Oct. 30, 1956

To

Dec. 28, 1957

RECORD

No 530

Oct. 1956:- McCaul overhauled furnace & water heater, sent away my spark-timer gear for repairs, & put a new one in its place temporarily.

Nov. 29/56 Herman McCaul replaced the furnace timer.

April, 1957 Furnace motors oiled.

October, 1957 Furnace motors oiled.

Some of these county votes were close. The recounts gave the Conservatives one more seat & of course the Liberals had only 18:

TUESDAY, OCT. 30 1956 (continued) Henry Hicks got 19 seats, & the C.C.F. 1. Shelburne, Queens, & all three Lunenburg County seats returned Conservatives, reflecting the continued indifference to South Shore matters on the part of the Liberal government.

Foreign news: the continual border warfare between Israelis & Egyptians & Arabs has reached a new pitch lately, & two days ago an Israeli force pushed into the Sinai desert apparently heading for the Suez Canal. Britain & France have announced their intention of landing troops in Egypt to protect the canal. Cairo announces that the canal is in no danger whatever. So it goes.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31/56 Fine & warm. Golf in my shirtsleeves again this afternoon — the most wonderful stretch of Indian summer I can remember.

Today British & French planes from Cyprus began bombing Egyptian air fields & the R.N. cruiser "Newfoundland" sank an Egyptian frigate in the Red sea approach to the Suez Canal. President Eisenhower condemns the Anglo-French move, says it was "taken in error" & says the U.S. will have nothing to do with it. The Canadian gov't. supports the U.S. view, & so do most of the United Nations, who have called a special meeting of the council. According to a Canadian reporter in Washington, the U.S. gov't believes that Israeli, British & French attacks on Egypt were made in collusion & with the main object of ousting Nasser's dictatorship. In Hungary the revolt seems to have triumphed; the Hungarian army, carefully trained & armed by the Russians, has gone over to the rebels nevertheless. Russians have withdrawn their tanks & troops from Budapest, & the Hungarians are demanding

that they get rid of the whole country. The chief Hungarian R. C. prelate, Cardinal Mindszenty, who was condemned to life imprisonment by a communist court a few years ago, has returned to Budapest in triumph.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1/56 The hottest day yet in this amazing autumn, 80° in the sun at noon. Played golf this afternoon in a light T-shirt & trousers, just what I wear in summer, & finished wet with perspiration. After the game drove with E. to Carter's Beach & walked along the shore to our old picnic spot. Jackson, the golf pro., went for a swim in the sea at White Point, found the water warmer than in July. Other people were swimming at Port Joli. Not a cloud in the sky & strangely, not a wisp of haze.

Tonight with about 20 others we were entertained at a punchbowl party given in the wardroom of the frigate Sault Ste. Marie, which has arrived here for a complete refit at the Stenpro dock. Commander Green, a cheerful man, did the honors with his officers. The punch was something called Matador, the recipe for which the officers had learned on a visit to Manzanilla, Mexico. A pale green, pleasant drink, mostly lime juice & sugar I suspect, with lemon & gin & some other ingredient, & each glass-full served with a rose petal floating on the surface.

Today there was an explosion followed by fire in one of the mines at Springhill, Nova Scotia. About a dozen men were fatally burned in the pit-head building when a flash of flame came out of the shaft, and 118 others are believed to be trapped underground.

SUNDAY, Nov. 7/56 Still fine weather. Golf this afternoon with Paul King, Len Pottle & "Jock" Jackson; E. played with Madge King. The news from Hungary is very bad. The

Russians duped the Hungarian army by offering to withdraw from Budapest if the Hungarians stopped fighting & organizing. Then a crushing force of Russian troops & tanks arrived on the scene, shooting & hanging right & left. The revolution is crushed.

In Egypt the British & French air forces, operating from Cyprus & from aircraft carriers, have destroyed much of the Egyptian aircraft on the ground & are still bombing Egyptian military installations about the Suez Canal in preparation for a landing of their troops. Israeli troops have completely defeated the Egyptian army in Sinai & claim Egyptian losses of 17,000, mostly prisoners. Hundreds of Egyptian officers abandoned their posts & fled. At a special meeting of the United Nations Council at New York, Canada's Lester Pearson today proposed that a military force be raised from the U.N. to take over and police the Suez area & to separate the Egyptians & Israelis. Britain & France, through their delegates, agreed to withdraw their own forces if and when a competent U.N. force arrived.

MONDAY, NOV. 5, 56 Again fine, again I & I golfed in the afternoon: At my desk I'm busy slicing excess fat from the manuscript of my history, which has now run to more than 200,000 words with much more to be done. (Costain's volume was 204,000, Rutledge's 228,000).

Last night about 50 more men were brought out alive from the Springhill mine, making 88 saved in all. About 26 men are still at the bottom of the shaft, believed dead. Including men killed by the explosion itself & by gas (including 2 men of the rescue parties) the dead amount to 38. Fire is still burning below ground & the shaft will be sealed.

This morning British & French paratroops began landing in the Suez Canal zone about Port Said, & within a few hours the Egyptian officer commanding at Port Said asked for a cease fire & surrender terms.

TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1956

Again fine & warm. The new automatic telephone system in Liverpool came into use for the first time today. For a break in our daily routine I drove with E. to Hfx this morning. Left her shopping at Simpson's, went on into town. Lunch was a bowl of oyster stew at the Sea Shell. Shopped for Xmas cards & found what I wanted at Birks'. Dropped into the Book Room & found Bendelier personally cheerful as always, but as usual pessimistic about the book business. Of the 1,000 copies of my new book which he received in October he has sold only 25. This is natural; Canadians seldom buy books except for Xmas presents, & the Xmas season is still ahead.

Dropped in to the Technical College & viewed the N.S. Museum of Science, transformed by Don Crowdis from the old N.S. Museum. Birds, butterflies, animal models in natural settings, live fish in tanks, each lot set forth in separate glass cases, cunningly lighted. But I wonder what became of the old museum's collection of Micmac relics, coins, minerals & so on. Crowdis always pooh-poohed that kind of thing. (Later: most of it was transferred to the Citadel museum.)

Picked up E. at Simpson's about 3 p.m. & drove over to Dalhousie for a chat with Mum, who seemed bright & well. Back to the hotel at 5. E. had phoned Francie, telling her to bring Lynn to the hotel for dinner with us. The girls turned up at 6 & we dined together in the main dining room, beginning with sherry (Amontillado) & having a tremendous meal. Francie is still worried about her job, finds the bookkeeping work difficult because of her distaste for mathematics, has to work most of her noon-hours & one night a week (voluntarily) in order to keep up with

the volume of work. However I think she will make out very well. The girls left about 9 p.m. (Lynn wanted to go skating at the Sal. rink) & E & I spent a lazy evening in our room. Today the world's news was headline stuff. After months of campaigning, the presidential election was held in the U.S. today & (although the popular vote was only slightly better than half for Eisenhauer) owing to the peculiarities of the U.S. electoral college "Ike" was re-elected by a tremendous majority of its votes. (see later note at bottom)

Meanwhile the Egyptian affair almost blew up to another world war. Russia abruptly warned Britain & France to cease fighting in Egypt & hinted strongly that she would enter the war (with rocket-bombs aimed at their two countries) if they did not. Mr. Eden announced soon afterwards that he & the French premier had ordered a cease-fire in Egypt because their troops had obtained their objectives, & because they were willing to hand over the canal to a protective force drawn from the United Nations. The Israelis also ordered a cease-fire. A tight censorship has hidden most of the fighting so far. According to American reports the Allied paratroops suffered heavily from well dug-in Egyptian garrisons using the latest Russian weapons & equipment; and even when troops, tanks & guns landed from the Allied ships, they made slow progress. These reports say the Allies have seized the old British base at Ismailia, about half way to the Red Sea, but still have only part of Port Said.

A great Labor demonstration (20,000 people, led by Aneurin Bevan) against the "unwarranted attack on Egypt", in London yesterday. (Note: In the U.S. the popular vote was 33,400,000 for "Ike", 24,400,000 for "Adlai"; but the Democrats again won majorities in the Congress and Senate.)

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7, 1956 Fine & hot. E shopped downtown this morning. I went for a walk; looked at the old Hoyt house on College Street where I used to take piano lessons as a boy, & the old Maritime Business College (now defunct) farther along the street, where I studied accounting in 1922-23 before going to Queens County. Then down Robie Street past St. Mary's University to Marlborough Woods, then zig-zagging through the new streets full of smart (but small) houses built mostly since 1945 between Marlborough Woods and South Street; then up Robie St. to Camp Hill cemetery (where I looked up Joseph Howe's grave — but couldn't find Jim Martell's), thence into the Public Gardens, where I sat, coatless & hot, enjoying a cigarette. At 11 a.m. I joined E. at the hotel, & we called on old Laura Creed, who shuts up her Mill Village house & spends the winters in the Lord Nelson annex, a small brick box behind the hotel which contains a few very pleasant little apartments.

My sister Hilda, came up to the hotel at 12:30 & we lunched together. She still feels restless, wants to get out of the rut in which her life seems sunk, but doesn't know what to do about it. At 2:30 E. & I checked out of the hotel & drove home in a hot & cloudless afternoon. At Mahone Bay noticed an ox-cart, laden with 4 or 5 barrels, standing in the middle of the shallow Mush-a-Mush river, & an old man filling the barrels with a bucket. The wells are going dry everywhere in the prolonged Indian Summer weather. Home at 5 p.m.

Item: population of the Halifax metropolitan area (including Dartmouth, Bedford, Spryfield etc.) is now almost 170,000. It has increased more than 19% since 1951.

SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1956 Rain, the first break in the long spell of Indian Summer, & very cold tonight. Busy going over the m/s of my history & cutting it down. Much of the scrapped material is highly interesting & I had worked long to dig it up & write it down. The United Nations are hastily getting together a military force to take over & guard the Suez Canal zone — Canada is sending a battalion of the Queens Own (Toronto) Rifles. So far Nasser has not given consent to these arrangements, & the Russians are now threatening to fly in thousands of "volunteers" to Nasser's aid if the British & French troops don't get out. Political turmoil in Britain over Eden's action in Egypt; two of his own cabinet have resigned, & the Labor Party is furious.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11/56 Temp. 24° at 9 a.m. A cold bright day. At the Legion's request I gave the address at the memorial service held in the Astor Theatre at 11 a.m. The place was full. At 1 p.m. E. & I drove with the Lockwards to Greenfield had an excellent dinner with Low Parrott & Mrs. Kelly & spent the afternoon. Lockward & I never mention our old feud over the town library. I think he sees now how petty his attitude was, especially in view of the heavy [illegible] expenditures on the streets, the new school etc., which he & his town council have had to make since. Parrott & Mrs. Kelly have rented Lettie Kitchen's bungalow in Liverpool for the winter. I believe Mr. Parrott has started suit for a divorce. Parrott made over most of his fortune (& their Boston residence) to her long ago, so she is in a very snug position. "Ches" LeBrow's wife Della died on Friday, after a years illness — cancer of the liver. He is an inspector of schools in the western N.S. region. Both

highly intelligent & cultured people in their thirties, with two small children. Della knew the score from the doctors almost two years ago, resolved to make the most of the time left to her, going on with her French studies, her painting & music, & giving her children all the love she had, always cheerful & witty to the last. It was typical of her that she made provision (with "Ches's" consent) that her body be given to Dalhousie medical school for cancer research.

TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1956 My 53rd. birthday. E. presented me with a blue shirt, Mum & Hilda sent socks. A typical November day with black clouds & patches of sunshine. I played 9 holes at White Point in a whistling W. gale. Marie Freeman joined us for dinner & spent the evening. (We had a birthday poundcake, candles & all, & Marie gave me a copy of Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels".)

THURSDAY, NOV. 15/56 Sunny & mild. Golf at White Point, perspiring in shirtsleeves. The first U.N. troops, a few dozen Danes & Norwegians, have arrived in Egypt by air. Russia is still making threatening noises while stamping out the last embers of the Hungarian revolt, but it looks now as if Nasser doesn't want that "volunteers" in Egypt any more than he wants the British & French. The Suez Canal remains thoroughly blocked by ships sunk for the purpose by the Egyptians, & the Arabs seem to have cut the oil pipes between the Mediterranean and the Iraq oil fields. Public opinion in Britain is now swinging towards Eden. The U.S. continues to take a very holy attitude of protest, & Canadian government seems inclined to stand with the U.S. The stock markets have taken a bad tumble. A couple of weeks ago E. sent Tommy $200 to invest in Bouzan, a Chibougamau copper speculation recommended by

his friend "Ducky" Maclean. It is now worth about $20, she bought it at $1.25.

SATURDAY, Nov. 17/56 Rain. My sister Hilda drove down from Halifax this afternoon, bringing Frances & Lynn Selden, & had dinner with us & spent the evening. She is staying overnight with her sister-in-law Mrs. Ralph Hadskis. Frances & Lynn have changed their rooming-place to No. 62 Seymour Street & seem to be getting along well.

SUNDAY, Nov. 18/56 Hilda & Frances left for Hfx. in a wild storm of rain. The Valley had five inches of snow today.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20/56 Drove with E. to Hfx this morning. Autographed books for Mahon & the Book Room. Lunch at the Sea Shell. Visited Mum at Fillmore for half an hour. Picked up E. at Simpson's at 2:30 p.m. & drove to Wolfville. The snow line began about Mount Uniacke & the Valley was a wintry scene. Tom Jr. & his chum Bob Telekian had dinner with us at the Paramount Hotel. Tom says he is enquiring about the Army scheme, under which the government would pay his way through Dalhousie (Dental School). He would be required to serve at least 4 years in the Army, with a captain's rank & pay ($450 per month) after getting his certificate. Left Wolfville at 8 p.m. & drove home via Middleton & Bridgewater. The road icy in spots on the mountain but well sanded, & we were home at 10:20.

Letter from George Nelson, who says Doubleday will re-publish "His Majesty's Yankees" in 1957 & will print "up to 75,000 copies" (whatever that means) using it as an alternate choice on the book clubs as well as carrying it on their ordinary trade list.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23, 1956

Mild & raining at morning. This is the American Thanksgiving Day & Lou Perrot invited a party out to his Greenfield lodge for "an old-fashioned American Thanksgiving dinner." (The J. Wickwires, Lockwards, Frank Kelly & wife, Catherine Waters, Maggie Inness, the R.L. Seatons & ourselves). He & his housekeeper-companion Mrs. Ann Kelly have rented the Kitchens' bungalow on Church St. for the winter & the lodge has been shut up for some weeks. I drove out with E. & the Lockwards & got a big fire of oak logs burning in the lodge fireplace, & it heated the big room nicely. After drinks we sat down at 7 p.m. & demolished two big roast turkeys with several kinds of vegetables & salad, & pumpkin, mince & apple pies, coffee, tea. A feast. Afterwards sat about talking or playing bridge. Just ~~before we~~ as we were leaving E. had a fainting spell. Fortunately John Wickwire was there & he made her lie on a couch & tipped up the foot of it with boards & cushions. After half an hour she felt better & we drove home, Dr. W. following us in his car in case E. had another turn on the way. Snow was blowing in squalls all the way so that the visibility was poor, but I drove home fairly fast & E. went to bed.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28/56 Rain, & no exercise for days. E's ailment turned out to be intestinal flu. Dr. John Wickwire has prescribed medicine but she is still poorly. I am still hacking away at my manuscript. I have got it down from 217,000 to 204,000 words by cutting out many small sidelights — a paragraph here & a page there — which made the difference between dull history & readable history — & as Doubleday has set the limit at Rutledge's length, 228,000 words, I have got scant room to do the rest of the period to 1850. I realize now that I took on a terrific assignment in the period 1763–1850, containing as it does

the period of the American Revolution, the War of 1812, & the rebellions of 1837-38. Properly this should have the space of 2 volumes. I had hoped (& worked) to bring in so many things — dress, manners, housing etc. — & all this must go by the board.

The international news is still puzzling & ominous. A conglomerate force of United Nations troops (Norwegian, Colombian etc) is being slowly assembled at Port Said under Canadian General Burns, but so far Nasser has refused to permit Canadian infantry to land. The Queens Own Rifles (of Toronto) are still waiting at Halifax. Censorship exerts a heavy hand. Nobody knows yet why Britain, France & Israel made their sudden attack, or why they stopped when their objective (the Suez Canal) was only half taken. The United States government, magazines & press unite with the Russian, Chinese, Indian & other ditto in denouncing the British-French-Israelis ~~war~~, whose governments are almost silent, & the Canadian govt. sides silently with the Americans to all appearances. To add to the puzzle, Prime Minister Anthony Eden has flown to Jamaica for a 3 weeks' holiday, in the midst of all this hullabaloo.

Here in Liverpool the new Dominion Store (chain grocery) opened the other day, & for the first time we have a full choice of canned goods, fresh vegetables, fruits etc which until this time has only been available in cities. A fine large store, of steel & tile, well lit, on the edge of the town parking lot where Gorham Street runs down from Main.

THURSDAY, Nov. 29/56 Another grey day, threatening snow or rain. Marie Freeman had another fit of hysteria & hallucinations yesterday

NOTE

On Nov. 30, 1956 there was a strange reflux of the tide on the South Shore. It was about the time of the full moon, but the tide ebbed lower than anyone had ever seen it. At Hunts Point it was possible to walk on what is normally sea bottom around the end of the breakwater. At Port Morton fishing boats anchored in the creek channel, where there is always water enough to keep them afloat even at ebb tides, all were left high & dry. The fishermen had piled lobster traps on their decks, ready for quick setting on the morning of Dec. 1st., when the season opens. The boats fell on their sides & spilled the traps overboard. The same occurred at Port Jolie.

When the tide turned, the flow came later than the schedule in the official tide tables, & it was just a normal full moon tide. After the astonishing ebb the fishermen had expected more of a flood.

while at work (she is secretary to B. J. Waters, the Moxey Paper Co. president) & Dr. Wickwire has ordered a rest and a visit to a Halifax psychiatrist.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1956 Snowing lightly. Marie Freeman spent the night with us, & shortly after noon Terence picked her up in his car & drove her to the V. G. hospital in Halifax. E. went with her & returned tonight with Terence.

Tonight the Canadian Legion, Branch 38 (South Queens) held a banquet to celebrate the 25th. anniversary of the founding of the branch. Their building at the river side is thoroughly altered & renovated; downstairs a fine sun-porch with comfortable furniture, running the whole length of the building & looking on the river; also a large games room with a bar (beer & ale only), and a kitchen. Upstairs a meeting room (here the banquet tables were set up) running over the whole top floor. The bar is open to members most evenings of the week, & the profit on beer sales runs to an average $150 per month. This, (and the rental of their upper floor to the Customs while the new Federal building was under construction) has enabled them to make all the renovations, instal furniture, & pay off all debt. They don't owe a cent.

I was at the head table with the retiring President (Jack McMorrie) & 3 other former presidents (Bill Jeudrey, Gilbert Winters & Larry McKenzie) all of us wearing our Past President medals. At a guests' table sat Cecil Day, Edgar Wright, Oscar Miles (from Legion Provincial Command at Halifax), Mayor Lockwood (who proposed a toast to the Legion), & Ken Jones (who responded, the only speech of the evening). The Ladies' Auxiliary provided an excellent dinner, including a huge candle-lit birthday cake representing the Legion building & grounds as they will look some time hence, & presented the President with a

cheque for Legion charities. I was given the duty of presenting 25-year badges to 14 men who have been fully-paid-up members of Branch 38 ever since it was formed in 1931. (I was one of the original members, but I dropped out in 1947 or thereabouts when the now notorious Eugene Ford became President & began to waste the funds & generally to misconduct affairs. I rejoined last summer.)

It was pleasant to sit over a bottle of beer & chat with old friends like "Ike" Smart, Alan Langille, Jim Hatcher, Carl Hatt. The new slate of officers for 1957 are all veterans of War Two & Terence Freeman is a Vice-President.

Edgar Wright told me the Legion building was built as a warehouse for a shipping merchant here in 1846 - exactly 110 years ago. When the Legion bought it after War Two & began to change the interior they found a huge built-in "fish screw" - used for ramming dried codfish into "drums" (barrels holding ~~one~~ 4 quintals) for shipment to the West Indies & South America. (This building was torn down in 1962 after a completely new Legion Hall was completed.)

MONDAY, DEC. 3/56 A rugged day. Started the car with much difficulty after a 20° night, set off for Halifax with E. at 9 am. After passing the hill at Happy Landing the engine stopped. I thought it was the old trouble with the automatic choke, got out, lifted the hood, juggled the choke-rod, got back into the car, stepped on the starter, & after some grinding away it went - for a few hundred yards. Then the whole performance again. In this way I coaxed the car along to the hill before Mill Village, coasted as far as the Jason Creed house. Got out, walked into the village & phoned Bain's Garage in Liverpool. After half an hour their truck came with a mechanic. He found that the trouble was in the electric coil, it had shorted & burned out. He suggested going back to Liverpool for

coil. I said I had an important luncheon engagement in Halifax. He then took the coil out of his own truck, put it in place on my engine, said he'd get back to L'pool somehow, & away I went.

Dropped E. at the Lord Nelson, where she lunched with Bill Dennis & Francie — Francie wearing her engagement ring, a pearl & sapphire ring that was his grandmother's. I got to the Nova Scotian just in time for my engagement with John Gray, of the Mac Millan Company, publishers. We had lunch sent up to his room & ate & chatted there. He wants me to do a larger version of my old "Saga of The Rover" for publication as one of Mac Millan's "Great Stories of Canada" series, which are aimed at the teen-age market and are doing very well. I said I'd be willing if Doubleday were happy about it — and I can't see why they'd object. I promised to sound out Doubleday on the matter, & would let him know the result. If Doubleday consents, I could get to work on the "Rover" right after finishing my history volume in (I hope) January. Left Gray at 3 p.m., walked along to the Book Room & autographed more copies of "Wings of Night" for Bendelier. He is much happier now, the Christmas rush has started, & his staff can hardly keep up with it; but he still thinks he can't sell 1,000 copies. E. had gone on to visit Marie at the V.G., & found her much easier in mind. The psychiatrist thinks her trouble is not mental but merely nerves & overwork. I picked up E. in the hospital waiting room about 4 p.m. Thought of visiting Mum but decided to get on home. Good thing I did. Ran into a snowstorm somewhere about Mahone. After passing Bridgewater it was very touchy going — a peculiarly slippery skin of snow on the asphalt — saw a car in the ditch &

three others stopped near it — the car apparently undamaged so I went on. Many cars on the road & it was a tricky business when one met another going the other way — the glare of lights in the snowy night & the cars skidding towards the ditch. The hills were very bad. I barely got to the top of the big hill this side of Mill Village, inching along, wheels spinning wildly, car swinging continually towards the ditch. Bad time getting past a chap who had lost his nerve after a bad skid near the crest & had stopped almost in the middle of the road. It took 40 minutes to get from Mill Village to Liverpool. Phew.

This evening ~~Doris~~ BERRY of C.B.C. phoned from Hfx. She is coming down on Friday with Nectar MacFadyen of the C.B.C. dramatic-show staff; they want to talk to me about doing some plays for T.V.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18/56 Nothing much to record except a steady grind at the history, morning, noon & night. No temptation to go out except for cigarettes & the mail — continuous rain, fog, sleet, snow & rain again. Costain has asked to have the M/S in his hands by Jan. 25 which means I must plan & get it away by the 18th at latest. In writing the rebellion period 1837-38 & the climactic chapters ending in responsible govt. I find I need still more room, & so I am now typing clean copy for Costain & at the same time cutting out much interesting detail & knitting the parts together as I go along. Since I alone could do this it meant that E. had to drop her typing job.

Tom Jr. arrived home tonight for the holidays.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19/56 Capt. Charlie Williams' second daughter Barbara was married today in the United Church to "Hub" Comstock, a high school teacher, formerly posted here. Pretty wedding. Church full. Big reception at the Mersey Hotel. Bridegroom very self-possessed and

confident, the bride pale, stiff, faintly smiling, almost inaudible. A fine intelligent girl, too good for Comstock.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21/56 Frances & her fiancee Bill Dennis arrived in his car & will spend the holidays with us. Trouble with my own car: I've had Bain's men clean the carburretor twice in a week — each time a 2½ hour job. The engine is missing & jerking again, & Bain's now tell me I must have got some dirty gasoline somewhere, & the only remedy is to drain the tank, take it off & clean it thoroughly, clean all feed pipes and clean the carburretor again.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22/56 Sunshine today for the first time in weeks, the ground bare, temp. 32°. I drove to White Point & played 18 holes (score 95) — the first golf since Nov. 15 & the first real exercise in a month. Walter Lovelace dropped dead this afternoon while stepping out of his car on the town parking lot. He was CNR telegrapher here when I came in 1923 & has been in charge of the local railway station for years. A bachelor, living alone, he sold & repaired typewriters as a sideline; I've got nearly all my typewriter ribbons from him ever since I started writing — a fact of which he was always very proud.

Cocktail party this evening at the Berk Waters', then on to the Hector Dunlaps' & finished out the hours till bedtime. Capt. & Florence Williams there; they sail for New York tonight. Forgot to mention that after golf this afternoon I drove to Hunts Point & bought 20 lbs of fresh lobsters from Harvey Doggett for 50¢ per lb. The fishermen have been getting very good catches & the price has held firmly so far, so they will enjoy a prosperous Christmas.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23, 1956 Overcast & a raw east wind. Morning service at the United Church with my family & Bill. Large congregation.

MONDAY, DEC. 24/56 Drizzling rain. Attended Walter Lovelace's funeral service in Wright & Chandler's undertaking parlors on Union Street. He was 62. The kids decorated our ~~xxxx~~ Christmas tree, the sittingroom, & hung a decoration of hemlock boughs & colored lights on the porch. Tonight E. & I called on old Lou Parrott with a bottle of wine (& a handkerchief for Mrs. Kelly); then to the Mowbray Jones house for a drink & chat; finally to Ralph Johnson's house — Grace Johnson had insisted that we hold our customary Christmas Eve party there — the Austin Parkers, Annie Ritchie, Enid Doggett & ourselves — the Dunlaps couldn't make it. All very sedate, nothing like the madcap Christmas Eves of 20 years ago.

TUESDAY, DEC. 25/56 Still foggy & damp — a green Christmas. I was up at 6 a.m. hammering away at my history typescript. At 11 a.m. the family party gathered & opened gifts. Santa Claus had been busy. My gift to E. a dressing gown. Bill & Francie gave her a fine electric mixer for the kitchen, & me a No. 2 iron to improve my golf game. At 1 p.m. after sherry for the grown-ups we had dinner, ten of us — Terence & Betty Freeman, their two children, Marie Freeman, Tommy, Frances, Bill Dennis, E. & me. I carved up a 20-lb. turkey, a truly noble bird from North Queens, & it made a noble feast.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26/56 A crisp sunny day, no wind, the ground bare & lightly frozen. Len Pottle & I played 18 holes at White Point (my score 95, his 98) with

bare hands. Tonight I drove with E. & the Parkers to have supper with Joe & Helen Holloway, who operate the old Barteling ("A. M. Barteling & Son") insurance business in Liverpool, & live in the old Morton home at Middlefield, 12 miles out of town on the Annapolis road. There were about 100 other guests. The house exterior was lit up by colored electric lights in rows from ground to chimneys, a brilliant display in the darkness of the woods. It is a rambling farmhouse, very roomy & tastefully furnished. A buffet meal, everybody forming in a sort of snake line & winding through the dining room past tables laden with bowls of curds, salads of various kinds (I found the lobster salad delicious) a huge platter piled with cold roast venison slices, bowls of mashed potato, of beetroot, of shredded carrots, of baked squash; platters of baked biscuits, rolls, blueberry buns, cheese, butter; delicious little apple pies of about 4" top diameter & 3" deep; mince pies ditto; & coffee. Phew! The hours were set in the written invitations, from 5 to 7 p.m." and promptly at seven the guests began to thank the hosts & leave. The Hollerays gave a party after Christmas last year to 50 members of Kiwanis & wives of members, & it was such a success that they enlarged their guest list this year & intend to make it an annual event. Frances & Bill returned by car to Halifax this evening. They are very much in love & I guess they won't put off marriage until he has his M.D. — a very long drag.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27/56 A cloudy cold day, threatening snow. I played 18 holes alone at White Point this afternoon. The White Point pond is frozen over & there are patches of ice in hollows of the course. (My score was again 95).

E. & I saw a musical comedy at the theatre tonight — "Guys & Dolls", based on Damon Runyon's characters,

in colored film, very amusing & beautifully staged.

The British & French troops have now left Egypt, and Nasser (as might have been expected) has broken his promise to permit salvage crews to remove the sunken ships in the Suez Canal as soon as the allied troops left. The United Nations' staff are arguing with him, but the withdrawal of the British & French troops has left all the cards in his hands & he knows it.

Hundreds of Hungarian refugees are arriving at Halifax on every trans Atlantic liner, all going on to Montreal & Toronto. The closure of the Suez Canal & the Syrian stoppage of pipe lines from Iraq has shut off much of the Arabian oil on which western Europe largely depended. Strict gasoline rationing in Britain & the depressing effects of the war-scare have sent thousands of Britons to the Canadian immigration offices in London, & next year the Canadian authorities expect a large inflow of British settlers.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29/56 Very mild, with drizzling rain yesterday & today. Tom Jr. drove to Hfx this morning to get his girl, Marilyn Burbidge of Canning, who came that far by bus. She is spending the New Year holiday with us.

During the night, out of a moist calm that had lasted 48 hours, a wind sprang up & soon reached hurricane force, blowing from the west. From 2.45 a.m. (when the town's electric service ceased to function) to 5 a.m. the gale roared & shook the whole house; no one could sleep. At times I thought the roof would go.

SUNDAY, DEC. 30/56 Everyone slept late — no church. Wind still blowing. Official reports from Liverpool meteorological station, from Hfx, Yarmouth & Greenwood, report a genuine hurricane with gusts of 100 miles an hour. There was no warning.

Rube Hornstein, chief of the meteorological staff at Hfx. says "The storm sneaked in from the sea & the barometer dropped suddenly to 28.43". Immense damage along the coast to boats & wharves. Even in Hfx harbor several ships dragged their anchors & went ashore. Trees down everywhere, windows smashed, roofs damaged, barns demolished. I got off lightly as far as I can see — just a couple of shingles torn off the roof of my den. Joe Puckle, next door, had a great patch of shingles torn off his roof. The heating-plant chimney of Liverpool hospital collapsed & went through the roof — several patients had narrow escapes & one end of the hospital had to be evacuated. The high wire fence around the tennis courts snapped off its posts & collapsed. T.V. aerials were torn off or bent at queer angles. The sea made a huge breach in the dunes at Crescent Beach, so that all road traffic with LaHave Islands is cut off.

Our golfers can smile. The big wind demolished three tall spruce trees which have stood as a hazard to the left of No. 1 fairway about a chip-shot from the green.

MONDAY, DEC. 31/56 Very cold weather followed the gale, & about 2 inches of snow. Worked all day at the history. Our New Years Eve celebration began quietly & pleasantly with dinner at the Anglican parsonage (Rev. John & Frances Davies); just the Terry Feldons, Jack McClearns & ourselves, & Fran Davies' sister Mrs. Ratchskin. (The others came to our house first, for drinks, not trusting the parsonage wine cellar, but Jack Davies had some very good sherry). Then E. & I came home & I went right back to work at my desk until 11 p.m., when we joined a merry crowd celebrating New Year at Austin Parkers. Home & to bed at 3 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2, 1957. Clear & cold. Tom & Marilyn returned to Wolfville this morning by taxi. They had a merry time at the New Year parties & dances.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6/57

Zero weather, only an inch of snow, bright sunshine today. E. & I walked to church. At my desk the rest of the day until 10 p.m. My left hand getting very bad with the continual typing as it always does. I've been at it day & night since the first week in December, when I halted work on the final chapters & took over the typing of clean copy (with 2 carbons) from E. This was unfortunately necessary, due to the large & numerous blue-pencil deletions in the original M.S. which I had to make in order to get the book within Doubleday's space limit. I write clean copy & knit the work together as I go along.

President Eisenhauer has made an important proposal to Congress. He asks approval for his plan to use U.S. military forces in the Middle East if any of the Middle East countries is invaded or subverted by any Communist country. Along with this is a plan to give financial aid to the Middle East countries. Stripped of its formal verbiage this is simply the old big-power policy of the big stick in one hand & a bribe in the other. Some British & French newspapers pointed out during the recent Suez flare-up that American oil companies have a big stake in the Middle East, especially in Saudi Arabia where they enjoy a monopoly from King Saud. The huge royalties they pay to Saud have been used to finance much anti-British propaganda & to arm & equip Saudi troops which frequently gather & threaten the British-owned oil installations at Kuweit on the Persian Gulf.

The question is, how much has U.S. government policy in the Suez crisis been influenced by the powerful lobby of U.S. oil interests?

MONDAY, JAN. 7, 1957

A rough stormy day. Snow & rain mixed, the snowflakes sometimes huge, like feathers, & towards evening the snow "making" in spite of the rain, so that the ploughs were busy. Indoors working all day & evening — painfully slow with my crippled left hand — simply a matter of clicking to it doggedly hour by hour.

TUESDAY, JAN. 8, 57 Stormy. Worked all day & evening. George Nelson of Doubleday phoned from Toronto tonight. He had just returned from a week's conference with the big boys in New York. They say they must have the complete M/S. of my history not later than the first week in February. George had talked to Costain by phone since getting back & finding my letter awaiting him. Had read aloud to him the part of my letter in which I'd said I was strongly attracted to a novel based on the life of Frances Wentworth for my next work. Said Costain thought it would be fine. However Nelson urged me strongly to go to New York as soon as possible & discuss with George Shively (who will be the editor dealing with my work now that Ethel Hulse has retired from the firm) and with chief editor & manager Ken McCormick. These men, he says, can "go to town" on the right kind of novel & make me rich. (All very fine but I don't want to get rich if it means writing to order for a bunch of men in New York or anywhere else). With regard to my "Rover" project for MacMillan, Doubleday have no objection at all, so that's that. I said I couldn't go to New York until I'd finished the "Rover" job, but would consider going then, since I must meet these men some time or other. Meanwhile I could promise the whole M/S of the history by the end of this month. Conversation ended.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1957

Rain & light snow. Temp. 32°. Wet ice about the streets & sidewalks. The rest of the province just about snowed under — we still have only an inch or two. Wrote John Gray of MacMillans, Toronto, saying I would revise & enlarge the "Rover" story & sell the rights outright for $5,000.

Radio tonight announces the resignation of Prime Minister Anthony Eden. Reason given, "ill health". Real reason, the Suez fiasco. Feeling in Britain seems to be that Eden made a rash move in the attack on Suez, but that having started it he should have gone through with it & knocked Nasser out of Egypt. Eden makes no comment on the withdrawal at the insistence of the U.S.A. & under threat by the U.S.S.R., but still affirms that history will prove him right in making the attack.

SATURDAY, JAN. 12/57

Mild & snowing after a sharp snap of zero weather. Working my head off. Yesterday the snow-plough in the street wakened me at 3:30 A.M. & as I couldn't sleep any more I got up & worked straight through till 10 p.m., stopping for meals & a brief walk to the post office & back. Today at 4:45 p.m. I sent 51 chapters of my history volume to George Thively by registered mail. This is about 90 per cent of the book & should keep him & Costain happy until I can forward the rest in about 2 weeks' time.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13/57 A drizzle of rain. No church — my car is snowed in, & the wet ice in the streets makes walking terrible. Stayed in, working all day & evening.

MONDAY, JAN. 14, 1957

Wired Costain that 90% of M/S. was on the way, promised the rest by Jan. 31. Tonight Randolph Day called a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society, the first I believe since 1954. Day became President when I retired in 1952 after 6 straight years in that office; but he soon got tired of it & the Society has been dormant for at least 3 years although it has several hundred dollars in funds. This meeting was called so that Day could arrange for a new slate of officers & hand over to them. According to Ken Jones the govt. will definitely open the Perkins House this summer & intend, by annual appropriations, to furnish all the rooms; but Ken points out that our Society must be alive & functioning so that the govt. may have guidance & assistance in caring for the house. All this of course is exactly what the Liberal govt. promised us from 1947 when it took over the Perkins house, & it's still empty & closed.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16/57

Very cold again after a wild blizzard which blocked the roads, turned to rain (they had a few minutes thunder & lightning in Hfx, something rare in January) just long enough to soak the top inch of snow, & then froze hard. As usual I was up at 5 a.m. Found it hard work just to shovel the front steps & walk, & the path from the back door to the garbage can. Biggest drifts in my driveway I've ever seen.

The highway ploughs were on the job all night & morning & the roads were soon clear for traffic once the snow stopped. A good thing, for a bus full of Shakespearian players were able to get through from Bridgewater for a performance here tonight. They call themselves the Canadian Players & are one of two road companies operating under this name, both connected

(or rather an off-shoot from) the Stratford (Ontario) Festival. Tickets had been sold beforehand for weeks (the players' agent required a cash payment of $400 to be paid in full at the close of the first act), & busses brought high school kids from Rockeport & Caledonia, & people came in from everywhere. The "theatre" was the auditorium of the new rural high school, which holds 750 seats — & nearly all of the seats were filled. The players were very good; an excellent Hamlet (William Hutt), Laertes (Jeremy Wilkin) & Ophelia (Deborah Turnbull) especially. The stage set was a simple grey fluted curtain effect, scene changes made simply by dimming and raising the lights. The costumes were traditional in the case of the minor players but the costume designer — for God knows what reason — had gone a bit modern-arty with the leading men. They wore traditional doublets & shirts & blouses but instead of trunk hose wore a sort of jodhpurs. The King of Denmark in addition to grey jodhpurs wore fawn spats, a grey tail-coat with purple lining & purple lapels, with a glitter of rhinestones in a rectangular mass extending from his left shoulder blade to the left breast. All this was supposed to indicate the regal purple & the regal gems but he was a slim swarthy man & he resembled nothing so much as a Harlem jazz-band leader at the opening of a new dine-&-dance club. The three acts into which Shakespeare's five have been compressed took about 3 hours 20 minutes including two five-minute intervals between the acts. The whole play was done with a well-practiced finesse & was certainly the finest theatrical production ever seen in these parts. A dire lack of theatres with adequate stages throughout Canada has made such things

impossible ever since the installation of "talkie" screens & sound apparatus spoiled the stages by being them too narrow. But the advent of these high schools with excellent auditoriums & ~~above~~ adequate stages ~~scenes~~ & lighting effects has changed all that. This company is touring N.S. from Sydney to Yarmouth playing almost entirely in high schools, & goes on to a tour of Massachusetts where in all probability they will do the same.

SUNDAY, JAN. 20/57 Calm but very cold weather ever since Wednesday's storm, so that every twig & telephone wire still has its tippet of snow. Our temperatures have been as low as 8° below zero. In Caledonia the thermometer hasn't got above zero for almost a week & one night it was 25° below. Our roofs are covered with heavy snow crusted by ice, & on the south-facing eaves of all the houses (where the sun does a bit of melting even in these temperatures) long icicles dangle, some of them huge. Walked about the town with E. this afternoon; it was cold in spite of the sunshine but the scene was a true-life Christmas card. I never saw the town, the river & harbor shore so lovely.

MONDAY, JAN. 21/57 Almost without warning a thaw set in last night. Today warm sunshine with a mild air from the S.W. At noon my thermometer showed 50° in the sun. Walked to Milton & back in the afternoon, my first long walk since some time in December. Enjoyed every step. Feel wonderfully relaxed now because I'm on the last chapter of my book & E. is coming along well with clean typewritten copy for the printers.

TUESDAY, JAN. 22/57 Another spring-like day & another wonderful walk to Milton in the sunshine. (Temp. at noon 60° in the sun). This morning

at 10 a.m. I wrote the last word of my history.

I agreed to do it in a letter to George Nelson on Feb. 8, 1955. I signed the contract in Toronto on March 12/55 after a conference with Tom Costain & Joseph Rutledge. Doubleday wanted the book finished in the spring of '56 but I protested that a decent job would require at least six months' research & a year's actual writing, and Costain agreed with me. At that time I was still working on my novel "The Wings of Night" & the work was delayed by two bad bouts of influenza & something approaching a nervous breakdown. It was April 9/55 before I was able to resume work on the novel & I finished it on June 22/55, too late for publication that year. I began research for the Canadian history at once. I started to write it on Sept 26/55, working alternately at research. Thus the job took 3 months of preliminary research and 16 months of writing.

I still have to prepare chapter headings & an index but I should have everything done by Jan. 31, as I promised Costain in my wire. I may yet have to go to the archives at Ottawa to select maps for reproduction in the book.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25/57. I finished the chapter headings & index of my history after three days of patient work from 6 a.m. to midnight. Tonight I packed up these to Costain; also packed up a complete copy (carbon) of the whole book for mailing to George Nelson in Toronto. He will show it to Ralph Allen of Maclean's. Letter from Charlie Bruce, who had just read "The Wings of Night" in two sittings & calls it "terrific".

Our thaw developed into a wild gale & rain on Jan. 23rd, removing nearly all of the snow. On the 24th E. & I went along with Lou Parrot & Mrs. Kelly for

a drive to South Brookfield. Much more snow out there but the paved road was bare, weather bright & cold. We called on Bill Mullins & his wife, who served tea & delicious buttered rolls. Mullins says there is a slump in the lumber market & he has laid off nearly all of the 75 men he had in the woods.

Frances arrived last night by car from Hfx. She is still enjoying every minute of her time, especially with her Bill.

SUNDAY, JAN. 27/57

Walked to church alone this morning. Snow fell steadily all day but not enough to hinder traffic. Frances & Lynn Selden set off for Halifax at 6 p.m. with "King" Cochrane in his station wagon.

MONDAY, JAN. 28/57

Mailed the M/S. in its various packages to "Costain" & to George Nelson, registered all. This evening I began to refresh my mind for the Rover book, studying Perkins' diary & everything else at hand, including a ledger kept by James Taylor, merchant in Liverpool, from 1795 to 1802. My old notes, compiled for the writing of "Sagas of the Rover" in 1931, have disappeared long since. MacMillan's contract for the new book arrived today. At my request they allow me until Aug 31/57 to deliver the M/S. I can do it in far less time by working hard but this allows for unforeseen delays. Terms are $5,000 on delivery of the manuscript, & for outright sale of hard-cover publication rights anywhere in the world.

FRIDAY, FEB 1/57

Steady cold weather. Have resumed my afternoon walks to Milton. Called on "Wilsie" Kempton & borrowed the old (1802) American Coast Pilot used by his privateering ancestor Francis Kempton on West Indian voyages. Also borrowed a chart of the Venezuelan coast

from Mersey Shipping Co.. Tonight on the Parkers' T.V. set we saw a televised interview of Lon Costain & wife in their Park Avenue apartment in New York. He indicated a pile of typescript on his desk, said it was Volume 3 in the history series he started with "The White & the Gold", this one "a beautiful piece of work by Thomas Raddall, up in Nova Scotia, and a book that should be in every Canadian home." The camera roamed about the apartment, a huge place, Costain's work-room a big chamber lined from floor to ceiling with books. He displayed with pride a ~~sort~~ chest-lowboy of mahogany, once the property of Lord Nelson, & a large & elaborate pen-&-ink stand used by Charles Dickens, & the camera showed a room lined with Mrs. Costain's paintings, mostly flower pieces.

TUESDAY, FEB. 5/57 Steady cold continues, & I continue working on the Rover book. Tonight the band of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders of Canada) gave a concert in the high school auditorium. I was busy writing. Edith went & said it was splendid. Afterwards one of the band, Sergeant George Carroll of Pictou, who described himself as a tympanist, dropped in to see me. He had read all my books & wanted to meet the author. Chatting about the army he said that the men & many of the officers feel that there is too much parade-bashing on the stiff British model. The establishment of a Canadian Brigade of Guards a few years ago was a bad symptom — all the regular regiments felt obliged to drill their men to death or utter boredom in order to keep up with the Guards. Fortunately the government has lately decided to reduce the Canadian Guards from four battalions

to two, but fetish of imitation on the British model continues. Speaking of the Black Watch band he smiled & told me that half the band were Dutch musicians imported from Holland during the past five years. Most of the Canadian regular regiments have a strong proportion of young Dutchmen in their bands. Native musicians simply wouldn't enlist in the army. Carroll's own enlistment is up in another year, & he thinks he will go to the States & join a U.S. army or marine band where the pay is better. I gave him one of my books with a personal inscription & he went away delighted.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6/57 Fine, cold, windy. Shovelled out my driveway, a tough job because the noon sun thaws the snow a little every noon & the cold nights freeze it hard. At the end of all this labor my car refused to start — it has been sitting idle in the garage for weeks. Tonight Lou Parrott & Mrs. Ann Kelly came to dinner & stayed for a couple of rubbers of bridge. They seem very devoted to each other & whatever Mrs. Grundy thinks of it I think the liaison is a very good thing for both of them. Lou talks now of buying a house in town. The house they are renting (Miss Lettie Ritchie's) is too cold.

Ottawa revealed a little while ago that Canada's population is now over 16 millions. Heavy immigration has much to do with it but the native birth-rate has increased sharply since the late war. It is said that one out of every six people in Toronto today is of foreign birth.

Much ado in the Canadian newspapers over the $100,000,000 which Ottawa proposes to set aside as a fund, the interest of which will support a

national cultural foundation for the encouragement of education & the arts. This follows a recommendation of the Massey Report in 1951. In general the newspapers are rude. They say Canadians don't need culture or that they don't want it anyway. They picture a lot of "long-hairs" on the payroll of the fund. Many insist that if the govt. has all that money to throw away it should give it back to the taxpayers or at least reduce the income tax.

Two days ago, following some such talk in the House, Prime Minister St. Laurent revealed that the hundred millions had not come from the taxpayers. It had come from death duties on two enormous estates last year or so — those of Sir James Dunn and S. H. Killam, which made few or no bequests to charity or education.

Letter from Lyn Costain. In general he is very pleased with "The Fate of Destiny" (I have decided on this title rather than "Destiny on the North") but wishes I had gone into more personal detail of Carleton, Prevost, Howe, Papineau et al. All very well, but with the scope I had to cover, including two long & important wars, & the rigid limit he set on the length of the book last Fall, I had to chop out a vast amount of detail as it was.

FRIDAY, FEB. 8/57 Tonight the formal opening of the new Rural High School here, including laying the cornerstone, an odd procedure considering that the school has been in use for months. Premier Stanfield came down & gave a speech, advising the scholars to make the most of these magnificent facilities. In the House he has maintained (& as Premier still insists) that the province has spent far too much

on new schools in the past ten years, to the neglect of roads & other services. Main trouble, I think, has been that all the school-building contracts went to friends of the federal govt., with jobs & perquisites for all the faithful in each community, so that the costs were far too high both for building & for maintenance. The new school here is an example. Much of the ground-breaking & digging was done in winter, in the most expensive conditions; & a gang of plasterers & painters, electricians etc. have been employed all this winter so far in the western wing, working nights, holidays & Sundays at double-pay, so as not to interfere with the school classes. Total cost is known to be more than $600,000 — some say much more. Maintenance (especially the fleet of buses & taxis) is also high. To please the mining constituencies in Cape Breton, both our new school & the new POST OFFICE are heated expensively & sootily by soft coal, with the added cost of getting the coal in & getting the ashes out.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10/57 A supper party at the Jack McClearn's, about 15 people. Sat about & chatted afterwards until 11. Al Hutchinson, Royal Bank manager, told me that while in one sense (chiefly due to the high wages & steady employment of Mersey Paper Company) the town has never been so prosperous, many people have gone into debt to buy T.V. sets, furniture, cars etc. & to get this stuff & keep up the payments they have run up big debts with their grocers & butchers & landlords.

MONDAY, FEB. 11/57 Cold & sunny. Queens County Historical Society's first meeting in 1957, duly advertised in the Advance, produced nine people, one of whom was a reporter from the Advance. I had refused

to let the reorganizing group name me president, knowing that as before I would be stuck with the whole job of running the show including a history lecture at every meeting. So they put back Randolph Day as President for 1957 (he has let the Society slide into desuetude ever since he took over the presidency from me four years or so ago) & stuck me with the job of Chairman of the entertainment committee, which means I'm stuck with most of the show again. Tonight the proceedings were brief. We raised the annual fee from [redacted] #1 to #2, approved expenditure (amount unknown) to be made in putting some sort of fence around the Cobb monument uptown, agreed to meet again a month from today, & adjourned.

I went on to the Anglican parsonage, where Jack & Fran Davies had some friends in to see lantern slides taken on their three months' tour of Britain last summer. Jack naturally went in rather heavily for cathedrals but the pictures were good, & his & Fran's patter interesting, a change from the frightful bore of seeing & hearing Florida etc. from umpteen starry-eyed friends in the past five years.

My weight, stripped, is 189 lbs. I must try now to get this down to about 175. While I'm noting statistics of growth — Ottawa says Canadian population at the end of 1956 was 16,344,000. Immigration during the year was 164,000.

SUNDAY, FEB 17/57

For the past seven days, following a careful diet, I have drunk no alcohol. My habit is to take three 2-ounce drinks of rum between 9 p.m &

midnight, & according to the diet chart Edith borrowed, each of these drinks held 200 calories = 600 for the evening. She said "That's why your weight doesn't shrink; you're cutting calories on your food & putting it all back in the drinks." Today I weighed myself & my weight hasn't shrunk one ounce, so to hell with the diet chart.

MONDAY, FEB. 18/57 Steady cold weather. This evening the commander of the "Sault Ste. Marie" (the minesweeper which has been undergoing a slow refit here for the past four months), Bob Green, & came to dinner & spent the evening with us. He expects to turn over his main engines tomorrow, make a trial run outside the harbor on Wednesday or Thursday, & to leave for Halifax about the end of the week.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20/57 Vera Parker & Edith gave a dinner party to 25 people this evening at the Parkers' house. Guest of honor was Tony Bullock, assistant general manager of the Bowater mill at Corner Brook Nfld. Austin & I were the bar-tenders & a good time was had by all.

Suez canal is still closed. Israeli troops are still hanging on to the Gaza strip & to key posts commanding the Gulf of Akaba, demanding guarantees that Egypt will not again use them for cloaked military attacks on Israeli ships & people. Pressed by the United States, the United Nations are demanding that the Israelis withdraw. The stock markets are still very sick. Both the U.S. & Canada are taking steps to curb inflation. Former President Hoover of the U.S. has warned Americans that conditions are ominously like those which led to the great

financial crash of 1929. Prince Philip, after a four months' cruise to Australia & back in the royal yacht, has joined the Queen in Portugal for a state visit. Gossip says that their marriage has cooled, that Philip had been involved in a quiet love affair with a woman in London & so on, hence he was sent to Australia (ostensibly to open the Olympic Games at Melbourne) to get him away from the scene.

Anthony Eden has arrived in New Zealand, on a trip for his health, but is ill at Auckland.

FRIDAY, FEB. 22/57 A succession of cold days with alternate sunshine & snow flurries changed today to a bright warm day of spring, with the old snow shrinking everywhere. I managed to get my car going after many weeks of idleness & ran out to Port Ufi & back to charge the battery. I have been walking to Milton & back almost every afternoon this week. The Baptists there are now plastering their church & hope to have it ready & furnished in time for Easter. I am working steadily on Rovi book & enjoying it.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23/57 Walking over the railway bridge & around to Bristol, the sun was so bright & warm that I sat on a rock in the snow beside the track for half an hour. With the sun hot on my face there in the rock cutting, out of the wind, I forgot that my back was in shadow and my loins within twelve inches of the snow. Result: a sharp attack of my old foe, lumbago, which has not troubled me in many months.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24/57 Another bright day, with the old snow decaying fast, although the wind was cold. The ice has gone out of the river between the railway

bridge & Milton. It was a foot thick & the kids have had good skating above the pine grove for weeks. This afternoon Lou Perrot & Ann Kelly picked us up & took us for a drive up the river road to Big Falls. Plenty of ice & snow up there but the car track in most places worn through to the gravel & good footing. We called on the Power Commission carpenter, Jim Hirtle, a pink drawling good-natured man, who lives in what used to be the schoolhouse for the electrical staff, now converted into two apartments. (For years now the kids of the staff families have gone back & forth to school in Liverpool by a special bus.)

Jim's household consists of a fat garrulous wife, a black cat & a blue budgie bird. He is a gun-lover & showed us a rack of beautiful rifles. He imports the rifle barrels & breech mechanisms from Fabrique Nationale in Belgium & makes the stocks with loving care from the best walnut. He also loads his own cartridges. One rifle (a .270) he uses for deer hunting. The rest are too beautiful to carry in the bush where the stocks would get scratched & he amuses himself with them in a private rifle range in the woods behind the house.

He took us across the river to see his workshop, a fine sunny place littered with shavings & fragrant with good wood. A great variety of electrically driven tools of all sorts including something I would have believed impossible, a machine for boring square holes. Jim took a piece of wood & bored a few to prove it. The piece de resistance however was a coffee table made of quartered oak, which Jim has just finished for his boss, Sherman Anderson.

Jim was a delight to me, but poor old Lew couldn't help droning his endless & pointless tales of life in the Maine woods sixty years ago & on the whole it was a wasted afternoon. E. & I had planned a drive to Lahave but when Lew asked us to go with him I hadn't the guts to refuse.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 27/57 Mild & foggy — it really seems that the winter has broken at last. Costain has written again urging me to include a few more personal details of Durham, Bond Head, Joe Howe & others (I had given good sketches of them all) & so I've had to put aside the "Rover" job & wade once more through masses of notes I gathered for the history — and of which, after two years labor, I am heartily sick.

The first session of the Nova Scotia Assembly under Premier Stanfield opened today with the usual pomp & ceremony. E. & I watched the ceremony on the Parkers' T.V. Very smart guard of honor from the Black Watch, & their band. Trumpeters of Canadian Artillery in full dress & using the long "Coronation" trumpets. Lieut. Governor Alistair Fraser an imposing figure in gold lace, cocked hat, & an array of war medals. Ken Jones, of Liverpool was appointed Speaker — at 36 he is the youngest Speaker ever appointed. He appeared first in a full wig & then (as he took his seat) in a top-hat. These trappings don't seem impressive when the wearer also has a pair of heavy shell-rimmed glasses, but Ken will make a good Speaker.

As Lieut. Governor Fraser was reading the Speech from the Throne one couldn't help thinking that he is still trying to mulct the taxpayers of N.S. for one million dollars. This is the value he has placed on a barren

property near Mulgrave, which the N.S. govt expropriated for a few thousand dollars. They used it as a quarry for the rock used in building the Canso causeway, & Fraser's lawyers have been trying to collect this large sum ever since. One hopes that Fraser will donate any profit from this (he is well-to-do) to N.S. colleges or hospitals. Otherwise it will be the most barefaced money-grab by a Nova Scotian lieutenant-governor since Sir John Wentworth's time.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28/57 A cold sunny day. Leonard Pottle & I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. His score 88, mine 104. Thick ice on all the pools on the course & the last thin crusts of one or two snowdrifts in the hollows. My first game since Dec. 27.

A gang of men have begun to tear down the old telephone building on the corner of Main & Carten streets. This will clear the whole front of the new post office & permit the finishing of the structure & the grounds. The old telephone building, a rectangular brown shingled structure, was originally a one-story office used by a lawyer, Jason Mack. In 1896 the telephone company bought it, added a second story, & installed its switchboards etc.

Owing to a dock strike in New York the "Queen Mary" came to Halifax yesterday & dropped off her passengers. They included Sir Eric Bowater, who promptly chartered a private plane to take him to N.Y. Halifax newsmen asked him about his future plans for Mersey Paper Co. He merely said that the Mersey output of newsprint would be increased during the next two years by "using the existing facilities" — i.e. speeding up the present machines. The big expansion (including a large pulp mill) announced with such éclat by the Bowater people when they acquired Mersey was apparently

a puff of hot air, designed to impress the Canadian public — Bowater was floating a big stock issue at the time. Parker & the other Mersey executives don't say much but from what I've heard from them in confidential asides they regard their new owners with profound distrust. Sir Eric is a suave autocrat busy building up a huge paper empire on borrowed money — a sort of latter-day Ivar Kreuger with a title & an Oxford accent. Some day there will be a crash, but in the meantime Sir Eric is doing very well for himself & for the little band of Englishmen he is carefully working into strategic positions. So far there are no Bowaters' men thrust upon the Mersey staff but the sales & shipping departments have become mere ciphers. Hubert Macdonald of Mersey's sales staff is now a member of Bowaters' big sales staff in New York. Charles Copelin, boss of Mersey Shipping Ltd. has been given a larger job with Bowater's (shipping) fleet & will have to move to England.

MONDAY, MARCH 4ST. A fierce snowstorm Sunday afternoon & evening, with a sea that destroyed about 75 feet of the Port Morton breakwater, a rock-&-crib thing completely rebuilt & enlarged 3 years ago. Weather today sunny, windy, very cold. At noon I addressed the Kiwanis luncheon on my old theme, the Perkins house & asked their support for the efforts of the Historical Society. The 200th anniversary of Liverpool's founding comes in 1959, & Cecil Day & others spoke on that subject, the general theme being — "We should put on a good show, as Lunenburg did, & the time to plan is now." But as usual nobody offered to do anything now. Randy Day pointed out that the Historical Society can't undertake the celebration, although it would give any necessary historical advice. The

chairman uttered some polite platitudes & the Kiwanians hurried away to their offices & stores.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8/57 A drizzle all day, a downpour all night. Still the old dirty crusts of winter snow hang on. Edith drove to Hfx. with the Feldons this a.m. & returned at 9 p.m. She lunched with Frances, who says she & Bill intend to marry next August or September. She will go on working until he has finished medical school. Both are blithely confident that they can live on Bill's summer earnings + her salary + an allowance from Dennis & Jr.

While in Hfx. Edith 'phoned my mother at Jollimore, found her very depressed, suffering from shingles. Hilda also is most unhappy. It has been tough, getting back & forth between Jollimore & her job in Hollis Street this winter, & she is restless & dissatisfied. Obviously she must sell the Jollimore house & take an apartment in the city before another winter. Nellie has written her from Alabama, urging her to sell out & get a bungalow near Nell's place outside Birmingham. The southern climate would be much more congenial & in a new environment Hilda could pull herself out of the neurosis which now afflicts her.

MONDAY, MAR. 11/57 Historical Society met tonight in Town Hall. About 30 people present, of whom 7 were men. Randolph Day in the chair. [redacted] R. C. Dicks, of Mersey Paper Co., [redacted] spoke on land survey & research. Ken Jones has got some quick action on the Perkins house. Day read aloud a letter to Jones from ~~Jack~~ Jack Beglow of the Dept of Trade & Industry (or whatever it now calls itself) stating that (a) the Perkins house would have several rooms completely furnished by June 1957; (b) the house will be open for public & tourist inspection from June 1 to Sep. 30; (c) a curator will

be appointed & trained, salary $150 per month for four months; (b) an assistant curator will be appointed @ $100 for the same period; (c) $75 per month for 4 months will be allotted for labor to keep the grounds in trim. This is what I have sought for years. I met with nothing but polite lies and stalling from Liberal government people. Jones, under the new Conservative regime, goes right after it, & gets a definite commitment. We shall see if it's carried out. Mrs. Margaret Inness, head of the Society's membership committee, has been putting on an energetic drive for new members, has 160, expects to have 200 by next month; this includes people from Brooklyn & other places outside of Liverpool. The old annual fee of $1 has been raised to $2, life membership from $10 to $25.

THURSDAY, MAR. 14/57 To the dentist at 9 a.m. for another go at my front teeth. Smith, the electrical dealer, installed an aerial on the roof of my den this afternoon, & a Westinghouse T.V. set (24") in the living room — on "approval". John Rich, Hollywood, advises me in a formal (registered) letter that he is exercising his option on film rights in The Nymph. He had a nine-months' option dated last July. However the agreement I signed does not specify a limit of time in which he must produce his play or give up the rights, so the mere fact that he has exercised his option means nothing. E. & I sat up till 12.45 watching the T.V. show, including the "late movie" which begins at 11.45 & goes on for an hour. Should have mentioned that last night E. & I spent a couple of hours at the Donald Smiths'; their guest is Howe, parliamentary assistant to Bob Winters. He is a New Brunswicker.

Friday, Mar. 15/57 Frances & Bill arrived this afternoon by car, bringing Bill's friend Jack McLean, all to spend the

week-end with us.

SATURDAY, MAR. 16/57 Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon with Len Pottie & Paul King. My score 97, Paul's 95, Pottie's 98. The White Point lake is still covered with ice & there are two or three old snowdrifts in hollows of the course, otherwise all was clear.

SUNDAY, MAR. 17/57 Church this morning. Golf this afternoon with Paul King. Several people out. Francie, Bill & Jack left for Hfx at 5 p.m.

MONDAY, MAR. 18/57 Fine & warm. Golf (alone) at White Point.

TUESDAY, MAR. 19/57 Winter again with a bang — a howling snowstorm that blew all day & night.

FRIDAY, MAR. 20/57 Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Got my new brown suit from Harding, the cost #74.50. I dress up so seldom that a suit of any decent material lasts me a lifetime. My old brown suit, which I got in 1945, had become too tight for my increased girth & I gave it away a month or two ago. My blue serge suit, made for me by a Toronto tailor in 1946, is as good as ever. The other day I got a tailor to let out the trouser band an inch or two & it fits comfortably.

SUNDAY, MAR. 24/57 Sunny, windy. Tuesday's snow is disappearing fast. Church this morning with E. Golf this afternoon with Paul King & "Jock" Jackson — tramping through patches of snow here & there.

SATURDAY, MAR. 30/57 Steady cold weather, with occasional squalls of snow. Was able to play golf on Thursday & Friday afternoons although at a rush almost — just to keep warm. Finished the first draft of the "Rover" book. Ken Jones called this afternoon, wonders what to do about a curator for the Perkins house. Political considerations incline him to appoint Mrs. Eleanor

"Admiral Nell" Millard, who is eager to have the job, although she is in the 70's, a stout garrulous woman with a heart of gold but no other qualification. I told him that Mrs. Roger Inness should be offered the job first. She of course is a Liberal. Ken changed the subject, said the govt will soon be shipping furniture down from Hfx for the Perkins house, asked me to superintend its installation. He also asked me to see Mrs. Herman, of the govt tourist bureau in Hfx, & discuss the furnishings with him.

Tuesday, Sept. 2/57 Drove to Hfx with E. this morning, arrived there 10:30 a.m., called on my mother, found her cheerful & quite well, apart from the arthritis. Dropped E. at Simpsons for a day's shopping tour & lunch with Frances. I went to the Provincial Bldg. on Hollis St. & found George Herman, who promptly phoned across the street to Province House, & asked Ken Innes to come. We three gathered in the office of Jack Bigelow, the deputy minister for Trade & Industry (or some such department.)

We talked over the Perkins house. Bigelow says his dept. has gathered (in Nova Scotia) enough period furniture to equip two or three rooms. He assures me that these are all authentic pieces in good condition. Ken Innes revealed that the post of Curator will go to David Inness, that of assistant Curator to "Admiral Nell." Both are purely political appointments & unsuitable. Inness is a well-to-do merchant (groceries) who last year sold out his business & retired. He has no more knowledge of (or interest in) the town's history than my foot.

Herman promised to attend our Historical Society meeting in Lpool on April 15th. Bigelow is to consult General Snow (commanding M.D. N°6) regarding a joint driveway from Main St. to the Artillery quarters and to the adjoining Perkins property. This would enable

cars to drive on to the Perkins ground, parking in the wide space at the back of the house. Our Society is to draw up designs for signs to be erected by the gov't. at the town's main approaches & near the post office, directing tourists to the Perkins house. The Dep't. has no appropriation for the grounds this year but that can be done next year. I lunched at the Sea Shell. The overcast weather had turned to a drizzling rain, poor shopping weather. However, I walked along Barrington St. to Colwell's & bought a blue "blazer" ($12.50) & had them send it on to Liverpool. (I have ordered a Canadian Legion crest & buttons from the Liverpool Legion Branch.)

Returned to my car, which I'd left in the Lord Nelson hotel parking lot, about 1:30 p.m. & drove to the Archives. Bruce Fergusson & Miss Phyllis Blakeley were there, & very kind. They dug out all they had on Sir John & Lady Wentworth, & I spent the afternoon wading through it. Most of the stuff was official papers of Sir John, very little of the lady — nothing more than I already knew from my research for the Halifax book. I walked over to the Dalhousie library & consulted Mayo's (Harvard Press) book on Sir John, which gives some detail of Frances Wentworth. However no extensive collection of her correspondence appears to exist. This is disappointing, for obviously there is not sufficient material available for a biography. The only alternative is a novel based on her life. I'd rather do a biography. Picked up C. at Simpson's at 4 p.m. Home at 6:30.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 3/57 Bitter cold weather, temperatures as low as 15° above zero, & a screaming N.W. gale. Unusually large packs of ice are lying off the Newfoundland & Cape Breton coasts & extending

far to sea, & trans-Atlantic passenger ships are obliged to take a more southerly course than the usual one at this time of year. There is still much snow in our woods, & ice on the lakes. I drove to Port Elgin this afternoon & had supper (lobster chowder) with the "Stumble Inn" poker players at their cabin — Bruce Chandler, Irving Bain, "Marsh" Burgess, Jerry, Hubert & Ross Nickerson, Jack McClearn — supper guests included George and Dick Mulhall & old Mr. George Mack, who is now living in town with his daughter Louise, the widow of Pat Nessman.

FRIDAY APL. 5 – SUNDAY APL. 7/57 Chill, wet weather! Bill & Francie spent the week-end with us, also Bill's parents, Cecil & Frances Dennis of Brookfield, Hants.

TUESDAY, APL. 9/57 A wild storm of wind & snow, just when we thought spring had come. A party at the Jack McClearns' tonight for various couples who are going away on holiday or business trips — the Rod Seatons (Vancouver), Charles Copelins (London, England), Bob Gascoignes (England), Mowbray Jones (England), Hubert Macdonalds (New York).

WEDNESDAY, APL. 10/57 Very windy & cold. The Rev. John Macdonald called this afternoon, urged E. & me to join the church (United) which we have attended for years. I have long felt that the Christian church is one church, in spite of its divisions, and that forms & covenants merely keep it divided. For this reason it has never troubled me that I "belonged" to no particular part of it. E.'s family were Congregationalists but she was never baptised or formally received into that church. As a child of Anglican parents I was of course baptised as an infant but I went off to sea at fifteen and was never "confirmed".

E. & I were married in the Baptist church at Milton because we wished to be married in the village, where the Congregational church had ceased to function and where there was no Anglican church at all. Our children were not baptised but they attended the C. of E. church & Sunday school until I got disgusted with the high-church practices foisted upon the congregation by Parson ("Father") John Wilson in the late 1930's & early 40's, and with the man's own feeble & dissolute character. After that the children attended Zion United Church & we followed.

The Rev. John Macdonald is a man whose common sense and goodness shine in his face. When he urged us to join his church formally & pointed out that he could receive us into it privately, now, in our own home, we could not refuse. We went into my den & E. fetched some water in the little glass candy-dish which the Rev. Murray Macdonald had used in baptising our children. He dipped his fingers in the water & touched her on the head, saying "I baptise thee Edith Margaret, in the name of the Father, and of the Son & of the Holy Ghost." He then put to us, each separately, a few questions on our faith in the Christian church, shook our hands, & received us into the church, concluding with a prayer.

Tonight I attended the regular monthly meeting of the Canadian Legion in their building on the waterfront. The president of the branch (Bruce) and secretary-treasurer (Maclean) are both school-teachers here. About 30 men present. (The branch has a membership of more than 100.) I obtained a new beret, lapel button & blazer crest, my old ones (25 years old!) being very shabby now.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1957 Golf this afternoon — the first exercise in many cold & stormy days. Pleasant at White Point, broad sunshine, the sea blue, the robins & sparrows singing.

I came home to bad news, phoned from Halifax by my mother. My sister Winifred's husband, Louis Charron, had committed suicide by shooting himself. Hilda leaves for St. John by plane this afternoon. No details yet.

I had only met Charron 4 or 5 times in my life, & I have seen very little of Winifred since I left Halifax in 1923. Of my three sisters she was the weak character, a vapid, selfish & pleasure-loving girl who married Charron, a French-Canadian Catholic, after a chance acquaintance on a train journey in the 1920's. They had one child (Louis Jr., now with the army in Germany) and adopted a daughter (Rose-Marie) later on. Winifred became a Catholic & they lived in Moncton & in St. John. Charron was a dark, bustling, smiling little man, a successful life-insurance salesman, & on the side a bit of a Don Juan. A few years ago they built an expensive home at East Riverside (near Rothesay) some miles outside St. John, & kept two cars.

Talking to Mother on the phone tonight she said she knew no details, that Hilda would phone her & she would then call me. Presumably Charron will be buried in Montreal, where his family live. Winifred will return to Halifax & stay for a time with Mother & Hilda at Tollemore.

SUNDAY, APL. 14/57 A snowstorm all yesterday dumped 3 to 4 inches on the province. This morning in lovely sunshine I walked to church with E. & Francie, who is home for the week-end. When we came out of church another snowstorm was in full progress. I received no further word of the Charron affair.

The Suez Canal is open again, at last. The Egyptians

had sunk 44 ships & tugs in it. Nasser is still riding high, thumbing his nose at the United Nations, especially Britain, France & Israel. Last week Britain announced drastic cuts in her armed forces. The army will be reduced until by 1962 it is only 160,000 men. The navy will abandon all its battleships, using aircraft carriers instead, & will be cut to 75,000 men. The R.A.F. will abandon most of its combat planes & will dwindle to 150,000 men. Chief reliance for defence is now on rocket missiles, and the U.S. has agreed to lend Britain all its knowledge of these things: — ever since 1945, with German experts in consultation, the Americans have been spending huge sums in rocket research. The announcement rather startled the U.S. & other western nations but on reflection it was a logical move. The old British empire has all but disappeared, & with it the responsibility of acting as a policeman for the world. The Suez affair made this very clear. It forced the Americans to take up the old policeman role (which they can afford) & gave the "Little Englanders" the best of excuses for drawing back into their shell. One left-wing French newspaper ("Franc-Tireur") grumbles that "England has ceased to be a power. She is becoming an island once more."

Aircraft have been searching the west Nova Scotia coast for traces of the small tug "Glendale" which left Liverpool last Sunday (after a complete refit at the Steel & Engine Products Co. plant) for St. John, N.B. She had a crew of five, all St. John men. She had no radio & apparently foundered with all hands in the blizzard of April 8-9.

MONDAY, APL. 15/57 Mother phoned this morning, said Lou Charron's funeral will be held in St. John tomorrow, & asked me to go. I set off by car about 1:15 p.m. The cross-

country road is impassable on the unpaved stretch between Kempt & Annapolis so I had to go by way of Bridgewater and Middleton. The "Princess Helene" was scheduled to leave Digby at 5:15 — actually she left at 6 p.m. I left my car in storage at Kingsley's Service Station, Digby. A fairly smooth passage over the bay. A chap named Mc Phail recognized me from both pocket photos & introduced himself as a devoted fan. He is on the staff of the Marine Biological Station at St. Andrews. Hilda met me at the boat with Bud Winchester, one of Charron's friends & associates in the Metropolitan Life Co. at St. John. Went up to the Admiral Beatty & engaged a room, then drove with Hilda & Winchester to the Charron home at East Riverside, about 9 miles out of St. John, in the Rothesay district. It is a long bungalow, designed inside & out by Charron himself, in excellent taste, & built of the best materials. A large window across the whole front of the living room gives a magnificent view of the Kennebecasis River, which is at least a mile wide at this point. The garage is separated from the house by a covered "breeze way."

Contrary to my expectations, Winifred was very calm, & I gathered that Charron's death had been the end of a long nightmare for her & for his friends. With her were some of Charron's relations — Ken Schofield (husband of a Charron sister), and Jeanne D'Arc La Pointe (a Charron sister) and her husband (John or Jean), and Anna Maria Lepine, another Charron sister.

Schofield is a mining company executive in Montreal, & the only Protestant in the Charron group. Jeanne D'Arc is tall, rangy, intelligent, voluble, a former secretary in the Civil Service, 40-ish; her husband is about three-parts Indian, a short dark smiling man; they own a tourist

resort at Calabogie (near Arnprior, Ontario) in a good fishing & hunting district, & their clientele is mostly American. On the side Jeanne D'Arc runs a prosperous hair-dressing business. Anna-Maria, a vivacious brunette, 40-ish, is the wife of a shopkeeper in Montreal.

The story of Lou Charron's suicide I got later on in a private conversation with Winifred, but mostly from Winchester as he drove me back to the hotel at midnight. He was quite frank. Charron was the most successful underwriter on the Metropolitan staff at St. John, & made about $10,000 a year. For the past two years his health had been bad, & he had been drinking heavily. As a result his sales had declined somewhat, & the manager lately assigned him to a post which was rather a demotion. Said Winchester: "I think that was what did it. Lou was one of those fellows who have to be top-dog. For years he'd been the top underwriter on the staff — he'd worked at his golf game until he was the best golfer in the insurance game in St. John — he'd built the best home (it cost $25,000) & it was in the swank Rothesay district, nothing less would do. The demotion meant a loss of face, and that he couldn't beat."

The long drinking bouts & the decline of Charron's health had deepened his mental depression, & recently the manager told him to take two weeks off and have a medical check-up. He did not reveal the results of the check-up, & on his return from the hospital he simply moped listlessly about the house. On the morning of Friday Apl. 12 he was sitting glumly in a chair in the livingroom. Their adopted daughter Rose Marie, aged 11, had gone to school. (Rose-Marie is, actually, believed to be Charron's own child by an extra-marital connection. Winifred has always kept mum on the subject.)

Winifred was taking a bath when she heard Lou jump

up & walk with a quick firm steps towards the bathroom. The bathroom door was ajar & he paused there, as if to say something, but apparently changed his mind & went down the steps to the breezeway & so to the garage. A minute or two later she heard what sounded like the back fire of a car. She thought nothing of it, dressed, & prepared dinner. At about a quarter to twelve she wondered where Charron was, went out & looked in the garage, found her car still there. (Charron's business car had been damaged by skidding into a pole some days before & was in a St. John garage for repairs.) After another half hour she went out again. This time, remembering the shot-like sound, she had a sudden premonition & looked around the side of the garage. There he lay, with his head frightfully shattered, & the shot gun at his side, in a small open space between the garage & the scrub cedar woods. She did not touch him but ran into the house & phoned Winchester. It came out from St. John at once, with a doctor, but of course Charron was dead. The gun was a short-barrelled 16-gauge shot-gun, single shot, bolt action. Apparently Charron had stood the butt on the ground between his feet, bent over until the muzzle was against his left cheekbone & stretched a finger down & pushed the trigger. The shot had blown away the left-upper side of his face & skull.

The coroner came, & the Mounties. The coroner said an inquest was unnecessary — clearly a case of suicide.

When Winchester began to make arrangements for the funeral he ran into an implacable R.C. priest, Father Harris of the Rothesay parish, who refused a church service on the grounds that Charron, as a suicide, had died while in a state "out of grace" with the Church. Winifred appealed to Bishop Leverman in St. John, & after a lot of fuss it was agreed that a funeral service could be held in Trinity (R.C.) Church, St. John, but in the afternoon, not the morning as is customary with

R.C. funerals. There was also a lot of fuss & hocus-pocus about whether or not the coffin could be wheeled up the aisle to the chancel steps or merely stood at the back of the church; whether or not the service would be a "libera" (whatever that is) or something more elaborate. Ken Schofield was furious. However arrangements were finally made.

TUESDAY, APR. 16/57 Spent the morning walking about down-town St. John, including a view of Partridge Island from the dock at the foot of King Street, as I used to see it on my brief shore excursions in 1919. At 2 p.m. I taxied to Brennan's funeral establishment on Paradise Row (!) and found Winifred & the others gathered in a waiting room; many friends of Charron passing in & out. I had ordered a wreath — there were many flowers — & I went into the death chamber (I don't know what else to call it — there were seven of these coffin-parlors in the establishment, two of which were occupied at the moment.) A red velvet rope on portable posts prevented anyone from coming nearer to the coffin than four or five feet, & at this point there was a prie-dieu. The coffin stood on a bier in a mass of flowers, the lid open. Charron lay in a new grey suit with his hands in the conventional position before him, & with a rosary wound about the fingers of the right hand. The right side of his face looked perfectly normal, the hair neatly brushed, the skin pallid with cosmetics. All of this in sharp profile. No one would have suspected that there was no other side to that calm mask. The art of the modern "mortician" is uncanny.

At 3 p.m. we drove to Trinity Church, which was about two-thirds filled with people. The church dimly lit; the priest a grey man very lame in one leg, so that one of the altar boys had to give him an arm when he

came down the sanctuary steps, his name The Curchy; all the statues shrouded in purple cloth. The coffin was wheeled up to the front of the church, & the priest, after reciting a long gabble of Latin, came down the steps & hobbled about the coffin, shaking holy-water upon it & muttering rapidly & mysteriously. The ceremony lasted 20 minutes or perhaps half an hour; there was some chanting by the priest & by an altar boy. We then left the church & formed the funeral procession, a long line of cars winding through the city streets, with traffic policemen clearing the way & saluting as the hearse went by. A drive of several miles through the scattered suburban shacks & fields of East St. John. Committal ceremony at the graveside by a young dark-haired priest, Father Leblanc. The popular tombstone there seems to be a short slab of polished black marble — the cemetery was like a forest after a bad fire — acres of black stumps. Winifred stood between Hilda & me. At the last she stepped forward for a brief look at the coffin in the grave, & she wept a little there, otherwise she retained the cool composure I had noticed from the moment I came.

We returned to the Charron home at East Riverside — John & Jeanne D'Arc, Anna-Maria, Ken Schofield, Hilda, Win & myself. Win & Hilda poured drinks of rum for us all & we sat about chatting. At six p.m. a friend of Win's, a woman whose husband runs a restaurant somewhere, turned up with cold sliced ham & beef, potato salad, etc. enough for all of us & on this we dined. Schofield, the La Pointes & Anna-Maria left at 7-30 to catch a plane for Montreal. I stayed & spent the evening with Hilda & Winifred. John Macdonald (?) of the Metropolitan office drove out & fetched me to my hotel at 10-30. I couldn't sleep, & lay all

night listening to the chimes of Trinity (Anglican) across the street striking every quarter hour.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17/57 Shaved & bathed about 7 a.m. Breakfasted in the hotel dining room — only 4 other people in the room. Checked out at 9.30 & taxied to the docks. A light rain falling, which did not improve the look of down-town St. John, a desert of grimy red-brick houses, offices & stores, very little changed since I first saw it 38 years ago. The "Princess Helene" pulled out at 10:15. On board I met young Bill Parker, on his way to visit his fiancée in Yarmouth. He graduated from Acadia last year, has an executive position with a textile firm in Drummondville, Que., & is getting married this June. There was a long swell in the bay & some of the female passengers were seasick. Visibility low, the ship's speed was reduced, & it was 1.30 pm when we docked at Digby. I got my car & headed homeward via Middleton & Bridgewater, got there about 4.30.

GOOD FRIDAY, APL. 19/57 A lovely warm day, almost like summer. E. & I drove to Wolfville this morning, picked up Tom Jr. at 1 p.m., drove on to Halifax, picked up Bill Dennis & Francie, called at Jollimore, found Hilda & Mother out, left them a bunch of mayflowers which E. picked near the golf course yesterday, & returned to L'pool at 6 p.m.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21/57 Church this morning with my family, & I partook of communion for the first time in my life. The church was filled to the doors, including the gallery. The weather was magnificent; temp. in the sun at 2 p.m. was 84°, & in the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. Many other players out. Tom Jr. left for Wolfville at 1.30 p.m. with the Hutchinsons; Francie & Bill left for Hfx at 6.30 with Dorothy-Ann Smith.

SUNDAY
~~SATURDAY~~, APRIL 28, 1957

Parker, Dunlap & I drove to the Keyimkujick area this morning for a day's fishing. The Mersey Co.'s gatekeeper at the Key River bridge told us that a large party had gone to Sobeatic Lake & two other parties were on the Pescawess stream. Therefore we drove to Sixth Lake brook & fished without success till noon. There were plenty of trout but they had no interest in our flies & bait. We lunched by the brook, just below the Sixth Lake dam, & then tried the fishing in Seventh Lake Brook nearby. Still no luck.

About 2:30 we drove back to Pollard's Falls on the Shelburne River & took a canoe up to the mouth of Sand Brook. It was now raining lightly, a mild drizzle that became a steady rain by 5 p.m. I fished up Sand Brook a mile or so & still had nothing, so I returned to the canoe. I never had much patience with poor fishing & I'd "had it". P. & D. went all the way up to the dam at the head of Sand Brook, & they caught a few trout there. We canoe down the river to the site of the old "Low Bridge" (which has rotted & vanished since I last fished the Shelburne River); there I made a fire with some difficulty owing to the rain, while the others fished the Low Bridge pool. About 7 p.m. we had tea & ate the last of our sandwiches, & then paddled down to Pollard's Falls in the dusk & a downpour of rain. We reached Camp One at 8 p.m. intending to drive on home, but the old cook ("Lincoln") ran out saying that he had expected us to supper & still had the food hot. We were soaked & chilled, & the big cookstove felt good. We had a hearty meal of hamburger, beans, fried potatoes & doughnuts, thanked "Lincoln" & set off about 8:30. Home at 10 p.m. P. & D. each had about six trout, & I of course had none.

MONDAY APRIL 29 1957

Drove with E. to Hfx. early this afternoon, taking with us Austin Parker's boy Douglas, who enters Dalhousie next year. He is huge (about 6'6"), an outstanding player on the high school basketball and football teams & his mission now is to attend a "football clinic" at Dalhousie — presumably to be interviewed by the Dal. football coach. E. went shopping & I drove around & Jollimore. Found Mother & Hilda well. Hilda talks of selling her house but has no settled plan for her future. At 6.45 E. & I drove to the Nova Scotian Hotel & attended a dinner given by the N.S. Historical Society in honor of Dr. D.C. Harvey, the now retired Archivist. E. & I sat at a table with Mayor Bill Borrett, Miss May Reside & my old friend John Martin. Martin had brought along another batch of galley-proofs of his History of Dartmouth, for which I had promised to write a foreword, & he chattered about it with great animation all through the dinner.

The speeches were long & somewhat tedious — Will Bird, George Vaughan, Dr. George Wilson (who was notably brief) & finally Harvey himself. Seven former presidents of the Society sat at the head table — someone remarked that the office seems a guarantee of long life — with the Lieut. Governor (Fraser), Chief Justice Illsley, & Premier Stanfield. The current president, Judge D.J. Pottier, was chairman. The dinner was conducted as a meeting of the Society, & Dr. Bruce Fergusson was appointed President for the coming year. The affair ended at 10.30 & I had a chance to shake hands with various friends & acquaintances (Dr. "Johnnie" Nicholson, Illsley, Dr. Kerr of Dalhousie, George Wilson, George Bates, Mrs. Brenda Curry, & others) before dashing off for home. Made a quick run — very little traffic on the road east — St. Margaret's Bay. Home at 12.50 p.m.

TUESDAY, APR. 30, 1957 Ken Wright came to see me this morning. His Montreal public relations firm handles Canadian matters for Bowaters Paper Co. The B.P.C. gets out some sort of de luxe house magazine, printed in London, & they want me to do an article on Nova Scotia for it, including a very brief mention of the Mersey paper mill. They will pay 13¢ a word & want about 3,000 words. I said I'd do it. Wright is to send me one or two samples of the B.P.C. magazine, so I can see the style & make-up. Deadline is May 30.

FRIDAY, MAY 3/57 Very cold & windy weather all this week, with freezing temperatures every night. Prince Edward Island got about six inches of snow yesterday. Shipping to Port au Basques, Corner Brook & other Nfld. inlets, (& to P.E.I. & Quebec) is still hampered by masses of pack ice, the worst seen in forty years. Herbert A. Mowat of Toronto phoned from Hfx. He is a professional public relations man in private practice. The last time he was in these parts, about 10 years ago, he was making a speaking tour in the interests of the Zionist movement. This time he appears to be working for the Canadian branch of the United Nations Society, & has a busy schedule, speaking to clubs & groups all over Halifax, & is making an address from the pulpit of St. Paul's church on Sunday morning, his subject, "An Anglican looks at the United Nations." He wants to come to Pearl tomorrow, not on business, just to "spend a few hours with the son of my old colonel."

SATURDAY, MAY 4/57 Mowat arrived by bus at 1 p.m. I met the bus & took him home to lunch. I had to leave him for nearly an hour, as Ken Jones wanted me to address a group of N.S. govt. people, employed

in the tourist information bureau & in the various museums & historic houses. They are making a tour of the province, to get a briefing on local history etc.

When I got back to my house, Mowat was talking with glee to of his battle experiences under "Colonel Tommy" in War One. Once again I had to hear the whole gory story of Dad's death, the wounding of Mowat himself, & so on. Buckets of blood.

He is a stocky man, about my size, with an unusually large head, bald like my own, although his fringe of hair is brown, not white like mine. He is 62, but looks no older, & in fact a bit younger, than myself. He has a beetling brow, wide-set grey eyes, & a tongue that never stops. He is now, I think, more than a little mad. He is very fond of name-dropping, & like all name-droppers talks a lot about himself. He does not drink, but at times he boasts absurdly. At one stage he said he had boxed a bit at college & on joining the 8th Battalion in France was ordered to take charge of the battalion boxing team — five rugged men, each with considerable experience in army rings. "They looked at me as if to say 'Who's this young twerp?' So I stepped into the practice ring with 'em — 'look 'em on, one at a time, and knocked out all five of 'em." At this Mowat jumped up & insisted that I feel his biceps & shoulder muscles — "You see? Hard as iron still!"

When I showed him my guns in the den he went off on another tangent. "You know, I was a good rifle shot in the army, but after the war I never touched a rifle again until the 1940's. I was visiting an army camp & on the rifle range they invited me to try my hand at 100 yards — the standard

target for that range, of course. The rifle shot a bit high & to the left, so my first shot nicked the edge of the bulls-eye at about ten o'clock. I allowed for that in my subsequent shots. My second went through the bull at dead centre. After that the target-marker was puzzled. The target vibrated at every shot, but there was no new hole. In fact I was sending every shot through that same hole in dead centre. Fact!"

He rattled on like this, stopping only to draw breath, until 5 o'clock, when we had a light tea, & I drove him to Bridgewater to catch the seven o'clock bus for Halifax. He was still talking about himself, in a loud voice & with gestures, when I parted with him (with much relief) at the Fairview Hotel.

Doubleday had wired urgently for the corrected maps & the captions for them in "The Path of Destiny". I sent them off air mail, yesterday. The maps needed many corrections & are really poor things. In one map, of the Pacific coast, their cartographer (Palacios) had placed Esquimalt & Victoria on the south coast of Alaska. Meanwhile I have been working patiently through the galley-proofs of the book itself. Many printers' errors. Also someone on Doubleday's editorial staff has a mania for commas; he or she had gone through my manuscript, breaking the flow of every sentence longer than ten words, in many cases absolutely changing the sense of what I was saying. I am patiently plucking most of them out again. Sometimes I think their editor simply took a bucket full commas into the printing shop and fired them at the galleys with a shot-gun.

SUNDAY, MAY 5/57 A fine day at last. A free-lance photographer, Bob Brooks, dropped in this morning & asked me to let him take some pictures

of me & E. I consented. He also wanted some suggestions regarding points of historic interest here. I showed him Fort Point, the old Hoop Lawn & various other places, & suggested that he have a look at Indian Gardens & the old Micmac burial ground at Keyemkujik. Church with E. at eleven — a big congregation. Golf this afternoon, & E. picked a fine bunch of mayflowers. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in the evening. The rebuilt Baptist Church at Milton was crammed tonight for the formal re-opening. A great mass of cars parked along the road through the village. The congregation have worked hard, both in physical labor on the building & in raising funds for it. I understand that the outstanding debt is only $10,000. The estimated value is $75,000.

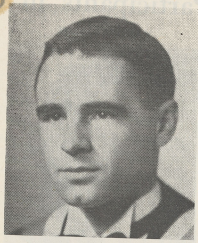
MONDAY, MAY 6/57 Lovely warm day. Government workmen are busy at the Simeon Perkins property, top-dressing and re-seeding the front lawn. The street end was formerly guarded by a series of granite posts, with two iron chains hanging loosely between each pair of posts, & a swinging iron latch-gate at the path. These had no historical value — installed, I should say, some time in the Victorian Age — & kids were always swinging on the chains & breaking them. I suggested replacing them with a simple white picket fence, more in keeping with Perkins' time & much more useful. This is being done.

TUESDAY, MAY 7/57 Fine & warm. Sent off, by registered mail to George Thively, the corrected galleys of The Path of Destiny. Golf in the afternoon. The woods are very dry & there is a bush fire burning (as usual) near Town Lake.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8/57 Very hot. (82° at noon) Started work on article for Bonadero. Golf this afternoon, & drove on to Hunts Point & bought 11 lbs of lobsters from

Harvey Doggett for $5.00. Today the provincial govt. closed the forest to all except people on necessary business. Eight bush fires are burning in various places in N.S.

LIFE JANITOR



THOMAS H. RADDALL, Jr.

Tom Raddall is a fourth year Chemistry major, but was a former Engineer, hence his ellgilibity for the life post to which he has been named by his class. Tom has been a keen competitor in inter-class sports, President of the Barrax House Committee and Junior Dean. He will go to Dalhousie to study Dentistry.

I clipped this from the Acadia Bulletin for April. The "janitor" appointment started as a gag two or three years ago, now is a class honor for all-round good fellowship. Jonis Thum Paul Chandler, who graduated last year, was also "life janitor" of his class.

FRIDAY, MAY 17/57 Sunny but very cold weather (Temp. 32° last night) and I have a sharp attack of lumbago, which has not bothered me in a long time. I have the Bonaventure article roughed out & have promised Maclean's Magazine to do one in Halifax's Barrington Street, for their "Famous Streets" series. The federal election campaign goes on without excitement, although the Conservative trend in the Maritimes in recent years is now attracting much attention from the big brass of both the major parties. John Diefenbaker, the current leader of the Conservative Party, is a westerner but the voice is still the voice of Ontario.

Premier Stanfield of N.S., a widower since his wife died in a motor accident 3 years ago, surprised everybody last week by marrying, in a private ceremony, Mary Hall, a 40-ish spinster, daughter of Judge W. L. Hall. She was born in Liverpool.

This afternoon as I lay flat on my back on the sofa, the only position in which there is no pain, two ladies arrived at the house. They were Muriel Bigelow, wife of John Bigelow, a deputy minister in the N.S. govt., & an elderly but spry Miss Clark, of Miramichi. They had brought, in the Bigelow station wagon, a quantity of authentic bric-a-brac for the Perkins house, ranging from woven bed-coverlets to copper pots. I dragged myself down to the Perkins place with them & rounded up Randolph Day, president of the Queens County Historical Society.

A quantity of antique furniture for the house will arrive by truck from Halifax tomorrow. Mrs. Bigelow intimated that she had sought out, and bought, these things herself on behalf of the government. I realized after some conversation that she knew a good deal about period furniture & décor (so did Miss Clark, who apparently had just come along for a look at the old house), and that she & her husband make a hobby of it. Although she did not say so, I seem to remember somebody telling me that Mrs. Bigelow's sister is a dealer in antiques, & that Mrs. B. assisted her in the business in the past, if not now. There is nothing wrong with this but it accounts for Bigelow's careful vagueness on April 2 when I asked him where & how the furniture had been acquired. Personally I'm glad to have knowledgeable people taking an interest in the house, & I asked her to come back next week & look over our arrangement of the furniture.

I had not been in the house since the Dept. of Public Works re-painted the interior last summer. This was done without consulting me or anyone else of the Historical Society, & the painting crew (on whose authority I do not know) changed the colors in some of the rooms — colors which Jim Reside & I had carefully researched from Perkins' diary & on the spot by scraping layers of old paint down to

the wood. Also they painted the floors, which should have been left bare. However, these matters can be rectified at some other time. The main thing now is to get the house furnished & open to the public. Edith gave the ladies afternoon tea & they left for Halifax.

Tonight at 10:30 Tom Jr. phoned from Acadia & said jubilantly "I've made it!" In other words he had not received one of those fatal phone calls from the faculty, always made on a certain day before college closing, which inform those who have failed in their examinations. Tomorrow the marks will be published. Acadia has pushed up its standards sharply in the past two years, final exams. are severe, & twenty of Tom's class failed, including his friends from Liverpool, "Al" Hutchinson & Shirley ("Squirt") Wigglesworth.

SUNDAY, MAY 19/57 A good sunny day. This afternoon with Edith & Marie Freeman, I drove over to Wolfville for the Acadia closing exercises. Tom Jr. had been too late to get rooms for us at the Paramount Hotel, but he had secured rooms at Blomidon Lodge, a huge rambling Victorian mansion with a large extension at the back. We (E. & I.) had a big double-bedded room in the older part of the house, newly painted & papered, with a private bath, & Marie's room was two doors away. (The bathwater was quaintly laid on — ice cold water pouring out of the "H" tap, & scalding hot water out of the "C".) The food was good but the dining room service was very slow & bad, & we got most of our meals elsewhere. A pleasant discovery was the presence of Miss Martha Banning Thomas, who spends the winters here & had not yet moved out to her cottage at Victoria Beach. We had liqueurs with her in her top-floor room after dinner, & enjoyed her

reminiscences of Evelyn Eaton. Tom Jr. had gone over to Gaspereau for a fishing trip with a party of students, including his friend Marilyn Burbidge, & did not get back until 8:30. I fetched him over to Blomidon Lodge for a chat, & he took my car back to the "Barrax".

MONDAY, MAY 20/57 Another fine day. The lumbago still pains me cruelly, & it takes me several minutes to get out of a chair & stand (& walk) upright.

The Class Day exercises took place at 10 a.m. in Convocation Hall, & we three secured good seats in the first row of the balcony facing the stage — the best viewpoint in the hall. The class of '57 marched up & took seats on the stage, with the class officers in front, including our Tom as "Class Janitor". A daughter (Joan) of our old acquaintances Bill & Sally MacDonald (now living at Sussex, N.B.) is Vice-President of the class, a tall handsome blonde, & we had a pleasant chat with her parents. The proceedings were mostly hilarious, including the presentation of a blue-ribboned broom (with which he was ordered to sweep the front of the stage) to Tom Jr. Jack Mosher tells me that the custom of appointing a class "janitor" began about ten years ago, & that it is an honor given to a man in the class who has spent part of all of his four years as an Engineer, & who has been distinguished for quiet good fellowship. The class President, Calvin Annis conducted the proceedings. Elizabeth ("Casey") Jones gave the Class History. Jacolyn ("Jacky") MacDonald gave the Class Ode. Robert ("Bob") Logan gave the Class Prophecy with a good deal of slapstick gesture. James Leefe (a son of the current C.O. of the Hfx N.S. Regiment) gave the Valedictory. There were other items on the program, including an

excellent duet on the piano and a Scottish dance (in costume & to bagpipe music) by Beverly Cameron. Then the class yell, the singing of Alma Mater (which was touching, even to an outsider like myself) & the Recessional. In the afternoon we drove to the home of (Professor) Jack Mosher & his wife "Liva" — he is known affectionately to the students as "John J." — a double play on his name & the drooping lid which almost closes his right eye, the result of a wound in War One. There we had afternoon tea & chatted with Bill & Sally MacDonald, Ralph Mosher & his wife, & various other people.

In the evening we attended the Alumni Dinner in the college dining hall — a huge crowd (many had to turn away) and fortunately for us the Moshers had reserved places for us at their table. There were after-dinner speeches, including, of course an address by J. Watson Kirkconnell. Kirkconnell has his lighter moments but he still rides his hobby-horse very hard — the menace of Russia & the inevitability of a third world war. The best part of the after-dinner stuff was the Acadia yell, rendered over a powerful loudspeaker by two spry old ladies of the Class of 1896.

TUESDAY, MAY 21/57 Heavy rain in the night, but fortunately it stopped about 9 a.m., although the sky remained overcast with a cold wind blowing across the marshes from Minas Basin. The college grounds lovely, the lawns a soft shining green after last night's rain, & the trees just beginning to break into leaf.

Marie, E. & I got to the Convocation Hall at 9.15, & managed to secure again those excellent balcony seats. At 10 a.m. the brand-new (forty thousand dollar) organ began to play the Processional & everybody stood. The

students marched in by twos, in both aisles, first the B.A.'s, then the B.Sc's, & so on in reverse order of seniority, the faculty, the Kirkconnell in a flowing gown of pink & scarlet, & finally in lone state Governor-General Massey in a gown of solid scarlet. The awarding of degrees & diplomas was a long business — each graduate marching up to the platform, kneeling before Kirkconnell (who touched their heads with a mortar-board & said "I create (or was it "confirm"?) you a Bachelor of Arts, "(or Science etc.). Dr. Longley called off the names in a weak voice, often inaudible in the balcony; however all went off very well, & we joined in the polite round of applause for each. It was a big moment for us when Tom Jr. walked across the platform, of course. Kirkconnell conferred honorary degrees on Massey and four other people, one of whom was a successful Western lawyer named Leslie, standing about 6'6". He is a graduate of Acadia, a classmate of pivot Ralph Freeman's — Ralph used to speak of him as "Lofty" Leslie. The highlight for the big crowd was of course the convocation address by Massey, who spoke well, in a cultivated & well articulated voice. Longley, who besides being a member of the Acadia faculty is mayor of Wolfville, then read a long & boring address of welcome & loyalty to the G-G. on behalf of the townsfolk. Then a cluster of local bigwigs were presented to the G-G. for a personal handshake. We took advantage of this to slip out & get a good viewpoint on the steps leading up the slope to the main entrance. The graduates emerged in their caps & gowns, & lined both sides of the long steps down to the G-G's waiting car, with its attendant RCMP in scarlet jackets. Finally Massey & Kirkconnell came down the steps, resplendent in their bright gowns.

There was a bit of a hitch at the foot of the steps. The naval aide had forgotten to bring the G.G.'s topcoat & homburg from the locked room in Convocation Hall where they had been stored safely away from student pranks. He ran back for it, but the excited fiddle in charge of the Key had disappeared outside for a view of the procession. As a result the G.G. & Kirkconnell had to stand chatting at the foot of the steps while the flustered aide got the mushing garments. It was a great opportunity for the "shutter-bugs" — everybody seemed to have a camera — and I could almost hear Kirkconnell purring — he is a clever scholar & I'm told an excellent administrator but his foible is a love of personal publicity.

Finally the G.G. changed from his gaudy gown to his sober black topcoat & hat, stepped into the car & vanished. I rounded up Bob Macaulay, the Wolfville photographer (who used to live in Liverpool) & he took pictures of Tom Jr., C., Marie & myself standing together. Then a Halifax Chronicle-Herald camera-man spotted us, & drew us into what he called a "Down Shore group" — Tom Jr., C., myself, & two graduates from Chester named Smith & Rafuse. (Rafuse is a remarkable fellow in the late thirties, an undergraduate at Acadia years ago & since then the proprietor of a general store and motor service station in the village of Western Shore. ~~His wife died & he determined~~ For several years he has been Warden of the Municipality of Chester in addition to his successful storekeeping chores. In 1953 his wife died, & he determined to return to Acadia & get a B.A. degree. He did not reveal his future plans in my brief chat with him, but he has a clear public spirit, a strong belief in the Liberal party, & will probably go into politics.) The grounds about Convocation Hall

were thronged with groups of graduates, parents & friends, grouping for photographs. Tom has had my camera for the past year, & at the moment it was locked up in the car of one Pritchard, of Windsor, a class friend, so we had to rely on Macaulay.

Tom, in the reaction from hard swotting on exams, & the final excitement, did not wish to eat lunch; so Marie, E. & I drove to Kentville & had a belated lunch in the Cornwallis Inn. We returned to the campus in mid-afternoon. Marie & E. made a sentimental exploration of the Seminary building, in which they roomed (one year apart) during their studies at A.L.S. in the very early 1920's. They have met several of their old A.L.S. classmates while here. I inspected an exhibition of paintings & pottery in Welton Hall (a converted wooden private residence), all the work of Acadia students & former students. About half the paintings were by a former graduate, one Haycox, who for years has been employed in the federal Geological Survey in eastern Canada & the North. These showed the influence of Tom Thomson & Arthur Lismer, but as school-of-seven work it was as good as anything they did. I walked up to the "Barrax" & found Tom in his room, in the customary sloppy student dress of scuffed brown suede shoes, khaki slacks, T-shirt, & boiled Acadia jacket, a great change from the spruce, graduate in gown & gold-tasselled mortar board who had knelt on the platform so shortly before. Wrapping paper with the stamps of the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission (from the government store on Kentville) lay on the Barrax stairs, in the halls, & in the grass under the windows outside, a sloppy mess, but I saw no students drunk or even under the influence. (Still,

Tom's friend "Jacky" Maclean, a brilliant engineering student, had slept through the graduation proceedings in his Barrax bed, emerging when all was over.) Apparently Tom (who is Junior Dean) had been able to ignore all these transgressions of the no-liquor rule at Acadia. Indeed he informed me that drinking (though not drunkenness) was a commonplace in the Men's Residence.

He came with me to the car, we picked up E. and Marie, & he drove us to Blomidon Lodge, going off with the car, which he wants for the Graduation Dance tonight. "Liva" Mosher picked us up in her new Nash "Rambler" about 5.30 p.m., & took us off to Kentville for dinner with Alice (Lamont) Smith in the old Lamont home there. Alice's adopted son Mike, a good-looking lad with red hair, looked in for a moment with his girl. Alice in her customary way flitted about, rattling off empty conversation, & finally provided Jack, Liva, Marie, E. & me with a "dinner" composed of doubtful (& meagre) meat pie, potatoes, fruit-salad-and-ice-cream, and positively the worst tea I have tasted since we picnicked at Port Anne with Eileen Freeman & her parents twenty-odd years ago. The evening passed in conversation — the ladies chattering, & Jack droning on and on to me about college activities in his soft light monotone, with a dash of quiet wit now & then. He is now in his early sixties, inclined to be prosy, & although his students adore him for his little stories (frequently a bit indecorous) they find his lectures a bit dull. (His field is Economics.) "Liva" was much more lively, & we laughed over her account of an expedition last year to Hebb's Cross, Lun. Co., where her younger son Donald (a B.A. undergraduate at Acadia) had undertaken to conduct a service in the small

Baptist church. "Liza" has a good contralto voice, & she sang during the offertory, playing the small & ancient organ, pumping the bellows - pedals with her long thin legs, & singing at the same time. Jack (whose modest dollar was almost the only money in the collection plate) sat in one of the pews, aching to roll on the floor & laugh.

"Liva" suggested that she, Jack, E., Marie & I "look in" on the graduates' dance in the Acadia gym. This was about 10 p.m. "Liva" drove us there. The gym was (deliberately) very dimly lit, not decorated for the occasion in any way. We found the graduates & their girls (or men) dancing in the curious modern fashion to the music of a 5-piece student orchestra. The girls were lovely in low-cut evening dresses; the men very obscure in business suits". Two professors & their wives (Haley & Fraser) sat in chairs, in formal evening dress, as chaperons. A few other faculty people, including Tom's French teacher, Anna J. Saylor, with her faded, wrinkled, but determinedly "femme fatale" look, sat on the sidelines. (Anna J. always tells her French students that France is the only country with the true spirit of gaiety and good living, & that she herself, years ago, permitted herself to be seduced by a romantic Frenchman on a bench in a Paris park.) The atmosphere of the dance seemed to me rather sad — the dancers obviously were keenly aware that this was their last occasion together.

Tom Jr. & his companion Marilyn Burbidge (a big well-shaped girl, the star of the Acadia ladies' swimming team) came in about 11 p.m. Tom drew a stern & sour face at his adoring mother, obviously displeased at her presence there (in spite of "Liva's" assurance, no other parents were present); and E. (to whom her children's slightest frown is an event to shake

the world) soon afterwards announced her anxiety to leave. After some delay "Eva" drove us back to Blomidon Lodge, where we had drinks & (on my part anyway) thankfully went to bed. All day, in every way, I had suffered lumbago agonies.

Wednesday May 22/57 I was awake & up at 6 a.m., hobbling up & down the floor, anxious to get back to my chores at Liverpool & E. slept like a log. (I wish I had this gift.) I shaved at 7 a.m. & was the first down in the dining room at 8. Even so, the service was terrible, the waitress slow & indifferent. I champed at the bits until 10 a.m., when Tom Jr. appeared with the car & his lighter baggage. (He had shipped off his trunk yesterday.) We drove home via Halifax in order to let Grandma Raddall see her hero (Tom Jr.) & to let E. phone Frances. When E. slipped into the living room after her phone talk with (her darling) Frances I knew that something was wrong, & so did Grandma Raddall, though we said nothing to E.

Arrived at L'pool about 3 p.m. Nothing in the mail of any consequence. Marie Freeman was delighted with the trip, said it was the greatest event of her life. I found my lawn shaggy & mowed it. Tom Jr played golf

THURSDAY, MAY 22/57 I couldn't sleep. Up, hobbling painfully (the lawn-mowing had not improved my lumbago) at 6 a.m. Tom Jr. went off to report for work at Mersey Paper Co. Through the influence of Mowbray Jones (& at my request) he has a job in the mill laboratory at $300 per month. I was sitting stiffly & agonized in a chair in the living room at 10 a.m. when E. came in, in night-dress & peignoir, looking a hundred years old, fell on my neck & wept, & told me that in her phone conversation with Frances

yesterday the girl had been obviously unhappy, & that she had said "I'm coming home this week-end. I have some news for you & I'm afraid you're not going to like it." E. had now ~~made~~ the obvious deduction — that Frances was pregnant, & that the formal wedding in August (of which we had informed all our friends) would have to be called off in favor of a private wedding as soon as possible. I was not much surprised. Francie was spoiled by her mother as a child & as a young woman. I tried to discipline her from time to time but this was always offset by Mama's soothing explanation that Father just happened to be in a bad mood. I have learned to accept her antics with philosophy in recent years. As a child she once came into the bathroom where I was shaving, went straight to a mug of scalding shaving-water that I had placed on the porcelain tank of the toilet, & pulled it down, spilling the contents over her chest. This was typical of her behaviour always — the whim of the moment was the thing to do, without forethought & without care for the consequences. She will doubtless go on spilling hot water over herself as long as she lives.

This evening E. phoned Francie at her boarding place & learned the final facts — she is ~~two~~ three months pregnant. In view of the plans for an August wedding she had hesitated to tell E. all this time, and so, typically, she had let the time go by in doing nothing. They will have to be married at once, & in another couple of months Francie will have to quit her job. Bill is not able to support a wife & child but hopes to borrow money from his grandfather. He has not yet told his own parents. They (like E. & me) have gone on telling their friends about the August wedding, so that they will be laughing-stocks in their own community as I suppose we shall be in ours.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1957 Fine & hot. I couldn't sleep last night, came downstairs at 3:30 a.m., & stayed at my desk until 6 a.m., took several drinks & a sleeping pill, returned to bed & slept like the dead until almost noon.

The mail brings me a long list of formal resolutions etc from the Maritime Museum, passed on Feb. 27 this year, & making the marine section of the Citadel museum the charge and possession of a legally ~~incorporated~~ society, the Maritime Museum of Canada. As before, I am on the Advisory Board.

Bill & Francie arrived by car tonight. They are arranging to be married on May 31, & Bill then goes on to Aldershot, where he will spend the summer on Army training duty. Both were unhappy & worried over the effect of all this on E. & me. I told them life was too short to spend time fretting over things that can't be changed; the thing to do was to marry & be happy, because their happiness is our only concern now. They seemed much relieved — I suppose they'd expected me to play the heavy Victorian father.

SUNDAY, MAY 26/57 Bill & Frances returned to Halifax this afternoon. E. has done some telephoning & arranged for the marriage service to take place quietly at the home of my sister Hilda at Canning on May 31st.

MONDAY, MAY 27/57 Two C.B.C. men, Bert Wilson and Yves Brunel, arrived at my house this morning to ask my help. The CBC is planning a big broadcast from Liverpool about June 20th, & these men have been sent down to make a preliminary survey of the town & its history. I took them all over the town & Milton in my car, & they visited the Mersey mill in the afternoon, had dinner with us, & departed about 8 p.m. I have promised to speak for a few minutes on the story of the town.

Tom & I put a new fibre-glass insulating jacket on

the household water tank this afternoon. While we were doing this we found a bad fault in the wiring of the electric water heater — almost a short circuit. I got Maurice Delmore, the electrician, to come in & re-wire the connections between heater & thermostat.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 29/57 A note today from Mrs. Dennis, Bill's mother, much distraught. Bill had arrived there on Monday evening & told them the embarrassing story.

George Nelson wired me, wants me to meet Ken McCormick, Tom Costain & himself in New York on June 10th for a chat about my next book. I agreed.

This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point, my first physical exercise since lumbago attacked me on May 17th. It bothers me still to some extent and I have to be careful about rising suddenly from a chair etc.

E. typed clean copy of the Bowaters article & I took it over to the Mersey mill & delivered it to W. H. Tidmarsh at 4.30 p.m. I drove out to Port Joli & had supper with the "Stumble Inn" gang of poker-players (Larry Selden, Rod Hubert & Jerry Nickerson, George Mulhall, Shankel, Irving Bain, Bruce Chandler, "Marsh" Burgess) — the last lobster chowder of the season.

THURSDAY, MAY 30/57 Fine & warm. Sprayed the roses & honeysuckle this morning with Black Leaf 40. Golf this afternoon. Spent the evening with Randolph Day & two other men of the historical society at the Perkins House, sorting out the badly damaged material of the Society's old collection of County relics and documents, & throwing what was hopeless into a pile outside for trucking to the town dump. The discarded stuff ranged from an ancient piano to an oil portrait of some County worthy of the 1830's. All of this was ruined when a government contractor began a repair & restoration job on the Perkins house in 1949. I was out of town, & when

I returned I found that the Society's collection had been removed to, & sealed up in, an old shed at the rear. This was done on the authority of Lusby, of the Public Works Dept, & I was assured that the shed had been carefully prepared, inside & outside, against weather & damp. On the outside it was; but inside, the collection had been dumped on a rotten floor which itself sat on the ground. When I had the nailed boards & tar paper ripped away from the shed door in the following spring, dampness & mildew had done their worst. I had the stuff moved back into the house; but this was not heated in winter until I persuaded the govt. to put in electric glass-heat units two or three years later, & by that time the collection was in its present state.

The furniture & bric-a-brac sent down by Jack & Muriel Bigelow make a thin show, of oddly assorted pieces, some good, most indifferent. However it's a start, & with Ken Jones to push things at Hfx. we may get the house completely furnished in two or three years.

Randy Day is good-natured but lazy, & when the Bigelows suggested the other day that he should get volunteer labor to arrange the furniture etc., he replied that the govt. owned the house & must undertake any work connected with it. This is not the whole-hearted cooperation I had promised Bigelow in Hfx; but Day is President of our Society, & with my present distractions from all sides I can give little time or thought to ebroidering him.

Today I booked air passage from Hfx to N.Y. via Boston for Sunday, June 9.

FRIDAY, MAY 31/57 This was Frances' wedding day. Vera Parker drove up to Hfx. with us this afternoon — a fine hot day — and Austin came with the Larry Seldons. With us we brought white lilac, lilies, tulips & other flora from the Seldon & Parker gardens.

Also I brought along a supply of champagne. Hilda had got a big two-tiered wedding cake & a supply of chicken salad, sweets etc. from a caterer. At 6 p.m. Bill & Frances arrived with Cecil & Frances Dennis & a troop of Dennis relations — McMullins and Sutherlands — and Cecil Dennis' farm hand Ernest Colbourne. The minister was the Rev. J. Milton Fraser, formerly the minister of the Dennis's home church at Stewiacke, & now in charge of Bethany United Church at Armdale — a tall handsome man, 40-ish, with graying curls. The women had arranged a fine display of lilac & flowers at the west end of Hilda's sitting room, about the big fireplace, & there Mr. Fraser took his stand. I entered from a side room with Frances on my arm, at 7 p.m., & the two bridesmaids, Lynn Selden & Carol Dennis, took their places. The parson began the service, & dutifully I gave the bride away & stepped aside. They used the double ring ceremony. The ladies were smartly dressed; the men wore business clothes. Frances looked, as always, a bit gauche in a long cream-colored coat cut as straight as a drain-pipe & falling almost to her ankles, and a terrible white hat, very wide, with a long & broad ribbon hanging down the back almost to her waist. The ceremony went very smoothly, & afterwards, when Larry & I had passed the champagne, the somewhat stiff company relaxed in cheerful conversation. Austen gave the toast to the bride. There followed much photography, indoors & out, & then the salad, confectionery & coffee. The bride & groom departed in a shower of confetti. Old Grandfather Sutherland, a regal old boy, held in some awe by the Dennis

clan, became the life of the party on one glass of champagne — he is a devout teetotaller & didn't know what he was drinking — & capered about with a bag of confetti, showering it down the ladies' necks & in the V of their décolletage. All in all it was a cheerful occasion & no one was more insouciant than the bride & groom. I gave Frances a cheque for £100, & Marie Freeman sent her another for that amount, so she will have pocket money for her honeymoon. Grandma Raddall sat in her big armchair at one side of the fireplace & had a good view of the whole proceedings. Later on the ladies washed up all the glasses & chinaware — we had brought the champagne glasses from Liverpool. I paid Hilda for her disbursements — £60 in all.

At 10 p.m. E. & I set out for Stewiacke with Cecil & Frances Dennis in my car — the newlyweds have the Dennis car — & arrived at the Dennis farm about 11.30 p.m. A couple of drinks & a chat in the kitchen, & then to bed. Had a good sound sleep.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1/57 Another hot day. Ups at 9 am., had breakfast, & explored the farm with Cecil. He is a powerfully built blond man of 43, a cheerful & quite unpolished ~~chap~~ who has, by thrift & hard work, made himself one of the most successful farmers in the Stewiacke valley. The home farm has 800 cultivated acres, most of it rich alluvial soil, as flat as a table, with the Stewiacke river winding ~~through~~ it in two great curves — hence the property is known as Ox Bow Farm. The house is a small old-fashioned farmhouse, well equipped, with a

bathroom, refrigerator & two huge deep-freeze lockers, a T.V. set & so on. Dennis raises beef cattle (mostly Herefords), hence the land is largely hay meadows & pasture, although one large rectangle of ploughed land, sown to oats, ran down to the river, & another was sown to garden produce. The farm is a tremendous thing, like an airship hangar, with an aluminium roof. Dennis has every sort of machinery, including two tractors, so that he and a single hired hand ("Ernie") run the whole show. On the ridge above the farm Dennis has a wide stretch of timberland (mostly pulpwood sized stuff) & from a big spring there he pipes water by gravity to the house & barn. In addition to the home farm he owns another & rents two more in the district, using these others entirely for pasturage. One of the home farm buildings, at a distance from the house, is a slaughter house, where formerly Dennis "beefed" as many as 25 cattle a day. He now ships most of his cattle to the big meat packing firms.

I drove into Truro with him to do a bit of shopping — I'd forgotten to pack a few shirts. A very busy town, swarming with farmers in the latest model motorcars. Bill & Frances arrived for dinner at the farm, having spent last night at a motel near Bedford. Bill has his father's car for the honeymoon, & after dinner he & the bride left for Cape Breton & P.E.I.

In the afternoon Cecil took us for a drive about the Stewiacke valley in my car, & we hunted up the lonely farm where I worked for two summer months in 1917 as a schoolboy "Soldier of the Soil". It lies beside the road between

Ramsay's Corner and Lansdville, a district of poor soil covered mostly with scrub woods. Old James Stevens died about 1927. His second wife, a Halifax girl named Hollett, far younger than himself, married a man named McFadden soon after Stevens' death. They still live on the old place. We drove in the short road to the house but didn't get out of the car, merely had a look & left. Old Stevens' carefully fenced hay fields & pastures have been completely neglected since his death, & the forest has crept back over them except in a field between the house & the Lansdville road. The big barn is a tumbled ruin, the house itself is tottering, the whole place has a slovenly look. We drove on to Stewiacke East where I saw once more the church where Mrs. Stevens, the hired girl & I used to drive in the buggy on Sunday mornings — much to old Stevens' disgust. A charming scene that has remained in my memory — the road coming over a rise, & there in a hollow the river, the bridge & the small wooden church. All these roads today are much travelled by farmers' trucks & cars, and we got back to Ox Bow Farm coated with brown dust. A hearty supper, a look at the T.V. show, & then several rubbers of bridge — Dennis & I against our wives. We won.

Cecil is one of the numerous Dennis clan (the late Senator W.H. Dennis, founder of the Halifax Herald, was another) all of whom are descended from a large English family who migrated to N.S. & settled in the Stewiacke Valley about 75 or 80 years ago. (One son of the original family remained in Europe, became secretary to Alfred Krupp, of the famous German armaments firm, and his daughter married a German general. They once came on a visit to their relatives in Stewiacke, & Cecil showed us a photograph taken at that time.) Cecil's wife is a

daughter of one Sutherland, a lumberman & sawmill operator in Stewiacke (Grandpa Sutherland — he of the confetti :), reputedly well-to-do. She, Frances Dennis, is a very tall rangy woman, long-legged & long-nosed, with blue eyes & short grey hair. She is a bit "prissy" compared with Cecil, but knows how to manage him. ~~Ha~~a

SUNDAY, JUNE 2/57 Another hot day. Left Ox Bow Farm at 2.30 p.m. Billy's sister Carol came as far as Hfx with us — she works there as a secretary. Dropped in at Tollmore to pick up a few odds & ends, & found there my sister Winifred. She has sold her house in St. John & has come with her adopted child Rosemarie to live with Hilda & Mum until such time as Hilda can (a) find her a job, and (b) find her an apartment within her means. Meanwhile Winifred has developed a blood infection from a scratch on her nose, which is now swollen & a bright purple in color, the purple extending into both cheeks. Poor Hilda! We've all put a heavy burden on her hospitality these past few days, although holding the wedding there was Edith's idea, not mine. Left there about 3:30 p.m. & drove through heavy rain to Liverpool. Home at 6.30.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4/57 Sunny. Golf this afternoon, score 88. During the past week I have dropped in to the Perkins House several times to advise about the placing of furniture etc. & to help clean up the mess in the ell. Went again today, found visitors (mostly Nova Scotians) already inspecting the house. The guides (or "curators") appointed by the govt. are David Inness & Mrs. ("Admiral Nell") Millard — both good Tories but utterly unqualified for the job. Inness is a retired grocer, a cheerful ignoramus, very willing but hardly the type for a "curator". Mrs. Millard is in the seventies, a loquacious, good-hearted woman with a bit more knowledge of history than

Inness, and so stout that she can only get up & down the narrow stairs with great difficulty — hence she stays mostly on the lower floor. The furniture & bric-a-brac supplied by the provincial govt, together with a few pieces belonging to the Queens Co. Historical Society, & others loaned by the Jack Beiglows, all make a bare furnishing. Next year I hope we can get the furnishing completed. The old lawn has been covered with new loam & re-seeded, & the grass is coming up well. I dropped in to the Advance office & checked over the proofs & dummy of the pamphlet to be issued to visitors at the old house, telling something of its story.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5/57 Still fine weather. Golf each afternoon. Long letter from John Rich, the Hollywood film writer. He reports that he has finished his film script of The Nymph & The Lamp, and that he is now negotiating with all sorts of famous movie ~~stars~~ — Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer, Van Heflin, Deborah Kerr, Katherine Hepburn, Gary Cooper. What all this boils down to is that he has sent copies of his script to various actors, producers & others, & hopes that one or more of them may be sufficiently interested to induce a movie company to buy it. He claims to have had offers from "private capital" to make the picture but has rejected them. There is a distinct smell of hot air about this kind of thing, & I suppose it is what Hollywood playwrights give off as the natural aroma of their trade. Anyhow I shan't order a gold Cadillac just yet.

The federal election campaign is now in its final stage — polling day is Monday, June 10th. I asked the Sheriff, Jack McGerry, about voting at the advance poll, as I shall be in New York on

that day. He informed me that only professional travelers — sailors, salesmen, members of the armed services etc. — can vote in advance. So I won't be able to cast a ballot — the first time this has happened since I was old enough to vote.

The Liberal & Conservative parties have been waging a pop campaign — such big shots as John Diefenbaker (leader of the Conservative Party), & "Joey" Smallwood (premier of Newfoundland) have appeared in such a small constituency as Queens-Lunenburg — a sure sign that the issue all over Canada is regarded as a close thing. I have watched & heard most of the big political guns on T.V., which reveals them mercilessly. The Liberals use a campaign photograph of Mr. St. Laurent which makes him seem a vigorous, full-fleshed man of no more than 60. T.V. shows him to be a very earnest but thin and haggard old man looking every day of 75. Diefenbaker is a keen, smooth unsmiling man, & his speaking manner is that of a prosecutor addressing a jury — the overbroad manner of the lawyer he is. Lester Pearson, who has been as prominent as Canada's representative in the council of the United Nations, is a disappointment; he has a thin, rather high, unpleasing voice, and his looks & manner are anything but impressive. Bob Winters, Minister of Public Works, the member for Queens-Lunenburg, is good looking, fluent, forceful. The most convincing speaker, however, is Coldwell, leader of the C.C.F. His appearance is not much — he looks like a be-spectacled retired schoolmaster — but his criticisms of the government & of the Conservative party are sharp & well reasoned.

One may not like his party or its wacky socialistic theories, but one can't help feeling that here is a shrewd observer of Ottawa's ~~scenery~~ housekeeping, pointing out the dust that has been swept under the bed by both the leading political parties.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8/57 I drove to Hfx. this afternoon. By prearrangement Bill & Frances met me there (Cecil Dennis had driven them in from Stewiacke) at the Lord Nelson, & they took my car back to Lpool. I dined in the hotel. Phoned Mum & Hilda. Went to bed at midnight but slept badly.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9/57 Clear & hot. Up at 6 a.m. The airport limousine picked me up at the Lord Nelson at 6.50. My plane took off from Dartmouth at 8 a.m. — a North Star whose four engines as usual made a great din inside the hull. (They are to be replaced this summer by Viscount turbo-jet craft.) The two stewardesses served breakfast at once — I finished mine as we passed over Lake Rossignol. Plane touched down at Yarmouth & St. John, as usual. Arrived at Boston 10.20 (11.20 Boston time) Caught American Air Lines' plane for New York at 12 noon & arrived there (La Guardia Field) at 1.20. I took a bus to Manhattan via the Queens Mid-town Tunnel, & a taxi from the bus terminal to the New Weston hotel, where Doubleday's had reserved a room for me. (It is at the corner of Madison Avenue & 50th. Street, less than a block from Tom Costain's apartment, and from the Canadian Club (in the Waldorf Astoria) where George Nelson is staying. Nelson phoned as I was washing up — he was in the lobby, came up to my room & chatted till five. We then went to the Canadian Club, & Tom & Ida Costain joined us there for dinner. Costain begins to look his age (he

is 71) & although his mind is as sparkling as ever he finds writing now a slow & difficult business. He won't use a dictaphone — writes everything in long-hand & then has it typed — and his output is down to an average 300 words a day (written in the mornings) instead of the 2000 to 3000-word average he used to manage. After dinner Costain took us to the Radio City Music Hall, where he had reserved seats, & where we saw the spectacular ballet & "Rockette" troupes, & heard the first-rate orchestra & choral groups. There was also a motion picture (Gregory Peck & Lauren Bacall in "Designing Woman") so that the hour was getting on for midnight when we emerged. The crowd scattered to taxis & cars, but it was a lovely night, almost a full moon shining down into the canyon-like streets, the air soft & warm; & Costain, Nelson & I strolled along enjoying it for several blocks. Strange to see these normally thronged streets almost deserted — I suppose most New Yorkers get out of town on warm summer Sundays.

My room at the New Weston is very comfortable & is equipped with air-conditioning apparatus in the single window (it has also a T.V. set). But even with the air-fan turned to full blast I found the atmosphere indoors oppressive & again slept badly.

MONDAY, JUNE 10/57

Nelson dropped in this morning & briefed me for the conference with the Doubleday executives. They are anxious to be diplomatic about it, but they didn't get much of a sale for "Wings of Night" in the U.S. & they feel (with Costain) that my talent is best exerted in the historical-novel field. At noon Nelson & I went to the Doubleday offices on Madison Avenue, where I met Ken McCormick, Lee Barker, Bradbury, George Thively

& the other top men — the hierarchy runs downward in about that order. Ken McCormick is 45-ish, keen, well-read, well-travelled. So is Lee Barker who speaks with a bland Harvard accent. All the others defer to these two. Costain joined us & we drove in two taxis to a private dining room (surrounded by old paintings & prints and shelves of rare old books) in the Regency, a club favored by artists, writers & publishing folk. With the dessert McCormick opened the subject of my next book. Costain threw out two suggestions — a novel based on the life & times of Sir Guy Carleton, and a biography of Joseph Howe. He then withdrew discreetly & left me in the lions' cage.

I set forth my notion of a novel drawn about Frances Wentworth, & after about half an hour convinced them that it was worth doing. McCormick then said "Well, we're all agreed on the Wentworth book. But let's look further. What have you in mind after that?" I hadn't anything in mind after that. So they fell upon Costain's suggestions. They were diffident about Sir Guy Carleton, & asked me "Who was Joseph Howe?" I told them & they were cold until I mentioned Howe's connection with the first trans-Atlantic line of mail steamers, founded by Nova Scotian Sam Cunard. Lee Barker jumped right in then — wants a book about the Cunard Line, not Joe Howe. All the others agreed with him — the Cunard Line means something important in the U.S. (Obviously Joe Howe doesn't.) The talk went on back & forth until about 3.30, when we shook hands & parted. It is agreed that I shall do the Wentworth book. Beyond that I promised nothing except that I would look into the possibilities of the Cunard thing.

Back to my hotel, bathed & changed. At 5 p.m. Nelson joined me & we went to the Costain's place, a

a whole floor of big rooms, with ceilings 12 feet high, in a huge apartment building dating back to the 1920's. Costain works in his library, whose shelves run up to the ceiling on all sides of a huge ~~~~ mahogany desk. Ida Costain, a pleasant but rather vapid woman, dabbles in painting & showed us a room hung with framed water-colors & oils of outdoor scenes — very amateurish, though she has some talent for drawing. We had drinks in a big drawing room furnished with expensive antiques and paintings & rugs. I told Costain the gist of the afternoon's conference & while he didn't make much comment it was plain that he still wants a biography of Joe Howe.

We left by cab for the Coffee House, a rather exclusive luncheon & dining club to which Costain belongs, & were joined there by the Costains' daughter Molly & her husband (Jack?) Haycroft, a clever & likeable pair. (He is editor of Doubleday's Dollar Mystery Book Club & also runs a ~~~ library-supply firm of his own; she writes historical tales for teen-agers.) The club is a small one, nothing ostentatious about it, on the second floor of a downtown building, & we went up a narrow creaking staircase to get to it. Sherry, & an excellent dinner. By some sleight-of-hand (though a wizard on Doubleday's staff, (Joe Marks) George Nelson had got two seats for tonight's performance of "My Fair Lady", the smash hit which has now been running more than a year & is booked up many months ahead. So we bade farewell to the Costains & Haycrofts at eight o'clock & got over to the Mark Hellinger theatre well in time for the curtain opening at 8:30. The seats were first-rate ones on the orchestra floor & I enjoyed every minute of the play, a musical show based on Shaw's Pygmalion

with Rex Harrison in the role of Higgins & Julie Andrews playing Eliza Doolittle. Ingenious stage effects — no less than eleven changes of scene in Act One, seven in Act Two — and the music & costumes were wonderful.

Nelson accompanied me back to the hotel & we parted — he returns to Toronto tomorrow & I leave for home. Somewhere in the course of this busy day he had slipped out & bought a pair of very fine cake-knives — one for E, the other for Frances — which he presented to me. He has been very good to me in all ways & I thanked him as best I could.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11/57 Another hot day. Up at 7, got breakfast, packed & left the hotel at 8:30. Took a cab to La Guardia Field by way of the Triborough Bridge & the Grand Central Parkway, — the driver giving a running commentary on the passing scene.

Boarded an American Air Lines plane at 10:15 & arrived at Boston 11:20 a.m., stepping out into sweltering heat. The airport building is an immense rambling structure built in a U shape, & in following the arrows to the T.C.A. bureau I travelled the whole damned length of it, carrying a heavy suitcase. By that time sweat was running down into my shoes. The waiting room was crowded & hot, & when I boarded the TCA plane (another North Star) on the sun-blazing runway it was worse. I discovered as fellow-passengers Raymond Thompson & his wife, on the way to his old home in Liverpool (they live in ~~Ohio~~ Akron or Toledo, Ohio) for a holiday. There was no relief from the heat when the plane got up in the air. The thermometer on the forward bulkhead showed 86° all the ~~day~~ way, & the air-conditioning vents (these cabins are "pressurized") admitted nothing but a faint whiff of hot air. We had a 20-mile-an hour tail wind (according to the pilot) & it seemed to blow some of the engine exhaust into the

ventilation intake, for there was a strong smell of burnt gasoline all the time. Everybody sat dripping perspiration. Babies howled. The stewardesses' makeup became a sorry mess, although they renewed it from time to time. The plane arrived at St. John about 3.30 (local daylight time) & all passengers & baggage were put off for customs inspection. This was a grim & slow business. Fifty or sixty men, women & children herded into a room that measured no more than 18' by 25', with seats for about a dozen people. One by one we were ushered out of the room to an inner ~~room~~ hall, where we had to open our baggage for inspection & answer immigration questions. The immigration man was pleasant & brief. The customs officers (there were just two) were ill-mannered & self-important. As a result it took a solid hour to process the plane's passengers, most of them standing in the close hot air of the little building. We got off the ground again at 4.30. Stopped 15 minutes at Yarmouth. From my seat I had a good view of Lake Rossignol as we passed over, & wished I could parachute down from that flying over to Indian Gardens, whence I could get home in an hour.

Arrived at Yarmouth about 6.30. Raymond Thompson had arranged for a Liverpool taxi driver (Archie Croft) to meet him at the airport, & he suggested that I come along — adding cannily that I could pay part of the fare. I was glad enough to get a ride straight home. Arrived about 9.45 & promptly poured myself a stiff rum-&-soda. To add to my discomforts on the way home I had (a) acquired painful blisters on both big toes from walking in a pair of new shoes, and (b) I had caught (of all things) the germ of a cold, which I mistook at first for a bout

of hay fever brought on by the intense heat. But all of it was worth the trip. I don't know exactly what the business conference accomplished, except that I am no longer a stranger to my publishers. But I enjoyed every moment in New York. I have touched down at La Guardia before, passing through; but I have not set foot on Broadway since I ~~was~~ was a youngster aboard the old "Mackay-Bennett", cablesship, 37 years ago.

This morning's New York Tribune gave about six inches, single column, to the Canadian election yesterday. This, in the vast bulk of the newspaper, is just about the measure of American interest in Canadian affairs.

The Conservatives won a ~~no~~ victory in most of the English-speaking provinces, including the Maritimes but not Newfoundland. The Liberals as usual got nearly all the seats in Quebec, so that Mr. Diefenbaker has a slim majority. Bob Winters lost his seat in Queens-Lunenburg, C.D. Howe lost his (to a C.C.F. opponent) in Fort William, & various other members of the cabinet went down in the wreck. The Social Credit and C.C.F. parties hold the balance of power, & newspapers predict another election within a year. The Liberal govt. had become much too complacent & deserved defeat. On the other hand the Conservatives have made some extravagant promises & they will now have an interesting problem — how to make the promised new expenditures ~~etc~~ while giving the people the promised cut in taxes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13/57

In a high fever, with nose & eyes streaming, & with a splitting headache, I set off from Liverpool with Bill, Frances & E. to attend the Dennis reception at Stewiacke. We left about 1 p.m. — Bill driving my car. Stopped at Tillmore to pick up the lower story of the

wedding cake, delivered to the (Dartmouth) school of HMCS Shearwater to pick up Joan Nickerson, & arrived at Brookfield about 6 p.m. There we found Mrs. Dennis & various women putting the finishing touches on the decoration of the (elementary) school auditorium. Cecil & his man had found some lovely apple blossoms, although the apple bloom generally has gone by. The gifts were arranged on tiered wooden racks on the stage.

At 7 we all drove to Ox Bow Farm for a sandwich & tea, & to change clothes. At 8.30 p.m., E & I took our places in the receiving line with Cecil & Frances Dennis, Bill & Frances, & Carol Dennis. About 150 people came, all well dressed, & many of the younger women remarkably good-looking. Some were from Truro & Hfx, but most were from the Stewiacke valley. Four young girls sang "The Banana Boat Song" & other popular ditties, to the accompaniment of a piano. Everybody sat about on chairs — all a bit stiff, I thought. Finally a well-organized team of women began to serve chicken salad, tea & confectionery. About 10.30 the people began to leave, and after 11 p.m. "Charlie" showed the movies & slides he had taken at the wedding. We carried an enormous amount of bridal loot out to the cars — everyone had been generous — & got back to the farm about 12.30. There I had two or three drinks of rum, which I needed badly.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/57 E & I left for Liverpool in the car about 9.15 a.m. Bill leaves for his summer's military duty at Aldershot in a few days, & Frances returns to her job at Hfx. In September they will take an apartment in Hfx, Frances will quit working, & Bill will resume his medical studies.

Home at 2.30 & very glad to get there.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1957 Foggy in the morning, clearing & a hot afternoon. This day we were visited by 28 members & guests of the Halifax branch, Canadian Authors' Association, who arrived at 3:30 p.m., bringing sandwiches & cookies — we were to supply the coffee & tea. Of them all I knew only Phyllis Blakeley, Doane Hatfield, Helen Creighton, Kay Hill, Will & Mrs. Bird, Barbara Grantmyre. The guests included a (retired) Brigadier-General RAY Colwell & his wife, formerly of Hfx, now living in Florida.

Tommy & I had spent the morning carrying garden seats & benches, borrowed from our neighbors, so that we were able to seat the whole party for a picnic tea on our lawn. Previous to the tea, of course, I had taken the visitors on a tour of the Perkins house & Fort Point. It was a pleasant affair, everybody seemed to enjoy it, & when they departed at 8 p.m. Doane Hatfield made a neat little thank-you speech. Helen Creighton remained & spent the evening with us. She is now collecting reminiscences (by tape recorder) of the rum-runners of the 1920's, & is staying a few days in Liverpool in hopes of "taping" some memories here. I know several of the old rum-runners — notably Herbert Parr and Robie Lohnes — but I also know they would not record any of their illicit memories for posterity, so I can't help her. I presented each of our visitors today with a copy of "Ogomkegea", an article on the history of Liverpool that I wrote in 1934, re-printed since in an attractive little booklet by Cecil Day, of the Advance Printing Co.

This morning I met Tommy & Eleanor Smith, now resident in Springfield, Mass., who are here to attend the funeral of her father, George Hatt, son of

Captain "Ken" Hatt, who was at one time the most prosperous of Liverpool business men. George drank up most of the old man's money, had a scapegrace but full & happy life, & in his latter years turned to a sober clerk for a construction company and for the Queens General Hospital. "Tommy" Smith is still slim, dark-haired, black-moustached, not a day older in appearance than when I last saw him in the 1930's. His wife Eleanor, once by far the loveliest of the past, is now entirely grey, stolid — I hardly knew the girl I had directed in the play "Too Many Wives". She confessed that door salesmen often mistake her for Tommy's mother. Both have long been American citizens, & Tommy is thoroughly a New Englander now, but Eleanor confessed with a sigh that "there's no place like Nova Scotia. I wish we could live here."

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/57 Continuous sunny weather. I am golfing each afternoon, playing badly but absorbing sunshine, trying to shake off the aftermath of the cold-bug I picked up in New York — a persistent sore throat & catarrh, pains in my right ear & in the top of my skull.

What with this, and the painful lumbago shortly before, & my other troubles — the Sharron suicide; Francie's escapades; the nagging need to start another novel if I am to meet my bills in 1958, including Tom's college expenses; & the knowledge that I can only get the material for the book by a long and expensive search in New England and probably England as well — all these make me feel like Job. I felt exhausted mentally after finishing "The Path to Destiny" in the spring, & promised myself a good long holiday before undertaking another book. Instead I must work harder than ever, merely to meet my financial obligations.

Helen Creighton came to dinner & spent the evening. She has not been very successful in her local search for tales of the rum-runners, & I couldn't help her, except from personal reminiscence of yarns told at the time. She wants tape-recordings of men who actually worked in the trade, & the survivors here are few; I know only Herbert Parr and Robie Lohnes, neither of whom would talk. She asked me to look over her ~~XXXX~~ contract with Ryerson for a book of Nova Scotia ghost stories, & I recommended the insertion of an additional paragraph regarding her subsidiary rights.

The St. Laurent government has resigned, & Pt. Diefenbaker is drawing up a Tory cabinet. Bob Winters already has accepted a lucrative private job ($60,000 per year) as Canadian manager of the (British) Rio Tinto mining firm, which has large uranium & other interests in this country.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19/57 Half an inch of rain this morning, the first in many days — the whole countryside is parched. The Douglas Lovers gave a party tonight at their Conrock Lake cottage, in honor of Sybil Mcdonald (widow of bank manager Donald Mcdonald) who is leaving for Bramford, Ontario, & we were there.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22/57 Hot weather again. Liverpool has been chosen by the C.B.C. as the current broadcasting point for their "Caravan" program (radio only), and today & tomorrow a team of their people, including Jim Bennett, Maurice Forsey & Yves Brunelle, & various technicians, will produce a "live" programme from our town. The team set up a recording outfit at the Hazeldines' house in Bristol ("Dene Manor") & I journeyed there this morning to record (a) an introductory talk on the history of Liverpool, (b) a closing talk on the Perkins house, and (c) an interview

conducted by Maurice Lorsey regarding the story of the Perkins House. Sundry other Liverpool citizens, including Mayor Lockward, Cecil Day, Rolf Seabourne, [redacted] Armand Wigglesworth, & Kirby (for Kenpro) & "Rosso" Nickerson (for the fishery) recorded their impressions of town prospects. All this to be broadcast tomorrow. The jiggy musicians of "Don Messer & His Islanders" (i.e. Prince Edward Island) broadcast from the High School (Rural) auditorium at 6.30 p.m., & went on to play for a dance in the Milton Community Hall.

At 4.40 p.m. I went to the Perkins House, where Jim Bennet (son of my old friends "Ben" & Helene Sandford Bennett) interviewed me for the CBC, coast-to-coast network in a five-minute bit about the Perkins House — this for the CBC national program "Party Line". All in all a busy day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23/57 Very hot. This morning from 10 to 11 we heard CBC broadcasts (radio only) of the talks recorded at Gene Manor yesterday. Young Tom & Jim Hutchinson have been tinkering for days with an old motor-boat at Hunts Point, purchased by Jim from "Ron" Nickerson. This morning they decided to bring it around to Liverpool. I had grave doubts about the engine & about their seamanship, & at 11 a.m. I drove to Western Head & with Carl Hatt (the fog-whistle attendant) watched for the boat. It did not appear & at noon I returned to town, asking Carl to keep an eye peeled for the boat. At 2 p.m. I set out for Hunts Point, but on the way I passed the boys driving towards Liverpool in Jim's jeep. They had

started for Lipool in the boat, but the engine conked out short of White Point, & Jack Sunlap had towed them back to Hunts Point with his skiff-and-outboard. My golf clubs were in the car & I went on to play abround at White Point. White Point Beach Lodge is open, some shapely female strangers (in halters & shorts) on the course; found some familiar smiles & had a wonderful afternoon.

Helen Creighton dropped in to show us some photo-portraits of her by Frances Davies, & asked us to select those we liked. She is an odd creature, a genuine delver for N.S. folklore, but eager for publicity and very pleased with what she is getting nowadays. She told me frankly that she is (a) on a salary-and-expense account from the Canadian Archives, (b) that the Archives do not approve any expenses in her home town of Dartmouth, although she could do much useful work there, and that therefore (c) she makes a points of traveling incessantly about N.S. whether or not the places she visits have folk lore or folk songs. This is so like the typical behaviour of federal government employees that I had to smile.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27/57 Fog, but still no rain since the dribble on the 19th. Things are coming along well at the Perkins House, where we now have window hangings and a few carpets. The whole downstairs floor is furnished after a fashion with genuine antiques. I hope to improve this next year by a judicious removal-and-exchange. No furniture upstairs yet except a pair of cord beds & a chest of drawers. Randy Day recently discovered the Sheriff (Jack McLorry) about to have a check full of old documents carted to the dump. They turned out to be records of courts

cases going back to colonial times, & included the Judgment Book of the Queens County Court of Common Pleas from 1792 to 1836 — many of the judgments endorsed by Simeon Perkins. McGorry turned them over to the Historical Society.

(Later: McGorry himself told me the story. Actually this pile of old law documents was discovered in an upper room of the town hall by Harry Paterson, an ardent stamps collector, in search of papers or envelopes with old postmarks. He informed Randy Day. McGorry says the documents are in no immediate danger of destruction but that eventually they must be removed or destroyed. I talked to Paterson on the phone, asked him to sort out the documents (he has a large number at his home) & put aside anything that might be useful to the Historical Society.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29/57 Overcast, with some fog & a threat of showers — a bit ominous for the ceremonies for opening officially the Perkins House, but all went well. The band of the Black Watch gave a concert from the adjoining lawn of the Artillery Battery. At 3 p.m. Mrs. Stanfield opened the ceremony by ringing a ship's bell, hung on an iron standard outside Perkins' front door, especially for the occasion. About two hundred people were gathered on the Perkins lawn. Ken Jones acted as chairman. Mayor Lockwood read a stiff little speech. Premier Stanfield, essentially a shy man & no orator, added a halting but extempore speech of his own; & then presented me with a huge brass key, to which ribbons of Nova Scotia tartan were tied, saying that he now turned over to me, as Honorary Curator, the key to the house. Actually

the Perkins door now has a Stark Yale lock in view of the valuable relics it contains; and God knows where the "key" belongs. Mrs "Maggie" Inness borrowed it from someone for the occasion.) I then gave a fifteen-minute address, simply describing Simeon Perkins, his life, the reasons why we honor him & the circumstances under which the old house has come down to the present intact & virtually unchanged since Perkins lived in it. I was followed by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser, who said a few words in an easy vein, to wind up the ceremony. We then withdrew from out (portable) chairs along the front of the house, & the crowd queued up to inspect the house. Dave Inness had obtained five extra guides for the occasion, including Doris K., always charming & very handled the crowd admirably.

Rita Beebe & Marilla McDill were there, newly arrived for the summer & I had a pleasant chat with them. A young bandsman of the Black Watch, who called on me last winter & obtained one of my books, autographed, now came across the lawn & presented me with a souvenir in return — a Glengarry with his regimental badge attached. The officers of the 133rd (Yale) Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, had invited a number of guests to drinks in their mess, next door, & C & I went there & had a couple of drinks & chatted with various people. (My own chats were chiefly with a Brigadier Roome (retired) & his wife; Mrs. Willets daughter of Archibald MacMechan and secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor; and old Fred Herman, who kept the Hill Top Inn at Port Joli many years ago.) The Battery is commanded at present by Major Armand Wigglesworth,

who with his officers was in full dress, — dark blue & scarlet, with the scarlet sash, etc. In order to provide car parking accommodation near the house, the Artillery had turned over their own parking space, and for the occasion their trucks and 25-pdr. cannon had been stowed away in the Perkins garden, a somewhat incongruous note if anyone looked out of the rear windows.

C. & I returned ~~to the house~~ home to wash & change, then drove with the John Wickwires to White Point, where Ken Jones had arranged a large dinner party including the Lieut.-Governor & Premier & their wives. All was carefully planned — I was instructed to take Muriel Laborn in to dinner & then took my own seat at Mrs. Stanfield's left hand, and opposite Mrs. Fraser, at the foot of the table, where Ken presided. The head of the table was of course occupied by the Lieut.-Governor, with Stanfield at his left hand, & Edith sitting at Stanfield's left. A very good dinner: salad, a great platter of fresh boiled lobster, cake, ice cream, coffee — and the waiters kept our wine glasses filled with Sauterne. In chat with Mrs. Stanfield (née Mary Hall, 40-ish slim, dark-eyed, with greying hair, completely natural & like her new husband a bit shy) I found that she paints in oils, does wood-carving, likes music & people. (As a painting subject she had found Rock Head Prison "beautiful" — & I protested, but she insisted that it was, in terms of simple architectural mass!) After dinner there was some general chatting in the adjoining lounge, & then the Frasers & Stanfields withdrew to drive home to Halifax, & the

party broke up. The B. Waters asked a few of us to come on to their house, & E. at once agreed, so we went on there, although privately I felt very tired & wanted to get home. We did get home at about midnight but there was no sleep to be had. Bill & Francie had come down for the week-end & were off on a party somewhere; & they & Tom & returned very late & sat talking loudly in the living room until 3 a.m. I got to bed finally at last.

A big day for me, the culmination of years of effort & persuasion on behalf of the preservation of the Perkins house. To see it restored, furnished & opened as a public monument has long been my dream.

Amongst the visitors today I noticed & had long chats with Bruce Fergusson (Provincial Archivist, to whom I mentioned the discovery of the old law papers); Senator & Mrs. Kinley of Lunenburg; Lloyd Crouse (the newly elected MP for Queens-Lunenburg) & his blonde wife, a handsome couple; C.B. Jefferson, the old newspaperman now employed by the N.S. Bureau of Information, who has promised to help me next week in a modern research of Barrington Street; Digby Lynch, provincial manager of the Prudential Insurance Co. of Great Britain, Francie's boss, & a son of the late Mrs. (Agnew) Lynch, who sold the Perkins house to our Historical Society in 1936.

Incidentally Francie has lost her job at Prudential. On returning from her honeymoon she quarrelled with the office manager (Lynch's second-in-command) and either resigned or was fired on two weeks' notice. E. mentioned it to Lynch (much to my disgust) and he told her pleasantly that it was "a clash of temperaments" and that his office manager was worth more to him than any number of girls. A nice polite slap, but E. invited it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1957

My family slept all the rest of the morning & I was the only one who got to church. The United Church & Baptist congregations, according to their custom of several years, are now combining their services for the summer, so that the ministers can, in turn, take a month's holiday. Today the Baptist man (Bartol) was supposed to take the service; but he is ill, & a local baker, Crouse, who is a sort of lay preacher in the Baptist congregation, took charge of the service until 11.45. At that point our own Rev. John Macdonald arrived from Brooklyn just in time to deliver the sermon. Even with the combined congregations the church was less than half full. Noticed that the Baptist choir now wear caps & gowns of a mauve color.

MONDAY, CANADA DAY Golf this afternoon. This evening the Lockwards invited the John Mckurries, Austin Parkers, Bert Waters, Paul Kings & ourselves to dinner at "Virginia Inn", a new eating place at Rivers Head, Broad River. Actually it is the home of Richard Hockridge, an American mystery man who came there from Montana in the 1930's, & bought a large old house in the edge of the woods. He told people here that he was a writer; but nobody ever saw his work in print. He was living with a woman (always introduced as his "wife") who apparently had a little money, & sometimes they made trips back to Montana. Recently Wife No 1 disappeared, apparently in the direction of the States, & Hockridge brought back Wife No 2, a young Virginian woman, formerly a stenographer. He is lean, gaunt, pale, soft-spoken, in his sixties. She is a pleasant but rather shy blonde in the early thirties. For some years now Hockridge has

been breeding dogs (Newfoundlands and German shepherds) and has called the place "Black Ledge Kennels." He is said to be hard up, & "Virginia Inn" is a new hopeful venture. However we found the cooking indifferent, the food cold & in meagre portions, & the service slow. Lockridge showed us his "kennels" — two German shepherd bitches and about a dozen pups, which he hopes to sell for $250 each. He has planted all over the place a plant he calls "sacaline" or "Mexican bamboo," hollow-stemmed, with huge leaves, which apparently flourishes like a nightmare weed in our northern climate. Home at 9.30, & drove down to the town bridge to watch the Legion's firework display — they were holding their Dominion Day bazaar, as usual, on the pier leading to their quarters.

SACALINE

THURSDAY, JULY 2/57 Drove to Hfx this afternoon, alone, to do some research (mostly modern) on the article for Maclean's — Barrington St. Got in touch with H. B. Jefferson, old-time & long experienced newsman who is now in comfortable possession of a sinecure — the editorship of the (provincial) Hansard. I had a very good bed-sitting room at the Nova Scotian, facing on the harbor, with a night view of Georges Island (with its lone green eye) in the foreground, & the tall waste-gas stack of Imperoyal flaring in the night, lighting up the whole harbor & flickering on the harbor wall of the hotel all through the night.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY Spent these days chatting with Jefferson & his crony (another old-time newsman on the govt payroll, Louis Grant) or on personal leg-work up & down Barrington St. Jefferson has a small office next to the legislative chamber, & its window looks right out at the soldier on the South Africa monument. To get

to it you follow a narrow & curving passageway past the locker room of the Members of Assembly (each neatly labelled with the member's name & constituency) & their lavatory. Here "Jeff" & Grant would lock the door & then unlock their reminiscences, rattling off yarns (some of them highly scandalous) about Halifax notables of the past fifty years. They were enthusiastic, humorous, with a fund of adroit obscenity, & as both of them were inclined to shout at the top of their voices I was sometimes uneasy, feeling that somebody must be listening outside. "Jeff" is a plump little man, 60-ish, completely bald, with one eye (the right) twinkling straight at you & the other turned & fixed so far to the left that it almost disappears into his left temple. He has to wear very thick glasses & confesses cheerfully that he is going blind — "the doctors call it 'Progressive Myopia'". Louis Grant is long & lean, also 60-ish, with a touch of color in his cheeks, & a lot of very bad (almost black) teeth. He likes to act out his stories, & he told hilarious tales of the late mixed-millionaire W. B. McCurdy, Judge Hall, & others, striding up & down, with gestures & grimaces.

On Thursday I spent an afternoon in the Archives, looking over material on Barrington &c, & examining a micro-film of the log of the 1813 privateer "Dart". On Friday Jeff took me to see Myer Zwerling, a clever Jew who knows everyone & everything in Halifax, & here again I ran into a spate of reminiscence, all highly interesting, but nothing that I could use without a sharp risk of libel. What I sought was some human-interest stuff about Barrington, Hosack characters in modern times but the talk, like Jeff's & Grant's, ran on & covered the whole city & half a century.

My independent leg-work included calls on the

(Myer Zwerling died suddenly about Christmas, 1957)

RCAF in their Combined Operations H.Q. at the corner of South and Barrington, & Padre Williams of the Flying Angel Mission to Seamen; chats with the girl bag-piper who plays for two hours each morning & afternoon in the Grand Parade; with the blind beggar, Lloyd Dukeshire, who sits against a shop wall all day long on Barrington just north of the Hackville St. crossing, & so on. Made a futile effort to interview Mayor Kitz — his secretary insisted he was too busy.

SATURDAY, JULY 6/57 I drove around to Fullmore last evening for a chat with Mum & Hilda. Win is still there with Rose-Marie, a doleful presence, but Hilda has found a flat on Edward St. reet for her & she is moving there soon. According to Win, Louis debts turned out to be very large, & as a result her income will be no more than $100 per month from the life insurance policies. This will just pay the monthly rent on Edward St. She has asked her son Louis, who is in the Canadian Army in Germany, to make her an allowance of $50 per month, & she hopes to get an office job in Hfx — she was a stenographer when she married Charron nearly thirty years ago.

This morning I checked out of the hotel after a highly entertaining four days, & drove home to Liverpool. Frances had come home for the week-end. Soon after I got there Bill Dennis arrived, having got a week-end leave from his military job at Aldershot, & hitch hiked to L'pool. Then Frances Dennis phoned from Brookfield & announced that she & Cecil were driving down for the week end. On top of this Tom Jr. (who had been attending the wedding of Bill Parker & Nancy Eaton at Yarmouth) turned up with his college friend (& fellow usher at the wedding) A. B. Baker, having invited him to stay the week-end here. Somehow we managed beds for everybody — I slept on the couch in my den.

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1957

Fine hot weather. This morning I showed Cecil & Frances Dennis through the Perkins House. In the afternoon Bill & our Frances went off in my car to Summerville Beach. The senior Dennis's took Cecil & me in their car & we drove to Western Head to see the fog horn in action, also to Hunts Point, Summerville, Port Morton & Carters Beach, where there was no fog & the sun was hot. Tea on the lawn at home. At 7 pm. the Dennis's set off for home by way of the Valley, in order to get Bill back to Aldershot, & to drop Francie at Halifax. "Abie" Baker took off, some time in the afternoon, in his own car for Dartmouth.

The visitors had barely gone when the phone rang — Jack Gray, back for another summer in Nova Scotia. This time Shirley & young Johnnie had come up from New York by train & had gone on to their summer shack at Stonehurst. Jack had sailed from Bar Harbor with a Bangor lawyer named Finnegan, who owns a pretty sloop called "Dipper II", registered at Stonington, Maine, where she was built ten years ago. Jack insisted that we come down to the dock & see the sloop, so we walked there & chatted for a time with Finnegan & a chap named Bowers, who had joined them at Shelburne just for the sail to Lunenburg. Jack wants Finnegan to take the sloop up to Labrador, where he can do some sketching in new territory, but Finnegan looked dubious. He & Bowers declined, politely, our invitation to come up to the house. Jack came, in his usual costume, soiled sneakers & khaki slacks, open shirt, heavy grey sweater. He is as lean as ever & more than a little mad,

it seemed to me. He talked incessantly, pouring the words out in a ceaseless torrent, with wild gesticulations, a jumble of stuff — his success as a (commercial) marine artist down there, the famous people he meets, the expensive yachts he would like to buy (each described in detail down to the last inch of mahogany), his adventures with police & with rough characters on the N.Y. waterfront, his arrest for carrying a Webley air pistol in the glove compartment of his car, the other weapons he has bought & sold — his current fad is for heavy throwing-knives of German make, — he showed us one. (While we were aboard the "Dipper II" Jack fetched up three pistols to show us, & sat potting with one of them (the Webley air pistol) at a pair of wild duck swimming near the farther shore of the river — talking all the time.) I have a strong impression that Jack's habit of doping himself with benzedrine etc. for his long night sessions of painting (he says he can't work in the daytime) has led to doping himself all the time. His eyes were strange & unnatural, & he kept up his flood of words with an air of wild excitement, as if everything that happened to him or came under his notice were a matter of stupendous importance. He left at 11:30 p.m., still talking at a great rate but not so wildly, as if the dope-shot he must have taken in the cabin of "Dipper II" had begun to wear off. They sail for Luxembourg at daylight.

MONDAY, JULY 8/57 Fine, with fog hanging off Western Head. I quit smoking cigarets on July 1st, in the hope of clearing up a sore throat & bronchial cough, a hangover from my June cold. The cough is gone but my hoarseness persists, so I remain off cigarets. In this mood today I resolved to reduce my weight, which has now crept up to 191 lbs. stripped. It means starvation, for I don't eat much, though I drink six or eight ounces of rum each night. The afternoon

I played golf alone at White Point — 85, my best score this year. Evening working on the Hfx. article.

TUESDAY, JULY 9/57 After many re-writings, additions & deletions, C. has finished the typescript of "The Lower Privateer", & this morning I sent it off, registered, & with a covering letter, to John Gray of Mac Millans.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/57 Rain. I was visited this morning by R. A. Pagett-Cooke, chief public relations officer of the Bowater Corporation, London, & his right-hand man Alan Dent. They expressed themselves as pleased with the article I wrote for their house magazine, but apparently the chief object of the call was to get acquainted. On learning, (& closing a brief mention of Mersey in our chat) Dent smiled & looked at me keenly. He said, "Do I detect in your voice a trace of regret that the Mersey mill should become part of the Bowater organization?" I answered, "Naturally. I was one of the Mersey staff when the mill was built, & I stayed with it through the tough years of the 1930's. I saw it survive & finally triumph — alone & on its own feet. Now it's merely part of a big corporation with headquarters elsewhere. That's progress, of course." Pagett-Cooke, a dark suave man with well groomed black hair, looked down his nose at this, but Dent, a more rugged type, grinned cheerfully.

THURSDAY, JULY 11/57 Fine & warm. Working every morning & evening on the Barrington Street article. Golf alone this afternoon — score 82, I think the lowest I ever had (40 + 42).

Today I received from the publishers (Prentice-Hall Inc.) a copy of "Literature of the World Around Us", an American anthology for school use, compiled by Charles Carver and Harold Slicker of Rochester, N.Y. The Canada section contains my short story "Blind Mac Nair". The book is a 568-page volume, on excellent paper, beautifully illustrated and well bound.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1957 Fine, with a refreshing W. breeze. I had a call today from one Arthur Merry, of New Grafton, a dark stocky man, balding, forty-ish, who now owns the old Charlie Minard property (including the Indian graves) on Kejimkujik. He has built a number of log cabins there, plus a dining room etc, all of which he calls (God pity him) "Merrymakedgie Cottages". He had found, in shallow water near the Indian rock-carvings, a "flintlock musket", and he was sure it had a romantic history, an Indian battle etc. etc., which would "make good publicity" for his "lodge". He seemed to think I would dash off an immediate article to the press about it. He fetched the gun from his car. A light fowling piece, probably a very nice one in its day, badly corroded, but clearly a cap-fire gun dating from a period no more remote or romantic than about 1835 & probably much later. His "lodge" includes the site of the humble home of the famous Indian, Jim Charles, who was (falsely) accused of shooting & murdering one Goddard & two other white hunters, who foolishly set off across Kejimkujik in a bark canoe in 1884 in rough weather. Probably they were drunk, for a jug of rum was then considered an indispensable bit of hunting equipment. When the bodies eventually bloated, floated & drifted ashore, there were no signs of bullet wounds. This gun found by Merry may be one of the weapons dumped out of the canoe when these hunters upset their craft. I told Merry this, & he went away, rather crestfallen.

FRIDAY, JULY 12/57 Frances arrived home, with her trunk, & with a terrific cold. She plans to stay here until Bill can find a flat or apartment in Halifax next Fall.

TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1957 Mailed the article on Barrington Lloyd to Maclean's this morning. Golf this afternoon. This evening one Blakeney, a former inspector in the RCMP, called to show me some of his (typewritten) reminiscences, & to ask if I thought they were worth publication as a book. He is a native of Jeddore, knew ships & the coast well, & in the 1920's was the RCMP's chief sleuth in tracking down rum-runners. It was he who caught the schooner "Wapiti" at Liverpool about the year 1926. She cleared from L'pool with a load of bundled laths for Boston. Outside the harbor somewhere she made a rendezvous with a big three-master from St. Pierre, laden with liquor. All the laths were removed from "Wapiti's" holds & replaced with cases of booze. A single layer of bundled laths lay on top of the cases; then the hatches were put on, & a deck load of laths went on top of the hatches. The idea was to run a cargo of booze into Boston. Unfortunately a storm came up & the "Wapiti" put back into Liverpool Bay for shelter, two days after leaving the port. The local customs officer, "Boke" Lawyer, saw her anchored off Brooklyn & noticed that she sat much deeper in the water than when she cleared, although her deck load was no smaller than before. He notified Blakeney, who went off in a boat with a single helper. The "Wapiti's" crew were surly & uncooperative in the search. Blakeney & his man had to lift part of the deck cargo aside, take off a hatch, & then remove the thin layer of laths over the booze — many hard hours' work. He then arrested the ship & ordered her into L'pool. He says she was owned by "Newfoundland" people, who paid the crews' fines. The ship itself was confiscated by the Crown. Blakeney's interest in the ship ended there & he didn't know the rest of the

story, which I heard from Charlie ~~Shupe~~ Shupe, one of "Wapiti's" crew, years afterward. The schooner lay at the Southern Salvage Company's wharf, all that winter, with a government watchman on board. Local bootleggers bribed the watchman, & almost the entire cargo disappeared, case by case, over a period of months. Finally the schooner was riding so high in the water that Sawyer became suspicious & the cat was out of the bag. The watchman kept mum & was merely fired. Eventually the govt. sold the "Wapiti" & away she went. It was always believed here that Southern Salvage Co. (owned & operated by Seth Bartling (senior), Sam Bartling, & Robie Millard) were the actual owners of the "Wapiti", operating through a dummy company called "Newfoundland Trading Company."

Blakeney also related to me an adventure here in the 1920's when he raided the house of John Wilneff, who used to run a highly prosperous bootlegging business at his house on the shore at the foot of Waterloo Street. Blakeney found booze & Wilneff was fined $100. (Wilneff made that much in an evening's business!) Long afterwards (in the 1930's) Wilneff told me that he had saved $75,000, that he was suffering from "a couple of spots on the lungs" (i.e. - T.B.) & that he was going to live in British Columbia. He did, too. Apparently the climate agreed with him, for he died there only a year or two ago.

I told Blakeney to get permission from the present RCMP Commissioner to publish his reminiscences, & then send his typescript to Canadian publishers. I added that if the publishers would not consider it he should donate the whole account to the Public Archives of Nova Scotia as a matter of history. He agreed to do this & departed.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1957 The fine weather continues, broken only by a passing shower or two. The whole province is parched. Premier Stanfield announced yesterday that his government has signed a 50-year agreement with a Swedish firm, Stora Kopparbergs (who have formed a provincial company, Nova Scotia Pulp Ltd.) for the use of Crown lands in connection with a chemical pulp mill to be built in eastern N.S. by 1959. The mill will cost forty million dollars & will employ (directly) over a thousand men. Probable site, the Canso Strait. Crown lands involved are about one million acres in eastern N.S. and Cape Breton, of which more than one-third are in the so-called Big Lease, issued to American interests in 1899 & now held by Oxford Paper Co. of Rumford, Maine. The Big Lease has 99 years but the govt will buy back the lease or expropriate it.

If this goes through & the mill is built, our own Mersey Paper Co. will have sharp competition for wood & labor in those parts, from which it has drawn a large supply of pulpwood for many years. Also this development probably will kill the Bowater Corp's announced intention of building a big chemical pulp mill here.

MONDAY, JULY 22/57 Rain all day — the first real rain in weeks. John Erskine of Wolfville came to lunch, & in the afternoon I took him up to Indian Gardens & showed him the extent of the ancient Indian camp there. He has spent the past two weeks digging in the shell heaps at Port Joli & Port L'Hebert which I described to him in a letter early last month. He is engaged in this work on behalf of the N.S. Museum of Science & seems to be a very keen & careful investigator. He is an Englishman whom I first met

years ago when he was on the staff of K.C.S., Windsor. Today, sunburnt, gaunt, long-haired, after working from dawn to dark in the shell heaps, his resemblance to photographs of the late Grey Owl is startling. He plans to go home tonight, returning in August for some days' searching at Indian Gardens.

Mac Millans have sent me a cheque for $5,000 in full payment for the Kovel manuscript. I deposited it at the Royal Bank today & paid off the $2,000 I borrowed from the bank last October.

Should have mentioned on ~~(Wed)~~ SUNDAY JULY 21) that the American novelist Kenneth Roberts died after a short illness aged 71. I had written him, only two days before, asking information about Wentworth papers in New England. We had corresponded, very irregularly, ever since 1941, when he, Fern Gerstain & Theodore Roosevelt urged me to write a novel dealing with N.S. during the American Revolution. When the book (His Majesty's Yankee) appeared in 1942 Roberts wrote a typically terse "plug" for the jacket blurb — "Raddall is good. Read him."

He afterwards quoted one of my letters in his autobiography entitled "I Wanted To Write", published in 1949.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24/67 Overcast & cool. Golf this afternoon with Johnny Mackenzie. Kay Lamb, in charge of the Archives, Ottawa, writes me that they have nothing throwing any light on John & Frances Wentworth.

THURSDAY, JULY 25/67 Drove to Hfx. with E. this morning & had a couple of hours' chat with my sister Nellie Cassidy, who is staying with Mother & Hilda at Jollimore on her way to see her husband's people in Cape Breton. She seems well, & has adjusted her life since the death of her son Bob, which was a frightful

Bruce, & a pair of other Bostonians, a Mr. & Mrs. Taylor — he is one of (if not the) the editors of the Boston Globe, a tall lean talkative & profane man. I talked fishing with Bruce most of the evening.

Today a man named Gordon Wells & his wife called & lunched with us. I don't remember him at all, but he claims to have been a student at Shefucto School when I was there, & to have been in the old Marconi office on Hollis Street the day I got my orders to proceed to Sable Island. He certainly knew all the people I knew, & his wife knows my sister Nellie very well, so my own memory is at fault. He is in the mining business, lives in a village called King, near Toronto; a small wiry, lean, talkative fellow, well read, well versed in Canadian literature & history. This is his first visit to Nova Scotia in more than thirty years.

In the afternoon I drove to Caledonia alone & in the evening went to the Liverpool movie show. Frances arrived yesterday by bus after a week at Brookfield with Bill's parents. She & Bill have secured a flat on University Avenue — only one or two minutes' walk from Dalhousie — for the coming year. He is still on army duty at Aldershot.

THURSDAY WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1/57 A terrific thunderstorm, with intermittent torrents of rain, began at 4:30 a.m. & lasted until 5 p.m. — the longest I can remember. In the afternoon I drove E. to White Point for a re-union with her second cousin Amy Freeman Wood, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is making her first visit to Nova Scotia since the early 1920's. The rain was much needed, but we could have done without the sound & lighting effects.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1957

Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald. He is now well settled in New York as part of the Bowaters sales organization. Ottawa announces that Canada's population is now 16,500,000 — an increase of 500,000 in the past twelve ~~years~~ months, of whom roughly half were immigrants and half native born.

I have engaged carpenters Reg. Nickerson & John Dagley to re-shingle the roof of my den, putting new green (asphalt, slate-surfaced) shingles right on over the old ones, which have been there since I had the den built as an annex to the house in 1938. They will also put a new sill (6" × 6") under the garage entrance & build a new laundry platform. They came to work this morning.

Marie Freeman has had another attack of what I fear now is mental disease rather than "nerves". Dr. John Wickwire admits there is nothing he can do for her, & he is sending her into Hfx on Monday for further observation in the Victoria General.

SUNDAY, AUG. 4/57

Overcast, thunder showers. Bill Dennis came down from Aldershot to spend the week-end with Frances. She still has no scrap of modest common sense, strolling about the streets this afternoon — the Sabbath — dressed in tight black bull-fighter pants & a light blouse, revealing the bride of two months with an obvious four or five months' bulge in her middle.

MONDAY, AUG. 5/57

Golf ~~alone~~ alone this afternoon. This morning Terence Freeman took sister Marie to the hospital in Hfx. Edith went along, in order to visit the flat (on University Avenue) which Bill Dennis has engaged for the coming college term, & to measure the windows for curtains etc.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1957

A fine summer day. Golf this afternoon. Write several more letters in various directions enquiring about correspondence of Lady Frances Wentworth.

The stock market has been slowly sinking for the past twelve months. B. C. Telephone, in which practically all of my savings are now invested, is now $40 per share. A year or so ago I paid $48 and $49 a share after selling out my Newfoundland Light & Power stock. Bouzan (a Chibougamau copper mining stock) which E. bought a little more than a year ago at $1.25, is now selling for little more than fifty cents per share.

E. & Frances have been rummaging about the old Freeman house in Milton & in my attic for furniture & bric-a-brac for the Dennis flat in Halifax. Tom Jr. continues on labor shifts at the paper mill. The "lab" job fell through, in spite of Mowbray Jones' influence, but he gets a bit of "lab" work (at the much higher "lab" pay) on hot week-ends when the regular staff are anxious to get away to the shore. Every evening he spends (using my car) with a blonde named Verna Todd from Bridgetown, a high school student spending her holidays working as a waitress at White Point. All his expenses — from gasoline to shaving cream — he charges to me in the local stores & service stations. His pay goes entirely into his gun pocket.

Tonight old George Matthew Adams phoned me from Wellington, asking me to come & spend at least a day & night with him on his island ("Weskawenaak") in Grand Lake next week. I promised to phone him & come on a good fine day.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7, 1957

The carpenters finished at 10 a.m. Letter from CBC asking me to record another talk on the Perkins House for the national network. At the V.G. in Hfx., Marie Freeman will undergo electric shock treatments beginning tomorrow; the V.G. doctor hopes to restore her mental health by this means.

THURSDAY, AUG. 8/57 Fine & warm. Charlie Doucet dropped dead on his job at Mersey Paper Co this afternoon. He had a bad heart attack seven years ago & has been living since on borrowed time. He could have dragged out his existence maybe another ten years by simply sitting in a chair. He chose to work & take his chance. Young Tom, who has been working on the mill roof for the past week or two, tells me that Doucet climbed the ladders to the roof at least 3 times today. Tom was talking to him not more than 20 minutes before he died. Charlie was my next-door neighbor for several years while our kids were young; a quiet smiling Acadian from Chéticamp who came here as a carpenter in 1929 when the paper mill & power dams were under construction, & married a local girl & settled down. Well, he had a good life at good pay, worked every minute of it, took an honest satisfaction in his work, and died – click! – like that. No long-drawn-out illness, or blindness or any of the other horrible things that can befall upon a man past fifty. God, let me die like that!

SUNDAY, AUG. 11/57 Church this morning (United Church) – a thin congregation & choir – many people away on holidays. Golf this afternoon, score 89. This evening Bruce & Doris Connell dropped in for a chat. They left here for Pittsburg, Pa., thirteen

years ago, & find many changes in the town & its people, of course.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14/57 Cold last night (40°). I set off with E. for Wolfville at 7 a.m., to attend the summer convocation at Acadia, where friend Leslie Gordon Barnard receives an honorary D. Litt. and gives the convocation address. Arrived at 9.50, just as Leslie began his address. A very small gathering in U. Hall — perhaps thirty graduating students, their friends & relatives, & a sprinkling of Wolfville people. Will Bird & wife had driven up, like ourselves, to hear & congratulate Barnard, and Margaret Barnard was sitting in the audience. Afterwards we chatted on the hall steps for a few minutes. The Barnards are going on to spend a few days at Hunts' Point, so we shall see them again.

I drove on to Hfx, lunched with E. at the Lord Nelson, & arranged to get a room for her at the Sword & Anchor, South Park St., a few steps from the V. G., where Marie Freeman is undergoing treatment. Left her there, drove around to Dellmore for a chat with Mum. Winnie has settled into her Hfx flat. Velda is in Vancouver, on a holiday trip through the West. Left Hfx at 3 p.m. & drove to Grand Lake. Adams met me at the landing place with his handyman and a motorboat. He looks a bit frail, is quite deaf, & won't use any hearing-aid except a gadget concealed in the bows of a huge pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which is inadequate.

His second wife, Leola, a plump matter-of-fact woman, 50-ish, with frizzy grey hair, greeted me at the cottage. This was a surprise, for a few years after their marriage she became bored with

his summers at "Weskawenaak" & refused to accompany him there. Hence they have spent their winters together and their summers apart for the past ten or fifteen years.

Over stout drinks of rum before dinner she revealed why she had come this year. Adams is now 79, and she is determined that he shall sell his beloved, "Weskawenaak" & spend no more time in these solitudes. Her chief point with Adams is that the new Halifax airport is under construction at Kelly Lake, a short distance away, & within another year the air over Grand Lake will be throbbing with big aircraft, day & night. In other words the famous peace & quiet of his summer home, which he has praised so often in his newspaper-syndicate item "Today's Chat" will be no more. Adams himself grumbles at her importunities & is swayed now to her side, now to his own reluctance to give up the beloved island. We dined at 7, in the comfortable little dining room which adjoins the kitchen in a separate building 100 feet from the cottage. All through the evening Adams & I chatted about books. Amongst other things he told me that the late J. McG. Stewart's collection of Kipling's work & correspondence, which Stewarts will conveyed to Dalhousie University, is undoubtedly the finest in the world. Stewart, he said, acquired most of his collection through the firm of J. F. Drake Inc, New York, book dealers. Leela likes to describe herself as an artist, and she showed me two quite good flower paintings in the bedroom assigned to me, done by herself. Also a modern abstract of hers, a riot of colored pinwheels afire with a single brown eye in the middle, which she said had come to her in a dream of her own soul, and

which she entitled "Trapped"! (She is a worshipper of Salvatore Dali.) We retired at 11 p.m. I slept deeply until 2.30 a.m., when I emerged from a dream about an earthquake (very real, not a bit of Dali in it) and found that it was merely a C.N.R. freight train roaring along the shore of Grand Lake in the quiet of the night. I lay awake until 4 a.m., reading a copy of the National Geographic magazine, then dropped off & slept well till 8 a.m.

THURSDAY, AUG. 15/57 A cool windy morning. Tecla shivering & calling the Nova Scotia climate terrible. We were all up at 9 a.m. & had a good breakfast of bacon & eggs, toast & coffee. Adams' cook a Halifax woman, told me that she liked "The Nymph & The Lamp" best of all my books, & she'd read it eight times. I was astonished & asked her why. She didn't know. Shortly after breakfast Tecla said something about leaving for New York next Monday & shutting up the place. Adams was furious; said he'd agreed to leave on Monday August 26th, not the 19th. They argued vehemently & I left them in the midst of it, with perfunctory handshakes. One thing Tecla asked me — if I thought $25,000 was a sensible price (it was here) to expect for the island & the buildings on it. I said I doubted if anyone, except possibly a wealthy American in search of a retreat, would pay that much for it. The handy-boy Keith took me to the shore in one of Adams' three motor boats, & I got my car out of Adams' garage, just across the railway tracks, drove up through the poplar woods to the main highway, & headed for Halifax.

Picked up E. at The Sword & Anchor at 11 a.m. & drove on home, arriving at about 1.45 p.m. In

a few minutes John S. Erskine arrived from Wolfville in his little red truck with its meat-cart body, all set to explore Indian Gardens for relics. I took him to Milton & introduced him to Roy Gordon, who has charge of the Mersey Paper camp at Indian Gardens & who had agreed at my persuasion to let Erskine have the key. He went off with Erskine to the Gardens.

Erskine teaches (I think) at Horton Academy. He is a gaunt unkempt man, 40-ish, with grey-flecked black hair, & small deep-set muddy-grey eyes, & with several missing teeth in his smile. He is very shy, very reticent, & one doesn't like to ask him anything about himself. Tom Jr. tells me that in Wolfville the Erskines, father & sons at any rate, were considered quite mad. Which sounds like the smug, ultra-conventional, college society of Wolfville exactly.

SUNDAY, AUG. 18/57

This afternoon we picked up Leslie & Betty Barnard at Hunts' Point, where they have a cabin for the week-end, & made a leisurely drive around the shore to Lunenburg via ~~Bo~~ Beach Meadows, Port Medway, Joggler's Cove, Cherry Hill, Broad Cove, Petite Riviere, Lahave, Bridgewater, Riverport. Dinner at the Boscawen, Lunenburg, then the shore drive around to Mahone, & home in the dusk. We chatted, mostly shop talk, until 11 p.m. & then took them back to Hunts Point.

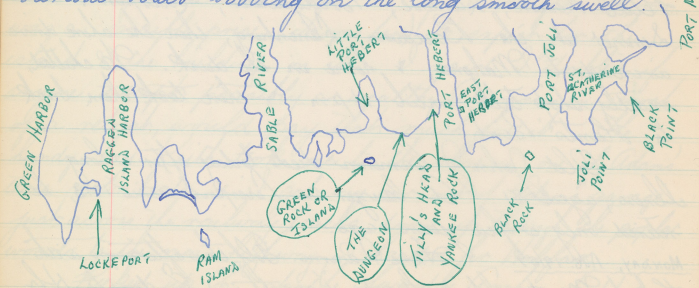
Old John J. Cameron died today after a long illness, aged 81. A lawyer in Liverpool since 1913, he retired only a few years ago.

MONDAY, AUG. 19/57 Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald & George Doggett. E. drove to Hfx with brother Terence to see Marie at the V.G. They

found her somewhat more cheerful & apparently getting some benefit from the treatment.

TUESDAY, AUG. 20/57 I drove to Bridgewater this morning, & in the studios of radio station CKBW I recorded a five-minute talk on the Perkins House. All this at the request of the C.B.C., who want the tape for use on their "Trans-Canada Matinee" radio program. At 1.45 p.m. I drove to the Liverpool railway station with C., & said goodbye to Leslie & Betty Barnard, who left Hunts Point this morning on their way home to Montreal. I went on to White Point & played golf with Hubert Maddonald.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21/57 Blazing hot weather. I spent the day on a sea-fishing party at Port L'Hebert with Irving Bain, his son-in-law Potter, young Dick Potter, Jerry Nickerson, George Mulhall & Larry Selden. "Marsh" Burgess took us out in his fishing boat, & we had a fair catch of haddock & cod, which we gave to a pair of fishermen in another boat on the grounds. We fished in various places, ranging eastward from Green Rock towards Little Hope, stopping to chat with the commercial fishermen in various boats bobbing on the long smooth swell.



On our way back into Port Hebert in the afternoon we hauled three lobster traps that "Marsh" had set (in spite of the closed season), and got about eight or nine fine big lobsters. Drove over to the camp at Port Joli, where Bain cooked a wonderful lobster chowder & we feasted further on apple pie, doughnuts & coffee. There, after supper, I left the others at poker & drove home.

FRIDAY, AUG 23/57 Wonderful weather still, although the nights are chilly. Went up Ledlege Hill this morning to see Brent Smith's grave. Later, strolling in the little Catholic cemetery on the lower side of the road, I came upon the grave of my old Micmac friend, John Francis. It is still marked only by the little wooden cross, about twelve inches high, & made with a "crooked knife", which was placed there by the Indians when he died ten years ago. The inscription, neatly burned into the wood with a red-hot wire, says simply JOHN FRANCIS, BORN 1874 DIED 1947. When the cross was first placed there I noticed that the Indians had fastened to it with rabbit wire a small plaster-of-paris image of a lamb. Somebody — children, I suppose — have stolen the lamb, & the foot of the cross is so rotten that in another year it will be gone. I must see if the Legion can arrange a proper tombstone through the Last Post Fund. There are about six Indian graves, all in a row, in this, the "new" Catholic cemetery. Only two have proper headstones; Frank Glode, who once was my guide on a fishing trip up Pescawess Brook; and a child of Fred & Lorna Francis. Three small wooden crosses, all made alike, mark the graves of (from left to right) Florence "Clubfoot" Francis, who married or lived with a French-Canadian, Jack Carriere, & bore his name; Andrew Francis, who was a bit queer in the

head — the Indians believe still that he murdered the two little Laing boys near Upper Great Brook years ago; and my friend John.

Knight Tom Jr. informed me that he is applying for the Canadian Army college-assistance scheme. If they accept him they will pay his way through Dalhousie dental school — the full four years. He will have to spend his summers in training at Army camps, & on graduation he must serve at least three years as an army dentist with the rank of captain. I think it a fine idea — it will certainly relieve me of a heavy burden, & it will do him good. (Nothing came of it!)

SUNDAY, AUG. 25/57

Went to church this morning, alone. Bill Dennis arrived yesterday to spend the week-end with Frances. His military duties at Aldershot end next week. Golf this afternoon — very few players out, a remarkable change from the crowded state of the summer. The White Point tourists are flitting home, & our own senior players (age 50 & over) have sent a large delegation to the Maritime Senior Golf Tournament at The Pines, Digby. Last night Rita Beebe gave her annual party on the island at Mill Village. Marilla McNeill is closing her house here tomorrow & heading back to the States with daughter Kitty-Rose. I have seen little of anybody this summer — I've been a bit stunned by my own troubles & instinctively I've crawled into my shell. I need a long trip abroad, away from various unhappy contacts, so that I can make a new life for myself.

TUESDAY, AUG. 27/57 Fine weather continues. Bill and Gladys Schlater arrived at White Point Lodge today &

this evening we had dinner with them there. They have not changed a bit since their last visit about five years ago — neither of them has a single grey hair. Bill is in the insurance business, on the advertising end, in Toronto. Still does a bit of short story writing on the side, and he writes a small insurance column for Toronto Saturday Night at fifty dollars a column. He is more garrulous than ever, & in the long years of civilian life since 1945 he has evolved a fantastic dream of his own importance during the time he served on the staff of Admiral Jones (Admiral Murray) at Halifax. Bill has a long lean face, reddened by sunshine on his trip, & an extremely long pointed nose, which juts out of his face like a bowsprit. Under the nose is a very small, precise-looking mouth, from which pours a constant stream of reminiscence. His blue eyes sparkle in the pink face, he smiles & chuckles, & the tales go on & on — all about himself, the stupid people he had to deal with, the way he persuaded Admirals Jones and Murray to see the light on this or that problem. He comes out with casual statements of this kind — "The Germans had no less than eighty-seven secret agents operating in Halifax during the late war. We knew them all, of course — the top agent was the head waiter at the Nova Scotian Hotel — and we used to feed 'em false information." And "So I said to the Admiral" (or "So I said to Angus L."), "Look here, sir, it's none of my business but why not do this (or that) — and it was done my way, and it worked."

This sort of thing is entertaining for about half an hour, but as I found with Herbert Mowat on May 4 it soon becomes a bore. The astonishing thing about these amiable liars is that in all other respects they are highly intelligent men, successful in their business activities, and quite likeable. Do they really expect one to swallow

and believe these fantasies? Or is it a form of self amusement, like a child playing Superman and making whirring noises with his mouth?

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28/57

Played golf with Sclater this afternoon, & in the evening we invited him & his wife to dinner at Medway Inn. This is the old Creed place (said to have been built in 1786) & now owned by Willans, whose wife had the "Inn" idea this summer. We had an excellent meal of boiled lobsters etc, & afterwards chatted by the fire in a huge hearth, with Willans & his wife. Bill was in his element, talking away. At 9 p.m. we returned to Liverpool & again Bill held forth. At 10 p.m. Gladys got him away to White Point — they leave for Toronto early in the morning. Phew!

Meanwhile young Bill Dennis had arrived from Brookfield with the battered little light-green pick-up truck belonging to his father's farm. He & young Tom loaded into it a sofa, various chairs, occasional tables, etc. from our house & the Freeman house in Milton, which C. & Frances have been busy re-upholstering and varnishing, and a great amount of baggage and wedding gifts. They parked the truck in my garage for the night.

THURSDAY, AUG. 29/57

Bill & Frances (plus the kitten, "Buffy") left for Halifax in the truck at 9 a.m.

Hugh Shaw, of "Weekend" magazine, phoned from Annapolis, wants me to do one or two short pieces for him later in the year. Today I received copies of "The Path of Destiny" — a disappointment, the paper inferior to Costain's own volume, the print poor, the format dull & unimaginative. Worst feature is a wide scatter of typographical errors — new ones committed by the printers presumably in

adjusting their original errors as indicated in the galleys which I corrected. But one at least seems the deliberate act of some printer with an odd sense of humor; it appears on page 119 in a paragraph concerning Prince Edward and his friends at Montmorency. The original galley had the words "sleighing parties" — part of their activities. This was correct. But before printing the book someone changed the type to read "sleeping parties", which conveys a very different meaning & inference. Apparently nobody at Doubleday checked the printers' type with the corrected galleys I had sent in.

Today was Irving Bain's 50th wedding anniversary, & he & his wife were "at home" from 8 p.m. to 10. C. & I dropped in & found the house jammed with people. Amongst others Maurice Smith (brother of Senator Smith) & his wife, long resident in the States. Bain's daughter "Gerry", whom I saw last in Toronto in 1946, at an autographing party in Simpsons' book department, looked barely a day older except for a few grey hairs.

SATURDAY, AUG. 31/57

"Mont" Mac Millan, of Baddeck, a friend of young Tom's at Acadia, who is going in for dentistry like himself, arrived here yesterday to discuss plans for accommodation in Hfx. during the coming term, which begins Sept. 3. They hope to get an apartment, which they will share with a chum nicknamed "Bogue". It is hopelessly late to expect any sort of decent accommodation to be available; however with the insouciance of youth they drove to Hfx. today & returned triumphant at night. At first their search was disillusioning. No apartments were to be had, except at a great distance from Dalhousie Medical School. Even the available

"rooms to rent" signs revealed only the shabbiest kind. At last they settled for a large room with double beds, in which four men would have to sleep. Back on their way to the car they met a chap named MacNeill, also a former Acadian, who had a better proposition. He & two others had made a deal for a whole house on Wellington Street, five minutes' walk from the Medical School. It is owned by a German woman, who will provide the furniture and the meals. MacNeill was looking for seven more medical or dental students to make up a total of ten. The cost per man for food & lodging would then be $14 per week, which is very reasonable. There is one drawback — a single bathroom for all ten of them. However Tom & "Monty" seized upon this scheme for a private medical frat-house with no "frat" formalities & came back happily.

Tonight E. & I with the Parkers attended a farewell party given by Jock Millar & his wife at their Broad River cottage. I fell into conversation with Marion Kelsey, wife of a paraplegic veteran of War Two who came to live at Port Joli after the late war. They are childless. He is white-haired, cheerful, alert; hobbles about on crutches; looks about 60, probably about 55. She is slim, dark, intense, in the late thirties or early forties; professes to be an atheist but is intensely (almost morbidly) interested in psychic phenomena. An interesting pair.

SUNDAY, SEP. 1/57 Church alone this morning. Tom Jr. spent the day at Summerville with Jack Dunlap & Jim Hutchinson. E. went to Hfx. this morning with Florence Freeman to see sister Marie at the V.G. She returned at night, said Marie is much better; she also called on Frances & found her settled in her flat.

TUESDAY, SEP. 3, 1957 The long fine weather was broken today by a whistling storm of wind & rain. (Whenever we drove to Acadia to see Tom Jr. it seemed to rain or snow, & apparently Dalhousie is no better) We set off at 9.15 a.m. with Tom, also Douglas Parker, who is attending Dalhousie this year also, & much baggage of all sorts. Dropped Doug at his boarding place on Bloomingdale Avenue. Took Tom to his new abode at 40 Wellington St, where he was greeted by chum "Bogue", just back from a summer's service with the army in Germany. Went on to 140 University Avenue, where Bill & Frances have a basement apartment at $90 per month — sitting room, kitchen, one bedroom. The building is modern & the flat is well decorated, even to parquet floors, and a "fridge" & electric stove; but its only window on the outdoors looks out upon a parking lot between the buildings, very small & dark. A gloomy place in winter, I should say. I took E. next to the V. G. Hospital, with flowers for Marie, & I went on to shop at Simpsons & to make a brief call on my mother in Dollimore. Hilda returned yesterday from her vacation tour of the Pacific coast.

Driving home I was the victim of what might have been a bad accident at the foot of the long hill east of Mahone. Ahead of me was a grey Buick "Roadmaster" sedan, Ontario license, with a man driving & a woman by his side. He was going about 50 m.p.h., a comfortable cruising speed, so I hadn't attempted to pass, following him for about 5 or 6 miles. He was driving very evenly, & I had closed up to within two or three car lengths as we came down to the Mush-a-Mush Bridge. Just beyond the bridge, on the right-hand side of the road,

is Sweeney's big antique shop, with a prominent sign. The woman saw the sign & turned & said something quickly to her man — apparently she wanted to look at Sweeney's antiques — & the ass slammed his brakes on hard & began to turn off the road. I jammed my own brakes on hard — so hard that C. was flung forward & fell in a heap on the floor, bruised & partly stunned. Even so I couldn't help running into his rear. My bumper got a bad dent & twist, & one of his tail lights was smashed. I picked C. up & she said she was a bit shaken but otherwise alright. The chap got out of his car, ~~said~~ asked if anyone was hurt, & said "I'm sorry" when I told him my wife was a bit stunned. He had nothing else to say, even when I pointed out that he'd jammed on his brakes without warning & given me no chance to stop. He just stood, dumbly, as if resigned to any sort of accusation or demand, and I suppose I should have taken his number & insisted that he pay for my repairs. However I told him coldly, "We're both lucky it was no worse", & drove off. This was about 3.45 p.m. The rain had abated & the visibility was good at the time of the accident.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 4/57 I got one of Bain's mechanics to look at my car this morning. He found no internal damage from the crash; the bumper, a stock affair on Monarch cars, had taken the whole thrust. It is deeply dented & twisted at the point of impact, but the damaged area is not large & is not very noticeable. A new bumper bar would cost at least $75, so I shall let it go as it is.

Jack Gray phoned at

noon & asked us to come to Stonehurst for supper. We drove there late in the afternoon, bringing with us a casserole of spaghetti-goulash, having memories of Shirley's haphazard meals. Jack seemed much better for the summer's holiday; he was as talkative as ever but did not have the feverish, almost maniac manner of his visit to Liverpool on July 7th. He had two marine paintings finished & hanging on the walls of the shack; has done some sketching but not as much as usual — mostly he has just loafed. They leave for New York next week. I drove home through thick fog, arrived home at 9 p.m.

THURSDAY, SEP. 6/57

Sent off some additional material for the Rovers book, requested by MacMillans, as my estimate of the length of the original M/S. fell short of their needs. I have always reckoned an average 400 words to a typed & double-spaced page of M/S — this I worked out long ago by actual count of words. I find after all these years that printers (MacMillans' anyhow) strike an average by counting the letters on a typical page, and dividing the sum by six — which they consider an average word. This yields an average of only 350 words per typewritten page. I live & learn.

TUESDAY, SEP. 10/57

A magnificent day, cloudless sky, a light breeze. I played golf in the afternoon — 27 holes — & enjoyed every minute. Came home, bathed & changed, & drank a glass of sherry before dinner as usual. However the next thing was most unusual. I went feverishly hot, and experienced a stifling pressure inside, like heartburn only much worse. I sat down to dinner but had to get up, tear off my

to the station. Boarded train for Boston at 10 p.m. All passengers had to sit up until nearly midnight for the border quiz by U.S. customs & immigration officers. Even then I couldn't sleep in the stuffy berth; very hot weather.

TUES DAY, SEP. 17/57 Up at 5:45 a.m, dressed, shaved & packed. Then discovered an hour's difference in time zones — the train didn't get to Portland till 7:45. At Portland I had coffee & toast in the station restaurant, & at 9:30 caught a bus for Portsmouth. Arrived there 10:30 & got a room & bath at the Kearsage Hotel on Congress Street, only three minutes' walk from the Public Library where I hope to do most of my research.

Again the day was hot. After lunch I went to the library, explained my quest to the librarian, Miss Dorothy Vaughan, & got her immediate cooperation. She furnished me with a desk & typewriter in a room off the main reading room, & produced Wentworth material of all kinds — though she knew of no letters of Lady Frances. She is a plump spinster, 50-ish, large blue eyes, glasses, a living storehouse of Portsmouth history.

I worked most of the afternoon, making extensive notes on the typewriter. Then strolled down Bridge Street & crossed over the long salt creek called North Pond as the tide rushed in. Many 18 c. & early 19th century houses, some in good, some in poor repair. Dinner at the Kearsage, then a movie — "The Pajama Game" — a lively musical comedy. Back to the hotel, took a Seconal pill, & slept well.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 18/57 Another bright hot day. The

Library opens at 10 a.m. each day & closes at 8 p.m. I spend the hour before opening time in a stroll towards the South Mill Pond, another salt creek where there are several handsome old mansions, mostly of frame — and clapboard but some of brick. A few were of wood with one or sometimes two brick sides, towards the east & south, the direction of the sea winds & rains. Wooden houses are mostly painted white or yellow, with the window shutters always green. Well kept lawns & stately old chestnut, oak, maple, ash & elm trees. Red brick sidewalks made uneven by frosts & worn with the passage of feet. One or two patches of the ancient flagstone sidewalks survive, very rough. Occasionally the gutters are of cobblestones.

I inspected the John Paul Jones house, so called because the celebrated privateersman had a room in it while his ship "Ranger" was being built across the river. It is open to the public. Typical colonial furniture & relics. Nothing of Jones himself except a portrait & a bust.

On one wall was a framed eulogy of George Washington, designed & printed on an anniversary of his death, with quotations from Daniel Webster's address to the Senate — "First in Peace, first in the hearts of the Americans, first in the eyes of the World" — etc. At the bottom of this fulsome piece was this, in large type: —

BUT ALL IS NOT LOST, FOR PROVIDENCE SURVIVES".

I worked in the library until noon, when Miss Vaughan suggested a walk to see some of the more noteworthy colonial houses. We went to Gates Street & followed it to the harbor. On the farther side of a small island rose the buildings of

the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where submarines & surface warships are built. A huge naval prison stands over the scene — according to Miss Vaughan it has accommodation for 2500 prisoners.
We walked through whole streets & lanes of 18th. century houses perfectly preserved as far as I could see, although on some the owners had replaced the ancient clapboards with hideous modern asbestos shingles in outlandish tints. (Miss Vaughan said of the latter, "Well, at least they're preserved the main structure; & some day more sensible owners will tear off those shingles & put the clapboards back.")
We inspected the mansion (built by Mark Hunking Wentworth for one of his daughters) which the Province of New Hampshire rented for a residence for Governor John Wentworth. It is now a home for old ladies, but the main rooms & hall have been perfectly preserved.
About 2.30 pm. I discovered the time & found that my guide & I were both hungry. First she insisted on showing me through the Athenaeum a reading-club's premises founded in 1810. We lunched in a cafe on Congress St, & I returned to the hotel for a bath & a clean shirt — the walk in the intense heat had drenched me.
I returned to the library at 4 p.m., worked away at my notes till 6.30. Dined at the Kearsage. Dropped into a movie on Congress St — a double-feature show — two dull films — the audience small & scattered & composed mostly of teen-age boys chewing popcorn. Back to the hotel at 11 pm., & a long sleep.
THURSDAY, SEP. 19/57 A bright day but cooler & more comfortable. Bought a pencil refill & tracing paper at Hoyt's store, & ordered charts of the Piscataqua river

& estuary. Worked at the library from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Lunched at a small restaurant across from the hotel, where the food is good, & cheap, & the service quick. (The Kearsage dining room does not serve breakfasts; it is open only from 11 a.m. to 2 pm. & from 5 pm. till 11 p.m.; the food there is good but expensive, & the service is painfully slow.) Worked at the library again from 2:30 to 6 p.m. Walked down to the docks & had an excellent boiled lobster with French fries, rolls & coffee, at Newdick's little place, a shack on a wharf, where they keep the lobsters swimming & alive-o! in tanks, & you pick out the one you want. Then to a movie (a good British film) at the Colonial Theatre. Left at 10 p.m. & had a double Scotch ($1.30!) in the Kearsage drinking lounge — my first drink since leaving home & it did me no good whatever.

Friday, Sep. 20/57 At the library from 10 to 1. Lunch & a nap. Worked again 2:30 to 6:30. Dinner at the Kearsage. Miss F. invited me to attend a writers' group which meets in the parish hall of St. John's (Episcopal) church once a week. So I went. The class was addressed by a professional writer, a little shrivelled monkey of a woman, 65-ish, Ellen Shannon Bowles, who has written one or two travel books but otherwise is content to sell small articles to small magazines. Back to the hotel after, read a book till midnight, then turned in.

SATURDAY, SEP. 21/57 Weather overcast, hot, breathless, sticky. Library from 10 to 1, & from 2:30 to 6. After dinner, at Miss F.'s invitation, I visited her home at 202 Summer St. & met her elderly parents. She showed me a splendid collection of (photos) copies of portraits of Portsmouth notables painted by Copley, Blackburn &

others in the 18th & early 19th centuries.

SUNDAY, SEP 22/57 Very hot & thundery, & I took a raincoat along as a precaution when I left Portsmouth by bus at 9 a.m. for a visit to Wolfeborough. Lake Winnipesaukee lovely now, for it is really in the foothills of the White Mountains & the hardwoods there have their autumn foliage, & the sumacs especially with their bright scarlet leaves are very numerous. The raincoat was useless — Wolfeborough had a clear hot sky. I found a place called "Brightwaters" where I could have luncheon in a stiff breeze from the lake. The proprietress, a Mrs. E. W. Carr enquired what I was doing there in the off-season. When I told her she became very interested at once, tried to phone various people (who apparently were all out in their boats on the lake to get away from the heat) finally put me in touch with a Mrs. Lloyd Hamm who has made a lifelong study of local history & knows every inch of the ground. Mrs. Hamm, a stout old party, 65-ish, with a sardonic chuckle & a keen black eye, came along in a battered little Dodge pick-up truck driven by her husband, a dry little man who had served in a U.S. Army forestry corps in England, Holland & France during War One. I got into the seat with them & they took me into the wooded hills beyond Lake Wentworth, 3 miles from Wolfeborough, where we followed the original "Governor's Road" and his "College Road" as far as a truck could go. Then to the site of Wentworth's backwoods mansion, where the huge cellar & the well still stand in a small clearing in the bush about a quarter

mile from the east shore of Lake Wentworth. Like Nova Scotia, New Hampshire has been suffering from a prolonged drought & this lake is at the lowest level in 65 years, with a wide fringe of white sand showing, & people walking about on it curiously. At 4 pm the Hamms returned me to "Brightwaters" where I had a further chat with Mrs. Carr before catching a bus back to Portsmouth. Got there at 7:30, very hot & sticky. Bathed, dined, phoned Miss Vaughan, who met me at the library at 9 o'clock, unlocked the place, & stayed till 10:30 digging out maps, copies of State documents, etc. referring to Wentworth's doings at Wolfeborough.

MONDAY, SEP. 23/57 A hot noisy night — the Kearsage is on the main street, with much through traffic of all sorts, & when the traffic petered out there remained spouting groups of teen-aged lads making a night of it. I couldn't sleep. Cooler today, with a shower or two. A friend of Miss Vaughan's, Mrs. Rose Fabric (who writes plays) took Miss V. & me in her car along the harbor shore to inspect Fort Constitution (originally Fort William & Mary) and the huge & quaint old house of Governor Benning Wentworth at Little Harbor. We lunched on lobster stew at a downtown sea-food restaurant. I returned to the library & worked doggedly till 5 p.m., although my nerves were bad from lack of sleep, & for the first time the chatter of school children in the library bothered me. Dined & read in my room till 10 p.m. Took a sleeping pill & turned in. Wakened sharply at 2:30 a.m. with a severe cramp in my left leg, the calf muscles drawn into a hard knot, very

painful. Had to massage it for an hour before I could even hobble ~~over~~ to the bathroom for another Seconal pill. Slept till 7:30.

TUESDAY SEP. 24/57 This morning Mrs Labrie turned up again with her car & took Miss V. & me to see an elderly Mrs. Wight, a descendant of Benning Wentworth, who lives at Little Harbor near the old governor's mansion & ~~had~~ has furniture, paintings & other bric-a-brac that once adorned that house. She showed me a (photo) copy of a miniature portrait of Arabella Wentworth at age 17. This was the girl who later married a British officer named Francis Gore & inherited Prince's Lodge at Hfx from Governor John Wentworth. (Mrs Wight ~~used~~ wrong here.)

Worked all afternoon at the library. Dined on a pair of 1-lb. lobsters at Newick's. Back to the library, taking final notes & going over Miss Vaughan's carefully compiled map of ~~Old~~ old Portsmouth, showing who lived where in the 18th. century. Back to the hotel at 10:30.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 25/57 The usual stroll after breakfast in the cool bright morning air before the library opened at 10. Miss Vaughan gave me a copy of her town map & insisted that I take along with me her copy of Mayo's book on Sir John Wentworth. After lunch, just as I was paying my hotel bill, she appeared in the lobby of the Kearsage with a map showing points of historic interest on my bus route to Bar Harbor — for I've decided to go home that way. She walked with me to the bus stop outside North Church & chatted busily about the material for my book until the bus left at 12:45. I thanked her

as best I could, she has been most kind & helpful.

A perfect day for the 300-mile drive to Bar Harbor, & I got a seat on the Greyhound on the right-hand side next to the sea. Arrived B.H. at 7:30 & got a room at the "Rockhurst", a huge Victorian mansion built by a too-rich resident of this place about 1900, & still filled with furniture, statues & just plain junk from every part of the world, in the best & worst taste of the period. Walked to the French Restaurant, where I had a good dinner, with a decanter of Burgundy on the table, a feature of the place. Strolled about the quiet streets till 10 p.m. & turned in. Slept badly.

THURSDAY, SEP. 26/57 Another bright day. I've had fine weather almost every day since leaving home. Breakfast at the Rockhurst with Nelson Rice & wife — he's a retired professor of the University of Washington & they're making a visit to their old home at Yarmouth N.S. Taxi to the steamer pier. About 100 passengers. Smooth sea. Good cafeteria lunch on board. Arrived Yarmouth 3:30 p.m. (standard time) after a 6½ hour passage. Customs & immigration officers at Yarmouth quick & courteous. No bus or train to Digby (where I left my car) until morning, so I put up at the Grand Hotel.

FRIDAY, SEP. 27/57 Took the morning bus to Digby, got my car at Kingsley's garage, lunched at Annapolis, & drove home by the direct road. Highway construction gangs have been at work on the first 8 miles out of Annapolis, cutting out the curves & making a wide gravel roadbed in readiness for asphalt paving next year. The old

(Alas, this stretch remained unpaved for years!)

steep curve on the slope of Mickey's Hill is gone entirely & I hardly knew the place. Home about 3 p.m. & found a stack of mail.

Marie Freeman, who returned from psychiatric treatment at the V.G. Hospital a couple of weeks ago, spent some days with Edith while I was away. She is, I'm afraid, completely off her rocker, & on Sunday Perry is taking her back to the hospital.

SUNDAY, SEP. 29/57 Marie F. returned to Hfx this morning in Perry's car. Edith, & Verna Dunlap Ryan, went along, as Marie is in deep melancholia & there is a danger of suicide. I attended church this morning, played golf in the afternoon. The Eden Golf Club (Bridgetown) had come over to White Point for the day, & Jock Jackson mixed us up in fours & three-somes. I played with our L'pool. dentist Charles Mc Intosh & a Bridgetown chap named John Affleck. The Liverpool club served drinks & a hot supper in the clubhouse afterwards. A fine breezy day.

During my absence in New England the Liverpool street dept. paved with asphalt the whole of Waterloo Street & the parking area in front of the new post office, which is now finished at last.

The chief news of the past week was the startling affair at Little Rock, Arkansas, where integration of the public schools, white & black, has been a source of trouble by a violent minority of the whites ever since the U.S. Supreme Court ruled last year that integration must take place "with all deliberate speed" — whatever that means. Governor Faubus of Arkansas, a jack-in-office of the white hill-billy type, called out troops of

the Arkansas National Guard to surround the biggest high school in Little Rock & bar negro students from entering. President Eisenhauer sent for Faubus, who came to Washington for a talk but apparently stood his ground. Eisenhauer then made a public broadcast (& telecast - with the U.S. flag beside him & a portrait of Lincoln in the background) telling the people of the U.S., north & south, that he would take any measure necessary to uphold the Constitution & the Supreme Court. He then made an order, taking the Arkansas National Guard under Federal command, & removing them from the Little Rock high school grounds. An intransigeant mob of whites, male & female, old & young, remained to obstruct the entrance of negro students. By the President's order 500 tough paratroopers of the famous 101st Division (which distinguished itself at Bastogne, Belgium, in the late war), & commanded by a Texan officer, ~~who~~ were flown to Little Rock. These Federal troops formed a cordon about the school, drove back the white demonstrators with the bayonet (two or three were stabbed) & escorted the few brave negro boys & girls who turned up to report for classes.

That is the situation still. In recent years (ever since integration of white & negro schools became an issue in the South) the old flag of the Confederacy & even the quaint peaked grey caps of the Confederate Army have been revived & made popular in the so-called "Deep South". The old states of the Confederacy remain obdurate in this matter, & the affair at Little Rock reflects their general attitude. The prospect of another Civil War is frightful; yet here are the same opposed interests, the same fanaticism, North & South, white & black. What

will come of it, God only knows, although there are too many sensible white people in the South to make possible another civil war. It is clear that full integration — which means full liberty for blacks as well as whites in the U.S. — will take some years yet, & a good deal of compromise & good Christian will. Anyhow, Eisenhauer's courageous stand is really the biggest thing in the news, despite the usual Russian threats & the anti-West attitudes of the Arab states, India, Indonesia & other countries which have freedom now & feel that freedom involves shaking a fist at everything British, French or American. Moscow is making gleeful use of the Little Rock affair, & of course all the nations of colored skin are eager to listen.

Meanwhile the British govt. (responding quickly to Prime Minister Diefenbaker's suggestion that Canada buy 15% more British (instead of U.S.) goods if Britain will buy 15% more Canadian wheat) has sent its representatives to the Commonwealth conference at Ottawa with a breathtaking proposal — that Canada & Britain establish complete free trade between each other. This immediately threw the Ontario manufacturing interests into a tizzy. Some newspapers think the British offer was purely cynical — a way of drawing attention to the fact that Canada's interests are entirely North American, though she likes to work the old British tie for the sake of her wheat trade.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1/57 My mother is 80 today. E. sent her a parcel of gifts, including a copy of "Path of Destiny," autographed to her. My poor Mum doesn't read my books nowadays — I don't think she ever has, really — but she feels slighted if I don't

send her one of each.

Today the baseball "World Series" (as if the whole world played baseball) opened in Yankee Stadium in New York. For the first time the television system of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp carried it "live". It was a dark, cloudy, windy & cold day (snow was falling in Alberta) & E. & I were happy to stay indoors this afternoon & watch the first game with more clarity & comfort than the people (69,000 or more) in the stands. The New York Yankees, invincible for years, beat the Milwaukee Braves 3-1. I don't follow the summer games; & I can't recite the players' names, their age, weight & height, & their batting averages, as Tom Jr. has been able to do since he was fourteen; and it's years since I watched a game in our local ball park (I lost interest when the Nova Scotian teams imported American players). Nevertheless I got a big kick out of watching this game.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 2/57 Ian Sclanders of Maclean's has written, cautiously, asking me to send in the article on Barrington St., with some mysterious "additions" that chief editor Pierre Berton had "proposed" — because they want to send a photographer down to Hfx before the weather gets too cold. That's not the way I interpreted Berton's letter; however I made some changes in the original M.S., suiting my own notions, not Berton's, & had E. type new copy.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3/57 Again a dull cold windy day. E. & I watched the World Series ball game — the Braves won 4-2 — & about half-past four drove up to Milton for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell.

This morning & evening as on previous days, I have been busy answering the letters that accumulated in my absence, & in typing notes of information (verbal) acquired in New Hampshire. My income since July has come in with a quite unexpected surge from various sources. I have sent cheques for $100 to the United Church & to the Victorian Order of Nurses, as well as lesser amounts to other charities & works.

During my absence in N.H. the great Sir Eric Bowaters & wife paid an official visit of two days to the Mersey mill. The Mersey officials, large & small, prepared themselves & the mill for the event as if it were the second coming of Christ. After the Bowaters departed for the U.S. nearly all of the top Mersey executives took off in various directions for a holiday. My good friend Austin Parker is sensible about these things. The rest of the Mersey executives are a pitiful lot of sycophants & I thank God (not for the first time) that I got out of that shameful atmosphere in 1938.

Our daughter Frances phoned today. She & Bill are as happy as clams at high tide, although there is a major household crisis every day (example: she burned the dinner to a horrible cinder just when her father-in-law (Cecil Dennis) & a friend dropped in for a meal). Also their entire table silverware got lost somewhere between our cellar & the flat in Hfx. (Edith has demanded that our own insurance company pay for this, & they seem willing). And the kitten "Baffy" had disappeared, apparently for ever. Apart from this everything was all right — meaning these things were quite normal in Frances's life. Not a word from Tom Jr.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6, 1957 Fine & warm. Church this morning with E., & stayed for communion. A big congregation. This afternoon two dozen members of the Chester golf club came to White Point for a round with ours. I was put with Don Laing of Shelburne against two much better & younger players named Smith & Bond. We were easily beaten but had a pleasant afternoon. At 5.30 p.m. E. & I drove with the Parkers to the Holloway house at Middlefield, where we had a huge country dinner of roast chicken, seven kinds of vegetables (all from the Holloway farms), apple pie & strawberry sherbet. The party was given by the Wickwires, who are holding a family reunion here, & they invited about a dozen other people with ourselves.

News: the Russians have launched a so-called "earth satellite" moon, about 23 inches in diameter. They shot it more than 500 miles into space, & the thing is now circulating about the earth (or vice versa) at a prodigious rate, giving off radio signals. The Americans have been planning to launch a thing like this for the past year or two but the Russian scientists have beaten them to it. Many commentators (radio) in the U.S. are much alarmed about this, & one or two British scientists declare the Russian stunt "a development of tremendous importance."

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9/57 Rain. W. D. Livingston, who was chief officer of the cableship "Mackay-Bennett" when I was her wireless officer in 1920-21, died in Halifax today. He was 87, & had been retired since 1932.

THURSDAY, OCT. 10/57 Rain in showers & drizzles — not enough to benefit the lakes & rivers, which are alarmingly low. Here in L'pool, at the request of town authorities, the citizens have voluntarily rationed themselves on water for the past month — i.e. no car washing, lawn sprinkling etc. and no

HFX. CHRONICLE-HERALD OCT. 10, 1957

Well Known Cable Ship Master Dies

One of Nova Scotia's oldest and best known residents, Captain William Dawson Livingston, whose name was linked with most of Halifax based Commercial Cable Ships, died yesterday at the age of 87 following a short illness.

Captain Livingston was born in Big Bras d'Or, Cape Breton in 1870 the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Livingston.

He received his education in common school and went to sea at the age of 17. In 1904 he became master of a sailing ship and four years later he joined the Commercial Cable Company as junior officer on the Cable ship MacKay-Bennett, of which he took command in 1921.

In the five years that followed, he was master of the Cable ships, Mary Louise MacKay, Restorer and the John W. MacKay.

He commanded the cable ship John W. MacKay for a period of six years between 1926 and 1932 after which he went into retirement.

Probably one of Captain Livingston's largest and most hazardous undertakings, was the repairing of ocean cables east of Sable Island, after the earthquake of 1929.

He is survived by his wife Winifred May; three sisters, Mrs. Teresa Ryan, Detroit; Mrs. John Broderick, Mill Creek, Boulardarie, Cape Breton; and Mrs. Daniel Walker, Alder Point, Cape Breton; two daughters, Florence (Mrs. J. F. Vernon), Windsor, Ont., and Lillian (Mrs. E. A. Capstick), Glace Bay; and one son, Clyde A., Halifax.

The remains are resting at his home, 32 York Street. Funeral services will be at St. Thomas Aquinas church at 10 o'clock Mass on Saturday morning. Interment will be in Mount Olivet cemetery.

CAPT. W. D. LIVINGSTON

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unnecessary household use. The Mersey River power system is being supplemented by power fed into the transmission lines from steam plants at Hfx. Even so, I hear the Mersey mill will have to shut down or severely cut production if Lake Rossignol does not hold its present low level.

This afternoon on TV we watched the final game in the World Series at New York. The Milwaukee Braves won — a popular victory, as the New York Yankees have been virtually unbeatable for years.

FRIDAY, OCT. 11/57

Again dull weather but little rain. I rise at about 6 each morning & work hard at background material for my Wentworth book. Again in the evening. I have not smoked a cigaret since June 12th & I find I can get along without tobacco very well.

The stock markets, which have been sinking for months, have dropped sharply in the past few ~~months~~ days. B.C. Telephone, which was over $50 per common share last year, sold yesterday for 38½. Most of my savings are invested in this stock.

Mr. Diefenbaker has got nowhere so far with his scheme to stop the U.S. govt's barter deals of wheat in Canadian markets abroad. His implied threat to shift Canadian import buying from the U.S. to Britain has left the Yanks unmoved; and Canadian manufacturing interests in his own Tory stronghold, Ontario, are alarmed at any proposal for free imports of British goods.

Meanwhile there are to be government economies. Today the newspapers have much comment on Ottawa's proposed reduction of the militia expenses. (No summer camps, training days reduced one-third, training emphasis

henceforth to be on civil defense.) Some think the Diefenbaker govt plans eventually to do away with the militia altogether. This applies also to the naval & air force reserve units.

SATURDAY - SUNDAY, OCT. 12 & 13/57 I spent this week-end at Eagle Lake with Parker & Dunlap. Fine warm weather. Eagle Brook a mere trickle amongst the rocks. We cleaned everything out of the camp (for the first time since it was built more than 25 years ago) & gave it a thorough sweeping. Found the usual nice remains, sawdust in shovel-fulls made by the wood-boring black ants who now inhabit all the logs of the camp — & something unusual — a dead squirrel under Brent Smith's bed. One sad little chore — removing Brent's little suitcase containing towel, bathing suit, sweater, shoes, etc. — all badly mildewed — and stowing it away amongst the huckleberry bushes east of the camps. We tarred the camp roof, mended the chimney cap, painted the dinghy. Parker & I paddled a canoe down the lake, & walked up the Long Lake brook as far as "Lone Rock". Home at 7:30 p.m. Sunday, & found Frances & Tom Jr. home for Thanksgiving.

MONDAY, OCT. 14/57 (Thanksgiving Day) Fine & warm. Turkey dinner. Frances left for Hfx with Joan Wickwire & John Cox about 9 p.m. Edith went with her & will stay two or three days. Reports on her sister Marie's condition show that she is not responding to treatment at the V.G. hospital, that in fact she is beyond mere psychiatry & should be in the Dartmouth hospital for mental cases.

Tom Jr. left for Hfx with Hugh Byrne about 8 p.m. Letter from Ian Sclanders of Macleans, saying that my Barrington St. article is everything he wished & that a cheque is on the way. This afternoon on

television I watched Queen Elizabeth open Parliament at Ottawa & read the Address from the Throne — the first time in Canadian history that a reigning monarch has performed the ceremony. She & Prince Philip are spending four or five days in Canada before making a state visit to Washington.

There is now a world-wide epidemic of influenza. Many people call it "Asiatic 'flu" because a new 'flu virus, highly infectious but not dangerous, made its appearance at Singapore last spring & spread rapidly to the Philippines & China, thence to Europe. But there has been a lot of ordinary 'flu in North America all summer (I caught a 'flu bug in New York last June) & doctors argue as to whether or not the so-called "Asiatic 'flu" is the bug now current in Europe & America. In some parts of Nova Scotia at present many schools have been closed because so many teachers, as well as pupils were down with 'flu. So far it has not seriously affected the South Shore.

Still much excitement over Russia's "earth satellite" which Moscow calls a SPUTNIK. The point is that the Russians now possess a rocket capable of flying atomic bombs from continent to continent, or the earth itself.

The man in charge of the United States' project "Vanguard" (which has been working secretly for many months to launch a man-made satellite into space) is Dr. John Peter Hagen of Washington, a son of Nova Scotia parents, born in Amherst 48 years ago. In fact his parents came from Queens County — John Thomas Hagen of Hunts Point & his wife Ella

Fisher of Port Morton, now living in Boston.

Work has started on the new Bank of Montreal building on Market St, Liverpool. The site was formerly occupied by a barber shop & a lunch wagon. Like all the land thereabouts it is "made" land (old docks filled in with gravel & ships' ballast etc) & the contractor is driving stout timber piles on which the new brick building will rest.

THURSDAY, OCT. 17/57 Still fine sunny days & frosty nights. I drove to Hfx. this morning & autographed copies of my new book for the Book Room and Connolly's. Lunched at the Sea Shell. Shopped for writing supplies at T. M. O'Neill's on Granville St., & for a gorgeous (black, & scarlet, lining in matches my LL.D. robe from Dalhousie exactly) dressing gown at Simpson's. Found Edith at Frances' flat & my sister Hilda also. Chatted for a bit, delivered Hilda back at Eastern Trust Co. offices, went on with E. to call on Mother Raddall at Jollimore. She is now badly crippled by arthritis, which has spread to her shoulder joints after long affecting her knees. Left there about 3.30. Turned off the shore (paved) highway at Hubbard's & followed the dirt road round the Aspotogan peninsula to East River Point — very lovely, the blue sea & the autumn leaves. Dined at the Royal Hotel, Mahone. Home at 8.30.

Marie Freeman is to remain under psychiatric treatment at the V. G. hospital for another fortnight. At the end of that time her psychiatrist will say positively whether

or not there is any hope for her. At present she is sunk in the deepest melancholia & makes distressing scenes whenever E. or other relatives come to see her. Much of this seems to be an act (Marie was always a bit theatrical in her emotions) for she is much more sensible with strangers or her old business associates. She says she has no money; but E. says Marie has about $1800 in the bank, about $10,000 in securities (mostly common stock of Bowaters Paper Co., which I advised her long ago to sell) and an almost paid-up annuity which will yield her $30 per month for the rest of her life — all this in addition to her forthcoming pension from Mersey Paper Co. (she has been 27 years in their employ) which should yield her at least $100 per month for the rest of her life.

There is no records of absolute insanity in the family except in the case of some second-cousins in Brooklyn — which prior to the coming of the Mersey mill & its employees was a run-down community, deserted by sensible people for several generations. Aunt Marie Bell has some pixie notions acquired in old age, but she is eccentric, not mad. Her sister Fanny (mother of Marie & E.) was a strong-minded but eccentric woman who refused to walk across the village bridge after her husband's death; never went to see his grave, although she was utterly devoted to him; and lived the last 20 years of her life almost as a prisoner in the old white house on the corner of West Milton Street and the Old Back Road. Ralph, her son, drowned himself at the age of 40 or so within sight of his home — a case of unrequited love upsetting a man whose emotional balance was never very sure; but

Ralph Freeman was absolutely sane, for all that. The whole record of the Freemans is one of sensitive, too-emotional people whose worst fault is a refusal to face facts when the facts are unpleasant.

In Marie's case, the first symptom of mental trouble came in the form of a semi-fainting, semi-weeping fit which came upon her at our dinner table a year or two ago; until that moment she had been her cheerful, voluble self. Which makes me wonder if the trouble isn't a tumor in the brain — for this fit was definitely not an "ach" — it struck her in the midst of a laughing remark.

SATURDAY, OCT. 19/57 Golf this afternoon, as usual in this finest of fine autumns. Rain tonight — the first in a long time. Grace, wife of our old friend & neighbor Ralph Johnson (Chief Forester, Mersey Paper Co.) died in the local hospital this afternoon of leukemia, after a long illness. She was a big, cheerful, bustling & rather "bossy" woman, mad about house & garden, active in church affairs, with the kindest of hearts. She & Ralph had no children; their one adopted child, David, after some years at sea, is now taking a course at Horton Academy, with hopes of going on to a degree from Acadia.

I hear that since the visit of Sir Eric Bowaters a short time ago, the Mersey Paper Co. officials have evolved an "austerity" program, cutting down expenses (such as travelling) right & left, after the lush times of the past ten years. The stock markets are still falling, business generally is slowing up, & it's clear that the long post-war boom is definitely over.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21/57 Still fine weather. E. & I attended Grace Johnson's funeral this afternoon. Many people there, & a full choir. Burial was in the United Church cemetery

on College Hill; lovely view across the harbor, the Great Hill slopes in autumn color, the sun bright, hardly a breath of wind. A number of foresters, Ralphs associates, had come to town for the funeral. One was Ben Alexander of Hantsport, with whom I had a short chat.

The Russian "sputnik" was supposed to come over our part of the sky tonight about 7:30 & many people were watching for it, but the clouds closed in. L. C. Murphy, retired grocer, died today in hospital after a long illness. He was a tall, bald man, entirely self-centred, devoted to the dollar, who never did a thing for fellow-men in his life. His wife, son Phil, & daughter are very different people, good-looking & well liked.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22/57 Fine & warm. The weather man forecasts rain & then very cold weather, so like most of my neighbors I spent this sunny afternoon washing & installing storm windows. E helped in the washing & I got them all on by 5 p.m.

At Ellsley's garage this morning I got a new battery & a new set of spark plugs installed in the car.

FRIDAY, OCT. 25/57 Fine weather still, & golf each afternoon. Played this afternoon with Father Delaney, Bill Jodrey & Paul King, my score 88. The temperature was 70° & I was comfortable in a summer T-shirt. Prime Minister MacMillan of Great Britain is in Ottawa following a conference with President Eisenhauer in Washington. The Ottawa visit is apparently to discuss trade matters. The Washington visit, immediately following the Queen's good-will tour, was apparently to patch up the old Grand Alliance of the Churchill-Roosevelt days,

badly shaken by the Suez affair. The Russians' earth satellite, whizzing about the globe at the speed of light or something close to that speed, has upset the Americans very much. It is incredible to them that Russian scientists have done what American scientists couldn't; & they begin to see that British & other friendly foreign scientists may be of use to them, as they were in the invention of the A-bomb.

SATURDAY, Oct. 26/57 My old Micmac friend Sam Glode died last night in Camp Hill Hospital at Halifax, aged 79. He had been ill for months. Ernest Peters, former treasurer of Eastern Trust Co., died in Hfx on Friday aged 67. He was one of the oldest friends of my family, a son of Captain Peters of the C.G.S. "Vivian", who lived almost next door to the Raddalls on Chebucto Road 1913-1919.

Charles B. Smith, M.C., prominent Hfx lawyer, died in Hfx this morning aged 74. He was a senior partner in the law firm of Stewart, Smith, MacKeen, Covert, Rogers, Sperry & Cowan. During War One he served in my father's regiment, the 8th Batt. Winnipeg Rifles, and commanded the reserve company at the Battle of Amiens when my father was killed. He wrote me many years ago — "I had a great regard & affection for your father, who was one of the finest types of soldiers we had in the Canadian Army. He was a strict disciplinarian, & on more than one occasion I was the object of his righteous indignation. Though strict he was just, & he commanded the admiration and respect of everyone who was privileged to serve with him; in addition I can say that he was one of the very few whom I have ever known that was absolutely without fear."

My older friends & acquaintances seem to be dropping like the autumn leaves.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1957

A bleak rainy day, temp. 40°. Content to stay indoors reading by the fire, working on my Wentworth notes, & watching T.V. For the past month people on the coast of Newfoundland have been seeing what they thought were "foreign submarines". On Saturday a commissionaire at the Shearwater air station fancied he saw one right inside Halifax harbor. The Navy, taking no chances, recalled the crew of the frigate "Fort Erie" from shore leave, & conducted a careful air-&-water hunt. They found nothing. This was also the case with naval investigations of the Nfld. reports. It used to be "flying saucers". Now its Russian submarines, just as, in 1938, people were seeing German subs all around the N.S. coast.

MONDAY, OCT. 28/57 For exercise I played nine hasty holes at White Point this afternoon in a cold drizzle of rain. Austin Parker dropped in this evening to discuss a church matter; the Zion Church funds now include bequests from the estates of T. Brenton Smith & Miss Janet Mullins, each for $1,000. Parker, Midge King & I were appointed a committee to examine ways of spending such money to improve the church. Some people want a set of electronic chimes, which would cost $500 to $1500; others want aisle carpets & so on. Our own recommendation is that the present blank walls on each side of the choir stalls, facing the congregation, be pierced each with a single lancio late window, to be filled ultimately with stained glass.

TUESDAY, OCT. 29/57 Attended Sam Glode's funeral this morning at 9 o'clock at the Catholic church, & formed part of the Canadian Legion party of about a dozen men, each wearing the uniform blue beret, & with a cotton poppy pinned to the coat lapel. About eight Indians formed the mourning party on the left side of the church, including Sam's son Louis, who

is a veteran of War One himself. About a dozen other people sitting in the back of the church. Cold on the hill at the grave, a grey sky & a nagging wind, temp. 40°. Old "Ike" Smart had come in all the way from Caledonia. The bugler had difficulty with his lips in the chilly air — I never heard Last Post and Rouse played with so many flat notes.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30/57

This morning's paper gives an account of a new U.S. Air Force warning-detection station at Baccaro Point, Shelburne Co. It was built during the past year & is manned by about 160 officers & men. Of these, about half have families & are living in & about Barrington Passage 10 miles away. This is the only announcement of its kind ever to appear in the news here. Yet for the past 10 years or so there has been a U.S. Navy ~~experimental~~ station at Shelburne, manned by about the same number of personnel. A silly atmosphere of secrecy has been maintained about the Shelburne station, although announcements of weddings between U.S.N. personnel & local girls appear in the papers frequently. I have seen some of the U.S.N. men with the words CANADA – U.S.A on their blouse shoulders, apparently an idea dreamed up by someone anxious to allay Canadian fears of Uncle Sam moving in.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2/57 Very mild, drizzling rain. Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap, travelling up No 1 Pond de luxe in Austin's ply-wood boat with its outboard motor. Hector has shot one deer this Fall — all the law allows now — but as usual he hankers to shoot another & brought his rifle. Austin & I were unarmed.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3/57 Fog & rain all day. Eagle Lake

rose about ¾ inch. We pottered about the camp making small repairs, cutting firewood etc. Tonight the camp radio announced that the Russians have shot another satellite into the stratosphere — this one weighs half a ton, is about a thousand miles up, & contains amongst radio & other instruments a live she-dog named "Curly".

MONDAY, NOV. 4/57 Still drizzling. I left camp this morning, tramping to Big Falls & getting very wet. Austin & Hector are staying in till Wednesday

TUESDAY, NOV. 5/57 Overcast & cool. Golf this afternoon with E. John Howe of King's College phoned tonight asking me to propose a toast to the guests at a formal dinner, Nov. 28, on the occasion of the installation of a new Chancellor. I thanked him for the invitation but pointed out that I never wear formal dress and therefore I do not attend formal dinners. Amen.

Much excitement in the world, especially in the U.S., over the Russians' new satellite, which (like the first, which is now silent) hurtles about the earth emitted a "beep-beep-beep" radio signal. However some humorists are referring to "Sputnik No 2" as the "Muttnik", in view of its four-legged passenger.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6/57 Rain, in drizzles & showers all day. Frances Davies, wife of the Anglican pastor, phoned this morning urgently. The Bishop (Waterman) has been at the parsonage for two days, more or less shut in by rain, & — would I take him out to White Point this afternoon for a round of golf? If so she would arrange a picnic lunch at the Davies' summer shack ("Fairways") which overlooks No 3 fairway & Port Morien Bay. Unfortunately the rain persisted, with a temperature of 40°, so she asked E. & me to lunch with the Davies & the Bishop

at 12.30 at the parsonage. We went to the Bishop, a towering man (over 6 feet) whom I have met several times before, was free-&-easy as usual & we had some light conversation. He is a hearty, earthy sort of man — he said he specialized in mathematics when he took his B.D. — with no flair for art or music or literature, although he makes a pedestrian effort to keep abreast of these things. I like him for that — nothing sham about him. His chief interest is in people & of course the Anglican approach to religion, but he doesn't attempt to shove his religion down one's throat. I wondered if "Fran's" invitation had anything to do with my 'phone invitation last night — but nothing was said about Kings at all. E. & I left at 2.30, the Bishop looking out at the prevailing drizzle with a resigned & faintly bored expression, & that was that. This I was able to work nearly all day & evening on the notes for my Wentworth book. At my age & experience, bishops of any sort don't impress me at all (the feeling probably is mutual) & although I like Waterman with his down-to-earth presence & his tall, balding-&-greying figure, I'm indifferent to all but the fact that he's a human being & makes no secret of the fact. Maurice Russell, who has been hunting at Jordan Lake under the direction of expert Mersey Paper Co. guides, sent up a haunch of venison this evening.

MONDAY, Nov. 11/57. Attended the Legion's Armistice Dinner tonight & responded to the toast to the Legion. Chief speaker was Commander "Jock" Millar, who is up from New York on one of his frequent flying visits. A good crowd & a sober one — we even drank the Queen's health in soda pop.

to have the damage to the house (by the Billingtons) assessed by a recognized appraiser (I suggested Robie Tilley) at once, after the Billingtons left, so that they can add these charges to the bill for back rents which Ken Jones is supposed to collect. Nothing was done. Now it will be impossible to establish the Billingtons' damage, because Billington will undoubtedly claim that vandals, the action of weather through broken windows, etc, were responsible for it.

TUESDAY, Nov. 19/57 Ralph Johnson had dinner with us this evening & afterwards we went to see the English movie "High Tide at Noon", made by the J. Arthur Rank Organization, & purporting to be a story of Nova Scotia "from the novel by Elizabeth Ogilvie." Actually the leading lady, Betta St. John, together with two or three other actors & a camera crew, came to North West Cove, Lun. Co. one or two summers ago & shot some scenes of the cove & the villagers. The rest of the film was done, with faked backgrounds of the N. W. Cove scenes, in Rank's Pinewood Studios in Britain last year.

All of which interests me very much. In Sept. 1954 Mrs. Brent Kenyon, who was then acting as my agent in London, reported that "a film company" was interested in by my books "Roger Sudden" and "Tidefall". This turned out to be two men named Dalton who had an office in London & called themselves Medal Films Ltd. Obviously they were operating on a shoe-string or were acting as a front for some big film company anxious to buy a story or two, on the cheap, with an established Canadian background. They sent me an actual offer of £200 for an option on "Roger Sudden", to run for 1 year, renewable for another year if they wished, at no further cost; and a final payment of £1800 more if they decided to buy.

I didn't see my advantage in tying up the film

rights for 2 years for £200. I wrote Mrs. Kenyon in November 1954 saying that the option must be for 1 year only, & that I wanted a share of the profits if "Medal Films" sold my book to another film company. My share of these profits was to be 40%. "Medal Films" promptly dropped the whole affair & I wasn't surprised.

Meanwhile the film rights in "Tidefall", as Mrs Kenyon informed "Medal Films", were in the hands of Hutchinson & Co, who were then my English publishers. In July 1954 Hutchinsons wrote that they had been offered £200 for an option. This sounded exactly like "Medal Films". By November "Medal Films" knew my mind on such deals anyhow, & sure enough the mysterious negotiations with Hutchinson's came to an end at the same time.

In the summer of 1955 or thereabouts a British film writer named Neil Paterson turned up in Halifax, said his employers wished to produce a film about Nova Scotia, & asked the cooperation of the provincial govt. Information Bureau. He particularly wanted suggestions for scenic backgrounds — a cove in a rugged island where there were old fishing stages etc. They suggested that he drive down the South Shore to see me, but he brushed that off. Eventually they found the site at N. W. Cove & Paterson made some notes & went off to write his script. The visit of Miss St. John & the British camera party followed. And now here is the film, which was released with much Rank eclat in Canada last spring.

Funny coincidences :— My book's central character was a girl brought up in a fishing settlement, with an island cove for a background. She loves the old cove & goes back there on a visit. I called it "Tidefall", & one scene had her exploring an old long-abandoned house at the

double burdens will be heavy. All of which makes clear to me that my anticipated trip to Europe, which I need so much, must be put off again.

For weeks now I have been trying to bring my mind (which I have doggedly stuffed with Wentworth history & background material) to the point of starting to write the book. Today I forced myself to begin, sat over a typewriter many hours, writing a sheet or so & then tearing it up, & ended with nothing but a bad case of nerves which kept me wakeful & jittery through the night. The old ease of imagination is gone. The pictures won't come, & flogging my mind for them is like flogging a dead horse, an empty & exhausting process.

This evening I attended the first Historical Society's first meeting of the current season, in the town hall. There were exactly seven people present. The membership committee (chiefly Mrs. Maggie Innes) put on a strenuous drive last spring, helped greatly by the fact that the Perkins House was being opened to the public at last. As a result 125 people paid the membership fee. But as I know from old experience, not more than one third of these will ever attend a meeting, & those who do attend will come to be entertained rather than to contribute anything. The truth is that the number of people really interested in the town's history can be numbered on a pair of hands nowadays. When the Society started its existence in 1929 there were many of an older generation in Liverpool who were naturally interested in the subject. The Mersey mill had just begun to operate. In the long time since, the old brigade has marched off to the cemetery, & the town's population largely consists of paper mill folk (who came from every part of central & maritime Canada)

& their grown-up families, a brand new generation that has no roots here & has no interest in the past.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7/57 Still no snow on the ground, although Sable Island & the eastern part of N.S. had a heavy snowfall yesterday, & for the past 2 days we have had bitter gales. Today the temp. at noon was about 32° but the wind had fallen to a mere air, & I was able to play 18 holes at White Point with bare hands. Saw a little flock of robins on the hard-frozen fairway, & one song sparrow.

Today, after much ballyhoo in the U.S. papers, the Americans attempted to launch their so-called Vanguard, a huge rocket bearing a small metal "moon" about the size of a basketball. The firing took place at their rocket laboratory, a huge & expensive establishment, at Cape Canaveral, Florida, where they have been conducting experiments for several years. The "Vanguard" got only 3 or 4 feet off the ground & then toppled back and exploded. A sad blow to American prestige abroad, in view of the build-up & the visible success of the Russians. The so-called "Sputnik One", which the Russians sent aloft on Oct. 6, is now believed to have dropped to earth in fragments, after whizzing in a complicated orbit around our globe for almost two months. "Sputnik Two," the 1,120-lb. "moon, containing a live dog, which they sent up on Nov. 3, is still visible, as it goes around the earth; the dog must have perished after two or three days, & the automatic radio "beep" is now silent.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11/57 This morning I dashed out to White Point & played 18 holes, my first exercise of any sort since the 7th — black skies & rain day after day. Horribly depressed. Tonight Randy Day, Mrs. Inness, & David Inness came to my house & we drew up a slate of

officers for the Historical Society for 1958. Day consented to be President for another year & John Bradford of Hunts Point is head of the Program committee — these are the most important posts. After this E & I went to Maurice Russell's house on School Street, where some friends were gathering to congratulate him on his birthday. About two dozen people, including Hubert Macdonald & Fred Schanche on a flying trip from New York. Drinks & chat. Home at 1 a.m.

Almost forget to record that I drove to Hunts Point this afternoon & bought 10 lbs of fresh lobsters from Harvey Doggett at 45¢ per lb. The fishermen have not been doing well, partly on account of the successive storms, partly because the lobsters are sluggish & ~~so~~ not moving about. One more item.

I picked three dandelions in bloom on the golf course, & then gave it up; there were dandelions in bloom in various places all around the course, on stems about one or two inches long. This is a consequence of the almost continuous rains & mild temperatures since the first of November. Today the thermometer read 56° Fahrenheit. It was 54° in Halifax, & according to the weather bureau Jacksonville, Florida, had a temperature of 43° today.

Rabbits have increased suddenly & rapidly in the bush during the past two years, after many years of scarcity — in Queens County they had almost vanished by 1950. Kids are bringing them to the door for sale almost every day.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12/57 Rain again! Hubert Macdonald had dinner with us & spent the evening. He & Schanche are now part of the Bowater sales organization in the U.S. with headquarters in New York, where of course the former

Mersey Paper Co. sales office has been closed. The current recession of business in the U.S. has affected the paper market, & for the first time since 1940 there is a surplus of newsprint being offered for sale. So far Mersey Paper Co. is running full time, although most other Canadian & U.S. mills have been obliged to curtail their production. Mac spoke hopefully of the strike in the British Columbia mills, which is taking about 5,000 tons a day off the market. He has been so long in close contact with U.S. newspaper executives, who are largely (& rabidly) Republican in politics, that his outlook on U.S. affairs & indeed foreign affairs, is that of the Republican party. He still thinks that the ailing Eisenhauer (who suffered another stroke the other day & is obviously a mere shell of the man who led the Allied armies) is the best possible President of the U.S., and that in the event of Eisenhauer's death (a day-to-day possibility) the Vice-President, Nixon, will make an excellent substitute.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13/57 Walked to Melton & back in a brisk wind & frequent snow squalls. Dropped in for a chat with Jerry Nickerson, who presented me with a bottle of choke-cherry wine, his own make, & very nice stuff too. On arriving home I had a phone call from Dr. C. B. Lumsden of Acadia University, asking if he could see me with regard to the current drive for funds. He is at the Mersey Hotel & I suggested that he come up to my house this evening. An hour later he phoned — E. answered — & said he couldn't come, that he had a severe pain in his chest & he feared it was his heart. E. told him to phone Dr. John Wickwire, who is now a heart specialist. Wickwire went to the hotel at once, & had Lumsden removed to the hospital with a "No visitors" order.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15/57 Sunny & cool. Edith went to Hfx this morning with Brother Terence, to see Marie

Freeman and Frances. She returned about 10 p.m. with a mixed bag of news. The psychiatrist at the V.G. informed them that he could do nothing more for Marie; she has not responded to treatment, and on Wednesday she will be removed to the Asylum at Dartmouth. He gave E. a form to be filled out & signed, a sort of committal document. E. asked if she could be with Marie during the removal but the doctor said No.

E. then went to Bill & Francie's flat, found Joan Wickware & the other girls from across the hall busy tidying up the place and running a batch of Francie's laundry through the washing machine. Francie had begun to feel labor pains at 3 a.m. & Bill had taken her off to Grace Maternity Hospital, not far away. E. went to the hospital & found that the baby had been born, about 11 a.m. & that all was well. A couple of hours later she was allowed to see Francie, found her lying back calmly smoking a cigarette. She had determined to watch the birth of her child, & after accepting a few whiffs of anaesthetic she would take no more. Towards the last, when things were almost at the climax, a nurse moved to place the anaesthetic mask on her face & Francie pushed it away, saying "Take that thing to hell away — I want to see what's going on". And she saw. Her immediate comment was, "What a mess!" All in all her doctor ("Bud" Condy) and the nurses had a cheerful time of it & said she was the best patient they'd ever had. The child, a healthy boy, will be named William Gregory.

On the way out of the city Terence & E. called

at Jollimore to see my mother & Hilda. Hilda, who has been a secretary in the Eastern Trust Co. offices for many years, gave up her job a few days ago. She had never liked the man who became head of her department after the sudden death of her old boss a couple of years ago, & recently he said something sarcastic once too often & Hilda got up & walked out. With her ability & experience she can easily get another job but she doesn't intend to look for one until after New Year.

My sister Winifred also has a secretarial job in the city. At present she & her "daughter" Rosemary are living in a rented apartment on Edward Street, but she has decided to buy a house & thinks she will take one just off Chebucto Road near Simpson's.

THURSDAY, DEC 19/57

Edith determined to go to Hfx today, to spend a few days with Frances & to see her sister Marie at the Dartmouth mental hospital. The roads are still bare, but the forecast said "snow & then rain this afternoon", which meant ice on the roads as soon the rain touched the frosty asphalt; so I packed her off by train at 1 p.m.

FRIDAY, DEC 20/57 Mild, with a light drizzle now & then. This afternoon I was a pallbearer at the funeral of Herbert Smith, brother of my old friend Brent. He was a fat, none too intelligent man, aged 59. At 7:30 I attended a cocktail party at the Seabornes', Fork Point; a great crowd & the usual hubbub. Fred Emerson & wife Isabel were there; they have closed up their home in St. John's Nfld. & will be staying at their Greenfield residence until New Year. They invited me to come out & have supper with them, & since I am keeping bachelors

hall, I went. The dirt road from the main highway to Greenfield was very muddy & full of pot-holes. Emerson is a successful lawyer, at least he seems to have plenty of money; and he likes to fancy himself as a man of many parts, all excellent. He has travelled in Europe every summer for many years, speaks several languages, talks authoritatively about literature & the arts, especially music, & he plays the piano quite well. A man of middle height, very erect carriage despite a pot belly, thin light brown hair brushed straight back from the forehead, pink complexion, blue eyes that are very bland when he is talking about himself & watchful at all other times. Wears a beret whenever he goes outdoors, cultivates a man-of-the-world air and drops famous names like confetti. Amongst his other accomplishments he prides himself on being a good cook & a student of the art of eating well. He prepared supper, it was simple, an omelette, toast, & tea. He did it with flourish but what he served was a flat and tasteless omelette and tea so weak as to be tasteless also.

This was about 8 p.m., & Mrs. Emerson retired at 9, so I was able to escape soon after. The man means well but he is a conceited snob with very little to be high falutin about.

Tom Jr. arrived from Hfx after midnight, just as I was going to bed. He did well in the recent exams except in one subject, likes the work, the faculty & the class.

SATURDAY, DEC 21/07 Another drizzling day & no exercise. The Parkers invited Tom Jr. & me to lunch. Their younger son Douglas is home from

Dalhousie for the holidays.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/57. An open & shut day, windy but very mild (50°). I played 22 holes at White Point this afternoon. Three other Liverpool men playing, also "Bim" Robertson, all the way from Lockeport.

Paul Chandler had an errand in Hfx this afternoon so Tommy went to the city with him & brought back E., with many Christmas parcels.

MONDAY, DEC. 23/57. Another mild day & again a good invigorating round of golf in the afternoon. Laing & his wife had driven up from Shelburne, & Senator Donald Smith was out practicing iron shots on the Upper fairways. After golf I went on to Hunts Point & got 15 lbs. of fresh lobsters from Harvey Doggett — The price is now 65¢. A buzz of news from the Mersey paper plank, confirmed privately to E. by Vera Parker. B. J. Waters (President) and R. L. Seaborne (Woods Manager & Vice President) will retire next June. J. H. Mowbray (Jones's Assistant General Manager) will then become President, and J. Austin Parker (Treasurer) will become Vice-President; and Austin's brother Edwin (Logging Superintendent) will take over Seaborne's job & title.

Waters is about 67, Seaborne about 60; both are well off financially. I think both would have held on to their posts if Mersey's ownership had not shifted to the hands of Sir Eric Bowater a year or so ago. At any rate I've heard whispers that Waters & Seaborne don't like being cogs in the Bowater organization; and they feel that now, when the Canadian paper industry faces another period of hard times (after continuous & easy prosperity since 1940) is a good time to get out, on pension of course.

The N.A.T.O. conference in Paris opened & closed last week & amongst other leaders, President Eisenhower and

Prime Minister MacMillan have issued the usual statements, emphasizing the unity of the western nations, & their resolve to seek peace with Communism but to be on guard. The conference was called by Dulles to rally the western nations' resolution (especially that of France, now shakier than ever) after the spectacular scientific achievements of the Russians in the line of rocket warfare. I doubt if it accomplished much. Under attack from Russia the French would fold up quickly, as they did in 1940, & blandly sit out the war. So would the Italians & Belgians. I think the West Germans would fight.

Meanwhile Communism is extending its grip on the East. Power of the party is growing in India, where Nehru seems ineffective. Indonesia, now thoroughly Communist, seized all Dutch-owned industries & properties last week, & has begun the expulsion of the 50,000 Dutch men, women & children in the country. Britain has closed her big dockyard at Hong Kong & discharged its 5,000 Chinese employees — an obvious step towards complete withdrawal.

Christmas Eve. Still no snow. Golf this afternoon. This evening E & I dropped in to the Mowbray Jones house at their invitation & had a drink with them. Their second girl, Sandra, now a student at Kings College, has grown into a charming young woman, sparkling with good spirits, blonde, with a good figure & carriage, & with none of her mother's artificial airs. The third girl, Taffy, is not so good looking but she has the same pleasant manner. The gifts for these, plus married daughter Jenifer (whose husband is at sea), plus the twin boys, plus Mose & Phyl themselves, plus Phyl's mother Mrs. Currie, who is spending Christmas with them, all made a huge pile about the Christmas tree. They

were opening some already — all very beautiful & expensive (Mowbray is reputedly worth at least a million dollars) — Phyl showed us her husband's gift, a ring set with a huge emerald surrounded by diamonds.

Then back to the simpler life of 44 Park Street, where Ralph Johnson, Hector & Marion Dunlap, Charlie & Florence Williams, came in & had a drink with us. Then on to the Parkers' house, where we found John & Dorothy Wickwire, & chatted over drinks till midnight.

Christmas Day. A green Christmas. Slept too late to go to church. Terence & Betty Freeman came down from Milton with their two nice youngsters & had dinner with us — the usual big turkey & plum pudding. Then a great opening of presents. Mine this year ran mostly to socks & books, but E. presented me with an electric blanket for my bed. She has used one for the past two or three years but I've clung to the old-fashioned (& reliable) wool blankets & quilt in my own room. Phoned Hfx. & chatted with Frances, & with my mother & sisters Hilda & Winifred.

THURSDAY, DEC. 26/57. Golf this afternoon. This was the day of the annual country dinner given by Joe & Helen Holloway at their farmhouse in Middlefield. We drove out with the Parkers at 5 p.m. Joe as usual had rigged a tremendous display of coloured lights (230 in all he told me) all over the outside of the house. Unfortunately there was no snow to make the perfect background for it. Inside, a huge mob of people — 150 at least I should say, so that the whole lower floor was jammed. As usual there was punch for an appetizer, & then the tables laden with cold meats, lobster salad, all sorts of

vegetables, & hot biscuits, blueberry muffins, mince pies, etc. Phew.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27/57 A dinner party at Bert & Catharine Waters' house, excellent drinks & food, & then cards etc. A group of us in the sun porch preferred to amuse ourselves with a game of Coffee Pot. Parlor games can be very dull with the wrong people but here we had Rolf & Muriel Seaborne, Doug. & Phyl Vogel, Bertie Feldon, Edith McClearn, Jack & Fran Davies, & the fun was fast & furious. More than a little risqué at times but (Anglican parson) Davies & his wife took it in good part — few clerical people can do this without losing face or dignity. We were so absorbed in these verbal antics that the rest of the party had gone home long before we called it a night. I haven't laughed so much in a long time.

Returning home we found Tom & his chum Jim Hutchinson, & Tom's girl Verna Todd, rounding out the evening. The girl is spending the holiday season with relatives here — a nice girl, attractive in a round-faced blonde way. He has another girl in Hfx — Diane Sperry, daughter of a lawyer there, who strikes me as being just as attractive with a lot more brains & character — but I suppose that's none of my business.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28/57 Golf again, in alternate cloud & sunshine, in a temperature of 50°. I found several dandelions in bloom. I would have preferred a dinner & evening at home (I still eat only one real meal a day, & that at 5 p.m.) but invitations had poured in, & E. loves to gad about, so at 5 p.m. we went to the Max Hardings' for drinks; then to the Merrill Rawdings'