

56A Belle Vista Drive,
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia
March 9, 1968

Mr. Thomas H. Raddall
Author
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

Dear Mr. Raddall:

After several years and reading your "Wings of Night" once again, I have dredged up the courage (fearing a negative reply) to write you regarding a manuscript in my possession.

The material originated with a batch of notebooks, written by hand, by my father, of his experiences as a Canadian volunteer in the R.N.C.V.R; the group loaned to the British Navy by the Canadian Government before our R.C.N. was formed at the beginning of the First World War.

This material can be added to and authenticated by my father who has a very good memory and his brother who was in the same outfit overseas (both live in the province) and a recently retired Naval Commander in Ottawa who was also with them and who has published a couple of books of poetry; and perhaps others.

I do not believe this particular facet of the First World War has ever been written up. The material is not the wildly exciting, sexy best-seller type but more along the lines of "The Cruel Sea".

My father has always hoped that I would write it up but unfortunately my literary ability begins and ends with a healthy appreciation for good writing. And I have dared to hope that perhaps this material might merit the efforts of an author of your calibre. I have never approached anyone on the matter and would rather abandon the project than have the material sensationalized.

Should you be interested in this, even mildly, I would be delighted to send along a copy I have made for your perusal. This covers the period from 1914-1918 fairly well throughout.

Most sincerely,


Mrs. David T. Gill

March 16, 1968

Mrs. David T. Gill,

56A Belle Vista Drive,

Dartmouth, N.S.

Dear Mrs. Gill:

There have been so many good memoirs of the two world wars that publishers are not keen about more, unless they have something new and startling to reveal. I gather from your letter that your father's memoirs are not sensational in any way.

As you know, the literary art today, like all the other arts, is in a state of anarchy. Anything of beauty or good sense or order is condemned as "square", and anything wildly grotesque or morbid is touted to the skies. Critics who profess to see meaning in all this ultra-modern stuff seem to me like chameleons flitting about a Christmas tree, lost among the varicoloured lights and baubles, and mad from the mere effort to cope.

Personally I should like to read the copy you have made, and if you wish I will give you an opinion on it.

Sincerely,