

Ans'd. Nov. 15



H-5128, H. R. C. M. S.,  
H. M. C. S. "Nadacom"  
Met Mail Office,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
2<sup>nd</sup> November, 1944.

Thomas W. Raddall, Esq.,  
Liverpool, Nova Scotia -

Dear Mr. Raddall -

Please excuse my taking the liberty  
of writing you - I have just read  
your books "His Majesty's Yankees" and  
"The Red Tiger of Dipper Creek" - and  
just wanted to say how much I  
enjoyed both -

Since being drafted to Halifax a  
year ago, I have made a point of  
seeing as much of your fine province  
as possible - namely, Parboon, Inuro,  
Grand Pre, Leggy's Cove, Indian Harbour,  
Chester, and most recently Lunenburg.



Do hope you dont mind my writing  
but was so interested in your work and  
anxious to obtain a copy of the "Saga of the  
Rover" -

Do hope you will find time to address  
the Writers' Group again this year -  
your discussion during the 1943-44  
session was most enjoyable - and  
I agree most heartily with you that  
Nova Scotia is the greatest of the nine  
provinces - and I'm not a "Bluenose" -

Many thanks again - for your  
fine work -

Sincerely yours,  
Judith F. M. Whitaker.

L/ Owen W. Whitaker, J.,  
W-3128, W.R.C.N.S.,  
H.M.C.S. "STADACONA",  
F.M.O., HALIFAX.

Have also read a great deal of  
literature on same, particularly McMech  
works, and while exploring the shelves of  
the Public Archives' Library last evening  
came across a copy of the "Saga of the  
Rover", which I understand you were  
most instrumental in compiling -  
Am extremely anxious to obtain a  
copy of this myself, and as it was  
published privately, was wondering if  
you could direct me as to where I  
might find one -

Miss Laura Suttis, the Educational  
Officer of the Canadian Legion and Leader of  
the Writers Group, to which I belong,  
suggested I drop you a line -

Have just read Longstreth's "To  
Nova Scotia", and was most interested  
in the tour of Liverpool which you so  
ably and entertainingly conducted -

Miss Suttis was saying another of  
your books will be published shortly -  
and am very much looking forward  
to reading it - Have you a title for it?  
and when will it be available to the public?





## Department of National Defence

Naval Service

No. \_\_\_\_\_

20th November, 1944 194

W-3128, W.R.C.N.S.,  
H.M.C.S. "STADACONA",  
F.M.O., Halifax, N.S.

Amst  
Nov 22

Dear Mr. Raddall,

Just a note to thank you very much for your kindness last Saturday, in taking me as your guest to the meeting, which proved most interesting - not so much from a poetic point of view, but mainly from that of a study in character!! As soon as I reached the barracks, retired to the shower-room, where "still burned the midnight oil", to pen my impressions of the scēance!!

Did so enjoy meeting Mr. and Mrs. Merkel, Dr. and Mrs. Martel - and particularly the little gathering around the Merckels' dining-table, after the throng had dispersed. Am going to write "Jimmie D." today - in laudatory tone, for diplomacy's sake - and see if I can't obtain copies of his "Cape Breton Giant" and "Grammar Text". Have told several friends in Halifax of his letter following his last visit to the city - and of Mrs. Merkel's hospitality "undoubted!!!

Yesterday, spent a most delightful day with a Dr. Nichols, whose husband was Prof. of Classics at "Dal" prior to his death several years ago - and made two lengthy and invigorating excursions through Point Pleasant Park and Marlborough Woods. During our rambles, we came upon two boundary stones, one at the end of Franklyn St., bearing the inscription:

and the other on Tower Road, just at the entrance to Franklyn Park, with "W. D." engraved in the stone. Do you suppose those are the original boundary stones of the city, as laid out in 1749? - or were they planted later?

During the evening, seated in a deep comfortable armchair, before a bright, crackling fire - lived again the founding of the city in your "Roger S." - which I'm enjoying immensely - but, must admit, don't like the principal character as well as Davie Strang in "H.M. Yankees".

Dr. Nichols is likewise an admirer of your work, and is intensely interested in the province and its history - and, as her husband was a fellow-prof. of Archie MacMechan, knew him well. She is planning a trip down the south shore next Sunday, and we were wondering if you would be so kind as to act as guide to all the interesting sites of the district and could show us the copy of Col. Perkins diary. Will arrive shortly after lunch, providing that hour is convenient for you - and, also, if D.V. and W.P.!!!

Am afraid your classing me as a prospective writer is far too complimentary, and not exactly the truth!! Actually, I joined the Writers' Group of the Canadian Legion Educational Services, with a view to improving my powers of expression and to extending my interest in Nova Scotia and its history. Doubt very much if I've achieved the first aim, but certainly N.S. has won my affection - almost adoration - which, I understand, is "something" when I'm an Ontarion!!! Someday, I do hope to write - perhaps for publication, perhaps not - but do not know whether it would be narrative, travel or Lord knows what!! - as to travel is my greatest desire, and to be able to tell others of my experiences while travelling



This longing has been further influenced by a love of foreign languages and European literature, and through contact with merchant officers of many races, <sup>Foreign Ships</sup> when I was employed as a secretary in D.E.M.S. - Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships. Please excuse, the foregoing confession - very childish in nature - but, no matter, its the truth.

Do hope your fishing expedition to East Dover was successful, - you certainly couldn't have chosen more glorious weather.

Am working on the copy of MacMechan's <sup>article</sup> "Evangeline and the Real Acadians", and shall bring same with me next weekend.

Looking forward to that time - and many, many thanks again for your kindness and trouble taken on my behalf, when you were so occupied with acquiring "writers cramp", "mike fright", et cetera.

Sincerely

*Judith J. Whitaker*



H.M.C.S. "STADACONA",  
Fleet Mail Office,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
27th November, 1944.

Dear Mr. Raddall,

Many, many thanks to you and your wife for the wonderful day we spent in Liverpool. Neither Dr. Nichols, nor I, could recall a more enjoyable expedition through "Ultime Thule".

Liverpool is a very picturesque town, living in the past, yet very much a metropolis of modern times. So enjoyed visiting the old homes of Simeon Perkins and Sylvanus Cobb - and the town's other interesting "sights" - particularly, Fort Point, and the Town Hall. To be able to see with the mind's eye as one reads a story makes the reading so much more interesting - and tangible. Certainly, shall have to reread "H. M. Yankees", and so relive the tale in its authentic setting. Also, thank you again for the copy of "Ogomkegea" - a very appropriate souvenir of our thrilling day in Liverpool.

It took approximately three-and-a-half hours to return to "Dolcefar" - as we made an unintentional, but delightful, detour, beyond Bridgewater, taking the wrong turn in the highway, and proceeding several miles along the bank of La Have River - which looked very beautiful, bathed by the moon's rays. Saw one of the three-masted schooners you mentioned - its masts silhouetted jet in the moonlight.

I telephoned the Halifax Insurance Company today, and, if any copies of the ship prints are still available, they will send you a folio as soon as possible. So do hope they arrive in the near future.

Have not quite completed typing of MacMechan's article on "Evangeline", but will forward same as soon as it is finished, which should be towards the end of the week, providing work isn't too hectic.

Please remember me to your wife, and thank her so very much for the delicious refreshments, which absolutely "melted in mouth". Also, please say "hello" to Tommy and Frances for the Nichols children - Do hope we may see you again in the not too distant future -

(over)



I was most fortunate today, and came across a rather battered copy of "Markland" by R.R. McLeod, - the survivor of the Book Room's recent fire. Am afraid the ~~fore-going~~ statement is rather ambiguous - but the Book Room, as you may know, was caught by a fire about two weeks ago, and several hundred books were damaged by either the fire or the water from the hoses. This copy has been affected by both!! - but the inside pages are still intact and very readable!!

Am going to pay a visit to the Archives this Wednesday evening, following my Spanish class - as Dr. Martell said he'd show me the photos presented to the <sup>Organization</sup> ~~Society~~ by the famed Jimmie D.!!

Received the first Christmas present today - from Denis, my older brother - <sup>a leather compact</sup> sent by him as a souvenir ~~from~~ of Antwerp.

Many, many thanks again to you and your wife for all your kindness to the Nichols and myself -

Sincerely,

*Judith D.*



H. M. C. S. "Stadacona",  
F. M. O., Halifax, N. S.  
2<sup>nd</sup> December, 1917.

My Dear Mr. Laddall -

"Roger Sudden" in his colourful  
Eighteenth Century speech could probably  
do a far better job. on expressing my  
thanks to you - but all that I can  
say in prosaic Twentieth Century  
lingo is "Thank you very much" -  
Surprises are always thrilling - but  
your copy of "Roger Sudden" was much  
the nicest I'd ever received -

Feel so frightfully ashamed not  
recognizing your wife yesterday evening  
in the Lord Nelson Drug Store - am afraid  
I was high up in the blue concentrating  
on Christmas presents at the time -  
and to see her<sup>in</sup> the store was such an  
unexpected - but very pleasant -  
surprise. Do hope she'll forgive my



as seen down North Street - last winter - which just caught the mood and light as I saw it this morning -

Am enclosing Archie MacMechan's article on "Edangline" of which I was speaking - and do hope it may prove of use to you - Incidentally, the Book Room has in stock a copy of the book from which it was taken - "The Life of a Little College" - I could get it and send it to you if you so desire -

Many thanks again for "Roger Sudden" - don't know when I've had such a wonderful surprise as ~~in~~ receiving that - And also, "merci mille fois encore" - for such a marvellous expedition & tea as the Nichols & I enjoyed last Sunday -

Sincerely,

Judith Whitaker.

bad manners - a thousand apologies!!

I have answer as yet from the revered Jimmie D., teacher and author - but am still optimistic at the prospect of receiving an answer to my inake note!!

Understand the Historical Society had its monthly meeting last Friday - on graveyards - but, unfortunately had not heard of it until too late - Certainly intend to be present at its next gathering -

Today is rather dark & dreary - typical November Sunday afternoon - and it looks as if snowy days are not far hence!! The harbour this morning as I went down to work looked beautiful - but, <sup>it was</sup> a cold, steely beauty - The sky was pale grey and the water rusty green and the variegated tones of the <sup>ships</sup> camouflaged added an interesting note <sup>to the scene</sup> - I was in Zwicker's art studio yesterday and noticed a painting of the harbour



*Answered  
Dec. 27/44*

H.M.C.S. "STADACONA",  
F.M.O., HALIFAX, N.S.  
21st December, 1944.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

Please excuse the box this is packed in, but it's the only thing I could find that the item would fit.

This is a real Navy souvenir - a rum tot cup - the cup from which the Chiefs and Petty Officers drink their daily tot - Feel sure that said article will be in constant use this holiday season, on board all the ships.

Had one made also for Dr. Nichols - to hold matches. So that perhaps you could use it for the same purpose, if you so desired.

I'm spending Christmas and New Year's with the Nichols - and we have great plans under way. Last Sunday afternoon, the Nichols family, a young married couple, and myself went Christmas-tree chopping by the Kearney Lakes - off the Bedford Road, in the vicinity of Rockingham. When we'd finished our lumbering expedite., we built a huge fire, and had a picnic huddled around same!

The Sunday before, we gathered pinecones, and have been busy painting them silver, gold, red, green and blue, and applying shellac over the paint.

The very best of Christmas wishes to your family, and may the New Year bring happiness and peace to all the world.

Sincerely,

*Judith Whitaker*



H.M.C.S. "STADACONA",  
F.M.O., Halifax, N.S.  
4th January, 1945.

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your very interesting letter, and the origin of the term "grog" - I'd heard allusions made to "tapping the admiral" - but never knew the meaning of the phrase. I typed a copy of your informative paragraphs for Dr. Nichols, and she was most amused.

<sup>was</sup> We had a perfectly marvellous Christmas and New Year's - I <sup>was</sup> lucky enough to obtain weekend passes each time - having saved up those for December, and spend both holidays "chez les Nichols". It was a real family Christmas - the first one I've really had since I was twelve or so. We chopped down our own Xmas trees, and climaxed that expedition with a picnic around a huge bonfire on the edge of one of the Kearney Lakes, beyond Rockingham. Also, painted the pinecones I spoke of in my last letter, I believe, and placed them on the mantel-piece, over pictures, etc. - made our own wreaths of firs and holly. I had great fun making my own Christmas cards, as well as several knitted articles. Therefore, a very busy preparatory week or two was spent by all.

Saturday

On the/afternoon, preceding Christmas, I showed the Doc. through "Stadacona" - and afterwards we delivered hampers to several homes. In the evening, we brought in the tree, and commenced decorating operations. Sunday, we all went to a carol service in the afternoon, and immediately following it, the daughter and I set out on a present-delivering expedition, which took us across the Arm in a dory - and on a walking tour from one of the homes in Boulderwood, along the Dingle Road, to the tip of the Arm, and then back to Tower Road - about five miles in all. No buses were running and no trams passed us en route. It was a perfectly lovely evening - and the countryside looked very beautiful, bathed in moonlight. In the evening, Dr. Nichols and I placed all the presents under the tree - the children were ~~all~~ <sup>then</sup> safely in bed - and filled their stockings, etc.

Christmas Morn., I arose shortly after seven, and went up to the barracks, in ~~the~~ hopes that my presents from home might have arrived - but no such luck. So returned just in time to hop off to church. After church, we unsealed the door to the sitting-room, which we had "locked" with Christmas seals along the crack the previous eve - and entered the "sanctum sanctorum". Had great fun  
*with baited breath*



opening presents - I really did extremely well, and among other items discovered a copy of "His Majesty's Yankees" - much to my delight - as well as "The Order of Good Cheer" - and Archie, MacMechan's poems - "Late Harvest" - from his widow.

We had a very gala "repasté" - with an eighteen-pound turkey honouring the festive board - and afterwards, several Dal. professors and their wives dropped in. In the evening, after tea, we all gathered round the piano and sang carols lustily. Late that night, my call ~~home~~ <sup>to Toronto</sup> came through - I'd placed it about eleven in the morning - so that I was able to speak to each member of the "flam family" - thus making the day complete.

Last weekend was just as gala, although the weather was rather disagreeable. Saturday afternoon, we went skating and walking from lake to lake in the "Dingle" chain - Frog Pond, William's and Coalpit. In the evening, we went to a cocktail party at the home of two young doctors - the Saunders - colleagues of the Doctor. Their home is the gatehouse to the estate first owned by Samuel Cunard. I was shown one evening the title deed with seal - dated 1786 - of the estate, known as "Oaklands".

Sunday was very quiet, and on Monday we went to see a movie, "Frenchman's Creek" - based on Daphne du Maurier's book - technicolour was very fine, but acting not up to a particularly high standard. Had hoped to motor down to Musquadoiboit, where the Nichols have an old cottage, but bad weather put an end to the expedition.

I have started Spanish classes again - and must write my mid-year exam. in two-and-a-half week's time. Following the lecture, I strolled over to the Archives, and there met Andrew Merkel - who was showing his latest poem - about 274 stanzas in length - to Dr. Martel. Temporary title is "Talahasse" and the poem deals with pre-confederation events in the province. Dr. Martel showed me the photos. in the collection sent by Jimmie D. - I love the one of J.D. in the midst of composition, with sheaf of paper resting on his knee and pen in hand.

Was speaking to Miss Laura Suttis the other day, and she says the Canadian Legion Writers' Group may be honoured by an address by you sometime this winter. Sounds great, and am sure it would give the members of the group much valuable advice and inspiration. Or have you agreed to deliver said address? -

I had an airgraph letter from my older brother, Denis, O.C. of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, written the beginning of December, in which he stated he was living in a hole in the ground, and expected to spend Christmas in a "mole's paradise."

*somewhere in Belgium*

*Salutations of the season - Many thanks again for the data on "prog" - Sincerely - Judith Whitaker.*

*P.S. Next time you come to Halifax, would you mind signing my newly-acquired copy of H.M. Yankees - Merci mille fois - JW*