



The Reprint Society of Canada Limited

1040 Bleury Street, Montreal 1, Que.

January 24th, 1949

PERSONAL

Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.,
c/o McClelland & Stewart Limited,
215 Victoria Street,
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Raddall:-

Although I have never had the honour of meeting you personally I have received great pleasure from reading your works and am very enthusiastic about your latest title, HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH, which fills a long vacant gap in Canadian history.

I do not know whether you are familiar with the background and aims of this Society but briefly they are to distribute well bound, time-tested titles at a reasonable price to Canadians with particular attention on Canadian authors. In the past year we have distributed to members three Canadian titles and are reprinting Laura Salverson's CONFESSIONS OF AN IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER for distribution next month to be followed by E. F. Meade's REMEMBER ME in May.

In order to continue our Canadian selections we would like to reprint in our edition, ROGER SUDDEN for distribution to our members in July which will coincide with the Halifax Bicentenary. I do not know whether you own the copyright for this title or whether it is still in the hands of McClelland and Stewart, however, I would appreciate your views on a reprint edition of this title and, if you agree, I will contact the copyright owner to discuss the necessary details.

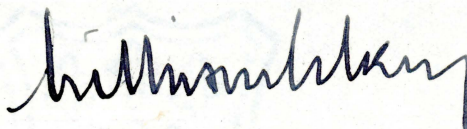
I am enclosing a copy of our current literature which fully explains this Society and am sending

Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.

Page two

you, under separate cover, a copy of our current selection
THE FOUNTAIN so that you may see the type of binding with
which all our titles are produced.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "William Doheny". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "W" and a long, sweeping tail.

Encl.
WD/gd

William Doheny
Vice-President

February 8th, 1949

Mr. William Doheny,
The Reprint Society of Canada Ltd.,
1040 Bleury Street,
Montreal 1, Que.

Dear Mr. Doheny,

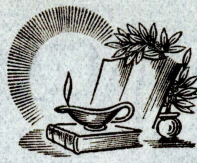
Thanks for your letter of January 24th, and
for the copy of Morgan's THE FOUNTAIN.

I am willing to let you issue a reprint edition
of ROGER SUDDEN, with of course a clear understanding that this
permission in no way involves transfer of my copyright in the
book, or the rights of my publishers, McClelland & Stewart.

I have communicated with McClelland & Stewart
on the subject, and they have expressed their willingness to
permit a reprint edition by your Society. The details of the
business I leave to them. If you will communicate with Mr. John
McClelland, at 215 Victoria Street, Toronto, the arrangements
can be made as quickly as you like.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,



The Reprint Society
of
Canada Limited

1040 Bleury Street, Montreal 1, Que.

February 17th, 1949

Thomas Raddall, Esq.,
Liverpool,
Nova Scotia.

Dear Mr. Raddall:-

We have now completed arrangements with McClelland and Stewart for a reprint edition of Roger Sudden. This title will be our July selection and I will get in touch with you before long concerning publicity etc. In the meantime any suggestions you may have will be most welcome.

Once again I would like to tell you how pleased we are to be able to reprint Roger Sudden.

Yours sincerely,

William Doheny
Vice-President

WD/gd



The Reprint Society

of
Canada Limited

1040 Bleury Street, Montreal 1, Que.

May 19th, 1949

Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.,
Liverpool,
Nova Scotia.

Dear Mr. Raddall:-

We have just begun promotion work for ROGER SUDDEN. The first thing underway is our monthly book news. Andy Merkel has already written a fine review for us, but we need some biographical material from you.

I would like to use something about how you first submitted Scabey Lou to Blackwoods Magazine, and the encouragement you later received from Lord Tweedsmuir. I think our readers would be interested to know something of your writing habits. People are constantly amazed to hear most successful writers seem to regard writing as hard work and put themselves on very strict schedules. But, I think they like to hear it. Judging from your output, I'm sure you're a hard taskmaster.

About five years ago I was in Liverpool to see Cecil Day, and was confined to the old Mersey Hotel for the week-end. On Sunday I went for a walk with a notion of looking at the house you lived in, but somehow or other I managed to get on the wrong side of the river, and spent the afternoon sitting on the rocks reading. I remember I missed Cecil Day that trip too, and although we have had occasion to correspond since then, I've never managed to meet this unique country editor.

However, the jaunt was not entirely a failure for on Monday I drifted down the South Shore and discovered Miss Arnold's Ragged Island Inn outside Lockport. I don't think there's a pleasanter place to stay in all of Nova Scotia.

Sincerely,

Gwen Beattie

(Mrs.) Gwen Beattie
Public Relations

GB/gd

May 30th, 1949

Mrs. Gwen Beattie,
The Reprint Society of Canada Ltd.,
1040 Bleury Street,
Montreal 1, Que.

Dear Mrs. Beattie,

I must apologise for the long delay in answering your letter. Partly it was due to a visit to Seal Island, a remote speck beyond Cape Sable, where I was held by a succession of gales, and I didn't get home until late on the night of the 28th.

I'm afraid I must ask you not to use the story of the manuscript entitled "Tit for Tat", which told the adventures of Scabby Lou. The fact is that it was rejected by Napier Moore, who considered it worthless, but who a few years later was glad to buy the Canadian rights and pay twice what he could have had it for in the first place. Napier has since become a very good friend of mine and I'm sorry that the incident has been revived. After all, editors are human and they have the right to change their minds. You can say that the tale of Scabby Lou (who really lived and was a famous character in these parts) was accepted by William Blackwood, of Blackwood's Magazine, who wrote me a very kind letter with his cheque and asked to see more of my work. This was the beginning of a long and very happy connection with Blackwood's, in whose pages Kipling, John Buchan and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt (amongst others) read my tales of Nova Scotia and wrote their appreciation and encouragement. Buchan and Roosevelt were especially kind to me. Buchan (who had of course become Lord Tweedsmuir) wrote a foreword for my first book of short stories, "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek"; and it was Roosevelt who urged me to write my first novel, "His Majesty's Yankees".

You ask how I work. Well, ordinarily I work each morning from eight o'clock to noon, and every evening from seven until midnight. However, when I have got my teeth into a novel it becomes an obsession that drives me very hard. By the time the novel is half written I find myself rising at five each morning. I get my own breakfast (coffee and toast, an easy job) and work from about ~~xxi~~ six until noon. If the afternoon is fine I give myself the usual break and get outdoors, until teatime -- golfing or fishing in summer, hiking about the shore roads in winter, or merely sitting on a wharf yarning with the fishermen, or with the teamsters and lumberjacks at Milton, two miles up the river. After tea I work from seven until midnight -- sometimes later. And on stormy afternoons I work straight through. Fortunately I have a rugged constitution, and once the obsession has set in five hours' sleep in the twenty-four seems to be quite enough. The odd thing about all this is that I am an instinctively lazy man. Therefore I approach the matter of a new novel (and a new slavery) with the utmost reluctance, and in the early stages I welcome any excuse to put the work aside. My wife, with the practical mind of women, points out that if I worked harder and more steadily on the earlier chapters I needn't drive myself so hard on the rest; but that is the way I'm made and I can't help it. I daresay this is common enough amongst writers and artists and others who must live within their own minds a good deal; it seems to me natural that one should become more and more absorbed in one's subject until the subject is everything and the rest of the world a rather annoying murmur in the distance. When the orgasm is past I loaf with just as much absorption as I formerly worked; my merits as a writer I do not know -- that is for others to judge -- but in the art of loafing I declare myself an

expert. Only the Southern negro can surpass me in the science of doing absolutely nothing -- not even thinking -- for hours and days on end. I have thought of writing a book on the subject, but that of course would be work.

All this is possible because I live, of choice, in a small country town where there are no major distractions. My friends know my peculiar habits and do not disturb me during the morning or evening when I'm working; and for the ~~XX~~ rest my wife stands guardian over the phone and the door.

None of this prevents me from indulging my hobbies -- fishing, hunting, sailing, and of course loafing. History has fascinated me from Childhood, but I refuse to become typed as an historical writer, and at present I am working on a novel based on my own experiences and observations as a wireless operator on lonely stations on capes and islands along the coast. The history and legends of the Micmac Indians have interested me a good deal and I collect arrowheads, shards of pottery and other relics from their ancient camp grounds and kitchen-middens along the shore and up the rivers. For many years I have been interested in the work of the Canadian Legion, and I have been president of the local branch. During the late war I joined the reserve battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, and eventually found myself commanding a rifle platoon, patrolling the coast in the wild days of '42 when German submarines were operating all along this coast and (on the American side of the mouth of Fundy) landing parties of saboteurs. We had a good many adventures, mostly comic, and these, too, would make a book if I could ever get up energy enough to write it. As it is, I have written a history of the active battalion of the regiment, which served in Italy and Holland.

I am president of the local historical society, and at present I am keenly interested in the restoration of the old Perkins house, built in 1766 and the home of Simeon Perkins, the Pepys of Nova Scotia, whose diary was recently published by the Champlain Society.

Is this enough? It seems to me that I have told you what you wished to know, and none of it seems very interesting. If you are down this way again, please come and see me. Cecil Bay is still going strong, and so is the Ragged Island Inn.

Sincerely,



The Reprint Society
of
Canada Limited

1040 Bleury Street, Montreal 1, Que.

June 22, 1949

Thomas H. Raddall,
Liverpool, N. S.

Dear Mr. Raddall,

I'm sorry that we had to use the story of the "Tit for Tat" manuscript, because your letter (which has some excellent publicity material in it) arrived about three days after the Crier had to be in the printers hands. However we left Napier Moore anonymous, and left out the ending. All in all, I guess I can scarcely say we used the story. Just enough of it to show you became a successful writer in spite of a discouraging letter with your first rejection slip. I am enclosing a few copies of this Crier.

The rest of your letter will make excellent personal data for reviewers.

I was interested in your talk to the Men's Press Club last Sunday.

As well as I know Water Street, I couldn't in my mind identify the one you spoke of as the one I'm so familiar with. We had a printing shop near the Nova Scotian on Hollis, and lived in Dartmouth. I walked every day to and from the ferry.

I won't miss your talk this Sunday. Incidentally, Dorothea Cox is quite an authority on arrowheads and Indian relics. Her father was connected with the University of New Brunswick and spent a good deal of his time making collections.

Have you any suggestions for promotion of our edition of ROGER SUDDEN in the Maritimes? The Bookroom always gave your books good display, but I

Wrote asking
for a copy of their
edition of R. S.
Aug 15/49

hear they are no longer in business. This leaves very few book outlets in Halifax.....the department stores, Willis', Donaldson's Gift shops and Mahon's on Spring Garden Road.

I suppose your HALIFAX - WARDEN OF THE NORTH is the important book at the moment. But there should be a renewed interest in ROGER SUDDEN with the bicentennial in everybody's mind. Joan Marshall and Mrs. Dexter would probably be pleased to receive something from us. And perhaps Abbie Lane still has a program over CJCH.

As distribution and promotion get under way, we'll be contacting you again. In the meantime, I hope you won't mind the Crier.

Sincerely,

Gwen Beattie

Gwen Beattie,
Public Relations.

THE REPRINT SOCIETY OF CANADA LIMITED

*Canada's Unique
Book Club*



*1040 Bleury Street,
Montreal 1, Que.*

August 18, 1949

Dear Mr. Raddall,

I have been meaning to send you copies of the three "Criers" that have some mention of ROGER SUDDEN in them. Last week the Hamilton Spectator gave a prominent spot in its book page to Andy Merkle's review. I have been told Will Deacon reviewed it last week, but our Globe and Mail tearsheet has not yet arrived in the office. On August 6 James Scott mentioned you and our choosing ROGER SUDDEN to coincide with the Halifax Bicentennial in his "Book Talk". And, if you didn't hear the program, you have undoubtedly heard that "Beat the Champs" kept calling you Thomas Randall on Friday, July 22. We were giving memberships to the winners that night, and ROGER SUDDEN was mentioned sixteen times.

So many of our members have written us notes at the time they send us their option forms to say how much they've enjoyed ROGER SUDDEN. And no one has written to say it was a bad choice for a Reprint Society selection. This is unusual.

2.

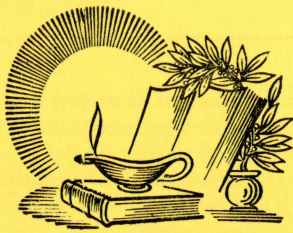
Quite frequently we are criticized for the type of books we choose. However, as many people write in to say they like a book, as write in to say they don't. But ROGER SUDDEN seemed to please everyone who ordered it.

Along with our edition of your book, I am sending you a copy of Joshua Slocum's SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORED. Could you tell me if much is made of the fact Slocum was born in Nova Scotia. Does the department of Industry and Publicity mention it in any of their booklets. Do you think the schools in the province should have copies. It is an amazing book, and very good reading.

I am sorry I overlooked sending you a copy of your book sooner. I must say it was a very serious oversight.

Sincerely,

Awen Beattie



THE Crier

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The Reprint Society of Canada Limited

1040 BLEURY STREET MONTREAL 1, QUE.

June, 1949

Vol. II, No. 9

JULY SELECTION

ROGER SUDDEN

by THOMAS H. RADDALL

Reviewed by Andrew Merkel*

"And it came to him in a rush of exaltation that this March of the English across the great northern wilderness, had begun at Halifax, that day in '49!"

ROGER SUDDEN, The Reprint Society's choice for July, is Thomas H. Raddall's rousing story of the founding of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1749, and its subsequent development up to the final surrender of Louisburg in 1758.

Roger Sudden is an impecunious Englishman, turned highwayman in his necessity, who having fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden, is compelled to flee England, in search of a fortune. He is captured by the Indians and has many adventures with them, before he becomes a trader, in league with his Jacobite friends, in Halifax and Louisburg, and finally a wealthy ship owner.

Then he is discovered by no less a personage than General Wolfe, a former victim, and a protege of the Elder Pitt and after being cast into prison, escapes, and makes his way to Louisburg, where his Kentish blood makes itself felt, and he plays an important role, in the landing of the British troops.

Finally exposed by the brother of the Golden Woman, he first met, on the Snow FAIR LADY, which brought him to the New World, he meets his end on the beaches at Louisburg, following the actual surrender of the town.

The strength of ROGER SUDDEN surely lies in the insistence of historical accuracy, displayed by the author. Thus the Jacobite trouble in England is placed in perspective, as is the plight of the Acadians and MicMac Indians, who we now know were mere pawns in the game being played by the Emis-saries of one of the two great powers struggling for the mastery of a continent.

So quite apart from its readability, which is very great, it is a story that needed to be told. It shows Halifax was the anvil on which was hammered out an enlightened British policy towards its dependencies, why India is a republic today, within the ambit of the British Association of Free Peoples. In the words of Sir Philip Sidney, ROGER SUDDEN is "a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

Its appearance in this, the year of the Halifax Bicentenary, in a new dress, is a tribute to the wisdom of those responsible for its selection.

*The people of Lower Granville, Nova Scotia, say the road is the worst in Canada, and they may be right; it was the first road in Canada. Lower Granville can lay claim to other firsts. It was there, in 1604, that Champlain's French colonists carved out the first permanent settlement in what was to be Canada. † Canada's first mill was built and first Indian converted there.

Last week Lower Granville was on the verge of winning back its first name: Port Royal. The man who had turned the trick was grey-haired Andy Merkel, 64, veteran Canadian Pressman. Since retiring in 1946 Merkel had worked hard to stir interest in the Annapolis Valley and throughout Canada in the history of Port Royal; he had published a book about it (*The Order of Good Cheer*). Last October he drafted a petition to restore the original name, got 35 of the 36 families in the village to sign it.

A bill to grant the petition whipped through its second reading in the Nova Scotia legislature last week. To avoid confusion, the bill also provided that a Cape Breton village which had been named Port Royal since 1867 would be renamed Port Royale.

†Three years before Virginia's settlement, but 39 years after Florida's.

From "TIME" April 18, 1949.

About the Author of the July Book

THOMAS H. RADDALL

Thomas H. Raddall was born at Hythe, near Folkestone, England, but in 1913 his family moved to Halifax. During World War I he served as a wireless operator on transports and other ships, and on shore wireless stations along the Atlantic coast and on Sable Island. In 1923 he became an accountant for a small pulp mill on the Mersey River in Nova Scotia. It was while here that he started writing.

His story can be continued from here by Andrew Merkel, our reviewer, who is an old friend of Raddall's. Says Mr. Merkel:

"Tom is a grand lad. But he has had his full share of ups and downs. He was working as a bookkeeper in a lumber mill near Liverpool, when he developed an itch for writing. In his spare time he had written *Scabey Lou*, of which he was inordinately proud. He sent it off to a magazine and received a long letter rejecting the manuscript and stating among other things Tom would never make a writer. Thoroughly deflated, poor Tom cast the rejected manuscript into a desk and spent his spare time thereafter hunting and fishing. Then about two years later a bank manager in Liverpool got a transfer, and gave Tom a bunch of Blackwoods magazines he had accumulated. After looking these over Tom decided to send Blackwoods *Scabey Lou*. And then things began to happen. First of all he got a letter from George Blackwood, head of the firm, accepting the manuscript and asking Tom to write more. When the story appeared in Blackwoods it was called *Tit for Tat*. But that was the only change. Lord Tweedsmuir, who was Governor-General at the time happened to be a Blackwoods fan and wrote Tom, praising his stories which had become a regular feature. Then the Saturday Evening Post wrote him suggesting he send them stories, which he did."

Winner of the Governor-General's Award in 1943, Mr. Raddall's most cherished criticism is from the pen of John Buchan in his foreword to *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*—"I confess to a special liking for a story which has something of a plot and which issues in a dramatic climax, a type which has had many distinguished exponents from Sir Walter Scott through Stevenson and Maupassant to Kipling and Conrad. To this school Mr. Raddall belongs and he is worthy of a great succession. He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-limbed narrative. And he has great stories to tell."

Hear Ye — Hear Ye

One of our staff was recently in Edmonton and reports that apart from the heat, he nearly fainted when the buyer of a large bookstore told him Reprint Society books were priced too low! She said her customers weren't interested in books costing less than \$3.50.

Since the May issue of the Crier was published we've had some correspondence with Edward Meade, the author of REMEMBER ME. Mr. Meade, who is a full-time employee of the British Columbia government, writes that he gets up every morning at 4.30 and works till 7.30. "No matter where I am I try to write at least 1000 words a day and throw away two-thirds of that."

for August SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

by Captain Joshua Slocum

In these days of the *Queens* it is amazing to think that one man sailed more than 46,000 miles in a nine-ton boat he built himself—she was 36 feet, nine inches long over all and the voyage took three years. Arthur Ransome in his special introduction says this is “one of the immortal books.” Combined with this is *Voyage of the Liberdade*. The Captain, his wife and two sons made a deep-sea voyage of over 5,000 miles in a boat they had to build themselves after they were shipwrecked off South America. The only complaint on the whole voyage was that of the small boy who had a hard time steadying himself while kneeling beside his bunk, and protested “This boat isn’t big enough to pray in.”

for September NOTHING SO STRANGE by James Hilton

Although this intriguing story opens in London just before World War II, for the first time in a Hilton novel the centre of gravity lies on this continent. The story is told by Jane Waring, a daughter of wealthy parents who struck out on her own as a foreign correspondent and author. In London she met Dr. Mark Bradley, a brilliant, dedicated young scientist, and saw him later in Vienna. She re-entered his life again when he was back on this continent under a mysterious cloud. The war found Brad confronted with the terrifying choice between scientific integrity and moral obligation. The situation holds suspense and a deep meaning given by the inevitable weighing of values in these days. Through the whole story runs the thread of Jane’s staunch, enduring love for Brad.

308 pages.

For October THE PURPLE PLAIN by H. E. Bates

This story is almost electric in the impact of its writing and characterization. It is the story of a young man who wants to get himself killed because he has nothing to live for, and then changes his mind, only to find himself faced with a terrifying, cruel death. Forrester’s disintegration under the unaccustomed tropical weather of Burma and emotional disillusionment is halted when he meets Anna, a beautiful gentle girl who has come to the native village for safety. As Forrester’s strange happiness grows slowly, he realizes he must live. Then on a flight over the jungle, Forrester’s plane catches fire. He manages to land and his struggle to save himself and his wounded navigator makes as gripping a story as can be found anywhere.