

JUNE 4, 1949 - DEC. 21, 1949

RECORDS

No. 442-R

65

Diary.

Thomas H. Raddall

June 4, 1949 to Dec. 21, 1949

June 4, 1949 (continued) them each one dollar an hour — a total bill of \$22⁰⁰. This is typical of modern labour — two men drawing pay for one man's work — so I did not complain. B. J. Waters has been made President of Mersey Paper Co. in place of the deceased Col. Jones; & Waters lost no time in clearing out the bric-a-brac with which Jones adorned the office. This included a bronze statuette of Governor Cornwallis — a copy of Massey's Rhinds statue at Hfx — and half a dozen working models of ship hulls built at Liverpool in the last thirty years of sail. These I accepted very gladly when Waters offered them to the Historical Society. A mill truck brought them to my house this morning & I stored them in my attic until the re-modelling of the Perkins House & museum is completed.

About 7 p.m. the Canadian Navy's new aircraft carrier "Magnificent", accompanied by the destroyers "Haida" & "Nootka", which have been conducting exercises in the mouth of Fundy, steamed in towards White Point as if intending to anchor in Port Mouton. The "Magnificent" struck a reef about 1/4 mile off N^o 5 tee of the gulf course & lay aground until nearly midnight, when by shifting water ballast & other weight, & with the aid of

No. 6: On examination in drydock it was found that the "Maggie" had about 200 feet of her bottom torn & buckled.

the flowing tide, she freed herself & headed for Halifax under her own steam at 8 knots. Hundreds of people drove out to the golf course to see the big ship, which looked much closer to shore than she actually was. Presumably her skipper was hugging the shore to get some shelter from the gusty westerly gale, & got in a bit too close.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5/49 A hot day. The wind is less than yesterday but is still very strong from the west. Church this morning with Etith. The school cadets paraded to church with their band and colours, & looked very smart. (Forgot to mention that yesterday the Liverpool schoolboys' track & field team defeated Lunenburg & Bridgewater schools for the fourth successive year. The sports took place on Bridgewater race-course. Our son lost in the shot-putting, but his relay-race team won first prize, & he came home sporting a red ribbon which announced the fact.)

Sold this afternoon. A destroyer ("Heida" or "Nootka") lay at anchor off the golf club point all afternoon, with her launch & long-boat apparently taking soundings where "Magnificent" struck. About 5 p.m. she took up her boats & went inside Spectacle Island for the night. Tommy & Francie & their chums had

spent the afternoon at Broad River, & at the end of the golf game I picked them up there & brought them into L'pool. for tea. My sister Hilda arrived by car from Hfx. this evening & spent the night with us.

MONDAY JUNE 6/49 Today is officially a holiday & His Majesty's birthday - although, actually the King was born in December, a poor time for holidays. A glorious hot day. Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap, 18 holes, his score 104, mine 97. Edith & Francie & her friend Lynn Seldon came along & spent the afternoon on the beach. Tommy & his chums went to Broad River.

WEDNESDAY JUNE 8/49 A lovely morning, & Edith & I decided to take our wedding anniversary drive to the Valley today instead of tomorrow, which is provincial election day. My tires are worn, so before starting I bought a new one to replace the worst of them. All went well (although the road was under construction & very rough from Milton to Twelve Mile, & from South Brookfield to Kempt) until we climbed over Mickey's Hill (the first of the ridges which comprise South Mountain.) There we ran into heavy rain & saw the Valley overhung with heavy clouds. Coming down one of the last slopes, in the woods towards Annapolis, a back tire blew out, the first of a quaint chapter of accidents. I took off my jacket, rolled up my

shirtsleeves, & (in a steady rain) got the rear of the car jacked up. Just when it was up, the bolt which holds the jack to its bedplate snapped with a slight sway of the car - & down the car came, with a crash. I waited till another motorist came along, borrowed his jack, & got the old tire off & the spare on. I thanked the chap & he drove off. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began. Edith got into the front seat, but as I was about to step in, I noticed a wisp of smoke coming from under the seat. I told her to jump out & pulled up the seat, which at once burst into flames from end to end. The seat itself is easily removable, but some time ago I installed some patent seat covers ~~with~~ which fasten with stout tapes & brass hooks, & although I tugged & strained I could not budge it. It seemed as if I must stand there & see the whole car go up in flames, for there was no water available, & the seat stuffing was burning with a bright hot flame. One final furious wrench ripped the patent cover right across, & I was able to yank the seat out & fling it into the gutter, where it burned away merrily.

There was nothing to do but shift the back seat to the front & drive on to Annapolis. There I bought another tire & tube to replace the blown ones, which were

damaged beyond repair, & drove on to Andrew Merkel's house at Lower Granville (now, through his efforts, officially called "Port Royal"). Sully was away in Montreal, so we took Andy on to Victoria Beach & had lunch in the hotel there, in a charming dining room overlooking Digby Gut. Martha Banning Thomas came in & we had a chat. Dropped off Andrew at Brow Hill, where he presented us with two bottles of his own cider, & drove on down the Valley to Middleton & thence to Lunenburg, passing through patches of bright sunshine & others of torrential rain, all the way. Lunenburg itself lay under the arch of the most beautiful rainbow I have seen. Dinner at Roscawen Manor, & then home at about 8:30.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9/49 Lovely day. Painting all morning. Played 18 holes of golf this p.m. Noticed a destroyer again anchored off White Point, with a boat out, apparently sounding a bit farther eastward from the spot she investigated June 5th.

Edith & I voted for Rawding, the Liberal member for Queens. There was more election excitement than for many years - cars & people rushing about, & smooth gentlemen in spiny cars engaged in mysterious roadside conferences with the "back road" canaille. Rawding won in Queens by a slim majority - 349. In the province

generally Angus L. MacDonald's government was approved, although the Conservatives got a very large vote. Final results:- Liberals elected, 27; Conservatives 8; C.C.F. 2. (The House was enlarged from 30 to 37 seats by last year's Redistribution Bill.)

The old bad practice of buying votes for cash, which, practically ceased (in Queens County anyhow) during the hard-up 1930's, & which I had hoped was gone forever, returned in this election. Liberals & Conservatives alike were busy with "boodle money" in Whynot Town, & in the Moose Hill, Beaver Dam districts of Milton, & other sections where the "great unwashed" congregate. However the Liberals had more money & seemed to take much of this "floating vote" to the polls. The small size of Rawding's majority proves once more that a "bought voter" is very unreliable when it comes to marking the ballot.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10/49

consulted the motor dealers this morning about the purchase of a new car. With license, heater, and "undersealing" - a process which protects the under-side of the car against rust, here are their offers:- for a 4-door sedan:-

Chevrolet

Car	-	\$	2031.00
Heater	-		78.40
License	-		22.74
Undersealing	-	\$	35.00
			<hr/>
			2167.14
allowance for old car			450.00
		NET \$	<hr/>
			1717.14

	<u>Ford</u>	
Car	-	\$ 2066.00
Heater	-	65.00
License	-	22.50
Undersealing	-	<u>35.00</u>
		2188.50
Allowance for old car	-	<u>500.00</u>
		\$ 1,688.50

Neither of the dealers would guarantee delivery of a new car within six weeks.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11/49

In paying my town taxes I find that the town rate has been raised from 5% to 6% in the past year. This makes an increase of exactly 57% since 1940. Next year the rate is to be raised again, to pay extra street maintenance costs, and the town proposes to borrow heavily in order to pave Main St. & one or two of the residential streets.

Letters from Bill Deacon and Will Bird, both urging me to address the C.A.C. convention in July. I dropped a card to Bird & said I would.

The radio & newspapers today announced the winners of the Governor-General's Awards. Congratulatory wires from Desmond Newel & Lou Charron. Golf this afternoon with Parker,

in a high wind, & I played wretchedly. This evening Edith & I spent with M. D. ("Don") & Sybil McDonald & their guests the Burchells. McDonald is manager of the local Bank of N. S.; Burchell has a lumber mill, an old family affair going back a century, at Newcastle, N.B. Some good talk about lumberjacks, their songs & tales, & the need for a book on the Maritime lumber industry & its story from the days when the first sailot-loggers ventured up the rivers to cut spars.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12/49

Very hot. To the United Church this morning. Golf this afternoon. Francie came along with her chums & spent the afternoon swimming in the White Point lake. Tommy & his pals went to Summersville.

MONDAY, JUNE 13/49

Very hot. Golf this afternoon with Capt. Charles Williams of Markland. This evening, with the Williams, Johnsons, Feinots, & the R. H. Murrays, we drove to Ragged Island Inn, near Lockeport. The proprietress (Miss ~~Ann~~ Arnold) let us have the cottage facing the harbour, where we spent half an hour over some of Charlie's potent rum cocktails, & we had an excellent dinner at the inn, which is simply an old-fashioned country home. Returned to Liverpool about 10 p.m. The party was in honour of the Feinots, who have entertained us all so much, and the R. H. (school principal) Murrays, who are leaving for

Yarmouth at the end of this month.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14/49 Another hot day, with a warm parched gale blowing from the west. Golf this afternoon was a bit weird, owing to the wind, & to a recurrence of the arthritis in the last two fingers of my left hand, which afflicted me last summer. A dinner tonight at Hillcrest, given by the Liverpool Board of Trade in honour of Bert Waters, who recently became President of the Mersey Paper Co. following the death of Col. Jones. The Board asked me to give the toast to Waters, which I did. In his response he gave some interesting facts about the growth & present state of the company, mentioning that the total payroll, which in 1930 was \$750,000, has now become \$3,000,000 per annum. Judge W. L. Hall, who is here for the June court, was present at the dinner & was called upon to speak. He was, of course, Attorney-General & Minister of Lands & Forests in the provincial government in 1928, when J. W. Killam was promoting the paper mill. He gave an interesting bit of history. The mill site was a matter of debate at the time, & Col. J. L. Miller, one of the directors & large shareholders in the company, was determined that it should be built at Ingrauport on the site of the big Miller lumber mills. He was strongly supported by

the Hon. J. Fred Fraser, member for Halifax County and head of the N.S. Power Commission. For a time it looked as if they would have their way. But Hall, who was member for Queens, objected strenuously to the scheme, pointing out that Liverpool was as good a site, & much nearer to the proposed power developments on the Mersey River which were to supply the new mill. He threatened to resign from the cabinet, & Premier Rhodes threw his own weight in the scales on Hall's side.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15/49

Fine & hot. Farmers all over the eastern half of Canada are worried over the drought, which has already destroyed the strawberry crop in Ontario. Spent this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald & Charlie Williams. Tonight a party at Longley Teinot's fishing camp near Greenfield, where in the traditional "Mac" style a pair of salmon were split & "planked" & roasted by the side of an open fire. About 25 people present, including my sister Winifred, who came this evening by bus from Halifax with her small adopted child Rosemary to spend a day or two with us. The time (& the drinks) passed merrily, & it was 2 a.m. before I got the guests together to sing "Auld Lang Syne" & "Goodnight, Ladies".

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1949

Drove to Hfx this morning, with Mimmie & her youngster, & found the city sweltering in the hottest day of the longest heat wave known in thirty years. Desmond Newell had asked me to spend a couple of hours this afternoon in the big J. Eaton store, autographing copies of my Halifax book. This I did - an ordeal, for the temperature in the store was at least 85°. I took off my jacket but even so my shirt was drenched & clinging within ten minutes.

Tonight I went to the C. B. C. studios on Sackville Street & went over the scripts of my broadcasts with Dorothea Cox, & recorded one of them for future transmission.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18/49 Another day of stupefying heat. Went downtown ab. 9 a.m. & bought a pair of white flannels, & a light nylon golf jacket, at Colwells. Then up to the C. B. C. studios where I recorded two more of the scripts, after much potter over the exact timing & so on. The three recorded talks are to be broadcast over the national network on successive Sundays - June 26, July 3 & 10 - & I shall open the series with a "live" broadcast tomorrow, when I am to lunch with the national convention of Canadian press clubs in the ballroom of the Nova Scotian hotel

and do my stuff in their presence.

All afternoon & evening at Mother's flat, wishing for a thunder-storm to cool the air. I dismissed the notion of driving out to the coast somewhere, for with only one seat in the car there is only room for three; & in any case it would mean being caught in the slow endless procession of cars which had been pouring down Bhebecto Road towards the Arm bridge ever since daylight this morning.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19/49 Another hell-hot day. Went to the Nova Scotian hotel at 11:45. Made a preliminary voice test in the ballroom, where there were two "mikes" for me - one for the radio broadcast & one for the ballroom's public-address system - on a small table on the stage. Close by stood the set-up for "Harmony Harbour", a regular CBC feature involving organ music, a narrator telling legends or tales of the sea, & a quartet singing sea chanteys. Miss Cox wanted a final check on the timing of the script, so we went out on the ~~room~~ roof to catch a breath of the harbour breeze while I went through the whole thing & she checked it with her stop-watch. The press men were a lively lot, despite the heat; many had copies of "Halifax, Warden of the North" which they asked me to autograph. Chatted with Dr. Dilworth, (who is one of the heads of C. B. C.), Commander

Briggs, Sid Kennedy, Carl McCall, & other CBC people; and newspapermen all the way from Vancouver to Newfoundland. Silverthorn made a brief address, & at 1:15 I seated myself on the stage & went on the air. The thing went well, not a single "fluff" & the timing exact to the second. The luncheon company applauded generously, & then the "Harmony Harbour" company opened their program with the quartet wearing nautical caps & singing Shenandoah. I stayed to hear it all & got away about 2:15.

Miss Cox wants me to do further broadcasts for CBC but I said I wanted to go on with my own work for a bit. She asked, & I gave, permission to have the four talks in the present series broadcast on the short wave to Britain.

Started for Liverpool about 3 p.m. & at once was caught in the long slow stream of traffic still pouring out of the city. No chance to pass, owing to the winding nature of the St. Margaret's Bay Road, & the pace was set by cars ambling along about 20 or 25 miles an hour. This went on for 40 miles but at last, past Hubbard's somewhere, I got clear & made good time the rest of the way. Had tea & spent the evening at the Hubert McDonalds', with the Parkers. Another hot & breathless night.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1949

The long hot drought has ended at last. Last night the wind got into the east & brought heavy rain & a temperature of 42° — a terrific drop from the heat we have experienced in the past week. This is the birthday of Halifax, & fortunately the rain ceased, although the skies remained grey & the wind easterly & cool.

I drove to Hfx. this morning with Edith & Francis to watch the big parade, 3½ miles long, of sailors, troops, airmen, tanks, artillery, & all sorts of other martial equipment, many decorated floats, 18 bands (including the Liverpool Cadet Corps band). It was very colourful; several army bands wore their full-dress uniform of scarlet & blue, & the band of the Royal 22nd Regiment (the famous "Van Doos") wore their tall bearskin helmets. One company of infantry marched in full dress of the 18th century, from grenadier caps to gaiters. A Navy float showed a cross-section of the gun-deck of an old-time frigate, with two brass cannon & all the proper paraphernalia including a gun-crew in the costume of Nelson's day, busy treading their gun in and out of the port & loading & firing a small charge of powder which made a very convincing bang. The Halifax Shipyards' float was a huge thing representing H.M.V. "Sphinx" & the Indians busy making peace on her deck with Cornwallis & his officers.

It was all done very well, a really good show.
Had tea at Mother's flat & left for home about 6 p.m.
Ran into rain at St. Margaret's Bay & it fell in torrents
all the way to Liverpool. Tommy & his fellow
bandsmen stayed to see the "battle" on Citadel Hill
in the evening, when a "village" erected on the Citadel
slope facing the Common was "bombed" by the R.C.A.F.,
"shelled" by artillery, & finally "stormed" by tanks and
infantry in the modern ^{mode.} He got back in an army
bus at 1:30 a.m. reporting this as the best part of
a very interesting day.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22/49 Wet & bleak. Had my den stove going
all morning, & a wood fire in the furnace this evening.
Went over the Perkins house with Jim Beside this afternoon.
Painting is finished on the exterior; plaster repairs & replacements
well advanced. Charrest couldn't get a plasterer or mason
here & the work was delayed until Jim brought a man
from Yarmouth last week. He is an Acadian, very
clever & willing at all kinds of plaster-work & masonry,
& is doing a good job.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23/49 Sunny again. The five young yellow-
warblers in the nest under my garage window today took to the
wing, or at any rate to nearby trees & shrubs. The eggs were laid
on June 1st. Golf this afternoon with Charlie

Williams - my first exercise in a week. My score, 102.

Tonight, having volunteered to donate blood to the Red Cross, I attended a clinic in the high school. The clinic is staffed by a woman doctor and a group of nurses who travel about the province in two or three motor vans containing all the necessary equipment. They are very brisk & efficient. When we gave blood during the war we had to maintain a starvation diet on the day of the donation. Now we can eat & drink what we like.

Edith & a group of volunteers were there serving coffee & doughnuts to "survivors." On the cot next to mine I found Eric Millard, land surveyor, who told me he had bought an old trunk full of maps & surveys, some of which go back to the 18th. century, apparently collected by Nathaniel R. Freeman fifty years or more ago. Amongst the papers Eric found a complete survey of the old Shelburne - Annapolis road, giving detail of courses & distances, apparently made at the time the soldiers cut the road through in 1784.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24/49

An "open- & -shut" day, quite warm but more cloud than sun, & on the golf course a cool draft from the sea. Spent the entire morning reading manuscripts by a young veteran of the RCAF who


lives in St. John, J. V. Emery. The mss. were brought to me by my sister Winifred with a plea that I help him. The chap writes well but his plots are weak & pointless. I wrote him a long letter discussing the tales & adding some advice.

I have a wretched cold of a violent and infectious sort that seems to be going the rounds. Coughing, sneezing & blowing all night.

The Navy is still investigating the reef off White Point where "Magnificent" struck. A motor-launch was busy all day taking soundings on the spot.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25/49

Thoroughly miserable all day, coughing, sneezing, weeping, nose running like a tap, using handkerchiefs by the dozen. Rain at intervals all day, so I did not venture out except to get the mail. Tommy returned home this afternoon after spending three days outdoors near La Belle, beyond Greenfield, with the school cadet corps. They bivouacked in the open - no tents - & got thoroughly soaked in the rain last night, but came up smiling.

This afternoon Mayor Wright, in the presence of a swarm of townsmen, formally opened the new hospital on the Western Head road. It is well built & well equipped, & fully staffed to take care of its  beds.

The notion of a hospital began with Mrs. Jerry Nickerson, who, in the early 1930's, began to collect funds in a small way. Nothing was done however until J. W. Mowbray Jones took hold of the project in 1945 - just as the war was ended - & determined to push it through. The Messer Paper Company, faced with a heavy "excess profits" tax, was able & willing to contribute a large sum towards the hospital - which actually cost the company nothing. With this as a foundation Jones, with the active support of the town's doctors, put on a clever, persistent and adroit campaign for ~~fund~~ contributions by the townsmen - neatly out-manoeuvring the Canadian Legion, who had been waiting for the war's end & the return of the troops to raise funds for a war-memorial youth centre.

When building costs rose faster than money could be raised, the government assisted with a grant of funds. Now we have a ³⁹⁻~~30~~-bed hospital equipped with everything of the best, but how it is to be supported is a problem which the town must now face. An annual deficit of no small size is predicted even by the hospital's enthusiasts, & presumably this burden will be saddled upon the taxpayers of Liverpool. My own attitude from the first has been that a Liverpool hospital of such proportions was an expensive luxury in view of the

fact that the Bridgewater hospital was only an hour away by car, & local private "cottage-hospitals" were adequate for local needs.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26/49 Overcast, very hot & humid. Still sneezing & blowing, but I feel better. Drove up the river this afternoon. The main highway to Annapolis is now paved with asphalt as far as Potanoc. With that amiable hop-skip- & jump method (or lack of method) of roadmakers, the contractors stopped paving there, removed their paving equipment to the Twelve Mile, & have begun to pave the way from the poorhouse towards Potanoc.

Work continues in a leisurely fashion on the new power development at Rapid Falls.

(Several divorce cases came before Judge Hall at the Supreme Court session here last week, amongst them Sue Supper's suit against Roger.)

Drove from Indian Gardens to Sixteen Mile by the old "Gardens Road" & found it very bad in spots, almost impassable for ordinary cars especially of the new low-road-clearance types. Picked up Aunt Marie Bell at Milton & we had tea on our lawn.

MONDAY, JUNE 27/49 Dominion election day. Overcast & cool. Spent the ~~most~~ morning mowing & trimming the lawns, pruning shrubs, etc. Removed entirely the golden-elder shrub which for some time past has obscured much of the view from my den.

The election in Queens-Shelburne was a matter of much excitement in Liverpool, as both candidates were Liverpool men. In Queens, both sides agreed to refrain from purchasing votes with "boodle" money or rum, & kept their agreement. Hubert Nickerson, the Tory candidate, had been persuaded to run by Ralph P. Bell, the arch-schemer who is head of the big fish-packing combine in Nova Scotia. As a member of the firm of Nickerson Brothers here, Hubert was widely known to the fishermen & members of the poorer class in town, who have good reason to remember his honesty & charity. Donald Smith, the Liberal candidate, entering politics in the shoes of his father, the late Dr. J. W. Smith, was little known outside his dentist's practice; & he & his beautiful but rather cold wife have lived in the somewhat exclusive social circle of the town. Smith himself is tall, clean-cut, intelligent, honest, a forthright personality. The electors had a hard choice to make. However, Nickerson's wider acquaintance won him a majority of 311 in Queens, where, too, he had the powerful support of the Mersey Paper Company's hierarchy. (The M.P. Co. contributes money to both parties but on the personal side its politics are strongly Tory.)

Shelburne County, so largely dependent on the fishery, turned in a majority of 472 for Smith, so that he

won the seat by a slim majority of 161. Nickerson, who was born & grew up at Clark's Harbor, had expected to get a big vote in Shelburne County. Apparently, in those more distant fishing communities, the fact that he is a fish merchant told against him.

In the Dominion generally the Liberals had a tremendous triumph, even defeating the well-entrenched C.C.F. in its native habitat, Saskatchewan.

The final returns:-

Liberal	-	193
Conservative	-	42
C.C.F.	-	12
Social Credit	-	10
Independent Liberal	-	1
Independent	-	4
		<hr/>
		262

TUESDAY, JUNE 28/49

Sunshine at last. Golf this afternoon. Still have a severe bronchial cough.

Naval court-martial at Halifax today found Commodore G. R. Miles, of R.M.C.S. "Magnificent", guilty of negligence in the stranding of the big new aircraft carrier off White Point on June 4th, & recommended that he be dismissed from his command. The verdict of the court now goes to the

Note: - Commodore Miles died within a year of his dismissal, & I was told later by naval officers that Miles took his own life!

Navy brasshats at Ottawa, who may reduce the sentence if they choose. Miles, who has been 30 years in the Navy, is the senior Canadian officer afloat. His navigating officer in "Magnificent" goes on trial before the same court tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29/42 Sunny, but a bleak air from the sea.

Last night the temp. was only 42° at 10 p.m. Forgot to mention yesterday that I went to the Perkins house to consult with Charest & his painter about the interior finish & colors. Asked Charest to erect a fence & gate across the Church Street entrance to the grounds, & to repair very carefully the stone pillars & chains & the old iron gate at the Main St. entrance. Also asked him to have the entrance path cleared of grass & given a thick coating of beach gravel; and to have the dead limbs removed from the big elms overhanging the path.

Lt. Com. Johnston, navigating officer of "Magnificent", was sentenced to a reprimand by the court-martial at Halifax today. The evidence in Miles' case, published in today's paper, reveals astonishing carelessness in officers navigating an 18,000 ton ship drawing 22 feet. Of three available channels into Port Mouton they chose the one between White Point Rock and White Point itself, which brought the ship perilously close to the 5-fathom contour on the chart. The chart, they knew, was based

on a survey made in 1861 and probably unreliable for ships of "Magnificent's" size. On top of all this, they permitted the ship to get seriously off-course; and when the error was noticed by Johnston a few minutes before the ship struck, he merely altered the ship's course a point or two (which was inadequate) and only reduced the ship's speed from 14 to 12 knots.

No soundings were taken, & the seaman at the echo-sounding machine was merely told to report any depth ~~less than~~ ^{less than} 4 fathoms. By the time his machine showed that, the ship was tearing her bottom on the "uncharted reef" mentioned in the Navy's first news-release.

In preparation for the Dominion Day celebration, the local shops are selling fire-crackers for the first time since ~~1939~~ 1939, when the war stopped all such manufactures. It seems strange that a whole new generation of youngsters has come along without knowing the joys of small fireworks; but they are making up for lost time; every boy (including Tommy) has a pocketful, & already irate citizens are complaining of the continual disturbance in the streets.

SATURDAY, JULY 2/49

The Legion held its usual Dominion Day celebration yesterday, with a bazaar, two ball games, & so on. A fine hot day & the town jammed with cars &

people. Today the weather continued hot. Played golf with Brent Smith this afternoon - score 95.

Tonight we attended a party given by Harold Doggett & Charlie Williams at the Doggett bungalow overlooking Ponhook Lake, above Greenfield. The place belongs to Harold's well-to-do brother, who left here to work in the mining regions of northern Ontario in 1924, got a job as treasurer of the then small Lake Shore gold mining company, & is now about to retire. A good party, a lovely spot. The main dish was Charlie's specialty, clam chowder. He dug the clams at Sumnerville yesterday & prepared the chowder himself.

Home about 1 a.m.

Sunday, July 3/49 Very hot. Slept little last night. Went out to White Point at 9 a.m. & played nine holes of very bad golf - the course wrapped in dense fog & the grass sopping wet. Back home for a tub & a shave, & then a long wait for Max & Nell Cassidy, their two kids, my Mother, & Hilda, who drove down from Iffa for lunch. I had reserved a table at White Point Lodge for luncheon, & we just got there before the dining room closed. It is four years since Nellie last visited Nova Scotia, while her husband Max has not been here for 14 years.

We spent the afternoon reclining in chairs in the shade above the beach, returning to town at 5 p.m. Edith served ice cream & strawberries & cakes, & then our visitors left for Hfx. Mother is going on to Alabama with Max & Nellie & will spend the fall & winter with them. Today at 1:15 p.m. the C.B.C. broadcast the third in my series of 7 talks on Hfx. - this one entitled "Halifax & the Navy".

TUESDAY, JULY 5/49 Fine hot weather continues ~~so~~ unbroken except for a few showers last night & this morning. Yesterday morning we saw Francie (& half a dozen other excited little girls) off to the "Y" camp near Yarmouth. This morning (7 a.m.!) I saw Tommy & his fellow cadets off by train to Addershot for a fortnight's camp and military training. About 9:30 a.m. Edith & I set off by car for Halifax to enjoy a holiday of our own. The national convention of the Canadian Authors' Association which is being held in Halifax this year. At the Nova Scotian hotel we met Bill Deacon, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Paul Kuhring, Philip Child, Bill Borrett, Will Bird, Kathleen Strange, Maida Carlow French, Charles Bruce, & other old friends & acquaintances, most of them with their wives or husbands. There are about 50 or 60 people at this convention, mostly women. We

all joined in a private dining room of the Nova Scotian for a luncheon tendered by the city of Halifax. In the absence of Mayor Kinley, Leonard Fraser did the honors for the city, & Leslie Barnard replied for the C.A.A. After luncheon we were all guests of the Navy in a large sea-going tugboat, very spick & span, which took us for a cruise about the harbor, Bedford Basin & Northwest Arm. This evening the convention gathered in the Bedford Room of the Nova Scotian, & Philip Child gave a talk "On Having A Literature of Our Own", & I gave a talk on "The Literary Tradition in Nova Scotia". Edith & I are staying at Mother's flat, to which we have a key, & running back & forth by taxi, as I detest driving in the traffic madhouse of downtown Halifax, & in any case the old car is no longer fit to be seen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6/49

A lazy morning with a bit of shopping at Simpsons. Lunch at the flat. Afternoon tea with the C.A.A. people at Government House, where Lieut. Governor & Mrs. J.A.D. McCurdy were for some unaccountable reason half an hour late in making an appearance. We were shown through the lovely old mansion, which last year was thoroughly restored & re-decorated at great cost by the N.S.

government. It has been done very well. Mrs. McCurdy told us that the furniture in the house when she came was a hodge-podge of odds & ends left by the succession of Lieutenant-Governors since Kentworth's time, & that the fine old Georgian furniture, now restored & replaced in the house, she found in the cellar, the garret and in a lumber room over the garage. McCurdy is the man who flew Graham Bell's "Silver Dart" at Bras D'Or in 1909. He is a tall rather forceful man with keen grey eyes & a long, somewhat cynical face. His wife is a slender greying blonde, extremely well dressed, with a gay uninhibited manner, reputed to be fond of drink. This evening we all attended a dinner at the Nova Scotian, given by the Province of N.S. Premier Macdonald welcomed the guests, & Philip Child replied for the C.A.A. Several of the N.Y. cabinet & their wives were present at the head table; I took in Mrs. Patterson, wife of one of the ministers, & Merrill Rawding, Minister of Highways & Public Works, took Edith in. (Mrs. Patterson, a sprightly woman from Cape Breton, asked me if I wrote? I replied that I did, & that I also sang, but not very well.) After dinner the Premier came to me & said "Get your wife, will you? You're coming to my house", & went off to phone for his car.

The Premier's residence is "Winwick", a small but pleasant house in Marlborough Woods, with lawns dropping steeply to the Northwest Arm. The Bill Leasons, the Childs, the Birds, & Claude Lewis, were in the party, & we had drinks & talk & enjoyed the sight of a big moon shining on the Arm. Afterwards we all piled into Claude Lewis's car & he took us home.

THURSDAY, JULY 7/49 Another lazy morning. Lunch at the flat. Spent the afternoon at the Archives looking up material on Cable Island. In the evening we went to the Nova Scotian & heard Hugh MacLennan's address on "Changing Values in Fiction". The gist of it was that the competition of radio, moving pictures, & now television, were dealing a mortal blow to the art of fiction writing; but he went on at great length about Balzac, Dostoevsky, Hemingway, Maugham & a great many others — very positive in all his statements — (example: "Maugham, of course, became a good critic when he ceased writing good novels"). MacLennan is now 42 but looks younger, being tall, athletic, with a lively manner & flashing dark eyes. He does not seem quite so pleased with himself as when I first met him, but he is still obviously convinced that he is God's gift

to Canadian letters, & talks in a light, drawling, rather bored voice that adds very much to this impression.

Col. C. P. Stacey, of the Historical Section, Canadian General Staff (who is here to receive the G. S. Award for his history of the Canadian Army, 1939-45) was a classmate of MacLennan's at Princeton. They greeted each other happily, but Stacey told my wife that MacLennan's manner earned him intense dislike at Princeton; & MacLennan, for his part, told Stacey in my hearing that the people at Princeton, staff & students, were "the worst lot of bastards I've ever met."

This was followed by a "round table" discussion of the novel, conducted by W. A. Seaton, who called on Maida French, MacLennan, Child, Barnard, Bird & myself for remarks here & there. Several earnest souls in the audience busy taking notes - God knows why. No writer can honestly say why he does this or that; if he is any good he writes by instinct, of which nothing can be said except that it exists, and one follows it for good or ill, and that is that.

FRIDAY, JULY 8/49 Still another lazy morning. Afternoon tea with the convention guests at "Winwick," where Angus R. & his wife were very gracious to us all. Lieut-Governor & Mrs. McCurdy, & his naval aide, Lieut

Campbell, arrived late at the tea party, & the Premier
drew them & Hugh MacLennan & Edith & me into a
side chamber, where he poured whiskey & water for us all
& chatted very pleasantly. Mrs. MacDonald said I
must change my habit of diving in & out of the city
without a word to anybody, & made me promise to
phone Angus or herself whenever I'm in town.
Afterwards their daughter Conagh drove Edith & me
to Mother's flat in the family car just in time
to wash & change for the banquet tonight, which ends
the convention.

As always I refused to wear formal dress, &
went to the dinner in blue coat & white flannels —
the only man at the head table not in tails or a tuxedo
except Stacy, who was in army uniform. A great
crowd in the banquet room, many Halifax people present.
I sat between Mrs. Philip Childs and Mrs. Evelyn
Richardson, the author of "If Keep A Light", who had
come from her island for the occasion.

During the dessert a large woman (whose name
escaped me) sang three ballads; of these, one about
~~For~~ Montreal & one about Vancouver were by John Murray
Gibbons, & the third by Agnes Foley MacDonald, wife of the
premier. Then came the presentation of the Governor-General's

Awards by the Premier. This part of the evening's programme was broadcast over the Halifax stations CHNS and CJCH, & two microphones were set up on the table before Mr. MacD.

He made a few introductory remarks ~~to~~ about each of us, & each in turn walked up, received his medal & a handshake, & sat down. Then each was called to the microphones for a five-minute talk. Following this, Bird, retiring president of the C.A.A., announced the closing of the convention. I have been re-elected ~~a~~ Vice-President for the Maritimes, & remained for nearly an hour with the rest of the executive in business session.

Kathleen Strange, Edith & I then went on to Jack Braley's house at 273 Tower Road, where we found Andrew Merkel & La McKellar, & had drinks & talk until midnight. Braley is now head of the Canadian Press for the Maritimes — Merkel's old job. He chatted very interestingly about General Montgomery & about Premier Macdonald. Said Macd. had told him in Ottawa (before resigning his post in the federal cabinet) that he was rather tired of politics & would like nothing so much as the presidency of Dalhousie University, which then was vacant or about to be vacant. Braley promptly put an item in the press listing speculations on the post to which

Angus R. would go after leaving Ottawa, mentioning amongst other things a judgeship and the Dalhousie post. This was ignored by the Board of Governors of Dalhousie because (according to Brayley) Macdonald is a Catholic, and ~~this~~ the college policy is still dictated very largely by J. McE. Stewart & others of the old Presbyterian tradition. They appointed Dr. Kerr.

According to Brayley, Macdonald wants to get out of politics & will shortly go to the bench.

This will leave the leadership of the Liberal party in N.S. open & the next leader must be Protestant because a Catholic held it last. I asked who is likely to get the post if Macd. resigns, & Brayley said Col. Winters, who is expected to resign from the federal cabinet to take it.

SATURDAY, JULY 9/49. Drove home in a leisurely fashion this morning. Lunched at Boscawen Manor in Lunenburg, & while there called on C.H.R. Zwicker. He paid me for 17 copies of "West Texas" he had sold. He still has 8 on hand. Home about 2.30 p.m. & went on to White Point & played 18 holes of golf after tea. Lovely calm warm day. The drought has parched the golf course like the rest of the land, & the greens are now very brown.

Monday, July 11, 1949

Heavy showers of rain through the night but today was fine & hot. Bain phoned this morning to say that my new car had arrived; so I drove down to the Ford garage & handed over my faithful old Chevrolet, which has served me thirteen years & nearly 70,000 miles, & drove away with the new one. The cost was as follows:—

Custom four-door sedan	—	\$2,099.29
extra for low pressure tires	—	15.62
extra for heater & defroster	—	61.73
extra for "northern equipment" (heavy springs, & shock absorbers)	—	15.43
extra for metallic enamel	—	9.72
extra for license	—	22.09
		<u>\$ 2,223.88</u>
less trade-in allowance for old car	—	550.00
	NET	<u>\$ 1,673.88</u>

The new car is light blue, much longer than the old one, & I can barely get it into my small garage. The old Chevrolet cost about \$1,100 when new in 1936. The fact that it is still worth half that today reflects the high price & continuing shortage of new cars. Bain tells me he has several people waiting & eager to buy my old car, just as it is, for the trade-in price.

When I bought the Chev. in '36 I intended to run it five years & then get another; but when the five years were up, the war was on & a new car was out of the question. She was dragged on for six years, & all in all I kept the Chev. long past what I had considered the life of a car before the war.

Drove out to White Point this afternoon for a round of golf, but I played very badly & quit after 11 holes. Went on for a drive to Port L'Herbert.

After tea we drove to Mill Village via Beach Meadows & Port Medway, just to enjoy the luxury of a new car on a very lovely evening.

TUESDAY, JULY 12/49

Fine & warm. Cards from Tommy at Aldershot Camp, & Francie at Yarmouth; both are enjoying life outdoors. Francie's "card" actually was a bundle of five correspondence cards, written on both sides, and written in Francie's own naive style which sent us into fits of laughter. A good round of golf this afternoon. Tonight a group of our friends gave a clam-bake in my honor, in the Johnson's lovely garden on Park Street, & using their fine new barbecue fireplace. (The Parkers, Dumlaps, Paul Kings, Carl Sheiss's, Harold Doggetts, Howland Whites, Charlie Williams, Longley Veinots, Gladys Macdonald, & of course Etch & I.) Beer, & then clams (dug at Port Joli

& cooked under the expert supervision of Charlie Williams) & then rolls, cake, doughnuts & coffee. Howland made a little speech on behalf of the company & presented me with something elaborately wrapped, which turned out to be a bottle of Bacardi. A sea-fog had rolled in at sundown, but this cleared later on, & we had a rising moon. All very nice, & good fun.



This is the new stamp commemorating the foundation of Halifax.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 49

Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell & Charlie Williams - my score 100. Edith & I had dinner at White Point tonight with a Mr. & Mrs. Wills of Coral Gables, Florida, who are guests there. Wills is a former Nova Scotian, a retired Wall Street broker, whose hobby is history, especially naval history.

Afterwards we returned to town & met the 9:15 train, in which the Cadet Corps returned from their ten days at Aldershot. Tommy turned up, very brown & fit, & entertained us till 11 p.m. with a viva voce account of the camp. The boys slept in army huts, the food was plentiful & good,

the military training was well mixed with sports & other recreation. Amongst other things they had a sightseeing trip along the Valley to Grand Pré & elsewhere, in a large bus. The Liverpool corps again carried off the rifle shooting cups, but lost the General Excellence shield to the smart New Glasgow corps. Tommy was much pleased to see the new car; for some time now he has been ashamed to be seen riding in the old one.

FRIDAY, JULY 15/49 Helen Brighton called this morning. She has been doing some folk-lore research at Port Medway, & is now on her way to Clark's Harbor. Golf this p.m. - score 98. An open- & - shut afternoon, patches of hot sunshine & drifting fog. Cleared off about 4 p.m. This evening we drove to Carter's Beach & had a chat with Jack & Shirley Chaplin & their daughter Jill. Dropped Tommy & his chums at Summerville Beach en route & picked them up on the way home.

SATURDAY, JULY 16/49 Overcast & cool. Golf this afternoon with Parker, Kelso, & Harvey Crowell, who is staying a day or two at White Point. Fetched Aunt Marie Bell down from Milton for tea, & we were joined by Marie Freeman, who is still boarding in town & renting her house in Milton. A mailed package from the Premier's secretary today revealed my fountain pen, which Angus L.

had found in his pocket after the tea party on the 8th.

Britain, still suffering an acute shortage of dollar exchange, ~~has~~ has decided to cut her imports from Canada & the U.S. another 25%. This policy extends through her Crown colonies, which means a sharp cut in Canada's trade with the West Indies also. The new tightening of the British belt follows the failure of a strenuous effort to increase British exports to the U.S. & Canada during the past two years. British production costs have risen so high since Labour got into the saddle that their goods could not compete in trans-Atlantic markets. All this in turn affects Canada's own dollar exchange with the U.S. & the Canadian govt. has begun to restrict imports from that country again. The most hopeful feature here is that the rapidly increasing oil production in Alberta should make Canada independent of U.S. oil in another two years, & oil is a big item in the exchange.

Monday, July 18/49

Overcast, very hot & humid. Francie & her chums came home from Camp Napomeo, by way of train from Yarmouth. Francie (like Tommy last year) had won the "Honour Camper" badge, which she displayed with modest pride. This is awarded annually to the best all-round

personality in the camp - a coveted distinction.

Received today from Eaton a copy of Kenneth Roberts' book "I Wanted To Write", in which he quotes a letter from me in praise of his "Oliver Wiswell". He describes very well the agonizing business of squeezing a story out of one's mind, but "I Wanted To Write" is really a picture of himself: - a hard-driving egocentric man, careful in research but colouring his fiction & even his historical material with the tint of his own violent prejudices; eager for money but at the same time eager to do something solid for American literature; enslaving his wife as well as himself in the terrific toils of his books; childishly angry with the Pulitzer Prize committee, who have consistently ignored his works; honest, opinionated, sarcastic, verbose.

TUESDAY, JULY 19/49 A hot sleepless night, & very hot today. Working slowly on my novel. Golf this afternoon. A well-dressed man at White Point asked if he could ride with me to Liverpool, to catch the bus to Chester at five o'clock. Turned out to be an interesting chap, Oscar Strauss, manager of the Hotel Nutibara, in Medellin, Colombia. (He gave me his card) Up here to spend a few weeks' holiday with his daughter, a

student at a girls' school in Canada. I invited him to wait at my house until bus time, & we sat in the shade on the lawn, sipping beer. He is a Czech, a veteran of the Czech Legion in the 1914-18 war, & an officer of the reserve when Hitler seized his country in 1938. He saw the war coming & got out with his wife & daughter via Poland & Sweden. He determined to settle in Venezuela, & sailed with his family in a small Swedish tramp, which took a long route via the Faroes to avoid mines & was 28 days on the passage to La Guayra.

After some ups & downs he got the post at the Hotel Putibara, which is, he says, a large modern affair ~~which~~ ^{land} compares favorably with anything in the U.S.

I asked what fate was in store for Czechoslovakia under the Communist regime. He said, "You can see what is happening. The Czechs cannot fight for their freedom alone, any more than they could in 1938. My country is simply waiting for the Third Great War — between the U.S. and Russia. Russia cannot win, & the Czechs will then be free."

This evening I took Edith, Francis, Marie Freeman, Beryl Randall & Miss Drew for a drive along the shore from Brooklyn to Eagle Head, thence to Port Medway, Charleston, Greenfield, & home by the Annapolis highway.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20/49 Very hot. Ectith & I went to White Point tonight for dinner with Goodwin Harris & his wife. Professor McInnes & wife joined the party, & another couple from Toronto named Ince. Very cool & pleasant in the breeze from the sea. Home at 10 p.m. Another sleepless night, the sky overcast, the air very still & breathless; lightning flashing almost continuously from two storms, one in the direction of Halifax, which was too far to be heard except about 4 a.m., when it approached & boomed & flashed from the north-east: the other storm, far more spectacular, came up from the southwest & made the sky very bright & noisy ~~at~~ about 1.30 or 2 a.m. It passed south of Liverpool & grumbled off seaward, its lightning still brilliant long after the sound could no longer be heard. One or two showers of rain fell - hardly enough to wet the sidewalks.

Letter today from Helen Brighton, busy collecting folklore at Cape Sable. Maida French had turned up at Clark's Harbour in her car, & they two had hired a fisherman (my friend Dewey Nickerson) to take them to Bon Portage island for an afternoon's visit with Mrs. Evelyn Richardson. She says "Dewey worships you".

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1949.

Fine & warm. Golf as usual this afternoon. The town fathers have decided to pave with asphalt several of the streets (including Park Street) while the Acadia Construction Company's equipment is here & available. The company, which has almost finished paving the highway from Liverpool to Middlefield, & is about to complete the partly-paved stretch from Brooklyn to Liverpool, has advertised in the Liverpool Advance, offering to pave private driveways at the rate of \$2.10 per sq. yd. I have decided to have mine done, & this evening a chap came up & estimated the job at \$160.00. His men will do it tomorrow if the weather stays fine.

SATURDAY, JULY 23/49

Very hot. I stayed at home to oversee the asphalt job but the men did not show up until after 2 p.m. & as I didn't want my driveway torn up & then left over Sunday, I told them to come back Monday morning. The Goodwin Harris's came in for tea, which we had on the lawn, & I drove about the town with them & explained the points of interest, & let them see the Perkins house. The interior painting is nearly finished & all looks quietly handsome in the way I had hoped.

SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1949

Fine, with a stiff westerly gale. Golf this morning with Ralph Johnson & Barney Mosher. This afternoon I drove to Port Joli for a picnic in company with the Parkers, Dunlaps & Forsythes. Austin had brought a pin-maul, drills, & split iron bolts & wedges for the purpose of marking permanently the corners of his property there. Flected Dunlap & I took turns at drilling one of the holes in a big granite boulder.

Made coffee over a fire by the shore, & we all dined in a sunny clearing amongst the spruces. Tommy & France were accompanied by their chums Paul Chandler & Lynn Seldon. Young Jim Parker was there with his girl, Barbara White; Edwin & Nora Parker had their blonde baby girl, who enchanted all of us.

The youngsters swam & played baseball & swam again right up to the last minute. Home about 9 p.m. with a magnificent sunset fading into dusk behind us.

MONDAY, JULY 25/49

Fine & warm. Four men & a truckload of hot asphalt road-mixture arrived this morning, together with a blond young man operating a small gasoline-driven roller, & by late afternoon my driveway was done. The blond chap told me with animation that he had read "Pride's Tanay" & "His Majesty's Yankees" & enjoyed them. Played 18 holes

of golf this afternoon - score 93 - very good for me.

Rain tonight of a light but steady sort, badly needed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27/49

Continued warm weather. Inland everybody swelters but here on the coast we are comfortable. Typical temperatures given by radio today: 96° in the Ottawa Valley: 85° in the Annapolis Valley: 75° on the South Shore.

The head of the RCAF, Air Vice-Marshal Curtis, on a tour of inspection, says that Greenwood air field will soon be the largest air base in eastern Canada. Its latest reinforcement is a new group set up to practice anti-submarine work. For married personnel 100 houses have been built within the past two years, & now 150 more will be undertaken at once. The big airfield at Dartmouth seems to have a comparatively minor role in the defence scheme. As H.M.C.S. "Shearwater" it is the base for Canadian naval aircraft; but its chief utility now is as a general airport for Halifax. The new commander of "Shearwater" is Captain F. W. Finch-Noyes, whose mysterious disappearance set the countryside agog in September 1939, & who was found sitting in his car at Ten Mile Lake, on the road from Annapolis to Liverpool. Amnesia due to overwork, it was said.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1949

This day opened with an overcast sky, but the weather cleared about 10 p.m. & from then on we experienced the hottest day of this hot summer. By 1 p.m. the thermometer in our dining room was 92° , & what it was in the sun I can't guess. I was just finishing a morning's work at the typewriter when Leslie Gordon Barnard, the Montreal author, & his wife, arrived on bicycles from Hunt's Point, where they have a cabin for a few days. They stayed to lunch & in the afternoon I took them in my car for a tour of Liverpool & Milton, showed them through the Perkins house, & so on.

While they were chatting in our living-room, Arthur Mayse & his wife & two youngsters arrived to pay a call. They have a cottage at Broad River. Mayse, formerly a fiction department editor for Maclean's Magazine, is now free-lancing & recently had a novel published in serial form in the Saturday Evening Post - for which he got something like \$15,000. He intends making a swordfishing trip with one of Port Mouton fishermen who are now fitting out for Louisburg.

After tea, Edith & I fled from the boiling town & I played golf until dark. Cool & very pleasant there, with the fogbank lying in sight two or three miles off Western Head.

FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1949

Another day of terrific heat. The radio informs us that Liverpool yesterday was the hottest town in Nova Scotia - which I doubt. Ralph Johnson, returning from New Germany today, said the temperature there was 120° F. in the sun. Got in a good morning's work by getting up at 6 a.m., as I have done for several weeks. All afternoon on the golf course, where there was a cool breeze, & afterwards we had drinks & a chat with Goodwin Harris & his wife on the veranda of their cottage, which faces directly upon the beach.

Letter today informs me that the new Income Tax Act, which did not become effective until Jan. 1, 1949, admits at last that authors' royalties are "earned income" and not subject to the 4% surtax hitherto imposed. There is no recourse for the sums of which we have been mulcted in the years gone by. Thus Canada at last admits, by act official, that a Canadian author really works for his living.

SATURDAY, JULY 30/49 Still another hot day. Played 18 holes on the golf course this morning. This afternoon we drove to Summerville & dropped Francie & two chums at the beach for a picnic of their own. We then picked up Leslie & Betty Barnard & spent the afternoon driving slowly & giving them glimpses of the shore scenery - South West Port Mouton, Western Head (where the fog-horn was

blaring in thick fog, & we got out on the breakwater, visited the whistle-keeper, (Carl Klatt); Brooklyn breakwater, Dipper Creek, Beach Meadows, Eagle Head. At six o'clock we carried our stuff down to the shore at Beach Meadows, boiled a kettle over an open fire & made coffee, & had a picnic. ~~The~~ The Barnards delighted with the fine beach, & astonished that we were the only people there. Returned them to Hunt's Point at 8 p.m., picked up the kids, & came home. The fog had moved in, bringing the temperature down to 60° in a swoop.

SUNDAY, JULY 31/49

Sense fog. Edith & I went to White Point at 10:30 a.m. & I played 9 holes of blind-man's-buff with Goodwin Harris & his wife. Lunch at the Lodge with the Harris's, & afterwards down to the games room where Harris showed his coloured movies taken last summer. Back to town for tea, found it very humid & hot. After tea I took Edith & the kids to Summerville (which was sunny) & went back to play another 9 holes at White Point (which was still smothered in fog.) Picked up my family again, spotted the Barnards on the road as we came past Hunt's Point, & brought them into town for another chat. Played my recordings of James D. Sillis discussing his own "Cape Breton Giant" & other matters, which they enjoyed. Returned them to Hunt's Point at 11 p.m. They leave tomorrow or Tuesday.

MONDAY, AUG. 1, 1949

Drove my family to Yarmouth, first turning inland at Tusket to drop Tommy for a fortnight at Camp Napomeo. Had a chat with Nathan Bain. Went on to have lunch with Jim & Fran Reside in their lovely new home beside Lake Mills. All sorts of weather, pouring rain on the Queens County shore, thick fog from Lockport to Argyle, hot sunshine everywhere else. After lunch drove on with Edith & Francis, up the French shore to Annapolis, all very lovely; American cars everywhere; at 6 p.m. stopped for a hearty meal at Caledonia, in a small restaurant run by a war veteran and his deft Scotch wife. Home at 8 p.m. Got the first scar on the new Ford on the gravel road from Carleton to Helbron, where a stone, flung by a passing car, made a semi-circular crack on the windshield about the size of my forefinger-nail. Had two narrow escapes from serious damage: on the dirt ~~the~~ road coming down from the east side of Bear River towards the paved highway, when a light truck came tearing around a corner on the wrong side of the road & skidded wildly in loose gravel while it swung over to the right side; and on the new paved road from Middlefield to Liverpool, where a young deer suddenly leaped out of the woods & crossed the road in front of the car - I was going 60 m.p.h., a narrow shave.

FRI DAY, AUG. 5, 1949

Very hot. I had an official (printed) invitation to be present at the Barrington Passage causeway ceremony today; and two days ago my fisherman friend Dewey Pickerson phoned from Clark's Harbour inviting me to the banquet afterwards: so this morning at ten o'clock Edith & I set off. Stopped on the way to visit Arthur Mayse & his family in their cottage at Broad River; stopped at the McMullen House in Barrington for lunch, & renewed acquaintance with the hostess (Mrs. Broderick) and Dr. Nelson & family, Miss Belle Hopkins, & garrulous old Mr. Frank Doane. Sat at table with a pretty Mrs. Parsons, wife of one of the contractors on the causeway job; and a young RCMP constable, who told me that he & another constable had visited Seal Island recently to answer a complaint by Mrs. Hamilton that the fishermen were wantonly shooting gulls there. Reached Clark's Harbour via the causeway about 2 p.m. & found Dewey & family about to set off for the ceremony. Followed him back to the causeway & had a long wait in the burning sun, as the official opening was not to take place until 4 p.m. Premier Macdonald came along in a big black car about 3.45, wearing a neat grey suit & a somewhat battered but obviously cherished

grey fedora hat. He noticed me in the crowd & stopped for a chat. While we were talking, a chap ("Ez." Parsons) with the latest thing in cameras, took a picture of Macdonald & me, another of Hedley Doty & me & took my breath by drawing from the camera (within sixty seconds or a bit less) and presenting to me the resulting snapshots, printed in a sort of sepia finish. A wooden dais had been erected in the exact centre of the causeway, well decorated in red, white, & blue, & with the Nova Scotian, the Canadian, & the British flags snapping in the breeze. A band in blue uniforms (from Yarmouth, someone said) played "O Canada" to open the show. There were brief speeches by M. D. Rawding (Minister of Highways) Don Smith (federal member for Shelburne-Queens) & others, & finally the Premier. The young parson of Cape Island, Lawrence Atkinson, made an invocation, & Angus L. then took a pair of scissors & cut the symbolic white ribbon stretched across the causeway. Several hundred people from both shores came to see & hear these doings, & of course everyone was happy because ~~there was~~ Cape Island is no longer isolated & dependent on the erratic & inadequate ferry service. As an added touch, the old ferryboat "Joseph Howe",

very brave in bunting, made her final voyage across the Passage while the ceremony was in progress.

Back to Clark's Harbour in a choking cloud of dust raised by the long procession of cars & trucks. Chatted over drinks of Scotch & ice at Dewey's house, & at 6 p.m. went to a big second-story lodge-room, where Edith & I were ushered to one of the head tables. Pretty Mrs. Parsons sat at my left, Lorain Baker on Edith's right. An excellent meal with cold boiled lobster as the piece de resistance. Farrington, the clever & handsome young Englishman who was principal of the Clark's Harbor school last year, was chairman of the dinner; & the Premier, ~~Harry~~ Rawding, Baker & one or two others spoke briefly to the gathering. Saw Helen Breighton there, & had a word or two with Eddie "Whiskers" Smith, Robbie Blades, Captain Kinney, & other friends. Then on to Bob Manson's flat over the cold-storage plant, where we chatted over glasses of Scotch. Bob took me down & showed me his new equipment for "quick-freezing" fillets of fish wrapped in paper & packed in cardboard boxes with a cellophane panel. He is experimenting with fillets of halibut put up in this manner, & presented me with two 1/2-lb. packages to take home & try. Back to L'pool at 55 & 60 miles an hour. Home just before midnight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1949

Very hot. The Premier & R. W. McCollough ("executive assistant to the Minister of Highways & Public Works") arrived in Liverpool this morning & wished to see the Perkins house. I took them through it, found both men keenly interested, especially Angus L., who lingered for an hour chatting about 18th. century days and the importance of the New Englanders' settlement of Nova Scotia in the days before the American Revolution.

Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap. Edith came along & kept score. (Hector, 90; I, 99.) Then back to my house for cold beer & chat.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7/49

Very hot. Golf morning & afternoon. Picnic tea at Port Joli with the Parkers on their regently purchased land at Forbes' Point. I hear that the old Kinney property at Catharines River has been purchased by some Americans staying at White Point.

The large U.S. Navy task force which is visiting Halifax for Navy Week passed up the coast this morning. It includes the huge aircraft carrier "Midway", the carrier "Kearsarge", four or five destroyers & a submarine, & the flagship is the "Newport News" (Admiral William H. Blandy, C-in-C, U.S. Atlantic Fleet) the largest cruiser in the world. One of the destroyers came into Liverpool for a visit, anchoring off Brooklyn, & today the town & the

adjacent beaches are thronged with young sailors, most of whom look no more than 17 or 18 years old.

The Royal Navy is represented at Halifax during this celebration by the lone cruiser "Glasgow", & the lone submarine "Jolly Ho"; & this illustrates once more Britannia's fading role as mistress of the seas.

In addition to the above U.S. ships at Halifax, the cruisers "Rochester" & "Spokane" are visiting Sydney; the destroyers "Learing" & "Gyatt" are at Pictou; the destroyer "K. A. Bailey" is at Arichat; destroyers "Vogelsang" & "Steinaker" are at Shelburne; destroyer "H. S. Ellison" is at Yarmouth; destroyer "C. R. Ware" is at Liverpool; submarine "Requin" is at Louisburg; cruiser "Albany" & destroyer-minisweepers "Fitch" & "Ellyson" are at St. John, N.B.

Monday, Aug 8/49

Very hot. Golf this afternoon with Lawrence Wickwire and Charlie Williams; my score for 18 holes, 88 - the first time I have got below 90. Drinks afterwards on Charlie's lawn, with a fine breeze blowing down the harbour. Tonight at 9.30 I drove with Edith & Francie to Western Head, & watched a full moon rising, very large and almost orange in the faint hot-weather haze.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9, 1949

31 years ago today my father was killed at the battle of Amiens. This morning I drove with Edith to Halifax for lunch on board the U.S. flagship "Newport News". (Invitations had ~~been~~ ^{been} issued by Admiral Blandy through the American consulate at Halifax.) A blazing hot day. The big cruiser lay at a jetty at the dockyard, & as we walked to the foot of the gangway we were greeted by three smart young marines, smiling politely & murmuring "Good Afternoon". On deck, at the gangway head, awaited a bosun & sideboys & a good deal of "brass", with the consul-general, Mr. Benninghoff, a small neat dark man, conspicuous in formal black coat, striped trousers, top hat, etc. Rather formidable for shy country folk like ourselves, especially as we arrived at a moment when no other guests were there to hide behind. However, we put a good face on it, & were duly piped over the side & saluted, & greeted at once by name (& with the proper pronunciation) by Admiral Blandy (who said he recognised me from the photograph on the jacket of my book, "Halifax") and by Mr. Benninghoff, who said the same. We were introduced to the ship's captain, & then escorted below by a tall cheerful young officer. In the big wardroom we found a number of other guests, & the room

soon filled. There appeared to be about two dozen guests, mostly Canadian army & navy people with their wives. Premier Macdonald came over & chatted in his easy way, & we talked with Bill Bennett, Harold Connolly, the Aherns, Gordon Isnor M.P., Commodore Hope RCN, & his wife (who admitted cheerfully that after years of experience she still goes down ships' ladders "the sissy way" - i.e. facing the steps) and Vice-Admiral R. V. Symonds-Taylor R.N., who commands the American & West Indies squadron, & is here in his flagship "Glasgow", a tall bald grave man. The ship is equipped with "air-condition" machinery & the American officers were all in their blues, which they said were perfectly comfortable after the heat of Norfolk. A first-looking set of men I never saw; & all were charming, lively & keen-witted in conversation, and with an easy courtesy that made them the finest sort of ambassadors for their country. We had an excellent lunch, & the coffee was served by deft & silent little Filipino mess-men in white. Left the ship at 2 o'clock, & Gordon Isnor drove us to Mother's flat, where I had left my car. Stopped at Simpson's, where Edith did a bit of shopping, then on to Lunenburg, where we had dinner at Roscauen Manor. One of my old-school-teachers, Miss Haverstock, was there & we had a chat about bygone days at the Halifax Academy. Home about 9 p.m.

& I met with a jarring accident on the very threshold. Running up the steps in the early dusk with my arms full of parcels, I tripped on the edge of the porch & fell headlong against the door post, cutting a gash about an inch long and half an inch wide in my bald scalp. Drove down to Dr. Hickwire & got him to clean it & put a pad on it. A cool night, thank God, & a refreshing sleep in spite of my sore head.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10/49

Fine & somewhat cooler. Golf this afternoon with Charlie Williams. This evening I drove down towards the yacht club jetty, where the leave boats of the American destroyer bring their men (she is anchored off the Brooklyn breakwater), & invited two young sailors to come for a drive. Took them around Milton, then on to Hunt's Point, Summerville, Carter's Beach, & Southwest Port, Moulton. On the way back, picked up three more sailors at Summerville, & brought them all to my house for a glass of beer before taking them on to the dance in the Masonic Hall. They were all young, well-mannered chaps from various states as far west as Ohio, & most of them from small towns; hence they like Liverpool and wish they could stay longer. The destroyer leaves tomorrow.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11/49

A light rain last night & a drizzle today, breaking another wave of heat nine days long. Francis went off

this morning in the Seldons' car to visit my sister Hilda at Halifax. This afternoon I went over the grounds of the Perkins House, front & back, with Jim Reside and Charast, & we drew up specifications for grading the lawns, extending fences, removing dead trees & underbrush, & making a proper car drive into the property from Church Street. Arthur Mayse, his wife, & two children came in from Broad River to have tea with us & spend the evening. They expect to move from Toronto to the West Coast within a year or so.

Friday, Aug. 12/49

Played golf at White Point with Laurence Wickwire this morning despite overcast skies & a drizzle occasionally blowing in from the sea. This afternoon Edith & I drove to White Point, picked up Edgar McInnes & his wife, & took them for a drive along the shore through Brooklyn, Sippit Cove, Beach Meadows, West Berlin, Port Medway, Vogler's Cove, Broad Cove & Petite Riviere. Dinner at our house afterwards, & a long evening's chat.

McInnes is a keen student of world affairs & has written a good deal of history ("The Unguarded Frontier", "The English Speaking Peoples", etc.). His sympathies are inclined to be Socialist but he does not obtrude them into conversation. He is a man of about 55 or 60, a native of P. E. I., tall, lean, a little stooped, partly bald, grey hair, humorous grey

eyes, a slow, drawling Highland-Gaelic voice. His wife is a vivacious brunette, 50-ish, from Ohio.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14/49

Golf this morning - the course crowded, & play very slow. This afternoon we picked up Edgar & Lorene Mac Innes at White Point & went on to explore the shore road from Birchtown to Clyde River via Church Cove, Sunning Cove, Round Bay, Ingomar, Port Saxon. An excellent dinner in the Shelburne Lodge, Shelburne (the former White home), where, too, our host sold me a bottle of rye whiskey for \$6.00, explaining apologetically that Shelburne has no government liquor store & he has to maintain his supply by way of taxicabs to Liverpool. (The store price for this brand of rye was ~~\$5.00~~ ^{\$3.75}). After dinner I had planned to drive along the shore road from Shelburne to Jordan Falls, but a heavy mass of cloud, which had been showering at intervals, now poured down a torrent, so we returned to Liverpool.

TUESDAY, AUG. 16/49

Lovely weather now - enough cloud to take the constant bite from the sunshine, cool northerly breezes, and blessed cool nights. I have slept better these past four nights than at any time since June 1st. Margaret Mitchell, who was injured by a drunken car-driver in Atlanta, Georgia, four days ago, died in hospital there today. She was the author of "Gone With The Wind", a novel about the South

during & after the Civil War. It was enormously popular during the late 1930's and early 40's, & brought the author a fortune in royalties, movie sales, etc.; she never wrote another book.

Today's Hfx. papers announce that Mount Allison University will confer an honorary D. Litt. degree on Will Bird next week. I wrote my congratulations.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18/49

Clouds & sunshine - showers tonight. Golf this morning. This afternoon I drove with Edith to Lunenburg, & saw a chap at the Lunenburg Foundry & Company's office about an oil furnace for my house. He is to send a man to see the house & make an estimate, next week. Returned to Liverpool by way of Riverport & the lovely drive up the east bank of the LaHave. Tommy & four chums are tenting at Summerville Beach. They will have much feminine company, as today 60 Toronto girl "sea scouts" arrived there in a special railway car to camp for a fortnight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 20/49

The summer weather broke yesterday in a storm which moved down from the Great Lakes & reached its greatest force on the Nova Scotia coast. Trees & power lines blown down in many places. At Liverpool we had strong gusty winds, although nothing serious; but we did have the heaviest rainfall in the Maritime Provinces

- a little over 4 inches in 24 hours. This was badly needed, as the town water supply was getting low.

Golf this afternoon with Kyle & Tom Miller. I played wretchedly in the high wind - score 111, my worst this year. No writing for weeks, although each morning & evening I resolutely shut myself in my den & try to evoke my Daemon. No go. In the meantime I am living on my capital, which melts fast; and yet I do not seem to care.

Monday, Aug. 22/49

Get ~~off~~ off at 9 a.m. with Arthur Mayes for Eagle Lake, to show him a bit of the Nova Scotia woodland. A hot day with a fresh S.W. breeze. The lake is lower than I have ever seen it, despite the big rain of the 19th, & Eagle Brook a mere trickle through the crevices of the old logging dam - the sluice as dry as a bone. Took out one of the canoes and paddled about the upper end of the lake, examined the beaver house & dam, & so on. Most of the afternoon we spent yarning on the verandah. Mayes finds himself much in the position that I was in about 1939 - having cut loose from a salaried job, with a wife & two small children, determined to sink or swim as a writer, with some success ^{so far} as a magazine writer, but terribly conscious of the deep dark sea. His first book, "Perilous Passage", is

just out, having first appeared in serial form in Saturday Evening Post; and he had been sharply wounded by a review in a Vancouver newspaper, written by a former associate of his, who accused him of turning his back on his literary ideals & writing cheap adventure tales for money. I pointed out to Mayes that this accusation had been thrown at a good many people, including Robert Louis Stevenson, whose work holds a now well-acknowledged place in English literature. The "arty" people are always ready to fling this stone, forgetting that true art in fiction writing consists in telling a good tale with a disciplined imagination and sound workmanship. Nothing else matters in the long run, money or no money - and all that is good and imperishable in literature has been written by men & women engaged in earning their bread. Mayes seemed much comforted by what I said, & intimated that he had come down here partly to see me & the way in which I lived & worked. He was present when Maclean's editorial staff gave me a luncheon at the University Club in '46; and he said, "When you were answering out questions about your life & work, I said to myself, 'There is a happy man'. Now I can see why." We returned at dusk to the car at Big Falls, &

stopped on the power dam to watch the last of a magnificent sunset reflected on the surface of the lake.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24/49 Fine, warm. Golf this afternoon with Harvey Crowell, J. A. Parker, Mowbray Jones - all deliberate players, especially Jones, & after the first nine holes I found it slow. Distant ridges very hazy-blue, as if a forest fire were burning a few miles away; but Ralph Johnson tells me the smoke is drifting on the westerly winds from a fire in Maine or New Brunswick.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25/49 Fine. Harvey Crowell dropped in to show me photos of this year's reunion of his old regiment the 85th N.Y. Highlanders, of War One fame. About 150 men were present, an amazing thing after 31 years; and they have been meeting every year since 1918. He told me an anecdote about the War One memorial at Chester, N.S. It is the bronze figure of a Highlander; & the sculptor, a stickler for accuracy, got from Crowell ~~the~~ photographs of 20 men of the 85th, so that he could determine a typical face & figure. Chiefly he used the features and figure of Sergeant-Major Ward of the 85th. Ward hadn't a drop of Highland blood, but nor had hundreds of others (including those from Chester) who enlisted in the Highland Brigade & eventually passed through the ranks of the 85th on the Western Front.

FRIDAY, AUG. 26, 1949

blear hot weather. The Parrots came in from Greenfield & had dinner with us. McEaul came in during the evening with figures on installing an oil furnace - all very high; also he was vague about date of delivery, saying that the rush to instal oil was so great that all the manufacturers of oil-burning equipment were "behind" with their orders.

SUNDAY, AUG. 28, 1949

Very hot. Golf this morning with Parker, Dunlap & Hubert Macdonald. Fog covered the course during the first nine holes but then the sun burned it off. This afternoon drove with Edith & Franice (Tommy is still tenting at Summerville) to the lovely beach across Johnston's Pond, about 11 miles from Table River on the road to West Port & Hebert village. There we joined the Williams, the Paul Kings & the Ralph Johnstons in a picnic. This is a rugged and picturesque bay, too remote as yet to be spoiled by the Sunday trippers who now infest our former favorite beaches at Summerville & Southwest Port Mouton.

In town, the paving contractors have just finished removing the old surface of pitted and bumpy asphalt from Main Street, thus reducing it to its original dusty state. The work was done by a huge bull-dozer which scooped up the old asphalt & lifted it into

trucks. This debris is being dumped in the old docks west of Market Street, & that area will be made into a parking space for cars & trucks, very convenient to Main as well as Market Street.

For many years there has been a controversy between the town & the provincial government over the maintenance of the highway bridge across the Mersey. The original bridge, a toll affair, was built by a group of Liverpool merchants soon after the War of 1812. It has been replaced since by one or two wooden bridges, & (in the 1880's) by the present iron structure, which was intended of course for horse- & wagon traffic, nearly all of it local. Nowadays the bridge takes a tremendous motor traffic, much of it in heavy trucks, and a great part of it "through" traffic moving along the South Shore. It has become shaky & must soon be replaced. While the provincial govt. has helped to repair the bridge from time to time, it still insists that any new structure is a responsibility of the town. The replacement of the bridge at present-day costs would inflict a tremendous new burden on Liverpool, where expenditures for schools, water system, fire station, etc. have already doubled the taxes in the past 15

years, & where we are now facing an expenditure of \$140,000 to pave the principal streets. Therefore the town council last week decided to bring the bridge matter to a head. It has announced that on Sep. 30th the bridge will be closed to all traffic on grounds that it is dangerous. This will mean a serious inconvenience to town-dwellers who work at the Brooklyn paper mill, but it will also compel all traffic on the main South Shore highway to detour 5 miles in order to cross the Mersey River at Milton. This is putting a gun to the head of Merrill Rawding, member for Queens, who is also Minister of Highways.

Harold Connolly, Minister of Trade & Industry in the N.Y. cabinet, sent me a copy of Professor H. L. Stewart's book, "The Irish in Nova Scotia", recently published. The title is misleading. It is really a history of the Charitable Irish Society in Halifax city, and more than half of it is taken up with Stewart's views on British rule in Ireland. In discussing the story of the Irish in Halifax he quotes freely from my books "His Majesty's Yankees" and "Halifax, Warden of the North". Had he asked me I could have given him a chapter on the Irish in Queens

County, which would have helped to justify the title of his book.

Monday, Aug. 29/49 Overcast, with a gusty S.W. wind. Florida is just picking up the pieces after a tremendous hurricane - the winds reached a force of 150 miles an hour. A mysterious package from Charlottetown today revealed a note from Goodwin Harris and a beautifully made brass cannon of the 18th. ~~century~~ century naval type, 6½" long, & mounted on an oaken carriage with brass trucks & axles. Most kind of him - I wrote my thanks. The Harris's are now on their way home to Toronto after spending the whole summer in Nova Scotia & P.E.I.

Britain's financial state is now very grave, due to the great and growing disparity between her purchases abroad (especially from the "dollar countries", Canada & the U.S.) and her foreign sales. Devaluation of the pound sterling would enable her to sell much more abroad, and this is the measure advocated strongly by the Americans. But this would raise the actual cost of her purchases in America, & Sir Stafford Cripps says No. The rest of the world, believing that eventually the British must devalue the pound, is holding off purchases of British goods, and so there is a crisis in British trade.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 1, 1949

Overcast, with occasional showers.

The Lou Parrots had invited us to their lodge at Greenfield for a couple of days, so this morning I drove with Edith & Francie to their place. After lunch we strolled along the ridge under the tall hemlocks, looking down on the river, as far as the foot of Black Rattle Falls. After dinner we all drove to the farm of George Fisher, at Greenfield, & ~~we~~ spent an entertaining evening watching a four-months-old deer, the household pet. Fisher found the fawn when it was a few days old, feeble & apparently abandoned. Mrs. Fisher undertook to feed it cow's milk with an ordinary nursing-bottle, & kept it in the house, where it spent most of the first two weeks lying on a couch in the kitchen. The deer (a buck) now stands about as high as my waist, & is shedding its first coat, which still has the typical white spots. The horns are still covered with the skin of the forehead but they make two perceptible bumps. It is amazingly tame, plays with the two dogs of the house, and comes up to human visitors to have its head scratched. It is allowed to roam about the farm & the woods all day, but it turns up punctually after the evening milking for its "supper." Mrs. F. opened the door, the deer walked eagerly into the kitchen, & we watched it guzzle about a quart of new milk from the rubber teated bottle (drinking in quick,

strong, noisy sucks) and munch a raw potato cut up into pieces and held in Mrs. F.'s hand, an apple ditto, and (of all things) a ginger cookie. Then it walked over to the couch, jumped upon it, dropped upon its fore-knees, then upon its hind quarters, so all ~~its~~ four legs were neatly tucked beneath it, & lay for an hour with its head in Francis's lap, while she scratched & stroked it. The deer sleeps every night in this manner, never stirring. In the morning Mrs. F. gives it "breakfast" (milk, etc.) & opens the door, & it walks off towards the pasture & disappears for the day. I never saw a "wild" animal so completely tame. The Fishers said they found a young fawn 3 years ago & raised it in this manner, but that last year it was shot by hunters in the neighboring woods. This one they intend to keep in their barn during the hunting season.

THURSDAY, SEP. 2/49 A lovely sunny day. A leisurely breakfast, games with a miniature ten-pin outfit, & practice with Parrot's archery outfit (he is an expert on archery & its history). About 1 p.m. Dr. John Wickwire & his family arrived, bringing also young Jim Wickwire's girl, a Miss Cochrane from St. John. We all set off at once for Glodie's Island in Penhook Lake, driving to Parrot's boathouse above Greenfield, & going up the lake in

their new motorboat. On the island the Parrot's man-of-all-work, Ray Robart, lit a fire in the big fireplace, & with the aid of their maid, a pale country girl named Ruth, proceeded to cook & serve a delicious meal of broiled beefsteak, potatoes & cabbage. The young people swam in the lake & we older folk loafed & talked in the sunshine until 5:30, when the whole party returned to the lodge. Home about 8:30 p.m. (Noticed a good weighing machine in Parrot's bathroom & stepped upon it fully dressed except for my jacket. Wright, 183.)

SATURDAY, SEP. 3/49 Returns from McBllland & Stewart show that during the period Jan. 31 - July 31 this year, the sales of "Halifax, Warden of the North" were 513 copies. A great disappointment and a sharp blow to my budget for the coming winter. The total sales of the book in Canada since it was published last November are slightly less than 3,000 copies. I had expected at least 5,000 and possibly 10,000. The actual result confirms the gloomy view of the booksellers, who predicted last November that during the present slump in the book trade, a history of any sort & whatever virtue, selling at \$6 a copy, had no chance of a large sale. My sister Helda arrived from Hfx. this evening & is spending the week-end with us.

SUNDAY, SEP. 4, 1949. Rain this morning & fog all day. Drove to Milton & thence to Carter's Beach this afternoon with Edith, Hilda, & Marie Freeman. Afterwards took them through the Perkins house.

MONDAY, SEP. 5/49 Labour Day, & all the mill hands marched in a parade through the town this morning, each wearing a little cocked cap of newsprint, & accompanied by the Lunenburg band, the Liverpool cadet band, & about a dozen decorated floats. There were speeches, & later on sports, & a bazaar.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6/49 Golf this afternoon with Charlie Williams, Hubert Macdonald & Austin Parker. I won the round with 93. Afterwards, on Charlie's lawn, we had drinks of fruit juice strongly fortified with what Charlie calls "Black Leaf 40" (the nicotine insecticide) - in reality, Black Diamond rum from Demerara. Since his ship, the "Markland", is foreign-going, he gets this stuff out of bond at Halifax, where it is stored for the use of the N. S. V. Liqueur Commission, in kegs which yield about 28 or 30 bottles of 26 fluid ounces each. The N.S.V.C., in bottling its rum, "cuts" the stuff by adding ^{wine and} water in a proportion of two or three to one - which makes the insipid stuff for which we pay \$3.50 to \$4.50 per quart in the gov'n stores. By comparison, the "keg rum", so-called, is liquid dynamite. Charlie has a keg shipped down from Hfx. by rail

from time to time, for the ship's use (& his own), & tells me the kegs are frequently tampered with on the journey. The process is simple: the railwaymen knock up one of the keg hoops & bore a small hole, draw off a quantity of the rum, replace it with water, plug the hole, & replace the hoop. In this way the keg arrives at Liverpool with its bung seal intact & its liquid content undiminished, so that the theft is impossible to prove.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 7/49

Fine. Golf this morning with Hubert Macdonald. Dinner with Edith tonight at White Point, as guests of the Nova Scotia Medical Association, holding its annual convention there. Afterwards, in conjunction with Dr. John Wickwire & three other male singers dressed in 18th. century sailors' costumes, I gave a brief talk on sea chanties, demonstrated by the singing of chanties of various kinds. The show was a great success, & everybody wanted more. Afterwards I chatted with Dr. & Mrs. Woodruffe, of Chester, Dr. Ernest Glenister, a friend of my boyhood, Dr. Schwartz of Hfx, old Dr. Mackenzie of Hfx, who attended the Raydall family 30 years ago, & others including Sir Lionel & Lady Whitby, who are making a tour of Canada & the U.S. Sir Lionel (who was Winston Churchill's physician during the war years)

was here to address the N.Y. doctors on the British experience of socialized medicine. The gist of his report was that S.M. is on the whole a good thing. The trouble with it in Britain was that the scheme was devised & put into effect by Labour politicians who knew little & cared less about practical medicine. The result was a rush of people to the doctors demanding treatment for every petty sort of ailment; the doctors have been overburdened, so have the hospitals; & the makers of eyeglasses, trusses, hearing aids & every other sort of device (including wigs) for human impairments have been reaping a harvest. In its first year the British medical scheme cost the taxpayers three times the estimated amount. His advice to Canadian medical associations:— study the British scheme, & prepare now for some kind of socialized medicine, making sure that the eventual set-up is under the supervision of the national medical association.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9/49 Francois ("Frank") Willis of the C.B.C. phoned from Toronto this morning & asked me to make a half-hour broadcast over the national network on Nov. 23 in connection with the anniversary of Trafalgar. Willis is a gifted but erratic chap, given to drink, & he sounded drunk today. I pointed out that Trafalgar Day is Oct. 21; but he insisted it was Nov. 21 & I did not

argue further. (I had a quaint experience of Willis & his magnificent notions in the spring of '47.)

I stipulated that I should confirm the broadcasting arrangements with Dorothea Cox, program director of the C.B.C. at Hfx., & he agreed & rang off.

Halifax is agog this week over a conference of the Anglican House of Bishops, with nearly all the Canadian bishops & many other prominent churchmen & laymen in attendance. Star of the show is the Archbishop of York, who preached in St. John's Church, Lunenburg, last Sunday. I suspect that he is here to counteract the impression left last year by the "Red Dean" of Canterbury, who set Canada in an uproar with his strongly pro-Communist and pro-Russian speeches. Amongst the business tackled this week by the House of Bishops was the proposal to change the name of the Church of England in Canada, since it is, of course, not a church of England at all. However, this was voted down.

Speaking to a Hfx. business men's club yesterday, the A. of Y. declared his approval of the welfare state as exemplified by the present British Govt. He admitted the evil of bureaucracy which accompanies the welfare state, but declared it a lesser evil than

that of communism - the only other choice.

SUNDAY, SEP. 11/49

Lovely day. Golf this morning with Jack McLearn & Hubert Macdonald. Lunch at Hillcrest Hotel with my wife, the Parrots & Hindmans - all guests of Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire. Forgot to note that yesterday (Sept. 10) McEaul phoned, conveying an offer of the Lunenburg Foundry Co. to install an oil-burning forced-air furnace in my house for \$980⁰⁰. This includes storage tank & one warm-air duct upstairs to the bathroom. The furnace is to be of adequate capacity to heat a house of this size, & satisfactory operation is guaranteed for one year. Job to be completed within four weeks. Perhaps I should have insisted on getting all this in writing, but I am so anxious to get the furnace installed before cold weather that I agreed without hesitation.

TUESDAY, SEP. 13/49

My golf game has deteriorated badly in the past 3 weeks, chiefly because, it seems to me, I have become intensely worried about finances, especially since Sep. 3. I have accomplished only a few chapters of my new novel since last spring, chiefly due to (a) a stream of visitors and a round of social engagements during the months of June, July & August, and (b) my obsession with golf. For most of this I blame myself. I had thought I might write a few short

stories during the summer months but although I racked my brain every morning nothing worthwhile would come.

This morning I set out for White Point to play a round of golf with Macdonald. My play was terrible & at the 8th tee I quit and drove home at 65 miles an hour, had a bath, & threw myself into the novel.

As I knew it would, writing comes hard after such a hiatus but I slogged away till midnight.

THURSDAY, SEP. 15/49 Rain. No golf & much work since the 13th. Today, out of the blue, a notion for a short story intruded upon the novel, which I promptly put aside. Worked on the short story all day & into the night until nearly 2 a.m.

FRIDAY, SEP. 16/49. Re-writing the short story ("Mistress of CKU") all morning & half the afternoon. Walked to Milton & back - very pleasant along the newly paved roads, both sides of the river. Finished the short story at midnight & packed it up for mailing to my New York agent. Now that it is done I can see that the subject prohibits its use in the S.F.P. or any of the "family" magazines, & I wrote Chamberlain that I don't want it to appear in a "pulp." This doesn't give him much of a field but I don't care. It's a damned good story drawn from life.

SATURDAY, SEP. 17, 1949.

The contractors for the street paving today tore up all the old asphalt surface of Main Street from the post office to Union Street. They used two ~~big~~ ^{big} machines driven by powerful tractors; one a sort of harrow with four gigantic teeth, which was followed by the other, an enormous flat-edged scoop with a sort of steel-plate stomach. The harrow ripped up the old pavement and the concrete crossings (the concrete crossings outside the post office were eight inches thick) like so much pie-crust; & the scoop came along swallowing the debris, which was taken to the old docks on the riverfront above the bridge & there dumped. The filled docks will make a useful public car-park close to the shops & theatre.

Having got some work done, I played golf this afternoon with Macdonald, McLearn & Russell. My score 92, proving that a good conscience improves one's golf, as well as one's digestion.

In a speech which was broadcast from London tonight, Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that as the result of a conference with U.S. officials in Washington last week, the pound sterling was to be de-valued in terms of U.S. dollars. As a result the pound, which has been pegged at \$4.03 U.S.

ever since the outbreak of the late war, drops now to #2.80. The Americans have been advocating this measure very strongly as the only real solution of Britain's foreign trade difficulties. With the pound worth less than #3, American consumers will greatly increase their purchases of British goods. It will also enable British goods to compete better with U.S. goods in the world markets. Nevertheless this unprecedented drop in the value of sterling means a further waning of Britain's prestige in the world. Probably this is why Cripps so ardently resisted it & for so long. It will certainly give Churchill & his Tories some powerful & visible proof that a Socialist government can be a very costly thing in terms of world confidence. Just how the drop in sterling will affect Canada we shall soon see. It looks as if Canada, which has been holding her dollar at par with the U.S. dollar, must now let it drop considerably lower if she is to continue selling her wheat surplus etc. to Britain. This in turn will sharply curtail Canadian purchases in the U.S. In fact all the leading trading nations must now re-value their currencies in terms of sterling & the U.S. dollar. What a merry-go-round! And where will the giddy little horses stop?

~~TUESDAY~~
~~10/22/49~~ SEP. 20, 1949

Fulfilling a promise made to Martin Livingstone, of the Kiwanis Club of Halifax, I drove there this morning & addressed a luncheon of the Ontario-Quebec-Maritime Provinces convention of Kiwanis. Some of the delegates had brought their wives east, so that about 850 people were attending the convention - & as far as I could judge, all of the 600-odd men were at the luncheon, filling the ballroom & the mezzanine beyond. I was introduced by a man named Burden, from Ontario, & thanked officially by Zeller, of Montreal, head of the Zeller chain of stores. My subject, "The Romance of Halifax". They seemed to like what I had to say.

I had dropped Esteth at Simpson's department store at Armdale, & at 3:30 we rendezvoused at Mother's flat & set out for home. Dinner in the Royal Hotel at Mahone, & chatted with Gilbert Morris & his wife.

News: Ottawa has de-valued the Canadian dollar 10%. i.e. a U.S. dollar is now worth \$1.10½. The British pound is now worth \$3.08¾ Canadian. Exactly how all this is going to work out no one can see, but one thing is sure in Canada: - the price of everything derived from the U.S. must go up 10% at once. This includes hard coal, oil, citrus fruits, & other things that every householder must buy.

THURSDAY, SEP. 22, 1949.

Overcast & cool. J. Ross Byrne died at 4:30 this morning, of tuberculosis, after a hectic career of 20 years in P. Pool. He came here & set up a law practice in 1929. He was tall, dark, lively, the best of company, & although a Roman Catholic he had no difficulty in winning the hand of Phyllis, the fat daughter of wealthy Col. C. H. L. Jones, & converting her to Catholicism as a condition of their marriage. He was a spendthrift, & while he & Phyllis were still engaged he became involved in an unsavoury liquor-smuggling racket which was a sensation in Canadian newspapers of the time. A hand-picked jury & a brilliant lawyer (W. G. Ernst) set Byrne free, & he married the Colonel's daughter. Within a few years by diligent political wire-pulling he became Crown Prosecutor for Queens County & held the post until his death, a state of affairs which smelled very badly in the nostrils of the more sober citizens. Nevertheless he was well liked as a free-spending hail-fellow-well-met, a perfect example of the cheerful scoundrel whom everyone likes & nobody trusts, & although he has been slowly & merrily dying of T.B. for five years the news of his death came as a shock.

Golf this afternoon with Brent Smith & Charlie Williams. Played badly but managed to hole out at the 18 in. with a score of exactly 100, very good for me now.

SATURDAY, SEP. 24, 1949

A day of mingled cloud & sunshine. Drove this morning, with Edith, to the Valley. Showers of rain from South Brookfield to Annapolis, & the gravel road rough, full of pot-holes & "washboard", & with loads of fresh gravel dumped along the road centre for miles in places, deeply rutted by trucks, & giving insufficient clearance for the low-slung modern cars like mine, which "dragged" frequently. The Valley lovely as always, with sun & shadow playing over the mountain slopes & valley floor. Many orchards still bright with fruit. Lunch at the Cornwallis Inn, Kentville. Edith afterwards called on Alice (Hamont) Smith & Alice's parents. I had a fleeting glimpse of Hugh Burns, who said the "West Novas" reunion on the 17th. & 18th. was a huge success; about 300 men turned up at Aldershot & all enjoyed it.

Went on to Wolfville for a call on Jack & "L₂" Liva Mosher. Jack still very keen for me to address Acadia students & suggested a day in November. I said I wished to avoid public speaking engagements from now until spring but as he was rather urgent I could not give him a flat No.

Back to Middleton about 5 p.m. Valley time (we are still on Daylight Time on the South Shore) intending to dine in a restaurant in Bridgewater. The stretch

of road still unpaved - about 22 miles - on this route gave us a shaking, especially the 12 miles leading in to New Germany, which are undergoing "destruction" rather than "construction", in preparation for paving next year.

There were holes and rocks & bumps everywhere, & in places the recent rains had turned the new "fills" to deep mud. My car dragged several times. The section through Springfield was frightful.

Found Bridgewater jammed with the Saturday night mob of people from all the surrounding countryside, cars & trucks all over the place, & no parking space available on Main Street anywhere near the restaurants. Kept on to Liverpool & bought some tinned grub for a kitchen supper at home. The house like a pig-sty. Franice had taken advantage of our absence to throw a party for about 15 boys & girls. Everything upside down, the kitchen stacked with dirty dishes, the floors littered with crackers, biscuits, bits of sandwiches, etc.

Found in the mail a copy of the July issue of the Dalhousie Review, which contains amongst other things the text of my address at Dalhousie last spring. Despite a bad night last night, getting up at 6 a.m., & driving all day, I felt restless. Sat up till 1:30 a.m. reading newspapers & magazines.

SUNDAY, SEP. 25, 1949

Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell. Went with Edith this evening to felicitate Carl & Edna Theis upon their 25th. wedding anniversary. Fifty or sixty others there, & "Father John" Wilson made a little speech. This is a noisy little man who always reminds me of a terrorist in eyeglasses. A reformed drunkard, he & George Clements & others this year formed a Liverpool branch of "Alcoholics Anonymous", a society which is now all the rage in the U.S. & Canada. The membership is composed entirely of drunkards trying to reform; they have regular & frequent meetings, at which they are addressed by local doctors & parsons & occasionally by some visiting enthusiast. The Liverpool branch has about 25 members I'm told & a week or two ago they opened a clubroom, comfortably furnished, on Main Street.

Much ado in the U.S. over President Truman's curt statement yesterday that the Russians ~~had~~ have solved the secret of the atomic bomb. It appears that U.S. seismicographic ^{& atomic detection equipment} & equipment set up in western Europe (& probably in Asia Minor) for the purpose "of observing effects of the British demolition explosions on Heligoland", had, in ~~1948~~ ^{SEPTEMBER} this year, picked up evidence that an atomic bomb had been exploded in a desert in Russian Turkestan. Of course the Russians have been saying they had the

bomb, ever since 1947, & British & U.S. scientists have said right along that Russian solution of the problem was only a matter of time, especially as the Russians had carried off several German scientists & the equipment they had been using to solve the problem for Hitler.

Having solved the secret - or having one solution of the secret - still leaves the Russians 4 or 5 years behind the U.S. scientists, who have produced much more deadly atomic bombs than the original one that fell on Hiroshima. And there is no evidence that the Russians have found uranium in a sufficient quantity to produce the A-bombs on anything more than an experimental scale.

MONDAY, SEP. 26/49

The John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia, have sent galley proofs of "Son of the Hawk" - an edition of "His Majesty's Yankees" neatly panned & edited for juvenile reading. With my consent, one of their staff did the job of cutting & editing, although it seems to me that the original concept of "H.M.Y." (as a history lesson taught as fiction) has been lost.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28/49

The town's contractors have finished paving Main Street from Fort Point to the town limit, where it joins the paved highway to Milton. The business section received its final coat of "tarria" this afternoon; & final paving of Market St. as far as the bridge was

done at the same time. At 6 a.m. we were all aroused rudely by the contractor's digging machine, which began to tear up & remove the top 12" or so of gravel on Park St. This will be replaced by a foot of coarse gravel & crushed rock, which will be covered with a pouring of liquid bitumen, & then several inches of hot "tarria".

While playing golf this afternoon I somehow damaged a muscle in my right thigh & by night it had developed into what baseball players call a "charley-horse", very painful. Unable to sleep.

FRIDAY, SEP. 29/79

My "charlie-horse" cripples me. I can walk about with a heavy limp, but getting upstairs, even stepping up onto a curb in the street, is awkward & painful. I can get no rest. Even lying on my left side makes no difference. There is a continual ache & if I sit or lie long in one position it becomes excruciating. Following my phone conversation with Willis on Sep. 9, Dorothea Cox wrote from Hfx, anxious for me to do the job, & said the Toronto office had suggested a fee of \$75, to include travelling expenses. I wrote back & refused. Today she wired asking what I wanted & I wired back saying \$125. What, in effect, they are asking me to do, is to prepare an article on "Canada's Heritage of Sail" for which a magazine would pay at least \$250 - and travel 100 miles to Hfx, to recite it over their network, paying my own expenses, all for \$75. I

appreciate the C.B.C.'s need of economy, in view of its annual deficit, but I don't see why I should work for less than half price when the C.B.C.'s own staff are unstinted in the matter of salaries & travelling expenses.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2/49 Frosty nights & sunny days after the heavy rains of the past ten days. My leg improves, & I can get upstairs without a stick. Took Edith & three giggling little girls (including Francie) for a drive along the shore to Eagle Head, thence to Port Medway, Mill Village & Charleston. The maple leaves are now well tinted & the countryside is lovely. My novel goes steadily.

MONDAY, OCT. 3/49 Lovely day. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, hoping to work the last of the "kink" out of my leg. It is much better, barely noticeable when walking on a level, but still pains sharply when I go up stairs. Sid Kennedy, manager of the C.B.C. studios at Hfx, wired today with approval of my \$125 fee for the Nov. 23rd. broadcast. Wrote Norman "Hacking of the Daily Province," Vancouver, to ask information on sailing days on the B.C. coast.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4/49 Fine. Golf this afternoon, playing in a somewhat gingerly fashion; but my leg didn't bother me. The town's contractors have now prepared Park Street for paving, & they poured the preliminary oil coat this afternoon. With other residents of the street I'm disgusted to find that

the town's specifications only call for a 20-foot paved strip up the middle, leaving a 7-foot strip of gravel, stones, & just plain dirt, between the paved portion and the sides. This leaves my driveway & its expensive paving with a 7-foot gap of dirt to the highway. Other streets were paved from gutter to gutter & none of us can see why Park St. isn't.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5/49

20-foot strip anyway.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6/49

Had my car given its 3000-mile check-up at Bain's Garage, oil changed, & glycol antifreeze put in the radiator system.

Our street was paved today - the

Still no word from the

drainage situation on the west side of Park Street, & stating that I shall hold the Town of Liverpool and the Acadia Construction Company jointly & fully responsible for subsequent flood damage to my property.

MONDAY, OCT. 17/49 Phoned Lunenburg Foundry Company today & asked why nothing has been done about the oil furnace I ordered through McCall on Sep. 10, & which I originally discussed with L. F. C. in Lunenburg on Aug. 18. A chap named Mason seems to be in charge of furnace installation, & he now promises to come & look over my requirements "some time within the next two weeks", but refused to promise actual installation until mid-November at the earliest.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21/49

Strong easterly winds & rain for the past three days - the tail of a hurricane which the weather bureau expected to pass outside Sable Island, but which defied the forecasts, swung in to our coast, & has hovered there, giving us our first real storm of the autumn.

Tonight Edith & I attended a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the local theatre, put on by a company of amateurs from Annapolis. The tenor who took the part of Ralph Rackstraw was very poor but the rest were very good, especially Bruce Hutchinson as Captain Corcoran, & his wife as Josephine. The theatre was packed - many people there from Shelburne, Lockport & Bridgewater, as well as a great turn-out in Liverpool.

Stewart, professing great concern over my request that the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia, have the entire North American sales of "Son of The Hawk", the juvenile readers' version of "His Majesty's Yankees", which Winston is printing next spring. It means a lot to me, for obviously Winston's will make a larger printing, & push the sale harder in the U. S., if they have the Canadian field as well; whereas M. & J. have no investment at stake. Wrote Nelson setting forth my side of it. I have never asked M. & J. to advance a cent against royalties, & they have made a lot of money from my books in the past; therefore they should be willing to waive the sale of "Son of the Hawk" for my interest.

Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap came in tonight

to discuss plans for our annual hunting trip to Eagle Lake. We drew up a grub list, & start for the camp tomorrow.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29/49

Just back from a week's hunting at Eagle Lake with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. All sorts of weather including a violent storm of wind & rain, while today was a hot still day like summer. All the maples have now shed their leaves & many of the birches, but the oaks are still in full foliage, & the beeches; & the hackmatacks are now turning their delicate yellow. Low water in the lakes & in the brook between Eagle & Long lakes severely restricted our hunting excursions, although we carried a canoe up to the lower beaver dam on the Eagle-Long brook. Plenty of deer signs everywhere but the deer themselves kept out of sight. Dunlap fired at (& missed) a big doe on the east side of Long Lake one morning, & Parker shot a large wildcat over there. I was the only one lucky enough to bag a deer - a young doe, which I came upon near the old trail to Rempton Brook on Tuesday morning. A clean shot through the base of the neck, which killed her instantly & left all the meat intact. Cleaned the carcass & carried it through the woods & swamps to Eagle Lake, a hot & hard job, then walked to Camp & got

the dinghy & picked up the deer & took it to camp.

This morning while the others enjoyed a last hunt, I shouldered the deer & carried it down to the river. Returned for a load of duff, including a number of empty Boca Boca bottles, which I lugged down to the punt. Sat there smoking a cigarette, & suddenly a deer came running through the woods straight towards me, apparently made curious by the tinkle of bottles. It paused in a thicket just out of my sight, & as I waited, hidden, with my rifle ready, Smith came gallumphing down the trail to join me, & away went the deer. I was chagrined but said nothing.

Home at 5:30 & found my family well & happy. Letters from Mc Clelland & Stewart agreeing to waive their rights in "Son of the Hawk", which enables me to give the John C. Winston Co. a clear field.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30/49 A sunny warm calm day with a blue haze on the hills. Played 9 holes of golf (52) & then wandered about with Edith in the car. Inspected the power dam on Deep Brook, now almost finished; drove in to the old "Guzzle" plant, which is now superseded, for a last look at it; drove up on to Great Hill, & then on to College Hill, above Liverpool, where the view at this time of year is lovely always. In the

new Catholic cemetery I found small wooden crosses, simply but carefully carved, & with the inscriptions burned into the wood by a thin, hot, iron — set up by the Indians to mark the graves of John Francis & Andrew Francis. A small wooden crucifix with a pewter figure of Christ was fastened with a piece of hay-wire to the back of John's cross. I must try to interest the Legion in setting up a proper stone on John's grave.

His brother Andrew was a dangerous lunatic in his latter years, & is believed by the Indians themselves to have been the murderer of the Laing children at Big Falls ten or fifteen years ago. When Andrew was dying, old Sam Glode urged him to confess his crime & get it off his conscience, but Andrew only gave him one of his wild glares & died with his secret.

Monday, Oct. 31/49. Another mild day. Tonight with the help of Parker & Dunlap, I cut up the deer & divided the meat into 4 lots (one for Brent Smith). It has now been killed almost a week & this mild weather will not permit further "hanging".

Halloween Night, & more kids demanding a "shell-out" at the doors than we have seen for years. There was a skating carnival at the Rink, & Francie went dressed as "Little Black Sambo", a weird sketch.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1, 1949

Fine mild weather. Played 18 holes of golf this afternoon in 106, later delivered gifts of venison to Aunt Marie Bell, & Larence Freeman. Working on script for the "Canada's Heritage of Sail" broadcast on Dec. 1.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2/49

Howling easterly gale & rain all night & today. Finished & sent off the C.B.C. scripts - 2 copies.

Yesterday Ottawa revealed the report of a 3-man commission (headed by Rear-Admiral E. R. Mainiquy, S.N.O. Atlantic Coast) into the mutinous incidents early this year aboard the aircraft carrier "Magnificent", the destroyers "Athabasca" & "Crescent", & the frigate "Swansea". The commission found no evidence of organized subversive activity but said there was "a notable lack of human understanding between officers & men"; recommended that officers receive more training in the essentials of leadership; found that "generally speaking" the Canadian officer is not as well educated as his British & American contemporaries; urged steps to "Canadianize" the Navy (which has been a pallid imitation of the Royal Navy, especially since 1945, with a tendency on the part of certain officers to imitate the worst mannerisms of Royal Navy officers while possessing little of their competence); & stated that future mutinous incidents should be promptly & sharply punished. (All the "mutinies" had been allowed to go unpunished.)

The commission found that the mutinous ratings had some genuine grievances, but that these had been exaggerated by the men & had led to "folly". The commission urged proper training ships, & education in naval history & literature, for officers & men. The chief trouble seems to be simply that the Canadian Navy was created out of almost nothing in 1939-45, & neither officers nor men have the training or (what is equally important) the long naval tradition which supports discipline in the U.S. and Royal navies. The commission heard evidence freely given by hundreds of officers & men, & if the recommendations are carried out it should be the making of a sound Navy.

THURSDAY NOV. 3/49

Merrill Rawding phoned today, wants me to go to Williamsburg, Va., with Lusby of the Public Works Dept, to study the colonial restorations there & report. This with a view to approaching work on the Uniacke house, maintenance of the Perkins house here, & restoration of other colonial houses in Nova Scotia. I agreed, but suggested that a study of the restored village of Sturbridge, Mass., would be more useful since it is in our own period & cultural area. I wrote Bob Kirkpatrick in Worcester to find out if Sturbridge could be inspected in the off-season,

as it is officially closed to the public between Oct. 31 and May 15. Played golf this afternoon & got a score of 94 for 18 holes - a sudden jump back into form. Sunny & very mild.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6/49 Cool, overcast, rain every second day, leaves falling everywhere, & lying in wet masses underfoot. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell, but when we got to No. 3 tee on our second round a cold & steady rain drove us under a tree & finally back to the car.

I hear that things go from bad to worse in Trinity Church under the regime of "Father" Wilson & son Bill. Wilson still refuses to resume Sunday School, for which several years ago he substituted the "Children's Eucharist". A number of faithful Anglicans, including the Coheens, Henlys & that pillar of Trinity, Mrs. "Molly" Watson, now drive as far afield as Lunenburg to attend an orthodox Anglican service. Our neighbour Evelyn White, a diligent & pious worker in Trinity, confesses that in a few more years of the Wilson regime the parish will have disappeared.

MONDAY, Nov. 7/49 Eric Fillingham, who was adjutant of the West Nova Scotia (Reserve) when I was in the regiment, & is still one of the officers, phoned this morning with a message from Col. Tommy Powers, asking me to be guest of honour at a regimental dinner at Aldershot, Nov. 18th, with my wife.

About 50 officers & their ladies will be present, & there is to be a dance afterwards. I accepted the invitation, & Willingham said he would reserve a room at Cornwallis Inn for my wife & me.

A very cold day, with a heavy grey overcast & one or two specks of snow. Played 18 holes of golf (in 101) & had the whole course to myself.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8/49

Temp. dropped to 24° Fahr. last night. No sign of the Lunenburg Foundry Co's man Mason, who had promised to come "the first of next week" - precisely what I was told by them in August; & several times since. So tonight I phoned McEaul & told him to cancel my order for an oil furnace. I shall make the old coal furnace do until spring, & then try some other oil-furnace firm.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11/49

Armistice, or as it is now called, Remembrance Day. The usual service was held in the theatre this morning. Tonight I attended the war veterans' banquet at the Mersey Hotel, the first I have attended for several years. About 50 present, including about a dozen ladies of the Legion Auxiliary - something new to me. No alcoholic drinks - not even a bottle of beer at each plate, as we used to have in the 1930's (not to mention the punch-bowl) & as a result the dinner was a rather stiff affair. Couldn't help feeling that our old stag affairs achieved much more of the flavor of a reunion of veterans. I was asked to propose a toast to

the town of Liverpool, to which Mayor Wright replied in his best Malaprop manner. He is the owner of a prosperous undertaking business, & when he spoke of death as "the grand Reaper" one could almost hear the smack of his lips. Chief speaker was Lt. Col. (and Rev.) G. W. Bullock, former O.C. of the West Norvas. Afterwards he came up to my house & we sat talking over drinks & pipes until 1:30 a.m. He talked a good deal about the difficulties of a militia regiment during the 1930's, the paucity of equipment, the lack of all facilities, & described in detail an astounding bit of political interference in the appointment of three officers during 1937. (He had dropped the trio for inefficiency; they appealed to Senator Kinley of Lunenburg, & Kinley was able to create such a fuss that a special commission of staff officers came down from Ottawa to investigate. Bullock won the last round by threatening to resign.) He also related the affair of young Laird Beck, a lieutenant in the W.N.S.R. in 1939. Beck's father was a Lutheran minister, born in Germany, & holding a pastorate in Lunenburg county, N.S. in 1939. When the W.N.S.R. was being mobilized in Sep. 1939, Bullock discovered that the Becks, father & son, were going about the town of Lunenburg & persuading the men of "A" company not to volunteer for overseas service. The affair

was investigated by an intelligence officer from Ottawa, & the evidence of many witnesses was placed in the hands of the R.C.M.P. When young Beck learned of the charge against him, he shot himself to death in a Kentville lodging-house.

SATURDAY, Nov. 12/49 Temp. at 8 a.m., 24° Fabr. A cold but sunny day. Picked up Col. Bullock at the hotel at 10 a.m. & drove him to Bridgewater, there to catch the bus for Halifax. He is a rugged man, with the face of an amiable mastiff, & does not wear a hat or overcoat, even in winter weather. I returned via LaHave & Petite Riviere & was back at 12. Golf, alone, this afternoon (score 99). I still play every fine afternoon, & my game has recovered from the slump of Sep. & Oct. Everyone else has quit long ago for the season, although the greens remain in splendid condition, and if one is properly clad the game is as much pleasure as in summer.

SUNDAY, Nov. 13/49 My 46th birthday. Golf this afternoon. Took Tommy, & Jack Dunlop along. A cool but sunny day. At tea-time Francis brought in the birthday cake, a chaste white confection with six blue candles; & I was presented with pajamas & socks from Edith, & cigarettes from Tommy & Frances.

TUESDAY, NOV. 15, 1949

Very mild. Golf this afternoon. Historical Society tonight in the Navy Room, Town Hall; the first meeting of the winter season. Mostly taken up in business. I gave a detailed report on the restoration of the Perkins house. At the end of the meeting, Miss E. B. Harrington, a retired school-teacher, stood & moved a resolution that I be made a life member of the Society. It was passed, & then Mrs. Robie Willard arose & made a heart-warming little speech & presented me with a certificate of life membership. A pleasant surprise, & one I greatly appreciate.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16/49

Overcast but mild. All morning taken up in Historical Society correspondence & business. Golf this afternoon - I have the course entirely to myself & wonder why the others give up when summer ends. The greens are as good as ever, & the scenery has a wild sort of beauty that I love, especially now when there's always a heavy sea beating on the shore. Desmond Hewell looked in for half an hour, before tea, on his way to Wfx. He didn't say much about the book trade but I gather that things are pretty dull & getting worse. My royalty cheques are a faithful barometer in that respect.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18/49

Edith & I, having been invited to a mess dinner and dance at Aldershot by the officers of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, set off by car this afternoon,

driving by way of Chester Basin & New Ross. Arrived at Kentville about 4:30 & put up at the Cornwallis Inn, where the Regiment had very kindly reserved an excellent room for us. At 7 drove to Aldershot Camp, where, in the officers' mess, we found about 60 officers & their ladies, amongst them several veterans of the late war including Major Harry Eisenhauer, who had come up from Halifax, Major John Millard & Capt. Bob Campbell from Truro, & Major A. W. Rogers all the way from Charlottetown. Colonel Tommy Powers (the present C/O of the Regt) & his wife were the hosts, & amongst the guests were Col. Don Forbes (who commanded the North Nova Scotia Highlanders during the late war), a Col. Simmonds & a Col. Devlin, of the army staff at Halifax, & one or two naval officers. Major Ted Bent, of Paradise, had the chair as president of the mess, & we had an excellent dinner in the oak-paneled hall.

There were the customary toasts to the King, to Fallen Comrades, & the Ladies; & then Col. Powers arose & made a little speech, thanking me for my history of the Regt, & presented me, as a token of the Regt's esteem, with a beautiful silver tray engraved with the WNSR badge & an inscription. I was called upon to speak, & responded with a brief summary of the Regiment's story, at

same time expressing my regret that under the new post-war shuffling of the Nova Scotia militia establishment the W.N.S.R. area had been confined to the Annapolis Valley with the exception of a single company at Bridgewater.

I said that although most of the South Shore militia had been converted to engineer & artillery units, the deep-rooted tradition of the WNSR remains through all the western counties & we still regard it as "our" Regiment. After dinner we withdrew to the lounge while the floor was cleared for dancing. I'm long past the age when dancing is an enjoyment, however I did my duty faithfully. There were refreshments later in the long room downstairs, & we took our leave at midnight.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19/49 Up at 8:30, had a leisurely breakfast, & set off for home. On the top of the South Mountain we ran into a driving snowstorm & for 20 miles the going was difficult & slippery - the road meanders amongst the ridges & has a habit of turning in a sharp bend at the foot of each slope. At New Ross we ran out of the snow but the sky was heavy with dark clouds & we had intermittent showers & momentary flashes of sunshine all the way to Liverpool, which we reached about 12:30. Lusby, of the Public Works Dept., phoned from Kfx. about 1 p.m., suggesting that

I go with him to inspect the colonial restorations at
Sturbridge, Mass., & Williamsburg, Va., as soon as possible.
I said I could start from Hfx with him on the 23rd
& he is making the arrangements. We plan to fly,
& should be gone no more than a week.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22/49 Went up to Hfx by train. Found the
chief hotels full, so went on to spend the night at Mother's
flat, ~~at~~ where Hilda still keeps the foot.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 23/49

Flew from Hfx. to Springfield, Mass.

(A full typewritten account of this whole trip is elsewhere.)

THURSDAY, Nov. 24/49

Flew from Springfield to Richmond, Va.,
with stops at New York, Philadelphia & Washington.

FRIDAY, Nov. 25/49

By bus to Williamsburg, back to Richmond
at night.

SATURDAY, Nov. 26/49

Moved bag & baggage to Williamsburg.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27/49

Lusby rented a car & we drove to Yorktown,
Newport News, & Hampton. Back to Williamsburg about 5. Returned
to Richmond by train tonight.

MONDAY, Nov. 28/49

Left Richmond 4 p.m. by air, arriving Washington
within an hour.

TUESDAY, Nov. 29/49

Left Washington 7:30 p.m. by air, arrived Boston
at 8:45 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30/49

By train to Palmer, thence by taxi to Sturbridge.
Returned to Boston at night.

E.S.T.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1949

Left Boston 1:30 p.m. by J.C.A. plane, touched down at Pennfield (40 miles from St. John) & Tharmonth, arrived Hfx 7:20 p.m. A.S.T. Stayed overnight at N.S. Hotel.

FRIDAY, DEC. 2/49

Home by train, having travelled 2,160 miles by air, besides other journeys by train, bus & car, since leaving home on Nov. 22nd. A most enjoyable & instructive trip.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6/49

Cold weather. Snow on the ground, & temp. descending to 12° at night. Went up to Hfx by train this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7/49

A busy day. Spent most of the morning at the Archives, discussing with D. C. Harvey a proposed bronze plate (Dominion Historic Sites & Monuments Board) to be placed on the Perkins house; also the matter of removing the present plaque at Liverpool commemorating the visit of Champlain & De Monts in 1604, & placing it on the reverse side of the H.S. & M. Board's cairn in the park.

At 11:30 a.m. went on by taxi to the Canadian Broadcasting Co's studios on Sackville Street, where I went over my script for tonight's broadcast while Dorothea Cox sat timing it with her stop-watch.

Lunch in a coffee shop on Spring Garden Road. Then on to Mahon's bookshop & Connolly's, to autograph a few of my books as they requested. Back to the C.B.C. at 3 p.m. for another session with Dorothea's

stop-watch, & the addition of several paragraphs to fill out the half-hour. Back to the flat for tea with Hilda. The radio show, one of the C.B.C.'s pet "Wednesday Nights", lasted more than two hours. First there was a program of sea chanties, interspersed with verse of the sea recited by Frank Willis, in Toronto. Frank then introduced the main show, which consisted of a half-hour talk by me, entitled "Canada's Heritage of Sail", followed by a radio play entitled "The Left-Handed Admiral", written by Joseph Schull, & dealing with Nelson's life.

Willis gave me a very handsome introduction from Toronto. The local announcer was Sherry Nelson, who sat in Studio C with me, while Dorothea Cox & the radio engineer watched from behind the plate glass of the control room. I did my stink quite well - "fluffed" once or twice but not badly. My talk occupied the period from 9 p.m. to 9.30. The whole show was broadcast over the national network from coast to coast. Snowing heavily when I taxi'd back to the flat at 11 p.m. Cindy Merkel phoned, said Sully was entering hospital for a check-up. Wanted me to come over to Robie St. for a yarn; but that, I knew, meant several hours,

& as I was tired I excused myself & went to bed.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8/49 Up at 7, & caught the 8:05 train for Liverpool. Snowing all the way. Edith informed me that yesterday she ran up to the city for a bit of shopping with Enid Doggett, Marion Dunlap, & Marion Maddeley, in the Doggett car.

They left the city after dark & had a hectic five hour trip in the snowstorm. Several bad skids, one of which resulted in a truck smashing the left front mudguard of Enid's car. Edith used to think I was rather stuffy about my car in winter weather - I refuse to drive up & into the city during the snow months unless I absolutely have to.

Now she sees why.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9/49 Sunny but cold, with a sharp wind down the river. Walked up to Milton this afternoon & had a yarn with Archie McKnight in his smithy. The village is agog over a very nasty murder which took place on Tuesday night, outside the old Charles Moody house in west Milton. Charlie "Moody" Martin, 71, a half wit, apparently discovered his wife (another feeble-minded creature, aged 43) engaged in sexual intercourse with Fred Cunningham, 45, a drunken ne'er-do-well from the Back Road.

Fred Cunningham confessed his crime - even posed for photographs showing how he did it; but he got off with a light sentence to a lunatic asylum. He was released in Fall 1958, returned to Melton, made a nuisance of himself. In 1959, he attempted to kill two old women living together on the Back Road, Melton. Was sent to the asylum again. Cunningham killed him with a stone, went down to the Back Road, & coolly spent the rest of the night playing cards with some of his cronies. The wife attempted to drag her husband's body into the house but eventually gave up & notified the neighbors. The house sits far back from the street with the woods almost at the back door. The abandoned railway line to the old Macleod pulp mills, from which the rails & ties were removed years ago, & which now is partly grown over with bushes, provides a means of access (for skulkers of Cunningham's sort) to the back of all the houses on the west side of the road. There Martin's body was found. The woman was covered with blood from head to foot, & some think she had a part in the murder, & that she dragged the body to the place where it was found. She is a daughter of old Clark Hall, the village poet, who died some years ago leaving a family of morons.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10/49 Temp. 12° above last night. Sunny & cold today. Went up to Eagle Lake this ~~morning~~ afternoon with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. Stopped at Big Falls to chop our boat out of the ice & to haul it ashore. Reached camp at sundown. A good sheet of ice on

the lake, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Six inches of snow in the woods, trees crusted, all very lovely. A huge supper of venison, provided by P., who shot a deer at Conway Meadow on the last day of the season.

A good sleep, very snug in our eiderdown bags with the camp door wide open, the stove dead, & everything cracking.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12/49 Sunny & cold. We spent the morning in various forms of exertion - Parker hunting rabbits, Dunlap searching for a pair of miniature firs to send his daughter in New York for Christmas trees (she is studying at a hospital there & has one small room), Smith & I carrying firewood from the dam to the camp, & later clearing debris from the winter storms on the trail going down to the river. Dinner at 2 p.m. (I was cook), hiked out about 4. Home at 5. Saw deer tracks all about the camp & on the ice of the lake, & P. tracked a wildcat to a den in the rocks on the east shore of the lake; but nobody actually saw a living thing except a porcupine, which bloodthirsty Dunlap slew with his pistol.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13/49 Rain, yesterday & today. All the snow & most of the ice gone. Winston's have sent the final proofs of "Son of The Hawk", complete with Stanley Turner's

drawings. The book will be of 256 pages, & will sell in ^{Canada} the U.S. for \$2.50. Publication is set for April 1, 1950.

Got my liquid-hospitality supplies today for the festive season — 6 quarts Demerara rum, 1 quart Pearl port, 2 quarts Niagara sherry, 2 cases Coca-Cola, 1 case ginger ale.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14/49

Overcast & cool. Walked to Milton & back after dinner, then went by car to Hunt's Point & bought 15 lbs. fresh lobsters (@ 35¢ lb.) from Hagan.

We had some of them for tea — delicious!

Parliament has adjourned at Ottawa. Amongst the significant business of the session was (a) warning by Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, that the British government no longer wants Canadian food except wheat, & that only because the Canadian price is lower than that of other wheat-producing countries. Gardiner declared flatly that British officials were glad to get Canadian food during the war but now preferred to buy from European countries, including Russia.

(b) A new steamer for the transport of passengers & motor-cars between Yarmouth, N.S. and "a New England port" is to be built at the joint cost of the Nova Scotia & Federal governments. It will be operated by Canadian National Railways, & the "New England port" will probably be Bar Harbor or Portland, Maine. This will enable

an easy daylight Trip of 80 miles or so, eliminating the need for staterooms & thus giving more space. The owners of the present ship, a Boston company, have been giving unsatisfactory service (since 1939 they have only operated their service in the summer months) & are anxious to get out of the Yarmouth run altogether.

The new C.N.R. ship is to be completed by the summer of 1951. (c) Canada will not subsidise the whole of its privately owned merchant marine, much of which has been sold in the past two years to foreign flags, and the rest of which is finding increasing difficulty in competition for world freights. The root of the trouble here is that the Canadian Seaman's Union, ~~which~~ under Communist leadership, drove the cost of operation to an absurd height; & although the C.S.U. has now given place to a more sober group (Seaman's International Union) the operation costs remain too high for competition against the lower-paid & more efficiently operated British and Scandinavian lines. Ottawa says it will subsidise about 40 Canadian ships, no more, & this only as a safety measure to preserve the nucleus of a merchant fleet in case of war, and only for one year.

Within the past fortnight the people of New Zealand and of Australia have held elections and

turned out their Labor governments. In Australia the Labor party has been in power since 1940; in New Zealand it has ruled 15 or 20 years. "The Revolt of the Guinea Pigs", one Australian newspaper calls it. Socialism, with its inevitable strict regimentation & bureaucracy, finally became intolerable. Many now predict the fall of Britain's Labor government at the next election, for the same reasons.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15/49 Overcast & cold. Walked to Milton & back in afternoon. Went with Brent Smith to a lobster chowder at Port Mouton, put on by a committee of war veterans' wives in aid of the Legion's building fund. A huge meal. Lobsters are very plentiful this year. Our companion at table was Mac Intyre, the merchant of central Port Mouton who was an unsuccessful C.C.F. candidate in the last provincial election. He is a shrewd blue-eyed, stocky, middle-aged New Brunswicker who set up a grocery store in the village in 1945; very crisp and matter-of-fact in speech.

News from Britain says that the familiar four-funnelled "Aquitania" is to be withdrawn from service & demolished. She has been operating on the Southampton-Halifax-New York run ever since she was released from troopship duties late in '46; the Canadian gov't. arranged the run to provide transport from

Britain to Canada for a great number of war-brides & families, as well as immigrants from the British Isles, & ~~and~~ "Displaced Persons" from western Europe.

Ottawa announces that W. Arthur Irwin, chief editor of Maclean's Magazine for many years, is to be the new head of the National Film Board. This is part of a shake-up long overdue in the N.F.B., which has long been employing a weird collection of cranks, male & female, some of them with strong & outspoken Communist leanings. I saw some specimens of N.F.B. talent in Annapolis two or three years ago, when they were making a film of the town & its life; they were mostly between the ages of 20 & 35, & all sloppily dressed, the men with long hair and moustaches, the women with short haircuts, all wild ends; one & all looked as if they slept in their clothes, & washed not more than once a week. Had they merely looked like this at their work one could have understood; but this was their appearance in the leisure hours of evening, at a dinner to which they had been invited by the Order of Good Cheer. They seemed to enjoy the sensation they were creating, but I for one was not impressed; it was too bad-mannered, & the "Bohemian" air was too contrived. I could not escape a conviction that N.F.B.'s employees could produce films just as well if they brushed up their manners, their hair & their clothes, & used a little soap now & then.

One or two N.F.B. employees were mentioned in connection with the notorious Gouzenko espionage revelations, & others were suspected; but nothing was done until a few months ago, when the Department of National Defence refused to permit N.F.B. to film various defence projects for instructional purposes until its employees had been "screened" & submitted to loyalty tests.

TUESDAY DEC. 20/49

My new car has an unsuspected disadvantage — no convenient space between rear bumper & trunk, where a good-sized Christmas tree may be wedged & lashed without scratching the paint. So this year, for the first time in many years, we had one delivered, thereby losing the fun of seeking, choosing & cutting one's own. However this afternoon I drove to the woods at the Three Mile, & cut hemlock & pine boughs for house decorations, & found some ground-hemlock as well. Weather mild, no ice or snow.

Crew of an American dragger, just returned to Gloucester from fishing on the Banks, report that about 20 miles north-west of Sable Island their drag set off a series of underwater explosions that continued for five minutes. Their ship was not injured. Naval H.C. at Halifax, questioned by newsmen, suggests it was ~~probably~~ probably some of the large quantity of ammunition & other explosives taken from Halifax & dumped

far out to sea, after the late war.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21/49

Mild, overcast. Walking to Milton this afternoon fell in with an old acquaintance, John Will Anthony, of Moose Hill, one of the last of the old-time river-drivers. He is 62, still wears his hat with a sharp cock over the left eye, with the crown in a lumberjack's peak, & still walks with the quick spring of a riverman. He scorns the modern pulpwood drives — "just pollywoggin'" — & in late years has quit the river altogether. During the late war he worked on the construction of the air field at Eastern Passage, & then got a job firing a steam-boiler at the airport heating plant. This he held until last year, when in quest of new adventure he went up to Ontario looking for work & spent 8 or 9 months in the stokehold of a steamer on the Great Lakes. Now he is going to work in the woods near Maitland "cuttin' pine for Mason at four dollars a thousand, and found." With a good partner John Will figures they can "make \$6 a day clear, each of us, easy." He first went to work at 17 in the Queens County woods, in 1904, when a good man on the river drive got \$2 a day, and an "ornery" man only \$1.50. He went overseas in the Canadian Forestry Corps during the First German War, & spent 3 years in Scotland cutting timber (mostly railway ties) for the army.

