



Halifax, N.S.,
April 4, 1941.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

Thanks for the information from Perkins' Diary which I have added to my few notes on the early telegraphs.

The next time you are in town and have a free evening perhaps we can arrange to have a more leisurely chat at my house. I for one should like it as I am extremely interested in the various forms of presenting history to the public and feel that present day historians, perhaps because most of them are no longer amateurs, have lost the knack of making their material interesting. Perhaps they know too much to present a clear, definite picture. Half-truths that are sharp in their outline have more appeal than whole truths that are misty and confused.

I shan't attempt to pursue this further now but will try to when we meet again,

Yours sincerely,

J. S. Martell



Halifax, N.S.,

May 6, 1942.

Dear Tom:

Your belief is in accordance with the facts. The first ~~respons~~ responsible government to take office in the British Empire was the Government led by J.B. Uniacke (as Premier and Attorney-General) and Joseph Howe (the real power as Provincial Secretary). Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Harvey called upon them to form a Government on January 28, 1848. Not until March 7, 1848, did Lord Elgin in Canada send for La Fontaine and Baldwin. But there is no doubt that the idea of responsible government first became clear in the minds of the Canadian reformers, particularly Robert Baldwin. This was in the 1830's. Howe's Four Letters to Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, ^{however,} were the most masterly presentation of the subject. Professor Chester Martin in his Empire and Commonwealth says: "By common consent Howe's four open Letters to Lord John Russell have been accepted as the colonial counterpart of Durham's Report and Charles Buller's Responsible Government for the Colonies."

Sorry I missed you on your last visit. Would be glad to ^a have/chat. One subject, for instance: Is there a distinctive Canadian literature? Hugh McLennan in the Saturday Review of Literature recently said no. Rebutting this in a talk to the Fortnightly Club the other week, I cited some of your work as typical of our life here.

Sincerely,
Jim Martell

28 Oakland Rd.,
Halifax, N.S.
May 28, 1942.

Dear Tom:

You have succeeded in doing the well nigh impossible - making 18th century Nova Scotia live in its reality without false trappings and vague romantic notions. Congratulations! Where on earth did you get all the information and how did you manage to catch so well the spirit of the times?

I find the story intensely interesting and your descriptions of our natural surroundings and changing seasons delightful. The bit about the green of the grass and foliage in Nova Scotia, for instance, is superb and, incidentally, particularly true of this present spring.

I read the manuscript in some spare evening hours over the past week and today began to check my notes with material at the Archives. If I'm not interrupted, I'll be finished tomorrow or Saturday.

The purpose of this note is to ask if you want Miss Ellis to look it over. As you did not mention her, I thought you didn't want too much time taken up in this way, and so I have not told her I have the manuscript because I am sure she would want to read it.

If you want it returned immediately, let me know. I can send it back on Monday with my notes and comments.

Have you read Professor W.B. Kerr's The Maritime Provinces of British North America and the American Revolution (Busy East Press, Ltd., Sackville, N.B., 1941)? I looked it over for the first time the other day. It has what is probably the most complete historical account of the Cumberland affair. I haven't compared all his details with yours to see if they are similar, but the general outlines are the same. Probably you have read it. If not, it might be worth an hour or so, even if you are pressed for time.

Expecting to hear from you shortly(I'll hold the Mss. till I do),

All the Best,

Erin Martell



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax, N.S.

June 19, 1942

Dear Tom:

A rather good paper on Isle Madame and Channel Island people was read to the Nova Scotia Historical Society this year by Dr. Clara Dennis. As a copy of the paper is placed with the Collections of the Society, which are kept here, you would be at liberty to see it.

I should think you would also find some material among our Cape Breton manuscripts. Miss Ells has run across a few references in her period.

Let me know when you are coming to town, and I'll dig around a bit for you. If I know of your intended arrival, I shall be able to get in touch with Professor Mowat and arrange for an evening together.

The study, of which the enclosed is the first chapter, will cover the period 1812-1838, when Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians, to my way of thinking, "came of age". It will be divided into two parts: The People and Their Problems and The Struggle for Self-Government. I have divided the first part as follows: 1) The First Nova Scotians 2) Immigration and Settlement 3) A chapter on Economic troubles and progress 4) A chapter on Social and Cultural development 5) A chapter on Relations with the rest of B.N.A. 6) A chapter on Relations with the U.S.A. 7) A chapter on Relations with Britain. The last mentioned Chapter leads naturally into the story of the struggle for self-government which will be told in chronological order in the second part. The first part, as you can see, will not be chronological; but each chapter a separate study in itself on the particular subject under review. I feel that the story of responsible government cannot be told (although many have tried) by following the actions of a few representatives of the people in Halifax. The real springs of the movement for more self-government lay in the people at large and their problems.

I think I mentioned how I was asked to prepare a booklet on Government House for the "better and more intelligent type of tourist" and how the Government decided later that the King and Queen could probably be classed as such - and so gave them the first copies. I can imagine how thrilled they were !

All the Best,

Jim Martell

*Unaid
M/S returned
June 26/42*

28 Oakland Road,
Halifax, N.S.
Nov. 15, 1942.

Dear Tom:

Many thanks for the copy of His Majesty's Yankees.
It looks first rate. You already know how I think it reads.

Your note of acknowledgement is both subtle and, so far as it applies to me (Miss Ellis I guess would include herself here too), generous. Enough said, except that you're too generous to me. However, I ate it all up with relish because I would be glad to have my name associated in even the slightest degree with such a book. The addition of your picture and autograph are most welcome.

At present there is a display of the book in the front window of the Book Room, but, instead of filling the whole window, as it should, with a bold announcement that it's the best book yet on Nova Scotia, written by a resident of Nova Scotia who is internationally known as a master of story-telling and at the same time a thorough student of history, along with a big picture of your handsome mug, instead of all that, a number of copies stand there modestly with no reference whatever to their parentage or purpose in life, and other books stand nearby. Among the other books is Barometer Rising, which is in the side as well as the front window, has more publicity (I should say some publicity - yours has none), and is marked down to \$1.39 or so. These things I saw with my own eyes yesterday afternoon.

You should come down soon and do something about it. I was speaking to Bendeler, the Manager there, and he told me the book was selling well. I felt like saying it wasn't his fault, but held my tongue. I noticed quite an intelligent review - in the Halifax Herald. In case you didn't notice it, I have a clipping.

If possible, let me know when you're coming.

All the Best,

Jim Martell



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

*Replied
Feb. 10/43*

Halifax, N.S.
February 9, 1943.

Dear Tom:

The other day I got a letter from J. Bartlett Brebner, author of the Neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia. In referring to your book, he seemed to be under the impression that you depended rather heavily on his book for your material.

I was under the impression that you rarely, if ever, referred to it. He didn't make his statement by way of criticism (he should be flattered, if it is true), but merely, I take it, out of interest. However, if my impression of what you did is correct, I should like to pass it on to him.

Brebner tells me further that his wife urged him to name his book King George's Loyal Yankees or Yes, We'll have No Independence.

If you're free this coming Friday morning (Feb. 12) at eleven o'clock or eleven:ten, you might listen in to a play of mine on C.B.A. (perhaps it is on CHNS as well). It's a national school program, with a newscast for ten minutes or so, and then a twenty minute play (in this case on Samuel Cunard).

How's the work coming along? I read your three shorts in McLean's (the wireless story), in the Post (the search in the woods), and in Colliers (the golden age), and liked them in that order, although I can well imagine that ~~the~~ sentimental, middle aged women who read the last would put it ahead of most stories. They're the people, I judge, who read most of the American magazines, and whom the editors have in mind.

Probably you heard about the two gals who ~~were~~ tried to deposit money in a Halifax bank recently. The teller said: "Sorry, but this money is no good, it's faked." "What!" cried one girl. "We've been robbed!" "Robbed?" yelled the other. "We've been raped!"

All the Best,
John

P.M. Get another point of interest - How many copies of H.M. & have been sold so far?

Regards to Mrs. Rossell - Hope the youngsters are well - again.

P.S. Rex was a chap from the Canadian Press here last week asking me questions about you for a feature news story. about don't blame me for this mistake (if any).

28 Oakland Road,
Halifax, N.S.
May 31, 1943.

Dear Tom:

Two recent reviews of His Majesty's Yankees you must read when you can put your hands on them. One in the Dalhousie Review by Mrs. Wright, a New Brunswickan and Ph.D. in History at Harvard, is, I think you will agree, about the best and most understanding to date. The other in the University of Toronto Quarterly by some Professor of English will give you a pain in the neck.

It annoyed me so much that I took the liberty of expressing my views (copy enclosed) to the editor of the U. of T. Q. Because of the mention you made of me in the preface, it was obvious that I could not sign my own name. But I felt the letter should be written, and as few people in these sea-side provinces take that Quarterly, I decided I had better do it. You should write one yourself, but I know you could never be persuaded to do so. But read the review - it's in the April issue.

You may be interested in a cheap (25c) edition of 29 of W. Somerset Maugham's Short Stories in the Cosmopolitan. They are selling in the drug stores now as No. 1 of the "Avon Modern Short Story Monthly".

All the best to you and Mrs. Raddall.

Sincerely
Jan Martell

Halifax, N. S.,
May 29, 1943.

A.S.P. Woodhouse,
University of Toronto Quarterly,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to congratulate you on another fine review of Letters in Canada. At one point, however, I must confess to disappointment (I suppose if it weren't for this emotion, editors would get few letters) and that was the review (page 321) of Thomas Raddall's His Majesty's Yankees.

Recalling Lord Tweedsmuir's high praise in the preface of Mr. Raddall's The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek (William Blackwood, Edinburgh, 1939) - "He has the rare gift of swift, spare, clean-lined narrative", the comment of one of the editors of Blackwood's to an acquaintance of mine - "He's our greatest discovery in the last twenty years", the choice of critics in the United States who for the past two years have picked one of Raddall's Saturday Evening Post stories as one of the Twenty Best Post Stories (Little Brown & Co.), and finally the fact that Raddall is one of the few Canadians in Canada who make a good living solely by writing, it is strange indeed to read that your reviewer apparently expected some "sign of the awkward beginner" in His Majesty's Yankees.

It may be of course that the reviewer would have found nothing more in this book even if he had known more about the author's previous work and present standing, although reviewers like the rest of us are usually impressed by success and take particular care to be sure of their ground before they differ from other judgments. Your reviewer from his statement on page 315 evidently considers that His Majesty's Yankees does not even measure up to "our ordinary best" in fiction.

As Mr. Raddall lives in Liverpool, Nova Scotia, you may look on this letter as yet another angle of our local patriotism. I assure you it is not. Very few Haligonians, myself included, rate Mr. MacLennan's Barometer Rising as highly as your reviewer. It is hard to believe that anyone who has read the two books thoroughly would put ~~MacLennan's~~ work above Raddall's.

If your reviewer, as I am sure he will, takes the above remarks in the spirit in which they are meant, perhaps he will read Dr. Wright's "A Conflict of Loyalties" in the current (April) issue of The Dalhousie Review which to my mind catches the spirit of His Majesty's Yankees and shows an appreciation, as perhaps only a local historian can, of its scholarship as well as craftsmanship.

Sincerely yours,

A HALIGONIAN



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

June 10, 1943,

Dear Tom:

The review in the U of T. Quarterly was not sour, as my letter evidently led you to think, but disappointing. It was not a full length review, but part of a general survey of Canadian fiction in 1942, each book got about half a page. In the introduction, he (J.R. MacGillivray, Assistant Professor of English in University College, Toronto) says: "Several creditable and interesting novels have appeared in 1942, but I doubt if any measured up to our ordinary best, for example to Mr MacLennan's Barometer Rising of the year before." When he comes to H.M.Y., he states that it is "much more impressive" than Frederick Niven's Brothers-in-Arms. He is apparently not troubled by the lack of loyalty of some Nova Scotians. "The historical thesis seems to be that there were as many liberty-boys in Nova Scotia as in the other colonies in 1774, and as much annoyance at foolish interference from London, but there was no Sam Adams to make the most of every incident, and when it came to a choice of being pushed about by Whigs in Boston or by the Tories across the Atlantic, Nova Scotia preferred to take its chance with the more remote evil. ... This is a crowded, lively and turbulent book. Dozens of characters come and go. ... There is intrigue, battle, imprisonment, escape, and, of course, a love story. Mr. Raddall has a good visual imagination and dozens of his scenes remain in the reader's memory ... This is a first novel, but it is not far below the much admired American historical fiction of our time, and certainly shows no sign of the awkward beginner."

1749-50
Some excellent material on the first two years in Halifax, 1747 and 1750, taken largely from the Gentleman's Magazine is imbedded in the Acadian Recorder in September-November, 1883, under the title of a "New History of Halifax". There is some really good stuff in letters written by citizens at that time. One of the extracts from the Gentleman's Magazine was:

"A Dialogue between Two British Sailors"

"Quoth Robin, Tom take off thy can,
And drink health to Old England, man.
Not I, says Tom; for, faith; I think her,
So very old, I cannot drink her.
New England took Cape Breton then,
Old England gave it back again."

an
That was/interesting account of Dr. Jeffries. Did you find the trail when reading the encyclopedia which you mentioned in your letter to Miss Ells?

I still feel a sense of shock when I think of George Barratt. Five weeks ago he and his wife were burnt out of their apartment on South Park Street and looked in vain for another place in town. Finally they found a house in Sackville and commuted on the Bedford bus. George intended to stay in town that evening, ~~x~~ but his wife had an infected foot and he felt that ~~y~~ he should go out to Sackville. A friend of his intended to drive him out and called up the N.S. Light and Power for this purpose and was told that Barratt wasn't in just then. So he drove down to the office and missed him by a few minutes. Meanwhile George had boarded the bus, ~~and~~ The friend drove alone coming upon the accident a few minutes after it happened. On the bus, George had to stand up until a girl (who works in the office of a friend of mine) got off at Rockingham. He took her seat and there met his death which was instantaneous.

When are you coming to Halifax again? I think we can give you better weather this time. It's too bad you were laid up last time. If we weren't on liquor rations, you might have cured yourself without the doctor's aid and so maintained your record of good health.

With best regards to your wife and yourself,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Jim Martell



Halifax, N.S.
March 21, 1944

Dear Tom:

The swift moving plot, the varied scenes, the lusty life, the Freudian undertones, the appeal to arm-chair adventures all give assurance of a fine market for Roger Sudden. And withal you have made a clear historical picture.

What Parlman left out, you have filled in. Your description of the founding of Halifax is not likely to bring you a vote of thanks from the City Council. It is not flattering (it could not be and still be near the truth); but it is unforgettable - and that, I know, is what you were aiming at.

When readers come to the last chapters, they will be unable to put the book down - the swift stream is approaching the rapids and you can't get out of the boat - which makes a stronger ending than was possible in H.M.Y. where the climax came at the Isthmus and had to be followed by philosophy and love.

People in general will doubtless place R.S. above H.M.Y. From their point of view, it is not encumbered by history. The history in R.S. is worked in so well that it scarcely holds you up. Yet I notice that even in details your plot and the literal truth often go hand in hand - as in the Indian raid on the saw-mill in Dartmouth. That was a neat and truthful way of getting Roger out with the Micmaes. Your descriptions of Indian life will keep people reading beyond their bed-hour. And you say, it's authentic. I'm no authority on the subject, but it certainly rings true, although some people will wonder about the campfire scene between Roger and the gal. Only an overdose of sex in past years could have saved a man in a position like that - and, of course, Roger had the prerequisite. Here and there a detailed list of clothes tugs at the eager reader (not in the scene just mentioned !). You will see an instance of what I mean in the second paragraph on page 66.

Very little strikes me as being out of place historically. I don't pretend to know the details of the siege of Louisburg; but knowing you, I have a moral certainty they can be relied upon. Everything seems okay at Halifax. On page 116, you give a wrong impression of the location of the Court House. It was not built on Duke Street where the City Hall stands today, but north a block on Buckingham Street. Point Pleasant was not so named as early as you indicate. It was first called Sandwich Point, but that matters little and I'm not sure when the name was changed.



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

- 2 -

Your mention of the "pretty profit" (p. 125) made by the Lords of Trade and Plantations is interesting. I am sure they did well by themselves. If you have some juicy evidence, you might give me your references some time.

In a few places, the clear flow of your prose ripples over a twig. On page 83, line 4, "He" suggests more about the oncoming dusk rather than old Hux. On p. 64, I found myself reading the sentence on the Acadiens twice, probably on account of the ~~W~~ "which" where one expects "who" in reference to the Acadiens. These suggestions are so slight as to be not worth your notice. Sally's Irish brogue on page ~~22~~ 255 could be confusing, as she was not noticeably Irish in her previous appearances. But I suppose she is aping her husband, and thereby hangs your subtle art. Again on pages 376-7, one is somewhat astonished at Roger's intimate knowledge of flowers. His character suggests no interest in such things and some pages back you mentioned that he had not looked at a flower in five years. Perhaps your last sentence in the paragraph saves the situation - if it needed to be saved.

Personally, I think your word-pictures of our woods and flowers and scenery are grand - they make some of the finest passages in H.M.Y. Many a person has remarked to me that you give, as no other author has, the atmosphere of the province and the feeling Nova Scotians have for it. I wish you could have had more in R.S., but it would have been out of place, for no fortune-hunter or immigrant of 1749 looked on this place with much love or appreciation of its beauty.

As for your ending, Margaret Ells liked it, Olga didn't (and she says she represents your everyday reader), and I am undecided, for you almost reached a position where Roger's death was unnecessary - I mean his change in outlook, not the capitulation of Louisburg - and yet it was a natural ending to his life.

Why do people want characters - at least the hero and heroine - alive at the end of a book? Because they become so real one likes to think of them going on living? This would hardly apply to historical novels. Yet a character, if faithfully and intelligently drawn, is alive in the mind of both author and reader, and if his death is not recorded, it may be easier to think of him ~~when~~ the book is finished. The ending of Come with the Wind still starts arguments as to whether Butler will return to his wife.

I ~~saw~~ that Margaret got the Mss. while she was in the hospital. She is still laid up, but will write you her impressions soon. I hope we haven't kept it too long. Realizing there was not much to praise and so little to criticize, we knew you wouldn't have to spend any time making corrections.

Can you give me a line on F.F. Tupper and his historical columns in the Liverpool Advance. I haven't seen them; but have been asked about them. Is he a romancer or is he writing pretty straight stuff?

As Ever, John Martell

28 Oakland Rd.,

Halifax, N. S.

Jan. 7, 1945

Dear Tom:

Deacon's review (which I enclose along with the copy of your reply) makes me feel that in justice to yourself you should indicate somewhere in Roger Sudden - in a preface or a note at the end - that it is a historical novel. We discussed this before, you will remember.

My point of view has been strengthened considerably by recent questions and comments that I have heard. Is it really a true picture of the period? Surely it wasn't ^{as} exciting as all that? The hero, anyway, must be a figure of the imagination. Most readers, in fact, probably know only a few of the historical figures, if any. When I say that this is essentially a picture of the times and that these people or others like them really lived and did these

these things, the invariable reply is: Why then doesn't Mr. Raddell say so? Why doesn't he explain that even the fictional characters are based on ~~the~~ incidents in the lives of historical people?

I admit that these questions & comments come from Nova Scotians who may well take more interest in the authenticity of the book than others. Nevertheless, I think everyone would have a higher regard for your work, if they were given some idea of all you have put into it. I'm not suggesting that you mention certain historians who were of aid (as you kindly did in H. M. G.), but without mentioning names you could explain how & where you got your material - something along the lines you used on your radio broadcast.

Two or three persons have ~~pro-~~^{sug-}gested that have a map of Halifax and one of Louisburg - at the beginning & end of your book - clearly marking the streets & buildings you mention - and that you use contemporary

maps & pictures for illustration throughout the book. One of your admirers even harked back to H. M. G. and suggested the use of a picture of the Blue Bell ~~Room~~^{Room} which he saw on the walls of the Archives.

In these days of shortages of paper & printing material, these ideas are probably not practical, but when you become Dean of Canadian letters and bring out a deluxe edition of your works, including these early volumes, perhaps it will be ^{possible to} adopt some of these well-meaning suggestions.

In your next edition of Roger Sudden you will want to correct your slip about D'Anville on page 225. As you've probably noticed already, you say '47 instead of '46. This is in the section on the Acadians that you had to throw in and that we didn't see at the Archives. I wish that we had had a chance to look it over - not on account of such a slight error - but because of

of the general impression you give of the Acadians. Both Margot and I feel that it is an unfair or untrue picture. I realize that you had only the time & the space for a snap shot. We think that when you read or re-read the evidence about the Acadians at the end of the second volume of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, you will agree that ^a more favourable (I mean just "more favourable" not a whitewash^{ed}) picture would have been more in conformity with the facts ^{& opinions} that have come down to us. You may be thinking that we don't want to see anything reflecting on the French because of the delicate situation today. As a matter of fact, we do feel that the less fuel thrown on the fire the better, but our main concern is that you keep your reputation for historical objectivity.

I have included Margot in the above because we discussed it together and it is not likely that she has written to you herself.

because she was extremely busy in December with exams and she spent the holiday in the hospital - an operation to clear up something left after her operation last spring.

The painters left the Archives just before Christmas and Harvey now has everyone busy re-arranging pictures & exhibits on the walls - a process that involves long arguments over the merits of this or that frame, the balance of these against those, and the general appearance of whole walls. Perhaps, after all, we should replace those commonplace pictures by amateur Nova Scotians ~~and Scotians~~ with one fine exhibit of art by an Italian. But this is the Nova Scotia Archives, isn't it? Yes, but, this wall with its pale green background - isn't it too beautiful to spoil? Everyone has their ideas and the work goes along slowly.

Hope you had as pleasant a Christmas as the Good Lord vouchsafed to us. All the Best to Mrs. Radgall, the children & yourself. As ever, Jim Martell

January 16th, 1945

Dear Jim,

I appreciate your conviction that "Roger Sudden" should contain a preface setting forth the historical facts into which I have woven my fiction; but as I said before, about "His Majesty's Yankees", the general public would not be interested, and the historians know what is fact and what is fiction anyway. Besides, it is so easy to insert a long list of historical references, or to quote particular documents (as la Baton did) which the author may have skimmed through or perhaps not read at all. Some day perhaps when I have reached the point of setting out special editions I may include a resume of my facts, quoting chapter and verse, and let posterity decide how well I studied them. For the present I must keep my eye on immediate aims, which are to entertain a capricious public and to teach 'em history at the same time, without their knowing it.

I agree that there should be maps of Halifax and Louisbourg in "Roger Sudden", and I urged the publishers to include a map of Louisbourg at least. I had the map at hand -- I compiled it myself with the most earnest research at Louisbourg. The museum there has two or three maps of the old ~~old~~ town, all compiled under the English regimes, with English names to the streets. There is another, compiled and presented, framed, by some amateur historian at Glace Bay, but this shows only a few of the French street names, and these inaccurately. With care I was able to locate even the minor lanes, with their correct names, and then I could study the census of 1752 and see what sort of people lived where. Miss Katharine McLennan's model of old Louisbourg is an excellent thing, once you know the names of all the streets and have the census before you.

I'm glad you spotted the erroneous date '47 on page 225. I shall correct this in the plates if I get a chance. Now with regard to my picture of the Acadians. First, you must remember that in "Roger Sudden" I am seeing everything with the cold and cynical eye of Sudden himself. His sufferings at the hands of the Indians and his conversations with the Acadian Gauthier have not disposed him to look for attractions in the Acadian character. Yet I insist that the characteristics which Sudden saw in the Acadians are well borne out by the observations, not of prejudiced Englishmen, but of various French officials whose writings still exist. See Parkman's "Half-Century of Conflict", in which he quotes French authorities extensively. One could compile a picture of the Acadians even more disparaging than Roger's from the French translations and documents in Doctor Webster's library. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and undoubtedly Brook Watson's eye (Vol. 2, NSHS) was a sympathetic one, especially when, ⁴⁶ years after the expulsion, he looked back upon the affair and committed his remorse to paper. Yet it is a curious sidelight on his statements that the only anecdote of Watson and the Acadians in Hugh Graham's letter (which follows Watson's in Vol. 2 NSHS) shows Watson detecting an Acadian woman at shoplifting in Huston's store.

As Archie MacMechan pointed out in his "Evangeline and the Real Acadians" chapter of "The Life of a Little College", an idyllic and erroneous picture of the Acadians was broadcast over the world by Longfellow, who never saw Nova Scotia and depended entirely on his poetic imagination and a few statements in Haliburton's history. And Haliburton's history was a slipshod affair, written at a time when he represented a largely Acadian constituency and had to keep a politician's eye on votes.

That the expulsion of the Acadians was a tragedy no one denies: but too many writers on the subject, English and French, have dwelt upon the tragedy without looking into its causes, and the result has been a whole literature, maudlin and untrue, which depicts the Acadian people in a false and sentimental light.

Journey today along the French Shore from Digby to Yarmouth and look at the Acadian people and their homes. The houses are often fairly large -- because the families are large -- but they are built without beauty, usually unpainted, a straggle of weatherbeaten boxes above the shore. There are few or no ornamental trees, and a flower garden is a rare thing. Some of the women are fat but most of the girls are meagre and spile-shanked and their faces are without beauty. The men are small and dour, although here and there you will see some boys frolicking, and sometimes you will see a young man of quite handsome looks. The only pretty Acadian girls I've ever seen were in Moncton. As you drive along the French Shore you come ~~first~~ at last to Port Maitland, and at once you know you are amongst people of English, or at least un-Acadian descent, for the homes are well built and well designed and painted, there are shady trees along the street, and flowerbeds, and the girls are merry and have fine legs and are dressed with some notion of style. The contrast is startling. There is the same soil and the same sea, and the same forest beyond -- the same resources on which the Acadians live so meagrely. Protestants shrug and say, "Oh well, the Acadians give all their money to the church -- look at those big churches!" But it always seems to me the reason for Acadian poverty goes much deeper than their souls. It is in the marrow of their bones: they don't know how to live, and never did. And they don't care.

And lest you think perhaps I have an anti-French bias let me point out that I have painted an equally unflattering picture of the English settlers at Halifax, of the morals and habits of the English gentry, and of the 18th century Highland Scotch, because I believe they are the truth. The "costume piece" school of fiction has cast a wholly false glamour over the period and I say the hell with it. It's time we looked at our forefathers with a more penetrating eye so that we may measure how far we have progressed -- wars, and politics, and capital-versus-labor notwithstanding. The world moves.

Reviews of Roger are still coming in, all of them favorable, although some (like you) doubt that little scene between Roger and the naked Wapke. I still insist that there's no man so virtuous as a reformed rake, and I could point you a Rabelaisian scene from my seafaring days in which such an incident occurred. Let it go. The handful of French who penetrated this continent bred a whole race of half-breeds (e.g. the Metis of the Canadian prairies), while the ~~straggling~~ thronging English stuck largely to their own blood. I wanted to point that contrast.

Last week I spent a day or two hunting wild geese and ducks at Port Joli, an interesting place -- I think I've told you about the Indian kitchen-middens there, and the things I've found in them. I've hammered out a short story or two, and some articles, but I'm restless and not altogether happy, I don't know why. I miss not being able to jump in my car and wander about the province. A sort of claustrophobia. For me the end of the war will bring a Fifth Freedom -- of the spirit.

My best to Margaret and Olga.

P.S. Jan 18 - Forgot to post this last night -
Your letter arrived at noon today - so I opened
this to acknowledge letter. Darned interesting!
I'll write later - Jim

P.H. Some very friend of mine 28 Oakland Rd.,
have been supplying us Halifax, N.S.
lately - & we've had some
grand parties. Wish your
your wife could come to ^{some well-ent-} us
Jan 17/45

Dear Tom: You need it, if you're as restless as you say. J.

This is to ask your permission
to use in a radio script I'm preparing
for my school-broadcasts some of the
verses you wrote in the Saga of the
Rover. Naturally, I shall give you the
credit on the air both for the verse & the prose.

I want to have some of my
characters singing at a tavern before
sailing, and I can't think of anything
better for my purpose (telling the youngsters
about the Rover) than some of your
stanzas.

I'm writing the script now, so
will you drop me one line by return
mail.

All the Best

Jim Martell.

Wrote him up
Jan. 19

28 Oakland Road,
Halifax, N.S.
February 8, 1945.

Dear Tom:

I should have got around to this letter two weeks ago; but during the Christmas holidays I slipped back in my radio work (I do a script a week in my spare ~~w~~ evenings - Harvey isn't keen on radio work, so I don't do it in Government time) and I have been trying to regain my former lead of two or three scripts. The one on the Rover will be broadcast next Thursday, 10.45-11, ~~axa~~ in the morning, over CBH and CHNS. The cast, I'm afraid, failed to do justice to your songs. I made it quite plain in my opening narration that they were yours. By now, you have gathered that we record the shows. When at the appointed time, the record is played. I'll tell you more about it on Sunday next (February 11) when I hope to be in Liverpool. Andy is taking his son and wife down and wants Olga and me to go along. Andy's tickled pink with your praise of the Tallahassee. It's a grand piece of work, isn't it? No question about it, there's a renaissance in this province.

You evidently didn't write in the snap-shot of the Acadians as hastily as I thought. Your letter, which I was glad to get and which I immediately showed to Margot, certainly indicates that you have studied the sources. Perhaps I was a little hasty in writing to you. Re-reading your account several times since has, I confess, modified my opinion. My first impression was that of a nasty, little people, soured on the world. Knowing what you think of the Longfellow outlook (and I share your views on that), I thought that you had swung too far in the other direction. As you point out, of course, you're looking through the eyes of Sudden, and it is probably impossible to achieve balance when taking the stand of any one person.

I have always relied on Brebner as a dispassionate judge and have accepted his summing up of the Acadians. I have done little or no work on the Acadian documents myself. This is what he says about them - on the credit side - (he points their faults out too)

p. 40. "They had all the homely virtues - self-reliance, courage, practicality, thrift, sobriety, health, hospitality, social equality, marital fidelity, religious piety, and cheerfulness. It is more difficult to list their vices. Doubtless they were frail as all humanity is frail, but most of the weaknesses credited to them were determined by alien standards. Franquet and other officers found them spiteful and tactless in conversation, but it is permissible to doubt whether these military gentlemen were familiar with the direct and unpolished diction which so often characterizes those close to the soil and especially

frontiersmen. They were often accused of greed and avarice by the French and English, but there were abundant excuses for that in their circumstances." etc. etc. (as James D. puts it)."

p. 164 "It is difficult not to conclude that in spite of momentary troubles and the inevitable absence of an instinctive sympathy between them and their rulers (the English), the Acadians enjoyed almost fifty years of happiness, expansion and prosperity ..."

p. 178. Re. the Acadians forced across the border at Chignecto. "In their perturbation and in new surroundings they became confused, lost their initiative, and were inclined to look to their new masters for all sorts of assistance which could not be forthcoming. In consequence they seemed to the French lazy and helpless and shiftless, and, in their unhappiness, a considerable number decided that they had made a serious mistake and went back under English control in spite of severe prohibitions and the prospect of a doubtful reception".

Can we rely on the testimony of either French or English officers and officials who dealt with the Acadians? They were bound to be exasperated with a people who seemed determined to mind their own business and stay out of the endless conflicts over the country. In the 1690's, they refused to promise military aid to the French. Parkman, Half-Century of Conflict, II, 220, describes their situation as "deplorable". "By the Treaty of Utrecht", he explains, "France had transferred them to the British Crown; yet the French officers denounced them as rebels and threatened them with death if they not fight at their bidding against England; and English officers threatened them with expulsion from the country if they broke their oath of allegiance to King George."

In another place, Half-Century, I, 201-2, Parkman says that "the greater part of this peace-loving people were true to their promise not to take arms against the English, though a considerable number of them did, especially at the beginning of the Seven Years' War."

Again, Parkman, in Montcalm and Wolfe, I, 259, says that "French officials describe their dwellings as wretched wooden boxes, without ornaments or conveniences, and scarcely supplies with the most necessary furniture", but in the Half-Century, I, 109, he evidently had other evidence for his statement that the Acadian village at Annapolis consisted of "seventy or eighty small houses of one story and an attic, built of planks, boards, or logs, simple and rude, but tolerably comfortable".

As for their churches, I heard some one the other day tell of a stranger in a village in Quebec who commented on the poor homes and the magnificent church which, as it happened, the people had helped to build. Why did they expend their energy and put forth their art in building the church and be content to do so little for themselves. "Ah, Monsieur," one of the villagers replied, "the Church we build it for God. It does not matter so much about us." Have you read Bruce Hutchison's impressed of the French on the Isle of Orleans in his Unknown Country?

If I go on like this, you'll soon think it's my French blood. But, as a matter of fact, my ancestor was kicked out of France for being a Protestant, his Mother was beheaded by the ~~sax~~ Roman Catholic soldiery who took possession of the house and land, and generally speaking, the family was given a rough time. The son of the man who was forced out of France joined the British Army and was with Wolfe at the taking of Louisburg. Later he got one of the French houses in Louisburg for himself. Perhaps I showed it to you on a ~~map~~ map

we have of Louisburg at the Archives. Rather a nice little twist to that tale. Since his arrival, the Martells have married into English, Scottish, Irish and New York Dutch (who came with the Loyalists) families, so there isn't much of the French blood left, although the Register of Births in Halifax insisted on putting my children down as French. I offered "Canadian" and "Nova Scotian" and even Scottish-Canadian (considering Olga and other Scotch lassies who have joined us in the past), but it was of no use. How reliable do you think our census can be on the point of nationality, with such a silly regulation?

The above reference to New York Dutch reminds that a friend sent me an amusing little Christmas Poem from the Pennsylvania Dutch which he says he found in the Rare Book Room of the New York Public Library. Here it is:

DOT LESTLE FUR CAP

Der next nacht vas Christmas,
 Der nacht, it vas shtill.
 Der stockinka ver hung
 By der chimney to fill.
 Nodding vas stirring at all in der hause
 For fear dot St. Nicholas
 Vas nix kom keraus.
 Der schildren ver dried,
 Undt gone to der bed;
 Undt Mudder in nacht gown,
 Undt I on ahead,
 Vas searching aroundt in kloset for toys.
 Ve krept aroundkviet, not to make any noise.
 Now Mudder vas carrying all der toys in her gown,
 Showink her person from up der waist down.
 Ven as ve kom near der crib uf our poy,
 Our youngest undt sweetest, our pride undt our choy,
 His eyes vide open as he peeked from his cot,
 Undt seen everytink dot his Mudder has got,
 But didn't even notice der toys in her lap,
 He schust asked: "Fot who is dot leettle fur cap?"
 Undt Mudder said: "Hush!"
 Undt she laughed mit delight -
 "I think I give dot to your Fadder tonacht!"

Looking forward to seeing you for a while on Sunday. If, by chance, we don't get down, you'll have to make a trip to Halifax when James D. comes. There's some doubt about that now. I'm trying to persuade one of the radio stations to invite him to come for an interview and to pay his train fare. It would a great thing to have him on a record. I have thinking too that we might write a little account of ~~his~~ his visit. What he says on alighting from the train - "first impressions". Chapter II - Radio Interview Chapter III - An Evening with the Professors. Wilson and Apshead have agreed to invite him in for an evening. Chapter IV Lectruing at Dalhousie. Wilson has agreed to ask him to lecture to the class in Canadian History. Chapter V Last Words or Something or Other. What do you think of the idea? All of us could set out to remember what he says and then write it down. Last word: Ask me about Proctor on Sunday. I know something about him.

All the Best,

Juin Martell

28 Oakland Rd.

Halifax, N. S.

March 2/45

Dear Tom:

Would you be willing to interview "James D. Hillis" ^{on} the radio - at least make a record with him that will be put on the air - C. B. C.?

As you know, Rudy & I have been talking over ways & means of getting James D. here. The

(3)

by you alone - talking about Gillis or any other subject. She fainted at that idea & agreed to make a record of you & Gillis - & give you the record, whether it's put on the air or not.

She has a spot on the air on March 20th - which is a Tuesday. Do you think you could come to Halifax over the weekend - say March 17-18-~~19~~ or on the 19th? Andy is writing to James D tonight asking him the same question - but not, of course, mentioning you as yet -

(2)

prospect of being interviewed by you would be the great drawing card - and also, if this goes through, his travelling expenses will be met or partially so.

I was talking to Mrs Cox of the C. B. C. this evening. She is anxious to have you, but seems dubious about Gillis.

She thinks his voice will be poor. So I suggested that you & Gillis make the record and that, if his voice is too bad, another record be made

(4)

This is one hell of a
scuffle - but I'm in
one devil of a rush.
Hope I've made it clear.

Harvey's son was buried
today - most tragic - &
the whole family is
desolate.

Do drop a line as
soon as you can

All the Best,
Jim Martell



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax, N.S.
April 25, 1945

Dear Tom:

A friend of mine in Stewiacke who has recently read Roger has requested me to ask you the following question:

"When Roger travelled with the Indians up the Shubenacadie from Grand Lake, what small tributary of the Shubenacadie did they enter & follow - was it the Stewiack R.? It must have been - but what Lakes did they portage to making the journey from that River to the Musquodoboit? We've had several arguments & really if we knew the speed at which they travelled I imagine we could figure it out ourselves."

In case you feel inclined to write to her directly, the name and address are: Miss Alice Nelson, Stewiacke, N.S. But if your correspondence is heavy, I'll be glad to pass on any information.

Now that winter has come upon us again, I'm hoping that this will not be another "year without a summer" such as 1816 was. As interest in unusual weather appears to be universal (Is it interest or just admirable ground for easy conversation?), you find might find a story in 1816 sometime that could be related to that strange reversal of the seasons.

Have any of your stories been appearing lately? I never read magazines (haven't the time) unless I referred to a particular yarn.

Andy and I and our respective spouses are hoping to take a trip over some long week-end down the Valley and across to the South Shore. So we may be seeing you ere long

No particular news from here. Dalhousie hasn't settled on a man for President yet. There are all too few prospects who measure up to Lord Tweedsmuir's three H standard for a college head: Humanity, Humility and Humour.

All the Best,

Juin Martell

April 27th, 1945.

Dear Jim,

You may tell your friend in Stewiacke that Roger and his Indian companions travelled up Gay's River after leaving the Shubenacadie. They passed by way of Lake Egmont and Cranberry Lake, whence a portage of little more than a mile took them to the Musquodoboit River a little below what is now Elderbank. The Stewiacke would have been a better route as far as the canoe went, for it is a larger stream; but the portage from the Stewiacke to the Musquodoboit would have been long and difficult.

The facility with which the Indians of that time travelled between Musquodoboit and Minas Basin shows clearly that they must have had a fairly easy portage somewhere between the Musquodoboit River and the Shubenacadie. The logical, indeed the only place for this was the line of Gay's River, for there the winding course of the Musquodoboit comes nearest to the Shubenacadie. I wouldn't mind betting that a little archaeological work around Lake Egmont would show traces of the old Indian portage, even today. Gay's River is a paltry thing today, but my story was pitched in the days before the virgin forest was hacked down and turned to farmland, when such streams had more body and a much slower run-off in the dry summer season. Nevertheless I had to take into account the fact that Roger and the Indians began their journey in late Autumn, before the Fall rains had much effect. Hence I was careful to show them struggling up "long stretches where the stream rattled thinly over gravel bars, and all had to jump out and wade upstream pushing the canoes with their hands." I've had just such struggles on just such streams myself in Autumn.

Edith and I are looking forward to seeing you and Olga and the Merkels on your trip. Andy suggested the week-end May 26-28. You must plan, all of you, to stay at least overnight, longer if you can, at our house. You won't have to bundle although, of course, the rooms and service won't be up to Lord Nelson standards.

There's a yarn of mine in the current Maclean's. One of the Oldport series, the last in fact. It seemed a good place to cut off the tales -- the mating of a native-born Bluenose with the last of stiff old Colonel Larrabee's daughters, and the appearance of a new order of things in the province.

I've finished the rough drafts of three talks for the CBC's "Canadian Yarns", to be made (one "live" and two recorded) some time this summer. At present I'm engaged on a rather interesting diversion. The Copp Clarke people are getting out new Canadian Readers for Grades 4, 5 and 6, and have asked me to write two tales especially for them. I've never tried my hand at writing for children but I agreed and have one finished -- an experience of mine at Sable Island. The other will be the true tale of a Lunenburg County woman who made brooms for the fishery, and her adventure in a blizzard while crossing the Lhave estuary on the ice. (Incidentally this incident will form the basis of one of my CBC broadcasts as well.)

My best to Olga and yourself



Halifax, N.S.

May 2, 1945.

Dear Tom:

Your explanation of the course taken by Roger and the Indians was much appreciated by my friend in Stewiacke. I received a letter from her today. She's quite elated because she's won the argument against her brothers who were insisting that it was the Stewiacke.

I liked the snap-shots. The view from your study is typically Nova Scotian, and so is the picture at the lake.

We had the annual Haliburton celebration last evening and in responding to the toast to Haliburton, I pointed out that he wrote what he knew about, that he did not seek a cosmopolitan centre and characters and so did not come ~~the cropper~~ ~~like~~ as so many of our would-be writers have ~~done~~ since his time. This, of course, led to the observation that today our best poets and authors are undertaking local themes and subjects and, to illustrate, I mentioned Andy and you and, in particular, Lord Tweedsmuir's tribute. Afterwards, Professor Martin told me privately that he is thinking of substituting the Pied Piper for the Clockmaker in his English course next year. I told him that you would no doubt appreciate this; but that you expected to have an even better selection of short stories published this year. So he wants to know when it will be published - before the college term begins next October? Or do you think the Pied Piper would be more suitable to suggest to students the possibilities of writing about their own countryside?

We're looking forward to our jaunt. It looks as if we might leave here on May 24, arrive in Liverpool sometime, probably the afternoon of May 26 (Saturday) and drive back to Halifax on Sunday. We'll let you know definitely before leaving. The 25th of May is our 9th wedding anniversary, so we have a good excuse of the trip.

What do you think of this? A newly married couple checked in at a hotel one fine June evening. Entering their room, the husband went to the window, threw it up, drew up a chair, sat down, and without saying a word, looked out of the window with an intent gaze. The wife, impatient, said she hoped he didn't intend to spend the rest of the evening there. "I certainly do, dear", he replied, still looking out, "my Mother told me this would be the most wonderful night of my life and I don't intend to miss a minute of it!"

All the Best to you & your family,

Jean

June 11th, 1945.

Dear Jim,

Election Night, and it is pouring rain and pouring (9 p.m.) Liberal votes. I found our friend J.W.A.'s card under my door one evening when Edith and I returned from Milton, otherwise I have seen and heard nothing of him during the campaign. I do admire his courage and his profound belief in the rights of the poor, but I couldn't admire his party. I worked during a good part of my life for capitalistic corporations, and retired with a full knowledge of the evils thereof, seen from within. Not the least of these evils is the power of the trade unions. Does that sound strange? It is the truth. And since organized labor has adopted the CCF as a political weapon, it follows that a government by the CCF would mean a government by labor unions. And the attitude of the labor unions during this war has shown very clearly what that would mean to the great body of the people -- naked exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few, exactly what the people suffer under capitalism. In other words, the CCF proposes simply that we change masters. And my observation of labor unions at close range over a period of 16 years taught me that organized labor and organized capital are alike in their greed and their indifference to the common man. Right now, taking advantage of the wartime fuel shortage, the miners of Cape Breton are demanding still higher wages, to be paid out of a new subsidy from the government, in other words, to be wrung out of the whole population in the form of taxes. They admit that the companies cannot pay them any more; they have bled their own industry white and now they propose to fasten themselves upon the people as a whole. That is precisely the aim and object of the louse, an unloved beast.

J.W.A. talked a good deal here about the Mersey Paper Company, and the profits it had made out of the workers. Well, I know all about that. I joined the treasurer's staff of the company when the mill was being built, and for nine years every cent received and disbursed by the industry passed through my hands -- including the millions it borrowed from the bank. Those were the famous Depression Years, beloved by the CCF orators. During all that time the Mersey mill managed to run full time, day and night, by cutting its price to meet the competition in the U.S. market and elsewhere, and by cutting down expenses wherever possible at home. During all that time the top-drawer executives continued to pay themselves fat salaries and expense accounts. During all that time the organized labor demanded and got a steadily increasing rate of wages. The papermakers in particular got \$150 a month in the lowest paid jobs to \$350 in the highest; they averaged something between \$200 and \$300 a month for an 8-hour day.

And where did the money come from? Not from the customers, who paid nothing more than the world market rate for paper. It had to be screwed out of the ordinary white-collar workers (I was one, remember); out of the lumberjacks who cut the wood; out of the sailors who carried the paper to market; and finally (because in spite of all these economies the mill went into the red) it had to be taken from the shareholders -- the several hundred people scattered all over Canada and Great Britain who had invested money in the concern. The shareholders got no dividends of any sort for nine years, and shortly after I left the company in 1938 the shareholders had to submit to a reduction of their investment by something like half, in order to put the industry on an even keel.

I used to tell J.W.A. all this but it made no impression. He preferred to

Ans'd
May 23/45



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax, N. S.
May 22/45

Dear Tom:

As Andy has probably told you, the demands on a Halifax journalist during a federal election campaign and an investigation into the Halifax riots have made our proposed trip impossible for the time being.

Many thanks for your kind offer of hospitality. I feel sure your wife will breathe a sigh of relief, for, as Olga says, putting up four travellers even for a brief time requires

no small effort in a day when maids are non-existent or inefficient and children as much of a care as ever.

Nichols

I've had word from J. W. A. He's cheerful and says he's pointing his nose straight for Ottawa. He's operating on a shoe-string. If you know any one who could help him out, you might put in a good word. You can address him in care of George Crowe, L. L. B., Bridgewater. At least that was his headquarters last week. He may move to Winnipeg before the end of his campaign.

When are you coming to Wfx?

All the Best to All of You. Jim Martell

believe the red-hot union men who were backing the local GCF movement.

Today I had a letter from Doubleday Doran pointing out that it's time I started another novel for publication in 1946. I was well aware of this, and as you know for the past year I've been turning various themes in my mind. I made an intensive study of the Sir John Wentworth period, but somehow that all-important little bell wouldn't ring. Then I turned to the Joe Howe period and studied it carefully all last winter. Again no bell. Something wrong with me, undoubtedly, for there is fine material in both. Some day the bell will ring -- thank God I have the memory of an elephant and the study is not lost. In the meantime I must get on with another book, and since I've long felt that I should do a story on the Nova Scotia privateers -- and I seem to hear the jingle of the bell -- that is what I propose to write.

The particular period will be somewhere between 1793 and 1803, when the Liverpool privateers were having a fine time in the Caribbean. Much of the action necessarily will take place there. As you pointed out, this will oblige me to break my rule of writing only about scenes I have seen. But there is no help for it; I must remedy my lack of local observation -- I've seen Bermuda and that's all -- with careful study. Anything you have or can dig up on the Jamaica, St. Kitts, Gundeloupe, Martinique and Venezuela of the period would be most useful. I have some here. Charles Kingsley wrote "Westward Ho" on the strength of a travel book; Stevenson wrote "Treasure Island" on the strength of an old American Coast Pilot published in Newburyport (I have one at my elbow now, formerly the property of a Liverpool privateersman, and the description of the Dead Man's Chest is lovely); and Conrad wrote "Nostromo" on the strength of a single brief touch at a central American port in his youth plus a study of books on the country. All these are classics. Surely I can write a half-decent novel by the same means; and the Nova Scotia end of things will be right out of the native rock. Indeed the Caribbean end of things won't be entirely dressed out of a book, for I've talked for years with old sailors hereabout who went to those ports and islands in sailing ships in the good old fish and lumber days. The connection between Liverpool and the West Indies has been very close always.

With all this in mind, I was a bit shocked the other day to read a review of a book called "Ask No Quarter", which purported to be the tale of a Connecticut privateer operating in the Caribbean. It looked as if someone had stolen my thunder before I got a chance to rumble at all. However I got a copy of the thing and heaved a sigh of relief. A poor thing, truly, pitched in the 1600's, with characters talking in a form of speech never heard in God's world, doing things quite unsupported by the history books for chapters on end, and barely touching on the Caribbean at all. I suspect that the author had been reading one or two of Robert Chambers' old novels and suffered a sort of literary hangover.

Doubleday Doran reminded me also about the proposed book on Halifax, but they want me to do the novel first. This is all to the good, because (as I pointed out to them before) Halifax has undergone a vast change during this war, and a vast experience as well, and all that can be written only when the censors and other don't-you-touch-'ems have withdrawn from the scene.

Love to Olga. See you in July -- unless you come down here first!

Thomas H. Raddall

Liverpool, Nova Scotia

June 22/45

Dear Jim,

The *Journal of Education* came today -- my thanks for the very kind reference to the Pied Piper and author in the address to the Haliburton Club. Wish I'd been there to hear you; but I'll have an opportunity when you come down here in the fall. Of course you and Olga will stay with us. Sorry you can't come this summer -- if we ever have a summer.

I've listed the books and documents you recommended and will follow them up when I come to Halifax. That will be about July 16th. I plan to spend a week in research, do a bit of broadcasting and recording for the CBC, then take off for Liverpool with Mother and sister Nellie, who is coming up from Alabama with her youngsters. We have booked a cottage at the beach for the last week in July and the whole family will go there, leaving me a week's solitude at home in which to work out the lines of a plot for my book.

That will be sufficient, I think, for my purposes; I'm no lover of a cast-iron plot, prefer to let a tale develop out of character and situation, the only decent way to get the breath of life into it.

The first batch of galleys for "Tambour" have come and I'm correcting them for the printer. No set date for publication, probably about the middle of October. Am looking forward to Andy's "Tallahassee"; he showed me the dummy and it looks like a great job.

Love to Olga,

28 Oakland Rd.,
Halifax, N. S.
Sept. 18/45

Dear Tom:

I finally received a letter from
Mr. MacDonald today suggesting that
I speak on Tuesday, October 9. This would
make a rather long week-end with
you & Edith. Do you think you could
put up with us? If so, we'll come -
taking the train on Saturday and arriving
at 7.15 or later (we'll have our
supper before we arrive) and leaving
Tuesday ^{afternoon} by bus. In this way, we should
avoid the overcrowded busses of the Plunk-
giving weekend. Do let me know if this
is convenient by return post. I'll hold up
my reply to MacDonald until I hear
from you.

All the Best to you & the
family - Jim Martell

I'd another letter from Tom
letter for Edith, please say so because
the Kinans are prepared to take me on a Monday later in
the autumn. J.



October 10, 1945.

Dear Tom:

I phoned Burns Martin at noon today and he'll be glad to talk over his requirements with Foster this evening. He doesn't intend to use your stories until after Christmas, so there's no great rush; but it might be well if a stock were placed in the Dalhousie Book Room before Christmas. He also suggested that he be sent a reviewer's copy for his Sunday Night Book Reviews over CHNS and to review for the January number of the Dalhousie Review.

A reference to Roger Sudden in the Teachers' Manual which I'm forwarding under separate cover may encourage some teachers to read it. It should help them to take some vital interest in the subject. The off-print of "Early Coal Mining in Nova Scotia" is for your reference library.

Another ~~Martin~~ thing Martin suggested is that the Haliburton Club make you a Fellow. I told him that I thought you would be pleased as you are a great admirer of Haliburton and that you might even consent to go through the necessary ceremony which will doubtless involve a speech of some sort. I'm probably not supposed to mention this to you; but if the ceremony came off some Saturday night (Haliburton always meets then) in November, you might be able to kill two or three birds on one trip. I'm not referring to the Historical Society - I passed on your regrets there - but to any business that Foster has in mind for you. If you could let me ~~know~~ know what weekend in November you'll be here, I'll see if we can't arrange to have a Haliburton meeting then.

Also let me know if you want any publicity for the Cobb House. I'm sure that a radio appeal (and I could probably say something as well as Borrett) would bring in a considerable amount.

Olga is writing our "bread and butter" letter ~~and~~ ^{but} at least I can say unofficially that we both had a completely good time and that we feel much indebted to the kindness and hospitality of Edith and yourself and particularly to Edith's fine cooking.

Best regards to Edith and you and remember us to Frances and Tom,

As ever,

Juin Martell

October 12th, 1945.

Dear Jim,

Thanks for your letter and for the negotiations with Martin. I warned George that none of this is material for his firm's publicity, and he quite agreed. Next year, if-as-and-when the book has been adopted and used for some time, and the fact is common knowledge hereabouts, I think it would be alright for M.&S. to mention it.

A fellowship in Haliburton would be an honour indeed. What does the "necessary ceremony" involve? You mention a speech of some sort. I could come to Halifax on the week-end Nov. 17 -18th. George Foster asked me what I thought of an autographing party this year. Well, I've never quite liked the things, and it seems to me that repeated too frequently they might easily become ridiculous. So I said No. But I did agree to go up to Halifax about the time the book appeared, and autograph a number of copies for the booksellers in private and without any fanfare.

On the matter of the Cobb House, I think we'd better bide a wee. At this time of year there are so many appeals for funds. I think perhaps next spring would be the best time. I'll consult the Q.C. Historical Society members in the meantime and let you know the result. By the way, Foster tells me I am in bad odor with CHNS for broadcasting "so frequently" (twice!) from CJCH. What is really gnawing there, I think, is my refusal to let Bill Borrett use one or two of my tales in his books. He made me a very delicate proposition and I told him flatly that I kept all rights to my stories in my own hands and in the hands of my regular publishers as a matter of strict policy. Knowing his propensities I deemed it wise to make this clear, and Bill is shrewd enough to know what was in my mind -- that he is, if not a pirate, a privateer who sails very close to the letter of his letter-of-marque.

Thanks for the radio manual -- I shall listen in whenever I get a chance. And thanks for the most interesting off-print of "Early Coal Mining in Nova Scotia", which will be a most useful reference. You might add to your notes the enclosed items, which formed the basis of certain statements in "Roger" regarding the coal business of that time. But as you point out, coal mining in Nova Scotia was not important as an industry until after the American Revolution.

I spent yesterday hunting with Gordon on the south-west side of Lake Rossignol. No luck, but the foliage along the brooks and lakes is reward enough. We had to paddle back to Indian Gardens -- several miles -- in a north-west gale and very rough water, touch-and-go at times; a good thing we hadn't shot a deer, for that much extra weight would have swamped us. However, all's well that ends well, and we got a thrill out of it, which is always worth something. If I should die out of my bed, it will be in a canoe somewhere amongst the Lakes up-river.

Cheerio,



PUBLIC ARCHIVES
NOVA SCOTIA

Halifax, N.S.
October 24, 1945

Dear Tom:

Thanks for your letter and the information on early coal mining and the dock-yard at Halifax.

Delighted to hear that you will be in town on week-end of Nov. 17-18. The Haliburton Club will confer its Fellowship on you at that time. The ceremony is not elaborate. Announcement of intention was made last Saturday night (after I told Martin privately that you would not decline the honour) and ~~at~~ at the meeting on Nov. 17, I shall make the proposal and it will be seconded by an under-graduate member of the club. The motion will be put to the Club and instead of voting everyone will approve by clapping, whereupon you stand up and make a speech of acceptance. As far as I know, no scroll will be presented; but your name will be added to the Club's list of distinguished fellows. I feel there should be a piece of parchment involved in this and intend to press for it later on - so you may receive one belatedly.

I fear that our Haliburton affair ~~xxxx~~ won't compete with the recent show put on at Dalhousie when President Kerr gave his welcoming address to the students. The Gym was packed when Dr. Kerr went to the platform and announced that first of all they would hear from the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Colonel Laurie, a well-brushed military gentleman who speaks with a great deal of heartiness and old school tie spirit. The Colonel was scarcely well begun, when up on the stage wandered three little dogs, white, black and brown. At first to show their respect, these little rascals encircled Laurie and then sat down around him and looked up to drink in his words of wisdom. Either he was too nervous or too dignified to notice them and as they made no noise whatever he went on and on until his canine listeners became bored and moved over to one side of the stage where, in full view of the audience, the black one after a little difficulty got on top of the white one and went to it with a vim and vigor and impressed everyone, including the ~~xxxx~~ brown one who sat close by watching with his head cocked on one side. The Colonel, now entering upon the most serious part of his address, looked puzzled when the boom was swept by titters and suppressed guffaws, but stout old chap, he went on the end, turning neither to the right ~~xx~~ nor left, and therefore so far as one could judge quite unaware of the side-show which also continued until finally mysterious hands from behind the stage curtain ~~xxxxxxxx~~ pounced upon the offenders. Can you imagine anything quite so ridiculous? The campus has been rocking with laughter ever since. It's better than Gillis and his rats.

All the best to Edith, the children & yourself,

As ever, Jim Martell

Ans'd
Oct 29/45

P.S. Can you give me in response of George MacDonald, the Program Chairman of the Kiwanis Club. I hope you gave my apologies to Mr. Day for not seeing him that Tuesday afternoon. I'm looking forward to the Maritime Quarterly.

Halifax, N.S.
Nov. 8, 1945

Dear Tom:

Thanks for the copy of the Maritime Quarterly. I read the account of the old house with interest.

I think that in your speech of acceptance that perhaps the most gracious thing you can do is to pay your personal tribute to Haliburton and to suggest any way in which he may have inspired you. Roberts was a professor, but never a student, at King's. While he lived in Windsor he often had Carman as his house. But Carman, like himself, ~~was~~ ^{was a} graduate of U.N.B.

However, Roberts was once President of the Haliburton Club and he was also a Fellow.

So far only eight men have been made Fellows. You'll be the ninth on the list.

Andy tells me he has persuaded you to speak to the Commercial Club. So I'm looking forward to hearing you at least twice this trip.

On Sunday evening, the 18th, we'd like to have you at the house. We're inviting Professor Burns Martin (President of the Haliburton Club) and his wife, and Professor Mowat and his wife and, of course, the Merkels.

I'm taking it for granted that you'll be staying as you always do with your Mother; but if by any chance she is not in the city, we'll have a bed for you. And that goes for every time you come in and find your Mother away.

Too bad about the Cobb House. Can anything be done?

Our very best wishes to Edith, the children and yourself.

As ever,
Jim Martell



Halifax, N.S.,
Nov. 21, 1945.

Dear Tom:

My phone call to the Chronicle had an unexpected result or probably, to be exact, had no result. I called Fraser, but he was out and Berton Robinson answered. I pointed out that no report had been published about your Fellowship and said that this seemed strange in view of the enthusiasm expressed by Fraser and Bowes last week. Robinson replied that he knew nothing whatever about it. So I said better late than never and suggested that it be featured on the literary page next Saturday with your picture and liberal extracts from your address. Where is the address, he asked, and on being told I had it, he promised to send up a reporter today. But today, this morning, the Chronicle has an account of the meeting on its back page. I'm not sure where it came from, but I suspect that it was written by a student reporter who didn't get around to sending it in until Tuesday. Possibly he had a term test and let his report go for a day or so. It contains several inaccuracies as you will have noticed. You are credited with being the author of a score or so of books (I expressed that wish, you'll remember), but I don't expect you have any objection to that. The Herald also woke up this morning and carried your picture. I don't know what happened there. I didn't call them.

Our fourth estate in this city is generally speaking in a most lamentable state. Efficiency, accuracy, adequate coverage, a sense of the significant do not even seem to be ideals of the local journalists. Perhaps I'm over critical, but I've had some unfortunate handling from them.

What did you think of Professor Martin's comment on your work - that, unlike Haliburton, you do not criticize any of your characters?

Some day when you have time I wish you'd tell ^{me} what basis of fact there is for your stories in Tambour. I was starting to ask you about them when Victor Seary interrupted us.

That was quite a storm yesterday. I hope you got home without trouble. It was a great pleasure seeing you again and Olga and I appreciate your gifts and kindness. Our best to Edith & the children.

As ever,
Jim Martell