

Ans'd
Dec 26

"Millerholme"

Isaac's Harbor,
Grytborougl
N. S.

Dec. 23. 1940

To
Mr. Thor. W. Raddall
Liverpool N. S.
Dear Mr. Raddall,

Your stories have interested me so much, that I wish you to know what pleasure they have given me.

I think I first saw one of your stories in "Chetaine", and later I read one in "McLean" - the fisherman story. That bit of dialogue retelling the home news from boat to boat was perfect, and the trip to Greenland, and the fishing, the description of the coast up there, and the whole setting was wonderful. Then when I was visiting at the Parsonage in Port Mouton this last Autumn

I was telling my niece - Mrs. Sweetnam, about your stories, and she exclaimed, "Why she lives down here - in L'pool, and we have met him!" I wished I could have had that pleasure too. Then she brought out a "Sat. Even Post" - the one with "Blind McHear" - and I was thrilled. What a lot of research work you must have ^{had} to do to write these things. As my father was captain of a barge in the old days of sailing ships, and I had sailed with him, some of the Chanties were familiar, and the old ballads! I remember in my childhood days of the men who were building vessels for my Gr and father, singing "The Oars of Palguther" - am afraid that is not the correct spelling - and "The Heighs of Alva." How you must have

revelled in the digging out of those old ballads! That was a great story. The only other one that I have read is "The Triangle of Steel." I thought Dickens never did anything better than that book that John the Indian gave to those other Indians above him. He was asking for the verdict. It was a wonderful word picture.

Since reading this story a many man at our house in Halifax one evening, told of having worked on a steel structure in Montreal. He described the rivetting, as you did, and Indians worked on that job too.

I would like to ask two questions. Did you take a course in Chart Story Writing, either in England or U.S.A. ? I am taking one

from the Metropolitan College
of Journalism, England, because
my daughter wished me to. I do
not think I can ever hope to
sell anything. And the second
question is - How do you pronounce
your name? Is the accent on
the first, or second syllable? If
the latter, is "ell" pronounced as
awl"?

I was sorry to read in the
Herald of the passing of your
wife's Father. So Christmas will
be a quiet time, but I am
wishing you both, its peace and
joy. And good luck to your
writing in 1941.

Sincerely yours

Mrs.) Nellie Hatfield Macdonald

Ans'd
Aug 12

St. Peter's Rectory
Weymouth North Mass.
Aug 9. 1945

Dear Mr. Paddell, We have been intrigued by your stories over Radio Sunday afternoons. The one about the very unearthly noise heard by moose hunters interested me, taking me back to one year in my youth when just such a noise used to be heard by terrified citizens over home. It was in the "Field's Place Hollow", on the Parvabero's shore, just below Brookville. The place was always thought "haunted", and these dreadful shrieking groans which seemed to issue from the ground near a little brook and sometimes in the woods strengthened that belief. Of course there was an old grave yard down the hollow, on a bank by the shore, very old when I (now seventy-nine years old) was a child. No one liked to go near the place after sun down. My father said the noise might be from escaping gas near the brook. — He supposed that ~~the~~ too this the cause of an experience of his own near this place. He was bringing his vessel up the Bay on a bank night, when he saw a light coming down over the bank, down to the shore, and slowly along the water. He & the mate watched it, could hear no sound of oars, but as it came near my father said "I guess that fellow intends to come aboard." they still

Wondered why they did not hear the oars.
The light, like a round ball, came over the
bow, along the deck, passed between my
Father and the Mate, and dissolved into
the blackness of night just beyond there.
Very startling to find it was not a lantern
carried by human hands, but a ball of light,
very uncanny. He said it was probably gas—but
they were startled just the same.

I was charmed with your poem
in Harpsichord - the child, the apple tree, and
Seeing God. — I did not know you
wrote verse. — I have been delighted
with your "His Majesty's Yankees", "Roger Sudden"
and "Died Piper". And am so glad that you possess
so great a gift of expression. I felt as I read
one of your earlier stories, some descriptions
equalled those of Dickens, and later some
one said the same thing.

That ever there were rebels in Cumberland
was news to me. I was brought up in the British
tradition of loyalty to the Crown. My first ancestor
in Parreboro' - Capt. John Hatfield - was a British
officer sent out to help quell the rebellion in the
colonies.

Please excuse pencil, ear in
lame hands. — Mrs. McLaughlin
got my very lame hands. — Mrs. McLaughlin
wrote me she is writing a new book - "The Stream
Runs Fast." I was so sorry to miss seeing you
again and hearing Mrs. Sillis at the Poetry Center, but
the "Creation" was being sung at all Saints Cathedral
that night. I had heard it once before sun

key an earlier generation of Holigonian.
in 1887 - and felt I must hear it again.

— The tribute you paid to Joe House
— the flowers, ^{and poem} and the lament, was a
most lovely thing.

Yours sincerely

Hallie Hatfield MacDonald.

St. Peter's Rectory,
Heymouth North D.S.
Sept. 4. 1945

Dear Mr. Raddal,

Please pardon the delay in replying to yours of Aug. 11.th I must give as an excuse the visit of two of my Sisters from Halifax, and very severe attacks of rheumatism, so that until this week I have not been writing but few letters.

I have obtained the name and address of the Negro preacher you enquired about, it is Walter Langford, Heymouth Falls. He is a Baptist, but we think not a Minister, but a deacon or some other lay official, who conducts their services on Sundays between monthly visits of their regular minister who comes from Yarmouth. I suppose you know

more is quite a settlement of these
black and colored people at the
Falls. I am told one hundred
of their men were in the services
in this War. For they are descend-
ants of the Slaves the Loyalists
brought here, and are really
a superior lot of negroes. They
are honest, and industrious.
My son in law enjoys his
work among them as Rector
of their ^{Anglican} Church - St. Matthews.
They have their own choir,
organist, Sunday School Supt.
and teachers, and in Church
work, and raising funds, they
often can give a lead to his
white congregations of St. Peter's
and St. Thomas, whose ancestors
brought the Slaves here.

Quite interesting to know this
Langford family produced both
a preacher and a prize-fighter.
I forget that I was stung at
the head of the Annapolis Valley

and not in Northern Canada
when I called the tree in your
poem ~~ex cell poplar~~ rather an
apple tree, rather than a poplar.
I liked that little poem,
I suppose mine, on the "Rehabilitation
of the Ghost" rather shocked you.
The graveyard that I referred to
in my other ^{comical} letter had been the
burying place of the earliest settlers.
So old, that it was "haunted." I
should like to see the place again.
I remember the delicious terror of
my several visits there when a child.
I daresay now it is completely
overgrown with spruce trees, and
probably no one ever there now
ever knew of its existence. My
father used to tell of witnessing, when a
boy, the funeral of perhaps the last
man buried there - Sergeant Thomas
Pritchard. It was a military funeral.
The C.O. and pall bearers had ported
fresh of rum - and going down
the Valley the C.O. gave the command
"quick March" - this developed into
an unsteady run. Luckily they reached

the graves as windows overlooking the
Coffin, but came perilously near it
at times. Three years ago I read in
the records of St. George's Church, Par-
boro' the date of the burial and
this note written by the Rector.

"Bgt. Thomas Pritchard was buried
today on his own farm without the
services of the Church. I was not
able to go down there!" - Parboro'
was about eighteen miles away. No
proper roads then.

How many there are of these queer
stories of the early days.

I was very interested in your
remarks about poetry and poets.
So called. I remember being very
interested in metre and pearson
in school days. ^{but never tried a} I am ^{why me then?} more inter-
ested in the ideas given, than in
the perfect rythm of a poem; altho'
I do love the flawing metre in
Some of Massfields.

Mrs. Jarvis to whom we
phoned for the information you
wanted has just called up again.
She says Walter Langford is a
kind of a preacher, but his

brother Charles was a "real preacher",
and belonged to what was called
"Wash foot Baptists." He left here
a long time ago, and several
years ago died down in the States.

As Walter is a brother, you
will probably get what information
you need from him.

Mrs. Jarvis is an Anglican,
her husband Elmer Jarvis is
the most important man out
at the Falls, so if you cannot
get what you need from
Walter Langford, you might
write Elmer Jarvis. He was
not in when my daughter
phoned today to their house.

I forgot to say we have no
Micmac burying grounds on
the Parson's Shore. The
Micmacs only visited us in
summer for a week or two.
They camped near the beach and

Sold baskets. There is an
Indian Settlement at Halfway
River a few miles above
Parrishorvi

I hope you are able
to decipher my writing.

Yours sincerely,

Hallie H. MacDonald.

P.S. My grandmother's Cousin,
Dr. Silas T. Rand, was a Missionary
to the Micmas. When our
home was destroyed by fire
in Northern Alberta, I lost
a New Testament Dr. Rand had
translated into the Micmas
dialect or language.

Thomas H. Raddall

Liverpool, Nova Scotia

December 8th, 1945.

Dear Mrs. MacDonald,

I am again in your debt for the interesting information about Walter Langford -- and what a long time ~~it's been~~ I've been, acknowledging your very kind letter of September 4th !

I am told there is a small group of Micmacs living on the Sissiboo river near Weymouth. The portage between our Mersey river waters and the Sissiboo is very easy, and it was formerly a favorite route of canoe travel by our Indians here.

I have one or two copies of Dr. Silas Rand's books, and I have found his English-Micmac dictionary very useful, especially in discussing place-names with our local Micmacs. He is well remembered by the Indians. Some years ago old Chief Paul told me a legend of his people, and added quietly, " Now that is the way I got it from the old people. If you want to check what I say, the story is in Rand-book." And several times in conversation with Indians I have heard them refer with great respect to "Rand-book". Rand was a preacher at Milton, just up the river, for some years, and I believe married a Milton girl.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

Mrs. Hallie H. MacDonald,
St. Peter's Rectory,
Weymouth North, N.S.

Ans'd
Oct 2/46

St. Peter's Rectory
Weymouth North W.I.
Oct. 2. 1946

Mr. T. H. Paddall
Liverpool D.S.

Dear Mr. Paddall,

During the years
between 1937 and — I think 1944 I
wrote some short stories which no
publisher that I approached wanted,
altho' some friends who have read
them thought they were as good as
some they had read in Magazines.
(They certainly do not equal yours!)

A few weeks ago I thought of trying
to get them published as a book of short
stories — this being suggested by a
friend. So I wrote to two firms, and
am enclosing you the reply I rec'd
yesterday from one of them. You will
note they delayed from the 19th to the
30th ult. before replying. The other firm
replied at once and said to first have
the stories published in a Magazine as
a book by an unknown author would
not sell. I merely asked them on what
terms they would publish. But to this
firm whose letter I enclose, I wrote
that the stories varied from approx.

2500 to 6000 words. That two were sea stories - starting from New York and from Barbados - that I had sailed with my father who was a sea captain in the old windjammer days. The scenes of others were laid in Northern Alberta, the West Indies, Nova Scotia etc. I asked them on what terms they would publish such a book, and said that I had no money!

The lady who advised me to try publishing the stories in a book said I would need to be careful that my work was not stolen. And that is why I am troubling you. Do you get your MS copyrighted, and if so, how do you go about getting it done? You will notice that this firm makes no reply about terms etc.

Would you be kind enough to reply by return post, and in the meantime, I shall be hunting up the stories that I have written.

Thanking you, and with an apology for intruding on your time as I'm sure you are usually busy, I remain,

Yours sincerely
Mellie Hatfield Macdonald