

c/o Fred Lindsey,  
R.R. No. 1  
Nanticoke, Ont.  
Aug 27 1940.

Dear Mr. Raddall: —

That you must be the son of my old Commanding Officer, Colonel "Tommy" Raddall, became apparent to me when I read your autobiographical sketch in the Starpost recently.

I was an officer in the 8<sup>th</sup> "Little Black Devils" of Winnipeg when we had that very hot engagement on Aug. 9 1918. Your father was killed about a quarter of an hour before I was shot through the chest by a .32 Manner revolver bullet on the edge of the

wood. It was sure a hard nut to crack, but our outfit took it and, won two V.C.'s in the contest that day. — a feat never duplicated I believe in the C.E.F. Large scale Ordnance maps of areas of the terrain might be of interest to you.

We have one thing in common besides your father's memory. I am on the make as a writer! I contribute sporadically to "Toronto Saturday Night" and had the leading article in July 27 "Liberty" — "Highlights of Canada's Trojan Horse". At the moment I am government inspector of airport ~~and~~ runways construction at Jarvis Airport and reside nearby at the above address. Please drop me a line.

Sincerely  
Herbert A. Mowat.



HENRY JANES, M. A.  
PRESIDENT

PUBLIC RELATIONS SERVICES LTD.

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TORONTO 1, CANADA

TELEPHONE  
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29th May, 1944.

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

Dear Mr. Raddall:

I expect to be in Halifax from June 4th to the evening of June 6th. I am bringing with me the Demion and Amiens sheets showing the surroundings of Hetchett Wood on two scales.

It has occurred to me that you might like to discuss the episode of that battle with me while I am at the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax, and if it can be arranged it will give me great pleasure to meet the son of my old Colonel of the Winnipeg Black Devils.

I have been hoping for some time to visit Nova Scotia and have postponed further correspondence with you with the possibility of this personal contact in mind. Now that it is definite it gives me great pleasure to forward you this information about my trip.

Yours sincerely,

HM:AP

*H. A. Mowat.*

Public Relations Services Limited



HENRY JAMES, M.A.  
PRESIDENT

HERBERT A. MOWAT  
VICE-PRESIDENT

INNER COURT · 33 SCOTT STREET  
Toronto 1, Canada

July 17 /44.

Dear Tom —

Several of us in Toronto  
would like to know if you  
expect to visit Toronto this  
summer.

My thanks for return  
of maps — hope they served  
you well. The topography  
in the vicinity of Hatchet Wood  
is sufficiently detailed in  
features for you to find the  
place of Colonel Reddall's death.  
Kind regards to your Mother,  
Sincerely,  
Herb. A. Mowat.

*Ans'd  
Apr 24/57*

*Herbert A. Mowat*

TELEPHONES  
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2 BLOOR STREET EAST  
OFFICE 41  
TORONTO 5, CANADA

April 20, 1957.

Dear Tom:-

I am addressing the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, Halifax Branch. Thursday evening May 2. Also I am speaking in Old St. Paul's Anglican Church, Halifax, the following Sunday evening. Saturday I have a free day which I would like to spend with you at Liverpool if you are there and are free. It is a treat I have been promising myself for years, a day with the son of my late and beloved Commanding Officer in the Black Devils.

.... Saw Roy Whitehead the other day and he wanted to be remembered when I would be privileged to be with you. You might drop me a line or wire me collect to the above address confirmation, or otherwise, if you expect to be absent from Liverpool, in which event I can make other arrangements for Saturday. But I hope you will be home and available.

With the assurance of my regard, and best wishes for Eastertide, I am ..... and regards to Mrs. Raddall whom I had the pleasure of meeting in 1944 .....

Most cordially

*Herb M.*

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June 15th, 1960

Dear Herb,

Thanks for your postcard and your very kind invitation to dine. I don't expect to be in Toronto in the near future, although there is a slight possibility that my publishers may wish me to make some sort of public appearance there in September, when my latest novel comes out in Toronto and New York.

Two years ago my wife and I made a tour of Europe, and in the course of it I made a lone pilgrimage to Manitoba Cemetery, following the course of the 8th Battalion from Caix to Hatchet Wood. I have always felt that the Brigade staff work was faulty there, and that Hatchet Wood could and should have been by-passed. However, after I crossed the Caix-Le Quesnel road and moved through the wheat fields until the wood came in sight, I got the true picture. The wood still looks dark and ominous on that rise in the landscape, and the Germans had a perfect field of fire, not only to their front but to both flanks for at least a mile. If the Winnipeg had failed to attack promptly and decisively the German machine-guns would have clobbered the battalions moving across those open slopes to the right and left. Dad told Dug Samders, "This is going to be a bad one", as soon as he saw the set-up, but his course was plain. One of the staff told me long afterwards that the only available tanks had been allotted to the troops attacking at Le Quesnel, where in fact the advance proved to be comparatively easy; and that, by one of the hard chances of war, without tanks and with very little artillery support, the Winnipeg had to attack what turned out to be the toughest spot in the so-called Blue Line.

Some years ago you lent me your old field map of the Caix-Mervilliers area, and I made a copy of it. Somehow my copy was mislaid, and on the actual scene I had to depend on a road map bought in an Apriens shop. I made careful notes of the ground in my journey over the battlefield, and now I'd like to make another copy of your field map. Would you send it to me, please? I'll return it promptly.

With my best regards,

Herbert Mount Esq.,  
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Toronto, Ontario.

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Aug. 14/1972

Dear Tommy:-

Once more Whitehead and I have observed 9<sup>th</sup> August 1918 at a joint luncheon - this time the 54<sup>th</sup> anniversary!! How time marches on! Two four sons were present and they are going to continue to observe this anniversary of we are gone.

Your Dad was a robust, hearty C.O. who had a special predilection for Whitehead and myself. Often he would invite us over to his billet (he always had a house which boasted a piano!) for Whitehead to indulge in playing on the piano and for some of my vocal contribution. I always admired his respect for good music.

My shot through the chest at Hatcher Wood slowed me up for about

This letter is written as a salute to your father's memory  
which persists vividly in the minds of W. H. Wood and  
myself. Do let it have a line from the son of the  
same name! Herb Stewart

five years, but I get all my health  
back, and now, in my 80<sup>th</sup> year am  
still enjoying remarkably good health  
as my breaks vacation in Britain  
this spring will testify.

In your "Path of Destiny" you have the  
most detailed and comprehensive account  
of the war of 1812-15 I have ever read.  
Congratulations on having rendered such a  
service in so readable a form.  
A kinsman yours John Stewart, served  
with the Cameron Buffs throughout the  
Peninsular War and, when Napoleon  
was sent to Elba in 1814, his regiment  
was moved to the Quebec Garrison. This  
is how he missed Waterloo. In 1816 he had  
been away from his home in Carleton Place for seven  
years, and opted to take up land in the new country,  
200 acres near Kingston Ont. He became  
father of Sir Christ Church, father of Confederation and  
Premier of Ontario for 24 years, and a founder  
of Queen's University in 1842.



August 17, 1972

Dear Herb:

I'm delighted to hear from you, and to know that you and Roy Whitehead are well and active. I remember with pleasure an evening with the Whiteheads many years ago, when I was in Toronto on business with my publishers.

As with you and Whitehead, August 9th every year is a poignant occasion. Not long ago one of my sisters found, and turned over to me, a letter from Dad to Mother, written on the evening before marching up to battle stations. The envelope contained a few dry flowers, which he had picked in the garden of a French chateau where he was staying, and a brief affectionate note saying "By the time this reaches you, you will have heard great things of our boys." By the time it reached her, he was dead, with so many others, but his boys had indeed done great things.

Over the years since, I have met or corresponded with many of the officers and men, and I obtained a copy of the 8th Battalion war diary for August 8 and 9, 1918, and a copy of your own field map of the Aernens area.

When at last I was able to visit the battlefield in 1958, and go over it step by step, I found that I actually knew more about it than the people living there. For example I could find nobody in Caix who knew where Manitoba Cemetery was. One old lady said there were some Canadians buried in Rosieres (so there were, but not of the First Division) and eventually I found the Manitoba graves myself. Hatchet Wood still loomed, dark and ominous, on the farther side of the draw in the wheatfields, and I knew how Dad felt when he said to Saunders, "Bug, this is going to be a bad one."

I brought home to Mother some earth from Dad's grave, and a sprig of a small creeping plant called London Pride which then covered most of the cemetery.

Some years ago I had a letter from a man who described himself as "probably the most rear rank private in the whole C.E.F." He was one of C Company, 8th Battalion, and his platoon lost their lieutenant and sergeant early in the battle. He admitted that he dropped out of the fight (into a German latrine!) and didn't rejoin the Battalion until it was all over. Captain (or Major?) Frank Ross put him under open arrest for desertion in the face of the enemy. He claimed to be ill, and succeeded in dropping out of sight again. What with the Battalion's heavy loss of officers and men, and new drafts coming up, etc., there was a lot of confusion, and eventually the charge of desertion was forgotten.

The Battalion casualty list for August 9 showed 52 men missing, most of them stragglers no doubt, who turned up like this chap later on.

I'm glad you liked my account of the War of 1812 in "The Path of Destiny". A man of my acquaintance, a professor of history, told me with an acid smile that my book was "good drum-and-trumpet history". Meaning of course that it contained too much war. So I was glad when the Wall Street Journal (of all papers!) urged every American to read it, because they would then understand the Canadian's attitude toward the United States to the present day.

*With my best regards to Whitehead & yourself  
Tom Randall*