

Toronto June 24, 65

Dear Mr. Moynes:

To say that I was pleased to get your letter and the two "Posts" is an understatement.

I had just returned from a Canadian Authors' Convention in Vancouver .Beautiful country, but Convention not so hot - and rather expensive.The one nice thing about it was Maida Parlow French (Apples Dont Just Grow,Boughs Bend Over &c.)And her sister,Helen Matheson: getting to know them better. Does the name mean anything? They called the late Dr. Clarke "Uncle Will."

I wish I could say I knew of a shortstory market.The few I've sold to seem to have folded up, also my book review publishers. The story-article and slice-of-life sketch seem to be more in vogue now,don't they?

"John Drainey Tells a Story" - 1700 words - seems to be the only market for short stories as such, C.B.L. at 1.45. Only I made the mistake of sending a couple of first person feminine tales which he definitely does not want.And which I should have realized.

I envy anyone who can write historical tales, local or national: Now's the time, with the Centennial coming up.

A friend of mine,she's over 60 and works in the Parliament Buildings has had nostalgic,historical things on the TransCanada Matinee two or three times.She submits an article,so to speak, and if it is accepted she goes down there and it is "Waxed" :then it goes on C.B.L. between 2 and 2.30 - if the voice is acceptable. And don't I remember you in the Methodist choir?

I submitted a visit to the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary - an account of it,I mean - and when they returned it they very kindly told me it had not only been done before but had been "Taped" various times. They seem to get these contributions from all over the country.

Maida Parlow French (she and her sister went on from Vancouver to Kamloops etc.) was doing some research on a relative,Kathleen Parlow, a violinist.I got the impression she was doing it on assignment.And she and her sister have both done such work before.When she returns I will ask her if it has to be an assignment.

My friend who has had things on C.B.C. Trans Canada Matinée and the odd article in Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal says pictures are asked for, and as you know there are various ways of getting them; that is, she had about the old steam engine, with an illustration of the last one, if I remember.

I don't blame you for not remembering me; nobody does - just as well perhaps. Somebody described me as "That little fat dark one in the middle." Kit is 7 years younger than I and now a rather bigoted Catholic. Brother Doug is unemployed (now considered unemployable, hence my part time work at the Queen E.) and he's been on my hands for years. He never was the same after an operation by a "Specialist" in Peterboro. And it was quite a fete in those days sending somebody there, coming back in a cab. He hemorrhaged terribly.....

Memories, memories! One time Dr. Clarke, dentist, was talking to Dad and when Dad said something about church attendance - possibly in connection with his beloved Academy - and Dr. Clarke said: "If they wont go to church, let them go to hell." And Dad promptly put it in the Post. Then Walter Clarke, teacher of Latin, my weakest subject, wrote a scathing rebuttal and dont think it wasn't taken out on me. That's 2 negatives to make an affirmative.... They were all 3 Clark's; and they all should have known better.

I made an abortive attempt to contact some cousins in Vancouver-Victoria surroundings. Do you remember the Fred MacDiarmids? The wife of Neil Jr. (3rd generation) was very cordial and tried, but they didn't know me, bless their hearts; Dorothy MacDiarmid Hutcheson (Bruce) were on an English weekend up the coast somewhere.... And we had no time. That's another story. Cousin Fred used to live on Bond Street, next door to Banker Holmes.

I turn to "Main Street" first thing in the Post. I remember you as debonair and rather Byronical in appearance. How's that for being coy at my age? I said something to my Sandy about "Pushing 60." And said he: "Which way you pushing it Mom?"

Hope I'll hear ^{from} you again. I think it's stimulating to hear from a newspaperman.

Sincerely,

Helen Costain

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