THE GROVE COLLECTION IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA:

A TENTATIVE EVALUATION

Mr. Chairman, and Members of the Bibliographical Society of Canada:

Mrs. Jacobsen in asking me to speak to you tonight, suggested that I take as my subject the story behind the acquisition by the University of Manitoba of the Grove Papers, and say something about the Collection itself.

The story begins with our very natural desire to honour the memory of our late Librarian, Elizabeth Dafoe. We had set up a representative campus committee, and had decided that we wanted first: our Library named after her; secondly, a plaque hung in the Library to remind all who entered that this was truly her memorial, and thirdly, to augment the number of books and MSS. in our Rare Book Room. All three of these aims we have achieved. At that date we had only the Icelandic Collection, the papers and letters of J.W. Dafoe, the Slavic Collection, and the Dysart Memorial Collection of Rare Books. By acquiring the Grove papers we would enrich our Library with a unique collection of Canadians, and possess writings that depict and interpret the dramatic struggle of Manitoba pioneers. It was also an opportunity to claim the works of a distinguished graduate, Frederick Philip Grove, that I to whom the University had given an honorary degree. He had won the Governor General's Award for non-fiction for his autobiography, A Search for Myself, and the Lorne Pierce Gold Medal, presented by the Royal Society of Canada in 1934. Once we had settled on Grove, there remained the necessity to find out just what was in the Grove Collection, and at what it was valued.

On August 11, 1961, I was privileged to visit Mrs. Grove in Simcoe, Ontario, and to talk to her about our project. She said that she would be greatly relieved to find a safe depository for her husband's papers. The hundred-year old farmhouse was made of wood, and there was always danger of their loss by fire, or indeed, by theft. Some of the more valuable MSS. she kept in a bank vault. In her husband's study she showed me numerous copy-books in which Grove had written in an infinitesimally small hand the original versions of his novels, short stor-

1. Text of Dr. Saunders' address to the members of the Society at the Annual Meeting held in Winnipeg on June 25, 1963.
ies, and poems. I began to feel a little as Colonel Isham must have felt when he saw before him the Papers of James Boswell in Malahide Castle. The search was on; not only for more papers, but for the money that would purchase these. On my return the Elizabeth Dafoe Memorial Committee went to work. (I should like, if you will bear with me, to read their names: President Sauderson and Professor Waines, Academic Vice-President, ex officio; Mr. Foley, University Librarian; Miss Edna Greer, Circulation Librarian; Mr. Condo, Vice-President and Comptroller; Professor Berry, Head of the Classics Department; Professor Harland, Head of Interior Design; Father Plunkett of St. Paul's College, and myself.) The President kindly offered to invite Dr. Wallace, ex-librarian of the University of Toronto, to go to Simcoe to assess the value of the papers, and we waited with full awareness that our $2,000 contributed by alumni and friends of Elizabeth Dafoe would not be adequate. The Papers were priced at $12,000, and we almost became discouraged. At this point the President came to our assistance with a donation of $4,000; the University Library Committee added another $4,000, and Mrs. Grove graciously accepted our offer of $10,000. The details of the transaction may be read in the official Agreement. Certain papers are still in the hands of Professor W. E. Collin, lately of the University of Western Ontario, who has long had a book on Grove under way. Shortly these, too, will be returned to us.

For safe keeping and ease in handling, the Grove Papers have been placed in thirty boxes and housed in the Rare Book Room. The first nine boxes contain a variety of MSS, written in pencil or ink in copybooks, and type-scripts which seem to be carbon copies. Let me illustrate.

Box 1 labelled Our Daily Bread contains seven copybooks where Grove has written in ink presumably the first version of the novel. It takes only a minute to discover that there must have been another version from which the book was printed. Likely Macmillans have the typescript. But from a comparison of the MS. with the printed text we are immediately made aware of the painstaking care and artistry of Grove as he wrote and rewrote in search of the right word and the right word order. Sometimes he became more concise by eliminating superfluous expressions; whole introductory clauses are omitted from sentences to achieve a crisp, sharp style; in the MS., for example, we read "the red handkerchief about her neck;" in the book, "a red neckerchief." "The darkness of the stable" in the MS. becomes "inky darkness" in the book. Even the order of the chapters is altered: the heading of chapter VI in the MS., "The Leaven of Sex Is at Work," is the heading of chapter II in the book.
Thus we are able to watch the novelist at work building up his atmosphere of stark tragedy for the story of "Lear of the prairie" as old John Elliott's son-in-law calls him.

Boxes 2 and 3 contain between them three different versions of Fruits of the Earth, which was the published title, but Grove preferred the title "Abe Spalding," and used it throughout the MS. versions. The first set of copybooks, where Grove has used some of the "dozen" pencils mentioned by Mrs. Grove in a CBC Wednesday Night Program, has on the inside of the cover of the first a note by Grove saying that this is "the second draft" and he has dated this as "September 1927 to June 1928." Where, then, is the first version? On the second set of copybooks, this time written in ink, someone, probably Mrs. Grove, has written "3rd draft," but Mrs. Grove has added a note on a separate small sheet of paper suggesting that this might be "a second writing of Abe Spalding in ink," has signed it with her initials, "C.C." and dated it "Aug. 55." She may not have noticed Grove's previous memorandum. In the next set we find five MS. copybooks in ink, and Grove's notation that this is the "4th rewriting begun Mar. 23, 1929, finished June 19, 1929." Mrs. Grove has written in "Sept. 55", that this MS. was "the 3rd in ink which is likely the final hand written copy." (If Dent published from a typescript in 1933 there may have been a fifth rewriting.) The patience and determination of this perfectionist to write for posterity are almost incredible.

Box 4 illustrates Grove's frugal way of writing. In his novel Two Generations pages 1-146 are written on the right page of the copybook, and then he reversed the book for the balance, so that half appears to be written upside down. This MS. is not that from which the book was privately printed and limited to 300 copies. Our copy of the "Author's Limited Edition," No. 102, autographed by Grove, was presented to the library by Elizabeth Dafoe in April 1940.

Boxes 5, 6, and 7 contain four versions of The Master of the Mill. One is in ink, a second is a typescript which Mrs. Grove has noted is "another version not published." The reason is obvious, for this contained 112,000 words. An alternate typescript is bound in four volumes, and the fourth is, I believe, a carbon of the typescript as published. Any scholar who wishes to trace the growth of a novel has ample material with which to do it in these three boxes.

1. Our Daily Bread, p. 258.
Box 8 now contains two versions of Consider Her Ways. I say "now," because originally we had only one MS. in ink. When Mrs. Grove came to see the exhibit of her husband's papers set up in the library at Christmas 1962, she visited her brother in Fort Garry, and came back to us triumphantly carrying a typescript bound in four parts. This she said "Phil" had given to J.D. Wiens years ago for safe-keeping. The latter had kept it in a tin box in the granary at Low Farm about fifty miles south of Winnipeg. With characteristic generosity brother and sister gave it to us. As this typescript is 95,000 words long, I confess that I have read and compared only the introductions of typescript and printed book, - a revealing experience. You may remember that Grove called himself, "an amateur myrmecologist," which to the uninitiated, and of course there are none here, means a scientist who studies ants. In the text as printed, the author describes himself as suffering a kind of hypnotic experience from watching the ant wave its antennae not once but many times. We are reminded actually of Kafka's story of his metamorphosizes into a giant bug. Grove is supposed to have written his book under the spell cast by the ant, Wawa-quee (pronounced Vah-vah-quay). This is tame, indeed, beside that more exciting fictional world of the typescript. In it Grove is a Gulliver in the land of Lilliputian ants, and some not so Lilliputian at that! The author is naturally astonished to discover that a page of the book he is trying to read has been ingeniously marked by Wawa-quee, whose message is: "Do you wish to communicate with us? Some other page with a cross on next time" (sic). Grove excitedly compiled, and was exhilarated to think that an ant had bridged the gulf between "animals and man." This feat was accomplished by the author's making a chart on a circular piece of cardboard, around the circumference of which were the letters of the alphabet together with diphthongs and double consonants. Wawa-quee "burned till she had found the letter she wanted, swinging her antennae forward like a soldier presenting arms. That letter," says Grove, "I jotted down on my pad." You will be sorry to hear that this effort was too much for the ghost-writer, Wawa-quee, who died within two days of completing the book.

Grove evidently relied on this kind of tongue-in-cheek humour to make his book what it should have been, - "a laughing comment on all life." Instead he

2. Consider Her Ways, p. ix.
3. Go to the Ant Thou Sluggard, (last two words marked for deletion) typescript, p. 17.
4. Ibid., p. 21.
wrote that it "became harsh and bitter; ... a grumbling protest against the insanity of human institutions." Additional proof of Grove's original humorous intention is supplied on the title page of the typescript where he has suggested an alternate title:

Scent-tree
Number 814

which I first misread as "Spent-tree," thus entirely missing the pun. That he meant "Scent-tree" is borne out on page 19 of the typescript where, speaking of the hairs of ants, he says,

...their function not being that of protection but that of exceedingly delicate sensillae or sense-organs, susceptible to the sensations of odour and touch.

Of Grove's most sensational novel - eventually to be called Settlers of the Marsh - we have two typescripts. A part of the first version is missing, but the final draft is intact. On the first CBC Wednesday Night performance (by the way, the tapes of the two programs are now part of our Collection), we learned how this novel got into print. Professor Arthur Phelps was merrily entertaining the late Dr. Lorne Pierce at tea in Winnipeg when Grove walked in with a bulky MS. under his arm. (I suspect that this entrance had been skillfully stage-managed by Phelps.) The editor, Dr. Pierce, agreed to take the package to his room in the Fort Garry Hotel, and read it at his leisure. But he dipped into it after he got into bed that night, and tells us that he could not lay it down, so read on into the morning. Grove phoned, and joined him for breakfast; Dr. Pierce requested that the author change one episode; Grove refused, and Dr. Pierce capitulated. When the book was published in 1925, the bomb burst. "The publishing house was invaded by angry mail, and by delegations... condemning us unmercifully", as Dr. Pierce recalled. The hubbub died down when the Prime Minister, Arthur Meighen, congratulated the firm "on having the literary insight to recognize a work of art when you see it, and on having the courage to publish it."

The offending passage occurred where the heroine, Ellen, is telling Neil if she will not marry him. She recalls a horrible moment when she overheard her father tormenting her mother, and at seventeen Ellen had made the vow that "... no man, whether I liked him or loathed him, was ever to have power

5. A Search for Myself, p. 359.
over me." In the interview with CBC, Mrs. Grove said, "Since the book was banned we were ostracized, until Dr. Riddell, then Principal of Wesley College in Winnipeg, came to Rapid City to preach one Sunday night, and told the congregation what a plea for womanhood Settlers of the Marsh was. Phil and I were sitting in the congregation, and I could hardly contain myself."  

Let us get back to less controversial bibliographical material. In the beginning of the first version (in Box 9) we find two quotations omitted entirely from the printed text which show that from the start Grove was intending to write a realistic novel. The first is from La Bruyère's Les Caractères: describing

... certain wild animals males and females, ... they have something like an articulate voice, and when they lift themselves on their feet, they show a human face; and as a matter of fact they are humans. ...

The second quotation is from Grove's own book Over Prairie Trails, ending,

The wilderness uses human material up.  

It might interest you to know that what appears as chapter 1 in the text has been made by rolling together eleven chapters from the first version. The second part of the first typescript was called The White-Range-Line House, and Grove said it was to be "the second volume of the three-book series entitled Latter-Day Pioneers." The third part of this series is missing from our Collection, but we have, as I said, the final draft dated "1917/1921," which shows that Grove combined the three parts into one whole consisting of 80,000 words, and bearing the title The White-Range-Line House. Mrs. Grove has pencilled in the new title, Settlers of the Marsh.

We shall now consider for a few minutes the unpublished material. Of a novel, The Weatherhead Fortunes, we have two copies in typescript with corrections. At the request of Mr. J.G. McClelland in 1959, I read this novel. I was not impressed with it, and told him so, for I did not think that publication would enhance Grove's reputation. Perhaps other readers

8. CBC Wednesday Night Program, p. 18.
9,10. Settlers of the Marsh, typescript, on unnumbered page following the title page.
shared my opinion and accounted for Mrs. Grove's red ink instructions on the brown paper cover of the type-script:

Never to be published -

C. Grove. Nov. 26, 1959 (Box 10)

Another unpublished novel, of which we have one MS. copy written in ink, and one typescript copy - Prof. W.E. Collin has a third on loan - is The Poet's Dream, or The Canyon. This, too, I read with hopeful interest, but I think that it would need skilful editing to make it palatable. The dialogue is sometimes stilted and the idiom artificial as Grove's can be at his worst. For example, on a rocky ledge above Banff, the hero finally catches up with the heroine, and asks,

"Do I presume?"... Every nerve in his body seemed to be atremble.
For all answer she closed her eyes.
Their lips met in the chasteest of morning kisses.11

Or this, - as three tycoons talk together of the stock-market:

"Ah," a medium-sized, immaculate man asked of his neighbour,
"what did you think of wheat today?"
A tall slender, stooping man in evening coat, with a face like that of a mixture of rake and dreamer, was the one addressed.
"I lost five thousand within an hour," he replied in disgust.
"Did you?" asked a third man of massive build and imperturbable features, "I made twenty-three. I had sold short."12

And this:

That night, an hour before the astronomical day expired, he boarded the train going west.13

However, there is interest of another kind in this book. The hero is a sonneteer, if not a poet, and Grove quite obviously speaks through him when he tries to describe "the cold fits of the artistic temperament" as he awaits inspiration:

12. Ibid., pp. 6-7.
13. Ibid., p. 16.
...a period almost unbearable in its apparent futility. The very hand seems to crave for something to do till the moment of ecstasy reappears. It is a sort of death-in-life. Only birth pangs seem to have any valid reality; the time of gestation is torturing, full of doubts and uncertainty; it seems there is nothing left in the whole world to write about; and yet, the only thing worth doing anywhere and at any time is the very thing which seems impossible.\footnote{Ibid., p. 5.}

Just for the record, I prefer Grove's novels that deal with the down-to-earth life of the pioneers. When he attempts to write what might be termed a "society novel", his style, in my opinion, becomes contrived and his episodes less credible.

Murder in the Quarry, a "who-dunnit", is better, though others have not thought it worthy of publication. We have only one typescript of this story, and I read it with considerable interest. The limestone quarry which provides the setting for the first part, I could see as that at Tyndall, Manitoba. The trial of the suspected murderer takes place in the "court-house on Kennedy street."\footnote{Murder in the Quarry, typescript, p. 99.} This trial was attended by the wife of the lieutenant-governor, and by the professors from the University of Manitoba. And the best touch of all - one of the jurymen was a librarian at the University, "a man of extensive learning in an old-fashioned sense, and with an enormous range of reading... he was more admired by the students than their professors."\footnote{Ibid., pp. 100-115.} - an ambiguous close! I shall leave you to identify the librarian, if not the murderer.

Grove's characteristic concern and compassion for ordinary people are evident even in this relatively light story. For example, while the Inspector, the Doctor, and a Mountie are driving to the scene of the crime, Grove says,

All three men were thinking of the same thing, of how, at the bidding of 'big business' towns sprang up in this wilderness and then were abandoned to their fate. For the closing down of the quarry naturally spelt the doom of the hamlet. Soon the station would entirely cease to function;
and most likely the railway company would dismantle it, too, to ship the material used in its construction elsewhere.\textsuperscript{17}

One of our prize possessions, I believe, an unpublished volume of short-stories which Grove called Tales from the Margin. Of these we have three typescripts now reposing in Boxes 12 and 14. I had the opportunity of reading these as far back as 1958 when if you will again pardon a personal reference, I wrote to McClelland and Stewart as follows:

... my reading of them (The Tales) has convinced me that this material should be made available. That these stories would become 'popular' I doubt, but students of Grove and libraries across the country would be the richer for having them. Grove has frequently been compared to Hardy, and these tales illustrate the similarity. Both writers are masters of characterization and of the use of tragic irony. I found in 'Lost' stark tragedy presented in the naked style of Hemingway.

Perhaps I am in a better position to see the importance of these tales to the folk history of Manitoba, and for that reason, too, I should like to see them published.

Needless to say, I was considerably encouraged when I received Mr. McClelland's answer, for he said that he was "delighted" to have my letter. He wrote, "I say delighted deliberately, for your view strengthens considerably my favourite side in the controversy that currently exists in our house over publication of some of Grove's unpublished works." And later Mr. McClelland added this wise reminder, "Posthumous publication is a sticky proposition at best, and we are therefore proceeding with great caution." That was in 1959, and I am afraid that they are still being cautious, although one of my colleagues is currently raising the issue again.

It is obviously impossible to give you any detailed idea of the nature of these tales tonight. I hope that you will be able to read them sometime. The very first, for example, called Water, tells of the struggle of a Manitoba farmer to get water for his family and his cattle. After a professional digger had dug for three weeks, he finds it, - but here is no happy ending, rather it is one of ironic shock.

\textsuperscript{17} \textit{Ibid.}, p. 3.
- for the water was salt. Another, called The Deserted, is cast in the form of a monologue, and tells of the sadistic torture inflicted by a German lieutenant during war-time. In March Fire Grove has chronicled one of man's few victories over nature; in Foreigners we read of the almost pathetic attempts of "New Canadians" to improve the condition of their school. They are foiled by the power of the official trustee, but secure their revenge when their school burns during the winter. In Saturday Night at the Crossroads the author describes a tiny settlement on the edge of a wilderness of muskeg bush infested by billions upon billions of mosquitoes. But there were also trees and birds which Grove sees with the eye of the nature lover, and presents with sharp detail.

Of the Poems it is difficult to speak, and when one was printed in the press on the acquisition of this Collection, Mrs. Grove was considerably disturbed, for they were not meant for publication, she said. One can understand this in part, for the long poem In Memoriam consisting of 62 typewritten pages, and concluding with a section called "The Dirge" (which was published) is XXXII parts - is the expression of the unquenchable grief and the sense of emptiness experienced on the tragic death of their young daughter at the age of twelve. The stanzas are too personal in their poignancy, for Grove did not find an "objective correlative"; thus they seem more like the raw material out of which poetry is made than poetry itself. Landscapes is a collection of thirteen nature poems written in a neo-romantic manner that was popular at the turn of the century.

The Legend of the Planet Mars gains, perhaps, added interest because of the timeliness of its subject. Yet Grove wrote this in 1915. In iambic pentameter quadrains he wrestles with the problem of the existence of God and the truth of immortality. There are reminiscences of both Hardy and Wordsworth, and yet something typically characteristic of Grove's sense of irony emerges. The hero, "a grey-bearded one," slays himself that he may discover an Eden from which he believed his race had come. When he does not return within three days to tell his followers of his find, they divide into two bands - the consisting of Doubters and the other of the Faithful. I am sorely tempted to become disrespectful and irreverent here, and briefly say that the "good guys" burned the "bad guys" on funeral pyres, which they did, but I shall let Grove have the last word:

18. Tales from the Margin, typescript, p. 74.
Throughout the universe, from many stars
That night, were eyes strained, glued to
telescopes.

On earth, man flashed the message, full
of hopes;

Soon shall we know! They signal us
from Mars.

The next four boxes numbered 16 to 19 inclusive contain five unfinished novels entitled respectively: Jane Atkinson (consisting of ca. 90,000 words), Heart's Desire (with a sub-title "Two Lives"), Wilfred and Barbara, which seems to have been incorporated in a very long other novel called The Seasons, and a fifth, The Hillside.

Of these I have read only The Seasons, which, in spite of a slow start, some stilted dialogue, and what at first seems to be a scrambled order of chapters, held my interest till the very end. I truly wish that Grove had lived to finish it, for it was his last novel, and one that his biographer and critic, Desmond Facey, said Grove regarded as his magnum opus. His plan may have been too ambitious, for he aimed at "replacing the time sequence by an extension in space, giving a whole countryside, with its towns, farms, etc., within the compass of a single year."21 The experiment almost comes off, but the structure leaves something to be desired. Grove had also thought of calling this book "The Loom of Life", a title which would better have indicated the interweaving of four themes: a frank sympathetic treatment of sex, a fine presentation of the influence for good of a Roman Catholic priest, the struggle of farmers to establish a workable democracy, and an analysis of the economic situation that seemed to call for the establishment of cooperatives. On top of all this, one of the characters is made a sculptor, and his portrayal gives Grove an opportunity to discuss his own theories of art.

In two boxes, 20 and 21, we have forty-two of Grove's short stories. Only four of these have been printed in periodicals like Saturday Night, the Canadian Forum, the Canadian Bookman, and the University of Toronto Quarterly. As Facey indicates that at least nine have been printed, this means that we are lacking the MSS. of five that have been printed. Possibly these are in the hands of the publishers. At least three others were printed in the Winnipeg Tribune. McClelland and Stewart have shown real interest in bringing out a volume of these short stories.

but have not yet done so. A selection of the best would, I think, meet with a favourable reception. One of the most ironic, for example, is entitled, "A Beautiful Soul" - for this misnomer belongs to a man who is a literary fraud, and who has had his wife confined to a mental hospital when he knows, and she knows, that she is not insane. Even here Grove puts into the mouths of his Canadian characters foreign phrases that they most probably never would have used.

A war story called "Camouflage" is full of tension and suspense, and the dialogue is crisp. Attached to the carbon typescript is a page and a half of Grove's MS. notes so fine that I had to use a magnifying glass to read them. Then to my amusement I found that the two Canadian heroes were from a Western college - Brandon!

The fifty odd Addresses and Articles, because of their subject matter, are, I think, of even greater interest. (Boxes 22 and 23). In the articles Grove writes with originality and authority on such topics as: literary criticism, the drama, the short story, fiction, the novel, the place of art in Canadian life, education, culture and democracy. Some of the talks have been given to Young People's clubs, some to English clubs, and some to the Canadian Clubs. A judicious selection would not only add another dimension to the stature of Grove, who is now known chiefly as a novelist, but would offer challenging ideas to the serious reader. The collection It Needs to be Said published in 1929 is a worthwhile sample.

Of the eight Note-Books I shall say nothing except that one is constantly being surprised by curious juxtapositions. For example, on the last page of one book we find a quotation from Rémy de Gourmont on Le problème du style, and if one reverses the scribbler, one comes upon a reference to strapping a tent on the bumper of a car! (Box 23a)

One of the most fascinating acquisitions is a black-covered scrap-book in which Mrs. Grove has pencilled,

Reviews and letters of Appreciation of
Omar Prairie Trails and The Turn of the Year as Fall left them (Italics Mine)

These fall into two categories, - newspaper clippings and letters, in which the journalist and the archivist can have a field-day, particularly if they grew up in Manitoba and remember the twenties! For here are reviews by The Bookman - Mrs. Parker - in the Free Press; by Ivanhoe - Dr. Allison - in the
Tribune; by S.N. Whitnall in Saturday Night with a pencilled note from Wm. Arthur Deacon; and by L.M. Montgomery.

Among the personal letters are old familiar names: Dr. John MacLean, Librarian of Wesley College; Horatio Wallace, Librarian of the University of Manitoba; Dr. J.H. Heinzelmann, Head of the German Department; W.P. Osborne, Head of the Department of French; and Augustus V. Bell, Deputy Minister of Education in Saskatchewan. These were the men who read with delight what Grove had written, and who by the expression of their pleasure must have given Grove the kind of encouragement that every writer needs. W.F. Osborne, for instance, compared Grove to Gilbert White of Selborne, and to Thoreau.

We read among the clippings that 500 Canadian books were sent to the British Empire Exhibition in 1924; that twelve Winnipeg authors were selected, and among these Grove is listed. His two nature-essay books mentioned above were included. Needless to say reviews of his published novels were in newspapers from Vancouver to Saint John. In the twenties Grove was read, and he was praised by discriminating critics.

Two boxes contain Offprints of Grove's published articles, and well might these be reprinted in one book. Their variety is of interest:

"The Flat Prairie", printed in the Dalhousie Review;
"Post-script to A Search for America", in the Queen's Quarterly;
"Thomas Hardy, A Critical Examination of a Typical Novel and His Shorter Poems", in the University of Toronto Quarterly;
"The Flight of Canadian Fiction", in the same;
"Peasant Poetry and Fiction from Hesiod to Hémon," in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada;
and a stimulating article on "Morality in the Forsyte Saga" in the University of Toronto Quarterly.

Among these, too, is an article on Grove by Carleton Stanley written for the Dalhousie Review at the time that Facey's book came out. I wish that there were time to read snippets from this appreciation of Grove, but there isn't; I wish, too, that some kind of pressure could be brought to bear on Carleton Stanley to give our Collection the MS. of the book that he has written on Grove and never published! Do you know how this might be done?
A tantalizing acquisition lies hidden for
years to come in two tightly sealed boxes, labelled
Correspondence, with a note, "Not to be shown to any-
one. See Terms of Agreement." In legal language
this reads, "... until the death of the last survivor
of the party of the first part, ..."

Meanwhile, even without the use of the Corres-
pondence, we have in the Grove Collection material
of considerable interest and value not only to admir-
ers of Grove, but to the bibliographer, and to the
student of Canadian fiction and pioneer life.

Doria B. Saunders