AUG. 23, 1955

To

OCT. 30, 1956

RECORD

No 530

SEP. 1954 - Miles Winters overhauled motor of Bendix washer & put in new oil. Charge, $5. Says motor should be checked & oil changed every 18 months

Apl. 10/55 - Oiled the furnace motors.

SEP. 1955 - McCaul cleaned electric water heater and completely overhauled the oil furnace, putting in new oil & air filters at the same time.

MAY, 1956 - Oiled the furnace motors.

This summer two young men, Ronald Weyman and Julian Biggs, both competent and highly trained, are searching for financial support for a full-length movie based on Thomas Raddall's *The Nymph and the Lamp*. At the time of writing they have not obtained it, although Raddall's novel is a natural for a motion picture and the scenery in which it is set is the kind which only Canadian cameramen seem able consistently to exploit.

"Why is it," writes another young film man, who is neither Weyman nor Biggs, "that Canadians with wealth and business skill stubbornly refuse to gamble on the native interest and ability and faith of other Canadians? Why should Englishmen be more willing to bet on Canadian film possibilities than we are ourselves?"

Hugh MacLennan, writing in "Saturday Night," Aug. 6/55

TUESDAY, AUG. 23, 1955 Dr. Kelsall & wife, of Annapolis, called at 1.30 p.m. (He is former head of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Kentville, now retired.) Under the impression that I was still Nova Scotia's representative on the National Historic Sites & Monuments Board, he advanced a plan to commemorate the first grist mill in Canada (on the LeQuille River, 1607) by building a replica of the ancient mill, which would entail a dam, a miniature mill, a building to cover it, etc. I quickly pointed out that Bruce Ferguson, not I, was the man he must approach. I didn't voice my disapproval of the whole thing. Annapolis now has the Federal establishments of Fort Anne, & the Port Royal Habitation, both with paid caretakers & guides, which cost the Federal govt. at least $125,000 as a capital expense plus the annual upkeep & salaries; while on the whole South Shore not a cent of Federal money has been expended on historic sites except for a few cairns & plaques — & as a particular point there is the Perkins House in L'pool, rejected by the Federal board as an historic monument, accepted indifferently by the Provincial govt, & still closed & empty except for spider webs.

Went to White Point late in the afternoon & got in 9 holes, in rain. Movies tonight with E — our first movie in many weeks. Heavy rain in the night.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24/55 Overcast & cool. Woke feeling unwell at 5 a.m. Got up at 5:45, had a piece of toast & several cups of coffee, went into my den & began to study. Increasing pain in stomach, diarrhoea, nausea. Had to spend most of the

day lying on my bed. At 4:30 Carl Akerman, of the Kingston (N.S.) Aluminium Co. arrived at my house with samples of aluminum combination storm-screen doors & windows. I had him instal a combination door at our main entry — the old screen door & storm door are both cumbersome & unsightly. Cost, installed, $95.00. The aluminum windows cost about $36 each, installed; I'd like to replace the six upper-floor storm windows with these handy things — no more teetering on tall ladders in spring & fall; but the cost is high & I must think it over.

Had a bowl of soup & a cup of cocoa at 9 p.m., & returned to bed.

THURSDAY, AUG. 25/55 A sunny & cool day. Tom Jr. arrived about noon — the ship has arrived to finish loading cargo after a quick repair job in Hfx.

I feel better today, though food is still nauseating. Mowed the lawns this morning, played 18 holes at White Point with Tom this p.m. Good to get the exercise & air, though my game was terrible.

SUNDAY, AUG. 28/55 Sunny, cool. Golf this afternoon. Called on Aunt Marie Bell. Dinner with E. at White Point. About sundown the sky became overcast with a bleak NW wind — the Fall, arriving early after the hot weather & setting everybody shivering. At home tonight we were glad to have a good fire on the hearth, with all the downstairs windows closed for the first time since June.

Captain B. Walter C. Manning was buried today. A man in his 70's, & I believe a descendant of Walter Manning, who kept an inn in Liverpool in the late 18th century. He went to sea in Bluenose sailing ships as a boy, transferred to steam, & in my own seafaring days was regarded as one of the

best, if not the best, captains in the newly fledged Canadian Government Merchant Marine. He commanded crack ships on the Canada – West Indies run, carrying passengers & freight. Eventually booze got the upper hand, he was released from sea employment in the early 1930's. During the late war the Mersey Paper Co. employed him as a dock superintendent. After that the best he could obtain was command of the little ferry boat which ran across Barrington Passage until the Cape Island causeway was built; and since then he has boarded here (his wife long dead, son Walter married (wife) 1 the other, Fred, in B.C.) making a little money as an agent on commission for such oddly assorted things as tombstones & roofing material. A handsome man, white hair, grey eyes, roman nose, very slow of speech, always pleasant. I never once heard him complain of the deal he had got from life.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 7/55

Tom Jr. paid off s/s Markland today, having spent the past 4 months as a seaman. He & Paul Chandler, Jack Dunlap, & the Byrne boys, are spending a week together at the Dunlaps' shore cottage at Summerville before scattering to their various colleges. Maclean's & Saturday Evening Post have returned the copies of "The Wings of Night" with polite regrets – "not suitable for serial use." The Post added "the story is a bit too quiet for us."

In Liverpool the new telephone building is nearing completion on Court Street. The government contractor for the new post office, having spent all spring & summer digging & building the foundation, is just getting up the steel frame – the difference between government & private enterprise.

THURSDAY, SEP. 8/55 Sunny & cool. Whole morning taken up in correspondence & in writing a bit for the Advance to advertise (as a news item) the Hospital Fair on the 30th. George Nelson of Doubleday Canada Ltd. had requested a photo & a page or two of geographical material in connection with the history. Sent these off, & told Nelson (re our conversation last February) that my mind was pretty well made up on a change of publishers in the U.S. & Canada, pointing out however that Little, Brown have an option on my new novel, which so far I have not shown them.

Spent the afternoon mowing the lawns & trimming the turf along the driveway, which has crept 6 inches over the asphalt each side.

Dinner tonight with E. at the Mowbray Jones', with Lester & Toudy Clements, the chief guest being Dr. Mackay, the vigorous & clever young president of the University of New Brunswick. Mackay had just returned from a 6-day flying trip to Nice, France, where he conferred with Lord Beaverbrook, the angel of U.N.B. The Beaver's latest contributions to U.N.B. are an ice rink (which can be heated & used as an auditorium) seating 1500 people, & an art gallery costing a million dollars, a gift to be maintained by the city of Fredericton. Mackay is tall, lean, dark, with grey eyes slightly recessed in the facial bone structure, a youthful (35 ish) & better-looking Lincoln. He is forceful, witty, charming, a bachelor, probably the best college

presidents in the Maritimes. With his brains & the Beaver's money, U.N.B. is rapidly becoming a rival of Dalhousie as the top Maritime university.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9/55 A cold night, glad to turn on the furnace in the morning. Spent much of the afternoon on a tour of Liverpool, Milton & the Deep Brook power development, getting out of the car to inspect Fork Point, the Perkins House etc., with Dr. Colin Mackay (pronounced Mpk-eye). Then dinner at White Point, where the technical branch, Maritimes section (Gaspe, N.B., N.S. & Nfld.) of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association, ~~were~~ Liwere winding up their annual meeting. Mackay addressed them on university problems, with a special emphasis on the Forestry School at U.N.B. & the need for scholarships, of adequate value, in the rising tide of high school graduates whose parents cannot afford their offspring a college education.

SUNDAY, SEP. 11/55 Fine & warm. With E. drove to Greenfield at 11 a.m., had lunch with Lou Parrot, spent the afternoon, & returned at 5 p.m. His housekeeper, Mrs. Kelly (née Keane, of Milton) a trim-figured brunette of ?4 or so, who looks 35 & has a 25-ish look in her eye, has acquired a deep hold on the old boy. Formerly she slept in a cabin some distance from the main lodge, the servants' cabin, with her husband, a worthless man. Now Kelly has vanished, she sleeps in a bedroom in the lodge, Lou calls her "dear", & is taking her back to Boston with him for the winter.

MONDAY, SEP. 12/55. Rain. Routine, studying history all morning & evening. This afternoon with E. visited

Tom, Jack Dunlap & Paul Chandler at the Summerville cottage. G. took them a pie. They're having a good time, playing 36 holes of golf at White Point each day. Tom has got his average score down to about 100 & frequently plays in the 90's. A parcel of girls, including Joan Wickwire in a cabin just up the road. Joan has had a tiff with Kay Parker, the Acadia student for whom she jilted Tom, & Tom has taken up with her again. Fool! Can't help feeling his decision to give up Engineering & revert to a plain B.Sc. course is connected with this shallow & fickle girl.

Sherman McCaul came today & cleaned the oil furnace, the electric water-heater etc & replaced oil filter & air filters

Akerman & his boss, representing the Carhay (Aluminum door-&-window) firm of Brantford, Ont, came this afternoon & took measurements for combination storm-&-fly screen aluminium windows on all upstairs rooms & the central west window in my den. Total price, $253.75. Delivery (installed) about Nov. 7th.

FRIDAY, SEP. 16/55 Lovely weather. The gang breaking ground for the new school behind my house are at it from 7 a.m. till dark — a big bull dozer, gasoline saws, air compressors, air drills, blasts of dynamite, a terrific hullabaloo, in the midst of which I crouch over my books & try to see Canada in the period, 1774-1854. Golf this afternoon, 86.

The boys are home from their Summerville holiday. Mike Byrne's sweetheart was voted Queen of the Lunenburg Fair's out of a dozen "Princesses." She introduced our Tom & Paul Chandler to two of the better-looking "Princesses" & the lads have been having a whale of a time over there for the past two days & nights.

Today, passing Peter Wong's tenement house next door to the fire station, I found him loading baggage into a truck. He informed me that he had sold the tenements to Irving Bain & was leaving with his family for Toronto. I have known him since 1929, when he came to L'pool & started a restaurant on Main St. I used to get meals there quite often when I lived in Milton & worked in the temporary office of Mersey Paper Co., while the mill was building. Peter Wong married a white girl, a Termagant, & she has been his downfall. His restaurant became dirty, the hang-out of idlers, shunned by the public. He sold out the stand to Garneau Seaman a year or two ago, & devoted himself to running a rooming house next door to the fire station. But here he got in trouble with the police, the place had become a rendezvous for prostitutes & concupiscent oafs; now he must sell out & leave.

Costain's latest novel, "The Tontine" is out — the novel for which he gave up his notion of writing a five volume history of Canada, ending his own contribution with the first volume "The White & The Gold". "The Tontine" is a tremendous thing in two volumes, a turgid story of the Waterloo Tontine, one of those old-time annuity-gambles in which the survivors of the first 30 years share increasingly large sums as one after another dies. Basic idea is first rate but Costain has dashed off the story in his usual helter-skelter style, or I should say an unusual h.-s. style, combining something of Dickens with something of John Galsworthy & a bit of Tom Costain. All the characters have whimsical Dickensian names, (the whole story is pitched in 19th. century England) &

sometimes they talk like Sam Weller, sometimes like Soames Forsyte, with the quaint addition of much 20th American idiom & slang. (Two South African visitors to England speak the exact dialect & idiom of South Carolina & act like Davy Crockett.)

With this novel included Costain has written 8 novels & 3 fat histories in 13 years, & Doubleday are touting it as his greatest work. It's certainly the biggest — the two volumes run to 930 pages altogether, with many pen drawings by Herbert Ryman for illustrations, good paper & binding, handsome jackets, & the two volumes packaged in tight cellophane — a 1955 version of the 1855 two-decker that used to delight the Victorians.

TUESDAY, SEP 20/55

Set off at 9 a.m. in the car with Tom jr, Frances, & Paul Chandler plus much impedimenta. Stopped at Jollimore for lunch & a chat with Grandma Raddall. Then on to Wolfville, where Frances had the good luck to secure a half-share (with Joan Wickwire) in a room in the senior girls' residence, "Tully" Hall. Tuition fees this year have jumped from $300 to $400 per student per full term. (Last year the boarding rates were raised.) Tom is paying the first half term fee this year ($200) himself, out of his summer savings. Nevertheless from here on I must find about $2,000 per year to put my boy & girl through university. On route Tom jr. revealed in his casual way that he has decided definitely to be a dentist instead of an engineer. This means 2 more years at Acadia to secure a B. Sc., & then 3 or 4 years in the dentistry study at Dalhousie medical school. Frances is taking the standard B.A. course, intending a teacher's career.

Returning (in pouring

rain, our usual weather on these college trips) via Middleton & Bridgewater, E. & I dined in Liverpool at Seaman's Restaurant ("Carneau's Fine Foods") & went to the movies.

Enroute to N.S. noticed the work on the new bridge diversions at Mahone Bay & Gold River, in full progress. These will replace two bad & narrow bridges with circuitous & awkward approaches. The countryside everywhere bustling & prosperous — new houses, shops & gasoline stations a-building in every town & village.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 21/55 Rain last night & chill N.W. gales today — a passing brush from "Ione", the 9th hurricane of the season in the Caribbean & the first one so far to affect Nova Scotia.

The work on the new school grounds goes on day & night; the huge bulldozers operates under a searchlight.

In Argentina the dictator, Juan Peron, has been overthrown at last, & has taken refuge on a Paraguayan gunboat. He was an admirer of Hitler, & in 1942 he & his beautiful & clever wife (a former prostitute) set up a sort of Latin-American Nazi state in Argentina. Eva Peron died of cancer two or three years ago & Peron missed her influence with the poor, who constitute the Argentinian mob.

I went to see Brent Smith this afternoon, in the local hospital, where he was taken after a hemorrhage some days ago. Looks very gaunt, voice weak, but eyes bright blue & clear. Massive blood transfusions have restored his strength to some extent, & he still talks as if he believes all this is just a passing illness.

MONDAY, SEP. 26/55 Awake at 4 a.m., up at 5, got toast & coffee & slugged away at the opening pages of my

history until noon. Slow going — every name, date & point to be checked & cross-checked — with the bulldozer & the drills & dynamite going, a hundred yards away, from 7 a.m. Golf this afternoon. Drove to Moose Harbor & found the breakwater contractors, Rawding & Market, using my property for a dump — construction equipment, lumber, the ruins of burned motor-boats, etc. About 4 p.m. Jack McClelland phoned from Toronto, asking what I was doing about my new novel. Told him I was looking for a new American publisher, being fed up with Little, Brown, & that Canadian publication would depend on the Canadian connections, if any, of the new U.S. publisher. Jack hemmed & hawed, asked me to let him see the M/S of the new novel & make a bid on it, but I saw no point in that. My best market is in the U.S. and my new U.S. publisher undoubtedly will have his own plans for the Canadian end of it. Jack said he would write me & the conversation ended. Typical of McClelland & Stewart business methods — George Nelson of Doubleday came all the way down here to see me in mid-winter, while M. & S. content themselves with phone calls & letters from a comfortable desk in Toronto.

U.S. papers agog over President Eisenhauer's heart attack, which seized him on Saturday. His doctors say he is doing well; but there is much doubt in the U.S. about his ability to stand for election again next year. Suddenly the Democrats are full of hope. The Vice-President, Nixon, is a place-man, a colorless non-entity who rode into office on Eisenhauer's coat tails; indeed the Republicans have no one to replace the war-hero Eisenhauer, unless perhaps they

can dig out the other & more bombastic hero, Mc Arthur.

The American financial interests, with their fanatic belief in the Republican party as the bulwark of prosperity, went into a panic today. A wave of selling struck the stock markets, the biggest & worst since 1929, & stock prices fell not only in New York but in Montreal, Toronto, London & Paris. The bull market, climbing ever since war ended in 1945, had reached a point where many stocks were priced beyond all connection with their earning capacity, precisely the situation in '29, although the amount held on "margin" is far less. For the latter reason there should be some recovery.

TUESDAY, SEP. 27/55

Cold night, lovely day. Up at 7. Worked 3 hours on the history. Took to the Advance office an article boosting the coming Hospital Fair, which I had promised. Complained to Rawding about dumping on my lot at Moose Harbor. He apologized, asked if he could continue to use my land, & promised to clean everything off at the end of two months. I agreed. Wrote Little, Brown & Co. asking them to cancel their option on my new novel, as I preferred another publisher. I pointed out the poor financial returns on "Sidefall" & suggested that they had nothing to lose or regret in giving up the option.

Golf this afternoon, score 92.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28/55 Rain. The Lower Great Brook power plant, up the river, was opened officially today by Premier Hicks. This is the last plant on the Mersey, the water power of which is now fully developed. Tonight a group of friends gathered at Capt. Charles Williams' house to mark the 25th wedding anniversary of George & Margaret Macdonald, who have lived much of that

time on Park Street, like ourselves. Drinks, cards (all the men including George in one room playing poker, all the women including Margaret playing bridge in another) sandwiches, cake, coffee. I made a little speech, presenting Margaret with a silver carving set. Home at 12.

FRIDAY, SEP 30/55 Cloudy & cool. Went to Bridgewater this afternoon, & in the radio station studio (CKBW) recorded a 15-minute talk on Thomas Haliburton. This at the request of Imperial Oil Ltd, who presented to the Haliburton house in Windsor, a week or two ago, A COPIES OF 102 drawings of "Sam Slick" characters by the late C. W. Jefferys. They plan to have my talk broadcast from various stations in the Maritimes.

The local Hospital Fair is on tonight, beginning with a fish chowder supper in the curling rink, which I attended. Letter from David Coplan, on a letterhead of "Canadian Film Industries Ltd", whatever that is, asking for a 1 year film option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" for $500, the total price to be $5,000 if the option is exercised. However the story is now under option to Ronald Weyman & Julian Biggs, of Ottawa, & their option does not expire until next February.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2/55 To Eagle Lake with Austin Parker this afternoon, weather overcast, humid & drizzling. Got there about 4 p.m., cleaned up the camp. Found a blue canoe on the knoll by the dam, apparently left by some of the Milton Indians who intend to return for the deer hunting. They had cut some dead maples & used them to plug the gap in the old dam, raising the water in Eagle Lake a foot or more & making its rocks less dangerous to a canoe. ACTUALLY THIS BELONGED TO THE HUNTERS, OF GREENFIELD WHO WERE CRUISING TIMBER IN THE AREA. The evening air was so mild that the rain over, we sat outdoors yarning by a small fire after

supper. S. gave me some odd sidelights on the character of Izaac W. Killam, who died a month or two ago leaving an immense fortune entirely to his wife, a vulgar woman now 50-ish, fond of flashing expensive jewelry & furs, rumoured to have been an American night-club hostess when Killam married her years ago. It is known that Killam intended to bequeath sums to Dalhousie University & various other educational & charitable institutions, but he had put off making a new will; & the widow inherits everything under a will made 25 or 30 years ago, when Killam although rich had nothing like the wealth he had at the time of his death. (The death duties alone are estimated at $60,000,000.) Any such bequests will now depend on the lady, whose chief whim nowadays is to buy the New York Yankees baseball club, of which she has been an ardent follower for years.

Killam's chief interest in life was making money, he had no social interests, & his wife apparently was never accepted by the Montreal aristocracy. Most of the people at Killam's funeral appeared to be men connected with the various companies whose stock he controlled. (He owned about 70% of the common stock of Mersey Paper Co., one of his most lucrative gambles. The stock was offered in 1929 at $5 per share & had few takers. It is now valued at about $200 per share in the stock market.)

Killam had no faith in trust companies ("I know too much about the way they handle estates") & in his personal possessions had an equal disdain of insurance. His house in Montreal was never insured, nor was his huge & sumptuous salmon-fishing lodge at Cascapedia. About 2 years ago the Cascapedia lodge burned down, & Killam & his guests barely escaped in their

pajamas. The loss was about $250,000, & someone remarked that he should have carried insurance. Killam merely indicated the stock market quotations in a newspaper, saying "Hell, I made that much on Price Brothers company stock last week."

Killam had no children & no close relatives. Very soon the lucky widow will have to sell large blocks of the Killam stock holdings in order to pay the Succession Duty, & the executives of the various companies are very uneasy, wondering who will buy these controlling shares, & what their policy will be. Some of the Mersey executives had a sad experience in 1927 or '28, when they worked for an Ontario concern, the Spanish River Paper Co. Control in this company was purchased by a much bigger concern, Abitibi Power & Paper Co., and Abitibi promptly discharged Col. C. H. J. Jones, B. J. Waters, L. H. Shipman & others who subsequently got jobs with the (then new) Mersey mill here. It could happen again.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2/55 Warm, calm, open-&-shut sky. P. spent the morning repairing his boat, putting in a new hackmatack stem piece. I took an ax and worked until 1 p.m., clearing windfalls & encroaching branches from the mile-long trail between the camp & the river, a hot job. A couple of drinks & a huge dinner of steak-&-onions & potatoes. By the time we got the pans & dishes washed it was 3 p.m. We then set off for Long Lake in the old green canoe (Brents), a tippy thing, but fortunately the lakes continued calm. P. wanted to get some colored photographs of the autumn foliage, but the leaves have not yet reached the deep bright scarlet & yellow, mostly pastel pinks &

pale lemons, & the big old maples along the brook between Eagle & Long lakes are still green, apparently protected from frost so far by the night mists rising off the water. The brook was deep & we were able to paddle right up, although we had to pull away part of the upper beaver dam to get into Long Lake. Went across to the west side of Long Lake & found that some poachers (probably the Indians) had killed all the beavers in the house on the shore there, probably last year, a closed season. I found the skull of one young beaver flung into the bush.

Left this spot at 5:30 & were back at camp in about an hour, coasting up the east shore of Eagle Lake on the way. Saw no deer, indeed no game at all except a flock of ducks in Long Lake. Closed up the camp & went down to the river — awkward footing in the dusk under the trees. Came down the first to No 3 dam in the punt, in darkness, with a rising moon making an occasional glint in the clouds to the east. Home about 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4/55 Letters from Tom & Frances, Tom as usual saying practically nothing, Frances giving a good description of her initiation as a "freshette". At "Lower Judicial", the mock trial in the auditorium, she was the first victim brought up before the "court", compelled to be the target of flung eggs (four eggs struck her), rotten fruit & tomatoes, sand, flour & water. These were thrown from the upper gallery by upper classmen of both sexes, ~~mostly~~ mostly male. She was then obliged to "clean up" the platform with toilet paper & a tooth brush during the further "trials", which

apparently broke up in a general riot half way through the list of victims. Frances described all this with philosophic humor, & mentioned that brother Tom, in a red wig & false face, was one of the "jury." To me, this kind of horse-play may be all right for male students but it is all wrong when applied to a young woman, & it is peculiarly offensive at a university which prides itself on being "conducted on religious principles."

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5/55 Our new senator, Don Smith, dropped in today & brought up the subject of writing a biography of Angus L. Macdonald, which Bob Rankin broached to me a year or two ago. Smith hinted that he was speaking for a group of moneyed friends of the late Premier who would be willing to pay a fee for the writing & to undertake all the costs of publication. I pointed out that the job would take the writer at least a year, probably more, & as my own cost of living, with two kids at college, is now quite high, the fee would have to be quite large. Smith said he realized that, asked me to think it over & let him know what the fee should be. With that he left. I don't know what to say. At present I'm tied up with the Doubleday history contract until well on into 1956. As for the fee, I find I have to make $8,000 a year ($7,300 after income tax) to clear expenses & pay my life insurance.

Our town has installed parking meters along the business section of Main Street, something that should have been done long

ago. The parking fee is only 1 cent for 15 minutes, & its revealing to see so many parking spaces open where formerly the street was always tightly occupied. Obviously much of the old parking problem was caused by people who left cars there all day, not by legitimate shoppers; and yet parking meters were long opposed by the merchants on the ground that parking fees would offend their customers.

Our seafaring friends, Captain Lew Kennedy & his wife, of Conquerall Bank, have sailed in their steel yacht for Barbados, where they will make their home. Mrs. Kennedy came from there.

The news from abroad is fairly quiet, although the French are in trouble with their empire again. Having been chivvied out of Indo-China they are now involved in a bloody uprising of the Arabs in Morocco & Algeria.

Wire from Ken McCormick, chief editor of Doubleday — "George Nelson has told me about your new novel. We would like to see it and give it careful consideration for publication if you're free to show it to us."

No word from Little, Brown & Co.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6/55 Lovely fall weather, sunny days, frosty nights. The ash tree near the house, always the first to shed its leaves, is dropping them now. Letter from Cammann Newberry, managing editor of Little, Brown, replying to my request — "while we grant this with sincere regret, because we all have enormous respect & liking for your work, we certainly do not want to stand in the way of your establishing a

relation with another publishing house. You may therefore take this letter as a formal release from any further contractual obligations to Little, Brown & Company as regards your future work."

SATURDAY, OCT. 8/55

Warm & overcast, with a strong S.W. gale. Tom Jr. & Frances arrived home for the Thanksgiving week-end. This afternoon Hubert Macdonald, young Tom & I played golf at White Point, a weird business in the wind, the least slice carrying the ball into the bush & oblivion. I don't know how many we lost, but the scores reflect the penalties as well as the poor play on the fairways & greens — I had 116, Tom 126 & Mac something over 130.

SUNDAY, Oct. 9/55 Church this morning with E. & Tom. Golf with Tom this afternoon. Lovely sunny day, like mid-summer, sweating in shirtsleeves. Tom's play badly off. I scored 95.

MONDAY, Oct. 10/55. Thanksgiving Day. In the morning played 9 holes with Tom at White Point. Tom's play very ~~ill~~ wild. He needs a few corrective sessions with the pro. I had a 44. Again very warm weather. Tom & Frances left for Wolfville by car with Paul Chandler at 3 p.m., after a roast chicken dinner in which we were joined by Marie Freeman.

E. & I went for a drive to see the autumn foliage up the Medway River but were stopped by a broken bridge just above Charleston. Drove to Port Medway & then home via Beach Meadows & Brooklyn. Wrote Ken McCormick to say that I was now free of publishing commit-

ments in the U.K. & that I was sending my new novel for his perusal. The construction gangs working on the school site behind my house set off a terrific dynamite blast about 5 p.m. which threw bits of rock into various Park street back-yards including mine. Usually the blasting is in moderate doses & well covered, due to the presence of kids in the nearby school grounds, but today was a holiday & they let it rip.

Making slow but dogged progress in the opening chapters of my history; I suppose I'm too finicky, checking & cross-checking every detail, & then writing & re-writing paragraph after paragraph to get the style & flow I want. I used to think, years ago, that in course of time & experience I would be able to pour out ideas with little or no re-touching, but alas I'm no genius & I have to work as hard or harder than ever to accomplish what I want.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11/55 Up at 5, breakfast at 5:30, at my desk by 6. At 7 a.m. the bulldozers & drills begin. The pleasant hillock covered with tall spruce woods behind the little pond is now gone — trees, pond & all; in their place an ugly plateau of earth & shattered rock, mostly rock; & beyond I can see from my den the little houses of the negroes on Waterloo Street, & far beyond them the ridge we call Town Hill, where the outpost shacks of "Weymot Town" shine forth at night. The "School Woods" were always a nesting place & shelter for an interesting variety of birds; all these have vanished with the trees, of course.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12, 1955

Funny, droll Hathaway, of CBC, phoned from Hfx this morning. They are making plans for a Christmas broadcast, want to know if I would do a 15-minute talk on Christmas at Sable Island 35 years ago. This for the national network.

Golf this afternoon. Score 82 (39+43), my best ever, yet lately my game has been poor. It doesn't make sense.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14/55 A dark east-windy day, very bleak. This morning sent off to Doubleday the M/S. of "The Wings of Night". I had made some last-hour changes in the sequel to the trial & at the end, but its main fault in the popular view will be that the story drags in the first half of the book. I couldn't bring myself to alter that, because I wanted to set on paper, for Nova Scotian if not general interest, the scene and situation at Milton on the Mersey River when I knew it first.

Golf this afternoon in the gloomy gale, a heavy sea breaking on the shore, & I the only player on the course — & I loved it. The score was 89, but the pleasure of being alone in that wild scene was the main thing. A big Greek tanker, having discharged her oil at the Mersey plant, went by, hull down, rolling heavily.

Home, & a bath & change, & then our minister, the Rev. John Macdonald, phoned wanting to see me. I drove to the parsonage. He offered me a cigaret & said he wanted me to give a 20-minute talk, from the rostrum of Zion Church, on the early history of this congregation, some Sunday in

November. Any other man I would have refused. I couldn't refuse the Rev. John, so I said, reluctantly, I would.

Tonight C. & I gathered with some friends at the home of Austin Parker to celebrate his 60th birthday. I brought a bottle of Hudson Bay Special (Scotch Whiskey) & C dressed it up as a paper doll for a present, plus a birthday card. Dorothy Wickwire provided a chicken-patty supper with rolls & salad. Young Jim Parker, his American wife Lee, & their 2 children, had just arrived by air & car from Georgia. Home at midnight.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16/55

Victor ("Moose") Winters, 44, was accidentally shot & killed today while deer-hunting up West Brook, near the foot of Lake Rossignol. His companion, young Brian Tutty, carrying a rifle loaded & cocked, & not using the safety catch, tripped & fell, the rifle went off & the bullet passed through Winters from his left side to his right shoulder. He lived about half an hour. Tutty & another man went by canoe to Indian Gardens & phoned for a doctor. Mowbray Jones heard the word & immediately phoned the naval air base at Dartmouth, who sent down a Canso flying boat & a helicopter to get Winters out of the woods & into a hospital quickly; but he was dead when they arrived.

Winters was a Mersey Paper employee, stocky & strong, the favorite sludger of the pre-1939 town baseball team which won the Maritime championship.

MONDAY, OCT. 17/55

Rain. Dropped in to see Brent Smith this afternoon. He is very gaunt, complains of nausea,

but still expects to get back to work in "a week or two if only I can shake off this weak feeling."

THURSDAY, Oct. 20/55

Jack Grey blew in tonight, on his way to New York from Chester in a 42 foot motor boat with a young Chester man for engineer. His wife & baby are going by steamer. His past year's success in New York he related with gusto. By chance he met there (at the Motor Boat Show) a female publicity agent who handles several successful artists. He & Shirley were then established for the winter in a flat on Long Island. He took the agent out there to dinner & showed her some of his marine paintings. She took him on at once. First, apparently, she got him to go to a dentist. He now smiles with deceptively good false teeth instead of his former decayed & discolored snags. Also he wears clean clothes, of the sloppy-expensive type put out for yachtsmen of the better clubs, (although he still wears a greasy nautical cap with a crossed-anchor badge in gold braid), & his face & hands have a washed & cared-for look that I never saw before. When he mentioned that he spent his summers in his native Nova Scotia, living aboard a small motorboat with his wife & child, the agent exclaimed "That's the gimmick!"

Right away Jack & Shirley had to give up their comfortable flat & move to an old motorboat tied up at a New York yacht basin. (There was some hunting about until Jack found a boat shabby enough to suit the agent.) Then the artful publicity began. A news reporter (accompanied by one of the best photographers in New York)

"discovered" the young Nova Scotia artist who lived & painted, with his pretty wife & adorable baby, aboard a boat in New York harbor. Then Jack was asked to appear on various T.V. shows, as the latest curiosity; he & Shirley were also interviewed by various news-men & magazine writers. Then he got a commission to do a cover painting for a prominent yachting magazine, the magazine giving an editorial note about the artist, with a photo of him busy painting in the boat's cabin, wearing the greasy nautical cap & the big sheath-knife in his belt. At this point one of the best galleries in N. Y. (the Kennedy Gallery on Fifth Avenue) gave a 3-week exhibition of his paintings, with a bang-up cocktail party, attended by 700 people, on the opening day. The exhibition was opened by Ray Lawson, Canadian consul-general in New York, & Lawson's staff pitched in to help with the publicity. (Invitations to the cocktail party were mailed to names & addresses picked out of Lloyds register of U.S. yacht owners in the New York seaboard area, as well as to many art critics, art lovers & art buyers.) These invitations were handled by the Kennedy Gallery. Each had a reproduction of one of Jack's good marine paintings, & one of his specially-commissioned paintings of somebody's pet yacht. The postage alone was $600. Jack wondered about the cost of all this but the Gallery paid it cheerfully, advanced him funds for hire of the boat, living expenses, etc. Their rake-off is 1/3 of the selling

price of his paintings, & by the end of the third week nearly all of those exhibited had been sold at prices from $500 to $700 each. Jack, of course, was on hand every day at the Gallery, cap & all; & there were exclusive little cocktail parties aboard the famous boat, with Shirley & child & Jack's painting gear & some half finished paintings in evidence. Incidentally the Seagram whisky firm supplied all the booze, on condition that they be mentioned (discreetly of course) on the invitation cards, & that Jack change the title of one of his exhibited pictures in the gallery to "Sea Breeze". Sea Breeze, it turned out, was the name of a new Seagram whisky aimed especially at the thirsty U. S. summer trade.

So Jack is now a success, with three exhibitions arranged for this Fall (one of them in oil-rich Houston, Texas, next month) by the Kennedy people, & the lady agent busy thinking up new gimmicks. Jack's philosophy is simple. "I tried to get along up here, as a good painter, & it just gave me a bare living. Down there, as long as you have a gimmick, it doesn't matter, even if you can't paint worth a damn." He & Shirley & baby have spent the summer & early fall in their favorite fashion, loafing in a motor boat, about Lobster & Stonehorse & Indian Point, etc. Now they're off to New York & the bright light of more publicity! At his work Jack still operates in the same crazy fashion, loafing most of the time, or playing with

firearms, boat engines, car engines & various other mechanical things that interest him; & then, when he can put it off no longer, furious spasms of painting going on day & night, doping himself with benzedrine & something called dexterine (?) to keep himself awake. He has invested in a smart (though second hand) jaguar car of the convertible type ("You've got to look a bit successful"), & he has spent more than £1,000 on this chartered boat, which ought to be called The Gimmick. Edith & I went down to the dock & Jack showed us over it with pride. Good roomy bridge, closed in of course, good wheel & compass & engine controols. An ancient radio direction-finder, out of order. Forward of the bridge you go down steps into a cosy kitchen, complete with electric hot-water heater, sinks & taps hot & cold, a four-burner (propane gas) cooking stove, all sorts of chinaware, coffee-maker, & so on. On one side is a wide bunk with a foam rubber mattress where he & Shirley will sleep. You lift up the flap of the bunk & there is a porcelain bath-tub concealed beneath. Forward again is a smaller compartment with a bunk for baby Johnnie & shelves & lockers full of linen, blankets etc. Up in the eyes of the boat is a water-closet.

Back to the bridge or wheelhouse, where Jack will set up his easel & painting gear. Then three downward steps aft, & you are in a remarkably roomy sitting-room containing a chesterfield & two cushioned chairs to match,

radio side-table, Nova Scotia tartan curtains at the port-holes, a carpet underfoot. Here the big cabin-house ends, & there is a small quarter deck running to the square stern, enclosed by canvas dodgers lashed to the railings. She boat is painted white, has electric lighting, & will make a very fine gimmick in New York.

As a sea boat she looks top-heavy to me with all that super-structure, but Jack talks blithely of making a straight run across the mouth of Fundy from Yarmouth to Mount Desert Island, well over a hundred miles, in what can be a very nasty bit of sea in late October. He also spoke of leaving here at 9 a.m. tomorrow & making Yarmouth by night. I did some rough figuring (his boat does 8 knots & the distance is more than 120 miles) & told him flumly that he didn't know what he was talking about. I said, "You'll be off Shelburne by 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. You put in there for the night. Don't go poking around Cape Sable in the dark — all those reefs. What's more, chum, get that radio d.f. fixed before you leave here. You'll need it badly on that jump across Fundy."

He asked who could fix it & I said Earl Thompson, of the Steel & Engine Co. staff — the boat is tied up at their dock. As we departed he promised to do this.

Jack still has his boyish, almost childish look & manner, six feet, slim as a whip though he looks better fed than before, round grey eyes, neatly brushed dark brown hair, pallid features,

peculiar lump on the point of his jaw, 28 years old, & now the world his oyster. He had a painting on the wheelhouse wall, one of his good ones, done this summer, a battered cod-dragger in a lumpy sea, in the misty early-evening light you get on the Banks in spring. I'd love to have that, but Jack's out of my price-class now, & I said nothing.

SATURDAY, Oct. 22/55

Slogging away at the history. Golf in the afternoons when weather permits. Yesterday in the New York exchange the Canadian dollar dropped to par with the U.S. dollar for the first time in several years. The drillers & dynamiters on the school site behind Park St. have been setting off some terrific blasts, one of which shook pictures off walls, upset crockery, rattled windows & people for several blocks. A boulder sailed through a window in Waterloo St. & landed in a padded armchair — anyone sitting there would have been killed. And this within 200 yds. of the other schools, filled with kids. There was a storm of protest, of course, but the heavy shots go on.

Forgot to mention one night last week a T.V. party at the Larry Seldons', who have an expensive new set. One sees the ugly T.V. aerials sprouting all over town now, though they are still most numerous on the little shacky homes — one more proof that the poor, however poor, can always find money for entertainment. Liverpool, 70 miles in a straight line from Hfx, is on the fringe of effective reception & the picture is subject to distortion. For nearly two hours we watched

fapes & figures writhing, taking two steps away from the camera & suddenly turning to match sticks, leaning towards the camera & grinning like the image you see reflected in a polished brass knob.

As a novelty it was interesting but I can't see much good in the thing until it is very much improved. And to think that it is for this that people in the T.V. areas have stopped reading books!

MONDAY, OCT. 24/55

Tonight, well after midnight, the young Cleveland girl next door, whose mother is at the hospital, heard a man trying to get in the back door. She phoned for the police, who came promptly & spent half an hour searching about the grounds of the Cleveland house & mine with a powerful flashlight. The man had vanished. The police have been on the look-out for a night prowler for some time; there has been a small epidemic of back-porch & back-yard thefts in various parts of the town; & so far no one can give any description of the thief except that he appears to be about six feet tall & usually wears a plaid jacket.

TUESDAY, OCT. 26/55

Wild blustering day with alternate ~~~~ sunshine & masses of black & white cirrus cloud & showers. Played (very badly in the wind) golf, & between showers saw a splendid rainbow against a back-drop of black sky over the sea & one end of it resting on Wigleon Head. The golf course, as usual in these fall days, is a staging camp for all sorts of birds in migration

from the north; in playing a round, one disturbs flocks of curlew, plover, robins, sandpipers of several species, etc. busy hunting for insects in the grass. Even the herring gulls in autumn waddle over the fairways in dozens, feeding on woolly caterpillars; & sometimes one sees 20 or 30 of them sitting in the sunshine in a sheltered part of the fairway with their bellies against the warm turf.

To seaward, especially off N° 6 tee, you often see flocks of wild geese & ducks passing low over the water. Today, in the lee of the point, I saw a dozen coots within gunshot, riding on the waves.

THURSDAY, OCT. 27/55

Overcast & cold. Golf — had to wear gloves for the first time this season. London papers still agog over the Townsend-Princess Margaret romance. U. S. Air Force has issued a thick report on the famous "flying saucers" after examining many witnesses, & says the whole notion is compounded of false conclusions (i.e. weather balloons, jet aircraft glinting in sun or moonlight, meteors, atmospheric phenomena) and pure illusion. There's no such thing.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30/55

Sunny, mild. Church this morning. Afternoon drove with C. to Bridgewater, New Germany, Caledonia & home. All the maple & birch leaves gone, but still some fine color on oaks & poplars, & hackmatacks have that lovely soft yellow which always surprises you in the late fall.

Parker & Dunlap went to Eagle Lake yesterday, invited me to come, but I don't want to shoot another deer ever, it seems to me. I didn't take my

rifle off the wall last year & another season's idleness won't hurt it. Mowbray & Phyl Jones are off to New Zealand & Hawaii by air, expect to be gone a month; they urged E. & me to come, but we haven't got time or money like that.

MONDAY, OCT. 31/55

Wet, windy. Letter from Mum. Hilda's husband, Herbert Gamester, is in the V. G. Hospital, to be operated on tomorrow to remove a brain tumor. He has been there 4 weeks. Hard luck, especially as Hilda quit her job just before he was taken ill, & now all this worry & expense, just when they'd got their house paid for & thought they could take life a little easier.

Official announcement from Buckingham Palace: Princess Margaret will not marry Group-Captain Peter Townsend. Apparently her family & the bishops together were too much for her, although the announcement is her own. Still, I don't think Townsend deserved her anyway; seemed to enjoy the publicity, playing the gentleman-jockey at swank race meetings, a bit of a bounder in fact, in spite of the war medals — something Thackerayish, — Rawdon Crawley probably.

Hallowe'en Night, & an army of kids out demanding trick-or-treat. E. counted exactly 101 at the door before she ran out of treats. Altogether something like 135 or 140 — & we got out front windows soaped anyhow.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2/55 A bleak grey day after a two days' easterly gale. Mum phoned shortly before noon, much distressed, & said Herb Gamester

died about 10 o'clock this morning in the V.G. When the surgeons operated yesterday they found a long established tumor which had already destroyed the sight of one eye & was beginning to affect the other, besides affecting other parts of the brain. If Herb had lived more than another week or two it would have made him completely blind & mad. As it was, ödema set in immediately after the skull was opened, & the resultant pressure fatally damaged the nerves (or whatever they're called) which control the respiratory system. He was placed in an "iron lung" where he lived a few hours, completely unconscious; & his heart stopped forever at 10 a.m.

He was an amiable fellow, tall, dark & handsome, rather vain about his clothes & appearance, but never much of a success in life. With Hilda working at a good salary, besides his pay as a stationery-counter clerk at Simpsons, they had just finished paying for their $12,000 house & land when he was taken ill. Fortunately for Hilda, Simpsons had begun a group-insurance system for their employees about 4 months ago, & Herb was insured for $10,000.

Ralph Hadgkis & his wife (Herb's sister) had gone up to stay with Hilda for the last 3 days; & when I got there with E. about 3 p.m., he & Hilda's neighbor Douglas Leverman (Clem Crowell's son-in-law) had made all the necessary arrangements for the funeral, except the choice of a casket, at which they asked me to assist. We drove to Cruikshanks' Undertaking offices in the north end & were ushered into a small waiting room with varnished plywood

walls, a bare hardwood floor, & a chesterfield suite of stainless steel & red plastic-covered cushions. A single picture hung on the walls, a portrait of a trotting-horse named, according to the attached title, "Brewer's Gallon".
Overhead we could hear half a dozen lively male voices laughing in loud outbursts as if someone were telling a very good story over just such a gallon. Leverman informed me that the Cruickshank brothers were "crazy about horses"; that they were the prime movers & principal shareholders in the recently built race-course at Sackville, near Bedford. (Known to the newspapers as "Sackville Downs"); and that "Brewer's Gallon" was their favorite in their own private stable. This expensive amusement seems the penchant of undertakers in these parts, for Sweeney, the chief "mortician" in Bridgewater, built the race-course there some years ago.

One of the Cruickshank brothers appeared, a stocky man of about 45 with a well-fed look, and a pair of sharp blue eyes in a round pink Irish (definitely not Scotch) face. He led us up a steep, carpeted & dim-lighted staircase & ushered us into a room filled with caskets in every color from black to grass-green, including some horrible purple things, & several of expensive-looking polished oak.

Edgar Wright, the Liverpool undertaker, showed me some years ago the workings of the death-racket. The price of the coffin is by accepted custom the price of the undertaker's services, coffin & all, unless you want something special like an embalming job.

He also showed me that the caskets, padded & covered with white artificial silk inside, & a discreet figured fabric outside, are actually nothing but a plain pine box artfully dressed. Even the imposing ones of polished oak actually cost little compared with the price. However I soon discovered that prices for death in Halifax were about twice what they were in Liverpool. Cruikshank, burping now & then, as if he had just come from that horsey company in the other room, announced, casually, pointing here & there, that his casket prices began at a bottom of $375 & ranged up to $1,000. (Of course if you wanted a "vault" of thin copper, that was something else, & much more expensive.)

Not knowing then about the insurance policy we were rather at a loss. We knew that Hilda would want something decent & we felt that she couldn't afford to pay for "Brewer's Gallon." So we agreed on a good-looking, but modest grey casket for which Cruikshank probably paid $50, but for which the all-inclusive price was $475. And I promptly agreed to sign the bill for it. As I signed the slip I noticed that the figure was $575, & the smug pink Irish face informed me that the extras, including embalming & transportation to Bridgewater after the funeral service in St. Davids (Presbyterian, Hfx, of which Herb was a deacon or warden) would amount to another $100. I saw then how it was that undertakers could build race-courses & keep expensive stables.

Back to Jollimore. E. manufactured coffee &

ham sandwiches at 5:30. And I noticed how strange women are. Hilda deeply loved her man (her second marriage) & was genuinely grieved — she had not eaten or sleept for 48 hours. And yet at 4 p.m. a hairdresser (a pretty girl named Alma Mason) arrived to curl her hair & also Mrs. Hadski's. And while this was going on a messenger arrived from Simpson's with four smart black dresses (at Hilda's request) for her selection, to wear at the funeral.

I suppose even the most sad widow must look well-groomed at the funeral, although it seems to me a man similarly distressed wouldn't care what the hell he wore or how his hair looked. Incidentally Herb's hair was completely shaven for the trepanning job; & Brucehank (who had known him as a race enthusiast) remarked more than once, "Too bad they shaved his hair. Herb had nice hair, too. Do a better job if he had his hair." (Hilda had agreed to a complete autopsy.)

Visitors began dropping in to condole, & at 7:30 I drove back to Liverpool with E. The church service will take place at St. David's at 1 p.m. Friday, & we shall follow the hearse to Bridgwater for burial in the Gamester family lot there.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3/55 Grey drizzling sky. To the dentist (MacIntosh) at 8:30 a.m. & he completed work on my front teeth, where the old fillings had become stained at the edges & the dentine badly worn about them.

This afternoon the Kingston men arrived with my new aluminium storm windows, & put them on. However they had left behind the metal & rubber strips

which close the bottom edges, & they won't be back for another 2 weeks.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4/25 Another grey day. Drove to Hfx this a.m with E. & young Bill Hadakis for Herbert Gamester's funeral. Had the car cleaned in the new (last year) "Minute Wash" station owned by Pearson McBurdy, on Robie St. (You enter & men swarm about your car with steam hoses & water-hoses; then the car passes under & between huge revolving brushes & mops, with a shower-bath at the same time; & on the farther side a group of fellows, some negro, some white, do the drying & polishing. Actually it takes nearly 15 minutes. The price is #1.50) Lunch was a sandwich & coffee at the Willow Tree. Arrived at Gallimore about 12:30. My sister Winifred there from St. John, looking much greyer & slimmer than when I saw her last. Nellie had phoned from Alabama, regretting she couldn't come. Hilda, Win & E. came to the church in my car. A great crowd. St. David's a plain brick & stone thing on the outside, quite handsome on the inside. Hymns, a psalm, a prayer, a very nice little oration by the pastor, Dr. Lawson, an Ulsterman with what seems a Scots rather than an Irish accent. This gives the human touch which is so sadly lacking in the cold formality of the Anglican & R.C. funeral services. Afterwards the hearse & four cars proceeded to Bridgewater, where in the pretty town cemetery, just above the little lake, we found a gathering of Bridgewater town folk, friends of the Gamesters. Dr. Lawson conducted the committal ceremony, while I stood with my arm about Hilda under a young maple

tree. Most of the trees were maple of the yellow-leafed variety in Fall, & the ground & the lake were covered with yellow leaves. Sky still cloudy & grey, now & then a cold drizzle. Mrs. Snyder (the dentist's wife) asked all of us to come to her house, where by a cheerful fire she served coffee, bread & butter, & small cakes. Ca. 5 p.m. Hilda & Wm returned to Hfx with Douglas Leverman, & I went on to L'pool with E, Ralph Hadskis & his wife & son Bill.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6/55 Still grey & wet — the 7th. dull day in succession. Called on Aunt Marie Bell this afternoon. Note that the Milton Baptists have completed their basement & put a temporary (tar paper) roof on it, in fact they held service there today for the first time since the fire. They have been holding services in the Masonic Hall, & the Canoe & Camera Club hall. The Campbellites offered the use of their roomy church for Baptist services but the hard-shell Baptists of Milton wouldn't consider it for a minute.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8/55 The rains ceased last night, and although the sky remained overcast, today was mild & almost windless. Golf with E. this afternoon, my score 89. Bare-handed, & without a sweater under my light gabardine jacket, I was not only comfortable but actually hot.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9/55 Mild, grey. Golf alone this afternoon. Report from Green Brook, Pictou County, claims the biggest deer ever killed in N.S. — it weighed 310 lbs, had 17 points on the horns. At another of the international diplomatic meetings (innumerable since the war), this one at Geneva, Molotov refused to permit free elections in East Germany on the question of union

with West Germany, but he suggested an international agreement by which the number of foreign troops be progressively reduced in both countries. This has been done in ~~Hungary~~ AUSTRIA of course, which became finally free of foreign troops last year. It looks as if the Bear is at last making his way back towards his den.

~~FRIDAY~~ Nov. ~~11~~ 18/55 Rain. ~~Mr~~ Francie arrived home for the week-end. ~~She came~~ came by car with Pat Weissmann's widow, who is taking a course at Acadia; & the car skidded in snow & ice on the South Mountain, went into the ditch one side of the road, shot out & across to the other, & fetched up against a pole. The ladies were shaken but unhurt. The car had a dented side & a blown out tire. However some men came along, changed the tire, heaved the car back in the road, & away went the car for Liverpool.

Marie Freeman joined us for dinner & had a queer spell at the table, half-fainting, crying & whimpering. I carried her to a couch & Francie phoned for Dr. Wickwire. She recovered in half an hour. Wickwire said it was nerves & the customary vapors that afflict women at her age. I thought she'd had a brain clot ("Everything's going away.")

Postcard from Hobl & Phyl Jones in New Zealand. They stayed in Auckland for a few days & are now touring the south island by car.

In Liverpool the builders of the post office (Rodney & Co., Yarmouth) have got the steel frame up & have the cement first floor poured & the first courses of brick laid. The school builders are still blasting rock & churning away with bulldozers, but their carpenters have the forms

up for the foundation of the heating plant. It is farther away from my property than the original plan, but still close enough to make a sooty nuisance.

SUNDAY, NOV. 13/55 Sunny, with a cool NW wind. Church this morning with E. & Frances. Parson Macdonald announced that I would address the congregation on next Sunday morning on the history of the Liverpool church. Today I am 52. My hair (what's left of it) is now white, & I weigh 172 lbs with my clothes off. I feel very well, have shaken off the effects of last spring's "nerves", & work like a horse at my desk & at whatever physical exercise I can find. (Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. E. & Frances came along & played nine, following far in my wake but not quite far enough; Frances made a long lusty drive off No 1, & the ball just missed my head by an inch. However it was all good clean fun.) We called on Aunt Marie Bell afterwards. At tea E. produced an angel-cake, iced, with 13 candles, & I managed to blow out twelve, whatever that portends. Frances carried off most of the cake for two chums of hers in Tully Hall. Barbara Williams & her fiancée "Hub" Comstock picked her up at 6.30 on their way to Wolfville, together with all kinds of impedimenta, including a club-bag full of Tommy's laundry, & a supply of canned soups, bread etc. for dormitory "feeds" at Tully. Twenty minutes later they had to come back for Frances's coat, but that was normal ~~take~~ take-off procedure with Francie & she was finally car-borne at about 7 p.m.

MONDAY, NOV. 14, 1955

A calm cool grey day. Awake at 4 a.m. up at 5, made coffee, fried bacon & eggs, worked till 11.45. At that time E. asked me to take Marie Freeman to the local hospital, where she will be some days for a physical check-up. Golf this afternoon with E. Nobody else out. Saw 35 wild geese pass high over the course, honking away & heading for Port Joli. This afternoon we learned that Terry Freeman, brother of E. & Marie, was taken to the hospital this afternoon for an emergency appendectomy. His wife Betty dropped in to say that he'd come out of the anaesthetic & seemed very well & cheerful.

TUESDAY, NOV. 15/55 Sunny, cold. Golf alone this afternoon in a strong N.W. wind, score 98. I was able to play bare-handed (by thrusting my hands in my pockets as I trudged along between strokes) but I was glad of my new heavy turtle-neck jersey under my golf jacket. The hospital patients are doing well. Movies this evening, a new musical comedy drawn about the old "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" theme. A corny plot but good songs & fun. Austin Parker dropped in this evening, wants me to go deer-hunting at Jordan Lake with him, Bert Waters & John Wickware. I'm not keen to kill a deer but it will be a change & I said I'd go.

No word from Doubleday, so today I wired Ken McCormick - "Do you wish to publish my novel?"

THURSDAY, NOV. 17/55 Packed up rifle & gear & about 1 p.m. set off with Austin Parker for Jordan Lake. The

Mersey Paper Co. roads through their timberlands are well maintained & we made good time. Stopped at the rangers newly built cabin (the old one was torn down) on Shelburne River. Hayward Strang is chief ranger & he took our rifles through the sanctuary & had supper with us at the Mersey hunting camp, where we found Bert Waters awaiting us. "Ike" Smart, the chief guide, & Hector McQuarrie & Douglas Manthorne, guides, & Fred Connolly, cook. The set-up is the same as when I was here in Nov. '61 — two frame-&-grey-felt shacks with tin chimneys; one for the guides, cook, kitchen & dining-table, & the other for the guests & chief guide — three small compartments each containing a bed, & two more beds in the end of the long main room. The wind across Jordan Lake whistles through cracks about doors & windows & slits in the felt; & this is defeated by sheer fire-power, a great "ram-down" stove about 5 feet long & 2½' diameter. Most of the nearby timber has been cut since I was here 4 years ago, & the landscape is most desolate — a succession of low ridges naked except for the big hemlock stumps & the dead snags of hardwoods killed by the tall shade of the old (average 250 years) stand & now left naked & twisted against the skyline.

We got there about 4:30, & soon after a hard northerly gale with snow was shaking the camp. Dr. John Wickwire arrived at 7 p.m. with his own guide Clarence Dickie. The evening passed with a poker game involving the guides, cook Parker & Waters. (Penny ante.) I chatted with Wickwire & Dickie. We turned in about 11 p.m., & the gale blew all night.

FRIDAY, NOV. 18, 1955

We separated (after a 6 a.m. breakfast) to agreed-on hunting grounds. McGarrie & I went down Sixth Lake Brook, which I barely recognized, stripped of the big timber. These old heavy hemlock stands had killed out all undergrowth, & for several years after they are cut you see nothing but an expanse, one might say a desert of stumps & hardwood skeletons, & nothing alive but great quantities of the Pearly Everlasting weed, & of the tall feather-headed (& now brown) grass which some woodsmen call "bull-rush".

The last time I saw this area was in the 1930's when Roy Gordon, Hector Dunlap & I used to canoe up from Indian Gardens on fishing trips. The virgin timber was standing then & my memory of the region is of a heavy stream rushing in the sombre shadow of tall woods. There is still some uncut timber on the east side of Sixth Lake Brook, & here we hunted; found a few deer tracks made apparently during last night's snow, but got no sight of the animal. Mersey crews are still salvaging timber blown down by Hurricane Hazel last year. We found logs sawn & peeled beside the hauling roads, & for a time watched a pair of "yarders" — derricks set up & operating from truck-mounted winches — dragging logs up to the road & piling them on motor-trucks. No horses are used now except for skidding out odd logs where there is not enough timber to warrant setting up a "yarder".

These things, & the small portable gasoline saws used instead of axes & handsaws, & of course the bull-dozer to make roads & motor trucks to use them, all have

changed the logging business completely. The gasolene saws came into general use in N.S. after the war's end in 1945, & the yarding machines have been used here since about 1950.

In the afternoon Mc Quarrie & I hunted in big timber on the south side of East Bay (Jordan Lake) & again found some tracks but no deer. Comparing accounts in the camp tonight, Waters saw one deer, fired at it & missed, Wickwire saw none, Parker saw one but did not get a shot, I saw none.

In the evening "Ike" amused us with yarns about North Queens. He has an 18th. century wit — for example he refers to the privy closet as the "shot-tower". On a cold morning "the air is awful quick today."

SATURDAY, Nov. 19/55 Cold with an overcast sky in patches of grey and blue-black. Ike's weather summary "makin' up to snow." The sunrise was an angry red, against which the tall tree-skeletons on the ridges looked very wild. Mc Quarrie & I spent the morning in a fruitless hunt east of 6th Lake Brook again. In afternoon Strang took us in his jeep to old Camp Seven; here the road was blocked by windfalls & we left the jeep & tramped several miles along a disused hauling road to the abandoned camp at West Brook.

These old camps look ghostly in the deserts of stumps & snags & "everlasting" — always the same huddle of black tar-paper covered shacks, some with doors open, some with doors shut, some with whole glass, some with windows broken by the bears. All the doors have horse-shoe hinges &

whittled wooden latches.

We left West Brook at 4:15 p.m. with barely time & daylight enough to get back to the jeep. I had told McGuarrie I wouldn't shoot a buck down there, (the buck meat is lean & rank at this end of the mating season) but I'd shoot a lone doe if we saw one. About 4:30 we came upon an eight-point buck, who ran across the log road in front of me & stood about 50 yards off. I didn't bother to take the rifle off my shoulder, although McGuarrie kept blowing his deer-call to hold the buck's attention. I just grinned, & finally walked on. He grumbled a bit — said it looked like a "nice fat young buck" — & I said there was no such animal in the woods after the first week in November. I could have shot it easily enough. When we got to the jeep it was almost dark, & before we went far in it an old bit of corduroy road broke down under our weight so that the hind wheels dropped & jammed. We had to scramble out & heave & pry the jeep rear to get bits of wood under the wheels. Finally Strang got in & put the engine in low gear & the jeep jumped out like a deer. Reached camp at about 6. Wickware & Waters had seen nothing, nor had Parker. But P's guide, Manthorne, a trigger-happy fellow as I discovered in '51, got into a small herd of deer & shot two.

Had supper, our last meal at the camp — Waters is staying till Monday but Wickware, P. & I left for home. (Should have noted that we had seen few or no deer off the

game sanctuary, but in our journeys across parts of the sanctuary Mc Guarrie & I today saw six. Four of these, two does, each with a fawn, fooled around within a few yards of the car for 15 minutes. On our way home through the sanctuary tonight C. & I saw a young bear on the road & some distance farther on a raccoon, the biggest I ever saw.

Home about 10:30. E. reports Marie out of hospital & Serende ready to leave.

Letter from Ken Mc Cormick apologizing for delay, saying Doubleday would like to have my "splendid novel" & to welcome me back to their regular list. His offer, obviously tentative, was for 10% royalty on the first 5,000 copies, 12½% on the next 5,000, & 15% thereafter. The advance, $1,500. These are poorer terms than I had under my old arrangement with Little Brown (for the U.S.) and Mc Clelland & Stewart (for Canada.) & I shall object.

Letter from Jack Mc Clelland of M. & S. regretting that I am leaving their list & stating pointedly that they would dispose of back-list titles of mine & drop their plan for re-printing His Majesty's Yankees. This was rather empty — His Majesty's Yankees has been out of print for two years, their stocks of the others are low, & I doubt if they had any intention of re-printing unless I insisted.

SUNDAY, NOV. 20/55 The snowstorm which had threatened us in the woods all yesterday afternoon & evening broke last night & blew all day today, an old-fashioned blizzard. It caught the town street dept. with their snow-ploughs in ready, so

the streets soon became impassable for cars without chains. The power lines failed, & most of the day we had to stick close to a big log fire in the fireplace. This was supposed to be the 195th Anniversary Sunday of Zion Church, & I had promised to give an address on early church history in Lpool. at the morning service. However at 9:30 the Rev. John Macdonald phoned & said "It looks as if the Lord didn't want us to hold our Anniversary Service today." Owing to the electric power failure the church would have no heat, & no organ music & few people would be able to struggle through the storm in any case. So he postponed the service till next Sunday.

MONDAY, NOV. 21/55 Overcast & cold. Newspapers & radio report yesterday's storm as "the worst (NOVEMBER STORM) in Nova Scotia history" — which I doubt. However it blocked roads & tore down power & telegraph lines all over the province. It took the official meteorological forecasters by surprise, although the woodsmen at Jordan Lake predicted it. (Old Hector McQuarrie pointed out the queer look of the sun, a fuzzy & sickly glow in the dark overcast, & said "Look, the sun is wading in snow already". This was about 2 p.m. on Saturday.) I walked to the post office this afternoon — the town workmen & their tractor-shovel & trucks were still digging out Main Street. The deep drifts, the heavy snow on roofs & sheds, & pressing down the shrubs, were like a February scene. I shoveled out my driveway for a bit of exercise & found it heavy work, the snow being thickly packed & deep.

Wrote Ken McCormick & Jack McClelland. Letter from Little, Brown Co., stating that they had signed an agreement with the Paris publication "Selection du Reader's Digest" for a French language digest of "The Nymph & The Lamp." There will be an advance payment of 300,000 francs for the first 50,000 copies. If the edition runs over that they will pay at the same rate of 6 francs per copy. Little, Brown will of course take 50% of all this. The net sum in dollars for me will be a little over $400!

TUESDAY, NOV. 22/55 Overcast & cold. Town workmen got around to Park St. today & shoveled off the sidewalk, but the street remains unploughed. Tonight I joined a class studying (or rather practicing) conversational French under Keeler, principal of the Milton school, who majored in French at Dalhousie & had two years further study at Laval & in France. About 12 in the group, all adults, meeting once a week at the home of Douglas & Phyllis Lozet at Fort Point.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23/55 Temp. 18° above zero at 8 a.m. The day was sunny, calm, cold. Walked to Milton this afternoon with $50 for Aunt Marie Bell (she gave me her cheque) & on the way home down the other side of the river I called to see Brent Smith. A dreadful change in him; wasted away, a skeleton with eyes sunken in dark, almost black sockets, the voice sometimes strong, sometimes no more than a whisper. Even liquid foods are now nauseous to him & he cannot eat. His whole digestive system is apparently in a cancerous state now. Aside, in the kitchen, his sister Evelyn told me sadly that

she did not think he could last a week.

Letter from Hathewey of CBC, saying the Christmas broadcast is scheduled for Dec. 21, & asking me to come to Hfx & record a 15-minute talk on "Christmas at Sable Island."

Bert Waters sent up a fore-haunch of venison. He was snowed in at Jordan Lake, but on Monday, wading knee-deep in snow not far from the camp, he wounded a young doe which the guides followed & killed.

FRIDAY, Nov. 25/55 Sunny, windy, cold. The main roads have been ploughed & today were dry. I walked to Milton & back in the afternoon. When I got back I found Earl Akerman & his elderly partner in Kingston Aluminium Products (N.S.) putting the lower strips on the combination storm-screen windows which they forgot on Nov. 3rd. All the windows work well except the east one in E's room. They had a lot of trouble with that. The thin aluminum screen & storm-glass sashes bend easily & get out of line at the least knock, a feature of the things that I hadn't realized until now. I gave a cheque in full, in return for their promise that if the window worked badly hereafter they would replace it with a new one.

E & I attended a dinner & card party at C. M. Parker's house in Milton. He is an Englishman, bluff & hearty, who was in the banking business in New York for many years, came to White Point a summer or two, liked the locality, wanted to retire under the British flag on this side of the ocean, bought the old David Harlow house in Milton, re-modelled it preserving the colonial architecture, & has lived there with his wife & daughter Peggy since about 1947. Amongst

buried Brent's father only last June.) A copper vault was used, so the coffin was slid into it on the grave top, & instead of dropping our Legion poppies (from each man's lapel) into the grave, we placed them in a flower wreath on the vault. Parker, Dunlap, Gordon & I stood (two at each end) about the vault, holding over it, outspread, a union jack that was flown by Brent's unit (1st. Canadian Casualty Clearing Station) during the 1914-18 war.

A bugler sounded Last Post & Reveille after the minister's committal, & each of the Legion men & ourselves in turn stepped up to the grave, placed our poppy, saluted, & turned away. We four drove away in my car, not saying much, although Dunlap said "When we were sitting in the church with the coffin before us I kept seeing somehow the five of us tramping up the trail to Eagle Lake with our packs on our backs."

The view from the cemetery was lovely, the white roofs of the town, the harbor & the long curve of the river blue in the sunshine, & the white hills on the other side.

Thursday, Dec 15

Drove to Hfx this morning with E, also Vera Parker & Marion Dunlap. Had reserved a room for E & me at the Lord Nelson. Lunched with her there & then walked up to the C.B.C. studios on Sackville St, where I was greeted by Halfway and Sid Kennedy. Recorded my 15-minute talk entitled "One Christmas on Table." This is scheduled for the pre-Christmas broadcast 7:15 p.m. Dec. 21. The Toronto H.Q. of the C.B.C. discovering that I was to be in Hfx. today, thought up another idea — to put

me in the national-network Christmas Day broadcast, reading a bit from "The Nymph & the Lamp," for 5 or 6 minutes. They wanted all of this Xmas day program "live", but I refused to make a round trip of 200 mils on Christmas Day, so they recorded it instead. I said if they wished, & the road conditions were fair, I would drive to Bridgewater on Christmas afternoon & speak from CKBW studio. In case of bad weather etc. they could use the taped version. Hatheway accepted this, said it was a good solution.

Dinner at the hotel with E. The food is very good now at the Lord Nelson, a great difference since Olands', the best people, bought a controlling interest.

Afterwards we went to a movie at the Capitol — Emlyn Williams & Vivien Leigh in Terence Rattigan's play "The Deep Blue Sea."

FRIDAY, DEC. 2/55

Morning & afternoon attending session of the N.S. Historic Sites Board in a badly over-heated room in Province House. Agenda was filled with demands from towns & villages all over the province (but as usual the most excessive demands came from Cape Breton) that the govt. buy & restore some ancient landmark, or build a replica of one gone. Glace Bay (for example) speaking through Clarie Gillis M.P., wants a complete restoration of the ancient French town & fortress at Louisburg. (It would relieve unemployment at the Bay, he said.) Chester people want the province to buy, repair & furnish — "as a tourist attraction" — the Mulgrave House, once a coaching inn, a great 3-story ark, long disused, rotten within & without. A local building contractor told Bird it would cost

$25,000 to put the Mulgrave House in good repair.

We turned down nearly all of these absurd ideas. Headed our list of things for the Premier's attention with the Perkins House at Lunenburg still empty & idle after all the time & promises that have gone by. I told Bird privately that if the govt. didn't do something definite about furnishing the house for the inspection of visitors I would resign from the N.S. Liker Board. Several other members felt the same way.

Lunched at the Sea Grill on Granville St. Our session in Province House didn't resume until 2 p.m. & by hurrying my lunch I was able to spend an hour wandering about the old St. Paul's cemetery, corner of Spring Garden Road & Barrington St. reading epitaphs etc. The oldest stone appeared to be a slate one with the date 1752, but nearly all of the surviving stones are dated between 1775 and 1849.

Our session closed at 4:15 p.m. & I dropped in to see Bendelier, & walked up to the hotel. Dinner with E., then drove out to Jollymore & spent the evening with Mum & Hilda. They leave Hfx by air on Dec. 16 & will stay in Alabama with Nell until next May. Meanwhile Hilda is sub-letting her house for 4 months. Back to the hotel at 11 p.m.

SATURDAY, Dec 3/55 The frosty weather turned wet in the night. Breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, where we found Vera & Marion, & with a load of shopping parcels we set forth at 9 a.m. Stopped to shop for groceries on Dunpool Road, & in Bridgewater for lobsters etc. Home at noon.

SUNDAY, Dec 4/55 Sunny, frosty. Church with E. this morning. Golf alone this afternoon, score 97. See on

on the puddles & some drifts of snow survive in the rough. Marie Freeman joined us for dinner & stayed the evening. Francie phoned from Wolfville to say that she is broke & must have at least seven dollars right away. A curious sum.

Tonight I had a call from an old Chebucto School chum, Winslow Gates (Known as "Subby" & "Pearly") whom I had not seen for 38 years. His father used to have a music-supply store on Granville St. in Hfx. "Subby" has been a resident of Yarmouth for many years, & works for Boutilier & Prosser, a lumber firm there.

MONDAY, DEC. 5/55 Rain, snow & rain. The U.S. govt. reveals that during this year it has established a "Texas tower" radar station on George's Bank, & that it withstood the hurricane winds & seas of the autumn. Bought 100 Christmas cards & began writing them. French class tonight at the Dozers'. About eight people present. Each had to recite in French an embarrassing incident in his or her life. This was good fun. Later on Keeler had us chanting little rhymes to fix in our minds the basic vowel sounds. Then each read aloud an anecdote (provided by Keeler from his Grade 11 & 12 school exam papers) in French, & another interpreted in English.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6/55 Snow at morning, & very cold all day. Indoors most of the day writing personal messages on Christmas cards. The Rev. John Macdonald dropped in late in the afternoon, mentioned that he'd received a letter from Frances in which she'd set forth certain spiritual struggles (he did not elaborate) & that he'd replied to her as best he could. On leaving he passed me

an envelope. I opened it after he left & found a cheque from the church treasurer for $20, the customary fee to visiting preachers, apparently for my performance on Nov. 27th. I returned it in a note to him this evening, saying I couldn't accept anything for what was for me a privilege.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7/55 Cold. (Temp. 20° at 9 a.m., 30° at noon) A good walk to Milton & back. Drove to Port Joli at 5:30 & had supper (lobster chowder) with the Stumble Inn bunch, returning at 9 p.m. Road covered with ice in many places & very tricky going on the hills. The chaps report about 2,000 wild geese in the harbor but all very wily birds, avoiding the hills, or flying very high.

Friday, Dec. 9/55 Still steady cold weather. The river is frozen from the pine grove to Milton. Had a new thermostat put in my car engine; the heater wasn't delivering warm enough air inside the car. Jerry Nickerson had just received a shipment of oysters from P.E.I. & presented me with 3 dozen. On opening them at home however I found about half of them bad & the rest doubtful & I threw out the whole lot.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10/55 Another snowstorm last night & temperature at 18°. A real old-fashioned winter, hardly a let-up since Nov. 15th.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11/55 Sunny, cold. My car snowed in, so I walked to church alone this morning. The church decorated for Christmas with evergreen boughs. Two fir trees trimmed with tinsel, one each side of the rostrum, with 3 large electrically-lit "candles before it. This afternoon I walked to Potanoc & back, enjoying

the brisk air & sun; icicles two & three feet long hanging like teeth from the south-facing eaves of the houses, snow on the roofs & on the river ice; a few gulls floating in the open water by Shipyard Point (herring gulls & black-backs). The main roads have been ploughed & many people were driving aimlessly up & down in cars. Kids playing in the snow, but apart from these I didn't see anybody enjoying the good air & exercise except myself.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14/55 Overcast, snow squalls, cold. Mobe & Phyl Jones entertained about 20 people, including E. & me, this evening, with colored photo-slides of their recent trip to New Zealand, Fiji, Hawaii & California, with refreshments afterwards. Letter from Ena Kenyon saying that Medal Films, London, have re-opened negotiations for movie rights in "Roger Sudden".

Will Turner, the Milton blacksmith, died today aged 77. A fine old man who learned his trade as an apprentice to Edith's grandfather Bell & afterwards took over the forge himself.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15/55 Mild. Showers turning to heavy snow. Phoned Hilda & Mum tonight at the Nova Scotian hotel, where they are staying over-night, catching a morning plane which, with connections, will land them in Alabama in one day. Hilda has leased her house at Jollimore until May, when she & Mum expect to return north.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16/55 Sunny, cold, good flying weather. This afternoon I walked to Milton & attended Will Turner's funeral service. It was held at the house - packed with people - & three parsons took part in it - John Davis of L'pool (Anglican), Rev. Cobham of Milton (Baptist) & Rev. Johnson of Milton (Disciples of Christ). The old man looked very gaunt in his coffin, wearing his Masonic apron. In life, in his prime, he had been like

Longfellows own village blacksmith, physically, & in his moral qualities.

SATURDAY, DEC 17/55 Cold, sunny. Frances arrived about 1 p.m. from Acadia with 5 other girls, by Archie Crofts taxi, & Tom came about the same time in another taxi with 3 other chaps. They report the roads icy & snow drifting on South Mountain. This evening C. & I attended an eggnogg party given by Hugh & Jane Joyce in their home (the former Seth Bartling house) at The Fork. About 60 people there, including two officers from the minesweeper refitting at the Kempro dock. From there about a dozen of us went on to a buffet dinner at Kol & Muriel Seaborne's house, & sat about chatting until 11 p.m., then home.

SUNDAY, DEC 18/55 Overcast & cold. Church this morning with my family. A large congregation. This afternoon Frances walked to Milton with me & called on Aunt Marie Bell. The river remains frozen down to the pine grove, & with the snow on the trees & ground, & on the house roofs, with rows of long icicles hanging from the eaves, it is just like walking in a Christmas card. Many cars passed us coming from up-river with Christmas trees jammed into the trunks or lashed on the tops.

Much talk over a recent article in "Flash", a scurrilous "news"-paper published in Toronto, which asserted that the hospital at Liverpool was a "slaughterhouse", inefficiently staffed, badly run, in the hands of a small group of Liverpool doctors, whom "Flash" calls The Old Guard. The only surgeon lives 27 miles away, & gets all the local surgery because he is a brother-in-law to one of the Old Guard. And so on. The

story was obviously supplied to "Flash" by one Webber, a surgeon who came to L'pool last summer & set up practice, without much success. It is true that most of the surgery at the L'pool hospital is done by Dr. Hugh Fraser, of Bridgewater, an excellent man who happens to be a brother to the wife of our Dr. John Wickwire. Webber resented this, for he proved unpopular with the people. When he did have surgery cases at the hospital he made himself obnoxious to the staff. Hence in a space of about four or five months he has come to the end of his tether, & is leaving town at the New Year.

"Flash" is the rag which reported about a year ago a widespread outbreak of venereal disease amongst pupils of the Liverpool high school — wholly false. The correspondents of this publication are said to be mostly commercial travelers, in various parts of Canada, who add to their income by picking up bits of local gossip (or by manufacturing gossip where there is none) & sending it to "Flash" for inflation & publication.

MONDAY, DEC. 19, 55 Overcast, cold. (Temp. 10° above zero tonight) A brisk walk to Milton this afternoon. Archie McKnight dropped in after supper & asked me to write "a piece for the papers" about Will Turner. A melancholy literary output this — writing the obituaries of my friends.

French class tonight at Lozers' included a new recruit, Miss Van Nort, a Dutch immigrant who is one of the Victorian Order of Nurses here. She speaks English fluently though with a fascinating accent, & knows quite a bit of French also. After some French conversation we all gathered at the piano & sang French songs & carols until 10:30, when the ladies served sandwiches, cake & coffee.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20, 1955

Bitter cold, with a strong wind down the river. Temp. 10° above zero at noon, dropping to 2° below at night. The new Yarmouth - Bar Harbor steamer "Bluenose" arrived at Yarmouth yesterday from the Lauzon shipyard on the St. Lawrence, having been rushed out just before the freeze-up, after an expensive comedy of errors which delayed delivery of the ship by a whole year. Her captain said cautiously on arrival that the now-famous reduction gears in the ship's machinery are still not quite satisfactory.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 21/55 Another zero day. This afternoon, with my eider-lined coat with hood attached, & with the hood drawn close about my face by its puckering-strings, I walked up to Milton by the west road & home by the east.

Letter from Kirkconnell, head of Acadia U., who is a past president of the Canadian Authors Association:

"The Halifax branch of the C.A.A. has been urging me to let my name stand ~~for~~ in nomination for the national presidency of the Association. I have demurred on two grounds, one that you are the logical & ideal nominee, and two, that I have already put in a two-year term (1942-44) in that office. They retort that you have already refused to let your name stand. Might I, in all fraternal good will, urge you to reconsider the matter? The C.A.A. could benefit greatly by having a bona fide, full-time, distinguished professional writer like yourself as its national president. There have been too many academic folk giving it leadership in the past and I am not keen on perpetuating that tradition".

This is all very flattering but the answer is still No. The puerile squabble in Toronto which, ~~started~~ by the ardent propaganda of both parties, 2 years ago

developed into a national one that almost disrupted the C.A.A., disgusted me with the whole thing. The truth is that 90% of the C.A.A. are not authors at all, but amateurs, mostly women, who like to dabble at it & call themselves writers. There is a visible sprinkling of academic types, university professors who have written a book or books in academic subjects. The few professional authors in the Association have been cajoled or shanghaied into it (as I was in 1944) for the sake of their names. For years my name appeared on the C.A.A. letterhead as a vice-president of the C.A.A. because (as Bill Deacon bluntly put it) "we need it there." Each year my vice-presidency was renewed, over my protests, until 1953, when it was dropped at last. Hugh McLennan has been in the same predicament in the also-purely-nominal office of "National Secretary". I think Kirkconnell had better take the job. He likes that sort of thing, & a lifetime of experience with college students will enable him to cope with the childish problems which from time to time absorb the C.A.A. members.

Tonight my C.B.C. broadcast on "One Christmas on Table" came in very clearly & well — unusual here at night, when the U.S. stations come booming in & crowd the Canadian stations into the background.

THURSDAY, DEC. 22/55 Zero weather continues, although sunny. A good walk to Milton & back. Letter from Ken McCormick, chief editor of Doubleday. After much argument (they are sharp bargainers) I have got separate contracts for Canada (Doubleday Canada Ltd.) & for the U.S. (Doubleday, New York), with the same royalty rates on both sides of the border. The U.S. contract includes world rights (other than Canada)

and will mean, amongst other changes, a new publisher in Britain instead of Hutchinsons.

This afternoon the express man delivered a large flower pot containing a cyclamen plant, a mass of pink bloom, addressed to Edith & with a card from George & Lily Nelson (of Doubleday Canada). Coincidence?

SATURDAY, DEC. 24/55

Milder — at last. The thermometer rose to 30° & a light snow fell at intervals. The kids decorated the Christmas tree last night & today the house is swimming in parcels, tissue & ribbons. Letter from George Nelson enclosing a contract for Canadian publication of the "Wings of Night". They are planning publication for August '56.

Nicholas Monsarrat sent me a copy of his travel book "Canada Coast to Coast", with card enclosed. McClelland & Stewart sent a box of cigars — no hard feelings apparently.

Rain this evening made the streets a mess of slush & wet ice, treacherous to cars & to the feet. Hence we did not make the usual Christmas Eve rounds. We went up the street to the Parkers' house & had a drink with them; & then they came to our house for one with us. The quietest Christmas Eve we've ever spent & we found that we enjoyed the quiet.

SUNDAY, Christmas Day. Crisp & sunny this morning. Church with young Tom & Francie. Mavi Freeman, Terry & Betty Freeman & their two children, joined us for dinner & we demolished a fine 12-lb turkey. After dinner everybody opened their Christmas presents. Mine included books, socks, golf balls, a wool scarf. Listened to the

C.B.C. coast-to-coast broadcast including my own short reading from The Nymph & The Lamp as part of the Harmony Harbor bit. At 5 p.m. we drove to Milton & spent an hour with Aunt Marie Bell. Last night's rain was merely enough to make slush of yesterday's snow, & tonight the thermometer dropped towards zero again, adding a new surface of rough ice to the winter landscape.

TUESDAY, DEC. 27/55 Cold, snowing a little. Letter from Edna Tenyon, who has had another interview with Emmet Dalton, the mysterious & (to my mind) phony agent who claims to represent film interests in London. He is still anxious to get an option on "Roger Sudden". Now claims to be connected with R.K.O. "on the distributing end". Talks grandly of making a film of Roger Sudden on a scale "as big as Gone With The Wind", & yet offers no more for the story than £2000, with an option for 12 months in a payment of £200.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28/55 Cold, sunny. A good walk to Milton & back. Young Tony spent the day at Port Joli gunning for ducks & wild geese with Jack Dunlap & Mike Byrne, but the weather was too fine, few birds moving, although Jack got a goose. Letter from my sister Nell Cassidy in Birmingham, Alabama, to say that Mum & Hilda arrived safely & are now settled in comfortably with them for the winter.

No work for many days, but an orgy of reading. My new books include such interesting (& widely separated subjects) as "The Anatomy of Nelson's Ships"

by C. Nepean Longridge, with many photographs & scale drawings of the "Victory"; a life of Bernard Spilsbury, the famous British criminal-pathologist; the memoirs of Harriette Wilson, the English demi-rep who flourished in Wellington's day.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29/65 A perfect winter day — sunny, not too cold, no wind. A walk to Milton & back. Kids skating on, & crossing the river, in various places from the railway bridge almost up to Salmon Island Falls. Wrote a number of letters. Signed, & sent off the new contracts, one set to Doubleday Canada, the other to Doubleday at N.Y.

Wrote Ena Kenyon saying I had little trust in Emmett Dalton or his Medal Films company, & that she should investigate his financial record before doing any business. With some sort of financial guarantee established I would be willing to give his firm a 12-month movie option on "Roger Fulden" for a cash-in-advance payment of £200. If, within the 12 months period, Medal Films decides to exercise the option, I want a further £1,800 cash, plus 40% of any sum over £2,000 which Medal Films may derive by re-sale of the option to a third party.

Cocktails tonight at a 6 to 8 p.m. party given by the Rawdings & Moshers at the Mosher house, then on to a very pleasant dinner party at the Bert Waters. The temp. had dropped to 10° above zero, very calm, with a full moon rising & shining on the harbor water. Home about 11:30 with the Austin Parkers, who came in & had drinks & chat with us until 1:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31/65 Sunny, cold, calm. Lovely walk to Lotanod & back this afternoon. Cocktails at the Lozes' at 6 p.m. — a mob there. Then on to the Austin Parkers for more drinks, & a buffet dinner

which began at 9 p.m. (I was nearly starved, having eaten no breakfast, a light lunch, & after that the 7 mile walk). The Bert Waters, Shipmans, Ross Nickersons, John Nickersons, Al Hutchinsons, Hector Dunlaps & ourselves. At midnight we moved on to Bob Gascoigne's house at York Point. (They were entertaining in honor of Mrs. G's. brother & his wife, the Hamiltons, from Scotland.) A mob there, including just about everybody we knew. More drinks & the usual New Years Eve kissing of all the ladies (very pleasant in some cases but highly unhygienic, as an epidemic of German measles is now sweeping over the town).

The newspapers, government & business spokesmen, all agree that 1955 was the most prosperous year Canada (& the world generally) have ever known, & that the prospects for 1956 look at least as good.

E's birthday tomorrow, & I presented her with an electric blanket equipped with a thermostat, so that it will maintain an even temperature no matter what the weather may do outside the window. We have slept in separate rooms for twenty years (ever since Frances was conceived), & so the bedding arrangements are quite individual. Personally I don't care for the idea of artificial heat in bed but E. is quite in love with it.

SUNDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1956 2° below zero at 9 a.m., sunny but cold all day. Church with my family in the morning. A brisk walk to Milton & back in the afternoon. Young Tom's college aims dwindle with each term. First he was going to be an engineer; then he decided to take a B. Sc.

Tonight at supper he informed me that the B.Sc. is impossible, & he now aims to get a B.A. & then go on to Dental School at Dalhousie. Francie, never a good student, is also floundering & will have to go to Summer School this year in order to make up deficiencies. Evening at the Mackinnis' with Rev. & Mrs. John Macdonald.

MONDAY, JAN. 2, 1956 Sunny, zero weather. Tom Jr. & Frances left for Wolfville at 10:30 a.m. by taxi, with Paul Chandler & Al Hutchinson, after the usual scramble of packing & hunting for mislaid possessions at the last minute.

TUESDAY, JAN. 3/56 An attack of lumbago, my old enemy, which hasn't bothered me for many months. Weather turned mild & tonight a fine rain was falling, not enough to melt the snow, just enough to make the streets dangerous.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4/56 Still mild. Today the new ferry steamer "Bluenose" made its first trip from Yarmouth to Bar Harbor, in six hours.

THURSDAY, JAN. 5/56 Awake at 3 a.m., up at 4 & got breakfast. E. for once had a bad night also & got up at 6. Pouring rain all day. A flood in the streets, a depressing trickle into my cellar. Dinner tonight at the Mowbray Jones' house with Don & Beth Smith. Don leaves for Ottawa tomorrow to assume his seat in the Senate.

FRIDAY, JAN. 6/56 Foggy & mild all day. The weather man says a warm front has moved up from Bermuda as far as central Nova Scotia. In other words it's an old-fashioned January thaw.

SATURDAY, JAN. 7/56 Pouring rain all day, the fourth wet day. Most of the ice is gone from the streets, & my lawn begins to show through the backyard

snow — still a quite fresh green. Rivers are in flood all over central & western N.S., in some places roads & railways have been washed out.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8/56 Lumbago & insomnia ever since the soft weather began. Slept in this morning after another wakeful night. This afternoon drove with E. to Broad River to see the swollen stream & the heavy surf along the shore. A gale still blowing from S.E. with fine rain & mist. Most of the snow gone from the open ground along the shore. In the upper part of N.S. & in P.E.I. the rain first produced a "silver thaw" which weighted power & telephone lines, & in the subsequent strong winds thousands of poles blew down. The C.B.C. main broadcasting station at Sackville N.B. has been cut off from Montreal & Hfx for the past two days, broadcasting nothing but music recordings — a boon. The bridge at Gold River has been washed out, the Bridgewater–Middleton highway is flooded at Pinehurst & impassable; anyone wishing to go from here to Hfx must take the deeply rutted & soft gravel road to Annapolis & travel through the Valley.

MONDAY, JAN. 9/56 The wet wind from S.E., which has been blowing for six days, reached a peak of 50 miles per hour last night, according to the local weather man. It shook the house all night & all today, & the rain fell at intervals like an explosive Niagara. Heavy seas breaking over the Brooklyn breakwater have washed a lot of pulpwood from the Mersey mill boom, together with tons of sunken bark from the bottom of

Herring Cove, & deposited the whole mess on Loth Point, much of it blocking the road to R.L. Seaborne's house. We hear that the L'pool-Annapolis road is now impassable, & that the Sable River bridge has gone, so that L'pool is cut off by road in all directions. The Mersey is dangerously high & there is some worry about the bridges at Milton. Fortunately the railways have more solid bridges on the South Shore anyway, & the trains are still running. In the region between Berwick N.S. & Bay Verte it is estimated that at least 10,000 telephone & power poles are down. So many people have oil furnaces today, depending on electric ignition, that thousands of people are without heat in their homes. At Truro, Musquodoboit, Antigonish & various other places beside swollen rivers many people have been flooded. The damage in Nova Scotia alone will run into many millions.

In spite of the continued storm, & the great sea thundering on Torr Point, our French class met as usual tonight at the Rogers' house.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10/56 Gale & drizzle continued all day. The bridge at Gold River has been replaced & the road to Hfx is now operating, although the bridge at Mill Village is in danger & motorists are advised to "cross at their own risk". The Mill Village — Charleston road is flooded for 1½ miles & a bridge on the Charleston-Greenfield road has been washed out. The Mersey power-storage dams are absorbing much of the flood between Lake Rossignol & Milton, but there are floods over the banks of Keyumbujik & Maitland rivers & the Annapolis — Liverpool is impassable. The Lahave is far over its banks, many people forced out of their homes at Pinehurst, & much anxiety over the dam

at Lake Sherbrook – the flood is 3 feet over its top & the structure is weakening. Wires & poles are still down in the area between Minas Basin & Northumberland Strait, & for the 4th day the big transmitting station of CBC at Sackville, N.B. broadcast nothing but music. Army radio signal units have the only communication between Pictou & Charlottetown, & between Charlottetown & Summerside.

Nobody can remember a storm of such continuous rain & wind in 50 years, or so complete a thaw in mid-winter. The damage is huge.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12/56 The great gale died away in the night but the weather remains bad, a cold drizzle at temp. 35° Fahr't. Having had no exercise since the wet weather began 9 days ago I got desperate this morning, put on my raincoat & tramped five miles in the drizzle. This afternoon Frances Davies, wife of (Anglican parson) John Davies, arrived by car with camera, tripod, a battery of portable searchlights & yards of wire. She has lately become a photography addict & wanted a portrait of me in my study. She took a number, & for fun one or two of E. & me playing Scrabble. I warned her that nobody, not even the great Karsh, had ever been able to make a successful portrait of me except an old-fashioned professional at Bridgewater, named Garber, years ago.

Young Tom phoned (collect) from Wolfville in great excitement. His college friend "Ducky" Maclean is the son of the manager of Campbell-Chibougamau copper mine in Quebec to which a railway is now being built, & which has very rich ore. It appears that a small exploring company called Bateman Bay has acquired adjacent property which (according to

Maclean père) may prove as rich. On this tip from the mine's mouth Tommy demanded that I buy for him $100 worth (it is not listed in the regular mining exchange but its shares are at present selling at about 75¢ each) & urged me to invest myself. I know nothing of mines except that they lose money much more frequently than they make it. I told him this, but he insisted that it was a good gamble so I said all right.

The Medway river is still in flood. It has washed away about 150 feet of the main paved Liverpool–Annapolis highway at South Brookfield, & lower down has flooded many people out of their homes in Greenfield, Bangs Falls, Charleston & Mill Village. The river is now up to the roadway of the main highway bridge at Mill Village.

This afternoon wire service was restored to the big C.B.C. transmitting station at Sackville & normal network programs were resumed. For six days the station had broadcast nothing but recorded music from morn to night.

Fortunately for dwellers on the lower reaches of the Mersey the big water storage dam at Indian Gardens was far from full when the thaw began, & it simply gathered up the flood in its large flowage area. The tributary brooks flowing into the Mersey below this dam raised the river to an unusual height but not enough to cause damage. In the upper waters of the river at Maitland there is much flood damage.

FRIDAY, JAN. 13/56

Drizzle all day — the tenth successive wet day. This afternoon, following Tommy's instructions,

I placed an order for 1,000 shares of Bateman Bay Mining Co. at a price not to exceed $1 per share. If I were a bit superstitious about the date I should have chosen another day, but I was born on a Friday the 13th & I'm still living.

Fran Davies came with prints of the photos she took yesterday, some of them very good, though God knows I'm no beauty.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15/56 Still raining. Church this morning. Called on Aunt Marie Bell this afternoon. The Jan. 21st. issue of Maclean's Magazine contains an article on Nova Scotia by Bruce Hutchinson, who called on me last ~~January~~ May. He referred to me kindly as "this weatherbeaten sailor and woodsman", intimated that although I had only recently arrived from England I knew this country well. He told a garbled story of my seance with James D. Gillis, Andrew Merkel & Jim Martell at the grave of Joseph Howe "not long ago" (it was in ~~1952~~ '45), & made the incident read like a cheap publicity stunt. Hutchinson, a prolific writer for newspapers & magazines, is regarded in some quarters (especially U.S. magazine quarters) as the top Canadian authority. If he trifles with fact generally, as he did in this small article, the magazines have been under a sad delusion for years. But I remember that in conversation last spring he referred cheerfully to his production as "pouring out ditchwater."

MONDAY, JAN. 16/56 The 13th successive wet day. I walked to Milton & back this afternoon in alternate drizzle & heavy showers. Drove to Bridgewater this evening with E. to meet Francie, who had come by bus from Wolfville via Hfx. She has finished her mid-term exams & has a week with no classes while the seniors write. The floods are subsiding, now that all the

snow has melted, although the rains continue. The Medway is still very high, the bridge has been braced at each end with heavy lateral timbers, making the approach more awkward than ever; the Highway board have watchmen with lanterns posted at each end. Only one car is allowed on the bridge at a time, & no heavy trucks at all.

Today a Mark 3 T-33 jet training plane of the RCAF flew from Vancouver to Halifax in 5 hours & 52 minutes' actual flying time. (There was one 25-minute stop, at Fort William, Ont., for fuel.)

The Weyman option on The Nymph & The Lamp for moving picture use expires Feb. 3rd, according to Little, Brown & Co. Their Hollywood agent, Bernard Peens, has heard nothing from Weyman since he wrote last June saying that he was confident of getting Canadian backing to the amount of $175,000 for production of the picture, & that he had set a "shooting date" in June 1956. The revealing part of this is that Weyman proposed to spend at least $175,000 on production, yet under the option granted by Little Brown he would pay only $4,000 for the book.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17/56 This morning the sidewalks were dry altho' the sky remained overcast; so after a morning's work at my desk & lunch I set out for Milton wearing no overcoat or raincoat, just a scarf under my jacket. I should have known. At Cheely's corner rain began, just a drizzle, & from there to Milton & back along the other side of the river I tramped through alternate showers of rain, sleet & small hailstones. Got back soaked to the skin. Heavy rain all evening. Today the Ford Motor Company (U.S.), a family-held corporation for many years, placed on the stock market more than half of its shares, & there is a great scramble to buy it. Opening pric

on the market was $64.50, of which the Ford Foundation receives $63, a total of $642,600,000, the biggest sale of common stock in the history of Wall Street.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19/56 A cloudy sky, temp. 30°, & no rain or snow. This breaks the longest January thaw anybody can remember — fifteen days of continuous rain — & the worst floods. The Mill Village bridge is still on a drive-at-your-own-risk footing, & the cross-country roads are still impassable. The bank today notified me that my order for Bateman Bay Mining stock had secured 1,000 shares @ 50¢.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20/56. Overcast. Temp. 30°. Just enough frost to put a skim of ice on the pools. Bill Glass, the professional golfer from Ste. Agathe, Que., is again spending the winter here, & at noon he phoned & suggested a game of golf. We played 18 holes, bare-handed, although it was a bit cold on the fingers. No wind. No snow left on the ground, just the ice on the pools. Enjoyed it, a refreshing change of exercise from the winter walk to Pilton, although the score was terrible. The only other players were an enthusiastic foursome from Shelburne including Maurice Fleming. As usual I worked morning & evening until midnight on my book.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21/56

A dark bleak day, N.E. breeze. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, score 94. I was alone & able to move faster & actually to play better than with Glass, who is very deliberate, & whose handsome husky dog "Shamus" is always tearing about the fairway just as one starts to swing at the ball. Nobody else on the course except a chilled but absorbed child of a fisherman, solemnly sailing a toy boat on the pool

at the elbow of N° 2 fairway, the surface of which was three parts covered with thin ice.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22/56 The sun shone briefly at 8 a.m. & two or three times in the afternoon, but then the clouds shut in again. This is the first bit of sunshine in 20 days. Francie left for Wolfville by car this morning with two other Acadia students. I walked to church, alone, this a.m. Golf this afternoon with Glass. Temp. 30° & a cold breeze. Several other players out.

MONDAY, JAN. 23/56 At last a sunny day — all day. My lunch nowadays is just a sandwich, & today I bolted it & hustled out to White Point for golf & sunshine. Temp. 34°. The sea looked almost the light blue of summer. Nobody else out but the hardy foursome from Shelburne. French class tonight at the Rogers'. As an interesting break in the middle of the evening we played a game of bridge (two tables) — all bids & conversation in French. Very labored French, with English words & phrases sneaked in here & there, to the disgust of M. le Professeur. A wet snow falling as I came home.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24/56 Winter is back at last, after an absence of 3 weeks. Temp. today 24° above zero, with a light fall of snow covering the ground. Movies tonight with Ed., the picture "Mister Roberts", an amusing & well acted piece starring Henry Fonda & James Cagney, all about a small U.S. naval transport in the Pacific during the late war. Tom Jr. phoned tonight from Wolfville, asking suggestions for proposing the health of a bride — a job that has fallen upon his chum & room-mate Paul Chandler. He informed me also that Bateman Bay Mining Co. is now quoted at 60¢ (i.e. "we"

have already made a profit (on paper) of $100.) He added by letter today that "Ducky" Maclean's father will send word from Chibougamau at the appropriate time to sell. As the only present communication from Chibougamau is by radio-telephone, all investment messages have to be sent in some sort of code. When Tom Jr. gets a message saying "Sorry your sister is sick", it is time to sell. All of which is in the romantic cloak-&-dagger sphere, although I'm sure Francie won't like it a bit. I feel I'm getting my five hundred dollars' worth, whatever happens.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25 '56 Moderate cold. A brisk walk to Milton. This afternoon my old acquaintance W. K. MacAskill died at his home "Brigadoon" below York Redoubt, Halifax. He was 63. As a marine photographer he was famous in the world, but he cared nothing for that, content to sail his yacht "Highlander" about the coast or in the Halifax races in the summer season, & in winter to potter about his cluttered little studio on Barrington Street. He had asked me some time ago, to write captions & a foreword for another book of his photographs (as I did for his "Lure of the Sea"), but he never did get around to assembling them.

THURSDAY JAN. 26/56 Austin Parker dropped in tonight with a statement of Brent Smith's estate, drawn up by the Hfx branch of the Montreal Trust Co., of which he & I were appointed assessors. It runs to a total of almost $80,000; of this about $20,000 was in real estate (the Smith homestead on what is still called Old Falls Road; the house Brent built for his brother Herbert on the same road, & the house he bought for his brother Alvin on Bristol Avenue; the brothers had lived in these houses

for 30 years, Brent paying the taxes & upkep & charging no rent.)
The other $60,000 was partly in life insurance (about $18,000) & the rest in good negotiable securities & cash. The securities are easily assessed at current stock-market quotations. The real estate was the only problem, & we solved that with the aid of the town tax assessment rolls. Assessments under the new town system are supposed to be 100% of the marketable value. For an example we took the old Sterns house at the corner of Church & Park streets, which was sold recently for $7,000. The tax assessment figure was $6,300, i.e. 90% of the actual sale value. We figured Brent's three properties on the same basis.

SATURDAY, JAN. 28/56 AND BURKE DOUGLAS Cold, sunny, temp. 20° above zero. Parker, Dunlap & I went to Eagle Lake this afternoon, tramping through the woods by the trail from Big Falls. Douglas set 3 rabbit snares near the "mid-way" bog on the way in. Found that the camp had survived the January storms & floods. Eagle Lake covered with ice about 1½" thick, mostly new ice. Spent the evening playing bridge, Parker & I against D. & B. We won. Noted that the last camp log entry (April 1955) had been written by our late comrade Brent Smith. (I was not present on that trip.) On that occasion Brent, who had begun to complain of mysterious pains in his back near the kidneys, took an extra drink or two (something rare for him) & was very sick afterwards. He had recorded this faithfully & the entry concluded, "Quoth the raven, Nevermore." It struck us all. The final word was so true. Dunlap, who is inclined to hypochondria, informed us soberly & solemnly that he had exactly the same symptoms as Smith, a "gnawing inside me",

& that he did not expect to live through 1956. We tried to kid him out of it but he remained convinced & gloomy.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29/56 Overcast, with a bleak W. wind across the lake. After breakfast Dunlap remained in camp, still depressed, & feeling that any exertion was beyond him. Parker, Douglas & I made a couple of crude meat sandwiches & set off to hunt rabbits in the woods S.E. of Haunted Bog. Douglas, a boastful man in camp, was timorous about walking down Eagle Lake on the new ice; & all the way he hung back, walking exactly behind me at a distance of 30 yards, which was not very flattering to my figure — Parker actually weighs more than I do. All morning & half the afternoon we searched for rabbits between the hemlock woods & Haunted Bog, tramping half way to Long Lake & back. Lunch we took standing up (there was no place to sit except in the snow) munching our sandwiches over a small fire at noon. There were plenty of rabbit tracks in the snow but the bunnies hid themselves securely at our approach. I got the only shot, a hasty & wild bang at a rabbit scuttling in thick cover. At 2:30 we gave up in disgust. Douglas refused to return on the ice, & walked through the woods up the east side of the lake. P. & I went up the ice, which was very slippery, the wind blowing a gale at S.W., & specks of wet snow flying. A dinner of beefsteak cooked over the camp stove. Dunlap left early, walking slowly out to Big Falls while the daylight was good. When the rest of us left Eagle Lake at 5:20 p.m. it was getting dusk, with a wild snowstorm blowing from South, & the footing very uncertain & slippery. The last half mile was in

darkness, but we managed to keep on the trail. Dunlap had driven us up the river road in his car, & he was awaiting us at Big Falls, suddenly very cheerful & exhilarated, having whiled away the time with a bottle of rum. P. offered to drive but D. refused with some indignation, & we had a hectic drive down the slippery river road, in a snowstorm & in the dark. Got home safely, though very wet & weary, had a hot bath, played Scrabble with Ed., checked over my historical writing of the past two days, & went to bed. Raining in Liverpool at 10 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1/56 Sunny, cold. Just enough snow to whiten the ground. Jack (Anglican parson) Davies & wife Frances came to dinner & spent the evening with us.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8/56 Nothing to report for a week except the daily grind. A deep & soggy snow blocked my driveway & froze there, & I haven't bothered to shovel it out. Work goes on briskly in construction of the new post office (most of the brickwork is up behind the "paper curtain" erected to shelter the bricklayers from the weather), the new school (the school-bus garage is finished, the foundations of the main building are nearly complete); & the telephone company continues drilling, blasting & digging along Main St. & down Market Street towards the bridge, a deep trench in which pipes, buried in concrete, will contain the telephone cables. This evening John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Austin & Vera Parker, came to dinner with us. At 9.30 we went up to Milton & joined the Fozers & Copelins in a party at Chester ("Chet") Le Grow's house. It was Chet's birthday & we presented him with "wine, women & song", i.e. a bottle of special Madeira, two small dolls each wearing a fig-leaf, & several books of songs & ballads. Chet played for us

on his new piano, & we sang the songs & laughed over Chet's recorded version of Annay Russell in her famous skit in the King of the Nibelung. Home at 2 a.m.

Today I received Tom's & Francie's marks in the mid-term exams. The best they got were one or two C's (for "Fair"), most were D's (for "Poor"). I fear our offspring were not cut out for scholars.

FRIDAY, FEB. 10/56 Mild days, sharp frosts at night, plenty of snow on the ground. Amongst the laborers working with pick & shovel in the telephone trench I notice Terence Warrington, once the famous boxer "Tiger" Warrington, a burly colored man with good features unmarred by all his fights in the ring. He is now 46 (born April, 1910, an illegitimate son of Kate Warrington, a lusty & noted negro wench who lived on the shabby end of Waterloo Street here. The father said to be one Val Roberts, a fishing captain from Gloucester, whose vessel used to call here. Roberts was a big laughing boozing two-fisted white man. "Tiger" is said to resemble him in build & good nature, though his skin is black & his features negroid.)

"Tiger" began boxing locally in the late 1920's, & rose to be light-heavy weight champion of Canada about 1934. He was seldom beaten until he passed 30 & began to drink, & then only a few times and by top-notch fighters. He still gets a bout now & then at sport shows in the Maritimes, & last year knocked out the champion heavyweight of the regular troops at Aldershot. But such income is small, & it's sad to see him down to pick & shovel work. A quiet man, always modest, & well liked by everyone.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12, 1956 Rain last night & all day, a drizzle almost at freezing temperature; it melted the snow very little. Indoors all day working away at the history. Tonight at the Parker's house, John Wickwire, Austin P. & I mixed up a punch for the "cocktail" party our wives are giving tomorrow night as a prelude to the annual Hospital Dance. The recipe was a sort of Planter's Punch, the basic stuff being rum & lime juice, & the initial 5-gallon batch contained 9 quarts of rum, 6 quarts of "sweet" (syrup) & 3 quarts of "sour" (2½ qts lime juice, ½ qt. lemon juice) before adding the water & the final touch of Angostura bitters.

MONDAY, FEB. 13/56 Overcast & mild; the snow slowly "decaying" as Simeon Perkins used to say. The punch party tonight was a success, about 90 guests, most of whom went on to the dance, the ladies beautifully dressed.

The Canadian govt. has authorized additions to the so-called "Pine Tree" belt of radar stations across Canada, built & manned by the U.S. as part of U.S. air defence. The addition will place a string of stations, manned by U.S. personnel, along the Nova Scotia, Newfoundland & Labrador coasts. I learn indirectly (from Bob Kirkpatrick, whose son is in the U.S. Air Force & engaged on radar work) that one of these stations will be near Barrington. The U.S. Navy has been operating a radar station at Shelburne for several years.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17/56 Fine cold weather. 10° above zero at night. At the end of my "Milton" walks I often drop in for a chat with Jerry Nickerson, who has been confined to the house for the past fortnight, suffering from high blood pressure.

The contractors on the new school job have completed the foundation & have now turned loose their whole battery of bulldozers (large & small), motor-shovels, pneumatic drills, dynamiters & trucks, to finish the landscaping job. A

terrific racket day & night a few yards from my desk.

The moving-picture option on "The Nymph & The Lamp," held for the past 12 months by Ronald Weyman & Julian Biggs of Toronto, expired on the 15th. Little Brown & Co. had arranged this option, through a Hollywood agent, Bernard Reins, for a total sum of $4,000, of which $500 was to be the option fee. I thought the figure much too low & consented only reluctantly. Now I have got back the rights in my own hands. Weyman wants to renew the option for a year at the same price. One David Koplan, writing on a letter-sheet headed "Canadian Film Industries, Toronto," wants a year's option to buy the rights for $5,000 — 10% down for the option. A John Rich writes from Hollywood wanting an option without specifying the price. An English outfit, Medal Films, have approached me through Ena Kenyon, the agent in Coventry. I have no faith in any of them.

Weyman & Biggs have no financial backing, although they have sought money enough ($175,000) in Canada for the past year. The others are either would-be producers operating on similar shoe-string or agents trying to pick up options at low prices in the hope of selling them at a fat profit to genuine film companies. I proved this in the case of Medal Films, who wanted a two-year option, price £2,000 ($5,680 at current exchange), the option fee to be £200 & to apply as part payment in the event of purchase. I said I wanted £2,000 plus 40% of any sum over that which might be realized on a re-sale of the rights. As I had suspected they were not a producing company (although they tried very hard to give Ena Kenyon that impression) & when I called their bluff they dropped the matter.

I have written the others saying that I am open

to bona fide offers for the film rights at a decent price.

SUNDAY, FEB. 19, '56 Fine, cold. Drove to church this a.m. with "C". A skim of new snow on the road made the going very slippery. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in Milton in the afternoon. News: Europe is suffering from the coldest winter in many years. Continual snowstorms & unusual frosts — Paris had 5° above zero the other day, & so did the Riviera. President Eisenhauer is in Georgia for a holiday & it is expected that he will there make the decision to run again for the presidency in the coming election. Every pressure is being put upon him by the Republicans — even his brother & his heart specialist, one saying it's "Ike's" duty to run, the other that "Ike's" heart is good for years, even under the strain of the presidency. When it comes to party politics the Americans are merciless. In this case the one cry of the Republicans seems to be pretty much the old Biblical text, "There is no discharge in that war."

Hockey-mad Ontario is still making a great fuss over the defeat of Canada's ice hockey team at the winter Olympic games at Cortina, Italy, a week or two ago. The team chosen to represent Canada was a so-called "amateur" team from Waterloo, Ontario, known as the Waterloo Dutchmen. They were soundly beaten, first by the U.S. & finally by the Russians. Now George Hees, national organizer for the Conservative Party, who never loses a chance to sound off, declares that the Canadian government must subsidize the Canadian Olympic teams, "so that we can send our best, as other governments do." Observers at the Cortina games say that the Russians played a faster, cleaner, smoother game than the Americans or the Canadians, & they deserved to win.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21, 1956

10° above zero last night. A cold sunny day. The school contractors (Acadia Construction Co.) began to erect steel frame on the concrete foundation yesterday, & the work goes on rapidly. I note that the brand-new ~~crane~~ tractor-crane used for hoisting the steel bears the name of "Mosher & Rawding", although the Acadia Co. has all kinds of construction equipment of its own. The reason is not far to seek. Merrill Rawding (our late M.P.P.), not content with various wharf & breakwater (federal) contracts about the coast, decided to get in on the provincial gravy re the new school. This afternoon I varied my walk by hiking out the White Point road as far as the Gull Island siding, & walking back along the railway.

My left hand gets slowly worse. Any prolonged typing brings on the "writer's cramp" in that member, a combination of arthritis & semi-paralysis. So I have asked E. to learn typing, so that she can undertake the final copy of my manuscript when the book is finished. She is pleased with the idea, has borrowed a text-book, & practices diligently daily on my portable, set up in my bedroom on the flap-desk where many years ago I did all my writing.

Europe continues to suffer from what is now called "the worst winter in a century." England is buried in snow. Temp. at the Dutch port of Flushing was 4° below zero yesterday. Cars are crossing the Lower Rhine on the ice. There is snow on the Riviera, throughout Italy, even in the "winter resort" Balearic Islands.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1956

Overcast & cold. Francie phoned (collect) from Wolfville, said she had spent her month's allowance, needed pocket money, moreover needed at least $20 for a dress to wear at an informal dance on Saturday. She is always wanting money. Today I had Harding measure me for a gabardine suit, my first new suit in five years. Young David ("Sam") Johnson, adopted son of our neighbors Ralph & Grace Johnson, has left high school & gone to sea as a steward. He is a tall happy-go-lucky boy of 18, no student, & they could do nothing with him.

The Municipality of Queens assessed me this year $100 for my cabin site at Moose Harbor. I objected, pointing out that it is now just a patch of rocks & burnt stumps. Today they notify me that the assessment is reduced to $50.

Winter trips to the warm south are now the fad in town — perhaps I should say in the whole country. Very nice if one can afford it. This week the Austen Parkers left for a six week stay in Georgia & Florida; the Merrill Rawdings & Dr. Lloyd Mackeds are going on long cruises to the West Indies, also the Larry Seldons.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26/56 A rain last night which took off a new fall of snow but left the old hard-frozen stuff. This morning a quick freeze with a strong westerly gale roaring at the house & trees all day & evening.

E. & I started for church in the car this a.m., & stopped to pick up little Jo-Anne Parker. I gave the car horn a gentle toot at the door, & the horn went on by itself, one or two tentative burps & then a long loud blast which I couldn't stop. Had to drive back home. Fortunately the

horn stopped with the engine, but I must have wakened every late Sunday-morning sleeper for a quarter mile in all directions. All day & evening indoors, I working at my history, E. tapping away upstairs at her typewriter lessons, & both of us stopping now & then for a game of scrabble.

MONDAY, FEB. 27th 56 Awoke at 4 a.m. & could sleep no more. Up at 4:30, got breakfast, worked till 8, slept an hour on my couch & struggled on with my work till noon, though I felt very seedy. A brisk walk to Milton in the cold wind brightened me up in the afternoon. Met Clarence Pickle taking a pair of deer head-skins down to the brook "to soak the tannin' out while I go on gettin' the skulls ready to mount." He is not only a first rate hunting guide but an expert taxidermist. At Milton found old Edward Coombs turning over 6"×4" lumber at the site of the Baptist church. He & a gang of volunteers cleared away the charred ruins of the old one & built a fine new cement basement for a new one last Fall. They have been holding services in the basement, which eventually will be the Sunday School. He said "Most all o' the lumber for the new church we're gettin' from a Tanner feller that's got a portable mill in a good stand o' spruce timber up at Round Lake on the upper Pleasant River. Had to hunt all over the County 'fore we found the kind o' stuff we wanted, especially the big stuff. He's got it. Expect to start building in a few weeks' time. Lumber's only costin' $70 a thousand. Some sawmills wanted as much as $120. Same way with the buildin' contract. One firm offered to do it for $69,000. We'll git it done for a lot less than that. Pity the Milton woodworkin' factory's shut down."

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 29, 1956

A blizzard all day yesterday left us this morning with the heaviest snowfall of the winter, 19 inches on the level according to the weather man, though it looks much more — a great drift in my driveway especially. I was up early, shovelling paths from the back & front doors to the street, & to the garbage can at the back of the house. Cold, the temp. only a shade above zero.

This afternoon the whole town was busy digging itself out. I walked down to the post office (no mail!), bought cigarets — I still smoke 70 a day — & then shovelled out my driveway, working like a tiger for an hour, which left me (in spite of a hot bath) with a painful back. E. has been giving a series of small afternoon card parties in connection with I.O.D.E. charities & other matters, & this afternoon there was a foursome, much worried about my shovelling & my heart. They should have thought about my back. E., who became very thin & haggard last summer & fall has been getting her weight back & looks much better. I weigh 184 stripped — ten pounds too much. Yet I eat nothing but toast for breakfast (two slices) & only a meat sandwich at noon. President Eisenhauer announced today that he would offer himself for a second term, much to the delight of the Republicans & the unspoken dismay of the Democrats. After his severe heart attack this seems like signing his own death warrant. I suppose he felt it was his duty. He is an honest capable man. The U.S. today has many problems, not least the internal situation

in the deep South, where the federal Supreme Court's rulings regarding "desegregation" of the Negroes in all respects — voting, schools, colleges & everything else — have created an ugly & increasing reaction amongst the whites. After 1945 the Supreme Court seems to have decided that, 80 years having elapsed since the Civil War, it was safe to go ahead with the theory that all men are born free & equal. But in many respects the WHITE people of the deep South are still living in the atmosphere of 1861.

My mother, who is again spending a winter in Alabama, has told me of the delightful hospitality of the Southerners, & at the same time her repugnance to the way they treat the Negroes. On her previous visit, about four years ago, a Birmingham streetcar conductor shot dead a Negro who took a seat in the "white" part of the car & refused to move. The Negro's body lay in a gutter for several hours before anybody troubled to remove it, & the conductor, after a perfunctory investigation, was absolved of all blame. This shocked her. Her Southern friends took it as a matter of course. There is no doubt, however, that a certain class amongst the Negroes, lawyers & others, are deliberately promoting incidents of this kind, seeing the whole thing as a contest of wills, in which theirs must eventually be triumphant. When white Southerners still weep at the tomb of Robert E. Lee (and they do) it seems to me there is real danger of another white reaction in the South like that of 1861. This, it seems to me, is Eisenhower's main worry now.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1956

I have got my history as far as the departure of Dorchester & Simcoe in 1796. Tonight E. & I attended a performance of "The Mikado" in the high school auditorium. Thirty-one amateur players from Bridgewater. They took some liberties with Gilbert & Sullivan, but the costumes & voices very good, although Nanky-Poo was played by an absurd little man, almost a dwarf, with no acting ability. Afterwards Bob & Jean MacLennon dropped in for a drink with us.

SATURDAY, MAR. 3/56 A rain has melted some of the snow & the main roads after ploughing are now bare. E. left this morning with Dorothy Wickware, Florence Williams & Enid Doggett by car, to see the kids at Acadia & to attend a college musical show "The Mod at Grande Pré" (Lyrics by President Kirkconnell himself) & music by Dean Collins of the music faculty. They will stay overnight in Wolfville.

The new ferry "Bluenose", which has had so much mechanical trouble from birth, is now to be taken off the Yarmouth — Bar Harbor run for several weeks in dry-dock, something about the propellers. She seems jinxed. Thank God Bob Venters respected my own suggestions for the name of the ship (supplied at his request) & chose "Bluenose" to please his native town & constituency. Otherwise I'd feel somehow guilty.

SUNDAY, MAR. 4/56 Slept late. "Brunch" at 11:30 — bacon & eggs. Specks of snow, then rain, then snow again — the largest flakes I ever saw — as big as goose feathers. No temptation to go out. Studied & wrote all day. E. arrived back

at 5 p.m., said the "Med" was a very good show, & of course she enjoyed seeing the kids. Young Tom seems worried about his studies. Silly, of course. I sent him to college for the experience of college life & the chance to make good at some specialty if he had what it took. I didn't expect him to be an Einstein. As far as I can see he's not cut out to be a dentist any more than he was to be an engineer. I wrote him tonight, telling him to stop worrying himself — life's too short, God knows — & pointing out that I'd managed to stagger along without a college degree in anything, that in fact a man's career depends on what kind of man he is, not what exams he may have passed.

Kids nowadays, in these preposterous boom times, are inclined to look upon college as a kind of job-training institute which will enable them to earn a fat salary from the moment they get their degree. All damned nonsense. The Einsteins amongst them will be able to step right into well-paid jobs. The rest must take their chances just as I did.

MONDAY, MAR. 5/56 Sunny this morning, clouding over at noon, snow at night. I walked to Melton & back this afternoon, the first exercise in many days. At 5 p.m. I took Marie Freeman to the hospital in my car; she has looked terrible for the past several months, heavy sacs under her eyes, & now after a severe bout of 'flu Dr. Wickwire thinks she is in a low physical & nervous state aggravated by a thyroid condition, for which an operation for goitre may be necessary. E. spent the evening with her there. She was hysterical & refused any sedative. I spent the

evening necessarily at the French Conversation class, the last of the winter, at which we presented our "professeur" (Bernard Keeler) with a gift — I didn't know it at the time but the gift turned out to be one of my own books purchased by Phyl Lopez — & another gift to Miss Van Noort, our Dutch V.O.N. nurse, who is being transferred to Kentville, — a pair of ear-rings. I told Keeler that however stupid we might have seemed to him, he had in one winter got us over the first tremendous hurdle — the actual ack of speaking French in some fashion, & recognizing it when spoken.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/56 Dr. Mickurie has decided that Marie Freeman must go to the V.G. Hospital at Hfx tomorrow. Bert Waters has arranged to take her there in a Mersey Paper Co. limousine, & Edith will accompany her & stay in the city a few days — Snowing all day. Letter from the executive secretary of the Royal Society of Canada informing me that I have been chosen to receive the Society's medal for Canadian literature this year. This is the annual award established with a fund donated by Lorne Pierce, & is known as the Lorne Pierce Medal. They ask me to be present at the Society's annual meeting (this year to be held at the University of Montreal) on the evening of June 11th., to receive it in person.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8/56 Robart, the Mersey chauffeur, picked up Marie at the hospital & E. here at 9 a.m. & set off for Hfx. The snowstorm, which began yesterday in a drizzling sort of way, developed into a nasty one soon after the car left, & I fear

Robart & the women had a rough drive of it. E. will stay at the Sword & Anchor Inn, to be near the V.C.

John Rich, a Hollywood film writer (see Feb. 17) has written me again re the movie rights in the Nymph. It now appears that he was the scenario writer approached by Weyman & Biggs last year when they thought they could swing a film production of the book. Rich says that no film company or producer will consider a story nowadays without seeing a complete screen-play of the book written by a competent man. He now proposes this: he will write a screen-play of the Nymph (a matter of about 3 months' work) & endeavor to arrange an independent production, splitting any profit from the film 50-50 with me. If he can't arrange his own production he will endeavor to sell the screen-play to a major studios, in which case we divide the actual sale price 50-50.

If this man is honest, & is the experienced & well connected film writer that he says he is, this seems the best proposition yet. At this distance I can't even guess how valid any of these propositions are.

FRIDAY, MAR. 9/56 The snowstorm turned to sleet & pellets last evening & the wind (SWUNG W. AND) rose to almost hurricane pitch at times through the night — once or twice, waking suddenly, I thought the roof was being torn off. The whole house rattled & creaked & shuddered. The gale (W.) blew all day today with brief peeps of sunshine. Grace Johnson & Phyl Jones phoned, each offering me an invitation to lunch or dinner, but I refused politely. The fact is that I'm getting a lot of work done,

just getting a quick meal of canned soup or boiled eggs or cold Brunswick sausage, & turning back to the desk again.

SATURDAY, MAR. 10/56 Sunny all day, but still a bitter wind. Nevertheless I walked to Melton & back this afternoon, my first venture beyond the post office since Monday. The whole continent down to Carolina & New Mexico seems to be buried in snow & in the clutch of cold. Strange to see the sun so high in the sky & yet winter in full hold. No word from E. Muriel Seaborne phoned to inquire about Marie's condition but I could tell her nothing. B. J. Waters, the top man at Mersey Paper, has just gone south for a trip, leaving Seaborne in charge, & stating that Mersey will pay any hospital expenses for Marie — & that she is to have the best that medical science can provide. Very good of him. Apart from my walk, & a visit with Jerry Pickerson at the end of it, I worked all day & evening.

SUNDAY, MAR. 11/56 Walked to church this morning. Large congregation, lovely sunny morning. Rain began at evening & poured all night, taking off the "new" snow & exposing once more the old dingy stuff now almost turned to ice, which has been with us ever since the big January thaw! Terence Freeman drove to Hfx today to see Marie & brought E. home. She arrived about midnight, reports Marie resting quite cheerfully at the V.G. Dr. Holland there says she has thyroid symptoms which may respond to treatment without an operation. E. got an impression that he considered Marie's trouble largely a case of "nerves."

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1956

Today I got from Max Harding the fawn gabardine suit for which he measured me some time back. It fits very well & looks well, cost $76.45.

The school contractors are concentrating on the east wing, apparently waiting for the winter to pass before raising the rest of the structure. In the east wing the steel is all up & the carpenters have got a good deal of the timbering done. The steel was fastened together with nuts & bolts, not riveted, which saved much time & noise. E. had a long letter from St. Kitts, posted by Bertie Selden on the cruise south.

THURSDAY, MAR. 15/56 Another snowstorm yesterday, ending in huge flakes & then a light rain — just enough rain to moisten the newly fallen snow like a huge sponge — & then sharp cold again to turn the whole mass to ice. (10° above zero tonight) Everyone sighing for the end of the longest, roughest, dreariest & most destructive winter in many years. (The storm of freezing rain which fell on the upper parts of N.S., N.B. & P.E.I. Jan. 5-8 snapped off thousands of telegraph, telephone & power-line poles. P.E.I. had to borrow a large crew from Nova Scotias Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co. after the N.S. damages had been repaired; these men just got back to Halifax a week or so ago. A wooden bridge over the Medway River at Charleston, replacing the one destroyed in the January flood, was opened for use this week. The main Medway bridge at Mill Village is still a bit shaky on its foundations & should be replaced in any case. Altogether in N.S. alone the winter damage to roads, bridges, buildings, poles & wires runs into millions.)

Scientists who write for newspapers (a distinctive

but not distinguished breed) only 2 years ago were telling us that a succession of mild winters showed that climate was getting warmer in the northern hemisphere. Now they say we're in for a succession of hard old-fashioned winters, & blame everything on a recent outbreak of sun-spots.

Rev. Waldo Smith, of Queens Theological College at Kingston, has sent me photographs of old paintings of H.M. frigates "Isis" & "Blonde". He came upon them while engaged in naval research in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, a year or more ago, & had them photographed. "Isis" was the ship which broke through the last of the winter ice in the St. Laurence & led the relief of Quebec in the spring of '76. "Blonde" had much to do with the N.S. coast (especially Liverpool) in the War of the American Revolution, & finally was wrecked off Seal Island on what is still called Blonde Rock.

SATURDAY, MAR. 17/56 A blizzard all last night & all today, rattling the house & blocking the roads. There is a drift shoulder deep in my doorway. The storm has tied up all traffic on the eastern seaboard from Virginia to Sydney, N.S. In the midst of all this my big-hearted sister Win phoned from St. John, said that Mum & Hilda had planned to fly to Hfx, arriving there tomorrow, & suggested that I hustle up to the city in order to help Mum out of the plane. I pointed out (a) all air as well as other traffic north of Virginia is held up, (b) the road to Hfx is completely blocked & there is no train from here until Monday noon (c) the Hfx airport people know Mum & Hilda & always arrange a taxi chair &

a powerful man, who simply picks Mum up, carries her down the gangway to the chair, & wheels her to a taxi waiting on the tarmac. I said "Isn't it snowing there?" & she answered brightly, "Oh yes. It's a terrible storm we're all snowed in."

SUNDAY, MAR. 18/56 Sunny, cold. My car still snowed in, so E. & I started to walk to church along the single plowed track down the middle of the road — all of the sidewalks are deep in snow except in the shopping section. Mrs. E. O. Smith, riding in solitary grandeur with car & chauffeur, picked us up. Church about half filled.

On the way home we dropped in to Sybil Macdonald's to meet Mr. & Mrs. Emerson of St. John's Nfld. who are here visiting their daughter wife of Leif Holt a Mersey forester. Mrs. Emerson, 60-ish, a tall grey sweet faced woman wearing a huge black velvet collar with her dress — I thought it a new fad but E. informed me afterwards that it probably was to conceal a disfiguring operation scar. Emerson a well-to-do St. Johns lawyer, blond, pink, blue-eyed, intelligent nose, looks much younger than his wife. He & a cosmopolitan friend of his spend the summers rambling about Europe, dropping off Mrs E. to amuse herself in England. E. himself, to judge from his conversation, speaks several languages including Norwegian, & enjoys reading Ibsen in the original as well as seeing Norwegian & Danish performances. He is, in fact a dilettante theatre critic & talks with ease and point about any playwright you can mention & a lot of others whom you can't. A snob & a bit of a humbug.

Radio news informed us that the 13-years old son of Robert Winters M.P. had died in a Denver

hospital to which his parents had taken him for a delicate heart operation. Other deaths today were Louis Bromfield, very successful American novelist of the 1920 – 1940 era, at 59; and the famous radio & screen comedian Fred Allen (who came from Cambridge, Mass, & whose real name was John F. Sullivan), at 61. Allen was one of the few comedians who depended on wit, & at his best he was a brilliant satirist of American folk-ways; I always enjoyed his radio shows. He once played in Halifax, at the old Acker's theatre on Sackville Street, in the days of vaudeville.

MONDAY, MAR. 19/56 Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, the road well ploughed & good going. Temp. 8° above zero at 8 a.m. Wind hauled east & by evening another snowstorm was blowing in from the S.E.

~~TUESDAY~~ WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20/56 More snowdrifts – my driveway plugged full again, & the hell with it. My mother phoned from Hfx this evening. She & Hilda had a rough trip north by plane. After leaving Boston the plane's heating system broke down & the temp. inside dropped to 20° below zero. Stewardess rushed about with blankets, muffling everybody. Plane put the passengers down at St. John airport & went on to get repairs at Moncton, returning to pick them up after 4 hours' delay. They arrived at Dartmouth airport at 4 A.M. Sunday, got the T.C.A. limousine to drive them to Jollimore, & arrived home at last to find that the departing tenants had set the furnace thermostat at just above freezing point (to conserve fuel) – the rooms were like tombs. All this after a nice warm winter in Alabama. However, she & Hilda are well, & happy to be home again. There's no place like it, they say.

WEDNESDAY, MAR 21, 1956. The first day of spring, & a nice sunny one it was. I walked to Milton (spattered with slush by every passing car) & the warm sunlight seemed strange with the snow piled waist-deep & sometimes shoulder-deep along the road. Three harbingers of spring appeared exactly on schedule however: — (a) a newly hatched lady-bug crawled about the inside pane of one of my westerly den windows — this happens every year & how they get there I don't know; (b) a winged insect about ½" long, rather like a may-fly but smaller, with a pale brown & soft body & two pairs of wings neatly folded over the back, was running about on the snow beside the east Milton road — this also happens every year & I wonder where they hatch; (3) a brilliant display of Northern lights, always prominent at the equinox & something I haven't seen all winter.

Movies tonight with E., a picture starring Grace Kelly, the cool composed & lady-like blonde actress who has become the rage in America in the past 4 years. (Unofficial gossip, probably male, from Hollywood describes her as "the girl with the stainless steel insides", referring to her calculating ambition as much as her actual lack of emotion.) She is to marry Prince Rainier of Monaco, a ratherpudgy (& presumably reformed) rake, this year, with the special blessing of the Pope, the avid interest of the whole American republic, & more ballyhoo (including special Monaco stamps with HIS and HER portraits) than a Hollywood "premier." They met when tonight's film was being made at Monaco last year — an Alfred Hitchcock thriller, with Cary Grant in the leading male role — a handsome & censorious contrast to Prince Rainier.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1956

Old Bob Butler was buried today, aged . He was one of the last survivors of the square-rigged ships sailing out of Liverpool — another negro, Charles West, is now the sole survivor. In War One he enlisted in the Canadian army, a construction battalion, & used to tell rueful but amusing tales of his great adventure at Rhyl camp in Wales, just after the war in 1919, when western Canadian troops bored with waiting for transportation home staged a destructive & bloody riot. The riot was quelled with rifle fire by a Maritime (I think a Nova Scotian) regiment still under discipline. There were quite a few killed & wounded, & since a Nova Scotian (especially a negro) was not safe there for a time, Bob survived by climbing sailor-fashion into the rafters of a big army hut & hiding there until the trouble was over.

Barbara Nickerson (Ken's wife) phoned tonight, to say that she had been talking to Marie Freeman in the V.G. hospital, & that the doctors had decided that her trouble was mainly nervous & not a brain tumor.

Another snowstorm tonight, & again snow drifting & clogging the streets & sidewalks. According to the weather bureau this is not the snowiest winter in a century, as everyone seems to think, but certainly the snowiest since the winter of 1917-18, which I remember well; the winter of the Halifax explosion, which kept us all, kids, women & men, alternately shovelling snow outside & fallen plaster & glass inside the houses in the long effort to clear the shattered rooms.

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1956 The latest snowstorm ended about 10 a.m., another 6 or 8 inches of snow on top of what we had. E. has a touch of 'flu & I served her breakfast in bed. No church. Took an hour only to dig paths to the street & the laundry platform, otherwise worked all morning, afternoon & evening at my desk. Frances phoned from Wolfeville, says the kids are leaving at 9 a.m. Wednesday for the Easter vacation, bringing with them a student named Dennis.

MONDAY, MAR. 26/56 Bright sun but freezing (temp. 10° above zero at 8 a.m.) as the steady winter weather holds on into spring. Shovelled out most of the driveway this afternoon, for the umpteenth time this season, for the sake of exercise. Governor-General Massey, with a party of eight including his daughter-in-law, is on a visit to the Canadian Arctic in an RCAF plane. Yesterday or today he dropped a canister containing Canadian newspapers etc. over the North Pole, though just what this was supposed to prove or accomplish I don't know. Letter from David Coplan, Canadian Film Industries, Toronto, asking for a reply to his request for an option on The Nymph. I wrote to him tonight, also to Ronald Weyman, Toronto, saying I will not sell the film rights for less than $10,000. This should shut them up. Both are shoe-string operators, & both want the rights for half that sum.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 28/56 Good walks to Milton yesterday & today. Sunshine & cold wind. Snow melting in sunny sheltered places & the trickle freezing as it flowed into the shadows.

Tom & Francis arrived by taxi at noon, with a chum, Bill Dennis, who is spending the Easter vacation with us.

Much ado in Ottawa over the engraving of Queen

Elizabeth's head on the Canadian paper currency. By folding a dollar bill, for example, so that the Queen's face is removed from sight, her coiffure at once appears as a hairy demonic face, ~~fiery~~ like an ape with a roman nose. The apparition can be seen of course when the whole bill is examined, but by folding it the thing is startling. Apparently nobody noticed it until recently, but now all sorts of rumors are about to the effect that this grotesque effect was a deliberate piece of work, & that it represents evil counsel at the back of the Queen, & so on. The matter has been raised in Parliament, & the Govt has announced curtly that the plates have now been changed, & that the "devil" will disappear as the old currency is worn out & replaced — presumably in another year or two. The original plates were engraved from a photograph by Karsh; nobody seems to know who did the engraving.

THURSDAY, MAR. 29 '56 Another sunny day with a chill breeze. Walked out the Yarmouth road to McAlpine's Brook & back. News: the troubled area in the world now seems concentrated in the Middle East. The Egyptians are buying quantities of war material from the Russians, Czechs & other communist satellite peoples, from cannon to planes; & Egyptian army personnel in large groups are being trained in the use & maintenance of this stuff by Russian army experts at Odessa, Poland. The Jordan Arabs have kicked out Glubb Pasha & fifty other British officers who made the Arab Legion a fighting force. This at the suggestion of Egypt, which is now the self-styled leader of the Arab bloc, vis-à-vis the Jews in Palestine. The Jews, tough & aggressive, with a well organized army & all the wealth of U.S. Jewry behind them, are themselves spoiling for a fight in which

they can enlarge their present narrow grip on Palestine.

As a separate issue, but a hot one, the Greek Cypriots are still demanding union with Greece, meanwhile shooting British soldiers & policemen in the back in dark streets & alleys. The British last week deported the Greek archbishop Makarios from Cyprus to the Seychelles Islands. He had been the unabashed leader of the Greek Cypriot terrorists. Greece itself is of course in a fury, & mobs have been stoning British consulates & other British properties. The Turks, who owned Cyprus before the British, are saying nothing; but obviously if the British move out, they will more in.

In Russia the "new look" since Stalin's death improves all the time. The friendly diplomatic gestures to western countries continue — & the western nations continue to receive them distrustfully. Last week, to the world's astonishment, the present Russian oligarchy, KRUSCHEV, BULGANIN, MALENKOV, et al, attacked the myth of Stalin boldly & rigorously, revealing to the Russian people that he was a narrow, bloody-minded tyrant who (amongst other things, a long list) betrayed Russia to German invasion by (a) executing thousands of Russian officers in his "purge" of 1937-38, (b) making the pact with Hitler in 1939, & (c) disregarding Winston Churchill's warning & the warnings of Russian intelligence that Hitler was massing forces to invade Russia in 1941.

SATURDAY GOOD FRIDAY, MAR. 31 '56 Another snowstorm all day yesterday turned to rain in the evening & then freezing sleet, leaving our old stock of snow at about the same level. Sun & cloud this afternoon on my Milton walk with cold W. gale. The merchants complain that Easter business has been poor, due to

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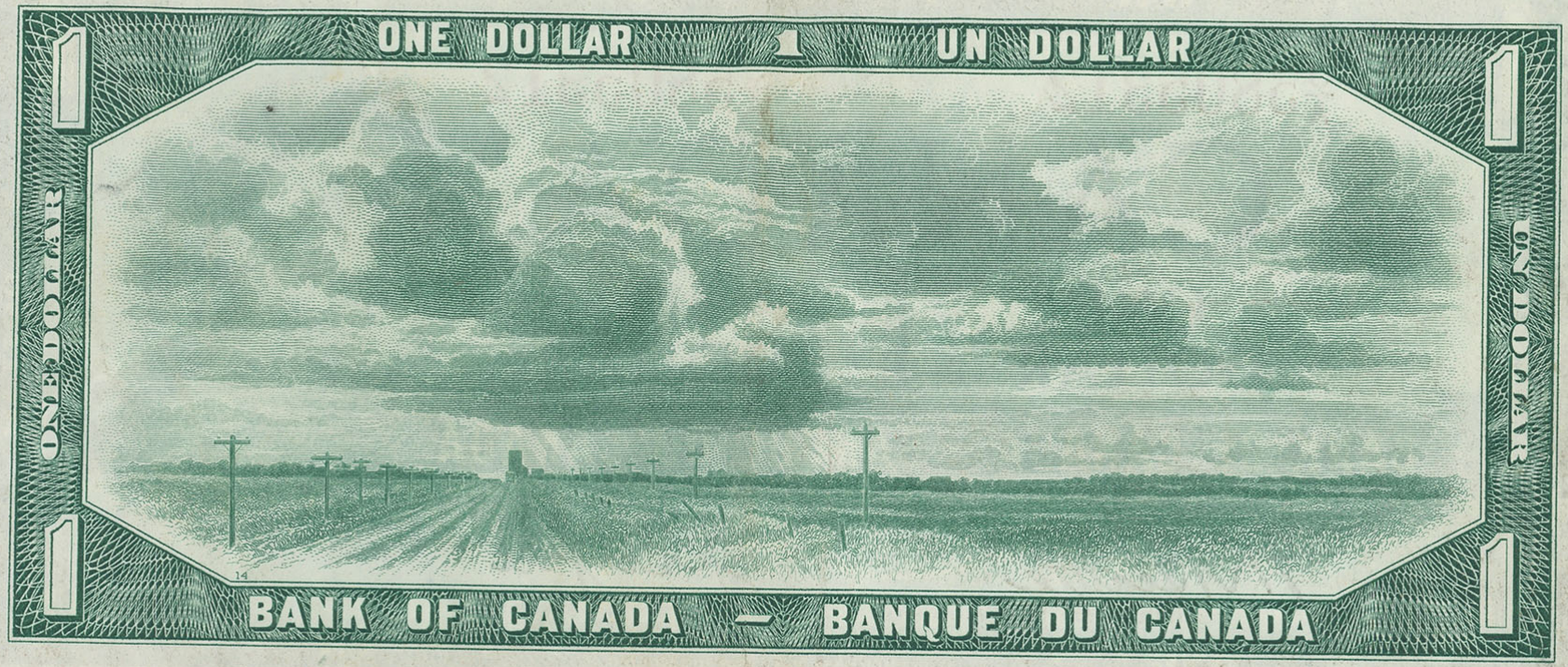
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the unabating winter weather.

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1956 A calm sunny day. Morning service with my family & young Dennis. The church full, with people in the gallery, a rare sight. A dinner of roast capon, etc. Dennis left at 1:30 p.m. by bus for his home in Brookfield, near Truro. E. & I called on Aunt Marie Bell in the evening.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 4/56

E. & I, Tommy, Frances, & Joan Wickwire, went to Wolfville today in our car. Lunched together in a very clean & efficient roadside diner called The White Spot, between Kentville & Wolfville. Dropped off the kids with quantities of baggage, parcels (mostly snack-food) & loose clothing of all kinds, & reached home about 4 p.m. The roads are clear but in spite of several warm days the snow generally is still deep. On the hills between New Germany & Middleton the snow was banked in many places as high as the car on either hand. All along the valley road a tinge of the red valley mud darkened the banks of old snow, & as the sky was overcast & raining in a fine drizzle the whole aspect of the country was depressing.

Tom S. now feels confident that with the summer course plus the regular terms 1956-57 he will graduate with a B. Sc. in May '57. I told him that my income in '57 will be low, as I have drawn advance royalties up to the hilt on "The Wings of Night" & on the history; and it may be necessary for him to take a year or two at a job of some sort to provide the money for the 3-year dental course at Dal. Next year Francie wants to go to Normal College for a Teacher's course, & I must see her through that if I can. Owing to the state of the book business

my financial future looks dark. My invested savings yield less than $1,000 per year, & this is the only certain income for our old age, apart from the gov't. Old Age Pension, which does not begin until 70. I feel tired and written-out. A long trip abroad would be wonderful & useful to a mind now jaded by constant work & no change for a lot more years than I care to think about; but that is impossible until the kids are self-supporting.

SATURDAY, APL. 7/56

Drove with E. to Port Moulton & back this afternoon, stopped for a look at the golf course. Much of the snow is gone from open places by the shore but the shrunken drifts hang on, even in the sunshine. Most of the snow is gone from the town streets.

SUNDAY, APL. 8/56 Another snowstorm all day. The snow stopped towards evening. E. & I spent the day indoors reading, playing "Scrabble," listening to classical music on my record player. Went up the street in the evening for a drink with the Parkers, who are just back from a month in the sunshine of Georgia & Florida. The Seldons, Rawdings & other south-farers are back from trips & voyages; & today I saw the first robin, looking very ruffled & uncomfortable, in the snowy shrubs outside my den. Spring must be here.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 11/56 Saw & heard the first song-sparrows on the Milton road. Streets & roads are bare but there is plenty of snow at the sides & in the woods. The big drift in my back yard has receded slowly, still covers half the lawn. Carpenters & bricklayers very busy on the new school. The exterior of the new post office is now complete, but the inside will take months to finish.

A scandal on our quiet street. Margaret Mosher,

wife of Murray Mosher, left him & their ~~four~~ children tonight, quite cold-bloodedly, having informed him that she was in love with someone else. Murray met & married her in Toronto about 1945, when he was an engineering student & she was working there as a model, aged about 18. He inherited old Barney Mosher's money (about $200,000 left in trust) & he was able to provide her with a fine new house, a servant, the best of clothes & so on, but they were ill matched. He is an insipid Casper Milque-toast sort of man, now about 33, amiable in an apologetic sort of way, peering at you with pink-rimmed eyes behind shell-rimmed glasses. She is now about 29, a shapely brunette with beautiful teeth & warm dark eyes, a lazy fun-loving woman, a fish out of water in this quiet country town.

About 1948, on what festive occasion I can't remember, a merry crowd of people, including some naval officers, blew into our house about midnight & stayed till about 3 a.m., chatting, singing & dancing. Margaret Mosher, beautifully dressed in white, her favorite evening-party color, which set off her black eyes & hair, sat demurely in a corner sipping drinks. She had never been in our house before, her husband was not one of the party, & she must have come along with one of the naval officers. Her husband turned up about 2 a.m., very pink-rabbitish, & induced her to come home. I was amused & thought no more of it. Apparently she had found, even then, that naval officers were much better fun than Murray. Whatever she thought she apparently kept it to herself, & if there were any peccadilloes in the next few years she concealed them very well. During the present winter a couple of R.C.N. minesweepers lay at the Tempo dock here for a refit. The lady met a dashing naval officer (himself married, with 2 or 3 children) & an affair began. When the ship returned to base at

Halifax, Margaret began making frequent trips there, alone, & staying a day or two or a week-end. Mother must have known what was going on but he doesn't seem to have done anything about it, & a few days ago his wife informed him that her naval friend was getting a divorce & that she intended to join him in Hfx.

A middle-aged neighbor, a widow (Enid Doggett) yesterday tried to talk her out of it. Margaret's answer was No. She cared for nothing but the man. As for the scandal — "people here will soon forget me, so will the children."

A sad little human comedy with the old lesson — men like Murray shouldn't marry women like Margaret. Ladies, especially pretty ladies, who marry for money, are apt to look for love somewhere else.

THURSDAY, APR. 12/56 Movies tonight. Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea", which I hadn't read since I was a boy, & now done in talkie-technicolor by Walt Disney. Nemo was the Englishman James Mason, no actor to my way of thinking, & of course in the light of present-day submarining the whole thing, especially the fight with the giant octupus, was damned ridiculous. Still it had something of the illusion of youth, which is now so far, & of which the slash touch is somehow grateful.

FRIDAY, APR. 13/56 Unlucky day, according to the superstitious. I was born on a Friday the 13th & don't care. Walked to Milton. Song sparrows singing all along the road, though the snow hangs on. Fox sparrows, scratching on the bare patch of my lawn. I had hoped to play golf, my first attempt since January, but the course is closed until the ground hardens. My history now in the War of 1812. The old story — constant study, meagre output.

Much fluttering in the Mersey paper dovecote. Berth Waters has returned suddenly from his customary spring holiday in the southern States — he was not due to return until June. Rumor in town says that Killam's widow has decided to sell her controlling interest in the company. Further rumor says that Bowaters Co. (of Nfld. & Tennessee) is trying to acquire the shares, & that K. C. Irving also wants them.

SATURDAY, APL. 14/56 Overcast, cool. A little party tonight at the Hector Dunlaps' in honor of our friends the Austin Parkers whose wedding anniversary this is.

SUNDAY, APL. 15/56 Sunny & warm, the first really spring-like day. Church this morning with E. This afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point, my first game this season, with Paul King. A chill breeze & fog wisps there, but it was wonderful to be playing again, in spite of a terrible score. The husks of old snow drifts hang on in the fairway hollows here & there, & much snow in the bushes & scrub woods of the rough. E & Marie came along & picked some promising mayflower buds.

Tonight at 10.45 I participated in a broadcast from CJCH, Halifax, on the work & problems of Canadian authors. A fifteen-minute discussion between Helen Creighton & Will Bird (who were in the studio) & myself on the long distance telephone. I don't know how it's arranged, but we could hear each other & chat as if I were there myself. Edmund Morris was the interlocutor. All this at the request of the N.S. branch of Canadian Authors' Association in connection with Book Week.

TUESDAY, APL. 17/56

Warm & overcast. Marie Freeman, who has spent a few days with us, has decided to have a fortnight or so at Petite Riviere. I drove there this

afternoon with E., Marie & baggage. Warmly greeted by Captain & Mrs. Avenburg, & we had dinner together — the only guests in the dining room — tomato juice, lobster salad, roast chicken & vegetables, pie, cookies, coffee — a regular old-time Avenburg House meal. Phew!

Home about 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 18/56 Sunny & calm. Golf this afternoon, & later cleaned up the front & side lawns. Some snow still remains in the shadow of the wall of the back lawn. It is now known that the Killam estate is offering its holding of 78% of Mersey Paper common stock for sale to the highest bidder. This represents 155,060 shares, and the bidders so far include one Canadian, two British & three U.S. companies. It is said that the original Canadian bid ($28,000,000) was turned down. Mersey Paper Co. officials much worried, feel they are being sold down the river, but some are optimistic. There has been a certain amount of nepotism ever since Ed. Jones started the mill, & the staff payroll has accumulated a certain amount of excess fat which presumably a new owner might slice off, but most of them have no cause for worry. The mill is efficient & making money hand over fist in the present demand for newsprint paper.

Two cabinet ministers, representing the N.S. govt., have just returned from a trip, pap in hand, to persuade the Scott Paper Co. (of Chester, Pennsylvania) to build a $35,000,000 pulp or paper mill at Sheet Harbour or Mulgrave. They offered brown timberland & other concessions but the Americans turned them down.

Today I wrote John Kich, Hollywood screen writer who wants an option on "The Nymph & The Lamp"; I agreed to his proposition. There will be no cash option fee.

specially trained dogs, & from a helicopter etc.

MONDAY, APL. 23/56 Rain all day. Frances phoned about 6 p.m. weeping bitterly & semi-hysterical, saying she had wasted the whole year at Acadia etc. E. talked to her for quite a time, then I had a try. What it all boils down to is about what I had foreseen. Francie has many good qualities but they have never included the ability to submit to discipline — and study is self-discipline. As a result she scraped along in school here, bogged down in the higher grades, spent two years in Grade 11 & then failed in the math. exam. Her mother had the brilliant idea of sending her to Acadia University — she could make up the math. etc. by extra study. At Christmas she & E. casually broke the news to me that Francie was leaving university at the end of the spring term, that she was going on to Normal college next year, & that the year at Acadia would count fully in getting a teacher's license at Normal. This, it appears, was another dreamy attempt to dodge the hard facts of school & college deficiencies. Francie wrote an application for admission to Normal College & she had such job the reply. Her application was refused. The Normal College pointed out that her deficiencies in math. & French alone were a bar to entry, and that furthermore most of the subjects taken this year at Acadia were of no use at Normal.

I tried to soothe the girl by saying that we had sent her to Acadia for the experience of college life, not for marks or certificates, & the money didn't matter. She talked to E. again for a time & then rang off. Not having Mummy's foolish-fond eye I never could see Francie as a college

graduate. At the time of the high school impasse I suggested that study wasn't Francie's dish & the best course for her was a course in typing & stenography, which is mostly mechanical & within her range of aptitude. E. ruled that out & insisted on Acadia. As a result the girl has been subjected to another year's frustration at a rather expensive rate, & E. is still determined that she shall keep on butting her head against the wall — "You will have all summer to study & make up your math, etc."

WEDNESDAY, APL. 26/56 Fine, cool. Golf this afternoon in heavy sweater & jacket, score 95. The murderer Leroy Llewellyn was taken by RCMP constables today in the woods near his home at Mill Village. Sam McLaughlan, 18, had been taking him food but finally got worried about his own safety & betrayed Llewellyn to the police. Tom K. phoned from Wolfville; the word from his friend "Duckie" Maclean is to sell my shares of Bateman Bay Mining Co, now selling over $1 per share.

THURSDAY, APL. 26/56

I asked the Royal Bank to sell my 1,000 shares of Bateman Bay. Last week I had them sell my 187 shares of Newfoundland Light & Power Co., which I bought for $17 & 19 a share in 1953. During the past four or five months the market price has climbed past $45, at which they yield is less than 2%. I decided to sell & put the money in B.C. Telephone; today I asked the bank to buy 200 shares of B.C. Tel. at $50 or less. They had sold 100 shares of my Nfld. L. & P. for $46.50, and 87 shares @ $46.

Golf this afternoon, the course to myself, a dull grey day. Afterwards I worked with rake & trash-can, cleaning up my house lawns & burning the old leaves & sticks.

a little golf with Joyce Lon on the rare fine afternoons.
Frances arrived home yesterday, having taken in all the graduation festivities at Acadia & then a holiday on the Dennis farm at Middle Stewiacke.

This afternoon Irving Bain dug me out from behind my typewriter & took me fishing on the Kejimkujik River. It is all done very easily nowadays. Bain has a plywood boat (13' long, 4½' beam) mounted on a trailer, with an outboard engine. We left Liverpool about 1.20 p.m., & in an hour we were putting the boat in the Kej. River at the Mersey Co. bridge where it enters the Kossignol flowage. There is high water in the river & the engine took us right up Black Rattle and Hemlock Runs. We had to "track" the boat up over Leon Lake Falls and "The Dump." By accident in "tracking" around a fallen tree in the stream my little steel rod tip caught in one of the branches & snapped off at the first joint. Fortunately Bain had a spare rod, & "Hank" Whynot (who had come along to run the engine) and I took turns at fishing with it. I prefer fly-fishing & tried it faithfully but didn't get a strike. No fish jumping anywhere. Minnow-bait (which we hadn't got) was the only thing, so another angler told us. However, using worms & spinner we picked up 15 trout (of which I caught five), mostly on Hemlock Run, on the way back from Mullins' Bridge at George's Lake. Supper was a couple of sandwiches eaten while fishing. A sunny afternoon turned into an overcast, cold & windy evening. Back at the car in the last of the light, loaded the boat on the trailer & off we went for home, which we reached about 10.15. It seemed incredible when I thought of the long stiff journeys by canoe in those parts.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1956

Sunny cool days & frosty nights. Magnificent Northern Lights last night. Never saw them so bright so late in the spring. Montreal reports the coldest May weather in its history. Premier Henry Hicks was in Liverpool today for a pep talk to Liberal workers, & Merrill Lawding asked me to conduct him over the Perkins house. Hicks looks a bit more bald, a bit more grey, than when I saw him last, but remains the same cheerful, voluble, self-assured little man. His inspection of the house was perfunctory; he has no interest in such matters — told me that he had never been inside the Sam Slick house at Windsor until he attended a ceremony there a few months ago. He said that Tom Lusby & one Bigelow would be coming down to Liverpool shortly to inspect the house & make a report on the cost of furnishing it. The govt would then decide whether to do it or not, and whatever it decided, nothing would be spent on the house this year. Perhaps next. (Obviously an election year.) I said tartly. I have no faith in politicians. Major Hal Dyer, of the local artillery company, invited us into the officers' mess next door for a drink. The army people have four or five small buildings on the old Elmwood property, with a union jack on a flagstaff and a well kept lawn before them. They have here two 24-pdr. field guns (vintage '75) and three new & well-kept army trucks. Hicks served overseas with the Canadian artillery in the late war, and over a gin-and-tonic he confessed merrily "I was no hero. I was in Ack-Ack, specialising in radar gear. My first year overseas I spent entirely in London adding to my stamp collection. I especialized in Bermudas. I must have spent £1500 or £2000 on them. I knew London well, of course. I'd studied at Oxford & I was there when the war broke out. A wonderful city & I had a marvellous time."

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1956

Right shoulder painful, must have given it a wrench somehow at golf. Called on Jerry Pickerson, who has suffered another heart attack & is confined to bed. This evening the Parkers invited us up for a drink & to meet Ann's fiancée, a Halifax chartered accountant named Smith. They will be married this Fall. The new school goes on apace; purely functional, three connected wings, two stories, all brick & glass, ugly as anything built with a child's blocks; fortunately the birch trees at the foot of Cleveland's back lawn & mine will screen us from the view of it when in leaf.

The stock market in the U.S. has been falling steadily — the usual reaction before a presidential election (this Fall) plus the new peace gestures of the Russians, who recently announced a reduction of their army by one million. The British & other western nations have followed suit with army reductions. The Americans remain suspicious & hostile; but the strange fear that a reduction of world armaments may cause a depression of industry haunts Wall Street.

Much fuss in the Canadian parliament over the new gas pipe-line from the Alberta oil fields to Ontario. The govt. intends to give the job to a private (& largely American-owned) corporation, & to lend them a large sum, in return for which the Americans agree to build the line entirely on Canadian soil & finish it by 1959. George Drew & his Conservative party are attacking the measure bitterly, declaring that too many Canadian ~~corporations~~ industries & utilities are now controlled by Americans. This, in effect, is to say that U.S. capital is no longer welcome in Canada — the old "No truck or trade with the Yankees" cry of 1911 in modern clothes. Yet much of our post-war prosperity has been built on a flood of American investment & still depends on it.

Past experience shows that Canadians eventually secure majority interests in successful enterprises started on speculative foreign capital. Drew seems to be working up an election cry that in the long view doesn't make sense.

Francie's friend Bill Dennis turned up yesterday & is spending the weekend with us. He is entering Dalhousie medical school next Fall under an army scheme which requires him to spend his summers training as an army officer, & eventually he must serve some years in the permanent army force. At present he is posted with the Black Watch at Aldershot, leaves soon for the big new camp at Sagetown N. B., where a whole division is being concentrated for field training.

Friday, June 8/54 Hot weather for the past three days, the first spell of summer. Took off my storm windows on June 6th., the latest date I can remember for that mark of summer. High west winds. Clouds of grit blowing from the new school grounds, so that it is impossible to keep a window open on that side. The school contractors are working night & day, the buildings are rising fast, & the windows of the wing facing us are a blaze of lights all night.

Helen Creighton called yesterday on her way to Lubnico & had dinner with us. Jack Bigelow, N.Y. girl official dropped in June 6th., said it would be impossible to do anything in the way of furnishing the Perkins house this summer, said the girls probably would do something next year. He asked if there was anybody on the South Shore sufficiently expert with period furniture to undertake the job, & I mentioned Dana Sweeney at Mahone. John Rich has sent me a long & legally complicated contract to sign, says he must have it before he can approach film financiers with his proposition. The documents protect the movie people in every way, while I to all intents &

purposes sign away my whole rights with no protection but a separate letter from Rich promising me 50% of the film profits or alternatively 50% of the sale price if the rights are sold to another company. Rich always writes me on plain paper with no letter-head of any sort, but one or two of the letters have been mailed by some absent-minded stenographer in envelopes of Republic Pictures Corporation. Probably Rich is in their employ, although he claims to be an independent film playwright. If so he could sell the rights in The Nymph to Republic Pictures for some small sum, dutifully splitting the said sum with me, & enabling his employers to get the rights for next to nothing.

Today at noon or rather 1:16 pm. I left by rail for the Royal Society meeting at Montreal.

Early this morning Tom Jr. sailed for New York as a member of the crew of S/S Markland. There was no vacancy in the deck crew so he signed on as an oiler in the engineroom — a hot job at this time of year.

Raining in Hfx. Stayed overnight at the Nova Scotian. Phoned Mum who was well & happy. Hilda is still on her travels.

SATURDAY JUNE 9/56

Left Hfx on the "Scotian" at 11.20 a.m. Weather cold & raining, everybody in top-coats. (Snow fell at Goshen & another place in eastern N.S. yesterday.) Had a day-coach seat as far as Moncton, where the sleeping cars were hooked on. The countryside very fresh & green, the hardwood trees leafing out. I turned in near Nataspedia about 10.30 p.m. Today is my 29th wedding anniversary; I arranged with the Milton nursery, before I left, to deliver Edith a nice bouquet & a card.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1956

Arrived Montreal 10:20 a.m. Carried to the new Men's Residence, University of Montreal, which is on the back of the mountain near the summit. The residence like the main University building is of cream colored brick. The rooms are spacious, each with a low bed, a desk, book-rack, a plain chair & an easy chair, all of a wood that looks like oak tinted grey & given a hard polish. No carpet (linoleum) & no springs in the mattress. A wash-basin in a corner with hot & cold water. Sliding wall panels expose roomy clothes closet & built-in chest of drawers. Crucifix over the desk, a grey metal Christ on a cross of black wood. Showers & w/c's just along the hall. Most of the Fellows of the Royal Society have not yet arrived, & as the cafeteria in the university is not open on Sundays I had to walk about a mile down Maplewood Avenue — a mile of apartment houses — to the Cote des Neiges Road, where I lunched & later dined in a very good little restaurant called the Monaco. In the afternoon I walked up the hill (about ¼ mile from the residence) to the University, an imposing pile of cream brick with a magnificent view towards the Riviere des Prairies. Original intention was to have the whole university under one roof hence it is huge, with many wings! At the top of a wide & tall flight of stone steps one enters the Hall d'Honneur, a huge foyer floored, walled & pillared with grey marble (one Fellow later remarked that it would make a good stock exchange). Here a group of polite girl students, all bi-lingual, were in charge of registration. I was furnished with a papel brooch bearing my name and Society (all of the Learned Societies of Canada are meeting here) also a large manila envelope containing half a dozen tourist booklets put out by the Province

of Quebec, a map of the province, a large map of Montreal, a small map of the University with its maze of corridors & lecture rooms lettered & numbered, & a booklet giving the complete program of the learned societies at this gathering.

The weather was fresh & delightful after the rains, & in the evening after dinner I strolled down the Cote des Neiges Road to an excellent movie show with air conditioning & comfortable sliding seats. The films — Danny Kaye in "The Court Jester", & an English production of "The Man Who Never Was."

MONDAY, JUNE 11/56 Fine & hot although there was a good breeze on the ~~Fronton~~ Mountain. A great bustle in the Hall d'Honneur as the Fellows & their wives arrived & registered. I met & chatted with some I knew — Fulton Anderson, C.P. Stacey, Kaye Lamb, Phelps, George Wilson, Kirkconnell, George Stanley. At the opening (general) meeting in the auditorium (a magnificent room) a number of new Fellows were introduced from the platform & presented with certificates of membership. Then my section (Section 2, which includes the Humanities & Social Sciences) moved to a separate lecture room & heard an address on "Existentialism" by Dr. J.V. Thomson, who is Dean of the Faculty of Divinity at McGill. Having no education in Philosophy I found it hard going, although in private conversation Thomson is a witty & interesting personality, 60-ish, short, stocky, round Scotch face (& a round Scotch accent) bald with a grizzle of grey locks at the back of his head. Lunch in the university cafeteria, which serves plain but good meals very cheaply. The afternoon session included a symposium of on Canadian literature by three professors of English ~~Lit~~ literature. W.E. Lacey of U.N.B. gave a general review of Canadian literature. H.N. Frye of Victoria College, Toronto, gave a witty & amusing chat on Canadian poetry past & present. Ray Daniells of U.B.C. made

some comparisons between past & contemporary Canadian novels in their religious aspects. Daniell's paper was very slight, I thought — typical of the meticulous hair-splitting activities of so many professors of English who have been lost in the literary forest for so long that they can only pause & examine a bit of undergrowth here & there. Lorge's talk was pure entertainment & obviously he didn't intend it to be anything else. Pacey's was the most pretentious, covering the whole field of Canadian writing past & present. Towards contemporary writers, including Hugh McLennan & myself (he named us) he was patronizing, dismissing us as "competent — sometimes more than competent writers". McLennan was sitting near me & he took a wrathful view of the whole thing; when finally Daniell made some lame witticism about the plot of McLennan's "Two Solitudes", Hugh got up & walked out. He is all Celt & hot-headed.

Before dinner George Stanley & I walked about the hill & had a peep at U. of M's new engineering school, a vast building now under construction north of the main building. Met Dr. Thomson later; he mentioned that it was customary for recipients of R.S.C. medals to wear full evening dress at the presentation, & I answered that I never wore evening dress anywhere, that in fact I had no formal clothes. He said that would be all right.

At 8:30 p.m. the Society & their guests gathered in the auditorium. Outside, we four medal-winners were photographed with R.S.C. President D. L. Hume. The first French-Canadian medallist was a little old (at least 80) gentleman with white hair, a white goatee, & full evening dress; the second was a professor at U. of M., a Monsieur (religious) Lussier, a plump, hearty cigar-smoking man in black cassock & wide purple sash. Lyman Duff & I, the two English-speaking medallists, wore tan gabardine business suits. (I wondered if Thomson had suggested this to Duff, lest I be embarrassed, or if Duff had decided that the night was too hot for formal clothes.) He is a brilliant medical man, consulted by seven Montreal hospitals, slim, gaunt,

reddish hair, is 56 & looks 36. After the photography the President led the way into the auditorium, & the audience arose as we filed up to our seats on the rostrum. President Hume sat before us at a small table. There was a microphone at his table connected with the public-address system, & another stood at our right with a lectern, to be used by the citators. The little old chap with the goatee was called first. He was so small that I could not see him standing at the left side of the President & in any case I was giving a polite attention to the man reading a sonorous French citation into the microphone at my right. Nobody had told me the drill for all this, hence I remained modestly seated when Dr. Thomson stepped to the microphone & read my citation. When he finished I arose, stepped to the President's side, received his handshake, his congratulations & the medal, & returned to my seat. M. Lussier & Duff were then cited. At each presentation the audience applauded. Then we medallists & our citators removed from the platform & the audience, leaving the President alone on the platform for his address. As is customary the President's address was about his own specialty — in Hume's case geology, & he gave a talk for an hour, illustrated by maps, diagrams & colored photo-slides thrown on two screens by a pair of projectors. He dealt chiefly with the oil-bearing formations in the foothills of the Rockies, & gave the history of the Turner Valley discovery & the subsequent oil strikes in Alberta. At 10.30 we dispersed for the night. Anderson, Salter & one or two others came up & congratulated me as we moved out through the Hall d'Honneur. Col. Stacey & George Stanley had just discovered (from George Wilson) that I was writing a volume of history in the series started by Corbain. Both insisted that I must join the Canadian

Historical Association. (Stacey had invited me to join the C.H.A. before, but I refused on the ground that I was not a historian.) Stacey has a low opinion of Bostain & he wrote a scathing review of Bostain's "The White & The Gold". He & Stanley have no high opinion of Rutledge, who is doing Volume Two, & they informed me that they would expect very much better work from the author of Volume 3. Stacey discussed my volume with me, & offered to send a number of off-prints of C.H. Review articles bearing on my period.

I walked back to the Residence, changed to pajamas (the weather has turned warm) & had a look at my medal. It is of gold, with a Latin inscription on one side, & in relief on the reverse side three female figures holding up a torch. (One wit at the gathering told me afterwards:- "You know of course that the medal is of gold. Actually the gold in it is worth $200, a very handy thing for a Canadian writer in these times. You can always melt it down if you get broke.")

TUESDAY, JUNE 12/56 Up early. Delightful walking up to the University for breakfast, with a fresh breeze in the trees. But the day became very hot & uncomfortable by mid-morning. I chatted with George Hume & his wife, with Stacey & George Maheux. Decided to skip the rest of the morning session — a symposium on "Foreign Languages & the Progress of Literature & the Sciences". Sailed into Montreal & at the Mount Royal Hotel got aboard a sight-seeing bus for a two-hour tour of the city. The guide-driver was a witty fellow whose nom-de-guerre was "The Little Beaver" & his comments on the city & the passing scene & people alone were worth the $2.00 price of the ticket. We stopped for guide-conducted tours of Notre Dame Cathedral, "The Dwarf House" & a waxwork show, but the drive itself was the thing —

everything from the old French quarter to the plush homes of Westmount. Lunch in an excellent little steak-restaurant near the Mount Royal. Walked down to the Champ de Mars & got a taxi to the Chateau Ramezay, where I spent two hours looking over the historical objects & documents. Taxied back to the University, washed, shaved, changed, and at 5 pm. strolled up to the main entrance where a fleet of busses took the Society to the Chalet du Mont-Royal, a dining hall on the top of the mountain with a magnificent view of the city. Here we were guests of the mayor of Montreal. Cocktails, wines, a magnificent buffet supper, a 9-piece orchestra playing. Chatted with George Mathieu; Paul Gagnon & his petite red-haired wife; Louise (Sanford) Rose, whom I had known as a small child in Halifax, a friend of my sister Nell; a bibliophile named Mackay & his wife; H. L. Cameron of Acadia U. who wants me to see his air photos of Sable Island; Clarke of U.N.B.; Fulton Anderson, red-faced from many cocktails, with his protuberant belly & tall figure looming over the crowd like a pregnant lighthouse. Bumped into Hugh McLennan & asked how he like being patronized by Pacey yesterday. He was still angry. Said the Royal Society papers were boring always, & hoped I'd come to see Montreal. The Mayor (a little man named Drapeau) made a short speech of welcome to Montreal, & Lume replied (both spoke in French) on behalf of the Society. At 8 p.m. the orchestra played O Canada & God Save the Queen, & we returned in the busses to our quarters.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13/56 A very hot day (90° in the shade, with a horrible humidity). I attended the morning session of Section Two; a splitting of fine philosophical

basis entitled "Progress & Evolution" by J. A. Gaudge of Toronto U. — all over my head. Much more interesting, a description of the Qumran Scroll discoveries, by R.B.Y. Scott, of McGill. Lunched in the cafeteria with Hugh McLennan, who says he is working on a novel but doesn't get much time for it. He had found that he couldn't make a living as a novelist, now occupies his time in a course of lectures on Canadian literature at McGill, much T.V. work on discussion panels etc, & articles for Saturday Night, travel magazines etc. He is not so conceited as he was when I knew him first; admits that at fifty or so he is another man altogether with new tastes and a different attitude to life. He is a brilliant & fluent conversationalist — the main change in his work is that (in my opinion) he has realized that he would rather talk than write — & I found the new McLennan a much more likeable person than the younger one.

After lunch there was a business meeting, & in that desperate heat I decided again to play hookey. A tourist pamphlet advertised a steamship tour of the harbor & river, giving a phone address in Lachine. I phoned & was told that the steamer would leave at 2:30 pm., returning at 5. Varied to Lachine in ample time to make the trip; after a lot of wandering found the address, & there was informed that this was merely a telephone information point, & that the steamer actually departed from Montreal (Victoria Pier) itself. The hour was so late that it was impossible to make Victoria Pier, so I drove angrily back to the University, bathed, & lay naked on my bed hoping to survive the awful heat until evening. At 6:30 put on a clean change & my tan suit & walked up to the University, where the Rector had invited the Society & its guests

to a reception & a buffet supper. The Hall d'Honneur was transformed into a dining hall, with long tables holding a most elaborate & succulent array of food. The reception was in the huge library upstairs (which so far contains very few books) where waiters passed busily with trays of sherry & hors d'oeuvres. About 7.30 we passed down to the feast — the long tables containing amongst the food of all sorts an array of statuary carved in ice — in the terrific heat the statuary dripped just like ourselves. The official temperature was 95°. God knows what the humidity was. Pacey came up to me, introduced himself & his shy, pretty wife, & we filled our plates & sat down at a table in a corner out of the main hubbub, & where the centre of the table was occupied by flagons of excellent burgundy. Pacey eagerly plied me with questions about writing, markets, editors, my working habits, etc., finally admitted that supporting a wife & seven children on a professor's salary at U.N.B. was difficult, that he had been writing short stories etc. hoping to sell them to magazines, & that the magazines so far had rejected nearly all of them. All this was so naive that I could hardly repress a smile when I recalled his lecture earlier in the session — so perfect an illustration of the old quip that every literary critic is a frustrated author. Pacey is a New Zealander, tall, dark, handsome, 35-ish; his wife a charming & timid blond woman. We refilled our glasses with that perfect burgundy & I ignored Pacey's confessions, offering a toast to his wife — "who is the mother of seven children and doesn't look it one bit" — which was true. Pacey drank with me & his wife blushed prettily. I looked at my watch — it was now 8.30 & I hadn't

packed & my train left at 9.30. Left hurriedly, walked to the Residence, packed, settled my account with the desk clerk, phoned for a taxi, & departed for the C.N.R. station with sweat soaking my clothes & running down into my shoes. Checked my suitcase through to Liverpool — a mistake, for it contained my last clean shirt. The car on the Ocean Limited, with its air conditioning & a temperature of 70° was just like walking into heaven. Turned in early & slept uneasily through the night.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14/56 Up at 7. Shaved & had breakfast at the first call. Long dull day sitting, sprawling, reading, smoking. Arrived Hfx. 7.15 p.m., got a room at the Nova Scotian, had a good dinner, went to a movie show at the Capitol, turned in about midnight. The heat wave which hit Montreal on Monday had only reached Hfx. yesterday, & about 10 p.m. the sea fog moved in & cooled the air nicely. Slept badly. The familiar fog-horn from Meagher's Beach on The Nab's Island. I didn't mind — it was audible but remote — but the thin trumpet note of the green-eyed station on George's Island blared right into my two wide-open windows.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15/56 Hot again. Rose early, breakfasted in the hotel coffee shop as soon as it opened, boarded the train for L'pool at 8.15. It pulled out at 8.30, a single grubby passenger car at the tail of a string of oil & freight cars, with less than a dozen passengers. Again a long dull journey. The rhodora is in full bloom now & the swamps in the woods are afire with it. Arrived L'pool at 1.20 & found E. & Frances well & happy. The Parkers phoned at 9.30 demanding that we come up & have a drink to celebrate the medal. Parker told me that the Bowater Paper Company (an English outfit which has mills in the

United Kingdom, the big mill at Corner Brook Nfld. & another big new mill at Calhoun, Tennessee) has bought the assets of Mersey Paper Co at $230 per share. To dodge income tax the ~~Co~~ Mersey Paper Co. will be wound up; the assets transferred to the "Brooklyn Investments Corporation" — which in turn will be wholly owned by "Scotian Investment Company" — which is of course wholly owned by Bowaters. Then a new company will be formed, named (oddly enough) the Mersey Paper Company, which thenceforth will continue to operate as a subsidiary of the Bowater Co. The Bowater people have announced that they will add a fourth newsprint machine to the Mersey mill, & erect a new groundwood pulp mill with a capacity of 100,000 tons per year. The electric power for this will have to come from a steam plant, as there is now not a single water-power development available in Western N.S. The Mersey sales office will cease to exist — the central Bowater sales organization will look after that — & among other changes Capt. Hubert Macdonald will be transferred to the Bowater office in New York. All this in turn will have an immediate repercussion in Liverpool. The Bowater finances are handled by the Bank of Montreal, who will open a branch in Liverpool soon, & the Mersey mill business — a juicy plum — will be taken away from the Royal Bank. In whole it means that Liverpool will have a much larger industry than before, but that it will be controlled by Sir Eric Bowater & his hard-boiled English managing staff at Corner Brook. What will become of the Mersey Co. ships is a question. Bowaters use ships registered in the U.K., with low-paid British

crews. Presumably this policy will be extended to Mersey operations. Bowaters have some sort of business partnership or relations with Scott Paper Corp. of Philadelphia (who own the Rollingswick & Whitney timberlands in N.S.) and with the Oxford Paper Co. of Rumford, Maine, who own the famous (or infamous) "Big Lease" in Cape Breton. Parker thinks that these timber limits & leases will somehow be made available to Mersey Paper Company. All these moves presumably will kill the notion of a large new paper-manufactory in the east end of the province, which the N.S. govt has been trying to promote.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16/56 Very hot. Mowed the lawns. Golf with Parker this afternoon. Letters of congratulation from Jack McLelland, Dorothy Dumbrille, & a copy of my citation from its author, Dr. Thomson of Phc Coll — sent at my request.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17/56 Cool. Overcast. Drove with E. to Greenfield & spent the day with Lew Parrott. Mrs. Kelly is now his acknowledged mistress as well as housekeeper, very smartly groomed & dressed after her winter in Boston. Lew told me frankly that he has separated from his wife, & has settled on Mrs. Kelly an annuity of $1,500, with the promise of a legacy when he dies. Bert Waters & wife dropped in there for a chat. Waters, discussing the sale of Mersey Paper, said that Killam's expressed intention (oral, not legal) was to offer his stock to the public in limited amounts ($1 PER PERSON) so that control would remain in the hands of Waters, M. Jones & a group of others (mostly Royal Securities' employees). Mrs. Killam promised to carry this out & then "reneged". However he thinks the Bowaters ownership a good thing. "At least we'll be dealing with people in

paper business who can give us a firm Yes or No on any expenditure we propose to make for the good of the business and so on. Killam was purely a financier, a speculator you might say, & he'd built up a huge fortune on intuition alone. He wouldn't touch anything else. Every time we wanted to do something we'd have to prepare yards of statistics, looking at the thing from every angle, & then spend days in Montreal trying to convince him. He'd delay & delay, often for months on end, over some trivial thing."

"Bowaters bank is the Bank of Montreal, hence all Mersey Paper business is being switched to the Bank of Montreal at once. The B. of M. is opening a temporary branch in an old building on Frank Hultz's ("The Richardson Lumber Co.") property right away." It's a nasty knock for the Royal Bank here, which has handled all the company business, payrolls etc. for 27 years, because apart from anything else, all the employees naturally kept their savings in the bank where they cashed their pay-checks."

Home at 9 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 18/56 Temp. 45° at 5.30 a.m. & when I got up the house furnace was running! Cold this afternoon, a cold grey windy day, like Fall. Markland arrived from New York. Tom Jr. got the tip of his third right-hand finger between smashed while moving barrels of lubricating oil at sea, very painful, but he is sticking with the job.

News: President Eisenhower's illness (he underwent surgery for a digestive ailment last week) has again depressed the N.Y. stock market, & world stock markets have followed suit. A strange world when one man's belly-ache can change the confidence of millions in their own savings & investments.

Francis ("Fritz") Butler died in Hfx. today at the age of 45. He was the only son of J. Victor Butler who for many years operated the Mersey Hotel here. Fritz became a car salesman & was employed here until Bain Ltd. went bust last year. The Butlers were the last of the Irish tavern & hotelkeeping families who established themselves in Liverpool during the middle part of the 19th. century.

New Brunswick provincial elections today. The Conservative govt. under Hugh John Fleming remains in power with a comfortable majority.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22/56 Tonight at Bernard Keeler's request I gave the address at the closing exercises of the Milton high school. Frightfully hot on the little platform, the small school hall jammed with kids & parents. Interesting to see youngsters, stepping up for their certificates or prizes, whose faces I could recognize from knowing their parents years ago. Pleasant, too, to see how well dressed & groomed they were, compared with the kids in the poverty-stricken Milton I saw 33 years ago. This is the last year of the old Milton high school. Next year all the high school students will be coming down by bus to the new regional school in Liverpool, & all the classrooms of the Milton school will be devoted to the lower grades, which are now badly overcrowded.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23/56

A fine warm day for Midsummer Eve and the wedding of Jenepher Jones to J. Roger ("Bud") Inness, who is an officer on one of the Mersey Paper Co. ships. A big affair; the church beautifully decorated with flowers (predominantly white) & filled with well-dressed people. Phyl Jones had been working on the days affairs for several months, including every detail of the service from the music of the boys' choir to the costumes of the bride, the bridesmaids & herself. (She had

turned a thumb down on the women choristers because their blue caps & gowns would clash with the chosen color scheme.) Wedding was at 2:30 in Trinity Church, & from there about 150 guests went on to a reception at White Point Lodge, where I gave the toast to the ~~bridge~~ bride, which we drank in very good champagne. There was everything imaginable there to eat & drink, a lovely day, a fine surf breaking on the beach. Some of the Bowater executives were present, including the famous "Monty" Lewin, the small dynamic Englishman who is the czar of Cornerbrook & is known in Newfoundland as the "King of the West Coast". Other Bowater men ~~were~~ named Rye and Man. (Rolf Saborn, feeling no pain from the champagne, asked Rye not to stand so near the ocean — "consider the possible dilution!")

MONDAY, JUNE 25/56 Drove with E. to Hfx this morning to attend the annual convention of the Canadian Authors Association, being held this year on the Dalhousie campus. About 50 people, the smallest gathering in many years, & most of these were the extraordinary collection of old women (some old men) and various eccentrics who turn up for authors' meetings. We lunched on the road & visited Mum & Hilda at Collimore, finally arrived about 3 p.m. at Shirreff Hall, where most of the "authors" are being accommodated, & where after some delay we secured a room, cold & wet. We missed the Navy's boat-jaunt about the harbor, deliberately on my part because I was smitten with lumbago after playing golf yesterday, & have a very painful back. Tonight the group met in the Arts & Administration building & heard addresses by Mrs. Evelyn Richardson, Blair Fraser, & myself. The subject given to me by the

program committee was "The Historical versus the Imaginative Novel" — a bit of a conundrum, since any good historical novel is imaginative & nearly all novels are "historical" in that they deal with the past, if only the past of yesterday afternoon.

Amongst old acquaintances here I found Leslie & Betty Barnard, Bill Deacon, Olive Knox, Kirkconnell, Allan Sangster, Frank Stiling, Jeanne Bannerman, "Ben" Bennett, Will Bird. Lorne Pierce is here to present the Ryerson Award to Gladys Taylor on Wednesday. He said he was very glad the Royal Society had awarded me the Pierce medal, & told me some amusing stories of these medals since they were established about 30 years ago. Frederick Philip Grove, who spent most of his life in a state of chronic poverty, sold his to a goldsmith. Edward Pratt, the poet, once pawned his, & a group of his friends got it out of the pawnbroker's hands & presented it back to him.

A drink & bed. We have a comfortable corner bedroom with three windows, nice & airy. However there is difficulty in lavatory arrangements. Shirreff Hall is an imposing looking residence, well equipped in most respects, but the toilet rooms are small, dark & crowded cropps, one to each wing. The one on our floor is reserved for women guests, & the nearest one for men is on a lower floor, a long & involved trek.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26/56

Will Bird spoke on the "Romance of Nova Scotia" this morning. Luncheon (given by the Imperial Oil Co.) at the Lord Nelson hotel, the speaker being Max Ferguson ("Rawhide") of C.B.C. who amused us with his famous imitation of Winston Churchill & with tales of the adventures of his own "troupe". From the hotel we were all supposed to leave for an afternoon at Peggy's Cove, in cars driven by N.S. people.

She was Constance Beresford-Howe, who I believe taught on the English Literature staff of McGill, part time. She wrote unsuccessful novels but considered herself a genius.

Bill Borrett arranged a car for E. & myself & two others — Jeanne Bannerman & a colorless female named Howe. The ladies vanished in their habitual fashion towards the hotel lavatories & after an age reappeared with a tall greying blonde widow named Viola Cassidy, who promptly took my seat in the car. It was clear by this time that car accommodation wasn't quite sufficient, & I had a hunch that the trip to Peggy's was going to be a "jonafu". I got Bill Borrett to drive me to Shirreff Hall, where I got my own car, drove through Mayfield to Bear Cove & Portuguese Cove, where I had a wonderful afternoon recapturing scenes of my youth. "Bress" Purcell, the fisherman from whom I rented a room when I was stationed at the Cove in the early summer of 1922, was still living & I hunted him up at his house & finally found him pottering about the cove. His wife has been dead many years. One of his daughters now keeps house for him & another runs a canteen at the roadside. The village is greatly changed & enlarged. Our old wireless station on the hill above (Camperdown) was torn down during the late war to make way for a new & much larger one. I found "Din" Purcell's house, where we operators used to get our meals, & where Din's daughter Olive taught me to dance. ("Bress" said Olive died in 1928 at the age of 25 — T.B. — although in '22 she was a fine-looking girl with a ripe little figure & full of vitality.) There was no church at the cove in my day — most of the villagers were Catholic & they trampled to Ketch Harbour for Sunday Mass. Here is now a Catholic & an Anglican church. "Bress" is now in his 60's, troubled with arthritis & obliged to use a stick. We sat on a bench in the lee of a shed, where I spent many hours in the past, looking on the cove & the

sea beyond. To complete the old picture York Redoubt was having artillery practice, & "Bess" & I watched a little ship towing the target, the tall water-fountains leaping as the shells struck the sea, the smaller ones as the shots skipped, then the sharp crack of the guns & the delayed & quivering boom of the echo against the inner harbor hills. We talked over many old names. "Gus" Purcell, son of "Sin", became a wireless operator & (like poor Olive) died at an early age while stationed at Grindstone Island in the Magdalens. Young Roy Purcell became a harbor pilot & was drowned when a steamer rammed & sank the pilot vessel with several of the pilots off Chebucto Head during the late war. Returned to Sherriff Hall at 6 p.m., found that the motorcade had not returned from Peggy's. At 7 p.m. I was hungry & ate my dinner in solitary state in the Hall diningroom. The staff having a fit because the perpatetic authors were supposed to dine at 6.30. Actually they showed up at 7.30. I strolled about the campus, & was invited by an English couple whose name I don't recall (the wife, a brunette with a very Oxford accent is a member of the C.A.A. branch here) to go for a ride in their new 6-cylinder Austin. We were accompanied by the lady's mother, a fantastic creature in the 60's, quite shapeless, with heavily made-up features & a bird's-nest of hair dyed in three shades of yellow. The son-in-law informed me that the old lady was quite a prominent portrait-painter in England years ago, & the late Queen Mary had sat for her. Back to the campus at 8.30, where we heard Stuart Trueman speak on Humour, & Maclean's editor Ralph Allen & Chatelaine editor John Clare spoke on the problems of editors nowadays. After George Nelson was there with Lionel Shapiro & we arranged to lunch together on Thursday. Howard Bendelier

carried off E. & me to his charming house on the shore of N.W. Arm near Melville Cove, where we chatted over drinks until midnight.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27/56 The whole convention spent the day on a trip to the Valley. This time I took my own car, with E., Jeanne Bannerman, Miss Howe & a witty & amusing Mrs. Cook who is secretary of the Montreal branch. All stopped at the Uniacke House for an inspection, & there was the usual business of rounding up the women, or rather Miss Howe & Mrs. Bannerman, who had no conception of time. Lunch (a very good one) at Acadia University, where Kirkconnell, having got a captive audience, read a long summary of his own light opera (staged by a University troupe last winter) "The Mod at Grand Pré", & then made us listen to a long recording of the chief songs, the tunes (according to Mrs. Cook, who knows her music) all lifted from Gilbert & Sullivan plays. Finally we got out, & after another prolonged & mysterious disappearance of Howe & Bannerman, we got on the road. The whole party visited the Sam Slick house in Windsor, where a C.B.C. man took movies of various groups including one of Leslie Bamard, Bird, Kirkconnell & myself. Another round-up for Howe & Bannerman, & we set out for Hfx, arriving back at Shirreff Hall at 7.30 for dinner. The evening session included a talk by Lionel Shapiro "What Canadian writers need", & by witty middle-aged Madame Germaine Gouvremont, "Experiences in television." Mme. Gouvremont was far the more interesting. Shapiro is a

Shapiro died in a Montreal hospital of cancer in 1958

slim, pallid, slightly stooped Jew, originally from Montreal, with long thin locks of black hair hanging lank about his ears, wide-set pale eyes, a nervous manner. For years he has spent most of his time in Europe, first as a war correspondent & later by choice, free-lancing for various magazines. He has written 3 or 4 novels, all about wartime or post-war Europe, most of which have been very successful. Some months ago he wrote an article for Maclean's, attacking the Canadian Authors' Association because they had never recognised him as a Canadian author; & declaring further that no Canadian writer could hope to succeed in Canada. Soon after this his latest best-seller "The Sixth of June," a tale of the Normandy landings in 1944, which does make frequent mention of the Canadian troops, received the Governor-General's Award — which is, of course, an award financed by the C.A.A. Hence his talk tonight was a sort of back-tracking, ending with the statement that a Canadian writer had no handicaps whatever. Afterwards Kay Hill gave a big cocktail party at her home off the Dutch Village Road. "Rawhide" was there; said that when he did his first skit on "The Nymph & the Lamp" he was a bit worried about the possible attitude of the author, & was much relieved to get my letter saying how much I had enjoyed it. Drove back to Shirley Hall in a downpour of rain at midnight.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28/56

An interesting talk by Leslie & Betty Barnard on their teamwork in short-story writing. I ducked the rest. E. went shopping & I

drove to the Citadel, where Bill Borrett, with ample federal govt. funds, is doing a good job in restoring the walls & interior buildings. Besides the Provincial Museum, the Army & Navy museums are flourishing in the old casements, & the place is visited by thousands of people every week in the season.

E. & I lunched with George Nelson at the Nova Scotian, & he & I had a long chat about my future writing plans. Tom Costain has much influence with Doubleday, feels I could become their top historical writer in the north-eastern area (a place long occupied by Kenneth Roberts.) Nelson & Costain both feel that the historical novel is my proper field, & the Doubleday editors are anxious for me to write a costume piece for them after I've finished the history volume. I promised to think it over — it would be a refreshing change at any rate. Nelson also thinks Doubleday Canada should do a reprint of His Majesty's Yankees if M. & S. have definitely given up the rights. Thinks too that I should let Doubleday's film & T.V. dept. look over my short stories for possible sales in that field. Urges me to go to New York for a conference with Ken McCormick, Lee ~~Dalton~~ BARKER & other top editors of Doubleday some time next year. Nelson seems definitely anxious to improve my income; apparently the book publishing people are beginning to realize that their whole business depends on authors, & that authors' incomes have fallen behind in the general rat-race of the post-war boom. Bill Deacon was in the hotel dining room & came over to chat, & at 4.15 we left

went by taxi to the reception at Gov't House for the authors' convention. Lovely. Governor Fraser & his wife very affable, chatted for a few moments with reference especially to our mutual friend Ken Mackenzie. The big reception room filled with "authors" sipping tea; uniformed girl-servants diving about with tea-trays; beautifully attired young ladies & matrons moving about with plates of sandwiches & cakes, & joining in conversation with anybody who looked to be at a loose end. Had a brief chat with Angus L's widow. Took leave early, returned to the hotel for E's coat & a final word with Nelson; got in my car & drove to Sherriff Hall, packed, & stowed the baggage in the car. Just as we were about to depart, along came Raif & Pauline Barrett, whom I hadn't seen since 1923. Raif went back to the China Coast after his naval service in the war, but eventually went to pay surveys there, & finally Raif re-entered the Canadian Navy. He is now a Commander, & he & Pauline have a house on Yerny Avenue. Various authors came drifting back from Govt House & we said many goodbyes on the steps of Sherriff Hall — I kissed Olive Knox & Gladys Sayer goodbye — they are lively spirits, a pleasant contrast to the general run of weird old women at these affairs. A little sad to me, too — for I don't think I shall attend any more of these gatherings — the kindred spirits are too few, & most of them take place in cities too remote for my travelling.

We got away finally about 6 p.m. I drove around to Jolliffe & chatted with Mum & Hilda till 7.30, then the road home, which we reached about 10 p.m. Marie Freeman had been staying

with Francie, & we found all well on Park Street. Glad to be home & free again. It seems to me that for most of the past 3 weeks I have been traveling, wearing tight shirt-collars, sweating gently in my Sunday clothes, listening to speeches, waiting for the next session, or the next meal, or for a train, or for bladder-weak women, or standing about making polite faces over cups of tea — my God!

FRIDAY, JUNE 29/56 Fine sunny breezy day. Had a good 18-holes at White Point — although my lumbago still bothers me. Wonderful to be in loose clothes again. Governor General Massey visited Liverpool in state during our absence, & the town was still hung with flags. Little, Brown & Co. had signed & sent the quit-claim document regarding all rights in The Nymph — & although George Nelson had advised me against it I signed the movie contract with John Rich, enclosed the quit-claim, & sent it off. It places my book entirely in Rich's hands, but after all the pother & disappointments over movie rights in my books I'm catching at this straw. Little Brown offered to sell me the "remainders" & the plates of "The Nymph" & "Tidefall". I told them to sell off the remainders & melt the plates if they wished. Should have mentioned a couple of weeks ago I sent a cheque to the Canadian Legion & am now a member in good standing after dropping out for something like ten years. This at McGorrie's particular request.

SUNDAY, JULY 1/56 A hot day in all respects. Played 18 holes at White Point (score 86) in the afternoon. While sitting

on the clubhouse verandah afterwards with E. I was hailed by Mowbray Jones, who had just arrived for a short round & wanted company. So I played another 9. Back to town for tea. At 5 p.m. the town fire siren began to sound long blasts, and about half an hour later we learned that there was a bad fire on the waterfront. Went down there & found the Nickerson Bros. cold storage plant in flames. As in the Moose Harbor fire last year a light breeze on a hot day had changed to a strong westerly wind of almost gale force. The town was almost deserted; many of the firemen amongst others were spending the day with their families at Summerville & other beaches. Apparently the fire started on the wooden quay at a point about 200 feet up-river (& to windward) of the big wooden cold storage plant. When first seen it was burning between the railway ties & the "deck" of the quay; the strong wind carried it along under the wharf to the Nickerson plant & in a few minutes the building was afire. Local fire chief Lorimer Kide called in the fire brigades of Mahone Bay, Lunenburg, Bridgewater & Shelburne, which with the local brigade made a total of 300 firemen on the job. The fire spread to the Nickerson fish-meal & fish-packing plants, then to the pattern shop and the foundry of Steel & Engine Products Ltd., all of which were destroyed. Flying embers ignited & destroyed the old warehouse & wharf of the defunct Southern Salvage Company, & many small fires started on the roofs of houses in that direction; most of these were put out by their own residents. Two small naval craft, without crews, were tied up at the STENPRO dock for a refit. Several small fires started & were put out on these craft, as well as a dragger that happened to be hauled up on the marine slip

By 9:30 p.m. the fire was still burning fast under control.

Amongst the crowd watching the fire from the government wharf across the river I found Lindsey Bennett & Jeanne Bannerman. Jeanne is anxious to visit Mrs. Richardson on Bon Portage Island, had persuaded "Ben" to drive her as far as Pool. They had been to our house & found us out, & then they noticed the fire. I took them up to my house & E. dished up tea & sandwiches. Jeanne decided to spend the night with us & go on to Shag Harbor by bus in the morning. "Ben" returned to Hfx.

Altogether a busy Sunday. Fire damage is estimated at about one million dollars, of which the Nickerson firm & Stenpro each lost $400,000. Many men will be out of work, & the fishermen are in a bad way, for there is no other fish-plant or cold storage nearer than Lunenburg or Lockeport except the small one at Port Mouton, hardly big enough to handle the Port Mouton catch.

MONDAY, JULY 2/56 Jean (this is the proper spelling of her name) spent last evening & this morning copying my notes on Seal Island & Mrs. Winnie Hamilton. She is planning a book on 50 remarkable Canadian women & thinks Mrs. Hamilton is just her dish. She showed me one or two chapters already written & I find them badly written & dull in content. Jean has done some little articles for magazines & newspapers, likes to consider herself a writer, gets a thrill out of being a member of the C.A.A. She is the wife of Glen Bannerman of Ottawa. They have a good income & she dresses beautifully. She is now 50-ish, a tall slim figured good looking woman with blond hair that owes something to the dye

manufacturers. She is gentle-voiced, with charming manners, looks about 40, & has a firm will concealed beneath a mild, slightly confused, appealing, "I'm-only-a-woman-do-help-me" camouflage. In Hfx. she asked me the name of the most remarkable woman I knew in Nova Scotia. I told her Minnie Hamilton. On the strength of that she wheedled Bennett into driving her to Liverpool, casting herself on our hospitality, & hinting in the most delicate manner that I conduct her to Seal Island. I didn't see the point, so this morning she asked me to get a message to Mrs. Evelyn Richardson (author of "We Keep A Light", whom Jean had met at the Hfx convention), saying that Mrs. Bannerman would arrive at Shag Harbor by bus at 4 p.m. Today. To do this I had to phone the gov't. radio station at Yarmouth & ask the operator to pass the message to Richardson on Bon Portage Island. At 1 p.m. I took her over to Bristol & put her aboard the bus. She thanked me charmingly & went on to Shag Harbor, there to cast herself upon the hospitality of the Richardsons, & to persuade Richardson to take her out to Seal Island, where she will cast herself on the hospitality of Mrs. Hamilton. What a determined woman can accomplish under a charmingly helpless manner!

Tom S. got home this afternoon after another voyage to New York & Richmond, Virginia. He had what might have been a serious misadventure while the ship was anchored in the James River below Richmond. In the Virginian summer heat he decided to have a swim, & promptly stripped to his shorts

& dived off the "Markland's" bow. The combination of the river current & an outgoing tide carried him past the steps in a few seconds. By terrific efforts (he is a good swimmer) he managed to get back as far as the ship's stern, where some of his shipmates saw his plight, threw him a line, & finally lowered a rope ladder & got him aboard.

He is due at Acadia University for the summer course, in which he had hoped to take French 2 & History 3, to ease the burden of next term's heavy schedule. The French course has been cancelled this summer, a blow to him as he is worse than weak in that subject, a condition dating all the way back to high school days in Lloyd. The false start in Engineering, in which he spent a whole year taking subjects only a few of which were useful when he decided to go in for Dentistry, was a bad beginning. Now he finds that a plain B. Sc. is a difficult target, thinks he can get it by a terrific effort in the coming college term, but doubts the feasibility of going on to Dentistry. My own blunt advice (I could never see the Dentistry vision) was to get a B. Sc. if he could, & then strike out for himself on any of several lines open to B. Sc's. I find the financial strain of all these changing efforts, (Francis alone wasted a thousand dollars of hard-earned money last year) an intolerable burden that must end very soon. Tom Jr will be well on the way to age 23 when (I hope) he secures his B. Sc. next spring. From there on he must support himself & provide for any further education by his own efforts. I struck out for

myself at 15, with none of his advantages, & I've worked damned hard now for 37 years. I want to have a little fun now, while I'm still in shape to enjoy it, before the winter of failing health & faculties sets in, & to make some sort of decent provision for my own old age.

TUESDAY, JULY 3/56 A very hot day. E & I drove with Tom & G to Wolfville this afternoon; breaking the weather jinx that began when Tom started college — it has always rained or snowed on these college trips. Left Wolfville about 3 pm. (Alice paying Tom's summer course fees, $132), returning via Windsor, Chester, & Lunenburg, where we had a mediocre dinner at Bluenose Inn for $2 each. Home about 7.30, & then the movies. The ruins of the cold storage plant still smouldering, & the 600,000 lbs. of stored fish beginning to smell very bad.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4/56 Another warm day. Got to work at the history today for the first time in almost a month. Golf alone this afternoon, score 92. Delightful at White Point. Can't help reflecting on what Hugh MacLennan told me in Montreal — "Since I passed the age of 45 I'm a different man entirely, another person with an utterly different outlook, tastes & interests. What I thought & wrote even 15 years ago might have passed through the mind of someone else." That is the way I feel, a delightful & adventurous sensation such as I have not known since I was seventeen. It won't last of course. But when it's gone there will be nothing, & I must make the most of it while I have it. Life is so short.

Went to see Jerry today. "Nin" met me in the doorway, very fresh & cool & delightful in white under the trees, & we went in arm in arm. Jerry has

had another heart seizure under the evidence & strain of the fire, & the doctor has forbidden him to see anyone. "Nin" tells me that, strangely, the fish in the cold storage plants were fully insured, but that the old buildings & equipment were ~~insured~~ only insured at their original value — a bagatelle to the present-day cost of replacement. Rumor in town is that Stenpro will rebuild their foundry, & that some sort of cold storage will be rebuilt, but on a smaller scale.

FRIDAY, JULY 6/56 Rain, after several wonderful days, with golf every afternoon. The gang demolishing the ruins of the cold storage found the ledgers & accounts, stored in a "flame-proof" safe of ancient make, charred or baked to a meaningless brown mass. Yet in the freezing-rooms, all blank on the outside, the contents remained at 30° despite the destruction of the ammonia apparatus. Much fish has been salvaged, & in the "public" freezing-room many parcels of meat, poultry etc. have been recovered & restored to their owners. Ralph Johnson & Charlie Williams had a wild goose & a brace of wild duck stored there since the winter hunting season; so tonight they entertained the Wickwires, Parkers & ourselves at a delicious roast fowl dinner, with wild rice, ~~potato~~ carrot cream salad, peas, boiled new potatoes, cranberry jelly, with cream-puffs & strawberries for dessert. Wickwires have bought the late Arthur Holland's house on Mercy Avenue, Bristol, with a fine view on the river. They move in next month, leaving the big old house on Main St. to Jim & Grace & their youngsters.

The new Baptist church in Milton is now nearing completion, a very attractive building except

that they have spoiled the symmetry by an absurd little steeple out of all proportion. The Milton community hall also is about completed, a fine effort.

THURSDAY, JULY 12/56 A very hot day, although the past week has been mostly overcast & bleak, with some rain almost every day, & the furnace motor purring in the cellar every night. Some people are calling it "The Year Without A Summer" & blaming the weather on sunspots (the sun had quite an explosive rash last spring according to the astronomers) or on the experimental atomic bombs which the Americans, Russians & British are letting off in various parts of the world. Nevertheless I've got in quite a bit of golf in odd afternoons, playing in the high 80's & low 90's. E., Francie & I called on Jack & Shirley Chapman at Carter's Beach this evening, found both drinking vodka at a great rate & Shirley actually tight. We didn't stay long.

SATURDAY, JULY 14/56 A week day with a wild easterly gale for the launching of Charlie Copelin's yacht at Shelburne. He & wife Ann threw a party to celebrate the event & invited 27 people including E. & me. We drove to Shelburne with Mabel & Phyl Jones in their new Cadillac & found the whole crowd gathered in McAlpine's big boat-shop amongst the chips & shavings. The tide was a bit later than Charlie's estimate of 1 p.m. & I enjoyed prowling about the old shed. A dragger on the main ways, just up in frame, with birch keel & oak stem. In the back of the shop two row-boats nearly finished — oak keel, hackmatack stem & sternpost, planking white pine all but the top strake which was oak.

Charlie's yacht a lovely thing about 25 feet, single mast, sloop rig; boom revolves with a crank & ratchet

so that reefing or furling can be done "as in the window blinds"; bridder hung "outdoors"; neat little diesel auxiliary engine; roomy cabin with galley fittings; a "head" in a small coop on the port side; two roomy berths in the main cabin, two smaller ones up in the bow; folding table; compact radio & radar equipment. Bill Rowe, the designer, was there to see the launching. At about 2 o'clock McAlpine was ready to launch. Ann gave a hearty swing with the champagne bottle (it was wrapped in a long purple glove to keep the fragments from flying) & it broke with a minor & satisfactory explosion. Father Delaney gave a blessing to the ship & all who sailed in her. McAlpine's hands cut away the bow-fasts & the "Charlan" slid into the harbor very nicely, bunting flying bravely in the wet gale. The whole party travelled on to Ragged Island Inn, where there were drinks & I was asked to give a toast. (It was — "Here's to the good ship Charlan. She couldn't have had a better designer, she couldn't have had a better builder, & she couldn't belong to a nicer pair of people.") At 3 p.m. we sat down to a belated lunch, a lively party mindless of the wet gale howling about the inn. Ann cut a cake (with a miniature ship on it, & Greg took photographs. Home at 4.30. A very happy affair. Charlie has been dreaming of this craft for many years (he started his career as an apprentice in a square-rigger sailing around the Horn to Australia, served in the navy throughout Wars One & Two, & for many years has been Marine Supt. of Mersey Paper Company).

SUNDAY, JULY 15/56 A fine warm day. Church this a.m. with C. & Francie. Golf all afternoon with Maurice Russell. Met Mary Harris & her tall son David. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in the evening.

Old Charlie Mack (he was 85) died some days ago at at his home on Waterloo Street. A pleasant negro, he was the last of the old-time square-rig sailors out of Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25/56 In the past ten days not much to report except an evening party now & then. Steady work at the history. Golf in the afternoons when weather permits — still much dull & foggy weather. Dined once at White Point with Brigadier-General White (retired) who saved my father's life at Mont St. Eloi in 1917. Party at Marilla McGill's, another at Maggie Inness's. Mabel & Lloyd Jones, & Bert & Catharine Waters are flying to England to meet the great Sir Eric Tandittart Bowaters, the god from whom all Mersey blessings must now flow. Chief Hfx newspaper interest is in the progress of three young Frenchmen who set out from Hfx. on May 24 ct. to drift across the North Atlantic on a raft. No one expected them to perish this long but they have, & they are now about a thousand miles on their way. They have food supplies & a short wave radio transmitter, are frequently sighted by ships & aircraft. Name of the raft is "L'Egare" (The Stray)

FRIDAY, JULY 27/56 A perfect day, sunny but not too warm. Up at 6, worked till noon. Golf this afternoon. Called on Aunt Marie Bell this evening before settling down to work again. Lovely driving along the river in the sunset light. The town & country at their best, the frequent rains & fogs have kept the grass & foliage a fresh green, all the houses are kept neatly painted, with flower beds & blossoming shrubs

they are beautiful just now. Should have recorded yesterday that my sister Hilda drove down from Hfx. in her new car, bringing Mother also yester. Winifred who is on a visit from St. John. They returned in the evening.

The town band has been defunct ever since Ned Hunt retired about 1949. Since then the Mersey Paper Co. employees have formed a band. They wear uniform grey trousers striped with black down the seam, dark blue jackets, naval-officer-style caps with white tops. This summer they have been giving evening concerts on the lawn in front of the Artillery depot on Main Street. The York has a gang of painters busy in the Perkins house — a sure sign of an election soon, according to the town cynics.

Nasser, the dictator of Egypt, today seized the Suez Canal, & declares the tolls will be used to finance the proposed new irrigation dam at Assuan on the Nile — & presumably to pay for the great quantities of war material, ranging from jet planes to tanks, which he purchased last spring from Czecho-Slovakia & Russia.

TUESDAY, JULY 31/56 Fine weather with very cool nights — 48° last night. Old Charles Parker died in Milton today. A retired British banker with a long experience in New York; he & his wife came to White Point on a summer holiday about 10 years ago, liked the district, bought the old David Harlow place in Milton & made it into a comfortable modern home without destroying its charm. He was tall, plump, jolly, with twinkling blue eyes, popular with everyone, the sort of man who ought to live for ever. 177

Murray Mosher's wife Margaret, who ran away with a naval officer a few months ago, is back with her husband & children at the Mosher beach cottage at Hunt's Point. Apparently Murray took her back gladly enough. I

can't decide which is the bigger fool, he or she.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1/56 I have had to stop smoking since Monday evening, when my nasal passages & sinuses became more than usually painful. For several years I have been smoking 40 to 50 cigarets a day. Lately my consumption has increased. The other day at noon I counted the butts in my ash tray after a single morning's work. There were thirty! All this has given me a perpetual bronchitic cough & hoarse voice.

I don't miss the cigarets when I'm outdoors or physically busy in any way. At my desk reading or writing, I want them & get nervous & fidgety & unable to concentrate without them. I wish I could get over this. It's all very well for people of naturally placid temperament like friend Austin Parker to swear off smoking & say how easy it is. My nervous system has been all wires & catgut since I was a child, very frail & for several years not expected to live to maturity. I chewed my finger-nails to the quick (all unconsciously, usually while reading) until I was past 20, when smoking made a good substitute.

Ralph Johnson told me an interesting little anecdote showing how birds can adapt themselves to the machine age. Just outside the Mersey Paper Co. office, & next to the parking lot, a pair of juncos built a nest in a stone wall & are now rearing a family of four young ones. The forestry office looks out on the scene, & some of the timber cruisers, observing the nest, noticed that the parent juncos were making very short & quick foraging flights, returning each time with a large fly, or a moth, or a wasp, etc. They kept watch, & discovered that the parent birds were simply flying to the parked cars, creeping in through the grills, & picking off the flies etc. caught & killed on the radiator segments. A first-rate food supply, near at hand — & mostly cooked!

THURSDAY, AUG. 2, 1956

Golf, score 86. Tonight after midnight, just as I was getting nicely asleep after two restless nights, half a dozen young oafs from the back road, white & black, aged 18 to 20, came along Park Street making a row - loud voices, laughing, swearing & horse-playing. They stopped under the street lamp almost opposite my house for quite a time, then moved to the one outside White's. Apparently they were all set to make a night of it. I wasn't. I phoned the police twice but got no answer. So I loaded both barrels of my faithful 12 gauge Fox, & stepped outside in my pajamas & called out to them, giving them one minute to get off the street. They just stared at me boldly, but a charge of No 4 shot whistling past their ears changed their minds in a hurry. I don't think they felt hit the ground more than three times before they turned the corner of Waterloo Street & vanished.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3/56 Fine weather for the past week. Golf (89) this morning with Max Harding. Dinner tonight at Marilla McDilly, where we met her brother (named Jones) & daughter Kitty Rose. Ken & Anne Jones were there & Connie Learned, & Rita Beebe dropped in for chat after dinner.

SUNDAY, AUG. 5/56 Clear hot days & cool nights. Golf this morning with Hubert Macdonald & Hugh MacMillan. My score was 83 (42+41) the best this year. Dinner at White Point; found the service slow, the food well cooked but in niggardly portions. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in the evening.

Hubert Macdonald is being transferred permanently to Bowaters' sales office in New York. He & Lulady leave next month. They will return their Liverpool

home & spends the summers here. This is the first change of personnel made by the new management.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7/56 Still fine, with fog & chill air at night. Frances is back from a week-end with the Dennis family at Brookfield. Frank & Gladys Willis & Dr. Silvester of the C.B.C. dropped in & had lunch with us today. They are making a tour of the south shore to line up some T.V. "shots" for a picture to be called "The Changing Shore." This evening I had a visit from Mrs. Isabel (Macdonald) Layton of Truro, a classmate of mine in Grade 7, Chebucto School, in 1916. She was a blonde girl, sister of my seat-mate Gordon Macdonald; is now a grandmother but looks no more than 40.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8/56 The first touch of hurricane weather — very early this year. A tearing easterly gale with flying sheets of rain, beginning this afternoon & whooping about the house all night. Every now & then a brilliant flash of lightning & a long rumble of thunder from the seaward. The air was chill & a good wood fire in the livingroom looked & felt good. The electric lights were off for a time.

SATURDAY, AUG. 11/56 A hot day. Bill Dennis is here for a week-end with Frances. Played golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell. This evening the copper hot-water tank installed in 1950, began to leak badly. I called McCaul, who removed the asbestos jacket & found the copper pierced with at least a dozen fine holes — a complete write-off. The tank cost $54 & was supposed to be good for 20 years, but McCaul says so many of them went like this that the manufacturers stopped replacing them & simply reneged on the guarantee. McCaul promised to send a plumber to install a new tank on Monday morning. Meanwhile we have no hot water — & a guest in the house. These things always

seem to happen on a week-end & with a guest or guests on hands. I started smoking cigarets again today after twelve days' abstinence. I haven't done a decent day's work at my desk since I stopped.

MONDAY, AUG. 13/56 Very hot. Bill Dennis left at 6 a.m. for Aldershot camp, taking my car & turning it over to Tom jr., who has finished his summer course at Acadia. Francie went along for the ride, & she & Tom returned with the car at 2 p.m. Golf this evening with Tom, both played badly, dropping sweat & beating off the mosquitoes, which have appeared in sudden swarms since the recent heavy rains. Broad River & other streams are at spring height.

Herman McCaul & helper came this morning & installed a new hot-water tank of steel lined with a stonelike cement, a type that has stood up very well according to McCaul.

TUESDAY, AUG. 14/56 Pouring rain. Kenneth Mackenzie turned up this afternoon, stayed to tea & spent the evening. I had heard nothing from him since he tagged along with C. & me to Annapolis last summer & spoiled our few days' holiday there. He has been touring Nova Scotia in his own car. Nissen Jap brought the car to Fredericton. Ken flew there from Toronto with his houseman-chauffeur, but by the time he got to Fix he had quarrelled with the b-d and fired him. Since then he has been driving alone. He is one of the world's worst drivers but he got to Liverpool without accident. He is staying at Indian Point & we sincerely hope he does stay there. He is not only a bore but an always argumentative & sometimes insulting bore.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1956

The Dominion Atlantic Railway line along the Annapolis Valley is about to scrap its steam-locomotive, mail & passenger train service which has been in effect since 1886. Reason: passenger service does not pay in these days when everyone owns a motorcar. Under their charter they must provide a passenger service however. This will be done from now on by diesel-cars - the engine being part of the car - which will stop at the principal stations only, thus shortening the time taken between Yarmouth & Hfx. Mail will be delivered along the Valley by a motor-truck service arranged by the Postal Department & beginning today. Probably this will happen soon on the C.N.R. line along the South Shore.

MONDAY, AUG. 20/56

The 3 adventurous Frenchmen who set out from Halifax on May 24 to drift across the North Atlantic on a raft have made it. They reached the Cornish coast off Lizard Point this evening. Their names are Henri Beaudot, Gaston Vanackere and Marc Modena. A fourth, Jose Martinez, was taken off the raft by a Canadian ship after the first month. The whole trip took 87 days. They had a sail & could steer. The raft was of cedar logs lashed together with hemp rope, about 30 feet square, with a small canvas shelter & a ~~p~~ radio transmitting & receiving outfit. They took a stock of provisions & got more from a passing steamer. The raft was named "L'Egare". The whole stunt was in imitation of Thor Heyerdahl's "Kontiki" drift across the South Pacific a few years ago, & nobody here thought they would stick it out for the whole distance.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1956 Rain again. Never saw the lawns & fields so fresh & green, or the streams so high, as they have been all this summer. Temp. this morning 45°. Frank Willis dropped in this morning on his way to Yarmouth. Golf with Hubert Macdonald this afternoon, my score 92. Lou Carroll called about 6 p.m. E & I drove to Greenfield & had supper with the Lozers in their summer cottage on Ponkook Lake. Fellow guests, Ann Copelin & her sister, Gavin Creed & his wife. Later Gavin (a typical modern camera fiend) mentioned casually that he "happened" to have some slides & his projector in the car; so we sat looking at colored lantern slides of Switzerland, where he & his wife spent a month last year. His sister married a very wealthy Swiss named Verminche who has a beautiful estate on Lake Geneva. This was it, plus the usual trip up the Jungfrau etc. Home at 11 p.m. & took Tom & to the Markland. He has signed on for another voyage as engineeroom hand & sails in the morning. Bill Lenn is again spending a few days with us.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24/56 Rain. Frances & Bill departed this morning for a few days at his home, getting a ride as far as Truro from Dorothy Wickwire, who is going to New Glasgow. Before leaving, Bill, bearded me in my den, looking very serious, brought the subject around to matrimony, said he & Frances were deeply interested in each other, that he would like to marry her "later on", & asked my permission or rather consent. I said "You have it", but I pointed out that his medical studies will take several years yet, & that it would be wise to wait until graduation. He said he realized that. He & Frances are about 21. He is a good lad & I like him.

This afternoon a man named James Bouteiller

BOUTEILLER

called to see me. He is a former wireless operator, now retired at Sault Ste. Marie, 65-ish. He was born on Sable Island, son of "Governor" Bouteilier (the usual spelling) who was Supt. of the lifesaving station there from 1884 to about 1914. There James grew up & learned wireless telegraphy, went on to Cape Race, Belle Isle, Heath Point, Point Riche & other famous old east coast stations; then like so many of the old salt-water hands he got a transfer to the easier life on the Great Lakes, spent many years at "The Soo" & retired there a few years ago. As one of the old-timers, long before pension schemes, he draws only $71 per month pension, works in an electrical supply shop. He knew "Davy" Ross (who is now harbormaster at Sarnia, Ont., at $6,000 a year), Harry Inder, Ralph Zetto, Jim Hickmott & others of my own brass-pounding acquaintance. Says Jim Myrick, once the crack operator of the Canadian east coast service (Myrick & I had corresponding watches when I was at Sable Island & Myrick was at Cape Race) is now a drunken down-&-out at St. John's, Nfld. Hickmott (whom I knew on the North Sydney station) is now a lonely recluse, living in a shack on the Lake Huron shore near Penetanguishene. On the way to Nova Scotia, Bouteilier stopped to get gas in a little town in Vermont, & chatted with another customer, & discovered the other man to be Jim Hood, who was O.I.C. at Sable Island at the time the crew mutinied & burned the wireless station in 1919. Hood had been on a visit to his old home in Nfld., now owns an apartment house in Chicago. Bouteilier informed me that he spells his name thus because it is the proper way; he has the original Nova Scotia land grant given to his ancestor in 1751 to prove it. The family is now numerous in N.S. & elsewhere, & most spell it Bouteilier. He has

the original letter-books kept by his father during 30 years on Sable Island, with inked copies (of the old-fashioned hand-screw-press kind) of all his reports on wrecks, the operation of the island establishment, etc. He said he hoped to sell these. I told him I didn't know where he'd find a market, & suggested that he give them to the Nova Scotia archives. He was non-committal. He left at 4 pm. It was a good chat & I was glad to see him.

The Mersey Paper Co. quarterly staff magazine, summer edition, just out, mentions that J. Roy Gordon has retired. He is about 65, & hasn't been well in recent years.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25/56

Dinner at White Point with Kenneth Mackenzie, who returns to Toronto tomorrow. Went on to a party at Broad River, given by Commander (retired) "Jock" Millar, who was on the Canadian naval staff at Liverpool during the late war. He has bought the former Oliver cottage on the west bank of the river. A lovely night with a moon shining on the water.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26/56 Fine clear day. Golf at White Point this morning with John McGuire, Dan Lordly, & Don Laing. I had low score with 92. The course was crowded, as it has been all summer, visitors out-numbering our local players three to one.

McPhedran of C.B.C. Halifax phoned ~~me~~ Friday & asked permission to use my short story "The Towers of Darkness" as a radio play. They will pay $50 for a single use of it, the radio rights remaining in my hands. I agreed.

MONDAY, AUG. 27/56 Sunny weather with light cool breezes - pushnight. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald, my score 85, his 100+. Today Army H.Q. in Ottawa announced that York Redoubt at

Halifax is to be dismantled & its garrison (49th Harbor Defence Battery) will be taken off the army list & its personnel distributed to other artillery units. The same applies to the Sydney Harbor defence battery at Point Petrie (built during War Two) and to similar installations at St. John's Nfld, Saint John N.B, Victoria, Esquimalt & Prince Rupert B.C.. All this is to take effect next October 1st. Army spokesmen say all such defences have been rendered obsolete by the development of aircraft and of guided missiles. Defence of these ports will now depend entirely on the R.C.A.F. and the Navy. This ends a period of land defence at Hfx. that began in 1749. Since 1918 all of the inner forts have been abandoned. During War Two, York Redoubt was equipped with six new cannon, & an entirely new battery of 9.2's was built on the Dartmouth shore behind Devil's Island. The Devils Island (so-called) Battery remains in summer use.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28/56 Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon with C., score 83. The contractors on the new school behind my house are now rushing one wing to completion for the school opening in September, & there is a day-long uproar of trucks & tractors levelling the grounds. ~~Behind that~~ I find it impossible to get any writing done until the row stops at evening.

I received today a copy of Joseph Rutledge's "Century of Conflict", which is Volume Two of the History of Canada being published by Doubleday. I can hear the critics now. Rutledge has written it in half-sloppy half-pedantic fashion, 515 pages of cliches. One sample of his style — "The arrival of the older Verendrye was quite an event. It impressed the Crees mightily. It wasn't only the friendly giving of gifts, important as this was." (etc.) In spite of Costain's disclaimer of such an intention in Toronto last year, his name appears on the jacket as editor.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30, 1956

Fine weather still. E. & I had dinner tonight at White Point with Dr. Louis & Doris Stein & their daughter Diana, who are staying there a week.

This week the old familiar Halifax-Dartmouth steam ferryboats "Halifax" and "Dartmouth" are being replaced by two new wooden-hulled diesel-engined craft built at the Smith & Rhuland yard at Lunenburg. The old ships had lost money ever since the bridge was built across the Narrows. The new ones are smaller, will carry only pedestrians. They are about 80 feet long & can carry as many as 600 people each, with a crew of only 3 men.

SATURDAY, SEP. 1/56 A dull day with showers. This afternoon at 3 p.m. we attended the wedding of Ann Parker, the only daughter of our friends the Austin P's. Her husband is Richard Smith, a young chartered accountant, & they will live in P.E.I. The church (Zion United) was full of well dressed people & the ceremony was performed by kindly old John Macdonald, D.D. At the reception afterwards in the Mersey Hotel I proposed the toast to the bride. In the crowd I found amongst others Harvey Crowell & Roy Balcom, old friends from the Maclaren Pulp Company days. The bride & groom got away for a honeymoon in Cape Breton, in the usual shower of confetti, & in the evening the Parkers had another reception at their house, this one for their more intimate friends. Altogether a big day for them & for all of us.

MONDAY SEP. 3/56 The sun came out today at last. Very humid air. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell. The Steins came to dinner & spent the evening with us. Tom Jr. is home again, pays off the "Markland" on Wednesday. Frances got back from Truro on Saturday.

We visited Moose Harbor after supper. Rawding & Mosher's construction outfit have sealed off the sea water by a temporary coffer-dam at the end of the inner concrete breakwater, have pumped out the old boat-basin, & have scooped the basin to a new & much more useful depth with motor-shovels. In so doing they have removed the last traces of the old wharf & boat-sleds burned in the fire, & Moose Harbor of the old days has vanished. All that looks familiar is the big boulder on the ledge where my cabin used to stand. R. & M. have begun to build a new wharf within the newly-scooped basin, using creosoted timber. When all is done (including the planned outer breakwater extending from the old reef) the local fishermen will have a harbor such as none could have dreamed before the fire.

Tomorrow Frances & Lynn Seldon go to Halifax, where they have arranged to share a room. Lynn is to take a business course (typing & stenography); Frances hopes to get a clerical job in the city. There is some airy notion of studying typing & stenography on her part, too — at evening classes; but as the primary object is to be in the city where this fall Billy Dennis enters the Dal. medical school, I don't think Frances will see much of the business class. Edith has undertaken to finance her with the proceeds of her (Edith's) own B.C. Telephone stock, which she sold during the summer. I am skeptical about the whole thing.

The World Book Encyclopaedia (19 volumes) published in Chicago under the auspices of Mr. Marshall Field, has asked me to revise & in fact re-write & enlarge their article on Nova Scotia, & I have agreed.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 6, '60 Fine & warm. Bill Killam, now an agent for a Canadian life insurance company, advised us that his company has a job open for a female ledger

clerk & ~~~~ advised the company re Frances. She got a phone call from Hfx today offering her a job (on three weeks' training & probation) in their office, in the Bank of N. S. Building on Hollis Street. The wage is $40 a week if she proves capable. At 1 p.m. I set out in the car with E., Frances, Lynn Feldon, also David Dwyer, who wanted a ride to Hfx, plus various luggage. The Feldons on a previous trip to Hfx had found a nice room for the two girls at No 14 Carleton Street — off Spring Garden Road near the Public Gardens. Arrived there about 3.45. An old-fashioned high-ceilinged, many-roomed house, Victorian furniture, tasteful pictures & bric-a-brac — a bit cold in winter, I should say — but everything immaculate. Owner is a married woman who herself works at the nearby V. G. Hospital. She rents four of her rooms (no meals) at $68 per month, per room to business girls — a prime example of the genteel extortion exerted by people who have rooms available in this most desirable district — equally handy to the business district, to the hospitals & to Dalhousie University. Frances' business day at the insurance company's office begins at 8.45 a.m. — which means she must get up at 7 if she is to get to a coffee shop & have any sort of breakfast before going to work. This I think will prove a better education than all the practical months at Acadia, where from all reports (including young Tom's) she was the laziest, the sloppiest in dress & manner, & the most indifferent student — female — of her year, a distinction of which I am not proud, for my name's sake. She will now have to get up early, dress & behave smartly, & actually work for the first time in her life. At 14 Carleton Street

she changed to a fresh dress, & at 7:30 I drove her to Hollis Street & dropped her off for a (requested) personal interview with the insurance company. I then drove to Jollimore for a brief chat with Mimi, thence homeward, having an excellent dinner at the Royal Hotel in Mahone. The old awkward bridge at the Halifax approach to Mahone has now been eliminated by a straight run down the hill & across the Mush-a-Mush stream on a concrete bridge. This was one of the worst places on the road. The next worst, the bridge at Gold River, will soon be eliminated by a straight short cut now in construction.

Home about 9 p.m. Young Tom, still convinced that college is mainly the entry to a well-paid job, hints that a B. Sc. (which he hopes to obtain next May) will not enable him to go to work at more than $250 per month. He feels he should have at least two more years specializing (at what he is not sure) so that he can step out of college into at least $5,000 a year. All very well if I were well-to-do. Unfortunately I'm not, & I have my own old age to think about. I started life at sea, at $40 per month, & I've had a long struggle. It's time both these kids got off my back & struck out on their own. I pointed out to Tom that he could take some kind of job on the strength of his B. Sc., & work for a year or two, saving his money & deciding what it is that he really wants to do. Then, if he is really earnest, he can finance himself in any further study to that end. I cannot afford to go on supporting him, & his college expenses, while he goes on vaguely trying to make up his mind.

FRIDAY, SEP. 7/56 dull & showery weather. Premier Hicks has hinted at ~~announced~~ a provincial election about the end of October.

This has been forecast for some time by the stepped-up program of public works, both federal & provincial, for Bob Winters (federal Minister of Public Works) has been working shrewdly & generously to forward public works in N.S. for the past 12 months & more.

Now the real ballyhoo begins. Last night Winters & Premier Hicks announced a joint federal-provincial project (to cost $2,750,000) which will replace the present narrow bridge across the Annapolis River (linking Annapolis & Granville) with a causeway. This will also act as a dam, with tide control gates, so that the present (& ancient) system of dykes along the river meadows will be needed no more. A Liberal meeting in Liverpool a day or two ago nominated Merrill Rawding to run against the present (Conservative) member for Queens, Kennedy Jones.

In the U.S. the presidential election campaign is now in full swing. The opening of a new school term has brought into the open the ugly state of affairs in the South, where under a Supreme Court ruling white & negro schools are to be integrated. None of the old "deep South" states have attempted to comply, & this week there were serious riots in Tennessee and Missouri, where mobs of white men & youths threatened negro children trying to register in white schools. The negroes had to be guarded by police & troops, but obviously education cannot be conducted under a guard of pistols & bayonets.

On the strength of some good golf scores in August, Jackson (the club pro.) has posted my handicap at 15. It has been 19 for years.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 12/56 Warm & delightful weather. I have received some advance copies of "The Wings of Night",

which goes on sale Sep. 21. The paper & print & format are alright but the cover & jacket have a cheap look somehow — although the price is $4.25.

Hathaway of C.B.C. Hfx. phoned for permission to re-use the three talks on the beginnings of wireless telegraphy in Canada, which I gave on the national network five years ago. I said Yes.

Six American ladies (Rita Bube, Marilla MacDill, & Conway Atwood, each with a guest) came to dinner this evening & with Muriel Seaborne & Edith spent the after-dinner hours at cards. They are all leaving for their homes in the States on Friday.

THURSDAY, SEP. 13/56 Three CBC men came this morning with recording apparatus & "taped" a ten-minute interview with me. This for use in announcing the radio play now being made from my short story "The [redacted] Powers of Darkness". Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell & Charlie Williams. Senator Don Smith came around with us, just for the walk.

FRIDAY, SEP. 14/56 A warm windy day. Drove to Hfx with E. who spent the day shopping & had lunch downtown with Frances. I spent the day in sessions of the N.S. Historic Sites Advisory Council, mostly in the Board Room of the Provincial Building on Hollis Street. Present were Miss Mackenman (Sydney), Professor Belliveau (Church Point), Will Bird (chairman), Bruce Fergusson (Provincial Archivist), Hall (Canso borough) & myself. A list of matters to be considered. First has a letter from Rear-Admiral Bedwell

offering the province a stone building known as Venture Inn, at the old Ordnance Yard at the foot of Buckingham Street, for preservation as the sole surviving example of stone construction erected at Hfx. Dockyard & elsewhere during the Napoleonic Wars. (The old ironstone buildings in the Dockyard & nearly all of those in the Ordnance Yard — which was given over to the Navy during the 1939-1945 war & is still used as a Victualling Depot — were torn down to make way for modern buildings during the late war.)

Bird & Fergusson seemed to think it was one of the old Halifax inns, though they could find nothing about it in the records. To me the title was suspicious, a little 'cute for the Napoleonic period & more like the name of a modern beach cottage. We went to inspect it & found inside the Ordnance Yard wall a stone building about 100 or 150 feet long & perhaps 25 feet wide, facing towards the invisible foot of Buckingham Street. A dilapidated wooden sign over the door said Venture Inn. We found that during the late war the building had been used by women of the W.R.C.N.S. as living quarters. All the original interior had been stripped out & replaced with modern pulp-board partitions to create a dormitory, bathrooms, offices, etc. All furniture had since vanished. The lower floor beams were rotten & the floor dangerous. The name had of course been put up by the "Wrens" themselves. Originally it seems to have been a single-story range of offices, with a second story added later. Most of these old buildings were made of ironstone from the quarries

at Purcell's Cove. This one, built in 1810, appears to have been built of ballast stones dumped ashore by various ships, for I counted at least six kinds of stone in the walls; few or none appeared to be native stone except the heavy sandstone lintels of the doors & windows. Our decision was that we could do nothing with it. To make it safe for public inspection would require a major replacement of the basement beams & flooring, & even then it would be a mere stone shell with a lot of flimsy modern woodwork inside. The Army, Navy & Air Forces museums are now well installed in the Citadel, so it couldn't be used as a museum. No visitor could park a car within a quarter mile of it owing to traffic congestion & the peculiar layout of Hollis & Water Streets at this point. Public inspection also would require a new gateway in the high Ordnance Yard wall, so that visitors could enter & walk down going through what is now the Navy's Central Victualling Depot (commonly known as the "C. V. D.").

Premier Hicks had invited us to lunch with him at the Halifax Club, but he had been called away, & our host was his personal secretary, a pleasant young man named Crowell, who several years ago had ambitions to be a writer & showed me some of his short stories.

The afternoon session was taken up with the usual list of demands & requests from all over the province. Half a dozen places want the govt to build replicas of the 18th century blockhouses which

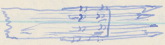
once guarded their settlements. All seem to think these would be an enormous attraction to tourists — why, God knows. I reported that the govt. had repainted the interior of the Perkins House but that nothing had been done to furnish it this year. The Board made a resolution expressing its "keen disappointment" that the Perkins House (which was transferred to govt ownership as a gift by the Queens County Historical Society in 1947) still remains unfurnished & closed to the public.

I had a brief chat with Bendelier at the Book Room, & autographed a few copies of my new book for him. Picked up E. at Simpson's at 5 p.m., dined at the Royal Hotel, Mahone, home about 9 p.m.

SATURDAY, SEP. 22/56 Fine & cool. E. & I drove to Stonehurst (via Lunenburg & Blue Rocks) this morning, & spent the day with Jack & Shirley Gray & son Johnnie, & their guests: Gordon McClelland & wife, of Halifax. The Grays have spent the summer there in a small rented house by the shore of Stonehurst creek, where I saw one T.V. aerial but no other sign of the atomic age. Like other fishing settlements to which roads have been improved in recent years, the Rural Electric Extension Plan (or whatever its called) has enabled many homes to instal electric refrigerators & washing machines as well as good radios (not to mention a good car or truck in the shed), but not one has a modern bathroom or toilet. The wash-tub & sponge on the kitchen floor & the sterling little privy in the back yard are still good enough.

Jack has done some sketching this summer but little painting, but next week he & Shirley leave for their apartment in Manhattan for the winter's work. It was a typical

happy-go-lucky day. Lunch was merely a couple of boiled ears of corn, bread, butter, & a cup of coffee at 2 p.m. We sat chatting of ships & art (Gordon McClelland is a commercial artist) until 4.30 pm. when Jack decided to spear some lobsters for supper. We set out in a dory with an outboard motor — Jack, McClelland, myself & a keen small boy of Stonehurst named Clarence Green. There was a swell amongst the outer reefs & spearing was difficult. The process was to find a reef with about 5 to 10 feet of water alongside, & with submerged cracks or miniature caves in which lobsters might be lurking. We dropped rotten herring (which lobsters find delicious) on the bottom near the cracks & watched for the lobsters to come out. The high wind & swell made it difficult but the boy (an expert) managed to get four lobsters with his spear, a long pole with half a dozen straightened cod-hooks fastened to the end. :—



We were damp with spray & the wind was bitter amongst the outer reefs as the sun got down. We quit at about 7 pm. & returned to the cove, where Shirley served a hot supper of corned beef & cabbage. (She had guessed that the lobster fishing might be poor, fortunately for us.) More chat — Jack showing me plans for a new boat he intends to have built in a Nova Scotia — a very "posh" cabin cruiser capable of going to the West Indies — he wants to paint in the Bahamas. He talked airily of spending $30,000 or $40,000 on this craft, which he considers necessary for his work & for entertaining wealthy clients. We said goodbye about 8.45 & drove home in a cold but lovely

night with a big yellow moon & a sky full of stars.

SUNDAY SEP. 23/56 Fine & cool. On the golf course this afternoon Tom Jr. informed me casually that he was putting in an application for Dalhousie Medical (Dental) School next year. I said "Where are you going to get the money?" He answered "Well, you can lend me the money, or I can borrow it from the bank or from the college." No bank or college will lend money to a student except in the form of scholarships — none of which he has won — so this was simply telling me that I must finance him another four years while he learns to fill cavities & pull teeth.

I said, "I sent you to college to get a general education as a start in life, not to learn a trade. I feel that when I've seen you through to a B.A. next spring you should strike out for yourself. I've had a long struggle & I've only got a few good years left in which to see the places I've always wanted to see & do the things I've always wanted to do. At the same time I've got to provide for the old age of Mummy & myself & the illnesses that are bound to come with it. If I were rich, or ten years younger, it would be different. You're now 22. You're asking me to support you & pay all your college expenses until the age of 26 — just so that you can start off in a lucrative trade, with no further ambition, & with no struggle except a comfortable struggle with textbooks." He merely shrugged & said he would pay me back the money when he set up a dental practice. His former room-mate, who put in his own dental bee in his bonnet last year, is financing his course under the Army scheme (or the Navy or Air Force, I forget now) but Tom won't do it that way because he doesn't like the idea of spending some years in the armed services before he can get into the more lucrative private practice.

The money he has earned in the past four summers has

beer his own. He has only paid $255 of his actual college bills in the past three years. Whenever he sold books etc (such as his useless Engineering books & equipment) the money went into his pocket. Whenever he comes home he loads up with enough supplies, from shoes to hair lotion, all charged to my account at the local stores, to last until he turns up again. He uses my car constantly when he is here but he never buys a gallon of gas, he simply runs the tank almost empty & then lets me fill it up the first time I want to run down town. So it goes. He has never shown me any particular affection. I am simply the source of money, & what I may want to do with my life or money is of no interest to him. This, I think, is an attitude he has picked up in the cynical atmosphere of his college companions, for he was unselfish as a boy, unlike Francie, who could never see anything but her own pleasures & interests from the time she was a child. Thus I have come to a most unhappy crisis. For the good of my own work I need a complete rest & change of environment after all these years of labor & study in the narrowing groove of a country town, & I need it now, when there is still enough of the old creative spark to be revived. I can't face another four years of this grinding to earn dollars.

However, I said no more on the golf course. We finished our game & came home in silence.

MONDAY, SEP. 24/56 Pouring rain — the usual weather for our trips to Wolfville ever since the kids started college. E. & I sat in the back seat of the car, Tom Jr. drove, & we picked up young Al Hutchins & his baggage. Tom Jr. got out of the car at the men's residence, gave me a nod & disappeared. I drove home with a tired and heavy heart.

FRIDAY, SEP. 28, 1956 Overcast & cool. Furnace still working badly & irregularly — we've had hard frost the past two nights — & McCaul came & put in another electric-spark timer or regulator, meanwhile sending away my old one for repair or adjustment. Golf this afternoon. A few people out. I played 9 holes alone & then 9 with our little Catholic priest, Father Delaney, an enthusiastic golfer. Yesterday (SEP. 27) I drove into Halifax with E.; she to shop & I to autograph books for Bendelier & Connolly. She phoned Frances & we three lunched together at the Sea Shell. Afterwards we watched & listened to the bagpipers in Grand Parade — the Black Watch, stationed at Aldershot, recently established one of its companies in the Citadel, chiefly at the request of Mayor Kitz, I think — with the entire garrison withdrawn the old city looked strangely naked — & once or twice a week, in the noon hour, the Mk pipe- & drum band of the Black Watch, in full dress from tall black-feathered bushies to red jackets to kilts to white spatterdashes, plays in the asphalt-paved center of the Parade in front of the war memorial. I took E. & Francie into St. Paul's for a peep at the lovely old church, & showed them my father's name on the bronze war memorial arch at the entrance to the church proper.

Picked up E. at Simpson's at 4 p.m. & drove around to Tollimore for half an hour with Mum. Left about 4.40. Dinner at the Royal Hotel, Mahone, where we met Charlie & Ann Copelin of Liverpool, & Douglas & Ruth Murray, formerly of Lpool (he is now a prosperous surgeon, an eye specialist, in Hfx.) The Royal Hotel, which an excellent meal, specializing in Nova Scotia sea food, at $1.75 per plate, is the popular stopping place for many people traveling the South Shore road.

Bill Slater has sent me cuttings from the

Toronto Globe and Toronto Star, reviews of my book, both with good words for it. Ethel Hulse sent a review from the New York Times, also very favorable.

The Mersey Paper staff are still agog (not to mention their wives) over a visit this week from the great Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater, the head of the British company to which they now belong. They made more fuss & spoke of the approaching event with more awe, I fear, than they would have given to the Second Coming of Christ; but Sir Eric turned out to be a very handsome & affable man, hail-fellow-well-met with every man from the moment of introduction, & charming to the ladies.

SUNDAY, SEP. 30/56 Sunny & warm. Church this morning. Spent the afternoon with the Austins' & Edwin Parkers' at Austin's Port Joli cabin. Chatted with old Professor Le Tarpenning & his wife, who are packing up after their eleventh summer at Port Joli. Edwin Parker is now the chief logging boss of Mersey Paper Co. Says all the provincial govt. talk about "plentiful wood supply in Nova Scotia" for large new mills at Sheet Harbour etc., is nonsense. The Crown lands could only supply about 15% of the requirements of a mill like Mersey. The famous "Big Lease" of Crown Land in Cape Breton, given to the Oxford Paper Co. (of Rumford, Maine) about 1908, for 99 years, at 1 cent an acre, still has a long time to run; meanwhile the Oxford people already have stripped the land of the readily available timber, what's left is up on the hill tops & expensive to log & remove.

Edwin says if Bowaters put in their proposed 100,000 tons-a-year pulp mill at Liverpool, and

increase the capacity of the present Mersey paper machines, as they intend, "I shall have to start cutting hardwood within 3 years."

Austin recently attended a top-level conference of Bowaters financial bigwigs with the Bank of Montreal, in Montreal. Bowaters plan to build a new mill in the U.S., to extend their big plant at Calhoun, Tennessee, & to enlarge Mersey (as above) & their plants at Corner Brook Nfld. & in Britain. Altogether they need, right now, $80,000,000 for current expansion. All of this is being borrowed in North America by sales of preferred stock, & bonds, & by direct bank loans. Said Austin confidentially, "Sir Eric seems obsessed with the idea of being the biggest papermaker in the world. I think if the world has an economic set-back the whole Bowaters empire will come down with a hell of a crash."

SATURDAY, OCT. 6/56 Sunny but cool. The autumn foliage is now at its best — better than for several years, in fact. Young Tom arrived home from Acadia last night for the Thanksgiving week-end. I played golf (89) this afternoon with Charlie Williams & Hubert Macdonald. Letter from a relative of mine, Thomas Raddall Kittoe, a first cousin of my aunt Jessie; he is visiting his daughter in Willowdale, Ontario, & returns to England in November.

Politics fill the air & the newspapers. The presidential election campaign in the U.S. — Eisenhauer versus Stevenson — is in full swing. So is the provincial election here. I don't think the Liberals under Hicks can win a majority but we shall see.

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1956

Temp. 32° at 8 a.m. Open & shut day with black clouds, a brisk snow-fall in the afternoon, the first of the season. The new school is occupied & daily we see big yellow busses bringing high-school kids from Greenfield, Port Morton, Milton Mill Village & Brooklyn. The contractors are still working on the interior of the west wing, & on the grounds, & for the past 3 days my ears have throbbed to a diesel-roaring road-grader of great size working within 100 yards of my desk.

FRIDAY Oct. 12/56 A sunny day after another frosty night. The full-roaring machine behind my house started the daily torture at 8:30 a.m., & to avoid another day's futile effort to concentrate, & the mental trauma of the thing, I took the day off with E. Left off about 10:20 a.m. & drove to Bear River, turning off the main Annapolis Highway at Milford & driving through Clementsdale & Clementsdale. The leaves are in full color & falling after the past two frosty nights, but the hardwood trees are still very leafy, & Clementsdale & Bear River were a sight to behold. The road was rocky from Milford to Clementsdale & one of my thin-worn tires gave up the ghost at Bear River. Changed the tire but had trouble with the jack — it refused to let the car down again. Finally, after consulting a pair of local farmers driving a tractor, I put the engine in gear & backed away (it was a front tire) & all was well. Lunched at the Hedley House at Smith's Cove, a good meal served by a polite & smiling German D.P. who

spoke accented but very fluent English. Then we went through the Valley, turned off at Middleton, & so on over the hills to New Germany, Bridgewater & home.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16/56

Indian summer ever since the snow came (& went) on the 11th. Lovely warm hazy days & calm misty nights. Golf every afternoon. Temp. outdoors in the sun at noon today was 80°.

The B.C. Telephone Co. is offering a new issue of common stock to shareholders at $38. (Current market price is $45). I am entitled to buy 86 shares. I asked Hutchinson at the Royal Bank to lend me $3,000 for the purpose; but he pointed out the anti-inflation measures taken by the Bank of Canada some months ago, which practically orders the various public banks to refuse loans for the purpose of buying stocks. He agreed to lend me $2,000 however, & I had to put up 250 shares of Maritime Telephone stock as collateral. Also it is a note payable on demand, with interest at 5½%. My prospective earnings for 1957 (and Tom's college expenses) won't enable me to pay off the loan unless a miracle happens, but I can always sell the 86 new shares of B.C. Tel. & make a profit.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20/56 Fine & warm. Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Dunlap & Gordon. I didn't take a gun. Almost all the maples have shed their leaves but the oaks & birches & the huckleberry bushes still make a splash of color. Except for a week-end in October last year I don't think I've been to Eagle Lake for two years. None of us go as much as we once did, especially since Brent's death. We drank a toast to him. After supper, bridge until 2 a.m.

SUNDAY, OCT. 21, 1956

Fine & warm. Dunlap stayed in bed this morning, the rest of us went up the lake in the green canoe. Parker landed at N.W. Cove to hunt partridge on the oak hill. Gordon & I paddled to the mouth of the brook from Long Lake, left the canoe there & walked up through the wild meadows to the hemlock ridge on Long Lake. Saw no game; but found a crude lean-to & other traces of human visitors, this fall. Indeed this year, as we learned from the power-station men at Big Falls, quite a lot of hunters have been to Eagle Lake. For years it was almost a private preserve, of ours, because it was not difficult to reach than the hunting country across the river; but now that deer are getting scarcer our area is being invaded more & more. Parker saw no game, & we picked him up on the shore & went back to camp for a belated (2.30 p.m) dinner with Dunlap. Packed up & came homeward at 4.30, reaching Pool about 6.

MONDAY OCT. 22/56

Wet. Royal Bank notified me today that the bank interest rate on my loan will be 5½% instead of 5¼%. This is due to a new increase in the "prime borrowing rate" — I believe the fourth within a year, an effort of the Bank of Canada to curb inflation. As usual in a U.S. election year there has been a persistent fall in stock market values there & here, & much Republican prediction of a great business depression if Mr. Adlai Stevenson becomes president. My B.C. Tel. stock is down to 43 (from 50 a few months ago) and my Maritime Tel. stock to 16¼ (from 20). Business still seems to be booming along, however.

a few days' holiday. About '52 I heard that she was becoming an alcoholic, & within the past year that she was a cocaine addict. All in all a sad tale.

The coffin was covered with an RCAF ensign, & the pallbearers were all members of the local branch (Wing 104) of the RCAF Association, in grey trousers, blue jackets with the RCAF crest, medals & uniform wedge caps.

OCT. 29 '56 MONDAY Another fine day. John Seaman died tonight, aged 67. A shrewd dry-goods merchant who came to this country from Lebanon as a youth & became moderately rich without paying any more income tax than he could help. His annual "bankrupt" sales, in which he always (in full page ads. in the Advance) claimed to be going out of business, were an accepted joke in the town; but this time death stepped in & put him out. He was a cheerful well-read man, a baseball fanatic (at one time four of his sons were playing on the Liverpool team, the Larrupers, when Liverpool won the provincial championship). The new post office opened for business today.

TUESDAY, OCT. 30/56 The finest day yet this fall, with the long spell of Indian summer showing no sign of an end, & all the wells in the countryside running low.

This was election day in N.S. Both sides had campaigned vigorously but there was a refreshing absence of the old-time invective, & so far as one can learn there has been little, if any, "boodling". I voted for Ken Jones (Conservative), feeling that it was time for a change, & I locally disgusted with the govt's repeated failure (in spite of promises) to do anything about the Simeon Perkins house here. The results were close all through the province. Conservatives got 49% of the vote, Liberals 48%, C.C.F. 3%. Robert Stanfield's Conservative party won 23 seats, the Liberals under