

JULY 19, 1967

To
SEP. 30, 1968

RECORD



BROWNLINE

1450 SERIES ACCOUNT BOOK

SHEET SIZE 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ INCHES

200 AND 300 PAGES

BOUNDED IN FULL BOOKCLOTH

AVAILABLE IN THE FOLLOWING RULINGS:

1450 Ledger, Double entry, Indexed

**1450B Bank Ledger, debit, credit, balance,
Indexed**

1452C Cash, 2 columns

1452J Journal, 2 columns

1453C Cash, 3 columns

1453J Journal, 3 columns

1454C Cash, 4 columns

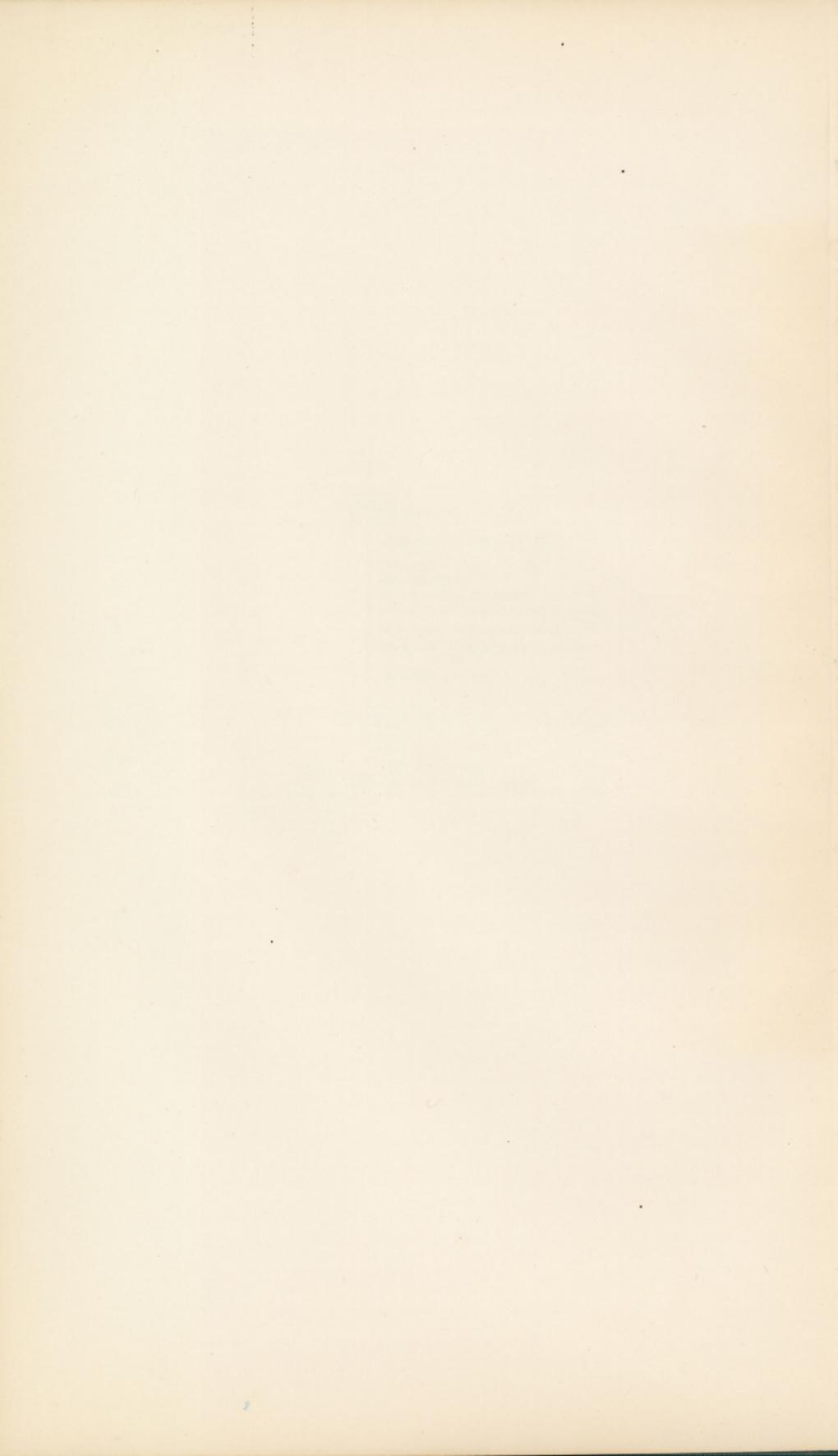
1454J Journal, 4 columns

1458 Record, Feint and Margin



PLEASE REFER TO THE
NO. INDICATED BY ARROW
WHEN RE-ORDERING
AND SPECIFY THICKNESS

Diary of
Thomas H. Raddall II



July 19, 1967 (continued)

1

all piston-and-prop types, flying very low over the town. C. & I., with little Blair, sat on the lawn of our friends the Sildens on School Street, to watch the parade of bands & floats, which formed at the ball park, marched through Bristol, then ^{to THE} left along Main to School Street, then up School to Waterloo St., along Waterloo to Union, & thence by Main ^{BACK} to the town car park. Dozens of floats, many of them very well made, one representing the Kavanagh Club's swimming school for kids at Fort Point, with several youngsters in swim suits, including Debbie & Tommy. (It won third prize).

Pamela was in a car representing the Victorian Order of Nurses, dressed in a V.O.N. uniform of the 1930's. There were 4 bands — the naval band from Cornwallis, the Messy Paper Co. band of 40 instruments, a bagpipe band of girls from New Glasgow, & the red-coated band of the Princess Louise Fusiliers from Halifax.

About 200 naval personnel marched, all from Cornwallis, including two gun teams dragging a pair of saluting cannon for their sunset ceremony this evening. And of course the town firemen, all in smart dress uniforms, followed by their various motor fire-engines, ladder truck, & ambulance; and Scouts, Brownies, veterans of the Legion. Altogether quite a show — certainly the biggest & best ever seen in Liverpool.

Tom Jr. was working with some fellow Kavanaghians at the town car park beside the river, where they barbecued chickens over a huge trough filled with charcoal. This went on all day. They had 1,000 chickens, each split in halves, & sold for \$1 per half. I got two halves from a batch cooked at 4:30 & took them home for supper. Many people were eating at tables set up in the car park. The sun had come out about noon, & it was a hot day — my outdoor thermometer in the sun reached 100°.

In the evening the naval party performed their sunset ceremony at the car park, to the music of their band, and from 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. there was a display of fireworks.

A lot of work went into all this, all carefully organized under Jack Randall, the postmaster.

News:- Premier Robert Stanfield announced to the press this evening that he will be a candidate for the leadership of the federal Conservative party. His name has been mentioned frequently in this connection during the past two or three years. Always he denied that he had any federal ambition — and

never so vehemently as during the late provincial election campaign, which was run by the Conservatives largely on the image of Stanfield as a sort of "Honest Abe Lincoln", devoted to the sound government of his own Nova Scotia. Now his political opponents can accuse him of chicanery, and even his friends must admit his inconsistency. There are at least a dozen candidates for John Diefenbaker's crown as king of the federal Tories, and so far "Dief" has not even said that he was stepping down.

SATURDAY, July 22/67 Thursday & Friday were foggy again, with a cloudburst last night which sent torrents pouring down the streets. Late in this morning the weather cleared miraculously for the climactic show of Liverpool's "Centennial Week" — the historical pageant. My sister Nell, her husband Max Cassidy, & sister Hilda came over from Mahone to see the show. Mrs. Douglas Soyer had lent us the key to her house at Fort Point, so we drove there shortly after noon before the police closed off Main Street (from the artillery depot to Fort Point) to motor traffic. The Kinsmen's Club had gone to great trouble & expense in getting authentic British army uniforms & equipment, & period flags for the Yankee privateersmen & Liverpool militia. The company of the "King's Orange Rangers" were all men of the 133rd Field Battery, the rest of the cast were members of the Kinsmen Club. They all looked much too cheerful to be engaged in war, & they had a lot of fun shooting off blanks, & capturing & recapturing the "fort". I had written the script, & I also wrote a resume of the 1781 affair which the Kinsmen had printed & sold as a souvenir booklet.

The show ended about 3:30 pm., & the whole cast marched to pipe & drum back to the Perkins house, where the Historical Society had arranged an outdoor tea party, with 20 or 30 women attendants in the costumes of 1867 — many of them very elegant. About 500 people saw the show & attended the tea. (We wined & dined our visitors at White Point)

Sunday, July 23/67 Another day of fog & showers. In the afternoon I drove to Hx with E., & put up at the Arndale Motel, where the CBC had booked a room for us. In the evening we called on Bill & Marian White at their home

on Edward Street, & had a pleasant chat.

MONDAY, JULY 24/67 Another foggy day. This morning I went with E. to the Citadel, where producer "Manny" Pittson had a camera & sound recording crew from the local CBC staff. I stood with Paul Soles on the east rampart, he asking leading questions about the history of Halifax, & I answering. We lunched together at the Citadel Motel. Soles is a cheerful and intelligent Jew, & he has been the (T.V.) screen personality of the CBC's "Take Thirty" show for several years. In the afternoon we drove to Fort Needham hill, & did another show - this one about the Tixie Explosion of 1917. (I told Pittson that I had done a show on this subject for CBC's Bill Harper, & was under contract to do one on the story of Halifax with him, and Pittson said the "Take Thirty" shows would not conflict in any way with Harper's.) The fog got thicker as the day went on, although it didn't seem to bother the camera men. All finished, & E & I back to the motel a little after 5 p.m. I phoned & reserved two seats (@ \$3.85 each) for tonight's performance of the suspense play "Wait Until Night" at the Neptune Theatre.

Dined at the Armdale, & at 8 pm. went with E. (by taxi, to avoid parking problem) to the show. It was an excellent performance by the repertory troupe directed by Leon Major, all Canadian professionals.

TUESDAY, JULY 25/67 Again fog & a humid air. Mrs Margaret Perry came to our room at the Armdale this morning, to discuss plans for her next Nova Scotia documentary film, part of which will be shot in Liverpool. "Manny" Pittson also called, with E's raincoat & more, which we had left in his car yesterday. Left for home at 10 a.m. & reached Liverpool about 12:15.

News:- A great furor, deliberately planned & staged, in Quebec province, where French President De Gaulle landed from a French warship at Wolfe's Cove on Sunday. The old Anglophobe received a hero's welcome everywhere he went, & he responded with many references to "Libération" and uttered the slogan of the Quebec separatists, "Vive Québec Libre".

Ottawa is making depreciatory slurs of disapproval through the mouth of Prime Minister Pearson, & the English-speaking majority in Canada is furious.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26/67 I mowed my lawns this afternoon under the overcast of steamy cloud which we have had for weeks, in

a temperature of 80°. Phew!

Jack McClearn's wife Edith died in the V.G. Hospital at Hfx today of arteriosclerosis affecting the brain. Her condition was not even suspected until a week or two ago. She was 57, a slim, lively person, the life of any party, the most witty and vivacious woman of our acquaintance in Liverpool.

News: - De Gaulle cancelled his state visit to Ottawa & flew off home today from Dorval airport, having caused as much mischief as he possibly could in Canada, & probably scaring hostile crowds & officials in the Canadian capital. Even in Quebec province there is considerable reaction against this deliberate meddling in Canadian politics. Newspapers abroad are caustic, as well as those in Canada. A French-language paper in Lausanne asks if De Gaulle will now come to Switzerland and Belgium, & make the same speech to French minorities there.

Garden note. My roses are a failure this year. On the other hand my honeysuckle has a grand display of blossom for the first time in several years, & the humming birds are enjoying it.

Thursday, July 27/67 The sun came forth today & with a temp of 80° we had the first clear blue sky in something like five days and one of the few in the month of July. On the golf course the rain pools and boggy patches are still there, as they were in the spring, a mark of the moist weather which has never allowed the earth to dry. But of course the turf is fresh & green as we seldom see it in midsummer.

Large cocktail party at the Edwin Parkers' house on Waterloo Street tonight. The heat inside the house was too much for me, & after some polite chitchat I found refuge in the Parker's garden, with several other men.

Friday, July 28/67 Attended Edith McClearn's funeral this morning at Trinity Church. A large congregation - friends of all faiths. Burial was in the McClearn family plot in the church yard - one of the very few spaces left in it.

MONDAY, July 31, 1967

Fog & showers today, yesterday & the day before. This morning I went to the Perkins museum. The artillery tools (3 rammer, 3 wormers & 3 sponges) belonging to the old 32-pounders at Fort Point were delivered to the museum by the Kinsmen, who borrowed them for their pageant. With their 8-foot shafts they were laid on the floor. I stowed them away in the attic over the museum. At the Historical Society meeting on June 21 I was [redacted] authorized to pay \$5 to Arthur Jarvis, the negro boy who does the cleaning chores about the Perkins house. He is paid a salary by the government, but our little museum room is not actually part of his responsibility, and he is very cheerful & obliging. This morning I paid him the \$5 & said how much we appreciate his care of the museum. (I didn't ask him to repay me.)

A few days ago Rawson Nickerson turned over to me, for the Historical Society, some more artillery relics found in the attic of the Grant store on the waterfront. (See July 7 and 9, 1966). They were contained in a stiff leather cartridge bucket 15" long & $6\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter, marked "R.C.D. 1891 N^o 4 A".

(a) A cleaning "pull-through" of strong cord $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, with an iron hook on one end & a wooden handle on the other. The handle was stamped, apparently with dies cutting into the wood:-

" R A L 1890 III " {LATER NOTE: THIS WAS THE LANTRY AND THE HOOK WAS PASSED THROUGH THE COPPER LOOP OF THE "FRICTION TUBE". A QUICK JERK FIRED THE GUN.

(b) What appears to be a tampon of solid hardwood, shaped thus:-  covered with raw hide, neatly sewn, and shrunk tight over the wood. Has two rope buckets or handles at the butt end. In the wood at the butt are stamped or cut letters:-

" R A L " Stamped into the hide covering are these marks:-

" R A L " 64 P.R. M.L. 6 LB " The length overall is about $7\frac{1}{2}$ " and the gross diameter about $5\frac{1}{4}$ ". This would fit easily in the muzzle of a 32-pounder, but ~~too small for~~ a 64-pounder, measuring in terms of round iron shot. The M.L. is the usual abbreviation of "muzzle loading", and this object might weigh 6 pounds.

(c) Two cylindrical tins $2\frac{1}{4}$ " deep & $2\frac{1}{2}$ " diameter, one empty, the other filled with 25 "Tubes, Friction, Drawn Copper" according to the paper label, which also states "NOT TO BE PLACED IN THE MAGAZINE ON ANY PRECEDENCE WHATEVER. Each of these copper tubes is about 2" long, $3\frac{1}{16}$ " diameter, with a copper lug at one end, extending at a right angle and ending in a round copper loop. The "tubes" are carefully placed in 25 tin channels around the inside perimeter of the tin, and as a further

safeguard against accident there are three pieces of thick wadding, sewn together, and wedged into the middle space of the tin. Obviously these are detonators for cannon of the 1890's. A paper slip inside shows that the tubes were filled, gauged, & inspected in March and April, 1892. Probably they contain fulminate of mercury, a very unstable stuff even when new, and very "touchy" & dangerous after all this time. I got Jack Dunlap to take them out in his motorboat & dump them in the sea.

(d) A pair of steel pricks or piercers, which were pushed down the vents of muzzle-loading cannon to pierce the flannel "cartridge" which contained the charge of gunpowder, thus exposing the powder to ignition. Each is $\frac{3}{16}$ " diameter, and 12" long, plus a handle of self-metal bent into a loop. Each ends in a small chisel ^{edge,} with a screw or rather an auger section 2" long, above the chisel. I think these belong to the set of tools for loading & unloading the 32-pounders remaining at Fort Point. (Later note - the correct term for these is Priming Wires.)

Today was another one of fog & showers. Farnsworth reports that the port fog alarm was blowing 667 hours during the month of July. In other words more than 27 days & nights. Our Weston Head foghorn must have blown little short of that. This wretched wet & humid weather is caused by a large area of high barometric pressure lying out in the Atlantic with little or no change or movement.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1/67 Desperate for exercise I went to the golf course this afternoon, but gave it up after nine holes. The ground was like a swamp, with pools of water all over the place, & the fog so dense that I lost two balls right in the fairway. On No 2 fairway I came upon two young American fellows, completely lost, & gave them directions.

The mail brought my typescript of "Footsteps on Old Floors", copy-edited by one of Doubleday's staff, & submitted for my decision. As usual the copy-editor, feeling that he had to earn his pay, had made numerous queries and suggested changes. Mostly they were a matter of choice in the use of a word or a phrase, and I prefer my own. After all I worked many months to write the tales in words that expressed exactly what I wanted to say.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1967

A fine day at last! Played golf this p.m. with Austin Parker. A large crowd of players, & progress very slow. It took us $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach the 16th hole, where we quit & returned to town. I had spent the morning going over the copy-edited MSS of my book, marking SIC's ("let it stand") beside most of the queries. When I agreed with the copy editor I marked the change on the MSS. Packed it up & sent it off by registered mail to Doubleday, New York, marked "Attention Lisa Brew" — she is Ken McCormick's secretary. The vast Doubleday printing plant on Long Island had scheduled the printing of my book for mid-August, even though the book will not be bound & ready for sale until next March or April.

News: Throughout the summer so far there has been systematic rioting and looting by negroes in U.S. cities, mostly in the north, east and mid-west, where the white police were hampered by the "go easy" policy. In the south, where the police are notoriously quick on the trigger, there has been comparatively little trouble.

Thus the U.S., with half a million troops engaged in a hopeless foreign war in the jungles of Viet-Nam, is facing what amounts to a civil war at home — whites against blacks.

Friday, AUG. 4/67 Miserable weather returned yesterday with dense fog & showers, & remained today. I played 9 holes of blind-man's buff at White Point & then quitted, drenched. Yesterday I mowed my lawns — a thick wet crop. I don't think I've been able to mow the grass dry since some time in June.

SATURDAY, AUG. 5/67 Another dark, depressing day, with continual rain, sometimes in heavy bursts. It was necessary to have the electric lights on, most of the day, for reading. The overhead neon tubes in my study are worn out or burned out, so I got Maurice Tollimore, electrician, to replace them this afternoon. *see entry Sat 5/67*

Letter from Lloyd Bochner, Canadian T.V. and movie actor now making his base in Hollywood, asking about an option on film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". The old story, I fear — probably wants an option with no cash payment and a vague time limit. I wrote my usual reply, giving a brief history of my experience with John Krich & other Hollywood ~~sharers~~ shakers, & asking what his proposition was. Letter from Bill Harper of CBC. Asks me to come to CBC Aug 28 & spend two or three days editing the Halifax film he has made and gathered for a half-hour show entitled "A City's Story". I replied saying Will Do.



HOW WOULD YOU like to be shipwrecked and face this? For two yachtsmen, this was the experience as they were forced ashore on MacNab's Island. However, the victims were just a couple of dummies "sentenced" by some practical jokers on Hangman's Beach.

*Halifax
Chronicle-Herald
front page
Aug. 2, 1967*

MONDAY, AUG. 7, 1967

Yesterday the eternally dark ^{sky} poured rain all day. Today I played golf at White Point with Austin Parker & Bert Waters, partly in fog, partly in clearer air that nevertheless was saturated. In half an hour I was drenched with sweat, as if I'd jumped in the lake. We splashed about the course in a cloud of vicious mosquitoes & a temperature about 90°. This is the birthday of my grandson Tommy RaddeLL, so this evening C. & I took a gift along & called on Tom. & Pam & their children at Tunk's Point, where they have rented a cottage by the beach for two weeks. Marion White had driven down from Halifax, & is spending a day or two with them.

Behind my house the steel frame of the new school building, two stories high, & painted with red lead, now looms like a red cliff. I shall never again see the glory of a fine sunset from my study window. The steelworkers are now laying the corrugated sheet steel of the floors & roof, with a tremendous clangling & banging & shouting that begins at 7 a.m. and goes on till dark, & sometimes after dark, under floodlights.

News: the Canadian furor over De Gaulle's visit and "Le grand saut pas de le Grand Charles" is still going on. The Quebecois are in an emotional ferment of nationalism, and there seems no doubt that if Premier Daniel Johnson called an election now on the issue of "Quebec libre" he would win with a large majority instead of the slim one that put him in office. Former Premier Léage (Liberal) can only appeal to the same sentiment, & so he does. According to a press interview the other day Léage says that the time is not yet ripe for an independent state of Quebec, but eventually it must come.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8/67

A sunny day, one to be treasured, with a light S.W. breeze. The fog retreated a few miles offshore, but it could still be seen, & the air & the ground remain saturated. Golf with Parker this afternoon, & in the evening I mowed my lawns, a sweaty task. Our N.S. premier, Robert Stanfield is busy with his campaign for the ^{NATIONAL} Conservative Party leadership, flying from city to city across Canada, meeting groups of party men, making good grey speeches and setting forth the image of the good grey man. He seems to have a good chance of getting the job.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9, 1967

My father died in battle 49 years ago.

Today was foggy, with rain at evening. Not a breath of wind. This long unnatural calm, lasting so many weeks with its steaming air, will break up with a hurricane, & it could come any day after the middle of this month. I pass the days in reading or at small chores, with very bad golf in the afternoons. No writing except an occasional letter. Not even a desire to write.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10/67 Rain falling slowly all day. Wrote old friend H.B. Jefferson, answering an epistle of his back in June. Drinks & chat with a few friends at the Harry Teldors' house this evening. Harry still has to use crutches but remains cheerful as ever.

News:- In a TV broadcast to the French people today, De Gaulle referred to matters of policy at home & abroad. Mentioning the Quebec affair, he repeated his statements with emphasis, using the word "affranchir" (which means, according to Cassell's French-English dictionary, "To rid oneself of, to free oneself, to shake off, to break away from") to describe the new spirit of the Quebecois.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11/67 Golf this afternoon in the rain & fog. I got home drenched. A few others out, desperate for exercise I suppose, like me. This evening we invited our Mill Village friends, Tom & Helena Dory, Rita Beebe & sister Elsa, & Mrs. Maude Creed, to join us for drinks & chat. We had a log fire burning in the fireplace, merely for its cheerful look in this dark damp world.

Weather reports say that autumn has already arrived in northern Ontario, & even farther south there have been record low temperatures - even a light fall of snow near Temiskaming.

Bill White sent me a copy of "Calixas in Books, 1752-1967" an excellent brochure produced by the Calixas Library Association.

SUNDAY, AUG. 13/67 Wet yesterday & again today. No birds visit my back lawn any more. They don't need the ~~the~~ bird-bath, and probably the racket of the school builders is as offensive to them as it is to me. In the afternoon we drove out to visit the junior Raddalls at Hunt's Point, & found them damp but cheerful, with a wood fire burning fur ever in the hearth. Tom told me of a curious incident a day or two ago at "Scotty's", a small restaurant on Gore Street opposite the Parade. A workman from the Mersey

paper mill was there eating a snack lunch when a stranger, a young Negro man, came in, said he was hungry and asked the workman for 50 cents to buy a sandwich. The workman told him to sit down with him & order a good meal, & he would pay for it. The Negro got his meal, swallowed it, stood up, & put out his hand as if to shake the white man's hand in gratitude. When the workman put out his own hand the Negro spat on it. The white man promptly knocked the fellow to the floor with several hard blows. The proprietor phoned for the police, who came at once. After hearing what had occurred they took the Negro in the police car to the edge of town & turned him loose, with a curse "Keep going!" I can't imagine any of our Nova Scotia negroes acting in that way, & presume this chap was from the States, a sample of the fanatical white-haters who have been rioting in U.S. cities all summer.

This evening at home we had callers, Sub-Lieut. G. L. W. Vickridge, Royal Australian Navy, with his wife & child. He has been posted, on an exchange basis, with the Canadian naval air arm at Halifax for the past two years. During this time, as a hobby, he has been doing intense research in the N.S. Archives & elsewhere on the history of Table Island. He intends to write a book on it. I showed him my file of stuff on Table Island, and my snapshot photographs taken there in 1921-1922. He took notes, & asked if I could arrange copies of 3 of the photographs. He is being posted to the U.S. Navy (another exchange) at San Diego, & leaves for California in two or three weeks' time. He said the writing of the book in spare time would probably take another three years, by which time he will be back in Australia. He asked if I would read the manuscript when he finished, & I agreed.

MONDAY, AUG 14/67 Rain & dark skies continue. The red-white-&-blue bunting put up for the Centennial celebration hangs limp & faded & soggy on the telephone poles, an epitome of the spirit of Canadian unity after the downpour of De Gaulle. However the flowers in the bright red wooden buckets hanging from the poles on Main Street are looking very well - nobody has had to water them all summer.

Visitors this morning, a professor named Fitch & wife, from Michigan. One of her ancestors was an English sea captain named

Crouch, who was drowned when his barque MENAPIA struck Western Head of Liverpool harbor in foggy weather, in June 1852. She showed me letters from the Anglican parson at Liverpool, addressed to the captain's wife, saying that he had buried the captain & two other bodies in the cemetery at Western Head; and from "J. Campbell, Lloyd's Agent, Liverpool," advising the captain's widow of the wreck. This was probably John Campbell, the Liverpool shipbuilder. The MENAPIA was on a voyage from Shields, England, to New York. One of ^{the captain's} sons was aboard, & his body was buried beside his father's. The wind must have swung to the ~~westward~~^{WEST} after the ship went to pieces, because only an anchor & some other ironwork ^{AND THE SHIP'S BELL} remained at Western Head. The captain's desk, containing all his papers, drifted ashore on the coast of Newfoundland, months afterward. This evening, as I had ~~promised~~ promised Mrs. Perry on July 25, I went to the Perkins House, and movie camera-man Ned Norwood and assistant took brief shots of me reading the Perkins diary and making pencil notes. No sound recording. Just film.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15/67 Today the sun made an appearance, after six consecutive days of rain & drizzle. The sky remained thinly overcast with steamy clouds, so that the air remained hot of a Turkish bath, with temp. 80°. I spent the morning in mowing my lawns etc. At noon I dunked my sweat-drenched body in the bathtub, changed to dry clothes, swallowed the usual sandwich at noon, & went with C. to the golf course. Got drenched with sweat again, plus water & mud splashed on my trouser legs to the knees. I have ceased wearing my spiked golf ~~game~~ shoes, & wear an old pair of rubbers with studded soles pulled on over a pair of walking shoes. With the ground so soggy it is impossible to use the tractor-mower on the fairways, so the grass is long and dark — I lost 3 balls.

Wednesday, Aug. 16/67 Again a day of hazy sunshine & temp. 80°, with the fog still banked on Western Head, & the fog horn groaning dismally. I sloshed around the golf course, the full 18 holes, amid the mosquitoes. Mrs. McLean (wife of Lieut. Governor Harry McLean) phoned, inviting me & C. to dinner at Govt. House on Wednesday Aug. 23, to meet British diplomat-soldier-extraordinary-& author ("Eastern Approaches") Fitzroy Maclean. Milton Green (head of Mersey paper mill) & wife are also invited. We accepted.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1967

The formal invitation from Capt. Joe & Mrs. McKeen came in the morning mail, specifying "black tie". All my adult life I have refused invitations requiring formal dress, seeing that as a working writer I had no part in stuffed-shirt affairs. However I'm committed to the telephone acceptance so I must go through with it. Went to Orien Lormée, local haberdasher, who took my measurements & sent them off to Montreal by air mail this morning. He assures me that the tuxedo & fittings will be here by Tuesday afternoon. C. is hunting about for a suitable dress.

Today was hot (80°) with hazy sunshine, & the fog-horn blaring away at Western Head. Played golf in the afternoon with Austin Parker. This evening I went to Ken Dagley, photographer, at Brooklyn, taking my old snapshot album. He will photo copy the 23 pictures that Vickridge wanted. He took a picture of me for my Canadian passport. (I had written Ottawa asking for a renewal of the passport originally issued to me in 1957 and renewed about 1961, but the Passport Office, Department of External Affairs, now insists on a complete new application form, with new photograph.) I shall need a new informal photograph for the jacket of my next book, so arranged with Dagley to go to Moose Harbor with me on Saturday, & take a few casual shots with the sea in the background.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19/67 The fifth successive "fine" day - no rain, temp about 80° , sun filtering through a hazy sky, fog lying on Western Head, the fog-horn groaning, the fog moving inland about sundown & taking the temp. down to 60° . This morning Dagley took photographs of me at Brooklyn; — Moose Harbor was fogged-in, & even the air at Brooklyn had a haze. I stood & sat on the end of the little "Government Wharf" while Dagley took shots, some with a background of the paper mill wharf & a Bevater ship loading there, some with a background of the main harbor, with Charlie Copelin's little sloop moored inside Brooklyn Cove. Golf in the afternoon, but the course was crowded & I didn't finish the second round.

SUNDAY, AUG. 20/67 Again a dull sky & the fog-horn groaning. In search of some blue sky I drove with C. this afternoon inland to Key Park. During the past year the government contractors

have built a fine road, four lanes wide & steeply banked, from the Spool-Annapolis highway to Key Lake. It looks to be ready for asphalt paving. The new road follows the Mersey River much of the way from Millardon to the lake; & there are wide parking spaces overlooking the stream in various places, a landing where motor boats may be put in or taken out of the river just above the lake, a camping ground, etc.

The sky there was even more gloomy than that on the coast, even sputtering rain at times. Home at 4 pm

At 5 pm we joined our neighbors in a meal of planked salmon & strawberry shortcake, given by ~~Jerry~~^{JERRY} & Jean Nickerson, who have leased the Ralph Johnson house. At first we sat outdoors, watching the two big salmon roasting beside a bed of oak coals in the garden fireplace, but a cloud of mosquitoes drove all but the cooks indoors. Afterwards we moved across the street to Eric Andersen's house, where Henry Kenzie played the piano for a sing-song.

MONDAY, AUG 21/67 Today was warm, sky hazy, fog lying on Western head. Cool with C° in the afternoon. The 7th day with no rain, & the course is beginning to drain, if not to dry much in this humid air. The school-builders behind my house continue their pandemonium from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUG 22/67 Moved my lawn this morning, under a sky heavy with grey cloud. Showers of rain began in mid-afternoon.

Lohnes came with my ^{noted} travel outfit, flown down from Montreal — jacket, trousers, cummerbund, shirt, tie, shirt-studs, cufflinks. I tried it on, & the fit is perfect. Milton Green (General Manager of the Mersey Paper mill) & wife are also guests at Govt. House on Wednesday Evening, & they have invited us to accompany them in a company limousine, with chauffeur; so we shall travel in style.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 23/67 At last a really fine day — blue sky included. Dagley sent me the passport picture! In the tradition of passport pictures it is grotesque. I look like an old codger of at least 75, having his picture taken for the first time in his life, & somewhat frightened at the prospect. However it will serve the purpose.

At 1:30 p.m. the Greens picked up C & me with the paper company's Cadillac & chauffeur, & we had a pleasant drive to Halifax, stopping at Chester for a cup of tea. The Greens dropped us at Bill White's house, 1662 Edward St., & went on to the Nova Scotia Hotel. Marian White took us for a short drive to the Citadel, the new

Sir Charles Tupper medical building, the new Dalhousie Law School. We had a peep at the Highland gathering in the Wanderers' Grounds, which was opened officially ^{by Sir F. Maclean} this afternoon as part of a two-day folk festival. (Among other participants are a group of square-dancers from Milton Queens Co., and a solo dancer, Chinese-Canadian, named Betty Wong, from Liverpool.)

We chatted over drinks later when Bill White got home. Changed into formal clothes in one of the White bedrooms. The Mersey Co.'s limousine picked us up at 7:20, then the Greens at the Nova Scotia Hotel, & on to Government House. The Lt-Gov's aide, an RCAF officer named Haince, met us in the entrance hall, & after the ladies had put away their wraps upstairs we were ushered into a drawing room where the MacLeans introduced us to Sir Tilney & Lady Maclean, & our fellow guests Dr. Dixon (of Dalhousie Medical School) & wife; Judge Gordon Cowan & wife; Dr. Allan Cameron (retired president of N.S. Technical College) & wife; Charles Ritchie (Canadian High Commissioner to the U.K.) & wife; Roland Ritchie, ~~and Justice~~ (Justice) & wife; an architect named Payne & wife.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA.

E wore a long evening gown of light blue, & of course her new wdg. When I first put on the tuxedo outfit I surveyed myself with distaste; but it fitted well & was perfectly comfortable, and I found the dinner party so light-hearted & interesting that I completely forgot what I was wearing. I was seated near Mrs. ~~MacLean~~ MacKen's end of the table, between Mrs. Roland Ritchie & Mrs. Cowan. Sir Tilney was on the other side of Mrs. Ritchie, & from time to time we chatted à trois. Mrs. Ritchie, a handsome blonde, mistook me for the architect Payne, I think, because at first she rattled away to me about church architecture in Nova Scotia, of which I know little & care less.

Sir Tilney is a striking figure, standing at least 6' 3" with receding grey hair & a sharp aquiline nose. He wore the formal dress of Clan Maclean, a green velvet jacket, & the kilt in which green predominates. Lady Maclean is, I should say, about 45. (She is 56) She is good-looking but not handsome, with a merry & easygoing manner, & is the author of a Scottish cookbook. The MacLeans had presented Sir Tilney with a copy of my book on Halifax, & his lady with a copy of "The Governor's Lady". When we were introduced, she at once got in a compliment

about my book (which she couldn't possibly have had time to read) & my career as an author? I replied, "My dear lady, I've written nothing as exciting as your husband's, & nothing as delectable as yours." I hadn't seen the cookbook, of course; but as Sir T., when he wasn't campaigning on bully beef, etc., was a connoisseur of food & wine, I could well assume that her book was good. Her husband's "Eastern Approaches" I had read about once a year ever since Leonard Brockington sent me a copy when it first came out, 17 years ago. Maclean was the J.E. Lawrence of War Two, without Lawrence's pretensions, & with far more accomplishments. Since the end of War Two he has settled quietly into British politics, & is M.P. for a constituency in the west Highlands including the island of Bute.

After the ladies withdrew from the dining room we men chatted over brandy & liqueurs, & then joined the ladies for coffee & chat in the drawing room. All made pleasant reference to my books, & Mr. MacLean told me he intends taking the Macleans on a motor boat excursion about the harbor & N.W. Arm, with special attention to the beach at McLab's Island & the site of the old prison at Melville Island, described in "Hangman's Beach". We left at 11 p.m., drove to the N.S. Hotel, where the Greens changed clothes.

(G. & I had stashed away our traveling clothes in a suitcase & had the chauffeur put it in the car trunk when we left the Whites' house, so we didn't bother.) Milton ("Mit") Green, on the way home, suggested a trip to Newfoundland next month, to see Bonavista & St. John's — "and you must meet Joey Smallwood." We said we'd be delighted, & left the date to be settled later. Farro, Gormsen, CBC, wants me to spend two or three days in Hfx at the end of September to do the long-delayed radio show on the disaster of '17. Also we have an invitation to attend a dinner & special Centennial convocation at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown Sep. 29th, & I would like to attend, to meet old friends there. But I can't do them all.

News: This summer, as a work project, 100 naval cadets (all university students) have been working ~~from Cornwallis~~ along the old military road from Annapolis to Halifax. About 60 miles of it are now a good motor road through West & East Dalhousie etc., but from New Ross to Hammonds Plains most of the remaining 40 miles have grown up in woodland. The

young men have marked the route with signboards and blazed trees, and are now marching over it to Halifax, where they will parade & hold a ceremony.

THURS. & FRIDAY, AUG. 24 & 25/67 Two successive days of sun, blue sky, westerly breeze, & from the golf course the longest view of the North Atlantic we have had since June, when the fog & rain moved in to stay. The New York Times in a short editorial asks "Where has the summer gone?" Where indeed!

SATURDAY, AUG. 26/67 The fog moved in again, clearing a little in the afternoon when we were on the golf course. Received my first \$100 cheque from American Growth Fund. As the stock market value of A.G.F. has decreased slightly since I bought it, this cheque diminishes my capital by \$10.

Dinner party tonight at Marilla MacDill's place, Mill Village. Rita Beebe was there with her daughter "Ronnie" Spindler, & her guests Lee Emory & Mr. & Mrs. Ballou. Marilla's daughter Kitty-Rose Barrow, & guests Mr. & Mrs. David Patton. The rest all local people. Drinks & good food & talk.

Phoned the Armdale Motel & reserved a room for Monday, Tues. & Wed.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/67 Drove to Hfx. this morning with C. Fog most of the way, & cars driving with lights on, as they have most of the summer on the south shore. Spent much of the afternoon with Bill Harper in his office in the C.B.C. building, 1 Bell Road, discussing "A City's Story". He is producing one also on Fredericton and another on Charlottetown - which is like running a three-ring circus.

This evening C. & I attended the Paramount movie theatre & enjoyed "Barefoot In The Park", a merry New York farce starring Jane Fonda & Robert ~~Redford~~ Redford.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28/67 I spent the day from 9 a.m. till 5:30 p.m. in a little film projection room in the C.B.C. building, with Bill Harper & his assistant Mrs. Hazel Oliver, looking at film on Halifax. Best of course was Tom Courtenay's "Gateway to the World", done in color for the N.S. Bureau of Information, mostly shot on the waterfront during War Two. Also his film of the V.E. Day spree. By 5:30 we were all "bushed", having stopped only to

swallow a sandwich & coffee in the canteen, in the building, at 1 p.m. I was glad to get back to the motel & C, & relax over a drink & a steak dinner.

Wednesday, Aug 30/67 At it again in the projection room from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., looking over the last of the films. A lot of it is repetitive & boring (such as long films on "Hotal Day" parades in Yarmouth & Dartmouth, the "Centennial" parade, various Royalty touring the streets, etc.) but all had to be examined for the best bits.

Harper asked me to think all this over, at home, & he hopes to come to Liverpool within a few days to discuss a script for the show, which I am to write. Later I shall have to come up to NB again to do my part in the narration. Lunched at the motel on a sandwich, & drove home with C. A hot day, very humid, with fog close in to the shore. Dined at Lane's Restaurant in Liverpool. This evening "Mel" Gardner & wife called - she to discuss a Fall program for the Historical Society. Wants me to address a meeting in November, on Queens County during the gold mining boom 1884-1898. I agreed. Lent "Mel" the photo-album of N.S. in 1895 ("The Big Tour, Limited") which came into my hands this summer. He recognised many houses, wharves, etc. & I hope to get some detailed notes from him later.

Halifax note:- Africville slum is fast disappearing. Seventy families have been transferred to better housing, only 9 families remain, & these are to go. All have been paid compensation for their old shacks. Next week bulldozers will demolish the last of them. Since 1964 the city has spent more than \$200,000 on this project. The land will be used for industrial purposes.

Thursday, Aug 31/67 August ends as it began - hazy & damp. The fog was so thick at White Point that golfers on the short No 3 & No 4 holes had to shoot when the green was clear for the next drive.

Friday, Sep 1/67 Overcast & spilling rain this morning as I mowed my lawns. The town workmen today put down an asphalt strip leading past Anderssen's house to the street drain outside mine. A hasty & botched job. I don't think it will last a year. When Chris Clarke asked me to write an article for the summer issue of the Mersey Quarterly, I was glad to do it, & nothing was said about

say. Today a Morsey Co. truck delivered a very nice thank-you note signed by the Quarterly editors, together with (a) an excellent & capacious golf bag, (b) a golf club-cart, made in Scotland, (c) a Spalding golf jacket, and (c) a dozen golf balls. At 6 p.m., just as C. & I were going out to dinner, Jack Gray phoned from the waterfront. He has not been in Nova Scotia for two years. During this time he divorced his first wife Shirley & married a New York woman. His paintings bring \$15,000 to \$20,000 apiece & he lives like a millionaire ~~aboard~~ aboard a large yacht, with a built-in studio, making his headquarters in ~~WSTALM BEACH, FLORIDA,~~ & roaming about the Caribbean in winter & up to Maine in summer. This summer he decided to renew his Nova Scotia & Newfoundland viewpoint. The great fog belt obliged him to leave his yacht in Maine, & he motored through N.S. & Nfld., stopping here & there to make sketches of fishing boats & ships. Now he has bought a Cape Island type motorboat at Wedgeport & is on his way to his old summer haunt at Stoneyhurst, Lun. Co. He intends to keep the boat there, & use it in the summers.

I explained that I & C. were on our way to a wedding anniversary party, which would probably last all evening, & asked him to give me a ring if he comes back this way on his return to Maine, as I'd dearly like to have one of our old-time talk fests. This he promised to do.

The party was at Capt. Charles Williams' house in honor of Hector & Marion Dunlap, who were married 40 years ago. A gathering of old friends, with plenty of food & drink. We presented the happy pair with little gifts (Hector's was a bottle of rum) & the bridegroom made a hilarious little speech. It was all good fun. Came home in pouring rain, which continued all night. The first hurricane of the season is approaching Nova Scotia, but is expected to swing seaward, giving us the side-benefits of gusty winds & rain.

Our old friend & neighbor, Howland White, is ill in the local hospital with heart trouble & is not expected to live much longer. His sons & daughter are here to be with him to the end.

SATURDAY, SEP. 2/67 A slow rain with an uneasy wind all day — the fringe of the first hurricane of the season. I guessed that Gray wouldn't put out today, found his boat

ties up at the Steepoo dock. He & his wife were ashore somewhere, so I left word with the gate watchman, asking Jack to phone me. He phoned after lunch & I drove down to the dock & picked him up, with his wife Lorraine, & took him to our house for a chat. Later we were joined by young Bill Ganty, a Maine chap who for several years has been studying marine art & acting as occasional crew-man for the Grays. It was an interesting afternoon. Jack was in his best form, volatile, with eloquent gestures. He is now 40, still lean, tall (about 6'1"), with lively grey eyes & the occasional stammer in his speech which has afflicted him all his life.

I don't know when he & his first wife Shirley were divorced, but apparently it was in 1966, shortly before he married Lorraine. I gathered that Shirley is now living in Halifax & demanding more alimony through a lawyer. Lorraine is a short, well built blonde, about 30, with a good complexion and a personality much warmer than Shirley's. Jack's only child by Shirley (John Jr.) is a student at King's Collegiate School, Windsor, & makes his home with his mother. Jack & wife both wore nautical caps, jackets, trousers, & knee-length rubber boots, & made a striking pair. A New Yorker, she met Jack at a party in Palm Beach, & soon afterwards they were married aboard a friend's yacht there.

My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis arrived while the Grays were here. They are staying the night with us & driving back to Moncton in the morning. G. is going with them for a week. She will "babysit" with the two little girls while Bill & Frances visit Expo with the two boys.

SUNDAY, SEP. 3/67 Cold last night (50°) & today another grey-black sky with occasional glints of sunshine. Bill Harper arrived at my house at 11 a.m., shortly after G. & the Dennis's left for Moncton. Harper is down for the weekend, & he had dropped his wife & 3 kids at St. Gregory's for morning Mass. He had a briefcase full of stuff about "A City's Story", which we discussed at length. At noon he drove to the church, picked up his wife & youngsters, & brought them to the house. I showed him some of my old snapshots, & he borrowed (a) a photo of L. W. Higginson, (b) a photo of the "Mackay-Bennell" foredeck in April 1912, showing bodies from the "Titanic" covered with blankets & bits of canvas; and (c) a photo of a

boat's crew of "Mackay-Bennett" investigating a capsized lifeboat from "Titanic". The Harpers left at 2pm for Elbow Point where they stayed last night. They are pushing on to Digby this afternoon. Harper is to phone next weekend, arranging a final date & time for the job on "A City's Story". Rain began in late afternoon & dripped all evening & night. My furnace ran steadily all day & night. Our "summer" has gone unseen in the rain & fog, & the climate now is simply a change from warm-wet to cold-wet.

A letter from David Manuel, Senior Editor, Doubleday Canada Ltd., came yesterday. My new book was "presented" (business talk for "announced & discussed") at a general sales conference of Doubleday people in New York on Aug. 29. He says, "it went over very well", but adds that the salesmen would like "a bit more punchy title". This is a common ailment with sales people. Doubleday salesmen deplored the title of my first novel, "His Majesty's Yankees", & Tom Sustain admitted long afterwards that it was a touch of genius. For this one, as before, I shall stick to my own choice, "Footsteps on Old Floors".

MONDAY, SEP. 4/67 Labor Day. Nothing of the old-time parade, with hundreds of Mersey mill workers marching in paper caps, familiar in the 1930's; just another holiday, with all shops, works, etc. closed. The weather remains unsettled, & today we had black cloud patched with sunshine. Played golf this afternoon.

The course wet from the weekend rains. This evening I looked in on a reception at Irving L. Bain's house on Church Street, where he & Mrs. Bain are celebrating their 60th. wedding anniversary. The old boy looks frail now. He left Liverpool shortly after his marriage in 1907, & spent nearly 30 years adventuring - homesteading on the Canadian prairie, working for B.C. logging companies, a dairy-cart driver in Hollywood, California, irrigation work in the Imperial Valley & in Arizona, before returning home (on the death of his father) to take over the Ford motor agency here in the 1930's.

TUESDAY, SEP. 5/67 A lovely sunny day with a westerly breeze. Spent the morning at correspondence. Played golf all afternoon with John Pitblado, who married a Mersey stenographer several years ago and now lives in Portland, Maine. Used my new

golf cart & it works very well.

THURSDAY, SEP 7/67 Fine autumn weather all this week so far — temp. down to 42° at night, rising to 65° in the afternoon. Tonight on TV I watched & heard John Diefenbaker addressing the Conservative convention at Toronto. His main point:- that he could not be the leader of a party that adopted the "two nation" concept. He called on the delegates to repudiate the proposal, which already has been adopted by the policy committee of the convention. As most of the delegates seem ready to accept Quebec as an associate nation instead of a province in the Canadian framework, this sounds like Dief's resignation of the leadership!

FRIDAY, SEP 8/67 Cloudy & cool. Since C left I have been following my usual routine as to food — coffee & toast for breakfast, a sandwich & a pint of ale at noon, a real meal at 5 pm. For the evening meal I dine sometimes at home, on easily prepared things — canned (frozen) lobster, pre-cooked fish & chips, & today a hot broiled chicken from the supermarket. Sometimes I have a steak at Lani's, with a bottle of wine. I am working on the script for "A City's Story" so far as I can; but the main job must be done in Halifax, when Harper has decided on what film he will use, & what will require voice, or music, or silence.

My absence of mind pulled a double trick on me today. I drove to the golf course, found I hadn't got my golf shoes, I had to drive home for them. At N°¹ tee as usual, I took my wallet of keys out of my trouser pocket (to leave the pocket clear for tees, etc) & put it in a pocket of my club bag. When I got home from golf I found that I'd left the keys in the bag at the clubhouse, & had to make another trip to White Point for them.

SATURDAY, SEP 9/67 Fine & warm. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns & clipping shrubs. Called at the White's across the street, & learned that Howland is slowly sinking, under sedation, unconscious much of the time, & with a muddled mind when conscious.

Bernadette Ratchford had a dinner party tonight at her bungalow, Hunts Point, for Greg & Ita Copelin, who are visiting his father at the Point. The Douglas Toyers, the Kolf-Seabornes, Anne Jones & myself. John Ratchford was there also, with a young widow named Chandler from Head Moose Harbor. The hour was set at 6:30, but the Copelins had been yachting at Chester, & didn't

arrive at the party until 8 p.m. After preliminary drinks & chat we dined at 9. I was starved. During & after the meal we watched on T.V. the antics of the Progressive Conservative party in Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, where the convention came to the voting tonight. It was a U.S. style affair, with the various candidates' supporters waving placards, or fans with a candidate's name, & shouting slogans. As many as 3 bands playing different tunes at the same time, etc. All in sweltering heat. Diefenbaker had entered his name almost at the last moment, but he drew a comparatively small vote, & soon withdrew, advising his supporters to vote for Roblin, Premier of Manitoba. Robert Stanfield led the vote from the first ballot & kept ahead, with Roblin close behind. Finally Fulton, of B.C., a popular candidate, withdrew & invited his followers to vote for Stanfield. That did it. The defeated candidates, including "Dief the Chief", came to the rostrum and spoke for unity behind Stanfield, amid approving uproar from the sweaty crowd. Stanfield made a modest little speech. He will be a great contrast to the fiery & sharp tongued "Dief", who shone in the Opposition but couldn't make up his mind in power.

All the chief candidates spoke part of their time in French — Fulton & Roblin with fluency, Stanfield with the slow & careful enunciation of a man who has studied the language laboriously for the past 3 or 4 years. During his campaign across Canada he spoke, in French, in Quebec, & someone pointed out that he spoke "haltingly". His reply was, with almost truth, "A good many people say I speak haltingly in English, and so I do."

All this went on until nearly midnight, when the party broke up & went home.

Hans Pough

SUNDAY, SEP. 10/67 A dark sky, with heavy rain at intervals, ending the longest spell of "dry" weather (i.e. no rain or fog) we have had all summer — 7 consecutive days. I am reading "English History 1914-1945" by A. J. P. Taylor, the latest volume in the Oxford Press History of England. I remained at home all day. Thought of dining at Lanes but I was too lazy to put on a proper shirt & suit, so I ate (pre-cooked, & warmed in my oven at 400° heat for 25 minutes) a package of Lunenburg fish & chips. C. phoned at 10 p.m. She expects to leave for home on the

morning of Friday the 15th, & wants me to meet her at the Hpx airport during the noon hour.

MENSDAY, SEP. 11/67 Temp. last night 48°, today at noon 60° - a cool windy Fall day with cirrus clouds sailing at a great rate, & patches of sunshine. Golf this afternoon. The club cart is a help, but my right hip continues to be painful, & the use of the right leg stiff & awkward. Sent off a batch of shirts & underwear to the local laundry, & stopped for bread, butter, & frozen fish & chips. Dined at Lani's this evening on a good sirloin steak & a half bottle of rosé wine. Tom Jr. brought his 3 youngsters to see me after I got home - they moved into town lately from the rented cottage at Hunter Point. Debby has lost an upper front tooth, exactly matching little Tommy's. I told her, as I told Tommy, that she now has a marvellous chance to learn to whistle through the gap.

TUESDAY, SEP. 12/67 A good Fall day, after a chilly (40°) night.

Sunshine & a brisk wind. Working on the TV script. Enjoyed golf this afternoon. News: Mr. Stanfield arrived at Shearwater air base from Toronto last night, & was met by a great throng of admirers, who followed him into Halifax in a long motorcade. Cyril Kennedy, M.P. for Colchester, is resigning his seat to make way for him in the federal house, & both Pearson (Liberal) & Douglas (N.D.P.) have signified that they will not oppose Stanfield in a by-election. Consensus of opinion in the press corps at Ottawa is largely one of relief - as one put it, "an end to the bearpit kind of politics in the House which we have had for the past several years, & the beginning of something constructive."

All agree, too, that Dalton Camp was the master-mind of Stanfield's campaign for federal leadership, as he had been previously in Stanfield's P.C. campaigns in Nova Scotia.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 13/67 Another good Fall day. The new school behind my house, (Moshet & Rawding, contractors), goes on rapidly. The bricklayers have now nearly finished, thus closing in most of the racket of carpenters, etc. What with the noise, & wet weather, I haven't sat in my garden more than three hours altogether since the end of June, & the garden chairs remain tipped forlornly against my garage wall. Golf this afternoon. Tom Jr. dropped in for a chat this evening. News: Stanfield has resigned as Premier of N.S., & appointed his right hand man, G. J. ("Ike") Smith to act as Premier until a P.C. party caucus decides on a new leader.

FRIDAY, SEP. 15, 1967

A heavy fog crept in last night, & when I set off at 9 a.m. for the Halifax airport I had to drive with my lights on as far as Hebb's Cross. There the mist cleared, & the rest of the day was fine & hot. The new by-pass from French Village, joining Bicentennial Drive near Bedford Basin, enables anyone from the south shore to make fast speed to the airport, & I got there sooner than I expected, at 11:15. G had booked a seat on a plane from Montreal, which touches down at Moncton, & reaches Hfx. airport at 12:05. At 12 o'clock the P.A. system announced without explanation that "Flight 518" from Montreal was delayed 2 hours. I sat in the waiting room, reading, & watching planes & people coming & going, from Boston, from Newfoundland, etc. At 2:30 there was still no "Flight 518" & when I enquired at the Air Canada counter a busy young man said the Montreal plane was now due at 3 p.m. It was 3:20 when the plane actually arrived. The plane had been delayed at Montreal by "weather". Drove home with G, stopping for dinner & a bottle of wine at the Fairview Hotel, Bridgewater. Forgot to mention a brief chat in the airport with Dr. Allan Bevan, head of the English Dept. at Dalhousie. I have not heard from Dr. Yarma in many months, & I did not mention Yarma's project of a biographical study of my work, or his request that I arrange to leave all my papers, diaries, etc. to Dalhousie. Nor did Bevan.

Saturday, SEP. 16/67 The first day this year. Spent the afternoon on the golf course with G. A clear blue sky, hot sun, cool breeze, & a magnificent surf on the beach.

News:- Hugh MacLellan's new novel, "Return Of The Sphinx", published by Scribner's, is being well advertised by the publishers and the critics. I have not yet read the book, but from the reviews I gather that it is a reprise of the theme of "Two Solitudes" — French Canada & Anglo Canada. This is Hugh's first new book in several years, & some (Anglo as well as French) critics in Canada have poured contempt on it — a mishmash of contrived plot and artificial characters. Certainly it looks as if Hugh had turned it out to profit from the now acrid development of the old Anglo-French controversy in Canada.

SUNDAY, SEP 17, 1967 Still fine & hot - 85°. Golf this afternoon with E. Bathed & changed, & went to Lane's restaurant to dine at 5 p.m. Although only one or two other tables were occupied, the service was terrible - we had to wait 40 minutes before we got even a bowl of soup. Probably due to some private squabble among the waitresses. The heat was terrific, & just as we finished the meal my right nostril began to spout blood into my coffee cup & on the table cloth. I managed to stanch it with a paper napkin, paid my bill, & drove home with one hand on the wheel & the other holding the napkin to my nose. At home, lying on the couch on my back, the bleeding finally stopped.

MONDAY, SEP 18/67 Again fine & very hot. The pools & swampy bits which have marred the golf course all summer have dried up at last. Dagley sent prints of the photos he took on Aug. 19th. None satisfactory for book-jacket purposes. I shall try a studio portrait instead.

FRIDAY, SEP 22/67 Cleveland White is making a remarkable recovery. The apparently fatal blood clot has dissolved, and he will come home from the hospital in a few more days.

Weather continues fine, & I play golf every afternoon.

Ken Dagley's photos of me, taken Aug. 19th. are not satisfactory, so this evening he took some head-&-shoulders shots of me in his little studio.

SATURDAY, SEP 23/67 A dull day, threatening rain. This afternoon Melbourne Gardner came over from Brooklyn with the photo album of "The Big Four Ltd" which I had lent him. He is well on in his 80's, active & bright, with a wonderful memory, & he has recognized several old houses, long since vanished, in the pictures taken about Liverpool, Larose, Lunenburg, etc.

I got out my typewritten notes, taken from the Liverpool Advance issues of 1896 & 1897, & went over some of the items with him. He was bubbling with anecdote, & we spent an interesting afternoon. He was born in Brooklyn & spent part of his boyhood in Liverpool, & started his business career as a clerk in the Liverpool branch of the Union Bank.

SUNDAY, SEP 24/67 Heavy rain all day.

MONDAY, SEP 25/67 Fine weather again. Drove to Hfx this morning with E. Garsen (of CBC radio) had asked me to set a date & time for the recording of my narrative bit in

the radio script for *Explosion '17*, & I had told him any time in the afternoon of Sep. 25. Reached the Ormsdale Motel about 11:15 a.m., phoned Garsen, who promptly turned me over to a young man named Don Cook; & Cook soon revealed that he knew little or nothing about the business. He suggested that I come back "early in October". I replied with some asperity that I had made a definite engagement with Garsen for Sep. 25, & that I was here & determined to carry out my part of it. He said he would try to secure the recording room in the CBC's Sackville Street offices some time this afternoon.

About 3 p.m. I drove to the T.V. building on Bell Road, & had a chat with Bill Harper re the script for *"A City's Story"*. Gave him my tentative script for pictures & audio. He said he would want me for actual "shot-list" work about Oct. 2, & he would let me know. Also he phoned Cook & found that the recording room would be clear for me at 5:30 p.m. To fill in the time (& to carry out something I have planned to do, & failed to do, many times) I strolled into Camp Hill cemetery, hunted up the chief caretaker in his little office in the centre of the plot, & asked him to show me the grave of Sarah Croker (alias "Sadie Davenport"). After some hunting in old books he found the entry for "Sarah Croaker" (sic) who died by "drowning at Black Point" in June 1936. He then took me to the grave, which is quite near the entrance from Carleton Street, a short off-shoot of Spring Garden Road. (The monument on Joe Howe's grave is in the same area.) The Salvation Army, who inherited "Sadie's" ill-gotten money, had conducted her funeral, placed a decent black marble tombstone on the grave, & paid the required sum for "perpetual care". The stone bears her name & date of death - nothing else - & unlike the register entry the stone spells her name properly as "Sarah Croker".

Sat in the Public Gardens for a time, by the duck pond, a scene utterly unchanged from my boyhood. At 5:30 I walked to the C.B.C. offices on Sackville St., & did the narrative in a single "take". Cook didn't know a thing about the various taped interviews with survivors of the '17 disaster, so I left him my typed summary of the interviews.

Back to the Armdale Motel a little after 6 p.m. C^r had been at the wig specialists ("Mario's") on Inglis Street most of the afternoon. She now has a (grey) wig for every day wear, & will use the more elaborate & expensive one for special occasions. We dined & wine'd at the Flamingo Restaurant, in the Bayview Road shopping centre, & spent the evening comfortably in our room at Armdale, watching T.V.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 26/67 A fine Fall day. C^r & I spent most of the morning shopping. I bought a new hat (\$14.65) and a blue-grey "shower-proof" topcoat (\$39.38) at Simpsons-Sears. Left Hfx about 11 a.m. At Hubbards I turned off the main highway & took the beautiful shore route past Blandford & Aspinwall. This road is abominably rough from Blandford to East River. Stopped in Chester at noon for ale & a bowl of clam chowder at the Windjammer Restaurant. Home about 1.30. I changed to work clothes, got the (7) street-facing storm windows down from the overhead rack in my garage, washed them & the house windows which they will cover, & dried & polished all with a cloth. A tedious job.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 27/67 Fine again. This morning I put on the storm windows I washed yesterday. In the afternoon I washed 7 more, & the corresponding house windows, & with all this climbing up & down ladders I was thoroughly pooped by 4 p.m. In the evening we had a welcome visitor, my old friend George Foster of Toronto, who (as a salesman & publicity-arranger for McCalland & Stewart) was my guide, philosopher & friend in my early years as a novelist. He left M & S about 1952 to form a book firm, the partnership of Nelson, Foster & Scott, which has prospered since. George is making the rounds of his former beat, the Atlantic Provinces, including Newfoundland, calling on the book shops, out of sentiment more than anything else. A widower with two teen-aged daughters, he still lives in a ten-room house of his own in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke, & thinks of re-marriage — the lady being a widow with two teen-aged daughters. George is the same modest but efficient workman, & still says what he told me long ago — that I am a completely normal man, strange for an author, & stranger still, an author who doesn't give a damn for personal publicity.

THURSDAY, SEP. 28, 1967

Fine & warm. My sister Nellie & husband Max Cassidy lunched with us today & stayed the afternoon, Max showing slides of the excellent color photos he took in Liverpool on July 22. They have been living in Nellie's cottage at Mahone Bay, but made a visit to Max's sister Viola in Inverness, Cape Breton, & some other towns of the province. Also Max has been doing research in Halifax for an account of the "Tallahassie" affair, taking color photos of Eastern Passage, Capt. J. F. Woods' grave in Camp Hill cemetery, etc., for the interest of his Alabama friends & neighbors.

This morning I put on the storm windows I washed yesterday. This leaves only the big one for the kitchen window & I leave this uncovered until the Indian summer days are past. I dismantled & stored away the garden chairs, which we have hardly used at all since I put them out last May.

FRIDAY, SEP. 29/67 Overcast & mild. Golf this afternoon for the first time in a week. Tommy & Debby were waiting for us on the doorstep when we returned from White Park, & they stayed for supper. Debby now has four upper front teeth missing & is very proud of the gap. Letter from V.B. Walker, editor of the Montreal Star, reminding me of my promise to write an editorial bit about Nova Scotia's view of Confederation after a hundred years.

SUNDAY, OCT. 1, 1967 Rain yesterday, a fine fall day today. At 8 a.m. Tom & Pamela left Debby & Tommy to stay with us for a day or two. They drove on to Halifax, where Pam and little Blair will visit with her parents while Tom & some friends & dogs go to New Brunswick for a woodcock shoot.

E & I took our visitors to the golf course this afternoon, & the kids had a fine time playing caddy for a time - running about with the golf-carts until it got to be a chore about the 5th hole.

TUESDAY, OCT. 3/67 Continuing fine weather. Every day on the golf course we see wild geese flying toward Port Joli. The leaves are falling from my birch trees. In spite of two applications of chemical ("cycon") early in the summer, the leaf-mining grubs finally won out, & the leaves had turned brown long before falling.

Behind my garden the schoolbuilders continue their banging, yelling, bulldozing, power-shoveling, & trucking. Ned Norwood, photographer for ~~PE~~ Nova Scotia Information Service, phoned from Halifax. Apparently Mrs. Perry is not satisfied with the shots he made of me in the Perkins House. She wants to have pictures of the real Perkins diary, which is kept in a bank vault & cannot be taken out without written permission of the town authorities. I said I would try to arrange this, but I could not give a definite date because I'm expecting, any day now, a call from CBC Halifax to go there & finish the "A City's Story" picture for T.V.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4/67

Still fine. Working on the piece for

Montreal Star. Our friends & neighbors the Austin Parkers arrived back from a long motor journey with the John Vickeries, first to see Expos at Montreal, then to visit the Vickeries' son Jim, now practising as a radiologist in St. John's; then to visit John's brother Larry, formerly a Meusey Paper engineer here, now manager of the big paper mill at Grand Falls. Larry & family live in a baronial mansion built by Lord Northcliff in the days of the Northcliff newspaper empire. Austin brought me a half pint bottle of the famous Newfie rum called "Screech".

At 9 p.m. Tom & Pam arrived, to pick up our little guests Debby & Tommy. Pam had three days of shopping in Halifax, while Tom went on with two friends & their dogs for some woodcock shooting in the Fredericton area. He got fifteen, gave us three.

SATURDAY, OCT. 7/67

A fine day after a cold night. Bill Harper of CBC phoned me yesterday, asking me to come up to the city today for the final job of narrative on "A City's Story". So I drove there this morning, a lovely drive, the sea & lakes sparkling, the hardwood foliage beginning to turn color. Arrived at Armdale Motel about 11:30 & phoned Harper. After a sandwich & coffee I joined him in the CBC building on Bell Road. With his script girl & two film men we sat in the projection room watching the whole run of film Harper had selected. Much that we had liked (& a long ice-hockey sequence that I didn't) had been cut out, to get the show within the 27 minute limit. Bill gave me the "shot list" with each sequence timed to the split second, & I hurried back to the motel where I could work

on it in peace & quiet. Took time out for a steak & slice of pie at 3 p.m. By 7:30 I had nearly all of the narration scribbled, giving times in minutes & seconds according to the shot list. Dined Harper in his CBC office, & we went over my previous narration script & the new one, changing bits here & there. Then on a small portable phonograph Harper played over bits of background music (from about 15 records), again checking them with the shot list. Harper said he would have Don Tremain (a professional CBC announcer & performer) to do the actual voice narration, & said we would get together tomorrow to go over the whole thing. I got back to the motel about 11 p.m., exhausted. Had a good sleep.

Sunday, Oct. 8/67 There was frost this morning, sparkling on the cars parked at the motel, & Chocolate Lake was smoking with white vapor in the morning sun. I awaited a phone call from Harper. I didn't come until after 10:30. He said he was at home, & I gathered that he had overslept after the long day's work. Anyhow he had decided to use the script as we prepared it yesterday, & there was no need for me to be present at the voice recording. I phoned E., left Comdale about 11:15, stopped for coffee & a hamburger near Bridgewater, & arrived home about 2 p.m.

My sister Hilda Gamester had invited us to have Thanksgiving dinner at her house in Oakland, so we set off about 3:30. Crept through a monstrous traffic jam in Bridgewater, where the Canadian Army's famous motorcycle team were to put on their show in the shopping plaza.

At Oakland we had a pleasant Raddale reunion. My sister Nellie (aged 66) & husband Max Cassidy leave on Tuesday for their home in Birmingham, Alabama, having spent a very damp summer in N.S. They had planned to see Expos at Montreal but gave up the idea. Max is getting old for these long motor journeys, & I think this probably is the last time he & Nell will come to N.S. My sister Winifred arrived with husband Larry Merlin, who presented Max & me with copies of a pen-&-ink drawing, made by some draftsman at the Halifax naval dockyard where Larry works. It shows the international naval assembly, with Halifax in the background, in June this year, with every ship exactly drawn and named.

My sisters - Nell 66 - Win - 62 - Hilda 53, are all white-haired and fat and well. I have seen Nell & Win rarely since they left home to marry. When E. & I said Goodbye I had a feeling that this was the last time my sisters & I would see ourselves together.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11/67 Rainstorm began on Monday, ended today. About 5 inches altogether, 3 of which fell on Tuesday. Much flooding of streets in Hfx. & Dartmouth. Today I finished & sent off a piece about Nova Scotia and the centennial celebration, which I had promised to F. B. Walker, editor of the Montreal Star. Am reading a book sent me by my old friend C. L. Bennet, late head of the English Dept at Dalhousie, & still editor of the Dalhousie Review. He asks me to write a review for the D.R. It is George Rawlyk's "Yankees at Louisburg", a well-researched account of the 1745 siege, published by the University of Maine. Ned Norwood phoned, asking about the Perkins diary (see Oct. 3). I phoned McCleam (Treasurer) & arranged for the diary to be drawn from the Royal Bank vault, and ^{got} permission from bank manager Forbes to photograph some pages of the diary in his office. Norwood will arrive here at noon tomorrow.

THURSDAY, OCT. 12/67 Cloudy & mild. E. & I played golf this morning - the only players on the course, which was very wet. Ned Norwood phoned from the Perkins house at 1 p.m., & we went together to the Royal Bank, where manager Forbes had a bundle of the original diary sheets ready for us. Ned & his assistant Les Krijsan, with a special portable spotlight & movie camera, took numerous shots, with my hand turning the sheets. (My hand was the only part of me in the picture.)

Late watched the seventh & final game of World Series baseball on T.V., in which the St. Louis Cardinals clobbered Boston Red Sox 7-1, & won the works. I have no interest in baseball through the summer, but I do enjoy watching the American finals - which they call World Series, though nobody else in the world gets into the act.

Note on the proposed trip to Newfoundland on page 15. The Greens & ourselves became occupied in various ways, & the trip never came off.

FRIDAY, OCT. 13/67 The autumn foliage is now at its best, and a high wind would shake a lot of it off. So I set off

with G. at 10 a.m., drove to Chester, thence over the hills to Kentville. Lunched at the White Rock restaurant between Kentville & Wolfville. In Wolfville we called on Margaret Banning Thomas. She remains confined to a chair, & mostly in bed. She has become quite deaf, & her mind seems vacant most of the time. We drove up to the famous "Ridge Side", the scene of many Acadia picnic parties and nocturnal romances, & enjoyed the always marvellous view of the Gaspeiau valley. Then drove down into the little valley, to White Rock & the Hollow Road, then on to Sanning, where we took the paved secondary road to Aylesford. Apple pickers were busy, and potato diggers. Wayside stands offered for sale great mounds of pumpkins & squash, as well as apples. At Bridgetown we turned off the old valley highway again, & took the secondary paved road along the north side of the Annapolis River to Granville. Then over the causeway to Annapolis & on to Bear River. Back to Annapolis & thence home, which we reached at 6:20 p.m. Dined at Fani's Restaurant with a bottle of wine. The best foliage was on the wooded hills between Chester Basin & Kentville, & between Annapolis and Liverpool.

News. - The chairman of Dominion Steel & Coal Corp. ("Dosco") today informed the N.S. government that it would close its Sydney steel plant on April 30, 1968.

This is a shocker, for 3,200 men will be thrown out of work. An English group, Hawker Siddeley Canada Ltd., got control of Dosco in 1957. Premier Stanfield told them at the time, "Many Nova Scotians can look out their windows and see a factory which has been bought and closed by outside interests.... consequently our people were naturally nervous about what your control of Dosco might bring." In the past two or three years Dosco has built a large modern steel plant near Montreal, much nearer the heart of Canada, & where labor is much more amenable than that of Cape Breton. The strategy was obvious, & the real shock is in the abrupt nature of the announcement.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14/67 Temp 42° at 8 a.m. I played golf this morning, as there was some sort of season-ending tournament scheduled for this afternoon.

SUNDAY, Oct. 15, 1967

A cloudy day with spots of sunshine. E. & I attended Zion Church this morning. We have been truant since early June, & I placed in the collection plate a cheque for my pledged weekly contributions since then. Golf in the afternoon. The sea calm & grey, the sky grey, with a long V of wild geese heading for Port Joli. Today is Austin Parker's birthday, & his children & their children came for a celebration, including oldest son Jim from Carolina, but quite alone. Next week Austin, & Hector Dunlap, intend to stay at our old camp at Eagle Lake. Somebody broke into it in September, apparently out of curiosity, for nothing was stolen.

MONDAY, Oct. 16/67 A fine day. Busy with correspondence. Golf in the afternoon. Little Debby & Tommy came to supper. My son Tom says Frank Hiltz wants him to buy his big house on James Street, near York Point. The price, \$45,000; which is ridiculous. Hiltz built the house a few years ago using materials from his own building-supply warehouse (the Liverpool Lumber Co.). The property on James Street was placed in his wife's name. A year or two later Hiltz filed a petition in bankruptcy, & his creditors lost heavily. Thus the house actually cost Hiltz very little. Pamela, I think, would like to live in the James Street house. Tom clings to his notion of building a home on the shore about Hunts Point.

News:- The Halifax papers are filled with the Dosco affair; and the N.D.P. (Labor) party and some Cape Breton Liberals & Conservatives are yelling for a government take-over. This would place the steel-workers firmly on the tax-payer's back, and at the same time put the government in a business in direct competition with private firms - which also have strong & arrogant labor unions.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17/67 A fine mild (70°) day. This afternoon the ladies of the Liverpool golf club had a pleasant competition; (for example, there was a consolation prize for the player who got into the most sand traps). Afterwards they drove over to Dr. Lloyd Macleod's cottage at Hunts Point, cooked steaks on (outdoor) charcoal broilers, made tossed salad etc., & had a feast. E. was one of them, & got home about 8 p.m. full of food and enthusiasm.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1967 A storm of wind & rain. The ash tree on the line between my property & Erik Anderssen's (always the last to "leaf out" in spring & the first to shed in Fall) lost most of its leaves in a few hours. This evening the Historical Society had its meeting at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Whitman Freeman, Pleasant River. Mr. & Mrs. Melbourne Gardner, Brooklyn, picked up C. & me in their Cadillac & drove us there, Mrs. Gardner driving very slowly all the way. At the Freeman house about 35 members assembled, & Mel gave a talk on the German settlers of Lunenburg County. The Freemans served tea, coffee, sandwiches, & cake. All very pleasant. Home at 11:40.

Highway contractors are paving with asphalt the "missing link" on the Western Head road, & will go on to pave the road between Eagle Head and Port Medway, a stretch on the Greenfield-Bridgewater road, etc. Eric Millard tells me there will be no asphalt available for small private jobs (like my driveway) until the road work is done.

THURSDAY, OCT. 19/67 Rain all day. The Hx. papers are full of the uproar over the closing of the Sydney steel mills next spring. Provincial & federal officials are scuttling back & forth, Cape Breton unions, church groups, etc., are passing indignant resolutions. There are hints that closure at Sydney will lead to closure of the plant at Trenton and the Halifax shipyards. To add to the voice of doom, the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald has been collecting sorrowful predictions from various N.S. merchants & industrialists about the new railway freight rates, which make sharp increases in less-than-carload-lot shipments. Quite apart from all this, the new woodpulp mills at Port Hawkesbury and Trenton will soon feel the pinch of a market saturated by overproduction in the U.S. and Canada, where many new mills have come into competition in the past five years. This applies also to newsprint paper, and here at Liverpool the Mersey mill management announces a 12 day shutdown in November — the first shutdown of that length in many years. All this reflects a world-wide shakedown after years of industrial expansion and financial inflation. Stock markets have been drooping for months.

FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1967

Mild, with an open-&-shut ceiling of cloud.
Doubleday, New York, have sent galley proofs of "Footsteps On Old Floors" for my inspection & correction, & I began at once.

SUNDAY, OCT. 22/67 A fine fall day. Working on the proofs this a.m. Golf with C. in the afternoon.

MONDAY, OCT. 23/67 Another lovely day. Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap left for Eagle Lake this morning, with provisions for a week's deer hunting. Roy Gordon & I intend to join them tomorrow, just for the day, & for old times' sake.

News:- The Canadian Line has announced that it is cutting Canadian ports out of its transatlantic service — part of its effort to stay solvent in the passenger trade, in the face of competition by aircraft. The "Sylvania" (22,000 tons) and "Carinthia" (21,000 tons), which were regular callers at Halifax in winter, are to be sold. The 22,000 ton "Carmania" and "Frantonia" will remain on the Southampton - New York run, but will not call at Halifax.

~~Bowaters have announced that our Mercury mill~~

After golf this afternoon I drove with C. around Western Head, where the asphalt paving has just been finished. The west road from Liverpool to Milton has been re-surfaced with asphalt. The old paving there had got in a bad condition.

A week ago (Oct. 16) the deer season opened, & a lot of eager hunters who prowl the roads in cars got a nasty surprise. A R.C.M.P. patrol posted at the 10 Mile on the Liverpool - Annapolis highway caught 27 men with rifles uncased, & confiscated every gun. Led by a Liverpool basket, David Caldwell, the 27 engaged a lawyer (Nah White, a shyster at Shelburne) & set up a tremendous hullabaloo — telegrams & phone calls to Ken Jones, Senator Dor Smith, the Attorney General at Hfx., etc. Undoubtedly these men had broken the law (which says that rifles in transit by car must be empty, and in leather or canvas cases) but nowhere else in the province have the police tried to enforce this point. In a county like Queens, where so many men carry guns in their cars in the hunting season, this was political dynamite, & Ken Jones pulled out the stops quickly. The Attorney General's Dept. denied any previous knowledge of the police action, & ordered the local R.C.M.P. to return the rifles and drop the charges.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1967

A frosty night followed by a sunny & warm day. Gordon & I drove to Big Falls this morning, & walked to Eagle Lake by the old ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) trail, which has been so little traveled in the past ten years that it will soon disappear. The swamps are flooded & the brooks high after the wet summer, & I never saw Eagle Lake so full. We reached the camp about 10:30 a.m. & towards noon Austin & Hector arrived in the canoe. They had been up Eagle Lake, up the stillwater stream to Long Lake, & back again, without seeing a deer. We had drinks and lunched together, yearning happily about old times. It is about 37 years^V since we first explored Eagle Lake, camping with a tent, & about 35 years^V since Austin Parker & Brenton Smith built the log camp which we have used ever since. Smith died of cancer in 1955 but the rest of us are still in reasonably good health. Roy Gordon is 78, Hector Dunlap 68, Austin Parker 72, and I am 64 this November.

We parted in midafternoon, Gordon & I walking back to Big Falls. My right hip was getting stiff & painful by the time I reached the car. Home about 4:30. In traversing the $2\frac{1}{2}$ mile trail twice we watched carefully for game and for tracks in the wet ground. The sum was a single raccoon track, some old droppings of bear and wildcat, and the lone fresh track of a small deer which had crossed the path near Eagle Lake.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26, 1967

Rain & fog yesterday, & showers this afternoon. George Bates dropped in to present me with several more (copies) of his excellent maps of N.V. He is a professional land surveyor, living in Halifax, where his work for many years has involved historical studies. His hobby is map-making, especially maps of N.S. in the past, with drawings of bygone forts, ships, etc. to embellish the sides, like those of 18th century cartographers. One of his latest has to do with the "treasure" pits at Oak Island. He has evolved a theory that pirates built a dry-dock on one of the island coves, and (by means of a windmill) pumped the sea water out of it through an elaborate system of tunnels in the "treasure" hill. He gave me a copy of a detailed drawing, which he had made with great care, to scale, showing how all this was laid out. The theory is preposterous, but he was so serious about it that I couldn't pooh-pooh. At present he has some kind of work to do at the satellite communication station

near Charleston, which is now being enlarged, & it will occupy him one day a week for the next six weeks.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27/67 Calm, sunny, warm. At White Point this afternoon I played 18 holes, & E. took a lesson on wood-clubs from the pro, Jim Dumeah. Yesterday I mailed to Doubleday, New York, corrected galley proofs for "Footsteps on Old Floors", after five careful readings. Even so, undoubtedly some errors have got through, as they always do until the book is out - & then they stick out like sore thumbs.

A firm in Tokys, Cishin Sha Ltd., wants to print an edition of "Literature of the World Around Us", published in the U.S. by Prentice-Hall Inc., which includes my story "Blind MacNeil".

An American book agency in Tokys (Charles E. Tuttle Co.) is making the arrangements, & offers \$33, less tax 10%, for use of the tale. I signed an agreement. The book will be printed in English, with connotations in Japanese, & presumably is intended primarily for students.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28/67 Rain. Finished my review of Professor Rawlyk's book on Louisburg, for the Dalhousie Review. Hugh Byrne called, & gave me photo-negatives of about 15 snapshots he made last year, showing remains of various gold mine workings at Molega. Two young Mormon missionaries called, a blonde & rather tongue-tied chap who has been in Liverpool about a year, and a dark and easy-talking one & who arrived here a couple of weeks ago. There was the usual routine talk about the weather, & what a beautiful town this is, & then the newcomers went into the spiel about the history of the one true faith. I suppose the blond chap had warned him that I wouldn't suffer a long harangue, & he cut it short, gave me two pamphlets, and that was that. It was all routine except for one thing. As he said Goodbye & shook my hand, the easy talker gave me a broad wink.

SUNDAY, Oct. 29/67 A dark wet day, which I spent indoors, filing an accumulation of letters & answers, & catching up on correspondence. Dinner with E. at Lane's Restaurant. As usual the food was good, the service slow, & the only patrons were a few elderly townsfolk like ourselves. Lane's main income is from his motel rooms, which are usually filled at all seasons of the year, being right in the town. His guests get breakfast in the restaurant but evidently prefer to lunch & dine elsewhere, at less expense.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31, 1967

The dark wet weather is still over us. This afternoon I drove to White Point & fetched home G's & my golf carts & clubs. The course is a swamp again. I spent the day in research for my talk on the gold mining history of North Queens, to be given to the Historical Society in mid-November. The stock market continues to droop, & my investments have lost \$5,000 since July 31.

The *Ex. Chronicle-Herald* fills its front page every day with lugubrious accounts of the failing (or failed) steel & coal industry, lay-offs in shipyards large & small, in fish plants; and there are gloom interviews with merchants & small producers all over N.S., each fearing that the new railway freight rates (for LCL = "less than carload lots") are going to drive them out of business. Rail shipments from N.S. this year, indeed from the whole Atlantic region, are down so low that many railway employees have been laid off.

Tonight was Hallowe'en, & I took my usual precaution, stowing the garbage cans, and the removable bowl of the garden bird bath, in the garage, & locking the door. Hardest things were quiet on Park Street, with far fewer "trick-or-treat" callers than usual, owing to the rain. Pamela brought little Debby & Tommy, & Andrew Jones, all frightful in masks, & G. had special candy treats for them.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2/67 Still dark & damp, with no air stirring, & the foghorn groaning at Western Head. John Nowlan, of CBC Halifax (radio division) phoned to inform me that he has been placed in charge of the radio production of my *Halifax Disaster* 1917 script, and that the management have suddenly decided to extend the show to one hour, instead of half an hour. He asked about ways & means, & I told him to include the full interview with Rev. Mr. Sweetnam & myself which Cadman taped here some years ago. (Hans Garmen had planned to use a small part of the Sweetnam tape and a comparatively brief narrative by myself.) Also I agreed to write into the script more detailed accounts of the trials & investigations. This business has been dragging along since the spring of 1966, when Garmen first phoned me about it.

On Sep. 25 this year he turned it over to Don Cook. Now

it is Newlan. This haphazard way of doing things is typical of the CBC.

Jack McClelland, head of McClelland & Stewart, phoned from Toronto this afternoon. When I switched from M. & S. to Doubleday's Toronto branch for my Canadian publications in 1956, Jack was sour, & we have had a few polite exchanges in the years since, mostly about copyright on stories which M. & S. still had in stock. Today he was very affable, & after some chitchat asked if I was interested in writing a biography for a "lot of money". When I said "whose biography?" he said it was that of Sam Bronfman, wealthy head of the Seagram whisky firm. He added that the firm would pay the entire writing fee on delivery of the manuscript, but they would reserve the right to delete anything they didn't like.

I said, "Jack, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." Bronfman was a bold & successful smuggler of booze from Canada into the U.S. during the 1920's & early 30's. He operated from border towns in Quebec & Ontario, but he drew his supply from rum-runners on the Atlantic coast, & I have always suspected that he was the well-hidden head of a smuggling scandal that involved some prominent people in Liverpool in the early 1930's. (They were packing the booze in carload lots of frozen fish & shipping it by rail to Ontario.) When the Prohibition Era ended, Bronfman put his money into legitimate distilleries & is now a multimillionaire.

McClelland said, "I thought you'd say that, but there's no harm in having a chat. I'd like to see you, next time you come to Toronto. Will you do that?" I said I hadn't been in Toronto for years, but I'd give him a shout next time.

And that was that. Jack is a wily man, & he knew I'd say No on this proposition, so I conclude that he'd heard I was dissatisfied with Doubleday & he simply caught any excuse to establish touch again.

Tonight E. & I attended a supper and business meeting in the basement of Zion Church. George Robinson, head of the church stewards, conducted the business. He said bluntly that Zion's affairs are in a bad state: Church attendance has dwindled greatly; so has voluntary church work, & of course so has the money income. Each of us was given a mimeographed statement showing an analysis of regular (i.e. by envelope) donations

during 1966, & the estimated budget for 1968. This would require the regular donors to increase their weekly contributions by 20%. Robinson asked for discussion but there was little, except that Merrill Rauding & Max Harding got up & said they were very disappointed about the whole thing. We were then given pledge cards for 1968, which we filled out & placed in collection plates. Some hymn singing, & then goodnight.

Zion's minister, Mr. Parker Matheson, spent his summer vacation in a tour of Ontario, & I presume he is looking for a more lucrative post. He is an earnest & affable little man, but his sermons are deadly dull. However I think the apathy of Zion's congregation is symptomatic of the whole Christian body in the western world. The unending wars since 1939, & the growing menace of obliteration by nuclear explosion, have pretty well dimmed the belief in an all wise God firmly in charge of the universe. Hence the "good old-time religion" holds no spiritual comfort nowadays, & people occupy their minds with material matters.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4/67 The 8th day of dark, wet, weather with a humid air (daytime temps. from 50° to nearly 70°) and an eerie calm. I sent off to Norval several pages of additional script for the radio show. Working on the gold mining paper again. No outdoor exercise since Oct. 27, except the morning walk to the post office. My son Tom dropped in this afternoon & paid me \$100, the last of the \$7,500 he has owed me since his graduation from Dalhousie in 1961. He is busy & prosperous, charging \$6 for filling a tooth cavity, \$75 for a denture, & so on.

SUNDAY, Nov. 5/67 The sun came out today, though there remained many clouds, & this afternoon I drove to Nahone with E. & called on my sister Hilda. She showed me a recent letter from our cousin Phyllis Raddall Elliott, in England. The two surviving sisters of Father - Aunt Elsie & Aunt ~~Dorothy~~ - died this year, both in their 90's. Both had spent most of their lives abroad - Aunt Elsie as the wife of a postal official in Oregon, Aunt Dolly as the wife of a German settler in Argentina. Phyl's husband Ralph, head of the Westminster Bank, had an attack of rheumatoid arthritis, & was laid up for six months.

MONDAY, Nov. 6, 1967

Sunny, temp. 50° at noon, light W. breeze.
 C & I played golf in the afternoon. Only 2 other players out. The groundsmen were giving the greens the last mowing of the season, and the putting was smooth & fast. My score 96 (45+51). I dined this evening with the Kinsmen club, in the little auditorium of the Fire Hall. My fellow guest was Jim Hutchinson, of Mersey Paper Co.'s woods department, who is an officer in the Liverpool militia (133rd Field Battery.) We were presented with framed photos of the pageant at Fort Point last July, & thanked for our help in it. Jim had just returned from Camp Gagetown N.B. where a party of ^{militia} gunners from here had a competition shoot on the artillery range. (They went to Gagetown by army bus, & were flown from there to Gagetown in a big troop-transport plane.) The meal consisted of roast venison & vegetables, & apple pie. Four young hunters from Liverpool went to Newfoundland by air a week or two ago, & each shot a moose, hence the venison.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7/67 Golf this afternoon. Temp. 45° with an uneasy little easterly breeze, and few gray clouds sliding beneath an ominous black & blue sky.

This evening Orest C. Ulan spent several hours with me. He is a radio producer for the C.B.C., Halifax, in the Special Events Dept. He had come to N.S. partly on a request from the British B.C., to tape a greeting from the town of Liverpool N.S. to the city of Liverpool, England — mayor speaking to mayor. Having got this from Mayor Frank Trainot, he came to my house to tape some bits about the Halifax disaster of '17 to be run as preliminary ads. ("teasers," in the argot of the broadcasting profession) for the hour-long show on Dec. 6. We chatted about Nova Scotia stories — he was keenly interested in the tales to be published next year in "Footsteps on Old Floors" — & got me to tell, for his recording machine, how I began as a writer. Also he asked me if I knew any bright young people who had writing abilities and ambitions, because the C.B.C. was anxious to get some. I told him about Bruce Outhouse, now a law student at Dalhousie, & lent him a copy of the Atlantic Advocate containing Bruce's story "Killer on the Ledge" & my article of advice to young writers.

News:- The oil-drillers on Sable

Island (Mobil Canada Ltd., a Calgary based outfit) say they have found traces of natural gas but nothing more so far. Yesterday the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that the federal govt. holds sole ownership of sub-sea resources off the British Columbia coast "from low water mark to the edge of the continental shelf." Presumably this will apply also to the Atlantic coast, including Table Island.

A new monument at Point Pleasant, Halifax, has been completed by the Govt. of Canada and the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. It is a granite cross, 40' high, on a podium with bronze panels engraved with the names of 3,267 Canadians who perished at sea during World Wars 1 & 2. It is to be unveiled next Sunday by Lt.-Gov. H. P. MacLean. After W.W. I., there was a modest white stone memorial at Point Pleasant with the names of the dead. About the end of War 2 this was removed, and a similar memorial to the sea dead of both wars was built on Citadel Hill. This was demolished in 1966, & the Navy sank the stones, with ceremony, in Bedford Basin.

Also completed is the new wood-pulp plant at Abercrombie Point, Pictou County, built at a cost of fifty million dollars by Scott Maritimes Ltd. It began operation some weeks ago, but the official opening by Premier G. J. Smith takes place next Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8/67 When I aroose this morning the ground was white, & a fine snow continued blowing all day — the first of the season. (The first snow last year fell on the same date.) Temp. about 32°. The stuff melted on the sidewalks & asphalt streets, but remained white on the ground. Tonight the temp. dropped to 29°, & the roads had a thin glaze of ice, a motorist's nightmare.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9/67 Sunny, with a cold N. wind. Walked to Milton & back — my first Milton walk of the season. The Acadia Construction Co. have put a new asphalt surface on the west road to Milton, & are now doing the same along Fore Street. Most of the trees are now bare, but the garden shrubs hold their leaves.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10/67 A drizzle of rain this morning melted most of the snow. Got a new electric blanket (Simpsons-Lars, \$31.98) to replace the one on my bed, which has conked out after many years' use.

The original Legion Hall was an old warehouse on the former J. G. Innes & Co. wharf. This was purchased & converted to a hall & recreation rooms shortly after World War Two. The building was torn down & replaced on the same spot with a new structure May - November, 1962. The present building is an enlarged & outwardly 43

SATURDAY, Nov. 11, 1967 | utterly different structure.

Remembrance Day. I didn't attend the Legion's parade to the war memorial, as I did for many years when I was younger, & when the memories were poignant. The new Legion hall, on the old waterfront site, was officially opened yesterday. It contains larger games rooms and lounges, bar, kitchen, auditorium, etc. STILL TO BE FINISHED. I maintain my Legion membership but have not attended meetings for many years.

A clear sunny day, & calm, so that although the temp. was only 40° a number of golfers (including E & me) were playing at White Point this afternoon.

SUNDAY, Nov. 12/67 Rain. My 64th birthday falls on the morrow, but today was better for a little family gathering. I attended Zion Church alone this morning — the 101st anniversary of the opening of the present building. The congregation had been asked to make special contributions, in view of the financial straits revealed on Nov. 2. I paid a cheque for \$100 in the envelope provided. Rev. Robert Mills was guest speaker, & his wife Karen sang two solos. She has a trained & strong soprano. (My grandson Tommy said afterwards, "The lady sang very high.") The church was full. Mills & wife came to the United Church at Port Mouton, 10 years ago, after he got his D.D. at Pine Hill, & they were active in musical doings here & at Halifax, where Karen sang in amateur operettas. He is now pastor at Bridgewater. At 5 pm. Tom, Pam, & their three youngsters arrived. Debby & Tommy presented me with birthday cards which they had drawn & colored with crayons — Debbie's showed "Gumpy" & "Nana" on the golf course. Their parents gave me a bottle of wine (Liebfraumilch). My sister Hilda came at 5:30, & we had a buffet supper, complete with birthday cake & (half a dozen) candles, which the kids helped "Gumpy" to blow out.

MONDAY, Nov. 13/67 A mild (50°) day with open-&-shut sky. Played golf this afternoon with Paul & Madge King. No other players out but the pro. (Sumash) & a companion. For my birthday present E. sent away for a steel bracket, forming a seat, which attaches to my new golf cart. This will enable me to rest my creaky bones from time to time along the fairways.

This evening my daughter Francis remembered my birthday & phoned from Moncton to wish me happy returns. The first time she has ever done this, & I was pleased. Today a

crew of street workmen made a shallow asphalt gutter leading past the front of my house and driveway to the drain outside my neighbour Puskie's house. This will help, but will be no good in winter floods. Town engineer Millard (who does land-survey jobs etc., on the side) had promised to measure the boundary between Puskie's land & mine, & to arrange for new fill, & asphalt topping, to bring my driveway up to street level. This is the only permanent cure of the flooding, & it will have to wait until next year now. Millard has been too busy with other things.

Wednesday, Nov. 15/67. Rained yesterday & today until nightfall, when it turned to snow. This made car-driving difficult. Nevertheless 53 people came to the annual dinner-meeting of the Historical Society at Lanes' restaurant. In addition to their regular diningroom & snack bar, the Lanes recently equipped & decorated a large private dining-room at the rear, in a space 30 or 40 feet square formerly used as storage for their furniture business. I had been asked to give an address on the history of gold mining in Queens County. When the society's advertisement of the dinner appeared in last week's Advance, I found that someone had added "and the Irish settlement in North Queens". So I had a double-barreled assignment.

Cyril Mulhall, President of the Society, was in the chair, & we spent a pleasant evening. In connection with my talk I showed some photos of old mine workings at Molega, taken by Hugh Byrne. Also the massive ring, set with a lapis-lazuli stone, which Dr. Fred V.L. Ford presented to Marie Bell (C's aunt) in the 1890's when he was practising medicine at New Germany, & she was teaching school there. It was made from gold taken out of a mine at Molega. In those days New Germany was the nearest railway point for the gold miners of North Queens. After the dinner Capt. Charlie & Florence Williams, & Factor Marion Dunlap, came to our house & joined C. & me in a drink & chat.

News:- Today a party of 60 men walked off the job at the new Scott pulp mill at Abercrombie, barely 24 hours after the official opening. It was an "unofficial" strike over some petty matter, & the rest of the mill employees carried on. However this is a bad beginning, & typical of the reckless & quarrelsome attitude of organized labor in that end of the province, an infection from the coal miners.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16, 1967

Winter weather. Asphalt streets are clear but the snow (about an inch) is frozen hard to the ground. Temp. tonight 18°.

News:- The Abercrombie pulp factory is now shut down completely, as the rest of the employees have quit work in sympathy with the original two malcontents, who were disciplined by a foreman for refusal to carry out an order. Including the loggers in the woods, about 1,000 men are affected.

Today the federal govt. icebreaker John A. Macdonald arrived back in Halifax, via the Panama Canal, having spent the summer in the Arctic, & finally passing through the Northwest Passage to Alaska & B.C. She is the 3rd. ship to circumnavigate the North American continent. The first was the 80 ton RCMP patrol vessel Sir Rock in 1942 - which took 2 years. The second was the federal icebreaker Labrador in the summer of 1954.

Tonight on CBC T.V. I watched the half-hour show on Halifax, for which I wrote the script. As always, it ran off so smoothly & quickly that no ordinary watcher could guess the many hours of thought & work that went into it.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17/67 Cold & dark. Old Miss Alina Morton invited C. & me to afternoon tea, so we drove up to Milton about 3 p.m. & chatted over tea-cups & her photo-albums. Albums of this sort can be a bore, but these were highly interesting, a record of her world travels in 1933-38 as companion to a wealthy American woman (Miss Severance). Egypt (including a boat voyage up the Nile to Karnak) Zanzibar, Siam, Java, Bali, the Philippines, Australia, Hawaii, etc. All this in days before the tourist trade overran all these places. Excellent pictures of the native people, their homes & way of life. And such things as the plain little wooden hotel at Pago Pago, where Somerset Maugham conceived his famous story and play, "Rain".

SUNDAY, Nov. 19/67 A break in the cold spell. Rain yesterday took the snow away, & today the temp. got up to 50°, with black clouds, spots of sunshine, and a S.W. gale. Having had no exercise since last Monday, I went to White Point this afternoon & played 18 holes. The pro & his son were just finishing a round as I arrived, & no one else showed up, so I had the course to myself.

News:- The Labour govt. in Britain under Prime Minister Harold Wilson suddenly devalued the pound sterling by 14.3%, which means it is now worth \$2.57 instead of \$3.00 Canadian, and

* 2.40 instead of * 2.80 U.S. Anticipating the measure, foreign speculators had been selling sterling short for the past week or more. The last time the pound was devalued (by 30%) was in 1949, also by a Labour govt. The basic trouble is the declining position of British products in world trade, largely brought about by organized labor's increasing wages & benefits and no corresponding increase in production.

MONDAY, Nov. 20/67 Cold, with some dustings of fine snow. I raked up leaves this afternoon & dumped them in the bushes behind my property. Hard work - the rake handle blistered the inner part of both thumbs. Received from Doubleday the ~~the~~ sixth (and final) volume of their Canadian History series, of which I wrote Vol. 3. This book covers the period from 1945 to the present, & naturally is mostly concerned with politics. Written by Blair Fraser, who is the most experienced and most lucid of Canadian political journalists. I spent the rest of the day & evening reading it & enjoying it.

Tom Costain started the series with his huge volume "The White & The Gold", with pages $9\frac{1}{2}$ " by 6", first class paper & binding. The succeeding volumes had pages $8\frac{1}{2}$ " by $5\frac{1}{2}$ ", with progressively fewer sheets, poorer paper & binding. They run thus:-

Volume 1.	"The White & The Gold" - Costain	482 pages.
Vol. 2.	"Century of Conflict" by J. L. Ralston	529 "
Vol. 3.	"The Path of Destiny", by T. H. R.	468 "
Vol. 4.	"From Sea Unto Sea" by W. G. Hardy	528 "
Vol. 5	"Ordeal by Fire" by Ralph Allen	492 "
Vol. 6	"The Search for Identity" by Blair Fraser	325 "

Costain finished "The White & The Gold" in 1954, and originally planned to write the whole series himself. He soon changed his mind, probably because he realised his own limitations, which were pointed out savagely by C. P. Stacey in the Canadian Historical Review. He asked me to write Vol. 2, covering the period from 1708 to 1774; but I was busy with other work, I was not particularly interested in the French regime, and I shied away from the prospect of editing by Costain. Later he sent George Nelson to urge me to undertake Vol. 3, with a guaranteed financial return, and a guarantee that I could write it as I chose to write it, despite the fact that Costain's name would appear - "Edited by Thomas B. Costain" - on the jacket of every volume. So I wrote it. The job

took two years, and "The Path of Destiny" was published in 1957. In 10 years Doubleday (Toronto branch) have sold a little over 60,000 copies of it, largely through their Canadian mail order book clubs, and my total royalties amount to about \$9,500.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21/67 Cold & cloudy. Finished my leaf raking this afternoon. News: The current issue (actually the December issue, just out) of Maclean's Magazine has a cover picture of a soldier in a sky blue helmet on which is painted in gilt a large fleur-de-lis and REPUBLIQUE DU QUÉBEC. He is staring at the beholder past a strand of barbed wire. Over his head in large print appears: THE DAY QUEBEC Quits CANADA. Inside is what the magazine calls "A semi-fictional history of the rise and fall of the Republic of Quebec." It is a supposition account of the declaration of the republic in 1971 and "the sad attenuated history of the Republic — a nation conceived in failure & frustration, dedicated to the proposition that a people of six million could endure in defiance of economics, & destined to return, after less than a year of chaotic independence, to an uneasy state of association with English-speaking Canada." Written in a spirit of provocation, it will startle English-speaking Canada, and will arouse still further the angry separatists of Quebec.

In another article the magazine points out that capital is already in flight from Quebec, ~~including~~ the cash reserves of large Montreal-based companies ^{and} the cash savings of non-French citizens. This is no fiction.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22/67 An overcast sky, temp. 40° at noon, wind S.W. I played 18 holes at White Point. The puddles were covered with ice but the snow had vanished, & in general the course was in excellent playing condition. This is our son Tom's 33rd. birthday, and C. & I. had dinner with him & Pamela & their charming & lively children. There were gifts, & a birthday cake with candles, & a good time was had by all. Rain tonight.

News:- After a lot of frantic consultations in Halifax, Sydney, Ottawa, etc. Premier G. J. Smith has announced that the owners of the Sydney steel plant (Hawker-Siddeley Ltd.) will operate the mill until April 1968, that they will then sell it to the province of Nova Scotia for an undisclosed sum (said to be \$10,000,000 for plant & \$16,000,000 for materials on hand). The province of N.S., with financial help from Ottawa, will

then operate the plant for 12 months ending April 1969, hoping in the meantime for a private firm to take it over. That is unlikely in view of the intractable nature of Cape Breton labor, the obsolescence of the plant, & the highly efficient & competitive plants now operating in Europe, Japan, Canada, & the U.S.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/67 Rain. Temp. 55°. Dinner tonight at the Kirkpatrick's house in Milton, in celebration of the U.S. Thanksgiving Day. About 15 guests. Drinks & chat. Home at 10:30.

FRIDAY, Nov. 24/67 Rain, & a gale to drive it. A tall gangling young man, Ross Dobson, spent the afternoon with me, going over maps of the Kejimkujik area, & asking questions about local history, place names, Indians etc. He is a Westerner employed by the Parks Branch, Dept. of Northern Affairs, & was posted to the staff of Kejimkujik Park 3 weeks ago. His job is Park Naturalist.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25/67 Rain. My nerves bad, for the past ten days & nights — mostly at evening, after the day shut in by wet weather, no exercise, & no writing. The poor sales of "Hangman's Beach" (5,073 copies in Canada, 6,426 in the U.S., & no foreign sales at all) show that my sort of historical novel has lost its appeal to publishers and public. The current rage in fiction is the "anything goes" type of thing — violence, cruelty, sex in all its aberrations, in fact everything on the dark side of humanity, and nothing of the normal. It is part of the present anarchy in all of what we once knew as the arts — music, theatre, painting, sculpture, dancing. The generation I wrote for are mostly dead, and so are their ways of thought.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26/67 Church with E. this morning. The preacher was a young minister from the Port Mouton United Church, and he spoke very well. Today we had a lull in the succession of barometric "lows" which have been following each other up the east coast of North America like beads on a string. The sun shone, the temp. got up to 50°, & in the afternoon we played golf at White Point, where a fine surf was breaking on the shore. About 3 p.m. a flock of yellow grosbeaks appeared on the Lentz lawn across the street, apparently feeding on seeds fallen from the maples there. The first sight of them since last winter.

MONDAY, Nov. 27, 1967 A dark day, calm, temp. 45° at noon. I played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. On the seaward end of the course I noticed the remains of six dovekies, killed & picked clean, probably by crows. This happens almost every year. The "sea doves" are our smallest web-footed visitors, nesting in the Arctic, & traveling south along the coast in late autumn. Their webbed feet are so far "aft" that if they land on a flat piece of ground they cannot get into the air again. Our local dairy has announced a great shortage of milk in western N.S., due to the ruin of the hay crop in the past wet summer, & ~~so~~ it has been obliged to get milk shipped from P.C.I.

TUESDAY, Nov. 28/67 Overcast, with snow flurries. E. & I drove to Milton in the afternoon & had tea & chat with Miss Alina Norton. She showed more photographs of her travels, & lent me some of her diaries. Apparently about 1925 she became nurse-companion to the very rich Miss Severance, a middle-aged spinster, & from then until the outbreak of war in 1939 they traveled ^{America} de luxe all over the world, Baedeker in hand, summer & winter.

The stock market crash of 1929 ~~had~~ had no effect on the lady's wealth, & all through the depression of the 1930's the travels went on. They spent the late summer & autumn of 1937 in Germany, but apart from a diary note about the excellent motor roads that Herr Hitler was building, there was nothing in their minds about politics or the tragedy that was getting obvious even to newspaper readers at that time.

At 6:30 I drove with E. to Hunts Point, & joined a small party for drinks at Charles Copelin's cottage & a buffet supper at Mrs. Bernadette Ratchford's, across the road. Copelin expects to leave for Montreal early in December, & will spend part of the winter there with his son Gregory.

News: - Yesterday ✓ De Gaulle, at a press conference in Paris, made another of his tirades against the Americans, & as a sideline had another go at "Quebec Libre", saying that the Canadian constitution should be completely changed, & that the "Anglo-Saxon" preponderance in economic power etc. increasingly threatens the "language, substance and character" of the French in Canada. This stirred all party leaders at Ottawa

into angry retorts, and Prime Minister Pearson was loudly cheered in the House when he said (among other things) "Self-determination is no new discovery to us. We do not need to have it offered to us. To assert the contrary is an insult."

THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1967 A bright cold (20°) day. Enjoyed a walk to Milton & back this afternoon. I am enjoying "The Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature", recently published, & received yesterday. Author is Noah Story, who retired as head of the manuscript division, Public Archives of Canada, seven years ago, & has been working on this large volume ever since. I have noted some errors, but in the main it is far better and more comprehensive than the pretentious and stuffy academic "History of Canadian Literature" brought out by a group of Canadian professors a few years ago. I have received also, a paper covered booklet called "Founded Upon A Rock", lately published by the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia. It describes, with excellent text & photographs, many of the beautiful old houses & other structures that remain in Halifax and Dartmouth in 1967. Some of them, in the "Old North Suburb" of Halifax, are now threatened with demolition.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1/67 Cold, cloudy, a few specks of snow. Walked to Milton in afternoon. This evening Bill Dennis phoned to Edith from Moncton, said Francie has had a nervous breakdown and requires treatment at the T. G. Hospital in Halifax. He said she has been in this state for two months, getting worse all the time, & recently told him she intended suicide. He asked E. to come to Moncton tomorrow, to be with Francie when he & his medical partner Dr. Gillis explain that she must go to hospital.

I phoned Air Canada at Hx. & got a seat for E. on a plane leaving for Moncton at 4:25 p.m. tomorrow, which will put her there about 5 p.m. E. phoned Bill about this, & he will meet her at the Moncton airport.

Francie had a previous breakdown at Christmas 1962, and spent 3 weeks in a Moncton hospital in January 1963 (diary entry Jan. 26/63). In January 1964 (diary entry Jan. 20/64) she & Bill visited us for a few days, & Bill revealed that Francie was still very tense, & so beat with insomnia that she sometimes passed three successive nights without going to bed at all. Apparently she refuses sleeping drugs.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1967

Sunny & cold. E's plane is due to leave Halifax airport at 4:25 p.m., which is about the time of sunset. For me this would mean driving back in the dark, in busy Saturday traffic, & blinded by oncoming headlights; so E asked Tom Jr. to drive her to the airport this afternoon. I can only hope devoutly that France's case will turn out well. Tom got back about 6 p.m.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3/67 A dark day, temp. 40°. Indoors all day, reading. Tom, Pam, & their youngsters called this afternoon.

MONDAY, DEC 4/67 Rain. E phoned from Moncton this a.m. says that things are not as bad as she had feared. Apparently France had some of emotional crisis on Thursday, & Bill got in a panic. At present France is bustling about, seems quite cheerful, & rejects any notion of hospital treatment. Bill has persuaded her to go with him to Halifax tomorrow, "just for a few days' holiday", and hopes to induce her to see Dr. Nicholson, psychiatrist, while they are there. E will stay at Moncton, looking after the kids.

TUESDAY, DEC. 5/67 Heavy rain continued all night, temp. 40°. We are lucky here on the coast in this storm. Indeed the temp. got down to 25°, & Fredericton got two feet of snow.

Letter from Alan Meach, publicity man for Doubleday Canada Ltd.) saying he and David Manuel (manager & chief editor) had heard "by the grapevine" that I would appear on the "Lake Thirty" T.V. show at Toronto on Dec. 6.

"We'd hate to know that you've been in town and not at least have taken you to lunch. If you don't mind, could you inform me how long you will be in Toronto, and whether or not you'd like me to arrange further personal appearances for you."

What the grapevine failed to say was that the "Lake Thirty" show in question was filmed in Halifax last summer, & it is being run on Dec. 6, the 50th anniversary of the Halifax disaster of 1917. Manuel knows that I'm very dissatisfied with Doubleday (New York) for their lackadaisical sales effort for "Hangman's Beach". (See diary entry Oct 8/66) No doubt the grapevine also has told him that George Foster (of Foster, Nelson & Scott) called on me this summer, & that Jack McCulland (of McCulland & Stewart) had asked me to write a book for his firm. I

suppose Manuel jumped to the conclusion that if I was coming to Toronto, it must be for more than a T.V. show, and since I hadn't said anything about it, I must be negotiating for a new publisher. I replied to Meech with a postcard, setting him straight.

I noticed the other day that E's laundry platform & steps, at the back of the house, are badly decayed. Today I met a carpenter out of work, Reginald Nickerson, & engaged him to make a new platform & steps.

Tonight Ross Dobson, the naturalist from Keweenaw Park, came & stayed till 11 p.m., going over the history of the area and the Indians. He returned my M.S. of the Jim Charles story, & took away with him my typed notes on gold mining in North Queen.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6/67 Busy writing Christmas cards. Walked to Milton, a cool sunny day. Saw a yellow-breasted chat flitting among my bare shrubs today. These are rarely seen in Nova Scotia, yet in the past few days they have been identified in Halifax, Liverpool, & Shelburne. One or two stray robins are still hopping about, & yesterday I saw a little flock of fox sparrows behind my garage.

Manuel's "grapevine" message was quite wrong. I looked at the "Lake Thirty" T.V. show today, & it showed Paul Soles getting a cookery lesson. Tonight I presume the CBC's Halifax station (CBH) did the radio broadcast, which I had scripted, on the 1917 disaster. I tried to get it on my radio, but here on the South Shore at night the American coastal stations boom in & the Halifax stations fade out.

The Liverpool town workmen have finished the usual Christmas decorations - a big spruce tree, well lighted, on the town hall lawn; spruce branches & colored lights on all the telephone poles in the shopping district, & here & there a loudspeaker blaring forth carols from a central machine in town hall.

I am getting along quite well as a bachelor. Turn out a batch of laundry Monday, & got it back today. I breakfast as usual on coffee & toast, make a ham sandwich for lunch, & dine well on lobster, or a broiled chicken from the food market, or fish & chips - all easily prepared - & now & then a steak at the Chinaman's restaurant on Market St.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1967

Overcast & cold. Borrowed Anderssen's ladder

& tried to clear the gutters of my study roof, but the fallen leaves & twigs were tightly frozen there. I spread 100 lbs of crushed limestone on my lawns (nearly all on the back lawn) using the hand-pushed spreader. After the past wet "summer" the moss shows plainly over half the back lawn, & I have another 100-lb bag of limestone to spread there in the spring.

I suddenly remembered E's house plants, & watered them - two or three dozen. Phoned Carl Whynot, who came with his oil truck and refilled my furnace tanks. Reginald Nickerson & helper turned up with a new laundry platform & steps, which they installed. Nickerson's bill for labor, materials, & trucking, was \$43.50, which I paid with a cheque. It is a good job, & I had him paint the whole thing with a green chemical solution to stave off rot. My effort in raising the ladder did something to my right arm, which became very painful in the biceps & shoulder.

This evening at 8 pm. the CBC (Halifax) T.V. repeated the hour-long show I did with Bill Harper on the 1917 explosion. It was first run last summer, when comparatively few people took at T.V. On this second showing I liked it better, probably because the work & the technical details of preparation had faded from my mind & I could watch it like any casual viewer.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8/67

A grey day, temp 40°, light breeze from the sea. Finally wrote the last Christmas card ~109 in all - many with personal messages and news. Walked to Milton in the late afternoon. Dined at the Chinaman's.

News:- A few days ago the federal minister of Finance, the well-named Mr. Sharp, announced an increase of income tax, liquor tax, tobacco tax, and a sharp cut in expenditures on public works, the CBC, the army, new ships for the Dept of Transport, etc. This is only part of a general financial frost which has been creeping over the western world this year. The United States at last found out that it could not sustain the costly war in Vietnam, military & naval expenditures at home & in other parts of the world, large grants of money for foreign aid, etc., and at the same time lift its own poor, especially the belligerent negroes, to a decent standard of living. Britain had to de-value the pound in the desperate hope of keeping up its export trade. And so on. Here in Nova Scotia we are feeling

the bite in various ways. The bankrupt coal & steel industries in the eastern countries & Cape Breton, & the unremitting labor quarrels which keep the new (& largely government-financed or backed) industries there in a state of turmoil. The increased railway freight rates between the coasts & central Canada, coming at a time when (federal owned & financed) icebreakers have succeeded in keeping the St. Lawrence open all winter as far as Montreal; and the (f.o. & f.) Seaway during the rest of the year gives cheap water carriage all the way to Port William. For ten or fifteen years past a federal govt. subsidy has kept Maritime shipyards busy turning out wooden & steel trawlers. Now the subsidy has been withdrawn, & the wooden shipyards at outports like Mahone, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Meteghan, etc. are coming to a stop. (The wooden trawlers also have a high fatality rate, not only from storms & groundings, but notably from fire.) With falling markets abroad, the pulp & paper industries, including the Mersey mill here, are curbing production; which means less money, not only for the mill hands, but for the logging crews, the farmers who depend on cutting pulpwood for their winter income, & for the truckers who haul it to the mills. The fish plants, which have sprung up all round the Maritime coasts (backed by provincial govt. funds) are now in trouble due to over-production in a falling market. So it goes.

Letter from CBC Toronto offers me \$150 for the use of my short story "Between The Lines" in a 30-minute radio play on their program called "Vancouver Theatre".

As I expected, I've heard nothing further from Lloyd Bochner regarding film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", (see entry Aug. 5, 1967).

SATURDAY, DEC. 9/67 Overcast, with bleak E. breeze. Shopped this morning for groceries, sleeping pills, etc. L. phoned tonight from Moncton, very despondent. Says there is nothing she can do there, & she is coming home next Wednesday. Bill took Francie to Halifax this week, ostensibly on a Christmas shopping trip. He had (unknown to her) made an appointment there with Dr. Nichols, a specialist in neurosis, & had obtained a bed in a hospital. He succeeded in getting her to see Nichols, but she refused to go to the hospital, saying she could pull herself together and she would

not leave her children during the Christmas season.

SUNDAY, DEC. 10, 1967 Open & shut sky, with snowflakes falling in the shut parts. I walked to & from church this morning, & at the invitation of Vera Parker I lunched with her & Austin. Some weeks ago I had a letter from Edwin Parker's daughter Joanne, who is a student at Dalhousie U. She & a group of literature students are planning to start a little magazine, which will publish their own stories, poems, & essays, & they would like me to write a foreword for their first issue, which they hope to print "early in the new year". I wrote her today agreeing to do this.

MONDAY, DEC. 11/67 A grey day with east wind. When I walked to Milton this afternoon ~~the air~~ felt like snow. I lunched on (pre-cooked) fish & chips, warmed in my oven. At 5.30 attended a cocktail party at the Douglas Sozers' house, Fort Point, in honor of Rolf & Muriel Leborne, and Bert & Catherine Waters, who passed their 50th. wedding anniversary recently. Many old friends there. Several commented on the T.V. show (Dec. 7) and added, "but you looked so old"! I said that I'm now in my 65th year, which isn't young.

TUESDAY, DEC. 12/67 A flood of rain all day & night, with temp. up to 48° by night. Lunched on a few crackers & a can of mushroom soup. Rather than go in this downpour to the Chinaman's I dined at home on ham, cold chicken, & tomatoes.

Noticed in the Montreal Gazette for Dec. 9 a praiseful review of: - "Historic Headlines", edited by Pierre Berthon, published by McClelland & Stewart, 128 pages, #4.95. The reviewer says: - "Canada was not a year old when D'Arcy McGee was pistolized to death on Ottawa's Sparks Street, but Thomas Raddall makes the assassination part of today's news scene. It is the same throughout the book."

This is my first intimation that the book is actually on the market, & that the final title is "Historic Headlines".

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13/67 Sunny & mild (44°) on the South Shore. This morning, taking advantage of the thaw, I took Andersens ladder & cleaned out the rain gutters on my study roof. As Erik A. seems to be away, I cleaned out his house gutter — a solid mass of leaves & leaf stems from the ash tree nearby. In this ladder-carrying & lifting something happened in my left side from waist to shoulder, which became very painful — even a deep

breath caused a stab. I lunched on crackers & sliced ham, & set off in the car about 5 minutes before 12, to avoid the noon traffic jam. Pleasant driving, although I ran into overcast sky & some spatters of rain about Halifax. Took the by-pass via Hammond's Plain & the Bicentennial Drive, & reached the airport at 5 minutes to 2. E's plane arrived promptly at 2:15, & we were home about 4:30. Dined at the Chinamans. E says that Bill has put Virancie on a new drug, which seems to be doing some good. It appears that she gets ^{several} these spells of psychotic depression at intervals of months. Bill hopes to persuade her to see Dr. Nichols after the New Year; & with another couple from Moncton they intend to have a holiday in the Bahamas in February.

THURSDAY, DEC. 14/67 A grey morning, temp. 40°, with a bleak N.E. wind. CBC, Vancouver (radio) wants to use my short story "Between the Lines" as a radio play, one of a series of 30 minute dramas to be broadcast in the Vancouver region between now & Dec. 1, 1968. I signed & mailed the contract. My fee is \$150.00

Donna-Lu Wigmore phoned from Toronto yesterday morning to say that the "Halifax Explosion 1917" show I did with Paul Soles last summer was shown on Toronto T.V. on Dec. 6, and would be shown on the CBC's Maritime network at 3 p.m. on Dec. 13. I thanked her, but of course at 3 p.m. I was on the road from Hfx to L'pool.

My left side still very painful. Combined with my permanently painful lower back & right hip, it was too much for a good walk on the river road, though I longed for it. Took my car to the Rossignol garage & had the boys put my snow tires on the rear end, & ~~the~~ ^{prepare} the ignition system for starting in cold weather. I got a broiled chicken from the Dominion Store rotisserie for our evening meal. Pamela called in the afternoon for a chat with E. Her father & mother are driving from Hfx. to L'pool on Sunday, Dec. 24, to spend Christmas here. They will stay at Lane's Motel because, among other things, Bill White wants his breakfast served in bed, as usual, on Christmas Morning. E plans to have the whole family to evening dinner at our house (main dish, fresh lobster casserole) on Sunday night, & Pam expects us all to have Christmas dinner with her & Son on Monday. (Note: - The garage mechanics installed new spark plugs & new points in the engine ignition.)

FRIDAY

~~Friday~~, Dec. 15, 1962

At a press conference in Ottawa yesterday Lester Pearson announced his retirement as leader of the federal Liberal party, effective next spring, when the party will hold a convention to elect a new leader. Pearson is 70. In a provincial cabinet shuffle, Gerald J. Doucet becomes Minister of Education in Nova Scotia, the first time a French-speaking Roman Catholic has held a full time cabinet post, & ^{this} very important one. He is only 30, a native of Cape Breton, a law graduate of Dalhousie who, after graduation, articled with Kennedy Jones's law firm in Liverpool. Jones saw his potentialities in N.S. politics at once, & in 1963 Doucet ran as a Conservative candidate in Richmond, defeating the current Liberal party leader Urquhart.

Local note: I went down to the government wharf, Bristol, to look at the boat which was towed in here last Monday by a Fisheries Patrol vessel. It is built of scrap lumber, 18' long, with an extreme beam of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ', tapering to a sharp bow & a narrow stern. ^{About 2 feet forward} Completely decked, ~~with~~ for a sort of conning tower amidships, entered by a door on the forward side, with 3 very small windows. No mast, a pair of oars, & an old 3 h.p. outboard motor. Its builder & sailor is a crackpot Hungarian, small, lean, 40-ish, named Yavorcsik, who says he came to Canada as a refugee in 1948. He has been living in one of the abandoned houses on Devil's Island, off Halifax, making a living God knows how. Last year he set out for "Europe" in a contraption even worse than this one, & was rescued, in a sinking condition, 20 or 30 miles offshore. Last summer he built the present boat, which looks like a miniature submarine. The conning tower contained barely enough room for him & his dog, he had very little gasoline for the engine, & no food but dry oatmeal. He set out from Devil's Island about Nov. 30, heading for "a better country" — actually going west along the coast. He was seen at Cape Sable, & St. Mary's Bay, ^{when he turned back,} & on Dec. 11 the fishermen at S.W. Port Mouton saw him drifting through the breakers & beaching on a small uninhabited island there. They phoned the Fisheries Patrol, which picked him up & towed the boat to Liverpool. As he is penniless he has been sheltered in the town jail. He talks of setting out again "when the wind stops blowing", & the local authorities don't quite know what to do with him. He ought to be in a mental hospital. ^{A few days later a coastguard vessel took him & his boat back to Halifax.}

Today I oiled the furnace motors
and vacuum-cleaned its air filter.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1967

↓ Snowing slowly all day. Christmas cards arriving by the dozen. Clem Cowell's has a photograph of himself & Esther sitting under a grapefruit tree outside their Florida home, & looking a little bit smug about it, naturally. Long letter from Arthur D. Stairs, President of the old & prosperous Halifax hardware firm, Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow Ltd. Invites me to write a history of the Stairs family and/or the firm, & asks what fee I would charge. He had been reading "Hangman's Beach" with its many references to the old Halifax firm of Peter McRae & Sons, and I suppose that gave him the idea. However, this is not my line of country. The McNabs were an interesting family, quite apart from their trade, & their habitat was unique. The Stairs were prosaic merchants, living in the town, adding to their business & their wealth, generation after generation. Old W. J. Stairs gave young Max Aitken his start on the road to quick wealth (handsomely acknowledged in Beaverbrook's own story of his life) but I can't think of anything really interesting about the Stairs family & firm.

Tom Jr. dropped in for a yarn. Thinks I'm a fool not to do the Stairs' thing for a fat fee. Much more profitable than writing novels, etc. He gives a ~~lot~~ lot of time & energy to the Children's Aid Society, of which he is the (unpaid) head in Queens County, with a paid (government) social worker doing the field work; otherwise like all of the ~~present~~ generation of merchants and professional men he is frankly & cheerfully mercenary. Like his close friend Dr. (medical) Floyd Macdonald, he has a busy & lucrative practice but is not content with that. They speculate busily on the stock market, buying & selling for quick capital gains, which are not taxable at present. They are also negotiating for purchase of the brick building at the foot of Gorham Street, adjoining the parking lot, owned by the estate of the late Mrs. Della Richardson, and leased at a fat rental to the Dominion Store (grocery supermarket). Here again the object is a capital gain by sale at some time in the future — the purchase money would be borrowed from a bank; and the bank interest, the insurance, repairs, maintenance, & the full depreciation permitted under the Income Tax Act, would enable them to show no taxable annual profit. If the Dominion Stores (a national grocery chain) do not renew the present lease, which has a few years yet to

run, Tom & Floyd would convert the building into a dental-medical suite for themselves, thus saving the present rentals of their widely separate offices & waiting rooms. He gave me some other monetary news of the town. The estate of Charles O. Smith, (who made a fortune in World War Two) some years ago sold the large building of Rossignol Sales Company, and its entire motor business, to two of Smith's office men, Eric Montthorne (manager) and Carmen Pierce, who borrowed most of the necessary money. The building was well designed and built at the close of War Two, & contains a motor service station, a large & well equipped motor repair shop, & a display room for Chevrolet & other General Motors cars & trucks, for which Rossignol holds the agency. It stands on Market Street, next to the town bridge & waterfront. It was always a lucrative business, & has increased nicely in the boomerang ten years past. As a sideline Pierce started a motor trucking business (South Shore Transport) a few years ago, & has built it up to a large fleet of heavy & light trucks - all of which, of course, are G.M. trucks, serviced and repaired by Rossignol. The recent drastic increase of rail freight rates on less-than-carload-lots has been a bonanza for the road trucking companies everywhere. South Shore Transport has a large warehouse in Halifax, and now Pierce has bought the large building of the defunct Liverpool Lumber Co. (Frank Hills) for a way-station warehouse. He told Tom that although he had enlarged his fleet greatly, there is now more freight offering than he can handle, in spite of shoving up his own rates.

The Mersey Sea Food Co. seem to be holding on well, despite the heavy & increasing competition from new plants (all government-financed like their own) in N.S., N.B., & Newfoundland. Every time I cross the town bridge I see three or four trawlers tied up at the Government Wharf, ^{which is in effect the fish-plant wharf} discharging fish or preparing for another trip to the Banks. This plant employs a lot of young men & women of poor education, who otherwise would have no jobs at all.

On a small scale this is true of the GARICA LTD. factory at Milton, also government sponsored & financed, which employs a few skilled hands from Ontario and 20 or 25 Milton young men & women of the school-drop-out type. The manager is a capable fellow, of Central European origin, whose father established a similar business in Ontario. They make no ordinary footwear, but turn out women's evening wear slippers & the like, some of which is sold to stores in N.S. & the rest exported to Central Canada - which sounds like coal to Newcastle.

MONDAY, DEC. 18, 1967

A grey sky, temp. 34° , bleak NW wind. Tramped to Milton & back, my first long walk in a week or more. Roads bare. A dust of snow on the fields. Thin ice on the ponds & river covers. Received from Max Cassidy a neat booklet containing copies of the excellent color photos he took last summer — the pageant at the Fort, & one of C. wearing her grandmother's wedding dress, vintage 1860. Bought a Christmas tree, also a hemlock wreath, from people selling at the door. C. has a cold.

News:— Following the de-valuation of the pound sterling, French & Swiss bankers are using hoards of U.S. dollars to buy gold, in a concerted effort to force the U.S. to raise the price of gold and/or to de-value the dollar. Result is a heavy drain of gold from the U.S. to sustain the dollar.

A week or two ago C. received from Doubleday, Toronto (George Nelson's card) the usual three amaryllis bulbs & pots. She gives one to Evelyn White, across the street, who is an indoor gardener like herself in wintertime. Today, in response to a wire from Doubleday, Toronto, the Milton florist delivered a potted azalea in full bloom. My gift from Doubleday, New York (Ken McCormick's card) was an illustrated booklet of the old nursery rhyme "London Bridge Is Falling Down", the first of a new Mother Goose series to be published by Doubleday. A penmed note on the inside of the title page says "This one is for Tom". Perhaps McCormick meant my grandson Tom. Or does he consider that I'm in second childhood?

THURSDAY, DEC. 21/67 Weather continues dark, temp. down to 20° at night, rising to 35° at noon. As the ground is still bare, this afternoon I spread a second 100 lb. of crushed limestone (see Dec. 7) on the lawns, mainly the back lawn. This evening drove with C. about the streets of Liverpool & up the river to Milton, looking at the Christmas decorations. Many quite elaborate, with the whole house outline picked out by colored electric lights, plus flood lights from the ground, & evergreen trees lighted on the front lawn, etc. Being the world's worst carpenter & electrician I have never attempted any of this, although in his high school and college years Tom Jr. used to clamber about the porch roof nailing up fir boughs & electric lights.

I got our little (5 foot) Christmas tree in from the

garage & set it up as usual in the sun porch, festooned with electric lights, & outdoors we fastened two large hemlock wreaths with red plastic ribbons, one on the front door, the other on the middle window facing the street. Our neighbors on the north side, Joe Pashie & wife, are away ^{in Florida for the winter} & their house is dark.

To go to note on TUESDAY, DEC. 19 that the new Canadian naval radio station at Mill Cove, St. Margaret's Bay, was officially opened by Admiral O'Brien. This replaces the station at Albro Lake, Dartmouth, for many years the radio centre for the Halifax naval base. It involves the transfer of ¹⁵¹ naval men, ~~men, women, & children~~ and ³⁵ civilians, with wives & families, for whom barracks & married-quarters have been built. The reason given for the switch is that the spread of suburban building about Dartmouth in the past ten or fifteen years has surrounded the Albro Lake station, & produced all kinds of electronic effects that interfere with signal reception. The new apparatus at Mill Cove is very hush-hush, & there was no description of the station in the newspapers.

Albro Lake station was built in 1942-43

FRIDAY, DEC. 22/67 Pouring rain all day & night. In the afternoon I drove to Moose Harbour & bought from Bob Chandler 15 lbs. of fresh lobsters. The price was \$1.20, the highest I have ever known. The lobster catch in the Maritime Provinces generally has been poor this year, as it was last year, although the men who set their traps in deep water (like my old friends at Seal Island) have done well. I attended a large & merry cocktail party at the home of Milton ("Milt") Green on Church Street this evening. Chatting with Cecil Day, he told me that he has sold the "Liverpool Advance" & its job-printing business, & is retiring on Dec. 31st. Purchaser is a man named ^{INGLIS}, from Pictou County, who has been working with Day for the past year. Apparently Day held out for a big cash price, & until recently ^{INGLIS} couldn't borrow the money. Now it has been arranged. Charles Kelsey told me that he & his wife are leaving shortly for a three-month holiday on the Pacific Ocean. They will fly to San Francisco, & there board a cargo steamship which has excellent accommodation for a dozen passengers. The ship makes no stop between San Francisco and Kobe, Japan. The Kelsays will spend some time in Japan, & then in Hong Kong, where they will rejoin their

ship for the voyage back to San Francisco. Although a paraplegic case from war wounds, dependent on crutches, & now nearing 60, Kelsey has kept a cheerful & energetic outlook, & he talked of this long voyage with the zest of a boy. Good luck to him — one of the finest men I know.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23/67 Rain all day — everyone was saying "A green Christmas" — and then about dusk the temp. dropped below freezing, and we had a theatrical snowfall, big thick flakes dropping silently — no wind to stir the trees. C. bustling about the house all day, cleaning & polishing everything in sight. Bill White & wife (Pam's parents) had planned to drive down from Hx. tomorrow, to spend Christmas here, & C. invited them and Tom's family to dine with us on Christmas Eve. (Main dish, lobsters.) We spent this evening quietly; there were one or two very good Christmas shows on the T.V.

SUNDAY, DEC. 24/67 The snow fell all night, with wind enough to drift it a bit, & we awoke this morning to find about 5 inches on the level (10" on my driveway in front of the garage, and again on the street approach.) Trees & shrubs laden with snow — a photographer's paradise. I shoveled out my front path, the path to C.'s laundry platform & the garbage cans, & the driveway to within ten feet of the street. The town's street plough was sure to pile a lot more there, & about 11 a.m. it did. I shoveled that out — heavy hard-packed stuff — & felt so pooped that I ~~was~~ was glad to sit down & rest my aching back and hips for the rest of the day. The junior Raddalls and Bill & Marian White arrived about 5 p.m. — the Whites said the road from Halifax was ploughed but slippery, & they drove with caution all the way. We had drinks, & then a buffet supper (lobster, cold ham slices, green peas & sliced beans, aspic, & hot biscuits. Wine (Lebe fraumilch). Dessert, pecan pie with ice cream. Coffee & liqueur (Tia Maria).

Afterwards the children were allowed to open gifts from C. & me. A miniature vacuum-cleaner (operated by batteries and actually functional) for Debbie. A battery-operated U.S. Army jeep, with two soldiers & a machine gun, which ran about in circles, stopped, fired the gun with much clacking & flashing, & ran on again — an epitome of the unfortunate campaign in Viet-Nam — with which young Tommy was delighted. An electric locomotive which flashed lights & uttered two piping notes, running about the

float, stopping at any obstacle, & with uncanny prescience backing away, turning, & resuming its forward course — this for little Blair. The noise of all this was terrific. At 8:30 p.m. the party broke up, as it was time for the youngsters to go to bed.

In talk with Bill, I mentioned a painting of Sable Island ponies, which appears on the 1968 desk calendars distributed by the Royal Trust Company. It was one of a number of Sable Island scenes painted by a Montreal schoolmaster named Lawley, who visited the island two or three years ago. They are very good. I like particularly the one shown on the Royal Trust calendar because it shows not only typical ponies and sands, but the true look and tint of the sea under a lowering autumn sky. I would love to have the original, or one of a similar view. Bill knows Lawley, said he would send me the man's address, and thought I could get one of his paintings for \$100 to \$150.

see Jan 5 1968
MONDAY, DEC. 25/67 A sunny but cold Christmas Day, the temp.

8° above zero at 8 a.m. After our usual toast & coffee breakfast we opened our gift packages. I presented C. with a silver chain bracelet holding four Wedgwood blue-&-white cameos, which match the Wedgwood brooches I gave her some years ago. C.'s gift to me was a smart brocade dressing gown. My sister Hilda sent an Ascot tie to match. Bill & Francelle sent a pair of leather gloves. The junior Radfords sent a set of wine glasses.

At 1 p.m. we drove to their apartment at Fort Point & joined them for a turkey dinner with the Whites.

Crackers, paper hats — everything — including some excellent Rhine wine which Bill had brought down from Halifax, and cointreau with the coffee.

From the rear windows we watched the kids skating on "The Bog". About 4 p.m. a scud of cloud began to work up from the south, & a radio report said "snow, turning to rain in western Nova Scotia". So the Whites set off for Halifax while the going was good, & we returned to 44 Park St.

In the evening C. phoned Moncton, & we chatted with Bill & Francelle. Francelle seemed very bright & happy.

Noticed today a few yellow grosbeaks flitting about the naked trees. Must get some sunflower seeds.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27/67 Temp 15° above zero at 8 a.m., 20° at noon. The day was sunny, & I had a refreshing walk to Milton. The asphalt bare & dry, a coat of snow remaining in the fields, & kids skating on the ponds. Received from McClelland &

Stewart my 6 presentation copies of "Historic Headlines," which opens with my article on D'Arcy McGee & the state of the Canadian provinces at Confederation Time. The book is well designed & illustrated & printed. (Printing ^{binding work} done in Italy by Arnoldo Mondadori) Also received from Ken McCormick a sample of the book jacket for "Footsteps On Old Floors". The illustration is good. The blurb was written by someone with the grace & style of a farm tractor, but it contains only one error of fact — a record for Daubleday.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29/67 Yesterday was cold (20°) with a dust of fine snow falling. At evening the temp. rose to 40° , & all night there was a gale of wind & rain. Looking over my accounts I find that my gross income this year was about \$11,500, of which \$2,800 came from invested funds. This compares with gross income of a little over \$5,000 in 1966, and \$9,000 in 1965, \$7,500 in 1964, \$9,200 in 1963.

My investments include common stocks with a present market value of \$79,211; Canada Government bonds which cost \$9,426; and I have about \$6,000 cash in my bank accounts. With my house, furniture, car etc. this represents a gross worth of well over \$100,000. Ten years ago I was worth \$59,000 altogether. The improvement is due to continued thrift, but mainly to investments bought & sold under the skilled advice of Bill White. Of course in these times of monetary inflation the figures are illusory. I doubt if my present assets, turned into cash, would buy much more than the money I had ten years ago.

Yesterday I noticed some yellow grosbeaks feeding on seeds of the Norway maples across the street. This afternoon I set up my wooden tray on the pedestal of the bird bath in the garden, & spread it with sunflower seeds. The first customer was a blue jay, bolting the seeds down whole. Then came a yellow grosbeak, a pair of chickadees, a pair of starlings, & two or three English sparrows. They flew into the trees at some alarm, & glancing up from my book I noticed a bird about the size of a starling with something held in its beak — something about the size of a chickadee but more the color of a small mouse. The larger bird was standing on the top rail of my back fence, flapping its wings for extra leverage, & trying to impale its catch on one of the exposed ends of the link-wire fencing. When I sprang to the window for a better look, the bird flew off into the school grounds, still carrying its prey, & vanished.

It was of course a shrike - the "Common Shrike" according to my bird book - which I had never seen before.

This evening Jerry & Betty Freeman, and their son Roger & wife Paula, dropped in for a chat. Roger is still engineer on the highway project between Sable River and Jordan Falls. The old winding "Nine Mile Woods" road is to be abandoned & replaced by a comparatively straight asphalt road.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30/67 Sunny, temp. up to 35°. The snow has vanished. My sister Hilda Gamster drove down from Mahone to lunch with us, & left again at 3 p.m. I walked to the end of Fox Street, crossed over the railway bridge, followed the track to Bristol Avenue, & thence home. I stopped to look at some of the metal date-tags on the railway ties, some dating as far back as "35" (i.e. 1935). In the early 1930's the South Shore line started using hardwood ties that had been steeped in boiling preservative - some sort of ~~pitch~~ creosote solution - in vats at Moncton. They nailed date tags on each one. The creosoted ties proved their worth, & by 1946 the railways were using nothing else. Prior to 1930 the South Shore line used untreated ties of hemlock or spruce, which rotted in a few years. When I first came to Milton in 1923 every sawmill around the shore sold such ties to the railway. I remember that the railway would even buy ax-hewn ties, for use on sidings.

Something happened to my right eye during this walk, although I felt nothing. Possibly a blood vessel broke in the corner near to my nose. When I went to the bathroom to wash before dinner, the white of the eye was so suffused that for a moment I expected to see the eye in the mirror actually drip blood down my cheek. However nothing further happened, although I found some discomfort in reading.

SUNDAY, DEC. 31/67 Temp. 15° at 8 a.m. A bright, calm, day. Drove with C. to morning service at Zion Church. A large congregation. The ecumenical movement among the Christian churches is making quiet but steady progress under the initiative of the R.C. Church, which stood so long aloof from Protestant & other bodies but is now foremost in amity. For many years in Liverpool there has been a "Week of Prayer," in which the various Protestant ministers preached in each other's churches. In January 1968, for the first time, Liverpool's esteemed R.C. priest, Monsignor Thomas V. Delaney, will

take part in services in Zion (United) church. The week ends on Sunday Jan. 14, with an evening service in St. Gregory's (R. C.) church, with mixed congregations, and Rev. J. P. Matheson (United) and Rev. E. L. Parsons (Anglican), taking part in the service with Monsignor Delaney. Only a few years ago this would have been a fantasy. I am not religious, but in this evidence that men can unlock their minds and stand as brothers I find some hope for our divided and contentious world.

A flock of evening grosbeaks at my seed tray today, also bluejays, chickadees, a junco, English sparrows, starlings. A cat came along & was about to spring on the tray. I opened my study window & yelled "Scat!" but the cat merely gave me a glance of bland contempt, as only a cat can. So I took aim with my air rifle & shot a pellet at his rump. He "scattered" then - fast.

I walked to Milton & back. At 10 p.m. E & I went to the Seabornes' house at Fort Point, & joined a party of old friends to see the new year in. (The Charles Williams, the Bert Waters, ^{John Wickwire} Austin Parkers, Leif Holts, Mrs. Mary Shipman, Jack McClearn.) There were drinks, & food, but at our age there was none of the cheerful noise & frolic of bygone New Years Eves. At the stroke of midnight the men shook hands & kissed the ladies, & wished each other a happy new year. About 12:30 E & I, & the Williams, & the Wickwires, went on to the Parkers' house, where Vera Parker had an iced cake with a single red candle to celebrate E's birthday. Got home at 2 a.m. Food at night upsets my stomach, & I had refrained from eating anything tonight except a slice of E's birthday cake. But by this hour I was ravenous, & I went to our refrigerator & got a cold chicken & sausage, & a bag of shelled pecans - all the makings of a gastronomic riot - before I went to bed.

New Year's Day, 1968 A gale blew up in the night, with snow & rain. I awoke at 8:30 a.m. with a double hangover - from too much drink & too much food. Got up, drank a glass of alkaseltzer & a cup of coffee, & went back to bed. Up finally at 10:30 a.m. Shaved & dressed. Put out seeds for the birds.

Tom, Pam & the youngsters called in the afternoon. We had an invitation from the Tom Jones at Mill Village, who were holding "open house" from 3 to 5:30; but the weather was rough - strong

gusto of wind with a dusting of fine snow - & we decided it was too much effort to dress up & make a round trip of 20 miles, merely to stand about sipping drinks for a couple of hours in a chattering mob.

C. had a chicken roasting, my stomach had recovered with the day's fasting, & we enjoyed a dinner à deux with a bottle of rose wine (Jessier d'Anjou). Watched several good shows on T.V., notably the spectacular (even in black & white) Rose Parade at Pasadena, California.

News:- Two merchant ships, both Russian, arrived at Montreal today, thus opening the 1968 navigation season smack on the dot.

TUESDAY, JAN. 2, 1968 A cold (10° above zero) bright winter day, with NW wind. Ground bare & iron hard. My right eye remains deeply bloodshot, & except for a quick walk to the post office I didn't venture outdoors except by car.

At 5:30 p.m. the Austin Parkers picked us up with their car & we joined a cocktail party at Capt. Charles Williams' house, Fort Point. I understand Charlie will be retired from Bowaters Morse Co. service at the end of this month. He joined the paper mills service in 1929 as second mate of the original steamship named "Markland", eventually became captain. After World War Two he came ashore as Marine Superintendent. He enjoyed the job and hates to quit. C. had phoned the Jays this morning to apologize for our absence yesterday, & they insisted that we come tonight. Drove there at 8 p.m. & spent a couple of hours in chat with them & Tom's twin brother John, who is down from Toronto for a brief visit. I presented the Jays with an autographed copy of "Historic Headlines", which pleased them very much. Lucky to get home undamaged, as every pair of oncoming headlights blinded me utterly.

Birds:- In addition to the usual flock about my feeding tray I noticed a pair of fox sparrows scratching on the ground, & in the hawthorn tree a lone robin nibbling at the shrivelled red fruit.

News:- President Johnson has announced new measures to support the U.S. dollar, including curbs on foreign travel & the outflow of investment capital. He also announced that the price of gold will remain unchanged at \$35 an ounce. The drain of gold to Paris & Zurich promptly dwindled to a trickle, & the French are beginning to worry about their American tourist trade.

Wednesday, JAN. 3/68 Temp. crept up to 25° this afternoon, & I walked to Milton under a grey sky with a bleak S.E. wind off the sea that fairly smelt of snow. The snow began to fall &

whirl in this light wind about dark, & continued all evening. Glancing out of the sun porch window about 10.30 p.m. I noticed the fresh tracks of a man or youth who had stepped in off the street & walked ~~quietly~~ between Anderssen's house & mine to a point where he could peer in & see whocver was in our living room. The track showed that he had walked away down the street. The same thing happened during a light snowfall in December. Presumably this prowling is a habit, unnoticeable except when there is fresh snow.

I wrote to Arthur Stairs (see entry Dec. 16) intending to say No; but in composing the letter I decided to ask him how much his firm was prepared to pay. I have been searching for a subject for another novel for the past several months, & found absolutely nothing. I must have something to occupy my mind in these dreary winter days.

The new school behind my property is now occupied by teachers & students, & I at my desk, facing toward the school, have now the privacy of a goldfish.

THURSDAY, JAN. 4/68 The snow did not amount to much, & today the temp. got up to 35° , so that everything was dripping. By dark the temp. had dropped, & another snowstorm began.

FRIDAY, JAN. 5/68 The storm roared about the house all night. The snow ceased about daylight, but the gale blew all day, with temp. 20° above zero. About 8" of new snow (on top of the "ld") on the level, but of course drifts & shallows in all the usual places. I didn't attempt to dig out my driveway, just my front path to the street (which was well ploughed) & a path from my side ^{door} to the garbage cans. Cleared off my seed tray & put a fresh lot of food on it, & soon had a hungry flock of grosbeaks, sparrows, etc., busy at it. I shoveled out the front path of Howland White, got their P.O. box key, & fetched their mail with my own. In the afternoon I tramped down to the Dominion Store - a bleak spot, with the wind coming in from the frozen river - & bought a freshly-boiled chicken for dinner! As usual on Fridays, Tommy & Debby Riddall, came to dine with us after school, & went on home at 6.30.

Had a brief scrawl from Bill White, enclosed in a bundle of newspapers & magazines. Says that he has talked by phone with Lawley (see Dec. 24) & commissioned several paintings to be done between now & next summer. He ordered one (of the dunes, sea, & ponies) for me also. Lawley is coming to N.S.

Nothing came of all this

next summer, & Bill will arrange a meeting. Hawley had read & greatly admired my descriptions of the island & ponies in "The Nymph & The Lamp".

SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1968

Sunny & cold (10° above zero) I shoveled out my driveway, & suffered the usual back-ache for the rest of the day.

SUNDAY, JAN. 7/68

Insomnia in the night, in spite of my usual 1½ capsules of Seconal, washed down with swigs of rum between 11 p.m. & midnight. Got up several times. Finally the Seconal took effect, & I slept till 10 a.m. Woke up to ~~find~~ find another snowstorm in full blast - the third within four days. It lasted all day & night, with much drifting. The town's snow ploughs broke down one after another, and Park Street was totally blocked until late afternoon, when the town's biggest plough made a road just wide enough for two cars to pass. Our south-flitting friends would call it sour grapes, but there is something utterly delightful in being indoors, in light & warmth, reading or writing or watching an interesting or amusing T.V. show, while a blizzard howls outside. A drink has more tang, the food tastes better, & there is that lazy manana feeling - knowing that tomorrow will bring hard work at the shovel.

MONDAY, JAN. 8/68

The snowfall ceased about daylight, but the gale blustered all through the day & night, with a force of 50 to 60 m.p.h. and the temp. down to exactly zero. I dug out my front path to the ploughed port of the street, did the same for the Whites, & posted their letters & got their mail with my own. In the afternoon Pamela came, pulling little Blair on a railed sled, & left him with E. while she went on to play a game with her team in the curling rink. The regional high school remained closed but the town schools were open. This was true of the whole province, owing to the difficulty & danger of taking kids by bus from rural areas. Little Tom & a chum turned up at my house after school, opened the garage to get shovels, & worked for well over an hour trying to clear the snow from my driveway. I gave them a quarter-dollar each. The gale went on all night, & the snow (powdery in this temperature) continued to drift. I spent most of the day at my typewriter making clean copy of some old notes in my files, hastily typed & pencil-corrected years ago - a memoir of Peter Jack, the wreck of the "Marjorie Parker", etc. If my papers go to archives or a university library after my death, I want them to be decipherable, & I must continue making clean copy of material like this.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9, 1968

Snowploughs are keeping the highway clear, in spite of drifting in the high winds, & the school buses were running today. This huge storm extends over the whole area of the Atlantic Provinces, & is still at its worst in Newfoundland. My old enemy, lumbago, stabbed me this morning, & I had to hobble down to the post office in a painful crouch. Young Tommy turned up again after school, this time with two shovels, & they spent half an hour shoveling away at the drift in the mouth of my driveway.

News: - N.L. Government has taken over the ownership of the steel plant at Sydney, & appointed its own manager, four months before the date originally set. No explanation.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10/68 A clear sky & sunshine at last. The gale still blowing, but not so hard, & the thermometer crept up from zero to 10°. I had a bad night - stomach upset, & painful back. Got up finally about 9:30 a.m. The lumbago eased a bit, & I was able to shovel the remaining snow from my driveway. Walked to the post office, & to the liquor store, where I got two bottles of wine for Howland White. The streets & sidewalks are icy & very slippery, & the loafers in the post office tell each other, as they stare out of the windows, "She's a hard ole winter, hey?" Edith's bridge group (ladies) played at Austin Parker's house tonight, so I invited Austin here for drinks & a game. Temp. went down to 2° below zero at midnight. However the wind had gone down at last.

News: - A growing murder mystery has all of western N.S. agog. On Nov. 18/67 an elderly man, Robert Arthur Ward, was found dead in a ditch near Lakeside, Hfx. Co. He kept a small store at Sackville, near Bedford, & had just returned from a motor journey to [REDACTED] Bridgetown & vicinity. On Dec. 30/67 a widow named Mrs. Cora Barbeaux, 51, a schoolteacher at Nictaux, Anna. Co., was found dead in her house. On Jan. 6/68 a man named Newton Harold Boutilier was found dead in a little store he kept, at French Village, on the Gourish Shore. He was 81. All three lived alone. All three had been murdered ^{AT NIGHT} by stabbing with a knife in the back & chest. All three had received 20 or more stabs. With no witnesses, & no apparent motive, the police confess themselves baffled. Each of these murders occurred on a Saturday.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1968

Still the hard ole winter. Temp. 2° zero at night, getting up to 10° or 15° in the sunshine by day, with sharp N. breeze, icy footing. My back improved a little, but I have to walk at a crouch, & when I get back from a trudge to the shops & post office I am puffing & sweating from the effort & the pain. A flock of grosbeaks feed at my garden tray every day, with chickadees & sparrows gleanings after them, & three or four bluejays flitting down & off again. A lone robin flies about the shrubbery at times. Letter from Doubleday, Toronto, on letterhead marked "Office of the President", & signed W.R. Hawcroft. He says George Nelson is retiring on March 1st, & the staff are compiling an album of testimonial letters from his associates & friends, to present to him at a little farewell luncheon in February. Asks me for one. Never heard of Hawcroft before, but I presume he is someone sent up from New York. (He turned out to be Canadian.)

Letter from Arthur Stairs in reply to mine of Jan. 3. Wants me to come to Halifax "sometime fairly soon" for a talk with him. I have no inclination to travel anywhere in this kind of weather, & for that matter no inclination to write the history of Stairs, von, & Morrow.

Today's Chronicle-Herald notes the death of Dr. Fulton Anderson, former head of the Dept. of Philosophy, Toronto University, aged 72. I met him at meetings of the Royal Society of Canada in London (Ont) & Montreal, years ago. He was a brother of the late Bert Anderson, for many years manager of the N.D. Power Commission's hydro-electric system on the Mirsey River. They were natives of P.E.I.

SATURDAY, 1968, JAN. 13

The temp. came up to 25° today, & I walked to Milton & back, for the first time in 10 days. The inner harbor is frozen over, from the Legion hall up to the railway bridge. The resort, of course, has a heavy cover of ice from the Pine Grove Park to Milton, & I saw some young men walking across. The town sidewalks have not been salted (not have the town streets) & they remain icy. Outside the town the asphalt highway was mostly bare, having been closely ploughed, & the footing was good. As usual I walked up the west side of the river. Soon after passing the railway bridge I noticed black & white smoke in a thick gush pouring up from somewhere about Birch Point. A few minutes later I heard the town fire siren, & as I drew near the road bend before Birch Point, the whole town fire brigade came screaming past me

Professor Dies

CHARLOTTETOWN (CP) — Dr. Fulton H. Anderson, professor emeritus in philosophy at the University of Toronto and visiting professor at Prince of Wales College here, died Wednesday in the Prince Edward Island Hospital. He was 72.

Dr. Anderson arrived here last week to start his lectures at Prince of Wales for the new term.

~ 1 big motor pumpet, 1 small pumpet with a tank of water, 2 auxiliary trucks, & 1 ambulance. The fire was in a pretty little wooden house, painted red with white trim, owned by Hastings Whynot, next to Carl Whynot's grocery store. A crowd of people, with more sightseers dashing up in cars from both directions, causing a traffic jam. I stood in the snow off the road for about half an hour, watching the firemen making ineffectual efforts to get at the flames. The water tank on the smaller engine was soon exhausted. The firemen had to chop a hole in the thick ice on the river, to insert the intake hose of the big pumpet, & two men had to remain there, scraping away the floating "anchor" (frazil) ice which drifted under the hard ice from the open water at Milton falls. Strangely, nobody made any effort to salvage furniture etc, although the smoke was pouring out of the ell only.

With my painful back & hips I found mere standing worse than walking, so I hobbled away to Milton, crossed the bridge & returned to town by the east road. When I drew abreast of the fire again, near Pine Grove Park, the smoke was still gushing up to the sky, with little visible flame, & with the fire obviously burning between the outer & inner walls where no hose could reach it.

The exercise & fresh air did me good, after so much confinement, but walking with stiff joints & a bent back is tiring, & by the time I got home, & into a hot bath, I was exhausted & drenched with sweat.

News: The contest in the Liberal Party for the post of federal leader began in Halifax today, when half a dozen candidates (including Nova Scotia's Allan McCaskill) addressed a convention of delegates from N.S. constituencies. It was shown & heard on T.V., but the watcher-listeners found it very dull. And this is only the beginning of the "hoopla", which Liberal organizers hope to make as interesting as the Tory show last year.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14/68 Sunny & cold. Didn't venture out, except to feed the birds, until 4 p.m. when C. & I walked up the street to Austin Parker's house, where the Parkers were holding the modern version of the old-fashioned "afternoon tea". A great crowd. Sherry, sandwiches, sweet cakes, & coffee. In chat with Harry Seldon I found him very despondent. It will soon be 11 months since his hip operation, with no improvement whatever. He can't move a step without crutches. From time to time he is taken to the T.G. Hospital at Hfx for examination & further treatment. "It's obvious that the doctors haven't a clue. They're trying this & that — using me for a guinea-pig."

MONDAY, JAN. 15, 1968

Woke at 8 a.m. & heard rain on the windows. After two straight weeks of "oldfashioned winter" we have an oldfashioned "January thaw". None of the street drains had been dug out after the last snowstorm, and a river was running down Park Street & turning into the convenient hollow of my driveway. I set the electric coffee percolator going, dressed, & sallied forth in rubber boots & plastic raincoat to dig out the drain just above my house. With that done I got my breakfast. Later I went to the post office for the Whites' mail & my own. Walking very bad, with water streaming down icy streets & sidewalks. About 1 p.m. the rain ceased, & in half an hour we had full sunshine, & temp. up to 46° . A great clatter of icicles falling from the eaves, etc.

Many motor accidents on the roads, & the school-buses did not run at all. This thaw affected all of eastern Canada. In Ontario the rain (& alternate slush) froze on everything, bringing down phone & electric lines, stopping road traffic, & closing down airports.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16/68 The town sent snowploughs around in the night, to widen the street passages before the old snow, sodden with rain, could freeze solid. By daylight the deep freeze had set in again, with temp. dropping through the day to 5° above zero. The snowplough had thrown masses of wet snow into my front path & driveway, & I had to clear the frozen stuff with a mattock before I could shovel it away. 25 or 30 grosbeaks fed on my seed tray today, and 4 bluejays. I have discouraged the starlings & grackles by shooting air-rifle pellets at them whenever they monopolized the tray.

News:- At Halifax, the new "Trade Mart" was opened formally today by Premier Smith, on the site of old slum demolitions north-east of the Citadel. As the name implies, it is a large building designed for wholesale traders & small manufacturers, etc., with suitable offices, & an exhibition hall. This is the first stage in the "Scotia Square" development, on the old slum sites N.E. of the Citadel. The next stage has begun, a \$25,000,000 complex of offices, apartments, retail shops & a hotel. The hotel (16 stories) will be finished in Jan. 1970. All the rest of the second stage will be finished soonest, in 1969. When the final stage is completed in 1973, it will cover 19 acres and cost \$40,000,000.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17/68 Sunny & cold. (10° above zero). Icy footing, so I walked no farther than the post office. Discovered I was out of

liquor, so put the portable electric heater over my car engine for 2 hours, managed to get it going, & bought a case of Fernandes (Trinidad) rum for myself, & a case of Corby's dry gin for C. Among the new measures to put themselves on a better financial footing, the federal & provincial governments have raised the taxes on spirits another 50¢ per quart. Thus a quart of Fernandes now costs \$6., & a quart of Corby's \$5.25.

The Historical Society met tonight at the home of Mrs. Seth Bartling St., on Main Street near Fort Point. About 35 people. New officers for 1968 include Melbourne Gardner as President. I remain Hon. President & chairman of the museum committee. Chairman (or rather chairwoman) of the program committee, Miss Marjorie Bain, had been told of a man named Charles Coakley, a resident of Shulburne for the past six years or ~~more~~^{more}, who had made a study of the Loyalist settlement there, & invited him to come & address our meeting. He was a thickset man, 50-ish, with greying dark hair & a short clipped grey mustache. He had given Mrs. Mel. Gardner, who introduced him, a list of particulars about himself, & as she read them off I could hardly believe my ears. Born in Bermuda, the son of a British officer, he got his common schooling there & in Jamaica. Then he came to Halifax & got a B.A. at Dalhousie. Then he studied at Oxford & got a D.Litt. there. Then he served 5 years in the army in Europe during War Two, during which he won the ordinary service medals and "the French star & the German star" (whatever those are!) Then he had returned to Halifax, studied at N.S. Tech., & got a degree "in electronics". Then, being interested in art, he had studied at the N.S. College of Art & got a B.A., & then an M.A. there. Finally he got a degree at "the College of Horology" in Toronto! When he got up to speak he had a typewritten text, copied I suspect from papers on the Shulburne Loyalists published long ago by the N.S. and N.B. historical societies. His accent & speech generally were those of Nova Scotia, & he made little soldisms like, "Tarleton's soldiers were trained to live off of the country" - which did not sound much like an Oxford D.Litt.

When he closed, the President asked me to express the thanks of the society to "Doctor Coakley", & I did so cheerfully.

C. & I walked home in bright moonlight & still air, quite comfortable at 10° above zero.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1968

Sunny, & the temp. got up to 32°. Walked to Milton & back. Right hip painful. Noticed that about 20 feet of the old wooden dam at Milton had collapsed & vanished. It happened on Jan. 11, when the dam was heavily weighted with ice in the bitter weather. High water in the river. The Medway is actually overflowing its banks, & part of the road from Mill Village towards Port Medway is blocked with cakes of ice.

Today's issue of the Liverpool Advance contains the farewell editorial of G. Cecil Day, with his own account of the paper's history. (It was started by Edward M. Farrell, a Liverpool man of Irish descent who ran it as a Liberal Party paper. For this he got a plum when he was in his 50's — a seat in the Senate at Ottawa. Farrell lived there the rest of his days, never married, lived frugally, saved a great part of his salary & allowances. Meanwhile his spinster sister watched over the "Advance", which was turned out for years by editor-printer James Clements. When Farrell died after many years in the Senate he left sister Minnie a fat sum of money, & the antique printing plant in Liverpool. — This is the pre-history, so to speak, but not mentioned by Day.)

Day says he came to Liverpool in 1931 & bought the "Advance" & the old printing plant for \$5,000, much of which was on credit extended by Miss Farrell. Queens County, after many years in the doldrums, was beginning to stir with the operation of the Mersey Paper Mill, built 1929. Day improved the paper, got much more advertising, & more printing jobs, & of course enlarged the circulation of the "Advance". In 1940, with a wartime boom as well, he borrowed money from Miss Farrell to supplement his own savings, & built a large brick printing house on Main Street, with the latest machinery & equipment. From then until now (as he doesn't say) he has made money hand over fist, paying low wages, driving his staff as hard as he drove himself. For some time past he has offered the whole thing for sale, but apparently the price was high & in cash, for he got no takers. For the past year a printer from New Glasgow, J. Alexander Inglis, has been working with Day, with a view to purchase. Now he has been able to borrow the necessary cash & form a new corporation, The Advance Publishing Co. Ltd. Day told me, years ago, that J. Montray Jones had offered to buy the business, or a major share in it. Day refused, because he kept the paper with a Liberal tone — he hoped & frequently said in his editorials that he would be rewarded

with a seat in the Senate, like Lowell before him — and Monroe & his younger & ambitious brother Ken were strong conservatives. I have a hunch that the Jones brothers, both well-to-do, are putting up the money for the Inglis purchase. Time will tell.

FRIDAY, JAN. 19/68 Mild. Temp. 40° at noon. Letter from my sister Nellie Bassidy in Birmingham, Alabama. They spent the month of December in Monterey, California, visiting their daughter Carol & family. Carol's husband, John Paisley, a Lt. Col. in the U.S. naval air force, returned home last year after two long stretches of combat in Viet Nam, operating from aircraft carriers. They have 3 boys & a girl.

Walked to Milton in the afternoon, sky overcast. I asked one of the young Howard men, who operate a jewelry store on Main Street, if he knew anything about the "College of Horology" in Toronto. He said of course there was no such institution. He, himself, had taken the horology course in an Ontario government trades school in Toronto, & presumably that was what "Doctor" Cockley had done. He said Cockley had a small jewelry store in a front room of his house on the outskirts of Shelburne, & the man repaired clocks & watches — "not very well, because we get quite a bit of work from Shelburne which Cockley had botched".

News:- The scramble for leadership of the federal Liberal party (see Jan. 13) has become somewhat of a brawl, with various members of the present cabinet, as well as outsiders, making snide remarks about each other. Robert Winters, on T.V. some days ago, announced that he will not subject himself to the scramble, and intends to leave parliamentary life & go back to business. He said he differed utterly from the annual deficit policy of Finance Minister Sharp, & left little doubt that he disapproved the ^{on P.A.R.} hugely expensive Medicare scheme, which goes into effect ⁱⁿ July this year. Several of the provinces have said they could not support their share of Medicare costs this year. Allan MacEachen, son of a Cape Breton coal miner, a left-wing Liberal, insists that Canada can easily afford it & must have it now. So goes the division. Senator Donald Smith & other Liberal politicians in N.S. are puffing up a "Draft Winters" movement, American style. If they can get enough support in central Canada & the West I'm sure Winters would consent. When he entered Pearson's cabinet he gave up his job as head of the Rio Tinto (i.e. the Rothschilds') mining interests in Canada, at a salary of \$100,000 per year. Obviously he hoped

to succeed Pearson within a few years, & without the cut-throat competition that is now manifest.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1968 Sunny & calm, temp. 40°, water trickling as the snow melts. Took the car out this afternoon & drove with C. to Eagle Head, Western Head, & White Point. Deep snow in the hollows & folds, but the shore fields & the golf course are mostly bare. The sea was flat calm. Many cars on the roads, & the town stores busy.

MONDAY, JAN. 22/68 Sunny morning, temp. 28°. Yesterday something went wrong with the freezing unit in our refrigerator, the fan made a great racket, & of course it would happen on a Sunday when no service men are available. I bought the "fridge" new from Simpsons-Sears in Feb. 1966, & within a year (in Jan. 1967) they had to replace the freezing unit. I phoned them this a.m. & they sent up a man, who found the trouble in one part (a "coil"), which he replaced. Fortunately the outdoor temp. dropped on Sunday evening to below freezing point, & C. stored the contents of our freezer away in the garage. I made the Milton walk this afternoon, well wrapped.

My hips & back very painful during the return journey, joints stiff & steps short, so I was pretty well played-out when I got home. However a hot bath & an hour's rest restored me wonderfully.

News:- ~~Four~~ Acadians from New Brunswick,

~~Acadie~~, have returned from a visit to Paris, with all expenses paid by De Gaulle's government. They got the red-carpet treatment, including an interview with the great man, & came back with promises of French help in restoring French culture in N.B. This includes money ("to the extent of \$500,000 or \$600,000"), French teachers for schools as well as the university, etc. Part of the money will be used to build a new printing plant for the long-established French-language weekly newspaper "L'Évangeline", which has been printed in Moncton for many years but has been ailing financially. The Acadian visitors to Paris included Euclide Daigle, vice-president of the Acadian Education Association; Leon Richard, president of the National Acadian Society; Dr. Adelard Savoie, president of the University of Moncton; and one with the Irish name of Gilbert Flynn, president of The Assumption Society & also a member of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. All are residents of Moncton.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24/68 A drizzle of rain last night & at intervals through the day. Temp. 40°. Last year the N.S. govt. made an addition to the Motor Vehicle Act, requiring every m.v. owner to

have his vehicle's brakes, lights, etc. checked for faults by competent service garages once a year. If your license number ends with a 1, you have it done in January. If 2, in February, & so on to 9 (September) and 0 (October). I heard something about the amendment, but as my car is fairly new, & I have the lights & brakes checked regularly, I didn't give it another thought. Today I learned, at the Rossignol Garage, that I should have had the official inspection last October. Lacking the windshield "sticker" attesting this inspection, I could have been fined \$10 any time I drove the car since Oct. 31! So I had my car officially checked, & now I have a little sticker in the lower left corner of my windshield which attests that my car is OK until DECEMBER 1968.

News: The RCMP announce that they have in custody two 17-year-old youths, charged with the murder of R.A. Ward (see entry Jan. 10/68), whose body was found beside the South Shore highway near Timberlea last November. One was arrested in the Halifax area, the other in Windsor, Ont. No further details. (see June 9/68) A homo-sexual affair.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25/68

Snow in the night, about 1 inch of fine stuff. Temp. 30° all day. Slippery footing. At evening a storm began, alternate rain (freezing on everything it touched) & dustings of snow, a miserable mess. Spent most of the day reading over my autobiography, which I began seriously ^{early} in 1963, & put aside after signing the new contract with Doubleday in March of that year. The contract was for a novel ("Hangman's Beach"), a book of true short stories ("Footsteps On Old Floors"), & a history of Sable Island. The first two have been delivered. I had suggested the Sable Island history because it interested me & because I felt it should be done as a contribution to Nova Scotian history & geography. Obviously it would have little interest outside of N.S., & would lose money for the publisher, but to please me George Nelson (of Doubleday Co.) agreed to its inclusion in the contract. However, since 1963 I ~~had~~ ^{VICKRIDGE} found Lieutenant Vickridge working on a similar book (see Aug. 13/67) after complete research in the N.S. Archives, & files of the old Dept. of Marine & Fisheries, which administered the island establishment for many years. My project therefore is redundant, & I know Doubleday would be relieved to drop it. So I have no writing obligations really, & I might well get on with the biography.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1968 (CONTINUED)

News:- Another warlike rumble in the Far East. A U.S. Navy craft named "Pueblo", armed only with 2 machine guns, but equipped with elaborate radio, radar & other devices for electronic spying, has been operating along the North Korean coast, keeping outside the 12 mile limit — but only just. Two or three days ago she was stopped & seized by North Korean naval craft, & the N.K. government has issued the usual "confession" by the U.S. captain, accompanied by the usual photos of U.S. officers & men posed in abject hands-up postures. This kind of nautical spying is being done all over the world by Soviet naval craft posing as part of their ubiquitous fishing fleet. Some years ago one or two ventured into the Bay of Fundy, but a warning by Canadian naval authorities sent them back to the open sea. Washington has demanded return of the "Pueblo" & her crew, & has called up 15,000 reserve Marine air personnel, to rattle the sabre. The U.S. stock market, already depressed, has sagged much more, & Canadian stock markets follow suit.

FRIDAY, JAN. 26/68 Lovely day, temp. 40°, sunny. The ice of the "silver thaw" yesterday melted today from the asphalt roads & fell from trees & wires, but the snow in fields & gardens has a shining white armout. Walked to Milton & back. I used to do the 6 miles in 1½ hours. Now with my stiff joints it takes 2 hours.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27/68 Fine. Temp. 32° at noon. Hector Macleod lent me an old logbook or journal belonging to Redell Starratt of Brooklyn. It was a record kept by Capt. James Gardner, of that place, from Nov. 1, 1874 to Dec. 22, 1877, during which time he commanded the bark "Windsor" on a voyage from N.S. to Liverpool, England, & back: the brigantine "Ella Vail" from Liverpool N.S. to the West Indies with lumber, thence with sugar to New York & home in ballast: "Ella Vail" again with lumber loaded at Bridgewater N.S. to Liverpool, England. Then on the bark "Jogquinna" of Liverpool, N.S., on a voyage from Boston with a cargo of maize to the little inland (by river-canal) port of Wisbech, in the fens of Cambridgeshire, England; back to Boston in ballast; another maize cargo, this time to Tralee on the west coast of Ireland; thence to North Sydney in ballast for a lading of coal to Matanzas, Cuba; thence a lading of sugar from Havana to Philadelphia; thence with coal to Cienfuegos, Cuba; thence with sugar to New York; thence to Lunenburg, N.S. for a lading of lumber to Glasgow;

thence to New York in ballast; thence with a loading of case oil to
 Salónica, where the record ends. All written in a clear hand in
 pencil, the spelling a bit quaint. The fly leaves are covered with neat
 calculations of noon positions, lists of laundry sent ashore in the ports,
 etc. Gardner was young (39 in 1875) with a wife & children in
 Brooklyn, N.Y., & intensely religious. Much of the journal is sketchy,
 but the voyages in "Ellaайл" are recorded day by day, with an
 account of every change of sails or course, every sail, every lick of paint.
 He was a hard driver, rather eccentric - the "log" is cluttered with long
 prior disquisitions, & he frequently addresses an entry to "Dear Reader",
 although obviously he didn't intend it to be read. (A brief
 cryptic entry in Guadeloupe shows that he sinned with a woman at
 least once.) He & his first mate were the carpenters & sailmakers also,
 & when he got a poor cook, Gardner could go into the galley and
 turn out anything from a chowder to pies and biscuits. There
 are many mentions of other Nova Scotia ships in the various ports,
 for in these years the N.S. sailing fleet was at its height.

SUNDAY, JAN. 28/68 A lovely day, clear sky, temp. 34°, no wind.
 In the afternoon C. & I went for a drive around Western Head,
 & then to Summerville, where we called on Jerry & Betty
 Freeman. The big plate glass windows of their living room, facing
 south across Port Mouton Bay, receive the full blaze of the
 sun; & here on this January day it was actually hot, & one could
 get something like a sunburn if he sat there by the window.

Much traffic on the roads everybody out enjoying the good
 going & the sunshine.

MONDAY, JAN. 29, 1968 A grey day, temp. 20°, a few specks of snow.
 Letter from Daisy Allum, a school friend of my sister Nellie in
 Halifax 50 years ago. She enclosed a couple of old photos of Nell,
 & a negative of a Raddall family group, snapped on a picnic at
 North West Arm about 1916. She married a man named
 Reid, a C.P.R. official in Calgary, who died not long ago, & she
 now lives with her widowed brother Harry there.

Tonight C. & I joined a large party at Capt. Charles
 Williams' house, Fort Point, taking along a bottle of rum in
 fancy-paper wrapping. It was to celebrate Charlie's 65th birthday
 & his consequent retirement from Mersey Paper Co. at the end
 of the month. Plenty of fun & refreshments, & chat with old
 friends, some of whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, 1968

An open-&-shut day, temp. 34°, NE breeze. Walked to Milton in afternoon - my first long walk since the 26th. Whynot service men came & checked my furnace, belatedly - they are supposed to do this in the Fall. They put a new belt on the drive shaft of the fan motor.

Received 6 copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors" from Doubleday, Toronto, also an enthusiastic letter from Alan Meech, their publicity man, saying he had sent out 48 copies for review, & asking if I could suggest other people who should have one. In the evening I had a long phone call from Charles Burchell, manager of The Book Room, Halifax. Says his store has ordered a large number of copies. The release date is Feb. 16. Asked if I would come to the city before this, to autograph some of the books, & to make a couple of public appearances, which he will arrange. Said he had been in touch with the Chronicle-Herald people, with regard to a review of the book, etc., but found them "not very cooperative". (This I could have told him. The Chronicle Herald, & Mail-Star, don't like me a bit, because I made a tart reference to the sell-out of the former rivals; & the mysterious new ownership, in the latest edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North".)

At the Liverpool curling rink the N.S. ladies' championships matches are now under way. My daughter-in-law Pamela is on the Liverpool team, which has won two matches, but lost by a narrow margin tonight to the team from Mayflower Club, Halifax. Pam's mother, Adrian White, is here to see the games, & Edith was at the rink all morning & evening.

At midnight tonight the Royal Canadian Navy, & the Royal Canadian Air Force, cease to exist under those names, & become one with the Army under the title Canadian Armed Forces. The old Air Force ranks (adopted from the R.A.F.) of "Group Captain", "Flying Officer", "Pilot Officer", etc., will disappear, & the officers will be generals, colonels, majors, etc., as they are in the U.S. army air forces. Officially (on paper) this will apply also to the Navy - i.e. the commander of a frigate, say, will be termed a colonel on C.A.F. records, but aboard ship he will continue to be called the Captain. The new green uniform, common to all three services, will be introduced gradually, but within 3 years it will be standard. All this follows the unification plan killed through Parliament by Defence Minister Paul Hellyer before he shifted to another post in 1967.

THURSDAY, ~~FEB.~~ 1, 1968

A calm bright day. Temp. 32° at noon.
Walked to Milton & back. Roads bare & dry for the most part. The old snow at the roadsides is shrunk & dirty. Most of the ice has gone out of the river from Milton to Liverpool, & I saw 5 eider ducks (2 males, 3 females) fishing busily in the open water by the Pine Grove Park, probably for smelts.

Looked into the Curling Rink for a few minutes, to watch Pamela & her companions playing in the final round. They played again this evening, & lost to the Mayflower Club for the second & final time. C. was at the rink all morning & evening, & at Tom's flat until midnight - the Liverpool team & their husbands & friends were having a party.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2/68 Grey sky, damp air, temp. 34°. Sent off copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors" to Bill White, Fred Hill, & Jack Dickson. Wrote Alan Meach, Toronto. Had a phone call from Robert Talbot, of Talbot's Book Store, Halifax Shopping Centre. Asked me if I were planning to come to Hx. before Feb. 15, as he would like me to autograph some copies at his store. I said Yes, & I would let him know the exact date & time. Left a copy at Austin Parker's house - he has been laid up with influenza for a week. There is an epidemic in the province, & several hospitals (including ours in Liverpool) have been closed to visitors. Letter from Doubleday, New York. They are making a contract with Popular Library for a paperback edition of "Path of Destiny", to sell at 75 cents to 95 cents a copy. Popular Library guarantees a payment of \$1,250, of which Doubleday will take half. The Popular Library's royalty rate is 4% on retail price for sales up to 150,000, & 6% after that. On the basis of their guarantee, they expect apparently to sell about 31,000 to 40,000! These, I guess, will be largely if not entirely sold in Canada. My son Tom dropped in this evening to pick up Debby, who had supper with us. He says he & Dr. Floyd Macdonald have bought the large brick store at the foot of Gorham Street, now under lease by Dominion Stores, a grocery chain. It was sold to them by the estate of the late Mrs. L. P. Richardson for \$40,000. For the purpose of this deal Tom & Floyd have formed a partnership, each putting up \$5,000. The Bank of Montreal is lending them \$30,000, having appraised the building at \$60,000.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1968

Overcast sky with a few glints of sunshine. Temp. up to 50° at noon. I took advantage of this mild spell to chop & shovel out the old ice from the gutter between my front walk & Puchie's. The snow has shrunk so much that one or two patches of my back lawn are showing.

Spent an hour with Austin Parker this afternoon, chatting. He is up & about the house, but still a bit shaky. Heavy rain all evening & well into the night, with a torrent pouring down the street — a good thing that I had cleared the gutters.

News:- During the past few days the communist forces of Ho Chi Minh have infiltrated South Vietnam, seized several strategic towns, & even penetrated to the heart of Saigon, where they actually captured the U. S. Embassy & held out till they were killed by U.S. marines. All this despite the presence of half a million U.S. troops & a greater number of well equipped & supposedly loyal troops of South Vietnam.

SUNDAY, FEB. 4, 1968 A lovely calm sunny day, temp. 40°. Last night's rain left only a crust of the old snow. The west-facing windows of my study have been blotted by dust blown from the school job ever since I washed them & put them on last Fall. Today I got the ladders out of my garage & washed them & polished them again — a strange job at this time of year. Mrs. Fred Emerson phoned from Greenfield inviting us to afternoon tea, & we drove out there at 3:30 p.m. The asphalt roads are bare & dry, & even the side road to Emerson's was good going. Pleasant chat over the tea cups. "Mit" Green & wife dropped in with Harold Goodrich, (they had just chosen & bought one of his paintings). Goodrich full of his recent visit to St. John's, Nfld., & the changes since he & the Emersons lived there 15 years (or so) ago. Home at 5:45.

MONDAY, FEB. 5/68 Pleasant weather. Calm, temp. 34°, dappled grey sky with spots of sunshine. Popular Library want a photo of me, & detailed account of my life & works — when & where published, & by whom, radio & TV uses, etc.; so this morning I typed a list, enclosed one of Fran Davies' photos of me, never used before, & sent them to Sheila Levine, managing editor of P.L. in New York.

Bill White sent word that I should sell my shares of Trans Mountain Pipe Line stock, as the company has a lean prospect for the next year or two. So I phoned him at the offices of Bongard, Leslie & Co., Hx, & arranged to sell this stock, & to buy 800 shares (common) of Newfoundland Light & Power Co. @ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ or thereabouts. Walked to Milton & back in p.m.

MONDAY, FEB. 5, 1968 (continued) Today began in Ottawa the Constitutional Conference of Prime Minister Pearson & his cabinet with the premiers of the provinces. The TV & radio networks of the CBC devoted several hours to it this afternoon & evening. Quebec's Daniel Johnson, in his quiet imperious way, stated his demands for special status, recognition of French as an official language in any province where 10% of the people are French-Canadians, etc. The western premiers were opposed. Premier Roberts of Ontario made conciliatory noises, so did Smith of N.S., & Robichaud of N.B. (Robichaud announced that French is now an official language in N.B., where of course 40% of the people are French-speaking.) "Joey" Smallwood of Nfld., always a peppery little windbag, had a happy time, denouncing Quebec's demands in one breath, & in the next attacking all the provinces west of the Ottawa River for their failure to recognize the financial needs of those east of it — which of course put Quebec in the same boat with his own province & the rest of the Atlantic provinces. His theme was that the Canadian federation must be kept intact, & Ottawa must have strong powers, in order to tax the rich provinces for the benefit of the poor ones. "That's what Confederation's all about, isn't it?"

TUESDAY, FEB. 6/68 I woke at 3 a.m. & from then on spent a bad night, in spite of sleeping pills. Wonder if the Milton walks, with my stiff & painful joints, do more harm now than good.

A light snow this morning, just enough to whiten the bare spots left by the thaw. Received from Eaton's a pair of binoculars I ordered a few days ago. Price with tax \$68.20. Trade mark is CARL WETZWAR, a good German or Swiss name, but I ^{was} amused to find a small inconspicuous paper sticker marked JAPAN. Actually the Japs nowadays make all kinds of cameras, optical apparatus, radios, etc., as good as anything made in Europe, & at a much cheaper price.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7/68 Temp. 25° at noon. Bleak NE breeze. Overcast. Spent most of the day typing copy of the logbook of Capt. James Gardiner. Letter from Barbara Hinds, a free-lance journalist who makes her HQ. in Halifax. She is doing a short radio piece on Lady Wentworth for the CBC, wants to know where I got material on the lady's early life, asks if she may use basic facts in my book "The Governor's Lady". I replied, giving sources I found in New Hampshire, & saying she could use my book for information. At C.'s request, a Bridgewater man named Hebb, a furniture polisher & upholsterer, came this afternoon

* took away our livingroom sofa & matching deep chair, also a roll of new green material which C. bought in Moncton (price \$93.00) last December. This necessitated bringing the old sofa in from the sun porch, & the old deep chair from storage in the cellar, as C.'s bridge club (8 ladies) meet at our house tonight. In her manic way C. has been going about the house for the past 2 days plying vacuum cleaner, carpet sweeper, mop & duster, & this rearrangement of the furniture set off another fit which lasted until the ladies came at 8 p.m. Our friends the Austin Parkers went to Kpx. today for a visit, & left me their doorkey, so I was able to go up there with an armful of newspapers & a magazine, & spend a quiet evening.

News: - the Ottawa conference on the Canadian constitution ended today, & in a T.V. interview Mr. Pearson beamed & said great progress had been made, & he was hopeful of a new constitution for a truly united Canada within two years. In a separate T.V. interview, speaking of the concessions for French language & French schools in Ontario & other English-speaking provinces, Premier Johnson of Quebec, in his usual calm voice, said "This is what we should have got 100 years ago. Don't expect us to be grateful for it now." During the conference there was a notable verbal clash between two Quebecers — Mr. Johnson & Mr. Trudeau, who is Minister of Justice in the Federal cabinet & possibly a dark-horse candidate for leadership of the federal Liberal party. Trudeau is young, intellectual, well traveled in Canada & the world outside — the very antithesis of Johnson. Some see in him another Laurier, which is of course the last thing Johnson & his party want to see.

THURSDAY, FEB. 8/68 A storm all day, much wind but little snow, temp. 20°. Bongard, Leslie & Co. have sold my Trans Mountain stock at about what it cost me in 1963. They have bought 100 shares Nfld. Light & Power at 8½, and 700 shares at 8¾. With the cost of brokerage this makes an average cost of \$8.94 per share. Busy all day transcribing the Gardner logbook, with frequent pauses to decipher his spelling & to cope with his almost complete lack of punctuation.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9/68 Awoke in the night with the sound of hail beating on the windows. The snow had ceased, & when I shoveled out my steps & footpaths this morning I found it about 3 inches deep & crusted with ice. I also shoveled out the Whites' front walk, & got their mail with mine at the Post Office. Charles Burchell, of the Book Room, phoned to say that he had

asked Lieut. Governor McKeen to accept a copy of my book on publication day, Feb. 16. His Honour agreed, & invited Burchell & his fiancee, and Edith & myself, to lunch with him at Government House on that day. Burchell had a notion of having a photographer there to cover the presentation for publicity purposes, but he said the L.G. didn't seem enthusiastic. I said, "Of course not. I don't like the idea myself." I told Burchell I would come up to the city ^{with C.} on the afternoon of the 15th, stay over night, lunch at Govt. House, & go on to autograph books at Burchell's store & Talbot's store. He asked if any other publicity could be arranged, & I replied that the Chronicle-Herald wouldn't print a photograph or anything else of mine except in the way of paid advertising, and while a T.V. interview could doubtless be arranged on the Gazette program, this method of "plugging" a book has been done to death.

I said I would phone him from my Halifax hotel Thursday night, & we could then confirm plans for Friday.

News:- Details of the Viet Cong guerilla attacks on U.S. forces in Viet Nam appear in this week's "Time" magazine, with photographs. In Saigon itself the U.S. army chief, General Westmoreland, was compelled to seek shelter in his concrete H.Q. bunker, deep underground, for a time. U.S. troops crushed many of the fanatical V.C. groups, but others are still holding out in buildings they seized in various towns all over South Vietnam. U.S. Army H.Q. issues the usual figures showing that V.C. forces have lost men at the rate of 10 to 1, but nobody believes these any more. It is obvious that, after years of fighting, first against the French, then against the Americans, the forces of the Viet Minh, are better adapted to this warfare than any "western" troops, they continue to have plenty of men, better trained & equipped than ever before, & they continue to get the collusion of the South Vietnam population, including many of the American-armed South Vietnam troops. The latest debacle has aroused anger & frustration in the U.S. as never before, and the anti-war sentiment, which has grown rapidly in the population during the past two years, is now very strong.

The U.S. stock market has been weakening all Fall & winter, & now stock prices are dropping in a rush. Canadian stock markets, as usual, do the same.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1968 Temp. last night 13° above zero, rising to 34° . This afternoon, the streets turning slushy & running water in the sunshine. I dug out my driveway & the gutter to the street drains outside my house & Pusie's. Worked on my transcription of the Gardner logbook. Mail brought a formal invitation from Lt. Governor & Mrs. MacKeen, to luncheon on Friday the 16th. at 12.30. The secretary had crossed out the printed "An answer is requested addressed to the Private Secretary not later than", and written "To remind".

Letter from Maida Murray, researcher on the "Gazette" show at CBC, Halifax, asking for an interview on the expulsion of the Acadians.

This evening another snowfall began, big fluffy flakes that gathered on every twig & wire.

SUNDAY, FEB. 11/68 I shoveled out my paths at 9 a.m. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ " of soft snow. Temp. 20° . (Forgot to note last evening that Hebb arrived from Bridgewater with the deep armchair, neatly re-upholstered, & took away the chair I have used for 30 years at my writing desk (not my typewriting chair) to be reupholstered.)

Alternate gleams of sun & thick flurries of snow all day. Stayed indoors. Finished typing copy of Gardner's logbook.

MONDAY, FEB. 12/68 Temp. 15° last night, rising to 34° at noon. Again a day of sunshine & snow flurries. This morning I phoned Charles Burchell & Mrs. Robert Talbot at Hfx., saying that I would autograph books for them on Thursday - at the Talbot store in the morning at 10 a.m., & in The Book Room at 2 p.m. This is better than trying to cram it all into Friday morning - the official release date - as the two stores are miles apart, & my luncheon engagement at Government House will probably keep me there until 2 p.m. Friday, when I should be starting back to L'pool to make it in daylight. I got Burchell to phone the Dresden Arms & reserve a room there for Wednesday night to Friday afternoon.

Soon after this, E. learned that Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire intend driving to Hfx. on Wednesday afternoon, & staying at the Dresden Arms till Thursday evening. She phoned, & Dorothy invited us to go along with them. E. & I can come back by bus on Friday evening.

Received a new large atlas put out by the Reader's Digest Company, price \$13. What with so many new nations coming into independence, breaking up old ones, changing names & often boundaries, during the past 15 years, all my old maps are obsolete.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13, 1968

Temp. 10° above zero last night, rising to 30° , with a few patches of sunshine. This morning I mailed to Bongard, Leslie & Co. a certified cheque for \$2,414.68, covering the balance due on the recent sale & purchase:

Purchase, 100 shares Nfld. Light & Power, incl. brokerage, etc.	\$ 872.00
---	-----------

" 700 "	6,282.50
---------	----------

" " "	7,154.50
-------	----------

Less: net proceeds (incl. brokerage) 300 shares Trans Mountain	\$ 4,739.82
--	-------------

" " "	<u>\$ 2,414.68</u>
-------	--------------------

Snow fell in thick flakes most of the day. No wind.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 14/68 Fine & cold. At 2:30 p.m. Dr. John & Dorothy Hickwire picked us up with their big car & we set off for Halifax via Togler's Cove, where John had to see one of his heart patients. The woman proved to be very ill (pneumonia) & John had to phone Liverpool to arrange her removal by ambulance to hospital. Then on along the shore through West Lajave, lovely in the sunshine - the clean snow on the land, the ice on the lakes & streams & seashore, & the dark blue Atlantic very calm in the cold (15° above zero) weather. At Bridgewater, John had to spend half an hour or more at the hospital, dealing with cardiographs, while the rest of us had tea & a sandwich in the shopping centre. Reached Halifax about 7:30 p.m. & dined together at the Dresden Arms, where the Hickwires, like ourselves, had engaged a room. John comes to Hfx once a week to meet with a committee of the N. S. Medical Association regarding the new government Medicare plan. So far he has made about 40 trips, & he is now writing the final draft of their report & recommendations to the N. S. government.

The Dresden Arms is a small but good hotel, quite new, with excellent food & accommodations. But my dismal luck in any kind of hotels in cities in the New Age held out. After retiring, we found ourselves on the same floor, indeed surrounded by a team of amateur hockey players from St. John. They were celebrating a victory or drowning a defeat, shouting, brawling, throwing each other about in horse play (twice I thought one of them was hurtling through our bedroom wall), rushing from room to room, banging on doors, etc. It was of no use to complain to the night clerk - it would have taken a whole platoon of policemen to subdue this riot. We had to endure it until 3 a.m. when booze & exhaustion

finally overcame them. I had taken sleeping pills, which had no effect in this racket, & in any case had worn off by 3 a.m. Soon after that, a pair of diesel bulldozers began to work on the banks of old snow beside a street near the back of the hotel.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15/68

I managed to doze a little, but got up at 8 a.m. & shaved, washed & dressed. Talbot's Book Shop had an advertisement in yesterday's Chronicle-Herald, saying that autographed copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors" would be available. Crest Ulan, of CBC's radio staff, phoned Talbot, found that I would be in the city today, & by phoning about the hotels, found me at the Dresden Arms. Consequently this morning after breakfast, tired & with a cruel headache, I walked up Sackville Street to the radio offices of CBC near the corner of South Park Street. The air was cold (10° above zero) and refreshing. I got there at 9 a.m., as I had promised, & had to sit in a little waiting room until 9:30, when Ulan turned up with apologies. Went at once to a recording room, & taped a 15-minute interview about my book, also a 5-minute bit about "Grey Owl", which Ulan wanted to fit into some other show. Walked back to the hotel. John Wickwire had gone to work with his committee in the provincial govt. offices on Hollis Street. Dorothy & C. were going to shop at Simpson-Larsen, & Eatons, and Dorothy dropped me off at the Halifax Shopping Centre. Chatted with Bob Talbot & wife, & signed about 100 books.

Back to the hotel by taxi. After lunch Dorothy drove me down to the Book Room. The new manager, Charles Burchell, is a dark, goodlooking fellow of about 25, very cheerful & energetic, the son & grandson of prominent Hfx lawyers. In his charge the big shop has greatly improved, & 1967 was the best year in its long history. I autographed about 100 or 150 copies for him, & we set a time for starting on our joint visit to Government House tomorrow. His fiancee, a Miss Gates, from Digby, is a schoolteacher in Dartmouth, & their marriage takes place at the end of March, with a honeymoon trip to Bermuda.

Dorothy & C. drove to Edward Street & had afternoon tea with Marian White. At 8 p.m. Charles Burchell & fiancee called for C. & me, & took us to dine on Chinese food at a restaurant on the Basin road at Rockingham. My experience with "Chinese" food is mostly confined to chop suey & chow mein, so Burchell & his girl ordered for us all. The dishes had

puzzling names but they were delicious. Back to the Dresden Arms about 10:30, Mr Burchell & Miss Gates came up to our room for a drink & a chat before going home.

Again a noisy night in the hotel.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1968 Sunny & cold. At 12:15 Burchell & Miss Gates, a pretty blonde, picked us up at our hotel & we drove down to Barrington Street. Took an extra turn around the block in order to arrive at the Government House entrance at exactly 12:30.

At the door a pair of deft little maids took our coats, etc., & ushered us into the handsome parlor, where His Honour & Mrs. Macken ~~were~~ chatting with another guest, a lively & volatile little R.C. priest, Father Pointe, from Arichat. The MacKeens end their term of office with this month, & move back to their own residence at Northwest Arm. Pleasant conversation over martinis, & I presented our hosts with an inscribed copy of my book — they have always been enthusiastic fans of my work.

Then to the dining room. Good food & wine & talk. The MacKeens are lively, humorous people, & when we removed to the drawing room for coffee, the talk went on so easily that 2:30 came in what seemed a few minutes. As we withdrew, our hosts came to the door with us, & we paused to look ~~at~~ at the marble panels in the hall, inscribed with the names of all the governors & lieutenant-governors of Nova Scotia. Soon it will bear the names of MacKeen, and I said to them, "Of all of them, none have occupied the post with more capability and grace than yourselves." Mrs MacKeen laughed & said something about flattery, & I said, "Remember, I'm a historian, & I know".

Burchell took Father Pointe along to the Nova Scotian Hotel, & then dropped us at the Dresden Arms. There I found that Dorothy had told her husband to phone Jim Bennet of CBC's (TV) Gazette show, saying that I was in town & where I could be found. So there was a note from the hotel desk, asking me to go to the CBC TV studios on Bell Road. Bennet met me there, asked if I could go on the show "live", & I said No, because the Wickwires want to leave the city before dark. (The Gazette show contains various features & interviews, & lasts from 6 to 7 p.m.) So we filmed an interview for "tape" use at some other time — Jim asking the usual questions about the tales in my new book etc — running time, 17 minutes. Then back to the hotel. John

was working on his report right up to the last minute. He got away about 6 p.m. A fine, cold (10° above zero) night. Stopped at a snackbar in Hubbards about 7 for hamburgs with French fries & coffee. Another halt in Bridgewater, where John spent half an hour or so in the hospital, again examining cardiographs. Home about 9.40. Had a hot bath, watched T.V. for a time; then drinks of Fernandes, & 1½ seconds, & bed in the wonderful quiet of a country town after 10 p.m. Slept like the dead.

Saturday, Feb. 17/68 Overcast. Temp. got up to 34° . Hector MacLeod phoned right after breakfast — his autographed copies were gone already, with many people asking for more. So when I went down for my mail I dropped in & signed another batch. Received a telegram from Doubleday's boss man in New York: — "Dear Tom we are proud to be publishing Footsteps On Old Floors happy pub date best wishes — Ken McCormick."

Found in the mail a letter from him wanting to arrange another paperback edition of His Majesty's Yankees, with a document for me to sign. He added that he was negotiating with Popular Library for reprints of some of my other books.

Met Fred Emerson outside the post office, full of praise for my new book, & saying "We ought to celebrate it in champagne. Bring your wife out to Greenfield tomorrow, & lunch with us."

This evening Russell Hebb, of Bridgewater, arrived with our newly upholstered chesterfield, also my study chair, & I paid his bill with a cheque. His work, although expensive, is very good. The bill was: —

(a) For study chair. Webbing, foam seat padding, & green nylon upholstery	\$ 21.00
Labour	<u>12.00</u>
	<u>\$ 33.00</u>
(b) Chesterfield & armchair. Springs, webbing, denim & burlap	\$ 13.13
Labour upholstering etc.	<u>100.00</u>
	<u>\$ 113.13</u>

Edith supplied the patterned green material for covering the chesterfield & armchair, having bought it in Moncton for \$ 93.00. So the total cost was \$ 239.13

Tonight a gale of wind & snow. At midnight the moon & stars appeared, but the wind hauled to N.W. & roared about the house all night.

SUNDAY, FEB. 18, 1968

Temp. 8° above zero this morning, with the NW gale still blowing hard. The streets icy. My car has been sitting unused in a cold garage for almost a week. So this morning I phoned Emerson & asked his indulgence for not coming to Greenfield today. Apart from the difficulty of starting the car, I have been suffering spasms of neuralgia on the right side of my face for the past 3 days, manifest chiefly in a painful aching in the teeth of both jaws on that side. Bright sun all day, but the temp. only got up to 15°. Wrote Ken McCormick re paperback edition of His Majesty's Yankees, & asked, what about a new hardback edition of The Nymph & The Lamp, now out of print everywhere except a paperback edition (McClelland & Stewart) available only in Canada.

Typed for my own records a list of anthologies, including school readers, which contain stories (or excerpts) of mine. Beginning in 1947, the list ran to about thirty by the end of 1967.

In this bitter weather our house is snug & warm; without the drafts we used to experience before 1965-1966, when I had the roof covered (over the old asphalt shingles) with new asphalt shingles, and the outer walls (over the old clapboards) sheathed with asbestos shingles.

MONDAY, FEB. 19/68

Again windy & cold. Temp. 15° at noon. Mr.

Matheson, minister of Zion Church, called this afternoon. The graduating class of Pine Hill (Cairn) College will be touring the South Shore in March, visiting the towns & inspecting local industries as a group, & then splitting up to preach in the churches. Zion Church is giving a dinner party in the vestry on March 8th, & Matheson asked me to give an after-dinner address on the history of Liverpool. I haven't much rapport with parsons but I agreed to do it.

Russell Hertle, TV repair man, came & checked over our set, repaired the tuning switch, replaced one of the small tubes. Cost, \$7.00

The sun has now got north far enough to set beyond the end of the new school - about due West by compass from my right-hand study window. Unfortunately my own garage blocks the main view at that point, so I can't see the final setting of the sun.

Letter from Don Smith enclosing a favorable review of my book by William French, in the Toronto Globe. A note from Edmund Morris, former Conservative M.P. for Halifax, one of the early rebels against Diefenbaker. He thinks highly of my book, & says

he is going to praise it on his regular T.V. show, a ten minute commentary on news & events, which comes on every evening at 6:20 from CFC station CJCH.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20/68 Today the northwesterly gale moderated to a stiff wind. Snow flurries but mostly sunny. In the afternoon I walked to Milton & back, for the first time since Feb. 5. The river was open for some distance above the railway bridge, & I noticed the little group of eider ducks (see Feb. 1) still there. The river is covered with rough ice from Pine Grove Park to the foot of Salmon Island, & open from there to Milton dam. Saw a pair of mergansers feeding just above Salmon Island.

My feeding tray at home is well patronized by a flock of 30 or 35 grosbeaks, half a dozen goldfinches, & the same number of chickadees. There are brief visits by 3 or 4 blue jays & a mixed flock of blackbirds.

Tonight at 6:30 on TV (station CJCH) I watched & heard Edmund Morris's show. After his political commentary he exhibits a copy of "Footsteps On Old Floors", recommended it highly, & said "It is Tom Randall at his best". He added with a smile, "This is an unsolicited plug." So it was, for I have never met him, & his friendly note received yesterday was the first communication I have had with him.

News:- By a typical bit of parliamentary ineptitude the Liberal govt. at Ottawa was defeated yesterday by a narrow vote on a major bill — a motion to increase the income tax. Mr. Pearson was on holiday in Jamaica, many other members were absent, & the Conservatives got enough support, ^{from N.B. and S.C.} to reject the government bill. The opposition parties then demanded that the Government resign, ~~—~~ as the Diefenbaker government was forced to resign almost exactly 5 years ago. (Diefenbaker, when the vote was counted last evening, grinned & called across the chamber to the discomfited Liberals, "Do you remember Feb. 5, 1963? It's a long road that has no ash cans!")

I don't think anybody wants a general election at this time, & I suppose Pearson (who flew back at once from Jamaica) will prop up his regime by some means in the adroit fashion of the late Mackenzie King. Actually his lame-duck government has done a lot of work & passed a lot of good bills during its time in office, & I daresay the increase in income tax is necessary.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21/68 Hard weather still, sunshine & drifting clouds, a dust of fine snow now & then. This afternoon the temp. dropped to zero & stayed there all night. Today's newspaper & the

TV programs were littered with the mess on Parliament Hill. On T.V. the usually urbane Lester Pearson was flushed, angry, & stuttering. He told the reporters that one of his colleagues had phoned from Ottawa to Jamaica on Monday at 6 p.m., assuring him that "all was quiet" & the third reading of the money bill would not be required. That evening the Opposition sprang their snap vote & defeated the bill 84 to 82. Without giving names he blamed his colleagues for their inattention, & the opposition for an organized plot to paralyze the government before the Liberal Party could choose a new leader. He insisted that the vote on Monday was not a vote of "No Confidence" because the Opposition didn't say so at the time. On the other hand Mr. Stanfield in his calm way told the reporters that Parliament had registered No Confidence simply by defeating the government's bill, & that Mr. Pearson & his cabinet should resign.

One thing is clear to the taxpayer. Our \$20,000 a year MP's are inclined to take a very long weekend rest - from Thursday night to Tuesday morning, and Monday is notoriously a day when many are absent without bothering to "pair" with some member on the opposite side of the House. Thus the Tories caught the Liberals with their trousers down.

Bill White's semi-weekly bundle of newspapers & magazines today includes the Montreal Star weekend supplement of Feb. 17. It contains an extensive & favorable review of my book by someone initials J.R.D. Today I wrote a 400 or 500 word introduction for the new Dalhousie student journal or magazine, which I had promised to Joanne Parket.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22/68 Today the temp. rose from zero to 30°, with a light breeze & the familiar patchwork of sunshine & snow flurries. I took advantage of the easier temperature to thaw out my car engine with the small portable electric heater, & drove the car out of the garage for the first time since Feb. 4. Filled the gas tank at Weynott's service station, & got a case of gin at the liquor store.

The mail brought the annual picture postcards from Catherine Waters, and Mabel Kirkpatrick, showing luscious Florida scenes, with written rhapsodies about the birds & flowers.

Our grandson Blair had lunch with us & spent the afternoon, while Pamela was at the curling rink & Tommy & Debby were at school. I took him home by car about 3:30.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1968

Continuing cold (10° above zero at night, 20° at noon) with bright sunshine & a few squalls of fine snow blowing about like smoke on the strong NW wind. As usual too cold & windy to walk with my vulnerable joints, except to the post office & shops. Little Debby & Tommy came after school & stayed for supper. They love to work with crayons on "colouring books" which E. keeps on hand for them, & to play hide-&-seek all over the house. Tom Jr. came in his car & took them home at 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24/68

Sunny all day, the temp. up to 30° at noon, & the wind down to a stiff NW breeze. Walked to Milton & back. We have had no heavy snowfall since Jan. 7-8, just a succession of dustings that did not require much, if any, shoveling; & the asphalt roads remain bare & dry. This is the time of icicles — south-sloping roofs catching the sun, snow melting, & the drops from the eaves freezing in the wind.

The mail brought a pleasant note from Lovat Dickson, who likes my book — "I think you have done the piece on Grey Owl very well indeed. The Army bit, which I didn't know about, is extremely interesting, and clinches your reading of his character. This should remain the final word on this very odd bird."

He added that he has been living in Toronto since September '67 & "am now settling down ~~elsewhere~~ in Canada". (A native of Alberta, he went to England in the 1920's, & started a publishing business in London in 1932. About 1940 he transferred his business & services to MacMillan there.) Says he hopes to visit N.S. next Fall, & will look me up.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25/68 Another bright crisp day. Temp. rose to 30° at noon, & after lunch I drove with E. around Weston Head and out to Summersville. Shortly after we got home, Tom & Helena Jory called, with a flowering chrysanthemum in pot, for E.'s little conservatory in the sun porch. Drinks & chat. The Jories were full of an adventure yesterday which might have destroyed their lonely old house — a chimney caked with the wood-soot of many years caught fire, & roared like a hurricane, & sent flames 7 or 8 feet in the air. The fire brigade turned out promptly, & put out the fire quickly & efficiently. This morning Jory got the aid & advice of a local inhabitant, & cleaned his chimney thoroughly in the old-fashioned way — one man on the roof, one at the hearth, with a rope down the chimney, hauling a small bristly spruce tree back & forth.

paralyse the government before the Liberal Party could

wind down to a stiff NW breeze. Walked to Milton & back. 5

Saturday, February 24, 1968

THE CHRONICLE-HERALD

Charles Lynch Says:

Pearson: More Scar Tissue Than A Goalie

By CHARLES LYNCH
(From The Ottawa Citizen)

The name of the game is politics.

Lester B. Pearson plays it the way Canada's national team played hockey against the Russians.

Lousy.

For 10 years, his lack of political savvy has led him and the Liberal party from crisis to crisis, from one trap into another.

He has always managed to escape.

But there is more scar tissue on him than a hockey goalie accumulates in a lifetime in the nets.

He may escape again.

But this time, the scrape he's in will mar his record permanently and leave his successor at a dreadful disadvantage.

I added:

"In giving advance notice of his resignation as party leader and prime minister, Mr. Pearson is forcing the Liberals to bet that the government can be held together for four months until a new leader can be chosen.

"The risks are many, and the principal ones are, first, that the government might be defeated in the Commons, and second, that the government might fragment internally to an extent that would make it impossible for it to govern...

"Increasingly, Opposition parties have been talking and acting the way they talked and acted in advance of the 1963 defeat of the Diefenbaker government..."

To beat back the threat, government forces have to remain united.

"The Grits have to come to their seats and be counted.

"Absenteeism due to anger or indifference could be fatal..."

"Any man in Mr. Pearson's position is entitled to retire in his own time and on his own terms.

"But in this case, the price to the party, and conceivably, to the country, may be high indeed."

That was two months ago, and the worst has come to pass.

Mr. Pearson was confident that his ministers would put governing ahead of cam-

baker, who was able to say the same thing about the Conservative party.

It isn't saying much, even though Mr. Pearson has amassed a remarkable legislative record.

In matters political, Mr. Pearson is a gambler.

His gambles almost never come off.

COURTING DISASTER

When he announced his intention to retire, back in December, adding that he would stay in office until a leadership convention could be held in April, I described it as his final gamble and one that could be the ultimate political disaster.

He may escape again. But this time, the scrape he's in will mar his record permanently and leave his successor at a dreadful disadvantage.

The most Mr. Pearson will be able to argue is that at least he's leaving the party in as good political shape as he found it when he became leader.

That will put him in the same position as John Diefen-

paigning for the leadership.

His confidence was misplaced, as he might have known. Given a choice between office hours and campaign hours, key ministers hit the trail.

The focus of power, such as it was, became blurred as the date of Mr. Pearson's retirement drew nearer.

THE POWER STRUGGLE

The best brains of the party, such as they were, turned increasingly to the struggle for power, represented by the leadership convention.

It is idle to speculate that had Mr. Pearson not been out of the country Monday night, the vote in the Commons might have gone differently.

So far as internal party and cabinet discipline is concerned, Mr. Pearson has been out of the country for weeks.

Talk about rotten management!

It is equally idle, I suppose, to speculate on how this latest mess might have been avoided.

Mr. Pearson could have quit clean last December and handed over to a caretaker prime minister.

His stated reason for not doing so was that he wanted to be in the chair for the recent Federal - Provincial Constitutional Conference.

He handled the chairmanship of the conference masterfully.

But the price comes high. He could have withheld his

retirement announcement until Parliament was not in session, thus avoiding the fatal mixture of a minority government facing Parliament and a leadership contest at the same time.

By choosing the course he did, Mr. Pearson compounded the hazards for his minority government and brought on the predicament in which that government now finds itself.

He is reduced to accusing

the Conservatives of taking unfair advantage of the Liberals' preoccupation with the leadership campaign.

He complains, perhaps ruefully, that the Liberals didn't call an election while the Tories were dumping John Diefenbaker last September.

NOW... PARALYSIS

Tuesday, the House of Commons was paralysed.

The wretched Grits spent

the afternoon and evening seeking a formula that would end the paralysis, and blaming it on the Opposition parties.

It is rightly said, though, that Oppositions don't defeat governments.

Governments defeat themselves.

And for all its fine legislative record, that's what happened to the government of Lester B. Pearson.

business & services to MacMellan there.)
visit N.S. next Fall, & will look me up.

SUNDAY, FEB 25/68

Another bright crisp day. Temp. rose to 30 noon, & after lunch I drove with E. around Western Head out to Summerville. Shortly after we got home, Tom & Jory called, with a flowering chrysanthemum in pot, for little conservatory in the sun porch. Drinks & chat. The were full of an adventure yesterday which might have destroyed lonely old house — a thin

small portable electric heater, & drove the car out of the garage

MONDAY, FEB. 26, 1968

Temp. 10° above zero at 7:30 A.M., rising to 40° in the sun at 2 p.m. Light SW breeze. Spent the morning working on my 1967 income tax papers. After lunch I tackled them again, & in a few minutes C. called, "What is that bird out there?" I looked up from the papers, & saw a sharp-shinned hawk standing on the frozen snow beside my bird-seed tray, with a grosbeak impaled on the claws of his right foot. Before I could reach for my air rifle or open a window the hawk flew off with its prey. The birds have been nervous & flighty for the past 2 or 3 weeks, but this is the first time I have seen a hawk this winter.

I walked to Milton & back this afternoon, the riverside lovely in the sunshine, & water trickling everywhere. Got home drenched with sweat, & hips & back aching. Again I found that the effort of walking 6 miles with stiff hip joints had an after-effect of nervous tension, in spite of a hot bath, & tonight I slept badly.

Lately the high school & college students, who have assignments or projects to write about my life & works, seem to have increased considerably. They ask me for information, & I send typed copies of the biographical dossier used by my publishers. This evening a plump young lady from Milton, named Hirstle, came with notepaper & pencil for a personal interview.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27/68

Another fine day after a cold night. Finished my income tax papers. Despite my training & long experience as an accountant it is a difficult task. What with the federal & provincial taxes (both collected by Ottawa) & the various extras for Old Age Pension and the new further-Old-Age pension (which has to be figured apart); & the complication of being self employed (requiring statements of professional income, investment income, car expenses, travel expenses, postage & stationery etc., & a detailed account of house heating, lighting, taxes & maintenance — of which I am allowed one-ninth for my work room —) with receipts for all charitable donations, & vouchers for every bit of investment, as well as professional income — it all adds up to a Philadelphia lawyer's puzzle. That is why, even in small towns like Liverpool, there are offices manned by professional tax accountants, who have a busy & lucrative business.

My experience yesterday confirmed what I have long known & expected — that my osteo-arthritis in the hips & lower spine

has reached a stage where I must give up my cherished walks to Milton, indeed any long walks except at well spaced intervals in which the joints can rest.

For a long time the 6-mile hike has cost me increasing effort & pain - which I could take with an effort of will - but now the strain causes nervous trouble which brings forth my other old enemy, insomnia, which cannot be fought with the will or anything else but massive doses of rum & tobacco.

C. went with Pam to the schools' Music Festival this afternoon - Debby & Sonny were singing in chorus groups. It was too lovely a day to sit indoors, so I got the car out & drove to Bridgewater, to New Germany, to South Brookfield, & thence home - just about 100 miles, & I enjoyed every mile. The asphalt roads are all bare, & (except for a trickle of water from melting snow at the roadside here & there) as dry as in summer. A busy traffic - many cars driven by women, with kids in the back, driving into the towns to shop.

Lakes & streams frozen & covered with wind-riffled snow. Every wayside farm with a T.V. aerial on the roof and a car or a truck in a well-shovelled driveway. There is nothing of the dull isolation of 40 or 50 years ago. I can remember when a Mersey Paper Co. tractor-bulldozer ploughed the snow from the road between Liverpool & Caledonia one winter in the very early 1930's - for the first time in history. I drove to Caledonia with Roy Gordon, marveling all the way. (The lumbermen were coming out of the Mersey camps about Lake Rossignol to spend Xmas with their families in North Queens & Lunenburg, & I went there to write cheques for their pay.)

This evening I watched myself on T.V., talking to Jim Bennett on Feb. 16.

Wednesday, FEB 28/68 Still another beautiful day. I didn't dare a walk farther than the post office. This afternoon I had a visit from Peggy, daughter of my old acquaintance Joe Dexter, of the engineering dept., Mersey Paper Co. He & his wife are a staid pair - he is a native of Brooklyn, where the paper mill is, & his wife an American - of the stay-at-home, ~~black~~ penny-pinching sort, although pleasant people. They produced two astonishing globe-trotting daughters, Peggy & Penny, who have been traveling about the world for several years, thumbing rides, working here & there, at anything from dishwashing in restaurants to teaching in a horse-riding school. Peggy is about 27, a graduate (B.A.) of Acadia, & of the school of journalism, Carleton College, Ottawa. She is ^{blonde;} vivacious,

44



44th Annual Convention

Snapshot taken by Paula
("Peggy") Deater, outside our
front door, Feb. 28, 1968.

goodlooking, intelligent, & huge — she stands 6'4", with long slim legs. Last autumn she returned home from a working-&-thumbing trip around the world, including a long tour of Australia with an English girl of the same roving habit. She has now got an editorial job with the newspaper at Yellowknife, North West Territory, & leans soon to take up the post. Wanted an interview with me about my life & works, for possible use in the paper. Stayed till 5 p.m. & is coming back tomorrow for some more.

I drove with C. to Bridgewater & dined at the Fairview Hotel. A good meal, well served, with cocktails & half a bottle of Chianti. An old acquaintance, Judge Dickie of Wolfville, came over to our table for a chat. Home at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEB. 29/68 Leap Year Day. Snow fell all day, amounting to about 2" by nightfall, with no wind. Peggy Dexter spent the afternoon here in further interview, borrowed a photograph of me in my study, taken by Frances Davies some years ago, & with her own camera took a picture of C. & me in the doorway as she left.

In the mail a pleasant letter from Sister Francis d'Assisi, of the Mount St. Vincent staff at Halifax, saying that she had been engaged in writing some history of the Congregation of Sisters of Charity at Halifax, & had found my book on the city "an excellent source for social & economic background". Autographed more copies of "Footsteps on Old Floors" for Hector Macleod. He has sent a further order to the publishers.

This evening my phone rang. It was G. Cecil Day, retired editor & owner of the Liverpool Advance, and the (defeated) Liberal candidate in Queens in the last provincial election. In a mysterious way he said that a snowy winter night was a good time for cool thoughts, and then, "Tom, I've been asked to find out if you would accept the post of Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia." I said "You must be kidding!" He replied "Not at all. This came from the head cheese in Halifax, Regan." (Gerald Regan is the leader of the Liberal party in the province & in the N.S. Legislature.) "Regan said you would be an eminently suitable person in all respects, & asked me to persuade you if I could." I said, "Cecil, even if I were willing — which I'm not — the post is out of the question for a man in my circumstances. Think of the expense of entertaining, alone. The salary & allowance don't begin to cover it. The MacLeans have done a fine job in Government House,

because H.C. is a man of large private income, & he & his wife have been able to be generous in all ways. Apart from the matter of money, I couldn't stand the endless round of ceremony. Mr. MacLean has carried it out thoroughly, but I've heard him confess that he hated the whole business."

Day urged me to think it over before making a definite answer, but I said "No. It just isn't a thing for me in any respect." After some further polite chat he said, "Okay. I told Regan I didn't think you'd touch it. Now I can tell him I know." And that was that. I told E. & said "Just think, you might have been a Governor's Lady, just like Fanny Wentworth!"

At various times in the past 30 years I've been offered the post of mayor of Liverpool; the Conservative candidacy for the federal seat of Queens-Lunenburg; the Liberal candidacy for the provincial seat of Queens; & the Liberal candidacy for the federal seat of Queens-Lunenburg. This caps the lot. And I remain puzzled. Why did anyone, knowing me and my way of life, think I would consider anything like that?

The quiet snowfall changed to a gale of wind & rain about 11 p.m. & blew all night.

Friday, MARCH 1, 1968 Something awakened me at 4:30 a.m. — the town snowplough I suppose — & I couldn't get to sleep again, so I got up, made coffee & toast, & had breakfast. About 6 a.m. I returned to bed & managed to doze off until 7:45.

When I looked outdoors my driveway was a lake of slush, & the street plough as usual had dumped a ridge of hard packed snow across the entrance, & blocked my front walk & the street drain. As soon as I'd dressed I hustled out with my snow shovel & cleared all three places, & shoveled out the Whites' front walk.

Rain ceased in the afternoon. E. & I joined a little party at the Austin Parkers' house this evening — Larry & Bertie Seldon, Bertie's sister Roxana, the Sherman Anderssons, the John Wickwires, & the Charles Williams. Drinks, a buffet dinner, & then bridge — which I so seldom play, & of which I know so little. I won the first prize!

Letter from Arthur Stairs, joggling my mind about the proposed history of his firm, Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow Ltd., of Halifax. When he first wrote me on Dec. 12/67 he was very enthusiastic (having read my description of the McNab firm in "Hangman's Beach") and he suggested that the firm would pay a considerable sum for a history by me. I answered on Jan. 2, asking him to specify a definite

sum, but in return he hedged. He is a quadriplegic, & conducts the affairs of his firm from a bed in his residence. He wanted me to come to H'x for a personal conference, & said I must notify him in advance, as he is a very busy man. He didn't seem to realize that a 200-mile round trip by winter roads, in the severe weather we've been having, was a most uncertain affair. Anyhow I didn't attempt it, & made no reply. During my brief visit to H'x last week I was too busy to see him or anybody else. So today I wrote a polite note, telling him why I hadn't attempted to make an appointment, & adding "I'm afraid I must put away the notion of writing a history of your firm", as I had other demands on my time & thought.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1968 A bleak day, blustering northerly wind, snow flurries, sometimes a thin rain. Last night the Teldons' son-in-law, King Cochrane, motor dealer, while driving from his place of business towards Main Street, came upon 3 girls walking abreast in the roadway. His car struck the outermost girl & dragged her about 40 feet. He got her to the hospital but she died soon after arrival. The girls were of a mulatto family, all wards of the Children's Aid Society, named Lavender.

SUNDAY, MAR. 3/68 Overcast, occasional dust of snow, a few glints of ~~sun~~. Typed a copy of my lecture at Dalhousie in April 1966 ("Some Observations on the Historical Novel") for a student at St. Lawrence College, Quebec. A childhood friend of my daughter, Maureen Ratchford — I didn't catch her married name — called with her husband, a school teacher in Yants County, for a chat about N.S. history. Late in the afternoon I drove with C. along the Shelburne road as far as Post Joli hill, for a breath of fresh air.

MONDAY, MAR. 4/68 Open-&-shut sky, sunny in the afternoon, temp. 28° with a N. breeze. I walked to Milton & back, enjoying the sunshine & air. The river is open from L'pool to Milton, & I saw two or three little groups of wild duck. This evening my hip joints were very stiff & painful, but no matter. An excellent review of my new book appeared in the New York Times Book Review, issue of Feb. 25 d. Written by Anthony Boucher, who concluded: — "Raddall knows how to do intensive research and how to make the results palatable, how to write a book of marked appeal to an unlimited public." Pamela drove to H'x today with little Blair, for two or three days' shopping, leaving Tommy & Debby with us.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1968

Lovely sunny day, calm, temp. 40 at noon. I longed for a walk on the river road, but my hips are still stiff & awkward & painful from yesterday's effort. In the afternoon I drove with C. around Weston Head & then to Brooklyn & Beach Meadows. Bought a broiled chicken in the Dominion Store, & a case of rum at the liquor store. Our little guests attract a swarm of school friends, & after school they charge in & out of the house, & into the garage, where they haul out all my garden tools for play in the snow on the back lawn.

News:- The U.S. are sending more troops to Viet Nam. The enormous cost of this hopeless war, plus world-wide maintenance of fleets & air forces & ground forces, continue to weaken the American dollar abroad. Also there are ominous rumblings from the militant Negroes in the U.S. ("Black Power" is their slogan) with threats of armed uprisings and "another long hot summer" of riot & destruction.

All this has sent the U.S. stock market into the cellar, with the Canadian exchanges following suit. Since last July my investments in common stocks have lost more than \$15,000.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 6/68

Cloudy, a little sunshine, & a bleak SE breeze.

Walked to Milton & back in the afternoon. Again noticed several groups of wild duck on the river. On the roadway several caterpillars, about $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, yellow & black. Pamela returned to Liverpool today, with numerous parcels, & Blair, & she gathered up the two on loan to us. Local news. Today's "Advance" had a photo of Joan Lavender on the front page, with a statement that she was walking to the Queens County Musical Festival on Friday evening, when she was "struck by a car driven by King Cochrane", & died shortly after. Cochrane, a reckless driver, had been prompt to engage a Halifax lawyer (Angus Macdonald), & managed to keep any mention^{out} of the Halifax newspapers. Incidentally, nobody is ever "struck by a car" in the H.L. papers. If mentioned, they "came into collision" with it. Thus a child run over by a truck "came into collision" with the truck, a euphemistic absurdity. This has been part of the namby-pamby policy of the H.L. Chronicle-Herald & Mail Star ever since they came under the control of grey eminence K.C. Irving, operating through his Nova Scotia front-man Daley, and their motto seems to be, "No blunt news - no lawsuits" (See APR. 30/68)

The Rev. J.P. Matheson called, to confirm the time etc. for the church dinner Friday evening. The Pine Hill graduating class this year consists of about 14, including 2 women divinity students, & they will be accompanied on their tour by the college president, Dr. Nicholson.

NY Times Book
Review 2/25/68

Criminals

At Large

By ANTHONY BOUCHER

TWO weeks ago I discussed the admirable effort of John Walsh, in "Poe the Detective," to dispel some of the mythology surrounding the mystery of Mary Rogers, known in fiction as Mary Roget. There is another 19th-century Mary-Marie, possibly even more celebrated and more mysterious, and certainly even more encumbered by popular mythology. That is the brigantine Mary Celeste, found off the Azores in 1872 without a soul or a body aboard. The spelling, Marie, which originated in a story by Conan Doyle, is so firmly entrenched in the popular mind that I have had editors "correct" my copy when I wrote, Mary; and this is the least of the erroneous accretions that the tale has acquired. It is a pleasure to find the facts set down, with remarkable clarity, in Thomas H. Raddall's **FOOTSTEPS ON OLD FLOORS** (Doubleday, \$4.95).

Mr. Raddall is a Nova Scotian novelist and journalist, who here examines in detail six peculiar episodes of history, each somehow relating to Nova Scotia—where, for instance, the doomed brigantine was built (and he is wonderfully vivid on the details of small-time shipbuilding). Quite on a par with the fine Mary C. essay are a powerful account of the classic murders on the *Herbert Fuller* and a grand narrative of the life of Archie Belaney (1888-1938), a Cockney who persuaded the theatrical world (and the Canadian Wild Life Service) that he was an Indian named Grey Owl. Other readers may well pick other favorites among the six essays. What matters is that Raddall knows how to do intensive research and how to make the results palatable, how to write a book of marked appeal to an unlimited public. I hope he has further curious cases in his notebook.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1968 Temp. 10° above zero last night, 25° above zero at noon. Bright sunshine all day. I walked to the post office in the morning, again this afternoon, but dared not take a real hike.

FRIDAY, MAR 8/68 Again crisp bright weather. This afternoon I walked to the end of Tore Stoth, crossed over the railway bridge, followed the track to Bristol, & thence home — about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, all I could do. Got home with my right leg very stiff & painful. Saw a sharp-shinned hawk skimming over the bushes by the railway track. This evening with E. I drove to Zion church, where in Sunday school room downstairs a party of ladies served an excellent buffet supper to the Pine Hill divinity class. I spoke for half an hour on the foundation of Liverpool, the religious ferment during & after the American Revolution, and the final division of the all-powerful Congregational body into Congregationalists, Methodists & Baptists. Had a pleasant chat with Dr. Nicholson & two or three of the students. The class includes two negroes, one from Jamaica, one from Ghana.

SATURDAY, MAR 9/68 Milder (40° at noon) & mostly overcast. This afternoon drove with E. to Mahone via Riverport & Lunenburg. Pretty along the Lahave, the river completely frozen over; parties of men fishing for smelts through holes in the ice, some sheltered in little wooden huts, some standing in the open. Kids out skating or playing hockey. At Mahone Bay many skaters, & three ice-yachts "skimming about". Called on my sister Hilda Gamester & chatted for an hour.

SUNDAY, MAR 10/68 Lovely sunny day, temp 40° & calm. Went to church alone this A.M., my first attendance this year. A fair-sized congregation. The preacher was young Mr. Lewellyn, a good speaker, who is head of the student council at Pine Hill — a position that is known traditionally at Pine Hill as "The Pope".

In the afternoon I drove with E. to Port L'Hebert & back. Much of Port L'Hebert remains covered with ice. Port Joli was clear of it except about the shores & coves, & through my new field glasses I watched small flocks of black ducks close to the shore, & farther out a long flock of 400 or 500 Canada geese. Called on Jerry & Betty Freeman at Summersville. Their son Roger & wife Paula were there, discussing details of their motor trip to Florida, which starts in a few days. They intend to go all the way to Key West, a long-time dream of Jerry's.

MONDAY, MAR. 11/68 The birds visiting my seed tray have been erratic during the past few days, few at a time, & eating little, I suppose

because a hawk or hawks were in the vicinity. This morning however I counted 44 evening grosbeaks, all in one flock, besides juncos, goldfinches, chipping sparrows & blue jays. Our long spell of cold sunny weather broke today — a misty morning, then a drizzle of rain & snow, temp. 34°.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12/68 Cold (20°) & sunny again. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon — my first long walk since the 6th. Again a matter of gritting my teeth & forcing every step on the return half, but the exercise & sun & air were good. How I hate to give it up! Strange how a man's legs are the first things to fail in his carcass. Five men (3 of them my neighbors) in my general age group, & in my small circle of friends, are so afflicted.

Dr. John Wickwire had an operation for varicose veins a year or two ago, & had to give up general practice & confine himself to heart cases. Howland White, also had a serious operation for varicose veins, & is now a house-bound invalid. Erik Andersen has been confined to his house most of this winter with severe sciatica. Jerry Nickerson has to have a shot of cortisone in his knee every week to make arthritic bearable. Larry Seldon, who has osteo-arthritis like me, but in a more advanced stage, is still unable to move without a pair of crutches, despite the metal ball installed in his hip socket.

I am reading Harold Nicolson's diaries & letters during WWI, published last year. Highly interesting. An aesthete and a patriot, strongly Francophile, trying desperately to be useful in the chaos of the war, but lacking the masculine mind & force to be successful at it. Tonight on TV the weather forecast warned about a strong gale, with heavy snow & then rain. My barometer was still very high (30.5) when I went to bed at midnight.

~~TUESDAY~~, MAR. 13/68 The gale roared in from the sea during the small hours, & when I got up this morning I saw about 3 inches of snow rapidly turning to slush in a flood of rain. As usual a cataract pouring down the street, & after breakfast I had to sally forth with shovel & mattock, to chop the ice covering the street drain & to open the gutter. Slush swimming down the stream choked the whole thing in an hour, & I had to do it all again. Shoveled out my front walk, & the Whites'; & put out seed for the birds. Got my mail, & the Whites'; & just as I reached home my right foot slipped on hidden ice, & I went down on my backside in several inches of cold water & slush. The rain poured all day & evening. Temp. up to 45°, so that the rain melted all of the new snow, & much of the old. By mid-afternoon a river was flowing through the gardens of my neighbors up the hill, over my back lawn,

into the cavity under my garage. My cellar partly flooded.
(Some of the shop cellars on Main St. were simply drowned.)

In the afternoon Merrill Rawding called, collecting for the Heart Fund, & stopped for a chat.

Letter from Doubleday, New York. They have made contracts with Popular Library for reprint editions of "His Majesty's Yankees," "The Governor's Lady," and "Hangman's Beach," to be published between October 1968 and October 1970. The retail price will be 75¢ to 95¢, with a 4% royalty, of which Doubleday will take half. The royalty guarantee is \$1,000 on each book (\$500 paid on signing the contract, & \$500 on publication.) Thus the guaranteed return to me is only \$1,500 for the lot.

Forgot to note previously the death of Charles "Bert" Harris, last Saturday, in Camp Hill Hospital, Hfx. I first met him in North Sydney in the winter of 1919-20, when he was wireless operator & purser of the icebreaker "Montcalm". For years he was in the "Lady Laurier," which (among her multifarious duties) carried stores, mail, & occasional passengers to Sable Island. In the spring of 1921 I was staying in Hfx. in the old Acadian Hotel on Granville Street, awaiting passage to Sable Islands, & I spent several merry days & nights in the company of Harris & sundry other "brass-pounders" who happened to be in port at the time. Harris was considerably older (about 33) than the rest of us, a wild boozey & wenchet. In "The Nymph and The Lamp" I mentioned him briefly on page 174 as "a sharp young man with a dissolute face, shivering in a lammy coat." Yet he lived to the age of 80.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14/68

A wild gale at NW all day, with alternate sunshine & squalls of snow. Temp. 30° at noon. In the afternoon I took a drive with E. as far as the 12 Mile on the Annapolis road. Plenty of snow remains in the woods, & the lake ice remains too. In all the low land a flood of water lies like cold tea over the ice & snow. The moon is full today, & there is the accompanying large rise & fall of the tide. We drove along the river estuary (& later around Western Head) at low tide, & I never saw a greater exposure of the foreshore. At Western Head the gulls were ~~foraging for~~ sea urchins among the weedy rocks, & the asphalt road near the shore was littered with broken urchin shells.

News:- In Europe the great run on gold continues. The international speculators have now got ordinary people worried

in all those money-troubled areas, & there is a growing scramble to convert paper currency into gold. If, at last, the U.S. is forced to raise the price of gold to protect its reserves, it will amount to a devaluation of the paper dollar, on which every nation's currency (except the communists') is more-or-less based. This could bring the world's trade to chaos.

Our daughter Frances has not communicated with us for many weeks — she is not a communicative person. C. phoned her tonight, & asked me to say a few words. Francie was superficially cheerful. Bill is taking her off to Barbados tomorrow, by air, with brief stops at Bermuda & Antigua. They will have 3 weeks there.

The number of Canadians who spend part or the whole winter in the warm parts of the U.S. or the Caribbean islands is getting to be almost an exodus. Great numbers from the prairie provinces & northern B.C. go to California or Hawaii. A few days ago a Canadian newspaper, after a rough check, found that in Florida alone more than 400,000 Canadians had spent part or the whole winter there.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15/68 Sunny, with a strong SW wind that had nothing balmy about it but rather the feel of a wind blowing over a vast distance covered with ice & snow. Temp. 40° at noon.

I walked to Milton & back. The fields & gardens by the river are mostly bare & brown, with snow hanging on in shady hollows.

Tonight on TV the "Gazette" show had an interview with Dr. D.P. Varma, of the Dept. of English, Dalhousie. He has long specialised in a study of English "horror" novels of the 18th century, & his book "Gothic Flame", published in London in 1957, was acclaimed by academic critics in Britain & the U.S.

Nowadays we are in the midst of a flood of literary horror, of which Truman Capote's recent book "In Cold Blood" is the most successful example. (It made Capote rich.) The main point in this interview was that Varma has been invited to address a dinner of a group who live in Hollywood & call themselves "The Dracula Society", revelling in all that is horrible & weird. He has accepted, & in a rather smug & pseudo-modest way seems to think it a distinction. This is the man who wanted to write a combined biography & critique of my — anything-but-Gothic works!

SATURDAY, MAR. 16/68 The first day with a real feel of spring, mostly sunny, temp. up to 50°, & no wind. After my long walk yesterday I had to content myself with a walk to the post office.

HFX. CHRONICLE-HALIFAX, March 12, 1949

CHARLES BERTRAND ("BERT") HARRIS, 80, of Halifax and formerly of Antigonish, died Saturday in Camp Hill Hospital. He was a retired merchant navy man. He was born in Antigonish, son of the late Charles and Ellen (Randall) Harris.

He is survived by one brother, Reginald, one sister, Jean (Mrs. George Hazel), both of Winthrop, Mass.

Funeral service will be at 2.30 p.m. Tuesday at MacIsaac's Funeral Home, Antigonish. Burial in St. James United Church Cemetery.

Hector MacLeod says he has sold about 250 copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors", & has ordered another 100. Met Loran Sturm, son of my old friend the late Frank Sturm. A handsome & intelligent man of about 35, he went to sea in oil tankers as a youth, is now First Mate of a big Imperial Oil ship sailing out of Halifax. He maintains his wife & children in the old Sturm home on Summer Street, & is now on leave, studying for examination for a Master's Foreign-going Certificate.

Saw a sharp-skinned hawk make an unsuccessful dive at some goldfinches on my feeding tray this morning. By the time I got my windows (inner & storm) open, & my air rifle loaded, he was off to the westward. Probably the same hawk that has raided the tray several times this winter. Ralph Johnson loses his job at the end of this month — an economy move. I understand several other highly paid employees of the Anil plant are also being laid off. I never had much confidence in this plant, financed entirely by N.S. government money, & operated by a slick promoter from India, named Jolly. The government is already embarrassed by the Clairton Company, similarly financed, & operated by a slick Pole named Peter Hunk. It had a huge deficit last year. ^{JOHNSON'S} Ralph intends to take his wife south to her old home in Florida, & then to his old home in New Jersey, returning to his house on Park Street in September. Meanwhile the Jerry Nickersons will remain in the Park Street house, which they had hoped to rent for at least four years. Presumably they will buy or build a house of their own this summer — Jerry is a wealthy retired fish merchant, a nephew & namesake of my old friend Jerry F. Nickerson, who also was a fish merchant.

SUNDAY, MAR. 17/68 Raining lightly. Temp. 50° at noon. The old dirty snow has shriveled a lot in the past 3 days, & today about one-fourth of the turf on my back lawn is showing. We shall get a lot of snow yet, & freezing weather; but it's always comforting to see "the back of the winter broken". My son Tom dropped in this afternoon for a chat. He had represented the Kiwanis Club at the opening of the Canadian Legion's new clubhouse yesterday, & over drinks at the reception following the ceremony he was approached in conversation by Mayor Frank Trainor. The subject: my rejection of the Lieutenant-Governor's post. Trainor is a member of the Liberal party caucus which met in Halifax 3 weeks ago to discuss

various matters, including the future occupant of Government House. Three names were considered, in this order: - (1) J. H. R., (2) C. J. Morrow of Lunenburg
 (3) ~~Brigadier~~ ^{Brigadier} Oland of Halifax. The name of J. H. Mowbray Jones was mentioned & rejected. Oland's name is too closely associated with the best his firm makes & advertises so extravagantly. Mr. Regan undertook to sound me out through Cecil Day. According to Tom, the offer is still open, & he asked Tom to urge me to reconsider. Shortly after this, Kennedy Jones spoke to Tom on the same subject. The appointment is a matter for the federal government, but they wish to keep it a non-partisan affair, & I would be highly acceptable to everyone. Tom said that, among other reasons, I was financially unable to undertake it. Jones replied that the salary & expense allowance are quite generous, & he had no doubt that the allowance could be increased, if that were my main objection. He told Tom to urge me to take the post.

But I've already given my answer, & nothing can change my mind.

TUESDAY, MAR. 19/68 Yesterday & today we had fog & showers, temp. 40°. My front lawn is now bare, & about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the back lawn. What remains of the old snowfalls of Jan. 3 - Jan. 9 is now more ice than snow, & rain does not affect it much. I heard today that Leonard Bottie, proprietor of the Mersey hotel & tavern, had a severe heart attack & is in a hospital in Georgia. He & his wife were motoring to Florida for their annual holidays.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20/68 Mild & hazy, temp. 50° at noon. Made the Milton walk in thin slacks, woolen jersey, & in light underwear - cotton shorts & T-shirt. Thus lightly encumbered I could walk with comparative ease, & it was not so painful or as tiring as when heavily attired in cold weather. Met with the Historical Society tonight at Mrs. Hester Giffin's house, Bristol Avenue. The speaker was Miss Marguerite Letson, & her talk was about Port Medway ships & seamen in the days of sail. She mentioned two Port Medway men, Asa Morine & Charles Atkins, who fought in the battle between "Shannon" & "Chesapeake" in 1813. They were volunteers in the Liverpool privateer "Sir John Sherbrook" when H.M.S. "Shannon" stopped her & impressed them & several others. In the battle with "Chesapeake", Charles Atkins was one of a gun crew, and Asa Morine was in "Shannon's" fore top. Atkins got a bullet through the crown of a new and (for him) expensive hat, which annoyed him more than anything else about the

fight. When Captain Brooke called "Boarders away!", Monroe ran out on Shannon's yardarm, leaped to the Chesapeake's yardarm, & descended to her deck. They lived to be old men, & often told of these adventures to the villagers. She mentioned a lane in Port Medway which was known in her youth as "the white streak" because it was made of coral ballast from Bermuda, brought north by Captain Nestille & others in the timber trade.

Reuben Soloway, salesman for Doubleday Canada Ltd., called on me today for a chat. He is making a round of the Atlantic provinces, being temporarily in the place of Mike McKeague, the regular salesman for this territory. Says my new book is going well, & regrets that "Governor Lady" has recently gone out of print, as he could fill a number of orders for it.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21/68 Mild & overcast. The first day of spring, & as if to announce it the first robin & the first fox sparrow appeared this morning on my back lawn, which is now almost completely bare of snow. They vanished in a few minutes. I made the Milton walk again this afternoon, expecting to see & hear robins & fox sparrows all along the river banks, but there were none. Even the wild ducks had vanished. The weather bureau forecasts a storm of snow & rain tomorrow, & by night the temp. was down to freezing point, so perhaps the birds had moved away to the shelter of the forest lakes & streams.

FRIDAY, MAR. 22/68 The storm dumped snow everywhere in the Maritimes except on the South Shore from Yarmouth to Lunenburg. We had a cold rain (34°) & only a light wind. Attended a large party tonight at the Rolf Seaborn's house, Fort Point. Everybody full of discussion about the contest for leadership in the (federal) Liberal Party — the various candidates are now in full cry, up & down the country. Apart from our own many-ringed political circus there is the tremendous ballyhoo across the border, the contest for the Presidency. The most remarkable feature of that is the recently announced candidacy of Senator Robert Kennedy, brother of the murdered John. He has kept himself very much in the public eye of the U.S. ever since John's death, & now declares himself utterly opposed to the Viet Nam war, which he would end — if elected. This makes him a direct opponent of fellow Democrat, President Johnson, who didn't start the war but is thoroughly committed to its continuance.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1968

A day of drizzle & fog, which melted the last black crush of ice in the shady patches of Park Street, & left my lawns completely bare. Most of my winter boarders still come to the seed-tray — evening grosbeaks, goldfinches, chickadees & juncos especially — but there is no sight or sound of the robin & fox sparrow which put in such a positive but brief appearance on the 21st. Frank & Gladys Willis of Toronto, on a motor tour of Mexico, sent us a picture postcard showing a lush green golf course at Guanajuato. Probably on a CBC jaunt.

SUNDAY, MAR. 24/68 A stormy day of wind & snow squalls, with patches of sunshine — not quite enough to melt the snow. Stayed indoors all day, reading, & watching the evening TV shows. A golf match in the late afternoon, on a course in Guatemala, reminded me to grease the wheel bearings of C's golf cart & mine, stashed away in the cellar since last Fall.

MONDAY, MAR. 25/68 Sunny, but windy & cold. Took my car to the Rossignol Garage for a change to summer oil & grease, & to have the heavy snow-tires replaced by the summer ones. This will probably bring on a blizzard with three feet of snow; but I dislike the noise & thumping of the snow tires; also, for what reason I don't know, the car steers awkwardly, & at speeds over 45 m.p.h. the car is inclined to "wander," ^{with snow tires} _{and no wheel}. I took a trial run out to Ten Mile Lake. The snow is gone from the ground under hardwood trees, & I walked in to the lake. It is still covered with thick ice.

TUESDAY, MAR. 26/68 Sunny, with a cool SW breeze. Made the afternoon walk to Milton & back. This evening Watson Peck, of Bear River, came in for a chat, with a copy of "Footsteps On Old Floors" to be autographed. A famous woodsman, he was champion at the Guides' Meet for two or three years in the late 1940's, when the guides used to camp at Lake William, Lunenburg County, for a week of woods-sports & contests. He is now 52, employed in the electric power station at Bear River. Last summer, with an American visitor, he traveled to "Koofang" (Cruffin) Lake on Shelburne River, & found what he thinks was "Jim Charles's cave". Certainly it was a cave under a huge granite rock. However they found in it an old empty bottle with "40-4-50's Irish Whisky" cast in the glass, which didn't sound much like Jim Charles, although it might have been left there by some man or men hunting for his "gold mine". Peck is now getting grey, with much thinned hair. A little less than middle height, still in

good physical trim. We'd finished our dinner when he arrived, & C. furnished him with a big plate of chicken sandwiches & another of cake, which he devoured as he talked. Very religious & abstemious. Won't even drink tea or coffee. At home he drinks herb tea, infused from tansy. Here he satisfied his thirst with water. He mentioned that he was thinking of writing some of the Indian yarns & legends he had heard at Bear River. I think he hoped I could get them published, but he didn't say so, & I couldn't hold out any such hope to him — Helen Brighton, Kay Hill, & others, have pretty well exploited that field.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1968 Sunny, with a strong SW breeze. This morning I bought a bicycle, of the long-established C.C.M. make, at Henderson's hardware store. It must be all of 40 years since I rode a bike. I bought my first in 1922, when I resigned from the Marconi wireless service & returned to Halifax to take a course in accounting. (It, too, was a C.C.M.) I sold that ^{in Halifax} when I took my first job on the Mersey River, at Milton, thinking that the place was simply in the woods. When I got there, I saw the use of a bike in getting to the mill from my boarding house, & to the village, so I bought Austin Parker's bike. (He was leaving for New York.) I sold that in 1928.

This afternoon I had my first try at recapturing the cycling art. I thought I'd better keep off the busy streets & roads, so I packed the bike up College Street & over the crest past the cemetery. Then I mounted & rode out the inner road towards Western Head, with a notion of making the ten-mile circuit. But the road (with some short ups & downs) winds in a long up-grade to mount the big hill overlooking Western Head beach, & I had the wind full in my face. This made hard pedalling. Finally, my cap blew off; I made a quick instinctive grab at it with my left hand, & caught it, but at the same time I lost control of the bike. It swerved over to the left side of the road, right in the path of a car coming from Western Head. Fortunately the driver saw that I was in trouble, & slowed down. I jumped off, & pushed the bike over to the right side of the road. I jammed my cap on firmly and pedaled heavily up the grade again. Some distance before the old Tarr farm I had to quit & sit down at the roadside, out of breath, with my heart pounding, & my knees shaking. After a rest,

I turned about & rode home — all easy going, down the grade & with the wind at my back. As I had hoped, this method of outdoor travel takes the far away from my hip bones, so there is little of the hip pain as in walking. But it will take a lot of practice to get the leg muscles accustomed to laboring at the pedals. To finish out a fine afternoon I changed from bike to car, & drove with C. to Port Medway & thence home via Beach Meadows & Brooklyn.

This evening C. went to her ladies' bridge club, & I went to the movies, something I rarely do. Rex Harrison in an amusing play ("A Pot of Honey") with an intricate plot, staged in a luxurious house in Venice, with side views of the canals & of the Piazza San Marco.

In the mail, a cutting from the Boston Globe of March 2, with an enthusiastic review of my book. Also a letter from "C.M.A." ("Creative Management Associates Ltd., New York") asking me to name a price on the motion picture rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. Another shoe-string angle, that's obvious.

THURSDAY, MAR. 28/68 Sunny, & temp. 50 till 3 p.m. when the sea fog drifted in. Wrote "C.M.A.", saying I'm open to an offer for cash only, that I want \$1,000 for an option for 12 months, the \$1,000 to apply on the purchase price if a deal goes through, but to remain mine if it doesn't. This afternoon I sallied forth on my bike for a ride to Milton. Just before emerging from Union Street into Main, a car suddenly dashed past on Main, & in stopping abruptly I fell down, making a four-point landing on the hard pavement — knuckles, shoulder, hip & knee, on my left side. Scrapped most of the skin off my knee, & some off my knuckles, & gave my back a bit of a wrench. However I hopped aboard again & had no further trouble. Rode right up the west Milton road, crossed the river at Potanoc, pushed the bike up Potanoc hill, rode through east Milton, crossed the river again on the lower bridge, & so down the west road again to Liverpool. Distance about 8 miles. My knees & leg muscles were aching from this unaccustomed means of perambulation, but there was none of the pain in the hip joints as in walking.

FRIDAY, MAR. 29/68 Mild & foggy. Today I found that the fall yesterday had bruised & wrenched my old carcass more than was apparent at the time. My left wrist sprained to some extent, & my knee very sore & stiff. So no bike ride today. Debby & Tommy came to supper with us, & afterwards Tom came to collect them, bringing little Blair for a

romp with "Gumpy". Tom & Pamela leave on Tuesday for their long planned holiday in the Bahamas. Blair will be left in care of the Whites in Halifax, & Debbie & Sonny will stay with us.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30/68 Mild (50°) with a westerly gale, sky open & -shalt, a few sprinkles of rain. This afternoon drove with E. to Bridgewater, thence home along the shore via West Lahave, Petite Rivière & Yopler's Cove. All the ice has gone from the Lahave, & here on the coast the ground in all open places is now free of frost & beginning to dry. The mail brought a card, drawn by Jack himself, announcing the "launching" of a son ^{born} to my old friend Jack Gray & second wife Lorraine, who called on us here last September. The child's name is Michael Bruce. The Grays live on board their motor yacht "Aquila", at West Palm Beach.

SUNDAY, MAR. 31/68 Fine & warm. This afternoon I drove with E. across country to Bear River via Annapolis. It was a nice day for a long drive, & I thought we'd call on Watson Peck & return the book he lent me. At Bear River I learned that he lived on a steep hill outside the town, & I soon discovered that the unpaved upper streets & roads were in a very bad state — heaved in great bumps & humps by melting frost, & deeply gullied by the spring floods. After considerable wandering in these conditions, directed by willing but unclear citizens, I gave it up. Returned to Annapolis, visited the fort & museum, & dined very well at the Chez Leo restaurant, outside the town. On the return I got as far as Caledonia before dark. Then came the problem of overcoming headlights, which utterly blind me now, & my difficulty in judging distance in artificial light. Coming through Milton was a nightmare because of boys & girls strolling along the roadsides & many cars travelling fast.

Local news: much ado during the past week in Liverpool over gangs of young hoodlums, mostly in the early teens, who have been breaking windows, stealing car hub-caps, & terrorizing other youngsters. (One boy had his hair cut off & his head scraped bare with a razor, another was seized & bound, & left hanging head down, with his feet fastened to a branch of a tree.) These young hoodlums swoop about at night on ordinary bicycles, & call themselves "Hell's Angels", showing that they got their notions from an old movie by that name, recently re-shown in Liverpool. It depicted a gang of adult hoodlums, travelling on motor cycles in California, & terrorizing the people of a small country town.

(March 31/68 continued)

On T.V. tonight we saw & heard President Johnson announcing that he had ordered U.S. air forces to cease bombing North Vietnam, & invited Russia & Britain to use their joint influence to persuade Ho Chi Minh to enter peace negotiations. Finally, a tired & disillusioned man in face & voice, he announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election in the presidential election campaign.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1968 Rain & fog. Picture postcard from Terence & Betty Freeman, in St. Petersburg, Florida. News: great excitement in the U.S. over President Johnson's announcements yesterday; & in an access of optimism about an end to the Vietnam war, the New York stock market rose rapidly, with heavy buying. European views are more skeptical.

The obstinate Ho Chi Minh, having maintained the war successfully all this time, with Russia & China keeping him well supplied with war materials, is not a bit likely to weaken now. His demand that the U.S. withdraw its forces entirely from Vietnam remains unchanged. The only way to end the war is just that, with its abject admission that the most powerful nation in the world has been defeated by one of the poorest & weakest. A terrible blow to American pride. Obviously Johnson couldn't face it. Can Robert Kennedy, or any of the ^{other} eager candidates for the Presidency, when it comes to the fine point?

TUESDAY, APR. 2/68 An open-&-shut sky, temp. 40°, with a gusty gale from NW. My left knee cap is now covered with a brown scab, and the bruised flesh shows an inflamed red all round it, painful to the touch. But there seems no damage to the bone of the cap, & this afternoon I walked to Milton & back - it was no day for cycling. (Even walking, I had to lean forward against the wind all the way upriver.) Pamela came with Tommy's & Debby's clothes & gear in the station wagon, & bade us farewell. She is very excited. She & Tom had no honeymoon at all, & this is their first real holiday ~~together~~ together. They are driving to Hfx. this afternoon to deposit little Blair with the Whites. Early tomorrow morning they will ~~go on~~ to the Hfx. airport with Dr. Lloyd Macdonald & wife, & there take a plane for Montreal. The (mainly dental doctors') convention will fly from there to Nassau in a large chartered jet plane or planes. On my walk today I saw a lone robin at Milton - the first I've seen since the one behind my garage on March 21. Today the first song sparrows appeared under my feeding tray. Yesterday & the day before the tray was visited by

a Savannah sparrow. The flock of evening grosbeaks has dwindled greatly, but the goldfinches & chickadees are still regular feeders.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 3/68 Sunny after a frosty night. Temp 45° at noon, & again a hard NW gale. I walked to Milton & back, & was pleased to find the hike easier & much less painful than in the colder weather. (On Feb. 26 & 27 I got alarmed & despondent about the apparently rapid deterioration of my hip joints.)

Our little guests are enjoying their visit, & we are enjoying their company, although their early rising (between 6 & 6:30 A.M.) cuts down on our sleep a bit.

Today a robin hopped about my back lawn for a few minutes & then vanished. Probably the new school, rising like a brick cliff so near to my back wall, is as upsetting to the birds as it is to me.

News:- Hope grows about the proposed peace talks between North Viet Nam & the U.S. At Ottawa, the Finance Minister, Mr. Sharp, announced his withdrawal from the contest for Liberal Party leadership (I don't think he had the ghost of a chance) & says he & his supporters will swing their votes to Mr. Trudeau. Joey Smallwood, the little emperor of Newfoundland, announced that all the Nfld. delegates will vote for Trudeau.

THURSDAY, APR. 4/68 A dark day with a cold (40°) drizzle of rain. Our newspapers & T.V. screens are filled with the Liberal convention at Ottawa, which is determined to put on a bigger show than the Tories did last year. It is all in imitation of the hullabaloo at U.S. party conventions - the bands and "combos", the girlie dancers & jazz singers, the jostling delegates brandishing placards on tall poles, the big lapel-buttons with slogans & the names of candidates, the long windy speeches, the shouts & applause for every platform platitude.

It all looks so damned silly, & sounds worse, to anyone sitting sober in his home & thinking of the national problems. This evening in the convention hall Mr. Pearson made his farewell speech, which was very good. He said truly that he had made mistakes - "but they were honest and human mistakes" - and listed a lot of good legislation passed through the House during his term of office. There were tributes by other politicians (Joey Smallwood gassed away for half an hour, not from the platform but in a sort of TV sideshow, a previous recording) and even Daniel Johnson paid tribute to the understanding of the French-Canadian people which

Pearson had shown. The betting in this contest is on Pierre Trudeau.

News: - The Rev. Martin Luther King, winner of the Nobel Prize a year or two ago, & leader in professedly "non-violent" demonstrations by Negroes in the U.S., was shot dead this evening, by a sniper, on the balcony of a hotel in Memphis, Tennessee. He had led a Negro壮观 march there on March 28, supporting a strike of Negro garbage-collectors; but many of his marchers turned aside to loot stores etc., & in the fracas several policemen were beaten by Negroes & badly injured, & a Negro looter was shot dead. In view of this, the city authorities forbade another march, & yesterday Mr. King made a public speech to Negroes in Memphis saying that he intended to lead another march in defiance of the authorities. He was undoubtedly sincere in his efforts to get a better status for the Negroes in the U.S., but he obviously had a martyr quirk, & he must have known that these demonstrations would provoke violence, that in fact they were designed to that end.

This assassination could trigger the civil war between blacks & whites in the U.S., which the professedly violent Negro leaders (Stokely Carmichael, and "Rap" Brown) have been advocating for the past two years.

FRIDAY, APR. 5/68 Drizzling rain, clearing at evening. Tonight on TV we watched & heard the political circus at Ottawa, as each of the candidates made a half-hour speech, each preceded by a "demonstration" of hired university & high school students bearing placards & led by a band. The speakers said pretty much the same things, & the clichés came fluttering down from the platform like autumn leaves in a gale. Bob Winters made a good speech on the whole, holding himself up as the practical man who could get things done, & the man who was "always a Liberal" — the main inference being that front-runner Trudeau was a dreamer, with past tendencies toward socialism. Trudeau spoke well, in English & French. He & Paul Martin are fluently bi-lingual, of course. The other speakers uttered a few memorized and halting French phrases here & there.

At intervals the TV switched to Washington & other U.S. cities, where crowds of young Negro men were on the rampage, looting & setting fire to white-owned shops in the Negro districts. The police, obviously under orders not to shoot, were far outnumbered & ineffective. Finally troops & armoured cars moved in & sealed off the Negro quarters. Tonight the White House & other govt. buildings in Washington are surrounded by troops, who have set up machine-guns to command the approaches.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1968

Bright & cold (40°) This afternoon I raked up & removed the winter's accumulation of gravel, old leaves, etc., from the gutters by my front lawn, & masses of hulls of sunflower seeds from around the bird-tray on the back lawn. After that I got out my bicycle for the first time since March 28, & rode to Potanoc and back by the same route. Hard pushing against the breeze & the grade most of the way upriver, but after walking up Potanoc hill it was almost too easy on the run home.

All evening we watched on TV the milling, shouting, crowd in the convention hall at Ottawa. The main contenders were Trudeau, Winters, Kelly & Turner, in that order of popularity, & as it happens, all of them millionaires. An odd switch for the Liberal party, which for decades used to point to the Tories as the champions of big business & entrenched wealth. On the third ballot Kelly threw in his block of votes to Winters, seized Winters' hand & kept jerking it aloft, yelling "Go, Bob, go!" With this support Winters came much closer to front-running Trudeau. Turner refused to throw in. Newsmen, commenting at intervals, seemed to think Turner's attitude was the best he could do for Winters — that if he threw in his hand, his block of devoted Montrealers would mostly vote for Trudeau. So Trudeau won ^{anyhow,} & the uproar became pandemonium. All the defeated candidates gathered about Trudeau on the platform in a show of shoulder-to-shoulder loyalty, & Mr. Pearson made a pleasant little speech, & Mrs. Pearson kissed Trudeau. Trudeau, in his acceptance speech, spoke first in French at some length, & then alternately in English & French. When the whole crowd sang "O Canada" at last, the TV camera zoomed in to show Pearson & Trudeau side by side, Trudeau obviously singing the words in French, Pearson in English. At the close of things Trudeau announced to the crowd that "there will be some action at the Skyline Hotel later this evening" — an invitation to the victory celebration. All through the convention the candidates have held nightly open-house parties in Ottawa hotels, with a vast consumption of canapés and booze. The cost of the whole affair must amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. A TV camera & reporter paused in the middle of the noisy crowd this afternoon to question a Russian, a reporter for Moscow's "Pravda". The question was, "What do you think of all this?" The Russian smiled & said in excellent English, "I think it's a frightful waste

of time & money." So it is, although the Russian was thinking of the neatly cut & dated Soviet conventions & elections, where there is little or no freedom of choice, as there is here. All this clowning & ballyhoo seemed in horribly bad taste as the T.V. eye switched from time to time to the riots across the border. Huge fires burning in Washington, Chicago & several other cities in the northern states; close-up camera views of Negroes looting shops almost at their leisure, not for food, but for radios, TV sets, ladies' dresses, etc. A view from a helicopter flying over Washington showed great clouds of smoke blowing about the Capitol and White House, & the TV reporter's comment was — "Nothing like this has been seen in Washington since the War of 1812."

This morning I got picture-postcards of Liverpool, which Debby & Tommy wrote carefully to their parents in Grand Bahama (I wrote the address & supplied air mail stamps.) They were greatly amused this afternoon to see "Sumpy" riding a bicycle — like a bear in a circus act.

SUNDAY, APR. 7/68 After a frosty night, a lovely spring day, no wind, temp. 50°. In the afternoon we went for a drive, with Tommy, Debby, & two little girl friends. Stopped at the "Tasty Treat" shop near Hunts Point & bought cones of whipped ice cream for the kids. At Summerville Beach we could see a fire burning in the woods near the mouth of Broad River, on the west side — the first bush fire of the season. This evening a new pair of young Mormon "elders" called on me. As usual, in courtesy, I invited them in, & we went through the routine — one "elder" doing nearly all the talking, rattling on & on about the original Mormons building a ship in or near Palestine, sailing across the ocean (this time it was the Pacific) & establishing a civilized white race in America, the gradual extermination of the whites by hostile dark-skinned people, the final burial of the testaments on gold plates in the woods near what is now Palmyra, N.Y. etc. etc. Finally the pause & the question, "Do you have the faith to believe?" And my reply, "Not at all. The whole thing is incredible;" — & my rising, shaking their hands in farewell, & wishing them well in their missionary endeavours.

News: By proclamation of President Johnson this was a day of mourning in the U.S. for Mr. Martin Luther King. There were memorial services in other countries, quite ecumenical. In Halifax, at the Cornwallis Street Baptist Church, which has a largely Negro congregation, there was a large gathering of whites & black, of all

faiths. Lieut-Governor MacKeen read the scripture lesson, & the service was attended by official representatives of the city & provincial government.

News: - There was an outbreak of looting & arson by Negroes in Pittsburgh, otherwise the U.S. cities were reported as "quiet". In Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, Chicago & Pittsburgh, large numbers of troops are patrolling the streets, & a strict curfew is in effect. Our TV showed smouldering ruins, & interviews with Negroes, all blaming "the white folks" for the riots, & the young males, including teenagers, grinning & boasting of the fun they'd had, and "the stuff" they'd got from the stores, & their happy expectancy of more "fun & stuff" during the coming summer. There was another TV view — white housewives in Dearborn, Michigan, taking instruction & practising in an indoor pistol range, with a silhouette male target. When the TV interviewer asked one of them what she was practising for, she replied quietly, "What happens outside, in the streets, is no business of mine, but if anyone attempts to enter or burn my house, I am going to defend myself & my children."

MONDAY, APR. 31st Another fine day, temp. up to 60°. The golf course was opened yesterday, for restricted play — N° 2 & 5 greens are still too soggy to use, & N° 8 & 9 holes entirely out of play. I ventured forth this afternoon & played around the course twice — the second time with John Wickwire & another man. We, & two ladies were the only players out. A stiff breeze over the chilly water of Port Mouton Bay kept the temp. there down to about the 40's, but I had a heavy sweater & enjoyed every minute.

The grocery stores have sold ^{out} their winter stock of birdseed, & only a few grosbeaks have been feeding at my tray in the past few days, so today I stored it away in the garage.

News: - the N.S. govt. has announced that it will not enter the (federal) Medicare plan until April 1, 1969. The big provinces, Ontario & Quebec, also hold aloof, & so do all but 2 of the others. The reason is partly financial & partly the chronic shortage of doctors, nurses, & hospital beds. For example, our Liverpool hospital is full now, under the old system; & accident victims & other emergency cases require the displacement of other patients.

A letter from Lionel Turner, Ottawa, tells me that the British govt is closing down the School of Small Arms, at Hythe, Kent. Our fathers were instructors there, & we both have boyhood memories of the barracks & married quarters. It was then known by its original name,

the School of Musketry, although of course the weapons used were revolver, rifle, machine-guns and "pom-pom". The S. of M. was opened in 1853, & became the chief small arms training depot of the British Army. In 1939 the main machine-gun school was at Netheravon, near Salisbury, & the Hythe depot was only for rifle training. I never re-visited the place in 1956, & Edith & I were there in 1958.

TUESDAY, APR. 9/68 A warm (60°) day, with strong NW wind. I played 9 holes at the golf course this afternoon, & that was enough — the wind made a struggle of it. News:- Martin Luther King's funeral, in Atlanta, Georgia, was attended by a huge throng today, including many whites, one of whom was Vice-President Humphreys; another, Presidential candidate Robert Kennedy; & another, Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of President John. There is still much arson & looting by Negroes in Baltimore, despite the presence of thousands of troops who have orders not to shoot.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 10/68 Cold, with a low overcast of grey clouds & a bitter (40°) half-gale from the N.W. In spite of this I played 16 holes at White Point. News:- P.L. delegates returning from the Liberal convention are bitter about the division between themselves over the contest between Winters & Trudeau for the leadership. Some of Winters' supporters hint that Mr. McEachern, a Roman Catholic from Cape Breton, drew the Catholic supporters into Trudeau's camp because Trudeau is (at least nominally) a Catholic. This seems nonsense to me. Winters is an extreme right-wing Liberal, a watchful representative of Big Business. McEachern is an extreme left-winger, with all of the native Cape Breton hostility to Big Business. Trudeau, although a millionaire by inheritance, had often voiced socialist sympathies in the past, before he went into politics.

Today Debby & Tom received picture postcards from their Mama in Grand Bahama, & were delighted. Tom & Pamela are enjoying their trip. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis must have returned by this time from their three-week holiday in Barbados. Not a word from them.

THURSDAY, APR. 11/68 Golf again this afternoon in a cold breeze off the sea. The course is drying up nicely. Marine reports show that most of the ice has gone from the Gulf of St. Lawrence — unusually early for such a large clearance. Letter from Betty Barnard, widow of Canadian writer Leslie Barnard — they visited us here once or twice in the late 1940's — asking what she should do with a "Croix de Guerre" won by her grandfather, a Yorkshirer, in the Crimean War.

The Croix de Guerre wasn't instituted until 1915. It may be a Medaille Militaire, which was instituted by Napoleon III in 1852.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1968. Sunny & (in town) warm. At the golf course the cold sea breeze made the usual difference, but I enjoyed the full 18 holes. Apparently the golf courses at Halifax, Chester, Lunenburg, Bridgewater & Clyde River have dried enough to permit play, for there were only a few strangers on our course, whereas in a normal spring weekend we have a crowd of visitors. Strangely, after such an early departure of the snow, & plenty of sunshine, the mayflowers are just beginning to break a few buds.

Tom & Pamela arrived home from their trip at 5 p.m., having picked up baby Blair & their car in Gfz. They had dinner with us & were bubbling over with chat about Freeport, on Grand Bahama, where they stayed in a new, huge, luxurious resort, with a large & busy gambling house in connection — a sort of Caribbean Las Vegas, owned & operated by Mafia gangsters from the U.S. The guests are mostly rich Americans, and many others commute ^{by air} from Miami for the gambling; but there are many Canadians — quite a few are permanent residents. The manager of the Royal Bank of Canada branch at Freeport (native of P.C.I.) told Tom the place is a tax-dodgers' paradise — "you can't imagine the amount of currency on deposit here at 6 1/2% interest, all brought in, on every air ~~flight~~ flight, in attaché cases and suitcases."

Today I put 44 lbs. (Two 22-lb. bags) of "Lawn Green" fertilizer on my lawns — front, side, & back — using the little push-car spreader. Little Tommy & Debby thought this great fun, & insisted on doing the back lawn. They took turns, & as they had no idea of steering a straight line the stuff went on the ground in a series of corkscrew curves. I shall have a weird crop of grass.

SATURDAY, APR. 13/68 Again a sunny day, & golf in the afternoon. E. came with me to White Point & picked a bunch of mayflowers in bud. Tom tells me his trip with Pam cost \$1200. They were away about 10 days. My neighbour Erik Andersson dropped in about 5 p.m. & we chatted over drinks. Sciatica still keeps him very lame, but he is able to walk about & do small chores.

EASTER SUNDAY, APR. 14/68 Again fine weather. We didn't attend church. E. busy all morning, preparing for a buffet dinner party this evening. I played golf in the afternoon. After the winter's comparative inactivity, the regular exercise every afternoon

for a week has limbered up my muscles & joints remarkably. At 5 p.m. Tom & Pam brought their youngsters, & my sister Hilda Gamester arrived from Mahone, & we had a lively dinner party, with Easter chocolate eggs etc. for the youngsters afterwards.

<u>MONDAY, APR. 15/68</u>	Drizzle & fog, temp. 40°.	My lilacs begin to open their buds.
	Halifax continues to flourish, despite the declining port tonnage due to the St. Lawrence Seaway. The Chronicle-Herald calls it "The biggest building boom in the history of the city," & mention projects under way or nearing completion "worth nearly \$200,000,000." Items:-	
Scotia Square building complex		35,000,000
New 4-lane harbour bridge		22,700,000
Isaac W. Killam Hospital for Children		15,000,000
Memorial Library (Dalhousie U.)		8,000,000
Provincial Pathology Institute		6,000,000
St. Mary's U. Students' Residence		4,000,000
Street changes for downtown traffic		5,800,000
N.G. Hospital extension		4,800,000
Royal Bank building		3,500,000
		\$ 104,800,000

The paper doesn't say what makes up the rest of the "nearly \$200,000,000". Perhaps the reporter couldn't add very well. But of course there must be a lot of residential building in the suburbs.

Here in Liverpool, the Beavaters Mersey Paper Co. Ltd. reports a 25% drop in profits for the year 1967. (Net profit after taxes was \$1,810,635 = 49¢ per common share. In 1966 it was \$2,405,000 = 65½¢ per common share.)

WEDNESDAY, APR. 17/68 Cold & damp, yesterday & today. Yesterday I dug up the old rose bushes by the garage. Also I loosened the earth around the other roses & mixed in plenty of "Vigoro" fertilizer.

This morning Tom Jr. examined my teeth & replaced two fillings. I am to have another session next week. News:- In a shuffle of the N.S. govt. cabinet, Ken Jones gives up his Trade & Industry post & takes that of Finance & Economics, previously held by Premier Smith. In T. & J., Ken has been very energetic, & succeeded in getting a considerable number of new industries installed in N.S., nearly all with large loans of federal & provincial money. Now a number of them, large & small, are in shallow water, demanding more Provincial Govt. money; so Ken's move to F. & E. seems appropriate.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1968

A grey day with cool sea wind.
 This morning Howard Harris, haberdasher, measured me for a summer suit of tan gabardine, to be delivered in 3 weeks. This will replace the similar suit that Max Harding had made for me in 1956. The old one was made of best English cloth, & as I only wore it for summer dress-up occasions it is still in good condition; but it's uncomfortably tight for me now, & the style is quaint for '68.

Golf this afternoon.

I hear the Mersey Seafood plant, at the Bristol end of the town bridge (see entry Oct. 29, 1964) is cutting costs, a bit late, like other government-financed industries in Nova Scotia. The plant & its attendant trawlers were built on a huge (\$500,000) wangle of federal & provincial funds, by a company of six young Liverpool business men. They paid Ernest Pierce, a successful fish-plant owner in Lockport, a fat salary to move to Liverpool & manage the new enterprise. Pierce retained his Lockport property & interests, & has been spending about half his time there. Now I hear that Pierce is being let out, & William Murphy, dentist, will take over the direct management but still working half-time at his dentistry. During the past year or more, Murphy has been spending much time at the fish plant, commuting between his dentistry office & the Mersey Seafood office by simply walking across the bridge.

FRIDAY, APR. 19, 1968

Chilly & damp. I went to the golf course this afternoon, but after 10 holes a sharp rain moved in from the sea & drove me home. Telegram from Paris, France, signed by someone named Merity Leborvici, 37 Rue Marbeuf. Says he is "correspondent of Creative Management" (see entries March 27 & 28) & asks me to send copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp" in English & French. "Letter follows." I'll await the letter.

News:- The tentative & roundabout peace negotiations between the U.S. and North Vietnam are getting nowhere - for a start they cannot even agree on a neutral site for talks. It looks as if the negotiations will drag on a long time, like those which ended the Korean War. Inside the U.S. there is a lull in the Negro rioting, & the authorities are congratulating themselves on the comparatively small list of people killed. This was mainly because the troops were not permitted to shoot, & the rioters mainly burned down their own slums after looting the white-owned shops in those parts.

SATURDAY, APR. 20, 1968

Again a dark sky with a cold drizzle. Desperate for exercise I rode my bike to Potanac & back, with the wind & rain in my face all the way home. News:- Strong rumours that Mr. Trudeau, having named a makeshift cabinet (several holding double portfolios) will call an election in June, to take advantage of the surge of new public interest in him, & (indirectly ~~and~~ his party) a result of the Liberal convention.

SUNDAY, APR. 21/68

And another dark wet day - the week has been as cheerless as the week before was fine. C. & I. attended Zion Church this morning. The school cadet corps (Privateer Squadron N° 545, Air Cadet Corps) held their annual church parade, choosing Zion Church this time, and about 30 boys, led by standard bearers carrying the flags of Canada & of the RCAF, filed into the front pews. The air force uniforms looked smart, but the shaggy heads (which are now a cult among young males) badly needed a service haircut.

This evening our next-door neighbours, Joe & Ena Pusie, returned from St Petersburg, Florida, where they spent the winter. Tonight our daughter Frances phoned from Moncton for a chat - a rare event. She & Bill spent 3 weeks in Barbados & got back last week. (see entry March 14)

MONDAY, APR. 22/68

A sunny day at last. This morning my son Tom made a small filling in one of my front upper teeth & reported the rest OK. Golf this afternoon. C. came out to White Point with me, puttered about for a few holes, & then picked a big bunch of mayflowers on the road through the woods to the Lodge. Afterwards I drove to Foot Point, & C. gave Muriel (Mrs. Roy) Seaborn a lot of the flowers, as she does every year. Roy & wife are now quite frail. Letter from Mrs. Bertha Phinney, a Nova Scotian expatriate who has lived in Palatka, Florida, for many years. She had just read my "Grey Owl" story. She knew Margaret Anderson, who discovered the record of the marriage of George Belaney & Kitty Cox at Palatka; & her husband was a relative of Sept East Phinney, who enlisted Archie Belaney in the Canadian army at Digby in 1915. Miss Anderson is now dead. She wrote me in 1941 about the Belaney-Cox marriage, after seeing my short story "Bald Eagle 'iggins" in the Saturday Evening Post.

The grass on my lawn is now showing a lot of fresh green.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1968

A sunny day in town, but a cold sea-fog lay on White Point, where I played golf this afternoon. Messrs. Harold Goodridge & Fred Emerson, of Greenfield, called this morning, bringing camera slides, projector, & screen, for use in Goodridge's talk about India tomorrow evening, when the Historical Society meets at my house. News:- At Ottawa, Mr. Trudeau announced a general election on June 25. It will be the sixth in eleven years.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 24/68 Sunny & cool. Golf this afternoon. Historical Society met at our house in the evening. About 20 people. President Melbourne Gardner in the chair. Goodridge gave a talk on life at a small college at Jodore, Central India, where he taught for many years. One amusing thing. He mentioned the 200-odd languages spoken in India, & said that the more rabid agitators for "freedom" during his time there had to revile English rule, in the English language, because it was the only tongue in any way common to all Indians.

Letter from Ken McCormick, head of Doubleday & Co. (N.Y.) says 7,638 copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors" had been sold to April 12. This presumably includes both the U.S. & Canada, as the entire printing is done in the U.S. He adds ingeniously that it "isn't a runaway but the total sale is climbing at a nice pace". Nonsense, of course. Despite his vehement promise of May 9, 1967, Doubleday have done little or no advertising in the U.S. Their Toronto branch did advertise in leading Canadian newspapers on publication date, but nothing since.

FRIDAY, APR. 26/68 Rain yesterday. A fine warm day today, & I spent the whole afternoon on the golf course. While sitting on a bench at No 6 tee, admiring the surf on the beach, a night-hawk glided in from the seaward & came to rest on the warm turf not 20 feet in front of me. I suppose it was tired from the long migration northward, for it showed no fear of me even when I arose to drive my ball. The smack of the club on the ball sent it into a flight of about 20 feet, & it came to rest once more. Saw Dr. John Wickwire & wife Dorothy skimming about the course in their new motor golf-cart, a 3-wheeled vehicle seating two, & powered by an English (Harley-Davidson) motor-cycle engine. The first motor-cart on the White Point ^{course}, although they are common elsewhere, especially in the U.S. Should have

noted under April 25 that C. & I., & Tom & Pamela, attended the annual variety show of the Kinsmen Club & their wives & girl friends ("Kinettes.") It was well done, mostly skits on the popular & everlasting Western show called "Gunsmoke", which has appeared on TV sets all over the world for years. The usual local cracks & allusions had been worked into the script, of course, & the costumes were colourful, & the painted sets excellent. The high school auditorium was jammed.

SATURDAY, APR. 27, 1968 Fine again, but with a cold sea wind. Golf in the afternoon. This evening we joined in a "surprise" party, mustering at Austin Parker's house, & going on to Edwin Parker's house on Waterloo Street. It was the Edwin Parker's 25th wedding anniversary. About 25 people. Drinks & chat. Presentation of a gift. Then sandwiches, cake & coffee. In chat, Austin said that he, Edwin, & Jerry Nickerson, made a fishing trip last week to Rossignol, Shelburne River, & particularly the tributary Sixth Lake Brook, always a fine trout stream in my own woods-roaming days. As the Woods Manager of the paper company, Edwin had a key to the bridge gate on Kegomkujik River, & to another gate farther on, both of which are supposed to bar the paper company's road system during the forest-fire hazard time from April to September, except to permitted cars & trucks. However, the quickly spreading use of light Japanese (notably the "Honda") motorcycles, has thrown the forest open whenever there is even a path. Men, with fishing or hunting gear strapped on the machine, easily lift it around any gate or obstacle, & rove the timberlands as they please. Parker said they found "Honda" tracks wherever they went. The streams had been fished thoroughly during the past 3 weeks, & his small party caught only 10 trout.

About a week ago C. invited about two dozen people to drop in for a glass of sherry after church tomorrow. For the past 3 days she has been tearing about the house in her demented fashion, cleaning, dusting, arranging & re-arranging furniture, then re-cleaning, re-dusting, etc. After we got home from the Parker party tonight (she stayed up long after midnight, fussing with dishes of canapes, etc.) she was up again at 2 A.M., & again at 4. During the past 10 years she has become terribly haggard, like her mother at this age; & what with these features, and her wig, & the demented eyes, she looks like a

witch in a fairy tale.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1968 Fine & cool. The party arrived soon after noon, & we served sherry, then sandwiches, cake & coffee. Capt. Charlie Williams & wife were just back from a long motor tour to Florida, & back via Ontario. Ralph Johnson & wife are about to leave for the South, returning in September.

In the afternoon I had time for a few holes of golf. Dined at Lane's Restaurant for the first time in many months. The food was mediocre as usual, but the service much quicker.

News:- Gangs of young Negroes, imitating their brethren in the U.S., have been rioting & burning in Hamilton, Bermuda. At the British governor's request, a corvette of the Royal Navy has been diverted there from a visit to the U.S., & some British regular troops are being flown in.

MONDAY, APR. 29/68 Sunny & chilly with a strong NW wind. Golf this afternoon. This morning some children playing near Guy White's house on the ~~inland~~ road to Western Head, found the body of Jethro Conrad lying in a pool of water in a swamp. People living therabouts heard a man shouting on Sunday night, but such noises are common & they paid no attention. Jethro was a town character, aged 69, a little short man with a stubble of white beard & twinkling blue eyes; he had been a fisherman in younger days, & always wore knee-high rubber boots. He lived with a Negro woman on the Western Head road, worked at odd jobs about the town, & drank a good deal of what he earned. Everyone knew him as "Jet". His woman was "Dot" Worrington, a trade-worn tart who was busy with sailors during the Second World War & later "took up" with Conrad.

TUESDAY, APR. 30/68 A frost last night, temp. 32°, & a cold sea breeze today. My right hip very stiff & sore, but I hobbled around 18 holes at White Point. Saw half a dozen curlews foraging on the golf course. (Hudsonian, I think) They were quite fearless, & let me approach within 30 ft. The mail brings me the usual mixed bag. Letter from Charles Burchell, of the Book Room, Hfx., asking the value of "Saga of The Rose" and "The Markland Sagas" as collectors' items. Says one of his customers has both, & values them at \$50 to \$75 each. I replied with a letter giving the printing history of the books, the number printed, etc., & said I

knew nothing of present value to collectors; the last I heard was about 15 years ago when a Toronto collector of curios was offering \$50 for each copy. Letter from a Mrs. M. A. Dillman, Dartmouth, who wrote a little book for children ("The Folk, about the elves in Nova Scotia") in 1953. She had it printed & bound in Halifax, & claims she has sold 25,000 copies personally in N.S. Now she wants McClelland & Stewart to take it over, & asks me what royalty she should ask, etc. A man in Hfx. sends me a color photo of an oil painting in his possession, which he wants to sell. It shows a 16-gun brig flying the red jack (i.e. a British privateer of the period 1812-1815) attacking a 3-masted lugger of 12 guns, & flying what appears to be a black flag. I don't want it, but I write him what I can discern about the ships, etc. Mrs. David Inness, curator of the Perkins house, left with me, as chairman of the museum committee, a melange of odds & ends sent her by various people in eastern Canada. (An old leather handbag, two pairs of very dirty white woolen stockings, an oriental silk scarf, etc., the usual product of someone cleaning out an attic.) Junk, all of it, but we shall have to give it storage room in case the owner turns up & wants a look at it.

Local news:- I'm told that King Cochrane's case (see March 27) was disposed of, quietly, in a magistrate's court some time ago, & Cochrane was absolved of any blame. There was no mention of this in our local paper, not in the Halifax dailies.

Today the R.C.M.P. here arrested a young man (18), Gordon Eugene Farmer, & charged him with "non-capital" murder of old Jethro Conrad. Farmer is a Negro from Shelburne.

WEDNESDAY, May 1/68 Sunny, with a roaring NW gale. This afternoon I filled the roller & went over my lawns. The grass now shows very green in places where Debby & Tommy spread the fertilizer on April 12, with long strips & patches where they missed. I have the only "psychedelic" lawn in town.

Manny Pitson, of the "Take Thirty" TV show, phoned asking me if I would come to Chester tomorrow morning for an appearance before the camera, in which I might say something about "Footsteps On Old Floor". Paul Soles & crew will be in Chester doing some lobster-cooking scenes, etc. Can do.

THURSDAY, May 2/68 Again sunny & windy. Had my car washed, for the first time since last summer. Drove to Chester & found Soles, Pitson, & a camera-&-audio crew at the Sword-and-Anchor Inn.

(May 2, 1968 - continued) They had with them: Madame Benoit, a jolly, buxom, henna-haired Quebecoise who gives talks on cookery over the CBC networks, in French & English; John Allan Cameron, a handsome blond man of about 25, a Gaelic-speaking native of Cape Breton, who is a schoolteacher in London, Ont., & has a hobby of folksinging to his own accompaniment on the guitar; and a red-haired, spectacled, young woman whose name escaped me, a dietitian attached to the Dept. of Fisheries.

The crew had erected a temporary fireplace (of borrowed brick) on the inn lawn, & with some difficulty (owing to the gale off the bay) were trying to bring tubs pots of sea water to boiling point. About 12.30 Pittson gave me a couple of sandwiches, which I washed down with ale from the bar. At last Madame Benoit was able to do her stuff, dropping fresh lobsters & handfuls of seaweed alternately into the pots, & talking animatedly about the process in her fluent, pleasantly French-accented English. Then followed a long business of getting cameras, Klieg lights, audio, etc., set up in the dining room. At 2.45 the Fisheries lady, Madame Benoit, Cameron, Soles & I sat in a carefully arranged half circle about a table where tableware & wine glasses had been set. After several "dry runs" we were set for the "take". A maid served bowls of chowder made with haddock & crabmeat, & the dietitian talked about the "Queen" crab of which it was made - a recently developed fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then Soles turned a question to Cameron, who confessed that his favorite sea food was just plain boiled herring & potatoes à la Capre Breton, though he liked lobster, too. Soles then held up for the camera's eye a copy of "Footsteps on Old Floors" which Pittson had obtained in Halifax, gave my book a nice little "plug", & gave me a question about life on the coast. With that done, the maid served each of us a large boiled lobster in the shell, with butter sauce, & salad.

Finally the gear was set up in the lounge, where again we grouped ourselves, sipping wine while Cameron stroked his guitar & sang a lively ditty about "grog". Finished about 4 p.m. & we said goodbye & departed at once - I for Liverpool, & they for Halifax.

In one of the off-camera intervals, talking about my book, Madame Benoit told me there is a folk song called "Marie

"Celeste", which she first heard as a child, & is still sung on the sea coast of Quebec, especially in Gaspé'. It has nothing to do with the real "Mary Celeste" described in my book, but seems rather to be a musical allegory about the deportations of Acadians in the 18th century. The ship comes sailing down from the sky, takes in a lot of men, women & children, & sails away into the sky again. Madame added that the legend was used as a threat to naughty children — "Ah! Do you want the Marie Celeste to come & take you?"

FRIDAY, May 3/68 Open-&-shut (mostly shut) sky. At White Point the usual cold wind off the sea, & very few players out. Had a brief chat with Leonard Pottier, proprietor of the Jersey Hotel & tavern, who was walking slowly about the golf course. He is recovering from a severe heart attack & hopes to play golf again, but not soon.

SUNDAY, May 5/68 Drizzling rain, yesterday & today. I spent the whole day indoors, reading Barbara Tuchman's "The Proud Tower", a social portrait of Europe & the U.S. in the years leading up to War One, 1890 - 1914.

News:- As expected, Ho Chi Minh's guerillas have struck again at U.S. posts & headquarters in Viet Nam, including a mortar attack on General Westmoreland's carefully guarded H.Q. outside Saigon. Now that both sides have agreed on Paris as the site of peace talks, Minh's forces were bound to demonstrate once again the impotence of the Americans in southern Viet Nam.

Inside the U.S. the Negro revolt is at a pause, after the riots, arson, & looting which followed the murder of Luther King. Abernathy, Mr. King's successor, & much more of a demagogue, has announced a Negro march in Washington - in his own words, "the most militant non-violent march yet". This kind of double-talk, in view of what happened during King's last "non-violent" march, can only mean more rioting. In Britain, the Labour government is taking new measures to impede the influx of colored (Negro and East Indian) immigrants, which if continued will in another generation provide British industrial cities with the same problem as those of the U.S.

Monday, May 6/68 Weather cleared up with a stiff N. wind. Played golf at White Point. C. came along, took a lesson from the pro, Jim Sumah, & later picked mayflowers in the Lodge woods. In the evening Terence & Betty Freeman came in with color photos of their motor trip to Key West.

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1968

This morning I mowed my lawns for the first time this season. (Last year it was May 18) Henderson's hardware store had a fresh shipment of rose bushes, so I got two hybrid tea rose plants, "Chrysan Imperial" and "Nocturne", both of which are supposed to yield large red ("Nocturne" is the darker red) blooms. dug holes & planted them by the garage, where for so many years I had a pair of ramblers, red & white. Finished a busy morning's work in rain, thunder & lightning. This did not last long, & in the afternoon I played 11 holes at White Point, while C. took another lesson from Dameah.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8/68 A fine warm day. I drove with C. to

the golf course at 9 a.m. & we played till noon. Suddenly there were wild flowers in bloom — dandelions & clumps of bluettes on the fairways, & wild strawberry on the edges. A pair of robins nesting in a small spruce below N° 9 tee have already hatched their first brood of the season. In the afternoon I worked in the garden, clearing moss away & loosening earth about the honeysuckle roots, & applying generous quantities of "Vigoro" there & about the bases of the weigelia shrubs. For several weeks past, C. has been reducing her fat with the latest diet — bacon & eggs with no toast or bread, but half a grapefruit, for breakfast; a slice of fried steak & some lettuce for lunch; ditto (or fish) for dinner; and a dollop of cottage cheese before bedtime. It works, mainly because it eliminates starchy food & sugars. For about 2 weeks I've been cutting down my own winter-acquired "flab", which sent my weight up to ~~191~~¹⁹¹ lbs.

My normal breakfast — two slices of battered toast & two cups of sugar-sweetened coffee — I did not change. My normal lunch, a sandwich of cold sliced beef or ham between two slices of white bread, I did not change, except that I wash it down with a glass of water now instead of a cup of sweetened cocoa.

My only real meal of the day was dinner at 5 p.m., which contained plenty of potatoes, buttered rolls, etc., but no dessert.

Nowadays for the evening meal I eat plenty of meat, fowl or fish, with celery, asparagus or cabbage — no bread or potatoes or butter. And of course no snacks before bed. With golf or other physical exercise daily, this should do the trick.

THURSDAY, MAY 9/68 Again fine, with a fresh W. breeze. C. & I spent the morning on the golf course. About 1:30 p.m. a young man named Peterson, of the State Dept., Ottawa, came in for a

chat. He is posted in Halifax, with a particular interest in the welfare of the Negroes in that area! Among other things he is encouraging a history of the Negroes in Nova Scotia, now in preparation by the wife of a Negro minister of religion, the Rev. Olivet. Asked if he might refer her to me for information. I said the Archives at Halifax would give her all the information available - information that I used in compiling my history of Halifax - but I would be happy to tell her what I knew.

At 2 p.m. the Museum committee of the Q.C. Historical Society, of which I have been chairman for many years, met at the Perkins House. Present: - Mel Gardner, Eric Millard, Cyril Mulhall, & myself. We made our annual inspection, found everything clean & ready for the visitors' season, which begins towards the end of this month.

FRIDAY, MAY 10/68 Fine & warm. Again spent the morning on the golf course. Only 3 other players out. Received from Howard Harris the summer suit I ordered April 18. Price, including hospital tax, \$105⁰⁰. It fits me very well, & as it is of good cloth, should last the rest of my life. Drove to Blants Point this p.m. & bought from Harvey Doggett 15 lbs of fresh lobsters at 80¢ per lb. I note from the Canadian edition of "Time" that last week ~~the~~ ^{current} the 43-man board of judges of the 31-years-old Governor General's Award had given the \$2500 prize to a pair of avant-garde poets - Nova Scotian Alden Nowlan, & Toronto's Eli Mandel. Mandel, born in Saskatchewan, son of a Russian Jew, is a professor at York University - and a scornful critic of Nowlan's verse. Nowlan left school in Grade Six, worked in a dozen trades, & is now a reporter on the Saint John Telegraph Journal. There was no award for Canadian novels of 1967 - as the judges said, "a studied and pointed rebuke to the sad state of Canadian literature".

I should say it is a studied and pointed confession of bias - the judges being Robert Weaver of the CBC, editor of the little magazine "Tamarack Review", which publishes nothing but "far-out" short stories & verse, & is read by a precious few, including the other judges, Henry Kriisel of the University of Alberta, who writes unsuccessful novels, and another professor, Philip Stratford, of the University of Montreal. Maybe the novels of 1967 were mediocre: - but the "poetry" of Nowlan & Mandel was a damned sight worse. As Nowlan admits, "I write poems for people who don't read poetry." Mandel doesn't admit it.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1968

Again fine & warm. Golf in the morning. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon. The blackflies begin to bite. Took the bird-bath out of winter storage in the garage, set it up on its pedestal in the centre of the back lawn, & filled it with water.

SUNDAY, MAY 12/68 Overcast. Wind E. Played golf in afternoon with Merrill Riddell, John Wickwire & Jim Durrell — the last 3 holes in rain. I had a hot bath as soon as I got home, but my right hip was very stiff & painful this evening. This being officially Mother's Day, E. received from Francis, & from Tom Jr., two potted chrysanthemums, with cards, delivered by a local florist. The junior Riddells called, on the way back from a fishing-cum-picnic expedition to Broad River (where little Tommy fell in) & had a chat. Tom thinks now of buying the Pierce house on Main St. near Fort Point, a modern bungalow built by Laurence Wickwire. The landlord is raising the rent on his present apartment at Fort Point, & Pamela is eager to have a home of her own.

MONDAY, MAY 13/68 Fifty-five years ago I arrived at Halifax, from England, with my family. Heavy rain & wind last night, but a sparkling day today. E. & I spent the afternoon on the golf course, & she picked a bunch of mayflowers which were flowering late in a shady spot, probably the last of the season. Today blue violets were blooming on the edges of the fairways.

News:- Blair Fraser, one of the wisest

& best of Canadian journalists, was drowned today when a canoe upset in the Petewawa River, in Algonquin Park, Ont. He & his companion, a retired army officer, attempted to run some difficult rapids, in which the canoe capsized. They clung to it & went down the rapids, but Fraser lost his hold. His body was found about 10 miles downstream. He was 59, a native of N.S. & a graduate of Acadia. I have known him for many years, meeting here & there, & once he called on me here & we sat for hours talking mostly about Joseph Howe, the man & the legend. We each wrote one volume of the Doubleday Canadian History series, his being the sixth & last — "The Search For Identity", which came out last year. He sent me an autographed copy.

TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1968 Another good day. Drove with E. to the golf course at 9 a.m. (the lady members of the club are holding a luncheon in the clubhouse, & then an afternoon of hen-golf, which will leave little room or time for men players). At this time of year the morning is the best time anyhow — one is fresh from a night's rest; there are few other players, so that one can move as fast or loaf on a bench in a sheltered spot as long as one pleases; and the sunlight & air have that fresh quality which never obtains after noon.

Played my usual 18 holes (E plays 9), ending about noon.

News:- The Canadian election campaign is just warming up. Stanfield has succeeded in getting Marcel Vautour to act as his Quebec lieutenant. This means the tacit support of Daniel Johnson's Union National party — Vautour, a financier with various industrial connections in Quebec, is Johnson's chief adviser on financial matters. The Union National interest is obvious — it is anything to beat Pierre Trudeau.

Here in N.S. we have lost another federal seat in the distribution of population, & the remaining constituencies are now a hodge-podge without regard to county boundaries. The old Queens-Lunenburg constituency now includes parts of Halifax, Shelburne, & Kings counties. My son Tom attended a meeting of Queens Co. Conservative workers in the Mersey Hotel last week, to talk over the coming election with Ken Jones MPP, and Lloyd Crouse, MP. He says Crouse can be sure of election provided the party workers don't get complacent. Crouse is not much of a parliamentary figure, but he works hard & carefully for the people of his constituency, & that is what counts in the long run.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15/68 E. & I again spent the morning at golf. It was sunny, but with a chilly E. breeze. In the afternoon I started to paint the laundry platform which carpenter Reg. Nickerson made last December. (I had painted it with a priming coat yesterday.) But the sky clouded quickly, with a rumble of thunder, & heavy showers put an end to that. The Historical Society met at the home of Eric Manthorne, Cobb's Ridge, this evening. About 25 or 30 people. The treasurer's report showed over \$800 on hand. Eric Millard read a paper on Gorham College, originally written by Mrs. Grace Dean (MacLeod) Rogers about 30 years ago.

Rain all evening & night.

THURSDAY, May 16, 1968 Sunny & cool. Spent the morning on the golf course. Noticed two White Point men working on new burial lots in the little cemetery beside N° 5 fairway, where there is a view of the sea. One of the golf club's groundsmen told me that several people have bought lots there recently, including J. H. Moray Jones, which surprised me. I can't imagine Jones or his wife having any sentimental feelings about this vicinity, although they had a cottage near White Point Lodge for many years.

This afternoon I mowed my back & side lawns. My new rose bushes, which I pruned severely according to instructions, are putting forth shoots, & look healthy. In the evening I had a visitor, a school teacher named Leigh Faulkner, now stationed at Mahone, aged about 25. He has been experimenting with poems & short stories, & has hopes of a literary career, but so far has been unable to sell any of his work. He had many questions about my career, how I got started, what I knew about authors' agents, etc. I told him what I could, warned him that the way was hard for a Canadian writer devoted to Canadian themes, & urged him to go on with it. Letter from Lloyd Staples, retired Alberta farmer, native of N. S., who enlisted in the (N.S.) 25d. Battalion in War One, at the age of 16, & fought in the battle of Amiens in August '18. He & his wife called on me here a few years ago while on a motor-camping tour of the Maritimes, & last December he asked me to write a description & location of Manitoba Cemetery, where my father was buried. Today's letter, posted in Amiens, says he has been all over the old battlefield, & that his wife took a photo of my father's tombstone.

FRIDAY, May 17/68 Rain, & temp. 44° all day. As usual on Fridays, Debby & Tommy came after school, & stayed to supper.

News:- Led by Mr. Abernathy, hundreds of poor Negroes, men, women & children, are pouring into Washington, where Abernathy intends them to stay "until this Congress takes measures to deal with poverty and unemployment". The city authorities have given permission for the erection of a hut camp by these people, in a park near the Lincoln Memorial. The U. S. govt. has moved 30,000 regular troops to within easy call from the capital. A study published by Time Magazine this week shows that 29,700,000 Americans live "below the poverty line" of income, & that about two out of three are not Negroes but whites.

SATURDAY, May 18, 1968

Open & shut sky, & a cold sea breeze. Played golf this afternoon with Lou Brunelle, assistant manager of the Jersey Hotel, & Edward La Pointe of Montreal, a technician here for the summer in connection with an extension of the space-satellite tracking observatory at Charleston, Medway River. I note that my old friend Charles Bruce has completed his 5-years research & writing on Southam Press, & the book has been printed by MacMillan (Canada) Ltd. & is on sale at a whopping price, \$9.95! Bruce retired from his Toronto post as General Superintendent of the Canadian Press in 1963, & was engaged by the Southams to write the history of the family & firm.

I note also, in "The Spectator", of London, a full page review of the new & sumptuous re-issue of the seven "Northanger Novels" (7 volumes, the price for the lot £17/17s) each with an introduction by Dr. Devendra P. Varma, of Dalhousie University, who has made a special study of English "Gothic" novels. The review, by Barry Humphries, is entitled, "Fallen Towers and Shabby Abbeys."

To date I have not received the promised letter from Mervyn Leborici, in Paris (see entry Apr. 19/68) & of course I have not sent the requested English & French copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp".

My weight, stripped, is now 182 (see entry May 8)

Should have noted under May 15 that Lady Beaverbrook (formerly secretary & later wife of Sir James Dunn) was formally installed as Chancellor of Dalhousie University on that date. The office had been empty since the death of the first Chancellor, Hon. C. A. Howe, some years ago. A once-beautiful girl of Greek descent, with the Greek gift for finance, she was Dunn's second or third wife, and after his death her marriage with old Beaverbrook (who only lasted a couple of years longer) was a surprise. Beaverbrook in his latter years had poured money into the University of New Brunswick. Dunn, a Nova Scotia by birth, gave nothing away during his lifetime; but his widow has since made handsome gifts to Dalhousie, & obviously the Board of Governors hope for further endowments. As an Hon. L.L.D. I received the usual invitation to join the academic procession on May 15, but was content to watch the installation for a few moments on T.V.

SUNDAY, MAY 19/68 A cold (45°) rainy day, which we spent indoors by the fire until 5 p.m., when we took a holiday from our diets, & wined & dined at Lane's Restaurant.

MONDAY, May 20, 1968 Cold, with showers. This is the annual holiday which our newspapers (etc) now call by its original name, Victoria Day, although the birthday of Queen Vic. was actually May 24. During the first 40 years of my own life the holiday was called Empire Day, & celebrated with much display of the Union Jack. Then the empire melted away, & in Canada the holiday was called Commonwealth Day. There is little or no actual Commonwealth now, although the term is still used a lot. E. & I drove to the golf course after lunch, & I played 9 holes in a bleak sea wind & spots of rain. Came home & mowed my front lawn.

News:- last week Robert Hentz took another highly-paid job in civil life, as head of Brazilian Light & Traction Co., a huge & successful corporation started by Canadian investors long ago & still going strong.)

Local note:- A Brooklyn landmark vanished on Thursday May 16th. It was the little wayside restaurant, built like a miniature railway dining car, which appeared near the entrance of the Mersey Paper mill shortly after construction finished in 1929. In my day on the mill staff it was known as "The Greasy Spoon", but as it was the handsomest place to eat, it was well patronized. The last in a succession of owner-operators was a man named Blattenburg. He & his wife were good cooks, but the provincial restaurant inspector demanded better sanitary arrangements about 2 years ago, & the Blattenburgs simply abandoned it & took jobs in the Brooklyn Cooperative store. Mersey Paper Co. bought the old "diner" for the sake of the land it stood on. On May 16, last week, as an exercise for the fire-brigades of the mill & of Brooklyn village, the shack was set afire & eventually demolished. There was a great crowd to see the last of "The Greasy Spoon", including my son Tommy, who took his children along to see the fun. (For description of the diner see diary entry May 30, 1964.)

TUESDAY, May 21/68 A cool grey day. Bought a pair moccasin slippers, made by the famous old (1877) firm of Palmet, Fredericton. Price \$10. For many years I have found these moccasins the most comfortable of footware about the house, & for car excursions to the post office or shops, when I don't want to bother with changing shoes. Mailed a letter to Acadia

construction Co., Leibville, Len. Co., saying I want my driveway paved with asphalt, & asking them to send a man to estimate. I understand that paving outfit will be here in July, with quite a lot of road-paving to do. Played golf in the afternoon. Sky remained ~~overcast~~ May 22, cloudy, & there was rain again this evening.

Tonight I had a phone call from Charles L. Henry of Chicago, a former seagoing wireless operator who belongs to the "Antique Wireless Association". He wrote me in July 1966. Someone had told him I was an operator in Table Island wireless station when the "Titanic" went down in 1912. I replied that I wasn't. This time he'd heard that the (landline) telegraph operator at Cape Race at the time of the "Titanic" affair, "the lighthouse keeper's daughter", was still living there. Asked me to interview her, get photographs, & write the story for a brochure the A.W.A. put out every year. I said, "I'm sorry. Cape Race is a hell of a long way from here; I doubt if anybody is still living there who had anything to do with telegraphy in 1912; and in any case, Canadian coastal wireless operators were required to know both the radio & the landline (Morse) code, so that they could work both ways." He chatted for a while longer, about old-time wireless telegraphy & operators, & said in closing, "We're getting scarce, we old-timers. Good luck to you, fella!"

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1968 Another cool grey day. Golf in the afternoon. Noticed a little flock of purple finches at the back of N-8 green, & a shrike sitting on the tip of a small thorn tree there. Carpenters have begun to build a separate shop for Dumsah, the golf pro, across the parking lot. This is to provide more room in the clubhouse, where extensive changes are to be made this year.

Ken McCormick sent from New York 3 new books "that may divert you" — after the last sales statement on "Footsteps On Old Floors", which is selling very poorly in the U.S. The books are diverting, all right. I am deep into Kay Boyle's (and the late Robert McAlmon's) frank account ("Being Genuines Together") of the frenetic group of Anglo-Americans who boozed & wenched & sometimes wrote in Paris during the 1920's, everyone from Gertrude Stein to Hemingway to Joyce. Much has been written about them. This is, I think, the best.

News:— college students are rioting in various famous institutions in the U.S. & Europe. It isn't the usual spring fizz. In general they are demanding a large hand in the governing of

the universities, but they seize on other issues, too, which have nothing to do with education. The latest brawl is in France, where Parisian students have been battling with the police, & where the labour unions have now joined in what amounts to a general strike all over France. The great De Gaulle has been so busy poking his large nose into other nations' affairs that he missed what was brewing right beneath it. The general unrest has shown up in Poland & Czechoslovakia, and as a result the Russians are rattling the drum with "training manoeuvres" close to those borders. All in all, there hasn't been such widespread unrest in Europe since 1848 — & never before in North America. In the U.S., of course, the students are agitating also against the war in Vietnam, professedly on humanitarian grounds, but largely I think because the U.S. govt. has lately closed the main holes by which many of the young men have been dodging the draft for military service. This American unrest is additional to the white-negro "confrontation", & the ^{general} fad for long hair & beards which betrays the fuzzy minds of so many college students nowadays.

THURSDAY, MAY 23/68 Cloudy & cool. This morning my neighbour Joe Puskie & I dug & located the iron stake which marks the street-facing corner of our properties. Many years ago, ^(in 1938), when our property lines had never been surveyed (because there was no qualified land surveyor in Liverpool) I borrowed a surveyor's "chain" (steel tape) from Mersey Paper Co., & with Joe I measured the 50-foot lots along the west side of Park Street. We began at the Church Street corner, measuring from the Sterns property street line — the Sterns house being by far the oldest in this vicinity. To widen my driveway I bought a 5-foot strip from Puskie, running from the street to the back wall of the garden, so that I had 55 feet street frontage, & he had 45 feet. I marked all my four corners with iron stakes. Subsequently children uprooted and took away the stakes in the garden wall, although the wall itself still makes a solid boundary.

Edith left at 1:30 p.m. by motor with the Maurice Russells for Halifax. There she will take the train to Moncton & spend a week with Francie. I played golf in the afternoon, & went to the movies this evening. Dined on a small chicken, which I got freshly ~~boiled~~ boiled from the Dominion Store.

News from the political campaign — silly

section:- Conservative leader Stanfield had himself photographed wearing a feather head dress presented by the Stony band of Indians, near High River, Alberta. They also gave him a Stony name - NUGOOSTA - which is said to mean "Great White Buffalo From The East". They do this sort of thing, for payment, for any visiting person of any importance, of course.

It seems to me the Great White Buffalo will have a lot of explaining to do, in plain English, among the prairie voters, who don't look kindly on Nugoosta's alliance with Quebec's Union National.

SATURDAY, May 25/68 Weather pattern remains one of cold (as low as 38°) nights, & cool open-&-shut days, with brief showers at some time in every 24 hours. I started to paint my laundry platform with a second & final coat of dark green on May 15; rain stopped me then, & the wood has never had a chance to dry out since. I drove to the golf course at

9 a.m. hoping to avoid the afternoon crowd. The course was already crowded with early birds, all young men, & by the time I got to N° 3 tee rain was falling heavily in a temperature in the 48° region. I by-passed some slow players on N° 5 by walking on to N° 6; but I was drenched by the time I got to N° 7. There I quit, & hurried home to a hot bath & dry clothes. I made a ham sandwich for lunch, & by that time the sun was out, with a drift of cotton-wool clouds, & it remained a lovely day. In the afternoon I drove to Shelburne & back. Noticed heavy bulldozing & blasting work on both sides of the highway from Port Mouton to Table River. Apparently the intention is to widen the road to modern standard, an expensive job in that hilly region of scrub woods and huge granite boulders. The 9-mile short route from Table River to Jordan Falls is closed entirely. The roadmakers there are building an entirely new & straight cut-off, which will not be open for traffic until late this fall, & "probably won't be paved for another 3 or 4 years" according to a gas station attendant at Jordan Falls.

The woods are pleasant to look at now, most of the trees & shrubs leafing out - although at home my two ash trees, as usual, remain in tight bud. Indian paint has been in full blossom for a week or more. Should have noted yesterday that instead of golf I mowed my lawn, front & back, & dug up a lot of dandelions. My hip stiff & painful. Dined on a steak this evening at the Chinaman's.

SUNDAY, May 26/68 A cold gray day. Played 18 holes at White Point, in rain part of the time. There was a canoe race on the

Medway River this afternoon, from Ponhook Lake to Mill Village. It was organized by Dave Caldwell, Liverpool boater, who is a canoe enthusiast. Six or seven canoes entered. One spilled, ~~the only time~~ finished. I'm told there were great crowds along the river, with wayside stands selling "hot dogs" & hamburgers, and a CBC camera crew got pictures for TV.

I dined at Lane's, on the excellent cold buffet which is the Sunday specialty, & had a half bottle of Sauterne.

MONDAY, MAY 27/68 At last a sunny day, all day, although at White Point the breeze off the sea was cold. This morning I finished painting the laundry platform & bird bath; & I rigged up my sprayer & put a 25% solution of D.D.T. on the Thorn (hawthorn) tree & the adjoining basswood & maples on Puskie's line. The green caterpillars are already at work. Golf in the afternoon. Dined at Lane's.

Last night the temp. went down to 27° in the Valley, ^{in some parts} & farmers say about 50% of the strawberry blossoms were shrivelled by frost.

TUESDAY, MAY 28/68 Lovely warm day. Played 18 holes at White Point in the morning. In the afternoon drove to Brooklyn breakwater & sat for a time enjoying the sun & breeze, & watching fishing boats coming in. No ships at the paper wharf, a change from the usual bustle there. Drove on through Beach Meadows. Highway contractors had just finished paving the road from Beach Meadows to the Port Medway - Mill Village highway, thus furnishing at last a smooth link between two paved dead-ends. Passed through Port Medway & went on to Long Cove by the winding, narrow, gravel road, with its view of the islands & the bay. Many small modern bungalows have sprung up along this road from Port Medway in recent years, to take advantage of the view; but on the rough stretch towards Long Cove there is no building at all. Dined at home on (pre-cooked, & re-heated) fish sticks, lettuce, tomato, & two or three glasses of sauterne. At 10:30 p.m.

C. phoned from Moncton. She had planned to come to Halifax by train today, & thence by bus to Liverpool, but something was wrong. She could catch a plane which would put her in the H.F.X. airport about 2 p.m. So I said I would meet her there at that time, tomorrow.

THURSDAY, MAY 30/68 Pouring rain. I set off about 11 a.m. All the way the rain was so heavy that at times the wipers

could not clear the windshield, & there were patches of thick fog, so that all cars & trucks were driving with lights on. Reached the airport at 1:30, lunched on a ham sandwich in the restaurant, & sat down in the waiting room where the huge windows look out on the field. The mist was so thick that at times one could barely see the lights beyond the first taxi-ing strip, but apparently it was purely ground mist, because planes were landing & taking off. C. did not appear on the 2 p.m. plane from Moncton, but she seldom comes when she says she will, so I continued to wait. At 4 p.m. I managed to get the ear of one of the busy young men at the Air Canada counter, & he informed me that if my wife had missed the 2 p.m. plane, her next chance would be a plane arriving at 6:15. Owing to my eyesight I knew I would have to leave not later than 6:30 in order to reach home before dark. I stayed till 6:45, when the public-address system announced that the plane from Montreal via Moncton was delayed until 7:15, "possibly later". I couldn't wait a moment longer. Had a mad drive home, in thick fog & closing dusk, blinded by oncoming headlights. Got there after dark. Assumed that if C. did come on the late plane, she would take the airport bus into Hfx & stay overnight.

Between the airport and the Bedford turnoff, on what is officially called Bicentennial Drive, I had a close shave with a messy death on my return journey. An old 4-door sedan with a "sooped-up" engine, with 3 shabby young men in the front seat, came around a bend in the opposite direction, going at least 90 m.p.h. The driver had lost control on the bend, & the car was yawning from one side of the road to the other. I was lucky to get by, & all night I dreamed of it, waking up in a sweat.

Friday, May 31/68 C. phoned about 9 a.m. from Moncton, saying she'd been trying to get me all yesterday, & asking where I'd been. I told her in a few crisp words. Then she announced that she'd said Friday when she phoned me on Wednesday night. She hadn't, of course. She'd said "tomorrow". Anyhow, she now had the offer of a drive to Hfx. I told her Dr. John Wickwire & wife were in Sackville NB, attending a conference at Mount Allison, & would be leaving for Liverpool today, & suggested she get in touch with them. She arrived here with them this evening.

Saturday, June 1/68 A lovely warm day. This afternoon I washed my car. Also, with Erik Andersson & Austin Parker, I sprayed my trees (and Joe Pushie's) with a 50% D.D.T. solution,

using a new gasoline-engine-pump ~~with~~ which throws a good spray to a height of 100 feet. Erik bought this from Eaton's (cost about \$138) on behalf of a group who are to share the cost. This includes himself, Austin Parker, Edwin Parker, Victor Jean & me. For many years the Mersey Paper Co. sprayed all the trees along the Liverpool & Brooklyn streets, using a large & very powerful machine. This was discontinued by Tony Balloch when he became General Manager, as part of a cost-cutting campaign. Two or three years ago Liverpool town council borrowed the machine & sprayed the trees one summer, & nothing has been done since. All the trees are infested with small green caterpillars, which in the course of early summer riddle the leaves, & in some cases eat most of them entirely.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2/68 Sunny, but the usual chill breeze off the sea. This afternoon I drove to Summerside & left E. with Terence & Betty Freeman for a visit, then played 18 holes at White Point with the Merrill Rawdings. Dandelions are now in seed all over the course (making it difficult to distinguish a golf ball at a small distance) and in one place — came upon a mixed flock of birds busy feeding on the seeds — goldfinches, "purple" (really magenta colours) finches, & one male indigo bunting — and singing in a lovely mixed chorus. Picked up E. at 4 p.m. We dined, with a bottle of wine, on the Sunday buffet at Lane's.

An editorial in the May 31 issue of Life magazine, referring to the anti-De Gaulle strikes & riots in France, speaks of "the anti-establishment mood that, in one form or another, seems to be spreading around the world." An accurate phrase. People, especially young people, are in a ferment, whatever tongue they speak, & whatever the colour of their skin. As with all fermentation in nature the froth comes to the top, & we are seeing the froth. My guess is that (as in nature) eventually the froth will disappear as things settle down, & then we shall be able to see what chemical change has been brought about.

MONDAY, JUNE 3/68 Drizzling rain, probably washing off the trees all the ADT we sprayed on Saturday.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4/68 Foggy. Mrs. Wm. Wentzel, Milton, phoned this morning about my old lot in the Milton cemetery, in which my first child, stillborn, was buried about 40 years ago. For years I paid a small annual tax, assessed by the cemetery committee secretary, Cros Ford, for

the maintenance of the cemetery. I don't know what they did with these funds. I suspect that very few people paid the tax. Anyhow the place was utterly neglected except by a few individuals looking after their own burial lots. Mine was never properly marked by the committee, except on its books, & as my child never lived, & had no name, there was no tombstone. After many years, seeing the growth of bushes & wild grass over the graves, I ceased paying the tax. Mrs. Hentzel told me today that a new committee has raised funds to trim up the burial ground. The old books show that I had bought a lot in 1928. What did I wish to do about it? I said I was willing to relinquish it, as I had bought a burial lot in the United Church cemetery here. So that is that.

News: Senator Robert Kennedy, who had just won the California primary in his drive for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, was shot & fatally wounded in a Los Angeles hotel this evening. He was a brother of the murdered President John Kennedy. During a joint debate with his Democratic opponent, McCarthy, on Saturday, Kennedy had said that: "we have some commitments around the globe; I think we have a commitment to Israel, for instance, that has to be kept." Apparently this incensed the anti-Israel people of Arab origin in the States, and one of them named Sirhan, a young man of Jordanian origin but long resident in California, fired several shots from a pistol at close range. One ^{bullet} disintegrated in Kennedy's brain.

WEDNESDAY, June 5/68 Clear in town, but with the foghorn sounding at Western Head. I spent morning & afternoon working about my place, mowing & trimming the lawns; painting "CYCON" chemical on the trunks of my birch trees (a little late, as the leaves are now well out of bud); removing the storm doors from the driveway entrance, & the storm windows from the kitchen & my study, washing the inner kitchen window, & installing the big fly screen over it. By that time, my lame hip refused duty altogether, & I had to quit. News: Senator Kennedy died in a Los Angeles hospital. The assassin is in jail there.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6/68 Summer came with an explosion of heat today — a clear sky, & a breeze off the land instead of the sea. E. & I drove out to the golf course at 9 a.m., (daylight saving time) and already the air was hot. Finished 18 holes at 11:30 & returned to town. In the afternoon I sprayed the back lawn with a 2-gallon solution of "KILLEX", which is advertised to be a sure killer of

dandelion, plantain, buttercup, & chickweed, which infest the turf. If it works, the lawn will look like hell for a while, but I can re-seed the dead spots with grass. Also I removed the storm windows from the south side of the house, & stowed them in the overhead racks in the garage — a hot & sweaty task. This evening the temp. in our first-floor rooms remained at 85°, despite open windows & front door. I got down from the attic the big portable electric fan I bought last year, & with this set on the floor of the living room we were able to read & watch TV with comfort.

This is the first time since last September that we have been able to sit in the house with windows open, fore & aft.

News: — Randolph Churchill died at his English home today, aged 57. Most of his life he lived in the shadow of his famous father, although during War Two he tried to distinguish himself in action in the Libyan desert & Yugoslavia. He lived as a journalist, outspoken but choleric — in Fleet Street he was known as "Randolph, the rude-nosed rascal" — and was defeated every time he tried to enter politics.

Local: — My old friend Dr. John Wickwire had a heart attack yesterday, & is in the local hospital. A case of "physician, heal thyself" — for in spite of symptoms obvious even to his friends, he refused to diagnose them properly until the last minute. (He is rated the best heart specialist in Nova Scotia.) I understand the attack is not severe, but he will have to curtail his activity.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7/68 Golf in the morning. In the afternoon I took off & stored away the storm-windows on the street side of the house, facing eastward, thus completing this annual chore. The sky was overcast (a "mackerel" sky) & we had a drizzle of rain at evening, with temp. down to 55°, & the furnace running.

As usual on Fridays, little Debbie & Tommy had supper with us, & Pam came up in the car & took them home.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8/68 A hot cloudy day. I had John Ratchford's flower shop send up a dozen dark red roses with a card, to C. as our 41st. wedding anniversary is tomorrow. In the afternoon we took a drive along the shore to Beach Meadows, & then to Port Medway, to Charleston, & home. ~~Looked~~ Looked in at the "Earth Station" above Charleston, expecting to see at least another white plastic dome; but in spite of much activity by expensive ~~sets~~ electronic specialists, nothing seemed changed or enlarged.

since last year. Possibly there is new construction farther back in the woods, out of sight from the gate. This evening we attended a testimonial dinner in the new Legion hall in honor of Henry Hensy, the cheerful & obliging little Negro man who is undoubtedly the most popular citizen of the town. Henry for many years has worked as a chef and/or barmen at dinners & parties, sings in the Zion church choir, plays the piano & organ quite well. The dinner was sponsored by the town's service clubs, & the dinner was donated by the ladies' auxiliary of the Legion. Two or three hundred people attended the dinner, at \$3 per ticket, & the money provided a gift of a handsome electronic organ, parlour size. Wing-Commander Gerald Wright flew down from Ottawa to make the presentation, and we all enjoyed his speech & Henry's witty and moving reply.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9/68 Overcast, with spots of rain. The body of Robert Kennedy was flown to New York, where yesterday it lay in state, & there was an elaborate funeral mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Then it was carried, in a special funeral railway train, whose cars were crowded with the numerous Kennedy clan & with hundreds of newsmen & women, politicians, etc. People lined the tracks at every station on the way. (Two were killed when a surge of the crowd pushed them onto the track of a train going the other way.) Hence, the train had to creep, & did not arrive in Washington until after nightfall. There was no military pomp at the burial, but the Catholic ceremony required candles in the family hands; & as the grave was close by that of President John Kennedy the "eternal flame" (propane gas) on John's grave flickered eerily before the TV cameras.

Much of this was repeated today on Canadian TV networks. C. & I had thought of calling on my sister Hilda at Mahone this afternoon, but our preliminary phone call got no answer. We dined at Lanes. In the evening I worked on my promised review of the Champlain Society's "Diary of Simeon Perkins, Vol. 4" which was selected & prepared by Bruce Ferguson. Professor "Ben" Bennett asked me to do this for the *Salisbury Review*.

Later on TV we watched a two-hour joint debate between Trudeau, Stanfield, Douglas, & Laurier, with a panel of four newsmen popping questions from time to time. There was nothing new, really. Each party leader was professedly concerned with poverty, unemployment, new housing, etc., but only Trudeau was honest enough to say that taxes might have to be raised in order to deal with all these matters.

News:- James Earl Ray, the killer of Negro leader

Martin Luther King, was arrested at a London airport on Saturday. A man of many aliases, he was traveling with two Canadian passports. Apparently he arrived in Toronto 4 days after the slaying, & has been flitting by air between Canada, Portugal, Belgium & Britain.

News:- should have noted last week that the two teen-aged Halifax youths accused of the murder of R.A. Ward (see entries Jan 10 & 20, 1968) were convicted of "non-capital" murder, & sentenced by the N.S. Supreme Court to imprisonment for life. The newspapers contained very little about the evidence, & nothing about the motive. Such is the news coverage of the newspaper monopoly in Halifax. Later note:- This is wrong. One youth, Barn Rhodenier, has been sentenced to life imprisonment. The other, John Whalen, 17, is still on trial. Apparently Ward was a pederast, & the youths a pair of male whores.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11/68 Golf with C. this morning, under a somewhat hazy sky & a chill wind from the sea. Old friend Charles Bopstel dropped in this afternoon with a little gift for our 41st wedding anniversary, an ash tray of Limoges china, in the form of a scallop shell. He has been in England recently, to attend the funeral of a sister, & to visit friends there. I lent him my copy of Vol. 1. "The Way At Sea".

Among the birds flitting about our shrubbery lately I have noticed a pair of Baltimore orioles & a pair of catbirds. Orioles nested in our immediate vicinity, years ago, before the schools were built. None since.

Got my cordovan-leather shoes from Veinot's shoemakers today. The price for new soles & heels, & polishing, was \$6.00.

Today I cleaned and oiled all my guns, a job I have neglected for a long time. These include the big Webley revolver which was taken from my father's body before burial on the battlefield of Amiens in 1918; I always kept it well, & years ago used it for target practice & sometimes for hunting rabbits. Also my own air rifle; my .300 calibre Springfield rifle which I used in hunting deer; and my double-barreled Fox "Sterlingworth" shotgun which I used for wild geese, ducks & rabbits. Also my antique flintlock musket bearing the British crown and "Tower" imprint; and my Enfield musket & bayonet, with the Snider breech-loading gear, which was issued to the local militia at the time of the Fenian raids. Finally the flintlock pistol, presented to me by Dr. John Wickwire many years ago, when his carpenters found

it behind a partition in his house on Main Street opposite the Mersey Hotel. The house was built by a Doctor Parish, who came here to practise in the 1840's, when many privatesmen of the Napoleonic Wars and the War of 1812 were still alive & in possession of their cutlasses, pistols, & muskets.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12/68

Fog & showers. In the barker's shop this

morning a pair of anglers were discussing the scanty salmon run this year. Only a few have been taken in Medway's waters, by anglers or the net-fishermen in the bay, & only one or two have been seen in the Milton areas of the Mersey. Tonight C. & I went to the theatre & saw the movie "Is Paris Burning?", portraying Paris under German occupation, the revolt of F.F.I. franc-tireurs, & the liberation by De Gaulle's forces and (mainly) by American forces passing past the city. The famous question by Hitler, when he learned that German forces had abandoned Paris, gave the book & the movie their title.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13/68

Fog & showers. Received from Simpsons - Sears & folding garden chairs, with aluminum frames & coloured plastic seats & backs. Our old ones, of basket-woven cane, rotted badly in the endless wet weather of last summer, after several years' service. Had a morning caller, a young student from McGill University, who had joined a trawler here for one trip. His name, Robert Graham. Has literary ambitions. Asked about my own experience & advice. He stayed two hours, & seemed encouraged. Autographed & mailed a copy of "Footsteps On Old Floors", for a Mr. Thornborough S. Millidge of St. John, N.B., a descendant of the captain of H.C.M.S. Blonde when she was wrecked off Seal Island.

News:- At Halifax the second young murderer, Whalen, has been convicted & sentenced to life imprisonment. No mention of motive, or of the other knife-murders, which follow the same pattern.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/68 The fog retreated a few miles seaward last night, but today the sky remained largely overcast with steamy clouds, & the air like the ante-room of a steam laundry. The weather so far this month has been ominously like that of last summer, when we steamed & soaked, but rarely had a fine day. This afternoon C. & I played golf. Tomorrow & Sunday the course will be monopolised by the (N.S. men's) senior golf tournament, which is being held here for the first time.

Little Debby Raddall came to supper with us, & presented

me with a neatly made (her own work) anniversary card — Sunday is officially "Father's Day" — the outer sheet printed in pencil with "To Grand Dad", and inside, "I like each thing you do. But I like the gum and pop you gave us. From Debbie". Translation: — chewing gum & soda pop.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16/68 Tom Jr. & Pamela are attending a Kiwanis conference at the Pines, Digby, yesterday & today, leaving their youngsters in charge of a baby-sitter. Little Tommy spent the night with us, & this afternoon I picked up Debby & Blair & took them to Summerside for ice cream & a walk on the lagoon side of the beach. The sun was out but the sea breeze was cold. This afternoon the Mersey (paper mill) band gave their first open-air concert of the season, using the new music platform on the riverbank near the Legion building. Dined at Lane's.

MONDAY, JUNE 17/68 The weather is following the dreary pattern of last "summer". Drizzle & sometimes heavy rain all today & evening, with the furnace running frequently, & little or no wind!

News: — Nothing new, really. In Cape Breton, where the ruined coal-mining industry is being kept alive with the taxpayers' money, merely to provide employment, the miners' union is demanding a 30% wage increase. Four new industries under construction in Cape Breton, all government-subsidized, are halted by strikes for various petty "reasons". This is about par for the course in Cape Breton.

In Canada as a whole the politicians are now going into the final week, with the usual charges & counter-charges of lies and false promises. If only all this hot air could be funneled towards the Atlantic coast, it would at least blow the fog & rain clouds away to Europe.

In Paris the "peace talk" between U.S. and Viet Nam representatives is mainly a silence; while in Viet Nam the guerrilla troops of Ho Chi Minh continue to penetrate the jungle & the smaller villages with ease, & to bombard with long-range rockets — the city of Saigon, hitting civilians mostly. In the U.S. the murder of Robert Kennedy left all the politicians speechless for a time, but now the vacuum begins to fill again.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/68 Rain & fog.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19/68 At last a good hot day. C. & I spent the morning on the golf course, & most of the afternoon working about the house grounds. The lawn fertilizer which Tom & Debbie spread so

weirdly over the lawns on April 12 has now lost its effect, so this p.m. I spread 22 lbs. of "Lawn Green" ~~under~~, largely on the back lawn.

The weed-killer I sprayed on the lawns on June 6 was nullified by subsequent rains, although a lot of the chickweed & buttercup looks sick. I must await a definite spell of fine weather before trying again.

Tonight Russell Hebb, Bridgewater upholsterer, took away the old Freeman sofa & two of the chairs, for restoration.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20/68 Rain. Finished my review of Champlain Society's Vol. 4, The Simon Perkins Diary, & mailed it to Bennett.

I have had no answer to the letter I wrote to Acadia Construction Co. on May 21, & find that other people have the same experience. The asphalt-mix plant of these (& other contractors who have fat highway or town street paving jobs) is set up from time to time in the gravel pits at the head of Meadow Pond Brook; but none of them will do any private paving in the town. They will sell hot "mix" at the plant, but we have no local enterprise to buy the stuff & prepare & pave individual driveways. Years ago, when I first had my driveway paved, the construction companies were glad to take on all the extra work they could find.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21/68 The first day of summer. More like late October. A cold west wind & a pebbled grey ceiling of cloud. Golf this morning. Noticed two women players wearing parkas, with the hoods drawn over their heads. Tommy & Debbie came to supper, traveling from Fort Point on their bikes - the first time they have been allowed to ride along the streets.

Sask. News.- Today the Halifax newspaper monopoly, the Chronicle-Herald and Mail-Star, came forth openly as a Tory mouthpiece, with whole pages devoted to pictures & text displaying Bob Stanfield as the saviour of the country.

After the old rival papers merged in 1949, under the secret control of multi-millionaire K. C. Irving, they held to a neutral tone in politics & everything else. A few years ago in his own province of New Brunswick, Irving clashed openly with Premier Louis Robichaud & his Liberal government. Since then the Halifax papers have gradually decreased their news of Liberal affairs, & printed Tory stuff in bigger headlines & better pages. Their editorials, always mediocre, retained the neutral tinge. Today's papers printed paid advertisements

of the Liberal party, but news of Liberal meetings & speeches was small, & tucked away in obscure pages.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22/68 A fine hot morning, cloudy in afternoon.

Golf this morning. In the afternoon I mixed up a 2-gallon solution of "Kleenex", & sprayed the weed patches in my lawns.

Also I helped Eric Andersson to spray the tall ash tree between his property & mine, using the new gasoline engine & pump, & a S.D.T. solution. Gave him a cheque for \$19.00, my share of the gas-pump.

This evening rain began to fall, washing away the Kleenex & S.D.T., just as rain washed off most of the stuff we sprayed on June 1st. Result, green caterpillars in vast numbers are chewing away at the leaves of the hardwood trees.

News - In Canada the political campaign is now ending, thank God. The leaders of the parties have been zipping back & forth across the country by plane, & in the towns & cities addressing crowds of people, largely in the "plazas" of motor-shopping centres. Workers on the Seaway (St. Lawrence) have struck for a large pay increase, & Prime Minister Trudeau told them bluntly that the 6% increase recommended by an arbitration board was fair enough.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23/68 Another dreary day of rain & fog. Indoors all day, reading.

MONDAY, JUNE 24/68 Sun came out briefly this morning, & C. & I spent it on the golf course. The sky was overcast again by noon. In the afternoon Eric Andersson & I rigged up the motor-spray, & went over our trees & shrubs with S.D.T. solution. To be sure of spraying the tops of the big trees, we put a ladder against our garages & stood on their roofs. We did Joe Pushe's trees, & while we were at them, Mrs. Bill Murphy called over & asked us to do her maple trees, which were being stripped by the green caterpillars. So we covered quite an area altogether.

Vera Parker invited the whole Park Street neighborhood to a fish chowder supper, so we gathered there - the Victor Jeans, the Eric Anderssons, the Jerry Nickersons & ourselves, & spent a pleasant evening with drinks & food & chat.

News (local). Farmer, the young Negro charged with the murder of old Jethro Conrad (see Apr. 29 & 30) was acquitted today by Judge Diram Carter, on grounds of insufficient evidence.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1968

Rain & fog again. Election Day. I hoped to see Trudeau win, with a clear majority; yet here in what is now called officially the "South Shore" constituency, I could not vote for the Liberal candidate, a Lunenburg man named Kinley, son of Senator Kinley, whom I despise. (Kinley Sr. got rich with a chain of drug stores in Hfx & elsewhere; served two terms in Ottawa as M.P. for Lunenburg-Quebec, during which he did little or nothing; & then got himself made a Senator at \$15,000 a year plus expenses.) I decided not to vote at all, for the first time since I reached voting age; but about 3 p.m. I realized that this was silly, so I went to the polling booth in the courthouse & voted for Lloyd Crouse, the sitting (Conservative) member for South Shore. The polls closed at 8 p.m. daylight saving time in the Maritimes. Bob Stanfield had an Atlantic triumph: - all but 1 seat in N.S. (Liberal Mr. MacEachern won with a marginal majority in Cape Breton); all 4 seats in P.E.I.; 5 out of 10 seats in N.B.; and 6 out of 7 seats in Newfoundland.

The Nfld. result surprised most people, although Jim Wickwire (who has been practicing as a radiologist in St. John's for some years) told me a fortnight ago that Joey Smallwood's private empire there was breaking up in revolution, including his own party.

As I suspected, Stanfield's tie-up with the Union National party in Quebec did his own party no good whatever - the "Conservative" leader in Quebec, Mr. Vautour, was defeated with the rest - & it told against him in the West, where the Liberals won a number of seats from the P.C.'s. Tommy Douglas & his National Democratic Party (union labour and some western farming people - the old C.C.F. party) failed to make much of a showing, & Douglas was defeated in his own riding in B.C.

The final standing: -

Liberal	153	seats
P.C.	72	
N.D.P.	23	
Creditiste	15	
Independent	1	
	264	

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26/68

Played golf this morning in the humid atmosphere we breathed all last summer, & got home drenched with

sweat & bitten by blackflies. The election postmortems are now going on. Old John Diefenbaker, who was re-elected in Prince Albert, has announced with grim satisfaction that the P.C. party has suffered "a calamitous defeat". He must have chuckled over the personal defeat of Dalton Camp, who engineered "Dief's" downfall as leader & the selection of Stanfield in his place.

In Quebec, Daniel Johnson's U.N. government must be looking over the election results very carefully, too. Of the 74 federal seats in Quebec, the Liberals won 55, the "Creditistes" (who are opposed to a separate Quebec nation) won 15. That left just 4 for the P.C.'s with their U.N. backing.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27/68 A sunny morning, cloudy & cool in the afternoon. The golf course was occupied all day by a tournament for ladies of Nova Scotia clubs, so I stayed home & mowed my lawns. Bought a new strap, & crystal, for my wrist watch. E. cooked a lot of chicken goulash for the golf ladies' luncheon, & worked in the clubhouse all afternoon.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28/68 Again a cold day, with an overcast of pebbled grey clouds. Temp. in town at noon was 55°, but when I played golf this morning at White Point there was an icy breeze off the sea, & at times I could see my breath. At home, my furnace runs, day & night. My new aluminum lawn chairs remain almost unused. Tonight E. & I attended a party at George Murphy's house, in the Bartling sub-division off Waterloo Street. The grounds have a pleasant view of the harbour, & the intention was an outdoor dinner, with barbecued chicken. However, rain began in the afternoon, & it was pouring at 7:30 when the party began. Fortunately the Murphys have a large party-room in their basement, & the cooking was done over charcoal-broilers in the garage. We didn't eat till 9 p.m., which gave too much time for drinking, & some of the men got tipsy. It was a farewell party for Mr. & Mrs. Frank Hiltz, who have bought a property in Chester. (Their big house here, in the Bartling sub-division, has been up for sale, at a price of \$45,000, for the past year or more.)

Austin Parker attended the formal opening of the new Grand Hotel in Yarmouth yesterday. He noticed that the rivers to the west of Queens County are all quite high, whereas those in

our country are dwindling. We have had a lot of damp weather, but not the heavy & prolonged rains that fell in the western area and in the Halifax area.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29/68 Rain all morning, clearing in the afternoon.

Yesterday's golf, in the cold wind, laid me open to my old enemy, lumbago, & when I arose this morning I was in instant agony. I drove my car to the post office for the mail, getting in & out of the car with difficulty, & walking badly stooped & with a twist to one side.

Spent the rest of the day indoors, much of it with an electric heat-pad against the small of my back, which eases the pain but not the savage clutch on the loins. About 4 pm. the Anglican parson (whose name is appropriately Mr. Parsons) brought a visitor, an English yachtsman named Kendall. Kendall is on a sailing voyage from the Bahamas to England, with his 17-year-old son, & two adventurous young women. He is from Liverpool, England, & put in here for a few hours, out of curiosity, to see this namesake in Nova Scotia. We chatted about the town, & I gave him 3 copies of the booklet "Ogem Regia, the Story of Liverpool, Nova Scotia" which I wrote many years ago, & revised for the Advance Printing Company about 1965. In the conversation we discovered that Kendall is a relative of my old shipmate Harold Higginson, & has at home two of Higginson's marine paintings. He also has a brief account of the Halifax disaster of 1917, written by Higginson, who was of course an officer of the cableship "MacKay-Bennett" at the time. Kendall said he would send me a copy. His yacht is named "Gandet".

Soon afterwards Russell Lebt arrived from Bridgewater with the old Freeman (American Empire style) sofa and two matching chairs. His charge for re-upholstering, including material, was \$187.85, an exorbitant price; but his work is good, & he is the only competent & businesslike man to be had, in the whole of the South Shore. As he was alone, I had to carry one end of the sofa up the steps & into the house, which did my back no good. Thirty-four years ago I moved into this house on Park Street (June 29, 1934), renting it from the owner, a young sea captain named Cookum. We had been renting a small bungalow on Bristol Avenue, but C. was pregnant (Tom Jr.) & we had to have a larger house. Cookum was the owner & skipper of a

small schooner engaged in coasting trade, which had fallen on hard times. He sold the schooner, & offered this house to me for \$4,000. On Dec. 1, 1935 I bought it. The house lot was then a wilderness of boulders & thorn bushes, etc., & the house itself had only 3 bedrooms, a coal furnace, no storm windows, etc. As my finances permitted, in the years afterward, I was able to shift the bathroom & create a fourth bedroom, to add a ground-floor annex for my study, to instal an oil furnace, modern kitchen & bathroom equipment, storm doors & windows, & to change the wilderness to lawns shaded by trees & shrubs. Today, with the increase of land values in the town, & modern building costs, the house, garage, & grounds are worth between \$15,000 & \$20,000. I maintain fire insurance to the amount of \$15,000.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30/68 A fine day. I had to spend the morning indoors, with the electric pad at my back. In the afternoon the outdoor temp. got up to 80°, & C. & I sat in the shade of the back lawn, in the aluminum lawn chairs, chatting with the Andersens.

MONDAY, JULY 1/68 Fine & very hot. My back improved but I still have to stoop a bit. Sat on the lawn all morning & afternoon. About 4 p.m. I couldn't stand the idleness any more, got out my lawn mowers & started on the back lawn. Then Capt. Victor Jeans called over & invited C. & me to join a little party on his lawn. There we found Capt. King & 3 other officers of the "Phyllis Bowater" with Vic & his wife. Drinks, & then barbecued chicken, (cooked by Jeans himself) fresh strawberries & ice cream. Chatted on Jeans' new "after deck" until 10 p.m. All very pleasant.

The Canadian Legion had a program of sports today, including a canoe race to Milton & back; & later there were games of chance, dancing, etc. on the town parking lot.

TUESDAY, July 2/68 A very hot day & night — temp. 90° at 5 p.m., & air very humid. ~~Planned~~ Intended mowing my lawns in the comparative coolness of the morning, but I had two visitors. Bishop (Anglican, retired) Waterman, who lives at Deep Brook, N.Y. comes over to Liverpool once or twice a year to have a cardiograph heart check by Dr. Wickwire. He is still active & vigorous. Plays golf on the Annapolis course, & said we must have another game together sometime.

Soon after he left, Mel Gardner arrived with a carton

of Capt. Charles W. Leedy; and

his brother

of old sea journals, scrapbooks, etc., compiled by Captain George Leedy, a native of Barrington, N.H., ^{George} went to sea in a Bluenose windjammer as a boy in 1873, & thereafter spent 50 years sailing about the world in square riggers, & later steamers, most of the time as master. The last time he set foot in Nova Scotia ^{as a seaman} was in 1880. He retired eventually in Seattle, & in 1935 he & his wife, & a daughter & her husband drove across the continent by motorcar, & spent the summer visiting old friends & relatives in western N.S.

I mowed my back lawn in the afternoon, & got soaked with sweat in the hot still air. Got a fresh supply of canned ale from the liquor store & relaxed in a garden chair. In the evening, with every possible door & window open, with my furnace fan turned on to circulate cool air from the cellar, & with my big 20 inch portable fan blowing a few feet from our chairs, the temp. in our living room remained at 80° until midnight.

Blem Crowell phoned from Lake Annis about 6 p.m. He is driving up this way tomorrow & wants a game of golf. Invited him & Ester to have lunch with us first, but he said they couldn't make it. Will meet me at the clubhouse at 1 p.m.

News:- in the French elections the Gaullist party were victorious, with a large majority. The anarchy for a few days in Paris alarmed the bourgeoisie & farmers, & De Gaulle had put it up ^{to} them — a choice between his rule & utter chaos. He promised reform in his government, though, & summed it all up in a blunt phrase — "Reformes, oui. Chie-en-lit, non."

Chie-en-lit is a barrack-room expression meaning "shit-in-bed".

WEDNESDAY, July 3/68 Hot again. Blem, Crowell & I started to play golf at 1 p.m. By the time we reached the 5th hole the sky was black & rain began to fall, so at the 9th hole we quit, neither of us having a jacket. Found that Blem, his wife Ester, & his older brother (Charles?) were on their way to Alfa. C. & I insisted that they dine with us, & we had seafood & wine, & a pleasant evening's chat. Blem had finished the first part of the new course in biology etc. which the N.S. Dept. of Education asked him to write. It involved a tremendous amount of reading & research, including a journey to Washington to get the latest studies by U.S. educational people, who are far ahead in this field. It involves, of course, the frank teaching of sex, beginning about age seven. Originally the Dept. offered

Crowell, \$500 for the job, but after a year's work on it he told them he ought to have \$10,000. After studying the first part (which is to be introduced experimentally in the schools of Digby & Annapolis counties next Fall) the Dept. agreed on this fee. On leaving, the Crowells invited us to spend a weekend with them in August, the date to be decided later.

THURSDAY, July 4, 1968 A hot overcast day. C. & I played golf in the morning, plagued with blackflies in the still air. Met my old friend Harvey Crowell playing with Mr. Harrington of Montreal, who has spent his summers at White Point for many years. Harvey set tomorrow morning at 10 a.m. for our annual game together. In the afternoon there were fitful showers of rain & patches of sunshine.

I note from yesterday's "Advance" that Agnes W. (of Washington) ^{in California} Broughton died a few days ago in a motor accident, & the burial was at Harmony, North Queens. She was a slick-talking American who turned up in North Queens as a young man in the 1920's. Raised money in the U.S. & promoted a small wood-pulp mill at Harmony. Ran it for years, & continued to get money, mostly on golden prospects for a larger wood-pulp mill, which never materialized. Then for a time he was manager of the Charleston pulp mill on the Medway. The owners soon got rid of him. In the hard times of the 1930's he raised money somewhere, built a cannery factory for fruit & vegetables at Caledonia, & a good house for himself.

When that folded, he became a salesman of shares in the King Fissure gold mine at North Brookfield — & the sales practice was so fraudulent that he (& others who peddled the stock to unwilling farmers & fishermen) had to lie low for a year or two to escape prosecution. When Hitler cut off Baltic supplies of timber to Britain in 1940, the British government sent purchasing agents to eastern Canada to arrange for timber supply, especially pine props for the coal mines. Broughton got right in to this juicy business, buying props from woodlot owners, & loading them onto ships at Halifax. After the war he was again at a loose end, & then, about 1950, pulled off the coup of his life. St Paul's Church at Halifax had acquired by legacies in the course of many years some odds & ends of real estate, one of which was a

despite wharf & lot on Halifax harbour. The church trustees had no idea of its value in the booming post-war times, & Broughton talked them into selling it to him for a modest sum in cash. He turned around & sold it to some incoming firm, anxious to get a piece of the waterfront, & got a huge profit. With that he retired to California. He died aged 83. His wife had been a Freeman girl from Harmony, hence the burial there.

FRIDAY, July 5/68 Rain in the night, some drizzle this morning, in spite of which I played golf with Harvey Crowell & a Halifax man named Redgate. Harvey takes his time, & talks a lot, so it took from 10 a.m. to noon to play nine holes. In the afternoon I took Evelyn White up to the Hospital, as I do every day. Howland W. is clinging to life in a gloomy listless way - a sad business for his wife. This evening Tom & Helena Jory asked us to drop in for a chat with them & with our old American friends Rita Bubé & Marilla MacDill, who have opened their summer homes at Mill Village. Afterwards the Jories suggested that C. & I live in their Mill Village home while they are on a trip to England for 5 weeks, returning in late August. They would like to have some friend in the house during their absence. However we had to decline. Summer is the time when various friends & visitors drop in to see us on Park Street, & we enjoy these annual contacts.

SATURDAY, July 6/68 Fog & steamy heat. Lumboe still bothers me, so no golf today. Enjoying the sea journals of Capt. Charles W. Seely from 1874 to 1887. His brother George (much younger) went with him as a hand before the mast on the earliest voyages. Charles reveals himself with the utmost naivety in these privately kept diaries. An able shipmaster & navigator, stiff disciplinarian (he sometimes joined his mates in hard blows to "ostropolous" seamen) he took his wife to sea with him on several long voyages, during which several children were born. When his wife stayed ashore in Yarmouth to enable the children to go to school, he missed them terribly, & there are long, repetitions, & almost maudlin references to them in the journals. He was extremely pious, reading a passage from the Bible every day, & on Sundays issuing to his seamen religious books & tracts which he obtained from Missions to Seamen ("Bethel") in British ports.

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1968 Overcast & sultry. About 1 p.m. I drove to the golf course & played for two hours. On my second round I overtook & joined Joan Durward, daughter-in-law of our Montreal acquaintances the Durwards, who have been coming to White Point every summer for many years. I was sorry to learn that Mrs. Durward Sr. died last winter.

About 4 p.m. the sky cleared & we had a fine summer day & evening, temp. 80°. At 6 p.m. I drove with E. to White Point Lodge, the head waitress gave us a good table overlooking the beach, & we dined & wine'd. Chatted briefly with Joe Dexter (Harvard professor, retired; native of Brooklyn, N.S.) and his second wife; old Mrs. Durward; the junior Durwards & their 5 charming children; & Mr. & Mrs. Harrington of Toronto, who also have been visitors at White Point for many years.

Harry D'espert, of King's University, phoned this evening, asking me to address a summer school dinner at King's on the 19th. I declined with polite excuses. Life, & summers especially, are too short now to spend time on anything so dull.

MONDAY, JULY 8/68 Fine & hot. Spent the afternoon with E. on the golf course, following a morning of mowing lawns, lopping excess branches from the hawthorn tree, etc. So I was glad to sit down & relax this evening. A circus came to town yesterday, & set up their tents on the regional high school grounds, near us. Two elephants, etc., — the first real circus to visit Liverpool in many years. They gave an afternoon, & an evening show, & all the papas & mamas with small boys & girls were there. It is called the King Circus, & travels the highways in motor vans.

TUESDAY, JULY 9/68 Fine & very hot (95° in the sun at noon).

E. & I went out to White Point & enjoyed golf in a cool morning air off the sea. E. played her usual 9 holes & then dropped out, & I played the other 9 with Harvey Crowell.

Shopped & paid bills this afternoon — the air was still & hell hot downtown — & for the rest of the afternoon we sat in the shade on the back lawn. The circus packed up after their one-day stand, & left this morning for Yarmouth.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/68 Hot again, but with a refreshing W. breeze. Golf in the morning. Pottering about the garden, & just plain loafing, in the afternoon. My weight, naked, is now 177 lbs, down 12 lbs. from last winter. (See May 8)

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1968

Fine & warm - the fifth consecutive fine summer day - marvellous. Golf as usual. Cyril Page was sworn in this week, as Sheriff of Queens County, replacing John McGarry, who has held the post for many years & is being retired. It is a sinecure, & McGarry got it as a World War One veteran needing a job, after being fired from the post office. He had no more brains than a parrot, but like the parrot he talked a lot & annoyed people. Page is a veteran of War Two, proprietor of a car service station which has been outclassed by newer ones on the road out of town towards Yarmouth, so he needs the job.

FRIDAY, JULY 12/68

Dense fog this morning, but in spite of it I played 18 holes at White Point. Sky in town cleared in the afternoon, but the sea breeze remained too cool for comfortable sitting in the garden. Contractors have begun excavating in the town school grounds in preparation for building a skating rink - a project of one of the local service clubs. At first they planned to build it in the Pine Grove Park, on the road to Milton, but decided that was too remote for the town kids.

SUNDAY, JULY 14/68

Fine & hot. C. has been making curtains for our sunporch windows, a project never considered until we noticed twice the snow-tracks of a powder outside these windows last winter. (See Jan. 3/68) Our good neighbor Erik Andersson, home for the weekend from his work at Tusket or Yarmouth, came in this morning with his electric drill & other tools, & put up the curtain rods. In the afternoon I had a call, Betty Something (the surname escaped me), one of a group of 24 teenagers from British Columbia who are being entertained in Liverpool homes for several days. She's a pale, pudgy, girl with glasses, had read my book "Pride's Fancy", & wanted to meet the author. She asked me some questions about the writing of books, & as I answered she sat openly yawning with no attempt to cover her mouth. I don't know whether she was sleepy in the heat or just bored. Bored, I suspect.

At 6 p.m. I drove to White Point Lodge with

~~myself~~

~~myself~~ & C. We golfed this morning C. & we wine & dined. One of the guests, dining alone at a table nearby, was an elderly spinster from Montreal with dyed henna hair, a Mrs. Provencher, who has been summering at White Point for years. C. had met her

at one of the Mowbray Jones parties a few years ago, & they fell into conversation, so I brought the lady into town for a chat in our home. She speaks fluent but strongly French-accented English, is much traveled, & cultured, & at present has something to do with the publication of a brochure about Montreal's Expo, which Mayor Jean Drapeau intends to keep going as a permanent attraction for tourists.

MONDAY, July 15, 1968 Very hot. C. bustling about, cooking, etc., for Francie & husband Bill, & two friends of theirs, who have been yachting in Mahone Bay over the weekend, & will visit us today. I played golf in the morning with Mr. & Mrs. Hardard. My score 95. (My best score this year was an 86 last week) My daughter-in-law Pamela & children left this morning to spend some days at a summer cottage in Brule', leaving the car at Halifax airport & flying to Moncton. A great thrill for the kids - their first trip in a plane.

At 5 p.m. my daughter Frances, her husband Bill Dennis, & their Moncton friends Don Dryden & wife, arrived by car from Mahone, where they spent the weekend cruising aboard Dr. David Keddy's yacht. My son Tom joined us, & we had drinks & dined in the shade of the back lawn. The young men had a happy time recalling days at Acadia University, where they (& Dr. Keddy) were all students together. Apparently they spent so much time on larks & tricks that I wonder how they got any studying done. Tonight was extremely hot. I slept on my cot in the study. The Drydens slept in C.'s bedroom, which has our only double bed. Francie slept on the single bed in her old bedroom, Bill on the single bed in Tom's old room, & C. on the single bed in mine.

TUESDAY, July 16/68 Another very hot day - even the westerly wind was hot. Our guests left for Moncton about 11:30 a.m. I presented the Drydens with an autographed copy of "Hangman's Beach," & the Dennis with one of "Footsteps On Old Floors."

In the afternoon C. & I took Evelyn White for a drive along the shore to Beach Meadows & Port Medway before delivering her at the hospital.

This evening the Austin Parkers & Jerry Nickersons gave

an al fresco dinner party on the Parkers' lawn, with about 20 guests, as a bon voyage affair for Tom & Helena Jerry, who leave for a visit to England soon. Jerry Nickerson has bought the Murphy house, two doors below us on Park Street. (This house was built during World War Two by C. O. Smith, the grasping manager of Thompson Bros. Machinery Co., now Steel & Engine Products Co. The Thompson Co. was busy with fab contracts for the refitting of Canadian naval craft, & Smith got the best quality of materials for his new house, & the best of carpenters & tradesmen, from the Thompson yard. Townfolk called the house humorously "the Park Street corvette.")

Amount of the little house lot \$2,000

Nickerson offered dentist Bill Murphy a high sum for his house, which enabled Murphy in turn to buy the Frank Hill house, which has more bedrooms for his growing family. The Nickersons are renting Ralph Johnson's house, from which they must move when the Johnsons return in September.

I note with regret in today's paper the death of an old friend, Sam Campbell, aged 59. He took my place on the *Mersey Paper* as staff when I left in 1938, but left to join the RCAF in 1939. After the war he joined the United Maritime Fishermen Ltd., a cooperative company originally sponsored by his alma mater, St. F.X. University. He became sales manager, & was on a business trip to Newfoundland when he died. Funeral at Margaree, Cape Breton, his birthplace. Sam once took a summer course at the Normal College, Truro, which was also attended by old James D. Gillis, author of "The Cape Breton Giant". The summer students, most of them school teachers, staged a pantomime of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin", using local children, & with James D. playing his bagpipes as the Pied Piper. Sam's hilarious account of the affair gave me the material for one of my earliest short stories, written for *Blackwood's Magazine* — "The Pied Piper of Pepper Creek".

Sir Christopher Chauvelot, chairman of the international Bowater Paper Corporation, with headquarters in London, today announced a new structure for the operation of Bowater's North American properties. All its mills in Canada & the U.S. are to be managed by a new company, Bowater Incorporated, with head office at the big newsprint mill in Calhoun, Tennessee. President of the new company is Victor J. Sutton, who has been senior Bowater executive in the U.S. since 1964. (He is a Canadian who started his successful

career as a laboratory technician at the Mersey mill here, in the 1930's.) Vice-President of the new concern is Tony Balloch, who will remain in an office in Montreal, keeping an eye on the Canadian properties, i.e., the Mersey mill here, the Corner Brook mill in Newfoundland, & a 50% ownership in a big new wood-pulp mill in B.C. Hugh K. Joyce, president of Bowater's Newfoundland Ltd. (Corner Brook) goes to New York as senior vice-president of Bowater Incorporated, to take charge of sales of the entire North American products.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1968 Fine & hot. Golf this morning with E. In the afternoon I drove E. to the food market, picked up the mail from the Johnsons' and Andersens' post office boxes (Lou Andersen is sick with 'flu, of all things in this weather), & took Evelyn White to the hospital. News: - ^{MILITIA} Brigadier ~~██████████~~ Victor De Bedia Oland is the new Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. He is a wealthy brewer, of an old Nova Scotia family, & his mother was a Cuban girl of Spanish descent. This morning's Chronicle-Herald gives a well-deserved eulogy to the retiring Lt. Gov., H.P. MacLean, & his wife.

All Canadian post office employees go on strike tomorrow for a large increase of pay. In the time-honoured way they are demanding twice as much as they expect to get, & after the mails have been stopped, & the public thoroughly harassed for a sufficient length of time, the government will give them exactly what they want. This has happened already with the St. Lawrence Seaway employees, and other unions will follow suit.

Tonight the Liverpool firemen held their annual fete to raise funds. ~~Usually now due affairs are~~ The place was the school grounds facing on Church Street. ~~Usually now due affairs are~~ held on the asphalt-paved town parking lot by the riverside, with a band playing on the new platform near the Legion building. For the first time this summer my lawns are getting dry, & I got out my hose & revolving sprinkler, & lit it spray the back lawn all night.

THURSDAY, JULY 18/68 Fine & somewhat cooler (75° in the shade at 3 p.m.). Golf with E. all morning. Took Evelyn W. to the hospital this afternoon. Her husband is recovering, & she hopes to get him home soon. I have finished reading the

journals of Capt. Charles W. Seeley, covering the period 1874-1887. His first voyage as master was in the bark "W. H. Jenkins", which he joined in 1868 at a wage of \$60 per month. On July 9, 1874, he went to St. John, N.B. & took command of the full rigged ship "J. C. Robertson", 1036 tons, owned by L. C. Baker of Yarmouth, built by the Campbell firm at Port Mouton N.S. in 1873-74. In 1878 he joined the ship "Stamboul", 1248 tons, built at Yarmouth in 1875. In 1881 he joined the bark "Katahdin", built at Kingsport, N.S., in 1880. In the "J. C. Robertson", "Stamboul", and "Katahdin", his wage was \$80 per month. With him in the "Robertson" was his younger brother George, before the mast. George eventually became a captain himself, & both of them spent much of their active lives in voyages about the world. Their wives sailed with them, & several of their children were born at sea. Charles' journals give excellent detail of the day-to-day life in a windsammer, at sea & in port. He was a pious & sober master, a hard driver of ships & men, but a very sentimental husband & father, like so many of those tough Bluenose skippers.

FRIDAY, JULY 19/68 Overcast & very hot. Golf in the morning as usual. A slight sea haze. Old "Mel" Gardner dropped in this afternoon, to pick up the Seeley journals & scrapbooks, & stayed to yarn about the old shipyards in Brooklyn & Liverpool as he knew them in his boyhood. His father, Allan Gardner, as a young man, was a shipwright in the Campbell yard at Port Mouton, & worked in the building of the ship "J. C. Robertson", in 1873. He has an excellent memory, & loves to talk about the olden times.

One of my new rose bushes has bloomed, with large deep-red blossoms, edged with purple. The other just has a single small bud.

The current hot weather has enlarged the thirst of the populace; & now there are rumours of a strike by employees of the N.S. Liquor Commission; as a result the local liquor store has sold out most of its stock in the past week. I went to the store this afternoon to get a 12-quart case of Trinidad rum — my favorite "Fernandes Vat 69" — & found it sold out. So were several other brands. Had to take a case of (Trinidad) "Siebert's Bouquet". The labour unions are all striking, or in a mood to strike, now in the hot weather, when all their members will enjoy a holiday.

My last mail included a letter from John Gray, head of the MacMillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, inviting me to write a book on Nova Scotia. They have just started a series of books

on the Canadian provinces, the first being "Saskatchewan" by Edward McCourt. The guarantee is \$3,000 — not much for something that involves, for me anyhow, a year's work, although it would be an interesting job. As I am still under contract to Doubleday, I would have to get their assent to a one-book contract with MacMillan, as I did for "The Rover". (For "Rover", MacMillan paid me \$5,000 for the whole rights.)

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1968 Golf this morning with Capt. Chas. Williams, Jack McCleam, & a visitor from the Valley, named Mosher. Hence fog, & on the fairways the grass clippings stuck on our shoe spikes in such masses that we had to pause at each tee & scrape them off. A thunderclap & a brief shower just as I got home. Sky cleared in the afternoon, & the temp. was 80°.

SUNDAY, JULY 21/68 Another fine day, somewhat overcast with big thunderous clouds piled up in the sky. Played golf this afternoon, mostly alone, but a few holes accompanied by Jack Randall & wife. Jack (who is Liverpool's postmaster) hadn't a word to say about the strike. When I got home I found Tom & family chatting on the back lawn with E. Pamela had a pleasant holiday at Brule'. The kids got a big thrill out of their first ride in an airplane.

Spent at White Point with E. The CBC's traveling camera crew & staff are staying there overnight, on a tour of the South Shore. We met & chatted briefly with "Rube" Hornstein, the popular "weather man" who appears on TV every week-day evening to give the ~~local~~¹⁷⁸⁸ forecast for N.S., N.B., & P.E.I. Afterwards chatted with Mr. & Mrs. Harrington on the porch of their cottage. I mentioned the graves of two sailors, whose bodies were washed ashore at White Point in the latter part of the 18th century. (Mentioned in Perkins' diary) Before the building of White Point Lodge the graves were plainly visible, outlined by beach stones. In latter years, when the Lodge owners built more cottages to the eastward along the shore, the graves disappeared. Today I walked there for a careful look. As far as I can see, Cottage No. 17-A is built smack on top of the graves.

MONDAY, JULY 22, 1968

Again a wonderful summer day. Golf in the morning - the course crowded, mostly with visitors. Mowed my front lawn in the afternoon. In this dry weather I have let the grass go uncut for many days, to shield the ground from the sun; but it has got very shaggy now, & offends my sight. A caller this evening, a studious young man from St. Mary's University, Halifax, who has got job for a few months, writing a history of the N.S. Power Commission, for the Commission. Has interviewed Sherman Andersen & Roy Gordon regarding the building of the first three N.S.P.C. hydro-electric stations on the Mersey, & wanted my views on the development & use of Mersey River power. Name, Mike McCarthy. Spent 4 summers in Mexico, teaching village schools, & talked interestingly about his experience there. Chief interest is Nova Scotia history in the 19th century.

TUESDAY, July 23/68 Overcast & warm. All morning at golf - 9 holes with C., 9 with 17-year-olds Alexander ("Sandy") MacIntosh (son of the Liverpool dentist) & a visitor named Moreton.

In the afternoon I drove to the hospital with Evelyn White, & brought home her husband, Howland, very weak & feeble. He says the doctors cannot find what is wrong with him, but they have prescribed some very expensive pills & medicines. I suspect that they know his real ailment, & consider it a terminal case, & have let him go to die in his own home. He had forgotten his false teeth, & we had to go back for them. Evelyn found the nurses preparing his bed for another patient. The hospital is crowded.

The postal strike continues. Prime Minister Trudeau is making an airplane tour of the Canadian Arctic; says the postal employees have a legal right to strike, but adds that their wage demands seem to him excessive.

In the latter part of the afternoon I mowed my side & back lawns, a sweat drenching job. Got out my hose & sprinkler, & began to wet the rear part of the back lawn at 3:30 p.m.

A Mersey Paper Co. truck made the rounds of the town yesterday, delivering formal printed invitations to a cocktail party at the home of M. G. ("Mit") Green, the special guests being Sir Christopher & Lady Chancellor - King & Queen of Bowaters' world-wide empire.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1968

Golf this morning in a temp. of 80° & thick fog — got home drenched. I had left the sprinkler on all night, placed in the middle of the lawn, so that it got a good soaking. In the afternoon I renewed the painted bands of CYCLOON around the boles of my birch trees. Also mixed 2 gallons of water with plenty of KISSEK, & sprayed the surviving chickweed & other weeds in the lawns. The evening as usual spent in my favourite tub chair, resting my angry hip joint, reading old stories, & alternately watching T.V. shows.

News:- The "peace" talks in Paris between the U.S. and North Viet Nam are dragging on, & the war itself has come to an uneasy halt, with sporadic skirmishes here & there. U.S. air observers report that N.V.N. forces have taken advantage of the lull to repair air fields, bridges, etc., which the U.S. Air Force had bombed out of use. In the U.S. itself there was a bad "black power" outbreak in Cleveland on Tuesday, when a band of negroes, well armed with rifles & pistols, some of them dressed in "African" costume, shot 22 policemen — 3 of them fatally.

The bird bath in my garden is very popular in this dry spell. In addition to the regular customers — robins, cat birds, song sparrows, yellow warblers — which have nested nearby, I noticed during a few minutes this afternoon a female American redstart, a female bobolink, & a black-and-white warbler.

THURSDAY, July 25/68 Heavy showers in the night, drizzle this morning. No golf. Got my hair trimmed — i.e. the basket removed the white fuzz from the back of my neck, leaving the narrow rim of long hair extending from my temples to the back of my bald skull. The charge, #1.25, with the customary 25¢ tip.

The sky cleared about 3 p.m. The postal strike goes on, & our fine post office is without life, except for the unlovely frieze of shabby unshaven loafers who sit all day on a convenient ledge, 2 feet above ground level, watching the shoppers & the motor traffic. In winter they move inside, taking advantage of the warmth, & chatting & staring out of the windows. There are printed notices forbidding "loitering" on the premises, but many people feel sorry for the unwashed habits, & the police make no attempt to clear them away.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1968 Fine & warm. This morning Clinot Green took C. up to Worsley Lodge in his car, with Beth Smith & one or two other old friends of Phyllis (Mrs. Mowbray) Jones, & there they had a small coffee party with Phyllis & Lady Christopher Chancellor. Sir Chris & wife, & the Mowbray Jones's, are visiting here for a single day & night. Mowbray was eased out of the Bowaters organization a year or two ago, but remains a director of the firm (he is on the boards of about 20 Canadian companies) & apparently Sir Chris had asked him to be in Liverpool with him this time. Chancellor has visited Liverpool briefly 2 or 3 times since becoming head of the Bowaters empire, but has never met any of the townsfolk.

My son Tom adjusted an old filling in my troublesome lower right molar this a.m., & filled a small cavity in one of my upper teeth. In the afternoon I drove with C. to Greenfield & beyond, & found that the unpaved link in the road from Greenfield to Bridgwater has been paved this year. Turned off past Chelsea & followed the narrow dirt road to New Elm through the woods, thence home by the paved road via South Brookfield. All the farms looked prosperous, in spite of the dry weather, & many farmers were busy mowing & making hay.

At 6:30 p.m. with the Austin Parkers we walked to "Mish" Green's house on Church Street, & joined a large cocktail party in the garden. Sir Christopher, a handsome & impressive man in the newspaper photographs, proved to be an ordinary person on the small side. His lady is a dithy Englishwoman who might have been dreamed up by P. G. Wodehouse as one of "Bertie Wooster's" aunts. Rather scrawny, & with a grey wing tipped forward over her eyes, so that in conversation she peered at one like a bird from a thicket. All these people quite confused her. She had been introduced to Charles Kelsey, & told something of his bookbinding business, employing handicapped people. The Greens had shown her one of my books at the Lodge, & when I was introduced to her she seemed to be under the impression that Kelsey was my publisher. I didn't disillusion her. (Someone elsewhere in the party whispered that she is an alcoholic, but she didn't seem a bit tipsy.) Had a brief chat with Mowbray & Phyl Jones, who are returning

here for a week or two in August at White Park. Among his many directorates Mowbray is particularly interested in the Kentle Company, based at Calgary & engaged in some sort of supply business to the north country. He & Phyl have a large apartment in Montreal, although he now spends quite a lot of time in Calgary, & has made several trips to the north. The Greens' house was originally built for Mowbray & Phyl when they were married, & all their children were born here in the days before Liverpool had a hospital. But Mowbray says that they have no sentiment about the place. I gather that he is bitter about the way he was squeezed out of executive office in Bowater, & that he feels the dislike which so many Liverpool people had for him.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1968 Another fine day. Erik Andersen, home for the weekend, came in this morning with his electric drill, & finished putting up the brackets for our sunporch curtain rods. Afterwards he & wife Lou, & C. & I., sat in the shade of our back lawn, sipping ale & chatting. Played golf all afternoon with my sea captain friends, Charles Williams & Victor jeans, both burly men who take terrific swings at the ball with erratic results, so it was a cheerful business of tacking back & forth across the fairways, like windjammers in a head wind.

After I got home, Elinor Green dropped in with two of my books, & asked me to autograph one to Sir Christopher, & the other to Mowbray. Later a Dr. Beach, dental surgeon of Ottawa, came with his wife & son Norman. Beach is on the examining board of the Canadian Dental Association, & he signed my son Tom's certificate after he passed the exams. He, too, had a copy of "Footsteps on Old Floors" to be autographed.

Tonight the teenagers of the tennis club, at the foot of our street, started up one of their open air dances on the courts, which are asphalt-paved. The usual floodlights, & the banging twanging "music" bellowed at the top power of the big loud speakers. However, there is another circus, or a collection of games, ferris wheel, etc., on the softball ground up-town, which apparently was more attractive to the callous youth of South Queens who tear into Liverpool in cars & on motorcycles on Saturday nights. The dance

packed up about 10 p.m.

Today received a welcome bundle of newspapers & magazines from Bill White, who had found someone driving a car to Liverpool & sent them along.

SUNDAY, JULY 28, 1968 Another lovely summer day. Soon after I got up at 8 a.m. the phone rang. It was Evelyn White, to tell us that Howland died an hour & a half ago. Celia went over to console her as soon as she got dressed. Among his various ills Howland had hardened arteries, & apparently the cause of death was a blood clot. However, since I brought him home from the hospital on the 23rd., he had told Evelyn to have an autopsy performed after death, to find the real cause, for the benefit of medical science. He also specified no flowers at his funeral, no choir at the (C. of E.) service, just the organist to play Handel's "Largo".

C. cooked a casserole dish of lobster, crabmeat, etc., & took it to Evelyn this afternoon. I drove to White Point, joined David & Wayne Doggett at N° 3 hole, & played golf with them till 4 p.m. At six o'clock C. & I dined at White Point Lodge, & returned to town about eight.

MONDAY, JULY 29/68 Fine & hot, but with a fresh westerly wind. Mowed my lawns this morning. Played golf with C. in the afternoon, but had to quit at the 16th hole because my hip gave out after so much leg work. At evening I got out my hose & sprinkler, & left the water on all night, on the back lawn.

Today Bill Murphy moved his family & furniture to the house he bought from Frank Hilly. New owner of the Park Street house, Jerry Nickerson, intends extensive alterations & redecoration of the interior before he moves in next September.

With the exception of Capt. Victor jeans, the entire upper half of our little street is now owned by retired or semi-retired people. This evening I had a phone call from the secretary of the Yarmouth Historical Society. The line was bad & I could not catch his name. He said that Clement Crowell is ill with pneumonia, & as his wife Celia is also unwell they will not be able to accommodate me when I come to address the Society on Friday. The Society will engage a room for me at the new Grand Hotel.

TUESDAY, JULY 30/68 A cool night, & again a fine day. Walked down to the Mersey Store & autographed some copies of "Footsteps"

HANCOCK CHRONICLE - HERALD

Dr. Raddall

Guest Speaker

YARMOUTH — Dr. Thomas Raddall, famed author and historian, of Liverpool, will be guest speaker at the Yarmouth County Historical Society's August meeting Friday at 8 p.m.

His subject will be "Francois Lambert Bourneuf — his adventures and distinguished career."

for Macleod, who has just received a shipment from Toronto.

Howland White's funeral at 2 p.m. Austin Parker, Arthur Cleveland, Capt. Chas. Williams & I were pallbearers. Service in Trinity church — probably the first time Howland had ever been inside, as he was an agnostic, though Evelyn is a devout churchwoman. Quite a gathering. E. was there with Pamela. Burial in the G. of C. cemetery, just outside the town, off the White Point Road. Howland was 73, a carpenter, quite well read, a descendant of Gideon White, one of the chief loyalists who founded Shelburne.

When I got home from the funeral I found a young man awaiting me, an estimator for Acadia Construction Co. I showed him what I wanted to pave, including the strip between my front lawn & the street pavement, & he measured & figured it up: The total, \$294.00. He wrote a contract & I signed it. As my driveway is 9 feet wide to Pushie's line, they cannot use their big paving machine, which needs at least 10 feet, so it will have to be done more or less by hand. When I first had the driveway paved in 1949, the cost was a little over \$150.00. That was ruined by water draining in from the street, where it lay in a shallow pool after every rain, freezing & thawing, so that the outer end became heaved & broken as the winter passed. The Acadia man says his gang will do the job tomorrow, starting some time before noon.

This evening Ester Crowell phoned me from her bedside at Lake Borleton. Clem is in hospital in Yarmouth with pneumonia, & she has the same bug, but in lesser degree. Her brother, a physician, happened to be visiting, so she is in good hands. She was worried about my accommodation in Yarmouth, & I told her that all was arranged, & I would carry out my promised address to the Yarmouth Historical Society. My only concern is for the Crowells — two of the finest people I know, intelligent & useful people, now in their 70's. Ester was very ill last winter in their Florida house, & Clem (badly wounded in War One) is getting frail.

Should have noted a day or two ago a brief obituary (five lines) of Miss Martha Banning Thomas, in the Chronicle-Herald. She was buried at Victoria Beach. She had been ill for a long time, & was 80. An American, as a young woman she wrote short stories for the "New Yorker", in the great days of editor Harold Ross. She

bought a summer home at Victoria Beach, N.S. about 40 years ago, & eventually lived there (& in Wolfville in winter). She continued writing short stories & verse for magazines, but eventually fell on hard times. Some years ago (December 1961) I helped to get her an annual grant of \$1,000 from the Canadian Writers' Foundation. This, plus her Canadian old age pension, & a small private income, enabled her to spend her last ailing years in comfort with a Wolfville family.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1968 A pleasant day with a cool breeze, after a chilly (55°) night. The paving crew arrived about 3:30 p.m. - six laborers, one roller-driver, a truck driver, & a foreman. They dug out the earth & turf to widen my old driveway towards the garage entrance, filled up the hollows in the old pavement with hot asphalt mix, & finally dumped, raked, & rolled a level layer of about 1½" of hot mix over all, finishing at 6:15. They said they would return tomorrow to dig out & pave the strip of rough turf between my front lawn & the street pavement. The job looks excellent, & I hope it will stand up better than the old one. The driveway took about two truckloads of asphalt mix.

THURSDAY, AUG. 1/68 Sunny & very hot. I played golf this morning, & sat about the house & lawn all afternoon awaiting the paving crew. It is important to have this front strip paved with a gentle slope leading to the street drain between my front & the Andersens', & failure to do this will mean a constant trickle of melt-water across my front walk in winter, when the snowplows shave a great bank of snow on my front lawn. They failed to come. This leaves me anxious, as I must go to Yarmouth tomorrow afternoon, & if they do the job in my absence they will slap down the asphalt in the easiest way.

Had a brief phone call from a Miss Emma Reynolds, of Melbourne, Florida, who wrote me in the summer of 1966 asking about Sable Island; she had read & re-read "The Nymph & The Lamp" ever since it was published, it had left a deep impression on her, & she intended to visit the place.

The phone call was to tell me that she had journeyed by bus to Halifax, chartered a plane to take her to the island, & stayed six days there in the house of a Mr. & Mrs. Bell, ~~(the tends the deep-electric power plant)~~. They had shown her the old wireless station (they, too, like everybody on Sable Island, had read my book), which is now buried by drifting sand, with only the

roof showing. ("I sat on that roof for an hour, just gazing at the dunes & the sea, & thinking of your story")

She said it was one of the great experiences of her life, & now she had to catch a bus — it was waiting outside the phone booth — on her way home.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1968 A foggy morning, which I spent waiting for the panning crew, who again failed to show up. So I drew a pencil sketch for E. to show them, & left for Yarmouth at 1 p.m. About Port L'Hebert I ran into a terrific thunder storm, with sky almost as black as night except in the lightning flashes. The rain came down in such cascades that windshield-wipers could not clear it off fast enough. Also a vapor formed on the inside of the windshield, in spite of open window-vents on both sides, so that I had to drive with one hand & keeping wiping at the vapor with a pocket handkerchief! There was much traffic on the road, and for long periods everyone had to slow down to 30 miles an hour (sometimes to 15), because visibility was so poor, in spite of the fact that all cars had their lights full on.

It was the worst driving hazard I ever saw. Drove out of the storm on the slope leading down to Barrington, & from there on made good time. Arrived at the Grand Hotel about 4:15, unpacked my bag, & drove up to the hospital. Found Clem Crowell still in bed, though he hopes to get out in another day or two. Esther is recovering at their Lake Carlton home.

~~Grand~~ The new Grand is well equipped in all ways, with excellent rooms, food, & service. I enjoyed a variegated sea-food dinner, with a half bottle of Sauterne. At 7:45 Mr. Lonergan, treasurer of the Yarmouth Historical Society, came for me with his car, & took me to the new museum, a former church, of brick & stone, in good condition. The price of this was \$25,000, & their financial problem was solved almost at once, by a gift of \$25,000 from a retired Major Murphy. At present they are refitting the interior before moving their historical collection into it. On chairs, & in many church pews, I found a large crowd of people, including Bishop (R.C.) Bourque of Yarmouth; two sisters of my old shipmate & chum, Walter Hunter of Tusket, who died a few years ago; Edwin Todd, formerly of Milton, Queens County, who has heart disease & looks thin & frail; and Winslow ("Pearly") Gates, who was one of my classmates at Chebucto School in 1917-18.

Gates had brought along a typewritten "class prophecy", faded and much repaired with Scotch Tape, which he & I concocted in May or June, 1918. I had forgotten all about it.

After some preliminary business, I was introduced as the speaker of the evening, & I talked for about an hour on the life & times of Francois Lambert Bourneuf, the Napoleonic sailor who was wounded & captured at sea in 1809, spent 3 years in the prison at Melville Island, escaped, married an Acadian girl, built more than thirty ships, & sat in the N.S. Legislature for 16 years as member for Digby County. The ladies served tea, sandwiches, & cake afterwards, & many people came to me for a personal chat. I was pleased to find that several descendants of Bourneuf, mostly of the Comeau family, had come from Meteghan, Church Point, & Belliveau's Cove to hear what I had to say. Florence Hunter & her widowed sister, Mrs. Russell Maclean, insisted that on my way home in the morning I should stop for a chat with them in the old family home at Tusket. All very pleasant, but I was tired when I got back to the hotel.

SATURDAY, AUG. 3, 1968 I left Yarmouth about 9 a.m. in dense fog. Stopped for a chat at Tusket with the Hunter ladies. They showed me a large oil painting of the 4-masted barque "Walter H. Wilson", in which their brother Walter was born on a voyage from Calcutta to New York. Also the original chart, with the ship's course plotted around the Cape of Good Hope & up the South Atlantic, with a penciled circle around the spot of Walt's birth — nearly abreast of Walvisch Bay, S.W. Africa. Also photos of their grandfather, in his uniform as colonel of the Tusket militia, about 1862, a handsome, whiskered man who stood 6' 4". Of their father, Capt. Charles Hunter, who was my skipper in the "War Llama" and "Prince George". And of Walt. Left after half an hour, got out of the fog after leaving the coast at Barrington, & had a fast run home. Still no sign or word from the pawning crew.

SUNDAY, AUG. 4, 1968 A hot (88° at noon) & humid day, after a foggy night. C. & I spent the afternoon on the golf course, which got a good soaking in Friday's rain, although the fairways still show brown patches. We dined at White Point Lodge, & had a farewell chat with the Harringtons, who leave tomorrow for home in Toronto. Chatted also with Mt.

✓ Mrs. Langdon of Montreal. He is a collector of Canadian silverware, & is writing a brochure on the subject. Very eager to find the grave or other traces of Charles Oliver Bruff, a Loyalist silversmith, who moved from Shelburne to Liverpool in December 1793 & is said to have died here about 1817. I know nothing except the entries in Simon Perkins' diary in Dec. 1793 and April 1800, which show that Bruff practised mainly as a gunsmith and watch-repairer, etc. Also spoke briefly with Sandra ("Sandy") Caines, & her lawyer husband, who are visiting at White Point with their four children. She is a daughter of Mowbray & Phyllis Jones, & was always our favorite among their children.

MONDAY, AUG. 5, 1968 Still marvellous weather. Golf all morning. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. Town authorities have banned the use of town water for lawns, gardens, washing cars, etc., as the sole supply at Town Lake is shrinking fast. My front lawn, which I have not watered all summer, is getting very thin & brown. We called on the junior Raddalls at Hunts Point, where they are again renting Murray Mosher's cottage for two weeks. All very brown & happy.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6/68 E. & I went out to the golf course before 9 a.m., to take advantage of the fresh morning air. By noon it was very hot. We lunched at White Point Lodge with the Langdons & R.P. Patterson. The latter is a wealthy bachelor from Ontario, who has been summering in N.S. for 16 years, & a few years ago bought an old house at Granville Ferry, which he has restored & furnished beautifully as his permanent home. He owns one of the finest collections of glassware in Canada. In the afternoon a young man named Ken Belmar came for a talk with me about N.S. history in the past hundred years, especially organized sports & physical training. He is doing a Ph.D. thesis on the subject.

News:- The postal strike ended today, on terms not yet revealed. The various union branches throughout the country will ratify the settlement by individual vote. In all, it will be next Monday before the postal workers begin to tackle the tremendous piles of mail which have accumulated since July 18.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7/68 Showers in the night, & this morning. This afternoon E. & I drove to the junior Raddalls' bungalow at

Hunt's Point, with gifts for little Tommy's birthday. Marion White (his other "Nana") had driven down from Hfa. on the same mission, & brought along a bundle of English magazines (*Statesman*, *Economist*, *Punch*, *Spectator*) which Bill White ordinarily sends us by mail, plus a copy of Will R. Bird's new book, "Ghosts Have Warm Hands".

In the evening Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon came to our house for a chat. He is a collector of silverware, & an expert on the subject. Her interests are music & botany. Pleasant people.

They leave White Point tomorrow on a leisurely motor drive home to Toronto via New England, where they will attend a music festival in Vermont.

THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1968 Fine & warm. To the golf course with C. about 8:45 a.m., & found many early birds, including our old summer acquaintances Covert (Halifax corporation lawyer) & ^{Ken} Hedgewick, former vice-president of Royal Bank of Canada, & now a partner in a Montreal stockbroking firm. Had a brief chat with them at N°1 tee. Home at a little after noon, drenched with sweat & glad of cold ale. Spent a lazy afternoon reading Bird's book, which purports to be a true (& intensely detailed) account of his experiences in War One, written 50 years afterwards. He sets himself forth as a daring & clever soldier, engaged in killing large numbers of Germans (I lost count as the book went on & on) by sniping, bombing, & just plain hand-to-hand stuff, despite being hampered by officers & NCO's of his own unit who were almost all stupid or cowardly. I had heard him talk in this strain, years ago. ^{Actually} He served in the 42nd Battalion, Royal Highlanders of Canada, on the Western Front, for nearly 2 years (Jan. 1917 - Nov. 1918); ^{yet} was never wounded, & never got above the rank of corporal. He actually did win a Military Medal (known among the troops as the Macomachie Medal, because it was said to be part of the daily rations, which included a nauseous tinned stew put up by the British firm of Macomachie) at the very end of the war (Nov. 10, 1918) when he knocked out a German machine gun crew by firing rifle grenades, from cover, at a distance. During the 1920's, when short stories of War One were appearing in all the magazines, Bird wrote & sold a great many; & in 1931 Maclean's Magazine paid him to visit the old Western Front & recount the tales of people who had lived or served there during the war.

He subsequently published these articles, illustrated mostly with photos of Canadian cemeteries & battlefield monuments, in a slim book entitled "Thirteen Years After". A lot of the stuff in the new book reflects these harsay yarns, which were told to him in French pubs long after the war — but as adventures of his own.

The title of the book comes from the most preposterous bits in it, when he says he was led away from impending & frightful explosions by the warm-handed ghost of his brother Steve, who had been killed on the Western Front in 1915. I suppose that at the age of 77 Will R. has spun these yarns so many times that he has come to believe them himself, like King George the 4th, who came to believe that he had led the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo.

News:- A convention of the Republican party at Miami, Florida, has chosen Richard Nixon as their candidate for President of the U.S.A. in the forthcoming election. He was defeated before, when he ran against John Kennedy; but this time it looks as if his Democratic party opponent will be Hubert Humphrey, an old-style party war horse like Nixon & at present the Vice-President of the U.S.A.

Negroes in Miami chose the occasion of the Republican convention for one of the now-familiar looting & burning orgies in the poor quarter of the city.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9, 1968 My father was killed in the battle of Amiens, fifty years ago today. Last night there was a good rain, which we needed, & for good measure a shower this morning. I was attending one of the incessant morning coffee parties, which start at 10 a.m. & go on till noon or after.

My lunch was a glass of ale, & I dashed out to White Point at noon, to get in after the morning crowd, & before the afternoons. It worked like a charm. Playing alone, I had a clear field for the first round of 9 holes. Perfect weather, sun & wooly white clouds, & a delightful breeze. On the second round, of course, I ran into the procession of "afternoons", but I didn't mind — I was glad to rest my angry hips on the tee benches while waiting — & I teamed up with old Tommy Miller for the last few holes. Entered the post office on my return, & found a few items of mail in my box.

Rain again tonight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1968

Warm, with sunshine & woolly clouds. I went without lunch again, & found I didn't need it at all. E. & I arrived at the golf course about noon, & played 9 holes together. By that time the course was crowded. E. dropped out, & I teamed up with two men for the second 9. Home, cold ale, a bath & change, & then dined on fried eggs & sausages, peas, cabbage & asparagus. Two glasses of Sauterne, but no dessert, no tea, no coffee. Enjoyed it, but didn't want any more. This evening at 10 p.m. Lou Andersson phoned & invited us in for drinks & chat. Erik is home for the weekend.

SUNDAY, AUG. 11/68

Again a fine day, with hot sunshine & refreshing west wind. Golf this afternoon with E. A cocktail party 5:30 - 7 at Marilla McDill's summer home, Mill Village. Many old friends there, & a new one, a tiny & charming baby, Marilla's first great-grand-daughter. E. & I dined at Lane's restaurant - cold meat, salad, potatoes, & wine. E. invited the John Wickens, Austin Parkers, & Jim Parker & his new wife Cathy, to drop in this evening, & we had drinks & chat.

MONDAY, AUG. 12/68

A cool (50°) night, & for the first time this summer I had to switch on the furnace for an hour, so that we could breakfast in comfort. Today was like a fine Fall day, blue sky with a lot of cumulus clouds, & a strong cool west wind. At 9:30 a.m. we set off for Port Joli to join the Parkers (Austin & Vera, Jim & Cathy) in a picnic at Baden Bay. We drove to the end of the motor road at the Catherines River hamlet, & then walked about 2 miles along the old wagon road to Baden Bay, the men carrying the main part of the supplies in haversacks. The first time I walked in there was in the 1930's, ^{1 (July 11, 1932)} when the Kinney house was in semi-ruin at the east end of the long beach, & the ruins of two substantial frame houses, which he built for his shepherds, were still standing at the west end. The last time I saw it was in November 1942, when German submarines used to lurk off Little Hope, torpedoing a ship now & then. The Germans had landed armed saboteurs in small parties on Cape Cod, on the Fundy shore of New Brunswick, & in Gaspé; & several times, on a tip from the Admiralty in London, our Reserve battalion of the West Novas turned out to patrol every uninhabited stretch of the coast. On this occasion I took a well armed patrol from the Port Joli by road through the

woods & barrens to the old Kinney place to examine the shore facing Little Hope island. There we made contact with a patrol moving around Port Mouton Head, & another that had searched the shore around Port Joli Point.

Now the old wagon road to Baden Bay is no more than a footpath, almost closed in by alders & other bushes, except on the granite barrens near the shore. We picniced in the lee of a huge granite boulder at the west end of the beach, with a fine view along it to the red roof of the old Kinney house, half hidden in the spruce woods on Black Point, and of Little Hope, where the lighthouse is self-automated and the old lightkeeper's dwelling has vanished. Austin & Jim busied themselves in gathering about a dozen painted wooden lobster-trap buoys, & in disentangling their nylon mooring ropes, of various colors. After World War Two a wealthy newspaper owner, Kerdett Woods, of Wisconsin, bought the Kinney place, bulldozed a motor road into it from S.W. Port Mouton, bridging several brooks & creeks, & practically rebuilt the old house. I believe his sons still visit there for a few weeks each year. It remains the sole habitation on this lovely & utterly unspoiled stretch of coast between Port Mouton Head and Port Joli Point. About 3 p.m. we walked back to the car, lugger the lobster buoys & ropes for decoration of the Parker cottage at Port Joli. Just about an hour's hike. Home at 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUG. 13/68 Another lovely day. This morning I mowed my lawns — the growth is getting sparse in the long drought. Golf this afternoon — The usual nine holes with C., & then the second nine, where I overtook & teamed up with Capt. Charlie Williams. Charlie joined us for drinks of ale afterwards in the shade of our back lawn. Then on to a buffet dinner party at John & Dorothy Wickwire's house, in honor of Jim & Cathy Parker. Eighteen people. Good food & drink & talk. Our mail service is still spotty, mainly due to continued hold-up at Montreal. We haven't received U.S. magazines ("Time", "Life" etc.) for several weeks.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14/68 Again fine & warm, with a strong S.W. breeze. Answered some letters this morning. Golf this afternoon —

nine holes with E., & nine with Austin Parker & Charlie Williams. The course crowded with visiting (i.e. tourist) players, most of whom knew little of golf, & nothing of golf etiquette; so progress was very slow.

Got home shortly before 5 p.m. I had a very painful accident in the bathroom. Stepping sideways into the bath, in a hurry, my left foot slipped; & in the violent effort to save my balance I brought my free right foot — or rather leg — hard against the low edge of the bath. The effect was as if I had struck the lower part of my right calf muscle with a sledge hammer. I dressed & drove to Hants Point with E., for supper with the junior Raddalls. Tom cooked steaks on an outdoor charcoal broiler, & we dined magnificently on these, plus new potatoes, carrots & beans from Tom's garden at York Point. Home about 8 p.m. I walked with a bad limp, & when I undressed for the night there was a lump as big as a duck egg on the lower end of the calf muscle, painful even to the touch.

News: — A big funeral in Lunenburg today — Captain Angus Walters, aged 87. He was skipper of the original fishing schooner "Bluenose" in the 1920's & 1930's, when she won & held the International Fishermen's Cup, against crack U.S. schooners. She is commemorated on the Canadian dime, & on the badge of the West Nova Scotia Regiment.

THURSDAY, AUG. 15/68 A Fallish sort of day — sunshine & a cool NW wind. The U.S. mails are coming through — three issues of "Time" today. Three or four days ago I received a copy of Edward McCourt's book on Saskatchewan, sent to me by John Gray (see entry July 19) as the first example of MacMillan's "travelers' series" on the Canadian provinces. It is cleverly done, with excellent photo-plates; but it is a glorified guidebook for tourists, pointing out the good restaurants, motels, etc., & deplored the bad ones. So I wrote Gray today, saying it's not my line of work.

Golf as usual this afternoon, & on the way home stopped at the Dominion Store to buy a broiled chicken for supper. I continue with my abstinence of food at noon, & it suits me very well. I have a good appetite for the substantial meal at 5 o'clock, with fresh peas, beet greens — but no potato or bread — & two glasses of Sauterne.

Friday, Aug. 16/68 A clear warm day. The countryside is parched. Wrote some letters this morning. Golf all afternoon, stopping for a rest on the seaward benches, & playing a very bad game, with

E., & then Douglas Henson, but enjoying just being alive & outdoors. My bruised leg has recovered, & in this dry weather my hip does not bother me much; indeed I am remarkably well in all respects.

SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1968 Cloudy & cool, with a few light showers this evening. Golf with E. this afternoon. Few players out. The summer visitors have begun moving home, & many of our own players are still away on trips of their own, with wives & children. Flocks of mingled sparrows, juncos, & female or immature cowbirds flitting about the golf course; & when I got home I noticed a similar flock taking turns (4 or 5 at a time) in my small bird bath. In all ways Fall is in the air, & unlike last year we have no complaint. We've had a fine warm summer. I'm sunburnt like any Indian, a sharp contrast with my snow-white hair. There is no news worth notice; except that the U.S. presidential campaign is in full blast, with two mediocrities, both old-style politicians, Nixon (Republican) & Humphreys (Democrat) leading the field. Our own ebullient Pierre Trudeau, who spent much of the summer touring the Canadian Arctic, has now taken off to Spain for a private holiday. No doubt to charge his high-voltage batteries for a long Fall, winter, & spring in Parliament. Good luck to him. Whatever he does or fails to do, he won't be a Nixon or a Humphrey.

SUNDAY, AUG. 18/68 Again a perfect summer day, not a cloud in the sky, a fresh northerly breeze, the sea smooth as it has been for weeks. Golf in the afternoon; 9 holes with E., & 9 with "Milt" Green. Dinner at White Point Lodge, & then called on Carl & Jean Conrad at their little odd farmhouse at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, AUG. 19/68 A replica of yesterday, except that I played my second 9 holes at White Point with Mr. & Mrs. Brodeur of Montreal, who arrived yesterday. They have been guests at White Point Lodge in the latter half of August for more than 30 years. Admiral (retired) Hugh Pullen phoned from Chester tonight. He had spent the early part of the summer in England, researching in the Public Record Office re naval affairs at Halifax 1805-15; says his opus on the "Chesapeake" & "Shannon" is in the hands of McElland & Stewart, Toronto, who want changes in it. He doesn't.

Harry Holland, who runs the Liverpool merchants' "Crush Bureau" in a small hut on the waterfront of the town parking area, asked me to donate an autographed copy of "Footsteps", ~~to~~, for

presentation to the 2,000th tourist to register here this season, whom he expects in the daily batch tomorrow. He called at my house for it today. I doubt if more than one out of four visitors bother to hush up the hub & register; but this is a good indication of the rise in tourist trade this summer, which is breaking all past records in every part of N.S.

TUESDAY, AUG. 20/68 Again a fine day, after a chilly night (47°). I woke up this morning & found the furnace running. Visited the Perkins House this morning, & ~~had~~ made some minor adjustments to the exhibits in the museum, suggested by Mrs. Inness, curator of the house itself. Golf in the afternoon. Some light showers this evening.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21/68 Awakened about 1 a.m. by a clam-bang thunderstorm, which went on for an hour, with a wind tossing the ~~trees~~, & a heavy fall of rain. The flood coming down Park Street was too much for the lone drain outside my house, & for some time a stream poured across my front walk & driveway like a mountain torrent. I'm told the meteorological instruments at Western Head lighthouse registered $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rainfall. Although the land got a lot of benefit, it was a case of too much, too quickly — most of it ran off into the brooks & rivers.

Today Russian troops, accompanied by token forces from Soviet puppet states — East Germany, Poland, Rumania & Bulgaria — moved into Czechoslovakia & took over the government in the name of the Czechoslovak communist party. The government at Prague had been casting off the censorship & other restrictions imposed by the Kremlin when Russian troops occupied the country after War Two. With the U.S.A. thoroughly enmeshed in the jungles of Viet Nam, & Britain & France still reducing their military establishments, the Russians obviously felt safe in crushing the one free voice & body on the east side of the Iron Curtain.

E. & I had supper with the junior Raddalls at Hunter Point, a feast of steamed clams obtained from Lockport. Our nearby clam-flats at Summersville, Port Joli, Port L'Herbert, have been so depleted that the federal fisheries authority banned all digging several years ago.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22/68 Still the wonderful weather goes on, with the occasional rains falling at night, & every day a fine one. This morning I mowed my lawns, which remain a good green despite

the hot summer. Golf with E. in the afternoon, then a visit to the Dominion Store supermarket for a boiled chicken, etc. It was full of shoppers, many of them summer visitors from Ontario & the States, who have bought or built summer homes at Port Medway, Hunt's Point, Summersville, Port Joli, Port L'Herbert, & Table River, especially during the past three years. This year, I'm told, many Americans have bought shore properties. I hope the federal government's Parks Branch (ridiculously attached to the Dept. of Northern Affairs) will take up the Caddie Bay area while it is still untouched & unspoiled. They should buy the whole stretch from S.H. Port Mouton to Port Joli. It includes a magnificent sand beach 2 miles long; & the only habitation there at present is the Woods place (see entry Aug. 12) which is occupied only a couple of weeks in the summers & not every summer.

Item: - The new (1968) Canadian quartet-dollars, made of nickel largely or entirely, are now appearing in large numbers in small change. There was a shortage of the old ones, because in recent years the market price of silver had gone up to a point where enterprising characters were drawing large numbers of "quarters" in rolls from the banks, & melting them for the silver content.

Friday, Aug. 23, 1968 Fine & hot. Golf in afternoon. Joseph Purcell, Lunenburg artist, phoned re the forthcoming Lunenburg Exhibition. Idea is to have blown-up photographs of South Shore notables, with objects connected with their lives, beginning with the Captain Angus Walters & myself. The Walters picture will be accompanied by models of the original "Bluenose", fishing gear, the International Fisherman's cap, etc. Mine to be accompanied by a complete collection of my published works, which I would lend. I said many of my books are now out of print, & valuable to me & probably others, & I couldn't risk theft; but I would lend some, of which I have more than one copy. I have no recent photo of myself, so he will try to get Sherman Hines to come here & take one especially for the exhibit.

Saturday, Aug. 24/68 A dark sky with slow & spotty rain this morning, clearing at noon & turning into another lovely day. In the afternoon E. & I were guests at the wedding of Richard, younger son of Maurice & Mary Russell, and Norine, daughter of Sheriff Paige. Zion Church was prettied

up with flowers, & with white silk ribbons in fancy knots on the pew ends. About 60 guests, very well dressed. Noticed two young women in miniskirts, who had covered their heads with elaborate white mantillas, apparently to offset the southern exposure. Reception afterwards in the big lounge of the Curling Club, newly finished & furnished after the fire last year. (Nowray Jones, regarding all this, observed, "It must have been a pretty good fire"). I soon got hold with standing about, making polite faces & conversation, & we slipped away home, changed to comfortable clothes, & relaxed with glasses of beer with the Andersons on their little patio.

SUNDAY, AUG. 25, 1968 Overcast, with a S.E. wind. Drove to the golf course shortly after noon, but after 7 holes had to quit in a downpour of rain. The rain soon changed to a fitful drizzle, so it did no good to the dry land.

MONDAY, AUG. 26/68 A graduate of Dalhousie, Donald Cameron, came to see me at noon, accompanied by his wife, 3 small children of their own, & a 9-month-old mulatto boy they recently adopted. He is taking up a professorship in the English department at U.N.B. shortly, & meanwhile is working on a Ph.D. Thesis. Had a long conversation with him, about my own writing, with which he seemed very familiar, and answering his questions about authors' discussion groups. (I gave him a frankly deprecatory opinion of the Canadian Authors' Association.) He kept a tape-recorder going during most of this, while his charming family had a picnic lunch & a frolic on the back lawn.

I gathered that they had spent 2 or 3 years in England while he made post-graduate studies. A dark, pleasant man, with a good deal of grey in his black hair. Age about 35.

In the evening I drove with E. to Hants Point, where she talked with brother Lenore about the old family home in Milton. Mrs. Alice Hartlen, who turned it into a home for elderly people, has been making small monthly payments on the \$4,000 purchase price. She now wants to pay off the balance.

TUESDAY, AUG. 27/68 A sultry ~~hot~~ day in town; but there was a refreshing breeze from the sea at White Point, where E. & I. played golf this afternoon. Mrs. Jack Davies (Frances) whose formal photo of me has appeared on my last two book jackets, popped in this morning with a book to autograph. Wants to come down from N.Y., where they now live, & take a new photo of me for an exhibition of her portrait work.

Birds are now in migration south for winter (horrid thought!) and on the golf course today I noticed flocks of semipalmated sandpipers, & ring-necked plovers, all fearless of man, & allowing a close approach.

News:- Prime Minister Dubcek of Czechoslovakia has returned from Moscow, where he was taken like a naughty schoolboy summoned to the headmaster's study. A powerful Russian army holds the whole country, including the radio & TV stations, & the newspaper offices. The people of Prague are still in an uproar, but they can do nothing. Nor can the so-called United Nations, whose councils in recent years have become little more than a sounding board for the new little "nations", especially those of Africa, yapping at their former colonial owners & the United States — the white nations — mostly to cover up their own ineptitude & the bloody tyrannies within their own borders.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28, 1968. Cloud & (mostly) sunshine, fresh SW breeze, temp. 90° in the sun in town at 4 p.m. The morning mail brought the now familiar clipping of my dossier in Canadian Who's Who, with a form letter asking for additions & deletions. Also a lengthy dossier, with a similar request, from the University of Victoria (B.C.) whose library is compiling a biographical dictionary tentatively entitled "Creative Canada: A Biographical Dictionary of Twentieth Century Canadians in Literature and the Arts," which will be kept current with regular supplements.

They write: "A distinguished board of consultant advisers has helped us select the entrants for volume one, which will be in the printer's hands this year."

Golf in the afternoon. Afterwards Lou Anderssen joined us in that over ale in our garden. Then C. & I drove to Hunt's Point, where Tom & Pam had invited us to another feast of steamed clams. Walked along the beach in the last pink light of evening to the wharf, where Tommy & Debby fished unsuccessfully for tom-cod. They return to town at the end of the week.

News:- The Democratic Party convention in Chicago has chosen Hubert Humphrey, vice-President of the U.S.A., as its candidate for President. Our TV showed scenes of disorder in & outside the convention hall, due to an invasion of screaming hippies — mostly males in the late teens & early twenties (the army draft

age) with shaggy hair & beards, wearing strings of large beads over their shirts, chanting anti-war and anti-government slogans, resisting any peaceable attempt of the police to disperse them, many hurling bottles etc. Finally the police turned to brute force, clouting the "hippies" with clubs, & herding them into a procession of motor "paddy-wagons".

Troops were also on hand in case of need, but they stayed out of sight. This convention hall was like a fort besieged, with police requiring everyone to show identity papers. Much of this was obviously a security measure, in view of the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers. Our own CBC's chief TV commentator, Norman DePoe, declared that all this police violence shows that the U.S. is now openly a "police state" — the obvious analogy being Russia. But DePoe's son is a "hippy" himself, in the notorious Yorkville sector of Toronto; and not long ago Papa DePoe, on TV, defended his son's aversion to work & penchant for sloppy living, in the name of "peace".

THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1968 An overcast sky with an east breeze, promising rain, although none fell. Golf in the afternoon; one round with C., the second with Austin Parker. Movie this evening.

Letter from John Gray, (MacMillan Co. of Canada Ltd.) acknowledging mine of Aug. 15, & apparently interested in my remark that I had "fulfilled existing contracts". Wants me to suggest something I would like to do. In my present mood I don't want to do anything in the book line. Many years ago, reading authors, once good, but who had kept on turning out books long after they should have stopped, I resolved not to make the same mistake. I have written 17 books of various kinds, & I think now it is time to draw the line. I would be interested in T.V. or radio scripts of an historical or anyhow reminiscent nature, which I can still do well. But as for books, I have written about all that interested me in historical times & in my own time, & I have nothing more to say.

FRIDAY, AUG. 30/68 Lowering sky & strong NNE wind, but not cold, & still no rain. Golf alone this afternoon. Few players out, & most of them visitors from Montreal, Toronto, & New York, Maryland & Connecticut. Flocks of ring-necked plover, semi-palmated sandpipers ("black-legged peeps") & juncos foraging over the course. At home, besides the regular visitors to our bird bath, I noticed lately a fox sparrow and a pine grosbeak.

SATURDAY, AUG. 31, 1968

Sunny, with a cool wind. (Reports from eastern N.S. speak of heavy rains. Guysborough had 6 inches, streams are in flood, & roads washed out in some places.) I mowed my lawn this morning, a thin crop, the ground as hard as rock, yet the grass keeps green. My applications of "Killea" earlier in the summer have abolished the dandelion, buttercup & plantain weeds. Chickweed, with its small leaves, is able to resist the stuff. In the afternoon I played 15 holes at White Point, & then hurried back to town, to bathe & change clothes for the wedding of Nancy (daughter of our neighbours Jerry & Jean Pickering) to a Montreal young man, Eric Schibler. Ceremony in Zion Church. About 200 guests in full fig. (E. even wore his mink stole, though the temp. was 70°). All the usual pomp & ceremony. Charming bride. Tall & handsome bridegroom. Reception in the Curling Club. I would have gone to that; but it meant standing about, making polite chat, for at least 2 hours; and after my day's exertions with no food since breakfast I wasn't up to it. This was fortunate, because soon after a substantial meal & a nap I had a phone call from Sherman Hines, the photographer. Joe Purcell had caught him on his way to a brief overnight visit with his parents here, & there was still some good sundown light. Hines came, & took me in his swank racing-model car to Fort Point, where he took about a dozen close-up pictures of me, head & shoulders, leaning on one of the old cannon. The gun will not show in the photographs except as an unidentifiable prop for my folded arms. Afterwards we had a long chat at my house. He wants to come down again, in September, & spend 2 or 3 hours with me, outdoors and indoors, to get a "real portrait" that he can exhibit. He is a small, alert, chap, about 30 or so, balding. Began taking photographs as a part-time employee of the Liverpool Advance, ten or twelve years ago. Went to California & spent 3 years in a "college of photography." Afterwards travelled a lot in North America & Europe, cameras in hand, & with an eye for people. Two or three years ago he set up a studio in Halifax, with a small staff, & is now very busy & prosperous. A bit cocky - likes to mention the various awards he has won, for portrait photography, in Canada & the U.S. - but he has a lot to be cocky about, & his talk was lively & interesting. Our old friends & neighbors, Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson,

arrived in Liverpool today after spending a hot summer with relatives in Florida & Kentucky. They will stay with Evelyn White until the Jerry Nickersons move from the Johnson house next month.

SUNDAY, SEP. 1, 1968 Again a clear hot day, with just enough breeze to be comfortable. Golf with E. in the afternoon. We dined on the excellent cold buffet at Lane's. My weight, naked, & before the evening meal, is now about 171, my lightest in many years. I weighed about 190 at the end of last winter, & felt flabby. By cutting out bread & potatoes, & evening snacks, I got this down to about 177; but there it stayed until August 9, when I cut out any sort of food in the middle of the day. Now that I'm used to it, I suffer no real pangs, & I work & play with much more vigor than I had five months ago. And my clothes, uncomfortably tight last winter, are now loose enough to wear with such ease that I'm not conscious of them at all.

MONDAY, SEP. 2/68 A cool night (the furnace was running when I arose at 6 a.m.) followed by another hot day, this time with no breeze. Golf as usual in the afternoon; part of the second round with Donald Smith & old R. H. Lockward. When Lockward was mayor of Liverpool, & at the same time an employee of C. O. Smith (Steel & Engine Products Ltd), I crossed swords with him over the new library building (which Smith disappeared) and won my case. I despised the man as Smith's "stooge", & made sarcastic reference to the fact. But ^{now} he is old & deaf, & lonely, unable to enjoy reading or even T.V., a pathetic creature after all. "The moving finger writes, & having writ, moves on."

TUESDAY, SEP. 3/68 Fine & warm. As I finished the first 9 holes of golf this afternoon, Harvey Crowell came out of the club-house. He had attended some official doings at Acadia University, & drove across from Digby in hope of a game at White Point. So I played the second 9 with him. He spoke of Will Bird's new book, "Ghosts Have Warm Hands", and called it "just a mess".

On getting home with E., we had callers, Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Russell, who spend their summers in Garming & winters in Washington, D.C. I knew her years ago as a very bright girl, Margaret Ellis, on the staff of the Provincial Archives at Halifax. Later she married Russell, & they moved to Washington. Having no children, they had time on their hands, & became deeply absorbed in parlour-pink politics, ban-the-Bomb

agitations, etc., & both made trips to Russia at the invitation (and expense) of the Soviet government. She is now about 60, & he a very spry 80. (He still plays tennis.) They stayed for tea & sandwiches, & then departed for banting.

Some showers of rain fell tonight - just enough to wet the ground surface.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 4, 1968 Showers at intervals all day, enough to stop me from playing golf, but not enough to do the ground & crops any good.

Whynot's plumbers came today & fixed new screws in the bed-plate holding our bathroom washbasin to the wall. Installed only a couple of years ago, it had been drooping away from the wall. The schools opened today, & again we have the buses rumbling, & the cars & Hondas roaring, up & down Park Street, plus the ceaseless litter of gum-wrappers, candy wrappers, empty cigaret packets, & miscellaneous junk, tossed on our front lawns in passing.

THURSDAY, SEP 5/68 I spent a miserable night, unable to sleep, coming downstairs for another drink & another second pill, trying it again, but finding it impossible, & my nerves crawling like a can of fish-worms. Finally about 3 a.m., after swallowing enough rum & secondal to knock out a horse, I got to bed & to sleep. Within half an hour C. had a nightmare & ran into my room, turning on the light & crying she had "heard a crash". Thus rudely awakened, with the dope just taking a good hold, I went through another nerve session. Finally slept from about 5 a.m. to 9:15.

C. is suffering from an upset stomach & a touch of flu, & stayed in bed most of the day. At 1 p.m. I drove to White Point with Austin Parker for 18 holes of golf. Bert Waters accompanied us for the first 9. He had a hernia operation early in the summer, & is just beginning to play a little golf.

Sky mostly overcast, but weather warm. I was glad to sweat the alcohol & secondal out of my system, & although my score was bad I got home feeling better. C. had got up & dressed, & prepared a dinner of (pre-cooked & packaged fried shrimps & haddock "sticks") with peas & asparagus.

Local news: - contractors have begun to clear scrub woods from the new Queens County air-landing strip, a little way north of the road running to Greenfield from the Liverpool-Annapolis highway. This is the nearest-to-Liverpool patch of fairly level ground which can be made ready for airplane use. Mainly it will be used by the

peripatetic officials and technicians of the Bowater Paper organization, who are frequently on the move from mill to mill, or for conferences in New York, London, Montreal, etc. The organization has its own jet planes for this purpose, a set-up called "Bowairt".

FRIDAY, SEP. 6, 1968 Some rain in the night, followed by a lovely warm day. This afternoon I drove with C. to Kejimkujik Park, where Ross Dobson, the young naturalist on the park staff, took us in his station-wagon & conducted us all over the park — or rather as far as the roads are complete. The main roads are wide & ready for asphalt paving, which will be done this fall & next spring. This will include the approaches to Jacques Landing, the pretty bay called Fairy Lake, & to Jim Charles's Point, as well as to the fish hatchery at the outlet of Grafton Lake. Hiking trails are being opened for miles along the Mersey River and the woods along the lake shore. Many camping sites have been cleared & provided with fresh water, & central ablution & sanitary huts. The coarse granitic sand beach near the former summer cottages & dining room of Mr. Merry (which he used to advertise under the awful name of "MERRY-MAKOOGE") has been augmented with many tons of fine sand, presumably trucked in from the seacoast. All but two of Merry's buildings have been pulled down, & the rest are to go soon. On Jim Charles's Point, the old board-&-shingle ark originally built by the Kedgemakooge Rod & Gun Club about 1907, & later for many years a summer "hotel", was eliminated in January 1968. It was cheaper to burn it down than pull it down; so the park crew set fire to it, & all but one of the ramshackle summer cottages & huts that had grown about it in the course of sixty-odd years.

In the future ("about ten years from now" is Dobson's guess) there will be a paved motor road right around the lake.

We stopped to inspect the pathetic little Indian graveyard near the lakeside. Most of the graves were marked with chunks of stone from the shore, and few were ^{inscribed} ~~marked~~ in any way. Over the years, passing vandals heaved ^{up} the stones & threw them flat. Only one was too heavy & too deep to be moved. It remains, with a faintly inscribed "1847" and under this "MALTA" — evidently one of the Micmac family whose name was derived from the French "Martin" and pronounced MALTI.

I had a brief chat with C. E. Doak, the park superintendent, who is, of course, mainly concerned with road construction, etc.

SATURDAY, SEP 7, 1968 Cloudy & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point between 12:30 & 2 p.m. Then the course became crowded with visiting players — a convention of insurance men at White Point Lodge — so I came home & spent the rest of the afternoon mowing my lawns. One of my new roses, the one called Nocturne, continues to put forth buds & big blooms of a very deep, almost purplish, red. The Austin Parkers picked us up at 6 p.m. & we drove to Mill Village, where Rita Bebe & her guests the Ballous, were giving a farewell cocktail party. They return to Boston at the end of the week. Had a pleasant chat with them, & with Marilla MacDill, who also leaves at the weekend. Marilla was reminiscing about the early days of aviation in the U.S. Her husband Leslie MacDill was a young teacher of mathematics who learned to fly in 1912, & was one of the founders of the U.S.A.F. He was killed in a plane crash many years later. The U.S.A.F. has a big air-training base ("MacDill Field") named after him.

SUNDAY, SEP 8/68 I tried to get Joseph Purcell on the phone this morning & again about 1 p.m. In both calls, his son answered, saying curtly that he didn't know where his father was, nor when he would be at home. Presumably Purcell Jr. is one one of his alcoholic benders, & I strongly doubt that I should entrust a collection of my books, some of which are long out of print & rare, to his care. Anyhow I shall wait to hear from him. The Lunenburg Exhibition opens on Wednesday.

My sister Hilda has been busy with house-guests at her Mahone place every weekend this summer; so C. & I drove there this afternoon in light showers of rain. She had guests again — Mrs. Ethel Allen & daughter Rosemary, & an elderly Mrs. Faulkner & daughter — all from Halifax. The Allens were old friends of mine & Hilda's. Old Mrs. Faulkner turned out to be the widow of a dentist, who had an office on Göttingen Street during & for some years after War One, & who did some (very bad) work on my teeth in the spring of 1922, when I was under orders for a year's posting on Sable Island. Home about 4:30. Dined at Lane's. Daughter Francis made one of her rare phone calls this evening at 10. She has been very busy with guests all summer, & was full of bright (but it seemed to me febrile) chat, mostly to C. This evening Jerry Nickerson showed

us the work he has done & is doing in his house - painting, plastering, re-modeling the kitchen, plumbing & wiring. He is a handy man with tools, an outcome of his early years when he operated small fish-refrigeration plants practically single-handed, & although he is now retired & well-to-do he has done most of this work himself, working like a beaver from morn to night. I told him how C.O. Smith had the house built of the best materials during World War Two, & how the townsfolk called it "The Park Street Corvette". Jerry drew me into the livingroom & showed me the fireplace. It contains an elaborate & beautifully made pair of brass andirons, joined across the front with brass bars. The upper bar holds, welded on, a neat half-model of a Canadian Navy corvette, made to scale. I wonder how many man-hours of skilled labour it cost - in the middle of a great war - and if the cynical Smith had it made deliberately, knowing what his house was called.

MONDAY, SEP. 9, 1968 A ceiling of grey-blue cloud most of the day; cleared late in the afternoon. Very warm. Played golf alone this afternoon. The course almost deserted - White Point Lodge closes on Wednesday. This evening Mary James, wife of Dr. Arthur James, phoned from Lunenburg. As I suspected, Joe Purcell is on a drinking spree. She is one of the committee in charge of certain exhibits, said they have received an enlarged photo of me from Times, & what about the books? I said I would run them over to her by car in the morning.

TUESDAY, SEP. 10/68 Drove to Lunenburg this morning, calling at the charming James house on the right-hand hill just before you enter the town from the west. The old doctor is very shaky now (Parkinson's disease). E. & I had coffee with them, & then set off with Mrs. James for the Lunenburg Exhibition, which opens this evening. Owing to Purcell's failure, there was nothing in the small section of the (also small) Arts & Crafts Room allotted to exhibits of Captain Angus Walters & me, except two blown-up (30" by 40") photos of us. The one Times made, of me, has the entire back of my head cut off, showing my profile from the left (mole & all) in such enormous detail that my facial pores, not ordinarily noticeable, show like the aftereffect of a bad case of acne. I had to leave my carton of books

on a chair, & hope devoutly that none of the out-of-print items, now irreplaceable, would be stolen by the inevitable souvenir-hunters. Until Hines told me, I hadn't known that Powell was an alcoholic. If I'd known, I'd have said No when he phoned his request. Home about 12:30. The usual glass of ale & no lunch, & then out to the golf course to sweat out my anger at being sucked into such a trap.

The morning's fog had given way to a hot sun & a lovely breeze. I played 20 holes, & worked off the tension. Got a broiled chicken at the Dominion supermarket for supper.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 11, 1968 A grey sky & light east wind. Golf in the afternoon. Rita Beebe & Marilla came to dinner with us. C. served a sea-food (mainly crab & lobster) salad, with hot buttered biscuits, & custard dessert. Sauterne with the food, and a liqueur (Drambuie) with the coffee, which C. served in the delicate little Dresden cups & saucers we bought in Europe ten years ago.

A wind began to blow, with rain, about 9 p.m. & our guests left for Mill Village, where they are closing up their summer homes for another year.

THURSDAY, SEP. 12/68 Last night's little storm wetted the ground, on the surface, no more; & the wind kicked up the high surf at White Point since June. I played golf there all afternoon, most of the time with Austin Parker. A "smoky sou'-wester" still blowing, with warm moist air. Temp in town, in the sun, at 4 p.m. was 80°.

FRIDAY, SEP. 13/68 Grey sky, cool wind. Golf in the afternoon.

News:- Our TV showed the opening ceremonies of Parliament at Ottawa. For the first time in the history of the confederation of Canada, the speech from the Throne contained no mention of the British sovereign & commonwealth. At Halifax, Dalhousie University's Medical School is celebrating its 150th anniversary with a gathering of distinguished doctors from the U.S. and various European countries, as well as the various parts of Canada.

SATURDAY, SEP. 14/68 Cloudy & cool. Spent the morning with clippers & saw, cutting back the jungle of shrubs along the south side of my house & gardens, hauling them to the bit of wild land between my garden & the new school, & giving them the heave-ho. Some of the golden elder, "brush" honeysuckle, & datura, had grown

ten feet high, with woody stems as much as 3 inches thick, all trailing with stems & branches; so it was heavy work, & at noon I had to change my sweat-sodden shirt & trousers. In the afternoon I finished my bush-whacking job, & mowed the lawn, watered the roses, & filled the bird bath. The bath has fewer visitors, now that the fall migration is in full swing.

This evening we had a visit from Lloyd & Ruth Staples, of Delia, Alberta, who called on us in the summer of 1966. Last April they sailed from Vancouver in a freighter to Rouen, France. They visited the War One battlefields in which Staples fought as a teenage private in the 25th (Nova Scotia) Battalion. The scenes included the battlefield of Amiens, & Staples gave me a snapshot of himself & Ruth standing beside my father's tombstone in Manitoba Cemetery. From there they went on to tour Europe from Italy to Finland, traveling by the cheapest railway & ferry routes, staying in the homes of casual acquaintances, or relatives of friends in Alberta who came from all the various countries, & from whom they bore letters of introduction.

They returned to Canada two weeks ago, & came to Liverpool to attend a reunion of surviving 25th Batt. veterans, held at the local Legion Hall. Staples is a retired school teacher with a big blonde 50-ish wife. He is a slim man with delicate fingers, a mild friendly manner, & a gift for wrangling his way hither & yon at the least expense. He asked where he could buy my new book, & naturally I gave him one, autographed. Afterwards I took them in my car to the Trans-Scotia Motel, Brooklyn, where they have a room. They leave for Alberta by rail tomorrow.

Our new neighbours, Jerry Nickerson & wife Jean, have moved into their house (the one built by C.O. Smith, & sold by Smith's widow to dentist Bill Murphy) after making various changes & repainting the interior. This enables Ralph & Hallelle Johnson to move back into their own home, which the Nickersons have been renting.

Sunday, SEP 15/68 Sunny, after a cool (50°) night. I played golf from 12:30 to 2 p.m., when the course became crowded with players. At 3:30 I drove with E. to Port Joli, where our friends the Austin Parkers were giving a season's-end supper party at their cottage. The guests included Capt. & Mrs. Charles Williams, Hector & Marion Dunlap, Ralph & Hallelle Johnson.

The tide was nearly full, & in the sandy shallows a

flock of terns were diving & feasting on schools of tiny silvery fish which the fishermen call "shiners". They may be baby herring.

Supper consisted of chicken breasts & legs broiled over a charcoal fire, with potatoes & beans from the Parkers' small vegetable garden near the bungalow, with apple pie for dessert. All delicious, & we had a good chat by the fire indoors. The air chilled sharply as the sun went down. Home about 9 p.m.

MONDAY, SEP. 16, 1968 A chilly night, (47°) & when I got up this morning the furnace was running steadily. At noon I

began the old Fall chore — washing the house windows, getting the storm windows down from the overhead racks in the garage, cleaning them, & putting them on. They are heavy old-fashioned storm windows, with wooden frames, so I installed the 7 which cover the windows facing Park Street & quit the job then, when my right hip was beginning to protest all this climbing up & down ladders. As always, in washing the house windows with my water-brush (hose attached) I got soaked to the skin; but the sunshine was warm (temp. 65°) & C. cleaned the storm windows with Bon Ami powder, which saved me that part of the chore.

TUESDAY, SEP. 17/68 Again a chilly night & a fine warm day. This afternoon I got the remaining storm windows on, after the usual washings, etc. This leaves only the kitchen storm window to put on, a minor chore, & if we get a hot day in the next 2 or 3 weeks, C. can throw the big kitchen window open, also the aluminum all-year-round outside windows in the bedrooms & my study, which have sliding glass & fly-screen panels. Bathed & changed, & relaxed with lager beer on the sunny part of the lawn, where Lou Andersen joined us for a glass & a chat.

Local news:— One of our leading medics, Dr. Lloyd MacLeod, a dark, muscular man with a big practice, went on one of his occasional alcoholic benders a night or two ago, at a party, & became so violent that his friends had to send for the town police & have him taken to jail for the rest of the night. Since his release (with no charges) in the morning, he has disappeared, probably to take a cure at some distant institution. Meanwhile the already overworked other doctors in Liverpool are taking care of his patients.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 18/68 A perfect day — warm, with a refreshing breeze, & not even a wisp of cloud in the sky. Played golf

this morning. In the afternoon drove with C. to the James house in Lunenburg, where I picked up the 20 books I lent for the Lunenburg Exhibition. Mrs. James was one of the volunteer attendants in the Arts & Crafts room, & said the display of my books got a lot of attention. The common remark was — "I didn't know he'd written so many!"

We drove on through Lunenburg to Blue Rocks, very lovely with an easterly sea running & the surf dancing on the foreshore.

On the way home we stopped to dine at the Fairview Hotel in Bridgewater, & had a good meal & wine.

The mail brought a note from my sister Hilda, saying she was married to her friend Theodore ("Teddy") Bayer a week or so ago, very quietly. He is a retired accountant from Halifax who built a new home about 5 years ago on the road to Borgal's Point, near Chester Basin. For something to do, he opened a small antique & souvenir shop in Chester Basin, but I think he is fairly well off, financially. He & his wife were divorced a long time ago, and she died about 2 years past. He has a son & two daughters, all married, with children, but none living near the South Shore. Bayer is 60-ish, Hilda is 54. She first married a young English naval officer at Halifax during the Second World War — Bill Riddle, a goodlooking, clever, but shallow chap. They were divorced soon after the war's end, & she then married Herbert Gamester of Halifax. He too was goodlooking & shallow, but not even clever; yet Hilda thought the world of him — strange, in a woman highly intelligent & sharply perceptive in every other way. She has been a widow ten years or so, brisk and businesslike, & putting on a cheerful air, but basically lonely & unhappy. I have met Bayer once or twice. He seems a dependable type. Hilda will keep on with her secretarial job at the Institute of Oceanography, Dartmouth, until they can get a replacement — she hopes not later than Oct. 15th.

Meanwhile she & "Teddy" are living in his house at Borgal's Point, & she drives into the city every weekday morning & returns at night. She hopes to rent her own house at Mahone Bay.

THURSDAY, SEP. 19/68 Fine & warm. More fall chores this morning. Oiled the furnace motors & vacuum-cleaned the old air filters. Oiled the slides of all the aluminum windows & fly-screens. Oiled locks & hinges of house front & side doors, also the lock &

catches of the garage door. In the mail I got 10 rough proofs of the photos taken by Sherman Stines on Aug. 31. Some I think are better than the one he chose for the Lunenburg show, but none are really good. Wrote a congratulatory note to Hilda.

FRIDAY, SEP 20, 1968

Had a very bad night, the first in a long time. I had gone to bed about midnight, having taken as usual three 2-ounce drinks of rum & 2 large Seconal capsules, spaced over the hours since 11 p.m. I awoke suddenly at 3 a.m., as if by an electric shock, & with my nervous system all acrawl like a can of fish-worms. Went downstairs, poured myself another drink, & swallowed a half-size Seconal capsule. No effect. About 4 a.m., with my nerves still in torture, I took a full-sized Seconal capsule & washed it down with another drink of rum.

The effect of all this, including the residue of the first 2 Seconals, worked like a delayed-action bomb. I collapsed on the den floor, lay there in coma till about 5:30, when I was able to make my way, mostly on hands & knees, to my bed upstairs, where I slept with marvellous dreams till noon.

Drove to the golf course at 12:30, & spent the afternoon playing a very bad game under a scorching sun, which sweated the alcohol & drug out of my system. Came home feeling like my natural self, & enjoyed a good steak dinner. Slept well.

SATURDAY, SEP 21/68 Again a hot summer day — not a cloud in the sky. Temp. in the sun at 5 p.m. was 92°. Played golf from 10 a.m. to 12:30, alone. The sea was flat as a floor, after 3 days of thrashing surf from some distant storm.

Tom Jr. called this evening to pick up E. N° 1 wig, for restoration by Halifax hairdresser "Mario". He & family drive to Hfa tomorrow to have dinner with Tom's parents — it is Marian White's birthday. Like many other people, he & Pam have been driving out to bathe in the sea at Summersville after 5 p.m. for the past week or more. The water has been really warm — better than any time during the summer.

SUNDAY, SEP 22/68 Sunny, with a fresh breeze. Golf in the morning. This afternoon we had a visit from Hazel Freeman, who is now living, retired, in Lindsay, Ontario. Her father, Carl Freeman, was a Milton man, a relative of Edith.

He learned the carpenter's trade as a teenage boy in Liverpool, later opened a hardware store in Bridgetown. He had a gift for making money, especially in buying & selling farms in the Annapolis Valley. (I described him as "Mr. Warkham" in my novel "The Nymph & The Lamp.") When he died, he left a fortune, over which his two surviving daughters & his son quarreled bitterly. Only one of them had any offspring — the youngest daughter Ila, who had a brief unhappy marriage with an RCAF officer about the end of War Two. She moved to Los Angeles, & brought up her child Stefanie to be an actress — lessons in ballet dancing, tap-dancing, etc., from the age of 8 or 9. Stefanie grew up to be a tall young woman with big breasts, etc. She didn't get into the movies, but she got into the all-but-naked showgirl line at Las Vegas, & eventually married Jack Sands, whose family then owned the famous Sands Hotel there. When I think of that, & then reflect on Carl Freeman's rigid hardshell Baptist household in Bridgetown, in which Ila & the other girls were brought up as if in a nunnery, I have to smile. Hazel rattled all this off, with frank views of her brother & his wife, & then flitted away by car to Petite Rivière, where she is spending a weekend — her first trip to N.S. in many years.

MONDAY, SEP. 23, 1968 Showers in the night, and a thunderstorm in the afternoon, none of which wetted the parched earth very much. Playing golf in the afternoon with Austin Parker, John Wickwire, Charles Williams, we took shelter for a few minutes in the tool-shed near N° 7 tee.

The stock markets have been rising all summer, after the slump of last autumn & winter, & today my holdings of common stocks are worth \$87,610. ~~last July 1968~~ In July 1967 (the former peak) they were worth \$86,446.

News:— As a joint U.S.-Canadian naval exercise, a convoy left Halifax for New London, Conn., during the past weekend — the first convoy out of Hfa. since the war days of 1945. The present convoy consists of a heterogeneous dozen or score of Canadian Dept. of Transport, U.S. coastguard, etc., simulating merchant ships, & one or two actual merchant ships chartered for the occasion. On the way to New London they will be "attacked" by U.S. and

Canadian submarines. The joint exercise had been announced in Halifax newspapers & on Canadian TV, and already the convoy is being dogged by one or two of the ubiquitous Russian trawlers, which carry all kinds of electronic spying & listening gear.

TUESDAY, SEP. 24, 1968 Overcast & sultry, with a little air from the sea. This morning I cut back the honeysuckle vines to the ground, as several of my neighbors have done, because a strange blight withered the vines this summer. Also cut away some of the acy saplings & branches behind the garage. Played golf all afternoon with Austin Parket & Charles Williams. Not a single bird to be seen on the course, not even a robin. The southward migration of birds which nest in northern Quebec & Labrador seems to have been halted by this hot extension of summer. During the past 2 or 3 weeks, gangs of men & machines have been cutting & bulldozing a road, & digging a deep trench, beginning at the motor highway just a bit east of Mill Village, & extending to Port Medway harbour. I learn that this is to place a buried cable, to be connected with the Halifax-Bermuda submarine cable. All part of the communication system now being developed at the so-called "earth-satellite" station near Charleston.

THURSDAY, SEP. 26/68 Golf this afternoon. My score was $39 + 43 = 82$, my best in years; I suppose because I was giving careful attention to the game. Usually I let my mind wander, & play in a slapdash way that gives me a score well up in the 90's. The mail brought a letter from J. Eaton Company, Halifax, asking me to be at their store for a public book-autographing session, on a Thursday or Friday evening, or a Saturday afternoon, in mid-October. They would advertise the fact beforehand on the local radio stations. As far as I know they have no real book department, just a few shelves in the stationery department. In any case the autographing stunt doesn't sell many books nowadays, unless you are a famous TV or movie actor who has put out some memoirs. Charles Burchell, manager of The Book Room in Halifax, had hinted at an autographing party in his store when "Footsteps" came out last spring, but I said

it wasn't worth the bother. For people who wanted autographed copies I autographed quite a lot privately in his store & at Talbots. Today I phoned Burchell, told him about the Eaton request, & asked if he would mind if I did an autographing stink there. I felt I should consult him on the subject, having turned it down last spring. He replied cheerfully that it wouldn't bother him, but he asked me to drop into his store & autograph some copies in private when I come to town.

This evening I had a visit by my old friend George Foster, of the Toronto book firm, Nelson, Foster & Scott, making the round of his old Maritime territory by car, for the pleasure of it rather than business, but calling at the booksellers' here & there. (He called on me in the same way a year ago.) By way of trade gossip he said that McClelland & Stewart are said to be in financial difficulties, due to "over-extending" their publications in the past few years. Jack McClelland, a hardstrong fellow, has been plumping into all sorts of prose & poetry, boasting to the newspapers & on TV that he was Canada's biggest & best publisher; but unfortunately his firm's sales department hasn't been able to match the billing. George thinks the firm will survive all right (wealthy TV personality and author Pierre Berton became a director last year), but Jack will have to pull in his horns.

Referring to my own books, George confirmed something Burchell told me on the phone — that Doubleday have let my "Halifax, Warden of the North" go out of print. He hinted that his firm would like to republish it if I can get the plates from Doubleday.

Nature note:- During the past few days a fine big bull moose has been seen beside the Liverpool - Shelburne highway just outside of town, & at various places in the scrub woods & barrens between there and Moose Harbour. As far as I know this is the first moose to appear in the vicinity of Liverpool for at least 30 years.

News:- Premier Daniel Johnson of Quebec died tonight in his sleep. He had been recovering from a heart attack, & only returned from Bermuda a day or two ago. Only last night, on TV, I saw & heard him in a CBC, talking in his fluent English about

the "French fact" in Canada, & about his forthcoming conference with De Gaulle in Paris, where preparations had been made to receive him as if he were the head of a great & independent state.

FRIDAY, SEP. 27, 1968 A low grey sky, & showers of rain all day. I decided against the Eaton autographing party, & ^{wrote} In them, a polite No. Also a note to Bushell about this. Local news:- Ken Jones MPP is in hospital in Halifax, presumably for a long stay, as Premier Smith has allotted Ken's financial duties to two other members of the cabinet. The only reason given to the Halifax news media is that "Mt. Jones has entered the T.G. Hospital for various medical tests."

Larry & Bertie Seldon are back from their European trip, having visited Italy, Jugoslavia, & Austria, as well as England.

SATURDAY, SEP. 28/68 Golf this morning. In the afternoon I mowed the lawns, installed the wooden storm door on our side entrance, & did some more caulking around the doorstep. Leaves from my wire-birch trees are turning yellow & falling fast, but all the other trees & shrubs remain green. Weather overcast & warm. Stanley Spicer has sent me a copy of his book "Masters of Soil", for which he got a generous research grant from Canadian Centennial Commission. It is published by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, on good paper, & with several excellent plates. Retail price, \$7.50. The book is rather a hodge-podge, with much copied from books by F. W. Wallace & others, but it does supplement Wallace's work to some extent. There are some bad errors. On page 29 he quotes me as saying, "The whole destiny of Canada hinged on the decision made by Cape Cod Yankees living in Liverpool, N.Y. to defend themselves." Which is ridiculous.

SUNDAY, SEP. 29/68 A fine Fall day, with cotton-wool clouds sailing seaward on a light breeze. Golf in the afternoon. Dined with E. at Lani's restaurant. Francis phoned from Moncton this evening & talked to E. about a visit there soon.

MONDAY, SEP. 30/68 A cool (60°) grey day with a brisk west wind. Golf in the afternoon with Jim Dumesh & Dr. John Wickwire. Still no birds to be seen except the gulls.



