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Diary of

Thomas H. Raddall II

MAY 23, 1964 (continued).

I slipped away about 10 p.m. Despite the restful beds, the quiet, & the air-conditioning (which buzzed away but made little difference in the temperature) C. & I found the night very hot, & slept only fitfully.

SUNDAY, MAY 24/64 A thunder-shower freshened the air in the early morning, & after a good breakfast we set out on a leisurely drive along the Valley. Everything lovely, fresh green foliage showing everywhere, & the apple blossoms just beginning to make a show. About 10:30 a.m. we saw Will & Ethel Bird getting out of their car in Middleton, & stopped for a few minutes' chat.

Went on to Bridgetown, thence along the north side of the river to Granville & Victoria Beach — all asphalt road now, though very narrow from Port Wade to the road end at Victoria. By this time the day was blazing hot (90° at Greenwood air base). Stopped at "Port Royal" to visit the Merkels' graves (now marked by a single small black tombstone) in the Anglican churchyard. Then on to Annapolis & the Sea Shell Restaurant in Upper Clements. Here we found Dr. & Mrs. Kelsall of Annapolis, & their guest, a young woman in charge of the regional library there. They joined us for lunch, & later showed us their lovely garden, surrounding a fine old red brick house in Annapolis town. Then on through the woods to Liverpool in the baking heat. About five

miles from Liverpool we came into cooler air, & at home it was quite pleasant, with a real air-conditioner at work — a bank of cold sea fog lying just off Western Head.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27/64 A light rain most of the day, just in time, for a bad fire broke out in good woodland west of Indian Gardens yesterday. At 10 a.m. E. left with the Ralph Johnsons, who are on their way to visit David & wife at the RCAF station, Chatham N.B. They will drop her at Moncton, where she intends staying several days with Bill & Francie Dennis.

Remembering suddenly that the stores close at noon today — & little food in the "fridge" — I dashed down to the Dominion supermarket & bought a freshly barbecued chicken for dinner tonight. Spent most of the day & evening re-typing pages of the novel, with all the insertions & corrections, using Harding's electric typewriter to accustom myself to the thing.

News:- Mr. Nehru died today. He was a follower of Ghandhi during the struggle for Indian independence, & has been head of the Indian state ever since its formation. A gentle but not always wise man, he believed that by forming friendly relations with Russia & China he could keep peace for India. He got a rude awakening a year or two ago when well trained & armed Chinese troops invaded Indian territory in the lower Himalayas & gave the badly neglected Indian Army a complete thrashing.

At Ottawa, Mr. Pearson & his government

have announced & shown their proposed new flag for Canada — three small red maple leaves stiffly arranged on a white field, with two narrow vertical stripes at the ends in blue "to represent the two oceans." Charlotte Whitton, the fiery woman mayor of Ottawa, calls it "three dying maple leaves on the white flag of surrender". At the same time they say the union jack will remain emblematic of the Queen, & the red jack will remain emblematic of Canada's presence in the commonwealth!

Already Quebec is in an uproar over the remaining recognition of the British flag; & in English-speaking Canada there is strong reaction, led by the Canadian Legion, in favor of the red jack as Canada's national flag. In my opinion the Legion pulled the plug out from under their own feet in 1960, when they (or rather a clique of officials in the Legion at that time) changed the Legion badge to approximately what Pearson now wants — a red maple leaf on a white field. I never liked this prissy thing & still retain on my Legion blazer the old badge, which has the union jack for its field.

THURSDAY, MAY 28/64 Sunny & breezy. Golf early in the afternoon, & then mowed my lawns, which now look very healthy. News:- a bad forest fire at Kempton Lake is now under control. This was a favorite fishing & hunting ground for me, years ago. In recent years a logging operator named Shupe has bulldozed a truck road in to the lake from No 1 dam at Indian Gardens,

& the old tote-road that I knew has filled in with trees & bushes. The fire destroyed Thupe's logging camp, & ran fiercely through his slash piles into the standing timber.

I had a [redacted] visit from Charles "Spike" Olmstead, of Port Medway, a short wiry man with curly grey hair & the voice of a gravel crusher. Soon after the West Novas arrived in England in December 1939 they were housed in Guillemont Barracks at Farnborough, near Aldershot. While they were there in the spring of 1940 Olmstead was one of the regimental boxing team, fighting as a welterweight. He was very quick on his feet, & was a good tap-dancer. He struck up an acquaintance with a man in another company of the W.N.S.R. whom he recalls only by the name "Alec". Alec had a fiddle, on which he could play all sorts of lively tunes, & they "chummed around together". In the "pubs" around the Aldershot area Alec would fiddle, & "Spike" would dance, for the entertainment of the (mostly Canadian army) customers, who then bought them all the beers they could drink. Olmstead does not remember scratching his name on the fiddle (see May 23) but undoubtedly this was the fiddle now reposing in the WNSR officers' mess.

This evening I had a visit also from a young French-Canadian couple, Mr. & Mrs. J. C. Pilon, of Montreal. Mrs. Pilon speaks little English but he is fluent. He introduced himself as a free-lance movie maker, operating on very small financial resources, & said he intends

to make a sound-film of Sable Island this summer. His film will introduce historical & scientific aspects but will deal mainly with life on the island today — humans, wild ponies, seals, birds etc. He had a fat file of notes collected in the Archives at Hfx, & I showed him my own. He asked if I would do the English-language commentary when the film is finally assembled. I said I would. He did not mention a fee, but I presume there would be at least traveling expenses, as I would have to go to Montreal to study the completed film before I could write anything. He intends to go to Sable Island with a technician & a camera man this August, & will keep in touch with me.

FRIDAY, MAY 29/64 Sunny & cool. A year or two ago the N.S. Cabinet started holding meetings in the summer season, in various provincial towns. They conduct business for some part of the time, & spend the rest in visiting local industries, etc. Premier Stanfield & cabinet are here for 2 or 3 days, meeting for business in the Navy Room, Town Hall. This morning at 10 a.m. they visited the Perkins House, & I was asked (with half a dozen other officers of the Q.B. Historical Society) to be there for a chat. Each member of the cabinet wore a sort of ticket, showing his name & department in good-sized black print, like members of a business convention. I had brief chats with Stanfield, who observed, with sincerity I think, that our Main Street from the Mersey Hotel to Fort Point, with its huge old trees & colonial houses & well kept lawns, is the most handsome town street in Nova Scotia; with G. I. Smith

& Haliburton, who are easily the most able members of the cabinet, apart from our own Ken Jones.

I obtained groceries & milk, had my car oiled & greased, wrote Col. Harlow about "Spike" Amstead & his clue to the old fiddle.

SATURDAY, MAY 30/64 Sunny & cool. Harding delivered a portable Smith-Corona electric typewriter, with "elite" type, for testing. His other machine, with which I have been experimenting, is designed for office work, with a 12" platen (I only need the portable's 9") & an electric carriage-return. It is easy to use the manual carriage return on the portable, the shorter platen means less weight & jar, & in all other respects the machines are the same. The difference in price is almost $100. Harding's price for the portable is $179.50 plus hospital tax = $185.48, less $60 allowance for my 1954 manual machine, net $125.48.

Golf this afternoon. Dined at the little Brooklyn restaurant, just across the railway tracks from the paper mill entrance. Built when the mill opened in 1929, it has the modest shape & proportions of an old fashioned railway dining car. For years it was known as "The Greasy Spoon". The present proprietor has repainted & refurnished it, & serves the best meals to be had anywhere in the Liverpool area, at a reasonable price. E. phoned from Moncton this evening. She is enjoying her visit with Bill, Francie & family. The Johnsons are returning to Liverpool on Monday, picking her up in Moncton, & she expects to be home that evening. I

should have mentioned before this that I sprayed my rose bushes & the big hawthorne tree this morning, with a D.D.T. solution. Also I painted another (black enamel) coat on the front hand-rails. Wrote H. B. Jefferson a long letter on the portable electric typewriter, & noted that it makes clear & firm carbon copies.

SUNDAY, MAY 31/64 Apple Blossom Day in the Valley. Owing to that, & to the cold wind across Port Moulton Bay which has blown continuously for a week, there were few golfers at White Point. I played in the afternoon, almost at a run, & with a jacket zipped up to the neck. My hip joints & right shoulder joint remain stiff & painful (from arthritis). Tom Jr. & children dropped in for a chat about 4 p.m. Forgot to mention last week a note from Dr. Alex Kerr, retired President of Dalhousie, acknowledging my letter of congratulation on his honorary L.L.D. In his pawky way he writes, "Dalhousie honoured me as it honoured you several years ago. This gives me a nominal claim to stand in the same class as you!"

MONDAY, JUNE 1/64 Overcast & warm in town. I decided to buy Harding's portable machine, & today his mechanic came & installed it, with long screws & a thick felt pad (to absorb some of the sound) in my old typewriter desk. He took away my faithful manual 1954 machine, on which I had written "Wings of Night", "The Rovers" (for MacMillan), "The Path of Destiny", & "The Governor's Lady." One must move with the times & swallow sentiment.

(JUNE 1 CONT'D). E. arrived home with the Johnsons about 5 p.m., after a pleasant stay with Bill & Francie in Moncton. Bill has a busy & prosperous medical practice — he saw 32 patients in a day while E. was there — & Francie is kept busy with her boisterous & children. Bill & his partner Bud Gillis (they were chums at Dalhousie medical school) have new joint offices for day-patients, & Bill & Francie are planning a house, built to their specifications, in one of the new Moncton residential districts.

I spent this afternoon taking off (wooden) storm windows, removing the screws, & stowing them overhead in the garage. Phoned Reg. Nickerson, the carpenter who promised (March 27) that he would come to re-shingle my roof about mid-May. Not a word from him since. His wife answered the phone, said he was busy, with more work than he could handle; so I asked her to tell him I'd decided to get other carpenters to do my roof. Rain tonight, the first since the lone light rain on May 27, badly needed for the farmers & foresters — a plague of bush fires all last month.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3/64 Sunny & cool — chilly at White Point this afternoon. This morning I phoned Nauss Bros., the Bridgewater building contractors, who do quite a bit of work in L'pool. They said they would have their L'pool foreman call & estimate the cost of my job.

Back in April I had a letter (mimeographed) from Desmond Pacey, head of the English Department at U.N.B. saying he had undertaken a "Canada Number" of American

quarterly "Literary Review". Today I wrote to say I had nothing for him.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4/64 A drizzle of rain. Fred Locke, Bristol Avenue, came to measure our side door this morning. He will make a batten storm door, with a glass 10" x 10", & paint it with dark green, two coats. Hasn't made one for some time, said it would cost something over $12. Re Pacey yesterday. He wanted Canadian writers to submit something, hitherto unpublished, for his perusal & decision. I had nothing unpublished, save my part-written novel, which is unsuitable for excision — & knowing Pacey's peculiar viewpoint I wouldn't submit anything of mine to his judgement. His own attempts at fiction have been rejected by U.S., Canadian, & British magazines (on his own confession to me years ago) with the single exception of "The Atlantic Advocate," published in Fredericton under the aegis of Lord Beaverbrook with Michael Wardell as his front man. Pacey's stories in the Advocate have been invariably insipid & pedestrian, reflecting a mediocre knowledge of people & a remarkably poor style & diction.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5/64 Fine & comfortably warm. Richard Gosse, Professor of Law, Queens University, Kingston, called this morning in person — he had written me in May. He is preparing a biography of Sir Lyman P. Duff, one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, whose father the Rev. Charles Duff was Congregational minister in Brooklyn & Liverpool 1866-1875 & again 1896-1899. Lyman was born in Ontario 1865 & came here as a sickly baby on a rugged mid-winter journey early in '66. I

took Gosse on a little tour by car, showing him the site of the Congregational church on Gorham Street, the rectory (now privately owned & converted to a two apartment house); then up to Milton to the site of the Congregational church there, which was a part of the Liverpool charge; then to Brooklyn to see the former Congregational (now United church), the old schoolhouse (converted into a tiny Anglican church in the 1930's), & on to Dipper Creek, where the Duff family lived in a fisherman's house until a rectory was finished in Brooklyn. Also showed him the site of Old Zion at the Parade, Liverpool, which was still in use when Duff arrived here in 1866.

Tomorrow he will go through files of the Liverpool Transcript which are kept in two bound volumes in the Perkins House museum.

This evening we were visited by two ladies in smart blue uniforms, Mrs. Creighton & Mrs. Crouse, of the Girl Guides in Lunenburg County. The G.G.'s of Canada are holding "Heritage" tours next month for girls of 15. Each province will be host (or hostess?) to two girls from each of the other provinces, who, with a small party of local G.G.'s will tour the province, seeing & hearing the story of its people. The Heritage group in N.S., visitors & local, will number 26, & will include in their tour a few days at a camp on Lake Mush-a-Mush, Lunenburg Co. The ladies asked me & E. to have a chicken barbecue lunch at this camp on Sunday July 12 — & asked me to talk to the party afterwards on the people of western N.S.

I have been bombarded with requests to address every-

thing from the local Kiwanis club to the national convention of the Canadian Authors Association in Hfx. this month. Accepting some, refusing others (including the Kiwanis & C.A.A.) I was about to say No to these ladies, & then felt it was something I should do, & said Yes.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6/64 Sun & cloud, with a somewhat chilly breeze. This morning the local foreman (or partner?) in Nauss Bros. called to see what I wanted. Said his firm would undertake the job at a rate per day, supplying all the materials. Could start within the next two weeks. Will call Monday with definite figure on the daily cost, & to take measurements for new gutters etc. This afternoon I mowed my lawns, hoed & weeded around the shrubs & rose bushes etc. The lilac & bush honeysuckle are in blossom, the forsythia blooms already falling. Professor Gosse spent the evening with us, going over his notes & asking questions about local conditions 1866–1875, the Confederation uproar, etc. Gosse is a tall dark man, 40-ish, goodlooking & animated, not at all the typical professor of law. He served overseas in the R.C.A.F. in War Two, & after getting his law degree practised for a time in the new town of Kitimat, B.C. Also worked for a year or so as a reporter with the Vancouver Province, & knew our mutual friend Norman Hacking on the staff.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9/64 Fine & warm for our 37th wedding anniversary. I had the local flower shop send up a large ~~bouq~~ bouquet of white 'mums & deep red roses for E. Golf this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1964

Drove to Hfx. with E. this morning for my speaking engagement with the Young Peoples' Section, Canadian Library Association. The chairman, Miss Margaret Martin, had thoughtfully invited my sister Hilda Gamester to sit at the head table also. The luncheon was in the former powder magazine of the Citadel, which was jammed full, & many were turned away. I spoke 30 minutes on the subject "A boy's reading & a man's writing", & received a flattering ovation, also a gift in the form of a book, "Shipcarvers of North America" by M. V. Brewington. Got back to L'pool. about 5 p.m. & dined in the Chinese restaurant on Market Street.

Telegram from D. L. Lyons, CBC, Toronto offering $300 for use of "Roger Sudden" in six 30-minute episodes on "unsponsored Halifax radio programme 'Action Theatre', one occasion only."

THURSDAY, JUNE 11/64 Cold, windy & occasional drizzle. I am busy with a revision of my "Ogomkegea" – the brief story of Liverpool, which I wrote in 1934 for the Halifax magazine called "Port & Province", long since defunct. In later years, with my permission, the Advance Print here brought it out as a booklet, to give to interested visitors. Day, owner of Advance Print, now proposes to put it out in a much better format, & I offered to bring the article up to date.

Mrs. Lyons, CBC, Toronto, phoned today. I said $300

was too small a fee for "Roger Sudden" — only $50 per episode. As usual with CBC she pleaded the poverty of their budget, & I agreed to $400. The CBC notoriously wastes millions every year, sending favored personnel on picture-taking jaunts about the world, mostly for trivia; & it pays high fees & salaries to its own people, at home & abroad. But "our tight budget" is always pleaded when it comes to buying rights from Canadian authors.

News: Lord Beaverbrook died in England a day or so ago, in his 86th. year. As Max Aitken of New Brunswick he made a million in his twenties with slick stock promotions in Halifax & (mostly) in Montreal. He then left for Britain & many more millions in the London newspaper business. In the dark days of 1940, Churchill put him in charge of fighter plane production, & with his characteristic drive & ruthlessness "The Beaver" had a big hand in the victory over Hitler's Luftwaffe. After that war he came frequently to his native New Brunswick, & poured millions of dollars into U.N.B. I suspect it was, in a sense, conscience money. Despite his hard-boiled character he had always been acutely aware that his financial coups in the Canada of the early 1900's had left a smell behind. So in his old age he poured back the money ten-fold. A great man, with great faults & great virtues, & a firm place in Canadian & British history.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13/64 A hot summer day, delicious at White Pk. this afternoon — some of the village children bathing in

the lake. Stock market note:- I have 350 shares of Rio Algoma, — a uranium mining cum steel manufacturing company, with a further interest in the hydro-electric power at Hamilton Falls, Labrador, headed by Bob Winters, native of Lunenburg. On Bill White's recommendation I bought it last Fall at 15½. With the withered demand for uranium, & the Quebec Province ~~decreased~~ price for transmission of the Hamilton power over their lands to New York, the stock has reduced ~~about~~ sharply in the market, also its dividend, and the market price today is a shaky 9.5.

Tom Jr. dropped in for a chat. He & Dr. James Macleod are interested in building a $40,000 apartment house in L'pool. According to the chartered accountant who keeps their books & advises them on finances, they can borrow most of the money from the federal gov't. under the National Housing Act, & charge the interest against their incomes — in other words they pay out interest instead of income tax. In a few years they will own the building, free of debt, at little cost to themselves. I don't quite understand this, but Macleod says the medical profession in Hfx. are doing this sort of thing extensively and profitably.

SUNDAY, JUNE 14/64 A dark humid day, with rumbles of distant ~~sunshine~~ thunder & patches of sunshine! Professor Richard Gosse & his pretty English wife came to L'pool & had lunch with us today, on their way home to Ontario from the conference of national learned societies at Charlottetown.

MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1964 Warm. Played 18 holes at White Point. Ate a good dinner & felt pleasantly tired & relaxed. Then about 9 p.m. I felt my nerves begin to crawl, & knew I was in for a bad night. It proved the worst in a long time. Between 11 p.m. & 4 a.m. I swallowed 4 seconal capsules at intervals of an hour or more, washed down with strong drinks of rum. At last I slept, & remained asleep until 10 a.m. JUNE 16 when I got up feeling dopey & wretched. Phoned John Wickware M.D. & told him I must have some kind of tranquillizing tablets, which I can use when these nervous storms appear. He phoned Seldon's drug store, & I got 30 tablets marked SKF "to be taken night & morning." Letter from a teen age girl named Mary Raddall, who lives near Capetown, South Africa. She had found my books in all the Capetown libraries, & as our surname is most unusual and she "didn't know there were any other Raddalls in the world" she decided to write. I wrote & posted an answer, giving my pedigree & asking for hers. I feel sure this is a hitherto unknown offshoot of the Cornish family. This afternoon I spread over my lawns, front & back, 22 lbs. (two 11-lb. bags) of "Lawn Green" fertilizer, manufactured by the Green Cross Products branch of Sherwin Williams Co. The formula is 20-10-5 & the price $3.00 for 11 lbs. My previous application of this fertilizer was April 16, & it has done the lawns more good than anything I've used before.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1964 A Fall day — cold N. wind, no sun, blue-black clouds hurrying across the ceiling, flicks of rain & sometimes showers. This is the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. George Sutherland, of Brookfield, Colchester County. (Bill Dennis' grandparents) E. & I set off about 10 a.m. At French Village took the by-pass highway through Hammonds Plains. This merges with the so-called Bicentennial Highway (which was begun in 1949 & is now just about finished) which runs from the western edge of Halifax near Dutch Village & sweeps through the rocky hills & woods to Sackville, by-passing the old highway which winds around Bedford Basin & through the main streets of Bedford. At about Sackville the Bicentennial Drive merges with the recently finished "Airport Road", which by-passes the old winding highway through Waverley & along the Shubenacadie. We turned off to lunch in the coffee shop at the airport, then drove on to Brookfield. The Sutherlands were having an old-fashioned reception for family & friends — including their original bridesmaids, best man, & flower-girls, all still hale & living in the same area. Bill & Francie were there, with their four little imps; the first time I have seen them all together. Cecil Dennis carried us off to show us his new home, built to

his own specifications, a handsome bungalow, equipped with the best of everything, including two bathrooms & a basement apartment for guests. It is in Middle Stewiacke, about a half mile from the old farm, & a large "picture window" looks out upon the Stewiacke River winding through the fields. Cost about $25,000, at a guess. We had high tea with the Sutherlands & left Brookfield at 6 p.m., to get home before dark. Home in exactly 3 hours, including some slow going in south shore traffic on the winding road from French Village to Bridgewater.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18/64 Again a windy day, but bright & warm. Played golf this afternoon — 9 holes with young Darryl Jones (Mowbray's boy) & 9 holes with Capt. Charles Williams. Williams says that since Sir Eric Bowater's death the company has been pruned to advantage by the new management, eliminating many of Sir Eric's extravagant personal costs, & is now on a reasonably sound basis.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19/64 Fine & warm. Nauss Bros. foreman came this morning, said his laborers would cost $1.25 an hour, & his carpenters $1.65. I agreed. During the afternoon a truck delivered the new wooden gutter material, ready cut & treated with a preservative. They expect to start work next Monday or Tuesday.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20/64 Mowed my lawns this a.m. — just in time for the bridal "shower" at our house, for Douglas Parker's

bride-to-be, Sheila Mason of Hfx. About 45 females sipping sherry & giving tongue — & gifts of course — a great success. Among the guests was Sheila's aunt, Edna Clancy, who was one of my schoolmates in Hfx. 1913-1918. She became a teacher at Chebucto School — is still there, a mild, pleasant, talkative grey spinster. She still lives in the old family home on Allen Street, with her father aged 90, a few minutes' walk from the school. She had news of some of my old acquaintances, at Chebucto, & in those halcyon days before the gathered impact of World War One struck us all apart, & scattered us to places far from the little community in the N.W. end of Halifax.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21/64 Sultry in town, fog at Western Head & White Point. Church, alone, this morning. Golf with E. this afternoon. Tom Jr. dropped in for a chat this evening, full of local news which I don't hear in my detachment from affairs. David Inness died of a coronary attack last night. A grocer in Liverpool all his active life, he had two wives, three children, made money, & sold out to the Lapp brothers some years ago. As a stout conservative he then applied for, & got, the post of curator in the Simeon Perkins house, a provincial gov't. thing. This gave him a salary & something to do in the summer months. He & his second wife Nina spent the past several winters in Florida.

Halifax for the past week has been in the religious throes of a visitation by evangelist Leighton Ford, a dark & handsome young man with hypnotic eyes & a fluent tongue. He is a brother-in-law of America's most famous & successful

evangelist Billy Graham, of North Carolina. The "crusade" follows the pattern established long ago by Moody & Sankey, Billy Sunday et al — well satirized by Sinclair Lewis in "Elmer Gantry". First, local Protestant (chiefly Baptist & Methodist, or in Canada's case Baptist and United Church) ministerial associations are "invited to invite" a crusade by the celebrated Billy Graham organization. Graham's lieutenant, Leighton Ford, then arrives with an expert & smooth-working team of cheer-leaders, singers & counsellors. They hire the biggest hall in town (in Hfx it is the Forum) & organize "a choir of a thousand voices" amongst the congregations backing the "crusade". Every avenue of advertising is used lavishly, including daily samples of Ford et al on the local T.V. stations. Finally, as the climax of a week's harangue, the great man himself arrives to preach.

Hence, last night Billy Graham addressed 16,000 people in the Forum. Tonight in the open air of Citadel Hill, with the platform on the Garrison Grounds, Graham addressed a crowd estimated at 30,000 — an impossible figure — 30,000 people could not find footing on the south slopes of Citadel Hill. On T.V. Graham seems a sincere & dedicated man, but as with all these "crusades" down through the years, nothing is ever revealed about the money taken in by Graham's own team, or its distribution among themselves.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1964 Rain this morning, clearing towards evening, & sweltering hot. Today the Texaco Oil Co. opened a new refinery in Dartmouth, a $14,000,000 plant with a capacity of 13,500 barrels a day. The Imperial Oil refinery there had a monopoly for many years, in the Maritimes, broken when Irving Oil opened a refinery in St. John 2 or 3 years ago. Now this. As a result the prices of gasoline & fuel oil in the Maritimes were reduced for the first time, last spring.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23/64 Fine & hot. The N.S. Child Welfare Conference is meeting at White Point for 3 days, & today at the urgent request of Dr. James Macleod I addressed about 75 men & women at a luncheon there. C. was invited also, & we had a pleasant session. Golf later. The Canadian Authors Association is now in convention at Halifax, under national president Helen Creighton. I dropped out of the C.A.A. last year, & declined to join in a "panel" at this convention. A T.V. news shot of the opening session showed the same collection of elderly women, freaks & eccentrics that I have seen before at these affairs. The C.A.A. now has over 700 members, & at a guess I should say not more than 20 are writers worth a damn.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24/64 Overcast & misty. Nauss Bros.' van deposited 2 carpenters at my house shortly before 9 a.m., & they worked at replacing the old roof-gutters, with ½ hour out for lunch. At 4.30 p.m. the van gathered them up & off they went, presumably

to their homes in Bridgewater. Today a huge crowd at Lunenburg witnessed the ceremonies opening the large modern plant of ~~Lunenburg~~ National Sea Products Co. It cost $8,000,000, much of the money put up by Industrial Estates — the provincial government's special branch for financing new or additions to N.S. industry. (~~Lunenburg~~ National Sea Products has a public stock issue on the market, but the control is held chiefly by Lunenburg's shrewd & wealthy Smith & Morrow families, who could have put up most of the money themselves if they had chosen to do so.) The plant will employ 380 people, including the crews of 12 trawlers & draggers. It is said to be the largest fish-processing plant in North America, & occupies a large area of the old Battery Point. The old Lunenburg fish plant will be scrapped by its owners — National Sea Products Co.

Drove to Port Medway with E., & bought a 9½ lb. salmon from Wight, the fish dealer, @ 75¢ per lb. He said the net fishermen are taking very few.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25/64 A humid day. Nauss brought 4 carpenters at 8:30 a.m., & they banged away until 4:30, with half an hour out for lunch. I have a hunch that Nauss will charge me for the time these men are on the road from Bridgewater — at least a ½ hour each way. This works out at at about $56 per day for labor — plus materials, on which Nauss will expect his main profit on the job. Tried to study & write all morning, despite the racket, but got nothing done. Golf at White Point, relaxing after a very bad night despite rum & Sedonal pills — I spent the whole night on the iron couch in my den.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1964 Sun but a very cool breeze. The 4 carpenters arrived from Bridgewater at 8:30 & thumped away until 4:30, when the Nauss van took them away home. Two are able & energetic workmen. The other two are short, wizened men, who talk a lot & work at a leisurely pace, knocking off for a rest & a sandwich at 10:30 a.m. & again in mid-afternoon.

So far they have replaced the rotten portions of gutter on the back of the house (excluding my study) & part of the sun porch or rather solarium — if one may use such a dignified word for such a small compartment. Also they have nailed new green-surfaced asphalt shingles on the main back roof. At $50 a day — just for labor — this is no great accomplishment.

Hugh Kane, Vice-President of McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, called & left a card this afternoon while E & I were at White Point. He had been attending the Halifax convention of the Authors Association. Sorry to have missed him.

Poor old Tom Miller, a spry little man in his 80's who plays golf every afternoon, had a painful accident today. He lost his balance while coming down the wooden steps from No. 9 tee, pitched forward, & fell on his face in the gravel path. Glasses smashed, & the whole right side of his face badly bruised & cut.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27/64 4 carpenters arrived at 8:15 a.m., but had to quit within ½ hour, due to heavy rain.

At long last I have determined to get rid of the hodge-

podge furniture in my bedroom — notably an enameled iron bed (bought 1929), a birchwood chest of drawers painted green (1931), & the old bureau-bookcase (1929) on whose hinged flap I used to pound out short stories with a battered old Underwood typewriter. My taste is still very simple, but this shabby old stuff had become a household eyesore — E. always kept my bedroom door closed when guests were in the house.

To replace it I have ordered a suite of red maple furniture, colonial design, & a large new carpet which will cover practically all of the softwood floor.

~~Dinner, June 28th~~ Cecil & Frances Dennis (Francie's in-laws) & their friends the Haverstocks, of Hammond's Plain, came to dine with us & spend the evening. I borrowed a key to the Perkins House & showed them over it, & about the town. They have been spending a few days on the South Shore, & stayed the night at Lane's Motel in Bristol.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28/64 A warm day. I was up at 7, after a very bad night, & got myself a breakfast of boiled eggs, coffee, & plenty of buttered toast, instead of the usual toast-slice & coffee, or merely coffee. The usual sandwich & glass of water at noon. Drove to the golf course at 12:30 & played 18 holes quickly — surprisingly few players out, although White Point Lodge is open for the season, & the roads were filled with holiday traffic. This evening Tom Jr. dropped in & gave us a dozen fresh scallops, which he plucked off the floor of Port Medway (near Vogler's Cove) this afternoon, using his

SCUBA-diving equipment. On T.V. we watched a mediocre program. The regular season has ended & for the next 3 months we shall see a few bright "summer-replacement" shows, but mostly re-runs of past shows, & old, old, movies.

Yesterday Dr. Anthony Griffiths & family removed to Conquerall Bank, where he can serve the hospitals at Bridgewater & Lunenburg. An English radiologist, aged about 40, he came to Canada some years ago, has wandered about from Saskatchewan to N.S., picking up a fatter post each time. At Liverpool he served the local hospital & Bridgewater, reputedly made $20,000 to $30,000 a year, kept aloof, refused to subscribe to local charities except a niggardly sum here & there. He won't be missed here. His house on Park Street he has sold to Dr. Frank Bell, M.D.

MONDAY, JUNE 29/64 Sun & cloud, with thunder & one heavy shower of rain. Nauss had 4 carpenters busy all day, & Sherman McCaul came to measure the new gutters for his aluminium down-pipes & spouts. I spent the morning mowing my lawns, a long hot job, for the grass had grown thickly under the effects of fertilizer applied ~~about~~ June 15, & the grass-catcher on my hand-propelled mower had to be emptied behind my garden every few minutes. Played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. Altogether a strenuous day. On the golf course Doc. McKenzie asked me how the tranquillizing pills were working. He has always been a great believer in the "placebo" for patients with nerves. I told him in other words that his pills didn't tranquillize worth a damn. He said oh once

with a bland smile that he could prescribe the same pills at double strength if I wished. I said I wished — & forbore to say that he could have spared me much nocturnal nervous anguish with the full strength pills in the first place. He had long practice as a G.P. before he became a heart specialist; but like all people gifted with easy temperament & the ability to sleep the moment his head touches a pillow, he has never comprehended the needs of people with nerves.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30/64 Overcast & showery. Wickwire admitted on the phone today that the pills he prescribed were only "half-strength", & agreed to a trial of full-strength for a week. "If that doesn't work we'll try a different kind."

The Nauss Brothers are a busy firm, & they like to line up plenty of jobs ahead. To do this they put a sort of spear-head crew on new jobs, four good carpenters under the capable foreman. After a day or two these move on, & others come, less energetic & less skilled. Until today, despite this procedure, the job on my house has gone on well. This morning 3 men pottered about the front porch roof & a strip of shingles just above the front gutters. When I got home this afternoon there were 5 men, all obviously "putting in time". When they all went off to Bridgewater at 4:30 p.m. the porch roof was still unfinished.

News:- Premier Stanfield has shuffled his cabinet & enlarged it to 14, the biggest in N.S. history. Ken Jones gives up Public Welfare to James Harding of Shelburne, & is now Minister of Trade & Industry.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1964 Foggy. Canada Day. No special observances here or anywhere, except government-organized military parades etc. at Charlottetown & Ottawa, duly shown on the TV network. Today 3 carpenters worked all day & finished roofing my front porch & the roof of our little solarium. At evening Herbert Trim, local dealer in second-hand furniture, came at my request to look at my modest 34-year-old bedroom furniture. He offered $25 cash. The bed alone was worth more than that, but I wouldn't haggle, & accepted the $25. I am to retain use of it until my new furniture comes.

Weather note:- the Hfx. meteorological office says that last month was the coolest June on Nova Scotia since 1905.

THURSDAY, JULY 2/64 Sunny in town, foggy at White Point. Carpenters working on the gutters of my study. On the south side of it the gutter was bad, & owing to often-choked spouts the rain had risen under the shingles, & rotted away much of the board finish. Spoke to Nauss about installing a "disappearing" stairway to the attic. He said "Will do," after taking measurements. The sea captain (Corkum) who built this house had no intention of going aloft at home, so the only approach to the attic was by step-ladder & a small square booby-hatch in the ceiling of the upstairs hall.

Years ago I got boards & covered the joists up there with about half a floor, to make some needed storage space. Now I want a complete flooring up there, & shelves for the several hundred books piled higgledy-piggledy there.

News:- The last United Nations troops have just

left the Congo, after a police job that has cost the U.N. hundreds of millions of dollars. Altogether about 1800 Canadian soldiers have served there on tours of duty. Indications are that things will revert to primitive savagery, as they did before. The truth is that black Africans are incapable of forming or even accepting a civilized state, & it is time for Britain & the U.S. to recognise that fact. (Russia & France refused to contribute a penny to the U.N. effort in the Congo, & of course the vociferous new "nations" in Africa & Asia were not only unwilling but incapable of paying their share.)

Nature note:- While driving to the golf course this afternoon with E. we saw a red-shouldered hawk take off from the right-hand side of the road with what appeared to be a fluttering length of green ribbon. It was a grass-snake about 2 feet long, very much alive & wriggling, & the hawk was holding it near the head. The hawk flew across the road in front of my car, rising to a tall spruce tree on the opposite side.

FRIDAY, JULY 3/64 Rain in the night & all morning, foggy the rest of the day. No carpenters appeared, though we had plenty of other noise — Pam left her youngsters with us at noon, & picked them up at 4.30 p.m. I took the kids up to the attic, by ladder & booby-hatch, & it was a huge success — so much junk up there to play with.

SATURDAY, JULY 4/64 Five carpenters arrived from Bridgewater at 8.30 a.m., including Nauss's boss carpenter, apparently determined

to finish my roof job, which has been dragging on so long. No luck. A drizzle of rain began at once, turned to a downpour about 10 a.m., when the men had to quit the roof in claps of thunder. They sat in my garage till noon, & then went off home. Rain continued, sometimes in cloudbursts that sent rivers pouring down the street, far into the night.

As I must pay the carpenters from the moment they leave Bridgewater until they get back there, (allowing 3/4 hour each way, @ $1.65 per hour) I am paying each man $2.50 per day merely for time that he is on the road. The delays caused by these miserable rains, thus, are very costly. Today 5 men actually worked 1 1/2 hours = $12.40; but I shall have to pay 5 x 5 hours x $1.65 = $41.25. At this rate, plus the cost of materials, the cost of my new roof per square foot will be something like that of the famous ~~Tha~~ Shwe Dagon pagoda in Indo-China, which was covered with gold leaf.

SUNDAY, JULY 5/64 Rain all night & all day. Had a bad night, unable to sleep, despite Dr. Wickwires "full strength" tranquillizing pills taken at intervals during the day & night, as prescribed; plus 1 Seconal at 11 p.m. & another at about 12:30 a.m. As far as I can see the "tranquillizing" pills have no beneficial effect. On the contrary, in some odd chemical way they reduce or delay the action of the Seconals. I fell asleep finally about 5 a.m. & did not awaken until about 10:30. Got up at 11, feeling dopy but hungry, &

ate a hearty "brunch" of bacon, eggs, toast & coffee. In the afternoon drove to Oakland & called on Hilda Gamester, who has given up her expensive apartment in Halifax, bought a new car, & moved her domicile to Oakland. The extension to the cottage, with a a great window looking on Mahone Bay, is finished & furnished. My sister Nell & husband Max Cassidy are coming up from Alabama in mid-July & expect to stay with Hilda at Oakland until mid-September.

Weather note: Hilda says the "long range weather forecast", which she sees at her office, predicts a wet July with not more than 3 really fine hot days.

MONDAY, JULY 6/64 Dense fog all day. Four carpenters came & worked all day. Nauss, the boss, says that one more day should finish the roof. He pointed out the bad condition of clapboards on the walls of the house, especially on the east & west sides, many cracked, warped, & showing signs of rot. Proof of poor materials used by Rod Macdonald, the contractor who built the house for Captain Corkum 35 years ago. Corkum was at sea in his schooner most of the time, & Macdonald was a notorious scamper on materials when he had a chance to get away with it. Good pine clapboards, kept well painted as these have been, should last a century. However the present jobs look now like a total of $1,000, which is all I can afford this year.

This evening, with the Larry Veldons & Jack McClearns

we visited Archdeacon "Jack" Davies & wife Frances, who are at their White Point cottage for a few days. Their girl Anne recently married a student at Dalhousie; & they are taking themselves a few days off from the wedding affairs & the current Pre-Confederation anniversary at Charlottetown, P.E.I., their present domicile. They report that the big new theatre, erected with fantastic architecture in Charlottetown, as part of the present celebration, (mostly with Ottawa money) will make a good hay barn or potato storage — there is no hope of forming or maintaining a local troupe of actors & actresses.

Jack Golding dropped in at our house for a few minutes' chat — a hail & farewell. He is a roly-poly, asthmatic & wheezy man with horn-rimmed glasses which he pushes up on his forehead in ordinary chat; aged 52, born in N.B. but has spent most of his life in N.S. Went overseas with the Canadian army in 1940, on public relations staff, married an English girl, & spent several years in London after the war in newspaper work for the Beaverbrook press. Returned to Hfx. about ten years ago, free-lanced in journalism & T.V. work there. For a time had a short evening show nightly on CBC T.V. (Hfx), in which he aired news matters about Hfx. & the province which are never mentioned or are smarmed down in the Hfx. newspapers. Lately has been a public relations man for Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. Now he's off to Ottawa, where he

has taken a regular newspaper job on the "Citizen", & hopes to get a lot of T.V. script work on the side.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8/64 Fog all day. Mowed my lawns as best I could, with scaffolding standing around the house, & the sward littered with bits of old asphalt shingles, bits of rotten wood, & myriads of old roofing nails. The carpenters finished the roof this morning — just two weeks after they began. This afternoon they worked at installing the new metal up-sliding garage door. Got it installed but could not make it close properly, nor make the lock operate. A Nauss truck & 2 workmen came in late afternoon & took away much of the debris.

Should have mentioned yesterday that Sherman McCaul came & installed the new aluminium gutter spouts & pipes — a neat job.

Dinner this evening at the Mersey Co's. lodge up the river, where Mrs. Mowbray Jones was entertaining a retired chief engineer of the Bowater Corp., Shaw, & his charming French-Canadian wife. The Shaws have bought a home on Sandwich Bay, Kent, England, & live next door to English author Ian Fleming. The Rolfe Sealbornes, the Bert Waters, the Harry Patersons, the Beverley Jones, the Douglas Tozers & Mary Russell also were there. Dinner was a Mersey lodge specialty — whole salmon "planked" & roasted or rather baked over a firewood of hardwood coals in the big outdoor fireplace.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1964 Hot & humid in town, foggy at White Point. The carpenters today finished installing the garage door, & repaired the front step under the porch. Letter from Mrs. Don Thompson, Executive Secretary-Treasurer (and chief spark plug) of the Canadian Writers' Foundation, saying she & Don had missed me at the Authors' convention in Halifax, & that she had called on Martha Thomas in Wolfville. "If I had done nothing else in my 19 years of service to needy writers, I would find ample reward in the joy of assisting her during the most difficult part of a none-too-easy life." She added that Martha has failed terribly & is now confined to a wheel chair. She enclosed a printed pamphlet of the C. W. Foundation, which points out that it has helped in their needy old age, amongst others, Charles G. D. Roberts, Marshall Saunders, Frederick Philip Grove, & Leslie Barnard. All these are dead, of course — the C. W. F. never reveals who it helps while they are still living.

FRIDAY, JULY 10/64 Rain all day. Brian Backman sent me a copy of ~~the~~ an illustrated booklet, "Bounty", which he has written & produced for his employer, the movie company which built a replica of H. M. S. Bounty in Lunenburg two or three years ago. The film "Mutiny on the Bounty" is still going strong, & so is Backman, who sailed to Tahiti in the ship, remained there for the months of film production, & then sailed to London & elsewhere on a publicity cruise. In London he met a pretty & talented

English actress who is now his wife. They live in New York, where he works on movie publicity, & she is getting play parts on T.V. etc.

SATURDAY, JULY 11/64 Overcast & drizzling at intervals. Set off with E. for Hfx. about 11.30 a.m., to attend the wedding of Douglas Parker & Sheila Mason in St. Matthias (Anglican) church. Lunch was a hamburger bun & coffee in a snack bar at Mahone. Stopped at Bill White's house on Edward Street, Hfx., to wash, etc. Then on to St. Matthias. A large crowd from L'pool. as well as Hfx. I parked my car (so did many others) in the grounds of Chebucto School, a hundred yards away. Something I never dreamed of in my schoolboy days there! The wedding had everything — a tall blonde bridegroom, a sparkling brunette bride, the imposing ritual of the C. of E., a special singer with a magnificent baritone voice, bridesmaids & flower girl in charming blue costumes — & an audience dressed up to beat hell — Austin P., father of the groom, actually wore a Prince Albert coat & striped trousers. Reception afterwards in the Lord Nelson Hotel. I had a chat with the bride's uncle, my old Chebucto schoolmate Clyde Clancy, for many years an executive in the Hfx. offices of the C.N.R. I had not seen him since Chebucto School was wrecked in the great explosion of 1917. After the speeches & toasts E. & I slipped away to dine at the Hfx. Shopping Centre, where the restaurant is called The Brass Rail but nevertheless serves good food. The sun was shining after we passed Mahone, & we got home about 8.30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 12, 1964 A fine day & a hot one — after long days of rain & fog. To fulfill an engagement made in June (June 5) I drove to Lake Mush-a-Mush this morning with C., had an al fresco lunch with 32 Girl Guides, & afterwards gave them a talk on the people of Nova Scotia, of various races, & how they get along in harmony. The group included 2 girls from each Canadian province (& from Quebec) & two representative American girl guides, one from New England & one from Arizona. Each province is being visited by a similar group, in what are called "Heritage Tours", & traveling expenses are paid by the Canada Council. I had taken along 32 copies of the revised & reprinted "Ogomkegea" booklet (see June 11) which I distributed as souvenirs. They asked me to autograph them. Several had autograph books for me to sign — one girl had even purchased a copy of my "At The Tide's Turn & Other Stories".

They are encamped in Army bell tents on an old farm overlooking a small arm of the lake, & their camp uniform is light blue — shorts, jumpers & short-brimmed soft hats. They had collected a number of small souvenirs on their tour, & the fad was to have all this amusing junk fastened to their hats with pins, etc. They were all of one age — 15 - & pleasant well-mannered girls.

The senior Girl Guide officer on the tour is Mrs. Roy Lawrence, of Annapolis, & for this part of it there are 3 Lunenburg women also. Afterwards I

drove around the lake past the poetically named hamlet of Sweetland, got on the asphalt-paved road from Cornwall to Blockhouse, thence to Mahone, where I had a pleasant reunion with my 3 sisters at Hilda's cottage. Nellie & husband Max Cassidy arrived by motor from Alabama yesterday, & will stay the summer with Hilda at Mahone. Winifred & husband Larry Merlin had motored down from Hfx. Home at dark.

MONDAY, JULY 13/64 Another fine day — two in a row — a miracle in this miserable "summer". Played golf this afternoon, the first exercise since Thursday. Should have mentioned some days ago a further letter from Mary Raddall, of Capetown, South Africa. Undoubtedly we are related. Her grandfather, Stanley George Raddall, a native of Launceston, Cornwall (the home town of my own grandfather) emigrated to South Africa in 1911. She & her brother John — both in their teens — are the entire current generation of Raddalls in South Africa, so far as she knows. Their family visited England in 1956, & in Launceston found "a cousin of ours" named Thomas Head Raddall, proprietor of a boot & shoe shop.

TUESDAY, JULY 14/64 Fog & drizzle all day. Weather office in Hfx. says that July so far has been even worse than the notorious July of '62, when we had no summer at all. Raging toothache all day & night in right end, lower jaw — the familiar place, ever since I had an impacted wisdom tooth sawn out of the jaw a few

years ago. The wisdom tooth had strangely curved roots extending under the neighboring grinders, & the removal left their nerve ends exposed when the gum shrank. Worst feature is that I can only chew properly on the right side — on the left I lack an upper grinder to meet the lower one. This toothache is painful & frequent. Soon I must have the lower teeth pulled out, & thenceforth endure the inefficiency of false teeth.

Tonight, despite 2 Seconal (pheno-barbital) capsules & 3 Cape Horn measures of rum, I could not sleep or even lie in bed without nerves in a violent jangle. Had to get up after midnight & resort to more rum. Pain severe.

Re rum. Today the new N.S. Liquor Commission store opened its doors, on the site of "Chestnut Hall", Main St. Ample off-street parking, asphalt paved, & a withdrawal route (one-way) via the town parking lot by the river. Got a case of gin for E. who loves the stuff at night. I stick to Fernandes (Trinidad) light rum, beginning at 10 p.m. — no drinking during the day. It's the nights that are our mutual problem — how to get through them in the face of insomnia.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15/64 Last night 3 Seconals & God knows how much rum — taken at intervals — got me through to morning. I slept heavily at the last & did not waken till 9 a.m.

Tooth ache eased off, & today I could eat in normal fashion.

Desperate for exercise after yesterday's confinement, I spent the morning mowing & cleaning up the carpenters' mess on my lawns, including nails of all shapes & sizes, notably the

tire-menacing old roofing nails. The weather suddenly turned very hot & humid, & I worked in a constant pour of sweat until 12:30, when I sat for a time to cool off enough to eat lunch. The temp. outdoors was 80+, & the humidity that of a tropical rain forest, so at 1:30 p.m. I set off with E. for White Point. Even there the air was hot & moist, though we could see the chill sea-fog about 5 miles offshore. Played 9 slow holes — quite enough.

Beer in the clubhouse & then home about 4 p.m. Bathed & changed, for the second time today; set out the lawn chairs & table, & enjoyed a dinner of cold meat & salad, plus strawberries & cream. The first time that we have been able to dine al fresco on our own back lawn this summer.

Found a calling card in the door — a Mr. Wellington Lord Caldwell, of the Hillsboro (New Hampshire) Historical Society, with a pencilled note that he had called on his way through town.

News:- Ottawa announces that henceforth the militia will go back to their old fighting role. The elaborate Civil Defence (rescue etc. in case of A-bomb blast) program, which began about 5 years ago, & has cost millions, is now abandoned.

THURSDAY, JULY 16/64 A very hot day. A pleasant afternoon on the golf course in the westerly breeze; dined on the back lawn, where we were joined by Tom Jr. (Pam & the children are at the White beach cottage at Brulé for two weeks.) Tom very busy at his dental practice, &

in work for the Kiwanis Club, & the Childrens' Aid Society. He is determined to make a fortune of "at least $150,000 by the time I'm 50". Has borrowed money from the bank to play the stock market on tips from father-in-law White. Also he & his friend Dr. "Jamie" Macleod, surgeon, have bought a piece of land, 100' x 75', on Jubilee Street, part ~~of~~ of the old Gorham estate. They plan to build a $40,000 apartment house, or a combination office-&-apartment building. They can borrow 85% of the money from the federal government, under the National Housing Act, & expect to charge off the interest against their general income — thus in effect paying out as interest what they would otherwise have to pay anyhow as income tax. "Many successful doctors are doing this, all over Canada, & we might as well get in on the game". (This scheme came to nothing.)

MONDAY, JULY 20/64 Fine warm weather, though the sea fog lies just off-shore, & moves in usually at night. This morning I got out the garden hose & water-brush, washed the front windows of the house, also my car. Golf as usual in the afternoon. (Should have noted yesterday a light (fish chowder) dinner party at Rita Beebe's place, Mill Village. She & Marilla MacDill have guests, all women, & very pleasant people.)

Wrote George Nelson asking for an advance of $2,500 per contract. Letter from Shively, enclosing a long list of queries & proposed changes in text of "Halifax, Warden of the North". Their copy-reader is evidently a link-picker, & few of the queries are valid, or changes necessary.

TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1964 A perfect summer day. Completed my red pencil comments on the copy reader's list — mostly just plain "stet" — "let it stand"; returned it, air mail, to Doubleday, with notes to George Thively & to his secretary Mrs. Kaufman. Had a polite little thank-you note from one of the "Heritage" girls whom I visited July 12th.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22/64 A heavy, overcast, day, with thunder & lightning beginning about 5 p.m. & going on at intervals for hours, with rain. My sister Nellie & husband Max drove over from Mahone, had lunch with us & spent the afternoon chatting on the back lawn, leaving for Mahone at 4 p.m. They go to Cape Breton in a day or two, to spend a fortnight or so with Max's sister at Inverness. I think, from her talk, that Nellie would like to sell their Alabama home (in Birmingham, where now the negroes give the whites no peace) & spend the summers in Nova Scotia & winters in California with their daughter Carol & her children — Carol's husband, a U.S. Navy air pilot, must spend the next 2 or 3 years on active service with the U.S. fleet in S.E. Asia.

THURSDAY, JULY 23/64 A drizzle of rain all day, & temp. down to 50° tonight. Dinner party at the Jack McClearns' tonight, about 30 people. News:- Yesterday the contractors began work on a large extension to the Liverpool hospital, to be finished in July '65. A New Glasgow firm is busy on the construction of "satellite communication ground station" a few miles from Mill Village, to be completed June '65.

Hugh Joyce, who was transferred from the Mersey paper

mill to Cornerbrook not long ago, will be promoted to the post of President & General Manager there at the end of this year, when Albert Martin retires.

FRIDAY, JULY 24/64 Cold (53°) with a gusty N.E. wind. Played golf at White Pt. in a driving drizzle from the sea, well buttoned-up in a golf jacket, but chilled for all that.

Received cheque for $2500 from Doubleday, Toronto.

Wrote Jim Bennet, Hfx., asking depth of water, at mean low tide, in the creek between Melville Island & Dead Man's Island.

Working on detail, French prisoners in Hfx. 1805-1809, & the fight between H.M.S. "Bonne Citoyenne" & "La Furieuse".

Whynot came to fill my furnace oil tanks — the first time I have ever had to refill them in midsummer. With the exception of two or three brief warm spells, my furnace has been running at intervals every night, & during many days of this bleak "summer".

News: the so-called "Negro revolution" in the U.S., hitherto confined to the South, has spread to the North in New York. Ugly rioting & looting there, in the Harlem & Brooklyn districts, by mobs of Negroes, mostly youths. Police have shot a few, but suffered many casualties from thrown bricks, bottles, etc. Various lone white men beaten & robbed, even on subway trains.

SATURDAY, JULY 25/64 A cold drizzle, off & on, all day. The Ralph Johnsons', Charles Williams' & E. & I. had prepared a dinner party, to be held in the Johnsons' large & lovely garden — our special guests being our neighbors the Whites, who are having a family reunion. (Son Arthur & wife, who came

by car from South Carolina; daughter Evelyn, who came by air from British Columbia; & son Douglas & wife by car from Halifax.) The miserable weather forced us to hold the party indoors in the Johnson house; however Charlie Williams mixed potent Manhattan cocktails, the food was good, & all went very happily.

SUNDAY, JULY 26/64 Cloudy & cold this morning, but turning strangely warm & humid this afternoon — with the wind still in the east & the sky as grey as ever. Played golf & enjoyed it.

A week or two ago Donald Crowdis (who superintends all N.S. gov't. museums & historic houses, including the Perkins house here) phoned me from Hfx. re a new curator to replace the lately deceased David Inness. He said one name had been put forward from Liverpool — Roland More — & wanted my opinion. I said Roland More was an unstable man, who had tried several ways of making a living & failed in all, hence I would not recommend him. I find that More is now installed on the provincial gov't. payroll as curator of the Perkins House. He belongs to an old Tory family in L'pool. & our M.P.P. (Ken Jones) yielded to pressure.

TUESDAY, JULY 28/64 Fine & very hot. Made a new ~~beg~~ beginning with "Hangman's Beach", starting with ~~Cascamp~~ Cascamond a wounded prisoner in the captured "La Furieuse", being towed to Halifax. The previously written chapters will take their place later on, as Cascamond makes acquaintance with the McNab family & Ellen Dewar. News:- Sir Winston Churchill

made his last appearance in the House of Commons yesterday — he is 89 & will not seek re-election. All parties joined in a moving motion of tribute to his services to his country in war & peace. His career in Parliament began 64 years ago.

News on the local scene:- Mr. Haliburton, Minister of Lands & Forests, has announced that moose may be shot this Fall in the counties of Colchester, Cumberland, Pictou & Antigonish, where they are fairly numerous. Only 400 licenses will be issued however, & they will cost $15 each. The last open season for moose in N.S. was in 1937. Years before that I ceased hunting for moose, seeing how they were dwindling hereabouts. I had learned to "call" bull moose in the mating season, the common method of hunting; but it always seemed to me slaughter rather than sport — a good "caller" could lure a bull to within a stone's throw, & there he stood, a huge target impossible to miss with a rifle.

After the closed-season law went into effect in 1938, the moose in western N.S., having survived the hunters' bullets, began to die of a mysterious disease, never really diagnosed but with paralytic symptons. I have not seen a moose in Queens County for something like 20 years, although a few survive in the Kossignol backwoods & in the Port Joli - Sable River region. Those living now are presumably the offspring of moose that survived the disease, & one hopes they are immune.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1964 Wet weather again!

News:- the current issue of the Canada Gazette publishes a proclamation setting the international sea limit at 12 miles off the coasts of Canada, instead of the ancient 3 miles. Eight countries with "historic" rights (fishing) within the new limit will have 10 years in which to enjoy these rights & get used to the idea of a 12-mile limit. ~~Mostly~~ (These nations are the U.S., France, Britain, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Norway & Denmark.) Few ships of these countries have fished close to the Canadian coast in modern times - they are largely "bankers". The act is obviously aimed at the Russians, who have prowled close to our Atlantic shore, even up the Bay of Fundy, in the past few years.

FRIDAY, JULY 31/64 July ends in a sunny day with a cool W. wind blowing white mare's-tails across the sky, a taste of Fall - & the "summer" only half gone.

Dinner party tonight at the Tozers' cottage, Ponhook Lake, 20 or 30 people, good drinks & food & chat. Towards the end of the evening Edith, while chatting with Marilla McDill & some others in a little standing group, suddenly slid to the floor & lay prone. Dr. John Wickwire & I went to her at once, & after some minutes she was able, with our assistance, to go to the Parkers' car & thence home. Just a common fainting spell, Wickwire thought - nothing to be alarmed about. Pamela & children came home today, after a fortnight's holiday at Brule while Tom Jr. kept bachelor's hall. E. had been bustling

about their apartment, cleaning it up, doing the laundry etc., in anticipation of Pam's return. I think she was simply exhausted.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1/64 Playing golf this afternoon with John Wickwire, Austin Parker & K. H. Lockwood. Wickwire asked how E. was today & I said she seemed all right. He recalled her fainting in just the same way at Parrot's cottage, Greenfield, years ago. While I was mowing my lawns this evening Erik ~~&~~ Andersen told me that Jack Gray was in town last evening, & enquired for me. He is a guest on a sailing yacht owned by a Palm Beach woman, & they stopped in Liverpool overnight on their way to Newfoundland.

MONDAY, AUG. 3/64 A wild sea gale, unforeseen by the weather bureau, blew all last night & today, with heavy rain — a good test for my new roof. Temp. down to 53°, & furnace running at intervals all night & day. Altogether an early taste of Fall, with a poor summer to look back on.

Worked on the novel all morning. Then the electric mechanism of de typewriter seemed to stick. Phoned Harding, but his mechanic did not show up till late afternoon. Nothing serious — a couple of jammed keys.

TUESDAY, AUG. 4/64 The gale blew itself out today. The lawns & streets are littered with leaves & twigs; & all the brooks are running full. Played golf on a soggy course this afternoon. A magnificent surf at White Point, a great brawl of white rollers extending far from shore, & each wave smashing on the beach with the heavy boom of artillery. Tonight the

teen-agers of the tennis club held a dance on the asphalt courts, at the corner of Park & Church streets. A loud-speaker electric system blared forth recordings of the "Beatles", & other jerky yowling groups, for the latest "dance" craze, called The Twist. The "music" drew teen-age youth in scores, in cars & on motor cycles, typical of these prosperous times, & most of them spent the evening roaring around the block, which took them past our house incessantly till midnight.

News:- this is the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of World War One, which destroyed the flower of that generation (including my earnest soldier-father) & indeed a whole pleasant way of life. For some years afterwards War One was written by various bitter participants. They overdid it, & for years the world preferred to forget it — especially in the new excitements of War Two. Lately there has been a spate of books — which continues — dealing with War One much more objectively than in the years 1918-1928. Primarily these books recognise that War One had an importance even greater than War Two in the light of history. I have always felt this, because of course War One killed my father, shattered our home in Halifax in '17 — badly wounding my mother — & utterly transformed my own life from the age of eleven onward. Nothing like that occurred to Canadian teen-agers in War Two.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6/64 Dull & showering, after a perfect yesterday. This morning George Nelson phoned from Toronto. He & wife Lily will be visiting Nova Scotia in late September. They intend flying or taking train to Halifax, & hiring a car

there. They expect to reach Liverpool on the evening of Sep. 29, & will stay over until Oct. 1st. I invited them to stay with us, but the Nelsons are insomniacs & prefer a motel, where they can get up at any hour of night without disturbing others. A note from Frances Dennis, reminding us of our promise to visit them in August.

~~FRIDAY, AUGUST 6~~ Showers, turning to heavy rain & a slam-bang thunderstorm this evening which knocked out the town lights etc. for a time. Elsie (Macleod) Hansen & husband, of Boston, called on us — their first visit in 7 years. She is a native of Brooklyn here, & a cousin of Edith's. Hansen seemed cheerful & normal, but for several years he has been subject to spells of mental aberration, a great trial to her.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7/64 Fine in town, fog at White Point. Dined with Tom, Pam & children at their Fort Point apartment, the occasion being little Tommy's third birthday.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8/64 An off-shore breeze drove the eternal fogbank out to sea, & we had a lovely sunny afternoon at White Point. Received the printed transactions of the annual meeting, Royal Society of Canada, held in June — a fat paper-covered volume $6\frac{1}{2}$" × $9\frac{3}{4}$" × $1\frac{1}{4}$" — the biggest I can remember. Section 2 of the Society, representing literature principally, to which I was elected in 1953, was regaled by learned professors on the following subjects. (1) "Our Unknown Public Figure", a long dissertation on the unicorn in heraldry & literature. (2) "Lutheran Astrology & Alchemy in the Age of

the Reformation". (3) "The Meaning of Monarchy in Confederation". (4) "St. Thomas Aquinas & Modern Science". (5) "Control of Tone in Tennyson's 'The Princess'". (6) "Natural Science in Sixteenth-Century Calvinistic Thought". All with long & wordy footnotes to split the hairs finer still.

In the transactions of Section 3 (Science) of the Society, I notice such things as a long dissertation on "The Formation & Properties of the External Membrane of the Trout Egg."

My God!

News:- Halifax in a furore over a youth of about 15, who rode rapidly ON A BIKE through the South End early this evening, pausing at random to shoot 3 boys with a pistol, all in the head at close range. Two died at once, the other is in the neuro-surgical ward of V.G. Hospital. At latest reports the culprit had not been caught. He had abandoned the bike & taken to the railway cutting through the South End. Radio & T.V. stations repeated police warnings to all families living south of Quinpool Road, to keep off the streets.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9/64 Anniversary of the Battle of Amiens, in which my father died 46 years ago. Tomorrow the Canadian Legion has arranged a dinner for the veterans of that war in Liverpool, a rapidly shrinking band, & has asked me to be the guest speaker.

Another thunder storm with heavy rain last night, & today was overcast & muggy. Drove to Mahone this afternoon &

spent an hour or two with my sister Hilda. My car behaved badly, something very erratic about the accelleratior, & in the usual Sunday traffic I suffered a cold sweat all the way home, with my mouth as dry as dust — seeing several near-collisions by people taking chances on the fends.

MONDAY, AUG. 10/64 Temps. 45° at 7 a.m., & the weather bureau reports record low temperatures for this date all over the north-eastern part of the continent. Golf in sunshine this afternoon. This evening the Ladies' Auxilliary of the Canadian Legion here gave a dinner in honor of veterans of War One. About 30 turned up. I had been invited to give a brief address about the war, which I did. A photographer took group pictures of us, & afterwards there was a sing-song of the old war tunes.

TUESDAY, AUG. 11/64 Lovely day. A few holes of golf this afternoon, a beer in the clubhouse, then home to mow the lawns. I was interrupted about 5 p.m. by a young man who introduced himself as the Maritime salesman of Doubleday Canada. His name escapes me. We chatted for a time — I invited him to stay for dinner but he had to get on for Hfx, — he flies to Nfld. in the morning. He mentioned that George Nelson's drive to contract new & old Canadian writers, in the past 2 years, has resulted in Doubleday Canada having a list of 68 Canadian writers under contract — an astonishing change from their old policy. After dinner I finished mowing the lawns, pouring sweat like a spring in a rock. Tommy Jr. — very Jr. — had dinner with us, & "assisted" me at my tasks afterward.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 12, 1964 Fine & warm. Golf with Austin Parker & George Kyle. At 4:30 the Parkers came to our house for drinks, & went on with us in our car to attend the supper which Rita Beebe gives annually, in her "barn" at Mill Village, in aid of the local church. A great meal of home-cooked food for $1.00. Rita had as guests her sister Elsa Johnson & Elsa's old friend Dorothy Stetson (whose married name I forget), both of whom I met at the Mill Village house 40 years ago.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15/64 This morning I turned over the keys of the Historical Society's museum (in the Perkins house) to Mrs. Margaret Innes, at her own request. She has got over her pique at the Society's president, Kelsey, & wants to conduct people about the museum as before.

Mary, widow of Goodwin Harris, called at our house this morning with Marian Dyer. She is making a motor tour of the Maritimes & Newfoundland with her son David, who is on some sort of advertising work, with pen & camera, for the Volkswagen car people. In the afternoon I played golf with David, who is now a handsome young man standing well over 6 feet — I hardly recognized the boy who used to stay at White Point every summer with his parents.

E. was one of the ladies on the golf supper committee today, so I got my supper at the clubhouse. A good crowd, including many summer visitors, amongst them Laurence

Wickwire & wife Lois, who live in the Lake St. John region of Quebec. They find the people there personally kind & good, but otherwise intensely narrow in their general outlook, hating everybody or anything "English", or Protestant or of any faith but Catholic, even suspicious of French Catholics of Montreal — the limit of the good world being anywhere ~~inside~~ the Saguenay Valley.

This evening a "Miss Weir" — that was how the name sounded to me anyhow — called on me & chatted for an hour. A plump, grey, very plain woman, 60-ish, speaking English with an accent that I found difficult to analyse. She informed me that she has just arrived & settled in Liverpool, where she will teach French in the high school. She said she spoke eight languages, of which French was only one. I was too polite to ask her true nationality. She was deeply tanned, said she had spent the past 2½ years in Ethiopia, teaching in a college in Addis Ababa, the capital, & on the side acting as correspondent for the "Manchester Guardian" and "Christian Science Monitor," of Boston. She plans to stay here a year or two, & on the side intends writing a book on Ethiopia. (She proved to be Hungarian & insane; the School Board fired her a few months later.)

Mrs. Creighton, Lunenburg, phoned to ask me to give an after-dinner address there, to another visitation of Canadian high school students. Mr. Blauvelt, Yarmouth Historical Society, phoned asking me to give an address at Tusket, where the Society will unveil a small monument to Loyalist settlers there.

Answer in both cases — sorry, no.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16, 1964 Fine & cool. E. unwell, an attack of old fashioned "summer complaint", to which she is subject. However she felt better this afternoon, & bustled about preparing for a buffet dinner, to which she had invited Max & Nell Cassidy, Hilda Gamester, Tom Jr., Pam & their youngsters.

It proved a lively party. Max & Nell had made a long visit to his home town, Inverness, C.B.. Also he had attended a reunion of alumni of the N.S. Technical College (his was the class of 1925) & had a lot of fun.

Hilda & the Cassidys departed for Mahone Bay at 9 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUG. 18/64 Cecil Dennis & wife some time ago asked us to visit them this month at their shore cottage near Malagash, Cumberland County. E. & I set off in the car this afternoon. We wanted to call on Fred & Nola Hill at Great Village, so decided to stay overnight in or near Truro. The tourist bureau in Truro informed us that a Mrs. Gladys Logan had 3 well equipped overnight cottages at Masstown, with a diner in connection. This was about 9 miles out of Truro on the road to Parrsboro, & only 6 miles from Great Village, so we drove there, engaged one of the cottages, & dined in the diner. Nothing luxurious, but clean, & Mrs. Logan proved to be an interesting character. In casual conversation she revealed that she had lived for years in New York & elsewhere in the States, that her chief interests had been men and horse-races, & that on the whole she had found the horses

less reliable than the men. From this & other remarks she dropped it was obvious that she'd had a career — she was now about 55, with dyed hair & a figure gone out of shape.

I phoned the Hills & drove to their house with E. They were rather horrified that we were staying at Masstown, & urged us to spend the night with them, but we said we were all right, & had a pleasant chat till 10 p.m. with them & Fred's sister, who lives in New York. Then back to Masstown, where we spent a restless night. The trans-Canada highway (No 4) joins this road at Glenholme, a few miles west of Masstown, & all night long a procession of heavy freight trucks & trailers roared past.

Item: I asked La Logan if Camp Debert (a few miles inland) is now abandoned. She said Yes, for army & air force activities; but in recent years a huge underground complex of rooms & magazines has been built there, presumably one of the "Bomarc" rocket stations, & it is manned day & night. Nothing of this has appeared in newspapers.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 19/64 Drizzle yesterday. Showers today. We breakfasted at Logan's diner & drove off via Wentworth Valley — now a first rate asphalt highway — to Oxford, thence along the River Philip road to Pugwash & Malagash. Found the Dennis cottage by enquiry — after driving past it as far as the abandoned Malagash salt mine — just in time for lunch, & a very good lunch it was. Played bridge all afternoon — Cecil & I against the ladies. I seldom play the game & can never remember the bidding conventions etc.,

but Cecil & the ladies were sharp players, & as I got a lot of good cards the men won handsomely. In the evening the ladies had their revenge. All this time rain fell in a torrent — the first heavy rain they have had on this shore all summer — while we on the South Shore have been fogged or drenched for weeks.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20/64 Fine & warm. This morning Cecil drove his pick-up truck to Tatamagouche for groceries; I went along, & we went up several by-roads for the views of sea & farmland. Sad to see great areas of farmland, without a stone as big as one's fist — not a stone wall anywhere — given up to a creeping growth of scrub poplar & wire birch, with the farmhouses & barns in ruin or fallen down. Apparently the drawback to farm life here is the long winter & spring, with the Gulf ice packed against the shore, & the bleak winds off the Gulf until May. In the afternoon we all got in my car & explored the peninsula, Wallace Bay, North Wallace, Fox Harbour, Stonehouse & Pugwash. Cyrus Eaton's old home at Pugwash, well restored, amid green lawns by the harbor, is the place where each year he invites a gathering of "thinkers" from various countries to commune & compare notes. Apparently this year's thinkers had come & gone, for the house was closed. Noticed a small Norwegian ship loading peeled pulpwood at Pugwash wharf, presumably for Europe.

FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1964

After a late breakfast we thanked Cecil & Frances & set out for home via Tatamagouche & Truro. Stopped at Hubbards for sandwiches & milk about 1.30 p.m., & drove to Dauphinee's lobster pound on Hubbard's Cove. Prices for lobsters — live, 85¢ lb. — boiled, $1 lb. Bought 6 lbs. boiled & had them for dinner at home. A pleasant trip & a refreshing break in the routine of our life in Liverpool. The Dennis's are easygoing & hospitable, & the meals were delicious — even to fine large trout, caught last spring at Governor's Lake, & kept in their deep-freeze since.

SATURDAY, AUG. 22/64 Spent the morning mowing my lawns. At 11 E. & about a dozen other L'pool women left by car for lunch & the afternoon at my sister Hilda's cottage at Oakland. The Cassidys are there again after a fortnight in Cape Breton, & Max drove here at about 1 p.m. I took him to lunch at White Point, & we chatted at home until 4.30, when he returned to Oakland, & the ladies returned to L'pool.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27/64 Fine weather for the past several days. Hugh Pullen (rear-admiral RCN, retired) came over from his home at Chester Basin this morning, lunched with us, & stayed part of the afternoon. For my perusal he brought material he has collected for a paper in defence of Admiral Durell, who was severely criticized by Wolfe for his failure to stops the French store fleet arriving at Quebec

in May 1759. He also left some brochures about wills & investments, put out by the Royal Trust Company, which has made him their business representative on this part of the South Shore. I drove him about the town, pointing out where the "Rover" was built, the site of Capt. Alexander Godfrey's store, etc. Lent him my volume of "Old Naval Prints, Their Artists & Engravers" by Robinson.

Golf this evening in the clear cool light at White Point. Most of the Americans, Ontarians & Quebecois, who fill White Point Lodge in summer, have departed. Tom Jr. & family have engaged a cottage there for this week-end.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28/64 Fine again. Writing letters all morning. This evening we dined at White Point Lodge with Tom, Pam, their youngsters, and Pam's parents, who have taken a cottage for the week-end also. Bill White ordered champagne & liqueurs, so it was quite an occasion. Walking back to Tom's cottage we met Ken Sedgewick, who introduced us to his new wife, a quiet woman with greying dark hair. I'm told she was an old friend of wife N°1; that wife N°1, during her last illness (cancer) suggested the marriage.

SUNDAY, AUG. 30/64 Overcast & very hot & humid. Bill & Marian White left White Point for Hfx. yesterday — Bill grumping that he couldn't stand the food. Tom Jr. & family returned home this afternoon, pleased with their little interlude. I played 18 holes at White Pt. this afternoon,

alone, & dripping in the atmosphere of a steam bath. Score 85 — very good for me these days. I spent the evening stripped to my pyjama trousers, watching T.V., with an electric fan going — the first time we've had to use it this year.

The schooner "Bluenose II", not quite a replica of the fishing schooner but close enough, came into Liverpool from Shelburne this afternoon. There was no wind, so she came with engine power & bare sticks, to the disappointment of the camera addicts. Built & operated by Oland's brewery, to advertise their "Schooner" ale, she is making the round of provincial ports, will probably go to the Toronto Exhibition next month.

MONDAY, AUG. 31/64 Sunny & warm. Olands' invited 350 people, by card, to inspect the "Bluenose II" at Mersey Paper's wharf, & a reception with refreshments in the Mersey Hotel at 6 p.m. E. & I were invited but didn't go, as visitors were not permitted to inspect the vessel below deck, merely to stand on the deck for a few minutes as the crowd moved along.

Nauss Bros. sent me their bill for roofing, new gutters, etc. — material $512.13 (including $70 for garage door), labor $630.65, hospital tax $25.61. Total $1,168.39. Labor cost was high, due to rainy weather & the fact that the carpenters' daily pay began from the moment they left Bridgewater until they got back again — i.e. I had to pay $10 to $15 per day merely for the time they were on the road — & owing to our rainy & erratic weather they came several times only to be driven off the roof after an hour or two. Nevertheless they were more

efficient than the casual carpenters available for repair jobs here, & in the light of costs today the bill is reasonable.

McCaul's bill for making & installing aluminum drain-pipes from the roof gutters was $89; expensive but a neat and durable job.

TUESDAY. Worked at the novel all day, after much medical research for details, naval hospitals & surgeons, Napoleonic period. This evening played 9 holes at White Point with Reg. Wigglesworth & Brenk. Sutty.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2/64 A bright cool Fall day. My sister Nellie Cassidy & husband Max came over from Hilda's cottage at Mahone, & will spend a few days with us.

Major Jondrey (WNSR) of Bridgetown called this afternoon & asked for all the copies of the regimental history that I have left on hand. About 50 copies are stored in the attic of my sister Hilda's former home at Jollimore, near Halifax. I had here 53 copies in perfect condition, numbered & autographed, still roped in the cartons as they came from the printers in 1948. Also about 19 copies with the number page cut out because the stupid Montreal printers had bungled their number stamps. The publication had cost me about $4 per copy back in 1948. I said I would sell the good ones to the Regiment at $3, & the mutilated ones at $2. Jondrey took them off to Bridgetown, saying that Col. Harlow was anxious to obtain all that were left.

THURSDAY, SEP. 3/64 Sunny & cool, a fine Fall day. About 10 a.m. we set off with the Cassidys for Annapolis, which

they had passed through before but had never explored. Lunched at the Sea Shell restaurant near Upper Clements, & spent the afternoon at Port Anne & the Habitation. Max, a camera bug, shot pictures all over the place. On the way home we dined in Kempt, at a new roadside restaurant called the Bow Yoke, which someone had recommended as a place for "good plain country meals". We found the food plain but not good. Home about 8 p.m.

FRIDAY, SEP. 4/64 Fine & cool. This morning we drove to ~~Pet~~ Petite Riviere & lunched at the Arenburg House, where good old Mrs. Arenburg gave us a great welcome, especially Nelly, whom she had not seen for years. Drove by the shore road through Vogler's Cove, & returned via West Lahave & Bridgewater. Spent the evening watching lantern slides of Max's photos, taken on various trips in the U. S. & Canada. Tonight we were joined by Hilda Gamester for the week end.

SATURDAY, SEP. 5/64 Thunderstorm awakened me at 5 a.m. A showery muggy day, with fog at night. Chatting with Max all morning, while the ladies shopped. This afternoon drove to White Point & Broad River. The Austin Parkers gave a dinner party tonight to our guests & selves. Present also were Doug. & Sheila Parker, & Richard & Anne (Parker) Smith.

SUNDAY, SEP. 6/64 Cloudy & cool. The Cassidys & Hilda left this afternoon for Mahone. I dashed out to the golf course, found it crowded, but played 9 holes — my first exercise since Tuesday last.

Monday, Sep. 7, 1964 Sunny & warm. Spent the morning mowing the long grass on my lawns, a hot job. In the afternoon played golf at White Point. In the craving to catch up on lost physical exercise (last week) I overdid it, & felt tired & jittery tonight.

Sorry to see in today's paper the obituary of Olivia ("Liva") Lamont Mosher, wife of Professor John I. Mosher of Acadia University, both old friends of ours. "Liva," a witty & vivacious woman, was cruelly smitten with hardening of the brain arteries a year or two ago, & she became a mental as well as a physical wreck. Her husband Jack, who was severely wounded in War One & suffered bouts of neurasthenia through the rest of his life, is in little better case.

A report from Maritime Museum of Canada, Halifax. The city is now shuffling on its verbal agreement to expropriate the old Jerusalem Warehouse & water frontage on Water Street, & to prepare the property to house the Museum. Apparently the city planners want to raze this & other historic buildings thereabouts to make way for the so-called "Shore Line Drive", which would replace Lower & Upper Water Streets & would ~~donate~~ eliminate their ancient zigs & zags.

So the Museum's collection remains stored in a ~~ware~~ warehouse on Hollis Street, owned by Oland & Son Ltd., the brewers.

Tuesday, Sep. 8/64 Sunny & cool. Medical note:- C. & I

have been taking Seconal sleeping pills every night for years, on a prescription from Dr. John Wickwire. For years we had no difficulty in the supply — simply taking the empty bottle to Seldon's drug store & asking for a refill. A year or more ago, according to the druggists, Ottawa commanded that Seconal users must get a new prescription every time. In our case this meant hunting up Wickwire every fortnight or so — like hunting a needle in a haystack. So Seldon pointed out that, as a dentist, Tom Jr. could prescribe them. This Tom did, but as time went on he objected, fearing a rap from the authorities. So today I managed to get a prescription from Wickwire for 30 full strength & 30 half strength Seconal capsules, renewable for a period of ten months. There is an ominous ambiguity about it, though. It may mean renewable monthly for 10 months, in which case it is not enough. E. & I frequently take 2 full strength capsules each in the course of a night, as 1 capsule is only good for 3 or 4 hours' sleep. Thus we need the equivalent of more than 100 full strength capsules per month.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 9/64 Hot & humid, after a night's rain. Worked at the novel all morning. Golf this afternoon. At 5 pm. Gautier the truckman came with a Volkswagen van, & carried off the bedroom furniture which H. Trim bought on July 1. When the shabby bookcase-desk went out of my sight I had a pang of regret, remembering

the nights I slaved at it, year after year, & the hopes & disappointments & glories that came from it.

Not a word from J. C. Pilon (see May 28) re the Sable Island movie. Another pipe-dream I suspect.

Not a word from John Hawkins, Enfield N.S., student at U.N.B., who chose my work as the subject of his thesis for a Master's degree in English literature, & to whom, a year ago, I lent a good many letters etc.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10/64 Sunny again. The red maple bedroom suite, which I ordered from Simpsons-Sears on June 27, has been all summer in the making at an Ontario factory, & in coming by slow freight, piece by piece, to S-S storage here. At last it is all here.

This morning I got the new bedroom carpet, which has lain in Eaton's storage here for weeks, & put it in place. It is a green wool-&-rayon, with attached foam rubber padding on the underside. I had to do some clipping & trimming to make it fit the floor of my somewhat lopsided bedroom. In the afternoon Stafford delivered the furniture. The maple frame of the large mirror had broken in transit, & one of the dressers had chafed badly. Simpson's-Sears said they would "re-order" these, & meanwhile I should retain them. All this, with a new & very comfortable bed-spring, & spring-mattress, completely transforms my old bedchamber.

This evening we attended a cocktail party at Rita Beebe's place on the island at Mill Village.

Marilla MacDill, who leaves for Boston tomorrow, was there, with the Ballous. Dorothy Wickwire brought along a cake for an impromptu celebration of the B. J. Waters' 47th wedding anniversary, & we had a pleasant time all round.

TUESDAY, SEP. 15/64 A clear & warm day, right on the heels of hurricane "Flora", which gave us a dying lash of her tail, with floods of rain, yesterday & last night. Pegged away at the novel all morning as usual — writing & re-writing until I'm satisfied with what's on paper. Golf this afternoon. Beautiful surf there & at Western Head, which E. & I visited also. Wentzel, the man in charge at Western Head, came out & chatted. He was a shipmate of Tom Jr. in Mersey Paper Co. ships some years ago. He has a new steel lattice mast for the radio beacon, 115 feet high. Also new radio-transmission apparatus for the beacon. The lighthouse, built 2 or 3 years ago, is completely automatic, using the town's electric lines, & has been seen direct (not a cloud reflection) up to 23 miles seaward. The old lighthouse on Coffin's Island is now under automatic electrical control also, but it's light is of low power & distance; the new light on Western Head really makes it unnecessary. In addition to their light & radio-beacon duties, Wentzel & his assistant have charge of the meteorological station for the Liverpool area.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 16/64 Temp. 38° last night, so this afternoon I took advantage of a sunny day to wash the front windows (7 in all), to get down the corresponding storm windows from the overhead racks in the garage, wash them, & screw them

into place. Also, while the hose was out, & the water brush attached, I washed my car. Much "help" from little Debby & Tommy Raddall, who spent the afternoon with us. Called at Fred Locke's place for the wooden storm door he had made for me, & took it home in Tom Jr's. station wagon. This is for my side door, opening on the driveway. Like many others, I had sad & expensive experience with the modern aluminium stormdoors in such exposed places, where sudden hard gusts of wind, coming when the door was opened, buckled the door & shattered the glass.

THURSDAY, SEP. 17/64 Writing this morning. Played 18 fast holes at White Point this afternoon. A chill breeze, & rain beginning just as I finished. Received a cheque from the W.N.V. Reg't. for $197.00, covering 72 copies of "West Novas" (tel Sep. 2).

FRIDAY, SEP. 18/64 Writing & golf. The mail brought galley-proofs (from Doubleday, New York) for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", for my inspection & correction. I note that the publication date on one of the fly-leaves is 1965, despite their promise to bring it out this year, after such long delay. Typical of the way they ignore an author's wishes.

A truck from Simpsons-Sears brought a new dresser for my bedroom suite (see Sep. 10), this one in perfect condition; & the men took away the damaged one. They also took away a new (overhead) electric light fixture for the bedroom, the fragile glass dish of which arrived completely smashed in the carton.

SATURDAY, SEP. 19, 1964 A bright cool Fall day. I drove with E. to Chester Basin, & lunched with Admiral Hugh, & Helen Pullen at their charming house, "Big Hill" on the harbor shore. Our fellow guests were Dr. Smith (the new head of King's University) & wife, also a Miss Oland, a middleaged Englishwoman whose hobby is the Commonwealth Society (or something like that) — which is also one of Pullen's many interests. Smith & his wife are pleasant people — Smith more down-to-earth than his predecessor Puxley, a somewhat lofty intellectual in Anglican orders. Smith's immediate job is to raise large funds to pay off university debts, etc. Like other Kings men I have met over the years, Smith says frankly that the Anglicans of Nova Scotia give little or no support to the collegiate school at Windsor, nor to the university at Hfx. All the funds depend mainly on money from outside. (He mentioned, as an instance of Anglican indifference, the will of Mrs. Ralph P. Bell, of Lunenburg County residence for many years. She died last spring or thereabouts, & although she was Anglican, left her fortune of $5,500,000 to Mount Allison University, of which her husband is chancellor — not a cent to Kings.)

Pullen showed me his "chart-room", a library-study somewhat like my own — many books; pictures & souvenirs about the walls. The books include the best collection of British naval history I've ever seen — for example a complete set of the "Naval Chronicle" — which I could never afford! He keeps his yacht, a small & smart

two-masted schooner, moored just off-shore. He laughs & says "I have the only armed sailing ship in Nova Scotia" — she carries a little signal cannon. Ontario born, he is saltier than the sea, & intensely proud of his naval ancestry, which goes back three or four generations in the Royal Navy. A large oil portrait of one ancestor, in full uniform, hangs over the fireplace in the living room. He never says, in reminiscing, "when I was in the Navy"; it is always "When I was serving the Queen", although strictly speaking his long service in the Canadian Navy was mostly during the reigns of Kings George V and VI. Yet he insists that he was one of the foremost people in the movement to "Canadianize" the RCN after World War Two. He is well versed in naval lore, believes firmly in discipline, (stoutly defends "Bounty" Bligh, for instance). Amongst his many activities he has written a long & detailed paper ~~of~~ on British-American frigate duels in the War of 1812, with the "Shannon-Chesapeake" affair as the pièce de résistance. He asked the Maritime Museum at Hfx. to publish it as one of their occasional pamphlets; but "after a lot of shilly-shallying" the Museum committee turned it down, sending him the report of "an unnamed critic" who "practically tore it to pieces." As we took our departure at 4 p.m. he gave me his typescript to take home & read, & asked me for my advice.

Drove on to Oakland, dined & spent four hours

with Hilda & her guests Max & Nellie Cassidy. The Cassidys leave tomorrow for their home in Alabama, after spending the summer touring Nova Scotia.

This happens to be the last (& biggest) night of the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition, which draws a huge motor savarm. I left Mahone about 9 p.m., just in time to avoid the traffic outpour. A lovely night, clear & cold (temp. down to 38° by morning) with an almost full moon.

TUESDAY, SEP. 22/64 The fine weather continues. This afternoon I finished washing & putting on the storm windows, a job I began on the 16th. Steady bull work from ~~1:30~~ 1 p.m. to 4:30 — I felt thoroughly pooped when I got through, but satisfied. Except for fitting the new storm door at the side entrance the house is now ready for the autumn gales & rains, & for winter.

THURSDAY, SEP. 24/64 Our good weather ended yesterday in cloudy skies & drizzle, with the weather bureau issuing dire warnings of a hurricane called "Gladys". For the past 24 hours fishing craft, merchant ships, even naval ships have been scurrying into safe harbors; & we on shore have been living in the dead calm & steamy atmosphere of a Turkish bath. This morning I received & placed the wall mirror of my new maple bedroom suite — the original was broken in shipment. Also I removed the old worn "brass" knobs of the bedroom & bathroom doors & replaced them with glass ones. At noon the radio announced

that "Gladys" had turned away over Sable Island, & was suddenly dwindling to a mere gale. The sun came out, & I played golf in the afternoon, dripping in the humid tropical air dragged north by "Gladys." (Temp. in the sun 80°.)

FRIDAY, SEP. 25/64 Fine & warm. Phone call from Mr. John Palmer, a lawyer in St. John N.B.. He is interested in the old-established Eclectic Society there, & more particularly in a gathering of members of N.B. historical societies. Asked me to address both groups in October, & asked what my fee would be. I gave the usual answer, that I'm busy on a book & can't take time out for public speeches — adding my regrets & thanks of course. Half an hour later a phone call from Mahone, inviting me to address the Canadian Legion there at the Armistice Dinner, Nov. 11. Same reply. It is the simple truth. Years ago, when my physical & mental powers were quicker & more flexible, I could take time out for public speeches — time for preparing them even more than delivering them — & get right back to whatever theme I had been writing about. Nowadays my mind is terribly slow, whether writing a story or preparing a speech, & I must concentrate on the writing.

MONDAY, SEP. 28/64 Fine, after a windy night & some rain. Mowed my lawns & cut down most of the old forsythia near the garage — it was too big. Also re-nailed two or three loose clapboards on the west side of the house, outside Francie's bedroom. They are split & in bad shape, & I must go over them with a caulking gun at the first chance. Two of Kauss's men came in a truck this afternoon, looked at the new attic

ladder & boards (still in my garage), decided it would be a 2 or 3-day job, & went off again.

TUESDAY, SEP. 29/64 A drizzle of rain all day. George Nelson phoned from the Transcotia Motel at Brooklyn at 3 p.m. He & wife Lily came from Toronto to Hfx. by train, arriving there Sunday night. Today hired a Hertz car & came here, as arranged. At 5 p.m. they came to our house for dinner & the evening. After dinner we discussed my novel, & the Nelsons were enthusiastic — or said so anyhow. Much cheerful gossip about the publishing racket.

Items:- Tom Costain, now in his 80th year, has finished a novel about Benjamin Franklin but — according to Tom — refuses to release it "because the income tax would swallow all the returns." (Costain is wealthy, but surely not as much as that.)

Publication of the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North" in spring 1965 will not interfere with publication of my novel in October '65 — "they have utterly different markets".

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30/64 A lovely day, clearing into sunshine in the afternoon. We drove with the Nelsons along the roads via Beach Meadows, Mill Village, Vogler's Cove, Petite Riviere, Bridgewater. Lunched at the Bozcawen Manor, Lunenburg — it closes tomorrow for the season. (On the way down the Lahave from Bridgewater we stopped at the timber wharf for a look at "Bluenose II", which is visiting B'water during Exhibition Week.)

Spent most of the afternoon at the Ovens & ate

natural park; the sea calm & blue, with just enough swell to make a wash on the rocks. Then on to Oakland, where we dined & chatted with my sister Hilda in her charming cottage. Home at 10 p.m.

~~WEDNESDAY~~ THURSDAY, OCT. 1/64 A frosty night, & a lovely warm day. To show the Nelsons a different view of Nova Scotia, & to enjoy the Fall foliage, now at its best, we went with them this morning across country by the Annapolis highway, turning off near Milford to follow the narrow dirt road through the woods (mostly hardwoods in full color) to Victory & thence to the head of Bear River. Down the west side of Bear River to Smith's Cove, where we lunched at the Hedley House. Then to Annapolis for an inspection of Fort Anne, to Port Royal " " " " the Habitation. Up the north side of the Annapolis River, rejoining the main highway at Bridgetown. Stopped to buy ripe pears & apples at a wayside stand. Back across-country by way of Middleton & New Germany. Down the LaHave to Bridgewater, where we had a very good dinner at the Fairview Hotel. Mrs. Daley, wife of the proprietor, showed us the beginning of a public library, set up temporarily in two spacious rooms in a building at the back of the hotel, formerly used as travelers' sample rooms. The rooms have been newly painted & furnished & lighted, with a good stock of books (mostly used copies, donated) for adult & child, as well

as good reference books, encyclopedias etc. Mrs. Daly's enterprise, with the backing of the ladies of the Bridgewater I.O.D.E., is responsible for this. As she said, "I've thought it shameful that a town like ours had no public library. Well, this is just a start. Eventually we hope to build a proper building, like yours in Liverpool, & to keep up a good supply of new books."

Back to L'pool. at 9 p.m. We parted from George & Lily with affection — George urging me to turn out a novel every two years for at least the next ten, with volumes of short stories etc. in the intervening years.

FRIDAY ~~THURSDAY~~, Oct. 2/64 Overcast & cool. Played golf this afternoon. Howard Bendelier, of the Book Room, Hfx., & George Foster, of the Toronto book wholesalers Nelson, Foster & Scott, came out to the golf course & chatted for half an hour on a bench on No. 2 tee. (We three first came together when "His Majesty's Yankees", my first novel, was published in 1942, & Foster (then a salesman for McClelland & Stewart) arranged a meet-the-author-&-get-your-book-autographed party at the Book Room.) A book store in North Reading, Mass., has sent me a bundle of the (Halifax) Morning Courier, September to end December 1848. Marked "gift" for Customs requirements. Seems to me I had correspondence with the proprietor, who specializes in books etc. from the Maritime Provinces, some time ago, when he sent me his catalogue showing several of my books listed. The "Couriers" are highly interesting to me, though certainly not

everybody's cup of tea. Probably stored away in a Massachusetts attic by some nostalgic Bluenose expatriate, & lately brought to light.

MONDAY, OCT. 5/64 Cool & overcast. Checking over the printers' galley proofs for "Halifax, Warden of the North", a long & tedious task. About midnight, working in my study, I heard a rattle at my garbage cans, at the back of the house. I have had trouble in the past with mischievous teen-agers, also with roving dogs, who know how to nudge the lids off the cans, & strew garbage over my lawn & driveway. I went to the kitchen, turned on the flood-light which I installed last year, & was astonished to see seven full-grown raccoons, two of whom were right in one of the cans. They looked so comical, with the black mask across their eyes like old-fashioned burglars, that I hadn't the hard heart to shoot them. Instead I took a toy baseball bat, belonging to Tommy K. Jr., a hollow thing of thin plastic weighing almost nothing. When I appeared, five ran off into the shrubbery by the garage. The two in the can didn't budge until I whacked them — like hitting with a clown's bladder. Away they went. Mama Racoons have as many as six pups in a litter, & they stay with her a year — so my nocturnal visitors must have been a year-old troupe.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8/64 Rain. Weeks ago Nauss's carpenters piled some boards on my garage floor (for the attic job) leaving me scant room to get my car in & out. A few days ago in entering the garage I scraped the PAINT badly on the car's starboard doors. I took the car to the Rossignol people yesterday to have the doors

repainted, & today I got it back. The new paint matches the old exactly — a marvelous job.

Plugging away at the "Halifax" galley proofs, with time out from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. watching the "world series" baseball game on TV — the New York Yankees beat St. Louis Cardinals.

News:- Queen Elizabeth & Prince Philip have finished their visit to Charlottetown & are now on their way to a dubious reception in Quebec. The P.E.I. people gave them a great welcome, & it was strange to see the stiff precautions — Mounties all over the place; the royal pair whisking rapidly through the streets of Charlottetown in a car furnished with bullet-proof glass; even a squad of Navy skin-divers constantly patroling under water about the royal yacht, lest someone plant a bomb there. All this because the ultra-nationalists of Quebec have uttered all kinds of threats, & because the murder of President Kennedy is still fresh in everybody's mind.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9/64 Rain, mostly drizzle, for the third day. Finished reading & annotating the "Halifax" proofs, & sent them off to George Shively in New York by parcel post. Wrote & posted a covering letter, air mail, to Shively also.

Maurice Jollimore, electrician, came today & wired the attic, installed lights at each end to supplement the present lone light in the centre, also a box where vacuum cleaner etc. can be plugged in. Wrote Ronald Nauss at Bridgewater demanding action on his promised carpentry job (installation of attic stairs, attic flooring, & shelves.) This afternoon

I oiled the furnace motors, a tedious job because the oil ducts are in narrow & awkward places; it has to be done twice a year, in spring & fall.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10/64 Still damp & dark. Cecil Day & wife, motoring to Moncton for a week-end visit, picked up C. this morning for a visit with Francie & family.

SUNDAY, OCT. 11/64 Dark, windy & cold. Hardwood leaves falling & blowing. Spent the morning in earnest study of Admiral Pullen's paper on the "Chesapeake" & "Shannon". It is full of faults in fact, style, composition — as an anonymous critic has already reported to the Maritime Museum, Halifax. The sad fact is that the admiral, a most worthy man in his naval career, is out of his depth in writing history.

An occasional drizzle of rain at temp. 40° made golf or a walk impossible for the fifth day in a row, so this afternoon I watched baseball on T.V.; the Cardinals eked out a victory over the Yankees. Pam invited me to dinner — she was serving Thanksgiving dinner today instead of tomorrow — so I drove to Fort Point & enjoyed a dinner of roast turkey, & a romp with the youngsters. At 7.30 I went to Zion Church on a call from Dr. John Wickwire, who is chairman of a small committee having charge of interior decoration & equipment. Three men & three women, & we were joined by the Rev. Matheson. Ostensibly we had been called together regarding new hymn-number racks and replacement of curtains at the choir entry, & Wickwire reminded us of the architect's recommendation a couple of years ago — "Don't

spend any more money on the present structure than you have to. What you need is an entirely new church, so put your money into a building fund." However, the ladies of the committee were full of ideas, going from one thing to another — new carpet for the middle aisle; wooden partitions & folding doors for the choir entries; re-painting the entire church interior; a $600 installation of microphones & loud speakers; removal of the false wall at the entry of the church & building there an ante-chamber for hanging coats etc. instead of the present coat-room in the downstairs hall. When I made an excuse & left towards 9 p.m. with one of the men, they were gaily trooping down to the Sunday School to see about building & equipping an office for the minister, also a heated robing-room for the choir.

News:- The Queen's visit to Quebec was an almost complete frost. On the few brief occasions when she stepped into sight & hearing of the streets she found no flags or decorations, no crowds, only groups of separatists chanting insults. The few people who raised a loyal cheer were drowned out by the boos and shouts of these others — most of whom were young, of student age. Most of the members of the provincial cabinet failed to attend the official reception & dinner, & Premier Lesage himself had the air of one grimly going through something not to his taste — doubtless having the T.V. cameras in mind, & the mass of Quebecois absent from the streets in a carefully promoted boycott.

With the murder of President Kennedy still fresh in memory, the army & police authorities took no chances,

& the Quebec city police, with swinging clubs, broke up noisy separatist groups whenever they attempted to surge towards the royal party.

In contrast, the reception in Ottawa was warm and cheerful, without a single incident to mar it, and the royal pair appeared happy & relaxed.

Clearly Mr. Pearson's insistence that the Queen visit Quebec, in spite of all warnings, was a bad faux pas. Whatever else may happen, the English-speaking Canadians are generally indignant, & Pearson has little or no hope of selling his "three dead leaves on a white flag of surrender" as the new national flag.

MONDAY, OCT. 12/64 Thanksgiving Day

The first sunshine in a whole week of wet dark weather. In spite of a chill wind I played golf this afternoon with Frank Hiltz, thankful for some exercise in fresh air. E. got home with the Days about 11 p.m., reporting a pleasant trip. Francie & her family are thriving & happy, & their new house is under construction.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15/64 Dark & damp since Monday. This afternoon Stanley Spicer, of Fredericton, called with his wife. He has wangled a $6,000 grant from the Canada Foundation to make a study of the 19th. century shipbuilding industry in the Maritime Provinces, also a 3-month leave of absence from his duties with the New Brunswick Dept. of Education, & is now touring N.S. in search of information. Plans to spend 2 or 3 days here. I

took him in my car for a tour, pointing out the sites of the old shipyards & telling him what I knew. Also lent him my typewritten account of Samuel Freeman & Sons & their shipbuilding activities here in the period 1850-1876. Introduced him to Hector McLeod, whose father (Robie McLeod) & grandfather were master shipwrights here during the 19th. century, & Spicer arranged to spend this evening with him, examining McLeod's collection of photographs, documents, & ship models. Picked up Spicer's wife at Dene Manor, & brought her with him to my house for afternoon tea.

News:- Kruschev has resigned as head man in Russia "owing to age". This curt announcement from Moscow may betoken another struggle for the wheel in the Soviet pilot house, with consequent rocking of the boat. A nervous flutter in the N.Y. stock exchange sent prices down considerably.

A general election in Britain today. At midnight it looked as if Labor is going back into power, after 13 years of Conservative rule.

Local news:- a minor but nostalgic note. The local dairy company announces in today's Advance that henceforth the daily milk delivery by horse & van will be abolished. Instead there will be delivery by motorvan, & only every second day. The end of "Dan, the milk horse", beloved by all children, including my own. (Actually of course there has been a succession of horses on our route, all named "Dan".)

SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1964 Mild & overcast. Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap went to Eagle Lake today, intending a week of deer-hunting. They invited me, but I can't spare the time, & anyhow I wouldn't shoot another deer. I said I might walk in from Big Falls & spend a day at the camp with them for auld lang syne.

Worked at my novel all morning. Spent the afternoon at garden chores, Fall style — mowing the lawns, cutting back shrubs, stowing the lawn chairs overhead in the garage, draining the water from the lawn roller & stowing that in the garage.

Edith took it upon herself to paint the steps to our front door, against my observation that it would be better to wait till spring. (Within a few weeks we shall have snow, & from then until next May the steps must be scraped with a metal shovel, tearing off the paint.)

My good neighbor Eric Anderssen came & installed an oak strip on the sill of my garage, to close the open slit at the bottom of the new metal door. This should keep the snow out of it when the winter blizzards blow.

Stanley Spicer left town yesterday when I was at the golf course. On my return I found my Freeman notes on the kitchen table, together with a thank-you note scratched on the back of a blank Bank of Montreal cheque — Spicer's favorite notepaper according to the postscript.

News:- Kruschev did not "retire," he was deposed by younger men in the Soviet hierarchy; & now in the familiar pattern the Moscow newspapers have begun to decry the

late leader as a dictator, & so forth.

In Britain the election returns gave Labor a very slight majority over the Tories, with the Liberals electing only 9, but nevertheless dividing the anti-Labor vote. The prime minister, Lord Home, a very clever but bloodless & dry aristocrat in the ancient Tory pattern in Britain, has resigned, & the Labor leader, a pragmatic Yorkshireman named Wilson, is busy naming his cabinet. ⊙ Some financial prophets in Canada predict another flight of capital from Britain, & think that much of it will come to this country — a boost to the Canadian stock markets.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21/64 Trafalgar day — exactly my car license number for this year (10-21-64). Mild, wet weather since Saturday, although the sun came out on Tuesday afternoon for a few hours. It looks as if I won't get to Eagle Lake. The leaves are falling thickly whenever there's a gust of wind, & all-in-all it's good deer hunting weather.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24/64 Still raining in occasional drizzles. Parker & Dunlap have had a damp week at Eagle Lake. This evening Tom Jr. gave us a brace of partridge he had shot at Indian Gardens this afternoon.

I got from Sherman Hines, photographer, a copy of the rather dim portrait of the Rev. Charles Duff now hanging in the United Church, Brooklyn. Paid him $4.20. This is for Professor Gosse, of Queens University, (see June 3)

Sunday, Oct. 25, 1964

A dark day & cool, with glints of sun. Working at the novel all morning, as usual. This afternoon drove with E. to Oakland & spent a couple of hours with Hilda Ganester. She had invited three scientists from the Oceanography Institute (or whatever it's called) to drive down & dine with her, & suggested that we join them; but that meant driving home in the dark, in Sunday evening traffic, so we excused ourselves & drove away at 3:30, leaving a little gift for entertaining visitors — a quart of Fernandes rum, & a quart of Tia Maria liqueur. She showed me a letter from Father's sister Elsie, who married an American visitor to England about 60 years ago, & has lived in Portland, Oregon, ever since. Aunt Elsie still writes a good clear hand. She mentioned her children & grandchildren & great-grandchildren, all living in that region. Also she mentioned that Ralph & Phyllis (Raddall) Elliot will be calling on her, about now, for 24 hours. Ralph's business (Bank of Westminster) has taken him on a flying trip to Australia, with Phyl in company, returning to England by way of Honolulu & presumably an American air line via New York. They arranged to stop off in Portland, & then fly on back to England.

Monday, Oct. 26/64 Overcast & mild, after a cold night. Spent the morning catching up on correspondence — I don't get much, except invitations to address various societies, & letters from people wanting information of one kind or another, so I let them accumulate & then polish off the answers.

TUESDAY, OCT. 27, 1964

Again a mild day after a frosty night. Played golf this afternoon. Our neighbors Ralph and Hallabell Johnson gave a dinner tonight for a dozen, including E. & me. Mrs. J. is a native of Kentucky, & the food was Kentucky food — ham, fried chicken, "corn grits", "black-eyed peas" (which turned out to be beans), beetroot greens & roasted potatoes; cherry pie & coffee — all delicious. Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap were there, & told me of their week at Eagle Lake. They spent a good deal of the wet weather playing cribbage in the camp, but on the fine days got out the canoe & cruised up Eagle Lake, through the brook to Long Lake, down Long Lake, & even up the brook at the foot of Long Lake as far as the ~~#~~ rapids below Split Rock bog. On Friday, hunting alone, Austin shot a ~~spike~~-horn buck deer in the woods between camp & river; so they had venison to show for their trip.

Note:- Austin carried the deer ~~#~~ about 150 lbs., a half mile to the river. He is 69.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29/64 Still mild & overcast. A dinner party tonight at Edwin Parker's, Waterloo Street; buffet food, about two dozen people. Today's "Advance" gives front-page space to the new fish-plant for Liverpool, which will go into operation next year, with 2 drag-trawlers & 1 "long-liner". Total cost, over $500,000. The local board of directors consists of ~~four~~ six young men, including King Cochrane (manager of a hardware store); Wm. Murphy (dentist)

Earl Milford (lawyer); Fred Emenau (druggist).
George Freeman (lawyer); George Murphey (manager, Steel & Engine Co.) None of these has any money, & obviously they are a front for multi-millionaire K. C. Irving, of St. John N.B. who has a large finger in many a Maritime pie. (He is, for example, the behind-the-scenes owner of Steel & Engine Co., which will get the contract to build the fish plant.)

Item:- The plant will be a floating one, built on a steel barge 160' × 40'. This construction enables the promoter to get a $190,000 subsidy from federal funds intended to promote the Maritime shipbuilding — a unique interpretation. The N.S. govt will lend another $390,000. The plant will employ about 60 men & women, plus the trawler crews. The manager will be Ernest Pierce of Lockeport, where he has been in charge of a fishing company for many years.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31/64 Sunny at last, but a freezing wind, too much for golf. This is Hallowe'en — & a Saturday night, when our town youth is increased by teen-agers pouring in by car from every village in the district. As a precaution I stowed my garbage cans, the incinerator, & the bird bath, inside my garage; turned on the flood-light at the back of the house. As usual the children of the neighborhood (Tom brought his youngsters, too) came giggling in costume & masks soon after 6 p.m. By 7 p.m. at least 150 had called for "treats", & our stock was exhausted. From then until 9:30, like all

our neighbors, we turned away troops of teen-agers, male & female (some smoking cigarets) with little or no disguise, all carrying sacks for "treats", & all evidently from "town hill" & other parts of outer space. I had to stand watch inside my front door, lest they do some damage, & seeing me waiting there they went off, complaining & some swearing. A company of about 150 high school students, nearly all boys, marched together about the streets in their ordinary clothes, but did no begging at the doors, just enjoying themselves in an orderly fashion. One of them fastened a 20-foot streamer of toilet paper on the hydrangea bush by my front steps, where it blew gaily in the wind.

SUNDAY, NOV. 1/64 Sunny & mild. Church with E. this morning, our first attendance since some time in June. I made out a cheque to cover our weekly pledge for the time elapsed, & in a second envelope a cheque for $100 as an extra contribution to the Building Fund. The loud-speaker system has just been installed — two "speakers" — one on each side about half way back, & of course a microphone on the parson's desk. It worked very well, & Parson Matheson read a long but well written sermon, with one or two local allusions, but evidently prepared by somebody in the Toronto region — it sounded like the anti-liquor man, Mutchmor.

MONDAY, NOV. 2/64 A freezing night & a cool sunny day. I was the only player on the golf course in the afternoon.

Two of Nauss's carpenters (see Oct. 9) arrived at last

& began the job on my attic.

TUESDAY, NOV. 3/64 Temp. 20° last night, ice on all pools, a keen wind today. This was election day in the U.S. for the presidency. Lyndon Johnson, Democrat, former vice-president who took Kennedy's place after the assassination, opposed by a narrow-minded reactionary Republican, Barry Goldwater.

A second-rate man opposed by a nobody. Johnson is a clever & energetic Texan who has used political influence over the years to build a fortune, recently transferred to his wife's name. Goldwater has a private fortune, smells a communist under every Democrat bed, & is tacitly in favor of repressing the Negroes in the U.S., & taking a bold line, even if it means war, with Russia & China. The latter view scared everybody, in & out of the U.S. — & the U.S. voters plumped for Johnson as far the lesser of two evils. Neither man could hold a candle to former presidents like Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhauer & Kennedy. A very low ebb in American politics, with one saving grace. Now that he has plenty of money, Johnson may devote himself entirely to his country & the outside world.

Ottawa announces cuts & changes in the militia again. In N.S. the biggest change is in Halifax, where the old-established Halifax Rifles & Princess Louise Fusiliers are to become one regiment, & various auxiliary units are to be abolished. The West N.S. Regt. will have a new company in Windsor, or rather a former artillery unit there will change to W.N.S.R. The Regt. will now have full companies at Deep Brook,

Middleton, Windsor & Bridgewater, plus 2 platoons at Lunenburg. The artillery unit at Liverpool remains unchanged.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4/64 Another chilly day. Hugh & Helen Pullen came to lunch & stayed the afternoon, while he & I went over his paper on the Shannon-Chesapeake fight. I pointed out various things redundant, poorly phrased, etc., & he noted my suggestions for improvement; but he clung to some sweeping statements of doubtful validity, & remains indignant at the anonymous critic who also pointed out such things to the Board of the Maritime Museum. Hopes that Collins & Co., whose editor he consulted in Toronto, may undertake publication in Toronto & London.

The carpenters have finished flooring the attic, & putting up the shelves. The disappearing stairway is installed. A little work still to be done with the finish around the hatchway.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5/64 Sunny & mild. Golf this afternoon. Only six other players out. Tonight E. & I attended a buffet dinner at the Mersey Hotel, guests of the newly formed local branch of the Acadia Alumni Association. Our fellow guests were Tony Balloch, George Curpey, & Cecil Day. Object, to meet the new president of Acadia, Dr. Beveridge, who is making a tour of A.A.A. branches accompanied by Dr. Hanson, professor of chemistry, & Bill Parker, a classmate of Tom Jr's. who is now on Acadia staff as public relations man. About 25 people present. Chairman was a young Mersey Paper engineer,

Bob Weary. Joe Dexter, also in Mersey engineering dept, introduced the President. Tom Jr. gave the toast to Acadia — which we drank with water, the only liquid in sight. Professor Hanson said a few words, & for the Liverpool group Lester Clements spoke also. Dr. Beveridge is a small, mild, pleasant man, no orator, but well spoken. His theme, of course, was the "new" drive (there is a drive every year in one form or another) to raise funds for additional building, salaries, etc. Acadia's enrolment this year is 1300 students. In a few more years it will be at least double that.

In private conversation with Parker & Hanson I gathered by various inferences that the college governors had hoped for Kirkconnell's resignation for quite some time past, & there is now a great change in the whole air at Acadia. Apart from Kirkconnell's numerous hobbies, phobias, & yen for personal publicity, there were certain material factors. For example, multi-millionaire American financier Cyrus Eaton, who was born at Pugwash & retains a summer home there & another at Blandford, has given $6,000 a year for many years for the upkeep of Acadia's lawns & trees. But he would contribute nothing to new buildings, etc. owing to a strong dislike for Kirkconnell. (Eaton has advocated a friendly approach to Russia & other communist countries ever since the atomic bomb made future war a threat to human existence. Kirkconnell's phobia about communism clashed with that.) Note: - my carpenters

left at noon, having finished the attic job, fitted my new wooden storm door at the side entrance, & installed a new lock & handle-latch on the front door.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6/64 A fine mild day. Spent the afternoon on small chores, getting ready for winter, such as going over cracked clapboards with a caulking gun; sealing the kitchen storm window; cleaning the cellar drain; sweeping leaves out of the study gutters; raking up & dumping leaves at the back of the house & garage.

MONDAY, Nov. 9/64 The mild days & frosty nights continue. Jack McAndrew, CBC, came down from Hfx. this morning with a tape recorder, & got an interview with me for use in the Ontario school broadcast of "The Rover" as a radio serial. The radio rights were arranged by MacMillan, Toronto, publishers of "The Rover".

TUESDAY, Nov. 10/64 An open & shut day, with strips of pale yellow sky along the horizon. Austin Parker called for me at 10 a.m. & we set off for Eagle Lake, to spend the day. His boat was on Big Falls dam, & the outboard motor shoved us up the long pond. Just above the dam, as usual, we had to jump out on the log-boom, & stand on that wet-weedy footing pushing the boat over, & then jump in again. We had shotguns, & watched for partridge on the mile of trail from the river to the camp, but saw nothing but a squirrel. Lunched, & in the afternoon did small clean-up chores about the camp. Parker daubed asphalt on part of the roof where rain had leaked through onto his bed. The old

camp is like ourselves, quite sound in most parts but showing signs of decrepitude in others. The logs on three sides are still firm; but those at the east end — where the rains beat — are so rotten that only about 2 inches of sound wood remains on the inner side. Built over 30 years ago, the camp will just about last our time.

We returned to Big Falls at 4 p.m., hauled out the boat, & then drove up to Indian Gardens, hunting for partridge along the old river road between the Telfer field & the site of the bygone wooden dam. Not a bird to be seen. The part of the old Indian Garden road from Pleasantfield, where it came down the slope to the dam, has been abandoned many years & is barely discernable in the undergrowth.

Home about 6, in specks of snow & then a few drops of rain — the first snow of the season in South Queens. The day's exertions, especially leaping into the boat from the slippery boom-logs, caused my arthritic right hip to pain & to stiffen. The pain kept me awake a good deal in the night, spreading down into the muscles of the thigh.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11/64 Sunny & cold. My hip kept me indoors most of the day. In the evening, filling a promise to Laurie Feldon, the current president, I drove to Caledonia & addressed the local branch of the Canadian Legion at their Remembrance Day dinner. They have a hall built several years ago, outside Caledonia on the Westfield road,

well lighted, heated & equipped. About 48 men & women — the ladies being wives of the Legion men. A roast turkey dinner with pie & coffee; the catering & serving done by some women from Kempt, a church group. Only 3 or 4 familiar faces — the Caledonia legionnaires I knew when they all belonged to Branch 38 in Liverpool are mostly dead. A chat with several of the men after dinner. A dance followed, & I excused myself & drove home at 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12/64 Temp. 40° & a drizzle of rain, the end of Indian summer, I suppose. Spent the morning at my desk, the afternoon carrying books etc. up to the new shelves in the attic. (Etc. meaning all sorts of things from my old (1941) portable typewriter, to photograph albums, to my diaries from 1919 to now, to scrap-books compiled long ago, & so on.) Much more must go up there, & a corresponding amount must be taken down & hauled away to the town dump — the attic contains a frightful mess of magazines, boxes of discarded but still "good" clothing; the whole paraphernalia of school books, "scribblers", papers of various sorts pertaining to Tom's & Francie's educational careers, from primary grades in Liverpool to Acadia U. & (in Tom's case) Dalhousie — all carefully stashed away up there for the past 25 or 30 years. In short, a great labor still in store for rainy & wintry days.

FRIDAY, NOV. 13/64 My 61st birthday, & on a Friday as it was when I was born. Mild & wet weather.

Should have noted on Saturday Nov. 7 that the huge

plastic dome of the "radar tracking station" near Charleston, Medway River, was inflated by compressed air on that day. It is like a balloon sitting on a concrete foundation, & is over 100 feet high & 120 feet in diameter at its "equator". This is to shield the antenna etc. from the weather: The station is expected to go into operation next January.

Item:- The electrical employees of Liverpool town lately joined an international union, & together with the town street workers (18 men in all) went on strike a day or two ago. They have been parading up & down outside Town Hall carrying picket signs — the first time our town has seen anything of that sort. The men looked rather sheepish. One citizen humorously remarked that this is the hardest continuous work they have done for years. Mayor Charles Murphy & council are negotiating a new wage contract with their leaders — and our taxes will go up again next year.

Item:- A national chain-store company (the Metropolitan Stores) have bought land & one or two old houses & stores on Main Street opposite the Advance printing establishment, and will clear the site & put up a large variety-goods store in competition with the long-established ~~Stede~~ STEDMAN Store opposite Town Hall.

E. & I went to a cocktail party at 6, given by Hal & Marian Dyer in their little house on Waterloo Street. Thence to a fish chowder dinner party at the Larry Seldons'.

SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1964 Half a gale at 40° Fahrt. all day, so I didn't attempt golf or a long walk. Worked at the novel. About 5 p.m. Mowbray Jones dropped in & stayed till 6:30. He & Phyl live (theoretically) in a Montreal apartment now, with brief intervals at their Liverpool house & their White Point cottage in summer; but chiefly they flit by air every few days to London or New York in the process of Mowbray's job as North American boss of the Bowater organization, with side trips to Nfld., Tennessee, etc., in the same process.

Phyl has been in London for the past month with daughter Stephanie ("Taffy") who was there awaiting the birth of her first child. (It was born yesterday.) Taffy's husband is at present posted in Warsaw, in the U. S. diplomatic service. Jenifer, childless, has apparently settled down quietly with her second husband, an architect in Montreal. The twin boys, Derek & Darryl, flunked at Upper Canada College. One is now at King's University, Hfx, trying for a B.A. The other has entered an advertising business in Montreal.

Mowbray asked me to draft a 20-minute speech for him, to be made at the 35th. anniversary dinner of Mersey Paper Co. It will be broadcast simultaneously over the radio via CKBW, Bridgewater.

SUNDAY, NOV. 15/64 Sunny but cold (30°) with a gale blowing. Indoors all day; worked several hours assembling data on Mersey mill history for the Jones address. At 5:30 Tom, Pam & family arrived from Hfx., where they had spent a couple of days, & had dinner with us. To please the kids (& me) Grandma had made a belated birthday cake, & the kids helped me blow out the

candles. Bishop Waterman phoned for a brief chat. He is now retired at Deep Brook, N.S., subject to heart disease, & is over here, staying at the Anglican parsonage, for some special church "do" at Trinity today.

MONDAY, NOV. 16/64 Cold & overcast, temp. 38° at noon but no wind. Worked at the Jones address all morning. Played 18 holes at White Point, well muffled, in the afternoon — the first outdoor exercise in nearly a ~~week~~ week — & enjoyed it despite the usual cold-weather agony & stiffness in my right hip. Nobody else on the course. Even the gulls had disappeared. Only a few crows in evidence. Heavy rain began about 11 p.m., at temp. 34°. E. phoned Cyril Leslie, painter in Port Morton. He promised to come & paint my bedroom, & the upstairs hall, within a week or so.

TUESDAY, NOV. 17/64 Snow last night, barely enough to whiten the ground between L'pool. & Yarmouth, but 10" in the Valley & 8" in Halifax — the start of another long winter. The snow made bad driving conditions, & there was a tragic accident near Danesville at 8 a.m. when a car from Brooklyn skidded head-on into a heavy truck. All four occupants of the car ~~[illegible]~~ were killed — a married couple named Howard, & two women passengers, one of whom was the young wife of Mr. Hill, Anglican parson in the Brooklyn — Port Medway parish. Mrs. Hill left 3 babies at home, the others had teen-age families.

After many drafts (3 days' thought & work) I finished the Jones speech, a review of the history of Mersey Paper for the past 35 years. E. has a wretched cold, the first of the season.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18, 1964

A day of wind, glints of sunshine, & squalls of snow. Wrote letters, & two Christmas cards for distant places (e.g. Borneo) & got some work in on the novel. At 8 p.m. attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society, the first of the winter season. A typical "snafu". The president, Eric Millard, who was to read a paper on the Guysborough Township, Port Mouton, had suddenly gone to bed with influenza. No caretaker had appeared to unlock the door of the Masonic Hall & turn up the oil furnace. The gathering consisted of 14 people, mostly old ladies, who shivered outside until somebody got Max Wharton to bring his key. Charles Kelsie read Millard's notes, which were brief, & asked me to fill in with the story of Tarleton's Legion at Port Mouton. The Society has 97 members. (few of whom come to the meetings) and about $500 in the bank, & this is the 35th year of its existence. The original by-laws etc. of the Society have disappeared long since, & one of the jobs this season is to draw up a new constitution & by-laws.

Stock market news:- The big Pacific coast company of MacMillan, Bloedel & Powell River (in which I have money invested) announced today a cut of $10 per ton in the price of its newsprint paper. (i.e. from $134 to $124). As this will probably mean a general price drop in North America, all the paper mill stocks dropped in the stock market. The building of new mills, & the speed-up of old machines,

has been going on at a great pace during the past 5 years, & the price cut is a sure indication of over-production. This will affect the Mersey mill at Liverpool.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19/64 Temp. 35° at noon, & calm. Golf this afternoon, the usual quick 2-hour round. Attended a cocktail party at the Kirkpatricks', Milton, 6-7:30 p.m. Capt. Charles Copelin there — a surprise visit from his retirement in England. Dorothy Wickwire promptly organised a party for him tomorrow night — a bring-your-own-refreshments affair at her house in town.

Painters were busy in our house all today. (Cyril Leslie & father, & their Negro helper.) Painted the walls, clothes closet, & ceiling of my bedroom; E's bedroom ceiling; the ceiling & new attic hatch in the upper hall; the ceiling in the lower hall where it was stained by a leak last winter. A very good day's work. E. engaged the Leslies to paint our house exterior next summer — one has to book them far ahead. They said they would do it some time in July.

FRIDAY, NOV. 20/64 Mild & windy, with some showers. My new batten-wood storm door, at the cellar-kitchen entrance, was fitted too snugly; it swelled in the rains & today was sticking badly. So I took it off, & got Howland White to bring his plane & shave off a strip of the outer edge & the top. Repainted the bare wood & set the door in my garage to dry.

Dinner party, buffet style, at Dorothy Wickwire's tonight. About 15 people, guest being Charlie Copelin. Much

reminiscing of old days at Mersey mill. Berk Waters, who retired from Mersey Co. immediately after Bowater bought it, confesses now, after seeing the way things have worked out in this rapidly changing world, that the change of ownership was all for the best, "especially when I consider some of the other groups who were bidding for it."

SATURDAY, NOV. 21/64 Mild, some sunshine. Debby & Tommy Raddall arrived this morning on their tricycles, a long haul for Tommy's little machine. They spent an hour with us, & then I put the "trikes" in the back of my car & drove the expedition home. Had invited Charlie Copelin to lunch or dinner (he leaves tomorrow) but others had bid first. However he dropped in late this afternoon & we had a drink & a chat about adventures of "The Three Musketeers" — Copelin, Macdonald & Harris, all Mersey Paper men in naval service — in the Western Approaches from Dec. 1940 to October 1941. Copelin gave me a phots of himself in naval uniform, which I had requested by letter a year or two ago. I now have photos of all three, & the Historical Society intends to add them to the collection in the Navy Room, Town Hall, with a brief printed inscription of their service.

SUNDAY, NOV. 22/64 My son's 30th. birthday. Cold & sunny & windy, with a few snow squalls. E's cold & cough persist, so she stayed in all day. I attended Zion Church in the morning, & a cocktail party during the noon hour, given by Lester & Trudy Clements. This year they had

their house enlarged & completely remodeled, with big plate windows giving a sea view towards Coffin Island in one direction, & looking on the river mouth in the other. Behind the house (built about 1929) they have bought most of the old Marine Railway & Shipyard site on the waterfront.

MONDAY, NOV. 23/64 Temp. down to 12° above zero last night. Sunny but cold this morning. In the afternoon, having had no exercise since Thursday, I walked to Milton & back — the first Milton walk of what promises to be a long cold winter. The sky clouded over during my walk, & snow fell this evening.

On my walk I noted that Mersey Paper Co. log booms were still in the river above the railway bridge, with quite a lot of pulpwood, impossible to move with ice between the logs & on all the coves & backwaters.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25/64 Overcast, temp. 40°. Put my storm door on the side entrance yesterday, & paid Howland White with a pint of his favorite rye whiskey. This afternoon I raked up dozens of bushels of sodden leaves from the back, side & front lawns — this after a fair clean-up job on Nov. 6. Dumped the leaves in the bushes behind my lawn. A long job, & hard on the back. Charlie Murphy (His Worship the Mayor, a calm, down-to-earth accountant in the Mersey Paper office) told me outside the post office that the town employees went back to work today. (~~See~~ See Nov. 13 entry) The town has made some wage concessions, far short of the demands, & the men have lost 2 weeks' pay. I understand that an official of the electricians' union came from Hfx or Ontario and

organized the whole affair, persuading the street workers to join in, providing them with signs & instructions for the picket line, & all the rest of it. A silly business.

News:- The insurgent negroes in the Congo, opposed to Mr. Tshombe's "government," have fled at last from Stanleyville, pausing long enough to murder 15 or 20 whites (missionaries & others) held hostage there. The Congolese, both "government" & rebel, are a murderous but cowardly lot, & Tshombe's "army drive" was carried out by a few white mercenaries, Belgian, Rhodesian & South African, ruthless & understandably contemptuous of "the damned Kaffirs". One more proof (if any were needed) that the black Africans, who yammer so much about liberty & democracy, are just about worth the ammunition of a few whites to blow them to hell. They have neither the virtue, the energy or the guts to truly govern Africa in part or in whole.

THURSDAY, NOV. 26/64 A wild storm of wind & rain. The mail brought an invitation to a mess dinner, W.N.S.R., to be held at the Officers' Mess, Camp Aldershot, Dec. 5. (No can do.) Cocktail party this evening at Capt. Chas. Williams' house, Fort Point. The usual thing; crowded rooms, people yelling to make themselves heard in casual conversation, heat that set the perspiration running down male backs, martinis, Manhattan's, hors d'oeuvres passed about on trays, et cetera. I was glad to get out in the wet air of the night. This afternoon two of Earl Whynot's (oil fuel dealer) men came & checked over my furnace, including the water filter, & put in new air filters.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1964 Sunny & mild. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Rapid Falls, & cut some brush to protect my rose bushes through the winter. Then drove to Charleston for a look at the new space-communication station, whose white plastic bubble can be seen rising over the tree tops like a balloon. The site is a knoll in the swamp & scrub woodland a little to the east of Medway River. According to official announcements, the station eventually will have 3 of these protective bubbles, enclosing much experimental equipment, & employing as many as 200 men.

Noticed in Charleston a small new house being built on the river bank immediately in front of the old farmhouse, set well back from the road, & well modernized, which has been the home of Jim Donley & wife for many years. Jim & wife, with a comfortable invested income, came from Ontario to live in the farmhouse over 34 years ago. Now they have sold it to a retired official of the London Life Assurance Co., of London, Ont.; & are building the small modern house on the river bank.

This evening the (Bowaters) Mersey Paper Co. held a dinner to mark the 35th anniversary of the first run of paper over the machines, late on the night of Nov. 27, 1929. The affair was at the Mersey Hotel, & was attended by 78 men of the original mill crew & staff. Tony Balloch presided, Bert Waters & Ken Jones said a few words, & Mowbray Jones made the main address (which I had written for him.) The whole thing was broadcast by radio via CKBW, Bridgewater, & we listened in our home. At 8 p.m.

my sister Hilda Gamester arrived to spend the weekend with us. Note:- I have heard nothing from Pilon, (see May 28) & presume his airy scheme for a movie of Sable Island came to nothing. Also I have heard nothing since last spring from John Hawkins, student at U.N.B., who chose my life & works as the subject for his ~~B.A.~~ M.A. thesis, & in 1963 borrowed a lot of letters from my correspondence files here.

SATURDAY, NOV. 28/64 A calm grey day, temp. 35° at noon. Mowbray Jones dropped in & had a glass of sherry with us. Thanked me for writing the speech, & passed me a slip of paper on leaving, which turned out to be a cheque for $50.

In the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. At 6.30 Hilda, E., & I attended a cocktail party at Ken Jones' house on Main Street, a lively crowd, everyone figged out in their best, quite a show.

SUNDAY, NOV. 29/64 Another grey day, temp. 40°. Golf this afternoon. The junior Raddalls came to join us at 5 p.m. for dinner, & we had great fun with Debbie & Tommy, who put on a "fashion show", their favorite game. Hilda left for Mahone about 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, DEC. 1/64 This morning the barometer dropped to 28.6, with a wild E. gale & flood of rain. A brief calm & a patch of sunshine about 11 a.m. as the eye of the storm passed over us, then a shift of wind to the west, & falling temperature, so that about 4.30 the rain changed to heavy flakes of snow. Working away at the novel, which has

now crept as far as 30,000 words.

News:- Belgian paratroops, flown into the Congo by U.S. planes, using (British) Ascension Island as a concentration base, have rescued about 1500 whites held hostage by the Congolese rebels at Stanleyville & elsewhere. They have now withdrawn. About 75 whites, including some missionaries, were tortured & slain in hideous ways, & it is feared that more will perish. African students on bursary grants at universities in various anti-European countries, from Cairo to Moscow, have been rioting against "Yankee imperialism" — meaning this Belgo-American rescue job in the Congo — & destroying U.S. embassy property, with no hindrance by the police.

THURSDAY, DEC. 3/64 Bad weather continues with light rain & snow. Reports of Tuesday's storm continue to come in, with damage all around the N.S., three ships stranded, fishing boats damaged or destroyed, electric & phone systems out of commission, etc. In western N.S. the lobster fishermen lost a lot of gear, having set out their traps on Nov. 30 as the law permits, ready for the first haul of the season on Dec. 1st. Halifax weather bureau says the barometer dropped to the lowest point ever recorded in Nova Scotia

FRIDAY, DEC. 4/64 Storming still. Freezing rain put a heavy glaze of ice on everything, then 2 or 3 inches of snow. I had not used my car since Sunday, & must have stalled the engine just as I got back into the garage, for I took out the key to the ignition switch, forgetting that the switch was still "on". Result, a run-down battery, as

I discovered this morning. Phoned the Rossignol garage, which sent a truck & removed my battery for several hours' re-charging.

SUNDAY, DEC. 6/64 Alternate snow & freezing rain — the 6th. consecutive day of miserable weather. We didn't stir outdoors. The roofs, eaves-gutters, front steps, railings, electric light & phone wires etc. are choked & covered with a heavy crush of ice & snow. So are the streets. Temp. tonight 20°. This is the 47th. anniversary of the great Halifax explosion; & I well remember the weather of that night at 53 Chebucto Road, where in a shattered house our sole hope & effort was to survive the storm & cold, & live to see the morning.

MONDAY, DEC. 7/64 Some sunshine but still cold. The town has not attempted to remove the snow from streets & sidewalks, about 2" to 4", all churned to the consistency of brown granulated sugar, & hard walking. In the morning I was busy writing Christmas cards. This afternoon I tramped as far as the railway bridge, & that was the limit for my creaky right hip in the difficult going. My first walk in a week, except to the post office. E. had some ladies in to play bridge this evening, & I went to the theatre. The place was about half full, mostly young people of the back-road type, including about two dozen youths of 16 to 20, very noisy, drinking beer & rolling the empty bottles down the aisles, & at frequent intervals getting up & lurching away to the urinals. Seth Barding, the lessee of the theatre, looked in for a few minutes, in hat & overcoat, & these oafs were quiet just that

long. For the rest of the performance the "management" was represented by a 15-year old boy taking tickets at the door.

TUESDAY, DEC. 8/64 Still cold (20°-30° at noon), & snow falling slowly all day. My garage door was plastered with ice & immovable, but this morning I got it open, plugged in a 100-watt bulb on my long cord, to warm or at least thaw the engine, & left it thus till about 1 p.m. I got into the car, which started instantly, & drove downtown to pick up a liquor supply. (1 dozen quarts Fernandes rum, #63; 1 doz. quarts Corby's dry gin (for C.) #57; 1 doz. quarts Chateauguay sherry, #18. Total #138.) I have no snow tires, & my ordinary ones — now 4 years old — have worn rather smooth, so I had some difficulty whenever I stopped, & started again. However all went well.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9/64 Snowing slowly all day, but the temp. crept up to 34°, & I was able to chop away the 2" crust of ice on my front steps. Also, by leaning out of windows & pouring hot water, I melted the ice in eaves-gutters over my front porch, & at the back from the windows of Tommy's old room. This in case we get a sudden thaw & heavy rain, which seeps up under the shingles & stains our ceilings in the front hall & kitchen.

This evening the Parkers picked us up in their big car, with its snow tires, & we drove to Port Mouton & attended a lobster supper in the United Church hall. Price #1.25 each, & 40¢ extra for "seconds". Also for #2 I bought a large jar of the chowder to take home. An excellent meal. Many Liverpool people there, despite the bad driving conditions — the Highway Dept. has neither ploughed nor salted the road.

THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1964

Sunshine all day, the first really clear day since Nov. 27. Cold (temp. 15° tonight) Shoveled out my walks, side & front, & in the afternoon enjoyed a walk to Milton & back, my first long & invigorating spell in fresh air for God knows how long. The streets & roads have been ploughed lightly — i.e. a coating of ice & packed snow remains, & car (& walkers) go with caution.

News:- The dreary flag debate goes on at Ottawa, with the French members (no matter their political party) insisting on Mr. Pearson's "maple-leaf rag", & most of the "English" members (i.e. anyone who isn't French) sticking to the Union Jack, or the Red Ensign. All a waste of time & breath. The militant Quebecois will always regard the old French imperial banner — the gold lilies on the white field — as the essence of their entity. The other Canadians will always cling to something clearly un-French.

FRIDAY, DEC. 11/64 Temp. 10° last night. Walked to Milton in the afternoon. This evening we attended a cocktail party given by (Bank of N.S. manager) Chester Lafuse & wife, at their house on Summer Street. Weather moderating at last, & a drizzle of rain fell all night.

SUNDAY, DEC. 13/64 Overcast & melting yesterday. A beautiful sunny day today, temp. 40° & calm. At noon got out my car, with E. & the Austin Parkers, & drove to the annual party at Joe & Helen Holloway's house, Middlefield. Road bare, a few inches of snow remaining on the ground. About 150 people.

Drinks & hors d'oeuvres & chat. Home at 2 p.m. Wrote until 4, when we joined an afternoon tea party at the Austin P's. About 30 people, including a Mr. & Mrs. Jory from Mill Village. He is the retired official of the London (Ont.) Life Assurance Co. who bought the James Donly property this Fall.

MONDAY, DEC. 14/64 Took my car to the Rossignol garage, & had it fitted (rear) with a pair of snow tires. The ordinary tires on the car are the originals that came with it in '61. I have driven 26,000 miles on them & the tread is worn too smooth for traction on snow or ice. A drizzle of rain today.

News:- from Ottawa. The long-drawn-out flag debate ended today by "closure", applied at last by the Liberal govt, & supported by the "Creditistes" of Quebec, & most of the little group of Quebec conservatives. So the Quebecois win. Our flag is to be a red-white-red thing, with a red maple leaf on the white.

TUESDAY, DEC. 15/64 A bright morning. Walked to Milton & back, 1 pm. — 2:30 p.m. The sky clouded with a sudden E. wind, & by 4 p.m. there was a squall of huge snowflakes, followed by a drizzle of rain. At midnight the temp. was down to 20°.

Work:- the novel goes on with grim fits & starts. I cannot concentrate for more than 2 hours at a time, & there are many errands to be done, & other (mostly domestic) interruptions, such as the demand to wrap up & mail Christmas parcels etc. I begin to doubt if I can have the book finished by April 30/65 — the last possible date for publication in that year.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, 1964 Sunny but cold (20° at noon) Walked to Milton & back in my old green Arctic coat & grey stocking-cap & "fur" (synthetic) mittens. The prairies are in the grip of the worst blizzard in years, with temperatures far below zero. Even the "temperate" B.C. coast is affected — a temp. of 2° above zero in Vancouver.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17/64 Our early & tough winter relaxed today — temp. up to 45°. Drove to Two Mile Hill this afternoon & bought a Christmas tree (50¢) from a young fellow there who had a few set out for sale before his shack.

Amongst the Christmas cards, one with a scrawled note from Charles Bruce, saying he is working on history of the Southam Press — apparently on a fee from Southam's. One from Clem. Crowell & wife — they are in their winter home at Gulfport (near St. Petersburg) Florida. They intend half the years there, & the other half at Lake Annis, Yarmouth County. Card from Norman Hacking, still on the job in Vancouver, despite the romantic dream of last year — a voyage around the world in a small yacht.

FRIDAY, DEC. 18/64 Heavy rain all last night washed away most of the snow. But today the temp. dropped again, & we had snow & a high wind. Little Debby & Tommy came to supper with us, & amused us with one of their costume-cum-dancing shows. I measured them. Deb stands 48", Tommy 35". Debby dances with verve & remarkable grace, entirely rapt, & obviously has studied T.V. dancing — everything from formal ballet to the "Twist" — the latest jerking craze of the teen-age set. Tommy, all

boy & intensely practical, imitates Deb. with conscious clowning.
Temp. at midnight 10° above zero, with a wind hooting about the house.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19/64 Working away at the novel all morning. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, temp. 20°, mostly sunny, but one long squall of snow. Cyril Leslie, our house-painter, who fishes for lobsters in the winter season, came to the door & presented E. with a package of cooked lobster meat, enough for a good meal for two, which we enjoyed this evening.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20/64 Overcast. My sister Hilda drove along from Mahone to lunch with us, & in the afternoon we all called on the junior Raddalls at Fort Point — their youngsters very excited now about Christmas, although Debby begins to doubt about Santa Claus. A light snow falling as Hilda left for Mahone at 4:30, & continued all evening, a fine powdery stuff, although the barometer is high.

TUESDAY, DEC. 22/64 The snow blew about in a high wind all yesterday, & last night the temp. was 10° above zero. Today it got up to 20°, & in the afternoon I shoveled my paths & then walked to Milton & back — hard going in long stretches. Temp. 12° above, tonight.
The mail includes a letter from Lt. Cdr. Johnnie Jordan, RCN, now on retirement leave, with wife Madeleine, in the little town of Los Boliches, near Malaga, Spain. He hopes to settle down & write a novel there. News from Ottawa:- The handful of Conservative members from P.Q., especially their leader Leon Balcer, are about to desert the party, owing to Diefenbaker's opposition to the new flag. In other words they, like every other politician in P.Q., are bowing to the new wave of French nationalism.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 23, 1964

The weather softened a bit today, after another 10° night. This afternoon I shoveled snow enough to get my car out, drove downtown to get the mail, and two bottles of Rosée wine (Tessier, Anjou) for Christmas dinner. Also took the Christmas tree out of the garage & set it up in the sun porch. Little Debby & Tommy paid us a call & then trotted off home by themselves.

News:- Premier Stanfield announces a new pulp & paper mill to be built at Abercrombie, near Pictou, at a cost of several millions. Backers, the Scott Paper Co. of Philadelphia, makers of tissue paper in all its forms. They have long had interests in Nova Scotia. (They were buying the whole product of the small wood-pulp mill at Charleston, Q.C., nearly 40 years ago.) In recent years they bought the long-unsuccessful wood-pulp mill at Sheet Harbor, & operated it on a tentative basis, meanwhile buying large areas of timberland in eastern N.S. They also have an interest in the larger pulp mill at Mulgrave.

Item: the Senate has not passed the new flag bill, but is certain to do so. This "distinctive Canadian flag" is simply the red-white-red flag of Peru with a red maple leaf in the white in place of the Peruvian device. At a distance no one could tell one from the other. Mr. Pearson's committee had approved a blue-white-blue flag, but suddenly the blue was dropped for red, without explanation. Why? A small editorial paragraph in the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald a day or two ago offered a tongue-in-cheek but quite plausible

theory. Blue is the traditional color of the Conservative party. The Liberal color is red.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24/64 A thaw has set in, with light rains & temp. up to 45°, & most of the snow is gone. E. & I spent a quiet Christmas Eve at home. Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, & Charles & Florence Williams, dropped in & we had drinks & chat. Our old friends the Austin Parkers are spending Christmas with son Douglas & wife in Halifax — their first Christmas away from home in something like 30 years. Poor little Tommy Raddall III fell this morning, & knocked out one of his front teeth, & cut his lip badly. Tom II patched him up, & the child was even able to smile a little when they called this afternoon.

FRIDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY Fog & drizzle all day. A green Christmas, after all the hard weather this month. E. & I went down to Fort Point this morning & watched the junior Raddalls opening parcels from Santa Claus — a huge variety of toys, etc. At noon they came up & had dinner with us — lobster-&-lettuce cocktail, roast turkey with the usual vegetables (& a rosée wine, Tessier, Anjou), plum pudding & coffee. Small Tommy had a hard time eating anything at all, but Pam. managed to get some food into him, & he was quite happy with his toys.

My present to E. was a negligee & nightgown, & she gave me a warm English woolen dressing gown, & a copy of Hemingway's "A Moveable Feast".

SUNDAY, DEC. 27/64 Still foggy & showering. Temp 50°. (It was 61° in the Valley yesterday. All the snow has gone, & the grass on

my lawns has emerged quite green. (Vancouver on the other hand is having its first white Christmas in 13 years!) The thaw & its rains & thick fog lie over the whole of eastern North America from Virginia to Newfoundland, most airports remain "fogged-in" & useless, & the holiday traffic has been complicated by thousands of booked air passengers trying to get rail or bus accommodation.

E. has sore feet & is generally "bushed" after her preparations for Christmas, so this morning I drove to Zion Church alone & placed in the collection plate a cheque covering my arrears in pledged contributions to date — we rarely go to church nowadays. A small choir but a large congregation, half of whom I did not know, even by sight. The enormously enlarged Liverpool school staff (who change from year to year), the staff of the new space-radar station at Charleston (many of whom prefer to lodge in a town) & various other, more mysterious occupations, have placed in Liverpool a great variety of strangers.

Worked on my novel all this afternoon.

MONDAY, DEC. 28/64 Rain all day. Travel on anything but a paved road is a muddy mess, the air lines are still semi-paralysed, only the good old-fashioned railways are able to run in normal fashion. Got in a good day's work on the novel. I have at last mastered the electric typewriter & find it a boon, very fast & precise, although my thought is still far from my fingers. Fortunately I can blot out errors by holding down the X key, which runs on automatically as long as one's finger is there, a marvellous device. No physical exercise for God knows how many days, & sedonal pills to pass the nights.

TUESDAY, DEC. 29, 1964

Drizzling rain, for the 5th. consecutive day. We've hardly seen the sun this whole month, except in brief intervals. Shopping by car this afternoon for typewriter ribbons & odds & ends.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31, 1964 I walked to Milton & back this afternoon in an interval of the incessant drizzle, though the sky remained low & black. My first good walk since the 22nd.

This evening we attended a big party at (lawyer) Earl Milford's house on Main Street, where Dr. Theod. Ford lived & practised for many years. Then another party at Austin Parker's, where we saw the new year in. When we walked down the street at 1:30 a.m. rain was falling again.

FRIDAY, JAN. 1, 1965 Awoke to find a light snow on the ground. The day was mostly overcast with a cold NW wind, & a brief glint or two of sunshine — the first we have seen in nine days. This is E's 61st birthday, & I had forgotten it — I think the first time I've failed to remember it since we were married. At 2:30 we drove in Austin Parker's car to attend a large party at Mill Village — a sort of housewarming affair given by Thomas & Helena Jory, late of London, Ontario, who bought & moved into Jim Donley's lovely old farmhouse a couple of months ago. Sherry, & talk, & afternoon tea, all very pleasant. During his own occupancy of 35 years or so Donley added to the house itself, & built a greenhouse, a large workshop including every possible tool & machine for do-it-yourself carpentry, a poultry-barn (including incubator) for raising

pheasants, & later broiler-chickens, etc. Jory intends to maintain the lawns & gardens, but the carpenter-shop & poultry shed are not in his line. Donley must have spent at least $50,000 on the place. He sold it lock-stock-& barrel to Jory probably for about that sum. Jory is 60, decided to retire in Nova Scotia, & bought the Donley demesne after one flying visit with his wife.

Tom Jr., Pam & the kids called on us this evening.

Nauss Bros. sent their bill for the attic job - $207.11. This makes a total of $1,556.64 spent (on repairs, interior painting, wiring, attic steps & flooring) on my house & garage in 1964.

MONDAY, JAN. 4/65 Still grey & cold with NW wind & light flurries of snow. A bad night, last, in spite of rum & seconal. Walked off some of the hangover this afternoon - Milton & back. Got some writing done. Totting up my record of booze purchased last year (gin for E., rum for me, & sherry for both of us) I find that I spent $1,548 in 1964. E. drinks fully as much as I, & for the same reason, to get through the nights. Neither of us touch the stuff during the day, except sherry before the evening meal. Thus we drank most of the $1548 between 10 p.m. & morning. The stuff is a frightful price, of course, with a huge profit to the federal & provincial governments. But it's extortionate for people of our age & nervous state, for whom it is medicine. Without it I would end my life tomorrow.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5/65 Cold (20°) with N. wind, but sunny all day, the first really bright day since Dec. 19. Enjoyed my Milton walk. Roads bare & dry (& white with salt) - barely

more than a powder of snow on the ground. No birds at my feeding tray in the garden except an occasional flock of starlings, sparrows, or red-winged blackbirds. No sign of our winter friends the grosbeaks.

News:- Mr. Pearson is holidaying in Florida during the recess of parliament. Mr. Diefenbaker is in Tobago, the island of Robinson Crusoe. Maybe he will see the handwriting on the wall, if not the footprint in the sand. The best service he can render his party now is to resign & make way for a better man. Much controversy still, in the newspapers, over the new Canadian flag. Serving brasshats of the Navy say they will be proud to serve under it, & hasten to add that the Navy naturally obeys whatever Parliament decides. Retired Navy officers like my friend Hugh Pullen are furious in pen & voice about giving up the white ensign for the new contraption.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6/65 Overcast & bleak, with snowflakes drifting down. About 2 dozen grosbeaks suddenly appeared at my feeding tray. In past years they arrived a day or two after Christmas. I have a wretched cold in the head, the first in a long time.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7/65 Indoors all day, nose-blowing, sneezing, weeping, but working doggedly at the novel. As usual I soon had to give up handkerchiefs for a towel.

FRIDAY :- JAN. 8/65 Wretched

SATURDAY:- JAN. 9/65 Wretched. Raining outside, temp. 43°. No vestige of ice or snow. Grass still shows green. No birds.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12, 1965 2° below zero at 7.30 a.m. About 4" of snow on the ground. I got up & dressed this morning for the first time since Saturday. On Sunday morning I went downstairs about 7.30 as usual, in pyjamas & dressing gown, to fill the coffee percolator & plug it in. But with this done I felt utterly ill & crawled back to bed. E. wanted to send for Dr. Wickwire but I said No. Probably I had complicated the 'flu by going up to the chilly attic on Saturday, & hunting about (without success) for the mass of notes I made for "His Majesty's Yankees" in 1940-41. This at the repeated request of W. J. Hawkins, Enfield, N.S. who is doing a ~~Ph.D.~~ MASTER'S thesis (University of N.B.) on my life & works. Nearly all these days I have been unable to work, as my eyes & nose ran a continual stream, & I had to keep a towel at hand. E. herself has a cold, though not so severe as mine, & the neighbors have been fetching our mail from the post office.

Doubleday, New York, have sent me $2,500 advance on the 3-book contract (including "Hangman's Beach") signed in the spring of 1963. This makes a total of $7,500 advanced on the contract, half from Toronto, half from New York. Toronto also advanced $1,000 on the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", which is to be published, after an unconscionable delay by Doubleday, in 1965. Thus I now owe the publishers $8,500.

Sorry to read in Monday's newspaper the obituary of my old friend Howard Bendelier, of Halifax, who died in the

Infirmary on Saturday morning. He was 64, & was president & general manager of The Book Room Ltd. (the only good bookshop in Halifax). He had been with the firm for 40 years, 30 as manager. Burial today at Windsor, where he was born. I last saw him Oct 2/64, when he & George Foster came out to the golf course for a chat with me. I knew that Bendelier had a heart ailment, & noticed that he was not his usual cheerful self.

SATURDAY, JAN. 16/65

When I made my last entry on Tuesday morning I thought I was past the worst of my cold. About 3 p.m. I was aware of a new malaise, with a sudden shortness of breath, & a chill in hands & feet that spread until I was shivering violently all over. Went to bed again. E. called Dr. Wickwire, who arrived at 4 p.m., took my pulse & temperature, went over my torso with stethoscope, & informed me that I was in the incipient stage of pneumonia. He gave me a massive injection of penicillin in the rump, & some yellow pills to counteract the shivering, said mine was the 4th or 5th case of exactly the same kind that had come to his notice in the past few days — influenza with the "wet" stage lasting a week to ten days, then a pause, followed by a sudden descent into pneumonia.

I lay in delirium most of Tuesday night, & felt miserable for the next 48 hours. Wickwire injected more penicillin on Wednesday, & gave a prescription for penicillin tablets to be swallowed 3 times a day. By Thursday my temperature

was back to normal, but there remained a tightness in the chest, with a dry cough. This continues, but I am able to eat light meals regularly, & I feel pretty well. My entire upper lip from mouth to nose, including the lip itself, is covered with some sort of cold sores that look like blisters.

During these 11 days of my illness the weather has been alternately mild, with fog, & sharply cold (2° below zero last night). An inch or two of snow. But this afternoon a real snowstorm began.

Wickwire called about 4:30, seemed a little surprised to see me up, but said it was all right. Went over me with the stethoscope. Apparently suspected possible heart labor due to lung congestion, as he examined my ankles & the base of my spine for swelling. Found none, but warned me, "You're not out of the woods yet", & recommended that I spend plenty of time lying down.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17/65 The snow ceased this morning. A big drift as usual in front of my garage. Our neighbor's son, Brian Pushie, very kindly came & shoveled out our front walk, also a path from the side door to the laundry platform & garbage cans.

News:- It was announced in the Advance 4 days ago that at least 50 & eventually perhaps as many as 150 single or duplex-apartment houses are to be built in Liverpool by private interests this summer & fall. These will accommodate highly skilled technicians & scientists

This whole thing proved to be an illusion. ↓ as far as the "50 to 150" houses went ☹

employed at the new "space-radar" station at Charleston, who will want to live in a town, & close to good schools.

Liverpool lawyer Lester Clements (prominent on the Liberal patronage committee for Queens Co.) made the statement; but the "private interests" are not revealed, except that they are Annapolis Valley men.

To provide space for this development, the town will open a new subdivision on the high land between College St. & the Meadow Pond road, with an extension of Old Bridge Street across Waterloo St. & probably at least one & probably more new streets parallel to Waterloo. Mayor Murphy phoned me asking about a name for the subdivision. I suggested "Cobb Ridge", to commemorate Capt. Sylvanus Cobb, who brought the first large body of settlers to Liverpool. The new streets could bear the names of other L'pool. pioneers such as Doggett, Freeman, Godfrey, Dean, etc.

Tom Jr. brought little Debbie & Tommy for a visit this afternoon, the first since I was taken ill. He says that he, Dr. James Macleod, & Murray Mosher, are still eager to finance the building for the proposed new Metropolitan Store in town. They would borrow the entire sum on mortgage, secure income-tax benefits for themselves over a period of 16 years, & at the end of that time own the building outright. The Metropolitan, a powerful national chain company, makes a policy of inducing local men of good financial standing, to put up the buildings they require, & offers attractive long-term rental agreements with no strings attached.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19, 1965 Another snowstorm, with drifting winds; in spite of which I ventured out of the house for the first time in two weeks, staggered as far as the town corner, got my hair (what there is of it!) cut, did some banking, picked up the mail. Felt much better for the brief exercise in fresh air.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20/65 Worked at my novel this morning, & shoveled the snow off my front steps & walk (hip deep) & dug a path from the ploughed road to the side door. I was none the worse for this, indeed felt the strength coming back into me; so this afternoon I did the same — worked at the novel for an hour or two; then shoveled out most of my driveway, the laundry platform etc; also dug a path to the bird-feeding tray, knocked at least a foot of snow off it, & covered it with sunflower seeds. Not a single bird showed up! Except for the momentary appearance of a flock of grosbeaks on Jan. 6 we have seen none of our usual winter visitors.

Canada's Centennial Commission, headed by John Fisher, announces in today's papers that this object "a stylized maple leaf" is to be the symbol of the 1967 celebration.

So now we have a "distinctive national flag" which is the Peruvian ensign with a different device (maple leaf) in the centre; and a "Centennial symbol" which is Israel's "Star of David" with the lowest triangle shaved to a narrow tail.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21, 1965

cold, & snowing at intervals. I stayed at my desk all day. Dr. McKenzie called, went over my chest & back with stethoscope, said I still had some "rales" in my lower left lung but was otherwise okay. I must continue taking antibiotic pills for another day or two. Austin & Vera Parker looked in to say goodbye & leave their door & P.O. box key. They are taking off by car for Georgia, & plan to stay two months with Son Jim & family. News:- Sir Winston Churchill suffered a cerebral stroke some days ago & is slowly sinking towards death, his amazing body instinctively fighting to the last.

FRIDAY, JAN. 22/65 A mild sunny day; temp. got to 40°. I walked to Milton & back, taking my time, & got home a bit tired but much better for the sun & air. Roads ploughed & dry.

SATURDAY, JAN. 23/65 Bright & cold. Temp. 10° above zero as I walked to Milton & back this morning. Felt stronger than yesterday & stepped out with much of my old brisk pace. Little Debbie & Tommy walked up to visit us this morning (pre-arranged by phone between Grandma & Pam), lunched with us, & spent most of the afternoon until Tom Jr. called for them with the car. Tom told me that he & most of the dentists & doctors called on the mayor & council a day or two ago, urging them to instal apparatus to fluoridate (I think that's the word) the town water, for the benefit of teeth, especially the teeth of children. This will be opposed, especially by Cecil Day, of the "Advance", who has been ranting against fluoridation for several years.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24, 1965

E & I walked to & from church this a.m., temp. 10° above zero with raw east breeze. Snow in the offing. Tom Jr. joined us in the pew & whispered that Sir Winston Churchill died early this morning. This evening on T.V. we watched an hour-long summary of Churchill's career, filmed by the B.B.C. Nothing new, of course. The life story of the great man — the greatest of our time — has been told & retold in newspapers, magazines, movies & T.V. ever since the end of War Two. He died at the age of 90, after a life crammed with adventure — both military and political — luxury even in the midst of wars — a see-saw of ups & downs — with rich offshoots like his skill in English writing as well as oratory — his remarkably skillful painting, etc. He made mistakes, sometimes costly ones to British soldiers & sailors as well as his own repute. But he was fiercely sincere, a true British patriot all his life, with a grasp of world politics & world welfare unequalled among his contemporaries.

MONDAY, JAN. 25/65 Snowstorm all night & most of today — about 10", all made heavy by a brief switch to rain, & then snow again. I shoveled out my paths, front & back, & found it heavy work in my still weakened condition.

Letter from Bill Deacon, for many years literary editor of the Toronto Globe & Mail. He retired in 1960 at 70, is now engaged on "informal, opinionated history" of Canadian literature from 1880 to the present day. Has it done as far as 1940 (about where I had my first book published) & wants some detail, though he knows & has reviewed nearly

all of my books. So puzzled because I have had nothing published since Governor's Lady in 1960. Wrote him.

Letter from Norval Waddington, now living at Beaverton, Ontario, who was head master of King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N.S. during War Two. (I visited him & wife there for a weekend in 1945, & addressed the KCS boys, also the girls of Edgehill, in the Hensley Memorial Hall.) He plans to write a biography of William Judd, former headmaster of KCS, still active as an Anglican priest in Toronto at the age of 82. Wants advice from me on how to go about it — a tall order. However, I wrote some advice.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 27/65 Another snowstorm last night, then fog today, making nice heavy shoveling again. Already the heap beside my front walk is more than head-high, my garage is hopelessly snowed in, & the winter only half gone. Put out plenty of sunflowerseeds on the bird tray, but only a mixed flock of grackles, cowbirds & starlings came to feed. What has happened to our colorful friends the yellow grosbeaks?

A good day's work on the novel, though the net result after corrections & deletions was only about 1,000 words.

Debbie & Tom-tom walked to pay us a call in the afternoon, without saying anything to Pam — who picked them up later with the car.

FRIDAY, JAN. 29/65 Very cold, with icy footing. Walked to the post office & back. I still have no "pep". Tonight a fit of sneezing, & a heavy bleeding from the right nostril

which continued a long time despite all attempts to stanch it.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30/65 Sunny but cold (20°) & windy, the streets & roads too icy for a good walk. Today on T.V. we watched the magnificent funeral of Sir Winston Churchill, the naval & military procession through London streets, the service in Westminster Hall, the boat journey on the Thames. Part of this was on film flown to Halifax by lightning-fast R.A.F. bombers, part by direct transmission using an artificial ("TELSTAR") object high in space to "bounce" the electronic waves. Most people had thought he would be buried in Westminster Abbey with Nelson, Wellington, & so many other great figures in British history. Instead he had chosen to lie with his father & mother & other Churchills in a small parish graveyard within sight of Blenheim Palace, the home of his ancestor Marlborough, where he was born. The service at Westminster included just 3 hymns or anthems, all favorites with him, though he was not a bit religious in the ordinary sense. The first was "The Battle Hymn of the American Republic", a strange tune in that imposing British edifice; then a hymn that one could imagine him shouting all his life — "Fight the good fight with all thy might" — & as the coffin was withdrawn from Westminster, that marvellous (if self-centred) chant of the British race, "O God Our Help in Ages Past."

SUNDAY, JAN. 31/65 Temp. exactly zero at 8 a.m. Saw a flock of grosbeaks in the bare maples across the street. Evelyn White says they have visited her feeding tray for 2 weeks past. For some reason (probably attack by hawks) they avoid mine, & all

I get is a funereal flock of mixed grackles, starlings, cow birds & occasional red-shouldered blackbirds, which are a depressing sight. Worked at the novel this morning. The temp. rose to 30°, with a hazy sun, & I walked to Milton and back, taking my time, with knees a bit shaky from lack of use. Two miles of the round route (the town sidewalks) were covered with hubbled ice & treacherous walking; the four miles on the river roads were bare & actually dry. Noticed kids playing hockey on the river ice, right in the middle, not far below the Morton wharf. This was my first long walk since the 23rd. Weather, icy footing, & illness, have forced me to spend most of this winter, so far, indoors.

TUESDAY, FEB. 2/65 Another Milton walk yesterday. Today shut in by another storm of snow-rain-snow. I have at last got "Hangman's Beach" to the point where Cascamond leaves hospital to live on parole in Preston.

FRIDAY, FEB. 5/65 Good winter weather yesterday & today; stars & a slice of moon at night, temps. down to zero: sunny days, temps. up to 20°, light breeze. Walked the Milton route each afternoon.

I have put out no bird-seed since Jan. 31 — I just got tired of seeing black birds of various kinds. Long rambling letter from Bill Deacon (see Jan. 25), ending "Thanks for a memorable friendship". The usual picture-postcards arrive from our acquaintances enjoying the sunshine of Florida etc., all with a message meaning "Don't you wish you were me?" This is standard procedure, of course. I think they get a bit bored with sitting about in the expensive sun, & like to think of

HFX CHRONICLE-HERALD FEB. 5, 1965

By FRED PARKER
United Press International

NASHVILLE, Tenn. (UP) — Advice to the young guitar picker from a man who made it big: "Keep plugging and striving 'til you reach that hit record. Then you've got it made."

Country and western recording artist Hank Snow was doing the talking in an interview with United Press International aboard a plane flying over the rolling hills of Tennessee.

"I nearly starved to death and had just about everything in hock before that first big one came along," Snow said. "I had pawned my horse, Cadillac, silver saddle, everything. Then my record, 'I'm Movin' On, broke, and it's been peaches and cream ever since."

Snow said a top country and western recording artist these days could expect to make about $250,000 a year from his appearances, royalties and other things directly connected with his singing.

"Most of the artists today are business minded, too," he said, "and have their money invested in various businesses."

Snow himself owned two radio stations—with fellow CW singer Ernest Tubbs—but sold them because they were too far from his home base of Nashville. He is loooking again for a station closer to Nashville. He also has a record store, music publishing companies and real estate.

It's a far cry from the little Canadian boy who came out of the woods of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. He made a name for himself singing across Canada and then came to the United States, "where I was about as well known as a nanny goat," he said. "But there simply is a lot more here than in Canada." He became a U.S. citizen in 1958.

Snow spent a month in Japan last February and is headed back to Japan, Australia and New Zealand next February. "Those Japanese audiences are the greatest," he said, "and have a great interest in country music. We had houses as high as 8,000 at $5 a head."

Country music is truly international now, he said, and a big package soon will be sent to Russia, which up to now has not been greatly exposed to it. "We feel it will go a long way toward helping international relations," Snow said.

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meaning "Don't

us stay-at-homes up to our necks in snow & freezing to death.

SUNDAY, FEB. 7/65 Snow yesterday, fine stuff amounting to about 2 inches. Mild today & overcast. Walked alone to morning service at Zion Church. Worked at the novel most of the afternoon.

TUESDAY, FEB. 9/65 A drizzle of rain all yesterday & last night, temp. 38°. This morning the temp. dropped to 20°, so I dug out my driveway before the sodden snow turned to solid ice. I had not attempted to get the car out since I was taken ill on Jan. 6. The snow had a crust of ice, so the work was hard, but I got through it. Drove downtown with E. in the afternoon, & got a case of rum at the liquor store while E. shopped at Eaton's & (for groceries) at the Dominion Store. Afterwards drove to Milton to charge-up the car battery. High banks of hard-frozen snow remain at the roadsides, & much ice on the town sidewalks & side-streets.

Another letter from the U.N.B. student John Hawkins, with a list of questions about the plots of various short stories of mine; all this for his Ph.D. thesis.

Gerald Freeman, lawyer in Ken Jones's firm, phoned asking me to act as judge of a Canadian history essay contest in the ~~Liverpool~~ Nova Scotia schools. I did this for Liverpool a few years ago, at Ken's request — he was providing the prizes — & I presume this is more of the same. I agreed on condition that a committee of teachers weed out the bad & mediocre, leaving me to judge the best. I also made clear that my writing would demand all my time & thought until, at the earliest, the first week in May. Freeman accepted that condition.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10, 1965

Sunny, temp. 10° above zero at 8 a.m., 20° at noon. Walked to Milton in the afternoon. This afternoon at Halifax the new session of the Legislature opened will all ceremony; 100 soldiers of the Black Watch, with their pipe band, formed the guard of honor, flown in from Gagetown N.B. Ken Jones, Minister of Trade & Industry, had invited Tom & Pam, & Dr. James Macleod & wife, to be his guests at the House opening, so they drove up to town this morning. The Macleods & Tom returned this evening. Pam & her children remained with the Whites in Hfx. Tom will join her there on Friday for a dinner, dance, etc. with his Dalhousie frat.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13/65 Mild (40°) & light showers. Letter from Shively (of Doubleday, N.Y.) wanting a sketch of the plot of my "Mc Nab Island" book for the annual conference of Doubleday editors & salesmen at N.Y. next Tuesday. According to him the M/S ~~is~~ to be delivered March 1st. I sent off a 50-word night telegram, outlining plot of "Hangman's Beach" & stating I cannot deliver before May 1st. (It will probably be June 1st!)

News from Ottawa:- This week at a conference of party bosses, Diefenbaker won by a narrow squeak a vote of approval in his leadership of the Conservatives. Most of the voters (including Stanfield of N.S.) were from constituencies outside of Ontario & Quebec, mostly rural or small town men whose people voted for "Dief the chief" in the West & the Maritimes in the last election, when urban voters in Ontario & Quebec

went over to the Liberal enemy. "Dief" can never win much support in towns & cities of Ontario, & little or none in Quebec, so the Liberals (despite dissensions, & especially the recent revelations of corruption in highly placed Quebec liberals) will certainly win another election. "Dief", like the ancient mariner with the dead bird slung at his neck, stumbles about the ship knowing that he's doomed but hating to admit it.

MONDAY, FEB. 15/65 A bright day, temp. 30° at noon, after a sharp night. This is Flag Day, when the new red-&-white flag of Canada was hoisted with ceremony at Ottawa & in all the provincial capitals, also on all federal buildings, army, air force & navy camps, bases & ships. Apart from the Quebecois, & the Anglophobe fringe in other provinces, there is much regret at hauling down the red ensign, the union jack, & aboard navy ships the famous old white ensign; but most people seem to accept the change as inevitable, & no doubt as the present age becomes history the red-&-white flag will acquire the sentiment of a new generation.

On my walk today I noticed only 3 of the new flags; one on the federal building, one on the stern of a small naval craft under repairs at the Sidney dock, & the third — astonishingly — flying from the roof of a board-&-aluminum-foil shack, the home of a trucker & his family on the river road to Milton.

SUNDAY, FEB. 21/65 Steady cold weather, with snow flurries alternating with sunshine, & usually clear starry nights. I

slog away at the novel every day, & it grows inch by inch.

Today Hilda Gamester drove from Mahone to lunch with us, & Tom & Pam joined us with their youngsters. Pam expects her third child in a month or so. Hilda, after leasing a small apartment in Hfx. for the winter, was offered the use of a small modern house on Dutch Village Road, by friends who will be away for 2 or 3 months. So she is living there & paying the lease of the empty apartment. Tom reported nothing new in the building-finance scheme recommended to Dr. James Macleod and himself by a chartered accountant here, which supposedly would give them large income-tax exemptions over a period of years & a large capital gain at the end. I was dubious from the first; but Tom regards my life on a small income as evidence of a woolly mind, financially woolly anyhow. Now however his father-in-law White, a professional (& successful) stockbroker, advises him to forget these real-estate schemes on borrowed money. "If you want to borrow money for an eventual capital gain, let me handle it for you in the stock market."

I'm curious to see which advice Tom will take.

TUESDAY, FEB. 23/65 A wild storm of wind with some snow, all last night & today. Temp. 19° above zero. Except for walks to the post office I have HARDLY been out of the house since the 15th. Have about 60,000 words of the novel written & permanent, after constant revision, deletion & addition.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 24, 1965

Sunny & windy, temp. 20°. Made the Milton walk. Historical Society met this evening at Irving Bain's house on Church Street. About 17 people. Election of officers for 1965. Eric Millard again President. I am again chairman of the museum committee. The Society has about 90 dues-paying members, most of whom do not attend the meetings. Millard mentioned the fact that several members have dropped out, & more will do so this year unless the Society can provide better programs and find a better place to meet. For many years the Society met in the Navy Room of Town Hall. This became noisy due to the increased power of the "talkie" machine of the theatre next door. Also the steep stairway made it difficult for elderly members & for physically handicapped people like Charles Kelsie & George Whalley. Because of these factors, two or three years ago (when Kelsie was President) the meeting place was changed to the Masonic Hall, a barren room but accessible directly from Main Street.

Nobody liked the Masonic Hall, & some (especially Mrs. Margaret Inness who is highly vocal) objected strongly. This, & the dullness of the programs (travel movies on a portable projector, etc.) has caused a loss of interest.

The speaker tonight was Reginald Dickie, now retired, a land surveyor for Mersey Paper Co. for many years. His subject:- bygone land surveyors of Queens County.

THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1965

A violent storm of wind & rain began about 5 p.m. & continued all night. According to the weather bureau this is the "warm" edge of a terrific snow-storm now raging through New York State & Ontario with force up to 60 miles an hour. This morning Tom Jr. replaced 3 old fillings in my front upper teeth which were coming loose. News:- in south-east Asia, specifically "South Viet-Nam", one of the new splinter states there, the U.S. ground & air troops (merely "advisors to the South Viet-Nam forces" according to Washington) are fighting North Viet-Nam troops. Moscow & Pekin are uttering the usual threats.

FRIDAY, FEB. 26/65 Temp. 40° at noon, & misty. The rain shrank our ice & snowbanks about the streets but a lot remains. Taking advantage of the mild spell I got the car out & fetched a case of rum & a case of gin from the liquor store. Had some on hand, but we will be snowed in again before long & there are two months yet to go before one can count on easy car operation. Noticed workmen pulling down the old cottage (18th or early 19th century) on Main Street next to the Salvation Army building which stands on the corner of Summer Street. Some of the boards two feet wide.

SUNDAY, FEB. 28/65 Lovely sunny day, temp. 25°. Went by car with E. to morning service at Zion Church. This afternoon went for a drive to Port Medway & Charleston. The asphalt roads bare & dry, but plenty of snow at the sides

& in the woods. Tom, Pam & the kids called just after we got home. Tom told me the Jerry V. Nickerson property on Bristol Avenue was sold some months ago to the new fishery Co. here, by Jerry's widow. The fishery company wanted the Nickerson land, which extended back into the marsh towards Gamage's Point. They sold the house & grounds facing Bristol Avenue to Schmidt, the man who built the Trans-Scotia motel ~~out~~ outside Brooklyn 2 or 3 years ago. Schmidt had a notion of tearing down the Nickerson house (a handsome Victorian mansion) & putting up an apartment house for some of the married scientists who will operate the new "space-communication" station at Charleston. Apparently he changed his mind, for the house remains.

MONDAY, MARCH 1/65 The month "comes in like a lamb", the air mild (38°) & drizzling. Indoors all day working on the novel except a walk to the post office. News:- The widow of J. W. Killam has offered $5,000,000 to the proposed new Children's Hospital in Halifax on condition that it be called J. W. Killam Memorial Hospital or some such thing. As the building will cost twice that, the rest being made up by a grant from the N.S. Govt., & by the contributions of thousands of mere people, the lady is up to the old game of buying a memorial for someone departed, at a bargain half-price. So far as I know, this is the first & only contribution she has made to philanthropy since she inherited Killam's enormous fortune & withdrew from Montreal to

the Bahamas & the French Riviera.

TUESDAY, MAR. 2/65 Mild & drizzling. This afternoon I carried the cardboard grocery cartons (which we have been saving, in the cellar) up to the attic, & spent a crouched & busy hour or so packing them with old magazines, to be trucked to the town dump in the spring. Also such items as a discarded & moulting fur coat of E's, childrens' toys, reams of old high school & college papers & notebooks belonging to Tom Jr. & Frances & stowed up there for God knows what reason. Amongst the lot were a vast number of copies of Blackwood's Magazine, dated between 1880 – 1903, which I found in old Tom White's attic in Shelburne more than 20 years ago. I loaded my car with them on 2 or 3 trips, read them all, made pencil notes on each cover of anything interesting or valuable for reference, put them in my attic, & (like the Whites) never looked at them again.

Nature note:- a flock of grosbeaks has appeared briefly at my feeding tray during the past week. Where have they been all winter? According to the Hfx. papers this disappearance of grosbeaks, chickadees & other familiar winter visitors to town feeding trays is general all over the province.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3/65 Temp. up to 38°. Walked to Milton & back, a mile of it in rain. The mild spell is eating away at the dirty old snowbanks by the roads & streets, & the ice is going out of the river below Milton.

A flock of 20 to 30 yellow grosbeaks visited my tray.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1965 Again a mild (40°) cloudy day. E. has the flu & spent most of the day in bed. I got a pair of roast chickens from the Dominion Store, & one provided the evening meal.

FRIDAY, MAR. 5/65 E. still wretched. I served her breakfast in bed — coffee & toast — but she has no appetite. The weather today was marvellous. The sun shone all day, & sent the temp. up to 50°. I worked with shovel & crowbar, breaking down the great heap, more ice than snow, at the street end of my driveway, & throwing it into the street to be mashed by the cars & melted in the sun. Everywhere the old snow shrank visibly wherever the sun fell. I walked to the post office without an overcoat & perspired at that. Probably all this is a "weather breeder" & we shall have many snowstorms & much cold yet, but at least today we had a taste of summer.

SUNDAY, MAR. 7/65 Drizzle & alternate squalls of snow. Indoors all day. E. recovering but retains a terrible cough.

MONDAY, MAR. 8/65 A marvel of a day — broad sunshine, calm, temps. 50° in the shade. Walked to Milton & back in my golf jacket. All the ice has gone out of the river, & in all the open places the snow has shrunk to a crust or vanished. The temperature has been above 32° day & night for eight days.

Local news:— much dissatisfaction among parents of students at the regional high school about the quality of many of the teachers. The Miss Weir (see my entry of Aug. 15/64) who was engaged to teach French

this term turned out to be a lunatic & was discharged from the job only a month or so ago. Strong objection also to the 5th Hindus now teaching various subjects including English literature. They have college degrees and are capable; there is no racial objection whatever; the complaint is that they speak English with an accent difficult to understand, & in the pressure of study nowadays this is an unnecessary burden to the students. A meeting last week between irate parents & the school board aired these complaints but accomplished nothing. Principal (or Supervisor) Tozer said that with the great shortage of teachers we are lucky to get people with college degrees at our rates of pay, & we shall probably import more Hindus next year.

TUESDAY, MAR. 9/65 Fire broke out in the curling rink about 1 a.m. & gutted it before the firemen got it stopped. Insurance said to be $35,000 but the cost of replacement will be much more. Afternoon walk to Milton, temp. 40° & cloudy with a chill east breeze. E. began today to type clean copy, on white paper, of "Hangman's Beach" so far as I have written it. Sitting in my study about midnight I heard wild geese honking & threw open the windows. A big flock was passing overhead towards the north.

THURSDAY, MAR. 11/65 Mike McKeague (?) salesman for Doubleday in the Maritimes called ~~this~~ yesterday afternoon on his rounds. This afternoon I made the Milton walk. All the frost is out of the roads, & the thaw has been so

rapid that the asphalt is badly cracked in many places, & the dirt roads are almost impassable. A great flock of evening grosbeaks, male & female, visited my seed tray this morning. Got a new golf jacket from Simpsons-Sears, & went over my golf shoes with "Silicone" to make them waterproof & preserve the leather. The snow has almost gone from my back lawn, & the golf course must be quite bare. But these preparations will bring winter back, judging from past experience.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12/65 Sunny, windy, temp. 30°. Dust & paper rubbish blowing on Main St. This afternoon, well muffled, I drove to White Point & played 9 holes of very bad golf — my first game since Nov. 28. Some patches of snow in the hollows but about 90° of the course is bare & even fairly dry, including all the greens. Tommy & Debbie Raddall came on their tricycles this afternoon & stayed to supper with us — their first visit in some time, owing to 'flu etc. Tom Jr. came with his station-wagon Ford after supper to carry them & their tricycles home. He says the cost of replacing the curling rink will run to at least $75,000. The insurance was $35,000. Much doubt about raising the extra $40,000 among the club members, especially now, with a great drive to raise money for the new hospital extension. Cecil Day, in yesterday's "Advance", proposed a new sport centre, which would include an ice rink for curling & hockey, an indoor (heated) swimming pool, etc.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13/65 A real March day, sunny with

a roaring NW wind, temp. 30° in shade but snow & ice evaporating in sun & wind. Made the Milton walk.

SUNDAY, MAR. 14/65 Sunny but cold & windy. Drove to Mahone with E. this afternoon to call on Hilda, but her house locked. Returned via Lunenburg.

Shocked to hear that Lloyd MacInnis died of a heart attack at his home in Halifax this evening. He was only 47, a tall dark man from Cape Breton, goodlooking & a gentleman in every sense of the word. He came to CBC, Halifax, to preside over the popular early-evening T.V. program called "Gazette", ~~in~~ in 1958, & in subsequent years I appeared on his show at various times — in my house, at historic spots (the Perkins house, Liverpool, & the Haliburton house, Windsor, & Admiralty House, Halifax) and in the Hfx. studios of CBC. He drove himself too hard in all ways — his regular CBC job, his various appearances for charity, his drive for extra personal income in TV commercials, "special" shows at overtime rates, & such lucrative sidelines as selling stock in the new "Abbey Wines" company at Truro. All these obsessions killed him.

MONDAY, MAR. 15/65 Again sunny & windy, after a cold (15°) night. Temp. got up to 40° in the sun, & this afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point, with the whole course to myself. Somehow I gave my left knee & left forearm a twist or sprain which didn't bother me at the time, but became very painful & awkward this evening.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1965

Again a sunny but cold & windy day — the seventh in succession — & a clear sky & full moon tonight. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, despite a painful left knee & forearm. The ground is not a bit soggy. In this kind of weather the snow simply evaporates. The fire brigade have been busy, due to fools setting fire to dry grass in these winds. Yesterday at Eagle Head a grass fire burned a house & barn, & embers flying from the house set fire to the Anglican church, which was utterly destroyed. Bush fires near the shore at various places from Port L'Hebert to Shelburne. Tonight the Historical Society met at Mrs. Hester Giffin's house on Bristol Avenue, & I gave a talk on the history of the fort at Liverpool. About 20 people, mostly women, including the Hindu wife (sari, caste mark & all) of one of the school teachers. The ladies served coffee & sandwiches & cake afterwards. The museum committee, of which I am chairman, comprises myself, Mrs. Maggie Inness (the real boss and very capable), Mrs. Howland White, & "Case" Mulhall.

THURSDAY, MAR. 18/65 Another sunny day. Golf this afternoon. Further to my entry of March 8 re school teachers. Douglas Tozer, Supervising Principal of the Liverpool Regional High School, has resigned ("ill health") & will retire at the end of this term. Vice-Principal D. C. Maclean also has resigned, & four teachers, including two of the Hindus.

Doug. Tozer is quite healthy, of course. He is a pleasant

man who came here soon after he married Phyllis (Jones) Byrne, widow of lawyer Ross Byrne. Although intelligent, he was no scholar, & as a supervisor he lacked firmness & "drive". Maclean came here about the same time. He also is a likeable man, & he knew his subject (mathematics) perfectly, but he is one of those unfortunate round pegs in square holes, a man unable to teach properly what he knows. Note:- Maclean changed his mind & stayed on the job.

SATURDAY, MAR. 20/65 Sunny & cool. The grounds committee of the golf club have issued a ban on play "until further notice" — I don't see why — the course is now dry & firm & cannot be damaged. However I took my afternoon exercise in a Milton walk. I learn that 15 teachers of our regional high school have decided to go elsewhere next term, including all the Hindus but one, a very good teacher of mathematics. Ironically, Tozer must find teachers for these 15 posts & sign them up for next year, before he quits his job in July. Some people feel this purge was long overdue. Others say Tozer could have got better teachers with more money, & that the new Supervisor-Principal will find that more money is essential.

This afternoon a Mersey Paper Co. truck delivered to me a sack with about a bushel of Chesapeake oysters — "compliments of Captain Charlie Williams". I phoned my thanks, & this evening spent 1½ hours shucking the oysters with the Micmac crooked-knife old Mike Mo-ko-ne made for me many years ago. I'm not a practised oyster-shucker.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1965 Snow fell last night, about an inch, so that this morning the ground was completely white for the first time in weeks. The asphalt roads were quickly bare when the sun came out, but there were snow squalls from time to time. Drove to morning service at Zion Church with E. A large congregation. The semi-sprain of my left forearm (March 15) has left a curious after effect of "pins-&-needles" and some numbness in my left fingers.

Tom & Pam & their youngsters came in the afternoon & had dinner with us. Poor Pam is huge, expecting her baby any day, & very uncomfortable day & night; yet she is immaculate in dress & make-up & really looked the handsome woman she is. Tom hopes for another boy — "it's time for more than one male Raddall to carry on the family name."

TUESDAY, MAR. 23/65 An inch of snow last night again, melting off the asphalt today despite a razor wind. Worked at the novel all morning & afternoon, & wrote 1500 words. Walked to the post office, & to the stores for blue pencils and typewriter ribbons.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/65 Sunny (but 31° in the shade) & a wild NW gale. I made the Milton walk nevertheless. Phone call from Miss Kay Hill, Halifax, asking me to support her application for a Canada Council grant. She wants it for research & preparation of two books for Canadian young people — one on the Cabot voyages, the other on Madame Latour.

She has made her living for years as a free-lance

writer of scripts & plays for CBC radio & T.V. Has had considerable success, but it is a spotty trade — she said, "As a Canadian writer who supports himself as a free-lancer, you know how hard it is."

I agreed, & she is sending along a form for me to fill out & mail direct to the Canada Council. She is deserving — unlike a lot of Canadian writers, most of them with steady jobs & salaries, who have been getting grants from the C.C. & looking upon it purely as a source of easy money.

SATURDAY, MAR. 27/65 Continuous NW gales the past 4 days & tonight it is blowing harder than ever. Tommy & Debby came on their tricycles for a visit this afternoon. Our winter-flitting townfolk (the Larry Seldons, the Longley Vinots, etc.) are beginning to arrive home from Florida, the West Indies, California, tropical sea-cruises, etc. Our friends the Austin Parkers are still with son Jim in Georgia, expect to return about mid-April.

News:- Violence grows in the state of Alabama, the violence all on the part of the state police & local sheriffs & white "posses" — many of whom are members of the Ku Klux Klan. The victims are Negro men, women & children marching in protest against the deliberate stalling of white registrars, who prevent most of the black adults from getting their names on the voters' lists, an old custom in the South, especially nowadays in Alabama & Mississippi. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

planned the marches carefully, & chose the town of Selma (chose) for the scene, about 50 miles from Montgomery, the state capital. Children were included deliberately, & the marchers were led by a Negro preacher, Martin Luther King (who was awarded the Nobel prize for effort towards Peace, last year). Many whites flocked from the northern states to join them, especially after the first brutalities. Of these whites many were "beatniks", masochists, publicity seekers & other similar types; but prominent clergymen also joined the marches — Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Jewish — and other American whites, male & female, of the best type. Two of these whites were murdered in the past few days, & finally President Johnson has sent federal police deputies in large numbers to arrest the murderers, & called out the (military) State Guard of Alabama to escort the protest marches.

It is now nearly 189 years since the Declaration of Independence, which asserted that all men are created equal and endowed with unalienable rights, etc.

Local news:- ~~town workmen are busy clearing, bull-dozing & blasting on the site of "Cobb's Ridge", the proposed new housing development.~~ The hospital extension (+6 beds) is now well underway, & there is a busy campaign to raise $160,000 by public subscription to supplement the federal, provincial, municipal & town grants. It is a sample of what is going on all over Canada in preparation for a nation-wide "Medicare" system.

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1965

Another cold (30°) windy day. My sister Hilda came to lunch with us, & so did Tom Jr. & family.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 31/65 March went out like a lion, with bright sunshine, cold wind (30°) — the same weather we have had for weeks, really. Not a single real snowstorm since Feb. 2. I can't remember so much sunshine in Feb. & March. No doubt we pay for it in April & May. Walked to Milton this afternoon in my old green cold-weather coat and grey wool cap. Despite the sunshine I could see my breath all the way in small white wisps.

MONDAY, APL. 5/65 Eric Millard, President, Historical Society, asked me to prepare a history of the Society, & the various steps by which we acquired the Perkins House & got the Provincial govt. to repair & furnish it. This meant searching back through my diaries 1929-1959, as the Society's early minute-books (even the constitution and by-laws!) have disappeared. Spent yesterday & much of today on it. Made the Milton walk this afternoon — the first really warm spring day — sunny & little wind. The spring birds are late — I didn't hear nor see a single one in 6 miles.

TUESDAY, APL. 6/65 I have another grandson. Pam gave birth to a fine big (~~10 lbs.~~ 10 lbs. 9 oz.) boy about 1.30 a.m. at the hospital. Both are doing well. Tom Jr. phoned the news at 8 a.m., & I took E. down to his

apartment to look after little Tommy & Debby. Grandma White is driving down from Hfx. & will take Tommy back with her for a week's stay. Debby will make a similar stay with us on Park St.

Noticed a lone song sparrow foraging on my lawn.

Mrs. Marian White arrived about 1 p.m., visited Pam & the baby at the hospital, & set out for Halifax with small Tommy. Debby & three small girl friends arrived in the afternoon & kept our house in an uproar, all over the place. I got no work done. Took C. W. Copelin's photo to Joe Ritchie for framing, & left an inscription for the "Three Musketeers" at the Advance office, to be printed ready for framing.

THURSDAY, APL. 8/65 For the past 3 weeks I have been bothered with a painful left knee, & a strange "pins-&-needles" feeling in my left hand & forearm with a loss of strength in the left hand. I have forced myself to walk to Milton despite the knee, & suffered afterwards in the night, when in the corpse of sleep I turned on my left side. I have not walked, except to the post office, for the past 3 days including this one, but the knee remains stiff & painful.

Tom Jr. is having his evening meals with us while Pam & child remain in hospital. He works very hard at his practice from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., with half an hour out for a sandwich lunch. He figures his gross money intake at $18,000 a year, with a net of $12,500 after business expenses.

Rain tonight, the first break in weeks of sunshine & cold winds.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1965

An open-&-shut day, temp. 40°. Writing away all morning — have got Cascamond to Melville Island person — about 78,000 words now, & it will take at least 40,000 more. Golf this afternoon, & enjoyed it despite the lame left knee & weak left hand. Jock, the pro, is now at the clubhouse, & I bought a Spalding canvas golf-bag, to replace my old worn-out one.

The junior Thomas Raddalls have decided to name their new son Robert Blair. The Blair has no family connotation on either side — they think it sounds well, & the boy will be called Blair.

A note from Colin Smith's father, in Victoria B.C., says that my Christmas card, mailed to Borneo last November, has just been returned to the Victoria address. He adds that Colin & wife Gloria are now teaching in a Nigerian college at Benin. Colin was an officer in the W.N.S.R. during the campaigns in north Italy and Holland, & as a student at Dalhousie U. gave me much help with the pictures for the regimental history.

SUNDAY, APL. 11/65 A grey windy day, temp. 30°. Indoors all day, & got some work done on the novel. Tom & Pamela came in, on their way home from the hospital with baby Blair, & took our little visitor Debby with them. Pam & baby both look well & healthy. Tom informs me that his & Dr. James Macleod's notion of financing the proposed new Metropolitan Store in L'pool. (see Jan. 17, Feb 21)

has come to nothing. This big national chain does business in Nova Scotia with a Hfx. realty-finance firm headed by Leonard Kitz, former mayor of Hfx. Kitz has visited Liverpool once or twice this winter to look over possible sites, but apparently there is no intention of building here this year.

TUESDAY, APL. 13/65 Snow last night, enough to cover the ground, & it remained today with a few additional snow squalls. This breaks a long spell of fine weather. According to the weather bureau at Hfx. we have had 33 consecutive days in which there was full or at least some sunshine. A poor day for the return of our friends Austin & Vera Parker from their winter stay in Georgia. They got home by car about 7 p.m. & reported quite heavy snow all the way through Maine to the ferry dock at Bar Harbor. During their absence E. has been visiting their house every 2 or 3 days to water the plants, Eric Anderssen has been keeping an eye on their oil furnace, & I have been collecting their mail — a large carton full — & paying the electric & phone bills.

Re the weather record:- I have not had to shovel snow since Feb. 9th., & there is no need now.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 14/65 The snow vanished today but not it's accompaniment, a sharp attack of lumbago added to my still painful left knee. Hobbled to the post office, but spent the rest of the day at my desk.

FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1965

Golf yesterday, despite lumbago & cold winds. This afternoon I spread over my lawns 22 lbs. of "Lawn Green" fertilizer, formula 20-10-5, as I did last year on April 16 & June 16.

EASTER SUNDAY, APL. 18/65 Rain last night & this morning. Drove to Mahone with E. & lunched with my sister Hilda Gamester. Returned to L'pool. 4:30 p.m. & called to see the junior Raddalls. Mrs. White had driven down from Hfx. bringing little Debby & Tommy, who have spent several days there. All well & happy.

THURSDAY, APL. 22/65 Historical Society met tonight at the home of Mrs. Warren Keay & Mrs. James Gardner, two widowed sisters who have an apartment on School Street & are secretaries in federal government offices here. The President (Eric Millard) was absent, & I was appointed to the chair. I exhibited the photos & printed inscription of the "Three Musketeers", which will now be placed in Town Hall's Navy Room. I turned over Joseph Ritchie's bill for the framing ($6.00) to the secretary-treasurer.

Owing to the disappearance of the Society's minute books for the period 1929 - 1946, I wrote an account from my own diaries containing all references to the Historical Society & the Perkins House from 1929 to 1959, & read the gist of it to the meeting. Mrs. Gardner undertook to type copies of my notes for the records of the Society. For entertainment old Miss Marguerite

Letson of Port Medway gave an account of the history of that place. She has typewritten enough for a book, & has a lively delivery with many anecdotes.

The Society has about $700 in its general fund, & $130 in the Old Cemetery Fund, with this year's membership fees just coming in.

SATURDAY, APL. 24/65 Cold & grey, with light snow falling & melting. Terence Freeman & son-in-law Dick Smith called this afternoon in a light truck loaded with old bric-a-brac, letters, ancient photographs etc., on their way to the town dump. The stuff was removed from the attic of the old Freeman house in Milton when Marie Freeman died. It had been stored for several years in Terence's garage, for lack of room in the house, & now he had decided to dump it. Edith looked over the mass of stuff, so did I, & picked out a number of family photographs, letters & documents for keeping here. Pathetic letters re the last years of Enos Parker Freeman (E's grandfather) including the deaths of his wife & daughter in the early months of 1894. Samuel Freeman's commission as a Captain of militia in 1837, & another in 1862.

TUESDAY, APL. 27/65 Drizzling rain. Had the Rossignol garage today remove my snow tires, switch the present front tires (which are in fairly good condition) to the rear, & instal new tires on the front. I bought the snow tires new last year, having had none before. Otherwise this is the first purchase of new tires since I bought the

car (Corvair) in 1961. Today I turned over to Eric Millard (town engineer & President of the Historical Society) the framed photos & inscription of "The Three Musketeers", Edrs. Macdonald, Lopelin & Harris, for installation on the wall of the Navy Room in Town Hall.

THURSDAY, APL. 29/65 A lovely warm day, like summer, with the breeze off the land for the first time in weeks. Golf this afternoon & E. picked a bunch of mayflowers in the woods near the lake. The grass begins to show green at last.

FRIDAY, APL. 30/65 Foggy & cold. Filled the roller & went over my lawns front & back. Drove to Hunts Point & bought 10 lbs. lobsters from Harvey Doggett @ 70¢ lb. A small party tonight at the Austin Parkers', with the Charles Williams's as joint hosts. Drinks & chat, & a supper of — boiled lobsters! Raining at midnight.

Young Bendelier, Howard's son, called today. He became manager of the Book Room, Hfx., after his father died. Tall, serious, businesslike, but without Howard's cheerful whimsicality. Jim Donly, Mill Village, died of a heart attack today while returning from an afternoon's fishing on the river. Age about 70. A mystery man from Ontario who came to Mill Village with pretty wife Kitty in the 1920's, ~~but~~ bought an old farmhouse & settled down to life as a country gentleman. He was then about 30, tall, intelligent, goodlooking. They converted the farmhouse into a charming home (see entry Nov. 27/64 & Jan. 1/65), and although they seldom

entertained visitors they joined in the Liverpool round of cocktail parties etc. at Christmas & New Year. Jim joined the poker-playing (L'pool) group called "The Stumble Inn gang", drank a lot of whiskey. In conversation he never revealed anything about his past except that he had served for a time in the Canadian army during War One. Always seemed to have plenty of money, enjoyed fishing & wild fowling, had a hobby of botany. About the end of War Two he suddenly became a teetotaller, ceased card-playing, & with Kitty withdrew from almost the last vestige of social life. Kitty used to make visits to her old home in Quebec province. Jim seldom or never went back to Ontario.

Eric Andersen told me tonight that the 9 dwellings at the "Town Site", Big Falls, which have stood empty for years, have been sold en bloc for a total price of $250! The Power Commission has been trying to sell them ever since the staff bought homes for themselves in Liverpool & Milton, but got no bids. Most of the houses were built in 1929, of excellent materials. (The staff-house for bachelor employees cost $40,000.) The purchaser is one John Gray of Halifax, who has contracted to tear down & remove all the buildings, & fill in the cellars. So far he has done nothing but remove a truckload of steam radiators, which, as he remarked to Eric, repaid his $250.

One of the dwellings was originally a fishing

& hunting lodge built about 1911 at Indian Gardens by F. B. McCurdy & John R. Macleod when they were the chief stockholders of the Macleod Pulp and Paper Co. at Milton. E. & I spent our honeymoon in it in June 1927. About 1930, after the building of the new hydro-electric power dams on the Mersey, the Power Commission moved the lodge to Big Falls over the ice & down the road by sleds and tractor & converted it to a modern dwelling.

SUNDAY, MAY 2/65 A sunny day but chilly with a wild N.W. gale, in spite of which I played 18 holes at White Point. Tom Jr. & family dined with us this evening. Pam's thirtieth birthday, & E. had a birthday cake with candles, which little Debby brought in from the kitchen while we sang "Happy birthday to you". The kiddies' faces shone even brighter than the candles. Wee Blair Raddall, about a month old, still has the frowning look of a querulous old man which all infants have at that age, but is healthy and noisy. Pam's parents are in Europe on a flying trip with a delegation of the Halifax Board of Trade (chartered plane) ostensibly for business in England. The Whites intend visiting Paris & Amsterdam as well.

MONDAY, MAY 3/65 Sunny & warm. Wm. Harding of Milton, a federal fisheries officer who spends much of his time on the Mersey watershed, exhibited his excellent collection of Indian artifacts to the Kiwanis Club today, and Hugh Byrne invited me to the luncheon & to join

in the discussion. Played a rapid 18 holes at White Point afterwards.

FRIDAY, MAY 7/65 Sunny cool weather continues. This afternoon I rolled the lawns again, removed the protective brush from the base of the rose bushes, loosened the earth about them & mixed in some bone meal fertilizer

SUNDAY, MAY 9/65 Overcast, warm, light showers. No exercise yesterday & today. Working indoors slugging away slowly & doggedly at the novel. Letter yesterday from Doubleday, New York, (George Shively) in response to one of mine April 12, advising him that I cannot finish "Hangman's Beach" before June 30. He says merely that June 30 will be okay. Nothing about acceptance of a novel that late, for publication in 1965, though he & I know perfectly well that printers' & binders' unions take their holidays in July & August, & that adequate advertising & other groundwork for a novel to be published in the Fall requires manuscript in the publisher's hands by May 31 at the latest.

MONDAY, MAY 10/65 Lovely warm day. E. left for Moncton about 10:30 a.m. by car with Mrs. Cecil Day. She expects to return Wednesday. Golf this afternoon sans sweater & sans cap for the first time this year. My bald head got a sunburn.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12/65 Showers yesterday, just enough to put out the bush fires. Golf this afternoon. E. got home at 5:30, very enthusiastic about the Dennis's new house in a Moncton suburb looking on the river. Francie

planned it with the aid of the building contractors & it is really swank — cost $35,000. They are moving in next month.

THURSDAY, MAY 13/65 Overcast, mild, light showers. The lawns have improved much these past few days, the patches of "winter-kill" filling in, & the rest a flourishing green. Worked on the novel all morning & most of the afternoon, as always dragging it slowly out of my head, word by word, & then re-writing. About 3 pm. drove with E. to Hunt's Point wharf, where I found "Harve" Doggett snoring on the bench in his shack, while two full boxes of lobsters, brought in by the fishermen this afternoon, sat drying on the floor. Woke him with shakes & shouts (as usual he muttered "Go away") & finally bought 10 lbs. of live lobsters — counting as usual one pound for his heavy old wire basket on the rusty beam scales — for $7.00. Boiled them in salted water at home, & enjoyed a couple apiece for dinner.

SATURDAY, MAY 15/65 Sunny & warm despite a hard west gale. Worked on the novel this morning. In the afternoon mowed the lawns for the first time this year, while E. typed away at clean copy (1 first copy & 2 carbons) of the novel so far as I have written it. News:- the U.S. perseveres in the war in South Viet Nam, with strong forces of army & marine & air troops to ginger up the languid South Vietnamese troops. The country has been almost over-run by communist guerillas from North Vietnam, & lately the U.S. air forces, (army & navy) have been bombing bridges, barracks, etc. in

North Viet Nam. There are loud protests as usual from Russia & China, but also from public gatherings in various countries, including the U.S. itself. Within the past week strong U.S. forces have landed in San Domingo, where things are in a state of anarchy & (according to Washington) communists from Cuba were about to seize control. More protests everywhere. "A policeman's lot is not a happy one".

TUESDAY, MAY 18/65 Rain. Spent most of the afternoon in the attic, packing old magazines, discarded clothes, toys, school books etc. into cardboard boxes for disposal. Mrs. Barbara Grantmyre, Enfield N.S. writes asking me to endorse her application to the Canada Council for a money grant. She proposes to write a history of the Shubenacadie River. She has had years of experience in writing light fiction for the Montreal Standard's Weekend Magazine, & has done plays for CBC radio & TV. I endorsed the application.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19/65 Rain. Doubleday (New York) have sent me "the very first copy" of the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North", & add that the official publication date is June 18. A typical sample of Doubleday mass production, it is inferior in all ways to the small edition originally published by McClelland & Steward in 1948. The cloth cover, the binding, the print, the paper — all second rate — & the photographic reproductions of Mackay's drawings are terrible. Two good things:— a more extensive index, & the addition of a map of modern Halifax at the back of the book.

This evening the Historical Society met at my house, about 20 people, the last meeting of the winter-&-spring season. Miss Annie Ritchie read a paper on Liverpool schools 1760-1964. I turned over to Mrs. Margaret Inness, my co-chairman of the Museum Committee, five $4-bills of the old Bank of Acadia, Liverpool, dated Dec. 2, 1872. These have been in my filing cabinet for a long time, presented by Mrs. Lynch, of Digby, who sold the Perkins house to our Society in 1936. Mrs. Inness will arrange to display one of these banknotes, under lock & key, in our Museum. The other four we sealed in an envelope, bearing a typewritten description of the contents and "Property of the Queens County Historical Society", & we wrote three signatures across the envelope flap — Eric Millard as President, Mrs. Inness & I as co-chairmen of the Museum Committee. Mrs. Inness is to deposit this envelope with the local Royal Bank of Canada for safekeeping in the vault.

Mrs. Nina Inness, curator of the Perkins house, reported that the sills seem to be subsiding at the east & west ends, causing a perceptible slant in the floors. She is arranging for carpenters to examine this, & for a plasterer to repair a loose portion of the museum-room ceiling.

SATURDAY, MAY 22/65 Warm with a nice breeze. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. Peter Chandler borrowed my history of the fort at Liverpool (typewritten) for study. He is head of a Kinsman club committee planning some sort of pageant for the Canadian centennial celebration here in 1967.

SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1965 A sunny day with a fresh W. breeze. Sketched the final chapters of my book this morning — a lot of plain hard writing yet to be done. Played golf at White Point in the afternoon, while E. picked a big bunch of violets in the adjoining woods. We dined on fresh Medway salmon at Clattenburg's restaurant, Brooklyn. Tom Jr. is on a a week-end camping & fishing trip at Kejimkujik with his friends Hugh Byrne & Dr. Floyd Maddonald. I guess, from much experience long past, that the black-flies are biting much more hungrily than the trout.

MONDAY, MAY 24/65 Sunny & windy. This is Commonwealth Day, according to the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald, whose front page this morning displayed in color the old Union Jack. (Originally Victoria Day - Queen Victoria's birthday - & during most of my own life Empire Day.) Separatists in Quebec (mostly teen-agers) held anti-English parades in Montreal, & a dynamite bomb planted outside the offices of the Prudential Assurance Co. of England wrecked the front door & windows. Others in Quebec City, under cover of darkness, daubed paint on statues of Queen Victoria, General Wolfe & Sir Wilfred Laurier, & for good measure a monument to the memory of Canadians who died in the Boer War.

Worked at the novel all morning, played golf at White Point this afternoon.

News:- Cyrus Eaton the wealthy U.S. financier (born in Pugwash N.S.), lately returned from one of his visits to Russia, has warned in a public address

in the U.S. that powerful Russian & Chinese forces are moving to intervene in the Viet Nam – Viet Cong war and that "we have only 3 or 4 weeks to prevent a great war" which ultimately will bring nuclear-fission weapons into use on a global scale. His solution:- "Let us get out of Viet Nam. What is Viet Nam to us?"

Possibly some such fear has reached the New York stock market in the past few days, with a lot of selling.

TUESDAY, MAY 25/65 Windy (N.W.) again, but warmer than yesterday despite a somewhat hazy sun. My shrubs are leafing out. The ground is dry – this has been a windy, chilly, but very dry spring on the South Shore. The Minister of Forests at Hfx. ordered the N.S. woods closed to travel today because of the numerous forest fires. (None on the South Shore at present.) Young Tom got back from his fishing trip at Keyemkujik & Little River, reporting poor fishing (he got 6 trout in 3 days) and blackflies thick.

Domestic notes:- I rigged a new clothes-line for E., of plastic-covered wire, replacing the line of sash-cord which had given endless trouble, & broke yesterday. After golf this afternoon I drove to Hunts Point & bought 10 lbs. lobsters for $7.00. As usual Harvey Dogget was snoring on his bunk at the wharf. I had to wake him up, help him get a box of live lobsters up from the cove with the derrick, figure out the cost of the lobsters, & the change from my $10 bill. E. & I boiled the lobsters when we got home, & had five for supper – probably our last of the season, which ends May 31.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1965

Windy, with masses of black cloud, like a Fall day. Tonight the temp. dropped to 30°.

John "Jock" Jackson, our "pro" at the golf club, suffered a severe heart attack on Monday & lies semi-paralysed in hospital. Tonight I had a phone call from Graham Dennis, of the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald, objecting to a paragraph in the new edition of my "Halifax, Warden of the North", in which I mentioned the absorption of the old Chronicle & Star in the last days of 1948 by the Herald-Mail company. I wrote "It was then" discovered that the Herald & Mail themselves had lately passed into new ownership which had various financial & political interests in other parts of eastern Canada."

Dennis was rather hysterical, said this was "lies and propaganda", & invited me to inspect the list of shareholders. I said, "Are you asserting that there has been no change whatever in the actual ownership of the former Herald & Mail since 1948?" He said again that I could inspect the list of shareholders, & asked me the source of my information, which I refused to reveal. (Actually it came from old Hfx. newspaperman H. B. Jefferson & others, who stated that K. C. Irving, the New Brunswick tycoon, acquired a controlling interest in the Herald-Mail in or about 1948. The shares are held in the ~~name~~ name of a Hfx. lawyer, Daly, who acts as front man for Irving in various N.S. operations.)

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1965

I note in this morning's Chronicle-Herald the obituary of Mrs. Grace Donnalda Larson (née Gormley of Halifax). She & her engineer husband went to South Africa about 1937 & never returned. She found one of my works in a Durban library in 1962 & began a sporadic correspondence with me full of nostalgic memories of N.S. She was, even then, slowly dying of incurable disease.

A mild overcast day. This afternoon I mowed my lawns. Debbie & Tommy Raddall turned up & joined a troop of children from the neighborhood, making mud-pies in the birdbath, splashing each other, & generally having a fine time, but leaving a fine mess.

SUNDAY, MAY 30/65 Church this a.m. with E., & we picked up Debbie & Tommy at home & took them along to Sunday school. On returning them we found that Bill & Marion White had driven down from Hfx. to spend the day, & we went in for a chat. They spent a week in Paris & a fortnight in London, ranging about by hired motor from these bases. Bill's interest was mostly in art galleries. They brought back gifts for Tom, Pam & the children.

Young Dick Smith arrived from Port Medway this afternoon with half a dozen lobsters, which we had for supper. The season closes tomorrow on the western coast of N.S.

MONDAY, MAY 31/65 Overcast & cool. George Nowlan, for

MRS. G. D. LARSEN

Mrs. Grace Donnalda Larsen, a native of Halifax, died in Southernwood, East London, East Africa.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gormley of Halifax, and the wife of Alexander Larsen, Pictou County, who predeceased her.

She graduated from Normal College in Truro, and taught in both the Chebucto Road School and the old St. Pat's High School in Halifax.

In her twenties she left for South East Africa where she married and spent the rest of her life, never returning to her native province.

She lived in Lourenco Marques, Johannesburg, and finally in East London, South Africa. She was connected with the Outspan Magazine, and taught school. During the war she acted as an interpreter for the Allies, speaking fluently six languages.

She is survived by her adopted daughter, Cathy, East London, and one brother Victor R. Gormley of Halifax.

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many years MP for Digby-Annapolis-Kings, & former member of the Diefenbaker cabinet, died in an Ottawa hospital today. A big man in all ways (he stood over 6'3") he was liked & respected by men of all parties, & was one of the best men ever to represent Nova Scotia at Ottawa. He was 66. Today I received a carton of 15 copies of the new "Halifax, Warden of The North", from George Nelson, Toronto, with a request that I autograph 1 for himself & wife Lily, & 1 to each of four other Canadian authors preparing books for Doubleday's "Romance of Canadian Cities" series. (Kathleen Jenkins, Montreal; Bruce West, Toronto; Erik Spicer, Ottawa; Eric Nicol, Vancouver.)

TUESDAY, JUNE 1/65 Fine & breezy. Golf with Austin Parker this afternoon. At 4 p.m. two truckmen came & removed from the attic two or three dozen cartons of old magazines, books, & old clothing, etc., which I packed up some weeks ago. Tomorrow they will finish the job. All goes to the town dump. Today young Dick Smith brought us a fine 11 lb. salmon caught by net at Port Medway this morning. Price 80¢ lb.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2/65 Overcast, rain at night. E. left by car for Moncton at 4 p.m. with the Cecil Days. The truckmen came & removed the remaining cartons & bundles of junk in the attic — the accumulation of 30 years — broken dolls & other toys, masses of old schoolbooks & papers & copybooks, quilts, discarded suitcases & travel bags, a moth-eaten

fur coat, an old mattress, bags of rags saved for mat-making & never used, & so on. Some stuff remains poked in the difficult places under the eaves, but the main result is a good riddance of stuff that should never have been put up there but sent to the dump in the first place.

This evening lawyer Gerald Freeman brought the winnowed results of the essay & short contest sponsored by the Liverpool Kiwanis Club. It was open to any high school student in N.S. More than 100 entries came in, & Freeman (an experienced journalist before taking up the law) had sorted out 16 for my final judgement. There are cash prizes plus publication (& payment) by the magazine Atlantic Advocate for the winner of first prize.

News: In the daily welter of world troubles there is an item on page 7 of today's Chronicle-Herald that strikes my eye. It has to do with the Atlantic salmon. The migration of river salmon to some remote meeting place has interested scientists for many years. They go there as smolts & return to their native rivers as full-grown fish. It is now known that Danish fishermen, using seine nets from modern craft in waters off Greenland, found an area teeming with salmon last year. They caught about 1200 tons, which would mean roughly half a million to a million individual salmon. Some of the catch bore tags from rivers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick & Quebec, as well as some from Europe. Undoubtedly the Danes & others (including the

Russians' transatlantic fishing fleet) will exploit this discovery. It could mean the end of our steadily dwindling salmon fishery in the rivers & estuaries of the Canadian Atlantic provinces.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3/65 A cold gale of wind & rain from the sea all last night & today. The first rain to really soak the ground in a long time. Reading over the essays & short stories in the Kiwanis contest, mostly submitted by students 16-18 years old. Mostly short stories imitating the kind of fiction they read - the girls running to stories of unrequited love, with a good deal of moonlight or thunder & lightning.

I went over the attic floor with the vacuum cleaner. A lot of accumulated black dust, almost like a thin soot, accessible at last.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4/65 Morning as usual at my desk. This afternoon golfed alone, forced to quit at the 16th hole by drenching rain & a slow party ahead, who made no offer to let me through. E. got home with the Days at 9 p.m., reported Bill & Frande very pleased with their swank new house by the Moncton golf course.

In Liverpool, workmen have begun to tear down the old Kempton double-house opposite the Advance building. On this site and part of the former Patch land, Metropolitan Stores will build a big hardware - dry goods - variety store, part of their national chain. For years a Maritime chain (~~SCARFE~~ STEDMAN Stores) has operated such a business opposite Town Hall, a little gold mine, thronged with shoppers,

despite an unenterprising management.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1965 The temp. shot up to 80° today, our first really hot day of the year. This afternoon I drove with E. to Shelburne, & down the harbor to the naval station. It is still forbidden to visitors & for added emphasis there is a "No Photography" sign well outside the gate in the fence. Over the gate is a sign, "Joint U.S. and Canadian - Naval Oceanography Research Station" - or words to that effect. Another sign says "H.M.C.S. Shelburne, commissioned 1955."

Why is this continued, when there is a large & well-manned civilian-scientist oceanography research station in Dartmouth, almost opposite H.M.C. Dockyard? And why the secrecy & the "No Photography" sign?

A lovely drive, with the trees leafing out & birds singing everywhere.

MONDAY, JUNE 7/65 Temp. 73° at noon with a nice breeze. The trees & shrubs are shooting out leaves in this heat after the long cool spring, & my bush-honeysuckle is actually blooming. This afternoon I took off 17 wooden storm windows & stowed them in the overhead racks in the garage. Took off the wooden storm-door at the side entrance, & washed & installed the fly-screen on the kitchen window. Hard & hot work. Pam & her brood called this afternoon, & in the evening Tom Jr. came in to pay $100 on his old college debt to me. He still owes $3600 on that, & chats to me about his fat income and the money he has invested on the stock market. News:- Two U.S. astronauts

were returned safely to earth (actually the sea) today after whizzing 62 times around the globe in 4 days. At one stage one of them emerged from the rocket-capsule & floated in space, a stunt first performed by a Russian last March.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9/65 Warm & overcast for our 38th. wedding anniversary. Our neighbors & friends, the Howland Whites across the street, reached their 43rd yesterday. ~~We~~ I had the florist send up a dozen red roses to E., & this afternoon we invited the Whites to join us in a leisurely drive & dinner in Lunenburg. Set off about 3.30 & went by way of East Port Medway, Petite Riviere, West Lahave, Bridgewater, down the Lahave again to Riverport, & thence to Lunenburg. Everything green & fresh, with apple trees, Indian pear, chokecherry etc. all in white blossom. Looked in at Boscawen Manor but found the place unready for the summer season, so went on to the Bluenose hotel, where we had an excellent meal with aperitifs and a bottle of Sauterne. Evelyn & Howland White have no car & don't get about much, so they thoroughly enjoyed the jaunt & so did we.

News:- The big steel barge ~~will~~ which will hold the fish-processing plant of Mersey Seafoods Ltd., was launched yesterday by Steel & Engine Products Co., Liverpool. It is built of 250 tons of welded steel plate. Mersey Seafoods Ltd. was incorporated in Feb. 1964 by a group of young L'pool business men; but the originator of the

idea was George Murphy, manager of Stelco, whose company naturally got the job of building the plant. Practically all of the money involved will come from federal & provincial subsidies & loans. The plant is scheduled to start business this autumn, employing 50 people.

The stock market at New York has been sliding downward rapidly during the past three weeks, & especially in the past 3 days. It had been climbing for many months, but has been shaken lately by the increasing war in Viet Nam & the threat of Chinese and Russian intervention, with prospects of a Third World War. On top of this a N.Y. financial expert recently declared the N.Y. stock market to be in the dangerous condition of 1929 — due for a long fall which could lead to panic. All of this had prompt reflections in the Toronto & Montreal markets, of course.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10/65 Sun & cloud, & the fog-horn groaning at Western Head. Golf at White Point, alone this afternoon, in thick fog. Eddie, the groundsman, informed me that our pro., John Jackson, died in the V. G. Hospital in Hfx. this morning. When I came along No 5 fairway, near the Point, I noticed two men digging a grave in the little cemetery there. It was for Jackson.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12/65 Fine & hot. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns, trimming shrubs, etc. Noticed a pair of Baltimore orioles flitting about the garden yesterday.

Financial note:- Last December I received a small

remittance from Hutchinson's, the London publishers of "The Nymph & The Lamp" years ago. They enclosed a statement showing that during the 6 months ending June 30, 1964 they had collected a final £14/2/0 royalty on the Reader's Digest edition which included The Nymph, & sold in Britain. As usual they retained half for themselves. Then, from my £7/1/0, they deducted £2/18/7 as tax on "Home Revenue", leaving me £4/2/5. I determined not to let this go unchallenged. First I had to write the Dept. of National Revenue, Ottawa, for the necessary "U.K. Form N1, to obtain refund of non-resident tax withheld on royalties." I filled this out promptly & sent it on the "Inspector of Foreign Dividends, Inland Revenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England." Today, nearly one year after Hutchinson's closed my royalty account, I received a cheque from Inland Revenue, Britain, for the missing £2/18/7. Tucked into the envelope with the cheque was a printed note:- "With the compliments of the Inspector of Foreign Dividends."

SUNDAY, JUNE 13/65 Overcast, with a cold sea wind. Attended John Jackson's funeral service in the Chandler undertaking house on Union St. this afternoon. The place was filled with practically the entire golf club.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16/65 Getting into the final chapters of "Hangman's Beach", still wringing it out of my brain sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph. Each evening E. types clean copy for the printers

(one original & two carbon copies) so that when I write the last line it can go to Doubleday as a whole. However it is much too late for publication this Fall, as I had hoped. (The same thing happened with "The Wings of Night", which was finished in June & held over for publication in the next year.)

A bright cool day. Hurried out to the golf course after my usual sandwich at noon, & got in nine fast holes before the afternoon mob arrived & jammed the whole course. Then back to town. Got out the garden hose & washed down the windows & the sides of the house, cleaning off the gathered grime of many months, especially under the eaves & porch, etc. All this to make ready for the painters. (The house was painted last in June 1961.)

While the hose was connected I also washed my car — its first wash in at least ten months.

Town developments:- on Main St. the contractors for the new Metropolitan Store (90 feet street frontage) have razed the old wooden Kempton building & are now excavating for the foundation. On Gorham St., contractors have installed a large steel crane & are busy tearing away the burned shell of the Curling Club & preparing to build the new one. My informants at the Mersey Paper Co. tell me that Tony Balloch is continually busy with the paring knife in reducing expenses in all directions. Staff (non-union) are being reduced, a few each year. Entertainment at Mersey Lodge up the river

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has been greatly cut. Various outside services performed by the Mersey Co. for many years, for good public relations, have been cut off. Examples:- the forestry department sprayed the ornamental trees in Brooklyn & L'pool against destructive worms & grubs, for years; that was stopped soon after Balloch came. Officials of Mersey Co. were the chief sponsors of the Liverpool Golf & Country Club from its formation in the early 1930's. For nearly 30 years the Mersey Co. has repaired the grounds equipment, water pumps, etc in the mill machine shop free of charge, and provided jobs in the mill every winter for the club pro. and the chief groundsman. About 2 years ago Balloch stopped the winter job for the groundsman. Now, with Jackson's death, he has stopped the winter job for any future club pro. The free overhaul of club machinery has ceased also. Balloch reversed his ban on the latter two items.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18/65 Overcast & warm. Although copies of the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North" ~~the~~ have been on sale in bookstores for the past fortnight or so, this is the official publication date, & this morning I received a congratulatory telegram from Doubleday, New York. Golf this afternoon. This evening Clement & Ester Crowell called in on their way to Hfx, & showed photos of their winter home in Gulfport, Florida.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19/65 Overcast & hot. Mowed the lawns this afternoon, spread 11 lbs. "Lawn Green" over them (see Apl. 16)

and washed it in with hose & sprinkler. Debby & Tommy turned up in the midst of these operations & got themselves soaking wet.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26/65 Warm. E. & I attended morning service at Zion Church & saw the christening of our grandson Robert Blair Raddall. He behaved very well & didn't utter a sound. Afterwards the junior Raddalls came to our house for luncheon, & we were joined by our neighbors the Ralph Johnsons. At 4 p.m. the Johnsons picked us up in their car & drove to Port Joli, & had supper with the Austin Parkers in their shore cottage. Old Professor Serpenning & his wife, who built & owned the first cottage outside the hamlet of St. Catherine's River, both died in the U.S.A. last year. Presumably their daughter & son-in-law (American teacher & author Rudolph Flesch) will use it henceforth.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22/65 Sunny but cool. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived by car from Moncton this afternoon, bringing their two little girls, who will stay with us a few days. The two boys are deposited with the Dennis grandparents at Brookfield, Colchester Co. All this to clear the way for moving furniture etc. from the old to the new house in Moncton.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23/65 Very hot (90°) Played 18 holes at White Point this morning with Bill Dennis, & after lunch he & Francie left for Moncton, leaving little Tracy and Stephanie in our care.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24/65 Fine & cooler. Clement & Ester Crowell came to lunch, on their way home from Windsor, & in the

afternoon Clem & I played golf. They left soon after, insisting that we spend a day or two with them at Lake Annis next month.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/65 A perfect summer day. Golf this afternoon. Visited this evening by Professor North Callahan of N.Y. University, & his brother. Callahan is doing research for a book on the Loyalists & we have had some correspondence. He has been in Hfx. consulting the Archives & is on his way to Shelburne, then to St. John, Fredericton, Toronto, etc.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27/65 Warm, with a fine breeze. Spent the afternoon on the golf course — played 25 holes. George Kyle told me Mowbray Jones will retire from Bowaters Corp. next year. "It was a nasty knock to him when the head office in London decided to split his North American command and place the U.S. mills under "Vic." Sutton." At the same time they closed their Montreal offices, former H.Q. for North America, & told Mowbray that henceforth he could use offices at Corner Brook, Nfld., since his reduced responsibilities included only the big mill there, & the much smaller one at Liverpool. Mowbray & wife Phyllis liked the Montreal life & chose to stay there — Mowbray jetting to Nfld., & Phyl making occasional flying visits to their house here in Liverpool, which is maintained with two resident servants. Never forget that Bowaters is a British corporation, & the present management retains the late Sir Eric's view of it. Yankee &

Canadian susceptibilities must be "played up to" for the sake of business; but anybody too ambitious on this side of the ocean will be slid into a position with no prospect but resignation."

Little Stephanie Dennis arrived here with a cold, & was very feverish by Friday night, & still has a hacking cough. Apparently I caught the bug. The back of my nose & throat painfully dry & sore yesterday & today, & this evening the sneezing & nose-blowing began.

MONDAY, JUNE 28/65 Fine & cool weather, but I spent a wretched day, sneezing, blowing, weeping. Went out to the golf course in the afternoon, hoping the sun & fresh air would help, but came home feeling worse. Awful evening, head aching like mad, & all the rest of a bad cold. I am allergic to aspirins, so I can get no relief.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29/65 Very hot, with rumbles of distant thunder. Indoors all day, sneezing, blowing, etc. Utter misery.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30/65 Knowing that I was in for a broken night, despite sleeping pills, I turned in last night on the iron cot in my den, my refuge on bad nights for many years. At 1.30 a.m. I awoke, & heard a clatter of lids of the metal garbage cans which stand at the back of the house against one wall of the den. I went into the kitchen & switched on the floodlight which illuminates the back garden, expecting to see a dog. But it was a raccoon, which promptly scuttled away under my garage. Presumably one of the raccoon troupe which I caught raiding these cans last year. Edith & the

CHRONICLE-HERALD, HFX. JUNE 28 1965

Winners In Essay Contest

LIVERPOOL—A simple, forceful story of adventure on the fishing grounds by a Digby County boy has won first prize in the essay contest held by Kiwanis Club of Liverpool.

Final judging was by Dr. Thomas H. Raddall, of Liverpool, one of Canada's foremost men of letters. His first choice among the 112 entries was "Killer on The Ledge," by Bruce Outhouse, of Islands Consolidated School, Freeport.

Dr. Raddall described it as "a fishing adventure that had every mark of a personal experience, related in a simple but effective way." The first prize is $100, and in addition the story will be published in the Atlantic Advocate.

The second prize of $50 was won by Nancy Corston, of Queen Elizabeth High School, Halifax, for her essay "On Going to the Theatre."

Robert Young, of Pictou Academy won third prize of $25 for his short story "If You Are Thinking of Yelling at a Barking Dog. . . . Don't."

Dr. Raddall expressed praise for the quality of the writing in the entries which were submitted to him for final judging, He said young writers were apt to be derivative or frankly imitative, "It is not undesirable, it is a natural process."

Officials of the Kiwanis Club of Liverpool expressed satisfaction at the response to the contest which drew entries from thirty high schools throughout the entire province. It is hoped that, because of the good response and the quality of the entries, the contest can be continued on an annual basis.

two little Dennis girls left for Moncton at 8:30 a.m. with the Ralph Johnsons, who are motoring to visit young David & Hilde Johnson at the RCAF station, Chatham, N.B. This afternoon, feeling a desperate need of fresh air & exercise, & feeling somewhat on the mend from the awful cold, I played golf alone at White Point. In town the sky was overcast & the air sultry; at White Point thick sea-fog & the atmosphere of a Turkish bath. I was drenched with sweat, probably a good thing for a man trying to throw off a bug. Dined at 5 p.m. at the "Queens Restaurant" on the White Point road, a glorified shack recently enlarged to accommodate dancing parties. Everything very clean, waitresses in laundry-fresh costumes, etc., but a damned poor meal priced at $2.00.

John Hawkins, of Enfield N.S., a student at U.N.B., two years ago chose my life & books as a thesis for his Master's degree. At that time I lent him a number of documents, including my correspondence with Edith Rogers of Springhill, N.S. in 1954, when she chose the same thesis for her M.A. at Acadia. Today a package arrived from Hawkins containing the borrowed material, with a brief note of thanks, saying that his thesis had just been accepted by U.N.B.

SATURDAY, JULY 3/65 Overcast, one or two light showers, not enough to do any good. Farm authorities say this is the worst drought in a century. The woods are closed again, owing

to a new outbreak of brush fires. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. E. phoned from Moncton tonight; she plans to stay till next Wednesday, & wants me to drive up there & stay a day or two, & then bring her home. Bill came on the line & gave me some intricate directions for finding my way through Moncton to Riverview.

SUNDAY, JULY 4/65 Fine & warm. Worked on the novel all morning. Lunch at Rita Beebe's house in Mill Village, the American ladies wearing little corsages of red, white & blue flowers in honor of the day. The Wickwires, Waters, Seabornes, Tozers, Kirkpatricks, Tom Miller & I.

The dish was salmon, with fresh green peas, etc., watermelon for dessert. The meal spun out, & so did the talk, through most of the afternoon, all very pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7/65 Set off for Moncton at 7:45 a.m. A good fast run once I got on the Hfx. Bicentennial Drive — Trans-Canada Highway. Stopped at Oxford for coffee & a lobster sandwich. Had a little difficulty finding my way through the busy Moncton down-town area — I hadn't seen the place since 1941, & then only passing through. Arrived at the Dennis's new home about 2 p.m. It is in Riverview, across the Petitcodiac River from Moncton, on a height commanding a marvellous view of the river for 2 or 3 miles. The house, built to Francie's specifications, is handsome, roomy, well equipped. Cost about $35,000. With landscaping, creation of lawns etc, now in progress, it will

run close to #40,000. About 200 yards from the door is the clubhouse of the Moncton Golf & Country Club, of which Bill is a member. He & his partner Dr. "Bun" Gillis (they were classmates at Dalhousie) have offices in the city, & have a large & lucrative practice. Moncton is booming, with a rapidly increasing population.

We dined on the stone-flagged patio overlooking the river, & watched the bore come up from Fundy, headed by a busy flock of gulls & terns feeding on small fish of some kind. Francie is somewhat on the thin side of her best weight, but looks tanned & well. Her two boys & two girls are healthy & lively, & the older boy Gregory is something of a prodigy in school.

THURSDAY, JULY 8/65 A warm overcast day with a few light showers. Bill went over to the city to attend his hospital cases & office calls, the first thing this morning, & about 10-30 returned to play golf with me on the nearby course. It has 18 holes, laid out mostly through woods of mixed hardwood & cedar, about 3½ miles in length. The drought here (as everywhere in eastern Canada) has baked the earth hard & turned much of the grass brown, except in the shade of the trees. The ball ran & ran. I get drives up to 260 yards, whereas at White Point nowadays I rarely get over 260. The greens also were very "fast" & took some getting used to. I played the front nine holes in 51 & the back nine in 41. After lunch Bill drove me out to the

famous new "hump yard", outside Moncton, actually built about 5 years ago by the C.N.R. for marshalling freight trains of up to 150 cars. The yard is laid out like an airport, 2 miles long, with innumerable tracks & sidings instead of runways. The marshalling is controlled by men sitting at elaborate electric switch-boards in control towers very much like those of an airport. We watched a long incoming freight train being pushed slowly over the "hump", & then the individual cars separating & gliding away along various tracks to join trains being made up for various points in N.B., N.S., & P.E.I. Rather uncanny but quite fascinating, & a perfect demonstration of Moncton's role as the freight distribution centre of the Maritimes.

Dr. Gillis & wife, who also live in Riverview, entertained Bill, Frances, Edith & me at dinner in their home this evening. Mrs. Gillis' maiden name was O'Brien, her father a Canadian soldier of the regular force, & she remembers living at York Redoubt, Halifax, during the Second World War. A good dinner & very pleasant people. "Home" about midnight, & slept well.

FRIDAY, JULY 9/65 Fine & warm. Left Riverview with E. about 9:30 a.m. Lunched in a busy & very good wayside restaurant at Shubenacadie. For variation in the long drive I turned off the main highway near Milford & drove through the lovely farming country of the Kawdons (east, centre, west, etc.) to Windsor.

The short route from Windsor to Chester is now "prepared for paving" — as it has been for at least 2 years — & very dusty. So I took the old narrow winding Valley road to Kentville, crawling along in a continuous bind of slow traffic. Glad to turn off at Kentville for the good clear run to Chester Basin via New Ross. Home about 5 p.m. Bathed, changed, & drove out to White Point Lodge at 6:15 for dinner. Sherry for aperitifs, & a bottle of Graves with the meal. As usual under the regime of the Elliots, the service & the wines were good, the food well cooked & served, but the portions very skimpy. We ordered clam chowder, salmon, strawberries & cream. My bowl of chowder contained exactly 1 clam — E. got 3. The salmon cuts would have made a good meal for an adult cat. Harvey Crowell & daughter Marion sat at an adjoining table, & he & I arranged a round of golf tomorrow morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 10/65 Dense fog. Crowell & I played 9 holes of blind-man's-buff in a dripping mist this morning. Very slow & very wet business; & as the mist obscured our eye-glasses, despite constant wiping, our play was very poor. After lunch at home I mowed & watered my parched lawns. Soon afterwards we had one or two heavy showers, with grumbles of thunder. In the evening we called on the family of Tom Jr., & found them comfortably installed in the upstairs flat lately vacated by (Hindu) Mr. Poori & family. The Hindus left it in

a filthy state, but the whole apartment has been repainted & it is at least twice as large as their old one downstairs.

Letter from Michael Wardell, head of The Atlantic Advocate, saying he is using in his August issue the story "Killer on The Ledge" by high school student Bruce Outhouse of Freeport, Digby Co., N.S., which I selected for first prize in the Kiwanis Club contest. He asks me to contribute an article of advice to young writers, saying something of my own experiences.

Heavy showers of rain tonight, the first in a long time.

MONDAY, JULY 12/65 Very hot yesterday, a little cooler today. Finished & sent off a brief article to Wardell.

Golf this afternoon with Austin Parker & Harvey Crowell.

TUESDAY, JULY 13/65 Fine & warm. Note from Clem. Crowell inviting E. & me to visit them July 22-25. Phoned him that I was engaged for a dinner address to a "Heritage" group from Saskatchewan on July 23. He said, "Come along on the afternoon of Monday July 26 & stay till Wednesday so we can get in some golf." Had my car lights checked at the Rossignol garage, & found 2 of the 4 head lights & 1 of the parking lights out of business. Had new ones installed. Fortunately I haven't had to drive at night for several weeks past, or I'd have been in trouble.

FRIDAY, JULY 16/65 Continuous warm weather - a few light showers yesterday, but the ground is parched, brooks have dried up, rivers are low. Golf this afternoon with

Austin Parker. Later E. & I joined a buffet dinner party at the Parkers' house, all old friends, including Rita Beebe & sister Elsa. A Parker reunion, as son Jim, wife & children arrived from Georgia today, & son Douglas & wife came down from Hfx.

SATURDAY, JULY 17/65 Fine. Met Charlie Copelin shopping in town this morning. He arrived from England a few days ago & will spend the summer at his Hants Point cottage. Some say he is fed up with his retirement in England & intends staying here for good.

SUNDAY, JULY 18/65 Fog on the shore all day, & sky overcast inland. This afternoon drove with E. to Mahone Bay, & spent a couple of hours with my sisters Hilda & Nellie, & Nell's husband Max Cassidy. The Cassidys arrived there from Alabama two or three weeks ago, & are staying until Fall, as they did last year. Hilda's lawns are burned brown by the drought, & the water in her well is down to 29 inches. They are actually scooping up their bath-water to water the flowers about the house. Left about 4, & dined at Clattenburg's in Brooklyn — a surprise, for the meal was very bad & the service terrible. Frank Willis phoned this evening from White Point Lodge — he & wife Gladys arrived there via Yarmouth & Bar Harbor this afternoon. E. has been busy inviting 30-odd people to a party at our house tomorrow evening, to meet the Willis's.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1965

Golf with Frank Willis at White Point this morning. The same old Frank, full of anecdotes about his travels & adventures in the C.B.C. In the evening we had E's party, a house full, plenty to eat & drink; Frank the cynosure with his neat grey hair & moustache, gaunt face, burning dark eyes & rich bass voice. He wore an open shirt, Ascot tie, & his favorite blue blazer with the crest of King's Collegiate School. After the crowd had gone we sat chatting with the Willis's until long after midnight.

TUESDAY, JULY 20/65 Rendezvous with Frank at the golf clubhouse at 9 a.m. Heavy fog & rain falling through it. Waited in the clubhouse till 10:30 a.m., when the rain seemed to slack off. We set off around the course & the rain increased. At the end of 9 holes we were soaked & quit. Spent the afternoon at home putting the house to rights after the party. E. very tired. She fainted at her hair-dresser's this morning, & the frightened woman sent for Dr. Wickwire. Nothing serious. E. spent the afternoon in bed, & was bright & cheerful at 6 p.m. when we picked up young Tom & drove to White Point for dinner with Frank & Gladys. E chatted afterwards in their cabin till 10 p.m., then home.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21/65 Had a last game of golf with Frank this morning. Some fog when we began at 9 a.m.

but a W. breeze sprang up & blew it off to sea, & the sun was bright & warm, & the grass & trees freshened by yesterday's rain. I played better than my usual game — 83 — but Frank was away off his own — 89 or something worse. At noon Gladys walked up from the lodge to the clubhouse & we said goodbye again. They are making a leisurely tour of N.S. for the first time in many years & intend to stay some days at Wolfville, Hubbards, Halifax, etc.; & then go on to Cape Breton.

THURSDAY, JULY 22/65 Fine & warm. On the golf course most of the afternoon, played 27 holes, (18 with Waters, Kyle & Lockward). This evening Austin & Vera Parker dropped in with their guest, a Mr. Stokes of Hfx., second-in-command of the Montreal Trust Co. branch there, a huge man (6'3") in the late thirties. He is a reader of my books, & wished to meet the author.

FRIDAY, JULY 23/65 Fine, with a cool breeze. This evening the town of Liverpool gave a dinner at the Mersey Hotel to a party of 25 Saskatchewan teen-agers, with a chaperone, who are traveling N.S. as part of the "Canadian Centennial Commission Youth Travel Program. (25 N.S. high school students are traveling in Saskatchewan.)

Mayor Charles Murphy was in the chair, wearing his ornate chain of office (presented some years ago by Sir Eric Bowater). E. & I sat at the head table — I was guest speaker, talking about the varied peoples who made up our town & province, & the way they had learned

to sink their differences for the good of all. The Sask. group presented Murphy with souvenirs from the mayors of Regina & Saskatoon. Murphy did the same for those mayors, & presented each member of the party with a souvenir map of colonial Liverpool as it was in the 18th. century. As the speaker I was presented (by the town of Liverpool) with a plastic refrigerator bowl containing a dozen first-rate Spalding golf balls. After the dinner the young people went on to a dance in the Fire Hall with members of the teen-age set in L'pool.

Comic note:- everywhere they have gone in N.S. these boys & girls from Saskatchewan have been feasted ~~or~~ fêted with sea food, on the assumption that anything they can't get at home will be a delightful luxury. The fact is that the youngsters loathe such strange things as lobster, scallops, salmon (which we had tonight) oysters, fish chowder etc., & would rather have the excellent roast beef or steaks, or fried or roast chicken, which they eat at home.

SUNDAY, JULY 25/65 Showers & distant lightning in the night. A Nova Scotian expatriate, now living in Richmond, Virginia, called about noon & got me to autograph his copy of "Halifax, Warden of the North", which he had bought in a Richmond bookshop recently. This afternoon I drove with E. to Mahone for a visit with Hilda & her guests Max & Nellie Cassidy. At 5 pm. we all drove to Bluenose Lodge in Lunenburg & had a very good dinner. Max paid the meal bill & I paid for the wine, (Liebfraumilch.)

MONDAY, JULY 26, 1965 Fine & hot. I was a guest of the Kiwanis Club at their weekly luncheon in the Mersey Hotel today. My fellow guest was young Bruce Outhouse, winner of the Kiwanis writing award, a goodlooking & intelligent lad of 18 or so. He has won also a scholarship at Dalhousie. Said to me he'd like to be a writer but he intended studying for the law, as a surer way to make a living. After lunch I hastened home, packed some clothes, & set off with E. by car to visit the Crowells at Lake Annis. As usual I got lost on unmarked backwoods crossroads behind Yarmouth, & after much wandering arrived at the Crowells' cottage about 5:30.

"Glem" has converted the big & deep stone-walled cellar of a bygone farmhouse into a sunny, sheltered patio, with flowers & an apple tree, & two varieties of grapes which grow in lush profusion on an arbor. He knocked out the west wall of the cellar & built his cottage between it & the shore of the lake. Since we visited them a few years ago their son Bill, a school principal in a town near Montreal, has built a log cottage nearby. Bill is here now, with his tall handsome wife & 2 young daughters. We had fun reminiscing about Aldershot (N.S.) camp in 1942, when Glem & I were lieutenants in the West Novas & Bill was my orderly corporal during my own duties as orderly officer. (Bill afterwards went overseas in a reinforcement draft to the North Novas, & was wounded

in Normandy.) "Clem" today received his first old-age pension cheque ($75). Esther herself will be 70 in a year or two. They have sufficient income for their retirement in any case, & last year bought a 3-apartment house in Florida for the winter months, renting the other two. They are in good health, active physically & mentally, & the best of company. Esther is a very good amateur painter (landscapes and still-lifes) and is now engaged in writing a book of reminiscences — she came of one of the old Yarmouth shipping families, & remembers when they were still using square-rigged windjammers.

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 1965 Fine & warm. This afternoon Clem & I motored into Yarmouth (about 25 miles) & played golf with Col. Ulric Dawson, who had invited the Crowells & Raddalls to dinner. The old Colonel (he is in his 70's) is just recovering from a back ailment, & dashed about the course in an electric go-cart, descending to hit the ball. Afterwards Clem & I washed & changed into white shirts, ties, & jackets, & joined the ladies in the charming old house on Forest Street, surrounded by shrubs & flowers. Dawson is a stocky, homely man, with lively & shrewd black eyes, black eyebrows & white hair, & he & his wife are natives of P.E.I. He served with the Canadian army in France in War One, & was

severely wounded there. In War Two he enlisted again, & became commandant of the army training camp at Yarmouth. At that war's close the Kosmos Imperial Mills at Yarmouth appointed him President & General Manager, although he knew nothing of manufacturing. However they recognised his ability to handle men & run an efficient organisation. He retired a few years ago but remains in an advisory capacity & still goes to the Cosmos office in the mornings. We had a delicious dinner with aperitifs & wines, & afterwards chatted till about 9.30 before setting out for Lake Annis. The Crowells go to bed every night at 10 p.m., so we did, too. For no reason that I could see, except perhaps the rich food at dinner, I spent a restless night in spite of rum & sleeping pills.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28/65 Up at 7:15 at Clem's call. (The ladies stayed in bed.) Drove to the Yarmouth golf course, where Col. Dawson was awaiting us at sharp 9 a.m. This morning he did not need the go-cart but stepped briskly around the hilly 18-hole course with the aid of a walking stick. At the clubhouse I met a Dr. Gaudet, native of Yarmouth, prominent in the medical profession in New York, where he is vice-president of the Canadian Club. He

Costain died Oct 8, 1965 aged 80.

said that Tom Costain, now in his 80's, is ailing & spends most of his time in his magnificent Riverside Drive penthouse. Recently a delegation of about two dozen members of the Canadian Club called on him there, & presented him with an inscribed gold medal in recognition of his literary work. I know this must have delighted old Tom, who made a fortune out of his books but never received the literary awards (such as the Governor General's medal in Canada) for which he longed.

Clem & I lunched in a sea-food restaurant in Yarmouth & returned to Lake Annis in the afternoon. Bill & family joined us for dinner, a delicious buffet meal in the patio.

Nature note:- squirrels, ~~etc~~ & many varieties of birds inhabit the nearby woods and flit about the patio. One cat-bird is very tame, & will come & take a raisin out of Clem's or Ester's fingers. At dusk, 3 or 4 four hawks came & walked about the patio stones, & appeared to be pecking up insects or possibly bits of gravel. We sat as still as statues but they were nervous, flitting off suddenly at intervals & then returning. About the size of a night-hawk, & short-legged, but owing to the dusk it was impossible to see details for identification.

News:- Mrs. Dorothy (widow of J. W.) Killam died yesterday at her luxurious villa on the French

Riviera, aged 66. An American beauty from St. Louis, she married Killam in 1922 & during their married life spent her time in Montreal & the West Indies, with intervals in a swank apartment in New York. Although Killam had often said he wished to leave large sums to Nova Scotia universities on his death, & also to ensure that his controlling interest in Mersey Paper Co. here should not be sold to owners outside Canada, no signed will to that effect could be found. The only signed will was one made in the early years of his marriage, leaving all his possessions to wife Dorothy, with no charitable bequests. She promptly sold the Mersey Paper shares, at a rich profit, to the Bowaters Corporation, of London. Her chief interest during her married life was in professional American baseball, & at her urging Killam tried to buy the New York Yankees Club, without success. She professed to come of a well-to-do family, & said she was educated in Switzerland. She had a superficial poise & hauteur, but betrayed a vulgar side in wearing a great number of expensive jewels on every possible occasion. (At a dinner in the Killam house in Montreal, on one occasion, she drew the attention of guests B. J. Waters & R. L. Dealborne (of Liverpool, N.S.) to her diamond rings, bracelets, brooches & necklace, & said brightly, "At this moment I'm wearing two hundred

and fifty thousand dollars.") Killam was interested only in making money, & she in parading it, & they had few or no friends in Montreal's best society. When Killam died & was buried there the "mourners" were executives of his various companies & their wives. She promptly left Montreal & has lived since mostly in New York & France.

Last February, suddenly & strangely, she leased a swank apartment in Halifax, although she did not appear in person. A month or two later the committee in Halifax, raising funds for a new Childrens' Hospital, announced a gift of $5,000,000 from Mrs. Killam under certain conditions, one of which was that the new building must be named the "Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children". She said she planned to come to Hfx & stay for a time. Apparently she had been impressed by the benefactions of the widow of Sir James Dunn in N.B. and N.S. & decided to play Lady Bountiful in much the same way. Now it is announced that the funeral service will be held in the First Baptist Church, Halifax, with burial in Fairview Cemetery there.

THURSDAY, JULY ~~30~~ 29/65 I drove home with E. via Annapolis, stopping at the Hedley House for lunch. The sky was black, & there was some thunder & then a torrent of rain which continued all the way to about Greywood. From there on it petered out — no water for the Mersey valley. Weather bureau at Hfx. says that

the year 1965, so far, has provided the driest 7 months since the weather records started 98 years ago.

FRIDAY, JULY 30/65 Pam & her children are back from the beach holiday at Brule', & came with Tom to chat with us for a while this evening.

~~SATURDAY, JULY~~

MONDAY, AUG. 2/65 Golf this afternoon with Parker, Waters & Williams. The wind has got around to the east at last, & tonight we had some rain.

The mail brought a printed form of the Publications Program, The Centennial Commission, to be filled out & signed. Bill Deacon has applied for a grant of $5,000 to enable him to write a "popular history of Canadian literature, 1880-1960" & referred the Commission to me for a statement of capability, etc. I filled out the form & mailed it. This makes three (the others were Kay Hill & Barbara Grantmyre) who have asked for grants from the Canada Foundation or the Centennial Commission this year, & referred to me for recommendation. I have complied, for friendship's sake, but can't help feeling that all three could have done without the money. — Kay Hill is a successful T.V. playwright, Mrs. Grantmyre is supported by her husband, & Bill Deacon is retired on a pension from the Globe & Mail plus $150 per month (self & wife) government old-age pension.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3/65 This morning's Chronicle-Herald had its front page given largely to yesterday's funeral of Mrs.

I. W. Killam, attended by dignitaries of Dalhouse & Acadia universities, the Lieut. Governor, the wife of Premier Stanfield, a contingent of nurses from the Children's Hospital, & various Trust company officials & lawyers, etc. None of Killam's former executives of Mersey Paper Co. attended, so far as I know! Her will was made public immediately. The estate is valued for probate at #100,000,000. Most of it goes to Dalhousie, University of Alberta, University of B.C. & the Montreal Neurological Institute & the Canada Council. The Children's Hospital, Hfx., gets #3,000,000 in addition to the #5,000,000 Mrs Killam gave a few months ago.

THURSDAY, AUG. 5/65 No rain since the brief showers Monday night. The golf course at White Point is more brown than green, & you can see dust fly wherever the ball strikes ground.

FRIDAY, AUG. 6/65 Hot & dry. This evening my sisters Nellie & Hilda, & Nell's husband Max Cassidy, came from Mahone Bay & will spend the weekend with us.

SATURDAY, AUG. 7/65 Terribly hot. I slept last night on the cot in my study, which is more bearable than the bedroom upstairs. Max & Nell, accustomed to Alabama heat, don't mind this weather at all. This afternoon we drove in Max's car to the new "space satellite communication" station near Charleston. We were allowed to peer through a plate-

glass window into the interior of the pressurized nylon balloon which shields the circular reception antennae from the weather. Max, the engineer, got into a highly technical talk with one of the scientists on the job, a north-country Englishman, & we had to drag him away for Liverpool, talking, changing clothes, & on to dinner at White Point Lodge. The main dish was broiled lobster, which C & I ordered, but our guests preferred meat, so we had a large (& apparently inexhaustible) bottle of Chianti with it. A bank of fog could be seen several miles to seaward & there was a cool air from it, delicious after the burning heat in town, & we sat after dinner by the swimming pool until the air actually became too cool for comfort. Met & chatted with old Earl & Mrs. Richardson of Boston, who have spent their summers here for many years. Afterwards we went on to Hunt's Point, found Carl Conrad watering his vegetable garden. His wife Jean (Dunlap) Conrad was at Summerville, calling on her sister Verna & husband Fred Ryan, so we went on there, & chatted with them for an hour. In town, again great heat, & I slept downstairs on my cot.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8, 1965 Another hot day, but with a westerly breeze. Our guests slept late, & we had "brunch" in the shade of the trees on the back lawn. In the afternoon Max wanted to take some pictures to show his friends in Alabama, so I accompanied him in his car (which has

an air-cooling system, necessary in the South but utterly new to me) while he snapped color shots of Main Street by the Perkins House, the waterfront from Government Wharf (including the new floating fish-factory a-building at the Stenporte wharf, & a rusty Irving Oil tanker docked there for repairs & painting.) Then on to Mersey paper mill, where Max was chiefly interested in pictures of the huge cones of stacked wood, with hoses playing on them, for safety, from steel towers. Tom, Pam, & 3 kids joined us for drinks & dinner, which was a buffet serve-yourself affair, with portable metal side-tables set up by every chair. Max was busy with his camera. The Junior Raddalls left for home about 7, having a fretful baby. The Cassidys & Hilda left at 8:30 for Wahone. In another week the Cassidys leave for a fortnight in his old home town, Inverness, Cape Breton. After that they will head homeward for Alabama.

E. & I washed, dried, & stowed away the formidable quantity of pots, pans, glasses, cups, saucers, plates of two sizes & various subsidiary glass bowls & dishes, all sorts of silver knives, forks & spoons — in fact all that is used in entertaining a dinner party of ten assorted humans of all ages.

MONDAY, AUG. 9/65 Another hot day, just like the day 47 years ago when my father died in battle. Golf this afternoon with Bruce & Jean Docherty. Forest fires have broken out in various parts of the Maritimes, including

one near the Lloyd-Annapolis road in the region of Eight Mile Lake. A strike of postal employees in Montreal, the distributing centre for much of eastern Canada, for the past 2 weeks, has resulted in an almost complete block of mail to & from the Maritimes. An example & a warning — the militant Anglophobes in Quebec can block all communication, any time they choose, between the English-speaking peoples of the Maritimes & those of the rest of Canada. The strike is now ended, by federal govt. concession of a large increase of pay; but the "ourselves alone" sentiment of the Quebecois, freely expressed during the strike, is exultant over this latest demonstration of their power. I find my tolerant views changing. I begin to feel that some day Angls-Canada will have to put down the militant (and ruling) section of the Quebecois by military force. I predict that there won't be much bloodshed. The Quebecois have long been distinguished (even under the old French regime) for entirely selfish motives & inflammatory oratory, but not much guts when it came to powder & bayonet.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10/65 Weather remains the same — very hot & humid, with a bank of fog off Western Head. A few drops of rain this afternoon as we returned from the golf course. The forest fire between ~~Burn~~ Burnaby Lake & the Medway River is now very close to Charleston. The Medway is very low — one

can hop across it on exposed stones almost anywhere — and the new ~~the~~ satellite-communication-centre is in the danger zone.

Doubleday are sending me reviews of "Halifax, Warden of the North" from U.S. newspapers. Most merely note it briefly, but those who have obviously read it thoroughly are usually pleased with it & say so. The 1948 edition was published in Canada only. (By McClelland & Stewart, Toronto.) Doubleday seem to be making an effort to distribute this one in the States as well, though I doubt if it will sell much there. The average American has never heard of the place, doesn't even know where Nova Scotia is, and cares little about the whole of Canada.

A Mr. Harry Delap, of Granville Ferry N.S. called today & left a typewritten packet which he said had been found in Vancouver. It is an incomplete autobiography of Capt. W. Reed Farnsworth of Granville, born 1838, who went to sea in Bay of Fundy coasting schooners as a boy of 15, & later became a tough & able skipper of big Bluenose square-riggers in voyages about the world. He was a long time with the famous firm of Troop & Son, St. John, N.B. In 1887 he left the sea & began to operate & speculate in mining claims in California & Oregon. The account breaks off abruptly in 1898, when he was largely concerned in a chemical deposit, used as fertilizer, near San Diego,

which according to this account was worth $3,500,000. Farnsworth was then 60, & I presume he died in California or perhaps B.C. in the early 1900's. The typewritten account seems to have been copied from a hand-written scrawl, probably after his death, for it contains many errors of spelling in names of ports, nautical terms, etc.; but it has the authentic ring of a man full of gusto all his life. He ruled with an iron hand, had several mutinies, & could not keep a crew for long in his deep-sea days; yet he was pious, even sanctimonious, carried his wife & children about the world with him until the youngsters were old enough for school. (Two daughters were left for schooling at Mount Saint Vincent Convent, Halifax.) Delap wants me to get it published in book form; but it is too disjointed, too monotonous in relating voyage after voyage, full of nautical terms which would be Greek to a layman, and in any case too brief to make a book. I suggested that Delap send it to the Archives at Ottawa, but he was noncommital.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11/65 Showers last night & a few today, with a dark sky & oppressive humidity. Worked all day on the novel, reviewing, re-writing the most recent chapter. Phone call tonight from Floyd Chalmers, head of the Maclean-Hunter publications, who is touring N.S. & staying a few days at White Point. He conveyed greetings from Murray Chipman, & invited me to play golf tomorrow.

THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1965 Golf with Chalmers & Roy Cunningham, local Royal Bank manager. Painfully slow. We left No 1 tee at 9 a.m. & finished eighteen holes at about 12.30. I usually go round in 2 hours.

A fine day with a light breeze. This afternoon, hearing that the forest fire had reached Charleston, that people there were evacuating their homes, that the fire had jumped the Medway River & was approaching the satellite-tracking station, etc., I drove there with E. Found everybody pursuing normal tasks, no sign of smoke. This evening Rolf Seaborn told me the fire is being contained by Mersey Paper & provincial fire-fighting crews operating with long lines of hose from Herring Cove Lake & Burnaby Lake. It began on a new hydro-power line being cut from the Five Mile (on the Liscol-Annapolis road) towards the Medway, & has burned about 2500 acres of timber, much of it on the Paper Co's so-called "tree farm" — an area set aside for model forestry practice some years ago, conserving existing timber, not planting trees.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13/65 Continuing hot weather. I have not mowed my lawns for nearly a month. They are parched & brown except for the weeds, which flourish. Dinner at White Point Lodge tonight with Tom Jr., Pamela & children — they have taken a cottage there for a few days.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14/65 Hot & dry. Chalmers & wife called at

my house this morning to get my autograph on a copy of "Halifax, Warden of the North." They are on their way home to Toronto, motoring, & stopping a day or two here & there. Chalmers suggested that I write an article for Maclean's Magazine, but I changed the subject.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15/65 Hot, with a haze over the land, & sea fog as usual lying in a cool bank just offshore. This afternoon drove with E. to Petite Riviere by the shore road, & later drove around Western Head at home, to get some cool air. The air inland has a parched smell, & you feel that if you tossed a match into the roadside woods the whole landscape would explode. Odd note:- Petite Riviere, truly a small stream, still has a fair flow of water considering the season; while the much bigger Medway is not much better than a stony creek with a flat trickle in it.

This evening attended a supper party on the Ralph Johnsons' lawn. This is the Johnsons' seventh wedding anniversary, & the guests were Park Street neighbors. The Austin Parkers were there with the whole Parker clan, including three Parker spinsters from Dartmouth. Jim Parker & family leave tomorrow for Georgia, Douglas Parker & wife return to Hfx, & so do Anne Parker Smith & husband & family. All have been holidaying here & at the Parkers' Port Joli cottage.

MONDAY, AUG. 16, 1965

Still hot. Violent Negro riots in Los Angeles & Chicago in the past few days. Smaller ones elsewhere in California. Senseless destruction & looting, also assault upon police & firemen with stones, bottles, etc. & some firearms. Barbecue dinner party tonight at the Rawdings' cottage, Summerville, in honor of the Seldons & Parkers, who leave for a tour of Europe in a week or so. So far Europe has had the coldest & wettest "summer" for many years. Snow fell in Norway the other day. The Germans are calling this season "the green winter".

TUESDAY, AUG. 17/65 Hot. Golf this afternoon with Bert Waters, Hugh Joyce, Bruce Docherty. My score 83. News:- At Oak Island (N.S.) four men died this afternoon in a pit dug for the fabulous "treasure", apparently from suffocation by earth-gas. They included a man named Robert Restall who has lived on the island for 6 years with his wife & son, pottering about in search of "Captain Kidd's treasure". The son died with him. LATER:- CAUSE OF DEATH WAS CARBON MONOXIDE FROM A GASOLINE MOTOR-PUMP USED FOR DRAINING THE PIT.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18/65 Hot, with a cool fog-bank lying on Western Head & reaching the edge of White Point Lodge — as it has lain most of this summer.

Played golf this afternoon with Waters, Joyce, & Wickwire, my score (85) was best. The August issue of "The Atlantic Advocate" contains the short story by

Bruce Cuthouse, also my article entitled "To a Young Writer."

Letter from Barbara Grantmyre telling me that her application for a grant from Canada Council had been rejected. Letter from Kay Hill saying she had been granted $2,000 plus $185 traveling expenses to write a book on John Cabot's voyages.

On the golf course met Mowbray & Phyl Jones, their daughter Jennifer & her second husband Mr. Cupitt of Montreal. They were cool & distant, for some reason or no reason but the lofty atmosphere in which they move nowadays, & my Cornish sense of hostility was quick to respond. They never were my kind of people.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19/65 Played 9 holes of blind man's buff at White Pt. with Austin Parker this afternoon, & then gave it up — the fog was so thick as to be almost a drizzle, & I began to feel the preliminary twinges of a lumbago attack. A thunderstorm & heavy rain late tonight gave the land hereabouts a good soaking — the first for many weeks.

SUNDAY, AUG. 22/65 Sunny & cool weather since the rain Thursday night. The brown turf on my lawn & the golf course shows a little green already. Resumed work on the last chapter of my novel after long thought & re-reading of the whole. Golf alone this afternoon. Score 82 (38+44), my best playing this season. Many players on the course, including a large group from Corner Brook, Nfld.

MONDAY, AUG. 23, 1965

A drizzle of rain all day, & we had a fire on the hearth in the living room, the first in a long time. A party tonight at Capt. Charles Williams' house in honor of the Parkers & Seldons. Chatting with Charlie Copelin, who remains at his Hunt's Point & emphasized the pleasure of living alone. (Well-meaning people have been trying to promote a match between him & Tom Ratchford's widow, who also lives at Hunt's Point.)

TUESDAY, AUG. 24, 1965 Fine & warm. Golf with Austin Parker in the afternoon. Very slow. The course cluttered with people who apparently had never had a golf club in their hands before, & knew nothing of the courtesy of letting faster players through — mostly strangers, apparently tourists from White Point Lodge.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25/65 Overcast, with a forecast of rain. I spread over my lawns 11 lbs. of "Lawn-Green" fertilizer, formula 20-10-5. (On Apl. 16 I used 22 lbs. (2 paper sacks) and on June 19 th 11 lbs.)

FRIDAY, AUG. 27/65 A good rain last night. Fine but uncomfortably humid today. This morning I wrote the last words of "Hangman's Beach." (They were:- "the oblivion of the sea.") E. has already clean-typed most of the book, week by week, from my working copy. No doubt I'll find some changes to make in the rest,

before it goes to the printers. After long research & study I began to write this novel in a tentative way on Jan. 10, 1964 — tentative because I was not sure whether to begin the tale with the McNabs, or with Cascamond in "La Furieuse". The task was complicated by the various Scots, English, French & Yankee accents of the dialogue, & by the need (in dealing with Cascamond) of thinking in French & writing in English.

SATURDAY, AUG. 28/65 Foggy, with some rain tonight. After the long dry summer, which gave a heavenly respite from arthritic pangs until Aug. 19th, I have suffered pains in the back & the right leg from hip to knee, especially in the past two or three days & nights. This evening E. & I walked up to the Parker house to bid bon voyage to Vera & Austin. They leave tomorrow with Larry & Bertie Veldon for a five-week tour of Britain & the continent.

MONDAY, AUG. 30/65 A sudden descent of polar air last night gave eastern Canada a late October atmosphere. (Temp. 40° in Liverpool at 8 a.m.; 38° in Chester; 32° in Fredericton. Ottawa had flurries of snow.) I played golf this afternoon, well wrapped, in a strong & cold N.W. wind.

News:- Two U.S. astronauts returned to earth today after traveling over three million miles in 190 hours in space. The Americans are jubilant generally, & feel they are ahead of the Russians at last in the technology of rocket travel.

Note:- James D. Gillis, author of "The Cape Breton Giant" etc. died today at 95 in the Inverness County Hospital. There was no notice in the Halifax newspapers & I did not learn of it till November.

TUESDAY, AUG. 31, 1965

Temp. 40° again last night, up to 60° at noon. Two pleasant American visitors this afternoon, Dr. Daniel Blain & wife, of Philadelphia, who summer at Chester & have a yacht for cruising. He had some of my books for autographing. Local news: James Harding & another chap from Milton, taking advantage of the present low water in Lake Kossignol, went by boat from Indian Gardens yesterday to hunt for Indian relics. They were intending to search the long-submerged "Screecher Point" but the wind & water in Kossignol were too rough beyond "The Hopper," where the original Lake Kossignol flowed into Second Lake. Landing at the outlet of the Hopper they found themselves standing on a little beach (originally dry land) which was littered with stone arrowheads. They picked up 80, & a few stone "gouges" etc.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 1/65 Overcast. I am clear-typing the last chapters of "Hangman's Beach" myself, on white paper with two carbon copies, from the yellow-paper working script. At 5:30 E. & I attended a cocktail party given by Mowbray & Phyllis Jones at White Point Lodge. Their daughters Stephanie and Sandra there. Showers at evening.

SATURDAY, SEP. 4/65 Fine & warm. Spent the whole morning & part of the afternoon reading over the

novel, then packed it up & mailed it (registered) to George Thively at Doubleday's, New York. Then mowed my lawns, which except in a few small spots have completely recovered from the drought.

SUNDAY, SEP. 5 & MONDAY, SEP. 6/65 E. & I spent these two days at Mahone with Hilda Gamester and Nell & Max Cassidy. Lovely weather. Returned home Tuesday.

News:- The long-standing quarrel over Kashmere has suddenly become an outright war between Pakistan & India.

TUESDAY, SEP. 7/65 Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon, score 84. Tonight on T.V. Prime Minister Pearson announced a general election on Nov. 8. It came after much wavering & indecision. His minority gov't. has been in office less than 2½ years. This year it rammed through a new old age pension scheme, & the preliminary steps of a "medicare" plan which cannot be put into effect at once because Canada has not doctors enough nor hospital accommodation enough. With these matters Pearson evidently hopes the public will forget the smelly Kisard affair (Quebec Liberals directly associated with Montreal dope smugglers & racketeers) & other sins. Diefenbaker remains head of the Conservative party, a discerning & trenchant critic in Opposition, but a waverer like Pearson when he was in office.

August 1964 Kelly Aulenbach, plumber, replaced complete flush-valve set, including float, in bathroom W. 6. (#32-19)

Nov. 1964 Earl Whynot's men checked the furnace motors & electric spark, the air-moistening filter, etc., & put in new air filters.