

112 St. Clements Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
Nov. 2, 1947..the better day..

Dear Tom:

As you will note from the address we are still enjoying the privileges of two rooms and the use of the kitchen. Our promotion to an apartment, duplex or that wonder of wonders, the rented house is still somewhere in the future. Not too distant, we hope, for we'd hate to spend our old age here. We are beginning to wonder though.

Your letter of Sept. 9th is something I have been savouring. It did me so much good to have your opinion. As I remarked to Jacques Chambrun, I wish it was possible to have professors in the art of creative writing. If it were so, mine would be one T.H. Raddall.

I called on Chambrun while I was in New York on business third week of October. Between calling round on business firms trying to sell them advertising in the trade papers I work for, I took time out to visit him as you suggested. I said you had asked me to call so he didn't keep me waiting. I pointed out the need of a professor where I was concerned and outlined what such a professor could do for me. He was very nice about it. He said he (or they) I forget which, would do all that. I had a momentary wonder if I was putting my head in the lion's mouth at that point but it was probably an unworthy thought.

He told me to send him the bunch of seastories I had and anything else. From what he said I gathered he would be my father confessor, guide, editor, counsellor and friend. It sounded like an awful lot and he didn't say anything about a contract. Now of course I expect he'll think the stuff stinks when he sees it and that'll be that. Confidentially, though it was written two years ago, I think it does stink a bit myself. I'd really much rather send him something he could sell to the Saturday Evening Post to start with. That would get us off on the proper foot. However I'll send him the wartime sea stories as I've really nothing else to send him at the moment and see what he thinks. My feet are a bit cold on the deal. While I have the ambition that someday I shall be able to write a story that the Post will buy I am still a very juvenile tyro in the writing business and he may think it would be too much trouble. However we'll see.

The fact that you liked the book gives me a great deal of confidence and that is a quality I lack. I only wished I lived in Liverpool and could work out a deal that would give me the benefit of your direction and advice on my stuff.

It is quite possible you have met some of the characters Macdonald portrayed. A few were in *Haida* but

others were from other ships and all of them had been in corvettes and minesweepers around Halifax at some time or other.

The book continues to sell somewhere around a copy a day these days and it is hoped Christmas sales will pick it up. We are around 1700 so far sold. I had hopes of being well-advanced with the writing of another one but so far time has been my enemy. Working for a living takes most of it and Haida hasn't sold enough to justify taking a chance. I have dropped the novel I was writing for the present and am trying a short story, 5,500 words for one of the U.S. Mags. to see how it will go. I've got juju, witch doctors, two U.S. citizens and a Scotchman in it to say nothing of a good-looking Englishman. It's based on Malaya, post-war, present-day period. Sounds like a cocktail but if giving them plenty of variety is the answer then it's sure here in this one.

Sounds like a really good summer you've had Tom. Curiously enough my second game of golf was the week before Thanksgiving with Ned Pratt. We met a Dr. Veitch at York Downs and also a Mr. Whitehouse. They had known your Dad very well. One was his M.O. in the regiment and the other his Adjutant. They were with him at the time. Both said they had looked forward very much to meeting you one of these days. They had hoped it might have been possible last year when you were up or when you come up again. Both said they held your Dad in very high regard. Both are now very prominent men in Toronto. I told them I would mention them when I wrote you.

Thanks once again Tom for your goodness in giving me your opinion of Haida. It is one I value highly. Gladys and I just wish we were pulling out for Nova Scotia again. You live down there. She joins me in sending our very best regards to Edith and yourself.

Your friend,

Bill

P.S. I'm speaking in your old spot in Book Week. I address Harbord Collegiate at noon and the Author's Association at 8.30 p.m. I've had some good writeups this last week for addresses to clubs and have quite a few more to do this month. I stress the naval origins in Liverpool, N.S. and how you have dealt with them in your books each time.

*Ans'd
July 19/50*

William Sclater,
136 Glendale Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.
17th July, 1950.

Mr. Thomas Raddall,
Liverpool, N.S.

Dear Tom,
Will you be in Liverpool during the last ten days in August? My reason for asking is because Gladys and I have made reservations at Sandy Cove from Aug. 21st to Sept. 2nd, and I'm hoping it will be possible to see you during our time there.

We are travelling by train via St. John and Digby. If possible I'll try and hire a car and drive over your way one day for a visit. As you may have noticed I've been concentrating on the short story. My first appeared in the July issue of Liberty and my agent informs me I have a story accepted for Argosy. He didn't say when it would be published, just that they were buying it. That and a page in Saturday Night current issue, a book review, is the sum of my current efforts.

It all happened in June, so Gladys and I decided we were due a holiday in Nova Scotia so we're taking my two week annual vacation down at Sandy Cove. We are looking forward to seeing you and the family.

Sincerely,

Bill

William Sclater

Associates

82 Bloor Street West,
Toronto 5, Ont.

RAndolph 9001

K21, 477 Bayview, Toronto
Dec.5th, 1953.

*Ans'd
Dec 14*

Mr. Thomas Raddall,
Liverpool,
Nova Scotia.

Dear Tom,

Gladys, on our wedding anniversary in October, presented me with something I was hoping for, a copy of TIDEFALL.

I read it immediately with great interest. In fact I stayed up until two a.m. the following morning reading it because I couldn't lay it down.

Since then I have read quite a few of the critics on it, including Mr. Murphy of the Toronto Telegram. Now I have read it again.

It's strong, the strongest book you have yet written, I think. Like the soil of Nova Scotia it never gets far from the granite. I can appreciate Murphy's viewpoint. I found the West Indian references to the smugglers quite fascinating and could have enjoyed a whole book on that. It did in fact rouse nostalgic memories of Roger Sudden and other adventure writing you have done and in which there ~~is~~ universal enjoyment. You did these West Indies chapters with a swift magnificence that left one feeling there is a terrific story there. They were of course incidental to Tidefall.

You stayed with the truth and the book finds its strength in that. The heroine is a woman, a Nova Scotia girl. Like all women they have their weaknesses and their failings of the sex, even as we have ours. She followed her heart, as a woman will always do, or wish she had done.

Thanks Tom for giving us such a good piece of writing. We hope Edith and the family are well and prospering. Gladys is well and sends her love. As you see I'm in business. As I haven't been able to sell my stock in that other company yet I've started on a shoe-string on Oct. 1st. Lots of work but we're eating, paying the rent and running a car and I'm getting more time on my writing.

Bestest,

Bill

Public Relations - Publicity - Promotion

over/

Ans'd
xep 28/56

WILLIAM SCLATER
TORONTO, CANADA

26th September, 1956

Dear Tom,

Just in case you don't get them here's a couple of reviews on "Wings of Night"

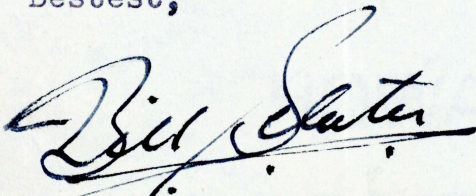
Haven't read it yet myself as I'm saving the pleasure for the Thanksgiving weekend when I can give my whole time to reading it through.

Hope to have my own "East to Morning" completed this winter for next Fall if I'm lucky enough and the book is good enough to find a publisher.

Hear some awful cracks about Monsarrat's book. Don't know him personally but I never did think much of the "Cruel Sea" from the angle of a seaman and from the angle of the great North Atlantic story. Love your contrast touches that are highlighted in the reviews...Toronto and N.S. also the knotty pine touch. I know I have a really good story to look forward to when I get into the book.

Best regards from Gladys and I to your "better half" and the family. Hope you are all well and vigorous. Will write you later when I've read the book.

Bestest,



P.S. I'm hoisting a wee drappie to you.

*Ans'd
Jan 31/58*

William Sclater

477 Bayview,
Toronto, Ont.
6th January, 1958.

Dear Tom,
Greetings for '58 and the best
to you and yours!

Just a note to say how much I
enjoyed the Path of Destiny. It was most
refreshing reading and I promptly bought
another copy and gave it to an M.P. for
Christmas. He is enjoying it too.

Couldn't help but notice a little
quickenning of the heartbeat when you came
into the Maritimes. That's right familiar
territory.

Congratulations also on your other
book...the Wings of Night. What a tremende-
ous amount of work you must have poured
into that book Tom. It is a truly monumen-
tal achievement from the writing angle and,
if the subject matter and locale are not
particularly saleable in the fiction field
at present it will certainly come into its
own as the years go by. It is a real piece
of Canadiana and you are to be heartily
congratulated on its achievement.

I have both, awaiting your auto-
graph here or in N.S. as the first oppor-
tunity offers. Won't mail 'em...prefer
these things in person.

Gladys joins me in sending our
best wishes to Edith & yourself.

Bestest,

Bill