

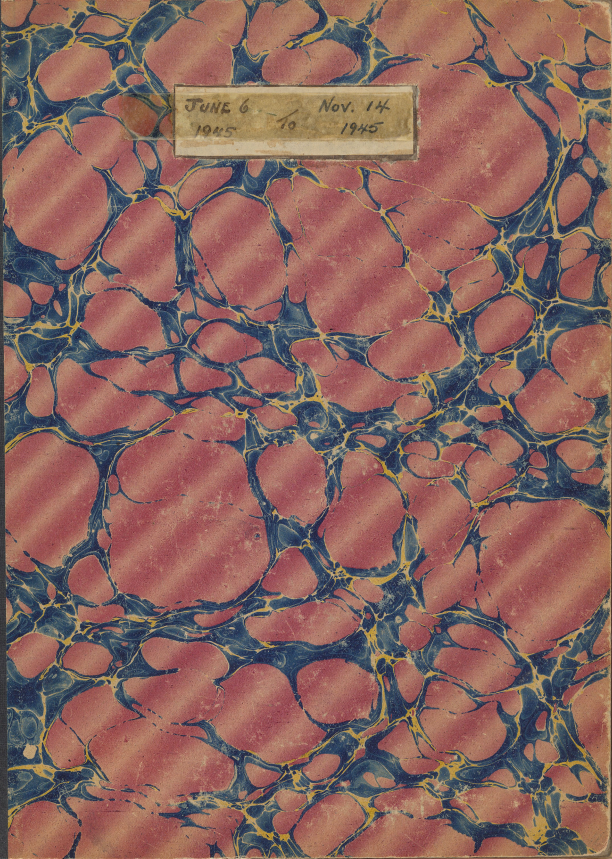
JUNE 6

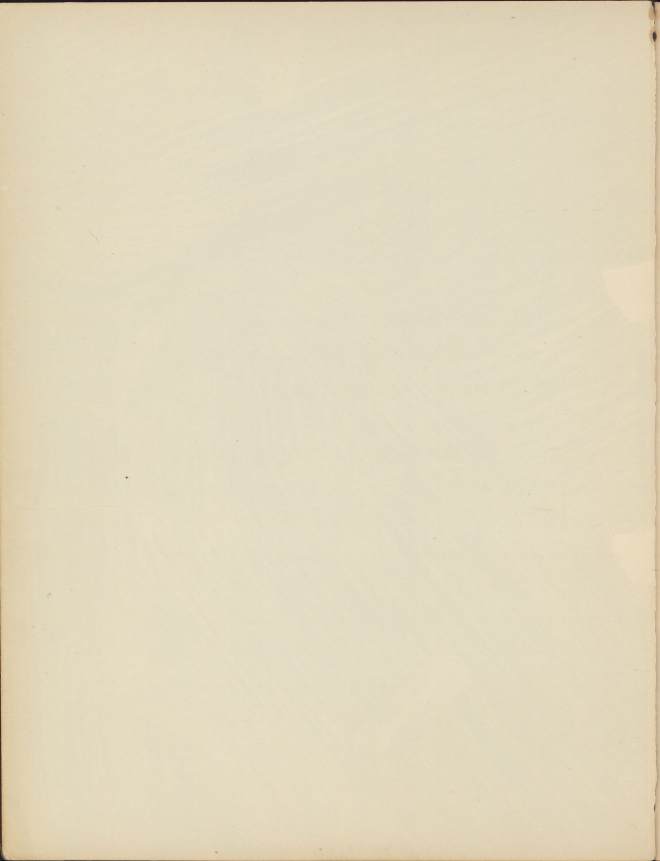
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THOMAS H. RADDALL  
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Diary

Thomas H. Raddall II

June 6, 1945 — Nov. 14, 1945



WEDNESDAY  
JUNE 6, 1945 Easterly wind, pouring rain, temp. 38° at 8 AM, furnace going full blast. I have impacted wisdom teeth at both ends of my lower jaw & some time ago my dentist warned me that I must expect serious trouble with them. Apparently it has begun. For the past week my left lower jaw has been aching miserably. This & the unending cold grey weather are enough to drive a man melancholy-mad.

Spent the afternoon in Milton at 2 Mile Hill, getting more of Sam Glode's memoirs. On fine days Sam is cutting pulpwood on his woodlot. The present price paid by Mersey Paper Co. is \$13.50 per cord, peeled, or \$12.50, rough, delivered at the boom below Milton. Sam has his own ox, & manages to turn a penny very easily.

JUNE 7/45 Rain all day till 3 p.m., then sunshine at last, glorious, even though the wind blew cold from N.W. Attended a conservative meeting in the theatre tonight. I had been asked to act as chairman but declined, as I have consistently declined any active part in local politics for the past 17 years.

Doc. Wickwire presided. John Cameron stammered laboriously for 20 minutes. Leaman Beach, the candidate, followed; he is no orator but spoke very sensibly & to the point. Final speaker was Leonard Fraser, leader of the conservative party in N.S., a fluent & dynamic fellow.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1945 Woke at 5 a.m. with splitting earache - right ear deaf. Trouble with that ear all spring - an offshoot of sinus infection in my right cheek. This & my jaw-ache drove me out of bed. Temp. 30° F. Lahr outside. Got breakfast & felt a bit better but very depressed. No urge to write now for months. Need a complete change - some travel would be marvellous, but no hope of it with present gas rations & I loathe trains & busses. Walked around Western Head this afternoon. Lovely sunshine, chilly S.E. breeze, had to keep on the move.

News:- 13 big Lancaster bombers, part of the famous "Ghost Squadron", RCAF, touched down on home soil at Yarmouth & Dartmouth airfields today after a flight from Britain via the Azores. Ships are arriving at Hfx with repatriated troops, airmen, sailors, many of them ex-prisoners of the Germans. 5,000 have arrived in the past 2 days. Hard fighting continues on Okinawa Island where the Jap garrison is making its last stand. Swarms of Jap "suicide" planes are attacking the allied fleets off the island - 67 shot down today.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9/45 Lovely day, our wedding anniversary. The neighbors brought in bouquets of lilac & I got the Milton florist to send down a basket of roses, foxglove &

sweet peas. Spent the morning cutting the lawn etc. This afternoon we left the kids in their own charge, with sandwiches & cake for tea, & went for a drive through Caledonia. Stopped at North Brookfield to enquire about the poet MacPherson's grave; & at Pleasant River, where we drove along the New Elm road to the old Waterman farm - a wonderful view from the hilltop there.

H.A. Waterman (M.A. for Yarmouth Co.) has renovated the farmhouse of his ancestors & uses it for a summer home. Beautiful. All the streams running bank-full after the continuous rains. The river meadows along the Lake are flooded still. Stopped in Bridgewater for a bit of shopping, then on to Mrs. Arenburg's at Petite Riviere where we had a huge dinner - tomato cream soup, fried fresh salmon (from the river), peas, mashed potatoes, fresh radishes, lobster salad with small lettuce fresh from the garden, a dish of delicious home-baked beans, rhubarb pie, coffee, hot biscuits, home-made butter. The usual price, 75¢ each. Then home via Broad Cove & Fogler's Cove, lovely in the sunset.

About 10 pm the Parkers, Dunlaps & Florence Williams came in & we had beer, coffee, sandwiches & cake. A lot of fun looking over old wedding-day snapshots, etc.

MONDAY, JUNE 11/45 Yesterday was fine & we had tea on the lawn for the first time this year. Today there was a howling E. gale with torrents of rain. Got Sid Passmore, optometrist just out of the RCAF, to test my eyes. Says my sight is about normal but I got him to make up a pair of glasses for long vision; despite all his instruments I know that things at a distance (e.g. a motion picture screen) are blurred to me, although I have no difficulty in reading a book, etc.

Election Day. I voted for Beach, the Progressive-Conservative candidate, because I did not like the gov't's shilly-shally conscription policy; in other respects the gov't has done a good job during the war, & it's a pity someone like Illsley isn't head of it instead of Willy Willy.

There was no public excitement over the election; meetings were thinly attended, & I doubt if anybody listened to the radio speeches. Midnight: the Liberals have won, with a clear majority over all opponents. The service men's vote, still to come, cannot affect the general result, but will change some of the constituency results — in 60 seats the voting was close.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12/45 Fine & hot — our first really hot day this summer. Took my family & Aunt Marie Bell to Milton this afternoon for a tea party — young Roger Freeman's second birthday.



WEANESARY, JUNE 13, 1945.

Again fine & warm. The continuous cold & rains in May & the first half of June have set back the crops seriously. Many N.S. farmers have had to re-plant potatoes, corn, etc. My beans are up. The lettuce & beets too, but they look meagre. The chard is up & looks fair.

News: the investigation of the Hfx riots continues. Admiral Murray testified that on May 8 there were about 18,000 naval personnel in Hfx, 9,500 of them loose in the city. (Also in Hfx at the time, many of them on duty, were about <sup>6,500</sup> RCAF, and about 3,000 army personnel.)

At Sydney were 2,740 navy personnel; at Shelburne 3,000; at Digby <sup>(Cornwallis)</sup> 6,000. (No mention made of Liverpool where there were 400 or 500.) The Admiral was dust & rather contemptuous under cross-examination by the lawyers & the Commissioner, said flatly that the behaviour of naval personnel on leave was not a matter of importance to him, admitted that he expected damage by n.p., and that the naval shore police were "unreliable" in such an emergency.

Correspondence placed before the commission revealed that civic authorities had complained to the Admiral of a serious lack of shore discipline as far back as May 1944.

Yesterday General Eisenhower was feted in London & given the freedom of the city in an elaborate old

ceremonial, wearing for the occasion the sword worn by Wellington at Waterloo. This afternoon we heard a recorded broadcast of his soldierly speech in reply.

Terence Freeman is home with his discharge, after some weeks at Leebucks barracks, Hfx.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14/45 Fine & hot. Sprayed the birch, wild pear, roses, bush honeysuckle, & maple with arsenate of lead; late for this - the rains made it useless to spray, & the worms flourished - the maple especially, eaten bare by tent-caterpillar.

News:- the disbanding of the R.C.N. has begun; 26 corvettes & other craft laid up in Sydney harbor for stripping & demolition.

Men of the Canadian Bomber Group are arriving almost daily at Hfx. & Yarmouth in their own Lancasters, flown via Azores.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16/45 Fine & hot. Working hard on preliminary studies & notes for a new novel - a story of N.S. privateers.

A fine party tonight at Longley Veinot's camp on Black Rattle rapids, Medway river. Piece de resistance was planked salmon (11½ lbs & 4 lbs - both trophies of Veinot's fishing) boiled in the thrown heat of an outdoor fire, & served up with cabbage salad etc. Cooking of the salmon done by an expert from Greenfield, Willard Freeman, guide, hunter, game warden, character extra-ordinary. Home at 1 a.m. News: Ribbentrop has been found by British army police, hiding in or near Hamburg.

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1945.

Fine & hot, after a bleak rainy Sabbath. Troops from the European theatre & naval volunteers for the Pacific are arriving at Alfa & Quebec & Montreal at the rate of 30,000 per month & rail facilities are jammed & will be jammed all this year. All sleeping-car accommodation is being withdrawn from civilian use. The return of service men to civil life has placed a new & heavy demand on the civilian clothing stocks, which have been meagre enough. Shirts, socks, underwear are not to be found in the stores. Small shipments come, & are gone in two days. The big made-to-measure men's tailoring firms, who ~~for~~ before the war delivered a suit in 2 weeks, now cannot make delivery in less than 3 months. Other shortages continue - for instance I have not seen a tea-kettle in a Liverpool store since 1942; mail-order firms list kettles in their catalogues but send you a "regret" slip when you order one. News: - Gen. Eisenhower arrived in Washington by air today & was given a tremendous welcome by a crowd of over one million people.

The war in the Pacific seems as remote as the moon. Australian troops are fighting the Japs in Borneo, New Guinea & Bougainville. U.S. troops are grinding away at the Jap remnants in the Philippines & on Okinawa. The Japs continue their slow withdrawal from South China.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1945 Severe attack of lumbago. It used to bother me a good deal in my tennis-playing days, but since I gave up tennis in the middle 1930's I've been immune. Today I tipped the drugstore's scales at 193 - must reduce my food sharply. Am correcting the first batch of galleys for "Jambour".

Gen. Eisenhower got a terrific welcome to New York today. The affair was broadcast, including the speech of pudgy little Mayor La Guardia, who sounded like a bad case of hysterics.

The overseas Canadian vote has been added to the civilian in the general election, with the result that Willy Willy finds himself defeated in Prince Albert - a C.C.F. man winning by a hair. No other seat was affected materially by the service vote.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21/45 Still suffering severely from lumbago, & from the physical inertia it compels. The frigate "Port Arthur" sailed today after an extensive (i.e. expensive) refit at Thompson's. Naval rumor says she is on the list of ships to be scrapped. Jerry Freeman has a temporary job as "unskilled labor" (at 60¢ an hour) at the Mersey mill wharf, working on naval craft refitting there. After the earnest purpose & hustle of the army overseas he finds the laziness & shiftlessness of the "home front worker" beyond belief, says he feels ashamed to take the money.

News:- U.S. admiral Nimitz announces that Okinawa is in U.S. hands after a terrific struggle of 82 days, in which the

U.S. forces lost over 40,000 K.W.Y.M., & the Japs lost about 80,000 killed  
& 2,500 captured. Amongst the killed were U.S. general  
Simon Bolivar Buckner, shot by a Jap sniper a few days ago.  
Many of the U.S. casualties were in naval craft, damaged by  
suicidal Jap air attacks. In Germany, Hitler's former  
chauffeur has described (to British intelligence officers) the scene  
in the courtyard of the Chancellory, just before the Russian  
capture, when the bodies of Hitler & his sweetheart Eva Braun  
(they took poison) were crudely cremated with gasoline. The  
Russians insist that Hitler is still alive, probably in Spain.

Tonight at the movies Edith & I saw news-reels of the  
German supreme commander, Von Keitel, signing the capitulation  
at <sup>REIMS</sup> ~~Reims~~. He looked sour & testy. Also saw pictures of the  
bombing & the great fires on board the U.S. carrier "Franklin"  
in the Pacific last year. Terrific. A miracle of survival.

Halifax, despite pouring rain, gave a great welcome today to  
the 1st. Canadian Parachute Battalion, the first complete Canadian  
unit to return from overseas. The red-bereted troops marched  
through the streets with bands playing & people cheering. Two  
Milton men in this unit, Willard Minard, who won the M.M.,  
& a Judge boy.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22/45 Rain again. Tonight Edith & I were  
guests of the Kinemen Club (Maritimes) convention at

White Point, where I had been invited to speak at the annual banquet. A merry crowd, about 160 from other parts of N.S., N.B. & P.E.I., plus the entire Liverpool Kinsmen club, formed only last week. An open bar was running in the basement - apparently the Kinsmen had been able to wrangle a special license (& a special supply) from the N.S. Liquor Commission. Knowing conventions I chose a light subject - Nova Scotia humor - & got a hearing. Home at 11 pm.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23/45 Overcast, sultry, showers, a wind baffling from west to east, barometer low - typical hurricane weather such as one might expect in August & early Sept.

The long wet cold weather had hit the apple crop very hard. Valley orchardists estimate not more than  $\frac{1}{3}$  of last year's. Bill Slater blew in this afternoon, with a Lt-Commander Maurice Olivet, commanding a frigate refitting here, a handsome large-lidded, brown-torpedo-bearded, thirty-ish chap with an Oxford drawl. Bill invited me to have a cruise about Hfx. harbor in the admiral's barge next time I'm there. Herbert Slater (of Winnipeg) called up from Hfx, is there with his sister for a week; I invited them down if they can get away for a day or two.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY - Gloomy weather, always overcast, often pouring rain, winds baffling between N & SE. I hear the

Mersey Paper Co. has finished cutting the fine hemlock & spruce timber around Sixth Lake & boadie's Lake. This was one of the few remaining virgin stands in N.S. & the provincial govt asked M.P.C. to spare it. M.P.C. did - for a few years. Now it is all gone. Blame goes chiefly to R.L. Seaborne, M.P.C. woods manager, a Quebec man devoid of any principle or sentiment in business, although a pleasant fellow socially & a pillar of Trinity Church.

JUNE 28 - JULY 1

Spent these days at Eagle Lake with Brent Smith & Rev. J.W.A. Nicholson. The parson, much wearied mentally & physically after his political campaign, had written ~~us~~ reminding us of an old promise to show him some timber on the stump.

Glorious weather. We spent the whole time cruising the Eagle Lake, Long Lake, Indian Gardens area by foot and canoe.

Many serious discussions on the problems of peace in Canada - Brent & I pointing out fallacies in the C.C.F. program (while admitting the weaknesses & necessary reforms in the capital system) & the parson defending his notions passionately.

He is a born rebel & 200 years ago would have made a notable follower of Prince Charlie.

MONDAY, JULY 2/45.

Dominion Day, fine & hot, & the Region carrying out its usual program of sports, with booths

selling "hot dogs", candy, soft drinks, watermelon & other fruit; running wheels of fortune, Bingo, dart game, milk bottle game, rings-&-cans, etc. A big dance at the Yacht club in the evening. I was appointed treasurer, got home after midnight with \$3200, mostly in small currency, stuffed into my army haversack, 2 tin cash boxes & 2 shoe boxes.

TUESDAY, JULY 3/45. Fine & hot. The kids & I spent all day & evening sorting cash & rolling into coin wrappers. "Filthy lucre" - our hands turned black

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4/45. Fine & hot, a lovely westerly wind. Drove to Milton this afternoon with Edith & Aunt Marie, went up Moose Hill in quest of strawberries, which are scarce & in great demand. Got 2 boxes from old Bill Huey at 38¢ per box, the market price. (Before the war you could buy 2 boxes for 25¢.) Our kids spend most of their time bathing at Fort Point; today Tommy swam to the raft, anchored about 100 feet off-shore, his best yet. Francie swims, but only just.

News:- McArthur announces the Philippines clear of Japs. Australians making good progress in Borneo. Canadian troops riot & smashed up the shopping district of Aldershot, England, today, in protest against the slow arrangements for repatriation, pay grievances, as well as some resentment against Aldershot shopkeepers.



THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1945. Fine, hot. Spent all afternoon lugging a brief-case full of money about the town, paying bills in connection with the Dominion Day affair - the committee having decreed that all expenses be paid out of cash receipts. I disbursed about \$1200 today. One or two bills still to pay.

The campaign for funds for a Queens County hospital is now in full swing. The people of North Queens are raising money for a cottage hospital at Coaledonia. Lunenburg town is taking a plebiscite to determine whether its war memorial shall be a hospital or a community centre. I can't help thinking that one big hospital in a central place like Bridgewater would do more good than half a dozen of these small but expensive hospitals scattered about the countryside.

News:- general election in Britain - the first since 1935 - culminates in voting today. Owing to the heavy service vote scattered over the world, the election result will not be known fully for 2 to 3 weeks. The campaign was fast & furious, a straight struggle between Tories & Labor really. Mr. Churchill was shouted down in meetings in East London; & elsewhere in strong Labor constituencies; is opposed in his own constituency by a young soldier.

SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1945

Fine, hot, strong W. breeze. The strawberry crop was a failure in '43 & '44; this year it is fair & there is a terrific demand for the inadequate crop. Edgar Mack phoned late last night saying he could let me have half a crate (16 boxes) @ 35¢ per box, so I drove to Mill Village this afternoon & got them. Let the Freemans in Milton have 5 boxes, gave 1 to Evelyn White. Edith & I hulled the rest on the back lawn before tea, so she could make preserves tonight - the berries were picked yesterday morning & were ~~deteriorating~~ deteriorating fast. Tea on the lawn - Aunt Marie joined us - & we sat through the long twilight enjoying the breeze & the quiet. Tommy off to Port Joli for the day with the Katchfords.

MONDAY, JULY 9/45

Fine & hot. Paid off the \$100 I borrowed from Royal Bank to finance me through the spring & early summer. Kaddy phoned, wanted \$335 for his (unfinished) contract of last year. I disputed his figure; he agreed on \$235 in Feb. 1944, & the extra work I had done should not amount to more than \$50. He rang off in a huff. Made the final (I hope!) disbursement of the Region's Dominion Day bills, & deposited the rest. Gross receipts were \$3349.62, disbursements \$1560.32, net profit \$1789.30, a very nice sum for the Region funds. Much work typing vouchers & getting them

signed on payment. News:- lull before storm in the Pacific, though the Australians are fighting briskly in Borneo, & U.S. airmen have bombed Japan for 34 consecutive days.

All Canadian troops have been removed from Aldershot, England, after two days of riots in which the shopping district was smashed à la Halifax. The rioters were aggrieved over pay, & delays in shipping them back to Canada. Some bitter comment on Canadian behaviour, in several English papers, although (as at Halifax) the trouble was caused by a small minority of service men.

A partial eclipse of the sun began this morning about 8:15 & ended about 10:30. We smoked bits of glass over a candle & had a fine view of it; the sun appeared to have a large "bite" out of its top, & the "bite" slowly shifted to its left side & then vanished.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/45 Thick fog & occasional showers. To Carter's Beach with my family this afternoon for a visit with Jack & Shirley Chaplin at the red cottage. They are excellent hosts & we had a great time. Shirley performed miracles over an oil stove & served a marvellous dinner, preceded by Jack's cocktails & followed by a most excellent liqueur. Our kids had fun with the Chaplin's small daughter Jill, & it was 11 p.m. before any of us looked at a watch or in any way realized the time.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1945.

Fine, with a good NW breeze. Walked to Milton & back. Legion meeting tonight. Arrangements re provincial convention at White Point in Sep. I am in charge of Information, also a delegate from Queens Branch, also toastmaster at the banquet. Also I am appointed one of 3 trustees to administer the War Memorial fund.

THURSDAY, JULY 12/45.

Fine. Borrowed a chart of the Bahamas, Cuba, St. Domingo, Jamaica, from Capt. W. C. Manning. He & I took a flashlight & explored the attic of the house he occupies on Main St. (opp. Elmwood), which belongs to Mrs. Helen McCaffery, a daughter of famous Captain Sam Kempton of Liverpool & Milton. Mrs. McC. has all her furniture, linen, silverware, etc, locked up in the attic on Main St. although she has lived in Boston many years, & ceased her summer visits to Liverpool 25 or 30 years ago.

A heavy coat of black dust on everything, but I found what I sought - a lifesize bust, carved in wood, of Capt. Sam when he was a boy. This is the only surviving work of George Brouse, Milton figurehead carver who flourished 1850-1868. I am writing Mrs. McC. to ask her to present the bust to the Queens Historical Society.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1945. Fine. Very cool tonight - 45° Fahr. This evening Capt. Calder called with Dr. Nidder, director of the marine biology stations at St. Andrews. Nidder sees a great future for the fishery in the Maritimes, once proper refrigeration & quick transit has been established from boat to customer; but he predicts five years of slump following the artificial markets & high prices of the war period.

SUNDAY, JULY 15, 1945. Fog, with showers, yesterday & today. Much ado, getting Tommy ready for the Y.M.C.A. camp at Lake Fanning, 18 miles behind Yarmouth - "Camp Wapomeo". He leaves in the morning with the Ratchfords, who are taking their young John there. Edith is going along for the ride.

News: Churchill, Truman & Stalin are meeting in Berlin. U.S. fleet is bombarding ports on the Japanese coast, & U.S. aircraft are striking hard at Japanese cities almost daily. Returning Canadian troops are pouring into Hfx in a steady stream of transports. So far 15,000 British brides have arrived, & there are at least 40,000 more to come - a charming result of the Canadians' long stay in Britain, & one of the most remarkable phenomena of the war. All this is bringing to a head the chronic housing shortage everywhere in Canada, where half the rural population seems to have flocked into the cities during the war.

MONDAY, JULY 16/45. Tommy, with baggage, off at 8.30 a.m. for Yarmouth, with the Ratchfords. Edith went along for the ride. Francis spends the day with the Parkers. I set off at 9.30 for Hfx. Bill Wilson came with me as far as Bridgewater, where he left his yacht "Ripple" last week. Reached Hfx in good time for lunch, spent the afternoon downtown, shopping. Left my faithful L. C. Smith typewriter at the Soule's place on Granville St. for a thorough overhaul - estimated to cost £25. Met Harvey Crowell & Major Chas. Smith, lawyer, - Smith was one of my father's junior officers in the 8th Bn. in 1918.

TUESDAY, JULY 17/45. Archives all day. Stifling heat. After tea drove to Waverly with Mum, Nell, Hilda, Bobby & Carol for a breath of fresh air. Strange to see the Basin empty except for 2 tramp steamers & a dozen of the cargo barges built in Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18/45 Stifling heat. Archives all day. Invited to tea at Margaret 'Ellie'. Went home for a tub & change & started for Margaret's in my car at 6.35. A few yards from Mum's flat there was a terrific report & blast of air & for a split second I thought it was what I constantly expect - a blow-out of one of my old tires. But at once I knew it was too much of a bang for that, & out of my right <sup>eye</sup> corner I could see shop windows falling in fragments opposite my car. Guessed at once that an explosion had happened aboard a warship in the

Basin. Jumped out, looked north & saw a grey woolly cloud of smoke high in the sky to the north. Nothing followed. I looked around, saw no other windows broken, went on to Margaret's for tea. During tea, Don Ell's wife phoned saying the big ammunition magazine at Bedford Basin was on fire & the situation was serious. I left at once with Don, drove him to his home on Beech St, went on to Mum's flat. Found my sisters Nellie & Hilda just reviving Mum - who had fainted after the first explosion. By this time (7.15 or so) there was a steady woomp-woomp-woomp of explosives from the north, depth charges by the sound of it, with intervals of small-arms ammunition rattling like a kettle drum, & at intervals a quite heavy blast as if 4 or 5 depth charges had exploded together.

About 9 p.m. the radio advised all Hfx people living north of North St. to evacuate their homes, & a number of army trucks carried out much of the evacuation under a plan worked out during the war. A stream of motor & foot traffic poured down Lehigh Road past our flat, heading for the Arm Bridge. It was all so like our old experience of December 1917 that it seemed uncanny. We resolved to sit tight, so we sat in the open, on the porch & steps, watching the refugees pour past. Nell's kids very excited but the Radalls maintained their family calm. At dusk the flame & glare

became visible & all through the night it made a wonderful spectacle, a constantly changing flicker reaching high into the sky like a super-aurora borealis, with occasional fireworks as star-shells & rockets exploded. About 11 pm the stream of refugees on Chebucto Rd. had thinned to a trickle. Our immediate neighborhood deserted & the houses dark. About midnight the sound & glare died down somewhat so I undressed & went to bed. Began to write this diary entry sitting in pajamas. A few minutes after midnight there was a very heavy explosion; windows were all open & did not break but they rattled violently, blinds flew up of their own accord, glasses & crockery fell from shelves & smashed. Through the open window I could hear the smash of plate glass broken in shops & a service station a little way down the road. Got up & dressed, hastily, & moved Mum & her chair down to the front porch again. Noticed the little green job # in the angle of North Street & Chebucto Rd. full of men, women & children lying on the grass, some with blankets. Army jeeps & trucks tore up & down; an ambulance or two. Carl Conrad came along; he had locked & left his small "pre-fab" house in "Edgewood" as too dangerous, was in his working clothes, with his savings (all in Victory Bonds) tucked inside his shirt. I fetched some



ber from my car & Ray Blattenburg came in, & we sat in the kitchen smoking & talking & listening to the radio - an official navy statement had been promised but none came, only the warning to get out of houses north of North St., & a list of places where refugees could get shelter etc.

At intervals we went down to the street & watched the fireworks. The explosions continued steadily. About 3<sup>30</sup> A.M. things died down again; & again I told the girls & Mum to go to bed & went to bed myself. A few minutes before 4 A.M. the northern sky lit with a huge yellow flame that made the street as light as day. There was no time to warn the girls. A terrific blast shook the house & rocked it on its foundations with a series of shuddering bumps. Poor Mum collapsed again, & while the girls worked over her & the kids whimpered, I took watch at the window.

A few minutes after 4 saw another huge blaze in the sky, ran in beside Mum saying "steady, there's going to be another one." Again the house rocked & shuddered, a terrific bang; all lights in the city went out. We lit a candle or two. No use trying to sleep. I dressed for the second & last time. It was now showering rain & sitting outside was a chilly business so we stayed upstairs where things were comfortable. About 5:30 I fell asleep; woke at 7:30 - explosions still thumping

but daylight killed the glare of the magazine & there was nothing to see but a haze of smoke.

THURSDAY, JULY 19/45. 8 A.M. Radio still warning whole city to stand by for a big blast - the main storage of the magazine, said to be full of the new powerful "squid" depth charges. Heavy motor traffic outside drowns smaller sounds of explosions but there were fairly heavy thumps all morning. At noon the mayor was still warning (by radio) all people in north Hfs. to get out of their houses & remove themselves to the South End, so about 1:30 I packed all my people into the car & took them to Point Pleasant Park for the afternoon. I then called on Jim & Olga Martell & took them & their kids to the bus terminal on Dresden Row, to take bus to Hubbards, where Jim was spending his vacation when news of the fireworks brought him to the city in a hurry. He says that the St. Margaret's Bay Road was one long traffic jam for 10 miles, the cars & trucks of refugees moving along bumper to bumper. I spent the rest of the afternoon in the Archives but didn't get much real study done; after the sleepless night & in the enervating heat of the afternoon I found myself nodding dopyly. Andy Merkel told me by phone that the real danger at Bedford Magazine had been averted, so at 5 p.m. I drove to Point Pleasant, picked up my people & drove home. Occasional pops & bangs continued through tonight;

small & insignificant, & we slept well.

FRIDAY, JULY 20/45 This morning I got my faithful L. C. Smith typewriter from the Soule's Co. after a thorough overhaul - the bill was \$25.27. Most of the plate glass in the business district seems to have gone in the explosions - a lot of it had just been replaced after the V. E. day riots. Lunched at the Lord Nelson with Bill Wilson & his parents. Bill & Padmore had sailed up to Hfx. after I saw them in Bridgewater on Monday, & "Repple" sailed past the Bedford magazine just 30 minutes before the first blast - they were anchoring in Bedford Cove when it went off.

This afternoon I went to Robert Norwood for a formal photograph - Andy Merkel arranged it. Norwood is an odd young man, a nephew of the late N. S. preacher & poet of the same name. He works or not, as he pleases, apparently.

The heat was sweltering, & Norwood's strong electric lights made it many degrees hotter. Went on to the Legislature Library, where pleasant old Miss Donohue let me carry off 2 volumes of Edwards' "History of the West Indies" for study at home. Tonight at Andy Merkel's all evening. Bill & Slater came in with the official navy photos of the Bedford magazine area, taken today. Bill was on the spot a few minutes after the first bang, & spent Wednesday in

Bedford Basin in charge of the admiral's barge "Moby Dick", observing the whole show. He had some hair-raising tales.

SATURDAY, JULY 21/45

Hot again. Ran into the Archives this morning to say Goodbye to Margaret, & Doc. Harvey.

Then on to the C.B.C. studios on Sackville St. where I recorded 2 15-minute talks for the trans-Canada network. I am to do a "live" one tomorrow.

I was asked if I would make a special talk <sup>ABOUT THE EXPLOSION</sup> to Britain per short wave, to be re-broadcast over the BBC tonight.

I agreed, went home & hammered out a 5-minute script. Came back to the studios at 7 pm. & after one bad "fluff" made a good recording over the wire to Montreal, where the program was being assembled.

Sister Hilda came & watched. Evening at Merkel's talking with him & Sully & 2 charming WAB's from Toronto. Drove them to their quarters afterwards.

Andy ran some films including that of our little ceremony at Joe Howe's grave last March. And we played some of his Rachel Lindsay records, & he read aloud some of Ken Leslie's verses. Home at 1 a.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 22/45

Fine & hot again. Went to C.B.C. studios at 12.30 to time my script for today's broadcast make voice tests, levelling tests. At 1.15 I gave my tale

"alive" over the trans-Canada network & it went very well.

This afternoon drove Mum, Nell & her kids (Hilda left at 6 a.m. to fly to Maine for a holiday) along the Bedford Basin for a look at the magazine across the water. About 1/3 of the buildings have vanished on the end nearest Hfx & the hillside is a brown desert. Bush fires still smouldering on the ridge behind. Then around the Dingle, where the kids & I climbed the tower & admired the view. The park was littered with service men & raucous girls in shorts, sprawling under the trees. The tablets in the tower all scrawled over with pencil & crayon names & initials. Many small yachts & canoes & skiffs on the Arm, but the only motorboats were the ferry craft.

MONDAY, JULY 23/45. Left for home after lunch. Had hoped to persuade Mother to return to L'pool with me, but she wanted simply peace & quiet after a fortnight of Nellie's wild & noisy youngsters. So I carried off Nell & her dolls to L'pool. Fine day, lovely drive, wonderful to breathe fresh air again. Home about 4:30; we stopped & shopped for vegetables in Bridgewater. No potatoes to be had anywhere in N.S., & few other vegetables.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25/45. Fine, hot; fog at night. At Hfx the ruins of the Burnside magazines are still smouldering, & bush

fires burning on the hills behind, where the soil is littered with live shells etc. scattered by the explosions. Investigation of the affair is under way & Ottawa promises to make the findings public. Compensation for damage to property is possible only through War Risks Insurance, which sets the minimum claim at \$50. Much protest against this by hundreds of citizens who lost windows of a total value less than \$50.

War:- U.S. fleet is ranging up & down the coast of Japan, bombarding the ports at will, while hundred of planes bomb Jap cities & industries. Australians have taken the island of Choiseul in the Solomons.

THURSDAY, JULY 26/45 Fine. Spent the afternoon & part of the evening with the Johnsons at the Summerville cottage they have rented. At tea-time a slam-bang thunderstorm put the lights out.

During the afternoon we dug a bucket of clams on the flat & had some steamed for supper. Esther Welford & Vivien Fowler there.

News:- The results of the British general election, now that all the soldiers' votes are in from all parts of the world, were announced today. Labour has won a smashing victory, with 390 seats against Conservatives' 195, Liberal 11, Liberal National 14, & a handful of communists & other independents. Churchill won his own seat, but a comparatively unknown opponent, backed by no party, got 11,000 votes nevertheless. It had been expected

that the Tory party might have a slim majority or a slim defeat, & the world is astonished. I think the British voter remembered bitterly that it was the blind Tory policy of Baldwin & Chamberlain which left Britain almost defenceless in 1938, & Churchill's success as a warrior could not alter that cardinal sin.

Clement Attlee will be the new prime minister & he has announced that his government will proceed to make Britain "a socialist commonwealth" as quickly as possible. On actual votes the Labour party did not get a clean sweep by any means — roughly 11 million votes against 8 million for the Conservatives.

At Ottawa Mr. Illey has announced that all damage from the Hfx. explosions will be paid by the Dominion govt., regardless of the War Risks Insurance Act. Halifax ratepayers & labor unions are holding meetings & demanding that the Burnside arsenal be dismantled & all explosives removed from the city area now & forever.

FRIAY, JULY 27/45 Fine, overcast. Nellie & her two youngsters left for Hfx & Cape Breton today by train. Bill Wilson in tonight. He leaves tomorrow with his parents to spend a month in New England. They wanted me to go along but I couldn't make it. Troopship Duchess of Bedford arrived Hfx. today with returning veterans — 1,000 of them from the Maritimes, the largest group of Bluesoes yet returned.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1945

A hot sun, a cool sea breeze, & a grand walk around Western Head, where I found the fishermen & their women busy haying. Norwood's proofs came today, reminding me once more that I am certainly no beauty. The C.B.C. sent a copy of the photo Sidman took of me in the act of broadcasting; it is a far better & more natural picture than any of those posed by the highly touted Norwood. News:- a demand for unconditional surrender has been sent to Japan by radio, signed by the U.S. & Britain, & pointing out that the great assault on Japan is about to begin. Today the Jap premier in a speech ~~directed~~ obliquely in reply, refused to consider surrender on any terms.

Allied aircraft have been hunting out & sinking the last remnants of the Jap navy, practically unopposed by Jap airmen.

A bizarre accident in New York today when a big army bomber, flying over the city in dense fog, smashed into the huge Empire State Building at about the 80th floor & set it & several floors above flaming in a flood of gasoline. 14 dead, 20 injured.

MONDAY, JULY 30/45

A pour of rain all yesterday. Fine & hot today. At 1 p.m. Tommy & his Liverpool chums arrived by train from Yarmouth, where they had spent 2 weeks in the Y.M.C.A. camp for boys at Lake Lanning. They rode home in state, in the parlor car, & had a merry time all the way, hopping off at each station & nearly



missing the train several times. John More, mayor of Liverpool for several years, died yesterday, was buried today. He was a grandson of the Queens County historian. A good citizen & a devoted public servant who combined humor with a fund of plain horse sense. Brent Smith brought us a basket of green peas & 2 heads of cauliflower this evening - produce of his own garden.

News: - Mr. Churchill has declined the Knighthood of the Garter, offered him by King George in recognition of his great services to the country. This is taken as a sign that he intends to stay in the rough & tumble of politics.

Pierre Laval, the arch-traitor of France, left Spain today by order of the Spanish govt in the same plane in which he fled there after the German collapse; it is a German bomber, piloted by 2 Luftwaffe officers. The trial of Petain is still going on, a rather dreary farce because the old traitor has relapsed into a sort of coma of senility, indifferent to the whole business.

TUESDAY, JULY 31/45 Lovely day. This afternoon we drove to Port Medway & picked 6 or 7 quarts of blueberries on the little patch of barren behind the crossroads cemetery. A picnic tea on the shore in front of Tom Reinhardt's house, the kids paddled & dug clams. Tonight I gave Parker, for the new hospital fund, a cheque for \$50.00. News: - hints of an important development in the Big Three conference at Potsdam, where Mr. Attlee has replaced Churchill as spokesman for Britain.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1, 1945. Fine & hot. Walked to Milton this afternoon, stopping as usual for a yarn with Archie McKnight in the blacksmith's shop. News: - Laval & his German plane crew turned up at Linz, Austria, & surrendered to U.S. troops there. Total Canadian casualties in this war to June 30, for all services, are 103,409. Of these 38,700 are dead & 2365 missing.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3/45. Spent evening at White Point Beach with Andy & Jully Merkel, who are staying there overnight. Harvey Crowell & wife there & we had a long chat.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4/45. Andy & Jully turned up at our house this morning proposing a trip to Shelburne. Andy busy with book-sellers all over the province re his forthcoming book, a ballad of the U.S. civil war entitled "Jallahassee". Our kids came along & we all had lunch at Tuna Inn, Hunt's Point. After last night's heavy thunder-storm the ground was wet & a thick fog everywhere, but about 2 pm the sun came out hot. Spent about an hour in Shelburne, which is very busy with its naval population of 3,000 & many naval wives & babies. The question there as in L'pool is "How long is it going to last?"

On the way back we stopped at Carter's Beach for a bathe, the water cold but delicious after the hot ride. Tea on the lawn at our house. Bill Slater dropped in to say how-do, & the Merkels left at 8 p.m. for Lunenburg & Halifax.

SUNDAY, AUG 5/45

Fine, with a strong NW breeze. Today at 1:15 p.m. over the C.B.C. I heard myself giving the third & last of my tales of western N.S. — "Jim Charles & his gold mine". To Milton the afternoon; the kids bathed in the creek I walked up the road & had a yarn with Wallace Hartten. News: — 12,000 returning troops are expected at Hfx. next week by the "Ile de France" & other famous troopships. In Hfx. itself the reduction of the naval and army establishment is beginning to make itself felt — advertisements have actually appeared in the Hfx. papers offering houses or flats to rent, a phenomenon after 5 years of chronic housing shortage. Hfx. Chronicle estimates 18 to 20 service or ex-service families leaving the city every day.

MONDAY, AUG. 6/45

Francie's birthday & the usual party — 10 or 15 little girls, all scrubbed & filled, shrieking & gamboling about the house & lawn & having a very fine time. News: — A super-bomb was dropped on Japan today, & there were simultaneous announcements from Washington & London, declaring that Anglo-Canadian-American scientists have discovered how to split the atom, releasing terrific energies, & these energies have been incorporated in the new "atomic" bomb. It weighs 4.00 lbs. & has the explosive power of 20,000 tons of T.N.T.

This staggers the imagination. Mr. Churchill in a statement to the press revealed that the Germans had been working on the same sort of bomb but fortunately had been unable to perfect it.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8, 1945

For several war years, on the gasoline-shortage plea, I have refused invitations to address the Cape Sable Historical Society, so when the gas ration was increased this spring I agreed to address their August meeting. Drove to Barrington this afternoon, arrived early, so went down the harbour shore to the Sand Hills, to explore the stone piles there. Old Leander D'Entremont always maintained these were the remains of Fort La Tour. But I could find <sup>not</sup> anything to support his theory. A lovely spot though & a grand sand beach running out in shoal water nearly half a mile.

At 6 I repaired to the MacMullen House at Barrington & there found a reception committee of C.S.H.S. - Miss Belle Hopkins, a cheerful fresh-checked white-haired spinster; Mr. Frank Doane, 82, a wizened but very active man who looked no more than 50 (not a grey hair); & Mr. Benjamin Doane, 83, dean of the New York Bar, a native of Barrington, a short sturdy man with white hair & glowing brown eyes & a short white goatee. Also an old school-fellow of mine, Charles De Wolfe, who is manager of the bank at Barrington Passage.

We all had dinner together & went on to the old Meeting House, built in 1765, a gem perfectly preserved, with a gallery, & box pews, a high pulpit, the ceiling corners braced with big timber knees, like a ship. There was a good crowd for a small village. Mr. Benjamin Doane was chairman. He is a Quaker, a fine old man, & the meeting opened with a prayer - I had an uncanny feeling that we

were all back in '65, & I liked it. Mr. Soane introduced me - he had read my work for years & knew all my old Blackwood tales - & I spoke for an hour on the Micmac Indians, past & present, particularly those of western N.S. & their kitchen-middens & other remains. Afterwards many people came up & were introduced, nearly all of them with a bit of information about Micmac remains in the vicinity. Then Charlie De Wolfe carried me off to his home & brought out whiskey & an old class photograph of 1917 taken at Chelucto School & we had a fine time going over half-forgotten names & faces. Back to the MacMullen House after midnight - an old-fashioned country inn, a big bedroom, everything spotless, the food excellent.

THURSDAY, AUG. 9/45. Wakened at 8 a.m. to the hum of a cream separator somewhere below - the MacMullens keep their own milk supply on the hoof & at each meal there is a big pitcher of heavy cream, & home-made butter. After breakfast I drove to Port La Tour, taking along Frank & Benjamin Doane, & we went to the site of old Fort La Tour, (marked with a cairn & plate by the Historic Sites & Monuments Board). The old gentlemen were full of the history of the place & it was a most interesting morning. Back to the MacMullen House for lunch & then I left for home, stopping at Benj. Soane's summer home, (an old-fashioned farmhouse with fine antiques gathered all over New England & Old England - Hogarth prints on the walls, etc) to say goodbye to his wife

a tall elderly

New Yorker with an energetic mind & voice; & thence to Liverpool.

NEWS:- Russia has declared war on Japan & invaded Manchuria. It was a foregone conclusion that Russia would grab her old possession when the Japs began to totter; nevertheless we are all glad to see her fighting in the East, for it brings the end of the war that much nearer. And today the second of our terrible new atomic bombs was dropped on Japan - this one on Nagasaki, the big naval base. 3 hours later our scout planes reported the air to a height of 20,000 feet still filled with smoke & dust. Tonight at 11 p.m. President Truman in a broadcast address recounted the negotiations which led to Russia's declaration of war on Japan, told something of the atomic bomb, said the secret of its manufacture was held only by the U.S., Canada & Great Britain - who intended to keep it "until means had been found to control it." He made a last appeal to the Japanese people to surrender before they are destroyed.

FRI. AUG. 10/45 At 9 a.m. our radio announced, "A few minutes ago the Japanese official radio, addressing itself to the neutral governments of Sweden & Switzerland, declared itself ready to accept any terms of peace which did not remove the authority of the Emperor." Since this is a conditional offer of surrender, London & Washington kept silent, but all day there was a delirious celebration amongst the populace of London. The U.S. remained calm. Here in

Liverpool there was no excitement at all. Russian troops are rushing through Manchuria, apparently without Jap resistance, & some Russians have entered Korea. The U.S. 3rd Fleet lies off the coast of Japan but it was said by radio tonight to have suspended hostilities pending a decision from Washington.

Lord Mountbatten says that his Burma army killed over 10,000 Japs at a cost of only 73 casualties in a battle on the Sittang River last week; British troops had out-manoeuvred the Japs, who made one of their famous suicidal frontal attacks in the hope of breaking through. Mountbatten says, "Just a rabbit-shoot."

This lack of intelligent leadership & the passion for death however fruitless have become more & more the outstanding characteristics of the Jap army. It is more difficult than ever to understand how they took Singapore & a British army of 90,000 in 1942.

SATURDAY, AUG. 11/45 A burning hot day. At noon the radio announced that the U.S. gov't., speaking for all the Allies, had sent the Jap gov't a ~~4~~ reply to their conditional offer of surrender. The Allies will accept the offer only if the Jap emperor's authority is made subject to the Allied military commander in the Pacific theatre of war. This afternoon we drove to Western Head, taking young Evelyn White along. The kids bathed in the lagoon while I went on to the fog-alarm station for a yarn with the keeper, Carl Hatt. Picked up my family at 4:30 & we drove around to

Scotts Beach & had a picnic tea. Home at 8 p.m., when the temp. in my study was still 85°. 10.30 p.m., per radio, Chungking reports Tokio radio has announced that all Jap military operations have ceased. Chungking reports are notoriously unreliable. Late word from the allied fleet in the Pacific is that all our ships & aircraft have been ordered to go on with operations until a definite "cease fire" order is given by Washington. Midnight:- nothing yet.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12/45. All morning our radio announced grimly at intervals, "The war is still on. No reply has been received to the surrender terms offered Japan through the Swiss government yesterday." A burning hot day. This afternoon with the Parkers, the Sid Passmores & assorted kids & picnic gear, we went to the little cove at Port Joli. The water was just right & I enjoyed what was for me the best swimming in years. After tea Sid dug a lot of clams & about 8 pm. we boiled them in sea water over a fire on the beach. Thunder boomed in the west all afternoon, & towards 5 pm. a cloud over the sun produced bright rays that made us all remark together "Look! There's the Japanese emblem" — and it was setting, an omen of the truth. It was dark when we left the beach, with a crescent moon overhead, the air soft & warm & barely stinging. On the drive home a bee



crawled up my trouser leg & stung me on the knee, giving me some lively moments. Home at 10:15 & turned on the radio at once. At 10:30 it declared in an excited American voice, "Flash! President Truman has just announced that Japan has accepted the Allies' peace terms!" Immediately following this, Prime Minister King spoke for a few minutes, evidently a prepared speech, setting next Sunday as a Canadian day of thanksgiving & pointing out that the war had come full cycle, for it was Japan's aggression in Manchuria in 1931 which started the whole business. A few minutes later, a Canadian voice announced that the peace report was false. At 11 p.m. the regular Canadian radio news affirmed that a false news flash had been sent all over the world. The Allied fleet & air arm has been busy with the war all day, & amongst other places Tokio was bombed, apparently with ordinary explosives. The Russians report stiff fighting in some places in Manchuria, but their swift advance shows that ~~no~~ no large Jap force has yet been encountered. Russian marines, landing from warships of the Vladivostok fleet, have seized 2 or 3 ports on the east coast of Korea. Australian cities have been celebrating the "end" of the war for 2 days, & in Melbourne shops were wrecked & looted in the Halifax fashion.

Monday, Aug 13, 1945

Another hot day, & another day of utter bewilderment. Are we at war with Japan or are we not?

Japanese radio is silent on the peace proposal, but sends out the usual bulletins on the fighting in Manchuria & the activities of our fleet & airmen. One Jap announcer stated in the course of a news commentary that he had visited Hiroshima, the scene of the second atomic bomb explosion, & found that the Allies had greatly exaggerated its effects. At half hour intervals all through the day & evening our radio made a short "news" announcement which began "There is still no word of a Japanese reply . . . . ."

Tuesday, Aug. 14/45

At 9 a.m. our radio said, "The Japanese reply to the Allied peace terms was received 6 hours ago at Bern, Switzerland". Sense waiting all day, finally at 8 P.M. in simultaneous announcements by President Truman & Prime Minister Attlee, it was announced that Japan had surrendered unconditionally. At once the whistles at Thompson's & the paper mill began to blow V's in morse code, then the fire & air raid sirens began, & cars driving about the streets blowing horns. Kids (including ours) paraded up & down banging pot lids & waving flags. It was just dusk, with a cloudless sky & a moon in the first quarter overhead. At 9:30 we took the kids down town to see the fun - Main Street jammed with people, the

high school band in burlesque costume tooting bravely up & down (Murray, the school principal, at their head in an old-fashioned flannel nightshirt); & lined up before the liquor store the two town policemen, two Mounties & a dozen of the town firemen in uniform, with a hopeful crowd all about them hoping to see some excitement if & when the navy repeated its V-E Day performance. A loud-speaker was set up between the Merssey hotel & Elmwood, playing music for a street dance. The town electricians had been busy all afternoon, hanging strings of lights along the main business block. A lovely warm night with a light breeze from the west. The radio pealed forth the anthems of all the Allies again & again, & a succession of ambassadors & consuls spoke for their various countries their happiness in complete victory. A Jap broadcast was picked up, saying that the grounds in front of the imperial palace in Tokio were jammed with people, bowed to the ground, weeping & chanting "We are ashamed, Highness, that our efforts were not enough."

At 11 Edith & I went over to Longley Veinot's house, where gathered the Sunlaps, Parkers, the Burke Douglas's, the "Rah" Murrays, a navy lieutenant named Jim Carlyle & his wife, & a pair of Waddingtons who turned out to be "Waddy" Waddington, headmaster of Kings Collegiate School, & his bride, a pretty

girl who got very hilarious as the night wore on. We all sang songs — the navy man entertained us with many we hadn't heard before — & the party didn't break up till 4 a.m. As we came home I drove my car past Town Hall. There had been a riot in spite of all precautions; the plate glass windows of the liquor store completely smashed & already boarded up, with a few firemen still "on guard"; the windows of Mulhall's (mens-wear) store & Seldon's (drug) store also destroyed, the street littered with glass. Not a soul in sight except the guards at the liquor store.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15/45 Up at 8:30. Today is a holiday by proclamation from Ottawa. In Britain, the U.S., Australia, a two-day holiday has been proclaimed, & there is some grumbling here. ~~The~~ No liquor or other goods were looted in R'pool last night; the mob, composed chiefly of low class civilians & ship repair workers, were held off by the police & firemen who played a hose on them, & the shop windows were broken by a shower of flying stones. Finally at 1 a.m. Mayor Wright proclaimed an order to clear the street, promising that the liquor store would be open at 9 a.m. and that the entire contents would be sold to possessors of liquor "permits," whether the "permits" ~~was~~ were stamped up to date or not. The crowd then dispersed. At 9 a.m. the store opened its door (the smashed windows were boarded up) & all day long a queue of sailors & civilians stretched along the sidewalk for a block.

Every man you met seemed to be carrying a bottle of spirits or a case of beer. A party of naval ratings & petty officers held a drunken spree in the "School Woods" behind my house (a favorite resort of naval men for this sort of thing during the war) & yelled & fought & cursed & sang all afternoon.

Otherwise there was no disorder but a straggle of tipsy sailors & shipyard workers along the streets & docks. According to the radio, Hfx had an orderly celebration of the holiday - "V-J Day", helped by the presence of a strong force of police & service men with "billies" & steel helmets. Montreal & Toronto had a little trouble with window-smashers, a bit more in Vancouver & Victoria, while in Sudbury Ont. there was an orgy of smashing & looting. Undoubtedly the long pent-up irritation over liquor rations & shortage of goods generally has a lot to do with this instinct for shop smashing, although it seems confined to Canadians & Australians.

A sultry day with a warm moist SW wind, overcast, & raining at evening. Free food & coffee for service men have been provided all day & evening by the I.O.D.E. ladies in a pool at the services club in Town Hall & at the Elmwood.

The sudden holiday caught all the housewives short of food, particularly bread, with all stores shut. (Cathy baked bread today for the first time in years.)

WHITE

At 5 p.m. we heard King George speak a message to the Empire, thanking all men & women for their efforts in the war, & warning them that no less effort will be required to repair the world. He spoke clearly & steadily, with little trace of his old impediment.

It is difficult to realise that the war is ended, but one thing made it clear today — ~~the~~ rationing of gasoline & fuel oil in the U.S. & Canada is ended. Hurrah!

News: — General MacArthur will receive the surrender of the Japanese envoys on Friday at Manila, to which place they are flying in a specially marked plane via Okinawa.

Tokio's cease-fire order is slow in reaching the Jap forces; the U.S. fleet shot down 16 suicide planes which attacked the ships today; & from Burma, Mountbatten reports stiff patrol fighting in the hills. A Washington report states that huge war contracts have been cancelled, & that 5 to 7 million people will be unemployed for several months at least. It adds that the U.S. will discharge 7 million men from its armed forces within the next 12 months.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16/45 My entry of yesterday was written too early in the evening — there were disorders in town, this time by drunken navy men. Several shops & both Chinese restaurants had their windows smashed late last night. The shore patrol (navy) did its best but it was not good enough. Only one arrest

was made, & that by a town policeman. The culprit proved to be a navy rating in civilian shirt & slacks - a costume adopted by many of them for shoregoing since V-E day. This may explain the strangely small proportion of uniforms in the riotous crowd on Tuesday night.

Today Main Street is littered with broken glass - windows & bottle - & other debris, & the general sentiment of the townfolk is that the navy and the ship-repair workers (at least 700 of the ship-repair men are from "outside", many from Quebec & other distant places) have out-stayed their welcome in Liverpool. There has been a steady deterioration of naval shore discipline, very noticeable since 1943, & a corresponding looseness of morals in the men, which in turn has had a degrading effect on the women of the poorer class. The sooner the navy folds up here, the better for all except the money-changers.

I am told that the riot on Tuesday night was deliberately organised. Attempts were made to cut the light wires in the shopping district, & the curling rink was set afire, with the object of drawing away the firemen guarding the liquor store. About \$2,000 damage was done to the rink; but the results might have been serious indeed, for the rink is a great wooden barn immediately behind the old Congregational church & close to the wooden business block in the corner of Gorham St. & Main, with several families living over the stores. The rink contained a

large quantity of Reserve Army equipment, including ammunition & demolition charges. Several men were hurt; a man named Guy Zwicker was struck in the eye by a rock, & doctors had to remove the eye; a girl had her scalp badly cut by a stone, a young fellow named Dagley had his arm gashed by falling on broken glass. One particularly unfortunate incident: Dagley's brother Maurice, a soldier just back from Europe, for some reason approached the guard outside the liquor store after the crowd had been warned to stand back, & was roughly handled by Bob White, our rough & tough policeman. Maurice was in my Reserve company of the West N.S. Regt before he went to the Active Force, always a sober & well-behaved lad.

Today was fine & hot, & by command of the local SNO, Lt-Commander Hope, all the crews of the 7 or 8 corvettes & frigates in port were taken to Port Joli in trucks for a mass picnic, presumably to keep them out of mischief. They came back singing lustily at dark.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17/45

Hot. A letter from Murray Chipman a day or so ago invited me to dinner today - he & Mrs. Chipman have taken a summer home at Chester for a couple of weeks, & Napier Moore editor of Maclean's Mag. is their guest. I drove up this afternoon & had an interesting afternoon & evening. A whimsical lot including the Chipmans' married daughter, a tall blonde with a sardonic wit



whom I liked particularly. My first meeting with Moore, who bought my first short story in 1928 & whose subsequent rejection of "Sit for Sat" sent me abroad for a market (to Blackwood, in fact) & gave me a low opinion of Moore's editorial ability. (He wrote me a letter telling me all the things wrong with "Sit for Sat"; & several years later was very glad to buy the second rights in the story, (comma for comma the same) at twice what he might have had it for in the first place.) He is a short & rather pudgy man with clouded grey eyes & a red potato of a nose; good company, loves to spin a funny yarn & does it well, & at a pinch can cut off his thumb & produce a 5-cent piece from his nose - stunts which fascinated the kids. I helped him moor the shipman's little sailing dinghy "Berengaria" & paddled him ashore in a very tippy & leaky red canoe. We all went over to the summer home of some people named Ritchie, for drinks before dinner. A swarm there drinking cocktails on the wide piazza, sunburned women in white, men in yachting blazers, regimental blazers. Back to "Driftwood" for dinner, deftly served by a neat little maid; Moore carved; a Mrs. Balders of Hfx dined with us. Sat opposite a fire in the huge fireplace all evening - the evening air was chilly - people drifting in & out, grouping about the fire, lively conversation, mostly nonsense. A Mr. & Mrs. Hallett of Hfx, who told me they had read all my stuff since the early Blackwood days. Left at 11 pm.

At Mahone 3 young Wrens thumbed a ride as far as Bridgewater.

At Brooklyn I picked up young Maurice Macleod, who lost an arm in Italy & now works at the Mersey mill; drove him to his home in Whynot Town; he has an artificial arm but "can't get used to it" in fact hates it & won't use it. Home some time after 1.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18/45

Fine. The Kellock Commission's report on the Hfx. riots last spring has been made public. It finds the R.C.N. chiefly responsible, & places the chief blame on Admiral Murray for his indecision & weakness. His refusal to make a personal appearance in the streets until he had the support of a strong squad of army police was especially condemned.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19/45

Fine. The Freemans have taken a cottage at Summerville for a fortnight & this morning I took them out bag & baggage in my car. Francie is staying with them. I brought Grandma Freeman to town - she is staying with us while the others are at the beach - & this afternoon we went out & had tea with them. One of the war's phenomena has been the number of new seaside bungalows springing up at Hunt's Point & Summerville, despite the terrific cost of labor & materials. Even the simplest shack must have cost \$400 to \$500, & the average was nearer \$1,000. Explanation is that many people have been dodging income tax; they are afraid to deposit their savings

in the banks because there is a general belief that bank officials report any suspicious incomes to the gov't; so they hoarded their cash at home from 1942 on. This accumulation of currency worried them, partly because of the danger of fire or theft; but chiefly because a rumor went the rounds from time to time declaring that gov't. one day would announce cancellation of all paper money - substituting a new issue, to be obtained at banks on a dollar-for-dollar basis by turning in old currency. This haunted, & still haunts the tax-dodger. There has been a pronounced tendency amongst these people to turn the cash into real estate; houses & land have been bought for cash, right & left. Pentz, the plumbing contractor, who runs a prosperous hardware store & owns much real estate, has invested at least \$20,000 at Hunt's Point alone - bungalows, small, but fitted with hot & cold water & modern plumbing - easily rented at \$70 to \$100 per month from May 1 to ~~the~~ Sep. 30. All these were built by Pentz during 1944, when the war was at its height. Croft, a taxi driver, has built 4 or 5 cabins also at Hunt's Point - taxi-drivers have made small fortunes since 1939 - & so it goes.

News: - the Jap surrender envoys arrived in Manila by plane today. The Jap army in Manchuria, the famous "Kwantung" Army which bred so many hell-fire militarists

before 1941, is already in process of surrender to the Russians.

U.S. planes have parachuted supplies & medical men into several prisoner-of-war camps in Manchuria where British & U.S. service men were held. Amongst others they found Gen. Jonathan Wainwright, hero of Corregidor, alive & well.

All the U.S. "lend-lease" arrangements with allied countries have come to an end with the war; & within the U.S. a ruthless cancellation of war contracts is in full swing, with millions out of work. In Canada, Mr. Howe says that of 900,000 workers engaged in war production at its peak in 1943, only 260,000 are so engaged today, but the lay-offs began in 1944 & the country's chronic labor shortage has absorbed these ex-war-workers quite easily so far.

Today's Thanksgiving services for the peace were held in churches throughout Canada. In Liverpool the war veterans paraded, ~~to church~~ led by the cadet band, & followed by 300 navy men & the fire brigade, to a drum head service in Fort Park.

MONDAY, AUG. 20/45 Blazing hot. News:- the Jap envoys have left Manila for Tokio, with complete instructions for the surrender. Gen. MacArthur says a powerful allied army shortly will land in Japan, prepared for battle. In Manchuria 100,000 Jap troops have surrendered, & the Russians are in Harbin & Mukden. The Jap armies in China have refused to surrender to what they

call "undisciplined Chinese troops" & want the British & U.S. forces to send a strong commission to accept their surrender & see that their men are treated according to the laws of war. Face-saving, of course. In Burma the Japs are still fighting a stiff rearguard action as they slowly retreat into Siam, & the Jap commander at Singapore has broadcast a defiant message daring "the enemy" to land. In the British commons today, foreign secretary Ernest Bevin stated amongst other things that in Rumania, Bulgaria & Hungary the Russians had "substituted one form of totalitarianism for another" but that Britain must from now on accept many things she did not like. He also announced a hands-off policy towards Spain, contradicting his party's wild-eyed Professor Laski, who said a day or two ago that "we" would now settle accounts with Franco.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22/45 Hot. This afternoon I took Edith & her mother for a drive to Caledonia. Road very dusty, & rough in spots. Went via Hebernia, & called on the black Murrays. Caledonia seems quietly prosperous. Clark said that 50 or 60 men from the northern district have arrived home from the war. I drove to the Harmony power development, 2 or 3 miles out of Caledonia on the Medway river - a sorry-looking stream at this point & at this time. It is where A. W. Broughton's old pulp mill

used to be; I noticed several old wooden dwellings rotting amongst the trees. McGowan's Lake, where the dam is, lovely in a setting of low hardwood hills. We sat by the water & enjoyed the breeze till supper-time, when I drove back to Caledonia & the Alton House. The hotel has suffered a change since I saw it last, everything down-at-heel, dirty towels in a bathroom full of broken & patched fixtures; filthy tablecloths. But it's the only place of public refreshment in the district so we had supper there, a poor meal of cold lamb & potatoes, stewed rhubarb & coffee like dishwater. A pen & ink sign on the doorpost said "The Wartime Prices & Trade Board permits us to charge 65 cents for a single meal to transients" - a shabby apology for highway robbery. Stopped for a look at Ten Mile Lake on the way home - lovely.

For the past year Howard Bendeliet has been watching in Hfs for a well-bound set of Thackeray's works for me. Today it came - 30 volumes in half leather, put out by the "Society of English & French Literature", in a limited edition of 1,000 copies, in 1905. In good condition. The price to me \$45<sup>00</sup>

THURSDAY, AUG. 23/45 Hot. I started my new novel three days ago. Title, "Lia", for the time being. This noon for the first time in 1945 we had corn on the cob, one of my favorite foods. Carl Freeman & daughter Isla, of Bridgetown, & Em. Freeman & Mrs. "Doc. A."

Archibald of Milton, called to see us in the afternoon. Freeman says the fruit crop in the Valley is almost a complete failure, due to the early warm weather which brought the blossoms out before their time, & the severe frosts that followed.

About 3 pm. we drove out to Summerville & I had a plunge in the mouth of Broad River - the water bitter cold & no pleasure. Tea with the Freemans at their cottage, home at 8.30; a wonderful sunset.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24/45 Dull & cool, pleasant after the long heat. I enjoyed a walk to Milton & back. News: - President Truman's announcement yesterday that "Lend-Lease", the arrangement under which the U.S.A. has poured forth all sorts of supplies to her allies, is now ended with the war, has fallen upon the allies like an atomic bomb. Today in the parliament Mr. Attlee protested that Britain had expected further aid, & that the abrupt end of "Lend-Lease" leaves her in a grave financial predicament. Mr. Churchill agreed & hoped that this was not the last word from the U.S. The truth is that all the European countries, even our prostrate enemies, have been dreaming a rosy dream in which the U.S. would play Santa Claus to the world forever & ever Amen. But the U.S. has borne the lion's share of the war in Europe & practically the whole war in the East, while giving every material aid conceivable

to her friends. She has incurred a huge war debt & suffered heavy casualties in men. I don't blame the U.S. for cutting expense wherever she can, & I think Canada should follow suit. We have been making huge gifts of supplies to Britain throughout the war, in addition to a notable military effort, & we have our own rehabilitation problems to face.

Apart from all this, the new Labor gov't in Britain is dedicated to state enterprise & has promised the voters a millenium. Its members have been saying some very nasty things about people who believe in private enterprise - and the U.S. & Canada are now the only important nations in that class. The British voters have called the tune; I think they should face the music. But London is packing off a large delegation to Washington & no doubt something will be patched up.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25/45 A S.E. gale & rain all ~~day~~ night & showers all day, the first break in our long fine weather. I had Pentz the plumber send up a couple of men to take down, clean & repair my furnace. I had on hand a set of fire-pot linings, bought before the war in case of need, & very useful now - the old pot burnt right <sup>off</sup>. They put in a new smokepipe to the chimney. A good job, & done before cold weather. Talked to garrulous old "Mammy" Day, suggesting that a meeting of the Historical Society be called in September to plan a program



for the winter & spring, & generally to get the Society back on a working basis now that the war is over.

News: The grand allied landing in Japan was to have taken place today but the event has been put off by a typhoon on the coast. One or two U.S. planes landed on Jap airfields for a look around, were received politely. The Russians have disarmed most of the Jap army in Manchuria, about 150,000 men, & are pushing into Korea.

In China the situation is confused; the old squabble between Chiang's National army & the huge rabble of armed Chinese communists has broken out afresh - with each lot eager to occupy the rich lands now being evacuated by the Jap conquerors. On top of this, Chiang is eager to occupy Hong Kong with Chinese troops but Britain is sending a strong military & naval force to make clear Britain's claim <sup>on</sup> it.

And Chiang is anxious to re-establish Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria; the inscrutable Russians are saying nothing - and marching on.

Later: - I was horribly sick most of the night - severe vomiting & diarrhoea, apparently from the salad at supper, which contained chopped cucumbers & mayonnaise. For some strange reason these things are poison to me & usually I avoid them, but tonight I ate & suffered severely. Went for a walk towards midnight hoping exercise & fresh air would take off the curse but it was no good.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26, 1945

Andrew & Sully Merkel, with son Arthur & his wife Evelyn, blew in this afternoon from Hfx via Annapolis. They had tea with us, & Andrew persuaded me to drive up to Hfx to meet George Matthew Adams, the American newspaper syndicate writer, who has a summer cottage at Grand Lake.

MONDAY, AUG. 27/45

Did some research at Dalhousie Library for my new novel. About 3 p.m. picked up Merkel in my car & drove to Grand Lake on the Truro road. We walked through the woods to a small wharf on the lake & shouted across to the island. (Andrew amused himself by crying "Weskawenaak", the Micmac for "Happy Land" & the name of Adams' lodge.)

Adams himself came across in a boat with an outboard motor, & we had a long yarn over some excellent bourbon whiskey in the living room of the lodge, by a fire in a huge fireplace. The walls of this room are covered with hemlock <sup>bark</sup> peeled off the tree in long sections & flattened while green. There are several large landscape paintings of the local scene, framed in birch bark, & the room goes right up to the rafters - no ceiling.

Adams is a slight man with thin grey hair, horn rimmed specs, small tired eyes, a soft voice. He writes a little daily homily on the simple things of life, which is syndicated in over 100 newspapers. He admitted frankly that he wrote this simply to make money - & he has made fortunes - & spent the money chiefly in collecting letters,

first editions, etc. of famous authors, & presenting the collections to colleges in the U.S. He spoke proudly of his collections of Conrad, & Herman Melville, which he presented to Dartmouth College, and confessed that he was now reading "Moby Dick" for the first time in his life — in a cheap modern edition. He lives alone here all summer; his (second) wife, a woman much younger than himself, detests the place & stays in the U.S. A very efficient housekeeper lives in a separate log cottage, & furnished us with a very fine dinner. Afterwards Adams' tame squirrels came out of the island woods & skittered about him, taking peanuts from his hand. He took us back across the lake in the early dark & we drove back to Hfx.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28/45 Research at the Archives morning & afternoon. At noon Andrew & Sully, Jim Martell & Margaret Ellis were my guests at lunch at the Lord Nelson Hotel. Spent the evening with the Martells & Jim's sister Frances & her husband, just returned from army medical service in France, Belgium, Germany & Holland.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29/45 Returned to L'pool this morning. Persuaded Edith to take a few days off with me while Tommy is staying in Milton & Frances is at the beach. We set off westward in our faithful old Chev. about 2pm; at Shelburne drove out to Sandy Point to give Edith a look at the naval base. Had our supper in a small Shelburne cafe, & learned that half the

big naval staff was already disbanded, & rumours that the whole base is to be dismantled. About 7:30 drove on to Barrington where the MacMullen House had no room, & we were cast upon the Victoria Hotel, a frowny place at Barrington Passage. The proprietress, a bright-eyed matron of 45 or 50, was ironing clothes in a back room. To find her I had to pass through the kitchen, where a young man in a brown serge suit was frying small pieces of steak on the hot top of the stove, without benefit of frying pan. A guest, it seemed, cooking a little evening snack for himself & a friend who sat solemnly & alone in the fly-blown dining room. One or two drummers were making up reports in the parlour, & up & down the stairs & along the halls wandered an odd procession of old & young men of the laboring sort, & elderly women & children. Our bed was clean & comfortable but the hotel's lone bathroom was a soiled & stinking horror with a large colored broadsheet on the wall warning all & sundry "Venereal Disease Can Maim & Kill" - appropriate in that place but not conducive to peace of mind in such fussy guests as I.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30/45 After a poor breakfast we fled the Victoria Hotel in such haste that I left a folding shaving mirror in the washroom. Lovely drive through Pubnico & the Argyles, Cel Brook & Tusket. Lunch in a Yarmouth cafe.

Found the Yarmouth shops much better stocked than those in Liverpool, especially in the clothing line, so did some shopping.

Then, after exploring Yarmouth a bit, we set off along the French Shore (At Pubnico I wired the Hillsdale House at Annapolis, reserving a double room & bath.) Turned off to Digby, explored the town & found it very busy, the Main Street lined with motor cars, & crowds of people. Tupper Warner's woodworking plant belched black smoke at the summer sky but Digby's prosperity springs largely from the nearby naval base at Deep Brook, N.M.C.V. "Cornwallis", many of whose 16,000 men have brought their wives & families to these parts.

Stopped at Deep Brook for a yarn with the McClellands. By chance Frances was there, now plump & greying, a statuesque blonde gone a bit to seed mentally, I think, as well as physically. The old folk unchanged, pleasant & wholesome as ever.

They told us 43 naval men, wives & children were living within a few hundred yards of their house, in rented rooms in the farmhouses, in sheds, barns & even chicken-houses crudely converted to human use; & it is the same all along the Basin road from Digby to Clementsport. The big base seems full of men still, with 3 frigates & various smaller craft anchored off shore & we noticed a train load of coal being added to a huge fuel pile ready for next winter. A heavy

thunderstorm came rolling in above Sigby Gap, just as we left Deep Brook, & the rain began just as we reached the Hillsdale. Found a lovely big room waiting for us, & after a hot bath to wash off the last memory of the Victoria Hotel, as well as the grime of the journey, we went down to a very good dinner. Col. J. L. Ralston & wife were there on an extended visit & in the evening I had a yarn with him about the state of the old Canadian battlefields of the last war. Ralston visited several of the 1914-18 cemeteries last Sept. & assured me that Manitoba Cemetery is intact & well cared for.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31/45 Fine hot weather of the past week changed to a muggy, humid, overcast sort with an uneasy wind from the S.E., but occasional patches of burning sunshine.

This morning we walked to Regville via the golf course, crossing the so-called Three Bridges. A small cream-colored retriever of the spaniel sort insisted on following us as far as a chicken farm on the wooded part of the road, where he leaped joyously upon an indignant rooster. We drove away hastily in a gradually fading clamor of poultry & the outraged cries of the farm wife. This afternoon we visited the Champlain Habitation at Lower Granville. Not much change since we saw it last except for some reproductions of period furniture made by German prisoners in Canada during this war. Old

Allan, who helped to build the "habitation" & loves every toenail & adge-mark in it, conducted us all over it, & finally took us up the hillside to the land Andrew Merkel bought recently. It overlooks the habitation & the deed includes a bit of Goat Island. We went on to Victoria Beach for the view.

This evening we attended the movies - the King Theatre - & found most of our entertainment in the seats in front of us, a sunburnt young man & a fat young woman; the man simply lived on the screen, he went through agonies and enjoyed paroxysms of laughter, continually wiping his face nervously with the back of a hairy hand, & giving his partner a terrific jolt in the fat over her ribs when something important was toward. Some sort of community fair was in progress outside the town hall, in aid of local charity, but rain was falling & the booths & wheels of fortune looked forlorn with their little knots of customers.

SATURDAY, SEP. 1/45 Overcast, with a SE gale blowing & tearing at the trees. This morning we drove down the Basin shore & explored Bear River very thoroughly, then to Clementsport for a look at old St. Edward's church. The church key, a huge thing, is kept at the home of a leading parishioner, 90-year old L.V. Shaw, a quaint character who enlivens the Halifax press with crackpot letters on all manner of subjects. He has been chiefly responsible for the

accumulation of historic relics within the church, which are a queer jumble of "something old & something new", each labelled with samples of the Shavian wit. All very interesting, & so is the fine old church itself. We climbed the narrow ladder into the steeple for the fine view it affords, & on the way down friend wife dislodged a piece of broken glass which fell upon my bald skull 20 feet below & cut the scalp, not badly.

The graveyard is well tended, the tombstones bearing names of old loyalist & Hessian ex-soldiers of the 1783 era, but the general effect marred by a huge monument to some pious modern nonentity named Morse in the midst of the churchyard. Something heinous about that & I detest it.

Back to the Hilledale for lunch, where we met the Middleton Freemans & a Miss Lynch.

This entry is mixed. The motor trip to Bear River took place this afternoon. This morning we stopped a bit in Annapolis, stopped for a yarn with Col. Rabston, who enquired after Sam Freeman. Then we walked over the long bridge to Granville Ferry & along the road to Granville centre until rain forced us to return to the hotel.

After dinner — what wonderful meals! — we sat by a fire in one of the parlors talking to Mrs. Adams, a wealthy old Hfx widow who spends every summer here; & Mrs. Hamilton



the housekeeper, who insisted on showing us quantities of fine lace & brass & other souvenirs sent home by her son-in-law, a captain in the pay of corps with the forces in Europe - & who told us the most astounding stories of the said son-in-law's deeds of valor in "the fighting line". Outside, the equinoctial gale howled, but the rain stopped & we took a long windy walk before bed.

SUNDAY, SEP. 2/45 The gale died away in gusty sighs today, & we had all sorts of weather from pouring rain to burning sunshine. We left the Hilldale after breakfast & drove along the Valley - a melancholy sight, hardly an apple to be seen in many of the orchards & no quantity anywhere. The unseasonably warm spring brought out the fruit blossoms before their time, & then severe frosts killed them. The Valley orchardists have petitioned the dominion gov't for help in financing themselves this winter. In ordinary years many farmers have a little stall at the roadside selling fruit at this season. Today between Annapolis & Kentville we counted five, & at least one of these had nothing but vegetables. Most of the orchards have not been sprayed or fertilized, & the leaves have a withered look. Root & grain crops are good, corn especially plentiful. Went as far as Wolfville, where Edith wanted a look at the old Acadia Ladies' Seminary.

Back to Kentville for lunch at the Cornwallis Inn. Called on Si & Alice Smith, also the Lamonts. Si now completely bed-ridden, a hopeless invalid. Left about 4 p.m., drove to Middleton & turned off to New Germany - the dirt road very bad, under construction preparatory to paving operations. Reached Bridgewater at 6.30 & had dinner at the Fairview after a long wait - the dining room jammed & a crowd waiting. (The Bridgewater Exhibition opens tomorrow.)

Home at 9 p.m., very pleased with our little holiday.

News:- during the 3 days past British naval detachments have landed in Hong Kong & Singapore to make arrangements for Jap surrender, & MacArthur has been busy landing a powerful army about Tokio. Allied prisoners, freed at last, were thin & weak from malnutrition & neglect, & all had bitter tales of Jap. persecution. The Russians are in Port Arthur & have come to an agreement with China about their joint interest in Manchuria.

MONDAY, LABOR DAY, SEP 3/45. Fine. A big Labor parade this morning, the best for years, some excellent floats, a naval band and a pipe band; sports this afternoon & a big fair in the ball park this evening. All the naval bunting in the port seems to be strung about the streets, & the whole county came to town. In the afternoon I drove to

Summerville & brought home the Freemans & their baggage, plus our Francie, who had a gorgeous fortnight with them.

Spent the evening working on a speech. The provincial convention of the Canadian Legion opens at White Point tomorrow, & I am to make the chief oration at the banquet on Thursday.

TUESDAY, SEP 4/45 The Legion delegates arrived by train, bus & car, & the day was taken up with getting them registered & settled. Over 100 men, a number with their wives. White Point Lodge could not accommodate them all - "Luna Inn" at Hunt's Point took the overflow.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 5/45 The convention delegates assembled in the High School auditorium for a brief ceremony of remembrance of the dead. The mayor spoke a message of greeting. Finally the delegates, headed by their standard bearers & the high school cadet band, marched down to the war memorial. (I was pressed into service as a standard bearer - there were about 15 in all) The standard-bearers surrounded the monument, gradually lowering the lance-tips of the standards to the ground as Last Post sounded, gradually raising them again with Rouse. The provincial president, J. J. MacIntosh of Dartmouth, placed a wreath, & the parade then marched along Main Street, up Church & along Church St., & was dismissed at the school ground. Business began at 2 pm. in the long boathouse at White Point. A blazing hot day with a nice breeze blowing into the gathering from the open doors & windows.

A great amount of business to be done - there was no convention last year on account of difficult travel conditions, & with the end of the war and a sudden heavy influx of newly discharged veterans into the Legion ranks ~~therein~~ whole problem of rehabilitation must be discussed. An interesting afternoon. The usual number of windbags wasted the usual amount of time but I liked the vigorous & independent minds & voices which constituted the majority. Major G. L. Wright, who administers the veterans' employment machinery for the Maritimes, gave a good keen talk. The greatest obstacle is the Trade unions, who are hostile to any suggestion that veterans be given seniority privileges for their years in military services. Wright also said bluntly that certain government departments are proving slow in giving these privileges to returning employees. There was a clam bake on the beach at 9.30 but I felt ill - a return of the malady which smote me Aug 25th - & left White Point for home after dinner. Spent a miserable night.

THURSDAY, SEP. 6/45. The convention was hard at work all day. Particularly impressed with the sensible minds of Dr. Ramsden of Wolfville, a one-armed veteran; & a precise man from Middleton named Graham. Some good hard-hitting talk from the young veterans. One or two drunks, but these were soon shut up with a shout of "Order!" from all over the floor. Business concluded with election of officers for the ensuing year, & the final doh was not written

until 7 pm. I drove home for a tub. At 8.30 we sat down to dinner. About 150 present. At the head table a young RCAF officer named Kennedy sat at my left, Dr. Lumsden at my right. Sheriff Mulhall was toastmaster; he doddered a bit - the good old fellow is getting past this sort of thing - but all went well. MacIntosh, re-elected provincial president, came in extremely drunk - the let-down, I suppose, after an extremely hard session which he had conducted very ably & conscientiously - but he was smuggled out again & the retiring vice-president, "Fence" MacDonald, presided instead. A very good meal, well served - the Lodge had procured a number of naval stewards from the Liverpool establishment into service to supplement the busy green-garbed bare-legged waitresses - though we all regretted the liquor regulations which compelled us to drink the toasts in water. I spoke for about half an hour, giving a light resume of the growth of national concern for ex-soldiers from the early days of N.S. All over at 11 p.m. A large party of drunks singing in the cellar below. Terrific heat all day. Temperature in my office at 11 pm. -  $90^{\circ}$  Fahr. Outdoor temp. at 6 o'clock was  $85^{\circ}$  in the shade. Still troubled with dysentery but slept fairly well. - Nearly forgot to

record that after I got home, Edith persuaded me to go on to a cocktail party ~~at~~ in the wardroom of the corvette "Lancark" at Thompson's wharf, to which we had been invited. Got there about midnight, a Hogarthian scene, 7 or 8 young officers in flannels & shirt sleeves, 2 or 3 civilians & their wives, & a blonde widow named Card - a hair-dresser in L'pool - all extremely drunk. The skipper of "Lancark", a short dark youngster with a dissipated face, finally carried off the hairdresser to his cabin & we left shortly afterwards. I am broadminded but I can't help feeling that these drunken wardroom scenes, involving women of all sorts, which have been a feature of shore life here & elsewhere for 5 years, have done as much as anything else to weaken discipline (not to mention morals) in the RCN. When the ratings see this sort of thing going on in the wardroom, what can one expect of their own behaviour ashore?

SATURDAY, SEP. 8/45 The heat wave reached a climax today - temp. 100° in the sun. A dry & hot wind blowing from the west - no relief. What with my malady (a miserable combination of dysentery and "butterflies in the tummy") & this enervating heat, I lay about the house & garden all day & evening in a state of prostration.

Our kids began school again on Thursday but school was dismissed at noon that day & Friday on account of the heat.

Today General MacArthur formally occupied Tokio, entering with the 1st. U.S. Cavalry Division & raising the stars & stripes over the old U.S. embassy in a special ceremonial. The flag used had been hoisted previously by U.S. troops in Rome & Berlin. MacArthur has appointed a special officer to investigate atrocities committed by Japs on prisoners of war - our released prisoners have some bitter tales to tell.

U.S. warships yesterday reached Formosa & liberated thousands of prisoners, most of them British, who had suffered terribly.

Today Angus L. MacDonald was sworn in as Premier of N.S. in place of A. S. MacMillan, 75 years old - and retiring from politics, a substitution which will be popular throughout the province.

SUNDAY, SEP. 9/45 Overcast & cool, thank God. Had a good walk to Potanoc & back with Parker & Smith this afternoon.

About 9 p.m. McCorry phoned, saying that a bus-load of soldiers, veterans just arrived in Hfx. on the "Duchess of Bedford," would arrive in L'pool at 10 p.m. I went down with my car in case any of them needed transportation home. The navy was giving a concert & variety show in aid of the hospital fund in the theatre, & when the bus arrived the soldiers, about 20 in all, were taken right in onto the stage, where the packed house gave them a tremendous reception. Each man stepped

up to the microphone, gave his name, home town & length of service overseas. Six were from Queens Co., including Gene Dexter & Francis Suppet of Milton. The rest from Shelburne & Yarmouth counties. Most wore the red shoulder flashes of the West N.S. Regt. Three had been overseas 5 years & 8 months. One boy named Poland, from Bangs Falls, had his Scotch bride with him. Afterwards the men had lunch in the I.O.D.C. canteen upstairs & those for points down the shore went on in the bus. The local committee had transportation arranged for the Queens Co. boys, so my car was not needed. All of the men looked bronzed & well, even young Suppet, who was captured in Italy & spent many months in German prison camps.

MONDAY, SEP. 10/45

Warm. Spent the morning between the house & the town dump, with the floor & rear compartment of my car laden with bottles, old paint tins, junk of all sorts from my cellar. The town should have a garbage collection & disposal service, but there is none; you do it yourself, & put it off as long as possible. Tonight the navy lads are holding a party at H.M.C.S. Elmwood - which closes tomorrow & I presume will soon revert to civilian ownership & become a hotel again. Tonight Edith & I went with the Dunlaps to the Mersy Co's lodge up river, where Alec Williams is a guest, with his wife Jean & sister-in-law Mrs. Drummond.



Mathison of New Glasgow. The Parkers were there & we had drinks & talked. Alec now does not drink nor smoke, and this remarkable conversion has changed the jolly fellow of other days into a glum & silent creature obviously getting little joy out of life. It is not his wife's fault. (?) However, the rest of us chattered & Ike & Mark told some of his stories, & the cook showed us a neat trick with an egg & a glass & a pie plate, & we drove home at 1:30 am.

TUESDAY, SEP. 11/45

The occupation of Japan goes on steadily. Former Premier ~~Sojo~~ Tojo, the man who personified the "Greater East Asia" movement in Japan & had much to do with Japan's attack on Britain & the U.S., shot himself with a pistol today when U.S. officers arrived at his house to arrest him. He is in a U.S. hospital & has a 50-50 chance to live.

Rain all day. Mrs. Helen McAffrey in town & I went with her to the attic of her old home on Main St. to get the wooden bust of her father, Capt. Sam Kempton, as a boy of 5.

It is the only surviving work of George Brouse, the wood-carver of Milton, who made figureheads for ships built hereabouts in the 1850's & 60's., & Mrs. McA. wishes the Historical Society to have it. Tonight we went to Mersey Lodge for a corn boil - Jim Carlisle of the corvette "Janark" & his pretty wife Audrey the life of the party. Al. Kent of the "New Waterford" there.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 12, 1945

Overcast & muggy. There are now 3 frigates or corvettes under repair at Thompson's, one of which is the corvette "Halifax" (purchased by Capt. Publicover of Lahave, Ross Byrne & other associates, for the sum of \$10,000, from War Assets Corp., so I hear). Mersey Paper Co. has a single frigate under repair, the last warship they will have, and over 200 wartime employees have been laid off. The naval staff is dwindling also. Commander "Jock" Miller, resident chief engineer officer of the naval establishment during most of the war here, a bowlegged, freckled-faced, tubby little Scot who was much interested in sports, & popular, got a great send-off by his staff & friends at a White Point dinner last night. The large group of French-Canadians at Thompson's are being laid off this week; these were all healthy young men exempt from military service by the old Quebec dodge of repeated deferment; & they have been here on fat wages for 3 years; many brought their French brides with them, & we have grown accustomed to their chatter in the streets & theatres. Hector Macleod, deputy mayor, tells me that less than 100 of Thompson's 700 war-workers are Liverpool men. Nevertheless the C.C.F. party here, led by my indefatigable friend Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, is advertising a "mass meeting" to "protest against the present unemployment."

Premier Angus H. MacDonald has announced a provincial

election, the polling day Oct. 23rd. At Singapore today Lord Louis Mountbatten accepted the formal surrender of all Jap forces in south-east Asia, with appropriate ceremony.

H.M.C.V. Micmac, Canada's latest destroyer, was commissioned at Kfx today; the ship's device & motto were suggestions of mine.

Sharp protest against the new meat rationing has broken out all over Canada & it looks as if the gov't. will have to give it over before winter. The system is complicated & no one is convinced of the necessity.

A big merger of fish-processing plants in Nova Scotia has just been completed by Ralph P. Bell, a wily & none too scrupulous promoter. It includes our local (Pickerson Bros.) plant, with about 14 others, & is to be called National Sea Products Ltd.

FRIDAY, SEP 14/45 Lovely weather. Bill Wilson back from the States, brought me some of my favorite tobacco, "Dill's Best", which I have not tasted since the early 1930's. Cigarette manufacture in Canada has improved vastly in the 20 years past, & today I would just as soon smoke a Canadian cigarette as an American. But Canadian pipe tobacco is still pretty awful compared to the good U.S. brands, & a pipe-full of Dill's is something to write poems about. Clem Brownell called this afternoon with a Dr. ~~Stallock~~ (psychiatrist) on the ~~national~~ Laylock

He is Dominion president of Home & School Association, touring the province <sup>N<sup>o</sup> 3</sup> speaking to H. & S. gatherings. ↓  
staff of the University of Saskatchewan. <sup>R. Paylock</sup> says the C. C. F. gov't. in Sask. is there to stay for a long time, doing a good live job quite apart from its financial theories. For similar reasons the Social Credit party seems firmly rooted in Alberta. But he says the C. C. F. could never form a national gov't because the interests of farmers & union labor are utterly opposed.

SUNDAY, SEP. 16/45. Went to Eagle Lake this morning with Parker, Smith & Seward booms. Sew is the only survivor of the little party of hunters who heard the weird voice on the Haunted Bog 50 years ago. We had lunch at the camp & then went to the head of Eagle Lake, left the canoes at the edge of the Haunted Bog, & Sew led us to the low wooded knoll in the bog where he & Will Freeman & Starratt camped. We found the remains of an old fireplace there, & Sew pointed out where each man had stood & where the "voice" began to scream, & the direction in which it disappeared. We spent the rest of the afternoon there, going over the old yarn, & Parker took a snapshot of Sew & me standing on a boulder where the incident took place. Sew is not superstitious, has never believed in the "Injun Devil", still thinks there must be some logical explanation of the sounds which scared Freeman and Starratt out of their wits. Returned to camp for supper, & then home. Magnificent sunset as we came down N<sup>o</sup> 3 pond.

TUESDAY, SEP. 18, 1945. A cold night & morning - 35° F. at 8 am.

When I got up, the house was like a tomb & I lit the furnace for the first time since June, & had a fire in my office (oil) stove until 11 a.m. By noon the sun was hot, & after lunch I had a fine walk around Western Head. I shall be glad when one can buy a pair of decent rubber heels again. The ~~Perats~~ <sup>Perats</sup> rubber heels of wartime make black marks on the floors, & housewives object strenuously to them, so I've had solid leather heels since 1941 - noisy things, & jarring to the spine.

Today I bought (through Sid Passmore) 4 films for my camera & 6 real chocolate bars - virtually unprocureable in local shops for the past 12 months. He got them from the canteen at Happy Landing, now closed. Only 2 or 3 men remain, as caretakers - there was a staff of 80, all RCAF, during the war. I'm told that the naval shore staff at L'pool, 150 officers & men, has been reduced within the past month to 25 or less. Meat rationing continues to arouse violent opposition everywhere in Canada. Gov't spokesmen assure us all that the rationing is necessary in order to "feed starving Europe"; but there is a growing feeling that 6 years of shouldering Europe's troubles is enough. Barring Britain, not one of the European countries made a serious fight against the Axis - we had to do their

fighting for them, & now it appears we must feed them as well.

The war-criminal trials have begun; at Luneburg, Germany, a British court is trying Kramer, the brutal boss of the hideous Belsen prison camp; and William Joyce ("Lord Haw Haw") is being tried for high treason at the Old Bailey, London. Joyce's sole defence is that he is an American subject, born in New York of English & Irish parents.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 19/45

Humid, with a gusty wind & showers, the tail end of a hurricane which blew 150 M.P.H. at Turks Island & then went up the Florida & Georgia coast doing 50 million dollars' damage.

News:- Of over 1900 Canadian troops in the Hong Kong garrison, 1500 survived the fighting & 4 years' imprisonment, & nearly all of these are now on their way home to Canada. Today British & U.S. warships are at Shanghai for the first time in 8 years.

The attitude of Russia is disturbing the European picture. Stalin's mouthpiece, Molotov, grows more truculent as the British & U.S. armies dwindle, & there is no sign that Russian armies are being disbanded. Latest demand is that Russia must have "supervision" over one of the former Italian colonies in Africa, preferably on the Mediterranean. Coupled with this is a bland request for a 6 billion-dollar loan from the U.S. It looks like the old highwayman's ultimatum, "money or your life".

Today the British court found Wm Joyce guilty of treason & sentenced him to hang. In the U.S. & Canada there are many strikes, particularly in the automobile industry, whose workers are demanding 30% pay increase, amongst other things. In spite of heavy layoffs in the war industries, & much cry of unemployment by labor politicians, there is still a great shortage of labor in normal trades & occupations. The war workers won't take the old jobs which offer normal wages, & make no bones about saying so.

THURSDAY, SEP. 20/45 Aunt Marie Bell's birthday. I fetched her down, with the Freemans, from Milton & we had a fine tea party, & people dropping in during the evening with gifts & gossip.

FRIDAY, SEP. 21/45 On behalf of the L. C. Historical Society I waited on the town council tonight & asked that the old Perkins house be exempt from taxes, also that the town make a generous grant towards repair & upkeep of the building. I pointed out the value of the old house historically, & financially to the town in view of the tourist trade, & so on. Mayor & council received this very amiably & promised generous consideration.

SATURDAY, SEP. 22/45 Fine, with stiff N. gale. Went to Eagle Lake with Parker, Smith, Dunlap, taking in sleeping bags etc. ready for our October hunting trip. For voyaging up N<sup>o</sup> 3 pond we have a new punt (built by Dunlap last spring) which is no bigger & has no more freeboard than the old red thing in which we have

had so many adventures, but is at least of stouter build. Dunlap's outboard motor pushed <sup>it</sup> up the windy mile, spray flying, Parker bailing, touch & go whether it would swamp or not in the "sea" that was running. Made a flying run at the boom, sailed over it handsomely. Reached camp about 4 pm. Eagle Lake & brook quite low. A few maple leaves beginning to turn in the swamps. A little flock of black ducks in the cove.

SUNDAY, SEP 23/45 Fine & hot. Parker & Dunlap took the red canoe & spent the whole day at the south end of Long Lake hunting for cranberries. They got 3 quarts each. Report 1 whole moose carcass & the head of another lying in the meadow by the Long Lake - Eagle Lake brook, shot by poachers last winter perhaps. Smith & I spent the whole day with axe & saw on the direct trail from Long Eagle Lake to Kempton Brook, blazed last year. Very hot & hard work. Had our lunch beside Kempton Brook, a mere trickle after the drought. Got back to the canoe on Eagle Lake about 5:15, pretty well exhausted. The others showed up soon after & we had supper, locked up the camp, & departed at dusk. Came down the pond under the first stars, & as we crossed Liverpool bridge a full moon was rising over Coffin Island like a huge orange. At home I found Edith suffering from the nausea-cum-dysentery which has afflicted so many people (including me) during the past month.



TUESDAY, SEP 25, 1945 Overcast & muggy. Walked to Milton & back, & found it insufferably hot walking, & no benefit from the exercise. The local political pot is boiling merrily. The Tory candidate in Queens will be Leonard Fraser, Hfx. lawyer who is leader of the provincial party. C.C.F. candidate will be Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, who is busy campaigning already. A Liberal caucus (Nos. J. W. Smith, Irving Rain, Merrill Rawding, Barney Moskat et al) has decided to drop H. D. Madden, sitting now for Queens. Madden, at one time a progressive drug merchant & a hard political worker, has become a noisy dipsomaniac, (so has his wife) during the war - a sad affair. Rumor has it that our mayor & undertaker, Edgar Wright, will receive the nomination in Madden's stead. Lay-offs at Thompson's shipyard have been halted on instructions from gov't - cynics say till after the provincial election. Four or five corvettes & minesweepers are still at Thompson's undergoing repairs, although all are scheduled for the scrapheap when they leave here. Their reduced crews, & the skeleton shore staff, make up about 100 officers & men. Queens Co. veterans of army & air force are arriving home in twos & threes & half dozens by every troopship. The citizens' committee meets all trains & buses, arranges cars to take the men home, but no formal reception is possible owing to the piecemeal nature of demobilisation. Still much turmoil all over Canada about

the new & very unpopular meat rationing. Butchers in some towns & cities have closed their shops rather than put up with the complicated coupon- & token system. Others are continuing sales in the ordinary way, ignoring the system. Ottawa stands firm, insists the rationing is necessary in order to feed Europe.

Today I signed a contract with Doubleday Doran for the new novel, tentatively entitled "Lia".

The same terms as for "Roger Sudder", except that the \$3,000 advance is to be paid me in 6 monthly instalments beginning Jan. 2/46; & D-D are to have world rights in the book whereas formerly I looked after publication abroad through my own agent.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 24/45 Overcast & humid. I have a cold, the first of the season. Today I had a new exhaust pipe put on my car - the third in its history; and I bought red gasoline which the service station man assured me had a 78 octane rating, whatever that means. He explained that it had much more "pep" than the deceptively dyed red gas of wartime, but he doubted that it was up to pre-war ethyl.

The express man brought a mysterious crate which turned out to be a 22" x 26" colour collotype of F. Brangwyn's "Buccaneers", framed & ready for hanging - a gift from Andrew Merkel. (The original hangs in the Tate Galleries)

A note attached said "I saw this at Zwicker's & decided it belonged to you". Bartling sent up 2 tons of mixed coke & anthracite, although I hadn't ordered it; it was time I filled my bin, for we are warned of a severe coal shortage this winter. Bartling believes in Service!

THURSDAY, SEP 27/45 Wretched night & day, sneezing, blowing, weeping, groaning - using handkerchiefs by the dozen - couldn't work - sat & lay about the house reading through a mist of tears & interrupted by blowings & sneezes Flackeray's "The Virginians". Still much ado about meat rationing in Canada. Today Washington announced removal of rationing on meats except bacon, ham, pork & the superior cuts of beef. 8,000 men of the Canadian 1st Div. have sailed from Britain for home - this makes 100,000 men returned since VE day. There are still 180,000 to come.

This week a group of Norwegians, former whalers, employed at Thompson's since 1940, left L'pool. for home. They have been good workmen & good fellows, & everyone is sorry to see them go.

FRIDAY, SEP 28/45 Awful night. Lay in bed all day, sneezing & blowing & coughing. A lovely day outdoors, sunny & mild. Col. Ralston, from Montreal, sent me a book which came in handy in this enforced idleness - "Holy Old Mackinaw" by S. Holbrook

SATURDAY, SEP 29, 1945

Felt better today & got up, to find that my old enemy lumbago has returned in full force. I crept about all day like an old man, for every quick move involving the back muscles resulted in sheer agony. Mild & overcast all day, rain & east wind tonight. Dutch liner "Nieuw Amsterdam" is at Hfx. with several thousand Canadians of 1st. Div.

The "Five Power Conference", composed of the foreign ministers of Britain, U.S., Russia, China, France, meeting in London, seems to be a series of deadlocks on all questions of real importance.

J. Proctor's ambitious new magazine, "Maritime Quarterly", is just off the press, many months past schedule. (See Feb. 5/45)

Proctor had sold a rich amount of advertising but had done little in the circulation line, & he seems to be getting the mag into the public's hands by free distribution to local boards of trade, town councils etc.. I contributed a small article at his urgent request, gratis, & so far I have not even received a copy of the mag. from him.

SUNDAY, SEP 30/45

From 2 a.m. today, by official decree, all Canada went "off" daylight saving time. Some observed it, some didn't & there was a fine mix-up in the morning church services, with bells ringing from one steeple or another from 9 a.m. to noon. A fine fall day, sunny, with a cold & strong west wind. Picked up Aunt Marie, Terry, Betty, Grandma Freeman &

young Roger, & went for a drive to Charleston, Mill Village, Park Medway, Eagle Head, Beach Meadows, Supper Creek & Brooklyn. Home at 5 p.m. Kept a wood fire in the furnace all day & banked it with coal tonight. <sup>Vom Radford, called tonight. Had not seen him since old Halifax school days in 1917.</sup>

Monday, Oct. 1/45 A sharp frost, temp. 28° Labor. at 7 a.m., & a bleak chill day. Kept the furnace going. The first day of the deer season, & a great army of hunters on the prowl. My cold & lumbago forbid hunting for the present. The liner "Le de France" is docked at Hfx with 9,800 Canadian troops on board, including the West N.S. Reg't. The W.N.S.R. is to parade through the Hfx streets at 7:30 before dispersal.

I thought of driving down, but Major Randy Day (who went overseas as a lieut. with WNSR & is now discharged) tells me that the veterans are all home long since, & the unit now is filled up with recent drafts from depots in Britain.

Thursday, Oct. 6/45 Walked to Milton & back, my first hike since Sep. 25th. I still have a cough, & the lumbago lingers in uncomfortable twinges. A sunny day with a cold north wind. Lynch's swings, Ferris wheel, merry-go-round etc. are just finishing their annual week at the ball ground; the evenings have been wet or bitter cold, most of the naval people have left town, & many of the shipyard workers (Thompson's crowd is reduced to 230, I hear) so I fancy the "take" was low.

The paper-co's steamer "Markland" is now released from war service, & she is undergoing a thorough refit at the paper dock, where so many naval craft have refitted during the war. After that, the paper co. will release its ship-repair gangs. Commanders J. H. V. MacDonald and G. W. Copelin are back in Mersey employ after long war service.

A Liberal convention at Milton has nominated Merrill Rawding as candidate for Queens. The C. C. F. have chosen one Webber, a welder at the paper mill, a union leader, a smug tough-talking fellow in the early 30's. Rawding is about 40, quiet, smooth, has made a very good thing of politics for years - owning a pile-driver & taking government wharf contracts. The Tory candidate is the provincial party leader Leonard Fraser, Halifax lawyer.

News: The London conference of the Big Five seems to be a fizzle. The Russians, watching the swift & thorough demobilisation of Britain & the U.S., are talking louder & louder & tougher & tougher, & are already welshing on earlier agreements. Britain's foreign minister Bevin has accused Molotov across the table of "Hitlerian methods", Molotov demanded an apology, got it - & so it goes.

France's arch-traitor Laval went on trial today for treason, a fine spree for the French lawyers, many of whom

were toadying to his Vichy govt not so very long ago.

SATURDAY, OCT. 6/45

Fine. Andrew & Tully Merkel blew in this evening on their way to Digby; with them were W. L. McAskill, the Hfx. marine photographer & his plump roguish wife.

At 9 p.m. I went to the station & met the late train from Hfx. Dr. Jim Martell & his wife Olga came down to spend a week-end with us. We sat up late talking of all sorts of things - Jim is assistant archivist at Hfx. & a keen student of modern affairs in N. S. as well as the old.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7/45

This morning I took Jim by car to Big Falls, & we walked up the trail to Eagle Lake & had dinner at the camp. A big crowd there for a week-end hunt - Gordon, Parkes, Smith, Dunlap, Douglas & 2 naval officers. I had hoped to take Jim down to the Haunted Bog by canoe - he is interested in the "Injun Devil" tale, but a nasty S.E. gale began to blow, with rain, & after some talk with the gang, Jim & I headed back to the car. I drove up-river to show Jim the Indian Gardens, & we came upon a gang of men just coming from the west side of the river after a day's unsuccessful hunt for 2 lost hunters. I gave 2 Indians and Benvie (father of 1 of the lost chaps) a ride down to Milton & L'pool. This evening the 2 hunters turned up safe & sound.

MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1945 Howling S.E. gale all night & all today, with heavy rain. High water in the harbor & a big sea running. In the afternoon I took Jim & Olga in the car & drove slowly through the town, pointing out the best surviving 18th. century houses & other matters of interest. We went into the Limeson Perkins house, & town hall, & drove to Milton, up one side of the river & down the other. I expected George Foster today — a junior partner in McClelland & Stewart, my Canadian publishers. But though I met train & bus — no George.

This evening the Martells & ourselves went over to Howland White's (across the street) to look at the collection of antiques, silverware, pewterware, jewelry, documents (including a sea-pass signed by Horatio Nelson) which H. W. inherited from his father the late Sam White of Shelburne — all descended from the famous Gideon White.

We had a fine Thanksgiving dinner at home — roast chicken, cranberry preserve, potatoes, turnip, beans, onions, pickled beets — apple pie, pumpkin pie, coffee. All preceded by an appetizer of smooth Barbados rum — Doorly's Macaw — which I was fortunate enough to procure from the gov't. store last week (we are now permitted 2 quarts spirits, or 4 quarts wine, or 24 quarts beer per month.)



TUESDAY, OCT. 9/1945

Overcast, with spasms of sunshine. Jim Martell spoke to the Kiwanis Club today, his subject "The Golden Age of Nova Scotia". I was a guest - in fact, I was asked to introduce Jim - & we heard a witty & informative talk on the period 1800 - 1815. In the meantime Geo. Foster had turned up, so he joined us & the Martells after lunch, & we drove in my car to Petite Riviere & then up the L'Have to New Germany. The autumn foliage is at its best - the best in years - & we literally rolled in beauty all the way. At New Germany we crossed the river to see the old Anglican rectory where Jim was born, & thence to the village again to visit his father's grave in the little churchyard - a lovely place, a stretch of river bank, with one great old pine, & a fringe of maples in bright autumn foliage. Dinner in the Fairview Hotel at Bridgewater, (where I encountered kindly old Judge Archibald & had a few words with him). Jim & Olga intended to take the evening bus here, to Hfx, but a friend of their's appeared with an empty car, bound there; so we said our farewells; & George F. & Edith & I returned to L'pod. I had purchased (on Edith's liquor permit - her first) a quart of Johnnie Walker, & George & I discussed business over it until midnight. I showed him the

chapters so far written of my new novel, described the plot & scene; he seemed very pleased. Discussed "Lambour" - he said the advance sales are "damn good". He wanted to know what I thought of an autographing party in Hfx. when the book appeared in the shops. I said that sort of thing looked cheap with repetition & we decided to skip it this year. Discussed plans for a book of short stories in 1947, & the proposed book on Halifax, tentatively set for 1948.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10/45 Geo. F. spent the morning with me, going over last night's plans, & he had lunch with us. I saw him off for Hfx aboard the 1.10 train. This afternoon I went for a walk to Milton & back with Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson. Later bought a barrel of Valley apples for \$5.25 & took half up to Grandma Freeman at Milton. Mostly Gravensteins, second-rate quality, but we are lucky to get them. The apple barrels are much smaller than they were in the 1920's, and half-a-barrel just fills a potato sack.

News: The French court has condemned the traitor Laval to death. There were disgraceful scenes during the trial, violent arguments between judge & lawyers, and judge & prisoner, jurymen leaning out of the box to shake a fist at Laval, calling him "Swine!", etc. - quite in the tradition of 1793. But Laval undoubtedly got his deserts.

I hear there was an amusing contretemps on Tuesday, which was Nomination Day in Liverpool. The deposed (& disgruntled) Liberal member for Queens, H. D. Madden, decided to run as an Independent. This of course would split the Liberal vote. Madden (drunk as usual) stood outside his store on Main St. waving two \$50 bills (the nomination fee) & a set of nomination papers, announcing his intention. I noticed Madden leaving the Kiwanis luncheon just as dessert appeared. Barney ~~Wadson~~<sup>Mosher</sup>, the most forceful of the Liberal committee in L'pool. (he has made a lot of money out of road contracts) slipped out after him. John Seaman, Syrian merchant ("Ladies and Gents Clothing") another Liberal stalwart, was on watch outside the courthouse, where Sheriff Mulhall was receiving nominations. Mosher & Seaman intercepted Madden, persuaded him to get into Mosher's car "to talk things over". Cecil Day (editor, Liverpool Advance, another Liberal stalwart) tells me that they persuaded Madden thusly:— "We are running Rawding in an effort to hold the seat. If he wins this election, he intends to fulfil his duties as member for a year. That will give you, Madden, time to straighten yourself up — quit the booze & so on. Then Rawding will resign, a by-election will be called, & you shall have the Liberal nomination." Madden, appeared, tore up his papers on the courthouse steps & drove off with Mosher & Seaman.

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1945

Fine, with a cool N.W. gale. I spent the whole day deer-hunting with Roy Gordon up West Brook. Took a canoe from the Indian Gardens & cut through the flowage between First Lake & the mouth of West Brook. Left the canoe there & hunted on foot along the edge of the meadows up the south side of the brook. Monday's rain has raised the streams - we had difficulty crossing over to the north bank, where we made a fire & had lunch. Hunted down the north bank in the afternoon. A rough trip back to the Gardens, a high wind & a big chop - all the canoe could stand. Complicated by Gordon's dog, a stupid mongrel, which kept jumping about, at critical moments; and once, in a patch of flowage far from shore, a former island I think, a big wave lifted the canoe & dropped it heavily on a sharp snag - nearly upset the craft, & nearly drove a hole through the bottom. Didn't see a deer all day, & a good thing, too. With a deer carcass in the canoe we should have swamped in the lower end of First Lake. Home just after dark.

The hardwood foliage on West Brook simply magnificent, but already the leaves are falling fast.

FRIDAY, OCT. 12/45

Fine & warm. Busy all afternoon washing the front windows, getting storm windows down, & putting them on. This evening I had a very fine chicken dinner and

a happy two hours with about 50 Milton boys lately returned from overseas. The Milton Community Club arranged the whole affair - a bus brought the men to the Legion rooms in Liverpool, where the dinner was prepared & served (there are no facilities for putting on a dinner for so many, in Milton).

Tables were decorated with autumn leaves, sprigs of "holly" & bowls of small pumpkins & apples. Lyle Taughan, store-keeper of Milton, presided. Each man was provided with a bottle of stout by his plate. Some had been drinking harder stuff & 4 or 5 were noisy. It was a great party - the first time many of them had seen each other since enlisting, or since some casual meeting in England, Italy etc., & 2 of them (Herb Minard's boy Willard, who won the M.M. as a paratrooper, and another chap from Potanoc) had last seen each other on a landing beach on the Cherbourg peninsula. I was asked to say a few words, & Cecil Day & "base" Mulhall spoke. At 9 p.m. the bus took them back to Milton, where there was a dance & reception in the village hall. I had some fun with Chester Keans, who was fighting drunk & anxious to assault Austin Parkes for some old grudge going back to pulp-mill days, but I got him out to the bus - he wouldn't let anyone else handle him.

Afterwards I went to Parker's house where Maxwell Clark, late of the RCAF, played & sang amusing though level tittle

songs, & told a number of "clef-palate" stories very well; he is an excellent mimic. He tells me that he hopes to get back into the air force permanently. Tonight there was a Liberal meeting in the auditorium of the high school, addressed by Angus L. MacDonald & the local candidate M. Rawding. There seems very little interest in the election. The Tories haven't yet lived down the scandals of their last provincial administration & on the whole the Liberal govt. has done a good job.

SATURDAY, OCT. 13/45 Mr. Illsley has brought down his budget with some long-hoped-for (but nevertheless miraculous) reductions in taxation. The burden on business is lifted to some extent, but the big news is a 16% reduction in personal income tax.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16/45 Apropos of the last entry, today the Inspector of Income Tax billed me for an additional \$28.72 on 1943 income, \$80.33 on 1944 income. This makes my total tax for these years: -

1943: - U.S. tax	\$ 634.47	Canadian tax	\$ 444.38	Total	\$ 1078.85
1944: - " "	481.61	" "	487.37	" "	968.98

These extra billings are very arbitrary. A slip pinned to the bill states baldly "Error in calculation of tax", & nothing else - you are given no opportunity of comparing your figuring with theirs, and as the extra amount is under interest at 7%, with further penalties in the offing, all you can do (unless you are prepared to hire an income tax expert & fight it out) is pay up.

I forgot to mention yesterday (the 15<sup>th</sup>) that Pierre Laval, the architect of France, was executed by a firing squad in one of the Paris forts. He deserved to die but it seems to me he was only a <sup>symptom</sup> ~~sign~~ of the French national disease - self interest.

This is the windy season in more respects than one; clubs, institutes, societies are starting their winter schedules & on the hunt for speakers - I am assailed by phone & mail with requests to address gatherings all over the province. Impossible.

Tommy wants to join the school band & is practising (at school, fortunately, after classes) on the cornet. He informs me casually that he will need a cornet of his own by Christmas - "you can get an old fixed-up one for \$30, but the silver ones are best. They cost \$150." I suggested waiting a while to see if he really has a gift for brazen music.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20 - SUNDAY, OCT. 28/45

Hunting at Eagle Lake with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. The first 3 days were warm & still, very lovely weather but poor for hunting, the dry leaves making a great noise underfoot & a snapped stick sounding like a gunshot. Then for 2 days (& partly another) there was a terrific wind & rain storm from the east. I saw only 1 deer the whole week, though I hunted very hard & far; that one, a doe, was gone before I could get the safety-catch off my rifle. The only shot I fired was at a partridge, which flew up on a pine limb

40 or 50 feet away. I shot its head off, a great satisfaction, for by dint of careful filing I have managed to correct the faulty near sight which cost me a deer in '43 & again in '44.

Parker was the lucky one again. He fired at a buck from his canoe in the SW cove of Eagle Lake but missed; he & I hunted around the Haunted Bog till dark but couldn't get a sight of the buck. Then one day he & Dunlap were paddling the canoe down the west side of Long Lake & a buck walked out into a strip of meadow by the shore. Parker shot it through the middle & it dropped like a stone — the only game we got in a week's hard hunting. Deer are definitely getting scarce in this region. The annual kill remains high simply because the woods are full of hunters — this year there are swarms of them.

Apart from the scarcity of game I enjoyed this trip, felt fine & covered a lot of ground.

During the week we picked up the news by radio. The Norwegian traitor Quisling was shot by a firing squad at Oslo. The Nazi labor boss Robert Ley hanged himself in prison in Germany, where (under British guard) he was awaiting trial as a war criminal. Another 12,000 Canadian troops arrived at Halifax from Britain aboard the "Queen Elizabeth".

In Nova Scotia the Liberals won the election with a swoop — Liberals 28; Conservatives 0; C.C.F. 2.



WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31/45 Halloween, & instead of the usual groups of children in masquerade asking for candy & fruit at the door, we have something new. The local Kenamen Club has sold small tickets to the householders, to be presented to the youngsters when they call, & the tickets are good for bags of candy etc. at the school grounds, where a huge kids' party is being held, with music & fireworks. Our two imps were out, weirdly dressed, & painted with lipstick, & returned towards 10 p.m. with candy & a joyous account of the affair. Unfortunately some of the tough kids, white & black, from the back streets took advantage of the darkness & excitement to stone the school windows, many of which were broken.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1/45 Lovely weather. I should have gone deer hunting, I suppose, but I don't feel the least bit blood-thirsty, so took Edith for a drive to Western Head & then to Carter's Beach, where we got out & walked along the sand. Many deer skins hanging over fences, tacked against barn doors etc, along the way. Several new summer lungedowns being built or just completed, at Hunt's Point, where the summer colony has been growing all through the war & is now a village in itself.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2/45 Again fine & warm. Took Edith for a drive this afternoon to Greenfield, where we had a peep at

the new village school, just being completed on a fine site facing the river. It is of modern design, with plenty of windows, hardwood floors, covered outside with white asbestos shingles. A good roomy basement with a large hot-air furnace. A pet project of Clem Crowell, the energetic school inspector, & a credit to the village.

The oak & beech leaves still hang on, & the hackmatacks are now at their finest yellow. Hunters' cars parked all along the road.

SATURDAY, Nov 3/45 Fine & warm. This morning about 1:30 the fire siren aroused the town & the fire brigade hustling up Fore Street found the old Cobb house well ablaze. The house had been badly damaged by fire during the war & was an eyesore. The owner, Snow Henderson's widow, presented the old ruin to the town - it could have been repaired and preserved - but nothing was done & in the dark hours of this morning some vandal set the house thoroughly on fire again. This fireman managed to save a few of the ground floor beams (brought from Boston in 1759) although the wood is badly charred, but the rest of the house is ashes, after standing 186 years.

This afternoon I drove to Bridgewater with Edith & Marie & Grandma Freeman. The ladies did some shopping, & we had a very good dinner in the railway restaurant.

After a brief lull (when refitting of naval craft here came to an end) the navy is with us in some strength again; ~ 7 ships at Thompson's & 2 or 3 at the Mersey mill. They are here to be "winterized", i.e. to have their pipes drained & disconnected, all machinery greased, etc., in preparation for laying up. This done, they are to be towed to Shelburne, I understand. They are manned by about 35 officers & men each. This is being done by a reduced working gang at Thompson's ~ now down to about 230 men.

"Elmwood" remains closed, stripped of its lockers & furniture to a great extent, but the offices erected behind the hotel remain in use, & the shore patrol has not been reduced.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4/45 Pouring rain. To Milton this afternoon for the usual family call on the Freemans, & took Mrs. Robt Millard ("Admiral Nell") along for a call on Aunt Marie Bell, who intends to stay the winter alone in her big house.

The house next door hers is empty now ~ "the house of the three old maids" - Effie, Ina & Mary J. Freeman, all in the 80's & 90's, were found living in a horrible condition last week, insane, filthy, starving. For many years these silent & mysterious spinsters have been living withdrawn from the world in the small house provided for them years ago by the community. Mary J. was their contact with the world - she did the shopping & used to tramp the roads selling (of all things)

corsets, "the Spirella corset line", & made a fair income, what with this, & old age pensions for her sisters & herself. She was a woman of a most vicious temper at times, & ruled her sisters with a rod of iron. Often she beat them, & the sound of the blows & the shrieks of Ina & Effie would be heard in the street.

Last week the neighbors went in & found Mary a raving lunatic, & the other two poor old things lying in bed, with hideous sores, & the beds & floors filthy with human dung etc. So they shipped one off to the County Farm & the others to hospital, & that is the end of that.

MONDAY, NOV. 5/45 A raw drizzling day. A copy of "Lambour", the second collection of my short stories, published by McClelland & Stewart, arrived from Toronto last week. Illustrated by Stanley Turner. A good job all round, except that the typesetting is faulty, notably in the story "On Quers". I corrected the proofs with great care, but little attention was paid to my corrections. This was true of "The Pied Piper of Sipper Creek" also, as put out by McClelland & Stewart. Otherwise their work is good.

The M. & S. edition of "His Majesty's Yankees", just out after long & vexatious delays, is a first rate job. They bought the plates of Doubleday Doran, so there is no weakness in the typesetting; paper, print, binding & jacket are all excellent, a credit to Canadian workmanship. The printers in central Canada

were so jammed with orders of all kinds that M. & I had to ship the paper out to Vancouver & have the printing done there. Their own printers were busy on "Lambour" & renewed orders for "Roger Sudden".

THURSDAY, Nov. 8/45

I walked around Western Head yesterday, a mild & sunny day after 2 days of furious easterly rain.

Today was mild & overcast. Tommy has been begging me to take him in the woods for the day, so we set off this morning for Big Falls - I with my .300 rifle. Hunted carefully all the way to Eagle Lake, where we boiled a kettle of tea & had dinner by the brook; then around the dam & the "triangular trail", & down the brook trail, back to Eagle Lake, & ~~some~~ homeward. Caught a glimpse of one deer - just a flick of white tail on the jump; & near the junction of the old Long Lake trail started what I take to have been a bear - heard it well enough but couldn't see it.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9/45

Mild & sunny, temp. 70° in the sun at noon, like summer. (The prairies have had blizzards & bitter cold the past 2 or 3 days; even our own Moncton had 6 inches of snow this week.) This afternoon I drove with Edith to Eagle Head, where we called on old Orlin Kolp & his housekeeper Alma Jodrey who

at one time years ago was our own housekeeper. The old man is now 89 but quite fat & vigorous, & walked across the neighboring farm through rough hillside pastures to show me the old stone-walled "breaking-pit", where 75 or 80 years ago he saw the folk roasting flax over a fire to prepare it for hackling, & the women at work with the wooden-barred hackle placed close by the pit. Colp knows of 2 other such pits still preserved in Eagle Head.

They insisted we stay to tea, so we did, & bought a quantity of turnips, carrots & a cabbage. I also bought for 50 cents one of Colp's old weaving shuttles, made of yellow birch. (They showed us woolen blankets, & wool-and-flax blankets, woven by Colp when he was a boy of 12, on the family loom.)

SUNDAY, Nov. 11/45 A lovely sunny day & mild. Attended the annual Armistice Day service, held in the Astor Theatre, music by the cadet band. Father J. M. G. Wilson gave the address, a very good one, brief & sincere & something to think about.

Many wreaths deposited about the wooden cross on the platform in memory of men who died in the past two wars, & these were later placed about the pedestal of the war memorial in front of Town Hall. I placed a wreath, as usual, in memory of my father. A large naval detachment present, & after the public ceremony they marched to Trinity Church,

where two flags were deposited & dedicated to the memory of naval men who visited this port during the war & were subsequently lost with their ships.

MONDAY, Nov. 12/45

Armistice Dinner tonight in the Legion hall, 125 sat down; a fine meal, prepared in the Legion kitchen & served by ladies of the auxiliary. I sat with Copelin & J. H. V. MacDonald, & was called upon to respond to the toast to the Legion. Chief speaker was J. J. Mackintosh of Dartmouth, provincial president of the Legion. I should say about 60% of those present were young veterans of the late war & the proportion will be much greater next year.

~~WEDNESDAY~~  
TUESDAY

Nov. 13/45

I am 42 today & for tea Edith had an iced cake (using a week's ration of sugar!) with 9 candles (all she could find), borne into the dining room by our smiling Francie to the chanting of "Happy Birthday to you!" etc. Dull, dripping weather.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 14/45

Rain. Today I counted 24 motor boats of inshore fishermen tied up by the cold storage plant, clear proof that the ex-soldiers, sailors & shipyard workers are going back to their pre-war work. During the war, especially after 1942, there were never more than 6 or 7.

