Afterword: Genesis of a Boys' Book

MARY RUBIO

Frederick Philip Grove is one of Canada's most interesting immigrants. As Douglas O. Spettigue's *FPG: The European Years* shows, he left a major scandal behind him in Europe when he slipped into Canada about 1912.[1] Briefly stated, Canada's Grove was born Felix Paul Greve in East Prussia to parents of modest means who separated when he was a child. He grew up living with his mother, whose source of income eludes investigation, though for some time she maintained a liaison with a merchant in Hamburg. Her son showed unusual cleverness, especially with languages, and he progressed through an academic high school to university. He acquired expensive tastes and extravagant habits, and accumulated staggering debts. In addition to borrowing money from wealthy friends, he did professional translating for income, but his debts — some 29,000 German marks by 1903 — always exceeded his income. Finally, in 1903, his creditors had him arrested, tried, and imprisoned for a year for fraud. The sensationalized newspaper account of his trial adds that he had alienated the affections of the wife of an architect. She apparently lived with him until 1909, at which point he abandoned her (possibly by mutual agreement), and sailed for Sweden and then for North America. Claiming that he had left a suicide note, this woman, Elsa, tried to obtain money for herself from his publishers. They were unsympathetic since Greve's final departure had been partly financed by his selling the same translation to two different publishers at the same time.

In his German years [1879-1909], Grove/Greve tried desperately to establish himself in the literary world, translating numerous books from various languages. These included the first German editions of *1001 Nights,* the collected works of Gustave Flaubert, and works by authors such as André Gide, H.G. Wells, Oscar Wilde, and Robert Browning. In addition, it appears that Grove published two or three novels of his own, a book of poetry, one or two dramas, and several literary essays and articles. His near-pathological drive to achieve, which led to his overreaching himself and landing in jail, can perhaps be explained as a result of the complex psychological forces which shaped his childhood.

Our author surfaced in Canada in 1912 under the name Frederick Philip Grove, and devised a fictional past for himself.[2] In this country he built a new and exemplary life. In Catherine Weins he found a wife who believed in him and respected his ability. Grove catapulted to "major author" status in the 1920s after publishing a succession of books including *Over Prairie Trails, Settlers of the Marsh,* and *A Search for America.* He made cross-Canada speaking tours, impress-

ing the hundreds of audiences to whom he spoke with his eloquence and personal style.

If Canadians have ever seen themselves as a drab nation, lacking the colorful cultural heroes and charmingly eccentric literary figures of their southern neighbors, Grove has demonstrated that beneath the placid exterior of their "great lone land", so often tranquilly blanketed in snow and respectability, might lie hidden depths, mysteries, powers. For, in addition to his legacy of carefully crafted novels, Grove has given to his chosen country a wonderful and exciting scandal, a skeleton for its literary closet. Whatever else one may say about FPG — an enigma in life, a set of ambiguities in death — he has been a man of surprises.

One of the most recent surprises is that Grove, whose other novels and short stories are so serious and adult-oriented, also wrote a children's novel. Reproduced here, *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* has never before been published in the form in which it was written. Although *The Canadian Boy,* a children's magazine of the United Church, published a serialized version by the same title in 1940, they greatly abridged and altered the manuscript Grove submitted to them. A carbon of Grove's original typescript is now held by his son, Leonard Grove of Willowdale (Toronto), on whose real life adventures the fiction was based.

It is a well known fact that Grove lived the first part of his Canadian years in Manitoba, setting numerous novels in the Prairies. It is less well known that after he moved to southern Ontario in 1931 he began to create a whole new fictional world from materials that he found there. He had developed a method of fragmenting his disparate "selves" and integrating these into the new Ontario landscape and environment. By this time in his life, Grove's "selves" included the struggling farmer, the lecturing "professor", and the creative artist, figures who all have fictional counterparts in the Ontario novels and who even go so far as to comment, sometimes cynically, on each other and on the community in which they live.[3]

At his death, Frederick Philip Grove left several interlocking novels, mostly incomplete, which were set in the fictional community called "Rivers, Ontario". His novel for children, *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus,* is part of this cycle. Based on his own family life, this work reflects some of the happiness that he found in his last settled years in Simcoe, a small town situated above Lake Erie. Though Grove suffered grinding poverty like so many others in the 1930s, he also found a good measure of domestic contentment, taking pleasure in his bright and handsome child Leonard and enjoying good friends in the community. Like all the other "Rivers" novels, *Leonard Broadus* reflects a less tortured creator, one whose haunting ghosts were finally being laid to rest.

Leonard Grove as a young boy in the mid-thirties. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

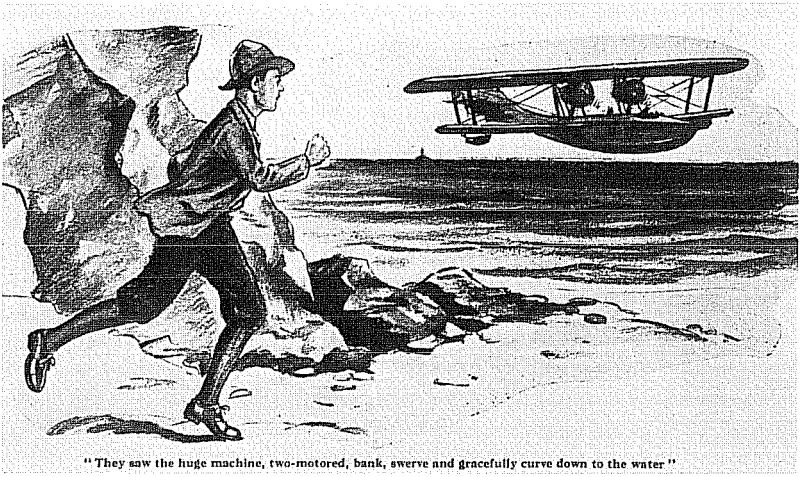
It is worth noting that while Grove's Manitoba novels had shown great fidelity to the Canadian landscape, many characters in them had originated in the psychological and emotional baggage that Grove brought from Europe. By contrast, the Ontario-based novels, written towards the end of his life, show that Grove had put such deep roots into Canadian soil that both his landscape and characters were drawn primarily from his chosen country. *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* is a revealing document in this process of literary acclimatization, this "aesthetic" settling into a new land. Though it is a juvenile novel, it was in this book that Grove first used the name of the imaginary town that becomes the setting for all his other Ontario novels. And it was in *Leonard Broadus* that we can most easily see him entering a new phase in his fictional work, a phase as yet undervalued and relatively unexplored by literary critics.

Although dated, this novel for children is still worth reading for its own sake: it is an adventure-filled and entertaining story. To the student of Canadian literature, it obviously holds other interests. For instance, it shows many thematic and structural parallels with Grove's other fiction for adults. In addition, *Leonard Broadus* not only reveals some unexpected aspects of Grove the man, but also it lets us observe Grove the artist in the process of blending fact and fiction. Furthermore, the novel allows us to travel backwards in time to see a cross-section of Canadian society during the 1930s — the unemployed and their work camps, the middle-class farmers, the wealthy landholders, and even the visiting King and Queen of England. Noting that the values and attitudes of an individual or of a society are often more easily discernible in children's than in adult's literature, we find in *Leonard Broadus* a very straightforward account of the values that Grove wanted to inculcate in his own young son. And finally, when we look at the publishing history of the novel, a very curious and perplexing story in itself, we are introduced to the flourishing world of children's publishing that existed in church journals during the first part of this century.

The Adventure of Leonard Broadus takes its structure from the journey motif. The journey, of course, is the most frequently used structural device in children's literature. There are good reasons for this: the journey provides the physical action necessary to sustain children's interest, while at the same time providing the framework for a deeper metaphorical journey depicting the child's spiritual, emotional, or psychological development. On the mythic level, the journey allows the child to move from a state of innocence to one of experience.

Young readers respond to lively action, however, more than to myth and symbolism. Realizing this, Grove makes Leonard Broadus's physical journey quite varied: it entails a harrowing ride on a raft, a swim through combers breaking on Lake Erie's rocky beach, a foot race to escape being murdered, an arduous hike through swamps, a search for robbers in an airplane, a high-speed car chase, and a boat

chase. Leonard also has a ride, when being rescued, on a horse, and he escapes from a house by sliding down a sheet. Grove has achieved a *tour de force* in types of action and modes of locomotion.



Leonard Broadus and the airplane (from *The Canadian Boy,* June 9, 1940). *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*

Leonard Broadus escaping from his rich uncle's house (from *The Canadian Boy,* June 2, 1940). *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*

When one charts the journey of Leonard Broadus, it is clear that all his movement is part of a larger journey to greater sense of self and maturity:

Leonard's journey to greater maturity

Story 1	Story 2	Story 3	Story 2	Story 1
piano lesson sequence	entrance of robbers/royalty	episode about runaway raft	robbers and royalty	piano/home sequence

We begin the story with the reluctant thirteen-year-old Leonard at his piano practice, in a familiar and sheltered domestic scene. The restricted and secure world of the young boy is suddenly penetrated by hostile outside forces: robbers break into his parents' house, terrify Leonard and his younger sister, and steal the family's valuables. The robbery episode remains unresolved, however, when the book's central journey begins: during a storm, Leonard's raft runs away with him on it, thereby taking him to greater danger, but also to a location where he can show bravery and win adult recognition. This central action will in turn function as a rite-of-passage towards greater selfhood and maturity.

In fact, *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* follows the mythic pattern of conventional epics: by accident (the storm) his raft removes him from a secure but endangered home (threatened by robbers) and exposes him to dangers (the open lake and the storm), as well as to threatening people (his uncle's entire household) and to others who are out to destroy him (criminals in the hobo camp). Certain conditions delay his return home (the washed-out roads and broken communications systems); these tax his resourcefulness, judgement, and skills. Finally, similar to the archetypal adult traveller, Odysseus, whose journey home is strewn with dangers and alluring females, young Leonard even encounters (albeit briefly) a female temptress at his uncle's house. But he finds his way home eventually after distinguishing himself with courage (overcoming the wily outlaws who had been harbored in his own uncle's ancestral domain and who had robbed his own family).

Grove was very familiar with epic conventions, and his mind ran to mythic overtones in all his fiction. Phil Branden, the hero in *A Search for America,* had carried *The Odyssey* with him as he set out across the American continent.[4] A student at the Groves' school in Simcoe remembers being taught about Odysseus. Leonard Grove has memories of his father having read him a chapter of *The Odyssey* each night when he was a small child. When we read Grove's novels, part of their impact comes from our subconscious association with other well-traveled heroes from world literature — Ishmael, the Wandering Jew, the Ancient Mariner, the Questing Knights, and so forth — who travel through

external landscapes which so often furnish either the mirror or the measure of the internal man.

In both of Grove's semi-autobiographical novels, *A Search for America* and *In Search of Myself,* the heroes are on a quest, searching for their selfhood and for stability. *In Search of Myself* has a number of journey-on-the-water sequences and a memorable account of a child in a boat; *A Search for America* likewise has many immersions in or passages by water. *Leonard Broadus* is a variation on the same theme, this time scaled down to the story of a boy on a raft.

The image of childhood had been a frequent one in Grove's earlier adult novels, and the myriad refractions of this image all tend to coalesce into one central and consistent image — that of a sensitive child, growing or grown into adulthood, who is in some way poorly equipped for life, usually as the result of his having had inadequate parenting.

In his adult fiction Grove shows how easily a child can be wounded psychologically, especially by an autocratic, cruel father. Perhaps the most poignant figure is that of the fictionalized young "FPG" as revealed in the first half of *In Search of Myself.* In a key episode in this book, the child "borrows" a boat (pp. 35-52); but when the child shows heroism in returning the stolen boat, his father makes him feel small and insignificant instead of recognizing his honesty and bravery.

The way "ghosts" from Grove's past keep creeping into what he is writing can be seen if one compares this boat story with the plot of *Leonard Broadus* and a similar episode in "The House of Stene".[5] "The House of Stene" purports to be the diary of an old man that the narrator has come upon, but in reality it has much of the same material in it as has *In Search of Myself* - a young boy, an ancestral home, the remote authoritarian father, a beautiful, sensitive and abused mother. There is a comparable boat-stealing episode, with an old fisherman attempting to blackmail the mother until the boy goes out secretly and finds the boat. Older sisters appear in both stories. One is named "Henny" which, according to Spettigue, was Grove's real sister's name. These sisters victimize the boy. In one scene they taunt and torment him until they succeed in getting him to yell a specific word at a half-witted but violent blacksmith who then chases him; this scene closely parallels the scene in *Leonard Broadus* where Leonard is tormented by another boy until he yells a specific word at the criminal in the woods, whereupon he is chased and barely escapes with his life. In yet another scene from "The House of Stene" the young boy is helped to make a giant kite which, in a great windstorm, lifts and carries him away some distance; this has a close parallel in *Leonard Broadus* where Leonard is helped to make the raft, but is then carried away on it during a great storm. In each of these parallels, the details are different, but they are built around the same type of psychological core. The recurrence of these motifs, with different fictional children at their centre, certainly argues that Grove himself may have experienced, with all the

intensity that a sensitive child can feel, a similar experience in his own life.

Although the superficial details of Grove's own childhood appear to have been different from those that he recreated in his fictionalized autobiography, *In Search of Myself,* the internal truth — the representation of how miserably inadequate the child felt — surely must have grown from painfully real experience. Again and again in Grove's books we encounter parents, usually fathers, who are insensitive to the needs of their children. For example, one recalls the explosive opening scene from *Two Generations* in which the three grown sons of Ralph Patterson are sitting on a hitched wagon, smoldering with resentment at their father.[6] We are told that these young men have not "ever yet started out for any purpose whatever without their father's having given the final word". Like other Grove children in the Manitoba novels, and like Susie in Greve's German novel, *The Master Mason's House,* they suffer from their father's autocratic and domineering manner.

From the biographical facts that Douglas Spettigue's research and Leonard Grove's memories have furnished, together with frequently recurring motifs in Grove's unpublished notebooks and published books, we can construct a psychological portrait of Grove. He seems to have been a gifted and sensitive young man who came from a broken home and who had received chaotic up-bringing from a father who apparently at least partially rejected him, leaving him to be raised by a sympathetic but unsettled mother. In his teens, after his mother's death, FPG anchored himself temporarily through a liaison with an older married woman named Elsa. He became the young-man-on-the-make; his desperate literary strainings were probably subconsciously impelled by the desire to establish himself in the provinces of the mind (i.e., in literature), a place where, we can surmise, the physically overpowering father who had made him feel so inadequate in childhood could not compete. We can also speculate that women — first Elsa, then Catherine Weins Grove — were such necessary adjuncts to his life because he found in their belief in him and in their respect for his ability that recognition which his deprived childhood had left him craving. Seen from such a perspective, the young European Greve's near pathological drive to achieve, which led to his over-reaching himself, becomes more comprehensible. Likewise, the oft-noted incredible drive of the adult Canadian Grove is less perplexing when seen in relation to the complex psychological forces which had shaped his directions in childhood.

Grove's interest in the theme of childhood, and his depiction of the effects of certain childhood experiences on the development of human personality, make it natural to wonder what kind of a parent Grove himself was. A psychological analysis of Grove's prairie novels, with focus on the emotionally incomplete adults in them, would show that he had reflected deeply on what a parent *should not* be.

Uncovering the private Frederick Philip Grove is not easy. The public face made an indelible impression, and has been much commented upon. Margaret Stobie's biography, *Frederick Philip Grove,* presents Grove as an often arrogant, self-centered, self-serving, manipulative man whose learning and abilities were less than he pretended them to be.[7] Many of her interviews show that people who knew him only superficially felt exactly the same way, feeling not a little hostility to his public personality.[8] However, a different picture is given by contemporaries with whom he shared intellectual comradeship. For instance, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell said of Grove: "Personally I never found him anything but friendly and gracious. Perhaps this was because of congeniality of interests between us, and the fact that there was no hint on either side of looking down or up. Many found him otherwise. I remember Sir Charles Roberts in a chat . . . lamenting to me Grove's hedgehog temperament. I think that years of frustration, often at the hands of men of lesser attainments, had worn his skin very thin indeed. He was very sensitive to what he felt to be the insults of the stupid or the condescension of the privileged." At the same time, Barker Fairley said: "I was told he was a man whose hand was against everyone. . . . I met him to find him a most genial, friendly, sociable person."[9]

Frederick Philip Grove obviously was a man with many defenses. However, a careful look at *Leonard Broadus,* based as it is on Grove's own family (his wife Catherine and his son Leonard), together with Leonard Grove's memory of his father, can give us an insight into his mature ideas about family life and parenthood.

The Groves' Manitoba years had ended with the tragic death of their first child, May, in 1927. She died of complications after appendicitis when she was twelve. Frederick and Catherine departed Manitoba partly to seek greater literary opportunities in Ontario, but their despondency after little May's death also contributed to their desire for a new start elsewhere. By the time that Leonard was born in 1930, Grove was over fifty; he was soon to be made into a weary man by worry about his debts and his farming enterprise. His writing career went into eclipse early in the 1930s and his health began slipping. His desperate desire to complete his writing before he died militated against his devoting the same amount of time to companionship with Leonard as he had to May. Having lost one beloved child, Grove may even have feared to love so completely again. At any rate, he seems to have devoted less time and energy to being a father in his Simcoe years.

Grove nevertheless inspired much loyalty in his son, who has very affectionate and warm memories about him. Leonard Grove reveals a strong depth of feeling for a father who, even in his failing years, had insight into and sympathy for the tensions being felt by a teenager.[10] Leonard, for example, tells of difficulties that he encountered when he first entered Simcoe High School at the early age

of eleven: in addition to being much younger than his classmates, he was also more advanced academically, having been taught at home in his parents' rigorous private Grove School. Leonard recalls that it was his father, not his mother, who solicited from him and understood the varied causes of his difficult transition to secondary school. Though the Groves' financial situation was very precarious, Frederick insisted that Leonard be removed from Simcoe's high school and be sent to St. Andrew's in Aurora, Ontario, a private boys' school where scholastic achievement would be valued and where he would be with other boys, younger than normal, who had advanced rapidly. Grove's letters and his unpublished diary show that their poverty was such during these years that Grove had to plan ahead to afford a Christmas present for Leonard.[11] Leonard's accounts of his father indicate that Grove was a sensitive and caring parent. Although he was extremely firm with discipline if necessary, he was totally unlike the autocratic fathers in his adult novels.

The Grove home in Simcoe still has a strange concrete structure attached to the back side of the kitchen pantry which Leonard explains was his father's idea of a swimming pool for him as a child; it was an engineering failure, but the kindly thought had been there. Grove was not a mechanically adept man, but he had fatherly impulses to help his son build things.

The narrative center of *Leonard Broadus* is based on fact: Grove had worked together with Leonard in building a raft for his son to use in the stream behind their house, and the raft, as in the novel, was carried away by a flood. The Broadus raft, however, is more elaborate than its prototype. Leonard says that he and his father built their raft together "in the way that a man and a ten-year-old boy do things together; naturally he handled most of the nails and the logs". The raft, according to Leonard, was "built of cedar logs and had a board floor — he [the elder Grove] bought them. There were three parallel logs running front to back and a log at each end running transversely, and the two bottoms at either end were considerably thicker than the longitudinal logs and the boards. Then [there was] a box on top of that which could be used as a seat or to put things in. The seat wasn't waterproof, but if you stayed in the center you could stay dry. If you rocked it back and forth you could slop water up over the top. Four pretty big logs will support quite a bit of weight and a small boy doesn't weigh that much." He added that it was not built with a "cutwater" and that it was not pointed at either end. Although the real Leonard was on the raft when it broke away in the flood waters, he jumped to safety and avoided being carried away.

Thus, though the fictional situation with the runaway raft could have happened, it did not. Grove's imagination merely took the real raft lost in the flood and embellished the possibilities into hair-raising adventure. This change is just one example of the way Grove transformed

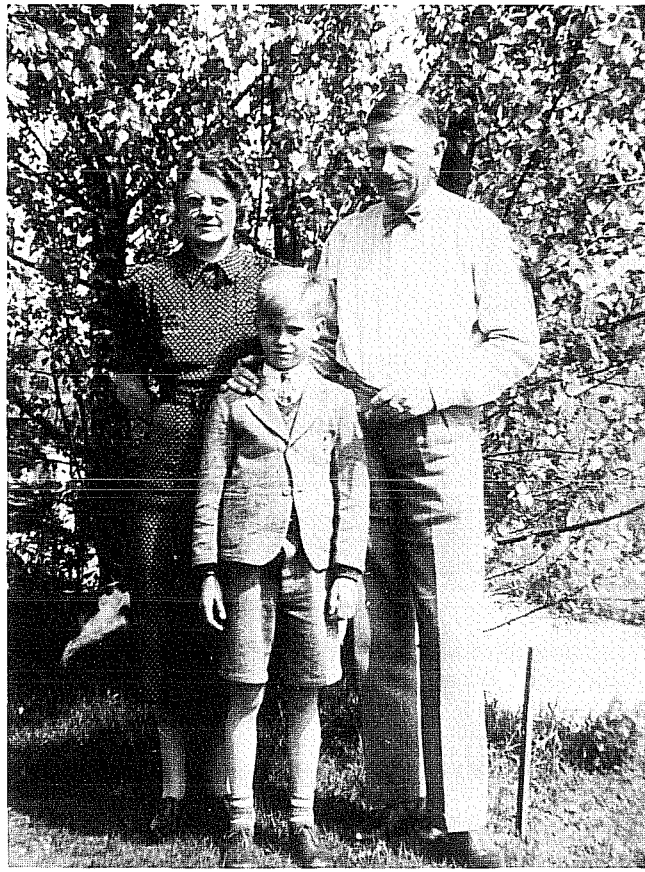
facts to fit into fictional structures. Rarely do we as readers have a chance to compare original fact with fictional treatment as completely as in the case of *Leonard Broadus.* The comparison is of particular interest because of the light thrown on Grove, a major novelist. It is also of general interest to all students of fiction and to all interested in the processes of the creative imagination.

The way in which the creative imagination begins with the raw materials of life has been studied by the eminent literary critic, Prof. Leon Edel, in *Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology.*[12] Edel states that "art begins in the backroom of concealed memory, old sensations and hidden feelings. But what starts as an impalpable motion is altered by the artist into something material in time and space." [13] He urges the people who study literature to consider "the kind of story told, the choices made by the author, and the search ... for the true or inner subject that resides within the poem or story."[14] Because we can recover so many facts from the real life of F.P. Grove and because we can speculate on his inner thoughts and emotions (aided, of course, by his notebooks in the Manitoba Archives and by his son's memories), we have a good opportunity to look at how this important Canadian novelist shapes the unconscious material of life into the conscious symbol and image of literature.

The Adventure of Leonard Broadus presents us with a picture of family life similar to that of the Grove family of the 1930s. Mr. Broadus resembled Grove in many ways. Both were tall and spare with thin faces. Both were very articulate, and could rise to high flights of rhetoric, a quality their wives admired. The picture given of Mr. Broadus is one of a relaxed and secure man; the family ambience is comfortable because the parents care for and support each other. The contrast with Grove's ogre-like fathers in the adult novels is striking. Grove himself tells us that his wife Catherine objected to his portraying so many abnormal, unhappy families. *Leonard Broadus,* by contrast, depicts a happy family with a kind, loving father.

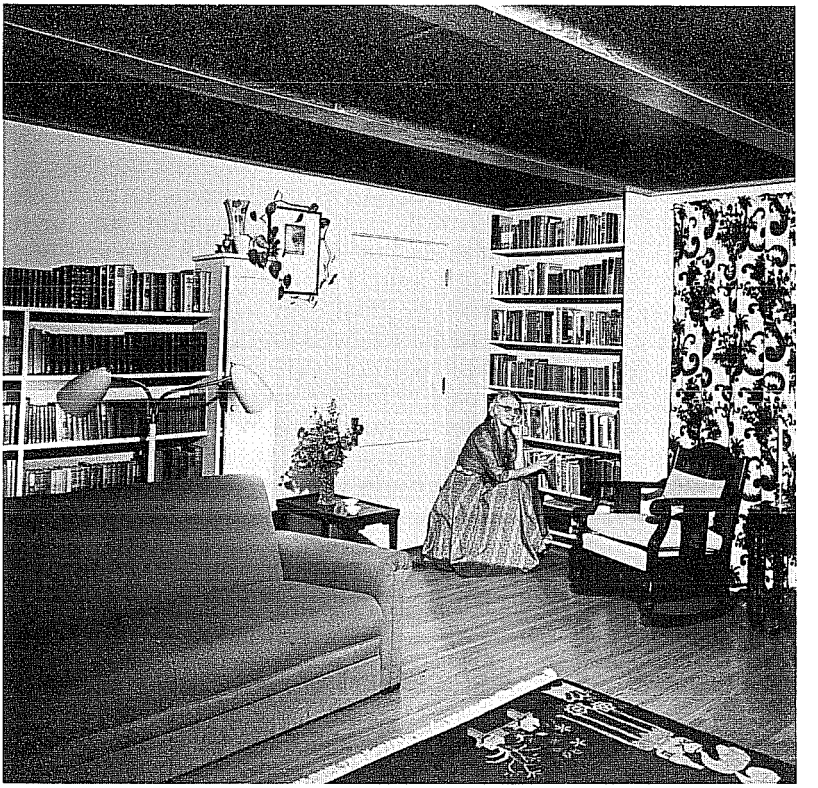
The Broadus parents treat each other with full respect. There is no overbearing authoritarianism; more important, Mrs. Broadus is a respected partner, as Mrs. Grove was. Both parents keep a firm hand on the dilatory Leonard, but they understand his point of view, his youthful enthusiasms, and his irritations. The parents are not threatened by his impetuous words. They understand what motivates them. Leonard clearly respects his parents, though he chafes under their lectures and firm control, and the parents respect his individuality. The situation was nearly identical in the Grove family, according to Leonard. Discipline was handled as in the novel, with both his parents supporting each other. Mrs. Grove took the verbal initiative, firmly backed by her husband — whose presence could be formidable, causing Leonard once to quip, "One might disobey him once, but certainly one never did it twice".[15]

When one compares the physical description of the fictional Mrs. Broadus with that of Catherine Grove at the time the story was being written, there again are similarities. Mrs. Broadus is described as forty, pretty and plump. Mrs. Grove was in her forties and was attractive, but was not plump, although a picture of her and her husband shows that both had filled out slightly around 1940. A more important difference is that Mrs. Broadus is more retiring than was Catherine Grove: students who attended the Groves' school suggest that, although she was an exceptionally warm, sensitive and gifted teacher, her glances alone could be adequate discipline. Catherine Grove was described to me by her daughter-in-law Mary Grove as a dignified woman who blended firmness, warmth, and insight in her dealings with the children who attended the Grove School and with their parents who were often more difficult to handle than their emotionally disturbed children.[16]



Catherine, Frederick, and Leonard Grove in Simcoe, Ontario. Picture taken by Willard Holliday in 1939 or 1940. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

A. L. Phelps' comments concur with those of Mrs. Leonard Grove; in the CBC radio broadcast, he said that Catherine Grove was "one of those women who comes into a room and stands in her own right".[17] Mrs. Broadus lives more under her husband's kindly and protective shadow than did Catherine Grove. Leonard Grove remembers his mother as a very strong woman not given to tears or emotional displays. His wife also recounts, however, that Catherine Grove had a tender and girlish side in private family settings where she could forget that she was *"Mrs." Frederick Philip Grove,* with all the dignity that such a position required. Thus Catherine Grove had different facets — but her feminine and dependent side is the one portrayed in the character of Mrs. Broadus.



Mrs. Frederick Philip Grove (Catherine) in her Simcoe, Ontario, home about 1957. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

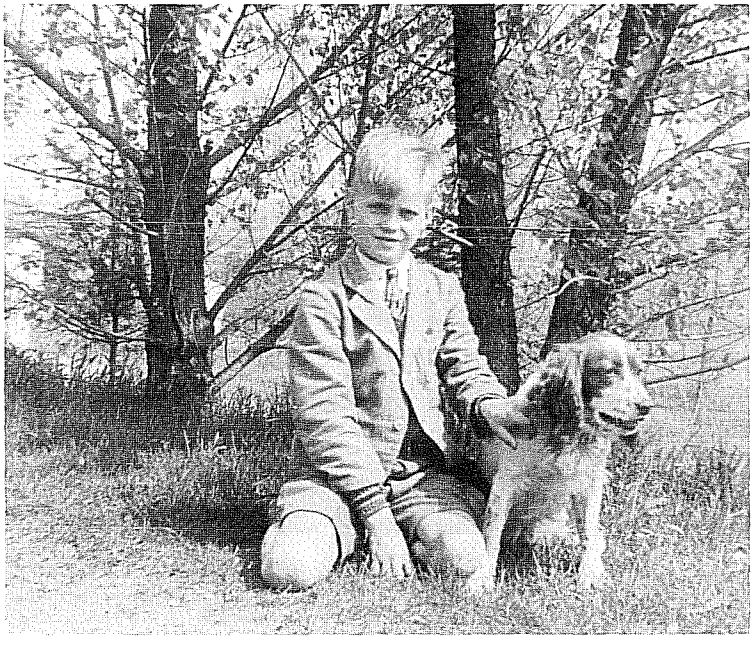
Though Grove's adult novels describe many unhappy marriages, his own marriage to Catherine was in fact a mutually supportive one, and the two were very loyal to each other. As is well known, it was Catherine's emotional and financial support that enabled him to continue writing throughout his life. There are, to be sure, suggestions that their marriage had normal tensions, and that many of these grew from financial worries. For instance, Catherine's belief in her husband's eventual success was a very definite factor in sustaining his literary activity, but at the same time her belief in him increased his inner desperation and sense of failure as royalties failed to certify his success after the depression began. The Groves' contemporaries noticed the sustaining effect of Catherine's expectations on Frederick; in the 1962 radio symposium, Arthur Phelps commented that she "was committed to the idea that her man was a great writer, and I think he tended to assume that there was something in that".[18] In his diary, Grove speaks in 1933 of how he should have provided more material comforts so as "not too grievously to disappoint those who have hitched their destinies to my own".[19] There are many comments in his autobiography *In Search of Myself* which show his awareness of Catherine's expectations and of his failure to measure up to them. To give a few: "She [Catherine] expected that our ultimate financial salvation was to come from my books. In other words, what mattered to her was that my books should meet with success" (p. 337); "My wife kept repeating that she did not mind being no matter how poor, so long as our poverty was borne for the sake of some sort of achievement. I knew that achievement meant publication to her, if not financial success" (p. 355); "I was a drag on my wife. There was only one way in which I could redeem myself in her eyes; by making money" (p. 358); "My wife, I knew, expected that ultimately my books would make money for me" (p. 407); "I had always felt that I must justify her extraordinary exertions by extraordinary achievement on my part; and the pressure and anxiety are mental states in which artistic achievement becomes impossible" (p. 420). From his knowledge of his father's personal values, Leonard Grove feels that these statements reflect his father's true feelings. By contrast, the financially successful Mr. Broadus is free of any such feelings of inadequacy. In fact, the only major difference between the Grove and the Broadus family is that the latter is financially secure. Unlike Grove, the fictional Mr. Broadus is not attempting to be a writer as well as a farmer. Grove must have wished that his farm were as prosperous as the Broadus one so that he could have been as relaxed as his fictional Mr. Broadus.

The kind of genteel, literary life to which Grove aspired is perhaps reflected in the name he gave his fictional family. The name of Broadus was derived from Professor E. K. Broadus, the Chairman of the Department of English at the University of Alberta when Grove made his successful cross-Canada speaking tours in the late 1920s. Grove had

admired him, perhaps envying his academic life. A second friend, Arthur Leonard Phelps, Head of the English Department at Wesley College, University of Manitoba, gave his name both to Leonard Broadus and to Grove's own son, Arthur Leonard Grove, to whom he was godfather.

Frederick Philip Grove around 1927-28, at the time of his successful cross-Canada speaking tours. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

When we look at the figure of the fictional boy-hero, Leonard Broadus, he seems to be almost identical to Grove's own son Leonard. Both, for example, were tousled blond boys. The narrator of *Leonard Broadus* tells us that Leonard was a boy of exceptionally good looks; a photographer's picture of Leonard Grove now hanging in the Grove home, and reproduced with this edition of *Leonard Broadus,* depicts an extraordinarily handsome child. Both boys were outdoor explorers who liked activities such as going "bird nesting". Both boys resisted their piano practice. About a month before he began writing *Leonard Broadus,* Grove wrote Professor Watson Kirkconnell that "Leonard goes for an examination in music tomorrow, the first time in his young life — Toronto Conservatory of Music. He plays nicely".[20] Leonard Grove says that his teacher came to their house, as in the story. But, although he took lessons for eight years, he never developed the real love for music that his father had: "My father would always listen to the New York Philharmonic on Sundays [on the radio bought with the money made by selling the Lorne Pierce gold medal]. I think he enjoyed music more than my mother did. He would sit down and listen for two or three hours at a time." It is therefore not surprising that Grove endowed Leonard Broadus with musical gifts. In the story Grove advanced Leonard's age (nearly ten) so that the fictional Leonard (thirteen) could engage in more daring adventures.

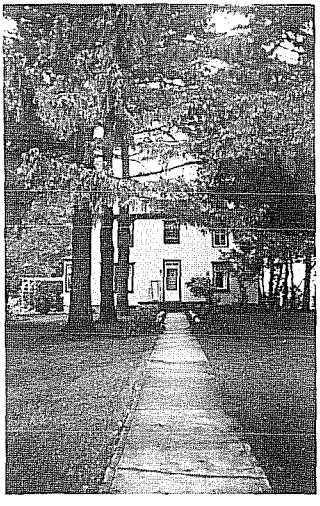


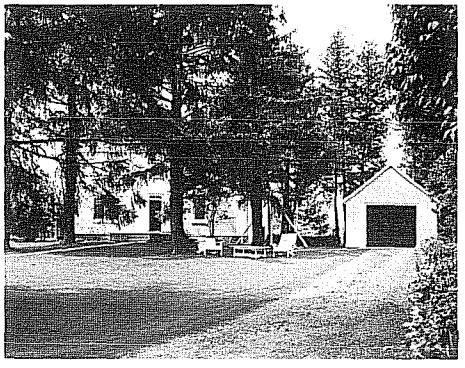
Leonard Grove and his dog "Captain" in 1938. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

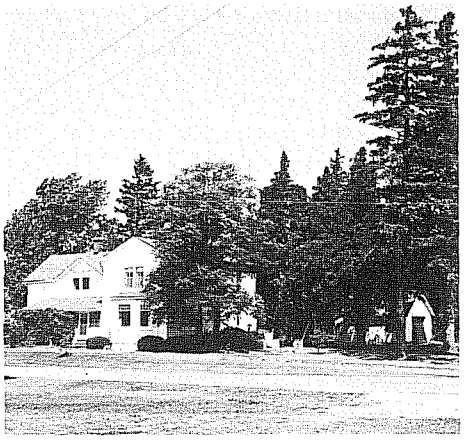
Minor characters like Leonard Broadus's sister Mary and his Uncle did not exist in real life. But one must remember that the Grove's first child, May, had died about twelve years before this story was written, at the age of twelve; she seems to be revived in the story as the shadowy little sister Mary, who is seven. Leonard says that his parents never spoke of May, at least "not in my presence. I had no idea that May had been alive until I was in my teens ... my mother may have told me [then] in a way that did not prompt any questions, because I certainly did not ever ask her what May was like ... or ask her to tell me anything about it. It was quite clear that she did not want to talk about it".

The menacing Uncle — snobbish, authoritarian, and condescending towards children — functions as a contrast to the more kindly and humane Mr. Broadus. He is cut from the same cloth as Grove's many unattractive father figures. This fictional uncle is tall, refined, and formal just as Grove himself was. Unlike Grove, however, who had the bad luck to buy a farm in 1931 and to spend the rest of his life struggling to meet mortgage payments, the pompous and rich fictional uncle had the foresight to sell his farm directly before prices fell. Grove himself could be pompous, but he could also laugh at himself for being so: "This is a small town, you know; and I must hold my nose high" he once wrote to Lorne Pierce.[21] It seems likely that the uncle was modeled both on his own father and on elements of himself.

Leonard Broadus and his rich uncle (from *The Canadian Boy* , May 26, 1940). *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*



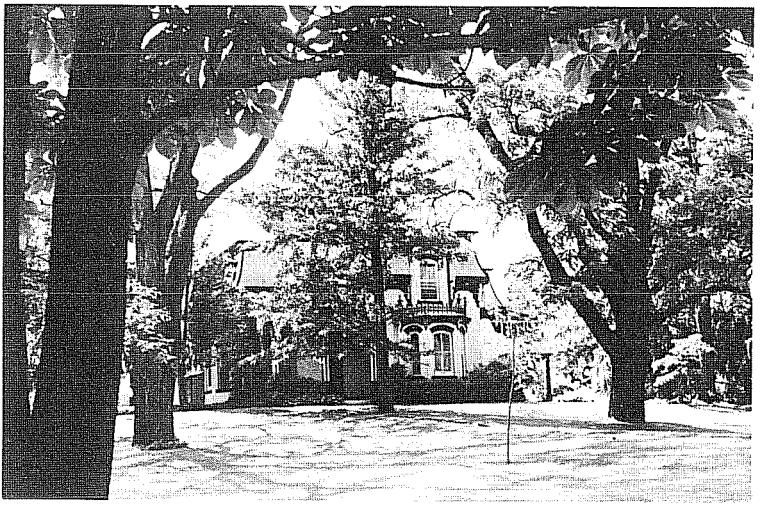


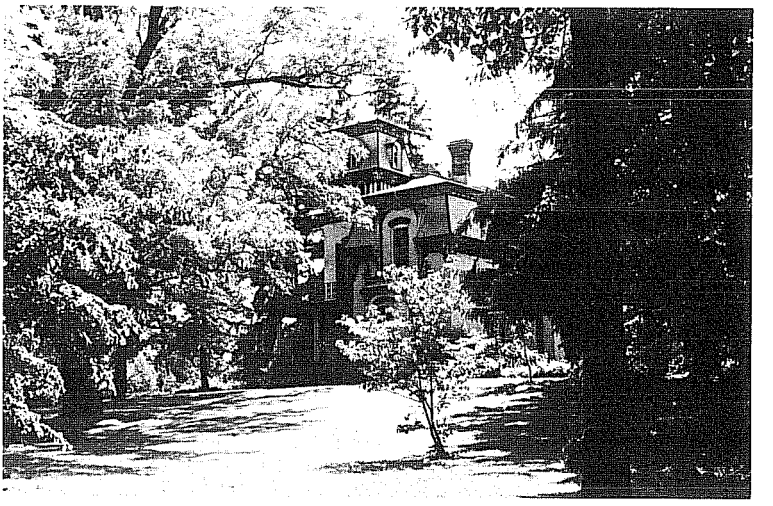


The Groves' home in Simcoe during the late 1940s (upper left), in 1957 (upper right), and in 1980 (lower center). *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

Just as the houses his characters inhabit are important to Grove in his adult novels, the Broadus home also figures prominently in his juvenile novel. The opening sections of *Leonard Broadus* describe the family home in much detail. The "commodious" Broadus farmhouse is almost identical in inside layout to the Grove's Simcoe house. The Grove home is also extremely "open" and "sunny", although there are more rooms in the Broadus house. The Groves' home had a kitchen, a room off it which a maid could have slept in, a panelled dining room (entered through swinging doors just like the Broaduses' dining room), a large living room, a bathroom, and a small library on the first floor. A long, fairly dark stairway leads to a number of upstairs bedrooms. Grove did his writing in one of the upstairs rooms. Only the outside facing of the house is different: the Grove home has (and had) white wood facing; the Broadus home is red brick. Both types

are common in the Simcoe area, and the nearest large older home down the road from the Groves is a very elegant red brick one which may well have been the model for the exterior of the Broadus home. The Broadus home also may have been modeled on that of Monroe Landon, a conservationalist and a good friend of the Groves, who had a splendid brick home in Simcoe. Leonard remembers being fascinated as a child with the "hidey holes" for valuables in the Landon home. Another difference is that the fictional brush imparts an aura of spacious elegance to the merely comfortable Grove home. But, of course, the Broaduses



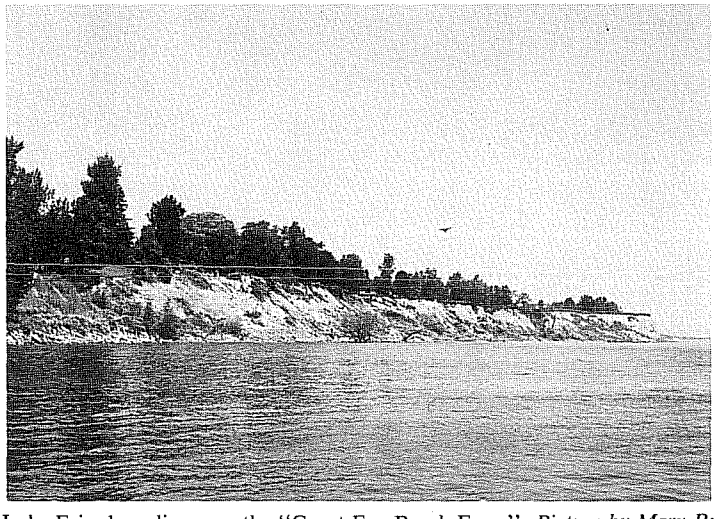


Monroe Landon's estate in Simcoe, Ontario (1981). *Pictures by Mary Rubio.*

had no financial worries. Leonard Grove once quipped that his father's principal farm product was its "annual deficits".

These annual deficits were at least partly incurred by the expense of maintaining a hired man. Leonard Grove says "a hired man did the bulk of the work. Father's health did not permit him to be a solo farmer". The Broaduses also have a hired man. The Groves, like their fictional counterparts, had a housemaid, a common practice in the area: unemployed teenage girls were plentiful and cost about $2.00 per week in the depression years. Mrs. Grove needed help with domestic chores because she maintained the "Grove School" in their home.

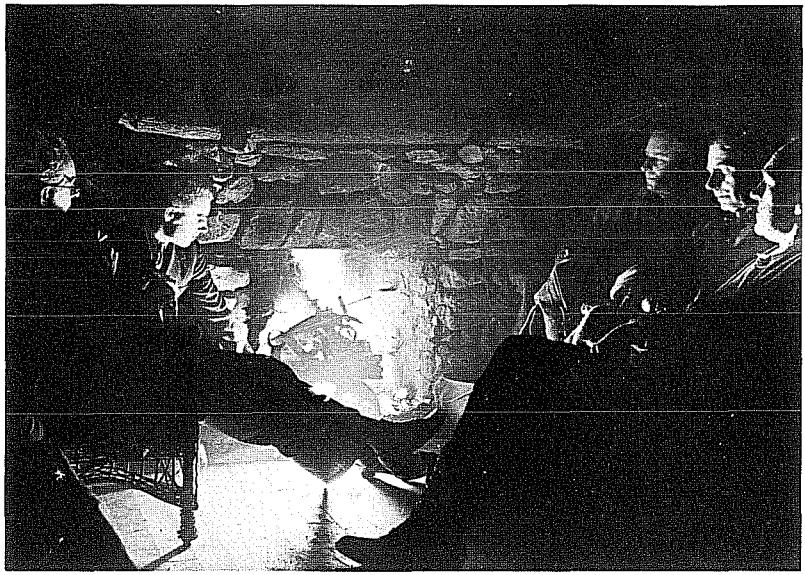
Grove simplified the "creek" landscape behind their house for the sake of making the narrative easier to follow. In the real-life situation, Leonard's raft was tied on a small unnamed creek in their back yard which eventually intersects with Patterson Creek, about 800 feet farther back. Eventually both flow into a larger stream, through a pond at one edge of Simcoe, and then go south down the Lynn River into Lake Erie. In the novel, Patterson Creek winds from the Broaduses' backyard for about twenty miles before emptying to Lake Erie. The real Patterson Creek bears the name of an early Simcoe family; Grove had used this family name for central characters in *Two Generations,* which was written immediately before *Leonard Broadus* and published in 1939.



The Lake Erie shore line near the "Grant Fox Peach Farm". *Picture by Mary Rubio.*

The Erie shoreline is exactly as Grove describes it in the novel, very sandy and unstable, a feature which resulted in Simcoe and other coastal towns being built several miles back on more solid ground. Both in fact and in fiction, huge overhanging bluffs rise above the narrow sandy shores, occasionally reaching heights of seventy feet. All the description

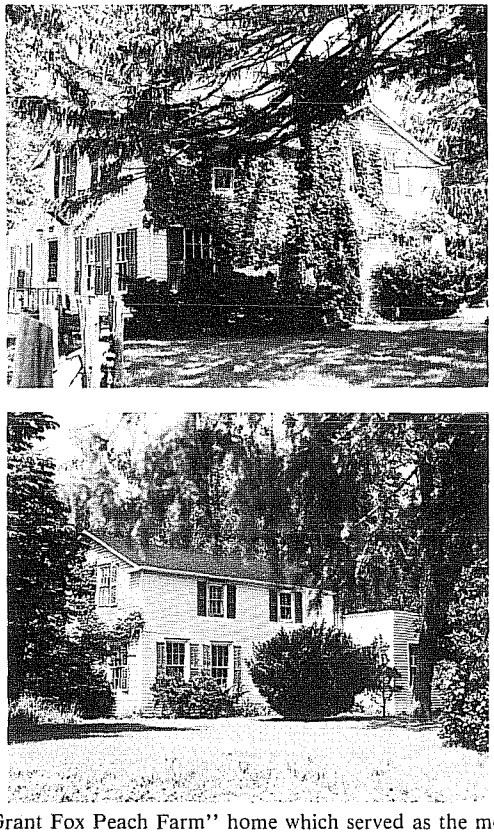
of the surrounding countryside is precise. The land is a combination of swampy bogs abounding in waterfowl and of fertile sandy soil that grows market produce and tobacco. Grove knew this territory well, for he and other men of the area took long nature walks in the Simcoe countryside. His contemporaries were impressed by his knowledge of



F.P. Grove and his group of Simcoe friends enjoying a New Year's Party on Jan. 1, 1932, in Smith's cottage. From left to right: Monty Smith, Monroe Landon, F.P. Grove, J.W. Crow, W.K. Kirkwood. *Picture taken by W.K. Kirkwood, courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

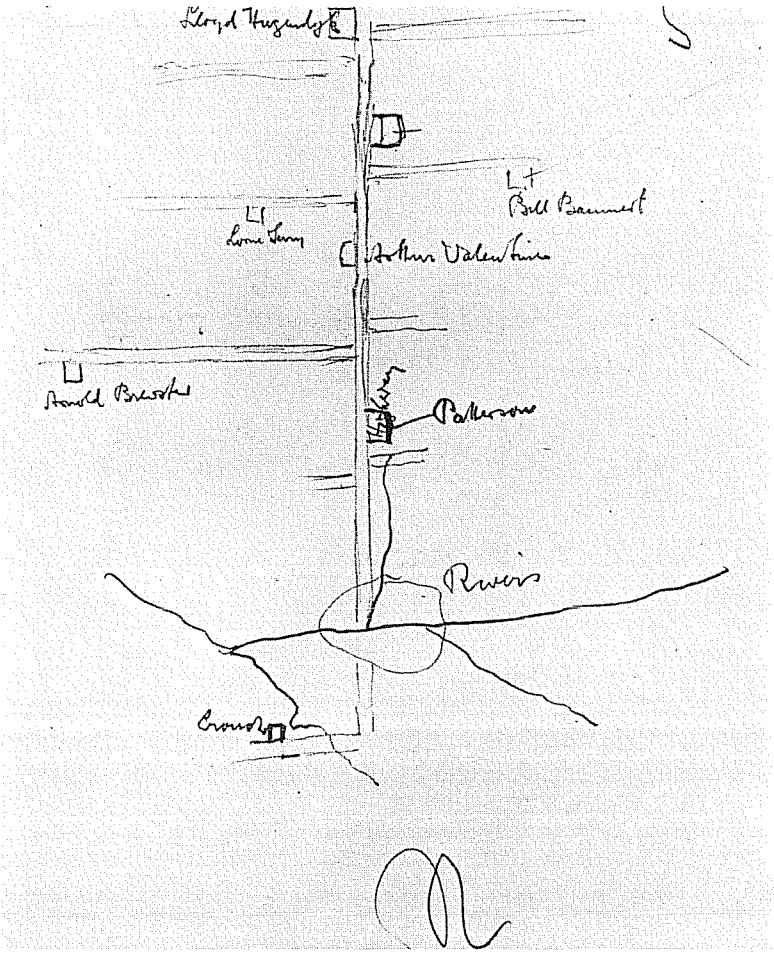
flora and fauna. About fifteen miles west of the mouth of the river is a location where there actually was, in the 1930s, the hobo camp which figures so prominently in *Leonard Broadus.* This site, called Turkey Point, is one of the most southern points in Canada, and offered a temperate climate in which the depression unemployed could congregate. In May 1938 the population of Simcoe was reported to be 6,050 *(Simcoe Reformer,* May 12, 1938, p. 1); on August 3, 1939, the headlines read "12,000 Unemployed Invade Norfolk". This gives some sense of the number of unemployed roaming about the area at the exact time that *Leonard Broadus* was written. And these men did come to local farmhouses asking for food and handouts in both fact and fiction. Leonard recollects: "The unemployed people walked the roads. They would beg for a meal. They would ask, 'Could we chop wood for a meal or cut grass?" Or they would ask if they could sleep in the barn and that was the one thing you didn't want them to do because so often they'd set the thing on fire."

The farm of the Broadus family is near the fictional town of "Rivers", the hub of all of Grove's Ontario novels and stories, just as the Grove farm was near the city boundary of Simcoe.[22] "Rivers" lies in the general geographical location of Simcoe, a town in which several small streams converge, but "Rivers" appears to be based on an amalgamation of Simcoe, Hamilton, and Brantford.[23] The real Simcoe lies in Norfolk County, but Grove renames it "Suffolk County" in *Leonard Broadus*. The criminal gang that Leonard meets is called the "Haldimand-Suffolk gang", taking part of their name from the real and adjacent Haldimand County. Grove changes the name of the little town of Normandale into the fictional and more elegant sounding "Brittany-on-the-Lake". It is here that Leonard's fictional uncle lives in arrogance, in a splendidly appointed home which lies geographically near, and appears to be modeled on, that of the late Grant Fox, a wealthy owner of what were extensive peach orchards close to Turkey Point.

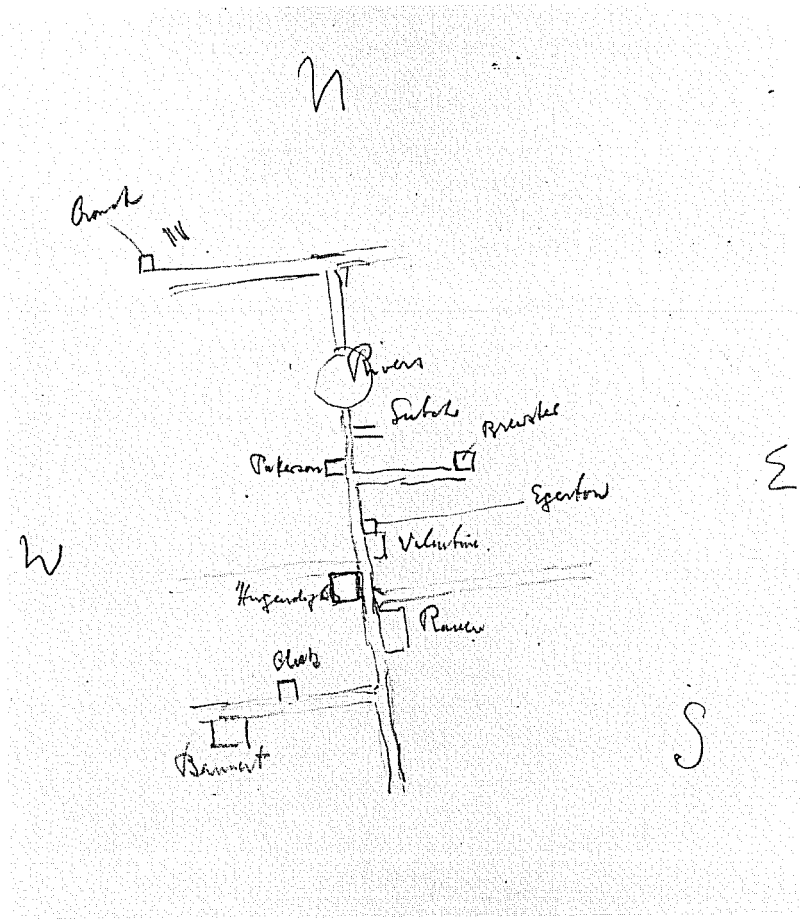


Views of the "Grant Fox Peach Farm" home which served as the model for the rich uncle's estate. *Pictures by Mary Rubio.*

Most of the other towns, islands, and rivers cited in the novel retain their real names and actual locations: Tillsonburg, London, Toronto, Brantford, Hamilton, Port Burwell, Port Dover, Buffalo (N.Y.), Detroit, Niagara Falls, Goat Island, Kelley's Island, Long Point, Big Creek and Patterson Creek. Almost everything that happens in *Leonard Broadus* can be charted on a detailed map of the region if one places the imaginary "Rivers" where the actual Simcoe is. To keep his fictional community clear in his mind, Grove drew his own maps, carefully laying out the farms of all the families who live in this fictional community.[24]

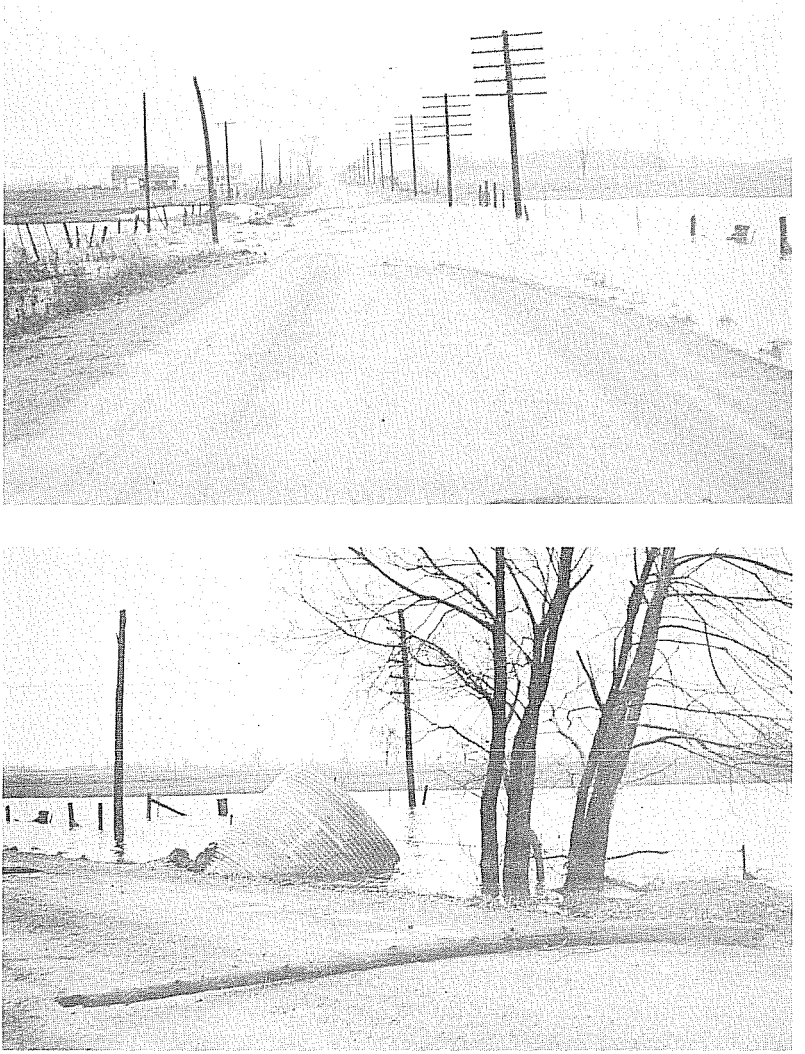


Map drawn of "Rivers, Ontario" by F.P. Grove, showing where the fictional families of his published and unpublished adult Ontario novels live. The Pattersons of *Two Generations* and "The Seasons" appear briefly in *Leonard Broadus,* but the Broadus family name is not on these maps. *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*



A reverse direction map of "Rivers, Ontario" including more fictional families. *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*

One final small adjustment in adapting fact to fiction permits the manipulation of an important motif. In *Leonard Broadus* the raft breaks loose during a bad storm in May. In fact, the vicious flooding storms of the area usually occur during March thaws, not in May. Leonard Grove remembers the particularly harsh storm in which his own raft broke loose: communications were briefly cut off and he still has pictures which his father took of the flooded road by their house and the washed-out culvert. Grove undoubtedly took this liberty with the date to make it possible for the boy to survive on the raft — March water would have frozen him. In addition, the change permitted Grove to interweave the actual royal visit into his fictional adventure.



Pictures taken by Frederick Philip Grove of the actual flood on which *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* was based. Taken after the waters had receded, one photo shows the water rushing over the road and the other shows the culvert which was washed up and out as the result of the pressure of the flowing water. *Courtesy of Leonard Grove.*

In 1939 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth made a tour of Canada. On June 5, 1939, Grove wrote Lorne Pierce that he had almost finished *Leonard Broadus,* but that he had to wait until the King had gone through Hamilton the "day after tomorrow" before he could write the last chapter. The Groves took Leonard, then nine, to Hamilton to see the royal family as they passed through.

An account of this royal tour can be found in Gustave Lanctot's *The Royal Tour of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Canada and the United States of America (1939).* Lanctot explains that the tour caught the public imagination because it was the first time in history that a reigning British sovereign had set foot in America. The King and Queen came through Toronto on May 22, 1939, and the King saluted the cenotaph at the foot of the steps of the City Hall, just as described in *Leonard Broadus.* The next day the Royal Train began its cross-Canada tour to British Columbia; then it returned across the country, reaching the London-Brantford-Hamilton-Niagara Falls area on June 7, just as described in *Broadus.* Thus, the mention of the Toronto City Hall reception in Chapter XIV, the dating of the King and Queen's May 22 visit in Chapter XXXVI, and the June 7 Hamilton visit described in Chapter XXXV are all factually accurate, and the boy's adventure is timed to fit in with the spring festivities.

The Adventure of Leonard Broadus is a happy novel. Grove celebrates a child's life in the warm spring with the same *joie de vivre* as *Over Prairie Trails* celebrates being alive in the glistening winter. In *Leonard Broadus,* he includes such evocative descriptions as "the orchard where the rain had beaten off many blossoms and strewn the ground with millions of pink-white petals" (pp. 76-77). He notes that "birds flitted everywhere; and the spring sunshine warmed his [Leonard's] blood so that he could fairly feel it coursing through his veins" (p. 77). He adds the joys of a boy's young life: "plum jam between the well-buttered slices of bread", "the four hundred or four thousand muscles aching to move and exert themselves" (p. 76). It was, the narrator says, "hard, when the leaves were young, when the sun was shining, when everything glistened with dewy freshness, to keep one's mind on the darker side of life (p. 76)." This last phrase is indeed curious, and appears to be Grove forgetting himself and his troubles, and merging with the narrator, because nothing bordering on the darker side of life has shown itself to young Leonard Broadus when this passage occurs. At this period in his life, Grove was often depressed about his finances. Perhaps the story is so exciting and vivid because he escaped into it, into the world of childhood, both his own and his young son Leonard's.

Passages celebrating the joys of the natural world may grow from remembrances of things past, but they grow also from one of the joys of parenthood — that sudden and pleasurable flash of *déjà vu* that occurs when, in sharing activities with children, parents re-experience

the emotions they felt when they too were young.

Grove depicts the nuances of early adolescence well in *Leonard Broadus:* the romantic daydreams about covering one's self with glory, the child's quick shifts of mood, the child's bragging to get in the limelight, the lack of awareness of probable consequences of impulsive actions, the susceptibility to taunts from peers. Leonard Broadus exhibits many typical adolescent tensions: he is emotionally dependent on his parents' approval but he loathes adult patronage of the child in him; he wants to be good, but fears being a goody-goody. He wants the security of childhood, but also the joy of independence. He is in that awkward stage between being too big to be fondled by his mother, and yet too little to respond with confidence when an attractive girl "gives him the eye". At times in the narrative, he seems like a little boy; other times, he is quite aware of sexual innuendoes and cautiously responsive to them. As parents know, children the age of Leonard Broadus — thirteen — can be and often are like chameleons in this respect.

The novel is built, of course, on every boy's desire to be a hero and to prove himself a man. Leonard Broadus wants nothing more than to be able to step up to his father and to say, "Here is a cheque which will reimburse you for your loss which I could have prevented if I had been a man" (p. 47). The desire to be heroic is not unique to Canadian children, but Grove gives a particularly Canadian twist to the heroic aspirations of this Leonard of the 1930s. King George and Queen Elizabeth furnish him with a focus for his heroism — he sees them as "emblems of a historical pageant" (p. 122) into which he can integrate his own heroic actions. In three separate long sections in the novel Grove touches on the place which English royalty held in the minds of Canadians. The writing verges on the purple passage, but the tone is serious and respectful, not ironic. Children reading the story today may find these passages dated, but older readers will find them evocative of rural Ontario in the 1930s.

As the novel begins, Leonard Broadus wants desperately to see the royal couple:

> He began to dimly realize that this visit of the royal couple meant more to his country than he had thought; ... [the King] was a bond between many countries and ... had come to Canada, not as a person, not as a mere individual, but as a representative of Empire, of ancient institutions, and of a future perhaps one day to be fought for ... Yes, it was a necessity of consecration, of dedication of his whole future life. If he saw the king, he thought ... he would never, he could never shirk his piano practice again; he who has seen the king does not do such a thing (p.38).

In the last line of the passage, described from the child's viewpoint, Grove catches perfectly the adolescent's unconscious juxtaposition of

the lofty sentiment and the banal circumstance. He simultaneously deflates his own purple prose and captures the essence of adolescent dreams of greatness. At the same time, he gives the reader a nostalgic glimpse of the symbolic function of royalty in the Canadian imperialist psyche of the late 1930s. Grove's tone here and elsewhere in the narrative suggests that he had entered totally into the "English-Canadian" experience of his chosen country.

Grove depicts yet another adolescent trait in *Leonard Broadus:* the desire for recognition. It is one thing to know in your own heart that you are a hero; it is even better when your parents recognize it too; but it is quite splendid when the King and Queen applaud your heroism. Both boys and men, to say nothing of girls and women, desire outward confirmation of their inner idea of self-worth. Grove knew this only too well: after the critical failure of *Fruits of the Earth* in 1933, he wrote in his diary: "For, except in the case of the strongest minds, it is very hard to go on with an imposed and heavy task without feeling that one meets with the approval of those who surround one".[25] After a publishing hiatus of six years, his breakthough with *Two Generations* and *Leonard Broadus* was followed by fresh momentum. We are told that in 1946, by which time he was severely disabled by strokes, he wept when he received the Governor-General's Award for his autobiography. Perhaps the sorrows of this lonely, prickly, and aloof man were intensified by the wounds that he himself had carried since childhood — those of a child who had been belittled by a father until he was unsure that he was capable of achieving anything worthwhile. The narrative of *Leonard Broadus* and the indirect ways that it sheds light on its author help us counter-balance the image of the defensive and seemingly arrogant public man. By contrast, the private man seems sensitive, kindly, and even at times profoundly sympathetic.

The Adventure of Leonard Broadus is partly based on Grove's own son, but it also offers psychological parallels between the boy-protagonist, Leonard Broadus, and Frederick Philip Grove himself, as he started anew to create a fictional world out of his new Ontario environment. Three years after he began farming in Ontario, Grove had looked back over his life and had written some depressed and self-revelatory words which reveal both his feelings about himself and his perception of the well-springs of his art:

> I appear to myself like a solitary sailor on a derelict ship which has sprung a leak and [thus] collected in its hold enormous quantities of water which he painstakingly pumps up to pour into his books.[26]

Grove knew well that his fictions, like those of many other writers, originated in his own emotional and psychological experiences and that these he then embellished with different details from different locales and fictional situations. In the statement above, he was describing —

in world-weary terms to be sure — his own earlier artistic process: the "quantities of water" which flowed from the vast reservoir of his own memories had been painstakingly poured into new fictional containers by this solitary and lonely artist, self-described as "a castaway on the ocean of life".[27] Now he looked for new materials in the small town of Simcoe. Founded about 1819, it was a town offering enormous potentiality for a writer, for it held a great range of characters: people with great fortunes made from running liquor across Lake Erie during Prohibition, people amassing wealth from the canning factories, farmers of varying degrees of success from the surrounding agricultural areas, factory workers of considerable poverty, and jobless men who came from all over Canada to work in the temperate climate of its "market gardens". He did not take long, after moving to Ontario in 1929 and to Simcoe in 1931, to start using new materials from this setting, even while he continued polishing and publishing unfinished works begun in Manitoba.

In Simcoe, Grove brought together a confluence of forces from his past life and combined them with those in his "new" life. He returned, after a hiatus, to his writing and to the further exploration of his artistic "gift". He benefited from the nurturing effect of his wife and his new community. He responded to the new environment of fertile land and flowing rivers. In his new situation, he separated himself from the pernicious memory of his own overpowering father, who had become a tedious character type in his fiction, and he began to write novels showing less tortured characters. He had been accorded some awards by the time that *Leonard Broadus* was written, and, like Leonard, he took pleasure in public recognition. He had a real home, his own property, which for the first time he tried to make warm and attractive. He had developed good male friends in Simcoe and his marriage to Catherine had proved that he could succeed in establishing a stable heterosexual relationship. His viewpoint had become that of a respected citizen, accepted and valuable in his community, region, and nation. All of these more settled qualities of Grove's personal life, even though they were countered by financial miseries of the depression, made him able to write from new perspectives. Just as the new found satisfactions of Leonard Broadus enabled the boy-hero to return to his piano practice (a form of artistry) with renewed dedication and vigor, Grove himself was experiencing a widening horizon of psychic and emotional experience from which he could write.

In children's books it is common to present an orphan, but in *Leonard Broadus* Grove presents a protagonist with loving and nourishing parents who encourage artistic development. The boy goes by water to a new life and a new status. He proves that the hardhearted authoritarian uncle has been harboring someone who promulgates evil in the Rivers world. He defeats a criminal gang who oppose social rules and distract him from his piano. He solves financial stress in the family

by recovering their lost valuables and by gaining a reward. He is recognized by regal figures for service to his community. He lives in a red brick house with a warm heart which contrasts with the white house, for instance, of *Settlers of the Marsh.* His relation with his mother, sister, and the girl presage no trouble in future relationships. His viewpoint is that of a child, accepted and valued in a family, a community, a region, and the nation. As a children's story, the book presents its messages more simply and with less repression or symptoms of anxiety than is possible in an adult book. This is often the case: decoding is particularly easy with children's books because authors are less defensive, seeming to count on peers and readers not to "deep-read". In Grove's adult fiction he hid himself much better than he did in *Leonard Broadus.*

There are portions of *Leonard Broadus* where the narrator sounds suspiciously like Grove speaking directly to his son. Considering that Grove was in failing health and the parent of a young boy entering adolescence, it is likely that he incorporated some of his own moral sentiments about duty to one's self and to country as a guide to his own boy. Our pre-occupations with Grove's concealment of his identity, with his own youthful indiscretions and with his prickly public personality can easily obscure the exemplary and moral life that he in fact led after marrying Catherine Grove. He clearly believed that one should push one's talents to the limit. There is no doubt that Frederick Philip Grove saw eye-to-eye with the fictional Mr. Broadus, who tells his dilatory son,

> You've a gift there. A gift's a gift; which means it's been given to you without your doing anything to get it. It isn't earned or acquired by hard work. For that reason it puts an obligation upon you. It's got to be cultivated. The boy or girl who's received such a gift and doesn't cultivate it cheats himself, his teachers, his country, mankind by neglecting it. We're here to make the most of the gifts we've received. If we don't, we betray a trust (p. 8).

This exhortation to duty is a constant theme throughout the novel, lying just below the adventure story, and Grove returns to it in the closing pages. Grove himself felt a keen sense of duty, both to his family and to his artistic impulses. He comments in one of his unpublished essays that his own mother played an important part in forming his sense of duty: "She lived on in my sleepless nights as a 'revenant'; she lived on in my restless days as a critic of all I did or thought ... She lived on at all times as a judge passing sentence on my 'useless' life".[28] Deeply imbedded values pass from generation to generation, flowing from real life into fiction.

In summary, Grove wrote his single children's novel at a crucial time in his career. His life in Manitoba, and the dark vein of the prairie

novels, had both ended. He was finding in Ontario and in his new family and new circumstances a new potentially usable setting. *Leonard Broadus* shows him beginning to use that setting, naming it, and finding himself released: he could now use elements within himself not previously available, and could re-use the buried past in new ways. He could confidently follow his own ideal of fidelity to fact and the exploration of selves within him. He could "make the most of his gifts". In effect, he could begin to write the "Rivers" novels which flowed from different sources than had the prairie ones. In his juvenile novel, *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus,* we can first examine this new flow of creativity, a flow stopped by death.

The Publishing History of *Leonard Broadus*

The publishing history of *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* is curious. We can follow the manuscript from its inception until its final publication, but the journey it makes is a strange one and there are some vital missing links.

We know that the first manuscript copy was written hastily in 1939, immediately after Grove finished *Two Generations* and while he was labouring with *The Master of the Mill.* Just as reading a detective novel helps many people to relax, the writing of *Leonard Broadus* enabled Grove to distance himself from problems he was having with *The Master of the Mill.* On May 24, 1939, he wrote Lorne Pierce of Ryerson Press:

> I have news.
>
> Throughout the winter I have been at work giving a big novel its final shape, *The Master of the Mill* . . . I have never doubted that, one day, I should rewrite that book. But, about a month ago, I was, as is usual with me, struck with the blues about it all; I had to leave it for the moment, though all but fifty pages, out of 380, are written.
>
> In order to distract myself, I took up an old plan: that of a juvenile which I had planned for years. I had the idea, long before it took place, to weave the kings's [sic] visit into it. It will be finished in about a month. On account of that visit of the king, it will be imperative, from a commercial point of view, to bring the book out this year, at least in Canada. Do you think that can be done? And would you be interested? Its between 60 and 80,000 words are crammed with action . . . *(Letters,* pp. 353-354).

It is curious that Grove said he had planned this book for years, for the central incident with the raft had grown out of one of Leonard's recent experiences. Grove was notoriously careless when estimating the amount of time he spent on novels; he did not make a practice of dating manuscript versions on the copy, so it would have been hard to remember exactly when he began work on certain novels. However, when one considers the similarities in the psychological core between *Leonard Broadus* and other stories discussed elsewhere, we can see that the basic story had been in Grove's mind for a long time, though the raft incident itself was recent.

Twelve days later he wrote Pierce that he was sending, presumably as requested, the first fifty pages of *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* with an apology:

> I am very sorry I have to send you a single-spaced script on yellow paper. But even of that yellow paper I did not have enough to double-space. And I think I have mentioned that I cannot afford any longer to spend money on uncertainties (*Letters,* pp. 355-356).

Then he added, with boyish enthusiasm:

> Now I have let a very few read this Ms. as it was being written. Every single one, a youngster among them, pronounced it a thriller. It was written to be one, of course. I set out to write what would have delighted my heart at the age of twelve (*Letters,* p. 356).

His next comment is also interesting — both for what it tells us about his composition procedure and for what it shows us about his personal Canadianization:

> I believe I also mentioned that, since I wove the visit of the king into the yarn, I consider it imperative that the book should appear this fall: that visit makes it a selling point.
>
> There is still one chapter to write: it I cannot write till the king has gone through Hamilton day after tomorrow *(Letters*, p. 356).

The reader cannot help wondering why it was necessary for the King's visit to occur before Grove could write about it. Curiously, enough, the story itself gives no details about the king's appearance or manner which would have required a first-hand witness. One can only speculate that Grove felt that he somehow needed to enter into the spirit of excitement that people felt when in the presence of the King and Queen in order to represent it in fiction, and this underlines the importance of real-life emotion, if not of fact, in his fiction. At any rate, Leonard remembers his parents taking him by car to Hamilton to see the royal family. And Grove then rushed home, banged out the last chapter, and

sent it off to Pierce. Pierce in turn passed the story along to Archer Wallace, the editor of *The Canadian Boy,* one of the several church journals published under the Ryerson umbrella.

The next surviving Grove letter to Dr. Pierce comes two weeks later, and says,

> I ... take the liberty of addressing the shortened copy of that juvenile to you. Would you do me a favour to send it down (or up) to Dr. Wallace?
>
> I have complied with all his requests (*Letters*, p.356).

There is no record, unfortunately, of what Archer Wallace's requests were, nor do we know for sure if the manuscript we now have is the shortened copy of an earlier or later one.

On July 3, 1939, Grove again commented on *Leonard Broadus,* this time in a letter to Norma McRostie, Pierce's secretary:

> May I trouble you to let Dr. Wallace know that I shall be glad indeed to leave the matter to him? I won't make any secret of the fact that my financial needs are grievous and that I should be glad if he would do what he can, in case there is a chance to get a little more (or, for that matter, much more) for the "Leonard Broadus" thing; but that, if this is impossible, I shall be glad, too, to accept his offer of $120.00 payable in September — which is the time when my needs will become acute. I myself know nothing of possible markets, besides being extraordinary [*sic*] reluctant to deal in them *(Letters*, p. 357).

Grove had, by this time, returned to writing on *The Master of the Mill* with renewed vigour. There are a few more references to *Leonard Broadus* in his letters; he tells his dear friend W.J. Alexander, "I don't think I told you that, in spring I wrote a juvenile and promptly sold it — for $120.00" *(Letters*, p. 362). Payment for the work did not come when promised, and he wrote inquiring about it. And when the serial version finally appeared, with a picture of Grove himself as the author, he grumbled to Dr. Pierce:

> I see, to my disgust, that Dr. Wallace has attached my full name to that juvenile of mine, of a year ago. That was not what I bargained for (*Letters*, p. 386).

The novel had been submitted under the pseudonym of Frederick Wentworth (the same name, incidentally, as the hero of Jane Austen's *Persuasion*). Apparently Grove did not feel that a juvenile would add to his reputation as a writer of serious fiction, and he was very conscious of his position in Canadian letters. Or, he may have wished anonymity because the story was so closely based on his family.

The Adventure of Leonard Broadus began serialization in April 1940 in *The Canadian Boy*. The serialized story was certainly different from Grove's original manuscript. To begin with, the setting was shifted from Rivers, Ontario, across Lake Erie (about twenty miles) to upper New York state. An American counterpart was found for every Canadian place Grove mentions, and the elaborate car chase was charted on highways with the same precision on an American map as it had been on a Canadian one. In addition, of course, the hero was changed from a Canadian boy (modeled on Grove's own son) to an American one, and all other characters, including the police and criminals, became American also. The long patriotic finale in which the Canadian boy hero is rewarded by meeting the King and Queen of England was totally excised from the novel. Other major changes included removing many of the portions which gave depth to character, and the descriptions of the setting and natural environment were also drastically shortened. What had been a richly fleshed out children's adventure novel became a superficial short adventure story.

These changes were rather significant, and they *might* help account for Grove's depth of grievance at being identified as author of the installments. The great mystery, of course, is who made the changes — Grove, Wallace, or an editorial assistant in *The Canadian Boy* offices. The answer was probably lost along with much of Canada's publishing history when the Ryerson archives were, for the most part, destroyed. My searches in the Manitoba Grove Archives, in the United Church Archives in Toronto, and through an inquiry to the Queen's University Archives, produced no hints of an answer. Nor did inquiries to the Grove family, to the daughter of Archer Wallace (Mrs. Kathleen Cruickshank, Wingham, Ontario), or to Dr. C. Heber Dickinson, who was in charge of the entire Ryerson empire, including Lorne Pierce's and Archer Wallace's divisions. No one can offer any reasons other than theories about why these curious changes were made.

Grove was, in the first place, rather anti-American. His *A Search for America* is his fictionalized explanation of why he chose Canada rather than the United States for a home. His book of essays, *It Needs to Be Said* (1929), makes many references to his dislike of American "materialism". As well, Grove had based *Leonard Broadus* very carefully on his own family life and farm, and he appears to have enjoyed writing the novel: it is therefore hard to believe that he would have welcomed, or even have accepted, the transformation of his novel into an American story, especially when there was no obvious reason for the change. Leonard Grove remembers vividly the case of another editor wanting to change a manuscript submitted by his father, a request that brought forth an angry refusal.

Unable to find any specific evidence to explain the Americanization of *Leonard Broadus,* I asked some people who read *The Canadian Boy* as youngsters if they could guess reasons for the changes. One suggested

that Canadians during the 1930s couldn't afford to travel as they do now, nor did they have the media coverage of the United States that radio and then later television afforded: thus perhaps the editors speculated that changing the setting would make the story more exotic. Yet, when one examines the entire 1940 run of *The Canadian Boy,* the majority of the stories have clearly identified Canadian settings. Another possibility offered was that the editors of a church magazine might have felt references to a crime wave in rural Ontario were undesirable, and that a move across the border to where crime was well established and publicized in the 1930s was more acceptable. However, there was a real work camp for the unemployed men near Simcoe, and these men did roam the area restlessly asking for handouts. Grove had also written another unpublished short story dealing with this period which refers to the general lawlessness of the times, and to "crooks" roaming the highways. Still another unpublished story is set in this same work camp and depicts the hobos ready to intimidate the farmers of the area.

A third suggestion was that the changes occurred because Archer Wallace thought he could sell the story to the American branches of the vast religious publishing houses, with which he had personal ties since he sometimes published his own novels in the United States. However, there is no reason why he could not have published Grove's Canadian version in *The Canadian Boy* while selling a revised American version over the border. It is unlikely, incidentally, that *Leonard Broadus* was ever published in one of the American church magazines, for Grove does not mention any further income from it.

Leonard Grove remembers his father handing him the serialized version to read as it appeared, and we know that Grove noted that his authorship of the work was publicized, but Leonard doubts that his father actually read the serialized version; it is thus likely that he never noticed that the novel had been abridged and Americanized.

Because the initial installments delete major place names, a reader of *The Canadian Boy* version of the novel would not have begun to suspect that the setting is the United States instead of Canada until installment three, and it is barely noticeable there. Not until installment five is the reader told that the creek empties *north* into Lake Erie, and that Leonard Broadus "had visions of landing on the far shore of Ontario". (In Grove's typescript, the creek empties *south* into Lake Erie and Leonard envisions himself landing across the lake on U.S. shores.)

Grove was very busy with trying to finish all of his unpublished material at this time, and it is indeed possible that he did not read far enough into the story to notice all the emendations. Leonard Grove remembers no explosion in the household, and he thinks that his father would have been most vocal about the changes. The mystery of who Americanized this Canadian book must remain unsolved unless new evidence is discovered.

THE
Canadian Boy

Vol. LV. No. 14
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1940

"Then they came back, the big fellow first; and in the dark he stumbled over the bag with the silver and fell"

The Adventures of Leonard Broadus

By PHILIP GROVE

Chapter I. Leonard Becomes a Detective

IT was Saturday night; and it was the custom of the Broadus parents to go to town in the car on Saturday nights, and to do their weekly shopping. During supper, taken in the large dining-room of the fine old and commodious farmhouse, the telephone had rung; and Mrs. Broadus had answered it. An unknown voice at the other end had asked her, in the name of her older sister, to drop in at the latter's house afterwards; for often, though not always, the Broadus parents, having finished their shopping, went visiting. In all which there was nothing unusual.

Incidentally, whenever the parents went out at night, the two children, Leonard, thirteen, and his sister Mary, his junior by five or six years, were bedded down on two chesterfields in the parlour adjoining the dining-room, where Alice, the maid, sat up till the parents returned.

Supper over, Leonard betrayed by no uncertain signs that he was anxious to run out; but his mother detained him.

"I want to have a word with you, Leonard," she said. "Miss Mackay has been talking to me. She says you are letting her down."

Miss Mackay was the music teacher who came once a week, driving her little car through this rural district.

"Shucks!" Leonard said, half-angry, half-laughing. "She's got examinations on the brain." He was a tall, extraordinarily good-looking and highly-gifted boy, but inclined to play truant.

Mrs. Broadus, plump and comfortable, laughed. "A good thing, too," she said evenly, "since you haven't."

"Well," Leonard said, squirming on his chair, "I'll pass."

"You'll pass. But, my dear boy, you have an unbroken record of first-class honours. Are you satisfied with a mere pass?"

"I didn't play that Allegro very well," Leonard admitted uncomfortably. "I might have played it better if she hadn't been so crabby. The way she talked, she made me hot."

Mrs. Broadus laughed. Her husband was still sitting at the table, screened behind his paper. A crisping of that paper in his hand betrayed that he had been listening.

"The remedy," Mrs. Broadus said, "is more practice."

"Better be careful," came the father's voice from behind his paper; "so you don't have to get hot again."

"Oh," said the boy airily, determined to make his parents laugh, "I'd rather get hot than do still more practice."

And the parents did laugh. But the father dropped his paper, gave Mary a sign that she might run out, and turned then to his son. "Listen," he said. "From what I hear, you have a rare gift there—"

Leonard, anticipating a sermon, interrupted his father pleadingly. "Oh, Dad, I've got the raft nearly on the water."

The raft, recently constructed for him by his father, had been built on land, at the lower edge of the orchard, for it was spring, and the creek had only just withdrawn its flood-waters from the meadows. Leonard had used the whole of his Saturday to work it down, by means of rolling logs and pole-levers, to the water's edge.

"So that's what is bothering you," Mr. Broadus said. "Well, tomorrow, if you get it down altogether, you may invite me for a ride. But before I let you go, I also have a word to say to you. As I said, you have a rare gift; it's been given to you without your doing anything to get it. Such a gift puts you under an obligation; it has to be cultivated.

The Canadian Boy edition of 'The Adventures of Leonard Broadus'. *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*

Whoever has received such a gift and doesn't cultivate it, cheats himself, his parents, his teachers, his country and mankind by neglecting it. We're here to make the most of our gifts; if we don't, we don't do our duty."

The father had spoken with rising emphasis; and the boy sat crushed. He rose. "I'll go to the piano now, Dad," he said.

Mr. Broadus flashed a glance at his wife. "No," he said. "It's a quarter-past seven. Your bedtime is nine, isn't it? I want you to practise for three-quarters of an hour tonight. That gives you an hour. Is that enough for the *raft*?"

"Half an hour is enough, Dad," Leonard said eagerly, his muscles tautening.

"All right then, run."

Like an arrow the boy shot out of the room.

Father and Mother looked at each other, smiling.

"Good stuff in that boy," said Mr. Broadus.

"Your stuff," she said.

"Yours, too," he replied and, rising, added, "ours, then."

. . . . . .

The parents were upstairs in their bedroom, dressing for the trip to town.

"I don't like this I read in the papers," said Mr. Broadus, "about the spread of lawlessness into the open country. It's bad enough to hear of bank robberies in the towns, of clerks being held up in stores, of service-men attacked at gasoline stations. But here I read of four farmhouses broken into inside of a week; and every time there's also a robbery in the nearest town. Coming closer, too."

His wife shook her head with a frown.

Her husband stepped to one of the two windows which looked out over the orchard and the meadows traversed by the creek. Beyond those meadows, woods barred the view to the horizon. Somewhere a cow lowed through the evening haze; everywhere the moisture was condensing out of the air. In the last light of the setting sun the scene had something remote and otherworldly about it.

A red fleck of colour, proceeding from a bandana, emerged from behind a willow-clump on the bank of the creek. Mr. Broadus looked at his watch. "There's Leonard now," he said.

Mrs. Broadus, smoothing the curls of her still brown hair in front of her mirror, also glanced at her watch. "Ten to eight," she said. "There's Alice now," she added, listening to a footfall in the upstairs hall, "getting the children's bedding from their rooms."

When they went down, via the dark, oaken stairway, Alice, the maid, was making up the children's beds on two chesterfields in the far half of the parlour adjoining the dining-room. From the room beyond came the sounds of the piano. The parents stopped to listen.

"Now he plays that well," said the father. "I like that Allegro. "Mozart, isn't it?"

The mother nodded; and then she bent to snuggle her face against that of Mary. "Good-night, darling," she said.

Leonard broke off playing. "Good-night, Mother," he sang out cheerfully; "Good-night, Dad."

"Bed for you," the father said with mock severity to the little girl. "At nine sharp for you," he added, turning to his son. "Alice will report on you tomorrow morning. "So long!"

Frederick Philip Grove

Only two Canadian novelists have been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, in recognition of their outstanding contribution to Canadian literature, and one of these is Frederick Philip Grove. Two distinctive volumes of essays were followed by his remarkable novel, *Settlers of the Marsh*. His book, *A Search for America*, autobiographical, is one of the greatest works by a Canadian writer. Other novels and addresses have appeared since, culminating in *Two Generations*, originally published in a private and limited edition, and now available in all bookstores. Frederick Philip Grove has sent his roots deep into the Canadian soil, and no reader in this Dominion can afford to ignore him.

The parents made for the hall; and a few minutes later the car, watched by the children, passed the parlour windows.

. . . . . .

But Mr. Broadus did not, next morning, ask Alice to report on the punctuality of the children. Leonard's great adventure had begun.

When Mr. and Mrs. Broadus came home at midnight, the first thing that struck them on turning into the gate was that, apart from parlour and music room, the house was ablaze with light. Still, Mrs. Broadus went on with her husband to the garage to help him bring the parcels to the house.

But when they had alighted, the fact of the unwonted illumination suddenly connected itself, in her mind, with that other fact that, when, after shopping, they had gone to her sister's they had been told that no member of her household had telephoned. They had considered it a practical joke played upon them by some person unknown.

She spoke briefly to her husband, dropped her parcels, and ran to the back steps of the house where she stood, uttering a cry.

In a second Mr. Broadus was by her side, and pushed the door open. That door had a glass panel covered with a scrim curtain on the inside. In daytime any person in the kitchen could look out; at night any person outside could look in.

And there Alice sat on a chair, securely tied with a rope from the barn, a gag in her mouth.

Mrs. Broadus, recovering the use of her limbs, gave her a single glance, and ran on, through the swing door, into the dining-room, and beyond into the parlour. One look at the chesterfield where Mary had lain showed her that it was empty; the covers were flung back; the other chesterfield was completely hidden under a counterpane which covered it from head to foot.

Mrs. Broadus's heart stood still; she opened her mouth to utter a cry; but no sound came.

But, under the covers, something stirred ever so slightly; she bent and snatched them off; and there, white as sheets, lay her two children, eyes wide open, staring in terror.

She threw herself on them; the tears came; and she hugged and kissed them; they flung their arms about her, crying, "Mother, oh, Mother!"

Behind his wife Mr. Broadus entered, tall and frowning; behind him Alice, whom he had released. Mrs. Broadus was still unable to speak, but she gave her husband a look which sent a lump into his throat.

Leonard was the first to recover his speech.

"It's you!" he cried. "We thought it was those fellows coming back. "I knew one of them," he cried excitedly, struggling to get to his feet over the body of his little sister, who was crying.

Mr. Broadus stared at the boy. "You knew one of them? Who was he?"

"Oh, well," Leonard said, beginning to feel that he was in the limelight. "I don't mean I know who he is. I'd seen him before. He came to the door about a week ago to beg a dinner. I saw him sitting in the kitchen, turning his eyes every-which way. It struck me then that he was taking a good look around."

Mr. Broadus turned to the maid. "You probably had the best look at them?"

"No, I hadn't," said the girl. "They were masked."

"Yes," Leonard cried; "and the fellow I saw stumbled, and his mask slipped down, just when another fellow turned the light on again, for they had turned it off. That's how I recognized him."

Mr. Broadus stepped up to his wife and patted her on her shoulders, for she was crying convulsively. "Let's sit down around the table and get this straight. But, wait. I'll first phone the police at Nanticoke. By the time they get here, we'll know about things." And he took his wife's arm in order to quiet her.

A few minutes later they were sitting around the dining-table. Mary was huddled on her mother's knees; Alice was present, looking grotesque, as usual, on account of her glasses patched with adhesive tape.

"Let's start at the beginning," said Mr. Broadus, controlling his own excitement. "You had the first inkling of what was up, Alice?"

"No," Alice said. "I was here in the dining-room when Master Leonard said there was somebody at the back door."

"Yes," Leonard cried. "I'd heard them talking in the yard, and then someone tried the back door. Mary jumped up and dived into my bed. It was then that I spoke to Alice; she was looking at a magazine, but she's so deaf. I was sitting up in bed, and Mary was frantically pulling at the covers. There was a key grinding in the lock. Alice went through the door, and then there was a scuffle; but not a voice." He spoke as if blaming Alice, who said in self-defence:

"Well, there were three of them, all masked. At first I saw only two; the third

(Continued on page 110)

Another sample page of *The Canadian Boy* edition of "The Adventures of Leonard Broadus". *Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*

A NOTE ON THE MANUSCRIPT

The original typescript upon which this edition is based is in the possession of Leonard Grove, the author's son. Because it is the only extant copy of his father's final typescript, he expects to deposit it eventually in the Manitoba Grove Archives. Until I discovered that Leonard had this complete typescript copy, and then compared it with both the published version in *The Canadian Boy* and the incomplete author's holograph in Manitoba, the differences between the three versions had not been noticed. The University of Manitoba had not noted in the Grove *Register* that their version was incomplete nor did they know that a later typed version of the manuscript existed; nor did Leonard Grove know that Manitoba did not have the original of his carbon typescript.

The typescript consists of 151 leaves with approximately 400 words per page. It is a carbon copy, on uniform 8-1/2 by 11 inch yellow paper, with hand-entered corrections, almost all of which are in Frederick Philip Grove's hand. (One may be in Mrs. Grove's hand.) The title page of the typescript reads: "THE ADVENTURE OF LEONARD BROADUS: A Story for Boys of from Eight to Sixteen Years" by Frederick Wentworth. Author: F.P. Grove, R.R. 4, Simcoe, Ontario, Canada. Some of the top and bottom lines of the carbon typescript are partially off the page, but none is unreadable. This edition has been set from a xerox of this typescript. Grove's typescript has been reproduced exactly, except for one emendation in which the Germanism "made his wife" is anglicized to read "said his wife" (see p. 6, line 27). A few non-substantive emendations have been made silently: necessary but missing punctuation has been supplied; inconsistent spellings have been made uniform; and obviously missing words have been supplied. Spellings such as "aeroplane" have been retained to maintain the period flavour of the tale.

The incomplete holograph held in the Manitoba Grove Archives consists of sixty handwritten pages in a "Standard Public School Exercise Book". Many of Grove's handwritten manuscripts were in these yellow school scribblers; he would write on each right hand page, then reverse the book and write upside down on the reverse pages until he reached the first page again. Each consecutive book of a manuscript was numbered. The subsequent book of the "Leonard Broadus" manuscript has been lost, and the front of the book curiously bears a number "7" in his handwriting. At the bottom of the cover of the school scribbler *both* Frederick Philip and Catherine Grove have written the title "The Adventure of Leonard Broadus", which allows a chance to compare their respective handwritings. At the top of the cover, Mrs. Grove has written, "Published in serial form in United Church paper 'The Canadian Boy' or 'The Onward'." It is understandable that she did not remember which magazine it had appeared in as the United Church

published a great number of periodicals in 1940. According to the 1941 *United Church Yearbook* (located in the United Church Archives in Toronto), these were as follows: *Canadian Boy* (circulation 46,193), *Canadian Girl* (51,487), *Jewels* (39,952), *Onward* (81,861), *Explorer* (45,607). In addition, the United Church published the *Observer* (31,732), seven quarterlies (total circulation of 138,869), and fourteen lesson helps (total circulation of 180,086). The total circulation of all these periodicals was 584,055 copies, which gives an indication of how widespread the educational and social force of these United Church publications may have been.

Grove's handwritten manuscript has approximately 640 words on each 7 by 9-1/4 inch page. The manuscript is complete only to the end of page one of Chapter 21. (There are 36 complete chapters in the typescript.) There are occasional revisions of words or phrases, as well as interlinear insertions, in the handwritten manuscript. It appears that most of Grove's revisions of this story were done in his mind as he typed the original manuscript. The main changes between the handwritten and typed manuscript are not substantive; they are stylistic and consist of his making the diction and dialogue more formal and proper, and consequently sometimes more stiff.

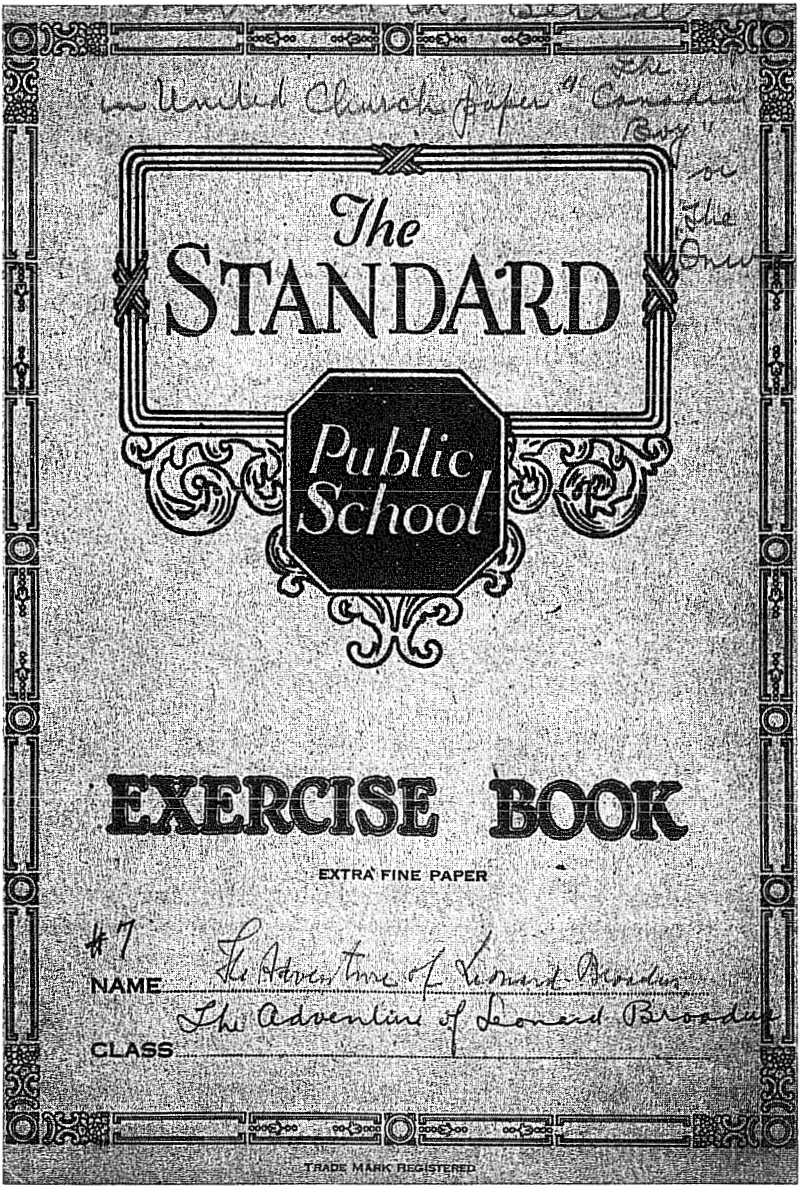
The handwritten manuscript is located in Box 17, Folder 1 of the Grove Archives, University of Manitoba. The Register quotes the holograph title as "The Adventures of Leonard Broadus" (the title used in *The Canadian Boy*) and does not note that the holograph is incomplete. The same folder has a copy of each of the twelve installments of *The Canadian Boy* in which the story appeared. Issues of this magazine are also held in Toronto in the United Church Archives.

Leonard Broadus appeared in twelve chapters of twelve separate issues of *The Canadian Boy* between April 7, 1940, and June 23, 1940. There are approximately 28,000 words in this edition — about half the number of words in the typescript. *The Canadian Boy* edition removes all but the basic action of the plot, and thus is a long short story rather than a juvenile novel.

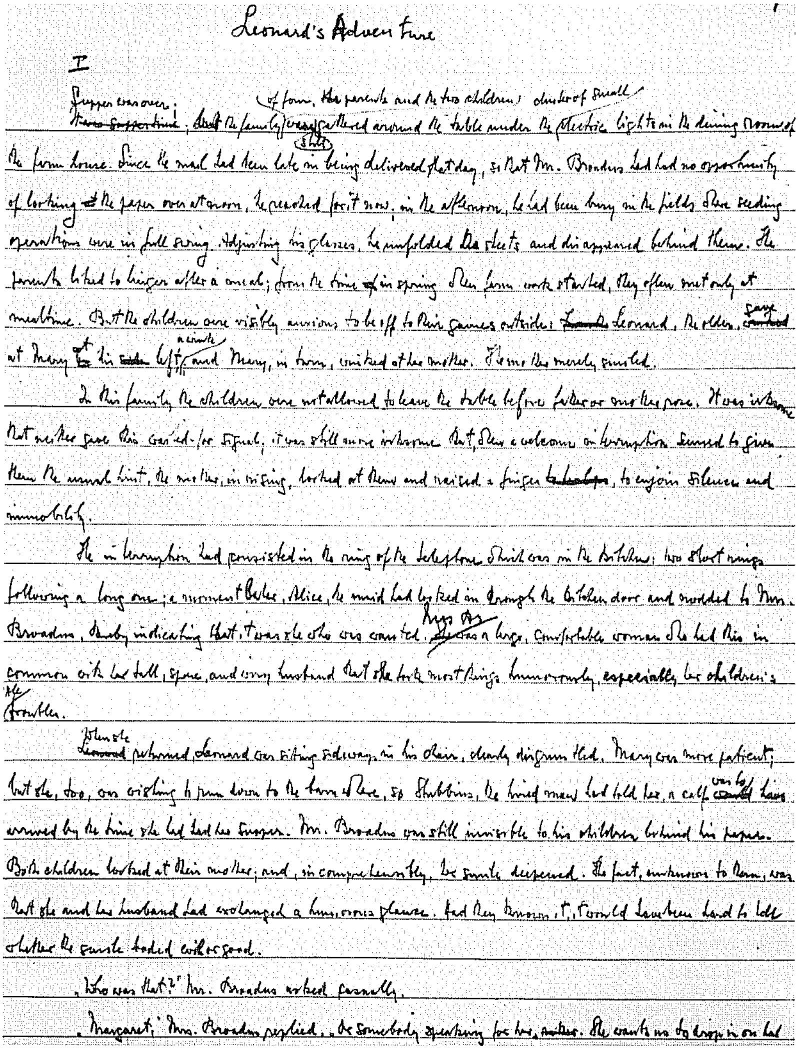
The Canadian Boy version is illustrated with attractive drawings which are unsigned. On the second page of the first installment of this edition, Grove's picture is boxed and information is given about him as follows:

> Frederick Philip Grove: Only two Canadian novelists have been awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Canada, in recognition of their outstanding contributions to Canadian literature, and one of these is Frederick Philip Grove. Two distinctive volumes of essays were followed by his remarkable novel, *Settlers of the Marsh*. His book, *A Search for America*, autobiographical, is one of the greatest works by a Canadian writer. Other novels and addresses have appeared since, culminating in *Two Generations*, originally published in a private and limited

edition, and now available in all bookstores. Frederick Philip Grove has set his roots deep into Canadian soil, and no reader in this Dominion can afford to ignore him.



The cover of the holograph copy of *Leonard Broadus. It is written in a school "scribbler" like many of Grove's other works. Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.*



Leonard's Adventure

I

Supper was over. The family of four, the parents and the two children, was still gathered around the table under the cluster of small electric lights in the dining room of the farm house. Since the mail had been late in being delivered that day, so that Mr. Broadus had had no opportunity of looking over the paper at noon, he reached for it now; in the afternoon, he had been busy in the fields where seeding operations were in full swing. Adjusting his glasses, he unfolded the sheets and disappeared behind them. The parents liked to linger after a meal; from the time in spring when farm work started, they often met only at mealtime. But the children were visibly anxious to be off to their games outside: Leonard, the older, gave at Mary a wink at his left; and Mary, in turn, winked at her mother. The mother merely smiled.

In this family the children were not allowed to leave the table before father or mother rose. It was irksome that neither gave this waited-for signal; it was still more irksome that, when a welcome interruption seemed to give them the usual hint, the mother, in rising, looked at them and raised a finger, to enjoin silence and immobility.

The interruption had consisted in the ring of the telephone which was in the kitchen: two short rings following a long one; a moment later, Alice, the maid had looked in through the kitchen door and nodded to Mrs. Broadus, thereby indicating that it was she who was wanted. Mrs. Broadus was a large, comfortable woman. She had this in common with her tall, spare, and wiry husband that she took most things humorously, especially her children's little troubles.

When she returned, Leonard was sitting sideways in his chair, clearly disgruntled. Mary was more patient; but she, too, was wishing to run down to the barn where, so Stubbins, the hired man had told her, a calf was to have arrived by the time she had had her supper. Mr. Broadus was still invisible to his children behind his paper. Both children looked at their mother; and, incomprehensibly, her smile deepened. The fact, unknown to them, was that she and her husband had exchanged a humorous glance. Had they known it, it would have been hard to tell whether the smile boded evil or good.

"Who was that?" Mr. Broadus asked casually.

"Margaret," Mrs. Broadus replied. "Or somebody speaking for her, [illegible]. She wants us to drop in on her

The first page of the holograph of *Leonard Broadus*. Courtesy of the University of Manitoba Archives.

NOTES

[1]Oberon, 1973. The study was published twenty-five years after Grove's death, and shortly after the death of his wife Catherine.

[2]For an account of his life in Canada, see Margaret Stobie's *Frederick Philip Grove* (New York: Twayne, 1973).

[3]For a fuller account of all the "Rivers, Ontario" novels and of the way Grove turns fact into fiction in them, see my doctoral dissertation, "F.P. Grove's Children's Novel: Its Text and Larger Context", McMaster University, 1982.

[4]He also carried the *New Testament*.

[5]"The House of Stene" is an unpublished manuscript available in the University of Manitoba Archives (Grove Collection, Box 18, Folder 7).

[6]Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1939.

[7]New York: Twayne, 1973.

[8]See records of Margaret Stobie's interviews with Grove contemporaries in the Stobie Collection at the University of Manitoba.

[9]See the unpublished CBC Radio Broadcast transcript, p. 6 (Grove Collection, University of Manitoba Archives, Box 23, Folder 6).

[10]Leonard Grove and his wife Mary granted me a series of interviews between May 1980 and August 1981. These conversations took place in their Toronto home and in the home of Frederick Philip Grove which they maintain in Simcoe, Ontario, as a vacation home. Later quotations from Leonard Grove are taken from a tape of our conversations.

[11]See Desmond Pacey's *The Letters of Frederick Philip Grove* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1976), p. 397.

[12]Harper and Row, 1982.

[13]pp. 13-14.

[14]p. 19.

[15]"The Search for Frederick Philip Grove", CBC Radio Broadcast, p. 6. (Grove Collection, Box 23, Folder 6).

[16]In the early Simcoe years, the Grove School's students were drawn from the socially and culturally elite of the surrounding areas. Later on, Mrs. Grove changed it into a school for slow learners and emotionally disturbed children, a group that she worked with equally well.

[17]p. 14.

[18]p. 14.

[19]"Thoughts and Reflections", p. 20. (Grove Collection, Box 22, Folder 2).

[20]See Pacey's *Letters*, p. 351.

[21]*Letters*, p. 374.

[22]I exclude *The Master of the Mill* from this group, though it is sometimes regarded as an "Ontario" novel because it was published in the 1940s. Pacey thinks Grove was planning it as early as 1928 (see *Letters*, p. 111, note 5), and in 1934 Grove told a publisher that in eight or nine months he could have a new novel ready, which would be about "The Rise and Fall of the Small *Western* [italics mine] Town: the rise as a consequence of growing industry (flour-milling) . . . the thing was started long ago when I first saw two examples of it: Rapid City vs. Keewatin [Ontario] . . . "(*Letters*, p. 305). On the next page he speaks about "that confounded novel of mine, the one about the Rise and Fall of Langholm, Manitoba" (p. 306). Mrs. Leonard Grove has told me that Catherine

Grove's parents owned a flour mill.

[23]Grove describes his fictional town of "Rivers" in the "author's note" to the unpublished novel, "The Seasons."

[24]These two maps were uncatalogued when I located them in different places in the Manitoba Grove Collection. They were lodged between the manuscript sheets of "Democrace or Peasant Revolt or Town and Country" in Box 12, Folder 1.

[25]"Thoughts and Reflections," p. 3.

[26]"Thoughts and Reflections," p. 23. (Grove Collection, Box 22, Folder 2).

[27]"Interpretation of Life", p. 4. (Grove Collection, Box 18, Folder 7).

[28]"Interpretation of Life", p. 8. (Grove Collection, Box 18, Folder 7). This does not countervail what I have speculated about the father's influence on Grove. Whereas Grove's impetus to achieve seems to have come indirectly from his reaction to his father's overpowering nature, the direction of his achievement seems to have been influenced by his mother, whose expectations appear to have pressured him, much as his wife's expectations pressured him later on in life.