Joe Mufferaw" (1974), in the Ontario Folklore Archives, York University, is cited by Jennifer O'Connor (1980). O'Connor notes: "Tales related to Pattison by Mrs. Jean Richter, for example, appear to have been inspired by Bedore; Mrs. Richter noted that she believed she had first learned of Mufferaw through Bernie Bedore. Her tales are unique first-hand experiences with Mufferaw artefacts found in her vicinity" (p.9).

What this means, of course, is that Mr. Bedore has created stories of a legendary lumberman which are so full of the life and the spirit of a past time and told in such a style that they have been accepted as part of a living oral tradition. When Donald McKay wrote his book *The Lumberjacks* (1978) he interviewed men who had worked in the lumbercamps, but when he wrote: "Long before Paul Bunyan and his blue ox Babe there were stories of Joe Montferrand and his mythical pet white moose" (pp.38-39), he did not give a source. It is quite likely he picked up the moose from people telling the Mufferaw stories created by Bedore. In his letter, Bedore writes "I remember deciding that Joe Mufferaw should have a pet, and that pet should be the typical Canadian giant animal, the moose. I called him Broadaxe, after the axe used to square timber in the old timber days. I decided the moose should be white so he would be different from moose in general."

To have his stories so completely accepted as to be confused with the oral folk tradition is, perhaps, the best compliment Mr. Bedore can receive. It is also the best recommendation for these collections of tall tales — the quality of the stories, the vitality of the characters, and the easy-telling style are right out of Bernie Bedore the storyteller, as well as Bernie Bedore the author.

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2) BIOGRAPHY AND BORDEN: from *P.B. Waite*

The *CCL* issue on history and biography raises questions that suggest high school students would be better off with the biographies than with reviews of them. Dr. Swainson's review of the books about Sir Robert Borden is a case in point. In history men are apt to be what the evidence

makes them. The problem with Sir Robert Borden was not that he was dull or humourless. Eugene Forsey, who knew him, will tell you that. Forsey will even repeat Sir Robert's jokes, or, still better, will imitate his style. Sir Robert rather resembles Robert Stanfield; he was too intelligent to be dull; nor did he lack humour. He was also a poet with the sensibility of a poet; he was a scholar with the instincts of a scholar; if by profession he was a lawyer it was because he hated teaching school and he had to make a living somehow. Borden turned out to be a very good lawyer; the firm of Graham, Borden and Ritchie was the best in the Maritime provinces.

Borden had something of the costiveness of some Nova Scotian politicians, a habit of thinking before he spoke, a ruminative quality even to his politics. To say that he was outgoing, outspoken, would be false: but to say, on that account, that "he is a very poor subject for biography" as Professor Swainson does, seems to me unfortunate, not to say wrong.

For the problem with Borden is basically a problem of evidence. Nothing of his 25 years' of legal practice has survived; hardly any letters to his wife, and only a very few letters to him mother. We don't know the inner man, and it may be fair to say that we cannot know him. What we do have is his *Letters to Limbo,* a book written with great charm and frankness, and which Borden, rather characteristically, addressed to posterity. I rather wish that posterity would once in a while take the trouble to listen to him.

3) WHICH CANADIAN FAIRY TALE?: from *Perry Nodelman*

In her interesting response to my discussion of "Little Red Riding Hood as a Canadian Fairy Tale" Agnes Grant implies that non-natives would learn to love Indian legends — and I guess, be able to recall and re-tell them the way we now do Little Red — if we only had the chance. But I wonder about that. I wonder about it because of the intriguing fact, which Ms. Grant discovered, that her Indian and Metis students turned Little Red into something like an Indian folk tale — just as non-native Canadian writers tend to turn the Indian tales they rewrite into something like European ones, presumably to suit the tastes of their largely non-native readers.

I suspect that none of us will be truly Canadian — that is, something other than an ill-assorted bunch of people who live in the same place — until we stop being either native or non-native, and together make a new culture. If we ever do that, then neither Little Red as we now know her or Nanabush as we now know him will delight us in the same way, for we will have grown away from the cultural biases they depend on. But for now, I fear, Nanabush will remain an interesting but