

Nov. 2, 1961 To
MAY 16, 1962

Record



No. 666

Diary of Thomas H. Raddall II

Nov. 2, 1961 (CONTINUED) foundation of the Hfx. branch.
Back to the hotel at 11:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, NOV. 3/61 Another mild day. C. shopped this morning, while I had a long chat with Bruce Vergusson at the Archives. He agrees with me that Mackenzie Porter's book, "^{Overture}~~Introduction~~ to Victoria", is a meretricious thing & most unreliable. In his foreword Porter mentions that he had "learned heavily in parts" on various published material, including my "Halifax, Warden of the North". In fact, without asking permission from me he used my book for most of his chapter 7, dealing with the life of Prince Edward & "Julie St. Laurent" in Halifax. In this borrowing he used my very paragraphs and sentences but substituted words of his own, a sort of bastard paraphrase, with highly imaginative interpolations & misinterpretations. Vergusson says that Porter did not consult the Archives at Halifax for a thing. He added that many people in Canada & elsewhere claim descent from children of Edward & Julie; and according to their supposititious claims there must have been at least 10 children of the happy ^{pair} and the figure could be 15 or 16. Not one of these "descendants" has convincing documentary proof. Porter claims to have seen such documents, but he

does not say what or where they are; a confession of trumped up.

At noon my sister Hilda Gamester joined E. & me at the Carlton for lunch, & at 2:30 we left for home. A quick run with surprisingly light traffic on the road, after the first few miles out of Hfx. The Rev. Matheson dropped in, soon after we arrived in Pool. Asked me to write a brief summary of the history of Zion Church & mail it to the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald tomorrow. This is quite apart from the more elaborate history on which I have been working this week for several hours a day.

SATURDAY, NOV. 4/61 Mild. Temperature 60° at noon. Mailed the Zion matter to Hfx Chronicle-Herald. Got this afternoon. Quite a crowd of players out, male & female. Letter from Peter Paterson, CBC, Toronto, making tentative inquiry about the use of my "Governor's Lady" as a short T.V. serial in 30-minute episodes. If feasible the CBC would like rights to sell their "video-tapes" (i.e. films) in Britain & the U.S. as well as in Canada. The handling of movie & T.V. rights is ^{I think} on the hands of Doubleday, per contract, which is now in my safety deposit box in the Bank of N.S. This evening E. & I attended a reception at Sante ("Sandy") Tonello's house

on the Old Falls Road, following the wedding of their daughter Gloria to James Hutchinson, son of my friend A. C. Hutchinson, late manager of the Royal Bank here, who retired last summer. Tonello is a blond Italian from the Alpine region, ~~near~~^{near} Gorizia; he served in the Italian army in War One, & after the Caporetto disaster he remained hidden in the family woodshed for more than a year. The daughter is blonde, but rather plain. Jim is employed as a timber cruiser by Mersey Paper Co. He is Protestant, she is Catholic, & they were married by Father Delaney in the glebe house, with the usual provision that any children shall be ^{brought up Catholic}.

SUNDAY, Nov. 5/61. Sunny & warm as our Italian summer continued. Noon temperature up the river at P. Big Falls was 72°. I went to church with C. this morning. In the afternoon played 18 holes at White Point with Austin Parker, Dr. John Wickwire, Maurice Russell. My score 86.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9/61. Finished the brief history of Zion Church (15 typed pages) on which I have worked several hours a day since Oct. 28, & mailed it to the Rev. Matheson as promised. It took much work because I had to wade through Perkins' diary, etc., for every reference to the "meeting house" & the religious squabbles which divided the old Congregational group.

Played golf at White Point this afternoon under a black sky, temp. 45° , with a heavy swell rolling in & breaking on the shore. The only other players were our Catholic priest, Father Delaney, Len Pottie, & our club pro., "Jack" ☺

Pamela & her babies motored to Mfx. with Mrs. White yesterday, & tomorrow Tom Jr. will join them for the week-end. Tonight he had dinner with us, leaving early to get back to his office. He finds occasional doldrums in his new practice, but on the whole he is kept busy. Apart from town patients, people come to him from as far away as Shelburne, where there is a resident dentist. He has been able to pay off \$1500 of the \$9,000 he borrowed from the Royal Bank at the beginning of the summer. This in spite of the fact that, as a new practitioner, he gets many "bad debt" patients who already owe the other two dentists in Liverpool.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10/61

Fishermen from Lockport, Shelburne & Cape Sable have reported Russian trawlers dragging for herring within the 3 mile limit of the N.S. coast. They have been operating off S.W. Nova Scotia & on George's Bank for weeks, accompanied by a well-equipped refrigerator & supply ship.

Some of our fishermen have seen "skin divers" working from one or two of these ships close to the coast. (Of course this could be merely to clear propellers of nets caught & wound about them.) In this morning's paper is a letter from my old friend Dewey Nickerson, in which he says Russian trawlers are dragging nets over the Seal Island lobster-fishing grounds, & may damage the lobster fishing.

These Russian herring-seiners are reported to be at least a dozen, & so far as we know this is the first time they have operated off the N.S. coast. This fishery is distinct from trawling for codfish etc. on the Grand Banks, where Russian trawlers have been operating for ~~some~~ years since 1950. Last summer the Russian fishing fleet on the Banks was reported as large as 50 or 60 ships.

SATURDAY, Nov. 11/61 A cold bright day (34° at noon) after a frosty night. On T.V. we watched an hour-long film this morning, consisting of old, jerky (but highly interesting) movies of Canada's part in War One. Some of the battle shots were very good, especially of Vimy, Passchendaele & Amiens. I remember seeing many of these in Halifax movie theatres in 1917 & '18.

Too windy & cold for golf this afternoon.

(My eyes water and I can't see the ball properly.)
So I took a short motor drive with G. to
Charleston, Port Medway, Eagle Head, Beach
Meadows & thence home. Most of the leaves
are off the hardwood trees (though the oaks still
make a show) & the landscape is brown with a
faint tinge of yellow, except in the softwood
patches.

SUNDAY, Nov. 12/61 This was Zion Church's 200th.
anniversary, & the Rev. ^{DR.} Borston, head of Pine Hill
College at Hfx., came down to preach the sermon
at morning & evening services. G. & I attended
morning service, & the preacher made reference to
my brief history of Zion, which Mr. Matheson had
shown him. I had a few words with him at the
church door after the service. His father, still
living in Hfx. at a great age, was my mother's
physician for many years.

Played 18 holes at White Point in the
afternoon. Cold (34°, & last night it was 20°) but
bright sun & little wind. A few other players
out. As usual at this time of year it ~~seemed~~ ^{seems} odd
to see thick ice on the pools, and the grass still
a fresh green. In spite of frosts (and weather
in general) the men & machines of the N.S. Highway Board
continue re-surfacing the asphalt highway towards Hunts Point.

MONDAY, NOV. 13, 1961

My 58th birthday, a bleak grey day, cold & threatening rain. E. presented me with a fine new putting-iron; & this afternoon, on a deserted course, I played 18 holes using it. A great flock of snow buntings, fluttering & settling, & fluttering again, were my sole company.

Tom & Pam, back from a week-end in Hfx, came & had dinner with us, bringing Debbie & baby Thomas H. 4th. They presented me with a bottle of Bordeaux (Chateau du Saillan 1955) filched, so they informed me, from Bill White's (Pam's father's) wine cellar. Indeed Mr. White's cellar keeps them supplied with first rate, foreign wines, while E. & I content ourselves with the common fare of so much of our married life — Trinidad rum ("Fernandez"); Canadian sweet sherry ("Chateau Gai"), South African ("Paarl") port, & an occasional bottle of Scotch.

Tonight, as I to mark my ill-omened birthdate with something particularly ominous, the Nuclear Bomb Attack Emergency Organization — I forget what it's called officially but what describes it — staged a demonstration right across Canada. Here in Liverpool at 8 p.m. there was a sudden

THIS WAS CALLED, OFFICIALLY, "EXERCISE TODESIN" (2)

uproar of fire sirens, factory whistles & church bells. The local militia (theoretically still an artillery battery, but without guns, & trained chiefly in disaster-relief-&-rescue work) assembled quickly at their posts, & so did the civilian organisation. On T.V. we were shown pictures of such work, & of the large underground shelter ~~100~~ ¹⁰⁰ miles outside Ottawa (PETEAWAWA) where key members of the armed forces' staffs, & of the government, would carry on direction of Canada's defence & recovery in the event of a nuclear bomb attack. Quaint note: - Gov.-Gen. Vanier, & Prime Minister Diefenbaker, today felt too busy (or indisposed) to make the hurried flight to Petawawa Camp. Hence the officials in charge of the demonstration solemnly ruled them killed in an atomic blast. In the same way officials at Halifax declared that something like 56,000 people had been "killed," in the city.

I have long believed in preparation for war (there have been 2 major, & several minor wars in my lifetime); but this kind of thing is mainly alarmist. The Canadian govt. is actually offering to lend any householder \$500 for the construction of a "fall-out" shelter in his basement. (With proper terms of payment & interest, of course!) Very few people take this seriously. (2)

TUESDAY, NOV. 14, 1961

Mild & wet. G. & I raked up ~~removed~~ the fallen leaves on my grounds & dumped them in the bushes between my stone wall & the school fence. Today, feeling guilty about dumping leaves & lawn mowings in this strip of land, I asked Mrs. Jean Holden if she would sell me the part of this "panhandle" opposite my land. She informed me that she did not own it. When the gov't authorities expropriated much of the old Sixth farm (which she had inherited) for a site for the Rural High School, a few years ago, they chose, for some mysterious reason, to build a wire fence along the edge of the actual "fill" for the school grounds, leaving a ^{low & narrow} narrow strip of bushes between that & the house properties along the west side of Park Street. This strip is where I dump grass cuttings.

For half an hour (between leaf-rakings) this afternoon I watched on T.V. the first of the "Canadian author" ~~interviews~~ interviews which are being broadcast for the benefit of Canadian literature students across the country. Today it was Morley Callaghan (born like myself in 1903) whose most interesting remark was that he does not write a line for months at a time,

& that there was a period of 8 years (apparently 1938-46) when he wrote nothing at all.

Old Captain Howard Arenburg died at Petite Riviere today, aged 85. One of the last of the square-rig sailors, he went to sea as a boy with his father, later commanded schooners in the West Indian trade & in N.S. coastal trade. On retirement he & his wife set up a summer inn in the old family residence, built 1801. Since then the Arenburg House has been famous on the South Shore for old-fashioned food & hospitality. At various times my mother, sister Nellie, & Edith's sister Marie spent summer holidays there, & I always enjoyed dropping in for a meal & a yarn with the Skipper.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15/61

A marvellous Indian Summer day, after a night's hard frost. Temp. rose to 60° in the shade, & I played 25 holes at White Point this afternoon, in shirt sleeves, & perspiring as if it were June. Many other players out, including several ladies.

Phyl Jones asked G. & me to drop in, between 5 & 6, for drinks & chat with a pair of Bowater people from Cornerbrook. The Austin Parkers & Jack McElarns also. The Bowater man, an alert & pleasant little fellow, 45-ish, standing about 5'2". His wife, a tall rangy woman standing nearly 6". I was seated next to her, & led the conversation about

Newfoundland, etc. She talked in a friendly but mechanical way, in her broad Newfie accent, until I mentioned family. And away she went, talking on & on & on about her three sons, all studying at Jesuit colleges, two in Montreal & one in the States. I didn't ask the chief question in my mind — why do little men so often choose the biggest females for their wives? Is this Nature's way of enforcing the law of average?

SUNDAY, Nov. 19/61 A cold (32°) grey day. Church this morning with E. A large congregation. This is "Visitation Sunday" according to the Sector Plan; & about 70 (all male) "visitors" sat in the front pews, answered in chorus a brief catechism, & were blessed in prayer by the parson. All members of the congregation, other than "visitors," were asked to stay at home this afternoon in order to receive the "visitors" & sign pledge cards for money contributions in 1962. About 7:30 I received a "visit" from Senator Don Smith, & a middle-aged Scot named McKellar. Each was armed with a book of pamphlets & statistics supplied, under the Sector Plan, from Toronto offices of the United Church. But Smith talked about other things, knowing that I knew the score. I signed the pledge card & put down \$260 per ~~year~~ year (\$5 per week, of which \$3

goes to local church expenses, \$1 to the building fund,
& \$1 to foreign missions.) Not being on a salary, my
income year by year goes up & down like a fever chart,
& I can only pledge so much definitely, especially
in view of the dozen-or-so charities which make
demands on me during the year.

The town's electrical dept. chose this bitter
afternoon to shut off the supply for 3 hours. As
most homes now have oil furnaces with electric
motors, & many do not have fireplaces or auxiliary
stoves, a lot of people spent a chilly afternoon.

During the past week the paving crew & machines
of the N. S. Highway Board (not a contractor) have reached
White Point in their process of "re-surfacing" the asphalt
highway from Liverpool towards Sumnerville. Their heating
& mixing plant is set up in one of the gravel pits near the
town dump. Acadia Construction Co., of Bridgewater, are
doing some work for the town, and apparently are buying hot
asphalt "mix" from the aforementioned plant. They have
paved (for the first time) the little street leading off Court
Street (really an extension of Court St.) past the Court House
to the Holden residence; Boeppert St.; and in the
"up-town" (colloquially "Whynot Town") region, they
have paved King Street.

MONDAY, NOV. 20, 1961

Temp last night 20°. By noon it had risen to 40°, bright sun, a light breeze. This morning I borrowed, from editor Day, files of the Liverpool Advance for 1896 & 1897. The paper was then owned & conducted by E. M. Farrell, a Liberal time-server who eventually got himself a seat in the Senate at Ottawa. The Advance was a poor thing, printed on the cheapest paper, full of advertisements and "filler" clipped from other papers, with no systematic attempt to gather & print local news. For something to do in my present awful idleness of mind, I hope to find something of the state of the town & county which encouraged Liverpool to incorporate in '97.

This lovely afternoon I spent on the golf course, leaving home at 12:30 & getting back at 4:30. Not another soul out.

Modern phenomenon:— the new "I. G. A." store (Independent Grocers' Association) has its entire basement given over to well-equipped & well-lighted bowling alleys; and I'm told the alleys are booked for the entire winter by various groups, male & female.

There have been one or two small bowling alleys in the town ever since I came here in '23, but they

were patronized mostly by men of loafer class. With these new alleys (where even the pins are set-up by machinery) our small town, catches up with a fad that has been sweeping over the U.S. & central Canada during the past ten years, chiefly because it has been taken up by the ladies & is now not only respectable but fashionable for both sexes.

TUESDAY, NOV. 21/61 A wet dark day, with a wild gale from the east. Spent most of it poring over the old copies of the Advance - so fragile that I have to handle them as if they were colwert. Making notes on the typewriter for permanence. When I came to Queens County in 1923 there were many people who remembered, & talked about, Liverpool & Milton in the 90's. So in gleaning notes from much trash (the Advance advertisements are often more revealing than the "local news") I get familiar echoes. Drove to the theatre tonight, at the height of the storm, to see a British movie, "The Lanes of Glory", with Alec Guinness giving, to my mind, the finest performance of his career. Having no small acquaintance with the army, from childhood when my father was a professional British soldier, I could recognise & enjoy much that I'm sure was lost on the very small audience.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22, 1961

Wet again, & indoors all day, poring over old "Advances". Today is my son Tom's 27th birthday, & this evening, G. & I called with a present. He & his little family are happy and flourishing. The baby, at less than 4 months, is so strong that, lying on his back, he grips Tom's two forefingers & lets Tom draw him upright until he is standing on his feet. He does this with great glee, too.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/61

Still dull, grey weather & no exercise beyond the morning walk to the post office. Found in the 1896 "Advance" copies detailed accounts of the murders aboard the American barquentine "Herbert Fuller", which put into Halifax towing three rotting bodies in the jolly-boat astern. Am making full typewritten copy. Not actually a Nova Scotia court case (though the preliminary evidence was given before a Halifax magistrate) but I might use it in my contemplated book of N.S. crimes & trials. This case was famous for many years, & in my scrapbook of marine news, I have printed reference to it (or rather the central figure, Thomas Bram) as late as 1929. Michael Wardell, editor & publisher of the Atlantic Advocate, monthly magazine published in

Frederickton, made one of his periodical phone calls, asking for a short story or article, & admitting (as usual) that he couldn't pay "anything like the Saturday Evening Post". I put him off, as usual. Wardell is a clever, intensely vocal, advocate of Maritime affairs. He is a protégé of Lord Beaconsfield, a veteran of Britain's wars with an ostentatious patch over one eye. He was sent out here some years ago to establish an Atlantic Provinces magazine & generally to make himself heard as an advocate of Maritime Provinces affairs. This he has done, with a will. The "Atlantic Advocate" is really a good magazine. But I can't agree with all his (notably New Brunswick) ideas, including his latest propaganda for the Chignecto Canal, an old, shop-worn, & long disapproved idea.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26/61 Today, after continuous wet weather since the 20th. (hence no outdoor exercise beyond the walk to the post office), the sky cleared & the sun came out. Temp. 45° at noon. Worked all morning at my typewriter, making notes from the "Advance" copies of 1896. Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course - 27 holes - & had the place to myself. A big

sea running, ground soggy, air quite soft & fresh.
TUESDAY, Nov. 28/61 Rain today, & yesterday. On
T.V. saw myself in the half-hour interview which
Sandy Lumsden & his crew filmed in September.
He had dubbed in some "still" camera spots of
Sable Island boat crews, ponies, etc., in the brief
period when I spoke of my experience there. All
in all it all fitted together quite well.

Received a very early Christmas card from
Robert Ridges, who was Fleet Wireless Officer
at Halifax Dockyard 1917-19. Had read a story
of mine about wireless operators, & wondered if
I was the "Randall" who "served out of Halifax
under me when I was F. W. O." He is retired,
& living in Washington, D. C., where his daughter
is employed by the British Embassy. After
War One he spent many years with Western
Union Telegraphs. Jack Brayley, "Chief of
Bureau", supervising Maritime Service of the
Canadian Press, phoned me yesterday & sent two
copies of *Governor's Lady* for my autograph. One
is for his son John, a constable with the R.C.M.P.
in Labrador; the other for his daughter Sally,
a beautiful & graceful dancer with the National
Ballet Company, & married to a musician in Toronto.

Jack's home is built on part of the old Prince's Lodge estate, including the site of one of the pseudo-Chinese-temple summer houses in the Prince's grounds, where John & Fannie Wentworth passed many an idle hour.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29/61

I awoke this morning to find that the drizzle had turned to thick flakes of snow, & everything was white - our first snowfall of the winter. Temp. came up, the sun even peeped through the overcast for half an hour, & the snow vanished.

This evening Lieut. Governor & Mrs. Plow came to town for an inspection of the Mersey mill tomorrow.

They will stay overnight in the specially furnished suite at the Mersey Hotel, which the paper company maintains on lease for its guests. At 9 p.m.

Mowbray & Phyl Jones entertained them at their home, & invited Senator & Mrs. Smith, Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, & ourselves, to join them for a chat.

The Plows make a handsome pair, 60-ish, with good erect figures, intelligent minds, & pleasant manners. Formerly a general in the Canadian army, he is slim, with greying black hair; she is a vivacious greying blonde. Her maiden name was Lynch; she was a niece of the Agnew ladies who so long lived in the Simon Perkins house, & she remembers visits to the

house when she was a small girl.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1961

Grey sky, sharp wind, temp. 32°, hence no golf or even a good walk, after all this time shut in by weather. I don't mind cold if it's not accompanied with strong wind; but then I find a long exposure sets up a miserable neuralgia in my cheek & jaw bones that goes on for days. My sister Hilda Gamster came down from Hfd. by bus this evening to spend the weekend with us.

Ottawa has issued a firm decree that the wild ponies on Sable Island are never to be removed or tampered with in any way. (This follows the fuss last year when some idiot in the Dept. of Transport declared that the ponies were starving & a nuisance, & must be removed.) Penalties are set forth for breach of this law. The same decree points out that Sable Island is a government establishment, & nobody may land there, for any purpose, without permission from the D.O.T., which administers the lighthouse, wireless station & meteorological station on the island.

Finished copying extracts (81 typewritten pages) from Liverpool Advance for 1896 & 1897. Also in these papers I gleaned 46 pages of typewritten notes about the murders aboard the barkentine "Herbert Fuller" in 1896, & the subsequent trials of the mate, Thomas Bram.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1961 Still overcast, but dry, & little wind. The temp. at noon was 34° , & with these conditions I was able to play 27 holes at White Point, well wrapped but with bare hands. Tonight E., Hilda & I attended the first party of the Christmas season, given by "Punk" Tidmarsh & wife, who have rented the Laurence Wickwire house on Main St. near Fork Point. Huge crowd.

Afterwards we invited the Ralph Johnsons, the Larry Eldons, & Jack McKeagans to our house for further drinks & talk, & a midnight supper.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3, 1961. Weather exactly like yesterday. In the past 20 days we have had only one sunny day. Slept late & no church. In the afternoon, I played 27 holes at White Point. A few other players out. The lobster fishing season started Dec. 1, & I hear the fishermen got heavy catches in the current calm weather. "Marsh" Burgess, who operates from Port Joli (but lives at Hunts Point) caught about 1,000 lbs. of lobsters in his traps the first day. At 40^{c} per lb., the current wholesale price, this means he got \$400 for one day's fishing.

Tom & his charming family came to have dinner

with us - roast turkey, etc. Little Debby wandered into my den & upset a bottle of so-called "indelible" ink on the carpet, but by diligent scrubbing E. & I got most of it cleaned up. Tom tells me that in his first 5 months of practice he did \$6,500 worth of dental work, some of it for obvious dead-beats, but he has collected about \$4,500 in cash. At this rate ~~his~~ his income is well over \$10,000 a year already, & in the future he can obviously reach \$20,000. I can't help measuring this against my own long & weary struggles, going to sea at \$45 per month, & after swallowing the anchor taking a job in the Winton pulp mill at \$85 per month. I married on \$100 per month. Went to work for Mercury Paper Co in 1929 at \$125 per month - just as the Depression set in - and at the end of 9 laborious years in the Mercury office (during which both my children were born) I was earning exactly \$40 per week.

MONDAY, DEC. 4/61 Another dark but calm day, temp. at noon 40°, after the usual frosty night. On the golf course this afternoon I found dandelions in bloom. Noticed a fresh deer track on N° 7 fairway. I played 27 holes, the first 18 in 83 strokes. Began my

annual chore, writing & addressing Christmas cards. There are about 100 to do. News: Furness Withy & Co. announce that their ships "Nova Scotia" and "Newfoundland" will be sold, owing to a sharp drop in passenger bookings in recent years. They will be replaced by ships with more cargo space & small accommodation for passengers. The two liners have been 13 years on the Boston - Halifax - St. John's - Liverpool run, which took 17 days (10 days from Hfx. to Liverpool). When E. & I crossed to England in the "Nova Scotia" in 1958 a return ticket cost \$469, first class. Today one can fly from Hfx. to London by T.C.A. for as little as \$340 ^{RETURN}, a great saving of money & time.

TUESDAY, DEC. 5/61

Easterly gale & heavy rain all day. I note from the newspaper that Nicholas Monsarrat intends to marry again soon - the bride an English girl of 21. Whether or not she was the lady of the divorce case it does not say. He is 51. The Bowater Company has sold the "Liverpool Rover", which was the original "Markland", built for the Mersey Paper Co. in 1929. Once the pride of the Mersey fleet, familiar in New York & the Potomac, for the past several years she has been carrying pulpwood to the mill from Cape Breton in summer, & engaged on tramp voyages the rest of the year.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6, 1961

The rain ceased but again the day was dark & gloomy, thermometer just above freezing. Still writing Christmas cards, & adding a bit of news or reflections on the past to particular friends. All my cards this year are reproductions of paintings of Nova Scotia coasts, done by Joseph Purcell.

This afternoon drove to Moose Harbor, & bought from the Chandler Bros. 15 lb. fresh lobsters at 45¢ per lb. Noticed they had 8 men employed, preparing dried cod & pollack for shipments. I took some of the ^{lobsters} & cooked to a turn, across Park Street to our neighbors Howland & Evelyn White. Howland, soon to retire on pension from Messier Paper Co., is home recovering from an operation (at the V.B. in N.Y.C.) on veins in his legs. Today I bought, at the gov't. liquor store, Main St., nearly opposite Masonic Hall, a case of Fernandes (Trinidad) rum, & a case of Canadian (Chateaugay) sweet sherry. John Hobbday, of CBC (radio), phoned to say that Kay ^{Idyll} had adapted my short story "Winter ^{Idyll}" as a short play for radio. Would I accept \$50 for the right to use it in a one-shot radio show on CBC? (Yes.) He added that Miss Hill had taken a good deal of liberties with the story, & said with a nervous laugh, that

most of my short tales were difficult to adapt to radio - a fact I'd long known. The play, or travesty on my story, will appear (or rather be heard) on the afternoon of Jan. 27/62. These radio things (in these days when most people watch T.V.) don't command much of an audience, so the fee, in the current expression, is just "money for jam".

THURSDAY, DEC. 7/61

The sun shone for about 3 hours this morning - our first real look at it in weeks. By noon we had the dreary-familiar cloud overcast. In the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. Nobody else in sight but the strange old woman, muffled in shawls, who walks across the course, sits & stares at the sea for an hour, & then trudges back towards the highway with a sack full of driftwood. She & I have shared the golf course at this season, with no other intruders, for years.

This evening, with the Parkers in our car, E. & I attended a reception in the Artillery (militia) quarters on Main Street, next to the Perkins House. A great crowd. Armand Wigglesworth (town engineer) still commands the local unit with rank of major; Jack Kendall (postmaster) is 2/i/c. with rank of captain; then lieutenants George

and Forbes Kennedy,

Robinson (Mersey mill staff), Bill Murphy (dentist),
& Estabrooks (a young accountant at the Royal Bank);
Dr. Borden Bird is medical officer with captain's
rank. All these officers had ~~experience~~ ^{service} of various
sorts in the 1939-1945 war except Murphy and
Estabrooks, but I think Bird was the only one
who served actually in the field. The senior officers
were gorgeous in full dress uniform - very dark
blue, with scarlet sashes & tassels at the waist, &
broad scarlet stripes down the trouser seams.
Junior officers (including Bird) were content with
khaki ~~uniforms~~ uniforms. They are all nice chaps,
but I couldn't help thinking that this "artillery"
unit now has no guns at all, that its entire ~~role~~
role (under present Ottawa directions) is to act as a
kind of auxiliary to the local fire department in
extricating & caring for victims of a hypothetical
"atomic bomb attack". In other words these
military trappings are false & absurd. I doubt
if there are 10 rank & file enlisted here in the militia
set-up for each of these neatly uniformed officers.
Their punch, like the whole set-up, was of
low strength and no definite purpose; & sometime
between 9 & 10 we fled away to our homes & mixed
ourselves strong drinks to fortify ourselves for the night.

SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1961

The town's street workmen, plus electricians, have set up the usual tall (about 25') spruce tree, decorated with colored lights, on the small grass plot in front of Town Hall. And there are spruce boughs & electric lights on every telephone pole, in the shopping section. Also as usual, a phonograph, wired to an exterior loud-speaker on Town Hall, pours forth carol tunes & other Yuletide music all afternoon & evenings.

Not a speck of snow in sight, & the grass as green as summer. I played 18 holes of White Point (score 89) under the usual black sky this afternoon. Bought a portable electric heater, with built-in fan, to replace the old circular thing which I have used now & then in my (otherwise heatless) bedroom for the past 25 winters. The old one cost about \$5. The new one, larger, hotter, & much more efficient, cost \$45.

E. & I attended a cocktail party at Bob Gascoigne's house, Fort Point, from 6 to 7 p.m. Then on to St. John Wickliffe's house, Bristol, (Merry Avenue, off Bristol Avenue, strictly speaking, & by the river side) where at 8:30 we had a delicious buffet supper. The Douglas Loggers, "Mobe"

Jones's, Rolf Seaborn's, Austin Parkers, Bert Waters's, Bob Kirkpatrick's, & ourselves. After supper we sat about in a circle, telling stories, mostly of the unspiritual kind, and after much good talk & laughter departed for home at 10:30.

Tonight Tom Jr. borrowed my "jigger" measure, which plugs into any bottle & measures a drink of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces whenever tilted. He & Pam are giving their first large party - 25 or 30 guests. He had spent the afternoon with shot-gun at the "Boose Hills" (Port Joli) & hadn't got a single chance to shoot. In this mild open weather the wild ducks & geese are feeding in the lakes up the Mersey valley, and only a few hundred are to be seen over the wet grass beds at Port Joli, their winter resort when the hard freeze has set in.

Yesterday, with much newspaper eclat, the N.S. Power Commission opened its Sissiboo River hydro-electric development. Cabinet Minister J. D. Smith, a blunt man, admitted slipshod work on the part of contractors (& govt inspectors) which resulted in leaking dams etc., similar to the Deep Brook development on the Mersey River not so many years ago. The power of the Sissiboo, not yet fully developed, means a large new available supply to potential industries in western N.S.

SUNDAY, DEC. 10, 1961

Slept badly the first half of last night, took 2 sleeping pills, & lay like the dead till after 10 a.m. I still felt drugged & stupid at 12:30, when I drove to White Point & played 27 holes - the last nine with Merrill Rawding. This evening G. & I attended a small party at Charles Williams's house, Fort Point. Drinks, chat, & lobster chowder. All

very pleasant; but as usual at these winter parties, the furnace heat was on full blast for the benefit of lightly clad ladies. Hence the male sex had to sit sozzling sweat & longing for a breath of good cold air. I got home with my underclothing drenched & my nerves crawling & writhing like a can of fish-worms.

Parties were fun in younger years, when my nerves were better, & when afterwards I could sleep without the aid of Seconal. Now these overheated affairs are an ordeal. And I wish people would cease asking me, "Are you writing another book?" - or - "What sort of book are you writing now?"

I have to confess that I'm writing nothing but Christmas cards; & I withhold the additional fact that I haven't had a clue for another book since I re-finished "The Governor's Lady" at Lida's house in the summer of '59. I'm still suffering the

mental trauma of that experience, & the damage seems permanent.

MONDAY, DEC. 11/61

Sunny & mild — and I am a prig
one of lumbago, able to hobble about the house only with
the aid of a borrowed walking stick. This is the first
attack of my old enemy in many months; brought on, I suppose,
by a slow round with Lawding at White Point yesterday in
the cold wind, after getting heated in a quick 18 holes
alone. I can only hope it will leave me as suddenly
as it came.

Saw an amusing thing on T.V.
from Toronto tonight — Morley Callaghan, invited
to join a panel discussion on literary critics, suddenly
finding himself in the close presence of Arnold
Edenboro, editor of "Saturday Night"; and one of
S.N.'s book critics, a professor from Victoria College,

^{TORONTO}
~~DOO~~ Last Fall Callaghan published a novel
called "Passion in Rome", the story of a romance between
a free-lance Canadian news photographer and a beautiful
American singer-actress who has lost her standing by an
addiction to drink. It takes place in Rome during the
last illness & death of the late Pope. I read the book
lately, & found it shallow & incredible like so much of
Callaghan's work.

However, upon its appearance last Fall, a respected
American critic, Edmund Wilson, wrote a panegyric

S in which he compared Callaghan to Turgenev & other writers of genius. Callaghan, who has never suffered from modesty, agreed with him. Maclean's Magazine came out with an article entitled "The second coming of Morley Callaghan", reciting Callaghan's revival by the famous critic, after years of public indifference. Callaghan & his publishers have been making the most of all this publicity, needless to say. However, the publicity has caused other critics to take a look at Callaghan's work, & most of them were not impressed. A famous English critic looked in vain for any sign of Turgenev & the others.

Recently "Saturday Night" asked the Victoria College professor to review "A Passion in Rome". He did so, stating (among other things) that he found most of Callaghan's work boring, and that there was nothing ~~outside~~ outstanding about "Passion in Rome" except that it was worse than the rest.

On the T.V. show tonight Callaghan lost his temper, raved on & on at the critic & editor. Among "other things he said the professor "came from some little college that nobody ever heard of", and the editor was seeking publicity "because his magazine badly needed it." He also mentioned Edmund Wilson in comparison with the professor. On the other hand the professor & editor, when they got a chance to speak,

did so calmly & with point, which made Callaghan's bluster all the more ridiculous.

TUESDAY, DEC. 12/61 Another mild overcast day. Last year, after a similar open fall, we were under snow from Dec. 12th. until the latter days of March '61. John Gray, of MacMillan's Canadian publishing branch, of Toronto, wrote me about a project he had ^{first} mentioned in Sept. 1960 — the editing & publication of the nautical memoirs of the late Will Smith, of Liverpool. Today I replied that (he had requested this) the prospects of a profit in dollars were practically nil. The market for such things was small; & probably Smith's heirs, a greedy lot on the whole, would demand an excessive price for royalty rights. I wrote this reluctantly but faithfully, because personally I would like to see Smith's memoirs published far beyond the typed & bound copy which (at my urging) was presented to the Public Archives of N. S. during the lifetime of Will Smith's son, my old & good friend Brenton Smith.

E. rubbed my back, last night & this morn., with some kind of patent-medicine liniment. In the past this sort of treatment has produced nothing more than a momentary relief. Today, to my own

astonishment, I was able to dress (& especially to lace my shoes) without agony, to drive my car to the waterfront parking lot, & to walk about the shopping district gathering my mail & making various purchases. Purchases include new large bath towels from Simpson - Sears store; also a pair of (synthetic-rubber-soled) walking shoes; and a black low-necked sweater for winter golf & walks, to replace the hideous & heavy high-necked jersey (red) which I have worn for the past several winters. (It was a mail order thing; I asked for blue, & all they had was Salvation Army (& Soviet) red.)

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13/61 Rain all night, & a blustering wind & drizzle today. My back feels all right again, & with better weather I would have played golf or taken a long walk today. Received a note from Helen Brighton, saying that Martha Thomas is ill in a farmhouse on the outskirts of Wolferville, & that her financial condition is as desperate as her health. Helen asked me to write Mrs. D. W. Thomson, Ottawa, setting forth Miss Thomas's career as a Canadian writer, and suggesting an annual pension from Canadian Writers' Foundation. This I did, at once, &

mailed the letter this afternoon. Miss Thomas is an American woman who came to Victoria Beach, N.S. (Digby Sub.) many years ago. She was a short story writer with an honest & charming style, & for some time her stories had publication in such magazines as Maclean's in Canada, & Sat-Eve-Post in the U.S. After coming to N.S. she wrote entirely of N.S. people & scenes, & never went back to the U.S.

I first met her about 15 years ago when Andrew Merkel introduced me at her cottage above Victoria Beach. Since then I have called on her from time to time in Wolfville, where she lived until recently in a shabby & ill-managed boarding house called Bloomfield Lodge, a horrible fire-trap catering chiefly to ladies in Miss Thomas's condition — dependent on the provincial Old Age Pension & whatever private funds they could muster.

In late years the market for short stories has dwindled severely, & Miss Thomas's only income from her pen has come from occasional verses, on simple N.S. country themes, printed in Canadian & U.S. magazines.

A cocktail party tonight, given by Drs. Jim Wickwire & James McLeod, at the Wickwire house on Main Street opposite the Mercy Hotel. Tremendous

crowd, dining room filled with luscious hors d'oeuvres (which I ignored) & the whole affair lasting from 6 to 8 p.m. It was in honor of Hugh & Jane Joyce, who leave shortly for their new Bowater post at Cornerbrook, Nfld.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15/61 Snow fell last night, about an inch. Maurice Jollimore, electrician, today installed a new fluorescent lighting fixture on the ceiling of my study. Cost, plus tubes, labor & hospital tax, is \$27.78. The old fixture, installed by Smith in 1950, was obsolete & I could not obtain new tubes to fit it.

Christmas cards arriving. One from the father of Colin Smith (ex-captain, West Nova) informs me that Colin & wife are now teaching in Borneo. One from Gavin Breed says he is now retired & living in New Westminster, B.C.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16/61 Temp. last night 16° above zero — our first really cold night. Today the sun came out at last, & although the temp. was only 24° , with a sharp wind down the river, I walked to Milton & back — my first long walk since the golf game at White Point on the 10th. Ice & snow on the town sidewalks, treacherous footing, but the continuous motor traffic keeps the main highways bare, & I had a good walk. A rheumatic condition in the left great toe & second ^{toe}, which has been with me for some time, gave me

some pain at each step; & of course the "planter's wash" at the (invisible) base of my right second toe made its presence felt, as it did all last winter. But on the whole I am like a motor car, of somewhat ancient but good make, with some small faulty parts, (but on the whole) still going along remarkably well.

SUNDAY, DEC. 17/61 Sunny & cold. E. & I walked to church this morning. It was one of the "children's Sundays" instituted by the Rev. Matheson - children of the Sunday school conducting the service and supplying a choir. The church was packed. This afternoon I enjoyed another hike to Milton & back. The past two or three cold nights have put a thin ice on the river from the railway bridge to Salmon Island, & I noticed a few kids skating at the head of Salmon Island Cove.

On passing the "Kiack Brook" in Milton I saw that the Barnabus Seldon house has been torn down. A community project, to make space for a camp site for summer visitors. I was sorry to see the house gone - I had fought hard to save it when fire destroyed much of Milton Corner in July 1929. The house was one of (if not THE) oldest in Milton, a quaint, tall, narrow affair, with a very steep roof, tiny dormers, narrow small-paned windows.

When I lived in Milton old "Barney" & his wife used to give huge old-fashioned dinner parties, with great quantity & variety of food, maintaining a hospitable tradition that had long vanished elsewhere ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the village.

MONDAY, DEC. 18/61 Overcast & mild. Letter from Teresa Thomson in reply to mine of the 13th. "I can promise you that, with the information supplied in support of Martha Thomas' case, a monthly grant of \$75 to \$100 will be authorized by the Board of Directors." Her husband, Don Thomson, had slipped a note of his own into the envelope, saying that 4 or 5 weeks ago the Toronto Globe & Mail's magazine section ran an article on the "Canada Medal", which was authorized by Mackenzie King but never issued. The Globe asked Thomson to name three Canadian writers who deserved such an award if it were issued now; & he submitted the names of Lorrie Pierce, Dr. Wilder Penfield & myself. However, it looks as if the C.M. will never be issued to anyone. (Pierce is now dead.)

News:- Today, after careful preparations, India attacked the tiny Portuguese colony of Goa in overwhelming force, by land, sea and air. The preparations including a barrage of propaganda, that might have been taken, word for word, from Hitler's fulminations about the "Judeten" Germans, before invading Austria & Czecho-Slovakia. The Portuguese have been in Goa 450 years.

They mingled freely with native women; there was never the slightest color bar, so that a great number of Goanese today are of mixed blood. Portuguese rule has been an easygoing live- & -let-live attitude with which most Goanese were content.

London papers are furious. Mr. Nehru's attitude towards the western nations, & especially Britain, has always been a pious holier-than-thou business, in which he acted as the heir of Gandhi in opposing violence in any form. He wore this same smug face, as an excuse for inaction, when Chinese forces seized Tibet & shot down Indian frontier guards, not so very long ago. The Portuguese were an easy mark, & so shot down.

Today the Queen & Mr. Diefenbaker exchanged telephone greetings over a new multi-purpose cable under the Atlantic. It is the first step in a new round-the-world Commonwealth cable, & will carry hundreds of voice, picture, & teletype messages simultaneously. Among other effects, it will do away with the old cable station at Hazel Hill, N.Y. This station employed over 100 men when I was in the cablesip "Mackay-Bennett" forty years ago. Later automatic techniques reduced the staff to 20. Now these will go to other cable stations abroad.

TUESDAY, DEC. 19/61

A wet snow all day, & slush underfoot. Drove to Moose Harbor & got 18 lb. of

fresh lobsters at 58¢. News:- British government proposes to introduce a decimal system of currency next year. Much opposition from stick-in-the-mud people, but Britain should have done it long ago. The move is part of British preparation for joining the European Common Market.

THURSDAY, DEC. 21/61 E. & I got the Christmas tree set up, decorated, & draped with colored electric lights, yesterday afternoon. A much smaller tree than our usual purchase down through the years, & much more sensible - purchased from a Middlewood chap who came around, taking orders, 2 or 3 weeks ago, & delivered promptly by motor truck at the beginning of this week. Price \$2.00. Tom Jr. & family will spend Christmas with the Whites in Halifax, leaving tomorrow; so they came to dinner (lobster) with us, this evening. Little Debbie is beginning to talk recognisable English, intermixed with her own delightful gibberish and gestures. My grandson Thomas alternately smiled & howled, just as Tom Jr. did at that age. This afternoon, desperate for exercise, I walked to Milton & back. A mean wind & light snow blowing in my face all the way up-river; and I sweated home in patches of sunshine, with the wind at my back.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1961

Cloudy with spots of sunshine.

E. & I attended an egg-nog party last evening at the home of Hugh & Jane Joyce.

I learn that "Bud" Inness & wife Josephine (daughter of Newbrey Jones) will transfer from Cornerbrook to New York after the New Year — he will be attached to Bowater's staff there. Cards include one from Clement Crogwell & wife, who are spending 8 months in Europe, making their headquarters in London. Another from Major Don Campbell, who is now on the staff, Eastern Command. He was with the Canadian Guards for several years, but signs himself "first and forever a West Nova".

A small party 5-6 p.m. given by Annie Ritchie, district inspector of schools, in her home on Main St. near Fort bank. Hors d'oeuvres & a delicious pink punch. Annie is 50-ish, blonde, short, shapeless, with a shrewd mind & a caustic wit. Unmarried, & almost certainly a virgin, she nevertheless maintains an alert interest in the doings of this wicked world, & is a famous gossip in the three western counties which are her inspectorate. She would crucify the truth at any moment for the sake of a clever mot, hence under the easygoing surface of Liverpool life she is regarded, correctly, as a menace to almost anyone.

SUNDAY, DEC. 24, 1961 Overcast & moderately cold.

Arriving at church 20 minutes before 11 a.m. we found the pews packed from the back almost to the front. I led the way to the gallery, where I had never sat before; and we were joined by about 50 other "regulars" (or in my case "fairly regulars") who found themselves displaced by that curious phenomenon of the Christian church, the people who throng to service at Christmas & Easter — and are never seen at any other time. The view from the gallery is excellent — much better than downstairs — we should sit there every time. Competent architects have pronounced the structure safe; but here in the gallery we noticed something. The gallery is directly under the bell-tower, & as you emerge from the stairway you pass a bored youth pulling the bell-rope from a seated posture on the floor. Whenever the bell reaches the peak of its swing, in either direction, the whole frame quivers, & this in turn conveys a most uneasy shudder to the gallery pews.

This afternoon I drove about the town while E. delivered Christmas presents to the homes of friends; and we spent an hour with Gwladys Macdonald & her mother & brother at her home on Waterloo Street.

Meanwhile the weather bureau broadcast warning

of an unexpected easterly storm, with at least 12 inches of snow in western N.S. About 5 p.m. the storm began, but the snow soon gave way to torrents of rain, all through the evening & the night. The driving was so treacherous that few cars ventured abroad, & we spent a very quiet Christmas Eve watching T.V. & listening to the whoop & splatter of the storm.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1961 The storm dumped from 1 to 2 feet of snow on the Maritimes except for the south shore, where we got a flood of rain. Consequently we have a green Christmas, although there were squalls of thick wet snow at times. The Milton Freemans drove down & had dinner with us at 1 p.m. A fine big turkey. Marie Freeman was quiet & happy, almost her normal self. Terence's son Roger is now a second-year engineering student at Acadia, age 19. Joan is a slim & pretty & very shy brunette of 16, now in Grade Ten of the regional high school.

Our guests returned to Milton, after the customary distribution & opening of gifts, at 3:30 p.m. E. & I spent the evening quietly, reading & watching T.V. E. called Monston on the phone about 6:30, & we both chatted with ^{Frances} ~~her~~. She expects her fourth child in March, & is quite well.

TUESDAY, DEC. 26, 1961. "Boxing Day", a post-Christmas holiday peculiar to natives of Britain, at home & abroad, until a few years ago when Canadian shops began to keep their doors closed on that date. I had no outdoor exercise on Saturday, Sunday or Monday; and last night (resolutely refusing to take a sleeping pill) I got only an hour or so of sleep. Walked about the house, or thrashed about my bed, the rest of the longest night I have spent in many moons.

At 7 a.m. I arose, with my nerves crawling & screaming inside. Made coffee & wash. Still felt on the verge of madness. In spite of a bitter N.W. wind, with a powder of snow at intervals, I set off afoot for Milton, up the west side of the river, at about 8:45 a.m. Arrived home, via the east side, about 10:30 a.m. Felt better in body but not in nerves. Bathed & changed. Ate only a scrap of lunch. Felt sick at my tummy as well as in nerves. Took a second pill, & was able to sleep about 2 hours in the afternoon. Felt somewhat better; but at dinner time (5:30 p.m. today) still could eat very little. Evening watching T.V. the best night of the week as far as programs go) & the best show was a new addition to R.B.C., the "Sally Moore Show", a U.S. production, mostly

comedy, song & a little dance.

WEANESDAY, DEC. 27/61

Relaxed much last night, & with aid of a further seasonal pill slept seven hours. A packet of related Christmas cards in the post office box this morning. I wrote several letters & cards, including one to kindly old Canon Rusted, Topsail, Nfld., who had enclosed with his Christmas card some rare Nfld. stamps for my poor little album.

This afternoon the sun came out for a time, & the temp. rose from 30° to nearly 40°. A light breeze from N.W. I drove to the golf course (bare of snow, but with frozen puddles, like the rest of the South Shore landscape) & played 3 rounds (27 holes - scores 47, 46, 47). Comfortable in heavy sweater & light golf jacket, with bare hands. The ground iron-hard, with frost-bumps everywhere, so that the ball ran long, but with amazing eccentricities. No one else on the course. Even the gulls had vanished. Grey sea & black sky most of the time!

Attended a small dinner party given by our Park Street friends Edwin &borah Parker. Other guests were the Austin Parkers, the Ralph Johnsons, & Burke Douglas's. Home at 11 p.m., under a misty moon just past the full.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1961

Mild & moist & dark, with flicks of rain. Temp. 50°. Got 15 lbs. lobsters at Hunts Point this afternoon, at 10¢ per lb. Cocktail party at the Merrill Rawdings' house, Main Street, 5 to 7 p.m.

I presented my neighbor Howland White with a quart of Seagram's rye whiskey. He is home after several weeks in hospital, with an operation on his leg veins.

The first large flock of evening grosbeaks appeared at our seed-tray in the garden today. One or two pine grosbeaks have made fleeting visits during the past fortnight.

The usual regulars appeared as soon as we began winter feeding - flocks of English sparrows, juncos, chickadees, starlings, & 3 quarrelsome blue jays.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29/61

Rain all yesterday, with temp. 50°. (It was 56° at Truro, an all-time record for Dec. 30 in Nova Scotia.) Today was cooler, about 35°, with light west wind, alternate sunshine & black cloud. This morning several people were playing tennis on the Park Street courts. In the afternoon I played 27 holes at White Point. Several other players out.

News:- The morning Chronicle-Herald gives statements by Premier Stanfield & others regarding

the present state of the province. The coal & steel industries are in the doldrums, but otherwise things are going along well. Halifax & Dartmouth are booming still; and Hfx. is making real progress in the elimination of slum areas between Citadel Hill & the harbor. An interesting note:- the R.C.A.F. station at Greenwood is now the largest in Canada, with large blocks of married-quarters etc. still going up. Indeed it is a little city in itself, with about 7,000 men, women & children - 2,000 more than Kentville. . Another interesting note:- a ship left Hfx. yesterday for the West Indies carrying, in a mixed cargo, several tons of table salt from N. & salt mines. This new export item to the West Indies is an odd switch, when one remembers that, for centuries, salt from the sea-water of Turk's Island etc. has come north to N.S. for the cod fishery.

Tonight several squalls of snow whitened the streets. Tom Jr. (having borrowed my shotgun & hunting boots) spent the day at Port Joli with Jack Dunlap, duck-hunting. No luck. A few flights of black duck; none within range. In this open weather most of the ducks & many of the wild geese are feeding in the interior lakes of Queens-Shelburne.

SUNDAY, DEC. 31, 1961 Slept late, & missed church.
Sunny this afternoon, temp. 30°, & roads bare; so E. &
I set off in the car (sans overshoes etc.) for a small
drive along the shore to Fogler's Cove. At F.C.
all was pleasant, the gravel road only lightly rutted,
the sea blue & sparkling; so I drove on to Petite
Riviere, & thence by the paved road through West
Lahave, intending a quick return by the main
highway from Bridgewater to Liverpool.

Suddenly this little picture changed. Soon after
passing through West Lahave we ran into a snow
storm, & the snow, under the tires of busy traffic, quickly
became a coating of ice. From then on, it was a
driver's nightmare. Reached Bridgewater to find the
streets a mass of crawling, skidding, motorcars.
The main route to Liverpool (up the long steep grade
of Hospital Hill) was hopeless. I tried the upper
end of the town, hoping to work through a series
of back streets where the grades are easier, but too
many others had the same idea. Two cars skidded
into collision just ahead of us. I managed to crawl
away into the town as far as the Fairview Hotel,
which we reached about 4 p.m. Various people arrived,
including some R.C.N. sailors en route to Shelburne; their
car had been badly damaged on Hospital Hill, & they

reported five other collisions. It looked as if we'd have to stay the night. The proprietor of the Fairview, & his pleasant blond wife, invited us to join a party of 50 couples who were coming in at 11 p.m. to dine & dance the New Year in. We had dinner at 6. At 6.30 I asked Proprietor Daley to phone & find out if the road had been sanded yet. He did so, & reported "the road has been sanded all the way to Liverpool." So we paid our bill & set off.

Hospital Hill had been salted, & we had no difficulty there, but all the way from there to Brooklyn there was no sand & salt whatever, and the road was a glare of ice. It was touch & go the whole way, at speeds never more than 35 m.p.h., & mostly nearer to 20. I needed a stiff drink when I got home. At 11 p.m. the Austin Parkers picked us up for a New Year's Eve party at the Rolf Sealbornes' house, Fort Point. The streets had been salted & the snow had ceased. At 12.30 the Parkers set off with us for another party, at Burke Douglas's house in Milton. E. went on with them, but I begged off. At home I changed into pajamas, got myself a drink, watched Toronto New Year celebrations on T.V. until a little after 1 o'clock. Then off to bed with a sleeping pill, & had a good night's rest. E. got home at 2.30 a.m.

MONDAY, JAN. 1, 1962

This morning's paper carries an obituary of my friend W. L. ("Bill") Joudry, who died of heart failure in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on Sunday. He was a veteran of War One, aged 63. He & wife Vera left for Florida shortly before Christmas - their first long trip together in all their married life. He had a small but sufficient income, from money saved & invested in his working days; but was never affluent until 1958, when he was made a member of the N. S. Power Commission at (I suppose) \$8,000 or \$10,000 per year.

Rain & wind most of today, washing away the snow & ice of yesterday. Tom J. & his family came to dine with us this evening. My grandson behaved happily, & Debbie was her usual charming but determined self. This is C's 58th birthday, & my gift to her, some silver frippery, is lost somewhere between a New York shop and here. Francie phoned from Moncton, & her little boy Gregory sang into C's ear one line of "Happy birthday to you." The R.C.N. frigate "INCH ARRAN" has been here for the past 2 or 3 weeks, refitting at the Steel & Engine Co. wharf. Her crew, officers & men, prefer to wear mufti ashore, so we see little of the naval uniforms.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3, 1962

A snowstorm yesterday, about 5" on the level, & still snowing lightly today. Shoveled out my driveway this morning & drove downtown for a case of Fernandez rum & a case of Chateauguay sherry. Bill Audrey's funeral this afternoon. Trinity Church filled. At the widow's request there were no Canadian Legion rites, not even a Union Jack on the coffin; strange, because Bill had served in France throughout World War One, & had been active & useful in Legion affairs for many years. Burial was in the churchyard adjoining, deep in snow. Lester Clements (lawyer) expressed my own thought as we emerged from the church door - "Gad, I thought the old churchyard had been filled up long ago."

The Kx. Chronicle-Herald is a little agog because Hugh Mackenman is in the city, partly to get info. for Macken's Mag. on the current transformation in the Kx. slums between Barrington & Water streets; partly to find waterfront scenes that are still authentic of 1917, because a Canadian outfit (Crowley Films, of Ottawa) proposes to do a movie based on his novel "Barometer Rising".

THURSDAY, ~~DEC~~ ^{JAN.} 4, 1962

A light rain this morning, not enough to melt the snow; it made slippery footing on the sidewalks. A cold N.W. gale sprang up about noon, when temp. was 33° , & by midnight the temp. was 2° above zero — our first real cold snap. I drove E. to Milton in the afternoon, on her regular visit to sister Marie. She takes along a "Scrabble" board & letter-pieces (Marie's favorite game) & plays two or three hours with her.

Mersey Paper Co. announces a record production year in 1961. The mill used 190,000 cords of wood, and made 147,606 tons of newsprint paper, a (working) daily average of 476 tons. Highest production for a single day was 535.4 tons on Nov. 10. This reflects continued improvement in the speed & capacity of the machines; and of the expensive new electrical transformer- and-distribution system, installed during 1961 and still not complete.

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1962

A good cold (but sunny) day, temp. 20° above zero. Enjoyed a walk to Milton this afternoon. This evening E. & I were guests at a cocktail party aboard the frigate "Inch Arran", which has been refitting here since Oct. 21st. at the Stenpro dock. She leaves early next week. During the refit period most of the crew were away on courses, etc., and we saw only an occasional naval uniform. Tonight was like old wartime memories — the wardroom jammed with

lively people, everybody talking at once, air thick with cigaret smoke. The captain is Lieut.-Col. Mitchell.

A bit of melancholy news from Musquodoboit, where Capt. Ralph Williams has been living in retirement for several years. (I called on him there in July '59). Always a heavy drinker, he has been fending off the boredom of retirement with prolonged alcoholic bouts, during which his wife found life unendurable. One day last week she went out of the house, entered the garage, closed the door, & turned on the car engine. She was found there, dead, a few hours later. Capt. Ralph was in a state of D.T.'s, and violent, and he had to be packed off to the Dartmouth mental hospital.

SUNDAY, JAN. 7/62

Heavy rain last night, & in showers during today. Temp. was up to 50° Fahr. this afternoon. All of the snow & most of the ice is gone. As last year, Austin Parker & I are the appointed handshakers (I don't know what else to call it) at the doors of Zion Church, each morning service in January. We were on the job this morning.

MONDAY, JAN. 8/62

A day like spring. Sunshine, blue sky, a faint air from S.W., temp. 40°. In the afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point. Nobody else out. The footing was sloppy in places. The turf retains a lot of green but there

is now a good deal of straw-yellow to be seen as you look along the fairway. A heavy sea running & a fine surf on the shore.

Today's Hfx. paper included an 80-page "Industrial Review & Forecast 1962." According to this rosy-picture thing Nova Scotia is basking in a prosperity and growth hitherto unknown in its history, with the (admitted) exception of the coal industry. In many ways the whole 80 pages (much of which is lucrative advertising space) might have been concocted by a public-relations firm hired by the Tory party to prepare the provincial voters for an election in 1962. To an unbiased eye the province is quite prosperous; but the real boom, the real expansion & prosperity, are largely confined to the Hfx-Dartmouth metropolitan area. This now enormous urban and suburban complex has been boosted (a) by the Second World War; and (b) by the "cold war" with Russia, which has obliged Canada - nudged hard & often by the U.S.A. - to build & maintain a vast, expensive, ever-growing naval and naval-air base at Halifax. This pours millions of money into the twin cities, which are growing like balloons. One good thing (amongst many) is that Hfx. is, at last, tearing down the old slums of Water St., Jacob St. & vicinity, etc., &

replacing them with business building, modern car-parks,
& so on.

The Liverpool item in this "Review" is interesting because it reveals that lawyer L. F. Daley is president of our Steel & Engines Products Co.. This mysterious & little known Halifax lawyer is also head of the Halifax newspapers "Chronicle-Herald" & "Mail-Star". We know that "Stempro" has been chiefly or entirely owned by New Brunswick billionaire K. C. Irving ever since 1945. Hence the mention of Daley seems to confirm what has been rumored in Hfx. for several years — that Daley acts as "front man" for Irving in many ways, not least Irving's purchase of the Halifax newspapers from the estate of Senator Dennis about ten years ago. Since the death of C. O. Smith the Stempro firm was directed by Earl Thompson, of Liverpool, a son ^{OF HARRY THOMPSON} of the original firm (Thompson Bros. Machinery Co.). However a month or two ago George Cuspey came down from Hfx. to take charge. Cuspey had been manager of the Dartmouth branch of Halifax Shipyards Ltd.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9/62

Letters from H. B. Jefferson & Johnnie Jordan. Johnnie led the fuss two or three years ago when naval personnel complained bitterly of rents & housing generally

in the Hfx-Dartmouth area. Johnnie wrote letters to the press, made T.V. appearances, organized meetings of naval men & wives, exhibited photographs of some of the hovels inhabited by naval people, stated the owner's name, the rent charged, etc. He was strongly supported by naval people, of course; but apparently the landlords of Hfx-Dartmouth, always a powerful group in politics, convinced the naval staff that a lieutenant-commander of Johnnie's stamp ought to have something else to do. (Johnnie says nothing of this in his letter but I am reading between the lines.) At any rate, in 1960 Johnnie was posted to a destroyer, H.M.C.S. "Algonquin", and has been on sea duty ever since, most of it away from Hfx.

His wife Madeline has been ailing, so they gave up their house in Hfx a year or two ago, & she is now recovering from a serious operation in her mother's home at Atlantic City. Johnnie hopes to get an appointment this summer as Aide to the Canadian Naval Attaché at Washington. This will be his last appointment, he hopes, as he retires on pension in May 1965. He has written a novel about the Papineau uprising in Montreal "but it needs revisions" and he gets little time for writing in his present duties. I played golf at White Pt. this afternoon.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11/62 Strong wind & snow squalls yesterday, so I had no exercise except my twice-daily walks to the post office. Today there was sunshine, temp. 25 at noon,

a moderate north wind. I walked to Milton & back. E. spent the afternoon with her sister Marie at Milton, & I brought her home by car at 4 p.m. Just out of curiosity I drove up one side of the river & down the other, following my walking route, & watched the mile-meter. It measured almost exactly 1 mile from my house to the Milton road at Chesley's Corner, opposite the baseball field. From there to Milton corner exactly 2 miles; the distance across the bridge to the old Freeman home, & thence down the west side of the river & through town to my house, turned out to be $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The round trip from 44 Park Street is thus $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, which I walk in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Today I received a Christmas card, from Colin Smith, mailed in Sarawak in October (via Hong Kong, which apparently takes weeks) & saying "Gloria & I are having fun with the 'head hunters'." Meaning, simply, that he & his wife are employed as school teachers by the Sarawak Civil Service.

Except for a few crusts of snow in shadowed places, the roads & ground are bare - good walking & wheeling.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12/62 My little safety-deposit box in the local Bank of N.S. has been crammed ever since I decided to keep all my book-publishing contracts in it, as well as important correspondence

regarding movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". Hence this morning I moved everything to a larger box. It is N° 280, & the key number is #306. The rental is \$7 per year.

Today was sunny, mild (Temp. 35°) with a S.W. breeze. This afternoon I played 18 holes (score 87) at White Point. The ground frozen hard, with multitudinous frost bumps, giving the ball a long but erratic course; but the greens remain level & smooth.

A pale blue sky, with half-white half-black clouds marching across it, at intervals; and the sea Prussian blue, with a light surf. Not another soul in sight at White Point, except a pair of school children trudging home (from the school bus) to White Point Lodge at 3:35 p.m. Towards the west, about Port Eli I judged, a black cloud put down dark "back-steps" (as sailors say) indicating snow squalls in that region. Home about 4 p.m., & found Pamela visiting with my very perky grandson Thomas, & charming & lovely little Debbie. Stephen (Parker) Smith was also there. E. has been harassed for the past 12 hours with a germ of some kind - symptoms diarrhoea & violent spasms of nausea. But she rallied at evening & ate a fair dinner of steak, onions, potato & creamed cauliflower.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14, 1962

Snow squalls all day yesterday, leaving an inch or two on the ground. Our bird-feeding tray, where we put out sunflower seeds and "scratch" each day, draws a great flock of English sparrows, chickadees, starlings, a few grackles, and about 20 evening grosbeaks. The blue jays have disappeared.

E. & I walked to church this morning in bright sunshine & a temp. of 30°.

A. Parker & I performed our handshaking office at the church doors. A big congregation, & the collection plates were filled & stacked with the new large contribution envelopes.

In the afternoon I put on my walking clothes & shoes, & tramped to Milton by the usual route — up one side of the river & down the other. The river is open all the way to Milton, but there is skating on small ponds, and "The Bog" — behind the houses near Fort Point.

A biography of Ernest Hemingway, by his brother Leicester, continues to appear in a U.S. magazine called "Playboy" — significant in itself. It is plain, indeed naive, in many places; & it shows Ernest ~~to~~ as the self-willed, selfish, self-indulgent adventurer with an eagerness to "write good" (his own phrase), plus a morbid absorption

in bloodshed of every sort. Hence Ernesto's own continual slaughter of birds & fish & wild animals, in various parts of the world; and hence his fascination in bull-fighting & in various wars, where (living in the best hotels, with the best of women & food & drink) he could actually watch men slaying each other, from a comfortable position, & in comparative safety.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16/62 A southerly gale, with rain, cleared off the last of the snow last night. Today we had a strong W. wind but bright sunshine, and a temp. of 40° Fahr. at noon. I played 18 holes at White Point, with bare hands, this afternoon. No other players out. On returning to Park Street I noticed Mrs. (Dr.) Griffiths & Mrs. Foshay, in slacks and sweaters, playing tennis on the asphalt courts.

Irving Bain dropped in, & went over some of my notes copied from the Liverpool Advance files for 1896 & 1897. He was in his early teens then, & remembers the location of various stores, wharves & ship-yards at that time.

I enquired of Bob Parnell, purchasing agent, Mercury Paper Co. regarding electrical typewriters. From their experience Bob says the I. B. M. machines are the most reliable. I wrote the I. B. M. office in Halifax,

asking for a price on one of their 11" machines, & what they would allow for my (manual) Smith-Corona, which I purchased in 1954.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17/62.

A bright morning & calm, temp. 30° Fahr. Yesterday's gale reached hurricane force around Yarmouth & in the Valley, uprooting trees, blowing down barns, etc. After noon ^{today} the sky clouded, with a howling gale & occasional squalls of snow. Historical Society met in the Navy Room, Town Hall, at 8 p.m. "Case" Mulhall, who has been active as President for several years, refused re-election, and in the new slate of officers, Charles Kelsie, of Port Jolie, becomes President. I am Hon. President, as I have been for years.

Speaker was Donald Crowdis. He drove down from Hfx., where he is one of the most noteworthy personalities. A small man with sharply receding red hair, & a university graduate in zoology or some such thing, he got an appointment as assistant to Harry Piers, curator of the old (& musty) Provincial Museum, in the Technical College building, Hfx., just before World War Two. Piers died in 1940 & Crowdis took over. He persuaded the govt. to let him remove all of the historic relics, mineral collections, etc., & rename the institution the N.S. Museum of Science. He then

transformed the museum to fit the title, using modern display techniques. Unusual in a scientist, he has a wide-awake & hard-driving personality, a glib tongue, plenty of "gall", and a shrewd grasp for money. With these assets he has built himself up to a point where he is not only director of the Museum of Science at Nfx, but is in charge of all provincial govt. museums & historic monuments such as the Uniacke house & Perkins house.

He gives talks regularly on C.B.C. radio, appears frequently on C.B.C. (Nfx), T.V. shows, & now has a science-demonstration show (T.V.) on the national network. All this income he has shrewdly invested in Halifax real estate, & among other things he is the owner of a handsome & expensive modern apartment house on Vower Road. In conversation & on T.V. he grins & "wisecracks" like a merry little elf, & looks about 40 although he must be 50-ish.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18/62 Temp. zero at 8 a.m. with a hard NW gale blowing all day. I am reading the voluminous biography of Sinclair Lewis, by Mark Schorer, published last year. Amazing & amusing man, & certainly a genius; but in his personal life as bombastic, ~~money-grabbing~~ money-grabbing, pushing, self-advertising, drunken & sleazy-moraled as any of the American vulgarians he wrote about. Today in Ottawa

the federal parliament opened. The speech from the Throne contains proposals (increase in Old Age pensions etc.) which obviously mean an election this year.

In Halifax the federal workers people have begun to land machinery & materials on George's Island for a complete restoration of Old Fort Charlotte - a 5-year job, although the fort will be open to visitors within a year or two, complete with guides in old-time uniforms, etc.

SUNDAY, JAN. 21/62

Bright but cold day. Church this morning by car with ^{Ed} she will walk that far to her hairdresser, ^{on Main Street} a few yards away, but seldom or never to church, God knows why. At noon, right after church, a cocktail party at Ken Jones' house (the former Mc Cleorn mansion) Main Street. The occasion, a final farewell party (there have been many others) to Hugh & Jane Joyce, who leave almost at once for Cornerbrook Nfld.; and a welcome to Mr. & Mrs. Tony Balloch, from Cornerbrook, who swap jobs & houses with the Joyces. All part of Sir Eric Bowaters's system of "integrating" (his favorite word) the various mills under his command. Tony Balloch is a tall, slender, square & pleasant Englishman, who was attached to a British gov't. mission to the U.S. - dragged away from minor

in the mill office at
duty at Cornerbrook - during the late war. While there
he met & married the clever blonde daughter of a U.S.
admiral. His brains & personality, plus a long
experience at Cornerbrook, plus his well-connected
U.S. wife, make him valuable to the present swollen
Bourgeois Organization in North America.

It was a pleasant party. Actually there were
no cocktails, but drinks (containing chiefly gin or
Scotch whiskey) served by the inevitable Perry
Hensley (colored) in a white coat. There were elaborate
hors-d'oeuvres, amounting to a full meal, of which
I did not partake (lacking my blue capsule), but
G. indulged happily. Home about 1 p.m. My
lunch was the usual 2 sandwiches (1 chicken, 1 tomato)
with a cup of cocoa. About 2:30 I put on my
walking clothes & hiked to Milton & back.

Almost nobody walking on this cool sunny &
pleasant winter afternoon; but an endless procession
of people driving aimlessly about in cars, with
heaters going, & often a nagia. I really pitied
them. What a god-awful rut to be in - work
all the week, & this frenetic cat-wandering on the
Sundays. Good T.V. slow tonight.

MONDAY, JAN. 22, 1962

Rain drizzle all day, melting

the thin coat of snow.

Today I examined my records

and added up the sales of all my books in terms of copies sold.

The result:

	HARD COVERS	PAPER COVERS	TOTAL
His Majesty's Yankees	86,615	13,509	100,124
Son of The Hawk	12,225		12,225
Pied Piper of Dipper Creek	5,911		5,911
Jambour	5,738		5,738
Roger Sudden	69,429	271,691	341,120
Prize's Nancy	76,833	10,650	87,483
The Wedding Gift	3,416		3,416
Halifax, Warden of the North	4,847		4,847
The Pymp & The Lamp	323,677	344,349	668,026
Tidefall	106,928	216,667	323,595
A Muster of Arms	3,253		3,253
West Norvas	750		750
The Rover (estimate)	5,000		5,000
Wings of Night	173,888		173,888
Path of Destiny	56,117		56,117
The Governor's Lady	431,400		431,400
At The Tide's Turn & other stories		611	611
	1,366,027	857,477	2,223,504

These figures include all editions, in all languages. They

do NOT include sales of the Reader's Digest Book Club volume, which included a somewhat condensed version of "The Nymph & The Lamp". To date, in various languages, the R.D.B.C. book has sold 711,879 copies, on which I drew a share of the royalties.

TUESDAY, JAN. 23/62

Rain all day & night. The ground is bare. My nerves very bad the past two or three days. Letter from Peter Paterson of C.B.C. Toronto, asking about T.V. rights in my novel "Wings of Night". The C.B.C. contemplates a serial in 8 to 10 half-hour episodes. I wired Paterson referring him to Doubleday, New York, as my contract with them gives them the handling of movie & T.V. rights.

Paterson made a similar proposition last November, for T.V. serial rights in "The Governor's Lady". I referred him to Doubleday, & nothing came of it.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24/62

Sharp frost last night. Temp. 24° in bright sunshine at noon. I played 18 holes at White Point. I pass the ^{indolent hours.} days in reading; or going over old research notes & correspondence. Found today a number of letters from Blackwoods, and from Red Stories, going back to 1930.

Heavy rain again all night.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1962

An I. B. M. salesman turned up today, in response to my letter of the 16th. He had with him, for demonstration, their latest electric typewriter, which operates on an entirely new principle. The type-faces are all contained on a small bobbin, which revolves swiftly as the various keys are pressed. This does away with the old cumbersome system of hinged metal arms, each holding one type-letter face. This enables cheaper manufacture of the new machines; but the demand for them is so great that I. B. M. cannot guarantee delivery of a machine in less than 8 months; and taking advantage of the demand they have added \$40 or \$50 to list price of last December.

The salesman quoted me a price of about \$500, & would allow only \$36 for my (manual) Smith-Corona, which cost me \$235 in 1954. This was too expensive, & there was the 8 months' wait besides. So I asked him to look about for one of their 1961 electric typewriters, which are very good according to Bob Perrell.

Walked to Milton & back in sunshine, temp. 40°.

SATURDAY, JAN. 26/62

Out up-&-down the thermometer weather continues. Yesterday I played golf at White Point in bright sunshine, temp. 24°, & ground frozen like

cement. Last night & early this morning, rain at 40°.

Letter today from Mrs. D. W. Thomson, saying that the board of directors, Canadian Writers' Foundation, had met in Ottawa & approved a monthly grant of \$100 to Martha Banning Thomas, Wolfville. She adds, "I may say, your letter helped greatly".

SUNDAY, JAN. 28/62 Temp. 10° above zero last night, rising to 15° at noon, with a keen wind down the river.

Austin Parker & I arrived early at Zion church for our hand-shaking duty (the last, as each pair of "greeters" has one month to serve) and found the church (proper) as frigid as an icebox. There was heat in the "vestry" (i.e. the Sunday school room) in the basement, but none upstairs. Something wrong with the furnace, & the janitor had failed to discover it or to notify anyone. Rev. Matheson decided at once to hold service in the "vestry", where the choir sang to the tinny notes of a piano, & a diminished congregation (many turned about & went home on finding that the furnace was out of order) sat on chairs. Too cold for a walk this afternoon. About 4:30 Tom & Pam arrived by car with their offspring & we had a lively half-hour - especially with Debbie, who has found that the spring-cot in my den makes an excellent "trampoline".

Should have noted last week that Ottawa has decided to apply the name "Coastguard" to the Marine dept. section of the Dept. of Transport. This includes a great variety of boats & ships on both coasts, such as ice-breakers, lighthouse-supply ships, navigation-buoy tenders, etc. The ships will be painted red, with white upper works; this to render them easily visible & distinctive, especially in ice-fields. The crews will wear a uniform somewhat like the blue battledress (army style), adopted in certain sections of the Royal Navy during War Two; they will wear berets for headgear with this uniform.

TUESDAY, JAN. 30/62

Yesterday I walked to Milton & back in sunshine but temp. only 10° above zero. The temp. got down to zero by midnight - our coldest night yet. This morning a snowstorm blew in from the sea (at S.E.). About tea time the temp. was up to 40° & the snow turned to rain, which poured all evening.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2/62

The streets & sidewalks are a glare of ice, due to a cold snap after Tuesday's slush. During the past two nights we had temperatures down to 5° below zero, rising to 10° above at noon. The main shore highway is well sanded on the hills, & motor traffic goes on steadily so long as the speed is moderate. Tom Jr. & his family are in Halifax for the week-end, staying with the Whites. Tom & Pam intend to join in some of

his "frak" festivities. Bill Dennis & Franice were in Halifax this week, & had a fine time with other members of Bill's medical class & their wives - about ten couples, in the city for an unofficial reunion.

This afternoon my sister Hilda Gamster drove down from Hfx. in her car, & will spend the week-end with us.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3/62 Had a walk to Milton this afternoon, the first since Tuesday. E. & Hilda were guests at a luncheon party at Mrs. Paul King's today; & this evening we had a party here in Hilda's honor - guests including the John Hickarries, Austin Parkers, Edwin Parkers, Euladys Macdonald, Richard & Ann (Parker) Smith, & a Mrs. Macleod, formerly a school teacher here, & now the widow of a doctor, living in Halifax.

SUNDAY, FEB. 4/62 Sunny & mild. Temp. 35° at noon. Walked to church, alone, this morning. Hilda drove off to Hfx. at 3 p.m. with passengers Mrs. Macleod, & Mrs. Marion (O'Riley) Madden, who has been visiting in town. The Bert Waters set off by car for Florida yesterday. Tom Jr. arrived home with the Logers this afternoon, leaving Pam & babies in Hfx, also his

car, which is in a garage there for extensive repairs. On the way to Hfx on Friday, ^{JUST BEFORE} ~~night after~~ passing the railway crossing at Martin's Rent, he came over ~~the~~ a small rise, ~~ascending towards the river bridge,~~ & found a yokel with a horse & cart right in the middle of the road. The road there was covered with ice. Tom jammed on his brakes, & his car skidded left, avoiding the horse & cart, but placing him on the "wrong" (i.e. the left) side of the road. A car coming along behind him thus had the evil choice of hitting the horse-&-cart or Tom's car. The driver chose Tom's car, bashing in its stern as far as the rear door. At this moment along fowled a car from the opposite direction, found the road blocked by the horse-&-cart, & the two entangled cars. The driver turned into the ditch & his car rolled right over, wheels in air. Fortunately nobody was hurt. As the motorists climbed out of their damaged cars they heard the stupid driver of the horse-&-cart announcing cheerfully, "Well! Lots of things happening here this morning!" ¹³¹ The man who smashed into Tom's car, a Hfx. contractor, acknowledged that his insurance company would have to pay the cost of Tom's repairs. Tom was able to drive on to Hfx, where he & Pam had a cheerful time at the "frab" affairs.

MONDAY, FEB. 5, 1961

Our "open" winter continues.

This morning the air was calm & a little over 40°, & I walked to Milton ⁱⁿ sunshine. It was like a day in early spring. So far our snowfalls have been light, & all have melted away in rains. This morning the river remained covered with ice; & there was still some ice on the road except in the main traffic lane - which was bare & even dry for long stretches. The remaining snow shows as patches of white in the fields, with the brown grass rising above it.

The sky clouded about noon, with an easterly breeze, & tonight we had a slam-bang thunderstorm with heavy rain.

News: - some time ago the Hollywood film company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, offered their Nova-Scotia-built "replica" of H. M. S. Bounty to Canada, as a gift. It had been used in filming "Mutiny on The Bounty" in Tahiti, & is now tied up at a California wharf awaiting disposal. M. G. M. attached a string to their offer. The ship must be sailed down to Panama, thence up the east coast of the U. S., calling at various large ports for display. Obviously this is good advertising for their film. Government officials (especially navy officials) at Ottawa pointed this out. However a vociferous group in Nova Scotia, led by Rear-Admiral Hugh Pullen (retired) has started a

campaign to "get the Bounty back to Nova Scotia." Col. Oland, of the Oland breweries, & head of the Hfx Board of Trade, is a powerful force in the Pullen group. Both are able & energetic, & both like to see their names in the papers & their own faces on T.V.

Unfortunately this comes just at the time when a Lunenburg group, headed by old Capt. Angus Walters, has begun a drive for funds to build a life-sized replica of the famous schooner "Bluenose".

"Bluenose", and M. G. M.'s "Bounty" were both built in the Smith & Rhuland yard at Lunenburg. But there all similarity ends. The original H. M. V. Bounty had nothing to do with N.S. or Canada. The original Bluenose had a lot.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7/62 Sunny, cold (10° above zero at noon).

Ground still bare. Bought a "tuque" to protect my ears, (we used to call them "stocking caps" when I was young) a grey wool affair with red stripes & a saucy white pompon, & enjoyed an afternoon walk on the river road. G. spent the afternoon visiting sister Marie at Milton.

Tom Jr. dines with us each evening. Pamela is staying in Hfx. until their car is repaired, & will then drive it back to L. pool with their babies. Possibly tomorrow.

News:- Premier Stanfield has announced the strong prospect of another newsprint paper mill,

this one to be built at Sheet Harbor by the Hearst newspaper interests in the U.S. The Hearst people already own the small wood pulp mill at Sheet Harbor. The provincial govt. is ready to lease crown lands for timber supply, & to provide electric power at reasonable cost. Mill capacity will be about $\frac{2}{3}$ that of Mersey Paper Co., which produces about 150,000 tons per year.

What with the big new pulp mill at Port Hawkesbury, plus this mill at Sheet Harbor, plus the huge wood consumption at Liverpool, plus the pulp mills at Antapook, the remaining forest in Nova Scotia will be under a heavy drain.

Local news: - I hear that Dr. Jim Weckwire, dissatisfied with general practice under his father's (and mother's) eye at Liverpool, intends returning to Dalhousie medical college, where he will take training as a radiologist.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9/62 A light snow, alternating with a very fine rain, all day. This afternoon I visited old William Sheppard, in his big shabby red house on Bristol Avenue. Now in his 90's, he was Prothonotary for the local courts, supreme & petty, for a great part of his life; and he had, stowed away in his little wooden office at the Bristol end of the town bridge, a mass of old court documents. Some of these documents, passed

on from one prothonotary to the next, as one succeeded another, went back to the early 19th. century. Last year his property at the bridge end was purchased by the government, & the rickety one-story building torn down, to make way for the temporary "new" bridge. I understood that old Bill had then removed the old documents to his house. However he informed me that he had sent them - "a whole truck load of stuff" - over to Miss Marion Mack, the present Prothonotary. So I called on Miss Mack, in her office in the Municipality of Queens building - formerly the De Wolfe house.

She herself is now well on in the seventies, shrivelled & hunched, but clear in mind. She said the documents from Sheppard's office had been stowed in an unheated upper room of the Myn. building; and that they were "a complete mess", nothing arranged in order of time or anything else, & of course with no index. She suggested that I wait for warmer weather, & then take a whole day or days to wade through the "mess". I agreed.

Local news: - I hear that Jennifer (Jones) Inness is going to Nevada to get a divorce. She married "Bud" Inness, of Liverpool, in June 1956. Her parents, Mowbray & Phyllis Jones asked me to give the toast to the bride. Bud was a tall, intelligent young officer in the merchant

marine, serving in one of the Mersey ships. She was the boss's daughter. Soon after the wedding Bud got a shore appointment with the Cornerbrook Nfld. paper mill; & it was soon pretty obvious that the marriage was also on the rocks. Jennifer spent much time in L'pool, staying with her parents, & flirting with a succession of smooth young English gentlemen sent out by Sir Eric Bowater to acquaint themselves with his North American paper mills. Not long ago Bud was shifted from Cornerbrook to the Bowater office in New York. Presumably Jennifer has found a man she wants to marry. If so, she must intend to remain in the U.S., as a Nevada divorce would not be recognised under Canadian law.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10/62 A snowstorm all day (not "making" much on the ground - about 3" on the level, more in drifts) and no real exercise outdoors, except for the morning & afternoon walk to the post office. The 3rd consecutive day spent almost entirely indoors. And no writing work. Just reading, & watching T.V., & bored to desperation. Towards midnight I swallowed four stiff drinks of rum, & two "Seconal" sleeping tablets. Slept two hours, lay awake to 3 a.m., then came downstairs, got myself another rum, & to pass the time am writing this. Obviously I can't

go on this way. No work to occupy my mind. No real interest in anything. For a time rum & "second" enabled me to pass the night hours — always the difficult & agonizing time, since I was a child. But now even those don't bring the blessed gift of oblivion from midnight to morning.

MONDAY, FEB. 12/62

Very cold. Tom expected Pam to drive down from Hfx. today with her babies. I didn't think she should attempt it, and offered to drive him to Hfx. Pam solved the problem in her calm competent way by hiring a professional chauffeur to drive the car down, with herself, babies & baggage. They arrived safely towards noon, & this afternoon paid us a call. The little boy is teething & somewhat fretful, but Debbie (who calls me "Grump") played her usual games with me & was highly entertaining.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13/62

I walked to Milton on Sunday in a (windy) temperature of 10° above zero. Result, a weird sort of cold in the right side of my head, with my right nostril running like a tap. Today, after a frigid night, there was sunshine & a temperature of 30° . I walked the Milton route, too heavily dressed, & got home drenched with sweat. A hot bath & change, & I felt

immensely better. Borrowed more volumes of N. S. Law Reports from Ken Jones. Some interesting Vice-Admiralty cases during the U. S. civil war 1861-65; notably a wages squabble aboard a blockade runner, the "City of Petersburg", sailing on the N.Y. - Bermuda - Wilmington, N. C., route; and of course the famous "Chesapeake" affair.

Found & copied the affair of murder aboard the brigantine "Zero", off Cape Labrador, 1865. Interesting because of close parallel with the "Herbert G. Fuller" case of 1896.

WEANESDAY, FEB. 14/62. Again sunny & mild after a 5° above zero night, & again a good walk in the afternoon to Milton & back.

News:- For several days past, the U. S. has been announcing - & then postponing - a rocket shot from Cape Canaveral to put a live colonel of marines in orbit about the earth. Charles Lynch, of the Southam Press, & a top news man at Ottawa, prophesied on a T.V. show tonight that Prime Minister Dielenbaker will call a federal election next October.

Much fuss in la province de Quebec about a separate French-Canadian republic - the fuss emanating as usual from a few hot-brained

enthusiasts, backed by the old & deep F.-C. grudge against les anglais, ever since the conquest.

Investigations into the late DuBessis regime in Quebec (which invoked the race- & religion prejudice successfully for many years) reveal that, as a whole, urban & suburban, or merely bush towns, the French-Canadians condone or exploit the deepest & most flagrant corruption in politics known in North America. Tammany politics in New York are angelic by comparison. Obviously an entirely separate French republic on the Saint Lawrence would be bankrupt in five years or less.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16/62

The 4th successive day of blue sky & sunshine with a distinct warmth, the temp. rising to 20° & sometimes 30° after the night's hard freeze. A walk to Milton each afternoon, the asphalt bare & dry, the brown grass-tops showing through the thin snow on the fields.

Snowstorms have missed us, passing out to sea over Sable Island or inland over the Annapolis Valley.

So far in this open winter I have had to shovel out my driveway only once (last Sunday), & that did not take long.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20/62

Our South Shore open winter came to an end last night when a blizzard came in from the sea & blew until mid-afternoon. It was

heavy stuff; there was rain for a time, then more snow. This morning I dug out my front walk & a path to the side door & the bird-feeding tray. There was a drift against the side door (we have no back door) which came to my armpits. This unaccustomed labor, with its strain on the loir muscles, produced lumbago. I was glad to hire young Andersson & another high school student to dig out the driveway to the garage, in the late afternoon.

News:- today, after long trials & delays, & many disappointments, the U.S. shot a manned rocket into space, controlled its orbit 3 times around the earth, & brought it safely down to the sea near the Bahamas, where the destroyer "~~North~~ NOA" recovered it & released the "astronaut". He was John Glenn, a flying colonel of U.S. marines, veteran of the Korean War. We were able to watch the take-off by T.V. Altogether Glenn was 4 hours 15 minutes off the earth, from the time he was shot up from Cape Canaveral, Florida, until the "capsule" descended into the sea.

Forgot to note on Monday the funeral of Captain Edward Hagen, age 85. The last of Liverpool's old time sailing skippers, he went to sea about the year 1900. One of his commands during War One was

the tern schooner "Rotheray", built at Belliveau's Cove in 1904, but at this time owned by Fred S. Inness of Liverpool. She was sold in France in 1918. Hagen then took command of the tern schooner "G. H. Wharton Davies", which was built at Advocate, N. S., ^{in 1919} sold to the Niger Company, of London. In this company's service Hagen sailed many voyages between Nigeria, Britain & the U.S. His wife died in 1930 & he retired soon afterwards. For many years he was a steward and usher in Zion United Church, a stocky familiar figure, very bald and deaf, though latterly he had an electric hearing aid.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21/62 A cold though sunny day. Indoors all day, hobbling about the house with the wretched lumbago. Assembling & typing my notes, gathered & checked through years, on Liverpool privateersman Joseph Barss St., & his seafaring sons Joe St., John & James.

Pamela brought Debbie & baby Tommy for a call this afternoon, & (in spite of my back) I managed to go through the usual routine of games with Debbie.

News:- today's Chronicle-Herald full of print & photos about Col. Glenn & others. Truly it was a magnificent achievement, not only in the part of Glenn, a very brave man, but of the 10,000 U.S. scientists & technicians at Cape Canaveral who have been working & experimenting so diligently for years.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1962 Another storm. About 6" of snow, then rain enough to soak in about an inch, then the thermometer dropping to 15° & making a hard crust of ice on the new snow.

E. has been massaging my back with a liniment called "Absorbine", and this evening I can walk almost upright.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23/62 Mild, with patches of sunshine, Temp. up to 38° this afternoon. E. shoveled some of yesterday's snow out of the driveway, & I did a bit more - my back is that much better.

Each day, lumbago or not, I wade out to the bird tray, clean off the snow, & spread a black feast of sunflower seeds. In a few minutes the first yellow-black- & white grosbeak appears, then a flock of two dozen or more. Then a flock of starlings & one or two grackles descend, & the grosbeaks flit away. Sometimes a blue jay turns up, swallowing the seeds whole, & frightening off the other birds. When the bigger birds have satisfied themselves & gone, the chickadees & English sparrows move in to pick up the gleanings. This evening E. & a group of Zion Church women had dinner & discussion together at Austin Parker's house. They raised

about \$20 amongst themselves for church funds. Similar groups, divided into convenient neighborhoods, are meeting regularly all through the town. All the former United Church Ladies' groups (including the Rose B. Auxiliary, named in honor of E.'s aunt Rose Bell Dunlap) have been swept away recently. Under edict from U. C. headquarters in Toronto, henceforth all female activities in the church are to be grouped under one heading - the United Church Women.

With his house taken over, for the evening, by Vera P.'s group of the U. C. W., my friend Austin Papper dropped in to my house for a drink & chat. And later we were joined (for the same things) by Vera P., E., Swlady's Macdonald, & Roxie (née Smith of Souris, Brookfield - I forget her married name - she is a widow living in Ontario but has spent the past two months in Liverpool with her sister Mrs. Alberta ("Bertie") Selton.) They reported dutifully their party & the profit for Zion Church; & then sipped my rum & soda water & "seven Up", & chatted happily in the general way of women past 50 but still sensitive to what goes on in the world at large. When the party broke up at 11 p.m. I got

out my car & drove to their homes Swlady's Maid.
& Roxie. Swlady's has let her figure go to a
plump extent since Hubert died; but she is nothing
like Roxie, once a tall slim brunette, the most
attractive in Queens County when I came here as a
young man, & now a tall gargantuan figure
with a sagged & heavily made-up face.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25/62 A wild storm all day yesterday
& last night - the third in 5 days. The Hfx. weather
office predicted some snow & then a flood of rain.
Instead we got another thick snowfall, drifting
in the gale, & then the thermometer dropping to
zero. I got up at 7 a.m. & after breakfast
shoveled out the front walk to the street - shoulder
deep - then a path from the side door ^{to} the laundry
platform & garbage cans, & thence to the bird
tray in the middle of the back lawn. Put out seeds
for the birds, returned indoors soaked with sweat
despite a temp. near zero, had a ~~hot~~ hot bath & a
change of clothes.

MONDAY, FEB. 26/62 Temp. 3° below zero last night, our
coldest this winter. (It was 18° below in Lours) Walked
to Milton this afternoon, although my loins still ache
with lumbago. The main highways & the town streets have
been ploughed, but people are still digging out their

driveaways. Letter from young G. W. J. ("Greg") Copelin, son of my old friend Capt. Charles. For some years he has been employed with a London (England) advertising firm, specialising in photography & T.V. commercials. When here with his father on a visit last summer he said he had given up the job & was now free-lancing, with an eye on cinema production. Now he asks me to assign to him the movie rights in my novel "The Wings of Night"; & feels sure that he & a movie script writer named Michael Fredman can arrange production by a company called Bryanston Films.

This sounds exactly like my unhappy experiences with John Rich & Richard Wilson, of Hollywood, over the film rights to "The Nymph & The Lamp". So I wrote Greg saying, with truth, that my publishers have the film rights in "Wings of Night", acting as my agents, & he should apply to them.

Letter from Lieut. H. R. Percy, R.C.N., now attached to naval staff H.Q. in Ottawa, & (on the side) a busy member of the Canadian Authors Association. Wants me to contribute an article to the C. A. A. quarterly magazine, "Canadian Author & Bookman", of which he is now editor. I have contributed to the C. A. A. two or three times in the long past, & it seems to me that I

have nothing new to say about the art of writing.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1962

The morning paper has the obituary of my old shipmate Walter Hunter, aged 67, (older than I thought.) I made my first voyage as a wireless operator in the "Wat Karma", Halifax to Manchester, England. Captain was Charles Hunter, of Tusket N.S., a veteran of the square-rigged ships, & his son Walter was getting in his sea time as an ordinary seaman while studying for a navigator's ticket. From this ship we were transferred to a transport, the "Prince George", lying at Southampton. In July 1919 we were among the crew which brought this ship across to Boston, via Fagal, & paid off there. In 1932, when Edith & I made a trip to Bermuda in the "Colborne", I found that Walt was the wireless operator - he had switched to "pounding brass" long ago. We corresponded irregularly over the years, & once or twice Walt called here for a chat when he was home on leave. Melancholy to reflect that the men I liked & remember best aboard "Wat Karma" - Capt. Hunter; son Walter; chief officer LeBlanc; third officer Frank Latchmore; senior wireless officer Wilson - all are now dead.

FRIDAY, MARCH 2/62

The roughest day of the winter so far, a blustering N.W. gale that shook the house at

times, & temp. 15° above zero. A walk down to the post office & back was like a journey to the Pole.

John Gray, of MacMillan's (Toronto) phoned from Halifax, where he is staying the week-end. Asked if I could drive in to lunch with him. He didn't seem to realise the distance or the driving conditions. I declined, explaining why. He asked what I was doing & I told him I was collecting true stories of Nova Scotia ships, also of notable N.S. court trials from the 18th century to the present day. He asked if these were for Doubleday & I said I hadn't mentioned them to Doubleday. He reminded me that MacMillan would like to publish another book of mine if Doubleday were agreeable, & I said I'd keep in touch.

Letter from Dr. A. W. Mansfield, of the Fisheries Research Board, who called on me with Dr. Fisher last May for a chat about Table Island's ponies & seals as I remembered them. He encloses a typed article for publication in "Canadian Field Naturalist", quoting my observations in two or three places, & asks me to check the quotations.

SATURDAY, MAR. 3/62 Another wild day, this time with snow, & temp. 15° above zero. Our furnace, with the diabolical facility of such things, chose a late hour this afternoon to refuse duty. As usual I phoned the senior Mc Goul,

WALTER H. HUNTER PASSES AWAY

Honored For Services Beyond Call Of Duty

Walter H. W. Hunter, M.B.E., Tusket, passed away Sunday, Feb. 25th, at the Kinnie Nursing Home. Son of the late Capt. Charles C. Hunter, Yarmouth, and Lydia Elizabeth Lent, Tusket, he was born at sea in 1895, off the Island of St. Helena on a voyage from Calcutta to New York, on the British Ship "Walter Henry Wilson", after which he was named. As a boy he attended Yarmouth Academy, and later studied radiotelegraphy in Montreal. He was a member of St. Andrew's Masonic Lodge, Halifax, and of Scotia Branch, Royal Canadian Legion, Halifax.

At the beginning of 1st World War, he worked with Burrell-Johnson Iron Co., making shells, later accompanying his father on Atlantic Convoy duty, delivering ships to the British Admiralty to be used as transports. These included the "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur". At the end of the war he joined the Canadian Merchant Marine as Marconi operator, serving in Canadian waters and visiting the seaports of the world. During 2nd World War, he was Senior Radio Officer with Canadian National Steamships, delivering war supplies to Britain, the Far East and B. W. I. For service beyond the call of

duty, he was appointed a Member of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire by King George VI in 1946, receiving this honour at Province House, Halifax. In 1953, he received the Coronation Medal of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and was the holder of the 1939-45 Star, Atlantic Star, and 1939-45 War Medal. After the sale of the Canadian National Steamships, he acted as relieving radio officer with Gypsum Packet Co. ships out of Hantsport.

He is survived by two sisters, Miss Florence Hunter and Mrs. D. Russell MacLean, Tusket. He intended living at his Tusket home on retirement.

The funeral was held at Ritchie Memorial Chapel, at Yarmouth, Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. W. A. Trueman, Rector of Holy Trinity Anglican Church. Members of the choir sang "For Those In Peril On The Sea" and "Hush, Blessed Are The Dead." Yarmouth Branch Royal Canadian Legion conducted the Legion ritual, and acted as pallbearers. Interment will be in the family lot in Mountain Cemetery, Yarmouth in the Spring.

Pallbearers were: Bdgr. Douglas King, S. L. Patterson, James Hatfield, Scott Killam, Alfred Doucette and Frank Hessie.

Feb 25, 1962. (Yarmouth paper)

& then his son Sherman (they installed the furnace & are supposed to keep a stock of parts; I couldn't get an answer on either phone.) Last Fall I started buying my furnace oil from Carl Whymot, who has modern motor service station on the White Point road. So now I phoned there, & caught him & his mechanic just as they were leaving. They came, & after some checking found the fuel line choked by a dirty filter at the tank end. With this removed we soon had heat again, & just in time, for the temperature indoors was getting very chilly.

SUNDAY, MAR. 4/62 A sudden switch in temperature — up to 40° , with an overcast sky & occasional drizzle of rain. I shoveled yesterday's snow from my paths & driveway, & dug out a channel to the street drain through shoulder-deep snow thrown over it by the ploughs last week. Drove to church with E. Again a dull sermon, read aloud in a monotone, with frequent stumbles when the paragon glanced up & missed his line.

Tom, Pam & the babies came up at 4, & stayed to have a roast turkey dinner with us.

TUESDAY, MAR. 6/62 Yesterday & today the temp. got up to 40° , with patches of sunshine in the overcast, & a strong wind to carry off the evaporation. The snowbanks shrank visibly, & the river ice is rotten & breaking up. Bill Dennis phoned from Monston just after

midnight, to tell us that Francie has another daughter. The child was born prematurely by about a month, & weighs only 5 1/2 lbs, but both are doing well.

I now have six grandchildren - Francie's two boys & two girls, & Tom's boy & girl.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/62

Sunny & windy. Good walking to Milton yesterday & today. Carl Whynot & his mechanic cleaned my furnace today & put a new filter in the cup below the tank valve. They will replace the air filters also, when the fibre-glass material arrives.

Saw a sharp-shinned hawk perched on the rear ash tree this morning. He flew off after a few minutes. These hawks have a habit of watching bird-feeding trays, etc., but this is the first time I've seen one near mine. Each day I put out sunflower seed on the big wooden tray over the bird bath, & a flock of 25 or 30 evening grosbeaks feed there, with sundry starlings, chickadees, English sparrows, etc.

One year ago today I stopped smoking, & I have kept my resolve. Now I have no desire for tobacco whatever - a good riddance.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8/62

Again sunny but cool (34° in the shade) & a fine walk to Milton. Today I replaced my faithful old Bulova wrist-watch with another,

bought at the same price (\$40) from Robert Howard, jeweler. The old one I bought in April 1940 when I sold a short story to Saturday Evening Post for the first time. The Post paid \$500 for it, my New York agent deducted 10% as his fee, and on the remaining \$450 I received \$45 premium on U.S. funds. I felt that the \$45 was luxury money & bought my first decent wrist watch - a black dial with gold hands, & the case made with a tilt for ease in reading the time. It has served me faithfully; but it required cleaning every 7 or 8 months, & as the jewelers have got their cleaning fee up to \$7.50 in recent years I was paying out the price of a new watch every four years. The modern watches are water-proof & comparatively dust-proof.

On T.V. tonight I saw pictures of the slum demolitions in D.C., in the area bordered by Jacob, Grafton, Buckingham & Brunswick streets. These demolitions were begun last year & continued as a winter work project. I'm told that the landlords of these ancient (mostly wooden) warrens got handsome payment for their properties. They will be replaced by modern fire-proof apartment buildings, for working class people, financed partly by federal govt. funds; and by privately financed

commercial buildings. This was the sort of thing envisioned by the Civic Planning Commission, under Joa McNab, in 1943, when the Second World War was in full fury. The Commission turned in its report in November 1945, shortly after the war's end. I studied it while preparing the final chapter of my book on Halifax in 1948.

SATURDAY, MAR. 10/62 Another lovely sunny day, with temp. up to 40° in the shade, 52° in the sun. And another good walk to Milton. We have escaped a terrific storm ~~that~~ which battered & flooded the coasts of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland & New York — & then turned out into the Atlantic. The damage is estimated at \$200,000,000, & President Kennedy had proclaimed the littoral of these states a national disaster area.

Thurs evening, after drinks at our house, the Austin Parkers, John Wickwires & we joined a dinner party of 35 couples at the Mersey Hotel. The main dish was roast wild goose, cooked in the hotel kitchen under the supervision of Mrs. "March" Burgess, whose husband is the best fisherman & goose hunter at Port Joli. The geese were contributed by sportsmen; various stores in town contributed the

vegetables, the dessert & coffee; & the hotel itself contributed the services of its kitchen & dining room staff. The price was \$5 per couple, all of which goes to the Children's Aid Society in Queens County.

SUNDAY, MAR. 11/62 Again a clear sky & light wind. We walked to church this morning. Puddles on the sidewalks here & there as the snowbanks melt, but otherwise good footing. This afternoon I drove with E. to Caledonia. Called at the home of old Ike Smart but apparently he & his wife were out. I left a note. The asphalt highway is bare & dry all the way, but the lakes are still covered with ice & there remains plenty of snow in the woods.

MONDAY, MAR. 12/62 Working on the history of the fort at Liverpool. Another fine day, temp. up to 50°. Drove E. to Milton, where she spent the afternoon with sister Marie. I shoveled part of the snowbank in front of my house, spreading it across the bare asphalt roadway where passing cars crushed it & the sunshine melted it. Many people, including the town's own workmen on Main Street, were doing this today. Stock market prices (Toronto & Montreal exchanges) in today's paper:—
B. C. Telephone, 55½ (I bought it last August at 49);
Dominion Textile, 18 (" " " " 15):

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WEDNESDAY, 1962

Monday's labor lost. A heavy snowstorm all day yesterday & part of the night, & I spent most of this morning shoveling out my driveway & the front & back paths. Gemela & children called this afternoon. Card from Frances, saying that she & her new daughter are coming along well, & that the child is to be named Tracy-Anne - God knows why.

THURSDAY, MAR. 15/62

A dull day with a bleak wind. Whynot & his man put new air filters in the furnace today. For some time past the warm air from the room ducts has seemed very dry, with resultant dry nostrils & much sneezing. I got them to look at the "humidifier" in the furnace, & they found it choked & corroded. I phoned McCall, who worked all afternoon to instal the latest thing in air-moistening equipment.

The hawk I first saw on March 7 made a kill this afternoon. I happened to look out & saw him pounce. The seed tray was covered with feeding grosbeaks & he couldn't miss. He settled on to the snow beside the birches at the back of the garden, with a grosbeak in his claws. I got my shotgun off the rack, loaded it, & turned to the window,

but by that time he had vanished, with his prey, probably into one of the spruce trees behind Jean's house, where he must have been lurking beforehand.

Letter from Florence Hunter, Tuskoh, in reply to my note of sympathy. "Walter often spoke of the days when you were shipmates as boys."

Cheque for \$50 from CBC for use of my short story "The Golden Age" in a radio play written by J. Clyde Douglas. I remember that he did a very bad radio play based on my short story "The Powers of Darkness" a few years ago. And I seem to remember him as a flirtive, snooping, boot-licking lieutenant at Aldershot Camp in 1942, when he was assisting Major Turminger in training duties there. I despised the bastard then; & if he really is the same man I despise myself for letting the CBC have play rights in these stories.

FRIDAY, MAR. 16/62 Sunny & warm. A good walk to Milton. I learn that Mrs. "Bud" Inness (nee Joseph Jones, daughter of Mowbray & Phyllis Jones) is getting an American divorce, on grounds of "physical & mental cruelty" — the usual grounds in American divorce courts. Bud was a Liverpool lad, son of the late Roger Inness, descendant of a long line of Bluenose seamen & captains. He

joined the Canadian merchant marine, served for several years in Mersuy Paper ships, & had just got his first mate certificate when he married the boss's daughter in June 1956. (I gave the toast to the bride.) He was a tall, quiet, capable fellow, with good features but not the handsome type. Jenepher was an exotic creature, with dark eyes & hair, very much absorbed in clothes & cosmetics. She had an unsatisfactory education because she could never devote herself to study, going from one school or college to another. Then she went off to Hollywood, to try to get into the movies, & then to New York, where she spent months trying to get a job as a fashion model. Her father financed all these ventures, of course. Finally she returned home, skeleton thin, with dyed hair & the cosmetic make-up & clothes of a femme fatale. She found small-town life boring within a few weeks, & took a job as a sales woman in a swank (Birks) Halifax Jewellery shop.

There she met "Bud", in Hft. to take his exam. for the first mate certificate, & on one of her sudden whims decided to marry him. Soon after their marriage Mowbray got Bud a shore job with Mersuy Paper Co., & later (on another of Jenepher's whims, I think) he was transferred to a job at Cornerbrook, Nfld. For the past few years Jenepher has had a succession

of flirtations with the merry & suave young Englishmen whom Sir Eric Cowater sends over to make summer studies of the paper mills & woods at Liverpool & Bornebrook.

SATURDAY, MAR. 17/62 Overcast. Temp. 40° at noon.

I counted 43 evening grosbeaks in the trees about my seed-tray, at one time today. My oil furnace, after more than 11 years' service, seems to be falling to pieces like Holmes's "wonderful one-hoss shay." On March 7 ~~was~~ it was new oil & air filters, plus a complete new air-humidifying unit on the 15th. This afternoon (my furnace & plumbing emergencies usually happen on Saturday afternoons, when working men are hard to find) the main electric motor in the furnace conked out. Miraculously I managed to get Sherman McCaul, who found the motor badly damaged by the failure of one small spring. He drove down to Steel & Engine Products plant on Water St., & by another miracle caught the "stock parts" man just stepping into his car. McCaul got from him a complete new motor, which he installed, so that by 4:30 p.m., when the house was mighty chilly, we had heat again. Luck all round - including the lucky circumstance that all this did not befall us during the bitter weather of January & February.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1962

Sunny & warm. We picked up Gwladys Macdonald in our car & took her with us to Zion Church for morning service. Preacher was a Rev. Mackinnon, of the United Church at Mill Village, a handsome young man with a rich & resonant voice, but a strange side-mouthed articulation. Sitting near the back of the church, as we usually do, none of us could make out half he said. I walked to Milton & back in the afternoon, in a black jersey but no coat or gloves. We had dinner at 5, as usual, & soon after G. cleared the dishes away my old friend Dewey Nickerson, of Clark's Harbor, dropped in for a chat. With him, was a Cape Island fish merchant named Keith Cunningham, a pleasant & intelligent chap, 40-ish, who makes regular sales tours in the States & the Caribbean. Dewey brought me up to date on Cape Island & Seal Island news. He & Cunningham refused food, but sipped at a couple of stiff rums. Dewey said that Mrs. Minnie Hamilton, the owner of Seal Island, is still living there, with daughter Mary & Mary's worthless husband. Also Lottie Nickerson (I forget her married name) is still living at The Hawk Passage. Lottie

under another name was the central figure in my (largely true) short story, "The Mistress of C.K.U."

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 21/62

Sunny, with a bleak little breeze from S.E., after a night of hard frost & a repetition of the past 3 days. Each day I hack away at the snow bank before my house, packed there by the street plough after each storm, & now having almost the condition of concrete. I shovel these hacked lumps into the roadway, where traffic & the sun can melt them. Soon after noon the shadow of my house creeps over the bank, & then the stuff begins to freeze again. A good walk to Mutton & back.

G. & I attended the meeting of the Historical Society this evening, in the Navy Room, Town Hall. Charles Kelsie, president, in the chair. Kelsie asked me to read aloud a section of Simeon Perkins' diary, interpreting as I went along, which I did.

Postcard from Clement Crowell, retired inspector of schools in Queens, Shelburne & Yarmouth. He & wife Ester have been spending the winter in England & on the continent, & the card was from Nice - "La Promenade des Anglais". They will be home in May & want us to spend the week-end

of June 2-3 with them at their Lake Annis cottage.
"Glem" added that he had seen a copy of the
London (Collins) edition of "The Governor's
Lady" in a Rice bookshop - "your fame
is world wide".

FRIDAY, MAR. 23/62

A wild gale & dark sky,
with a powdery snow, in late afternoon & evening
East & north of us it was the worst blizzard of the
winter, up to 16" inches of snow, piling into great drifts
on winds that blew 50 to 60 m.p.h. Road traffic
bogged down, air traffic entirely stopped.

SATURDAY, MAR. 24/62

The town (& province) spent
this day digging itself out. After last evening the
snow was heavy moist stuff that fell all night & made
shoveling hard labor today. I dug out my paths
& driveway, heavy work. Spread seeds on my tray
in the back garden, drawing a great flock of hungry
birds; & again, a hawk swooped & carried off
one of them as I watched - possibly others when I
wasn't at the window. Noticed one injured grosbeak
floundering in the snow, unable to fly. Took it into
my garage, for shelter from weather & security from
cats & hawks, & spread sunflower seeds for food.
Today's Chronicle-Herald gives detail of a big lease
of timberland which the govt. proposes to make to Bowaters

Mersey Paper Co. In part it is to compensate the Mersey Co. for crown leases formerly granted to it in eastern N.S. (mostly Cape Breton) & lately given up for the benefit of the new pulp mill at Mulgrave. In part it is to ensure a firm supply of wood for future Mersey operations. It consists of 238,000 acres of woodland, all in the western half of the N.S. peninsula, most of it already adjoining or surrounded by Mersey's own timberlands in the areas of Saint Margaret's Bay, Medway River, Lake Rossignol, Sissiboo River & Tusket River. As rental the Mersey Co. will pay an annual sum, based on the actual stumpage, whether the trees are cut ~~or~~ or not. As the gov't wishes to nurture the new industry at Mulgrave, that pulp mill will pay a smaller stumpage rate than Mersey. The Mersey's new (proposed) lease is for 40 years; but either the gov't. or the company can end it before that time on 10 years' notice.

SUNDAY, MAR. 25/62 Some sunshine this morning, temp. 40°. Drove to church for morning service. Pamela as usual brought Debbie to the junior Sunday school & then came upstairs & sat in the pew with us. In the afternoon the sky covered with dark clouds, & I walked to Milton against a roaring N. gale that stopped my breath at times & almost stopped

me - like walking into a brick wall.

This year at least ~~thirteen~~^{fifteen} people from here have taken a trip South for the winter or (mostly) this part of our miserable Nova Scotia "Spring." They include our friends the Austin Parkers (now in Georgia), the Larry & Eldons (now in Barbados) the B. J. Waters (now in Arizona). Ten years ago not more than six people went South. This is true of the Canadian population in general. Prosperity, & quick air travel to anywhere, has produced a large & rapidly growing number of Canadians who go south like the birds to avoid our nastiest weather.

Speaking of birds, on opening my garage door this morning I found my "injured" grosbeak hopping about the floor, very lively indeed. I plinned the twin doors wide, & away he flew.

MONDAY, MAR. 26/62

A mild day, open & shut sky, temp. 40 to 50°, with much melting of the snow. This afternoon, like Sisyphus in hell, I slaved once more at the snowbank before my house, chopping & shoveling this hard & heavy stuff, throwing it across the road, where the sun lies on the asphalt until late afternoon. Drove E. to Milton, with her "Scrabble" board & box of wooden letters, to pass the afternoon with Marie, who loves this game.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1962

A lovely warm day - the best yet - no cloud, no wind, Temp. 60° in the sun at 3 p.m. Spent the morning as usual, working on my history of the fort at Liverpool; using Perkins' diary plus other notes gathered over the years. Walked to Milton this afternoon & had a long yarn with two old acquaintances of the Macleod pulp mill days - Eugene Wentzell & Andrew Mooers. On returning home I raked my front lawn, now almost clear of snow & ice (which I have shoveled into the roadway day by day) but littered with stones & trash thrown by children & passing high school students during the winter.

The flock of grosbeaks feeding at my garden tray has dwindled sharply in the past two days. Possibly frightened off by the hawk - or perhaps the grosbeaks have set off for their summer range in the north. Drove out to look at the golf course late this afternoon. Much of the snow is gone, except the remains of an old drift here & there. On an exposed bank by the roadside I found mayflowers in bud.

FRIDAY, MAR. 30/62 Another day like summer, temp. 75° in the sun (& out of the sea breeze) this afternoon. I played 18 holes at White Point; the

course about 90% bare, but rather soggy. Remains of old snowdrifts in the folds — I lost a ball in one, in the middle of N^o 5 fairway. The seaward part of the course littered with sea-urchin shells, dropped & broken there by gulls during the winter. Six other players out. I had a few minutes chat with John, the pro, who was walking slowly around the course in rubber boots. He told me he'd had a heart attack & spent several weeks in hospital. Always a lean, fit, man, he had lost 20 lbs., & said with a wry grin, "The doctor says I may play no more than 9 holes a day, with a caddy to carry ma clobber!"

According to today's Chronicle-Herald 1 out of every 6 of the labor force of the Maritimes is out of work. The proportion for the rest of Canada is sad enough, but not nearly as bad as this. The closing of coal mines is our main trouble, plus a great reduction in the working force of the Sydney steel plants. But other industries have appeared (notably the wood-pulp industry at Port Hawkesbury) & a large number of Maritime young men enlist in the Canadian army, navy & air force. The "gimmick" is that our population is increasing faster than the Maritime industries.

SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1962

April weather arrived right on time, a heavy rain in the early hours, & light showers the rest of the day, with a black sky & violent wind. Temp at noon 50°. This warm rain melted the remains of old snowdrifts in shady parts where the sun could not get at them, & by this evening every inch of my lawn, front & back, was bare. E.

still has a racking cough from the cold she caught in Feb. & decided not to go to church this morning.

I went by car, picking up Eulady's Macdonald & driving her home afterwards. She has promised to give me, for the Navy Room in Town Hall, a white ensign flown by her late husband in the corvette "Windflower" in 1941.

MONDAY, APR. 2/62

A violent W. gale all day. Damaging floods reported in the Valley, around Furo & Amherst, in P. C. D. & the adjacent part of N. B. Amherst & Moncton got more than 4" of rain. Ralph Johnson & wife called this evening, & Ralph asked me to address a gathering of 80 or 90 provincial foresters at a dinner in the Mersey Hotel on Thursday. I had refused his requests so often in years past that I felt I couldn't say No this time. So I agreed.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1962

Sunny but cold, yesterday & today, but I played 18 holes at White Point both afternoons. All snow & ice gone from the course, but the ground still soggy. Monty Jones phoned this evening. He & Phyl take off by air next week for a holiday in Hawaii & Japan. He has to address the Cornerbrook board of trade on June 12, wants me to write the speech for him; suggests that Tony Balloch (the new General Manager of Mersey Paper Co., lately from Cornerbrook) fill me in on Newfoundland topical allusions, notably about confederation with Canada. I agreed.

THURSDAY, APR. 5/62 The rain floods of Apr. 2, so damaging in the Annapolis Valley & the Louisa - Moncton area (\$1,000,000 ^{damage} reported in Sackville N.B. alone) poured very little water on this side of South Mountain, where the Mersey watershed is still parched from the long drought of last summer. Some of the country people in Tugers Co. already complain of low wells, despite the melting of the snow. Played 18 holes at White Point in a temp. of 50° Fahr. this afternoon. This evening, as I'd promised, I addressed a dinner party (in the Mersey Hotel) of N.S. foresters, government & private.

I talked about the early history of logging in this part of N.S., & the subsequent progress down to the present day, finishing off with some funny stories of the lumber industry, gathered in Queens Co.

The (Bowaters) Mersey Paper Co. sponsored this gathering, & at the head table Tony Balloch sat at my right hand & flattered me about my talk. Mel & chatted with old friends Ben

Alexander (Hantsport N.S.), who had a coronary attack last year & now "takes it easy"; Bob Mackinnon of the Mersey Co., timber cruiser; and an affable Swede whose name is pronounced "Wesley". He is chief forester for the new pulp mill at Mulgrave, N.S., & told me that, among other books on Canadian forestry conditions, he had studied a Swedish edition of my novel "The Wings of Night" before coming to N.S.

FRIDAY, APR. 6/62

This morning I called at town hall for a talk with Paul King, tax assessor. After I transferred the title of my house property to Edith last year, the town made out the entire tax bill to her - including the tax on furniture. Automatically this made me liable for poll tax (\$20) on persons who earn their living in the town but own no taxable property. When I got the bill for poll tax it was too late to protest,

& I had to pay it. King has agreed to straighten this out, with separate bills - Edith to pay the tax on the house property, I to pay the tax on furniture, etc.

My sister Hilda Jameser drove down from Hfx. Tonight to spend the week end with us.

SATURDAY, APR. 7/62 Sunny, mild. The tennis courts at the corner of Park & Church streets filled with players of all ages & both sexes. Another crowd on the golf course this afternoon, where there was a chill breeze off Tort Mouton Bay; so I played only nine holes. This evening we invited Rolf & Muriel Seaborne, Jack & Edith McLearn, Larry & Bertie Seldon, to chat over drinks with Hilda & ourselves, to watch the N.H.C. hockey game on T.V., winding up with coffee, sandwiches & cake. A lively party, ending at 12.30. Larry tells me that much new building will be done in Liverpool this summer. A £125,000 extension to the hospital, mainly for a nurses' residence. A new government liquor store on the site of the old Patch house (which will be torn down) on Main Street - Edith & I lived there when we first moved down from Milton many years ago. A new Metropolitan (chain) store, selling all sorts of goods from candy to lingerie, this store was built much later

in the 10¢ to \$5 range - this to be built on Main Street just north of the new J. G. A. (grocery) supermarket - two old houses will be razed to make room for it. A large bowling-alley business to be built on the White Point highway just outside town. A new motel, to be built on the corner of the main South Shore highway & the turn-off to Beach Meadows, just outside Brooklyn. Lane, proprietor of a furniture store in the famous old Joseph Barss house at the Bristol end of the town bridge, has made interior changes to accommodate the wandering Blue Room Restaurant, Farmer proprietor, - its third change of site in less than a year.

SUNDAY, APR. 8/62

An easterly gale & heavy rain, beginning last night & lasting all day & evening. We spent a lazy day indoors, with a blaze of hardwood in the fire-place. Hilda left for Hfx. at 4 p.m. She has taken over the Mahone Bay house from Mrs. Blanche Baker, & has picked up some antique furniture which is now being restored & refurnished by Victor Wesley, a specialist in this work here in Liverpool. She expects to move in at Easter, & from then on will commute ^{by car} to Halifax, 60 miles, for the day's

work. This will be a hardship for a lone woman, even in summer weather, no matter how much she loves the house at Mahone. In winter it will be impossible whenever a snowstorm blows.

Hilda will be 48 next November. She was born in 1914, when Father was in England with the Winnipeg Rifles. "Hilda" was chosen for her name because it means War Maiden; & she is truly a gallant soul. But I fear for her in this latest obsession. It can't work. It seems to me she will have to board in Hfx, in order to be in sensible reach of her job; & the Mahone Bay house must be a pleasure for weekends in spring, summer & fall.

MONDAY, APR. 9/62 The week-end downpour created floods in N.S. & P.E.I., especially in the Luro area. Here on the South Shore today the brooks & rivers are roaring, bank-high, & the bogs are lakes. The sun came out & I went to White Point for golf, but gave it up after 9 holes — the ground too soggy, with pools of water on the fairways. The C.B.C. sent one of their usual agreements for me to sign — this for the re-use of my short story "Triangle in Steel" in the series of radio readings by actor John Draynne. It is read in two parts, & the fee for each is \$75.

TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1962

Rain again, mostly drizzle.

Received from Eatons a push-cart type of thing for spreading lawn seed, or powdered fertilizer, with a hand controlled device for regulating the shutter. It came in parts, with a complicated chart for putting it together, & with my utter lack of mechanical knack it took me two hours to get the thing assembled. Today's paper gives an interview with W. J. Gray, my old friend and first boss; — he was Superintendent of Marconi stations, ship & shore, for the Maritimes, when I became a wireless operator.

Gray was one of the originals who joined the new Marconi Company in England in 1898, & he was chief operator at Cape Race (VCE) when the "Titanic" sent out her dramatic distress calls in April 1912.

I met him again in Montreal, with his wife, at a book-autographing party at Morgan's in 1946. He retired in 1949, & has been living near Montreal. Now he & Mrs. Gray are removing to the Shetland Islands, where he was born.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 11/62

Sunny & windy. This morning, using my new spreader, I put 80 lbs. of granulated chemical fertilizer on the lawns, front & back. In the afternoon I played golf at White Point, in gusty gale. Letter from Will Bird, calling a meeting of the (provincial)

Historic Sites Advisory Council, in Hfx. May 4th.

FRIDAY, APR. 13/62

An unlucky day, according to superstition. The weather bureau at Hfx. had predicted light wind & rain. Instead we got a howling blizzard (winds up to 72 m.p.h. in some parts of N.S.) that began about daylight. There is no frost left in the ground here on the South Shore, & much of the snow melted as it hit the earth, but even so it piled up an inch or more, at a temp. of 32°. Late in the afternoon, with wind as rough as ever, the snow changed to a cataract of rain.

Tony Galloch phoned, & gave me some Newfoundland land information for the Jones speech. (see April 4)

SUNDAY, APR. 15/62

Drove to church with E. & Swladys Macdonald this morning. Open & shut weather, & a shower now & then. Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon. A crowd on the course despite a cold wind & sloppy turf.

MONDAY, APR. 16/62

Another snowstorm, which changed to rain in western N.S. but blocked all the roads between Truro & Moncton, & on P.E.I.

I am nearing the end of my history of the fort at Liverpool, which now runs to about 26,000 words, all carefully researched. My publishers would roll their eyes in horror at the notion of my

spending so much time, as I have spent the past two years, on such unprofitable subjects; but I get a high satisfaction out of doing things like this, which I have been putting off too long.

News:- a federal election in June now seems a certainty, although Mr. Diefenbaker still refuses to give a date. His finance minister, bringing down the budget a few days ago, coldly admitted the greatest deficit in Canadian history, & offered little or no tax relief. This is due to the recession in business in North America (the Yanks are in the same tight box); but the Liberals and the New Democratic Party (a mesalliance of the C.C.F. and the powerful labor unions) are promising complete state medical care, increased old age pensions, & other pie in the sky, financially impossible without a violent increase in taxation on the whole electorate.

TUESDAY, APR. 17/62

This afternoon, desperate for fresh air & exercise after being indoors all yesterday, I drove out to White Point & played a rugged 9 holes in almost continual squalls of sleet & snow. One of my neighbors for many years, Harry Holland, on the other side of Park Street, has bought the old Cleveland home adjoining,

which is now divided into lower & upper apartments. He & his wife will live in the lower flat & rent the other. His own house, built about 1936, he has sold to a Mersey Paper Co. employee, young Ledo Tonello, son of "Fandy".

News:- Deffenbaker has announced a federal election on June 18. At the same time the first bit of Tory election-pap was announced. The long debated causeway between P. E. I. & the mainland is to be built. Only a few days ago a new & expensive ferry-ship, with accommodation for many passengers & cars, for the P. E. I. - mainland connection, was launched, with the name "Confederation"!

THURSDAY, APR. 19/62

The weather seems set in a bleak pattern - frost at night, temp. getting up to 40° or 45° at noon, with patches of sunshine in much cloud, & a strong cold wind. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. E. came along & picked a bunch of mayflowers in the White Point woods.

Local news: the N. S. Liquor Commission has bought "Chestnut Hall", on Main St., from the widow Molly Watson. A new liquor store will be built there, with car parking space on the grounds. The quaint old red wooden house

will be torn down. E. & I rented the upper floor of this house when we first moved to town, & the previous tenants were Dr. John Wreckwin & wife — it was their first home in Liverpool, too.

The house & grounds (which once extended to the harborside, & included a wharf) are the site of the residence of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, Hallett Collins, who was born in Chatham, Mass. in 1749, came to Liverpool with his parents in 1760, & died there in 1831. He had 3 wives & more than 20 children, one of whom was the famous Enos Collins, of Liverpool & later Halifax; Nova Scotia's (and probably Canada's) first millionaire.

Hallett's daughter Lucy married a Liverpool privateer (of Lunenburg origin) named Benjamin Knaut, in 1804; and on Hallett's death the home property came into the possession of Knaut & his family, in or soon after 1831. Eventually the property was held by Benjamin's ^{1 great} grand-daughter Eva, whom I knew as an eccentric old woman in 1923, living with her daughter Molly & Molly's husband Watson. Eva Knaut, a brusque but kindly soul, more like a man than a woman, had married a

Correction: - The Hallist Collins house, a village very much like the Perkins house, was torn down about 1850. Eva Kraut's father started to build "Chestnut Hall" in 1851, finished it in 1853.

retired paymaster of the Royal Navy named Fred O. L. Patch, some time in the 1880's. Molly was the sole fruit of their union, & Molly herself had no children by Watson. I believe the old Hallist Collins house was razed after Eva married Patch, and "Chestnut Hall" (named for the old & big trees on the street front) was built chiefly to Patch's design, a quaint Victorian monstrosity. Amongst other things it had a winding staircase with niches in the walls, designed for plaster busts of men that Patch considered famous; but empty in my occupancy except for one, which was filled with a huge stuffed owl with overpowering glass eyes. On the roof, to which my apartment had access by a spiral stair, was a sort of conning tower, with a planked "captain's walk" outside, from which Patch could survey the whole harbor front.

SATURDAY, APR. 21/62

A day of sunshine, but with the usual cold bite in a breeze off the sea. I have finished my history of the Liverpool fort, & caught up with my correspondence. Yesterday morning & this morning I worked on the speech for Mowbray Jones, a slow & painful business. This afternoon I went to White Point for golf. A mob of players out, & funereal progress. I cut it off at 14 holes, drove

home, got out the hose, filled the lawn roller, & went over the lawns, front & back, twice. The ground still soft - a back-breaking job.

EASTER SUNDAY, APR. 22/62 A sunny day, but still with a bleak wind off the sea, E. & I attended morning service at Zion Church, & sat by choice in the gallery, where one gets a first rate view of the parson, the choir, & the main congregation. The main floor seats 360 persons & it was full. 25 more people in the choir. The gallery itself filled - I noticed among others there Dr. "Mike" Smith; a native of a pool, long resident in Windsor in the N. S. Public Health service. Say 40 people in the gallery. A total attendance of well over 400 people, a good measure of Zion's active congregation. In a special ceremony, which involved receiving "the right hand of fellowship", about 20 teen-agers were sworn to accept & abide by the principles of the church. Rev. Matheson's sermon was, as usual, dry, dull, read from notes; but mercifully short.

E & I, with a great exodus of other people, at 12 noon, under cover of a hymn, left the church & escaped the long, slow, and (to me anyhow) utterly meaningless ritual of "The Lord's Supper".

— the swallowing of dry cubes of stale bread, followed by a few drops of grape juice sipped from small cheap vials of thick glass. My lunch was the usual two sandwiches, & I went out to play golf at White Point. A crowd of players on the course, so I fell in with a Halifax customs broker named Wallace. Tom & Pam & their babies came to dine with us at 5 p.m. E. had a table centre-piece of white cotton-wool, candy eggs in various colors, etc., & there were gifts for both children from Grandma & Grandpa. Our T.V. set is out of order, so we spent the evening reading. Franice phoned from Moncton at 10.30 & had a long chat with Mama — not a word for Father.

MONDAY, APR. 23/62 Two young Mormon missionaries, "Elder" Cluff and "Elder" Johnson, both about 19, came to my door this morning. I was about to turn them away; but not wishing to be discourteous (& knowing how cold and rude most of our people are to them) I invited them in for a chat. I showed them my study; & on seeing a painting of Seal Island on my wall they said that two of their missionaries had been there for the past week. In fact these others would be passing through Liverpool tomorrow on their way to Halifax.

TUESDAY, APR. 24/62

Violent gale all last night & all today, with a black sky, & towards evening

several thick gusts of snow & sleet. This morning at 9 my phone rang, & "Elder" Cluff asked if I would receive a visit from their Seal Island missionaries, who could give me the latest news of my old friends there. I told them to come at 10 & they came in a group - the two Liverpool "elders," & the two others - one's name was Mosher, & the other I didn't catch - both good-looking, intelligent, well educated & fluent, aged about 23 or 24. They astonished me by saying they had baptised old Mrs. Winifred Hamilton by the ritual of total immersion, in the sea just below her home. She is in her 70's, & the water temperature was 38°.

It seems that Mrs. Hamilton's adopted daughter Mimmie (whom I met on my visits to the island in 1948) had married a soldier & now lived in Calgary. The marriage was unfortunate & she was left to support herself & 3 children by working in a factory. A year or two ago she entered the Mormon faith, & like other converts was filled with zeal. Among other things she told the Mormon hierarchy about Seal Island, her lonely old "mother" and "aunt" there, and the little church which is hardly ever used, etc.

It seems that New England & the Maritime Provinces are grouped together in what the Mormons call a "stake" (i.e. a diocese). So word was passed to

this 'stake', & missionaries Mosher & the other came up from Boston to visit the island. They not only persuaded Mrs. Hamilton to join their ~~church~~ ^{faith}, but they held a service in the old wooden church, which was attended by 20 or 30 men, women & children.

After some chat the two older ^{young} men, speaking in turn, with fluency & zeal, told me the history of the Mormon faith. I knew a good deal of it from reading; & of course it is preposterous in its origin. (Yet I suppose Joseph Smith digging up inscribed gold plates at Palmyra, N.Y., is no more preposterous than Moses coming down the mountain with the Commandments.) At last, they presented me with a copy of the Book of Mormon & departed. Their homes are in Utah, Idaho & Oregon.

All Mormon young men become "elders" at 19, & they are then obliged to spend two years on missionary work, at their own expense or at the expense of their parents. They seem to work in pairs, & various pairs have been posted in Liverpool for five or perhaps ten years past. They make few converts, & these amongst the very poorest folk — never enough to form a congregation. One can't help being impressed — not by their absurd "history" — but by the strong

faith manifested by these bright young men.

News: - Tony Balloch, in the convenient absence of Mowbray Jones & Austin Parker - obviously they both preferred to be away when the announcement was made - gave to the Nfx. press yesterday a terse notice that the Mersey mill will shut down in late June ^{for 2 weeks,} in order to "adjust paper inventory," etc. In other words, the Bowater sales department, unable to market all of the production of its mills, is shutting down some of it. When Bowater bought the Mersey mill, it was whispered that what Bowater wanted, quite as much as the physical assets, was the Mersey Co's. long term contracts with New York Tribune, Washington Post & other U.S. papers. These contracts had kept Mersey busy at full production ever since the late 1930's.

WEANESDAY, APR. 25/62

Forest fires broke out in several parts of Yarmouich & Shelburne counties yesterday, probably set by carelegs anglers on the trout streams, & fanned by the high winds. Today they were put out thoroughly - snow fell all day, one to three inches, all over Nova Scotia. This evening C. & I joined a dinner party given by Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, the chief guests being Fred Williams, who returns to the U.S. tomorrow after a visit with his mother & sister (Euladya Williams Macdonald.)

Other guests were the Rolf Seabornes, Charles Williams, Mrs. Edwin Parker, and (just back from a holiday in Florida & Georgia) Austin & Vera Parker.

FRIDAY, APR. 27/62

Wednesday's snow melted the next day. Today was overcast & bleak. This afternoon I drove with E. to call on my sister Hilda Jamester, who has taken a week's vacation to enjoy her country cottage at Mahone. She has furnished the sitting room, kitchen & one bedroom, & intends to spend her week-ends & holidays there until she can retire for good.

Various Mahone Bay people have been helpful & hospitable. (We asked her to dine with us at the Royal Hotel in Mahone, but she had a dinner engagement with friends across the bay.) At the hotel we were welcomed by old friends Gilbert Morris & wife, the proprietors, & they showed us with pride their little bar, adjoining the dining room — they got a license last Fall. We had sherris & a plain but tasty Bluenose dinner (our choice for the main dish was poached eggs with salt-codfish cakes, a meal I came to love in my youthful wireless-telegrapher days.) And there were the specialties of the house — Lunenburg barley bread — and delicious "marinated" herring.

Home about 8 p.m., having driven by way of Lunenburg & the road up the LaHave River.

NOTE: - The C.N.R. timetable stated April 29, 1962, reduced passenger service between Bridgewater and Yarmouth to Monday, Wednesday & Friday (woolbound) and Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday (eastbound) the Oct. 28 1962

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1962

Bleak wet weather, with temperatures down to 32° at night. Finished the Confederation speech for Mowbray Jones, after much digging about in Confederation history, also the history of the Newfoundland Regt., for local allusion - Newfoundlanders have long celebrated July 1st as the anniversary of the battle of the Somme, & to commemorate their dead.

E. & I paid one of our rare visits to the local movie show tonight; a musical comedy of San Francisco's Chinatown, "The Flower Drum Song" by Rogers and Hammerstein. Very good. Most of the pictures Bartling shows are trash, aimed chiefly at teen-age customers.

As everywhere the competition of T.V. has withered the audiences which once crowded the movie theatres. Last year Bartling abandoned the two shows nightly (7 p.m. & 9 p.m.) which had been standard customs in movie theatres as far back as I can remember. Now there is one show nightly, at 8 p.m., & one matinee per week, on Saturday.

THURSDAY, MAY 3/62

Chilly grey weather still. Played 18 holes at White Point, in occasional spots of rain. Lay to seaward, towards Hfx, the familiar boom & air-shudder of heavy guns or possibly depth charges - naval exercises. With a federal election in the offing, Senator Donald Smith's tall carefully-dressed form is to be seen daily, sauntering about Main Street, chatting with the proletariat. He never forgets that he owes his life

annuity (\$10,000 a year) to the Liberal party, and faithfully turns out to work on their behalf at election time. This morning, as I hustled along Main Street to pay my grocer's bill, he left a chattering group, caught my arm, & walked with me some distance, chatting about trivialities.

Tonight I received a visit from Lester Clements, lawyer, & Crown Prosecutor for Queens County. (Ken Jones, the Tory M.P.P. for Queens, could have taken this post for himself or one of his partners, but he refrained. Despite this, Lester still heads the Liberal party organization in Queens.) Lester said, "This will, no doubt, surprise you, but I won't beat about the bush. The Liberal party, in the forthcoming campaign, is seeking to get candidates of prestige in fields outside politics; and it has secured quite a few, from B.C. to Ontario. I am here to offer you the Liberal candidacy in Lunenburg - Queens, on the recommendation of our joint committee. We feel that we can count on a 2,000 majority in Queens for you, & a large vote in Lunenburg County besides. Everyone knows you, likes you, & respects you. We feel that you would be a first-class representative, & I think, as a writer, you would enjoy the world of Ottawa."

I was surprised indeed. I told Clements that

I am no party-man, that I have been independent in my politics for many years, voting sometimes Liberal, sometimes Conservative. I wouldn't consider running as a candidate on either side. (I was tempted to add that Lloyd Crouse, the sitting M.P. (Conservative) for Lunenburg-Queens, has done a good job at Ottawa, & that I intend to vote for him in the forthcoming election.)

Clements, talking as if my election were a sure thing, said I could spend half the year in Ottawa, & the other half at home, writing; and so forth. I kept saying No, & eventually he smiled & said he didn't blame me, really. With that he left, parrying my blunt query, "What made your party committee think that I would run on a Liberal ticket?"

My guess is that the Liberal caucus in Queens & Lunenburg must be rather desperate for a candidate. In the joint constituency, Lunenburg has far the larger vote, & no Queens man would stand a chance against a Lunenburg man, especially one of Crouse's calibre.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1962. A drizzle of rain all day & evening. I was up at 6 a.m., & at 7 set off by car for Alex. to attend a meeting of the N.S. Historic Sites Advisory Council. We met in a room in Province House, with Will Bird in the chair. Members attending were Dr. Kelsall of Annapolis, B.R. Hall of Parrsborough,

Professor Belliveau of Church Point, Bruce Fergusson the provincial archivist, & myself. The agenda included a round dozen matters being urged upon the government. We discussed each at length, & approved memorial plaques for three or four. Among those we rejected were the usual attempts to secure personal financial gain. The most blatant was that of a lieut.-commander in the R.C.N. He likes to spend summer holidays in Cape Breton, & has bought an old stone mansion at Port Hood for a summer residence. He wants the govt. to repair & renovate it thoroughly as an ancient landmark. (The cost, according to Bird, would be at least \$10,000, probably close to \$20,000.) We lunched together at the Carleton Hotel, returned to Province House, & got through our business at 3 p.m. On my way out of the city I stopped at Simpson's department store & bought a new golf jacket. Home about 5:45.

SUNDAY, MAY 6/62 The weather still grey & bleak. Church this morning - Pamela brought little Debbie to Sunday school & sat with us. Golf this afternoon, encased in a heavy sweater & the new jacket; played with Dr. Tony Griffith, Dr. John Wickwire & Wendell ("Punk") Tidmarsh. The course crowded. Many young boys out, & quite a number of strangers - unusual this early in

the season. Should have mentioned last week that the Canadian govt. has decided to "peg" the value of the Canadian dollar at 92½ cents U.S. Under a policy of the previous govt. (and of President Coyne of the Bank of Canada, since dismissed) the Canadian dollar has been floating "free" for the past 5 years or more, ranging in value from \$1.05 U.S. to .94 U.S. The change will benefit Canadian exporters, at the expense of importers from the U.S. Amongst others, our paper industry here in Liverpool will benefit from the increased premium on U.S. funds.

TUESDAY, MAY 8/62 After many dreary grey days the sky cleared, with bright sunshine all day, but accompanied by a roaring westerly gale. Despite this I played 18 holes at White Point, literally leaning against the wind at times. Pam & her babies called at 4.15. Tommy Junior has begun to crawl, & gets about at a great rate. Edith planted two rose bushes at the back of the garden, by the stone wall, companions for the two already there. Yesterday I mowed the lawns, for the first time this season.

News: the political pot begins to simmer in Canada from coast to coast, with the nomination of candidates. I'm interested to see who runs on the Liberal ticket in Lunenburg - Queens.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1962.

Again a day of rough winds, and cold. Snow fell in eastern N.S. and in P.E.I.

This evening E. & I attended a party at Ralph Johnson's house - Tony Balloch & wife the guests of honor. A great crowd, including Captain Campbell of a Bowater ship now loading at the Mersey wharf, and two of his officers.

THURSDAY, MAY 10/62 Another chilly windy day, with clouds & patches of sunshine. Played 18 holes at White Point in afternoon. Returning to town, I picked up E. & drove to Moose Harbor to buy some lobsters. Tom Scobie is the present "buyer- & -shipper" there. I found him in a boat at the wharf, with about 30 lbs. of lobsters in a wire basket. The catch on the South Shore has been very bad this spring, & this 30 lbs represented a haul of 80 traps today by Moose Harbor fishermen. Yet Nova Scotia's eastern shore (N.S. to Canada) has enjoyed a very good catch in the best in years. Price is set by the general catch, chiefly the catch along the coast of Maine, because Boston is the chief market. Scobie sold me 10 lbs. for \$5.50. E. & I walked over to look at our old cabin site, a pathetic mess, cumbered with white many-branched skeletons of trees

killed in the old fire. Young Tom, & Jack Dunlap, planted a number of "trees" - spruce, hemlock, birch, pine, maple, etc., each a few inches high - in this mess two years ago; only a few have survived.

FRIDAY, MAY 11/62 Still cool & overcast, but the gales have ceased. Golf this afternoon. About 5:15 p.m. we saw, from our Park Street windows, a huge mass of black oil smoke rising from the direction of the Mercury mill. In a moment or two the mill whistle began a long series of deep-toned bellows - the fire alarm. Then the town's fire siren summoned the Liverpool apparatus. We got in the car & drove to the end of Waterloo Street, to see a spectacular show - black smoke pouring up & drifting away on the easterly breeze, & two harbor-launches adrift & on fire. A "flash" fire had occurred on or under the mill's old wooden Coal Wharf, so called from the days when the Mill burned coal for steam power. Nowadays it is used for unloading pulpworm, sulphur, etc., & tankers tie up there to discharge oil fuel through a pipe line to storage tanks located beside the Brooklyn road. Fortunately nothing but the two launches happened to be tied up at the time. The huge cloud of black smoke (caused mainly by the creosoted piles & timbers & planks) climbed into the sky, unfolding like a succession of monstrous black roses.

The whole town rushed to the waterfront, by car & afoot. Rumor flew - a ship had exploded - the whole mill was afire - the oil tanks were going up, etc.

The mill staff summoned fire fighting apparatus, not only from Liverpool but from Bridgewater, Luremburg & Mahone. After 3 hours the fire was "under control" - i.e. the wharf was demolished, & part of it, with a huge crane & other equipments, had dropped into the harbor. According to a CBC news broadcast tonight, Mowbray Jones (just back from a long holiday in Hawaii) says the damage amounts to at least \$350,000 and may be up to \$500,000, all covered by insurance. The mill itself, & the main paper-loading wharf, were not affected, & the paper machines ran uninterrupted throughout the fire.

SUNDAY, MAY 13/62 A fine warm day at last. I have a touch of lumbago, from playing golf too lightly clad in a cold breeze yesterday. Hence no golf today. Drove with G. This morning to Kentville via Chester & Windsor. The road from Chester to Windsor very bad for 25 miles - narrow, crooked, composed of granitic sand & gravel, with little or no drainage. It had been washed out in many places by the floods early last month, & the Highway Board had merely

dumped a few truckloads of gravel & rocks to make it passable! Lunched at the Cornwallis Hotel, Kentville.

Its standards have gone down sadly in recent years. One girl & the head-waitress made a listless attempt to cope with 30 guests — 10 of them R.C. priests. We sat 35 minutes before we got anything to eat — a thin slice of a diminutive boiled salmon, a few French fried potatoes, a spoonful of (canned) green beans & peas.

Much traffic on the Valley road, moving slowly. The grass is a fresh green, & some trees & shrubs are just breaking the bud; but on the whole the landscape retains the brown tint of winter. Turned off at Middleton & drove home via Bridgewater.

Dined in the 'Chinese cafe' on Market Street, Liverpool, which recently has been completely renovated.

Much new building evident along the Valley.

Most notable are the large & substantially built bowling houses, some containing as many as a dozen alleys, which are to be seen now in every town.

MONDAY, MAY 14/62 cool, with temp. down to 38° or so every night. Three days ago I had to refill my furnace oil tanks — the first time I've ever had to do this in May. In spite of lumbago I mowed the lawns this afternoon, & pruned the rose bushes. I had Robert Nile test my eyesight a week or so ago. It is 4 years since the last

prescription. He recommended new & slightly stronger lenses for the long-range vision, no change in the short (reading) range. I got the new lenses installed in my frames today - a pair of bifocals for ordinary work, a pair of "long range" for golf, etc. The cost, \$50.

Letter from Frank Willis of CBC, Toronto. Says he hopes to be in N.S. this summer with a camera crew, & possibly will be able to do the half-hour of intimate personal interview with me (for the T.V. show called "Close-Up"), which he has mentioned off & on for the past two years.

TUESDAY, MAY 15/62 Some sunshine today, but the usual cold breeze off the sea. The lumbago has eased a good deal, & I played golf this afternoon. Pam & her babies came to call, & I drove to Milton at 4:30 to fetch Marie Freeman for dinner with E. & me, & to play a few games of Scrabble with E. before the return to Milton at 8:45. Arr about 7:45 p.m.

Weyman, of the CBC, phoned from Toronto and announced that his corporation had purchased T.V. serial rights in my novel "The Wings of Night". (This has been under negotiation with Doubleday's "Subsidiary Rights Dept." for some months.)

Weyman said all interior scenes will be filmed in the Toronto studios; but he & a camera man will

come to Liverpool on May 28 or 29, & he wants me to point out various scenes for the outdoor shots. Probably the serial will be shown on the CBC national network in 1963, & the main film work may be done any time between June 1962 & June 1963, as I see it. Weyman is a first-rate director & producer of T.V. plays. I had some correspondence with him years ago, when he took a 12-month option on "The Rymph & The Lamp" for movie (not T.V.) production; but he & his associates could not raise the large sum needed for movie production, & the option lapsed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16/62 Sunny, in fact the "warmest" day yet; but at White Point I found the unrelenting cold breeze from the sea. At the Stenpro dock in Liverpool I noticed a smart motor-ship, the R.C.M.P. patrol vessel "Wood", named after a former Commissioner. One of her sea-going constables, Frank Christian, called on me this evening & presented me with a book of Arthur W.H. Eaton's poems, with leaves still uncut, which he had picked up somewhere. Says he called on me here 12 years ago, but I can't remember. The "Wood" cruises mostly in Nfld waters, & is in here for a refit. The constable claims to be a distant relative of Fletcher Christian, of H.M.S. "Bounty".

Moved my documents, Jan. 12/62, from the old small safe-deposit box in the Bank of N. J. to a new & larger one. It is N^o 280 & the key number is #306.

