

SEP. 7, 1946 to JAN. 12, 1947

# RECORDS

No. 442R

Diary.

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set off again. Reached Mt. Uniacke at 5:30 & found Crowdis within - he had got tired of waiting by the road. We were greeted by Major Jim & his pretty young nieces & nephew, all children of Mildred Uniacke who married a man named Wood. One niece, 25 or so, Faith Wood, is an artist, goes in for portraiture, recently had an exhibition of her work at Annapolis. Major Jim is a kindly, bumbling old chap, 60-ish, who lives in a suite in the Lord Nelson at Hfx. He loves Mt. Uniacke but does not care to stay there alone, so he only visits the place when some of his young relations want to go there - usually for a week or two in a summer. The rest of the time the lovely old estate is left to a caretaker & barred to all visitors.

The house is concealed from the Hfx-Windsor road by woods. You enter by a curving driveway, about 200 yards, & emerge suddenly into a lawn studded with fine old trees, with the <sup>EAST</sup> ~~north~~ face of the big square house before you. The basement is partly below, partly above ground level, & is constructed of mortared brown stone. A great porch runs along the whole south face, with 4 pillars running up & supporting a triangular pediment above the second floor. The present pillars are slim square things, out of true proportion with the house & pediment. Uniacke said the original pillars were much thicker & were round - each a solid trunk

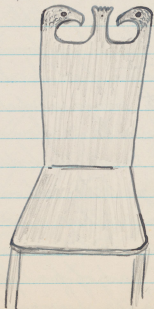
of pine. The porch rail is festooned with virginia creeper & honeysuckle. Standing high upon the stone basement, the porch commands a fine view to the south, & from its west end you look out upon the lake, a beautiful little sheet of water enclosed by wooded hills. The maps call it Lake Uniacke but the founder, R. J. Uniacke, called it Lake Martha after his first wife & it is still so called by Major Jim. Immediately in front is an old-fashioned garden, rather wild now, & the once-cleared hillside which rises to the south & forms the main prospect from the porch is now disappearing in a tall growth of hardwood trees. The view towards the lake also is obscured with trees, once ornamental but now grown very tall & rank.

Major Jim took me on a tour of the grounds etc. in the sunset light while the others chatted over tea-cups in the great hall. The household privy is a large affair, shaped like a little chapel, with narrow gothic windows, & carefully plastered walls. Across the green on the north side of the house lie the barns & the caretaker's house.

The basement includes a huge kitchen & a warren of pantries & the servants' quarters. The part under the great porch was used as a dairy. Everywhere stood pots & kegs of lime, placed by Major Jim to absorb the damp. The kitchen hearth held two huge cranes for the cooking pots,

& the ceiling is studded with iron hooks on which in the old days hung hams, bunches of herbs etc.

The house is more or less square, covered with white clapboards, with tall plain wooden pilasters at the corners. The original roof was flat, with a belvedere, but some time in the middle of the 19th century it was raised to its present mansard form. All the windows of simple 18th century form, with square panes six to a sash. Major Jim uses the great hall for a sitting room. Along the staircase side are ranged 10 or 15 chairs made by George Adams, entirely of wood beautifully turned, <sup>carved,</sup> & polished; the solid backs of them terminate in a pair of eagle's heads thus:-



It was on these chairs that Richard John, with his wife Martha, & their 6 sons & 6 daughters, used to assemble for evening prayers.

On either side of the hall are big drawing rooms, the furniture swathed in dust sheets, the walls hung with big oil paintings of Richard John & his handsome family, specimens of the family chinaware etc. We were permitted to enter the library at the rear of the first floor, where the windows look out upon the shady lawns & the walls are lined with shelves filled with Richard John's books, calf bound, each with his bookplate in the front, showing the Uniacke arms & his name. The ones I opened all bore the date 1801. According to the heraldic description, the mailed fist in the family crest clutches a "hawk-lure", but the one on Uniacke's bookplate clutches what looks like a flintlock pistol by the barrel, as if about to knock someone down with the butt! R.J.'s padded high-backed chair is still there (I found it very comfortable but felt rather small in it - R.J. stood 6' 2" & was broad in proportion.) also his desk, the front portion of which slides into the back. Here too is kept the ornate bronze sundial, especially made for the latitude of Mount Uniacke & bearing R.J.'s name.

We were not invited to see the bedchambers, though I caught a glimpse of a huge tester-bed in one. The daylight was failing fast & of course there are no electric lights in the old mansion, so we took our leave. Major Uniacke lived in Britain a good part of his life, serving in the imperial army (he was in the Liverpool Regt) & during

this time the old estate in N.S. was badly neglected, I fancy.

He is fond of the place, but successive divisions of the Uniacke fortune have not left much wherewith to maintain the mansion, though Major Jim has obviously done his best.

He admitted (to a hint of mine) that he thought it would be a good thing if the govt. undertook to preserve it as a monument to R. J. U., & said the same to Crowdis.

Once outside the gate we discussed our transportation puzzle. Crowdis had to get back to Hfx. Andrew & Sully were uncertain whether they wanted to stay in the Windsor house or go on to Granville. They live in a slapdash fashion & have no sense of time, as Andy is fond of pointing out; so I made up their minds for them, suggesting that I take them back to Windsor, where they could stay the week-end in Sully's house, & then go home to Granville in their own car, which presumably could be repaired by Monday afternoon. I would ~~the~~ drive home by way of Hfx, where I could drop Crowdis at his home.

They agreed. Crowdis pointed out that my shortest way home from Windsor was through the woods to Chester & so on, and he insisted he could catch a bus to Hfx. I didn't like to leave him thus, but took him on to the regular bus stop at St. Croix, & waited to make sure a bus came through. (Two did) Then on to Windsor, where we dropped Andy & Sully at the house

(Arthur & Evelyn rushed out, thinking we were a car come to take them on to Luuro!) & then we headed for home. The Windsor-Chester road is like a snake's back - impossible to make time - but once on the paved shore highway I was able to push the old Chev. for all she was worth. Reached Bridgewater at 10:30 hungry as wolves (having had nothing since lunch but a cup of tea at Mt. Thiacke) and by some miracle got a pair of large juicy T-bone steaks in a Chinese restaurant there. Home about midnight. What a hectic day!

SUNDAY, SEP. 8/46 A good carpet is impossible to buy nowadays, so my sister Hilda sent me hers, which has been stored in Mum's attic for 3 years. It arrived by truck yesterday & this morning I unrolled it. Moths were in it but no disfiguring damage done & the deep wine color gives a warm note that your living room lacked. This enabled me to remove the green rug to my den (for which it was intended in the first place) and all is harmony. In lifting & swinging aside my desk I put a terrific kink in my back.

Rain at evening. A big wood fire in the living room hearth all day.

MONDAY, SEP. 9/46 Dull. Indoors all day, lying down most of the time, crippled by my strained loin-muscles, almost every movement an agony. Bill & John Wilson came in tonight & we sat talking over beer till midnight.



They accompanied their reverend father to Kfx. last month to see Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, & told about the convocation of King's College, & the service at All Saints. — one or two amusing incidents. John described a weird experience in the snow on Monte Grande, with his tank unit in the Italian campaign.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 11/46 Dull, muggy weather. Still suffering acutely from my wrenched back, unable to walk far or sleep long, & having to move with great caution in getting out of a chair, etc. Putting my socks on in the morning is a major operation. Drove up to Potanoc & 2-mile Hill to see Sam Glode, found him wearing a weird mask of white ointment all over his lower jaw, with a grey stubble of beard sticking out of it, & a bib cut out of an old suit of underwear to catch the slowly dripping pus from chidrus sores & blisters. All this caused by poison ivy & by scratching the blisters it raised. Back in Milton I had a cigarette or two with Aunt Marie Bell & cashed a cheque for her. My mother today developed a severe attack of lumbago & had to go to bed with an electrically heated pad at her back. Morning & evening I work on the preparation of my historical short stories for publication in book form next year, though the upright posture for typing is quite painful.

FRIDAY, SEP. 13, 1946 A cold bleak day with an east wind & the house like a tomb - a big fire roaring on the livingroom hearth all day & evening, the oil stove going in my den, & a small electric portable radiator in my mother's bedroom, to which she is still confined. Mowed the lawn etc. this afternoon & went to the wharf for a chat with the Nickersons. They have just installed a large new oil-burning furnace for their steam plant, & tell me Thompson Bros. are doing the same. These two firms formerly used \$60,000 to \$70,000 worth of Cape Breton coal each year - another sign of the times. When will the miners realise that their continual strikes & demands are ruining their own industry?

SATURDAY, SEP. 14/46 We had planned to go sailing with the Wilsons today but the weather is forbidding - in fact the weather bureau warned of a hurricane approaching - & Bill & John Wilson came at noon (just as I was about to sit down to dinner) to ask my help in shifting "Ripple" to a safe mooring. Drove to the lighthouse & found a big sea running into the harbor & the wind already at gale force, dead from the S.E. All we had, to get out to the yacht, was the little six-foot dinghy, & I had a struggle clawing off the shore & rowing out with John as passenger. I went aboard with the keys, got the cabin slide unlocked etc. while John rowed back for Bill. They had a merry time of it - big seas were breaking right on the top of Look Point & setting up a nasty surge - Bill got

soused to the waist.) "Ripple" was heaving & careening at her mooring & John & I had a slow job with a 5-gal. container pouring benzine into the fuel tank. After that all went well - got the engine going, cast off the mooring, went in to Bartling's coal wharf, finally moored her, bow & stern between the wharf & a mooring post, with a spring line amidships to another mooring post further inshore.

While we were so engaged, in came an American "dragger", a green, fat-sterned thing with two tripod masts or rather derrick posts, evidently running in for shelter from the storm. Her counter proclaimed her name & port - "Joseph Mattos, Gloucester, Mass." - but she was flying the Dutch flag from a little jack-staff on the forward derrick-support. Was it only a lark? Or a bit of camouflage that the crew had forgotten to take in? At the present time fishing skippers out of Lunenburg & Hfx. are making loud & harsh complaints of "foreign" trawlers steaming through & destroying their trawls on Quero Bank. Ottawa asked the nationality & the fishermen said "Spanish" but couldn't swear to that.

SUNDAY, SEP. 15/46. N.E. gale & rain shifting to W. at evening & clearing off beautifully - the tail of a hurricane first noted about the Bahamas & now blowing 60 to 90 M.P.H.

somewhere east of Sable Island. I took my family for a drive to Western Head but of course the wind was blowing along the shore & there was no great sea. Afterwards to Milton & called on the Loemans & Marie Bell.

MONDAY, SEP. 16/46. A lovely day. I drove to Hfx, returning Grandma Raddall to her habitat, & Edith came along.

Went downtown for shopping in the afternoon - the lower streets burning hot & full of traffic. Left at 3:30 p.m., home at 6:15. The old car still runs extremely well.

The front mudguards recently rusted through where they join the running-boards, with a resultant thin stream of mud flying along the r-b's on muddy roads, but I had these patched on Saturday.

I started reading "Treasure Island" to the kids - there are to be two or three chapters each evening - tonight they were absolutely fascinated. I tried "T. I" on Tommy 2 years ago - too soon - he couldn't grasp it at all.

TUESDAY, SEP. 17/46. The advance booklet of the Literary Guild featuring "Pride's Fancy" shows an old snapshot of me, a God-awful thing. My own fault, for I have never supplied Doubleday with a proper photograph. So this morning I phoned Garber the Bridgewater photographer, & this afternoon I drove over there. He took half a dozen pictures of me; & surely one of them will look human.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 18/46.

Fulfilling a promise made some time back, Today I took Jerry & Betty Freeman for a drive along the Valley. Edith came along, & we got away about 9.15 a.m. A sunny Fall day with just the right amount of cool westerly wind. Reached Annapolis at 11.30, despite the rough road. Walked around the ramparts of Fort Anne, admiring the view & giving Betty a brief lesson in Nova Scotia history. Then on down the Valley. Stopped at a farm a few miles out of Annapolis & bought a couple of boxes of plums for munching in the car, & 3 sacks of Gravensteins which the farmer picked off his trees while we waited. The apples constituted a barrel-full & he charged \$5<sup>00</sup>, the current price per barrel-full at the farm gate. The crop is good this year & it was a pleasure to see miles of laden trees, or stripped trees with the barrels of fine fruit at the roadside, in contrast to last year's melancholy spectacle. Lunch at the Cornwallis Inn, Kentville.

Turned off the main road to inspect Grand Pré park & to give good-natured Betty another history lesson. At Windsor turned down past Martock to Chester, then on to Lunenburg, where we had a fine dinner at Boscawen Manor. Home about 10 p.m., after a most beautiful drive & the Freemans much thrilled, & why not? - Nova Scotia in mid-September is simply marvellous.

FRIDAY, SEP. 20, 1946

Another burning hot day & a good walk to Milton & back. Merrill Rawding, M.L.A. for Queens, picked me up in his car near Milton & took me on to Potanoc so that we could talk a bit about the Perkins house. I told him of my conversations with Don Crowdis, & with Premier MacDonald, & suggested that he strike now while the iron is hot. He agreed to take it up with the minister, Harold Connolly, at once.

For 16 years I have held a \$1,000 bond of International Power Company, a Canadian-financed enterprise which owns & operates electric power plants in Newfoundland & South America. It bore interest at 6½%, so that in the 16 years I have cashed coupons for \$1040.00 — an excellent investment. The bond is not due for payment until 1957, but the I.P.C. has decided to call in the issue for redemption & today I turned my bond over to Abbott of the Bank of N.S. there, for collection. Money is easily borrowed nowadays at 3% & 4%, & most industrial companies have already called in their 5% & 6% bonds for redemption. This trend has profoundly changed every man's prospect of saving & investing enough money to support him in old age. During the 20 years before 1939 the sum of \$20,000 could be invested on reasonable security to return \$1200 a year. Now a man must save & invest nearly \$40,000 to produce \$1200 a year — and since the cost of living has

gone up at least 35% since 1939, his \$1200 will not buy him nearly as much in actual goods. Now, at the age of 43, I have \$11,000 in government bonds, a paid-up life insurance policy worth \$3500 in cash, & a bank balance (allowing for income taxes payable) of about \$2,000. My old goal of \$20,000 is thus almost in sight — but the fall in investment yields and the higher cost of living have pushed the prospect of a modest independence completely out of sight.

SATURDAY, SEP. 21/46.

Overcast, warm. This afternoon went to Eagle Lake with Parker, Dunlop & Smith. It was good to see "Seetpoo Lodge" again. Found the remains of half a dozen wood-mice in the traps — almost completely devoured by black ants, which are also devouring the logs of the camp itself — a fine sawdust all over the floor.

SUNDAY, SEP. 22/46. Overcast & muggy. After breakfast we set off in both canoes down Eagle Lake. Found the brook from Long Lake very low & had to carry as far as the first beaver dam, which deepens the water above — I lugged the green canoe, a heavy ill-balanced thing. Then we paddled nearly 2 miles against a southerly wind right down to the foot of Long Lake, where we searched for cranberries in the long meadows. Smith & I followed the brook up to the edge of the hardwood hill &

boiled a kettle & had dinner there. A moose (presumably a bull) heard us cracking sticks & came up quite close, but stayed out of sight & finally ran off. Cranberries very scarce - Smith picked about a pint. I got a handful which I gave to him. When the lumbermen & others (like Pete Kroft) used to mow these wild meadows for the hay, there used to be a good cranberry crop. But the mowing ceased about 1929 & now all the meadows have grown up in hard-hack bushes & the cranberries are crowded out except along the edge of bog streams.

The bogs are beautiful - the swamp maples are in full color now, though on the upland they have only begun to turn. I found a black snake in the swamp which flattened its head & body in a most peculiar way & struck at my book as viciously as any rattlesnake. Returned up Long Lake & then Eagle Lake with a fair wind. Supper about 6.30. Parker had one of the new D.D.T. "bombs" & before leaving camp we covered up all the dishes & pots & then released the D.D.T. inside - an evil white smoke which we hope will kill off the boring ants. A quick trip down the No. 3 pond in the flat-boat with Dunlap's Evinrude "Kicker". Home at 8.30 pm.



MONDAY, SEP. 23, 1946

Foggy muggy. I drove to Annapolis this morning with Father John Wilson & his family. We had a picnic lunch at Fort Anny, pushed on to the "Habitation" at Granville, which Mr. Wilson had never seen, then on to "Brow Hill" for a call on the Merkels. Wilson Sr. & Andy Merkel were college mates at King's. We found the house open & empty, sat about for two hours, finally Andy & Tully turned up - they had been tramping on the mountain since 9 a.m. & were still going strong. Tully made tea & toast & we had a fine chat. Then ~~on~~<sup>back</sup> to Milford, where we had a very good dinner at the Milford House. The rest of the homeward journey very slow owing to dense fog. Home at 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, SEP. 24/46

Misty & warm. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon but got no pleasure out of it - dripping sweat the whole way, & there seemed no oxygen in the air. Dinner tonight at the "Mowbray Jones", very nice, although the electric power went off & Phyllis had to do her cooking on the neighbor's coal stove to the great frustration of her maids. Parson & Mrs. John Wilson there, & old Mrs. Jones (very deaf) dropped in. Much admired the Jones twins, a pair of husky busters now 15 months old.

SATURDAY, SEP. 28/46

At last a fine day, & very hot it proved, even on the water, where we spend the better part of

the day. I & my whole family went out of the harbor about 10:30 a.m. in Parson Wilson's yacht "Ripple", with the two Wilson boys John & Bill, & the curate, Mr. Shimmers. The sea had a small short chop, quite comfortable, & the sun blazed down so that we were all in shirt-sleeves before long, looking ruefully at the pile of coats & sweaters we had brought aboard.

Put in to the cove at Hunter's Point about noon & had a picnic lunch on board, washed down with ginger ale & coca cola. After lunch John, Shimmers, Tommy & I went ashore in the dinghy & walked up & down the beach - not a bath in sight & most of the summer cottages were empty. John got a can of gas at the local pump & we returned aboard, getting our feet wet in the light surf while shoving off the dinghy. We hoisted the sails & went over the bay for a close look at the Bull & calf rocks, then joggled leisurely homeward. Wind fell dead as we approached Coffin's Island so we lowered & stowed the canvas & came in under the engine. Moored at Southern Salvage wharf about 4:30 all sunbored to the tinkle of boiled lobsters. Francis, the giddy socialite, went on to a "weiner roast" at Jennifer Jones'.

Today I received, as a souvenir from the Literary Guild, a pen & wash drawing of Lia, heroine of my book "Pride's Land". It was done by Barge Phillips

for the Guild's booklet announcing "Pride's Lancy" as their book-of-the-month for November. A letter from George Foster urges me to come to Toronto in mid-November for a personal-appearance tour in connection with the launching of the book — it involves speeches in Toronto, Montreal & probably Ottawa & London, also a coast-to-coast broadcast over the C.B.C. on Nov. 24d. The whole business would require 2 weeks & McClelland & Stewart will pay all expenses. I don't like this monkey-show business & have refused on previous occasions but I realise its importance to the publisher & feel I should agree this time. Charles Bruce has sent me a copy of the limited edition (200 copies) of his early poems, "Somorquin's Tide", printed by MacMillan in 1932. He is a Nova Scotian, now with The Canadian Press in Toronto, & a war correspondent in Europe from 1939 to 1945. His poetry is sincere, devoid of pretty-pretty, & most of it is about his home & his folk — the shore fishermen of Guysboro County.

TUESDAY, OCT. 1/46

This mail I received the photographs I ordered from F. C. Garber, of Bridgewater, who took several plates of me in his studio there a few days ago. One was in profile & I think the best ever taken of me, so I ordered some portraits from it & a number of 5" x 7" "glossies"

for my publishers, who have been demanding a new photograph.

I spent the whole evening wrapping & sealing photographs for Doubleday (2 lots), Maclelland & Stewart (2 lots), also for Rankin of the Hfx. Herald, & Fraser of the Chronicle.

The trial of the chief Nazi conspirators, for their plot to make war, & for their savage brutalities in the waging of it, which has been dragging on so long at Nuremberg, is ended at last. Condemned to the gallows are Goering, Von Ribbentrop, Streicher, Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Sauckel, Seyss-Inquart, & the two top generals Keitel & Jodl. Martin Bormann, Hitler's right hand man in the last days, is condemned in absentia, but is believed to have perished with his boss.

The lunatic Hess was given life imprisonment. So were Admiral Raeder & Walter Funk. Von Neurath, the former German foreign minister, got 15 years. Admiral Doenitz got 10 years. Surprisingly, Franz Von Papen, conspirator in two wars, got off scott-free.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2/46

I went to the tailor today to order a blue serge suit; he threw up his hands - no blue serge to be had in Canada, & very little of other cloths. My car is at the Rossignol Garage for its first major repair job in 10 years & 51,000 miles - a complete engine overhaul, new piston rings, etc. One piston was found to be cracked. Telegraph & telephone enquiries to Hfx & elsewhere revealed that no pistons,

indeed few other spare parts are available in all Canada, due to the prolonged strikes & "slow-downs" in the automobile factories; so the mechanics had to take a piston from a wreck & make that do.

The storm window for my kitchen is finished by old Locke - but there is no window glass to put in it. (Mersey Paper Co. has actually imported a lot of glass, paying the heavy duty, from New York, in order to make urgent window repairs.) No coke to be had; in fact one cannot buy a new stove or furnace or anything with steel or iron in it, due to the long steel strike. Fuel oil seems the one thing plentiful, & thousands of people are clamoring to replace their coal-burning stoves & furnaces with oil burners - but oil burning equipment is hung up by the lack of electric motors & fans, due to strikes in the Westinghouse & other factories. Tyres ~~seem~~ simply do not exist, due to strikes in Canadian rubber factories. One dealer here (H. Long) has imported some American tyres & is having no trouble to sell them at \$50 each.

The hunting season opened yesterday & now that all the boys are home from the war, the number of would-be hunters is immense - but there is no sporting ammunition to be had. So it goes. In Alberta even the farmers are on strike & using the methods of the factory unions - picketing creameries, grain elevators, cattle ramps & other shipping points & using violence to stop "scabs" taking goods to market.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1946

John & Bill Wilson, Mr. Shinnors the curate, & I set sail this morning at 11 in the Wilson's little yacht "Ripple" for Chester, where she is to be laid up for winter.

It was blowing hard from the west & cold, a typical Fall day, with alternate sunshine & shadow as the throng of white clouds chased each other off the land. The wind kicked up a short, rough sea on the quarter which smacked in over the stern now & again & set her shuddering. The boys had filled their gasoline tanks too thoroughly, so that it leaked out with the tossing of the ship & there was such a terrific reek of raw gas below that it was impossible to stay long below & highly inadvisable even to light a cigarette ~~on~~ deck. We kept the engine going, not only to use up some of the gas as quickly as possible, but because the kick of the propeller (as we found later when it shut itself off) was all that kept the ship ahead of the threatening seas. It was just about all the yacht could have lived in - several times the dinghy, towing astern, seemed about to be overwhelmed & we stood ready to cut the painter, but it continued to bob up triumphantly. Under engine & full sail the ship ploughed along at something well over 10 knots until we passed Cape Lohave, where Bill decided to steer inside of Cross Island, which brought the wind dead on the beam & gave us the full smack of the rough seas running out of Lunenburg Bay. Just before this we had a little excitement

off West Ironbound, where we found ourselves amongst  
a bunch of moored nets set by herring fishermen &  
had to fly up into the wind in a hurry, with everything  
cracking & banging, & shipping one sea after another.  
Nothing parted, fortunately, & we managed to steer clear of the  
gaudily painted little net buoys.) As the gasoline drew  
lower in the tanks it slopped about inside them with  
the pitching of the ship, often to a point where the pipe-line  
to the engine sucked dry & the engine promptly stopped.  
John, the engineer, had a busy & worried time of it. The  
racing & pounding of the engine, whenever the lift of her stern  
took the propeller out of water, also gave him a thoughtful  
look. We managed to keep fairly dry in the cockpit  
until we passed Little Duck Island & pointed up into  
Mahone; this brought wind & sea on the port bow. The  
spray flew all over her - the jib was soon soaked to its  
head, & all the lower cloths of the mainsail, & we sat  
under a continual cataract. A long beat past Lancock  
Island, & the continual spray in his face made Bill unable  
to distinguish Quaker Island, the mark for Chester Harbor,  
& he mistook another island (Snake Island, I think) for it, &  
headed us well up towards East River before he discovered  
his error. In spite of all this we got into Chester &  
moored in the creek off Hisler's yacht "basin" by 5:15.

Bill reckons it just 60 miles from L'pool wharf to Hissler's, & we made it in 6 hours - which includes the hard beat into Mahone Bay, so the "Ripple" really flew as far as Lahave - indeed we noticed that we kept the smoke of a steamer well astern & to starboard all the way. Once anchored we broke out the whiskey bottle & had a couple of caulkers, & then got supper on the cabin stove - beans, bologna, bread, butter, cake, coffee - magnificent! At dark the wind dropped, the sky cleared, & there was a first quarter moon & all the stars. We rowed ashore in the dinghy & spent the evening with Col. Holloway, sipping rye & beer beside his hospitable fire. Returned aboard about 11; a sharp frost in the air & wonderful northern lights. We drew matches for breaks & I got a little shelf running alongside the engine, where the head-room once you had got in (feet first) was just 5 inches, & the risk of gas terrific. Nevertheless it was warm & dry, which was a comfort & I slept fitfully.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4/46 All up at sunrise. Discovered some thief had stolen our oars from the dinghy in the night, & prepared to paddle the dink ashore when Hissler saw our fix & came off for us in a motor-boat. Breakfast at a small tea-room, apparently part of a garage, where a lone customer, a very chic blonde of 23 or 24. (a Halifax whore on a holiday,



we decided, or perhaps left behind by the yachting season) sat smoking & smiling & playing over & over on the juke-box a record of a raucous female voice singing a suggestive little song, very popular last year, called "Doin' what comes natur'ly".

Spent the morning & afternoon boating off everything portable from "Ripple" & storing it in Kissel's sail loft. Mrs. Wilson & Mrs. Theod. Ford came along in one of the Wilson cars about noon, & we all had lunch together in a small hotel or glorified boarding house called "Casa Blanca" - a real good meal. Set off in the car about 4:30 - 6 in the car plus all sorts of yachting impedimenta. Home about 6. The Legion is having a grand-reopening of its rooms at the corner of Main & Gorham Sts., with wives invited etc., tonight, & Gene Ford phoned requesting me to be there, so I changed & washed & went down. The rooms have been newly decorated & there are comfortable chesterfields etc., & a small lounge reserved for the ladies - of whom there are now quite a number - former W.A.A. Co's, W.R.S.V., etc. We all played cards for an hour or so, then supper - fish chowder, coffee etc. - then gifts were distributed to the war-brides, most of them English but one or two noticeably Scotch - all rather plain girls but well-spoken & of good carriage & apparently quite happy in their new surroundings. This was followed

by a little "floor show" imported from Nfx - a pretty girl tap-dancer, a girl singer, a girl accordion-player.  
Home & to bed, dog-tired, at 11:30.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5/46

A quaint situation has arisen re my Fall hunting - my name is on a sort of "black list" issued by the Dept. of Lands & Forests, Nfx, to all vendors of game licenses, forbidding the issue of licenses to certain persons who have not complied with the game law. We have always been required to report big game ~~shot~~ shot - & on the rather rare occasions when I have shot a deer I have reported faithfully. Then some genius in the Dept. had a brain wave - why not require UN-successful hunters to report that they did NOT shoot anything? This resulted in a little slip of paper attached to last year's license which one was supposed to mail if unsuccessful in the hunt. It was such a silly thing that nobody paid much attention to it, & the result is the "black list".

So today I became, for the first time, a criminal - I went hunting without a license. So Eagle Lake with Parker, Dunlap & Smith - all with rifles, of course. As soon as we got to camp Smith & I set off in the green canoe for S.W. end of Eagle Lake, & then struck off on foot over the trail we cut a year or two ago to

the foot of Kempton Lake. The upland very dry & we saw no sign of deer until we reached the strip of swamp  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile east of Kempton Brook. There, as on other occasions I started a deer which ran towards the brook, but no sight of it. We stayed at the brook till 6 p.m. — too long, for darkness fell in the woods when we were barely started on our way back, & the rest of the journey back to Eagle Lake was pure blind-man's-buff — on the last half mile I had to feel the trees for our old blazes to make sure we were on the line. Strangely enough the moon, which rose above the tree-tops as we neared Eagle Lake, made a very deceptive play of light & shadow that hindered us.

Reached our canoe very hot & soaked with sweat. Back at camp after 8 p.m. where Parker had a hot supper of beans ready, & after stiff caulkers of rum all round we fell to.

Moon lovely on the lake all evening. I went out with a birchbark horn & "called" for moose at intervals — no luck. Air mild as summer. Our sleeping bags proved too hot for comfort & we slept fitfully.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6/46 Up at 7.30. I cooked breakfast for the party. By 9 am. the temp. in the shade of the camp verandah was  $70^{\circ}$  Fahr. We took kettles & grub & set off in the canoes for Long Lake — Smith & I in the old green one, which gets "hog-backed" with no weight in the

middle & is hard work to paddle & difficult to steer. Had to carry the canoes from Eagle Lake head to the beaver dam on the brook, then on to Long Lake, which is low with its many rocks exposed or just under the surface - a tricky business paddling close inshore, as we did, all down the west side, very slowly, in hopes of seeing deer.

Smith & I made dinner by the old beaver house half way down Long Lake - tea, bread & butter, & beefsteak sliced thin & broiled on forked sticks over a smoky fire - delicious.

All day the sun poured down - I did some hunting in the woods but found it noisy & extremely hot. All the maples in full color now - the swamps are gorgeous. Bees, hornets, all sorts of flies buzzing about, & dragon-flies copulating unabashed in their peculiar over-the-waves manner. Saw some wild duck & a partridge - no other game.

Returned to camp about 5 - found that Roy Gordon had walked in to Eagle Lake from Big Falls - a note from him said he had sun-bathed all afternoon on the veranda, where the thermometer showed 80° in the shade. Walked down to the boat, sweating, in the first dark. Lovely coming down the mile of N<sup>o</sup> 3 pond in the moonlight. Home about 8:30.

MONDAY, OCT. 7/46

To B water this p.m. for an hour's refuge & some whiskey. Met - Lovell, who was on a telegraph course at Hfx with me in 1918. Clem Lovell called tonight.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8, 1946 Sunny but cool. My firewood, which I sawed & piled so carefully behind the garage, was so slow in drying in the uncertain summer weather that early in September the round birch had begun to rot. But the high winds & hot suns since then have dried it perfectly so I spent all afternoon & worked again after supper in the dark, to get it all stowed in the cellar. Lit the furnace tonight - temp.  $25^{\circ}$  at 7 p.m., & dropping - our first really cold night.

OCT. 9-12 - Suffering the usual severe attack of grippe which hits me every Fall about this time. Only comfort is that it has come now, before I go hunting. On the 10<sup>th</sup> we held the first seasonal meeting of the Historical Society, in the assembly room of Town Hall. Perkins House was discussed. Hector Macleod got the town authorities to re-plank the steps & platform leading to the front door, which were dangerous. The town also set up in the front lawn, & piped, the fountain which for many years played on the post office lawn. All this work was done during the past month.

There has been such an outcry over the Game Dept's "black list" (see entry Oct. 5) that the Minister, MacQuarrie has been obliged to yield a point. Anyone reporting on his last year's hunting, even now, may qualify for & receive a license. (Amongst others on the local list were Dr. D.K. Murray, & W.A. Snow - a member of the Liberal party executive for Queens!)

SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1946

The Canadian Club of Toronto has invited me to address it when I go up there in November. I have accepted.

Today my cold relaxed its "grippe" somewhat, & as the gorgeous weather we have been enjoying seems about to change, I took Edith, her mother & sister for a drive to Riverport & back. Very lovely along the Lake. Just after leaving Bridgewater on the homeward run the engine developed a peculiar sound, then coughed & died, & would not start. I walked to a farmhouse & phoned the Hebb Motors in B'water. Their service truck came promptly & discovered a broken rotor spring in the distributor (not to mention a leak in the gas line & a faulty compressed air tube - so much for Rossignol's overhaul of my engine!). Went back to Bridgewater, got a new rotor etc, & started off again. Something still wrong with the distributor. The car's power got less & less the further I went. By the time I delivered the Greemans back in Milton, 20 M.P.H. was the best it would do, & it died altogether just as I swung into my garage at home.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13/46

Rain. Tommy & his chums Jack Dunlap, Paul Chandel, & Gordon MacDonald foregathered in my cellar, & I took down the .22 rifle (which long ago I promised to Tommy on his 12th birthday) & let them shoot at targets set on the woodpile. Favorite stunt was shooting at cents, which

crampled & made fine souvenirs when hit.

MONDAY, OCT. 14/46.

Phoned Andy Merkel (tried last night but Lower Granville reported no response) & asked him & Lully to come over & make a stay with us. They are coming tomorrow.

A sunny, cool day. Spent all morning & part of the afternoon mowing the lawn, raking leaves, etc. Today is Thanksgiving Day & we had a fine roast chicken dinner

each of the kids now eats as much as an adult, & we four demolished a 7½ pound bird. Doubleday sent copy of the advertisement they are running in the New York Times, & N.Y. Tribune, next week for "Prides Fancies."

TUESDAY, OCT. 15/46

Lovely sunny day. This morning, at long last, our washing machine arrived — after an eternity on order. It is a Conner, the latest word; no invoice came with it but the price is about \$185.

Andy & Lully Merkel arrived from Lower Granville just in time for lunch, with the dog, Joe, in the back seat, very lean & feeble. Also good old Mr. Johnson had sent over a big bucket of fresh-dug clams. This afternoon I went to Mrs. Kemmon, our chief vendor of game licenses, filed an affidavit that I had not shot a deer last fall, & so qualified for a hunting license, which I got at the usual fee, \$3.00.

Lully, good soul, improved the afternoon by showing

Edith how to run the washer — a good thing, for the "service" man who came with it didn't know much about its newfangled gadgets & hadn't Lully's quick commonsense in finding out. Some good talk by the fire this evening — Andy reminiscing about Marconi in the early Glace Bay days, & Bell & McCurdy & Gasey Baldwin making their pioneer airplane; Leo Koretz the Chicago swindler, C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss barman & others.

Once again I begged Andy to start writing these things down for posterity. He is now 62, & while the easy open-air life at Brown Hill has improved his health, he has a diabetic condition & may not have long to live, as he well knows.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16/46. Another lovely day. My "author's copies" of *Pride's Fancy* arrived in the mail. I like the paper, print, binding & format — a good job all round. Presented one to Andy. He & Lully left for home this afternoon — we couldn't persuade them to stay longer — they simply can't bear to leave Brown Hill for more than 24 hours or so, & I can scarcely blame them. I promised to drive over about Oct. 27th, for a day or two of partridge & pheasant shooting with Andy & Johnson. Father Wilson phoned — he & Bill are going to Maitland for a few days' shooting &



want me to come along, but that's impossible as I'm due to go up Lake Rossignol on the 19th. with Parker, Gordon, Burke Douglas, Dunlap et al, for a week's deer hunting.

Today the German war leaders were hanged in the prison at Nuremberg, where the international court condemned them to death after the long trial, - all but fat and evil Goering, who had managed to secrete poison - potassium cyanide - & swallowed it 2 hours before the hanging.

The rest, one by one, cried "Long live Germany" or words to that effect - Generals Keitel and Jodl; Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank, Frick, Sauckel, Seyss-Inquart - (but Joachim Von Ribbentrop added something about desiring peace between east & west, & the Jew-baiting Streicher joked about being hanged on the day of the Jewish feast of Purim) & then were hooded & hanged by a U.S. army sergeant.

THURSDAY, OCT. 17/46

Overcast & breezy. Am still suffering the effects of my cold. News:- The dead German war-leaders have been cremated & their ashes scattered in a secret place. This, I suppose, to prevent martyr-worship at their tombs in some future revival of the German war-spirit.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24/46

Returned home this afternoon from Eagle Lake after five glorious days of hunting at Eagle Lake. The perfect weather continued without a break -

sharp frosty nights, the sky full of stars, & blazing hot days. No wind stronger than a light breeze so that Long Lake was always accessible to us in the canoes. The woods were noisy with the dry leaves underfoot, nevertheless we had great luck with the game. On Sunday Parker & I hunted afoot along the wooded east side of Haunted Bog & had our dinner on the shore of Long Lake, where we saw a big doe swim out to an island. We could have shot her but passed up the chance. Turning back to Eagle Lake we came upon a young 6-point buck lying stone dead in the woods without a mark on him. He was in good condition & the cause of death not apparent although we noticed a strange green hue about the testicles & anus. This was not decay, for he had not been dead more than 3 or 4 days & lay out of the sun in the deep shadow of the woods.

We pushed on & reached the SW shore of Eagle Lake about sun-down. I walked up the brook meadow to my favorite rock, before long heard a deer moving in the edge of the woods on the far side of the meadow. Played a merry game of blind-man's buff with him in the gathering dark, caught a glimpse of horns once in the last of the light, & finally got a shot at him when he was just a dark patch against the meadow grass & I could only see my sights by pointing the rifle to the sky above him & bringing the

muzzle down very carefully. Aimed for what I thought was his fore-shoulder but he was facing the other way. The bullet hit him high on the rump & smashed his backbone.

Parker came running up the brook at the sound of the shot & I had to run down to him to find a place to cross the brook, which is deep and about 15 to 20 feet wide there. We found the deer, a nice 6-pointer, lying dead in the grass, & I struck matches while P. opened the carcass & removed the guts. Then back to camp with the liver, & found that Edwin Parker had shot a huge old buck in the hemlocks by the old trail to Kempton Brook.

Next day I took the boat down the lake & brought my buck to camp. Austin P. & Hector Dunlap went on to Long Lake in the red canoe. D. shot a small doe on the lake-shore & later in the afternoon he & P. flushed a big buck on an island & fired 15 shots at it as it swam to the west side of the lake. It was hard hit & they got it without trouble in the woods on the edge of the lake.

Next day we carried the 4 deer down to the river & D. & E. Parker & Burke Douglas took them to town.

Next day Austin P. & I set off early in the morning by canoe for Long Lake. Cruised carefully in all the coves & points along the east side, saw nothing. About mid-day beached the canoe at the head of Long

Lake & walked inland to Split Rock Brook, intending to dinner there. About 150 yds short of the brook we came upon a fine 10-point buck standing 30 yds off the trail in full view. I could have shot but refrained. P. knocked it down with a shot through the neck. We gutted it & went on to the brook & had dinner. It was a long mile to the canoe, so we cut the carcass in half & carried it out to the lake. I had the hind quarters, a heavy load, but took it all the way to the lake without stopping. P. carried the fore-quarters, a lighter load but more awkward. Then he fetched the canoe to the landing place while I went back for the rifles, the head, & P.'s pack. We reached the camp on Eagle Lake after dark, found that Dunlap had shot a small buck, a fawn really, near the old dam.

Forgot to mention that P. & I came upon a partridge sitting on a limb near Split Rock & decided to shoot it through the head. P. fired 4 shots & missed. I fired 2 & the second one knocked the bird's head nearly off. I feel that at last, after much work on the rear sight of my Springfield last year, I have got the sights true. Proved it further, later on, when we tried out shooting - Austin, Hector & I - at a small rock in Eagle Lake, & I hit it at the second shot. The maladjustment of my rear sight cost me a fine buck in '43 & another in '44, &

ammunition was so scarce that I couldn't fire enough shots to discover what was really wrong, until late last Fall.

There is still much color in the hardwoods for there has been no really Fall gale to blow the leaves off. One red maple at the mouth of the Long-Eagle brook has retained all its leaves & is a marvellous sight in the sunset. Long Lake very low & navigating a canoe amongst the rocks is a ticklish business, especially towards the south end.

SATURDAY, OCT. 26/46 Fine weather continues. Austin P. & I spent the morning cutting up our two deer, which had been hung in his screened summer-house. This afternoon I took gifts of venison to Grandma Freeman & to Betty Freeman, & put about 45 lbs. in Pickerson's cold storage. Edith has a lot stowed in our refrigerator & is cooking some to be preserved in jars.

My buck had been caught in a snare at some time, a year or more ago, for I found on his left hind ankle a loop of brass wire that had bitten into the flesh & almost entirely grown over with skin. It must have caused him agony at the time. The snare (three strands of rabbit-wire twisted together) looked like those the Milton Indians (Louis Gode et al) set for wildcats.

Gordon Starratt, of the Hfx Chronicle staff, plied

asking me to make a broadcast over CJCH on Nov. 2. I said I would not be in Nfx before the 13th., so he asked if I would be willing to broadcast via telephone from my home in L'pool. I said yes.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27/46 A hot & cloudless day, like mid-summer. ~~Shir~~ seems the only comfortable rig after 10 a.m.

Fulfilling a promise I made to little Roger Freeman, (who fell & broke his hip last summer just as he & his family were setting out on a shore picnic) I drove with Edith to Milton, picked up Jerry & Betty & small Roger, & took them to — the beach! Roger is just beginning to walk again, & we got out at Summerville & spent about an hour — Roger playing in the sand, paddling, running about the beach. The temperature of the air must have been close to 80° in the sun, with a warm light breeze from the S.W., & the paddlers reported the water as warm as in August. Went on to Sable River & Louis Head Beach, where we & a flock of ship had the whole lovely place to ourselves. Home at dark. The unseasonably warm air gave me a queer sort of languor, so that I had a hard & sometimes dangerous time of it, at the wheel on the home trip, falling asleep at the wheel & waking up just in time. And all evening I was aware of an unhealthy lassitude.

Monday, Oct. 28, 1946.

Lovely day. Packed up my rifle, shotgun & plenty of ammunition & drove across to Granville to spend a day or two with Andy & Sully Merkel. Andy had promised some sport with pheasant in the marsh covers & in the afternoon I went there with Andy's old pointer, Joe, & a young veteran of the Cape Breton Highlanders, Herbert Hudson, who lives nearby. We had a lot to learn. Neither Hudson nor I had ever shot over a dog before; I had never even seen a cock pheasant; let alone fired at one; and Andy could tell us nothing about the training or hunting habits of old Joe. We spent a happy afternoon acquiring an education. Joe put up a number of pheasant - all cocks - & we blazed away & got none. The bird looks as big as a turkey when it goes up, & seems to fly more slowly than it does, but it is not easy to hit. By the afternoon's end we had learned (a) to work close to the dog, (b) the dog should have a bell on its neck so that the hunter may know when the dog has found a bird & stands pointing, (c) pheasant like the cover of thorn & alder, difficult to penetrate, & will run along the ground playing hide-&-seek with the dog, sometimes for half an hour or more before taking to the air. It is the same in the marsh grass, (d) the birds hide in these thickets on the edge of the marsh, & emerge to feed amongst the oat stubble or in the wild grass - which comes

up to a man's breast. Back to "Bow Hill" at sundown, & a splendid meal - roast pheasant - shot by Hudson at the roadside yesterday. In the evening old Horace Johnson came in, hearty & full of yarns of his seafaring days, & we all sat by the fire, sipping rum & smoking & talking - Andy reading aloud some verse of Roberts, Seaman, Leslie. To bed at midnight & slept like a babe.

TUESDAY, OCT. 29/46 Out all morning again with Herb. Hudson & the dog Joe - Joe with a collar consisting of a bit of old sleigh harness (with half a dozen small rusty bells which jingled enough to serve our purpose. The dog does a great job, working the coverts back & forth very thoroughly. This morning we learned something else; the dog will not break his "point" at a command - we tried calling "flush!", "spring!" etc, & also tried using a whistle, all useless. Joe, apparently has been trained to hold his "point" until the gunner moves up to the right distance from the bird, then he jumps in & flushes the bird without a command. He put up 2 or 3 pheasant & a woodcock this morning but Herb & I were taken by surprise each time - we were trying to get the dog to flush, & the bird got restless & flew unexpectedly.

This afternoon we did better - got a fine cock pheasant (3 lb. 2 oz. on Lully's scales), a woodcock (we knocked a feather or two out of 2 other pheasant, & banged



away at 2 more without touching them at all, not to mention a fine flurry with a flock of woodcock in a thicket - I shot 2 which the dog could not find, & Herb. flew another to pieces - too close, & the bird got the whole charge of shot. We finished the day at the cove, where I got 3 black duck out of a flock feeding there.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30/46. Our long fine spell is at an end. An east wind, very bleak, & a drizzle of rain. Today is Horace Johnson's birthday so I drove into Annapolis this morning & got some Ambassador rum, some beer; also a bottle of Amontillado sherry & a bag of walnuts for Lully. Purchased a pipe for Horace, also a  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tin of his favorite Rosebud tobacco, & a couple of suitable cards. Had the girl in the shop make a fancy package of the pipe & bacca, with a card inscribed from "The Mercks" & myself. Back at "Brow Hill" we manufactured a new label ("Old Doc. Raddall's Elixir" - Good for corno, earache, malaria, buck-fever & snakebite etc) & put it on one of the bottles of Ambassador over the manufacturer's label, also a number of printed stickers from Lully's household store reading "POISON", "CORN", "HANDLE WITH CARE" etc., & attached a gift card showing a convivial old boy with a jug & the caption "From one old reprobate to another". Lully did this up in tissue paper & we called

forth to have supper with Horace. All went merrily. Polly Johnson served a tremendous meal, the gifts were opened amid much hilarity, & when Polly brought in the birthday cake we all sang "Happy birthday to you". The evening finished at Brown Hill, to which the little party adjourned. Very pleasant yarning by the fire, with a wild southerly gale shaking the old house & rain streaming down the panes.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31/46 Pouring rain this morning but Herb. came to Brown Hill hopefully & I went with him & spent the morning in the marsh. Joe put up a couple of pheasant — both long shots & the birds got away. Returned thoroughly drenched. After lunch I said goodbye to the Mockels, also to Herb. — I presented him with a bottle of Ambassador & a bunch of cartridges, ball & shot. Drove over to say goodbye to Horace & Polly, & found them waiting for me. Horace & old Joe Melanson put in my car two bags of russet apples, a bag of turnips, half a dozen huge squash, & a big bucket of freshly dug clams — I protested when I saw what was going on but Horace pook-pooked. Drove off finally at 2.30. Albert Angers was at the roadside outside his house to warn me that the roadmakers (& the rain) had left a slough-hole in the highway towards Annapolis, in which six cars were stuck.

So I drove across the North Mountain by the Hollow Road, then several miles along the Bay shore, then back to the Valley by the Parker's Mountain road, which brought me out a mile or so above the Granville bridge. Weather cleared as I neared home. Got there about 5:45, found that the telephone company had installed a special phone line to my den at the request of Hfr. radio station CJCH, & that CJCH engineer Glazebrook & a young announcer named Sherry Nelson were in a pool to arrange a special broadcast tonight from my den. They came along about 8 p.m. with a portable microphone & other equipment which they set up on my desk. It was a poor night for the job - Halloween, with a huge party for the town kids on the school grounds 200 yards away, including band music & fireworks - but all went well. The usual interview sort of thing. Finished about 9:30 & Edith served refreshments, & after a yarn I motored the two men & their equipment back to the hotel.

SUNDAY, Nov. 3/46

"Pride's Langsy" went on sale all over Canada yesterday. The weather is grey & bleak with scatters of rain & patches of brief sunshine. Drove with Edith & Tommy to Port Medway this afternoon, & we gathered some branches of oak, whose leaves are now at their best. Edith intends to shellac them for a winter bouquet.

TUESDAY, NOV. 5/46 Howling NW gale with thick snow squalls - glad I got 8 of the storm windows on yesterday. A brisk walk to Milton & back this afternoon. Inundated with requests from clubs, teachers' institutes, etc., for speeches; also a flood of correspondence, chiefly in connection with my book or my forthcoming tour.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6/46 Strong NW gale, temp. 25° at noon. Elections in the U.S. give the Republicans control of the Congress and of the Senate for the first time in 15 years. Truman has proved a very weak president - Roosevelt's shoes were much too big for him - & the exorbitant demands of organized labor, more or less encouraged under the Democrat regime, had at last gone beyond the endurance of the man in the street.

SUNDAY, NOV. 10/46 Sunny, cool. Went round the golf course at White Point this afternoon with Parker & Dunlap. I amused myself along the way with an old ball & mid-iron. They urge me to take up golfing & join the club. It seems good fun & is certainly good exercise.

Attended the Remembrance service this morning, parading with the Legion. High School cadets' band & Tommy amongst them - furnished the music. Ceremony was held in the Astor Theatre, the memorial wreaths heaped about a large wooden cross, & there was much business of colored spot-lights

✓ concealed singers, etc, which seemed to ~~me~~ me too much like the theatre, but the public was much impressed.

Monday, Nov. 11/40 - A full holiday in Liverpool. The Legion's annual dinner was held tonight in the Mersey Hotel - the place was packed, about 125 or 150 sat down, the "new" veterans in the majority. An excellent dinner, with the usual quart bottle of beer at each man's plate, in which the toasts were drunk. The usual toasts - I was called upon to respond to "The Legion". Chief speaker was Father Butts of Bridgewater, formerly R.C. padre of the West Nova Scotia Regt in Italy, a slim gray man from Cape Breton, of Irish descent, very witty though no orator. He was immensely popular with all ranks of the W.N.S.R. ✓ I observed that he knew by name all the W.N.S.R. veterans present. He showed us his proudest possession, a document issued by the Canadian Army in Naples, in proper form, stating: - "This is to certify that H/Major C. F. Butts has been de-loused and is now fit for company."

Wednesday, Nov. 13, 1946

My 43rd birthday, and today (having refused on other occasions) I start on a speaking and personal-appearance tour in Ontario, at the urgent request of McClelland & Stewart, my Toronto publishers, who insist that everybody wants to see the author of His Majesty's Yankees and Roger Sudden.

At lunch, Edith provided a birthday cake (only 12 candles!), and there were presents from her, and from Tommy and Frances. At 1 p.m. bade farewell to my little family and boarded the H. & S.W. train for Halifax. The usual slow, rocking journey, only a scatter of passengers. Arrived Hfx 6.30, after some delay got a taxi -- taximan turned out to be Ralph Millett, former Liverpool clothing merchant who took to drink, went bankrupt and left the town in the late 1930's. Found Mother and Hilda well -- Mother badly hampered in walking by her arthritic leg condition, though. Colin Smith, ex-captain in the W.N.S. Reg't, phoned re the regimental history which I have agreed to write. John Funston of CHNS phoned, wants me to record a broadcast for later use. Spent evening with Mother.

THURSDAY! Nov. 14/46

Walked in to town this morning, a fine crisp day. Left my Sheaffer desk pen at Birks' for repairs. Dropped in to the Legislature Library for a chat with Miss Donahue. Will Bird there. Had a pleasant chat. Called at Chronicle office, chatted with Charlie Bowes, Studd, Pearson McCurdy. Fred Fraser has quit the editor's chair and gone with UNRRA in Europe, and Pearson is in temporary charge -- an amiable man of about my own age, lacks his father's drive. Called on Howard Bendelier in the Book Room, autographed a few copies of Pride's Fancy at his request. He is gloomy, thinks the book trade is in a slump, says P.F. is the only book in his whole stock selling well.

Lunch at Lord Nelson with Colin Smith, now a student at King's, and a young Dr. Hopkins, who teaches law at Dalhousie. Much discussion of the proposed history of the W.N.S. Reg't. Smith agrees that all the necessary material must be collected by his committee of ex-officers -- this will take a year at least -- and I am to edit and co-relate this material and then write the book. The committee had asked my fee for the job; I replied that I did not wish to receive anything except my out-of-pocket expenses, that if any money were to be made out of the book I should like it to go to the benefit of ex-soldiers of the regiment. Smith heartily agreed.

In the lobby I met old Mrs. MacMechan and her daughter Mrs. Willett. Told her I was on my way to Toronto and would discuss final matters re the book of her husband's sea tales with the publishers. Called at Broadcasting House and spent considerable time going over the proposed broadcast with Funston. He introduced Gerald Redmond, manager of the station -- Bill Borrett is now "managing director", whatever that means. *Called on Olga Martell.*

Dinner at home with Mother and Hilda. About 9.30 Don and Molly Mackay called for me in their car and took me off to 26 South Park Street, where we sat over drinks and Don showed me the rough drawings for the MacMechan book -- an excellent job. I feel that the ghost of "Archie" must be pleased with all we have done.

Friday, Nov. 15, 1946

Shopping this morning. Bought a ~~###~~ Scotch-made leather suitcase at Simpson's -- \$27.50 -- the leather good but the looks trashy. Also bought a pair of lined leather gloves for the colder air of Ontario. Spent the evening quietly with Mother.

Saturday, Nov. 16/46

Left Halifax 7.45 A.M. on the Ocean Limited. Rae Clattenburg also on the train bound for Toronto, so I had lively company. Landscape very drab through New Brunswick, not much sign of winter till we got out to walk a few minutes at Riviere du Loup before going to bed -- the planks of the platform crackling with hard frost and a real bite in the air.

Sunday, Nov. 17/46

Up at 7, washed and shaved. Breakfast with C. in diner. Arrived at Montreal about 8.45 a.m., changed trains for Toronto. Toronto train left at 9.15 a.m. No chair car but I got a seat in a new and luxurious smoking compartment and so journeyed comfortably. Found R.V. Harris, K.C., and Dr. H.L. ("Herbie") Stewart aboard. Lunched with C. and "Herbie" in the diner -- Stewart talking interminably about European politics -- his fame as a radio commentator on that subject has given him some sort of mania and made him a fearful bore, especially as his voice is high and thin.

5.45 p.m. arrived Toronto, met in the station by a delegation -- George Stewart, George Foster, Hugh Kane, Don Shepherd and Bill Deacon. Very nice of them. They escorted me to a sumptuous little suite in the Royal York -- bedroom and sitting room, two bathrooms, two radios, two phones. Upon a side table stood all manner of drinks, so we hoisted a few and talked. Kane is the promotion man of McClelland & Stewart and he has arranged a strenuous program for me. We all went on to Stewart's house, where I met Mrs. Stewart and their daughter, a handsome divorcee who calls herself Miss Stewart. More drinks, more talk. Much entertained by Toronto's fad -- everybody has in a cage a Budgerigar bird -- commonly known as a "budy" -- a small Australian parakeet which utters ~~###~~ gibberish, intermingled with intelligible things like "Where's George?" or "Give us a kiss, eh?" in a weird kind of whisper; and the finale of each performance is to let the bird out -- it flies about the room, perching on people's shoulders, head or the out-stretched finger. Rather pretty, a bright green, with a long tail. Dinner in the Toronto suburb <sup>Oakville</sup> with George and Doris Foster. They have a fine brick bungalow beautifully furnished and decorated, games room in basement, etc., -- no children -- just another "budy" bird. Back to the Royal York at midnight in George's car.

Monday, Nov. 18/46

Up at 8 a.m., tubbed and shaved. Breakfast in main dining room, an ornate and solemn place at that hour. At 10.45 Foster and Kane took me off to the Carlton Club for a quiz by the Toronto press. Arrangements there were in charge of Ellicia (Smith?) and Mrs. Evelyn ("Mike") Weatherill, of McClelland & Stewart's promotion staff. "Mike" is a Carlton member. Some of the press people late in arriving, and Hugh Kane and "Mike", anxious to preserve my dignity, kept me out of sight until all were gathered -- I sat, much amused,

and smoking cigarettes to pass the time, beside a large marble swimming pool, part of the elaborate sports equipment of the club. The quiz, when finally I was ushered into the conference room, was not bad, in fact some of the reporters seemed more shy of me than I was of them; however Bill Deacon broke the ice and we had a pleasant little session. Eva-Lis Wuorio came late, with a handsome blonde, Miss MacMillan, but I had to hurry away to my next engagement.

This is "Children's Book Week" and there was a big luncheon sponsored by the leading publishers, at the King Edward hotel. I sat with the McLelland & Stewart party, which included Joyce Marshall, author of "Presently Tomorrow", a highly spiced novel brought out by Little Brown, and McLelland & Stewart, last year. She looks about 22. Guest of honor at the luncheon was Lady Alexander, and a brightly dressed and very jolly Santa Claus came bouncing in and presented her with a parcel of books for her own children. Present also were about 20 young men and women dressed as fairy-tale characters -- these had taken part in Toronto great annual Christmas Parade last Saturday. Chief speaker at the luncheon was Premier George Drew, a ruddy and handsome man of 50 or 55, whose subject was "Books are bridges"; he spoke forcefully but it was all a bit out of a politician's depth and I heard one comment at an adjoining table -- "Nobody but George Drew could get up and say nothing in so many words."

From this affair I was hurried away to an official reception in the office of Mayor Saunders, in City Hall. In the presence of a large group of reporters, photographers, and others whose presence remains a mystery to me (that is, excepting John McLelland and George Stewart, Foster and Kane) Mr. Saunders gave me an official welcome to Toronto, introduced me to several city officials, presented me with an autographed copy of a book by Jack Hambleton (who was present and chatted with me afterwards) and presented me also with two tickets to a box at the Winter Fair -- the show to which all Toronto is crowding this week. I was assured afterwards by George Stewart that the tickets are more precious than rubies, and that many Toronto folk would give their eye-teeth for them. I was grateful but I confess unimpressed. From City Hall I was hurried to radio station CFRB, to record a broadcast with Rex Frost. A long business, working out a script and then recording it. Got away at 6 p.m., rushed back to hotel to change and wash. Then George Foster drove me out to the Toronto outskirts, where I had a dinner engagement at the Allwards'. I was to call at the Napier Moores' house first, and we had a job finding it -- Forest Hill Crescent -- and I arrived late to find Moore peering up and down the street for me. Thanked George, got in the Moores' car, drove over to Walter Allward's lovely home at York Mills. Dinner was late, so we took our sherry right into the diningroom with us. The Allwards' son <sup>Edley</sup> ~~Ester~~, there, with his handsome and witty wife, also Mazo de la Roche. Moore describes Mazo as a "dessicated turkey", and indeed she is 60-ish, thin, wrinkled, with a continual tremor of her head and hands, and hair dyed a bright baby blonde. Nevertheless she is charming and I had a long and pleasant conversation with her after ~~#####~~ dinner. Within the past year or two she moved into Toronto from the extraordinary castle she built for herself somewhere in the countryside with the first profits of "Jalna"; but she still lives in an ivory tower,



scarcely knows what's going on in the world and doesn't want to know. Her latest book, another in the long Jalna series, is selling extremely well despite the critics, who have generally condemned it as just "another sausage in the string", etc. I believe she has two adopted children (now grown up) whom she acquired during her stay in Europe in the 1930's; she lived for some years in Cornwall, and in Capri. She professed herself charmed with my tales of Nova Scotia, especially those in "Tambour", and asked me to try and find a secluded cottage on the seashore near Liverpool for her next summer.

Dear old Walter Allward asked me how I liked the notion of this personal-appearance tour, and added very seriously, "Don't let them spoil you, Raddall. And don't ever be tempted to live in the city. Stay down there on the coast where you are -- and stay as you are." Miss de la Roche, on learning that I was to appear on a radio program called "The Reader Takes Over", threw up her hands in horror -- "Do you know what they do? They pick your book to pieces there before your eyes, and before the ears of all the world -- I heard one, and they were saying horrible things, and the poor author sounded so confused! I wouldn't submit to that for the world!" However, Moore spoke up, saying he had been chosen as one of the "readers", and while he had one or two criticisms to offer he was an admirer of Pride's Fancy and intended to make that fact clear. I laughed and said he was at liberty to say anything he liked so long as the author was given a fair chance to defend himself.

Miss de la Roche retired about 10 o'clock, asking me to be sure and get in touch with her again, especially if I could free myself from other engagements long enough to have dinner with her. The Moores and I left about 11.30. Moore wanted to drive me into the city but I insisted on sending for a cab. He pointed out that it was difficult to get a cab so far out of the city at this hour, but that I could catch a tram at the foot of the street which would take me right to the hotel. This I did -- the Moores seeing me to the tram. Had the tram practically to myself. Back at the hotel, a drink, and then bed.

Tuesday, Nov. 19/46

An amusing thing this morning. The hotel desk sent up a chit to the effect that a Miss Mackean and a Miss Helen Day had phoned in my absence, and asked me to call Number So-and-so. I recognised the names of two girls from Liverpool, so I dialed the number and a man's voice answered. I asked, "Is Miss McKean there?" He replied, "Never heard of her!" I said, "Then is Miss Helen Day there?" To which he answered abruptly, "No! -- Say, Bub, what kind of a joint do you think this is?" I rang off hastily. Evidently the hotel desk had got a wrong number. Spent most of the morning at M.&S. office, autographing copies of Pride's Fancy. John McClelland asked me into his sanctum, said he had something of great importance to tell me. He is tall, erect, with sharp grey eyes, a long pointed nose, very crisp in his speech, the thruster of the firm -- George Stewart is the cheerful hail-fellow of the partnership, the back-slapper, the quaffer of drinks. McClelland said that the long association of M. & S. with the New York firm of Doubleday (my U.S. publishers) was coming to an end next spring. Doubleday were about to establish their own Canadian branch in Toronto, and henceforth would

handle their books in Canada themselves. M.&S. are therefore transferring their association to the Boston firm of Little, Brown & Co. McClelland strongly urged me to do the same, pointing out that in his opinion Doubleday had never really pushed my books in the U.S., and they had refused to publish my short story collections. He admitted frankly that handling my books in Canada had become a valuable part of M. & S. business, and they did not want to lose it. Doubleday was a huge corporation, a grasping lot, absolutely without a soul, and so on. With some of this I could agree, for I have never felt that Doubleday made much effort to advance the sale of my books in the U.S.; at the same time I felt little assurance about the proposed transfer to Little, Brown, and obviously M. & S. were looking out for themselves. I have always thought authors damned silly who keep shifting from one publisher to another, and I have often regretted changing my British publisher from Blackwood to Hurst Blackett, even though the provocation was very great.

So I told McClelland that I did not like the notion of changing my U.S. publisher, any more than I liked the notion of changing my Canadian publisher. I would wait until Doubleday broke the news to me about their Canadian branch. Then I would tell them that I preferred to make a separate contract for my Canadian publication of my books with McClelland & Stewart. If they were willing to do this, and retain the U.S. publication for themselves, it would settle the matter. If they insisted I must give up Canadian publication of my books by McClelland & Stewart, then I would seriously consider changing my U.S. publisher and would so inform Doubleday. With this McClelland professed himself content.

At 12.30 I went to the luncheon of the International Alumnae Association, in Arcadian Court. Dr. Zeidler, an expatriate German scientist, presided, but most of the members are college men from the U.S. and Canada, living in Toronto. When called upon to speak, I addressed them for 20 minutes, giving reminiscences of my wireless-operating days, the then primitive apparatus and methods, the memories of the Titanic, Marconi's early trans-Atlantic experiments, etc., which were still fresh in the minds of men with whom I had worked. There followed a "question period" of 15 minutes. ( Ian Armour had introduced me.)

Got away about 2 p.m. and returned to M.&S. office to autograph more copies of Pride's Fancy. ( They have arranged to print 15,000 copies in their first edition, and have imported 3,000 copies of the U.S. edition from Doubleday to tide the booksellers over for a day or two until the Canadian edition is delivered -- Best's had been a bit slow about delivery.) M. & S. want about 200 copies autographed for "special customers".

Miss Hutchanson, their chief editor, discussed future plans. They are keen for me to do the proposed book on Halifax, to come out in the spring of 1949. Also they would like me to consider doing a book for boys, something above the ordinary sort, with literary style. I said I would think it over, although I prefer to write for adult minds.

George Stewart asked me, "How are you off for cash ? " I said I had plenty, but he insisted on furnishing me with \$100, and later on another \$100, saying that I would find expenses high in Ontario, and that he did not want me to be out-of-pocket a cent on this trip.

I returned to the hotel and dined alone in the Venetian Room, retiring to my room to work on the address to the Canadian Club. Rae Clattenburg is also at the Royal York, and phoned about 11.30; I invited him down for a drink before bed. Turned in soon after midnight and had a good sleep -- my first good sleep since leaving home.

Wednesday, Nov. 20/46

Spent the morning at M.&S. office, chiefly with George Stewart, who repeated the things McClelland had told me, and urged me to stick with M.&S., whatever happened. He is a jovial sort, full of good stories about his early days on the road, selling books all over Canada -- mostly Bibles. One tickled me. He had a line of cheap Bibles selling at 49 cents. He used to fill a bookseller's window with them, tumbled in all anyhow, as if from some inexhaustible machine, with a large sign reading:

SATAN weeps, when he sees

BIBLES

sold as cheap as these !

I had mentioned in conversation with Bob Nelson the difficulty of getting decent clothes from my local tailors -- they had not had blue serge for six years, for instance. He took me to his tailor, one F. Rose, whose assistant measured me for a blue serge suit -- I chose the serge. ~~###~~ The cost, \$62. I paid the usual deposit, \$10, and they are to send the suit on to me at Liverpool -- there will be no opportunity for a "try-on", but that can't be helped.

Lunch at Upper Canada College. George Foster came along. Headmaster is Dr. Mackenzie, 40-ish, short curly iron-gray hair, <sup>very dark eyes</sup> face strong rather than intellectual, rarely smiling, briefly spoken. Other guests were Dr. Bob Dawson, a native of Bridgewater N.S. who headed the Dawson Commission on Post-war rehabilitation in Nova Scotia 2 or 3 years ago; a pleasant and interesting sailor, Capt. de Marbois (R.C.N., retired) and two of the masters. We reached the headmaster's little dining-room by going through the boy's dining-hall and the kitchen. Afterwards I was asked to address the school in the Prayer Room, a capacious hall where the boys sit on chairs in sharply rising tiers facing the dais where all the masters sit, with Dr. Mackenzie in the center. A table and a sort of lectern. I spoke 20 minutes or so, telling how I went to sea at 15, and something of my life, choosing of course the things that might interest boys, but trying to give them something instructive as well. About 200 to 300 boys, aged 10 to 18. A good audience. Afterwards a number came up to be introduced or to get autographs, some of them from the Maritimes, others who had travelled with their parents in Nova Scotia -- one of these a son of Dr. Banting, the insulin man.

Away at 2.30, and George drove me down-town to Simpson's big store. I got hold of a "personal shopper", a Miss Labine, and gave her a list of things

unobtainable in Nova Scotia which Edith had asked me to get. Also I described Edith to her with great care, and asked her to get a warm scarlet dressing robe, and a black afternoon dress -- gave size, etc., setting a limit of \$25 for each. These are to be delivered to M. & S., who will pay for them and charge my royalty account, and forward them to Liverpool.

On to M. & S. office to autograph a few more books, and to order some books for Tommy and Frances. About 5.30 I left with Gessge and we picked up Doris downtown. She had just bought a fine Persian lamb coat and was immensely pleased with the world -- it was fun to watch her. She is a good counterpart to Gessge -- he is very serious and precise, she is lively, with enormous black eyes, and very much in love with him. Both in the early 30's, and married 4 Or 5 years. I had Mayor Saunders' tickets to the Winter Fair, but the notion of sitting in a box amongst Toronto's top-hats and decolletee had no appeal to me at all, so when Rae Clattenburg came along we adjourned to my suite in the Royal York for drinks and then went off for a sea-food dinner at a place called The Lobster. There we were merry, and had shrimp cocktail, lobster soup, lobster Newburgh / I skipped the dessert. About 10 p.m. we returned to the Royal York, where we sat sipping drinks and talking until midnight. Rae and I escorted the Fosters down to the main floor, where we found a dance in progress in the Venetian Room -- Mark Kenney's orchestra. George doesn't dance, and my dancing style is old-fashioned, so Rae took Doris out on the floor for a dance or two. Most of the dancers seemed to be college boys and girls, amusing to watch -- the boys very debonair, the girls very elaborately dressed or undressed -- the new strapless evening gown gives them an appearance of popping out of their too-tight clothes -- one girl in a flounced yellow thing looked like nothing so much as a half-peeled banana. To bed at 2 a.m.

Thursday, Nov. 21/46

Phoned Mrs. Perry, widow of the Anglican parson at Saint Matthias, Halifax, when I was a boy. She asked me to dinner but I had a previous engagement to go to dinner with Charles Bruce. Also phoned Colonel Corrigan -- same thing. He thinks he will tour Nova Scotia in his car next summer, and I invited him to visit us in Liverpool.

Lunch at the Shellbacks' Club, an exclusive but very informal group of Toronto yachtsmen who gather weekly in a very disreputable hotel -- the only place they can find in these days of crowded accommodation -- for a meal and a song together. An amusing thing occurred during the morning. M. & S. had distributed some advance information about me and my hobbies, mentioning amongst them the fact that I practise the art of calling moose. This greatly intrigued everybody in Toronto and elsewhere and I found the news-men and women much more interested in my moose-calling than in the fact that I am a writer. The Shellbacks asked if I would demonstrate the art at their luncheon, and I agreed, so Hugh Kane phoned the museum, asking if ~~\$\$\$~~ they had in their Indian section a "moose-horn". They said Yes. Could he borrow it? Yes again. Hugh, like the keen promotion man he is, scented some good publicity and arranged for reporters and photographers -- I was to be photographed receiving the "moose-horn" ~~\$\$\$~~ in the Indian section of the museum.

Oh it was sad, mighty sad,  
It was sad when that great ship  
went to the bottom.  
All the husbands and wives, little  
children lost their lives.  
It was sad when that great ship  
went down. ★

This is part of the "Litanic"  
Ballad sung at the  
Shellbacks' Club.

**B E F O R E   Y O U**

But ~~at~~ at the last minute the mus~~ing~~ people phoned Kane, asking " What size antlers do you wish ? " And the truth came out -- they hadn't a real moose-call at all -- so the stunt had to be called off.

I can't recall the name of the hotel. A shabby and mysterious place, with signs indicating passages leading to a tavern below. ( I warned Ian Armour that if I did give a moose-call in this place I refused to be responsible for what ~~###~~ might come in the door.) Hugh said he understood there was a rather plush brothel in the upper part of the premises.

The Shellbacks were foregathered in a small diningroom, private of course, and seating about 25 or 30. We had a quite good lunch. A big man with a voice like a fog-horn led them in singing several ~~#####~~ chanties, including one of my favorites, "Shenandoah", in which I joined. And the chairman led them in the singing of a long and doleful ballad on the sinking of the Titanic, which they performed with gusto. (On the line which mentioned the band playing Nearer My God To Thee, they all rose and sang solemnly a stave of that mournful hymn.) It was all good fun, and ~~##~~ when Armour introduced me as " a former sailor with some tales to tell", I got up and spun a few yarns about my own sea-going days, etc., which they received with great applause.

The chairman then got up and informed me that the Shellbacks were unique in that every member was a commodore, and therefore the only honor they could pay me -- and they hoped I would accept -- was to make me Honorary Vice-Admiral of the Shellbacks. It was put to a vote and carried unanimously, with thunderous applause; and I accepted the honor in all good cheer. ( Correction here: my title actually is Honorary Vice-Admiral of the Royal <sup>Scotia</sup> Yacht Club -- <sup>Scotia</sup> being the name of a creek adjoining the Toronto Yacht Club where the Shellbacks keep their sailing craft.) There followed a period of open talk, in which I answered questions about Bluenose ships and the sea.

Away at 2.15, and Foster drove me to the University of Toronto School, where I was to address the boys. These boys are all selected for especial ability, and the school is a kind of proving-ground for prospective teachers at the University. Headmaster named MacMurray, about 45, goodlooking in an unsmiling granite-faced fashion. The boys were gathered in a large assembly hall and there was the usual large dais -- practically a stage in this case -- and some girls were sitting in the balcony. MacMurray opened the meeting and then turned it over to a senior student named Symons, a goodlooking and well-spoken fellow of 18 or 19. His introduction was unique -- he mentioned the facts about my career, said something of my work, and then called upon two or three other senior students, each of whom stood up and remarked upon some story or stories of mine which had impressed them, and why. ( One said, magnificently, that he'd " give a thousand dollars if I could be reading Blind MacNeir again for the first time."

Called upon to speak, I talked for half an hour about the Nova Scotia privateersmen in the American Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, and the War of 1812. A question period followed -- and the questions were keen and well put -- which I answered. Then one of the senior students played a violin solo -- a gypsy thing -- with great spirit and feeling, with a girl accompanist.

Away at 3.30 with Dr. MacMurray to call on Sidney Smith, the Bluenose who is president of University of Toronto. Smith is a big smiling Cape Bretoner --

born on Port Hood Island -- big head, grey hair clipped very close, very easy in his manner. We talked about Nova Scotia's beauties and prospects for half an hour and then MacMurray and I withdrew.

Foster and Kane were waiting for me, and carried me off to M.&S. to autograph more books -- apparently most of the girls in the plant and office want an autographed copy of *Pride's Fancy*. At 6p.m. George Foster took me to the Canadian Press office, where I picked up Charlie Bruce, and we went on in George's car to Charlie's house. Dinner there with Charlie and Mrs. Bruce and their three lively sons. They long for Nova Scotia but there seems no prospect of getting back there except on brief summer vacations, although Charlie is maintaining the old home place on the Guysboro County shore and plans to retire there some day. He still writes his clean hard verse -- it has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and last summer his work was rated second only to Earl Birney's by the committee on the Governor-General's Award. Back to the Royal York by taxi at 11.30, and so to bed.

Friday, Nov. 22/46

Slept late and -- luxury ! -- had breakfast in my room. Lunch with the editorial staff of Maclean's Magazine at the University Club, in a private dining room. Napier Moore presided, although of course Maclean's Mag. now has chief editor Art Irwin; others present were Art Mayse, Ralph Allen, R.G. Anglin, John Clare, N.O. Bonisteel, A.S. Marshall, Hal Masson, Scott Young. They discussed my work with enthusiasm, quoting from this story and that -- Irwin said they had looked back and found that Maclean's had run 19 of my short stories -- more than any other Canadian writer. Young asked me how much Maclean's paid me for my first short story, and when I said \$60 Moore denied it indignantly. I insisted, while the others roared, and Moore finally said he would "look it up." This led to the point of the luncheon -- Maclean's are anxious to have more of my work, and Irwin is ready to pay \$300 for a short story and at least \$200 for a brief article, from my pen at any time. (A big jump from ~~###~~ 1928 and Moore's \$60 !) Mayse mentioned, with an elaborate casualness, that Norman Reilly Raine (the "Tugboat Annie" author) had submitted a novelette through his agent for first-run in Maclean's only yesterday.

I said I had been more or less wholly occupied with novels since 1940 but would keep Maclean's in mind when I wrote a short story or had an idea for an article. We then removed to the Maclean Building, where Irwin showed me through the big plant -- the first time I had seen mass-production of magazines. Some of the machines are really uncanny -- the one that tosses out faulty copies, for instance. Irwin says Maclean's are building an entirely new plant somewhere outside the city and expect to move into it next year.

In the editorial offices I spotted a painting of Scabby Lou on the wall, done to illustrate the story "Tit for Tat" (which Moore rejected in 1929 and bought gladly at second-hand in 1939 from one Goch, who represented himself as my agent.) At once I said, "Look here, I'd like to have that painting." The editors drew long mouths, one -- Mayse, I think -- said something about being very proud of it, and having had it for a long time, and there was nothing to take its place. I said they could get other illustrations but this one in



particular should be mine. So Moore very handsomely commanded that the painting be properly framed and sent to Liverpool with the compliments of Maclean's. Had some private talk with Irwin, who hinted that some time he would like to have a serious discussion with me, in which he would make me an important proposition -- on my next visit to Toronto, next year perhaps, say? I said I'd be interested to hear it, and let it go at that.

Back to the hotel. Bill Sclater phoned. I invited him and his wife Gladys to have dinner with me and to accompany me to the authors' meeting tonight. (Bill has just completed his book about the destroyer Haida, in which he served during the late war.) They came -- Gladys Sclater a tall and pretty girl with a charming Scotch accent although she has lived in Toronto since her parents came there in the 1920's. We had drinks in my suite. Alan Philips, whom I met as a sailor in Liverpool during the war, phoned and came up and joined us in a drink. He is now with the National Film Board. Dinner in the main dining room of the Royal York. Then the Sclaters came on with me to the rooms of the Canadian Authors' Association, Toronto branch. The little assembly room was jammed with people. LeBourdais, who presided, informed me it was the biggest gathering of Toronto writers since Charles G.D. Roberts came there on his return from Europe in the 1920's. Several familiar faces -- Elsie Pomeroy, Maida Parlow French, Charlie Bruce, Joyce Marshall, Frank McDowell ("Chaplain Road") amongst them. Bill Deacon and his wife -- Deacon introduced me in a nice little speech. I asked them what I should talk about and they said at once, "Yourself, how you came to write, how you work, and so on," so for half an hour or so I risked the wrath of the gods. Followed the usual barrage of questions, which I answered as best I could -- this must have lasted nearly an hour, all very chaty and informal. Then refreshments -- coffee and sandwiches etc. Many compliments about my work, and -- what seemed strange to me -- about myself. Deacon explained that I had remained aloof so long from the C.A.A. that many Canadian writers had the impression I was stiff-necked and swollen-headed by my own success; they now found me "easy and modest" and were agreeably surprised.

Back to the hotel about 11 p.m. with the Sclaters, and sat late over drinks while Bill spun some of his tall yarns. One sounded particularly tall -- how Father MacDonald, the priest who is brother to Angus L. MacDonald, was discovered in Halifax on a drunken spree, and how Bill and another naval officer, at the admiral's request, smuggled the Rev. Mac back to Cape Breton in a naval car, along with a German submarine prisoner whom they were taking to Sydney for questioning; and how, driving along the Bras D'or shore in the dark, they came upon a deer in the road, and all got out -- including the German prisoner -- and took pot-shots at the deer with a revolver belonging to one of the escort.

The Sclaters departed about 1 a.m. But I got little sleep. Tonight was the end of the Winter Fair, always celebrated in Toronto by an alcoholic spree; much noise in the corridor, games of tag -- men and girls in evening dress -- and until 3 a.m. platoons of drunks pouring out of the hotel and yelling and singing and tooting car horns in the hotel parking lot. My rooms are on the 6th floor but the air was cold and clear and the racket poured in my open window. Couldn't help reflecting that this was Toronto the Good, and that any group attempting this kind of thing in our small Nova Scotia town would have been whisked off to jail in jig-time.

Saturday, Nov. 23/46

I am rarely in my hotel room except in the early part of the morning and late at night, but when I am the phone rings constantly -- and I find chits clipped to my door -- people who have phoned and left numbers to call -- most of them naval people whom I met in Liverpool and Halifax during the late war. Some come to the hotel and we have a drink together. This makes a heavy drain on my liquor supply, provided by M.& S., and I don't like to ask them for more; so this morning I went to a store of the Ontario Liquor Commission and bought two bottles of rum -- all I could get on my permit -- which I obtained after a complicated rigmarole of identification, etc. The liquor-supply is regulated much more strictly here than in Nova Scotia -- so far as strangers are concerned, anyhow -- and yet I have seen more downright drunkenness here in the City of Churches than I can remember anywhere or any time since Edith and I visited Bermuda in the early 1930's.

Lunch today was rather an ordeal -- M.&S. had invited 104 people -- Toronto's top crust, according to Kane -- and the food was served buffet style in the Royal York's "library" -- I didn't see a book in the room, a big chamber furnished like an immense drawing room. McClelland, Stewart and I formed a little receiving line at the door, and I was introduced to an apparently endless procession of well-~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ dressed people, most of whom of course were unknown to me, and whose names I cannot even remember. B.K. Sandwell remains in my mind -- a man well hated in Halifax for his remarks in Saturday Night about the 1945 naval riot there -- what I'd read of his writings had given me the impression of an intellectual snob, and now his face somehow confirmed it, though he was pleasant enough. Ned Pratt the poet, and his wife. Undoubtedly the most striking people were an American, Cameron of the Little, Brown Company -- whom George Stewart was particularly anxious for me to meet -- and his protegee, Richard Aldridge the young Australian author who fought in Greece in the late war -- both just returned from a big-game hunt in Northern Ontario, and sporting beards. Aldridge's wife an Egyptian, very beautiful.

Without warning I was called upon by McClelland to speak to the gathering ( in a little aside, of course) and I refused, pleading weariness with so much talking in the past few days. However, "Sandy" Sanderson of the Toronto Public Library urged me to say something, so I consented. Sanderson climbed on a sofa and announced that I would speak -- as if I were the Delphian oracle itself -- and I got up and uttered my pleasure at meeting so many charming people, threw in what I hope were some witty remarks, and sat down amid a patter of polite applause.

Spent the remainder of the afternoon in my suite with Napier Moore, Frank Willis and James Scott, who are to speak on the "Reader Takes Over" radio affair with me. The thing is to be impromptu -- no prepared script -- but there was considerable discussion of the book, and Scott outlined in a rough-and-ready fashion the general course of the broadcast so that we could fit our remarks into the time allotted.

Dinner at the Carleton Club with George and Doris Foster, Hugh and Dorothy Kane, and Evelyn ("Mike") Weatherill. But first we all went out to Ian Armour's place in west Toronto for drinks and a chat. We had a merry little

dinner. Then on to Maple Leaf Gardens, where at the invitation of Fred Morrow, manager of the Gardens, "Mike" and I sat in his box and had a fine view of the game. I enjoyed every minute of it -- Toronto Maple Leafs versus Detroit Redwings -- the Detroit all in red, a spectacular touch to a spectacular game. Detroit won 4-2. Plenty of ~~was~~ excitement in the ~~third~~ period, when two or three times the game dissolved into a fight on the ice. Once Syl Apps, the Maple Leafs' captain and idol of all Toronto, got a penalty for fighting and everyone in the place -- 16,000 people according to Morrow (13,000 seated and 3,000 standing) -- jumped up and boo'd, a terrific uproar. Gaye Stewart (who played on the Navy hockey team in Halifax during the war) went headlong into the boards and was knocked out for two minutes, but resumed play later on.

Between the periods I went down with Morrow to the board room and was introduced to the directors of the Gardens -- two of them Nova Scotians -- Tory, a brother of the late lieutenant-governor of N.S., and Macleod, a former president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. I also met and talked briefly with the manager of the Maple Leaf team, the famous Connie Smythe, a short ~~####~~ crisp tough-talking man with piercing grey eyes, limping from the wound he sustained while serving in Normandy in the late war; also the great King Clancy, ("the greatest hockey player of all time" according to Morrow) idol of the early 1930's, who is now a referee.

I was not permitted to visit the players after the game, as they were tired, but Bob Nelson had procured a new hockey stick somewhere and had it autographed by the entire Maple Leaf team, for my son Tommy.

After the game we went on to George Stewart's for drinks and talk -- the Fosters, Kanes, Elicia Smith and fiancée, Miss Stewart, and Mr. & Mrs. Jack Johnson (Johnson is manager of the Royal York.) Doris Foster made a little speech, regretting that I'd been unable to bring my wife to Toronto, as they would like to have entertained her, and presenting me, for my wife, with a very <sup>fine</sup> cosmetic kit in a leather carrying case. Back to the hotel with the Johnsons at 2.30 a.m.

Sunday, Nov. 24/46

Skipped breakfast and lay in bed most of the morning, not sleeping, but going over in my mind the material for tomorrow's address to the Canadian Club. It is to be broadcast, a thing I had not anticipated, and Kane should have warned me; but I have determined not to use a script -- I detest "speakers" who get up and read off a long screed, and fancy everyone feels the same. Went down for lunch but could not eat much, my stomach very queer -- "butterflies" -- due to the nervous strain of the past few days quite as much as the strange food and strong drinks. Raining lightly outside -- had to give up the notion of a walk -- no exercise since leaving home.

Spent most of the afternoon loafing, reading, haunted by a notion that I shall make an awful botch of the address tomorrow, which Kane warns me is "important". George Foster came about 4 o'clock and carried me off to his home, where Doris served dinner in the kitchen and we all talked nonsense for hours.

At ~~10.30~~ 10.30 George drove me to the CBC studios, a red brick Georgian

building, formerly a girls' school, and having the look of a prosperous Toronto merchant's home say about 1890. At 11 p.m. we went on the air -- Napier Moore, Frank Willis, James Scott and myself sitting about a table -- while George Foster and Mrs. Moore watched us through the thick glass of the operator's booth.

Willis and Moore had each one or criticisms to offer -- Moore thought Dolainde's dying speech in Fride's Fancy too long and too lucid for belief -- "reminds me of the dying father in a Victorian melodrama" -- to which I retorted that "I refuse to ~~be~~ have my book reduced to your theatrical memories, Moore," and added that any lawyer or notary could give instances of dying men making long and lucid wills and testaments. In general, however, they were enthusiastic about the book and said so, Willis reading a long extract about the building of the ship, and Moore waxing lyrical about the descriptions of the Nova Scotia countryside. The studio made a record of the thing, in addition to the "live" broadcast, so that it may be re-broadcast in the Maritimes later on. (McClelland & Stewart will wire Edith when to listen.)

After all this we all adjourned to my rooms at the Royal York for drinks and a yarn -- Mrs. Moore, a dull ~~\*\*\*\*~~ woman, 50-ish, came along with Napier because she refuses to stay alone in their fine new house -- there is a female maniac next door who turns in fire alarms and insists that the Moores are murdering a pair of English "refugees" in their basement. Moore, who likes talking, related this and other adventures with their uncomfortable neighbor and appeared to be enjoying the whole thing. They all left about midnight. I had a poor sleep.

Monday, Nov. 25/46

Got up late, tubbed, shaved, went without breakfast again, to give my fluttering stomach a chance to settle down. At 12.30 went down to a big dining room where the Canadian Club were foregathered -- about 200 men, all of the keen, well groomed and tailored Toronto business executive type -- and it is actually a type. They were pleasant enough but I wondered how many of them would have a genuine interest in what I had come to talk about -- the Nova Scotia privateers and their part in Canada's story. As the moment approached, a small black microphone was pinned to the lapel of my coat. A radio engineer sat manipulating instruments on a little balcony, and when the red light glowed I began to talk. It was a simple recital of what seemed to me a romantic and adventurous chapter in history -- no funny stories -- no oratory. I managed to finish right on the second of the half hour, and sat down feeling that I had bored them all, and although many of them came to shake my hand afterwards and say nice things, I retain a strong impression that most of the gathering felt a bit let-down by the distinguished author as advertised by M. & S.

George Stewart, John McClelland, Foster, Kane, and a number of book-trade people were there in a party. They went with me to my rooms and we had a chat before George rushed me off to the autographing party at Simpson's store. Got there a bit late and Miss Orford, manager of the book department, informed me as I came in the door, "Mr. Raddall, your public ... " waving a hand towards a mass of people clutching copies of Fride's Fancy.

As always at these affairs, I had insisted that the autographing be done at a decent distance from the counter where the books were sold, and Simpson's

had arranged a table on a little dais, well screened with potted palms, etc., at a discreet distance from the clink of cash. Nevertheless Kane had arranged a number of painted illustrations of Pride's Fancy about it, and prominent sign telling who and what I was, and as the people filed past I felt rather like a monkey in the zoo. They were men and women -- about 1 man to 3 women -- with an occasional round-eyed school-girl, all with a book to be autographed, some with copies of my other books as well.

I scribbled away. Here and there a familiar face turned up, ~~#####~~ ~~#####~~ usually a naval man I'd met in Nova Scotia during the war; but presently I was aware of 3 young women standing patiently at the right. I looked up and saw Gerry Bein, Adelaide McKean and Rose Maclean (forget their married names) a charming trio, all from Liverpool. I jumped up and shook hands and talked with them for a minute, while flash bulbs popped as the news photographer took pictures; and later a reporter asked the girls for their names and some detail of their acquaintance with me, etc. I told Adelaide McKean the amusing sequel to her telephone message on Nov. 19th, and we had a good laugh. I invited them to dinner with me but they couldn't make up their minds ( I should have invited their husbands, I suppose) and George Foster gently but firmly got me back to the business of autographing.

A young man with a fair moustache informed me he was Keith Edgar -- a writer of short stories, so I had heard, with a very good opinion of himself -- he was anxious to have a conversation but the waiting line of people made it impossible, and after some jerky phrases here and there he disappeared, first getting me to autograph his copy of Pride's Fancy. *Also met Roue (nee) Smith.*

Back to the hotel at 5. Mrs. George Harley phoned, saying her husband was bedridden now, and begging me to come out and see him. ( I met the Harleys in Liverpool during the late war.) I went out to dinner at the Fosters', and got George to drive out to Harley's house before going on to Stewart's. Harley was an infantry officer in the first German war, wounded several times, and subsequently became a prosperous stockbroker ( Harley, Milner & Co.) in Toronto. ( He was born in Liverpool, N.S., son of an Anglican parson there.)

We found him in a bedroom on the ground floor, suffering from some mysterious grangrenous condition in his right leg, and facing the prospect of having his right leg amputated to the hip. Nevertheless he was the most cheerful man I had met in Toronto. He wanted someone to talk to, and for an hour he rattled on, giving account of hilarious adventures in the army in England and France, and how in 1919 F.B. McCurdy wanted to hire him at \$200 per month, not because he was a supposedly good bond salesman but because F.B. wanted him to play on the Wanderers' football team.

George and Doris and I went on to George Stewart's for a yarn and a drink. Back to the Royal York at midnight. Another convention in progress and platoons of bibulous salesmen staggering up and down the foyer and the halls.

Tuesday, Nov. 26/46

M.&S. staff gave a farewell lunch at the Granite Club -- John and young Jack McClelland, George Stewart, Bob Nelson, Hugh Kane, Jack Scott, ~~Jack~~ <sup>Foster</sup> Foster, Henry Button ( of Dent's, publishers) and ~~#####~~ Chris Eustace (of the same firm, closely allied with M.&S.)

Button quite a comedian and we had an amusing party. After leaving the club we all drove to see the old red-brick mansion in north Toronto (next to Dent's place) which M.&S. are converting for use as an office building.

3 p.m. George Stewart, Foster, Kane and I left Toronto by train for London, a 2½ hour trip. Very comfortable in the chair car, Stewart bringing out the inevitable bottle of Scotch and the porter fetching ice and soda. Rooms at the London Hotel, a well-appointed place about the size of the Lord Nelson at Halifax. Dinner together. A long chat in my room with one Elliott, London newspaper man, a charming fellow well versed in local history. My knowledge of local geography rather vague, but I was pleased to learn that the local river is the Thames, and the scene of Proctor's defeat and Tecumseh's death in the war of 1812 lies about 40 miles downstream. We had an animated discussion of that campaign, which has always interested me. Elliott mentioned amongst other things that Tecumseh's body was removed from the field and buried secretly by his Indians, according to tradition in the local tribe. I mentioned that Henry Clay used to boast the possession of a razor strip made from Tecumseh's skin, but Elliott laughed and said the Yanks were very adept at skinning strangers and lying about it afterwards.

Later, in Stewart's room, had a talk with Wendell Holmes, proprietor of the biggest bookshop in London, 60-ish, thick grey hair slicked back, a granite face but a sense of humor. To bed at midnight but spent a rotten night. The weather muggy, misty outside, and I found it impossible to shut off the heat in the bedroom. (All these Ontario people heat their rooms too much, the average temperature indoors always seemed to me 75 or 80 degrees.) Spent most of the night pacing the carpet in my pajamas, smoking cigarettes, or lying on the bed regarding the red ensign over the city hall opposite, flapping languidly in the night air, and lit with the ruddy glow of the neon signs in the street below. The street apparently was a throughfare for highway trucks, some of them huge, with engines roaring like airplanes, and they kept passing through all night.

Wednesday, November 27/46

Got up tired, and the morning tub was unrefreshing. 10 a.m. drove outside the city for an unscheduled visit to the University of Western Ontario, a fine place set in trees and terraced fields stretching away on all sides. Inside the main door I bumped into a boy from Liverpool, Edward Dorey, taking a course at U.W.O. Discovered that I was expected to address the class in Advanced English Literature for ¾ hour and submit to questions afterwards -- one of the little surprises Kane was continually ~~\*\*\*\*~~ popping on me. Professor in charge of the class proved to be Jewett, formerly a teacher at Dalhousie. The room proved too small for the gathering, and we adjourned to a larger one. I talked about writing as a career, giving my own experience for what it was worth. Many ex-service men in the class, and there were many questions afterwards, in fact I had to break away at last for a brief meeting with Dr. Fox, the retiring head of the university, and then a dash by taxi back to the city.

Reached the hotel barely in time for the Canadian Club luncheon, which I was to address. Not even time to wash. Kane had advised them I would speak

on the Nova Scotia privateers, and as I dislike repeating myself too much, I suggested a talk on Nova Scotia humor instead. <sup>CHAIRMAN</sup> He replied that the members had been advised I would speak on the privateering days, that none of them had heard the broadcast from Toronto, and I'd better speak as advertised. So I repeated the address I'd made to the Canadian Club in Toronto, and did it much better, not having the demoniacal microphone clipped to my chest this time.

Afterwards many members came up and chatted with me, including at least one bishop ( London, I'm told, is a great religious center, as well as a center of culture in western Ontario) and John Harley, a brother of George. Chairman was a man named Cronyn, a brother I believe of the movie actor Hume Cronyn.

Immediately I got away from the luncheon I had to dash to my room for a wash, then off to the London Public Library and Art Museum, a splendid modern building well equipped and financed, and doing a wide work in the community. Wendell Holmes had arranged a big public reception in the Art Gallery ( he'd issued 1,000 invitations !) and for 3 solid hours I stood on my weary feet, sipping tea and nibbling the most dainty (and least nourishing) sandwiches I ever saw in my life, making polite conversation with a procession that consisted largely of women in middle or old age. Sid and Mary Passmore came in and we had a refreshing chat, then the procession went on. Towards the last I felt that I would drop to the floor and fall dead asleep any moment. It wouldn't have seemed so bad if the ladies were good conversationalists but most of them seemed either awed or bored or perhaps merely curious to hear what a writer's voice was like. At any rate I had to rack my brains for things to ~~say~~ say, to be pleasant and courteous when the primitive savage in me wanted to yell hell and damnation to the whole show.

When finally I got away I was angry with Stewart and Kane, feeling they should have rescued me before, and when we got to the hotel room I started to tell them in plain sea idiom what I thought of the whole thing, but poor old Stewart begged, " Don't say it ! Don't say it ! " -- reading my face and temper -- and after a drink or two I was able to see the humorous side of it.

Left the hotel and boarded the train for Toronto at 6.30, had a good dinner aboard. Once the train stopped for no apparent reason in a small station, and Stewart wondered aloud how long we were stopping there. I said, "Not long, I hope, or Kane will have me out on the back platform making a speech to the International Brotherhood of Trainmen." Kane grinned.

Reached Toronto 9 p.m. and George Stewart said Goodbye and went home. Foster and I caught the train to Ottawa at 11.25, after walking up and down the platform with Doris, who had come down to say Goodbye.

Had a "bedroom" on the train, a comfortable little coop, windowless but with excellent ventilation, a berth, and a most marvellous chair -- you pulled up the padded seat and behold, it was a water-closet; you pulled down the back, and out jumped a wash-basin complete with hot and cold water taps and soap. Turned in and had a fair sleep -- actually too tired to sleep properly.

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Thursday, Nov. 28/46

Up at 7.30 a.m., shaved and washed. Train got into Ottawa at 8 a.m. Taxi to the Chateau Laurier, where we found that, although Kane had written for reservations 3 weeks ago, our rooms would not be ready until noon at the earliest. Breakfast in the cafeteria, where we met Don Heasley, a friend of Foster's, and I was able to wash and change my shirt in his room.

Checked our baggage and went out to explore the Parliament buildings. A light snow on the ground and the air quite sharp. Excellent views of the city from the top of the memorial tower; it must be very beautiful in summer. The city itself is much smaller than I had expected -- about the size of Halifax.

I am to speak to the Ottawa branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, so we hunted up its current president, Norman Dowd, a former person who is now editor of a labor magazine and has his quarters in the Congress of Labor building. He ushered us into the conference room -- very smartly furnished -- and a news photographer showed up, with W.J. Hurlow of the Ottawa Citizen. (Hurlow was one of the judges who awarded my Pied Piper of Dipper Creek the Governor-General's Award in '43).

The Photographer took pictures of Foster, Hurlow, Dowd and myself standing together, and one or two of myself sitting at the desk customarily occupied by Mosher, leader of the railway unions. (Foster was worried lest someone identify the scene and denounce me as another writer "red" at heart !)

Dowd informed me that ~~###~~ he had arranged a small luncheon at the YMCA (the only private diningroom available) where I could meet the executive committee of the Ottawa C.A.A., so we went down there and had a very nice lunch. About 20 people present, including humorous Robert Stead, who said that the great need of the day was a book he intended to write entitled, "How To Refrain From Writing a Novel". Wilfred Eggleston and wife there. As usual I was called upon to speak -- an unexpected blow -- but I managed to say a few things about the writer's trade etc. I asked what I should speak about at the general gathering of Ottawa writers and litterateurs tonight. Again the reply was, "Talk about ~~#####~~ yourself. Everyone is curious about you."

We sat talking long and informally, and then Foster rushed me off to an autographing party at Hope's book-shop, where we found a long line of people waiting. Again some familiar faces -- a grey-haired woman whom I recognised as Violet Smardon, a classmate at Chebucto School in Halifax in 1917; young Alan Rafuse, of Liverpool, now in the Bank of Nova Scotia branch here; Mrs. J.L. Illsley (I autographed her book, "To J.L. and Evelyn Illsley, with every good wish," and wondered if I should add a pious prayer for mercy on my 1946 income tax.) A daughter of Link Hunt's, married to a chap in the Canadian diplomatic service. A young sailor in the R.C.N., who informed me he had been stationed at Camperdown during the late war, and that the fisher-folk there still remembered me and talked of my days as a wireless operator there in 1922. An old gentleman who presented me with an old copy of Blackwood containing a short story by John Buchan, and autographed by Buchan himself. Kept busy scrawling my signature until 5 p.m., then off to the hotel and stiff drinks of Ne Plus Ultra whiskey. One room only was available, but it had twin beds and plenty of room, so Foster and I took off



our shoes and made ourselves comfortable. Ordered a dinner sent up to the room, -- shrimp cocktail, roast turkey with rice, stewed corn, mashed potatoes, hot rolls, ice cream and pineapple coupe, and coffee. Phew !

(Forgot to mention that on our way to Hope's we drove with Wilfred Eggleston and Dowd to the art gallery for a peep at the great painting of the coronation of George 6th, donated to Britain by Canada, Australia and South Africa as a symbol of loyalty, and soon to go overseas to its permanent home. A magnificent thing. I had an impression that I could put out my hand and feel the folds of the velvet robes. @)

At 8 o'clock George accompanied me to the Senate building, where in a roomy audience chamber I found 100 or so men and women gathered -- the C.A.A. and their guests. I was in good form ( the whiskey perhaps) and the acoustics were excellent, and as my subject was the easiest in the world (I talked about myself and my career ~~#####~~ for  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour) there was little effort required. Foster told me afterwards I was brilliant, and " Why don't you talk like that always ?". I reminded him of my old phobia -- that bad luck always comes of blowing one's own horn -- and told him (not for the first time) that I'd got along very well for 15 years without any of this jawing and posing.

After I sat down there was the customary question-and-answer business, which everyone seemed to enjoy. Actually I think this much better than a speech, for people are able to ask what they really want to know. It was a very friendly affair and, shaking hands with people afterwards, I heard once more what I'd been told at the C.A.A. meeting in Toronto -- that my aloofness from other Canadian writers for many years had given an impression of snobbishness, whereas in the flesh I was anything but a snob. I could only say that I regarded my writing with all humility, and that my "aloofness" was simply a matter of geography. As I left with Foster, Evelyn Tufts was waiting by the door for a final word. She was one of Andrew Merkel's group of Nova Scotia poets in the 1920's --they called themselves "The Song Fishermen" and included Robert Norwood, Bliss Carman, Stewart McCawley, Ethel Butler amongst others. Eve was said to be in love with Norwood then -- she has been separated many years from her husband, Robbie Tufts of Wolfville -- but for many years she has been the Ottawa correspondent of the Halifax Herald. She is now 60-ish, plump, well-~~#####~~ dressed, heavily rouged and powdered, and with her hair dyed the same baby blond shade that Mazo de la Roche affects. Her newspaper reports of parliamentary doings are so tart and to the point that I was surprised to find her rather gushing in conversation, calling me " My dear boy ... how tired you must be ... and what a bore, all this ... but you must face your public ... bear your burden ... everyone's simply entranced with you tonight ... you're so vital and so sensible ... now do go to bed and get a good rest ..." and so on and on. (Another Bourmont there.)

Finally I got away, back to the Chateau, had a good hot bath, a drink and bed. Had a fine sleep, the first in many days. God be thanked.

Friday, Nov. 29/46

A snowstorm blowing all night. We had shut off the heat in our room and opened the window wide and the temperature was frigid. Checked out of the hotel and left Ottawa by the 9 a.m. train. No diner, but we had a very nice buffet breakfast. Sun very bright on the new-fallen snow outside.

Arrived Montreal about 11.30 a.m. Hugh Kane met us at the ~~\*\*\*\*~~ station, and he had got fine rooms for us at the Mount Royal -- newly decorated and very smart. Kane had evidently done some energetic advertising, for in the lobby, the elevators and elsewhere there were whispers of "That's him" and "That's Riddle the famous writer", and so on, and I found slips of paper pushed under the door of my room with requests for an autograph, and other slips, copies of my books, and even autograph books, awaiting my signature at the desk. Foster of course was delighted -- he regards me with a pride almost motherly and thinks all this is merely my just due.

Kane had thought of everything -- a fine array of whiskey, rum and sherry on a table in my room, with soda, ice, ginger ale, etc, and an array of glasses, all for the reception of the Montreal press, which arrived promptly -- several young women and one or two men, a photographer, and Rod Kennedy, one of the editors of the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Kane had the original drawings for the Literary Guild's booklet on Pride's Fancy, and I was photographed with one of them for a background. Once again the press was more interested in my moose-calling hobby than anything else, and later I was dismayed to find one of these photographs taking up half a page of the Montreal Herald ( I looked as if I'd been drunk and disorderly for at least 3 days ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~) with the caption NOVELIST AND MOOSE/CALLER.

Most interesting of the press women was a Miss Campbell, a pretty girl from Edmonton, whose father is a Nova Scotian.

After the reporters had departed, Kane, Foster and I took Kennedy down to lunch with us. He launched into a long criticism of Pride's Fancy, saying it was too short, and that I'd failed to make the most of the various situations. He then asked if I would consider selling serial rights in it, and I replied "Not at present -- the book's barely out." He then offered me \$750 for the serial rights in Roger Sudden. This was interesting, for only 7 or 8 months ago he telephoned me from Montreal offering exactly \$100 for the serial rights in Roger, and I refused. I told him to write me a letter making his best offer for Roger Sudden, and I would consider it. And we left it at that.

I spent the afternoon shopping for one or two gifts for Frances and Tommy, and ventured into D'Aillards to buy some silk underwear for Edith.

Dinner with Foster in the coffee-shop of the Mount Royal. Then off to Tudor Hall, an auditorium with elaborate wood panelling in the upper story of a big department store, where I addressed the Maritime Women's Club on "Nova Scotia Humor". They had brought ~~###~~ their husbands and other male guests and the place was filled. I found myself on a platform in the full and painful glare of a set of Klieg lights -- like a movie set -- flanked on one side by Mrs. A.D.Ross, president of the club, and on the other by Mrs. (A.G.?) Macleod, president of the Montreal branch of the C.A.A., who introduced me to the audience. Mrs. Ross passed me a booklet giving detail of the programme so far this year -- the speeches were all on a very high plane and I wondered how my examples of the homely Bluenose humor would be received. However, I got up and delivered it with all the gusto at my command, and was rewarded by a well-bred titter and before long downright laughter. I suspect it was a relief after all that had gone before. A baritone rendered some sea songs, and as the meeting closed I was surrounded by friendly people shaking my hand

and telling me about their homes in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P.E.I. One rather incongruous visitor -- Herbert Mowat -- one-time lieutenant in my father's regiment and now a prosperous public-relations expert. A year or two ago his services were engaged by the organised Canadian Jewry to put an intense propaganda in favor of "Palestine for the Jews" -- similar to the propaganda being done in the U.S. and elsewhere under similar auspices. He has been at it with great skill and energy. Last year he tried to take advantage of my acquaintance, inviting me to preside over a mass meeting in the Lord Nelson, Halifax, at which speakers would be provided, and (what he failed to add) a resolution passed calling upon the British government to take its hands off Palestine. I smelled the rat and refused. (He got Dr. H.L. Stewart instead.)

Mowat phoned the Mount Royal yesterday suggested a lunch together but I was cold. Now here he was. But he got little chance to talk with all these people buzzing about me and before long he disappeared.

Shook hands with a son of Grace Macleod Rogers and autographed a copy of P.F. for her. (She is now 80-ish and ailing, living in Yarmouth, N.S., I believe.) A dark young man named Freeman whose father came from Milton. A man from North Queens who knew Scabby Lou, the Indian. Another who knew Eph Hunt. A lawyer named Harrison and his charming blond wife, both natives of Sydney, N.S. (His father was mayor of Sydney for several years.)

Back to the hotel, drinks, and bed.

#### Saturday, Nov. 30/46

Sharp cold, the traffic in the streets grinding the new snow to a brown dust. Walked with Foster to Burton's Book Store and autographed a few copies of P.F. for Hoare, a young Englishman, veteran of the R.N. in the late war who has lately purchased the bookshop. On the way back to the hotel I bought some packages of shelled nuts and a bottle of champagne (Pommery Sec) to take home. There didn't seem to be much candy in the shops, and I decided to try Moir's in Halifax. Kane informed me that he couldn't get anything but an upper berth in the Sunday train for Halifax, so I told him "If I'm going to travel that high I might as well fly," and asked him to book a seat in the TCA plane leaving Dorval airport for Halifax on Monday. I have avoided flying so far on this trip, having in mind the slight but permanent deafness in my right ear which resulted from my flying trip to Montreal in '43; but I have no love for trains and the prospect of an upper berth decided me to risk it.

At 1 p.m. I attended a luncheon in my honor at the Ritz-Carlton, given by the Montreal branch of the C.A.A. Mrs. Macleod presided, and introduced me once again. I had asked her what subject I should choose to speak upon, and got the invariable answer, "Yourself." This I did, talking chiefly about the varying and curious turns of fortune which beset at least one Canadian writer. (Another week or two of this would be demoralizing.) They seemed to like it, and afterwards there was the usual handshaking and friendly conversation. Managed to have a few words in a corner with Grace Campbell and Hugh McLennan. Mrs. Campbell is 50-ish, blue eyes, greying hair, plump, with a fresh and youthful skin, very simple and natural, the wife of a United Church minister. I had seen McLennan twice, once years ago, and once last June, when I got the impression of a clever but conceited young man. In conversation I found

him quite a good fellow although inclined to talk a bit loftily about literature -- the result of a classical education, perhaps; but of course his own novels are distinctly earthy (to say the least) in spots. One of his teachers at Dalhousie (no less than the profound Dr. H.L. Stewart) says that McLennan had a second-rate mind. Well, it is too early yet to judge the truth of that. McLennan is 39 and looks much younger, and has his best years before him.

Foster dragged me away to an autographing party in the book section of Morgan's big store. Again a long line of people waiting with books, again a number of familiar faces -- "Red" <sup>W. Gray</sup> from Shelburne, Ida (nee) Laing -- an old schoolmate in Halifax -- ~~#####~~ Noella (nee) Seaborne of Liverpool. Greatest pleasure was in recognising W.J. Gray, of the Marconi Company, the man who interested himself in getting me a post as wireless operator at Partridge Island, back in the spring of 1919. I did not recognise his wife until she put a book in front of me to sign and murmured, "What the years have done to you and me, Mr. Raddall!" in her broad Scotch accent undiminished after all the years.

Alec Williams, of New York, came along in the line with his hat pulled over his eyes, hoping to escape recognition for a moment, but I'd spotted him in the line and, without looking up, scrawled "To Alec Williams -- the old so-and-so" in his copy of *Pride's Fancy*. Great glee on the part of his two American companions, who also had books to autograph -- there had been a bet, it seems.

Got away after a busy hour or so, and after a wash at the hotel went with Foster and Kane to have dinner with Kane's people at their home in the outskirts. A most charming and interesting couple -- both originally from Belfast and speaking the soft north-*Irish* accent. Captain Kane himself is a retired shipmaster -- went to sea in square-riggers as a boy and for many years commanded steamers of the Head line, including the "Fenad Head", which I remembered from my wireless-operating days. ~~#####~~ For years now he has lived in Montreal, connected with Lloyds or some other marine-insurance investigation work. A grand home-cooked dinner. Afterwards the captain bestowed upon me a fine Brazilian cigar, one of a box he had been keeping a long time. He failed to notice that some sort of maggot had riddled one end of it -- I could see the beast, a small white thing -- but I managed to snip off most of the infected area with my pocket-knife unperceived, and enjoyed my smoke.

After dinner he took us down to his den, a fine long room in the basement lined with paintings of ships, and a collection of ship models -- one of the "Bluenose" that fairly made me green with envy -- and a library of books about ships and the sea. I could have stayed there cheerfully for a week, and in fact we spent most of the evening talking over the various ships and poring over the books.

The captain spun some good yarns. I liked the incident of his arrest in a Peruvian port for uttering an offensive remark about the local bishop. His shipmate Micky Sheridan had persuaded him to come to the cathedral and see the celebration of mass, and as the Bishop appeared in his chasuble young Kane uttered, too loudly, "Who's the old buffer in the an<sup>o</sup>macassar?" Someone behind understood English and Kane was removed and thrown in the jail. Micky finally persuaded the police that Kane meant no harm, and on Kane's release snorted to him, "Now will ye learn to keep your mouth shut, ye black Presbyterian?"

Back to the hotel by tram -- snow falling. Sat talking to Foster till 3 a.m.

Sunday, Dec. 1/46

Very cold this morning. Went to lunch at Murray Chipman's -- a large and very ornate home -- he married a Labatt, of the wealthy brewing family. Fellow guests were a Mr. and Mrs. Langton ( he collects old silver and is something of an expert) and a Miss (long French name which I didn't catch), very tall and soignée and intelligent. Left by taxi at 3 p.m.

Shortly after arriving back at the hotel, W.A. Kibble phoned -- my sister Hilda's husband -- she has refused to live with him since they separated during the war. He begged me to see him, so I invited him to lunch with me tomorrow. Dinner with George & Foster at the Cafe Martin ("Mother Martin's") -- a huge meal -- soft lights and music -- saw Rae C's friend the tall Miss Harrison, of New Glasgow, there. Back to the hotel. Roy Hammond and Dorothy Sweet phoned and came up to my room, and we sat and talked over drinks till 11 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 2/46

Slept late. "Kibbee" came up to my room about 11.30 and we had whiskies and talked. Wants me to use my influence to persuade Hilda to resume their marriage. Told him Hilda is a grown woman and makes her own decisions. Trans-Canada Airways phoned saying Flight 22 will be delayed 40 minutes -- no reason given. Gives me plenty of time for lunch.

Took Kibbee down to the coffee-shop for lunch. Foster came along about 12.30 and saw me to the TCA cab across the street from the Mount Royal. On weighing my baggage in TCA office found it 40 lbs overweight, for which I had to pay extra. Girl at the counter had been reading the papers, for she asked me the right way to pronounce my name - a subject of some debate in Montreal. Mr. Claude Harrison there, seeing his wife off for Nova Scotia. ( Met them at the Maritime Women's Club affair on Friday.)

At Dorval airport my handbag missing -- cab chauffeur threw it into the plane at the last moment. Only 4 passengers in the plane, including Mrs. Harrison and myself. Usual throbbing and deafness as plane rose, but this wore off and thenceforth I had no discomfort at all. Overcast and snow blowing at Dorval but in a minute or two we were above the clouds in bright sunshine, and before long the air cleared and there was a fine view of the ~~land~~ landscape all the way across Maine. Plane took off about 2 p.m. Set my watch ahead 1 hour as we passed over Millinocket.

Talking with Mrs. Harrison most of the way. She is a good-looking blond woman whose age I put at 35 or less until she showed me a snapshot of her daughter, aged 20-odd, and looking exactly like her.

Our fellow-passengers, two silent middle-aged men, got off the plane when it descended at Blissville, a God-forsaken and bitter cold place which lies roughly half way between Fredericton and St. John. ( I had hoped to get a glimpse of Fredericton from the air -- the stewardess said it could be seen at a distance though it is not on the direct route -- but we ran into a snowstorm soon after ~~leaving~~ passing over Millinocket and the air did not clear until shortly before Blissville.)

Plane stopped 10 minutes at Blissville -- the crew walked off and left the tail door open, so that the interior became frigid and we had to put on our coats and hats. These TCA planes depend for heating on the plane exhaust, and in winter become like ice-boxes soon after the engines stop. For this reason no water is carried for washing purposes -- it would freeze -- and when you wish to wash, the stewardess pours some hot water from a thermos flask upon a towel, with which you retire to a small compartment in the tail. There, before a mirror, you dab your hands and face with the wet towel. Also there is a cabinet d'aisances, the seat lined with green plush, a simple hole, and metal tank beneath -- like an old-fashioned country privy. On the outer side of the door to this compartment, and fastened to it, is the little drop-table where the stewardess prepares your meal.

It was dusk when we flew off from Blissville and soon we were flying in bright moonlight, which glistened on the polished metal wings and was very lovely. We flew over St. John -- a small patchwork of yellow lights far below -- and as we drew over the dark waters of Fundy the Stewardess served our meal -- a deep pasteboard tray with a top pierced for the ~~cup~~ cup, plate, salt and pepper shakers, etc, so that they cannot fall out in bumpy going. Excellent coffee (from a thermos, of course), cold sliced ham, Mashed potato, lettuce and chopped salad, pickles, a roll, a piece of cake, a small bowl of tinned peaches.

We felt very grand, with the whole plane to ourselves -- practically a private flight. I asked the stewardess why there were no other passengers, and she answered cautiously that air travel had fallen off when the cold weather began. But I suspect it was partly due to a series of bad plane crashes within the past month, in New foundland and elsewhere, with heavy fatalities, which have made headlines in all the newspapers.

We must have passed over Lawrencetown but I saw no lights, indeed the whole stretch across Nova Scotia on this route seemed to be dark woodland -- until suddenly the plane began to lose altitude and I saw the lights of Bedford and close to starboard the twin red lights which mark the tops of the radio masts of CHNS. We crossed Bedford Basin with an excellent view of the motor traffic speeding along the Basin shore, and passed over Halifax almost directly along the line of Barrington Street -- very beautiful with its colored Neon lights and signs, in fact the whole city looked marvellous with its close network of lights reflected on newly-fallen snow -- like Fairyland. We passed over Point Pleasant and the plane circled out to sea beyond McNab's Island to make the run in to Dartmouth airport. Landed at 6.30 Halifax time -- exactly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours flying time from Montreal -- something like 450 or just under 500 miles.

Mrs. Harrison was taking the plane for Sydney so I said Goodbye and hopped into the TCA cab. A long and seemingly slow drive through Dartmouth, across the harbor on the ferry, and through the Halifax streets. Again I was amused by the fact that it takes as long to go by car from Dartmouth airport to Mother's flat in west Halifax, as it takes the plane to go from Moncton or Blissville to Dartmouth.

The plane trip was quite pleasant -- the air a bit bumpy over Blissville and again over Dartmouth as we came down, but nothing uncomfortable.

A good quiet evening with Mother and Hilda, Herbert Gamester there. I promised Newel to stop in Halifax on my way back to autograph a few books for Bendelier and others, and I shall do that tomorrow.

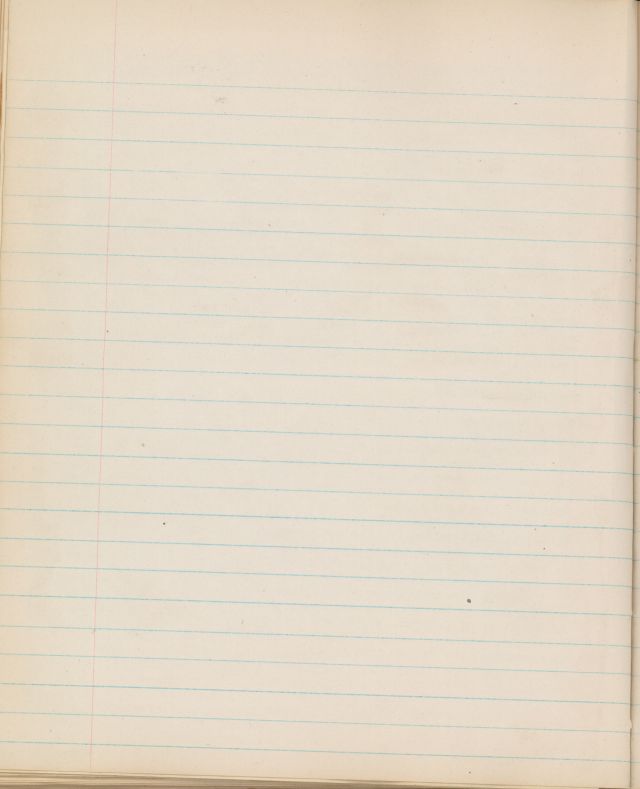
Tuesday, Dec. 3/46

A bright, cold day. Walked into town this ~~#####~~ afternoon, autographed books for Bendelier, who says P.F. is selling "like hot cakes" but insists that business otherwise is dull. He expects to "take a bad ride" on Will Bird's book, "Sunrise for Peter" --the Ryerson people, who control his store, sent him 1,000 copies, of which so far he has sold 75. Went on to Connolly's -- <sup>Newel's</sup> ~~Connolly's~~ ill, his mother in charge -- autographed some books for her. Then to Eaton's, where Miss Laba had a pile of books waiting for ~~me~~ me. Went to Moir's shop -- no candy in sight. They put out small batches on the shelves from time to time, but these are snapped up by those who wait. However, Bendelier got me four boxes of chocolates through some mysterious channel of his own; and Herbert Gamester got me two boxes of chocolate bars from the canteen at the Dockyard, which should see my family through Christmas. Walked back to 166 Chebucto Road -- bitter cold crossing over Citadel Hill but I enjoyed it after these weeks without exercise --Mother served a fine dinner. Gamester and Hilda came in later and we sat talking until midnight.

Wednesday, Dec. 4/46

Taxi to the station at 7.10. Checked my two suitcases, took the handbag into the car with me. Train pulled out 7.30. The car very shabby and dirty, with a sprinkling of passengers, mostly young lumberjacks going to the pulpwood camps at St. Margaret's Bay, and sailors and fishermen going to Lunenburg. Had a yarn in the smoker with two sailors just back from Jamaica, where they had taken the former fishing schooner "Haligonian". She was sold to Jamaican owners -- many of the Lunenburg schooners have been sold in the West Indies since 1939, including the famous "Bluenose", lost off Haiti last January. For a time these men had sailed in "Haligonian" for the new owner, to Belize and elsewhere, carrying small package freight to isolated ports; but finally the owner told them he could hire a negro crew for \$40 per month and shipped them home -- by air from Jamaica to Miami, and thence by train to Nova Scotia.

Arrived Liverpool in an almost deserted train at 12 noon. Taxi home, and found my family all well and eager to hear the story of my adventures in the wilds of Ontario. M.&S. had sent on the packages, Tommy's hockey stick etc. A pile of mail, including a letter from Doubleday, hinting at a contract now for my next book.





SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1946

Eager for a tramp in the woods after so long an absence, I went with Dunlap & Parker to Eagle Lake this afternoon. Just enough snow to whiten the ground — & wet the bushes, & our knees. The swamps quite dry. Saw one or two rabbit tracks but the bunnies are very scarce. Took in our new Coleman naphtha lantern, & found it a vast improvement over the old oil lamps. About 2 inches ice on the lake, which is covered right down to the dam, an unusual circumstance. Weather misty & mild, & ice rotten. A good sleep.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8/46

The various hunting parties at "Geetpos Lodge" have exhausted the fuel supply, so we turned out at 8 a.m. & worked till 1 p.m. cutting, splitting, & piling hardwood on the knoll by the dam. Louis Glod (Indian) & a young Lowe from Milton came along, looking over their trap lines. Roy Gordon came in for dinner with us. On the way in, his attention was drawn by the cries & flutterings of a Canada jay, apparently trying to attract his attention to something on the ground.

He went over, & found a second jay with its foot caught & crushed in a fox-trap — it had been pecking at the frozen-meat bait, apparently, & sprang the trap. Gordon released it & the injured bird flew up to the branch where the other was sitting & balanced itself on its one good leg. An

almost human bit of bird-comradeship & sense. Weather continued mild & misty - temp. 60° Labrik on the verandah - we carried to camp & split up some chunks of an old pine stump for kindling. Set the mouse-traps & left for home at 4 p.m., reaching Big Falls just at dusk. The old gravel pit at N° 3 is "coming up" in a thick growth of Norway pine, which have grown very fast in the past few years.

News:- the semi-annual strike of U.S. coal miners has been called off by their beetle-browed leader John L. Lewis. The U.S. govt., wearied of the chaos, has fined Lewis \$10,000 & his union \$3,500,000 for contempt of court. As the U.M.W. reputedly has \$13,000,000 cash in the bank, the fine will not mean very much, & Lewis has attained his semi-annual object - to get the men out of the pits for a few weeks in order to keep coal supplies short.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11/46

Got off at 7 a.m. for a day's shopping in Hfx. with Grace Johnson et al. I got the meals for the kids & myself - in the afternoon a fine walk to Milton & back though the weather was rough - a howling NW gale & Temp. 45°. Got home at 9. Am beginning to catch up on my correspondence, a notable job. Bill Wilson dropped in to show me the 1946 Buick he wants me to buy - his family have decided they'd rather have a Cadillac. I said

it was too much car for me. (Forgot to note that Clem  
Crowell called to see me last night with a couple of  
books to autograph. He has sold his Lockeport house  
& rented a flat in Shelburne.)

News from Ottawa - J. H. Illsley takes the  
portfolio of Minister of Justice from Mr. St. Laurent,  
& Douglas Abbott takes Illsley's old post of Finance.  
Two recent by-elections have gone against the Liberals,  
& the govt. majority over all parties is now only 1 or 2.

SATURDAY, DEC. 12/46 Fulfilling a promise of long  
standing, this afternoon I took Jack Dunlap & Tommy  
to Eagle Lake camp with their weapons - each got a  
.22 rifle for his birthday last month. Cold, sunny, the  
woods very wet from yesterday's heavy rain. We looked  
for rabbits on the way in but no luck: however, Jack  
shot 2 squirrels, which pleased him just as much.

Most of the ice gone from the lake in the thaw but  
the camp cove still covered. Reached camp about 4 pm.  
Got supper. The kids spent evening talking, playing the  
gramophone, listening to the radio - we heard an exciting  
hockey game broadcast - Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers.

About 9 pm. They begged me to try calling up an owl  
- I explained that owls don't "call" at this time of year, but  
they insisted so we went out into the night. It was

a dark night with a thick snow falling — I said "If this keeps up we'll be snowed in by tomorrow." However I uttered several owl-calls for their entertainment. Then a strange thing happened. An intense yellow-white light sprang up behind me somewhere — I thought one of the kids had turned a flashlight on my back as I faced towards the lake. I turned as the light died away — it lasted about 6 seconds — & saw the whole night to the north lit up as if by a giant magnesium flare — I could actually look far up & see the snow falling in the light of it for a second or two — then all was darkness again. The kids asked nervously what it was & after a moment I said "A meteor, I guess" & explained what a meteor was. But I'm still wondering.

Half an hour later the sky was clear & stars shining brightly. At 11 p.m. we had a cup of hot soup each & crawled into our sleeping bags — I put out the lantern & opened the camp door wide — & we slept snugly with the night breeze swishing in the trees outside & a light sprinkle of snow blowing in across the floor.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15/46

Up at 6.15, paddling about in slippers, pajamas & mackinaw, lit the fire & shut the door — everything crackling with frost — temp. 18° above zero.

Daylight about 7. The kids stayed in their sleeping bags till the shack got warm. Breakfast at 8 - I was cook - bacon & eggs, toast, tomato juice, coffee. After we had washed the dishes I led the way down the trail to the river, pointing out fresh tracks in the newly-fallen snow - mice, an occasional rabbit, many squirrels, four or five deer - we actually came up on two of the deer & got a very good look at one. Thence back to the dam, travelling part way along the brook - showed the kids wild-cat snares set by the Indians on logs across the brook - then along the Kempton Brook trail for some distance. Turned in to the bush following one or two rabbit tracks but no luck. Heavy snow squalls at intervals. Back to camp at noon & found Roy Gordon & dog "Laddie" there. We all had dinner together - I was cook again - fried hamburgers & onions, bread & butter, cookies, tea. After the dishes were washed the kids amused themselves firing at tins thrown out on the lake ice, & in hunting squirrels in the hemlocks between the camp & the wing-dam.

Cleaned up the camp, put the shutters on, & locked up, about 3 p.m. Reached Big Falls about 4. Home at 5. The kids had a wonderful time - Tommy brought home 2 squirrels he'd shot - intends skinning them.

Dec. 16/46 Addressed Queens Co. Historical Society tonight in Town Hall  
on "The Rise, Decline & Fall of the Bluenose Sailing Ships"  
Dec. 17/46 Went to the Buffle Road & got a Christmas tree, pine & hemlock boughs, etc.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18, 1946

Dull gray day, a light drizzle & some sleet falling, & slush underfoot. Edith & I attended the wedding of Mary Feinot, only daughter of our friends Longley & Stella, in the S. of E. this afternoon at St. I. Church packed. A very handsome affair — the ~~bride~~<sup>bride</sup> a tall fair vivacious girl & the groom a young captain in a Canadian Highland regiment (permanent force) wearing a kilted uniform. Mike Smith's wife Eleanor was matron-of-honor, the best-looking woman in the show, tall, shapely, wearing a long magenta gown with bare arms & a little magenta cap. After the ceremony (the power went off halfway through, the lights & the organ perished, but the parson & choir carried on valiantly) we all adjourned to the Mersey Hotel where there was the usual business of handshaking, kissing the bride — I wasn't going to kiss her but Mary said "I want you to kiss me, please" & I did with pleasure. — & standing about sipping tea & eating sandwiches & cake & making polite conversation. Longley had Henry Henzie (Colorea) serving spirits in a back room for male guests — the ladies had champagne upstairs — & all went merrily enough. Home at 5 with the Parkers — the wives didn't want any more to eat — so I left them in my den sipping sherry & went on to Parker's house, where he cooked eggs & toast & coffee for us two.

(Our wedding present to Jack & Mary Jenkins was a cut glass decanter from Birko.)

Home about 9 p.m. At 10 Braley, of the Canadian Press, phoned from Hfx asking "We have a report that your novel *Pride's Lancy* has been sold to Paramount Pictures for \$200,000 - will you confirm this, please?"

I was stunned for a moment but my native caution asserted itself - I'd had no word from Doubleday, the report came from a very unlikely place (Montreal, Braley said) so I told Braley to check with Ethel Hulse of Doubleday Doran, at New York, before releasing anything.

Wonderful news, if true - even with the terrific income tax deducted, such a sum would remove the shadow of penury in my old age which has haunted me night & day ever since I took up writing as a whole-time job. But I could not permit myself such a dream-castle on so flimsy a bit of evidence.

No sleep all night - lay restless from midnight to 4 a.m. then got up, lit the stove in my den, & sat till 5.30 a.m., smoking cigarettes & trying to read, suffering all the pangs of a desert wanderer in the presence of a mirage.

THURSDAY, DEC. 19/46 Three inches of snow last night, cold today. This afternoon drove to Milton & fetched Grandma Freeman & Aunt Marie Freeman & Marie Bell down for tea. Felt tired & depressed - tried to catch a nap in

the late afternoon but Bill Wilson walked in, anxious to show me his new Cadillac. Tried to catch a nap after tea, but the ladies asked me to drive them to the school concert. I stopped at the concert long enough to see & hear the cadet band play a number of carols — Tommy wearing his uniform for the first time. About 10 pm. Braley of C.P. phoned again — "We've been in touch with Ethel Hulse of Doubleday Doran about that movie sale; she's says it's all news to her!" I told Braley the report must have come from some one in Montreal confusing me with Lionel Shapiro, whose forthcoming book really has been bought by Paramount for \$200,000. And that's that.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21/46 Had a good walk to Potanoc & back yesterday. Today a thaw set in — floods of rain all day & all night. Treacherous walking — water on ice. Had planned to drive to Hfa today with the Wilsons but they gave over their trip on a radio report from Hfa that all main highways are "dangerous".

A Christmas note from the Collector of Income Tax — I am to pay a further \$96.40 on my 1945 income — mostly surtax on my book royalties, which under the law are in the same category with royalties on (for instance) oil stock — i.e. "unearned income." God knows



it was hard-earned, all of it; but this is one of the many penalties of being an author on the Canadian side of the border — the Yanks are much less exacting in their income tax.

This brings my income tax for 1945 to \$1354.68 — levied on a taxable income of \$6200.96, (i.e. my gross income less direct occupational expenses like travelling expense while gathering material.) How is a man supporting a wife & two children in some decent sort of fashion to provide for his old age in these circumstances?

What makes this latest pill especially bitter is the knowledge of widespread tax evasion throughout the country. It is notorious that hardly a merchant or doctor in Liverpool is paying a full income tax — one, Clements, a grocer, boasts amongst his friends that he has never even filed an income tax return; yet this man has, in addition to his house & store, a beach cottage, a \$4,000 fishing cottage at Lake Ponhook, a motor-boat — things I've never felt I could afford — and of course supplies his family groceries at cost, maintains a good automobile, delivery-truck & so on.

A letter from W. S. Wallace, president of the Champlain Society, reveals that so far they have done absolutely nothing about the original Simon Perkins diary,

which I sent to the Public Archives at Hfx. in the early spring of 1945 for the convenience of their copyist.

The town clerk asks me repeatedly when the diary is to be returned to Liverpool, so I replied to Wallace urging that their copying or "photo-stating" (his word) be done very soon.

Spent almost the whole of this stormy day reading Carola Oman's life of Nelson, just published by Doubleday, who sent me a copy. A fascinating thing — couldn't put it down until 2 a.m. Sunday.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/46 Still raining; all snow & ice gone; my cellar flooded, as usual. Drove with my family through the mud to Milton this afternoon, and at Terry Freeman's small house opposite the school we & Aunt Marie Bell & Marie Freeman & Grandma Freeman foregathered & munched sandwiches & ate a fine birthday cake in honor of Grandma Freeman. (Grandma had mentioned, not long ago, that since her birthday came so close to the Christmas feast she had never had a birthday party in her life. So Betty Freeman decided she should have one.)

TUESDAY, DEC. 24/46 Rain again yesterday. Today overcast & mild. Got the Christmas tree set up this morning, & rigged the lights — this year I was able to buy new

colored lights for the first time since 1940. The kids had a fine time hanging the decorations - a rather scanty & battered lot of ornaments & some worn tinsel - all the remains of our abundant pre-war supply.

Went for a walk this afternoon but gave it up at the railway bridge - the road to Milton a sea of mud. Irving Bain picked me up in his car - bound for Port Medway to get some lobsters - the small "illegal" tinkers if possible. He got a few from a fisherman in the village & then went on to the light-house over a road deeply rutted & squishing with mud. Left the car there & walked down to Long Cove, where most of the Port Medway lobstermen have their huts. They had no "tinkers", or so they said. (We got in a dory, I at the oars & Bain in the stern with some bottles of beer wrapped in a gummy-sack, & rowed off to several boats just in from trap-hauling.) Bought 20 lobsters, @ 40¢ piece. The men said the catch was plentiful this year - due, they thought, to the light fishing during the war, which had permitted the lobsters to "come back".

This evening spent mostly at home, preparing for the morrow - the kids very excited & curious, especially about the locking of my den - which conceals a large & beautiful toy yacht, given to Tommy by the Anglican

parson's sons, Bill & John Wilson. (They smuggled it into the house last night.) The express man, "Garf" Dixon brought a package from Toronto - my new blue serge suit made by Rose, the tailor, & sent on by McClelland & Stewart.

Edith & I entertained some of our friends who dropped in - Capt. Charlie Williams & wife, Hector & Marion Sunlap, George & Margaret MacDonald. The school band, dressed as old-time "waits" (Tommy in Francie's new red stocking cap) made the round of the town this evening playing & singing carols; they stopped under the light at Smith's house, just below us, & performed very nicely for our neighborhood. We went up to Parker's for a greeting & a drink - Ed. & Norah Parker there, Ralph & Grace Johnson - young Jim Parker home from college. To bed at 12.30

WEDNESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY.

A "green" Christmas - really brown & very bare & muddy. I drove to Milton for the Freemans - 6 in all - & brought them down for the day with us. (We had been awake since 4 a.m., when Francie insisted on starting the great day.) Much business of unwrapping gifts. I received 8 books, which all look very interesting, a box of cigars, a supply of shaving soap, lotions, etc, neckties, handkerchiefs. Tommy seems best pleased with his

sailboat, but the new hunting knife comes a close second. Francis's pride & joy is a fine red leather handbag with a shoulder strap. Edith very pleased with the silk underwear I bought for her in Montreal.

Turkey was scarce this year but we enjoyed a pair of roast chickens & plum pudding. The Lerry Freemans had to return to Milton at 4 p.m. but Grandma Freeman & Marie stay & had tea with us — lobsters — cooked by myself, & very good they were.

The Sunlaps with Aunt Marie dropped in for a chat, also the Ralph Johnsons. Phoned Hfx. at 10.30 pm & had a chat with Mum, who informed me she had walked to St. Matthias church this morning for communion & walked back — a feat of endurance & great courage in view of her chronic arthritis.

THURSDAY, DEC. 26/46

Snowing all day. I have a rotten cold in the head. My sister Hilda drove down from Hfx this morning with Herbert Gemister & is staying over night with us. Temp. dropped to zero tonight — our first zero weather.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27/46

Up at 7 a.m. stoking the furnace & lighting the oil stove in my den. Temp. zero or about 1° below, with a high N.W. wind — the house like a tomb. Gemister called for Hilda about 10.40 a.m. & they set off for Hfx.

I spent the day stoking the furnace, & reading my Christmas books — I have a good selection — "The Razor's Edge" by Maugham (which I've read before) — "Of Time

& the River," by Wolfe — "Great Stories of the Sea & Ships,"  
edited by W. C. Myer — "Start 'em Sailing" by Cymon  
— "The Sea Witch" by Laing — "The Rope to Hang the  
Butcher" (a detective story, Francis's purchase) by G. W. Crofton  
— "Paul Bunyan" (an imaginative & very poor collection of  
Bunyan legends) by James Stevens, the imagination mostly  
Stevens'. Austin & Vera Parker came in for a chat,  
& we had drinks, this evening.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28/46 Temp. 1° below zero at 8 a.m.  
(It was 40° below at Edmundston, N.B., & 10° below at Moncton.)  
Stoking all day, & nursing my cold. Temp got up to 10°  
above zero at noon & dropped a degree or two towards night.  
Snow fell slowly all day. Spent most of the day  
pasting last summer's (& Fall's) snapshots into my album  
with appropriate captions. Installed 3 glass-&-chrome  
shelves in the bathroom, purchased at \$5.50 each from  
Caton's, Halifax. Edith out to a hen party tonight —  
I let the kids stay up to hear the hockey broadcast —  
Toronto Maple Leafs versus Boston Bruins, very thrilling  
game, the score 4-3, a Toronto win.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29/46 Cold & snowy all day. My  
fourth day indoors — the cold "settled" in my chest  
yesterday but my cough improves & tomorrow I shall go  
out — another day indoors would drive me mad, especially

as I have been unable to smoke a cigarette since the cold struck me on Thursday morning. Spent most of this day reading "Of Lime & the River". Wolfe must have been a strange character - a good deal of genius but erratic, intoxicated by the sheer flow of words that poured to his pen. He was observant of men & of the passing scene but his women don't ring true like the men, & he gives you the impression of a dreamer defeated by the world simply because he saw it as the conqueror and himself as the defeated from the very first.

MONDAY, DEC. 30/46

A heavy rain last night took away most of the snow. A gale sprang up this afternoon from the N.W. & the temperature dropped sharply again. I still have an uncomfortable, dry cough & aching sinuses in both cheeks but couldn't stay indoors another hour. - went into the town this morning to cash a cheque for Aunt Marie Bell, & to get a haircut - & this afternoon tramped through the mud & slush to Milton - delivered Aunt Marie's money - stopped in at the forge to say Hello to Archie McKnight, & walked on home.

Larry & Bertie Seldon, Don & Beth Smith & the Parkers dropped in this evening & we had drinks & talk. My stock of drinkables laid in for the festive season - \$50 & \$60 worth of Ambassador rum, "Dry Jack" sherry, peach brandy, Dow's ale, ginger ale & Coca

bola, is depleted but will see us through the festivities of New Year.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31/46.

Cold & clear. This morning the left side of my face much swollen & my left upper jaw & cheekbone aching with neuralgia - I suppose from yesterday's walk in the wind. My cough hangs on. The usual merry New Year's Eve party this evening - the Austin Parkers, the Edwin Parkers, the Sheis, King, Dunlap, Veinot, Johnson, Mac Donald & Douglas couples, & Edith & I. To Veinots for cocktails first, then to Johnson's, to Ratchford's & finally to Larry Seldon's. A crisp cold night, just enough snow & ice remaining after Sunday night's thaw to make things properly wintry in appearance.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1947

Got to bed at 4 a.m., walking home from Seldon's - still plenty of merry-making going on, & some of our party ended with breakfast at Veinot's house. Slept till 10 a.m., then up & shaved, & felt better than for six days past. Towards noon found a rear tire flat on my car, & changed it, a cold job.

Forgot to record that yesterday about noon Captain J. P. Connolly, R.C.N.R., phoned from Hfx., wanting to open negotiations for the film rights in my novels, including "Pride's Lancy". This is the well-known "Joe" Connolly, formerly a Hfx. lawyer, whose brains & push (and some



say "pull") got him all the way from a humble lieutenancy to a captaincy during the late war. He was on the administrative end most of the time, specializing in public relations, & in '44 & '45 had the management of the Navy Show, a troupe of sailors & Wrens whose show became famous, travelling all over Canada, the U.S., & Britain. Finally it was filmed in Britain.

Bonnolly is now getting his discharge from the R.C.N., & talks impressively of a group anxious to film Canadian stories in Canada, doing something really new & momentous - none of the hackneyed Hollywood treatment, etc. I had heard that he was planning to go into film direction work, that he boasted of offers from the National Film Board at Ottawa, & from Hollywood.

However I suspect he is really seeking a job with the National Film Board & would like to have an option on the film rights of my historical tales to wave under their noses. So I was non-committal - told him that Doubleday was handling rights in "Pride & Prejudice" & that I would have to find out what commitments if any, had been made. Wrote air mail to Ethel Hulce, asking this.

At 4:30 drove to Milton with my family & had dinner with Grandma Freeman - Aunt Marie Bell there, &

the Perry Freemans. Home at 9.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2/47 Snow, then sleet, then rain, all day, a fine mess. Still suffering from sore throat & insomnia — sat up till 2 a.m. studying Larleton's History of the Campaigns of 1780 & 1781 in the Southern Provinces of America — which Miss Donahue kindly sent down from the library of the N.S. Legislature last week. (I have agreed to read a paper on Larleton's Legion before the N.S. Historical Society next spring.)

A grotesque pencil sketch, purporting to be "the latest portrait of Thomas H. Raddall" has appeared in the Dec. 28 issue of Toronto's "Saturday Night". It was done by Stanley Moyer (whom Napier Moore calls "the worst portrait artist in Toronto") at the Canadian Club luncheon in the Royal York on Nov. 25th. He came to me after the luncheon, amongst others with books etc. to autograph & things to say, & asked me to autograph the sketch, which I did. Later I learned he had tried to sell it to McEblelland & Stewart (though Kape asked me "Do you think we ought to buy the damn thing & burn it?") & when they rejected it Moyer apparently sold it to Saturday Night.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3/47 Sleet all day, but it turned to snow & sharp cold tonight. Indoors all day, & very wretched. ~~Mr~~ Parker, the town engineer, dropped in at 5 p.m. & we had drinks & a yarn. Started off with Edith

for the movies tonight — we haven't seen a show in weeks — but found a queue stretching far along the sidewalk in the snow, & gave it up.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4/47 Clear & cold, had a good walk to Milton & back, thank God for a bit of sunshine & the chance to stretch my legs. The Toronto Star sent me a copy of Kenneth Roberts' latest novel "Lydia Bailey" & asked if I would do a review for them. I don't go in for that sort of thing but I've always liked Roberts' work as a whole, & particularly admired his careful research, & I have had a desultory correspondence with him ever since he advised me to get out of short-story writing & tackle a novel, back in 1941. However, on reading "Lydia Bailey" I decided not to write my opinion of it for the Star. It is Roberts at his worst! It combines & exaggerates all his faults — the tendency to monologue, the insufferable rectitude of a hero who always does the right thing himself & continually spouts his indignation at the wrong things other people do, the picket-fence of exclamation points, the tendency to let his research overwhelm his story, the weakness for obscenity in his more rugged characters — & has very little of Roberts' virtues as demonstrated in

"Arundel" & "Oliver Wiswell".

Took my car to the garage to have the flat tire repaired, but it had been vulcanized twice - the last of my old 1940 tires - & was not worth another job. Bought a new tire, 4-ply - #21.50.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/48

Cold, with intermittent sunshine.

On New Year's Eve. Jim Donley & wife invited Edith & me to dinner on Sunday afternoon, January fifth. "Come at two o'clock" they said. Both were apparently sober, & Jim was insistent, & as he has often asked me to come & see him at Mill Village & I have never found the time or opportunity, I started off today at 1:30 with Edith in my car. Descending the hill into Mill Village we passed Jim in his car, alone, heading towards L'pool. Thought this queer, but went on, & found nobody at home, although we waited some minutes in the cold & knocked on both doors.

Returned to L'pool musing on the folly of accepting - or taking seriously - invitations made on New Year's Eve.

Jim is a gentleman farmer & sportsman, about 46, with a considerable private income. Rather a mystery-man - he & his wife came from Ontario in the early 1930's & bought a small farm on the Medway River about a mile above Mill Village bridge. They are good-looking, well read, & popular, have no children, rarely visit Ontario, indeed rarely leave Mill Village except to spend an hour or two with friends in Liverpool.

MONDAY, JAN. 6/47

It is now time to mention one or two things which went into effect this New Year. One is Canadian citizenship; as of Jan. 1, 1947 we are no longer "British subjects" but "Canadian citizens", & the fact was called to attention by an elaborate ceremony at Ottawa, in which the justices of the Supreme Court, in full robes, conferred certificates of Canadian citizenship on a selected group of various racial origin but long resident or even born in Canada — Premier King received certificate N<sup>o</sup> 1. Similar ceremonies were held in each provincial capital or are being held during this week which is called Citizenship Week.

It is a good thing, (although I fancy Willy King had his eye on the Anglophobes in P. Q. when he decided on it, & the value of their votes in the next election.) Now that Canada is indeed an independent nation it would have been misleading & absurd to maintain the legal fiction that every Canadian is a "British subject." Another New Year innovation — in Britain, where on Jan. 1/47 the government officially took over ownership of all coal mines, hoisting the blue- & white National Coal Board flag over each pit-head. (The railways were taken over, before Christmas.)

Parker, town engineer, stopped in for a drink & a yarn this afternoon.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7, 1947

Overcast & a light drizzle of rain, nevertheless I walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Much ice on the roads but very little in the river. Am working on a paper on Sarleton's Region, to be read before the N.S. Historical Society at the end of the season - much research & checking over notes made when writing my "Larrabee" tales - I have borrowed Sarleton's history of the campaigns of 1780 & '81. Might as well get it done now & turn to other things. Two wires from Doubleday today make clear that they have made no commitments re "Pride's Fancy" with the movies - I suspect they have made no attempt.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8/47

Bitter cold - 5° above zero & a NW gale, so no walk today. Dropped in at Pickerson's (fish wharf) office for a yarn with Jerry, Rosalie & Dick, & they gave me a couple of calendars exhibiting nude or nearly nude (but very shapely) females "for the camp at Eagle Lake". Working on the Sarleton paper morning & evening; it goes slowly - checking every point & noting the references.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9/47

Again bitter cold & high wind, but I braved the elements feeling an urgent need of exercise, & walked to Milton & back - the wind like a knife along the river & all the roads a sheet of ice, motor traffic creeping cautiously along - I nearly went head-over-heels half a dozen times. Tonight I presided over a meeting of the Queens Co. Historical

Society in the assembly room of Town Hall. 15 present, mostly women. Commander C. W. Copelin spoke on the corvette, & the changes in design imposed by the shifting technique of the submarine war — many of the changes, including the first "long-forecastle" jobs, were carried out in Liverpool, N. S., shipyards. I spoke briefly on "Sea Chants & Ballads of the Liverpool Seamen", quoting examples. One of the R.C.N. souvenirs presented to Town Hall during the war — a barometer with an inscription from the minesweeper "Comox" — has been stolen — I suspect by a former member of the "Comox" crew. The ladies of the I. C. D. C. are much exercised over it.

The N.S. coal miners are threatening their annual strike — this time they want an additional \$2.50 pay per day, and a 40-hour week. Which simply increases the public's scramble to instal oil-burning stoves. There are now half a dozen agents and firms installing oil equipment in Liverpool alone.

Advertisements appear in the newspapers everywhere offering goods at half-price — the New Year bargain sale, a phenomenon unseen since 1938. All signs point to a commercial depression — the public is reacting at last from the casually-accepted high prices of the past several years, & demanding quality for its money.

FRIAY, JAN. 10, 1947.

Letter from the Doubleday Co. says they "contacted" thirteen movie companies regarding "Pride's Lancy" & all "felt that the costumes & settings involved made it too expensive to produce", though they "admitted heartily that the story was excellent motion picture material." Yet, at the same time Doubleday have sold the movie rights in "Lydia Bailey" for Kenneth Roberts to the movies for \$215,000 — despite similar costumes, settings etc.!

Good walk to Milton & back — temp. a little above zero but very little wind.

My evening's work ruined (a) by a life insurance salesman and (b) an oil-furnace salesman.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11/47

Snowed thickly all day, then turned to rain, exposing once more the icy crust on roads & sidewalks — the weather hasn't emitted a trick in the box since New Year's Day. Letter from Hugh Mackennan praising "Pride's Lancy" in a lofty sort of way — he means well, I think.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/47

Bright, & cold. Treacherous walking. I went over to Brent Smith's in the afternoon to see the progress in his careful analysis of Perkins Diary. He has got as far as 1795.



