

Answered
May 11/68

223 Windmill Road,
Dartmouth, N.S.
April 29th., 1968

Dr. Thomas H. Raddall,
Liverpool, N.S.

Dear Dr. Raddall:

I believe that I sent you a copy of a little book of children's stories titled THE WEE FOLK. That would be some years ago.

Since the book came out I have sold 25,000 copies of it here in Nova Scotia, and it continues to sell between 1,100 and 1,200 copies to the tourists who visit our province each summer.

Due to ill health and various other circumstances, I shall have to give up handling the book myself, and am trying to interest a publisher in taking it off my hands.

McClelland and Stewart seem to be interested in the book, and I have just had a letter from them asking several questions about the book, and also asking me what royalty I would consider.

I am completely ignorant of such matters as royalties, so called Mr. Burchell of the Book Room in Halifax for advice. He was very kind, but doesn't know much about the matter himself, and suggested that I write you, saying that he suggested it.

I do hope that I am not being presumptuous in writing you, but I would certainly appreciate any advice that you would care to give me.

I am yours most sincerely,

M. A. Dillman

P.S.

Am sending along another book in case you have given the first one to some child.

M. A. D.

*Answered by
hand note. May 31/85*

P.O.Box 516,
Eastern Passage,
Halifax Co.N.S.

May 28th.,1985

Dear Dr.Raddall:

I shall have my 81st.birthday in June,my writing is now confined to scribbling a bit of verse,for my own interest,mostly.But I thought that the enclosed might do for hasty notes,so had them made up.I would be pleased to have you accept these few as a small"token gift",for the great help and encouragement that you gave me over the years in promoting my children's books.Coming from the great writer that you are,I cherish the letters that you have written me.

I also had the note that I am writing on,made up,but alas,did not notice that the printer had the word divine spelled wrong,when we gave me the sample to see,so I said it was O.K.it's fine.Later when I took the original over for him to see,he could do nothing about it,I had said that it was alright.It was really my fault-I usually learn

On days of boisterous winds and stormy seas,
 When breakers beat on sands with frenzied roar,
 Exultantly, in coat and hood I stand
 To watch the mighty combers build and soar.
 Then push with hiss of shifting rock and sand
 To spend themselves along the rugged shore.
 Yet, words I cannot find to sing my song,
 Though moonlit seas and sands my heart ensnare.
 Mayhap, to each of us is given a song
 No other soul on earth is meant to hear.
 A gift divine, a wordless melody,
 To each, his theme that sets him free from care.

I yearn to weave with magic words the song
 My heart sings, as I linger by the sea
 This joyous song, this rapturous melody
 Engendered by the blue infinity
 Of the ocean rolling beyond vision,
 Out where the sky slips down into the sea.
 When mists roll in, gulls mew and wheel unseen
 To lure me on for miles along the shore,
 With collar up, and fog beads in my hair
 I stride along, shut off from worldly cares,
 And round about I feel the presence of my kin,
 All fisher folk of yesterday.

Elusive, wordless song that sets me free.

HEART SONG OF THE SEA



the hard way. I cannot use the notes.

I think of you now as I look out over
 my wonderful view of the harbour to where you
 saw the same view in reverse, in your young
 days at Camperdown, and I send you good wishes
 and thanks.

Sincerely,

Mary Alma Dillman