

excitement as it was
neither Xmas, Easter or
any anniversary.

Rudno, the grandson,
insisted on smelling
them long & vigorously
before going to bed and
if I had not promised
he could do it - again
in the morning & thinks
he would still be at
it -

50 South Park St.
Halifax N.S.
June 15/44.

Dear Tom,

Thank you very
much for the lovely
carnations. They
arrived this afternoon
and there was lots of

We are looking forward
to your next visit to
Halifax when we
hope to see you again

Sincerely yours
Zeally.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, General Manager and Secretary

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent*,
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

Personal

Nov. 10, 1944.

Dear Tom:

Last night I finished the second installment of Roger Sudden in Adventure magazine. It is a cracker-jack of a story and I am hungry to finish it. You certainly sit at the head of the table and I feel we are ^{ccc}very much in your debt.

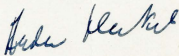
I was able to give the book a bit of a plug in an address I gave before the Rotary Club here this week. It clicked because several of the members told me they were ordering copies. Enclosed is a clipping of the Herald of this morning in case you do not see it. Imagine having my little book mentioned in almost the same breath with Roger Sudden.

We are having a meeting of the Nova Scotia Centre of the Poetry Society at 50 South Park Street, Saturday, November 18 and would feel greatly honored if you could come up for it. I could go down to Bridgewater say and pick you up if that would be any help. I want to see if something can be done with this Poetry Centre to shake it loose from its present moorings of mutual admiration and need your help.

Bill Borrett accosted me out at the Archives the other evening and told me he would like to put you on the air the next time you come to Halifax. That would not do the new book any harm.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,



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

Nova Scotian Author Has Written New Novel

Dear Girls and Boys: All this week we have devoted our column to books; new books, chiefly by Canadian authors. Monday's general book talk was followed by sketches of books for little folk; Wednesday the 'teen age girls had their innings; Thursday was boys' day, and today we are going to learn something of books for grown ups; new publications by Nova Scotian authors.

When Thomas H. Raddall, of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, was awarded the Governor General's medal for the finest piece of Canadian fiction, "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek," published in 1943, he had already achieved national fame by his first novel, "His Majesty's Yankees." The Pied Piper won him new laurels. Now the publishers announce a third volume from this prolific writer: "Roger Sudden."

All three novels are historical; all three deal with Nova Scotia history. "His Majesty's Yankees" is a thrilling adventure story of the part played by the Yankees of Nova Scotia at the time of the American Revolution. "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek" is a series of tales red-

lent of the farms, the woods and the sea. The opening chapter, which, by the way, suggests the title, brims with delightful humor, and the account of Roddie John and his impersonation of the original Pied Piper, is priceless entertainment. It is in this chapter, too, that the visit of Britain's Prime Minister, the Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, to Nova Scotia, is mentioned, and the memorable moment when the Premier of Nova Scotia, also a MacDonald (the Hon. Angus L., now Minister of the Navy), greeted the visitor with a Gaelic welcome, only to learn to his amusement, that the Scot from across the seas knew not a word of Gaelic!

The founding of Halifax is the subject of the new volume, and around it Mr. Raddall writes one of his most exciting novels. The hero is Roger Sudden, a daring young Londoner of good family, but penniless. He arrives in Nova Scotia, is captured by the Indians and lives with them several years. He trades both with the British at Halifax and the French at Louisbourg. He becomes wealthy and owns a number of ships. In the end he plays an important part in the capture of Louisbourg by Major Wolfe's forces.

The author, Thomas Raddall, was born in England, but has lived in Canada since the age of ten years. He first attracted attention by a series of short stories published in Blackwood's Magazine, and for the past three years in the Saturday Evening Post. His new book will go on sale the end of November.

Poetry, as a rule, is not classed among the "best sellers," but the publication of Andrew D. Merkel's stirring narrative poem, "The Order of Good Cheer," published last June, has met with amazing success. The poem deals with the early settlement of Canada, De Mont's expeditions, and the early life of the "merchant adventurers." Written in Mr. Merkel's inimitable style, it has been given, either wholly or in part, several times over a radio network, and is becoming increasingly popu-

lar all the way across Canada. The publication was reviewed in this column several months ago.

The third, and to the best of my knowledge, the only other publication this year by a Nova Scotian, is a slender brochure of verse from the gifted pen of Sister Maura. "Rhythm Poems" is the modest title, yet there is about its content a beauty, a dignity and a spiritual tranquility that characterizes all Sister Maura's work. This is a Ryerson Press publication, one of their "Chap Books."

Tomorrow, Remembrance Day. And all next week, Club letters, to make up for their recent neglect.

Farmer Smith.

LD

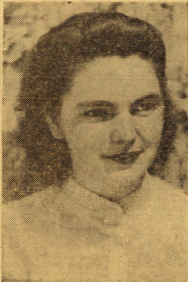
THE HALIFAX HERALD
is devoted to the Public Service,
with Fair, Unbiased News Reports

PAGE NINE

TRURO MAN

Henry Burgess Dies In Hospital After Being Struck By A Truck

TRURO, Nov. 10 —Murray McCabe, Elm Street, Truro, local truck driver, appeared in police court on a charge of failing to stop at the scene of an accident and was released on \$1,000 bail to appear Tuesday. No evidence was taken at the hearing, presided over by Magis-



Doris Arenburg

Seen as Offering

Delorey, aged local resident, came to the conclusion that Mr. Delorey was struck by a car while walking on the wrong side of Denoon Street, the car in question being operated without lights. The jury recommended that pedestrians use sidewalks when and wherever possible. Dr. U. R. Young presided at the inquest.

The accident occurred on Monday evening, when the aged man was struck by a car owned by a local taxi service and driven by Mrs. Emma Rankin. His death occurred in Sutherland Memorial Hospital Wednesday, as a result of shock.

Evidence was given by Dr. G. A. Dunn and Joe Valliere, E. R. Scott and G. Crawshaw, three naval ra-

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*

92 GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, CANADA

Nov. 20, 1944.

*Ans'd
Nov. 22*
Personal

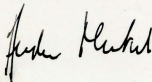
Dear Tom:

Ruth Major aged 18 was in today with copies of His Majesty's Yankees and Roger Sudden which she wished autographed. I told her to mail them to you at Liverpool including return postage and you would be glad to do the job. She wants the Roger Sudden book inscribed for "Phil Major" and H. M. Y. for "Ruth Major". She is the daughter of the Mrs. Major who was at the shindig Saturday night.

Trust you had a tolerable trip home.

With many thanks for your kindness in attending the monthly meeting of The Poetry Society and with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,



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

January 22nd, 1945

Andy --

How are you and what are you doing? I hear golden words for "The Order of Good Cheer" right and left, and more than ever I'm convinced that the public should see more of your work, and in book form. Have you approached a publisher on the subject? It gripes me to read the reviewers' nostalgic references to Carman and Roberts, as if Maritime poetry burned its flame and died somewhere back in the Nineties. Why not show 'em that verse with lilt, with charm, and with something to say, has been written since and is still being written? I would uphold your work and Charles Bruce's against any poetry written in Canada in the past two decades. I admire the work of Carman and Roberts but I can't help feeling that some part of their fame emerged from their somewhat theatrical personalities, in short they were poseurs as such as poets. People in the '90's and Edwardian days loved that sort of thing, and this eternal looking back on Carman and Roberts makes me think somehow of a sentimental sighing of old ladies. Since the last war we have lived in a different world. Our ears are still tuned for music in speech but our eyes are free of the rose-colored spectacles and only the backward-lookers mourn their loss. In short, we don't go wild about a poet because he wears his hair long or his neckties loose or because he affects any of those eccentricities which were so lovely in Victorian eyes. Do you think I'm talking through my hat? I could name one (you know him well) who still affects in this day and age the whimsical-rever business which Carman wore out long ago. Well, then, let us have some published verse from working newsmen like yourself and Bruce.

Can you tell me something about Wilfrid Eggleston, of Ottawa. I know that he writes and lectures, but what has he written and who is he? He said some nice things about my work in a recent address to the Montreal Women's Club, and I'd like to write and thank him -- and I'm ashamed to confess my ignorance of his work.

"Roger Sudden" is doing very well -- 3,000 copies in the first two months in Canada. Doubleday Doran are bringing it out in New York this spring, and two London publishers are after the British rights. I understand that the British edition of "His Majesty's Yankees" sold out as soon as it reached the book-sellers, and now the publishers (Blackwoods) are up against the paper shortage again. It's a very unsatisfactory business but it can't be helped. I think I shall start another book next summer. In the meantime I'm still pottering away at a few short stories and articles. I'm not very happy nowadays. I worked very hard on "H.M.Y." and "Roger" and I suppose this is the hangover. War is a severe handicap to a writer of fiction: he is in the position of an actor whose audience is being distracted by a terrific brawl in the middle aisle. He has two alternatives. One is to give a running commentary on the brawl -- and as you see, the magazines and bookstands are full of tales about the war. The other is to have faith in his own play and put it across by sheer will-power -- which calls for the most exhausting concentration. It's the concentration that kills. One burden is off my shoulders, anyhow -- I was president of the Queens County branch of the Legion during 1944, conducting most of the correspondence myself, and my house a sort of Mecca for every ex-serviceman in the place, and the phone ringing from morn to night. It reached a sort of climax last Fall, when for weeks on end I got no solid

writing done -- starting a tale -- interrupted --on with the tale again -- interrupted -- trying it again -- thread lost somehow -- interruption -- tearing the whole thing up. Sometimes I was tempted to beat it back to our hunting camp at Eagle Lake, but of course I couldn't shuck off my responsibilities that way. I did get in a week's deer-hunting, though, and I take my walks every fit afternoon, which helps. The Legion is the most demanding of my social interests, of course, but I have many others which take time -- I'm a school commissioner, trustee of the historical society, committee member of the Red Cross, the local ANP, Victory Loan and God knows what else. Some things I've put behind me, like my commission in the Reserve Army -- the Colonel accepted my resignation but I felt like a heel -- I'd raised and trained my own platoon, taken them to camp and so on, and I felt I was letting them down. Believe it or not, Andy, until two years ago I even audited the books of Trinity Church! Community spirit is a thing I constantly preach, but I've come to the conclusion that a writer can't afford to practice it, at least he must set a rigid limit on it. A single phone call may ruin a morning's work, for there's a psychological moment when any interruption is fatal. At the same time one mustn't become a hermit, for that's fatal, too. Morris Longstreth put it very neatly, I think -- "the writer's real dilemma lies in the conflict between having the solitude needed for his work and the social experiences that give him his material and the salutary check to his phantasy."

How is the Poetry Society getting along? I had an interesting evening in their midst and I hope they've forgiven me for refusing to make a speech. I might have quoted for their amusement (or horror) some doggerel I wrote on leaving Sable Island. I was eighteen then, and exuberant:-

"Twelve months in any place, my friends, is quite a weary while.
It seems more like a century when spent on Sable Isle.
But now my exile's over and I've packed my shabby trunk,
I'm going to the mainland where a dry soul can get drunk.
There's trees and girls and taxicabs and movie shows and booze,
And I can walk for miles and feel hard earth beneath my shoes.
The only seals I'll see will be fur coats on ladies' backs --
And not a speck of sand within a mile of Halifax!"

And when I have grown old and have grey hairs beneath my cap,
Before I kick the bucket with a loud and fatal rap,
I'll drag my feeble limbs aboard the boat when sailing's nigh
And have another look at Sable Isle before I die.
For when I've heard the breakers roar along that sandy length,
The thought of what a hell-on-earth it is will give me strength:
And when the Devil lets me into Tophet with a curse,
I'll tell him, 'Nick, it ain't so bad, I've seen a place that's worse.'"

I inscribed it on the wireless station wall and for all I know it's there yet, although I have a hunch they've torn the old place down and built something modern and I hope much more comfortable. The only heat was a small stove in the instrument room. A bottle of ink on my bedroom bureau froze solid in November and didn't thaw till the following March.

My best to Tully and the family and not least yourself.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

January 25, 1945

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your interesting letter received this morning.

Under separate cover, I am forwarding you Wilf Eggleston's book. Let me have it back when you are finished with it. Wilf is a fine lad and an outstanding newspaperman. He quit as Chief Censor (English), the first of the year, because he wants, I understand, to re-establish himself in his old occupation before the war ends. He is a free-lance Ottawa correspondent, as you, no doubt, know, with a string of newspapers for which he writes. He has a charming wife too.

I am inflicting you too, with another narrative I am now engaged in writing. It is ~~coming~~ like a house afire, two pages a day since the first of the year. Because of this it is very much in the rough and rather uneven, I dare say, in quality, but I would like to have your reaction to it.

For several weeks now we have been reading it aloud at Jim Martell's Wednesday evenings after the public session at the Archives. Roughly the plan is three parts approximately 30 pages each with the story of the "Tallahassee" taking the concluding part. I suspect "Tallahassee" will not be the name of the completed book. Have you any suggestions please? The copy I am sending you is the one I keep in the office so please shoot it back at your convenience.

James D. Gillis is coming to visit us and we are greatly excited. Jim's friend, Wilson, is arranging to have him lecture before one of his classes in Canadian History and I propose putting him on the air. Is there any chance of your coming up for the Festivities? It will probably be Gillis' last trip to Halifax.

Tully joins me in best wishes as ever,

Sincerely,



Thomas Raddall, Esq.
P.O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

January 28th, 1945.

My dear Andy,

Your ballad is simply beyond praise. Even in what you call rough form it gives forth the pure gleams of a gem; of an amethyst, say, (for it's right out of the Nova Scotia rock) ~~and~~ you find them sometimes in the scree at the foot of Cape Split after a winter's hard weather and a thaw. The mention of "Jim Merkel" tells me that it's something of a family tale, in part at any rate, but you must have done some delving in old newspapers and letters, for it has the authentic flavor of the time and the event; and you have got in it the sheer stingo of the men, the humor and the guts and the passion for the cause, and the good salt taste of the wind and the sea -- and all those good familiar names of the marks along the shore that ring like bells. Andy, it's the best thing to come out of Nova Scotia since the old sailor ballad-makers. Do get on with it while you're in the wood and let's see the whole thing.

Your mention of a visit by none other than Jimmie D. fills me with astonishment and pleasure. When is it to be? This is momentous news.

I'd intended to write this letter last night but yesterday afternoon my pals decided on a trip to the hunting camp at Eagle Lake and called for me. We drive up the river road about 13 miles, leave the car at Big Falls, cross the river on the dam and walk about 2½ miles through the bush. It was tough walking, especially with a loaded haversack and a sleeping bag on your back, the snow holding one step and breaking under the next, and your foot plunging through to the knee. But it was worth it, especially after we'd got a fire going in the camp and poured ourselves a good snort of Nelson's Blood. Deer tracks all around the camp and one moose track, and in the light snow on the lake ice we found the fresh trail of a wildcat going right up past the shack. Twelve inches of ice on the lake and wonderful skating if we'd had skates with us. Moonlight, the moon nearly full, a wonderful night. We spent Sunday morning with axes and crosscut saw cutting some fallen trees out of our trail and asking firewood of one of them. The rabbits had been out dancing in the light of the moon apparently, for their tracks were everywhere -- yet we'd counted three only, all the way from Big Falls to the lake, the day before. Sunday afternoon we loafed on the camp verandah in the sunshine, out of the wind, comfortable with our ~~coats~~ coats off. Driving home along the river road today at sunset we counted eleven deer, in groups of two or three, browsing on the young maple twigs under the transmission line, a pretty sight and a reassuring one, for this river country is hunted pretty hard in the deer season.

Thanks for sending me "The High Plains", which I'm reading with pleasure. I'm afraid I've been too absorbed in my own work to keep up with the work of my contemporaries. I'll return the book in a few days.

Cheeroh,

Jim

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, General Manager and Secretary

A. D. MERKEL, Atlantic Superintendent,
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

February 1, 1945

Dear Tom:

You quite overwhelmed me. Some of us here thought "Tallahassee" was good, but not that good. However, your comment is most pleasing and helpful, - stimulating, as a matter of fact.

After completing the second part, I put it aside for a couple of days but am now anxious to get ~~to~~ it again.

So far, no word from James D. I hope I haven't scared him off with my suggestion of giving him a room at the office. But we could not put him up very well at the house, filled as it is with kids, and inhabited as ~~is~~, no doubt, the author of "The C.B. Giant".

Your description of the trip to your camp made me homesick for the woods. But I doubt very much if I could navigate the deep snow for any distance.

Arthur has been posted to the "Swansea", now refitting at Liverpool, following a special course in navigation he took at King's. He is now on leave but is due to report February 12. I have told him to look you up if he has an opportunity while in Liverpool. I think you will like him.

Please take your time about returning "The High Plains".

With best wishes,

As ever,



Thomas Raddall, Esq.
P.O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

February 8, 1945

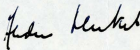
Dear Tom:

Here's news: I am planning to drive down to Liverpool Sunday, taking Arthur and his wife along with Jim Martell and Olga. We shall lunch along the way, reaching Liverpool, we hope, around 2:00 pm. and are looking forward to spending a couple of hours with you before starting out on our return.

Arthur wrote the Mersey Hotel people some weeks ago asking for a reservation in the name of his wife but as yet has ^{had} no response. He would like her to spend the remainder of the refit in Liverpool, Tully having undertaken to look after their wee kiddie. If the Mersey is full up, as I suspect, it is possible you ~~may~~ know of some suitable accommodation. In any event, we can talk this over when we arrive.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,



Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.
P.O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent*,
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

February 13, 1945

Dear Tom:

Many thanks to you and Edith for putting me up. It was a grand trip altogether and I greatly enjoyed the evening I spend in your home.

I duly delivered the diary to the Archives on arrival. Prof. Harvey promised he would write you acknowledging receipt. He did not seem to anticipate much difficulty about the lock.

From all I can learn, Arthur is likely to be in Liverpool for sometime. I hope he succeeds in obtaining the accommodation he requires but Tully is quite prepared to look after the baby for keeps.

I am getting in touch with Jim Martell as soon as he returns from Musquodoboit.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,



Thomas Raddall, Esq.
P. O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, General Manager and Secretary

A. D. MERKEL, Atlantic Superintendent,
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

April 12, 1945

Dear Tom:

I enclose clipping Pauline Barrett wanted you to see. She says at the Naval Hospital here, "Roger Sudden" is by long odds the book most in demand.

Pauline is leaving for New York and Toronto Friday. We foregathered at Jim Martell's last night.

I also enclose a ~~brief account I wrote~~ ^{account of his} of James D.'s visit. We are still thinking of putting out a pamphlet for private circulation and would appreciate a contribution from you if you care to make it.

The Martell's and ourselves are planning a weekend together May 25 to 28. We propose going up to Kentville for the apple blossoms, motoring through to Granville and from thence to Liverpool and so home. What are the chances for a meeting on either the Mersey or Midway Rivers?

With best wishes,

Sincerely,



Thomas Raddall, Esq.
P.O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

*Ans'd
Apr 21*

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, General Manager and Secretary

A. D. MERKEL, Atlantic Superintendent,
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

May 21, 1945

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your note of May 18.

I think "Toronto" got away today for Cornwallis where she is to be used as a training ship.

Sorry our plans have gone awry but with this pesky inquiry on and a General Election coming up, I am much too busy to think of holidaying.

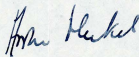
Charlie Lynch arrives tomorrow morning much to Mary Elizabeth's delight.

Now reading page proofs of the new book. It looks alright!

I wish we could do something about the smug University of Toronto Quarterly. It merely mentions "The Order of Good Cheer" as having been published last year. Whatever the merits of the book, it did hang up some sort of record for sales. Then, "Roger Sudden" is inadequate in my judgement in one paragraph and the Eaton women mentioned in the same breath with one, Thomas H. Raddall. Apparently the Upper Canadians don't like us.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,



Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.
Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.

*Answered
May 23/45*

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

May 27, 1945

Dear Tom:

Just got in after a very pleasant trip up. We stopped at the Goodie Shop at Mahone and had a ~~very~~ good meal.

We called at your mother's house with the fur coat. But could not get in. I shall phone here later on in the day and take it out if she is available.

Enclosed is text of script Charles Lynch prepared for the C.B.C., which was aired at 8:45 Saturday night.

With many thanks for your great kindness to us both and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

A. D. Merkel

*Alfred,
sent copies of
my poems
May 29/45*

Tonight, the long road home lies in front of the Canadian soldiers in Europe.

Long ago, in the fighting south of Caen in Normandy, some hopeful painted a sign beside the Falaise road saying "To Halifax, via Berlin." Now the boys have turned the corner, and already the vanguards are arriving in Canada.

Pretty soon the main torrent will start and Bill and Tom and Jack will be home again.

I think they're excited, waiting for the boat over there in Europe tonight. I've just experienced a post-war homecoming myself, and I can tell you that as an emotional experience it's beyond description. Somehow there's a mystic quality about the realization of a homecoming that seemed so remote on D Day and along the Falaise Road and on the west bank of the Rhine. It's like a dream you had in a slit trench, that ends when somebody kicks some dirt down on top of you. But now there's no slit trench and no dirt and only good things all around.

When I left the Canadian Army three weeks ago, the boys were finding it hard to get used to the idea that the war was over. Somehow it had begun to seem permanent to us all. That feeling was born in the Normandy beachhead and nobody could shake it off. You seemed doomed to a life of gunfire and mortar bombs and precious blue airmail letters arriving three or four at a time. Above all, you tried to stay alive---under conditions hardly ideal for the success of such a project. There were many who didn't make it.

For example, let me tell you about the last great battle of the war in Europe---the one that brought us up to the Rhine and set the stage for the crossing---which turned out---you remember---to be a pushover.

That battle was fought under Canadian army command. I'd like to tell

you a little bit about it. As a matter of fact, Matt Halton and I went through that one together.

It had been a long way to come for us as we stood on the frontiers of Germany. Now, ~~our~~^{the} task was to turn the Siegfried Line and move up to the Rhine. The instrument was General Crerar's First Canadian Army, with most of the British second army under his command.

The attack was to go in on February the eighth. The weather was terrible. Both the Rhine and the Maas rivers were in flood, and the ground was soft and marshy. Conditions couldn't have been worse. But General Crerar's order was to attack, rain or shine, flood or mud.

For a few hours on the eve of the attack the weather cleared---and in bright starlight the heavy bombers came over and flattened the two largest towns in the path of the advance. For two hours the skies were ablaze while the towns of Cleve and Goch died under the earthquake bombs.

In the sixth year of war, English, Scottish, Welsh and Canadian troops were going to Germany at last. Along the frontier, our men gripped their rifles and waited. The tank motors throbbed uneasily. The gunners clung to the lanyards that would loose the great barrage. Stomachs felt empty and faces gleamed with perspiration.

And then came hell on earth.

The first thrust was across a shallow valley dominated by the hills of the Reichwald Forest to the east.

I saw this pastoral strip of country become a valley of Hades that morning of February the eighth. For almost five hours our fifteen hundred guns had been pouring shells into the German positions.

Then British and Canadian soldiers jumped out into the open and started for the far hills of Germany.

The whole valley was a mass of flames, with houses, trees and

enemy vehicles burning. I counted two hundred fires. A perspiring artillery officer shouted over the din that he'd never seen anything like it, and hoped he never would again. It was the greatest barrage by British Empire artillery in five years of war. Twenty-eight thousand tons of shells rained down on the Germans that day.

The ground was a quagmire. Only when playing for high stakes would any commander even consider an attack under such conditions.

The stakes were high, all right. Because that attack went in in February, the war in Europe is over today. At the time, some of us thought that General Crerar was overestimating the importance of his attack. Many thought it was inhuman to commit men to battle under these conditions. But it paid off, and today victory is ours.

On that grey morning of February the eighth our men swept into Germany--and the final battle was on.

There were the men of the Fifty-First Highland Division, with their memories of St. Valery near Dunkirk in the retreat of 1940. Englishmen whose homes had been blasted sent great tongues of flame licking across German fields and into German trenches. And there was bayonet work that day. Canadians had waited a long time for this. The men of the second division remembered Dieppe. They remembered May sur Orne, when the Montreal Black Watch went out and didn't come back. The Third Division remembered D/Day and those twenty Canadian bodies with bullets through them because Canadians don't talk for German interrogators.

This was a battle. Even Caen hadn't been like this. It was an all-out symphony of destruction and death.

In forty-eight hours our men turned the Siegfried Line and it looked as if they were free to roll on to the Rhine. Well, they were free--except for the flood waters of the Rhine and the Maas, rising over our roads,

and except for the mud sucking down our vehicles and tanks and even our infantrymen. The cold February rains soaked our uniforms, and the Germans brought up their reinforcements, and the tempo of battle quickened and slowed and quickened and slowed and the dead lay in the fields. The Canadians had the task of clearing a forest known as the Hochwald---and it was here that they had their last heart-rending bloodbath. Not many of the boys will want to talk about that one when they come home. I suppose Vimy Ridge must have been like that, and maybe that's why the men who came home from the last war didn't want to talk much about it.

That was the last great battle the Canadians fought in the European campaign. They went in under deadly fire, and when Colonels were killed majors took over the regiment until they were killed and captains took command. I visited one regiment where the CO was a corporal.

But the Hochwald had to be cleared, and cleared it was. The line moved up to the Rhine, and then as Churchill predicted, one good heave finished the job. That's what the last battle was like. And that's what war is like. It's easy to be gripped by the heroics of it---but it's hard to grasp the torture of it, even for those of us who were there.

It's hard too, to recall the little humorous things that crop up during battle to make ~~a man~~^{men} laugh when ~~he~~^{they} feels like weeping. Like the time a big Canadian sergeant in the thick of a fight threw a hand grenade into a German pillbox and yelled "Come out of there, you unmentionable so-and-so's!" And from the depths of the pillbox came a squeaky voice saying: "We're ##### coming, sir!" and a little German emerged wearing a big tin hat and leading eighteen of his comrades who looked like the dwarfs from Snow White.

Or the time a Canadian officer was decorated for staying in his tank after it had been hit, and after the rest of the crew had scrambled to

safety. He fired his gun while the tank was blazing, and got a hit on the German tank. And he explained to me afterwards "I'm no hero. I stayed in the tank because I was trying to reach a bottle of Scotch that I'd stored away. I couldn't get to the Scotch and I was so mad about that that I had to take a shot at something."

And then there were the Germans who were asked what they thought when they saw the hundreds of gliders coming down in the airborne landings east of the Rhine. They replied "We thought they were just more British propaganda."

#####

And the wonderful sign on the road leading away from the front, saying: "Okay, brother, you can relax now."

There was the Spork Club, in Nijmegen--a night club for Canadians where on some nights during the winter the music of the orchestra would be drowned out by the sound of exploding German shells or the crash of our guns replying to enemy shellfire. For one hundred and thirty continuous days and nights the little town of Nijmegen heard the sound of guns and felt the sting of German shells and bombs--and for most of that time Canadians manning the line around Nijmegen spent their forty-eight hour leaves there.

Or there was Brussels, for the luckier leave-goers---with its hundreds of night clubs and its big department stores filled with luxury goods, its luxurious hotels and hot baths.

That's the kind of a patchwork quilt war is....and that's what your boys are coming home from.

Make no mistake about it. By victory day, the Canadian soldier was turning his full thoughts to home...a place which up to now had been sort of like a dream. Now, he could think about the homecoming

without reservation...could turn his whole mind to thinking of how his wife would look...whether she'd meet him at the station or wait for him at home and come running down the walk and he'd drop his kit on the ground and run to meet her. He could turn all his thoughts to wondering if the kids would remember him...if the hamburgers still tasted that way down at Joe's...if the girls were still as pretty on Portage Avenue.

Maybe they're headed back to civvy street. Maybe they're going to the Far East. But the immediate thing is that these Canadian boys, who have been such a long time away, are coming home.

Those of you here at home won't find that the war has changed them very much. You'll find most of them broadened in their outlook. They've seen a lot.

Behind them, they leave with the European peoples a respect for Canada that never could have been bought with money or instilled by propaganda. The boys have been good ambassadors...and "Canadian" is a respected word today in England and France and Belgium and Holland and Italy.

Now, it only remains to be seen what impression these fighting men will make on their own countrymen.

Many of the boys were a bit hazy about this homecoming business when I talked to them in Holland and Germany three weeks ago. Dozens of them wanted me to look Canada over and write them what to expect.. not only in the way of jobs, but also in the matter of the general public attitude towards returned servicemen.

Many of them are sceptical of the reception they'll get when they ask the Canadian employer if he can use a man who was a heck of a good shot with a Bren gun or who was the best tank driver in the squadron.

I think this problem will solve itself. There will have to be some adjustments made, it's true....but the returning Canadian soldier is a very solid citizen and you people will be surprised and pleased when you see him. He brings back no deep mental scars, although he may have a few physical ones. He's more likely to talk to you about the things he saw in London or Paris or Brussels than about how many Germans he's killed. He'll want to tell you all about that family with whom he was billeted in Holland, the way they sacrificed their pitiful food rations to bake him a cake on his birthday. He'll tell you that it's a pretty good thing to be a Canadian, because over in Europe the people think of Canada as a young, vigorous country with a great future.

You'll find he's developed a great hatred for the German. It's a cold, reasoned hatred, born out of what he's seen himself. It started in Normandy, when the Germans shot ^{thirty} twenty Canadian prisoners. It continued to develop through the months and reached its peak with the final uncovering of the major German atrocities. The Canadian soldier hates the German almost as much as a Dutchman does...and hatred can go no deeper than that.

You'll find that the Canadian soldier has one great fear...the fear that this war has merely set the stage for another one. He can't get that thought out of his mind. Any news of discord among the Allies sends a chill through him. Not a single man I talked to in the last days of the war in Europe believed in his heart that this finally was the end of war in our time. Most of them were content to hope that we

would have from ten to fifteen years of peace. And yet they all feel that the key to lasting peace is somewhere within reach, if the political leaders set out in the right direction. The most eloquent appeal that the Canadian soldier can make for permanent peace is to point silently to the line of white crosses which extends up through Italy and from Normandy right across France Belgium and Holland into North-west Germany.

It's easy to forget what war was like...easy for all except those who have lost loved ones. And yet we must not forget. It's a good idea to keep in your mind a picture of what this thing called battle is like. Ask the boys about it when they get home. They won't mind talking about it if you ask them. They have some terrible stories to tell, and you should hear them. Let the children hear them, too. The boys want to be sure that you at home realize what a wonderful thing peace really is.

On the way home to Canada, I had a chance to see more Canadian fighting men...the men of the Royal Canadian Navy...the sailors in the little ships. I was in a corvette, and the convoy we were shepherding was the last one to leave Britain in wartime. So we had out V-E Day at sea.

V-E Day at sea meant an order from the Admiralty to splice the main brace...giving an extra tot of rum to every man on the ship. There was a piano in the recreation mess and somebody tried to organize a sing-song, but without much success. Everybody was glad the war was over...but here again was the feeling that the future might hold other wars. All the way across the North Atlantic wartime routine continued on the ship, and there was plenty of serious talk

in the wardroom and in the lower decks.

The navy men were eager to get the views of the men ~~of~~ⁱⁿ the army, and they were pleased and excited to find that they thought alike on so many things. There was a feeling aboard ship that Canadian servicemen should get together...not only to look after their own welfare in civilian life, but to exert all the influence they could to avoid future wars. That was why ninety percent of the crew of this one ship, recently applied for membership in the Canadian Legion. I think you'll find Canada's returning servicemen are thoughtful, intelligent men with good stories to tell and big things to do. If they're mishandled, they can be Canada's greatest problem. But given an even break, these boys can be our greatest postwar asset.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

June 4, 1945

Dear Tom:

I enclose a print of the picture I was telling you about. It shows the German U-Boat Commander just before he left his submarine, and rounds out your set. It was taken by the Army.

I took Jim and Olga up to Bob Leslie's, near Liverpool, yesterday. We had a grand time.

Erwin Murray advised by telephone, this morning, that he sold the book rights of "Tallahassee" in Canada, to Henry Cleve of Ambassador Books. This, I understand, is the Canadian version of Random House.

Love to you and Edith,

With best wishes

Sincerely,

Thomas H. Reddall, Esq.
P.O. Box 459
Liverpool, N. S.



Thomas K. Raddall

Liverpool, Nova Scotia

June 22/45

Dear Andy,

Thanks for sending me Harpsichord. I like your selections -- even mine ! Agnes Foley's lines I thought particularly fine -- I should say Agnes Foley MacDonald, of course. Is there a subscription fee for Harpsichord ? Please let me know what it is. Had a copy of young Rae's Parnassus, a good job, with some very good stuff in it and some, well, just stuff.

Jim tells me you've been gadding about the immediate ocean with an admiral in a platinum-plated barge or something of the sort. Well, I can always say I knew you in your Fairmile days. You do get around, don't you ?

I shall be coming up to the city on July 16th to do a week's research at the Archives and Dalhousie library, winding up with a bit of broadcasting and recording for the CBC. Bringing Mother back to L'pool with me, plus sister Nellie who is coming up from Alabama with her youngsters. Then I'm packing 'em all off to the beach for a week while I thrash out the bones of a plot for my novel in peace and solitude.

My best to Tully and the family.

Yours aye,



50 South Park Street,
Halifax, N. S.
2nd July, 1945

Dear Tom:

It's grand news your coming up here soon. Ned Pratt is here now, gathering material for a poem on the Navy. He was at the house last night, along with Bill Sclayter and his bride, Jim and Olga, Fred Hawes and his girl friend, Edna Roberts, our reader on the Harp of Acadia, and some others. We all had a very pleasant time.

I am wondering if you could arrange to have the Liverpool Historical Society let us have the Tallahassee atlas, on loan, for display purposes, when the new book goes on sale, the middle of August. My idea is to have it on exhibition, preferably in one of Eaton's windows, with a card detailing the circumstances of its presentation and saying it is now the property of the Liverpool Historical Society. Other plans are to have a yacht race for a Tallahassee Cup, presented by one of the newspapers, and to have the civic authorities use a chart of Halifax Harbour as background for a display card advertising the public holiday to be celebrated Monday August 13, which is within the Octave of the Tallahassee exploit. I am endeavouring to have the book go on sale August 18 the anniversary of Taylor Wood's escape. The Navy is co-operating by giving their Senior Naval Officer in the Pacific some publicity, because he is named after Taylor Wood, --Harold Taylor Wood Grant.

I enclose copy of letter I have received from Leo Cox, now Chief Executive of the Gibbon's Advertising Agency and Treasurer of the Canadian Authors Association. He has written a good deal of verse too.

I sent a copy of the last issue of Harppichord to the Officer Commanding the Winnipeg Rifles at Winnipeg.

Love to you all,

As ever,



We had Marjorie Leslie, Ken's wife, with us a couple of days last week. We are both awfully fond of her.

C
O
P
Y

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

June 22, 1945.

The Harpsichord,
P.O. Box 37,
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Dear Sirs:-

I would like to thank you for sending me a copy of your publication "The Harpsichord", which I have read with greatest interest and pleasure, and I wish you every success with this interesting venture.

I was particularly interested in the poem by Thomas H. Raddall, which is a very fine piece of writing and deserves widest publicity. I am sure your publication will do much to bring his work to the notice of literary Canadians.

With every good wish for your success.

Yours sincerely,

LEO COX

Honorary Treasurer.

Leo Cox
my

THE CANADIAN PRESS

J. A. McNEIL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

August 15, 1945

My dear Tom:

It was awfully kind of you to take the time out to do the splendid introduction to the radio script you forwarded last week. I have been gallivanting about the country and this is the first opportunity I have had of thanking you.

Edger Kelley, the editor of The Herald, was not satisfied with the review done by a member of his staff and asked me to fix it up any way I felt like doing. Instead I suggested he run your introduction to the radio script as a lead for the review, which as a matter of fact I thought not bad. It will appear in Friday's Herald on the editorial page. I trust you will not mind.

In addition I propose republishing it in a four-page leaflet I am planning to get out, including extracts from whatever reviews are available. The back page will be taken up with the reproduction of Simpson's ad appearing in The Chronicle of last Monday, and which you no doubt saw.

I propose sending these out with a covering letter signed by the president of the Imperial Publishing Company and addressed to selected persons who might be interested in buying the books for Christmas gifts.

Yesterday afternoon and evening I spent with George Matthew Adams at his camp at Grand Lake. He is very much interested in your work and jumped at the suggestion I made that together we go out and call on him if you can make it some time toward the end of the month. No doubt you know Henry Ford has reproduced the house in which he was born, along with that of Abe Lincoln and Thomas Edison in Greenwich Village, Detroit. He has made a tremendous amount of money in his lifetime but has spent it all buying priceless first editions and giving them to various universities, especially Dartmouth.

Love to you,

As ever,



T.H. Raddall, Esq.,
Liverpool,
N. S.

Unrecovered
Sep 26/45

50 SOUTH PARK STREET
HALIFAX, CANADA

24th Sept 1945

Dear Tom:

I saw the picture in the Roy
Zuckerman window and decided it
belonged to you. Roy tells me the
original painted by Sir Frank
Brangwyn hangs in the Tate Gallery
and is labelled "The Passengers," as if
a title were required:

It goes just with the two and
two books of Tully and Keynes and in
gratitude for the great help you have been
in the successful launching of Tallahassee
H. G. M. H. G.

T. H. Rowland, Esq., Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

50 South Park Street
Halifax

30th October, 1945

Dear Tom:

I met an awfully interesting girl here at the Handicrafts Show at Simpson's last week. Tully liked her too, and we had her out at the house. She is a potter and is starting an establishment including a school, at her home near Falmouth. She seems to be well up in the lore of that part of the Country and talks of long-forgotten French and Indian sites in her vicinity. She is on good terms too, with one of the Pezants with a fund of good stories which have to be separated from an even greater quantity of not so good. I omitted to mention her name is Emelie (correct) Church. She invited me up to her place, promising she would get the old man to talk. I suggested I bring you along, if possible and she was delighted.

Now the point is could you come up to Halifax, Thursday November 15 in time for the Commercial Club luncheon at 1p., let me take you to Falmouth and back Friday and so be on hand for the Saturday night festivities at King's College. Would gladly take Jim Martell along too, if he could spare the time. I am particularly anxious you address the Commercial Club, if at all possible. They are a great bunch and most anxious to hear you. They had Edward Roberts read from Tallahassee a couple of weeks back and while a few, I know, skipped the luncheon, because of the poetry, Herman Cook of Woods Brothers, bless his heart made it the occasion of his first appearance at the Club in his life.

Everything goes swimmingly in connection with the Habitation proposition. I am flying to Ottawa Thursday, returning Saturday, as I want to see my old friend Mr. Ilesley and report personally to him just what is afoot. You may think me crazy but I intend urging upon the Parks Bureau that they complete the job they have started at Lower Granville by constructing a replica of the 150 ton Carivel Jonas that brought out the original settlers and moor it off the Habitation or its vicinity during the Summer months. The idea is that no one, now using either the railway or the Highway on the other side of the River, can see the Habitation. This for the reason it blends so perfectly into the hillside. But if a replica of the Jonas, high poop deck, yard arms and all were anchored in the stream, boy oh boy.

I finally went to my good friend Ralph Smith, the Provincial Pathologist to learn why I ~~had~~ have been losing weight steadily, since the early Summer. After a number of checks he has reached the conclusion I have/as he phrases it a "slight case of diabetes." He has spoken to the diabetic specialist here and I am to see him on my return from Ottawa. Ralph ~~is~~ is hopeful the thing can be cleared up by diet. But none of us are worrying. Of more concern to me was a rotten sore throat, I have had for the past week, but which is now getting better.

All the above seems to tie up with my decision to apply for super-annuation next year. This after 34 years service with the CP. If the Board of Directors are reasonable and they have been notably generous in the past, it will be Lower Granville for me, come next May, and all the time I want for writing during the Winter months. So come up Nov 15 for a real heart to hearter. Love to you all
As ever, Andrew

50 South Park Street,
Halifax.

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your letter of October 31. Delighted you are going to speak before the Commercial Club. Helen Creighton of the Women's Canadian Club, called me last night to ask if you could address them. I told her you couldn't.

Glad you are bringing up the samples of Micmac pottery. I have been trying to dig this up personally for months back and was invariably told by people I thought should know, there were no remains of Micmac pottery. Should have gone to you in the first place.

Saw Dr. Holland, the specialist recommended by Ralph Smith last night. He could find no sugar although he had no opportunity of testing the blood. He says it is evidently a mild case and may respond to a diet treatment. I am going in to Hospital November 18 for ten days or two weeks of observation. But I shall not be in bed, which is a help. I think it a good thing to have a thorough examination, especially in view of the loss in weight.

I have ^{much} to tell you of my Ottawa trip. When I was talking to Roy Gibson, head of the Parks Bureau, I told him of the incongruity of some of the bric-a-brac and suddenly thought of your letter and read from it your reference to the Buffalo Head in the Commissioner's office. He slipped a note to one of his assistants telling him to get rid of the offending head. I trust poor old Col Eaton will not blame us for the loss, as I think he sets some store on it.

Love to you and Edith,

As ever,

Andrew

Thomas Raddall, Esq.,
Liverpool, N.S.

THE CANADIAN PRESS

GILLIS PURCELL, *General Manager and Secretary*

A. D. MERKEL, *Atlantic Superintendent,*
92 GRANVILLE STREET,
HALIFAX, CANADA

January 4, 1945.6

Dear Tom:-

Forgive me for not having returned long before this, your very timely story on Sable Island. Also enclosed is a copy of the script. I phoned Mrs. Raddall asking her to listen in which she promised to do. But have heard nothing since. I hope she did not mind my quoting your reference to her in the introduction. It was most kind of you to let us use this story. We had many favourable comments. The Laurier, it seems, succeeded in landing some supplies in time for the 1945 Christmas festivities.

I was down at Annapolis last week. The buffalo head has disappeared from Colonel Eaton's Office. Miss Hardy says it was beginning to get moth eaten. Funnily enough they nicknamed the Colonel when he was at College, "Moth Eaton." Then Albert Parker told me some of the big shots at Ottawa had instructed him to ship the polar bear and timber wolf skins back whence they came. "Bre'r Fox he says nuffin". So the New Year is well begun.

Love to you and yours,

As ever,



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

*Recd
Jan 6/46*

50 South Park Street,
Halifax, N. S.

28 January, 1948

My dear Tom:

After I talked to you on the telephone this afternoon, Olga phoned and asked me to come out to her house. She is feeling pretty badly as you may guess. But her mother-in-law is with her. She spent the day over at Dartmouth but could not see Jim, who still refuses to relax and accept treatment. The Doctors told her he was in good physical shape and had not suffered from exposure. If he can ~~quit~~^{get} himself withing the next day or so he should respond to treatment promptly. I do hope this is the case and that he will be okay again soon. Olga told me they had called the Doctor who said he would come if Jim asked for him. He then prescribed a sedative which Jim refused to take and later proceeded to beat it. Thinking to deter him they took off his clothes and struggled with him on the front porch. But he got away and made for the Golf Links where he was finally caught and taken in town where he was examined by the doctors and then taken to Dartmouth. All this happened last Friday night, at a time I was en route to Halifax from Annapolis. Apparently they telephoned Bishop Kingston and he came out but could do nothing. ^BOlga asked me to write you and give you the dope. She is keeping her chin up, at least outwardly, but it is a pretty tough experience she is going through. ^BJim has been terribly overworked of late. He is President of the King's College Alumni, a member of the Board of Governors and had been doing a lot of radio writing as well as work for the co-operatives. Love to you, As ever,

Andrew

BROW HILL COTTAGE
LOWER BRANVILLE N.S.

May 16, 1946

Dear Tom:

I greet you from Brow Hill Cottage to which I have removed following my retirement from The Canadian Press, as the attached blurb from Editor and Publisher will show. Everybody has been most kind and I do not think I have made any mistake.

When may we expect a visit from you and Edith. We are fairly well straightened away and can give you a comfortable room any time you say.

On Monday 27 May I am due to give an address before the Liverpool Kiwanis Club. What do you know about that and have you any suggestions to make. We could leave Friday and Saturday and have a day's fishing in the Lake Country en route. That as a matter of fact is what I would like to do. But it just occurred to me Gordon and Peggy and their twins are coming down for the 24th., so Tully will be tied up. But that will not hinder me from goin' fishing.

Trust all goes well with the book.

As ever,



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

BROW HILL FARM
LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

June 12, 1946

Dear Tom:

Had a letter from Bill Deacon today and on the strength of it decided to attend the Toronto Convention. Will be leaving Tuesday, by way of Digby and Saint John, arriving Toronto Thursday morning, June 27. Could you arrange to come this way or have you your reservations. It would be nice if we could travel together.

Love to you and Edith,

As ever,

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



THE ABANAKI PRESS

DIRECTION
ANDREW MERKEL

LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

August 17, 1946

Dear Tom:


Thanks for your note. I think Mrs. Gilliatt wants you for the Fifth. In any event and whatever the dates finally decided we want you both to spend at least a night with us.

Thebe Roberts spent a few days with us this week and today Elsie Pomeroy is coming. Next week Charley Bruce is due for a night or two. I used to know Sydney Dobson when he lived in Halifax years ago. I think he married one of Syd Dumaresq's daughters. I know Chip Drury but not Chip Chipman. How does it feel travelling with the big shots and with Napier Moore of all people.

We are opening the Inn unofficially Monday.

My best to you both,

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



THE ABANAKI PRESS

DIRECTION
ANDREW MERKEL

LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

9th October, 1946

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your letter. Mr. Johnson were only discussing our plans for the great hunt a few hours before it arrived. I immediately took it over and read it to him, and his disappointment was most evident.

What about this for a scheme, Tully and I to go down for a night next Tuesday, say, and bring you back. I have no hunting license as yet. Never had one, - so can be on no black list. What a brain storm that was, on the part of the Halifax brass-hat. The deer are playing hell with my back orchards. Then we have wood-cock, pheasants and partridge, to which licenses I understand do not apply. I have never shot a four footed animal in my life and do not want to particularly. But I would be glad to take a chance on a license.

We are having the most wonderful Autumn as regards weather, I have ever experienced. Pegs and Gordon are coming down for Thanksgiving Day but I shall be free after Monday. Tully is having a grand time pickling and preserving the fruits of her Summer labors. We were both delighted to hear from Edith and learn the news of the family. If I go down to you Mr. Johnson says I am to take a bucket of clams for Frances with his compliments.

This is a most disjointed letter. But Helen left us yesterday. Her Dad is ill and is going to the Hospital. But everything is as Old Bliss used to say it was at this time of the year and the Goose Honks High.

Love to you and success to the new book,

As ever,



THE ABANAKI PRESS

DIRECTION
ANDREW MERKEL

LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

17th October, 1948

Dear Tom:

Last night I stayed up until 2 o'clock to finish *Pride's Fancy*. What a grand book it is! One of the greatest sea stories of all time, in my humble judgment. And I know Charles A. Dana, Herman Melville and Joseph Conrad. You are a great artist, the greatest, I think I have ever known.

This afternoon I re-read that breath-taking last chapter to Tully and Mrs Johnston. The latter does not know much about books. But he appreciates a good story, well told, and he sat on a hard stool in our kitchen, a nostalgic look in his eye, listening quite, until I had read the last word.

I fell sure the book will have a tremendous sale. It deserves it.

Now we are all set for your visit next week.

We had an enjoyable trip back after our very pleasant visit.

Tully joins me in love to Edith and all hands.

And am I proud of my copy of *Pride's Fancy*?[?] Congratulations and best wishes,

Sincerely,

Andrew

THE ABANAKI PRESS

DIRECTION
ANDREW MERKEL

LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

8th December, 1946

Dear Tom:

Welcome home. Judging from all accounts, you must have had a busy time, making so many addresses. We missed hearing you on the air from Toronto, by reason of the fact we attended a church supper here. And was I mad when I realized there was no radio. But from all sides I have been told it went over like a house afire. Congratulations.

Enclosed is the first piece I have done along the lines you suggested. I wrote it last night, but am not quite sure of the date or the spelling of the name. Perhaps ~~ix~~ you could find time to give it the once ~~over~~ over and make whatever suggestions occur to you.

Everything here is as you last saw it. But I find I shall have to augment a somewhat inadequate pension. Bob Rankin of the Herald has been after me to do a series of articles for him and I may decide to start him on the enclosed, reserving of course the book rights. There are at least twenty subjects on which I could write and with the help of Bob Chambers they might make an attractive Saturday feature. What do you think.

Tully continues to enjoy life at Browhill. Paula is marrying Alton Hayden come Thursday.

Love to you all,

As ever,



*Ansied, &
returned M/S.
Dec. 12/46*

Thomas H. Raddall

Liverpool, Nova Scotia

January 25th, 1946

Dear Andy,

Thanks for letting me see the little sea-shell Indians, they are delightful and I'm sure will be most popular. I haven't a single criticism or suggestion to make, in fact my hat's off to their creator. I wonder if I may keep them -- paying for them of course. Or are these the only ones you have for demonstration?

I follow your progress through the newspapers -- you certainly get around. All power to you.

Love to Tully and yourself from all here,

Sincerely,

Ans'd
Feb 22/47

3005 5411 CORPUS
ROSE SPANGLER, N.S.

2nd February, 1947

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your note. I must try to get up to Halifax for that famous paper. Too bad about Hollywood and Pride's rancy. My suggestion would be to try London. The British movies I find are way better than those put out by the Yanks.

I wrote George Foster January 23, offering him first crack at the new book, as he once asked me to do, and enclosing a sample story, that dealing with the Moose River rescue. I have not heard from him as yet and today wrote Bill Deacon enclosing a copy of my letter to Foster, along with another story, that dealing with the poets who visited the house from time to time.

It has occurred to me you might have some suggestions to make as to the handling of the thing. I have now done approximately 50,000 words in 21 Chapters and am planning to do more. I have sold the newspaper and first publication rights to the first twelve I did to the Herald and am dickering with the CBC., over the radio rights.

Fred Huntley has presented me with a young bird dog, an English Setter, a year and a half old. He is the most beautiful thing in the way of dogs, I think I have ever seen, having won four Firsts in our shows last year. But he is dumb as compared with old Joe. I think I shall get Herb Hudson to train him. He has taken a great fancy to me and follows wherever I go.

Our best to Edith and the children,

As ever,

A. (Andrew Merkel)

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

Clipped in Register of 30th Feb, in 47
You must see it. by

7th January, 1948

Dear Tom:

Have just finished reading the WEDDING GIFT and want you to know how much I have enjoyed it. Many of the stories were absolutely new to me, as I dare say they are to most people. I particularly liked THE OUTCASTS.

Have not had a great deal of luck with my literary endeavours. But intend keeping after it. The autobiography has come back twice now, from McLelland Steward and from Longman Green. I intend re-writing it as a more connected story. Then Hedley Doty gave me fourteen photographs he got of the Habitation last year. I wrote a story around them, quoting Kenneth ~~xxxxxxx~~ Harris, the Architect, in the main and shipped the whole off to the National Geographic. It came back and I thereupon sent it to Macleans. Scott Young in returning it, suggested I try the Canadian Geographic, who now have it. Then I have done three and a half chapters of a book on Angus Walter's BLUENOSE. This will be profusely illustrated with MacAskill photographs and should ring a bell somewhere! Bob Rankin is taking an article a week for the Herald. So altogether I have plenty to do and am enjoying the winter here to the full.

Tully and I spent the greater part of today, shovelling a patch for the oilman and it is quite a chore sawing and chopping the wood required to keep the open fire and the stove in the dining room going.

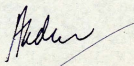
Mr. Johnson, made a big mistake, I am afraid giving up everything and moving to Port Wade last winter. He is crippled up with rheumatism now to such an extent Paula has to help him dress.

Was that not a grand snowstorm we had. We were isolated except for the telephone for about ten days.

With best wishes for the New Year to you all,

Sincerely,

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


(Andrew Marshall)

(From Andrew Aherkel)

BROWN HILL SETTLE
LOWER GRANVILLE, N.S.

16th March, 1948

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for your note received today. The ~~two~~ stories I did for the Herald, WARTIME HALIFAX and AFTER PEARL HARBOUR seem to answer all your questions. The Pearl Harbour story was not used as perhaps you know. Will you please let me have them back after taking anything you want.

It was Mrs C.S.M. Ewen. Her husband was a medical officer in the Navy. I met him at the Ajax Club. Mrs Giraud, one of Murray MacNeil's daughters, was a volunteer worker at the Club, and J. W. Godfrey, the barrister was one of the directors. The Odell residence is at the corner of ~~xxxxxxx~~ Tobin and Queen Streets, directly opposite Fort Massey Church. The gossip was Mrs A. S. MacMillan, wife of the Premier, a worshipper at Fort Massey was the prime mover in having the license cancelled. I recall I was very sore over the thing at the time, but this of course was merely a personal feeling.

^{Who} Admiral Leonard Murray, a Pictou boy, who married an Ontario woman, later an heiress, who from all accounts ran the show. I recall she called up the newspapers the day her boy graduated First among the boys at Devonport, the British Naval School. She said that if they used a cut, they were on no account to refer to him as a Canadian. He had happened to be born in England during the ~~FIRST~~ World War. She insisted to the newspapers he had been born and educated in England and therefore was to be referred to only as an Englishman. Hugh Dobbie, who was Fortress Commander at Sydney, during most of the Second World War, told me that on one occasion the Admiral and his wife had paid him a visit. He was at pains to show Mrs. Murray all that was to be seen at the Sydneys and suggested they pay a visit to Louisburg. But Mrs Murray said she wasn't interested. She expalined that when living in England she had been billeted near the site of one of the Roman towns and really ~~did~~ not think she could be interested in a site that went back a mere couple of centuries. During the investigation ordered by the Dominion Government she barged into the Press Box at the Province House and insisted on remaining facing poor Len, until she was ordered to get out by the Royal Commission.

My recollection is only beer was served at the Ajax Club, under strict discipline. It was an attempt to give the British sailor what he craved, under decent conditions. I do not recall any riot in Halifax in 1911. I remember Armistice Day very well too. Troops were brought into Halifax from Debert in May 1945, but they had nothing to do. Saw no movies. Heard something about chesterfield suits and Eatons and high jinks after they had hit the street from the second storey window but saw nothing.

Love to Edit^{ith}. Its a tough break when one's mother goes, no matter what the circumstances. I know because I have gone through the same thing myself. Sold my car last Fall. ~~if~~ Will wait I think before buying another. Love.

BROW HILL FARM
LOWER GRANVILLE
NOVA SCOTIA

Sunday 7th November, 1948

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for the very fine review of the new book, I had suggested to Cecil Day that he get you to do it and am awfully glad he did.

I was in Halifax Friday and bought your Macaskey book as well as the West Novies. This for Guy Dean, our local merchant. Myerson Press I think have done a swell job with the Bluenose book. But I doubt very much if their selling department, measures up to their production. When is your book on Halifax coming out? I am on the lookout for it too. Howard Bendelier told me Myerson's are closing out the bookroom, 1st February next. This is too bad. Apparently the English Jew Peter Seeley is jumping over the traces. He should be run out of Halifax. Bendelier tells me he is going up to Toronto to head up their sales department. The Gazette had a fine two column spread with one of the Macaskill pictures on SCHOONER BLUENOSE when there were but five copies of the book in Montreal, by actual count. Burton's had four. The rest had not heard of it. I suspect George Foster, would have done a better job.

I seldom pay 15 cents either for the Saturday Evening Post. But I bought the current issue containing your story on Seal Island. Great work.

When are we going to see you.

Love to all, from all here,

As ever, .



(Andrew Mackel)

BROW HILL COTTAGE

PORT ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA

TELEPHONE:
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL 507-21POSTAL ADDRESS
VIA GRANVILLE FERRY R. R. 2

31st March, 1949

Dear Tom:

Peter Nicholson of the Order of Good Cheer Executive, writes you are being asked to address the Order Ladies Night, preferably 25th May.

I do hope you will find it possible to do just that and to bring along Edith and the children for the holiday. Please stay with us as long as you like. I know how busy you are as well as your determination, not to become involved in outside activities. But we would both love to see you, as you know and there is much I have to talk about.

Ryerson Press write they only have sold to date 1226 copies of SCHOONER BLUENOSE. This seems extraordinary to me, since the book certainly got a grand press. Friend Bennett, of Dalhousie I see is reviewing it on the air Monday. How many copies of HALIFAX, WARDEN OF THE NORTH, sold to date?

Had intended taking in the Press Gallery dinner at Ottawa Saturday night, but find I cannot make it. Charlie writes ~~he~~ a propos of St Laurent shaking hands with Drew the other day he has seen everything now.

Love to you all from us both and please try not to disappoint us.

As ever,



(Andrew Merkel)

T.H. Raddall, Esq.,
LIVERPOOL,
Nova Scotia.

Ans'd
Apr 5/49

BROW HILL COTTAGE
PORT ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA

TELEPHONE:
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL 507-21

POSTAL ADDRESS
VIA GRANVILLE FERRY R. R. 2

30th June, 1949

Dear Tom:

I enclose post office order for the \$3., I owe you. Thanks very much. I was a trifle embarrassed, but what the heck.

Gwen Beattie an old friend asked me to do the review appearing in THE CRIER. In writing her I told the story of your early experience with Maclean's never thinking for a moment she would make it the basis for their story about you. Hope you do not mind.

Lillian Mitchell wrote me yesterday after I had asked her to let me know about the itinerary I had previously suggested. Find it is mostly Annapolis. Wrote her in reply I thought it extraordinary I had not been previously consulted, seeing I was on the spot.

Now I propose going ahead and organizing, at no cost to those joining me an expedition over the Pony Express Trail. marking the Centenary of the Associated Press. Miss Mitchell writes 31 are going by bus others by car to the Habitation visiting Windsor, Grand Pre and Annapolis en route. They will lay over Saturday night in Annapolis going down to the Habitation after lunch, on Sunday. Instead I propose renting a car and starting off Saturday with the rest and making all the scheduled stops. We shall start from the old Cunard Wharf in Halifax and try to note the stopping places of the Express en route. After the festivities at Annapolis we shall come to Brow Hill, where we shall spend the night, completing the run to DIGBY GUT, the present Victoria Beach Sunday morning. We shall return to the Habitation and meet Miss Mitchell following lunch at John Casey's place. May I count please on you and Edith. There will be four others, the C.P. if they are interested, and Rod Kennedy. The newspapers should be represented. We shall have to arrange also for Norwood or some photographer to make the trip. Think I can induce the Herald to do this.

Tully will be home Saturday with the Lynch kids. Think now I shall go in with Pegs and Gordon Monday 4th July.

Love to you,

(Andrew Marshall)

BROW HILL COTTAGE
PORT ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA

TELEPHONE:
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL 507-21

POSTAL ADDRESS
VIA GRANVILLE FERRY R. R. 2

18th January, 1950

Dear Tom:

The chances are you have never heard of Laurence Dakin, 10 Curran Street, Herne Bay, Auckland W.I., New Zealand. ^{or} Molly Beresford, who I think you know, head of the English Department at the Normal College, tells me she never heard of him. *I know kind of her myself before last summer*

But I used to know his dad, Blair Dakin, when I lived in Digby. Then Friend Rhodenizer in the biographical notes he published last Summer goes all out in his evaluation of the place he occupies in the scheme of things. The point is this Dakin is a graduate of Acadia ^{university} Columbia University in New York in medicine, The Paris Sorbonne, in literature and some University in Venice also in literature. He has lived most of his life abroad, where he has published five books. J.M. Dent and Company have just published his first book in Canada. It is called TANCRED. I got the Education office library in Halifax to send ~~ix~~ for it, and they sent in on to me. An article drawing attention to it appears in the current issue of the Review they put out. Dakin too is somewhat of a linguist, speaking some five or six languages fluently. All his books published abroad have been translated into a variety of languages and some are required reading in the Schools of Italy. Quite a lad and to think he was born at Sandy Cove, twenty miles from Digby. Moreover he has pulled himself up by his bootstraps.

Have been in correspondence with him over the MacLeod Oddyssy which is up for its centenary ~~ex~~ next year. ^{It} ~~is~~ less than 200 miles from the spot taken over by the Nova Scotians in 1851. Have been suggesting he should return to Nova Scotia and devote himself to Glooscap, instead of forever writing about the gods of High Olympus. In a letter received today he says this:

"I am overwhelmed by the constant and noble tributes which my generous confreres-des-lettres are showering upon me in my home province. Indeed this more than anything else is making it increasingly difficult for me to remain away."

Why not write ^{me not Marjorie} Dakin at the address I have given above ^{address}. You are the best writer we have to day in N. S. A word from you should settle the question for him. Air mail to New Zealand coast 15 cents the quarter ounce. It is much faster of course.

Love to you and all in Liverpool. As ever,

M. J. (Andrew Merkel)

"But the sold port, for the beauty thereof, was called PORT ROYAL."—Marc Lescarbot in Nova Francia, a Description of Acadia, P. Erondelle. Translation, first published in London, in 1609.

Queen Hotel

W. D. CROSBY
MANAGER

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

2nd February, 1951

Dear Tom:

Congratulations on THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP, which many say is the best yet. Here's hoping the new publishers do well by it. The story I never tire of telling is that they paid you \$10,000. in advance Royalties, before you had touched pen to paper. So naturally you who did not want particularly to be tagged an historical novelist took them up. The point is how do I go about obtaining a Review copy. Do not wish to pay out money for it, which I would gladly do if this damn cost of living had not succeeded in balling me up.

Thanks awfully for your note following Tully's death in Sept. Had ten or twelve in all throughout the Summer as you know, including eight grand-children Well they all up and left me following the funeral. I stuck it as long as I could, cooking my own meals, and going through Tully's things. So I came here last Tuesday for a week at least. Have just returned from a trip to Ottawa and Montreal and have been wrestling with frozen pipes until I came here in desperation. Have finally decided to sell the place and to take a small apartment near the Archives in Halifax.

Omitted to say am just in receipt of a letter from Lesloe Barnes stamp expert of the Family Herald to whom through the good offices of Rod Kennedy I had submitted Tully's accumulation of 75,000 stamps for an appraisal. His letter of tonight said they were worth \$82.50 and he had a definite offer of \$80.00. Wired him tonight accepting the offer but poor Tull would be mad I know if she knew her work of a life time was worth only \$80.00

Love to you and Edith, As ever,

W.D.C.
A.
(Andy Merkel)

(Note - Merkel's mind had been deteriorating for some time before he wife Tully's death. At this date he was definitely mad.) SHR

and
Feb 7/51

December 13th, 1951

Hello Andy,

Thanks for your note, which was most interesting, although I can't agree with you when you say that there was no ship-to-shore wireless transmission as far back as 1898. Marconi had done it several times in Britain and Italy during ~~XXX~~ '98 and '99. In '99, during the international yacht race off New York, the "Mackay-Bennett" reported the race by wireless to the Sandy Hook lightship, which was connected by a short cable to the shore. The idea of putting it on the lightship was simply to get clear of the tall buildings, electric light wires and other interference in New York harbor itself.

Even the first ship-to-shore transmission of radio telephony in Canada was not in 1921 as you think. It was being done every day by the U.S. Navy sub-chasers operating out of Halifax in the latter part of 1917 and during 1918. The American blimp airships operating out of Eastern Passage at that time also had radio-telephone communication with their base, but I don't know if that was the first air-to-ground R/T in Canada. The C.P.'s coverage of the schooner races of Halifax in '21 was, I think, the first commercial ship-to-shore R/T in Canada.

My broadcasts seem to have stirred up quite a lot of interest. Amongst other matters, the National Research Council at Ottawa wants me to donate to their laboratories my old "coherer", which was part of Marconi's apparatus used at New York in 1899 aboard the "Mackay-Bennett"; and Time magazine has borrowed the photographs I possess showing the "Mackay-Bennet", the two yachts, the Sandy Hook lightship, and the original wireless outfit set up in the ship's chartroom. The photos are a bit faded after all this time and I doubt if they can use them, but they wanted to see them anyway.

What you say about the early trans-Atlantic transmissions from Glace Bay confirms a good deal that I heard from veteran operators in my day. The Marconi people were accepting all kinds of messages at 18 cents a word in competition with the cable rate of 25 cents, and then having to send the stuff by cable anyway, paying the odd 7 cents themselves, because of breakdowns in the wireless connection. It was 7 or 8 years before they really got the trans-Atlantic wireless working properly.

Are you spending the winter at the Wolfeville address? I believe Martha Thomas is wintering at Blomidon Lodge. I suppose you've seen Charlie Bruce's new book, "The Mulgrave Road". It's first-rate and should have the G.G. Award for 1951. For that matter Charlie should have

got it long ago. Charlie blew in here for an hour last Fall. It was grand to see him again.

My "The Nymph and The Lamp" is still going strong. Including book-club sales the hard-bound editions have run to 115,000 copies in Canada and the U.S. alone, with the British and various foreign editions still to hear from. The soft-back edition in the U.S. has run to more than 100,000 copies. The Reader's Digest Book Club, which included a condensed edition of the novel in its Spring book, sold 402,000 copies. The novel is now appearing on television in the U.S. as an hour-long play, with movie actors Robert Preston and Margaret Sullavan in the leading roles.

Cheero,

Tom

Andrew Merkel, Esq.
Granville, N. S.

Dec 27 Post 350
Dorchester N.S.

Dear Tom,

They tell me.

The new book is a great
success I have heard
a great deal about it
and I wish you would
send me a copy of

Side Water. I have
been here since Sept 1952
and would very much
appreciate ~~me~~ you
calling on me the next
time you are in
Halifax

Sincerely,

Andrew Markel

Tom Markel

(SEE OVER)

And
book
number 150
100000

311 075 x 09 1538
B-51 Top 570
B-51 118

Note:- This scrawl is from Andrew
Merkel, retired Supt. of the Canadian
Press at Halifax; and in Sept. 1952
a committed patient at the Nova Scotia
Mental Hospital in Dartmouth.

The book he asks for was my
"Sidefall", & I sent him a copy on
Dec. 31, 1953, immediately after I received
this note. He died in the hospital
June 25, 1954, aged 68. I attended
his funeral at Granville, N.S. on June 28.

Nov 12 1954
J. G. G.

N.S. Hospital
Dartmouth N.S.
Jan. 24/54

Dear Tom

The Tidefall arrived at
^{my house} scheduled the first of the month,
I had hoped to read it before
writing you. I have just finished
chapter nineteen. The trouble
is that I have to have people
read it to me. I have already
read it through myself but
without success. However I
do know it to be a good book.

One that opens up entirely
a new perspective on little
known enterprise of the rum
running of the twenties. It is a

One thing I know is that
people who read it to me enjoy
it very much Sincerely
Andrew Merkle.

545 Grosvenor Ave
Westmont, 2
July 14/54

My dear Tom -

The family, such as is left, was touched and comforted to see you at Karsdale on June 28th.

Your mere appearance spoke a volume of words, and I am afraid I was too harassed to let you know adequately how much I appreciated the trouble you had taken to be with us.

Before I was steadied,
you had departed on your
long trip home. Many thanks
my friend, and best regards
to Edith from Ev & myself.

Arthur

(Arthur Merkel, son of Andrew, whose
funeral is the subject of his letter
— FRP)