) as distinct from the U.S.A. where a writer's success and prestige are too much confused with the dollar sign to matter much in the world outside. In other words having paid his respects for the greater part of a lifetime to the great god Mammon, G. had begun to hanker for remembrance as an artist in at least one corner of the world where the worship of Mammon wasn't the state religion; and because with him the reward had to be tangible in one form or another he fixed his eyes on a G-C Award or possibly a Royal Society medal. Certainly the novel based on his youthful days in Canada and the Canadian history announced with such clat seem to have been aimed directly at those things.

Apparently he has now given up these hopes; or else he has discovered that history per se was not a thing to be dashed off in his usual fashion. Observe that in choosing to write the first volume and ending his labors there (the period up to 1700) he chose the easiest part, for up to 1700 the history of Canada is largely the history of a few simple French settlements in Nova Scotia and about Quebec and Montreal. Even with that minor task I wonder how good a job he's done. Has he mentioned the Norse voyages (for instance) with any adequacy? A mass of research is involved right there. (Having done it, I know.)

I have a hunch that he sold the idea of a Canadian history to D. with his own prestige (not their profit) in mind. They must have known this, they are a sharp lot where the dollar is concerned; but I daresay they did not feel that they could dispute this whim of one who was not only their most profitable hack but a substantial shareholder in their company as well. Now that he has obviously lost interest in this whim the question for himself and D. has obviously been, where do we go from here? Presumably they intend to issue the history one volume at a time, each a year or two apart, and having in mind the amour propre of their man they undoubtedly will plug G's volume very hard. But what about the subsequent volumes? Their interest in these will be small, for they will have to consider neither G's. prestige nor the possibility of great profit.

There is this too. If G's volume is the sketchy and superficial thing I suspect it will be, and if the professors and critics attack it as they very well may, what earthly prospects have the subsequent volumes -- no matter who writes them? It looks to me as if D. will publish the succeeding volumes with as little expense as possible and then write off the whole thing as a loss encountered in exploring foreign trade. Well, we shall see. G. has told D. to write me setting forth their proposition and I await it with some interest.

Cheero,

The Globe and Mail

Toronto Feb., 25, 1953

Memo to

Dear Tom;

Subject

Just make sure it isn't a ghosting job.

Dictated by

You will write a superb history. It would pay those pirates well to give you a thumping price and publish it as by our friend. This would save his face and possibly increase sales.

But there is no copyright on the idea. Nothing can prevent you from writing and publishing a competing work.

This is just a dark thought that popped into my mind; but when dealing with commercially minded people my suspicious legal nature

Bill

66 Parkhurst Blvd., Toronto 17,
Feb., 28, 1953.

Dear Tom;

Your letter is very revealing, also. The fact that X has instructed D^{voluntary} to make you an offer can only mean - to me - that it is a ghosting proposition. An indecent proposal to a man of your standing. Or X may wish to appear as editor of the series or something. It is his show, not D's if he authorized the offer. (Maybe he pays for it, too.)

Well, you aren't doing any ghosting for him or me or anybody else. The position you have attained in this country is too high for you to take a job that is just a job.

However, old man - as I said before. - If you want a history of Canada, do it - on your own. It can be of a period, as you suggest; or, better, begin with the Norse (I've read Pohl's Lost Discovery) and go on to the French; and keep a-goin', volume by volume, era by era, as long as you wish to continue. Use your own publisher. Sell him the idea. My God, man, I don't think you realize yet what a knock-out your Halifax was. What we have lacked is great writing skill - the artst - applied to the known facts. I persuaded Wrong to write The Canadian : the Story of a People. It was our first popular one-volume history. The old man wrote it nicely; but he is still the professor - the father of teaching Can. History in Canadian universities. All these others - Brown, Burt, Creighton, McInnis, Lower et al. - are his pupils. All of them are teachers. What I want is a writer to feel this drama and make it exciting. The facts themselves are exciting. but these bloody academicians can dull anything that is naturally bright and aluring.

Undoubtedly X is disappointed at no Canadian honors. What does he expect? When we set up these awards, we made it sure that they would turn the spotlight on Canadian writers of ability by making Canadianism a factor of eligibility. The Citizenship Act defined who is a Canadian; and he, definitely is not. He is an American citizen.

Note: - Thomas Costain
"X" = J.G.R.

His books may not compete. You can't have it bothways.

You and I are Canadians. I, by virtue of birth and the fact that my latest migrating ancestor got here 113 years ago, the earliest much farther back -- you have no idea of my feeling of proprietorship. You, by virtue of (a) British birth, (b) presence in Canada on Jan, 1, 1947, plus (c) five years' prior residence. Welcome, fellow citizen !

X had Canadian birth in 1885. But he sold it. He renounced allegiance to the Crown by swearing allegiance to a foreign power. It seemed to him a good thing to do at the time. Maybe it was. Anyhow, he doesn't come into Canadian literature at all. Whether or not he wants the best of both worlds, he just can't have it. He is a foreigner.

And, as you suggest, this thing goes far deeper than legal formalities. He has accepted American standards.

He is a good fellow. Very genial, has - belatedly - a feeling for this country. It was his high school dream to become a Canadian novelist. The times defeated him. We had no use for professional creative writers when he was young. The bright boys emigrated. I was not bright. I refused to emigrate, couldn't stand the idea - quite irrationally - and have always thanked my lucky stars. And it was very irrational, Tom, because I was an anti-Imperialist. But I found (by living in New York for some months) that the arrogance of the republicans was even worse than the arrogance of the Imperial Britons. I found that we Canadians could only be Canadians, if we were to know happiness.

I became a quasi-charter member of the C.A.A. in Winnipeg in January, 1922 (when I was 31) after it had been founded by Gibbon, Edgar Leacock, Sandwell, and ~~another~~ in Montreal in December, 1921 - the 10th

I think. It was too late to stop Stringer from migrating; but it held the rest of us. You, who are younger than I, may have to make sacrifices for that organization (as I have done and as Bird had done) because - weak as it was, and probably still is - it gave us a hearing in this country. It gave us a sense of belonging.

I have no complaint against X, who did what he imagined was in his own interest more than 30 years ago. But I do have a deep resentment over his gutting the LeMoynes story in High Towers. The story of the LeMoynes of Montreal at the end of the 17th century and beginning of the 18th is a tremendous epic. X changed it into a romance of the founding of New Orleans. He effectively ignored the feats of Pierre LeMoynes, Sieur d'Iberville, in capturing Newfoundland and destroying the English forts and trading posts on Hudson Bay. He turned it all into an American story and, more or less, spoiled this priceless historical material for full treatment. Of course High Towers will be soon forgotten and one of our men can do the full heroic saga -- but he did bugger it.

So I say to you : if X will pay you \$50,000 to write a volume and if you need the money (less income tax) go ahead. But don't deal in peanuts. Don't lose your individuality - because you already have won high place. You must consider you have 15 to 20 writing years left. (It will probably be longer but, at conservative estimate, 20 years of production.) Jean-Paul Jordan is enthralled with your lectures; I am still excited by your speech here to Canadian Club on the privateers. It may be that the current decade should be confined to the contemporary novel and that you should devote the the following 10 years to history. I don't know. You may, like X, wish to alternate fiction and history. Only you can make this decision.

As critic, I have not decided finally yet that you are the greatest Canadian writer of this period; but, more and more, I am inclined to that view. In the practical problem that you have to settle, I want you to be aware that you are acquiring supreme stature in Can. lit. You can be the outstanding figure of 1941-71. Your rival is Hugh MacLennan, a brilliant neurotic. You and I are safe.

Of course there is a more charitable explanation. X is 68 and he was warned more than a year ago by his doctor to take it easier. Writing a history of Canada is not taking it easier.

My advice, old man, is to be perfectly cold-blooded. If they offer you \$25,000 and you think you can turn it out in a year; and if you want the money -- take it. But only write for D on guaranteed royalties. Your book might sell for 50 years but don't count on it. All you can count on is the immediate cash.

I was much interested lately in reading somewhere - Author & Bookman ? -- that you had published two books privately published. Is there any hope of getting these released for general distribution.

This is as far as this car goes, for now.

God Bless you,

Bill

X is speaking here at Smith's Literary Luncheon on March 17th. He has asked for permission to speak on history and fiction. Says he wants to make a statements. What is he going to say ?

Well, anyhow, Tom; I am glad you are taking your career seriously. Being a lawyer as well as a writer, I don't consider it sinful for the creative writer to make money. I hope you Canadian novelists will. On the other hand, when some other kinds of writers are necessarily limited to small earnings, I don't think less of them for it. It pleased me greatly to see old Dr. Fox at 75 achieve a 6,000 copy sale in two months for The Bruce Beckons. When a man has maintain-ed his artistic integrity (which comes first) then I want to see him make every last cent out of it that he honestly can. And I believe that, as years pass, writing will be more profitable for all us Canucks

March 17, 1953

Dear Tom;

The Other Tom was here today, speaking at Smith's Literary Luncheon for Book Week, and asked me to see him afterwards.

He then said he is practically finished with Vol 1 and will not proceed. He has other things - fiction - which attract him more. He had approached you in hope you would write Vol. 2 - 1700 to 1763 - yourself (not a ghost). He suggested to Doubleday that a \$5,000 advance would be in order. He had proposed to Hugh MacLennan that he write the third volume, because Tom wishes novelists to function to develop the principal historical characters. But Hugh declined on grounds the project did not appeal.

Tom asked me to nominate - to him - other Canadian novelists who would be suitable as writers of the individual volumes. He said he had thought once of being, himself, the editor of the series, but had discarded that idea.

Before doing anything, I should like to know your own decision. Is \$5,000 advance attractive? Would that be in the nature of guaranteed royalties?

Would you consider editing the series of popularly written Canadian histories, even though you did not want to write all of them yourself?

It looks to me as though our friends are in a bit of a spot - the public signing of the contract and all that. Presumably, Doubleday would let him break the contract if he were embarked (as he would be) on a novel likely to make more money; but they, as well as he, might like to save face by having some histories appear.

I made no suggestions - just listened.

Jack McClelland has been to England and will be in Toronto March 21.

Book Week has made more stir here than for many years. Unfortunately, I missed your Cross-Canada talks because people poured over me at that hour; but I have ~~requested WSPG to take the time to talk to me~~ requested CBC to tell me what was said.

More than 600 attended the lunch today. The spontaneous enthusiasm of a mob like that is heartening. I think these efforts have cumulative effects.

Sincerely,

Bill

March 20th, 1953

Dear Bill,

Smith's Literary Luncheon must have been an interesting affair in all ways. I'm still waiting to hear from Salmen, although I don't think he will object if I really want a one-book contract with Doubleday. The real point is this: it takes me on the average about eighteen months to write a book, and after ~~IRRM~~ I've written the last word and sent in the M/S there is always a period of many weeks in which my mind is too soaked in the material of the last job to bring up fresh ideas towards the next. Suppose I do this history. After that I must tackle another novel, since fiction is my real field and the one on which I depend for a living. All in all it would mean a hiatus of about four years between "Tidefall" (just finished) and the appearance of the next. Can I afford such a gap? I'm not (yet anyway) a Hemingway for whom the public will wait years and years.

Apart from this, Doubleday actually offers an advance of \$4,000 against royalties and no guarantee about the royalties at all. This seems picayune for so much time and work. The more I think of the whole

thing the less I like it — Tom

March 21st, 1953

Dear Bill,

Further to my recent note, I've just heard from Salmen, who takes a dim view of the proposed historical job for Doubleday. Apart from other considerations he points out that I am now in the full swing of a novelist's career, and in the highly competitive fiction market I can't afford a four-year hiatus between novels. He feels I should produce a novel every two years; and if in the future I want to swing aside into non-fiction L-B want to publish it. As you see he has put his finger on the exact point that occurred to me -- that I have nothing to gain and much to lose by a diversion at this time from my natural course. Also, although he doesn't say so, I can see he takes the same view of my playing tail to Costain's historical kite.

So I have written today to Ken McCormick saying No to his proposition as gracefully as possible -- and that's that. Thanks for much good advice.

Cheers,

March 24th, 1953

Dear Bill,

Forgive me for bothering you again so soon, but you are one of the few who know what really goes on in the Canadian publishing business, and the only one I can approach on a confidential basis to find out what is what.

What is the opinion in the trade regarding McClelland & Stewart? M & S have been my Canadian publishers from the start, simply because they were then tied in with Doubleday, who published my first novel in the USA. M & S made a big fuss over me when I went to Toronto in '46, but I soon perceived from old John's conversation that it was all due to the impending rupture with Doubleday and the fear that I might switch my Canadian publishing to Doubleday's new Toronto branch. He (and one after another of his staff) informed me in solemn accents that Doubleday was a cold materialistic firm who thought of nothing but the dollar, that I was only a second-string author with them, and that I would be much better off with another American firm, preferably Little Brown, with whom M & S were making their new tie. I was non-committal but I had my own chilly impression of Doubleday and eventually I switched to Little Brown. I like Little Brown, not least because I like Salmen, who goes to the trouble to come up here and see me from time to time, a thing that never occurred to any of Doubleday's people. Also I like the way he does business -- a quick intelligence, a straight opinion, a mind combining culture with business acumen -- something rare amongst publishers.

But I've begun to wonder about M & S. They fell down badly on the sales of *The Nymph* in Canada, although Little Brown made a best seller of it in the USA and it has sold well in half a dozen other countries. (It has sold, in hardback and softback editions, over 430,000 copies to date, of which M & S sold about 7,000.) Compare this with Canadian sales of 11,500 for Roger Sudden and over 15,000 for *Pride's Fancy*. It looks to me as if the firm was slipping. When I was in Toronto in '46 Bob Nelson was their top office man, indeed old John was training Bob to take his place, for at that time young Jack showed no signs of wanting to step into his father's shoes. All that has changed, and now Nelson, together with Foster and Scott (the two best salesmen M & S had) have quit and formed a publishing company of their own.

All this makes me wonder about the future prospects of M & S. I have the distinct impression of an old firm gone to seed -- perhaps I'm quite wrong. Old John always seemed to me far too interested in the immediate dollar to see much beyond. There have been various small things that irritated me. For example, whenever someone printed an anthology or a schoolbook containing something of mine previously published by M & S, old John saw to it that M & S retained 50% of the fee. This was quite legal, according to their contract with me; but these sums are always small and it seemed to me a niggardly procedure. Again, M & S tried to cut themselves in for 10% ("agents' fee") of Reader's Digest Book Club royalties on Canadian sales, although the arrangement had been made by Little Brown and M & S had not lifted a finger. I objected strongly and the matter was dropped, but this kind of cheese-paring annoys when I reflect on the feeble effort M & S put behind their own edition of *The Nymph*. It's so easy for them to put out a cautious first edition of a book and then sit back

waiting hopefully to see the book become a best-seller on the reflected glamor of the American advertising -- and to cut themselves in for a fat half of the subsidiary rights. Lately however young Jack has been sending me various school-book, anthology and other subsidiary fees (e.g. for the Canadian TV rights in Roger Sudden) paid to M & S for settlement with me, and without deducting the usual pound of flesh. Perhaps he's seen the light.

Here's an amusing sidelight on my visits to Toronto in '46. I was there twice, that summer and autumn, as you know. On both occasions I was entertained several times at George Stewart's home. He is, or was, the hearty hail-fellow-well-met, the back-slapper of the firm. I dislike that type as a rule but I enjoyed old George. The only conversations I had with old John were in the office, where he invariably launched into a diatribe against Doubleday. I was not invited to his home. Foster explained to me diffidently that Mr. M. did not approve of liquor and that Stewart was left to do the personal entertaining because I drank. Well, so I do, but I can spend a happy evening without the stuff -- I go for weeks without it and never care a damn -- and I'd have been quite satisfied to sit down with a glass of milk in old John's home if he had anything interesting to say. My impression was that he'd never had much contact with authors and thought they all wore horns and a tail. Even Foster said to me, at the close of that strenuous speaking tour, "You know, you're not what we expected. You seem quite normal -- for an author."

Yours, quite normally,

P.S. If for any reason you don't wish to comment on my query let it go. If I don't hear from you I'll understand.

The Globe and Mail

Toronto, March 24, 1953
Canada

Dear Tom;

You have made absolutely the right decision.

If you want to write a history -- and I hope the time will come when you do -- the only sensible thing is to write your own history. Pick your own period or periods, plan according to your own interests and capacities, place emphasis where you please and let this ^{be} THOMAS H. RADDALL speaking - himself, in person.

Let me tell you this bluntly. I am full of admiration for the planning shown in your past work, as you have told me of it -- one decade of the ^{short} story story, one decade of the historical novel, and now the contemporary novel.

You have come a tremendous distance in 20 years. You are now in the very top rank of Canadian novelists in the most important era of our fiction so far. Among those in the top brackets, Mazo and you seem to be the only two who are sticking to your knitting. She is 68 and frail. Your male rivals are scattering their powers by doing magazine writing, radio stunts (one in a quiz program, another teaching) and frankly this is man's work as the farmer said who prayed for rain. "Oh Lord, we are in sore trouble. Come and help us. But remember this is man's work; come yourself, don't send your son."

So I hope you will not take advice from anybody, including myself. You have proved yourself your own best architect. Write what you feel you want to write, no matter what it is. And I shall be looking for Tidefall.

Warm regards,

Beal

Deacon

Copy

March 24, 1953.

Dear Tom; (Costain)

Finding a senior Canadian novelist of established reputation to carry on with your Canadian history seems to be impossible. Of those likely to do a good job all seem to be tied up on contracts, or don't relish the assignment or are, like yourself, more attracted to fiction. The multiplicity of documents involves research on such a scale that the research is a daunting task in itself.

Among the somewhat younger and less well established people I can only nominate one.

Selwyn Dewdney of 1548 Dundas St., London, Ont., is an artist and illustrator and doing well at it. After university he was a high school teacher. Seven or eight years ago he published a novel about a high school principal and other teachers and the characterizations were good. Plot was somewhat blunted by limitations of situation; but a fair success was scored.

Not knowing what his schedule is, I think the only thing is to ask him. His novel was published by Copp Clark Co., 517 Wellington St West, Toronto; but the title does not come readily to mind.

Sincerely,

Deacon

To Tom Costain

Confidential

66 Parkhurst Blvd, Toronto 17, Mch, 28, '53

Dear Tom;

Oddly, I feel far more confident about advising you on the N. Y. end. Between L-B and D, I am sure you are far better off as you are.

It is a case of a class publisher vs a book factory. I had always felt this was the case but I knew it absolutely when D flew six of their top executives up here to consult me about publishing Canadian books. In assessing this market, I told them that Canadian readers "are only interested in quality writing from their own authors. For the crap and trash, we are quite happy to import it."

What I said was the truth but their interest in Canada died that second. They politely listened to what else I had to say, asked a few questions; but they have never attempted to attract Canadians as writers. Their big branch here is an outlet for their own American books and it is nothing else. It is a case of mass merchandising and mass selling. They might just as well be selling cordwood or shoes.

The real head here is also a real Canadian and wants to set up a Canadian policy. His second man is dead against it; and I don't think any fight will be put up. Some of the firms here originally moved in as outlets for their parents in other countries and gradually became Canadian in spite of themselves. I think it will happen to all who stay here long enough; but, at 50, you haven't got 20 years to wait.

You, as a quality writer, belong with L-B. No argument.

As to Toronto, no such clear definition is possible. Policies change yearly or even daily. Whether a given firm depends wholly or partly on imports or has a really independent line (is really a publisher) has always depended on whether the head man cared about Canada.

Eays did in the 20's and 30's. After his death his firm has shown real interest in its own educational line but now just imports completely made the books of the authors they originally published; and in my opinion they are not aggressive. Similarly Appleton, at a later period made his firm notable for Canadian books, which were pushed and succeeded. But, on his death, the Canadian authors were got rid of.

Now the basic thing here is that a firm that lives as a ~~work~~ jobber on the small margins between ~~between~~ import costs and wholesale prices (a few cents a copy) creates small men who are not courageous. They are thinking in terms of nickels, want to buy in quantities below what they think they can sell (so as not to be stuck with leftovers) and on that basis they cannot afford promotion work.

I can't give you figures because these birds are secretive. But if their gross profit is running at 10 cents a copy, they cannot afford to use more than 1 cent a copy for advertising. That would buy half a column of space in my paper for a 7,000-copy edition. And my paper is the No. 1 seller of books in Canada. So it's a bad lookout.

I think your last novel got one ad in my paper, not more than two.

The shrewdest operator in Canada at present is Pike of Longmans, He is my biggest advertiser and if he has faith in a book, he manufactures it. Several of his books have won U.S. markets only because he made them successful here first. He made Lower's Colony to Nation a best seller. Over 7 or 8 years he has brought a modest living to Jack Hambleton with one boys' book a year -- the older ones keep on selling as well as the new ones. Last year he took up an unknown radio woman's A Mike for Marion (girls' stuff) and though it wasn't too good, in my opinion, it sold 3,200 in its first three months. Compare that with the 7,000 figure for a wonderful book by an established man. The only snag is (and he would be delighted to have you and would jerk up your sales) is that he is nearing 70 and not well. When he dies, his successors might not have the knowledge, the courage, etc., to carry on his policy. He is himself a great power internationally in his own firm. Afterwards? -- God knows, I don't.

Of course Ryerson is now the largest producer of Canadian books; and they are good advertisers. They are wholly Canadian owned and are 124 years old. The bulk of their business is Canadian. They have some agencies but those are side-lines. I'm publishing with them myself because of their stability; because they are real Canadians; because they gave me my first chance 30 years ago. Lorne Pierce, the publishing head, is my age - 63 - and he, too, has no successor in sight. However, they will continue in business; and the big end of their business will always continue to be Canadian. I am satisfied with their general record. Financially, they are in an enviable position.

Now, if you want to change, Pierce would snap at you. I have no doubt you could make terms. For example, you might get a clause in the contract that they would spend \$1,000 advertising your book within one year of its publication; and if they did I have an idea the book would move smartly in the stores. But you would also require a clear understanding that their investment would be substantial - not a case of importing 500 to 1,000 copies from New York after they got orders.

At the present time, few Canadian novels sell more than 7,000 in Canada; but, with more aggressive methods I think yours should.

I know almost nothing about the new firm. I know the two top lads casually. They are just importers. Since they are set up, they have never advertised anything with me - not once. What I should want to know about them is how long their purse is. That is the snag in publishing. As you go forward, the capital soon gets tied up in inventory. Doran had the best instinct for books of any man of my day. He acquired a startling percentage of the very best British and U. S. authors -- but he couldn't finance the tremendous business he mushroomed. D bought him out. These new fellows may do all right, in time; but all they are is travelling salesmen. But nobody should attempt to publish without a tremendous amount of capital. It is no game to start with a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. I would not dream of starting myself, even in the most modest way imaginable, with less than \$100,000. But one to five million would be better.

Old John has been the victim of the ~~yo~~ills inherent in the agency business. He began before the first war when conditions were very different, and he has had quite a time adjusting himself. We are not the same type -- as you might guess -- and locked horns at the very beginning. Of recent years, more cordial relations have existed. We can talk over some of these things some day.

Without knowing any of the figures, I don't think there is the slightest change of disaster. In 40 years they have accumulated assets. They have weathered bad times and at certain periods have been conspicuously prosperous.

Off-hand, I'd guess young Jack is shrewder than his father, better equipped to be a publisher; and I shouldn't wonder that he will pull things together nicely.

Nobody in the past decade ought to have imagined that the D agency was permanent, because they had dealt through several houses - each for five and never more than six years. Like all other agency people, they tended to be order-takers rather than salesmen; and only original publishers in a restricted sense.

Now that they have forsaken downtown and moved miles east into the sticks, where they have adequate room at what they can well afford to pay, they can rebuild on sounder lines. They certainly do not spend money advertising their books, that's a cinch. In 1951, for the whole year, they advertised on my page 12 times and stood ninth out of 22 publishers in bulk of advertising in my paper. But in 1952, they did better -- 16 ads of a total value of \$1,400. While this was less than half what Longmans or Ryerson would spend, it was an improvement. In the first three months of this year, I notice they have cut their spending by half.

There is at least this - whereas Old John is reputed never to have read a book in his life, Jack does. He is reading mss and has ideas about them -- right or wrong, he's trying to be a publisher. He is, further, a believer in Canadian books. What kind of internal nonsense he's up against I don't know. Certainly those old agencies never learned much about promotion -- regarded advertising as waste. But today it is quite necessary. It should be budgeted for at about 10 cents a copy sold. If \$700, even had been poured into your novel, the score would have been higher.

If you did get a clause about \$1,000 to be spent advertising your next book written into any contract, you could only check by providing that copies of the ads were sent you with dates and rates. And you wouldn't really know unless you put in an auditor. I have been told, but do not know it for a fact that \$15,000 was spent to force one of Costain's novels up to 15,000 copies in Canada. Between \$2,500 and \$3,000 was spent in my paper. Of course it was rather wasteful as the spaces used were obviously uneconomic -- one full page for example.

What most of these birds have never learned is to be persistent in modest spaces. It is the cumulative effect that counts. \$2,500 should be laid out in 33 consecutive weekly ads about 5½ inches by two columns wide. That would do considerable business.

Many years ago I met Charlie Jenkins on the street. He said he had just switched from McClelland to Ryerson. I asked: "Do you think you will be any better off?" He replied: "No; but my troubles will be different ones and I can't stand the old ones any longer."

In general, it is not good to switch; but sometimes it is necessary. I can pick you a firm on the basis of today's situation; but it is liable to switch overnight. Right now I would not pick the new firm without knowing much more than I do about their finances. Yet, for all I know, they may be the big shots 10 years hence.

Right now, my choice would be Ryerson or Longmans. In both cases appointments of new heads is only a matter of a short time. Both firms will go on solidly; but nobody can know who these new men will be. Pike's successor might not be so keen on Canadian books; and, if he were, he might not be as shrewd and adroit as Pike. Ryerson will continue permanently to make Canadian books its chief business; but perhaps the new publishing head may have very different ideas about what kinds of Canadian books he ought to publish and to push.

It would surprise me greatly if Old John is headed for the dog-house. They have ~~more~~ more than 40 years behind them. In their early days, so I've heard, they plunged and sometimes lost heavily. It has left them with a high degree of caution. They have done a sensible thing in moving -- 20 years too late. They have some good agencies; they have some good Canadian authors. Of all the publishers who spoke in London last June, Jack was the only one to say emphatically that he could publish Canadian books profitably.

Ryerson and Copp Clark are Canadian firms, Canadian owned and making Canadian books their chief business. It makes a difference. Copp Clark is mainly educational - one Canadian novel that I remember. It may be that the new editor, Claude Lewis, will be braver than Jeanneret in going after Canadian trade books. I don't know. Both of these firms are more than sound financially. They are rich.

But the niggardliness of Canadian publishers in general about advertising and other matters rises out of the fact that, for 50 years, publishing has been a starling trade in Canada, owing to a limited market. Remove the French, the children under 16, the insane, the criminals, the poverty-stricken, etc., and the number of potential buyers is still small. That aggregate is growing; but so are the titles offered annually in the English language. Canadian are asked to buy all the British books, all the American and all the Canadian. That is not true of any other country on earth. English and Americans only read a minority of each others' books.

Nobody has ever made a fortune out of Canadian publishing.

Only in recent years have Canadian books really been in demand; and still there is a limit. Bruce Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian* (\$5) was planned by Pike to sell 10,000 between October and Christmas. It was generously advertised with the result that it sold 13,000 copies in Canada by the end of the year. On the strength of

the Canadian success, New York brought it out in February from Canadian plates. Pike goes forward independently here and estimates his sale in the first 12 months at anywhere from 25,000 to 40,000 copies.

Interest, of course, is predominantly Canadian. I cite this case to indicate that it is not necessarily overflow American publicity that sells Canadian books in Canada. All Callaghan's and Mazo's early books were published originally in Canada.

I don't know your contractual position - whether you have an independent Canadian contract binding you to anybody, nor whether you are under option for future books. You will know that.

If you are free to switch, you certainly have bargaining power; and my suggestion would be that you use it to ensure more money spent on promotion rather than higher royalties. The promotion has been the weak point. There are only 25 good bookstores in all Canada; and these are the truggets of the travelling salesmen. But everywhere there exist readers and potential readers, who can be reached by newspapers.

We are in a happy position with a 250,000 circulation covering Ontario, since this province has 75% of all libraries in Canada, and a still greater proportion of volumes on library shelves. This means Toronto metropolitan area ~~and~~ of 1,200,000 and a tributary population of around 4,000,000 in the province; and this is ~~a~~ the area in which people read books. All these free libraries buy great quantities of books and in those places are the people who like to read books and can afford to buy them. We estimate 50,000 readers of the book page every Saturday morning - penetrating all these towns. Last summer an author friend of mine, driving around on holiday, enquired in several small places how the local library chose its books and how what passed for a book-store selected its stock. In every case the answer was the Globe and Mail was the only source of information since it did not ~~p~~ay travellers to visit those little towns.

Consequently we get the bulk of book advertising; but our revenues from this source amount to 50% of our costs of running this department. The trade has never yielded enough support to enable us to meet expenses on operations at their present scale, let alone enough to warrant us into expanding the department to the size necessary to give readers a reasonably comprehensive service.

Now, if you wish to do me a kindness, just destroy this letter; and don't pass on any of this information to anybody. It might be very bad for me to be on the record.

I haven't answered your questions. Nobody can; but between knowing and guessing, I've tried to make the situation clearer.

Yours -

April 1st, 1955

Dear Bill,

Again thanks for much good light. For the present I shall sit tight on the Canadian matter and see how things go with the new book. Meanwhile I'm coming to Toronto in July if it's at all possible, and will then have a chance to see M & S in the flesh and get down to brass tacks.

L-S's sales staff are a bit dubious about the title of my new book, worrying that people in the corn belt and similar inland areas won't know what tidefall means. (They know what nightfall means. Why not tidefall?) This always happens, of course. Sales people always want a catchy title, regardless of the contents of the book. I remember what a struggle I had with D. over His Majesty's Yankees. They thought the title terrible. Finally they gave in, and later on they told me the title was a stroke of genius. L-S have suggested THE TIDE RACES, which as I have told them sounds to me like the title of a tipster's sheet for a seaside horse track. The book is the story of a man, a cunning and courageous primitive, who leaves his native Nova Scotia village for the sea, with the common ambition of making a fortune and coming home, buying a respectable shipping firm, marrying a lady and founding a dynasty. The period is the 1920's and early 30's, when the rum-running game was attracting a good many N.S. seamen. My man makes his fortune alright, by double-crossing everyone with whom he comes in contact, not without skill and courage. He returns, buys the shipping business, marries the lady. Then he finds that he's congenitally incapable of making an honest dollar, in fact he loses what he's got. But the supreme blow is that he wants one more thing -- the love of his wife -- and that's impossible. Her dilemma, and the horn she chooses, bring the tale to a climax, and the sea has the last word.

In view of all this I still hold by TIDEFALL; but as alternatives I've suggested (amongst others) THE CHEAT, NINE IS THE TIDE, ROGUE'S HORNPIPE, HORNPIPE FOR A DARK TIDE, FLOOD TIDE, THE QUICK'NING TIDE, CAPTAIN SAX, BEFORE THE TIDE, DARK VOYAGE, TO THESE COLD ARMS, THAT THE NIGHT COME -- the last from Yeats' lines. All of which will show you once more the importance of a few small words.

66 Parkhurst Blvd., Toronto 17,
April 2, 1953

Dear Tom;

Thank you for allowing me access to the documents Halifax Revised, your account of James D. Gillis's visit to Halifax in March, 1945, and his own narrative covering the same ground in a somewhat less objective but characteristic fashion.

I now return these to you, registered post, first class mail, together with a carbon of each of my copies.

It is understood that (a) I have no right to any part of this material and shall make no direct quote from either of you, (b) you have graciously permitted me to get the facts that I may make brief and general mention of the visit in two and not more than three paragraphs to an extent of less than one printed page to round out my account of the gentleman in the reprint of The Four Jameses. Because of newspaper reports, it is generally known that he made this trip and I shall not go into as much detail as the already published reports.

By way of acknowledgement, and to keep you clear from the satiric tone of my book, I shall mention your broadcasts but not the fact that you have supplied me with information.

My brief addition is mainly to assure readers that he still lives and I am obliged for the information. It also points to you, in these additional few sentences as a source of further information.

Chief object in making my copies is that the information may be protected from the hazard of fire or other accident destroying the only copy.

Gratefully,

Bill

Deacon

The Globe and Mail

Toronto,
Canada,

April 6, 1953

Dear Tom;

James D. Gillis

Herewith carbon of what I have sent Ryerson to add to new edition of The Four Jameses.

I hope you will not think I have stolen any of your fireworks. I needed to tell something of the past 26 years and brief mentions of these three episodes - without details - ought to open the way for your Memoir.

After his death, if I outlive him, I have incidents of my own to add to the record.

By way of acknowledgement, I've mentioned your broadcasts. For your own protection I don't want to say that you supplied me with information.

When the old fellow does die, you can print all this priceless stuff about the bath before entering Palestine, etc. Then, next time, after that, that my book is reprinted, I'll consult you about any direct quotes I may wish to make from your Memoir.

Thanks again --

Bill

Oh yes, if I have used anything here that you object to, for any reason, tell me and I'll delete it before it is published next fall.

To be added to The Four Jameses after the last chapter on James D. Gillis. Please separate these four paragraphs from the rest of the chapter by asterisks or some other suitable division; or even a sub-head LATER YEARS.

#####

After publication of the first edition of this book in 1927, a group of poets called The Song Fishermen, under the inspiration of Robert Norwood, motored to Cape Breton to visit Mr. Gillis at his home. In 1930, he became their guest on a sea cruise. Landing at East Dover, the party had a picnic and poetry contest on a subject taken from The Cape Breton Giant when Mr. Gillis acted as judge.

As a retired school teacher, he realized his ambition of making a journey to Palestine.

In March, 1945, Mr. Gillis spent a week in Halifax as the guest of Andrew D. Merkel and other literary friends. The celebrity delivered a number of public addresses, which were well received. At social gatherings he entertained generously with selections on his bagpipes and violin. He was interviewed on the radio two or three times by Thomas H. Raddall, who was successful in obtaining recordings of several ancient Gaelic songs, which had been brought over by the Highlanders migrating after the rebellion of 1745.

Now, aged 83, Mr. Gillis is still living at Melrose Hill, Cape Breton, where he is enjoying an old age which, happily, promises to be long. In years, he is Canada's senior poet and, in all respects, unique.

April 14th, 1953

Dear Bill,

The Gillis material arrived safely, together with the extra copy, for which many thanks. Your references to these episodes were quite okay, in fact you were welcome to use as much as you liked.

Little Brown have seen the light and now agree that TIDEFALL is the best possible title for my book, so in the nautical phrase she goes as she lays.

In Halifax the other day I had lunch at Admiralty House with John Jordan ("The Younger Ones") a lively and interesting chap who says exactly what he thinks. While there I met and had a few minutes' chat with Fred "Ted" Watt ("Who Dare To Live") who as you probably know is a lieutenant-commander in Naval Intelligence. Will Bird tells me Ryersons are bringing out another novel of his this year, a costume piece about the loyalists at Shelburne. Off the record (I assume they'll announce it themselves in due time) I've been elected F.R.S.C. Professor Phelps of McGill asked if He could submit my name and I consented. Apparently I'm expected to appear personally in London, Ont., on June 1st when the election is confirmed.

Cheers,

Tom

April 14th, 1957

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Dear Sir,
I have just received your letter of the 11th inst. regarding the
photocopying of the manuscript of "The Younger Gospels" a lively
and interesting study which you greatly value. While
there I met and had a few minutes' chat with Prof. Ted
West ("Who Dare to Live") who as you probably know is a
historian-commentator in Naval Intelligence. Will West tells
me Westons are bringing out another novel of his this year,
a costume piece about the revolution in Belgium. On the
record I assume they'll announce it themselves in due time.
I've been elected F.R.S.C. Professor Philip of McGill says
it is not worth my name and I consented. Apparently I'm
expected to appear personally in London, Oct. on this part
and the election is confirmed.

Yours,
[Signature]

The Globe and Mail

Toronto, June 26, 1953.
Canada,

Dear Tom;

You can't imagine how good I felt when you hove in sight last Sunday evening. Thank you so much for bringing Edith. I'm sorry Sally wasn't there to greet her. To let my daughter Deirdre come with her husband, Sally had to take our grandson Garth to our Orillia cottage -- also she is told by her doctor to avoid crowds.

I regretted not seeing more of you. But I hope you felt, as I did, that the growth of the organization in productivity has been remarkable in the 10 or 12 years of your connection. I think your Royal Society, C.A.A. and so forth must become part of your life as a leading Canadian writer. Mostly, you stay at home and produce, of course; but it will do you a lot of good in several ways to come out and mix with your kind periodically.

Tell Edith, please, that I hope she got on well with her bargain basement shopping. She certainly looked like the wife of a successful novelist.

I suppose you realize that we fellows in the 60's are through even if we are not all physically dead like Rod Kennedy. When I joined the Ass'n as a young man more than 30 years ago, our presidents were all in their 70's -- Ralph Connor, Lawrence Burpee, Duncan Campbell Scott et al. With Barnard there was a sudden break to our group of the 60's. He and Rod and Kuhring and I are all the same age - 63 now. After Paul, the leadership must fall on the fellows in their 50's.

The future depends on financial ability to employ a competent paid staff. We can count on more members; but, also, we who earn more than the part-time writers, must pay more. Voluntary contributions are wrong in principle and unproductive in practice. I have been

paying \$30 a year for the good of the cause -- under the voluntary professional rule -- but I was a damn fool and am reducing it to \$10. But -- soon -- those of us who are solvent will have to be taxed about \$25 a year to keep the wheels turning. In the long run, it is cheaper to pay a secretary and clerks than to do the work ourselves.

These are not immediate problems for you; but I am just warning you, my friend, that (a) Canadian writers cannot afford to drop an organization which has done them so much good and (b) that the problem no longer rests with us oldsters but on you men of 50. Let's face it; we are on the way out. Most of us out already -- dead out.

Confidentially, never let any president hold office for more than 2 years. We have only had one third-term. Madge Macbeth, our only woman president, was popular in her first year. Effective in her second year; and in the third the deluge. The presidency ought to be a straight 2-year term -- and no repeats.

Hoping you had a pleasant trip home and looking eagerly forward to Tidefall, and many other excellent books from you,

Warm regards -

Bid.

July 1st '53

Dear Bill,

The wandering Raddalls are home again, after as happy a week as they ever spent in their lives. It was good to find so many friends, old and new, and the hospitality of Toronto was terrific, beginning with that moment when you appeared with the lifesaving apparatus at the end of our long day's travel. I wish we could have seen more of each other, but I knew you were busy at your job, and a week simply wasn't long enough for Edith and me to see half the people we wanted to see.

It was a good convention in all ways, I think, with a lot of useful discussion as well as fun, and Isabel deserves the thanks of everyone, even though we kidded her a lot during the course of the week. I hope my remarks about "talking writers" were not misconstrued by naturally gifted people like Leslie Barnard who can do both things well. I was merely quoting the advice given me years ago by an old writer who knew I had a one-track mind and must make my choice.

I note what you say about the CAA and the need of younger men taking a hand in its affairs, and I agree with you entirely. If I were centrally located I should be happy to do so. But I live in this remote corner of the east coast, a hundred miles from the nearest CAA branch (Halifax) and a good thousand from Toronto. To get there I had to drive my car a hundred miles along the winding coastal road before I could even board a plane. That is why I have felt guilty about my vice-presidency and have tried to resign from time to time, for a regional vice-president should be able to join in executive meetings in central Canada, as well as to make a round of his regional branches at frequent intervals.

Now a note about THE FOUR JAMESES. By an odd coincidence last year I met the subjects of the "Duff-Moores" wedding notice quoted from a Newfoundland paper on page 195. The "Miss Dorothy Duff" turned out to be a classmate of Edith's at Acadia Ladies' Seminary in the early 1920's, and her husband, Moores, is now a wealthy merchant of Carbonear, Nfld. They spend their winters in Toronto. E. and I got a big kick out of the old wedding notice but we didn't mention it, not knowing how far the Moores' sense of humor went. What you have there is perfectly legal, of course, and you can do what you like about including it in the new edition of the book. I just thought I'd mention it.

Our best to Sally, Deirdre and yourself.

Cheero,

Tom

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Ans'd
Aug 3

Wilson's Point, R.R. 3, Orillia, Ont.
July 18, 1953.

Dear Tom;

Though I am domiciled in Toronto I really live here - week-ends from April to October. I have no formal vacation and am at the office every week; but the week-ends run from Friday evening to Monday afternoon (spring & fall) to Friday evening to Thursday afternoon in the heat of mid-summer. Right now, midnight, I am in the top or living-room storey of the bathhouse, listening to the waves lap against Amic [Beaver] my trusty outboard, which I moor fore-and-aft much as the Norse tethered their craft in North America 1,000 years ago. As a canoeist in my youth I travelled our inland waters as you did the oceans. Am just back, in fact, from Lake Simcoe (30 x 45 miles) which is dangerous for vessels so small, unless a skipper

is not only skiffful but experienced. I shudder now to remember that, at the age of 8, I paddled my mother across the Ottawa, where it was a mile wide, in a 12-foot birch bark canoe - and 50 feet above the most dangerous rapids on the whole river. One good puff of wind on that occasion ^{down river} and you would not be hearing from me now.

Your very kind suggestion about Duff-Moores led ~~me~~ ^{me}, when correcting the pages proofs, to amend as follows: Under the caption Wedding Bells, I eliminated the words Duff-Moores. In text following, I use the names Dorothy Blank and Silas Blank. I believe this should free the parties of from any possible annoyance. To have deleted the item altogether would have meant re-paging 25

- 3 -

pages. This would have cost my publisher a lot of money at present wages for printers.

In retrospect, I greatly regret not seeing more of you and Edith. I do treasure my short visit with her and hope she found Toronto shopping exciting and satisfactory. I seriously suggest to her that she ask Simpson's - Sears, Toronto, to put her on the catalogue mailing list. Surprising as it may be to you two, my wife Sally often buys from the Mail Order, whose business is largely independent of the main store. Our experiences with Simpson's Mail Order have been very happy.

Once I wrote from up here suggesting, as best I could, the kind of bathing suit I thought Sally might like. They replied by sending 3 to choose from & saying the annual sale was on. We bought all three, at

the normal cost of one @ Simpson-Sears
is on the up-curve @

Convention aftermath @ You pleased
Isabel Le Bourdais by leading Nicholas
Monsarrat nicely @ Where you two
disagreed, on the question of planning,
the great majority (including me) agreed
with you. We thought him too mechanical.
I am satisfied that no real writer
ever knows what he is going to say -
even in non-fiction @ Even on critiques
my opinions here often surprised me @
I believed what I wrote; but I did
not, in advance of writing, know what
I really thought. { The old woman who talked to herself
until I've heard what she said? } said: "How can I know what I think
until I've heard what she said?"
I she had not been asleep for
2 hours, Sally would send regards @
After all, the confidence she showed
in me today as a mariner, earns
her present peaceful slumber @

As no word from Costain for
4 months, I presume his 1st volume
of Canadian history will be the last
of that series @ Regards - Billy.

Sunday, August 2nd, 1953.

My dear Bill,

Your handling of the wedding notice is adroit and will eliminate any possible objections from the people concerned. As I've said before, the thing was alright as it stood, you were merely quoting a newspaper account and legally on solid ground; but it's just as well to avoid personal repercussions if you can do so without sacrificing the point of the joke.

Your writing den in the upper story of your boathouse sounds attractive. I think I can match it, though, for I'm writing this in my hide-away at Moose Harbor, a small creek in the shore woods at the entrance to Liverpool Bay, about three miles seaward from my house in town. The creek holds two or three small fish-wharves, and the usual weatherbeaten shacks where fishermen stow their gear, and at the present moment a dozen of their motor-boats are tied up there in Sabbath idleness. Actually my hut is outside the creek, with a broad view seaward that takes in Coffin Island and the lighthouse marking the entrance to Liverpool Bay. The sea washes the rocks thirty feet away, so that literally from where I sit looking over the sea there's nothing dry this side the Bay of Biscay -- except Sable Island (a place of which you've heard a thing or two) down over the horizon about 200 miles and on exactly the same parallel of latitude.

My hut is quite spacious, a single long room, built of round peeled logs sawn down through the centre, so that inside all is square, as if the interior walls were of boards. The main feature is a big plate glass window, eight feet long and six high, from which at intervals I have to erase the salt deposited by storms. Here I can stand or sit or lie on my cot and watch the sun come up out of the sea, or the moon at the proper time; and here I can write or just plain think without the interruption of the telephone or of summer visitors anxious to meet an actual author in his habitat. It's pleasant to meet people who have read one's books and instructive to hear their comment on the particular things that have impressed them; but as my notoriety grew I found it impossible to get any serious work done during the months of June, July and August when the tourists are afoot. Hence three years ago I sought this spot and built this den, secluded and yet within easy reach of my house in Liverpool. It contains a small stand for my portable, a working chair, two plain pinewood lounging chairs, a simple davenport that opens out to form a bed, a pine trestle table and two pine benches that can be put outdoors for occasional family picnics and for feeding special guests, and a small sheet-metal lumber-camp stove complete with oven.

At the present time Edith and I have the place to ourselves, for our daughter (17) is a swimming instructress at a YWCA camp for several weeks, and our son Tom (19) is a deck-hand on a freighter running from Montreal and Cornerbrook, Nfld., to ports in Florida and the Gulf of Mexico. ~~Tom~~ He leaves the ship in mid-September when the term begins at ~~the~~ Acadia University. He took to the sea like a duck to water anywhere, and apparently has the same salt in his blood that my father bequeathed to me. (My dad was a soldier, but he was a Cornishman, a salty breed, and began his career in the Royal Marines on the China station 50-odd years ago.)

I read with much interest your comment on the difference between Monsarrat's

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writing methods and mine. The basic fact is of course that Monsarrat's books, including *The Cruel Sea*, are actually histories rather than novels, and that is why he is able to plan so exactly before he starts to write, and to keep to his plan so exactly in the whole course of the writing. They are documentaries and as such they are magnificent -- I firmly believe that *The Cruel Sea* will remain a classic of English literature on war at sea -- but in those brief chapters where he ventures into the province of novelist -- ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ creative fiction, that is -- his tale turns weak and his characters are never quite credible. He was undoubtedly speaking sincerely when he remarked to us all that his next book ("about women") would be "largely guess-work". I'm curious to see it, for my impression of him is that of a man essentially introverted and shy, not really familiar with men (except those who came under his microscope when they were shut up in the same ships with him during the war), and moreover a man without much intimate contact with women. (In spite of his two wives. Did you meet his current one? I believe she was known in Johannesburg as *The Cruel She*.)

Monsarrat's assertive and somewhat belligerent manner (which I'm told gave many of his hearers a hostile opinion) seemed to me a sort of defence mechanism, the bold front of a man a little overwhelmed by success and still unsure of himself, in spite of the adulation he receives. I met and chatted with him two or three times in Toronto apart from our debate before the CAA and the bit we did together on TV, and on the whole I liked him. We are complete opposites of course. He's the congenital male introvert with a cynical view of the world, who nevertheless feels irresistibly drawn to the crowd by some fascination that he cannot understand. (He confessed to me that he would never be happy until he could live in London "where there are lots of people and lots of things going on".) On the other hand I am the congenital mixer, at home with men and charmed with women, who for those very reasons cannot work or even think except in solitude and has forced himself over the years to seek and like solitude as a necessity. Apart from all that I have always looked upon my writing bent, not merely from the viewpoint of the sea, but from a deep and sincere interest in the genus homo, male and female, afloat or ashore, past or present. This it seems to me is the true field of the novelist, and the tales he writes cannot be planned so exactly as Monsarrat seems to think; they have to be pulled from the back of his mind, out of various past experiences and feelings and observations, and all subject to the quirks of his own imagination -- a process which defies analysis and certainly any sort of rigid planning beforehand. That is why I detest being asked to get up and pontificate on the subject. I agree absolutely with the British painter Walter Sickert when he was asked how he got the ideas for his work. He said, " My paintings grow out of me like my toe-nails. When they have reached a certain length I cut them off, and that is all I know."

Cheero,

Tom

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The Globe and Mail

Toronto, Oct., 2, 1953.
Canada,

Dear Tom;

Congratulations on Tidefall. I finished reading advance (unbound) copy yesterday and wrote my review last night. It will run tomorrow - the 3rd.

There is no use going into that as you will see my piece.

What is of importance between ourselves, and what I did not discuss in the article, is whether Tidefall is better than Nymph. In my article, I more or less lumped the pair (and they are a pair) and implied a general equality.

I thought long over relative merits but was tired and dared not make up my mind. After a good long sleep and with sun pouring through my study window, I feel now that (a) Tidefall is stronger, but (b) sentimental ending of Nymph may leave it the more popular with the ordinary run of readers. Tidefall, being more coherent, tighter woven, is, artistically, the better performance. Casual judgment will lump them as equals. I thought of saying, but didn't risk it, that you are stacking up well with Conrad. Certainly Halifax, Nymph and Tidefall are far ahead of all your other work, especially in strength.

It was a great grief to me that you could not explain that, legally, Rena will become sole heir to the Caraday business; and that Halkett will not be able to collect his \$5,000 blackmail out of the \$35,000 insurance. Sax's death readjusted moral scales with a vengeance. Also the insurance is now legally justified -- I think.

Four Jameses is out and I shall send you a copy.

Best regards to Edith. How does she like living with a man who understands so perfectly the mentality of a skunk like Sax ^{Loan?}

Ever admirably -

Bill

Nolan?

October 7th, 1955

Dear Bill,

Delighted to receive a copy of the new edition of *The Four Jameses*. It's a right good job and my only gripe is that it should have been reprinted long ago. It's too good a thing to have lain dormant all that time except in the hands of the connoisseurs who were smart enough to lay hold on the first edition. However, Bill, it's vintage stuff ('27 must have been a good year) and it retains the flavor, body and bouquet, not to mention the kick. I hope Ryerson's are giving it the promotion it deserves, for a lot of Canadians have been missing something native and good. Apart from the four odd and authentic characters it preserves, together with their works, the book is a study in the gentle art of irony, something rare in Canadian letters.

I note what you say about *Tidefall* in your letter and in the review, both good. I think *Tidefall* may not have the popular appeal of *The Nymph*, because women buy most of the books nowadays, and *Tidefall* is more of a man's book; moreover it's the story of a most unpleasant character, whereas the people in *The Nymph* were all fundamentally decent. However, we shall see. Popular or not it is a book I wanted to write. The character of "Sax" (who really lived) has been in my mind for a long time, together with the problem of a woman who finds herself married to such a man, and the bleak scene in which the tale is set has haunted me ever since I first saw it years ago. Apart from all that I wanted to set forth something of the era of the rum-runners, in many ways the most fantastic chapter in Canadian nautical history. It was a chapter that belonged to the freebooting 16th and 17th centuries, and yet it was schemed, worked and fought out of Canadian ports in the 20th, a private war against the United States conducted by a class of men to whom the Elizabethans would look pale. Many of them I knew, and here in the 20's I had a unique opportunity to study them and to see what was going on. Looking back, many of their adventures seem incredible; and yet at the time, the hard times of the 20's here on the coast, they were as natural as codfish and ten times as profitable -- more.

Tidefall was a more difficult book to write than *The Nymph* (which cost me sweat and blood enough) and took much longer, I suppose because it is easier to write about people one can admire. But then I have never found writing easy, it is always toil, always a struggle with frustration and despair, and perfection is always dancing just ahead like the carrot before the burdened donkey, something he never gets but which leads him over the road with his burden anyhow.

Edith joins me in cheers to you and Sally,

The Globe and Mail

Toronto,
Canada

Oct, 22, 1953

Dear Tom;

Truth will out.

I have always tried to say a little less than my full appreciation of your work - to give you less to live up ^{to}. But now it's in print. CONRAD is a hell of a thing to say about you; but when I found other people saying it, I had to catch up with the procession.

I've no advice for you. Write what you want as you want; and you will go still higher. I do want to say one thing, though: Hang on to your authenticity -- your genuine inspiration from within.

Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that I have promoted you -- from Mr. Raddall to Raddall. Long ago I apologized to Chas. G. D. for calling him in print just "Roberts". But he was flattered. Well, I guess we do call Dickens and Conrad and Shaw by their last names; and it does imply that everybody knows who they are.

Goodbye, Raddall !!

Bill

Recd Oct 29/54

Toronto, Oct. 26, 1954.
Canada.

Dear Tom =

You are my writer. I've just sent my review of A Master of Arms down to be type-set.

The new collection adds several new favorites to my list; but I don't like a couple of the stories. Kulliecronkie strikes me as trivial - a practical joke isn't much. The beating up of the old woman in Parole grates on my nerves. This sort of thing happens here regularly and is nasty.

Presumably the short stories mean you have a major opus cooking for next year. I'll be listening for it.

Love to Edith -

Bill.

Oct 29/54

Dear Bill ~

It was good to see your hand-of-write again, & I await your review with interest — even though you don't like two of the tales. I grant your point in both cases. Killiecrankie is trivial, & I included it because to my mind a bit of triviality was necessary to lighten the more sombre tales. Morale is nasty, but it's nastiness was true, a sample of the darker side of war which the people of the naval ports had to put up with for six years — & which nobody else was allowed to know. Hence the false view of the Halifax naval riots exhibited by "Saturday Night", for example & a piece of misunderstanding or deliberate misrepresentation that still rankles in these parts.

I had a strong urge to write you last spring when the C. A. A. quarrel flared up, but I refrained. In this remote corner I see & hear little of C. A. A. affairs, the whole thing

astonished me, & the only views I could get on the affair were completely opposed. Hence I ignored the shoal of letters from people on both sides of the argument & went on with my work. At this distance the whole affair seemed proof of Macaulay's famous remark about authors' associations - writers aren't meant to be gregarious - & my own inclination is to drop out of the C.A.A. when my subscription expires next March.

C. joins me in good wishes to Sally & yourself

Tom

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Manuscripts

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I'm working on another novel - contemporary - for publication next year. The title probably won't come to until it's finished. Anyhow it's about timber this time, including family trees. My facetious alter ego suggests calling it "Stumpage and Heritage", but the novel is no joke.

66 Parkhurst Blvd., Nov., 6, 1954

Dear Tom;

Glad to get your letter of Oct. 29, and hasten to reply as I am up for air for the first time in three weeks and presently shall go under again till yearend. Mostly it's excess reviewing owing to insane habit of publishers of bringing out most of the best books in a few autumn weeks when, of course, there is not time to do justice to them.

Another reason for squeezing this note into an evening of labor is that we're moving -- sometimes between two weeks and three months. New address will be 48 Kildeer Crescent, Leaside, Toronto. We have been in this big house 18 years; the children are all away and independently established (we have 6 grandsons); and we are going to a comfortable, relatively new and appreciably smaller dwelling until retirement. There will then be another think and decision : what's next ? My paper wants me to stay indefinitely and the salary is nice; but I left law more than 32 years ago to be a writer; and I think maybe I should begin. I hope I can still write an amusing light essay and there are a ~~h~~ few books that I may soon be able to afford to be the author of. We're too busy and too tired to move immediately, and shall likely transfer ourselves piecemeal. That's the idea. But ^fif a buyer required prompt possession, we might not be able to afford to wait.

Enclosed find Oct. 30 department with your review. Reaction to Killiecrankie and Morale was purely personal and temperamental; and my published critiques are not based on whim but on reason, principles, reading experience and so on.

You are quite right in your reasons for including these stories. What you say matches what Hemingway said on announcement of his winning the Nobel Prize. A creative writer has a responsibility to testify to the truth as he perceives it.

Knowing I should not write out of a mere mood and prejudice,

I still thought I should tell you personally how I felt -- in case it should be of some use to you.

Now I'll tell you one. Just before the first war there was a real estate boom in Winnipeg, incredible to people who don't know the ways of new towns. A piece of land might change hands a dozen times in a year. Nobody ever paid for any of it outright. A buyer would pay a quarter down, balance in 1, 2 and 3 years, expecting to resell before the second quarter became due -- and generally did. Prices up & up & up - no limits. A chap called X operated widely; had "owned" at some time hundreds of properties, maybe thousands. The boom crashed in 1913 and everybody was broke and nobody could continue payments; but it took a long time to go through the red tape of legally divesting "owners" of their legal but unreal equities. One of Manitoba's first war acts was a moratorium to protect for the duration against any claims for debt any person in the forces. X, being hopelessly bankrupt, and multiple actions having started against him, enlisted in the army and went oversea. Everything halted. Vacant lots, houses, stores, hotels and every sort of property in which X appeared in the chain of title were frozen. It was a wholesale matter; but the brave soldier had to be protected. X's interests became a nuisance, a joke, a tragedy, depending on where you stood. X died a hero's death in 1918. His estate was protected, of course, till the ultimate lifting of the moratorium. His relatives had no interest in winding up an estate not only bankrupt but more involved than that of any ^vsolent _^millionaire. When I left the profession, X was still a major legal problem. ("The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with the bones.") I think the legislature must have acted to relieve great numbers of people from the vast legal costs of settling the estate.

At 1,100 miles away, you may be in a better position than I to know whether to resign or wait for reason and probity to return.

There is no doubt that a great deal of cold-blooded impropriety has taken place. The man chiefly concerned is of fascist temperament and was using the organization for his own ends. He was surrounded by dupes -- good simple souls and incredibly stupid. The whitelivered and lazy officers practically made him dictator. Trouble rose when there was an attempt to re-write the by-laws: "all power to the soci^Yets." (Actually, 3 persons were being empowered to do anything and everything they liked without consulting members at all.) That was stopped almost at the cost of bloodshed. But the row involved plain and fancy lies, slander, etc.

Ordinarily, that would have been the end; but we have two other types. There is the huge body of inactive people, who will not take responsibility, will not boldly take a moral stand for what they know to be right -- just crawl into holes and remain till shooting stops. These lethargic and stupid (but very nice) people don't even understand how seriously their own interests were being and still can be hurt.

A new type is the professor, to whom personal prestige means a great deal and to whose scale of values we are strangers. You will have noticed the conventions shifted to universities or places under the control of universities. Professors take over offices. We have now a national president who, if he has ever published a book, it was probably his Ph.D. thesis. I think it can be fairly said of this group that, as a group, they are ignorant of and indifferent to the needs of writers. Apart from that factor, conventions are being held in areas undesirable from the standpoint of the working writer. Kingston is not attractive to members.

Last spring, at the time of the battle, a local person appointed for that purpose, combed documents, circulars, motions, minutes, correspondence, to present a clear picture of the facts of the brawl -- no elaboration of views -- just to get at the facts.

Twenty of us met to be informed, and it took two hours for us to hear the complete statement, supported by all relevant documentary evidence. You can understand how impossible it would be for me to put the whole history in a letter.

But I can mention one relatively trifling episode. You got the minutes of a national executive meeting which stated that M had not paid fees for three years. M. is a Toronto branch officer. There were 231 members in arrears for fees but M was the only one named in a document circulated to about 50 people in all parts of Canada. This statement was attributed, in the national minutes, to the bursar, also a member of Toronto branch. We held an investigation at a branch meeting with 100 present. M. exhibited cancelled cheques for fees and membership cards issued when the fees had been paid. In the face of a deliberate lie (li^bellous in point of law) the bursar took the stand and apologized. In reply to questions, the bursar admitted not having made the statement at the national executive or elsewhere. Pressed to say who, then, had made it the bursar refused to say.

The real explanation of these extraordinary facts was obvious to all with experience of national affairs. The false statement had been attributed to the bursar by the person who wrote or dictated the minutes, and as that person has also sole control of the books, its falsity was deliberate. Why? M had insisted that regulations in the by-laws should be carried out.

The issue of whether democracy can be preserved is before us for the second time. Fifteen years ago attempted totalitarianism almost succeeded. A convention at Vancouver was rigged. Excellent planning was done quietly for months, the voting force being recruited on the West coast, where members knew nothing of the working and could easily be persuaded that they were the victims of central Canada folk. Everything worked according to schedule.

But they overplayed their hand. When Sir Charles Roberts and Gibbon, both former national presidents, opposed what was being done, they were both kicked out. Poor old Sir Charles wept at the humiliatioⁿ But Gibbon could not be kicked in the arse with impunity. He was furious. His eyes were suddenly opened to what I, with Toronto branch behind me, had been trying to do in the national executive for 2 years. (I used to go down in a minority of one; I'd borrow a seconder to get my motions on the record.)

So he came straight to me and apologized, suggested Montreal & Toronto team up as a rescue squad. We got Watson Kirkconnell elected president on the clear understanding that his 2-year term would consist in nothing but straightening out the mess and revoking the constitution the rebels (or fascists) had got adopted at Vancouver. It took the whole two years. A committee of 20 - the best people we could get - met in the Royal York every Sunday from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m. for one whole winter drafting a new constitution. That is the base of the present by-laws. But I guess freedom needs constant fighting for ----

I don't know any more than you do what to do. With one senior member, dating from January, 1922. But I'm old and tired and God knows I've done my bit. I am disgruntled and disappointed. In my anger, I want to resign and, like Samson, pull down the temple. But I'm a lawyer, too, and trained not to let emotion confuse thought. So I have told the earnest, liberal friends not to abandon the ship.

Knowing all the fact, and being thoroughly out of sympathy with the national administration, I believe that their misdirected efforts must fail. We already have some sound and capable officers, such as Elsie Pomeroy, treasurer. Also, there are behind-the-scenes influences which are more powerful than is apparent. If we lose, the exploiters are finished also; they have no idea how difficult it is to hold the movement together.

What troubles me deeply is that the aims and ideals of the founders of 1921 seem now not only to be defeated but forgotten. That can only be a temporary situation.

The largest, most active unit is Toronto branch, though we had only two national presidents because "everybody hates Toronto", including many of us who live here. This branch stems from The Toronto Society which, in 1922, graciously submerged itself in a national body.

Toronto has only the merit that it is democratic and nationally minded. We are indissolubly linked with both Winnipeg and Windsor branches. London branch exists in name only. (Except for Bird, that rapport would include Halifax, and this is why you must not drop out till Toronto does.) In a test of strength, I don't know where Montreal and Ottawa would stand -- probably a split.

The score is : In 33 years we have established the Awards (my idea); and two ^twriters' magazines; and the conventions (I believe I met you at one). We have originated and made an instat^tion of Canadian Book Week, which helps every author. We have created a place where writers can meet. We have won better terms through the stand^tard contract. We have circulated Harold G. Fox's law of copy^right which few members read, though he, a Canadian, is the greatest authority in North America. Net result is that, today, in Toronto Public Library's popularity ^score, six book/by Canadian books by Canadian authors are among the highest 24 -- that is, one in four. When I joined it was two in 100. Under decent management, when it returns, we shall fare better. And there are many other intangible benefits. The thing has paid.

There are here dynamic members anxious to resign. So far, they have not because I have advised them to wait. If Toronto leaves, there will be no core. I really think that the turning point was last spring when Scott Young, as senior vice-president present, accepted the resignation of Arthur Child as treasurer and chairman H.Q. committe

Do as you please. But, if you resign, I shall; and I think that will start the avalanche. Should I decide to resign, I shall tell you and we shall go out together.

But, except for your resignation, I shall hold on because there is, really, no organization of comparable influence in either G.B. or U.S. That may be hard for you to understand but it is true. I really trust the Canadians to be sensible people. Perhaps we flatter them. We shall see,

I am not going to the proposed Queen's convention in 1955. I did not go to Banff in 1954 because I knew it was going to be a farce, which it was (Hardy). Stiling is playing his cards according to academic prestige -- not Canadian literary^{ry} advantage of which he knows nothing whatever.

There is now a proposal to turn the Canadian Poetry Magazine over to the University of British Columbia. Please oppose it with all your might as a national vice-president. His editorship (Earle Birney) 1946-48 was disastrous. Can't elaborate; but CPM must remain under our control and management. The alternative is fatal. Commercially, it is nothing; but from a writer's standpoint the change would be fatal. I do not expect you prose writers to understand this but the mistake of my administration was appointing Birney editor-manager. Opposite it.

Warm regards --

Bill

I was inactive in the 1954 fight but had a ringside seat. For years I'd been trying to wriggle clear of offices and chores (having done my bit) and was able to revert to the ranks when I couldn't get along with George Hardy. The younger crowd thought I should not participate as I might look like a stand-pat ancient; but I was invited to private discussions and received copies of all letters received and sent.

February 10th, 1955

Hello Bill,

About this time of year in '53, you will remember, I was asked to write the second volume of Doubleday's history of Canada. I was still wrestling with "Tidefall" then, and I was dubious in any case, and after checking points with you and with Stanley Salmon, I decided it was not my dish. Apparently Rutledge then undertook the job.

Recently I was asked to do the third volume. I'm working on a novel which is well in hand and should be finished about mid-May, so there's no obstacle in that direction. This will make three novels and a book of short stories since I did my last job of history (Halifax) and it seems to me that another dip into history would make a salutary change. Any how I've told the people concerned that I will do the third volume if the financial side of it is satisfactory, and I await their reply. My present novel will fulfil the "next work" option clause in my contract with Little Brown, and McClelland & Stewart have no option at all, so I shall make a one-book contract for the history and see how things go. I shall then be in a position to review my whole advantage from a publishing standpoint before committing myself again. If I have learned one thing about this game it is that a writer is a fool to tie himself up with a publisher purely on the basis of the royalty rate and with no assurance about the advertising and general promotion of his books. In the book market nowadays one is no good without the other, and in the case of M. & S. especially I have found them very coy indeed about advertising. Kenneth Roberts used to say that his London publishers brought his books out "clandestinely", and I could say the same of M. & S. I haven't yet seen the returns on the first six months' sales of "A Muster of Arms" in Canada but I'm willing to bet, sight unseen, that they're a case in point.

All this is under your hat, you understand. The next twelve months will probably decide a lot of things. I just wanted you to know what sort of winds were blowing in my neck of the literary woods.

Sharp weather here since mid-January, plenty of ice but no snow at all on the immediate strip of coast, although in the woods a few miles inland there is a lot of it. The contrast is amusing when you go from one to the other. I spent last week-end at our hunting camp at Eagle Lake, 15 miles up the river, logging pine for future firewood supply, dragging it across the ice and sawing and splitting it. Knee-deep in snow. And yet on the past three afternoons I've played golf on the local course, a point sticking out into the sea without a speck of snow except in one or two shady hollows. An old blue Navy jersey pulled on over my golf jacket, but no gloves. Nobody else out, of course. My friends inform me that only a writer would be mad enough to think of golf in February, even on the South Shore.

Tom

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Globe and Mail

48 Killdeer Cres.,
Toronto, 17,
Canada, March 21, 1955

Dear Tom;

Doubleday says you signed the contract. I should like to use the fact as a brief news item. Doubleday would like me to do so, as mere announcement of your name will strengthen the series - in which you now have a stake. However, they don't know whether a note would embarrass you. So I said I'd find out. May I shoot ?

Good luck -

Bill

March 26th, 1955

Hello Bill,

It will be quite alright to say that I've signed a contract with Doubleday for Volume Three of their History of Canada series.

The contemporary novel on which I've been working almost a year, tentatively called A Finger In The Dust (this will probably be changed) will be finished about the end of May, for publication next Fall. As soon as it's in the printer's hands I shall go into research for the history.

The period of the history is one that has always fascinated me -- roughly from 1774 to 1849 -- when the destiny of the northern half of this continent was worked out and fought out, and the word Canadian came to mean not merely a group or a theory but an incipient nation. It is a wonderful subject and I hope to do it justice.

It was good to see you again in the flesh and to hear your voice; I'm only sorry that my short and crowded visit allowed so little time for purely personal pleasures.

Cheero,

Ans'd April 11/55

The Globe and Mail

48 Killdeer Crescent,
Toronto,
Canada, April 6, 1955.

Dear Tom;

After our recent conversation in the Royal York, I think you should be the first to know that my resignation from the Association is signed, sealed, lying on my desk and will be mailed tomorrow.

I think I made clear to you that this impulse had been with me for a long time but, in the last phase, I could not desert in the face of the enemy.

There are not and will not be any assigned causes for my action. After more than 33 years of membership, most of them in the discharge of the duties of offices, including all the highest and most onerous, I believe I have worked my passage.

I have become very weary of meetings, conventions, committees and - especially - of the assumption of many people that I am to be called on at any time for advice or any other time-consuming chore.

Now, on my 65th birthday, I end it with the revulsion a man can only feel on realization of a misspent life. The futility of my labors and expenditures disgusts me. The beneficiaries of my efforts simply were not worth the personal sacrifices I made. No man likes to feel he has spent the major portion of his adult life under a delusion. But the time has come to face it. The writers of Canada have not the sense to realize what they might accomplish in their own interests by united effort. All that is left to me is a gesture of derision -- not at the rest of you but at my own idealistic folly. I backed the wrong horse. I didn't realize how immature, how selfish, how stupid Canadian writers were. It was my mistake. There are no recriminations.

Owing to the fact that our pension scheme was brought in late, I shall have to work five years more to earn 50% of the minimum

retiring allowance on which we can maintain life. But thank God for the Salvation Army. I shall not starve.

It was wonderful to see you briefly. I, as an independent critic, have every faith in you as a writer. I shall await your books with keen anticipation.

With best regards to Edith and your good self,

Bill

Doubleday delighted that you allowed me to say that you would write the third volume. It was wise of you to take this on.

48 Killdeer Crescent, Toronto 17,
April 19, 1955.

Dear Tom;

Thanks for your letter. I regret you have been ill. I also apologize for writing briefly but my salaried job has to be performed.

With respect, I cannot see any analogy between our positions. I have completed more than 33 years in the common interest, involving outlays of thousands of dollars which I could not afford. The cost in what I had no time to write is, for a writer, beyond estimation.

What Lord Macaulay said 100 years ago strikes me as irrelevant. That was an era of private enterprise.

Life today is organized to point where governments (not only ours) must maintain a high level of income for farmers, even if what is produced on the farms cannot find natural markets ~~at~~^{at} prices now paid by government at the direct expense of you and me in taxes.

Further, merger of labor unions and demands for guaranteed annual wages (pay for not working) at the expense of all consumers is a force industry cannot cope with. Government is not yet buying and storing automobiles like butter; but it may, or pay manufacturers subsidies out of taxes levied on you and me. Government may have to run all businesses at the direction and for the benefit of the Farmer-Labor voters.

Your lone wolf position looks to me more like that of a sitting duck. Authors have the chance of creating a professional body like doctors or lawyers, or of becoming a labor union. Newspaper men are organized as a labor union. Authors would be better off the other way.

Right now copyright is up for revision. For us a strong committee is headed by a highly paid lawyer whose book on copyright at \$25 a volume sells widely in both U.S. and Canada. As a member he is donating his valuable services worth many thousands of dollars.

Being over 65 years of age, having given more than 33 years' of unremitting labor -- for what it may be worth -- I am demanding my release as a mere matter of justice.

There is an impression abroad, especially among the less successful writers, that I exist to advise and serve them generally. The only way I can continue to summon strength to perform my paid work is to cut off these importunate writers from eating into my time and strength. Therefore I have resigned. Henceforth I shall send these mendicants to the officials of the organization.

I leave without rancour and with regret. But there is no other way for me to earn a living. It's as serious as that. I did what I thought right at the time; I'm doing what I think right and just now.

You will have similarly to make up your mind. If the authors prefer 1843 conditions and know some way to turn the calendar back, why God bless them. But if they will not now assume the responsibilities of professional people, I fear they will shortly find themselves Unit 728 of the typists union, and taking their orders from a labor boss.

Personally, nothing would pain me more than to think that my retirement because of old age should in any way affect adversely the body I helped to sustain during more robust years.

With warmest personal wishes,

Bud

The Globe and Mail

48 Killdeer Cres.,

Toronto, Oct., 3, 1957
Canada

Dear Tom:

Special congratulations on The Path of Destiny. You were lucky in getting the most important period to write about. I was surprised how much you know about Upper Canada.

When you see my review you will find two little objections. This is tactics. I've found when I give all praise some discount the statement as biased. But 98% favorable carries credence. So I took some trouble to find two tiny spots to which I could say "Wrong." Geo. E. Wilson was a Dalhousie professor when he published his life of Robert Baldwin. I think his argument has merit -- how much I don't know.

Regards to Edith, and in haste -

Bell

Deacon

*Ans'd
Oct. 21/57*

Armed
Och 1/59

Closing up the Cottage, Lake Couchiching

Sept. 26. 1959.

Dear Tom =

Heartily congratulations on the prize!
It was richly earned. As one of the
judges - 5 of us I think - I believe this is
the best novel any Canadian has yet
written. Compare the runner-up, which
is Arthur Hailey's *The Final Diagnosis*.
This is a slick piece of joinery - much
too calculated. Really a documentary film
about a hospital.

George Nelson told me in confidence
the result, since he knew I hoped you
would win. Says you are doing a
little re-writing.

You have every reason to be proud.
Love to Edith from Sally and me.

Bill Deacon

The Globe and Mail

Canada's National Newspaper

Toronto

Canada

July 6, 1960

Dear Tom:

You must have known long since that I approved of The Governor's Lady; but I thought I'd like to congratulate you personally. A great effort!

I was scared that the Doubleday men might pick the Hailey novel because of his TV and movie successes. But Ralph cast the first vote - for you - and then I banged in with the second. Vote was unanimous.

I'm still anxious for fear the publisher has made you delete too much of the background material. This, I thought, was the best part of the novel -- New Hampshire, by stage across England, London, and Halifax in the earlies. I shall be glad when I get the actual book.

Our Overseas edition is doing well. From London we airmail copies to 52 countries. Thought you might like to see my announcement in that form.

All I have here or can get from Doubleday are mug shots - studio portraits and I'd like to give our readers the treat of an informal picture -- say in hunting clothes or in a boat or something. Will you please give me something like that, unbuttoned, you know. AND THIS POINT. To get good reproduction I'll need a greatly enlarged glossy to work from. So please lend me the film for our engravers to work on. I can mail it right back to you.

Sally and I greatly enjoyed your TV appearance, describing the Admiralty Building in Halifax.

Love to Edith and best luck for the novel. Your steadily increasing powers and successes delight me.

Warm regards,

Bill

Deacon

National Film Board

Chris Ford

July 6, 1960

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Dear Tom:

You must have been long since the Governor's lady, but I thought I'd like to congratulate you on a great effort!

I am so glad that the book is being made into a TV series because of its TV and movie success. But I hope you can get the first vote - for you - and then I hope in with the second. You are wonderful.

I'm still anxious for fear the publisher has made you delete too much of the background material. This, I thought, was the best part of the novel - the background, by which means England, London, and Miller in the earlier.

I shall be glad when I get the actual book.

Our Governor's edition is doing well. I hope you will be able to get to the country. Though you might like to see my announcement in the paper.

All I have here or can get from Hollywood are one story - studio portraits and I'd like to give our readers the best of an interview picture -- my in making clothes or in a boat or something. Will you please give me something like that, whatever, you know. AND THIS POINT. To get good reproduction I'll need a greatly enlarged copy to work from. So please send me the film for our engineers to work on. I can mail it right back to you.

Billy and I greatly enjoyed your TV appearance, describing the building in Miller.

Love to Billy and best luck for the novel. Your assembly is wonderful.

Best regards,

CF

July 9, 1960

Dear Bill,

My thanks for yours of the sixth, and that special vote of confidence in the last line warmed the heart.

Possibly you've seen the bit in last week's Time (Canada edition). I was amused at the statement that I'd been on easy street ever since Tweedsmuir endorsed my work in '39. The fact is that I had a damned hard struggle for many years after that, indeed I've never known what easy street looked like. Partly this was due to my own stubborn insistence on writing about my own scene and people, and choosing my own theme whether the publishers liked them or not. Little Brown, for example, thought I was mad to turn aside from historical novels (in which, Stanley Salden said, I had achieved some distinction) to write modern tales in "The Lymph and The Lamp", "Tidefall" and "The Wings of Night". My histories, too, were undertaken in the full knowledge that history, to put it mildly, makes nobody rich. "Halifax, Warden of the North" took two years of intensive research and writing, during which I had to support my family and pay my bills with no advance from the publishers. When finished it represented a cash outlay of at least \$10,000. To date it has returned me exactly \$3,340.97. My real reward was in the satisfaction of writing the story of a city I loved -- which has no Easy Street.

You ask for an informal photograph. I haven't possessed a camera for years, myself. Chris Lund, of the National Film Board, took some excellent pictures a year or two ago. I believe you can get copies, without charge, by writing the Board and quoting the numbers, which are:-

86598 86704 86601 86547 86539 One or two of these include E. They were taken on the golf course, in a codfishing harbor near here, and on a fishing trip up the local river.

Louis Jacques, of Weekend, took some good pictures in the same style a few years ago. Weekend has never used them, so I presume Louis took them just for fun, and in that case you could obtain copies by a note to him. One of them I consider the best ever taken of me -- a close-up shot on the shore at the entrance to Liverpool harbor, with field glasses in my hands, watching for the return of the fishing boats.

E. joins me in cheers and salutations to Sally and yourself.