

FEB. 28, 1978

To

JUNE 6, 1980

# RECORD



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**The BROWN BROTHERS Limited**

A DIVISION OF BOORUM & PEASE COMPANY  
MADE IN CANADA

Diary of Thomas H. Raddall  
Feb. 28, 1978 to



TUESDAY, FEB. 28, 1978 (continued) extending from wall to wall, & thus covering the spaces of old wooden flooring between the old carpets. I chose a good material, which the makers style "emerald green", but the weaving has a good deal of yellow in it, & the effect is much lighter & brighter than the old stuff. Lucier took measurements & estimated the cost at about \$1,400, including the under-padding, & the labour etc. I agreed. He will order the carpeting at once, & if this pattern is available at Halifax he expects to have the job done within two weeks.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1978 Sunny & cold. I lunched with my old friend Hector Dunlop at Fort Point. Like me he lives alone, but unlike me he has become a gourmet cook, & today he had an old-fashioned treat, corned beef & cabbage, with mince pie for dessert. The mincemeat he had made last fall & put up in jars, & the meat was ~~was~~ venison from a deer, shot by his son Jack. Delicious, all of it, & a long lazy yarn afterwards. Sometimes I wish I could cook, but I have no inclination to try. The mail brought another package from the Canada Council, with some manuscript for my opinion. Harley Walker came this evening. Wants me to give a talk or read a paper to the Historical Society. Years ago my brother-in-law Maxwell Cassidy heard from me the story of the "Tallahassee", Confederate naval cruiser, & her escape from Halifax harbour & the blockading U.S. cruisers in the summer of 1864. He rummaged about, taking some photographs, & obtaining others about the escape route through Eastern Passage, etc. He made lantern slides of these, & gave talks in Alabama, where he lived & worked, using my text & the pictures. After his death my sister Nellie sent the slides to me, but I have no projector & never thought of using them until now.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3/78 The steady clear weather continues, & I had my usual afternoon walk. Letter from a teacher at Dawson College, Montreal. She & a group of students will be touring south-western N.S. late in May. They are reading "At The Tide's Turn", & would like to call on me for an interview.

SATURDAY, MAR. 4/78 A snowstorm began in the night & continued till about noon. Two boys came & offered to shovel my driveway for \$2.50. I could have done it myself but I agreed, & paid them \$3.00. Busied myself with correspondence & (the annual headache) started work on my income tax statements for 1977.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5, 1978 Sunny & cold, with a strong NW wind. Walked about the town, but found the sidewalks icy & dangerous, so did not enjoy it.

MONDAY, MAR. 6/78 Sunny, but with a howling NW gale at temp. 22° Fahr't. so I walked no further than the post office. Tom came in for a brief chat. He & family got back on Saturday after a pleasant week at Clearwater, near Tampa, Florida. Like many others, he found the Florida prices for food & accommodation much cheaper than those in Canada; also the food was much better, & so was the service.

TUESDAY, MAR. 7/78 The gale blew itself out during the night, & today was sunny & calm, though continuing cold. Mrs. Bagley came & did her weekly chores, & I took her back to Eagle Head. I had a good hour's walk in the afternoon, keeping to the bare asphalt roadways & avoiding the icy sidewalks. The cold weather shows no sign of relenting, & it seems incredible that within 3 weeks we can look for the first robins.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8/78 Sunny, with temp up to 40° Fahr't. in the afternoon, when I had another good walk. Lucier came with two young men & unloaded four large & heavy rolls of the new carpet. He will start to fit it into place next Monday morning. Harley Walker came this evening with his projector, & we made a "dry run" of my talk on Nova Scotia & the American Civil War, describing in particular the "Tallahassie" affair, illustrated with the lantern slides.

THURSDAY, MAR. 9/78 Same weather. On my walk I met Bob Weary, general manager of the Bowaters Mersey Paper Co. He said that the Mersey mill will mark its 50th. anniversary in November 1979, & asked if I would write a book on the history of the mill, particularly its first 10 years. The book would be printed & bound & distributed in a limited edition, not for public sale. It would be of good quality, & I could pretty well name my fee. I said I'd be willing to do it, & we could discuss it later this year.

FRIDAY, MAR. 10/78 Same weather & walk. Local news:- Terence ("Tiger") Harrington died in the Liverpool hospital yesterday, aged 67. He was a famous boxer in his earlier years, & won the light-heavyweight & then the heavyweight championship of Canada. He fought also in the U.S. & usually knocked out his opponents, but lacking a skilled & influential promoter he never got a chance at important bouts. In his later years he worked as a pick-&-shovel labourer in Liverpool, & for a considerable time was the bouncer at the Mersey Hotel tavern.

I have known him nearly 50 years. When he first engaged in local boxing bouts here he was only 17 years old, a lithe & muscular chap with a cheerful & amiable manner. (The nickname "Tiger" was invented by a boxing promoter in the States.) He was a son of Kate Harrington, a negress of easy virtue, who lived on Waterloo Street, & had children by various fathers, white & black. Terrence was a handsome light-skinned mulatto, & Kate confessed that his father was "Val" Roberts, the big roistering captain of an American fishing schooner that used to visit Liverpool for ice & stores - & recreation.

SATURDAY, MAR. 11, 1978 Again a bright day, cool N. breeze, temp. 40°, & a good brisk walk in my light golf jacket. Worked on my lecture to the Historical Society.

SUNDAY, MAR. 12/78 A drizzle of rain, not much, but enough to prevent a walk. Tom took me to Hunt's Point at 5 o'clock, & I enjoyed a good home-cooked meal with Pam & the family.

MONDAY, MAR. 13/78 Sunny, with a light W. breeze. Lucier came with two men at 9 a.m. & went to work at once, clearing all the furniture from sun porch & living room, stowing it in my den & dining room, ripping out the old wooden boarding at the juncture of walls & floor, removing all the old carpets, & nailing down the sheets of new foam rubber which will form the under-padding. I took my usual walk in the afternoon. The old dirty snowbanks are shrinking, & the sidewalks are bare.

Lucier tells that my front & the two kitchen doors must be shortened by cutting a section off the bottom, owing to the increased height of the new carpets.

Austin & Vera Parker invited Hector Dunlop & me to dine with them this evening on old-fashioned corned beef & sauerkraut - something I haven't had for years. Enjoyed the food & chat, reminiscing about bygone days.

TUESDAY, MAR. 14/78 Overcast, with a bleak east wind, so my afternoon walk was not so pleasant. Lucier & his men, working steadily & skilfully, finished this afternoon & put the furniture back in place. The result is splendid. All the old shabby & worn carpets on the lower floor, & all the bare sections of wood flooring, now covered with deep green pile. Also the stairs & upper hall. I had determined on the best of materials & workmanship, & of course it was expensive: -

100 yards carpet & rubber base	-	1,450.00
sales tax	-	116.00
Labour	-	220.00

I gave Lucier a cheque for: - £ 1,786.00

*Hfx. Chronicle - Herald*  
*March 10, 1978*

# Obituaries

## Former boxing champion Tiger Warrington dies

WESTERN HEAD — Terrance (Tiger) Warrington, 67, of Western Head, a former Canadian boxing champion died Thursday in Queens General Hospital, Liverpool.

Born in Liverpool, he was a son of the late Katie Warrington.

He was a boxer for many years and highly rated in world circles.

He was a former Canadian light-heavyweight and heavyweight boxing champion.

He was a member of the Canadian Boxing Hall of Fame.

He started his boxing career in the early 1930s. He fought in Halifax and Boston.

In 1935, Warrington beat Albert Brodeur, winning the Canadian light-heavyweight championships.

He won a fight against Steve Carr in Boston in 1936 putting him in the top 10 in world class.

Surviving are his wife, the former Blanche Morrison; one daughter Sharon (Mrs. Vincent Johnson), Halifax; a sister, Cleo (Mrs. Arthur Simms), Hantsport; and a brother, Holton, Western Head.

He was predeceased by a daughter Violet; three sisters, Hilda, Myrtle and Leona; and a brother Avery.

The body is at Chandler's Funeral Home, Liverpool where funeral will be Monday at 2 p.m., Rev. William Titus officiating. Burial will be in Zion United Church Cemetery, Liverpool.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1978 (continued) I had the workmen remove the useless & unlovely <sup>double</sup> doors, with their many panes of glass, leading from the hall into the living room, & from the living room into the dining room, thus making one open vista.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 15/78 A lovely spring-like day, calm, sunny, with temp. up to 50° Fahr. Had a good walk. In the evening I walked to Zion Church, where the Historical Society held their meeting in Gotham Room in the basement. The Rev. Bill Titus was in the chair, & after routine business I gave my talk on "Nova Scotia & the American Civil War", finishing with the "Tallahassee" affair, illustrated with lantern slides. About 35 people there, & they seemed to enjoy it.

FRIDAY, MAR. 17/78 A snowstorm began in the night & continued all day - the first real snowfall since March 4. The snow is light & fluffy stuff, with not much wind. I shoveled off my front steps, & a path from the garage to the street, but stayed indoors the rest of the day, doing the laundry, dusting the empty bookcases in my den. (They had not been cleaned inside for at least 20 years) & then replacing the books, which had been piled in the sun porch while Lucier's men laid down the new carpet in the den. I counted about 350 books, many of them heavy tomes like the Britannica, & <sup>they</sup> must have weighed at least 500 lbs. My lame back suffered, but I got it done.

SATURDAY, MAR. 18/78 The snow continued falling until about 1:30 p.m., & I shoveled out my paths & driveway. About 9 inches on the level, & I was tired & aching when I finished.

SUNDAY, MAR. 19/78 Snow began again in the night & continued all day, fine stuff, melting on asphalt, with SW wind. I stayed indoors doing household chores, & reading. In the afternoon it was pleasant to watch on TV a professional golfers' tournament on a beautiful course in Florida. Tom & family were ski-ing at Ponhook Lake, so I dined at home.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21/78 The first day of spring, grey & bleak, with a slow cold rain - too cold to melt the snowbanks. Mrs. Bagley came, & in addition to her usual chores, she washed all the glass & china in the dining room cabinet. I received from Simpsons-Kears a maplewood standing lamp, with tri-light (50-100-150 watts) socket & shade, for my living room.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 22/78 Heavy rain all night & morning at temp. 48° Fahr. At mid-afternoon the sun shone, with a warm & balmy air. My front lawn is bare but a rampart of old soiled snow, thrown up by the street

plough, lies between lawn & street, in the shadow of the house all afternoon.

At a suggestion of son Tom, some weeks ago, I have decided to put a clause in my will, bequeathing all copyrights in my published works, including printing, stage, movie & other performing rights, to Dalhousie University Library, together with all moneys received therefrom, after my death. The moneys may be spent or disposed in any way the directors of the Library may choose. Today I wrote Mrs. Dorothy Cooke, chief librarian, asking if the bequest would be acceptable, & if so, what would be the proper wording of the clause.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23/78 The weather continues in the cat-&-mouse behaviour of a Nova Scotia spring. After yesterday's warm rain & sun, which shrank the old dirty snowbanks, today a thin snow falling & melting on the asphalt. Barney & helper came to take a half-inch off the bottom of the bathroom door, to move clear of the new carpet, & to place wood pieces where the hinges of the living room doors had been countersunk. Also he took measurements for a new door on the side entrance from the driveway, which he will install next week.

I spoke to Cyril Leslie, painting contractor, about painting the interior woodwork of my house, much of which has not been repainted for at least 20 years. He said he is booked up till June, but will come & see what has to be done.

SATURDAY, MAR. 25/78 Sunny, with a cold N. breeze. Drove to White Point this afternoon & found the golf course mostly bare, with the remains of old snowdrifts like granulated sugar in the hollows. Had a good hour's stroll, enjoying the feel of turf underfoot instead of concrete & asphalt. No birds except a small flock of herring gulls foraging for sea urchins among the weedy rocks at low tide.

SUNDAY, MAR. 26/78 Overcast, with a black SE breeze, temp 40°. Walked around the golf course. At 4:30 Debby picked me up with the small car & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner with the family. Tom had spent yesterday on his shore, burning debris washed up by the storm of March 6th., including several wharf spiles & part of a wrecked fish-dragger. He showed me the latest addition to his small but good collection of Canadian paintings, a small oil by Lauren Harris, purchased from the Manuge Gallery at Halifax for \$12,000. On the back is a small crayon inscription "Lauren Harris \$75" - the price for which Harris sold it originally in 1911. It shows an old abandoned farmhouse & barn near Mattawa, Ontario.

TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1978 Overcast, temp. 48° Fahr°. Yesterday's rain reduced the snow greatly. Today was mild & calm. I got an hour's brisk exercise, shoveling the hump of old piled snow, blocking my front walk, & bearing out onto the asphalt road, where it melted quickly.

In the afternoon Barney Sears & helpers installed a new door on the side entrance from the driveway. Cost of door, lock & hinges \$83.93, labour \$38.00. Letter from J. C. K. Madsen, associate director of the Banff Centre, reminding me of my promise to attend the School of Fine Arts there this summer "to be suitably recognized for the (Literary) Award which was presented in absentia last summer." He adds, "The University of Alberta will be picking up their travel commitment".

THURSDAY, MAR 30/78 Sunny, 50° Fahr° in the afternoon sun. Most of the snow has vanished from open ground, but the woods are still full of it, & any breeze between south & north, round by the west, has the bite of winter in it. This afternoon I worked with rake, shovel & broom, clearing the winter's accumulation of dirt & debris from my front lawn & the strip of asphalt street before it. Drove to Wynnot's service station & had my car washed for the first time since last Fall. It was almost white with the sprayed salt of the winter streets.

About 4:30 I had a phone call from Bill Allyn, of Allyn-Summy Productions, Los Angeles, who have been writing or phoning me about the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" from time to time since May 1975. He asked if the story was now available. I said Yes, for a price of \$50,000, & I would give a 12-month option at that price for \$5,000. However, I would deal only with a bona fide purchaser. I was fed-up with people in the U.S. like Maurice Singer, who were merely hoping to get a fat subsidy from the Canadian Film Development Board. I had resolved to hold the rights until I got a reasonable bid from a Canadian firm.

Allyn assured me that his firm was not planning on any subsidy from Canada. The financing would be done entirely in the United States. As he had told me before, his firm are not interested in an ordinary moving-picture. What they want to do is a special television play, to last two hours, primarily for sale to a major TV network in the U.S., & following that, sales elsewhere in the world. The outdoor sequences would be shot on Fable Island & on the Nova Scotia mainland. All the rest would be shot in studios & studio sets in California. I told him to make me a definite proposition for a price of \$50,000. He said he will phone it in a week's time.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1978 Same weather. This afternoon I raked up the ~~the~~ litter of twigs on my back lawn & dumped them among the shrubs behind the fence. After 1 1/2 hours my poor cold back was screaming & I had to leave a bit to be done tomorrow.

Took my typed statements of 1977 income, professional expenses, charitable donations, etc. to chartered accountant Cecil Smith, who has an office on Main Street & does a lot of business in this line. Don't like to bother my old friend Austin Parker with it any more.

SATURDAY, APR. 1/78 Overcast & bleak. Finished my raking job & pruned severely the huge dutchia shrub outside my (south) study windows. Then a thin snow started to fall, turning into a slow cold rain.

Got my income tax papers from Smith:-

GROSS PROFESSIONAL INCOME	-	\$ 3,877.00	
LESS ALLOWABLE EXPENSES	-	507.00	\$ 3,307.00
OLD AGE PENSION			1,747.00
CANADA PENSION PLAN			<del>883.00</del>
TAXABLE AMOUNT OF DIVIDENDS FROM CAN. COMPANIES			8,092.00
INCOME FROM BONDS AND BANK DEPOSITS			4,515.00
			<u>\$ 18,544.00</u>

After the various exemptions & allowances my tax was:- \$ 1,328.05

I had paid in advance (an over-estimate of income) 3,000.00

I should get a refund of:- \$ 1,671.95

My professional income is from royalties on books sold by Mc Gelland & Stewart, & a small amount from Doubleday's Toronto branch. Almost entirely paperbacks, on which the royalty rate is small.

SUNDAY, APR. 2/78 Snow falling at intervals all day, & melting on the ground. Grandson Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunter's Point for dinner. Yesterday son Tom took his bird-dog Sandy to South Brookfield for a walk in the woods, & the dog flushed three woodcock. Several people have seen robins, but I have yet to see one. Deborah's application to King's University next Fall has been accepted. She will take Journalism as her major subject. Tommy enters Grade 12 next Fall. He plans to take a B.Sc. at Dalhousie & then attend the dental school, following in his father's footsteps.

TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1978 Sunny, but cold N. wind. Freezing hard at night, temp. up to 40° at noon. Good brisk walks on the golf course yesterday & today. Whyno's men took off my snow tires & put on the summer ones.

THURSDAY, APR. 6/78 Dark & bleak, with snowflakes falling slowly at intervals & melting on the ground. Letter from Dorothy L. Cooke, chief librarian, Dalhousie U. in reply to my letter of March 22:-  
 "Dalhousie University Library would be very pleased to accept a request of the copyright in your published works. We feel highly honoured that you and your family wish to arrange this request."

FRIDAY, APR. 7/78 Sunny, with a cool sea breeze at White Point, where I walked for an hour. Found Jim Dumesek & his chief groundsman inspecting the course. The greens & tees have come through the winter very well, although the fairways are uneven from the repeated action of frost & thaw. The woods are still deep in snow, the lakes are still frozen (even the pond at White Point) & the temp. gets down below freezing nearly every night. Except the winter-residing crows & gulls, I did not see or hear a single bird.

News:- Although Prime Minister Trudeau remains mum on the subject, everything points to a federal election next summer (probably in June), followed in Nova Scotia by a provincial election next Fall. Already the politicians are in full clamour up & down the country, & soon the TV & radio will din the old accusations & denials in our ears at home.

SATURDAY, APR. 8/78 Had a brisk walk at White Point in a chill sea breeze. Afterwards I worked an hour about my back lawn, putting "Vigoro" fertilizer around my few surviving roses, & working it into the earth. Also I dug up the little bed under my den windows & worked in plenty of "Vigoro", in preparation for re-planting. Experts tell me that roses need six hours of sunlight every day to flourish, & most of my back lawn is too shady for that, except the bed by my study, which gets the sun all afternoon. The roses there perished one by one from neglect during '76 & '77, when I was almost blind & suffering the after-effects of the eye operations.

SUNDAY, APR. 9/78 A N.S. Power Commission employee in Milton, named Ferguson, came by appointment this afternoon with his daughter Paula, a student at the Regional High School here. She has undertaken some kind of writing project involving a

long interview with me about the prehistoric Indians in Queens County. She had a tape recorder, & they were here about two hours. At 5 p.m. Tommy Raddall took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Eleanore, widow of my late friend Milton Greene, was there with her youngest boy, & we had a pleasant chat & a delicious meal.

MONDAY, APR. 10, 1978 This afternoon I went over part of my lawns with a garden fork, loosening the turf & making it ready for fertilizing. After 1½ hours' hard work my arthritic back & the joints of my thumbs began to scream, so I had to quit. About 4 p.m. a man whose name sounded like "Barry Goldbloom" phoned from Los Angeles with the usual inquiry about movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". Said he had been asked by a screen-writer friend to find out if the rights were available, & on what terms. I said the price was \$50,000 & I would grant a 12 month option for \$5,000. He made the usual ploy about the price being "considerably more than I expected," and the usual "after all, the property has been around a long time."

I replied that other people had been in touch with me, & I had told them the same price & terms. They can take it or leave it. He said he would consult his friend & would phone me again.

TUESDAY, APR. 11/78 Sunny, temp. 50° Fahr. at noon. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores as usual. I spent most of the afternoon finishing my fork-loosening job on the lawns, & then spreading 11 lbs. of "Lawn Green" fertilizer over them, using my excellent little two-wheeled cart with its hopper & winnowing fan. Neighbours Erik Andersson & Jerry Nickerson borrowed the cart & did their own lawns.

Got my monthly parcel of books from Marboro today. I mailed the order about the end of February. Marboro shipped it from New Jersey on March 28, & I got it two weeks later. Typical of mail service nowadays in the U.S. & Canada.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 12/78 At last, a robin appeared briefly on my back lawn, my first sight of one this spring.

THURSDAY, APR. 13/78 Hazy & warm in town, but a chill sea breeze at White Point, where I varied my usual walk by going

going down the road towards the Lodge & searching the bank near the boathouse, where E. used to pick bunches of mayflowers, beginning at this time of year. I hoped to get some in bloom to put on her grave, but found only a few in bud.

A song sparrow flitted about my back lawn, the first I have seen this year, & the robin enjoyed a long & leisurely dunking in my bird bath.

SATURDAY, APR. 15, 1978 Sunny morning. Went up to the cemetery with gardening tools. Hoed up the coarse turf, half of it moss, on E's grave, spread lawn fertilizer, & turned over the sods. When the fertilizer has leached into the soil I'll try planting some lawn seed.

Also, I spread 1 lb. of lawn seed on my home grounds.

Letter from President Hicks of Dalhousie University:-

"Dear Tom:

Mrs. Dorothy Cooke has informed me of your generous intention to leave the rest of your papers and copyrights to Dalhousie University. May I add my word of thanks to you for this generous request. Dalhousie will be glad to have your papers and diaries and the copyright of your books and publications, and we shall of course see that they are properly looked after.

Yours sincerely,  
Henry D. Hicks."

SUNDAY, APR. 16/78 Showers & glints of sunshine. Enjoying the Marlowe books. This batch of a dozen, on varied subjects, includes a life of Samuel Pepys by Richard Ollard, a well illustrated account of Marco Polo's journeys by Richard Humble, "Artifacts of Prehistoric America", & three books on "Weapons of the American Revolution", "Ships and Seamen of the American Revolution" and "Picture Book of the Revolution's Pirates". The period of the Revolution has been my chief study for many years, & much of the material in these books is familiar, but there is always something more to learn.

Dined at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, APR. 17/78 Hard frost last night, sunny & cold today.

(Two feet of snow fell in eastern Newfoundland yesterday.)

Worked again at E's grave. The lone cock robin foraging on my lawn since Wednesday last has been joined by a hen.

TUESDAY, APR. 18/78 Sunshine & showers. Mrs. Bagley came & did the weekly cleaning. I got four rose plants from Cosby at \$4 apiece,

& planted them in the small bed under my study windows. From north to south they are: - Karl Herbst (red), Peace (yellow), Kaiserin August Viktoria (white), Queen Elizabeth (pink).

WEDNESDAY, APR. 19, 1978 Sunny, with a mild SW breeze. Worked this afternoon sifting loam at the back of the garage, & using it to build up the rose bed under my study windows. In the evening walked to Zion Church, where the Historical Society held its meeting in the basement. About 30 members present. President John Mc Saul talked about plans for our proposed museum. Unfortunately there has been a financial set-back for at least a year. The sum of \$120,000 had been placed in the provincial budget for the N.S. government's contribution, but it was removed from the budget "at the top level" almost at the last minute. At a guess, the Regan cabinet, almost certainly facing an election this Fall, was trimming its financial sails.

Letter from folklorist Edith Towke, York University, (see Feb. 3/78). I had told her to write Dalhousie Library & ask for copies of the Smith and Hatt collections of sea songs & shanties, which are in my papers there. She says: - "I am delighted with this material. Smith's collection contains the largest group of shanties noted in Canada, & Captain Hatt's manuscript appears to be the earliest known collection of English language ballads sung in Canada. I am most grateful to you for giving me access to them."

THURSDAY, APR. 20/78 Cold SE gale & rain. Phone call from Bill Harper of CBC Halifax. He is arranging some TV interviews with Maritime writers, by Marilyn MacDonald. Asks me to come to Hfx. on the weekend of Apr. 29-30. He will take me there, provide hotel accommodation in Hfx., & bring me back. I agreed.

FRIDAY, APR. 21/78 Sunny & breezy. Taxi-man Douglas Wolfe picked me up at 11:15 a.m. & took me to Halifax for my appointment with Dr. George Lapp at 1:30 p.m. We had a snack lunch in a Chinese restaurant on Spring Garden Road, for which I paid. I told Lapp about my difficulty in reading with the left bi-focal. He examined both eyes & gave me a new prescription for the bi-focals, also a prescription for a pair of single-focals for use in walking, driving my car, & (I hope) playing golf.

Home at 3:45. Wolfe's fee was \$50.

SATURDAY, APR. 22/78 Sunny & warm (60° Fahr.) in town, but dense cold fog at White Point, where I got some mayflowers in bloom at the roadside near the boathouse. Placed them on E's grave, some with a

good length of root; but I never have succeeded in transplanting them, under the birch trees at home or (once) on Joe Howe's grave in Halifax. Completed my work on the grave by sowing lawn seed. Worked again about my roses at home.

SUNDAY, APR. 23, 1978 Open- & shut sky, with a chill NW wind. Had a brisk walk around the golf course. Phone call from H. R. "Bill" Percy, <sup>former</sup> head of the N.S. Writers Federation & a member of the Canadian Authors Association. These two groups are holding a joint session in Halifax on the weekend of June 24-25. Asked to me to make a few remarks to open the session on June 24. Will take me there & bring me back in his car. I agreed.

Dined at Hunt's Point. As I left, Pam gave me a generous plastic pot ofchowder made from clams that she & Tom dug at the Port Mouton dike yesterday.

MONDAY, APR. 24/78 Showers. Took the new lens prescription to Wile, the Liverpool optometrist, this morning, & ordered at the same time a set of single-lensed glasses for walking, driving, & (I hope) golf. The new lens for my bifocals will have to be ground in Toronto, & Wile says I should not expect it before the end of May.

TUESDAY, APR. 25/78 Showers & a cold N. wind. Mrs. Bagley did the weekly chores. She had planned to begin the more extensive spring house-cleaning, but there is no point in this until Leslie's men get around to the painting. Spent most of the afternoon making a rough draft of my new will. The lawyers for Dalhousie U. have sent me the proper wording of my copyright bequest.

I am leaving \$5,000 to the Building Fund of Zion Church here in Liverpool. \$20,000 to my daughter Frances, or in the event of her death prior to my own, to be held in trust & divided equally (\$5,000) to her children Gregory, Terence, Stephanie & Tracy, when they attain the age of 20 years. The entire residue (which should amount to a sum close to \$100,000 before taxes) goes to my son Tom, or in the event of his death prior to my own, to be held in trust & paid in equal portions to his children Tom, Deborah, & Blair, when they attain the age of twenty years.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 26/78 A grey sky, spitting raindrops now & then, but after two days indoors I stretched my legs around the golf course. The turf is still wet in many places, but the groundsman have put out the tee benches, newly painted bright red, & set up the flags on the greens, & the course will be open for play this weekend.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 26, 1978 (Continued)

I wrote to Montreal Trust Company, Halifax, revoking my will dated October 16, 1973, & setting forth the main points in the new one. Also wrote Henry Hicks.

THURSDAY, APR. 27/78 Sunny but a bleak E. breeze. Borrowed Ralph Johnson's lawn roller, & went over my lawns thoroughly. Hard work. Then removed the storm door from my side entrance, & the winter plug from the ventilating slot in the cement foundation under my study.

FRIDAY, APR. 28/78 As I should have known, after yesterday's occupations, a sea gale began in the night, covering the ground with snow, & then turning to rain, which continued all day & night.

Forgot to note on Wednesday that I had a phone call from Bill Harper of the CBC, Halifax, asking me to come to Hfx. this weekend for a TV interview. He will come to Liverpool to fetch me on Saturday afternoon, & he or somebody else will take me home on Monday. They will reserve a room for me at the Lord Nelson hotel. I agreed, although it seems to me I said everything I had to say, on a CBC interview in 1970, when I said that "Footsteps on Old Floors" was my last book & I would write no more.

SATURDAY, APR. 29/78 Bill Harper came & spent the evening at my house, chatting about various matters, including the very successful "Heritage" series on CBC TV, which he produces & directs.

SUNDAY, APR. 30/78 Drove to Hfx with Harper this morning & reached the CBC studios on Bell Road about 11 a.m. I was interviewed by Marilyn MacDonald before the cameras. The finished product will run about 15 or 20 minutes, but as always there was a long preliminary business of getting the cameras & lights just right, & we finished about 1 p.m. Bill dropped me at the Lord Nelson, where the CBC had reserved a room for me, & I lunched in the coffee shop. About 4 p.m. he picked me up again & took me on a tour of the waterfront, which has changed greatly since I last saw it a few years ago, & of course enormously since I knew it in my seafaring days. I couldn't locate the site of the old Commercial Cable Co. dock, until I took an eye-measure from Pier Two, which is still recognizable. Then a tour of new suburbs spreading back from Rockingham & Fairview, & finally to Bill's home in Jollimore, where Mrs. Harper served a fine old-fashioned dinner

of roast turkey & vegetables, & apple pie & cheese. Back to the hotel about 10 p.m., & had a good sleep. Tonight the clocks go forward an hour, & we shall be on daylight-saving time until the end of October.

MONDAY, MAY 1, 1978 Awoke to see snow flurries blowing in the street, a bad start for the merry month of May. Bill drove me home this morning, & his wife came along for the ride.

TUESDAY, MAY 2/78 Sunny, with a chilly W. wind. I went to White Point this afternoon with a few clubs in my light golf bag, & played 7 holes. This took well over an hour, with my fingers & limbs stiff, & the awkwardness of bi-focal glasses. I played last on Nov. 7/77. I quitted at the 7th hole, feeling tired & aching in every joint. My best shot was only 140 yards, & the rest were mostly dubs. Lost one ball. In spite of such a poor showing I was elated by the mere ability to resume good exercise in the delightful White Point scene. Ate a good dinner & slept well.

McClelland & Stewart sent royalty returns for the six months ending Dec 31/77. Sales of "In My Time" have dwindled to a few dozen, & the total to date is about 4,150. Without a lot of personal appearance ballyhoo by the author, no book sells well nowadays, & of course the price of mine was high. The book actually is being well read across Canada, as my fan mail attests, but I note that "I borrowed it from a friend", or "I had to wait months to get it from the library, as there was a long waiting list."

The royalty returns also show that, in addition to the paperback edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North", which sells at \$6.95, M.&S. have brought it out in hardback again, selling at \$8.95.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3/78 Overcast & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point in 1½ hours. Lost one ball. Erik Andersson dropped in this evening & we chatted over drinks.

THURSDAY, MAY 4/78 Sunny & warm. Played 9 holes at White Point with Bill English. Phoned Charles Gallant, who is on the town committee in charge of tree removal. Financed by a federal government grant, a gang of six men have been operating here for the past three years or so, removing all old & ailing elms in an effort to combat the dread "Dutch elm disease", &

now busy removing old trees of other species that have become a nuisance. Erik Andersson & I ask removal of the twin-trunked ash which stands almost on the boundary line between our two houses.

FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1978 Overcast & chilly, threatening rain. Worked this afternoon sifting loam & building up my little rosebed. My back lawn is slowly recovering from much frost-kill last winter. Dave Caldwell, foreman of the tree removal gang, came & examined the ash tree, & marked it for removal.

SATURDAY, MAY 6/78 Sunny & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point. Quite a number of players out - all young men. This evening I watered my new roses. Today I received by mail the Air Canada tickets for my trip to Banff in July. The University of Alberta had paid the bill (\$454) to the Maritime Travel Service, Bridgewater.

SUNDAY, MAY 7/78 Sunny & warm in town, but a chilly sea breeze at White Point, where I played 9 holes with Herbert Crosby & his young son. At 5 p.m. I drove to Hunt's Point to dine with the junior Raddalls, for the first time under my own steam since last fall. I found there Pamela's mother Marian White, who had driven down from Halifax in her new car. The main dish was steamed clams, which Tom & Pam had dug at "The Dike", Port Morison, yesterday.

MONDAY, MAY 8/78 Sunny, but icy sea breeze. Erik helped me to rig a new clothes-line, of wire-cord plastic. The old one broke last Tuesday when Mrs. Bagley hung a wash on it.

When Bill Harper was here a week ago, he was much interested in my rifle & my double-barrelled shotgun, on the rack in my study. It is several years since I cleaned them, & I noticed some dust in the muzzles; so today I oiled & cleaned them thoroughly. Letter from my boyhood chum in Halifax, Gordon Higgins, whom I have not seen in more than fifty years. He inherited his father's lucrative milk-delivery business on Chebucto Road, eventually sold it to a larger firm, & now lives retired on the west side of The Arm, near Fleming Park. His life-long hobby has been rifle-shooting, & he is still on the match committee of the Canada Rifle Association, & participates in the annual shoot on Connaught Ranges, near Ottawa.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1978 Sunny & warm. By appointment this afternoon I had a visit by John Townsend, a second-hand book dealer in Halifax who specializes in rare books, & Tony Johnstone, an Englishman & former teacher who now directs & acts in plays in Nova Scotia. They, & Frank Fox, of the Nova Scotia College of Art, are thinking of starting a publishing company in Halifax, specializing in paperback editions of good quality, by Nova Scotian authors, also reprints of Nova Scotia books of local history, traditions, songs, etc., which were published in small editions long ago & have been out of print for years.

I told them that all of my books are published by MacLelland & Stewart, with the exception of "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach", which for many years remained in the clutches of Doubleday, & which M. & S. have promised to republish in paperback this year as items in their New Canadian Library; & with the exception of "The Path of Destiny", which Doubleday keep in print as part of their Canadian Histories series.

I showed them my copies of Janet Mullins' "Some Liverpool Chronicles" (1941) and her "Liverpool Privateering" (1936) both long out of print. Also I told them about the collection of sea chantees by William Smith, & of ballads collected by Fenwick Hall, both of which are in typescript in the Raddall collection at Dalhousie Library. We talked for two hours.

One curious matter. Townsend gave me a copy of "The Age of Fighting Sail" by C. V. Forester. In excellent condition, somebody sold it for a trifle to Townsend's second-hand shop, apparently in recent months. Townsend happened to pick it up, & noticed my name embossed on a front flyleaf (as I emboss all my books) & realized it must have come from my library.

I'm not sure, but it seems to me that this was one of the books which I presented to Dalhousie Library. Presumably somebody stole it & sold it to Townsend's shop.

Townsend said, "I suppose you know that first editions of your own books are now the hottest items in the Halifax book market?"

THURSDAY, MAY 11/78 A fine warm day. Played 9 holes at White Point, bareheaded, & with just my light golf jacket over my shirt. A few blackflies about, but not biting yet. Applied some new "Vigoro" fertilizer to my rose bushes. Got the pair of mono-focal

glasses I ordered, for walking, driving, & playing golf.

A circular from the Canadian Authors' Association gives the program for the convention at Halifax June 24-27, & has me giving the "Keynote Address", the first thing on the morning of the 24th. This is not the "few remarks" that Bill Percy asked me to make in his phone call of April 23. In any case I am now committed to an address here, on the night of June 23, & I cannot get up at an ungodly hour the next morning to scramble one hundred miles to Hfx. & make another full scale address.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1978 Fine & warm. Oiled the wheel bearings of my golf cart & took it to White Point for the season.

Played 9 holes, & found it heavy going with the cart, laden with all my clubs, as the turf is still quite damp & soft.

SATURDAY, MAY 13/78 Fine & warm. Phoned Bill Percy this morning & explained the situation. He said he would "shift things around" & still wants me to "make a few remarks" later in the convention. Played 9 holes at White Point. When I got home the temp in my house was 75° F. (nearly 80° in my study) & I opened the study window, & the glass panel in my front door, for the first time since last Nov. 4th.

My shrubs are leafing out, & the forsythias are a yellow blaze.

SUNDAY, MAY 14/78 A cold drizzle all day, & my furnace running at frequent intervals. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m., & after drinks & chat dined sumptuously on fresh salmon, caught in a net at Lahave Islands & sold to Tom for \$2.50 per lb.

I enjoy Tom's conversation except when he gets on the subject of politics. He is a rabid Tory, & knowing my cynical attitude towards professional politicians, of whatever their stripe, he harangues me as if I were a wayward child.

TUESDAY, MAY 16/78 Still cold & wet. Tonight the CBC ran an hour-long TV show called "The Deep Cold War", with a short preamble by Admiral Douglas Boyle, RCN, (retired). It was filmed by the British Broadcasting Company, & it revealed in startling detail the enormous growth & scope of the Soviet submarine fleet, & the methods of the NATO nations to locate & track them.

Murmansk is the main Russian base, free of ice, & giving open entry into the Atlantic. However, this forces their submarines to pass through the Norwegian Sea, between Norway & Iceland, where

Norwegian air & sea forces combine with British & American forces to detect & track them. There were interviews with top Norwegian, British & American sea officers, but none whatever with Canadians, indeed nothing was shown or said about Canadian efforts, despite our strategic position in the North Atlantic. Possibly this apparent omission was due to the ~~inadequate~~ ~~obsolete~~ Canadian sea-air forces & their <sup>obsolete</sup> equipment - a point that Admiral Boyle has been trying to hammer home to the Canadian government in recent years.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1978 Still wet & cold. By previous arrangement, Mrs. Susan Potech & her husband, <sup>Louis</sup>, both teachers in Montreal colleges, came with about 15 young men & women students to interview me about my work. Traveling in a school bus, they are making a two-week tour of western Nova Scotia, including a canoe trip on the Clyde River. Most of them had paperback copies of "Roger Sudden", which they had studied, & now asked me to autograph. They stayed about two hours, & their questions were intelligent & to the point.

This evening I attended the annual dinner of the Queens County Historical Society in Trinity parish hall, where the ladies of the parish put on a fine buffet supper at \$4.50 per plate. About 86 members & guests present. The speaker was Admiral Boyle, who gave a history of the Canadian navy, emphasizing with bitter humour the neglect of successive Canadian governments in time of peace, & then expecting the navy to perform miracles in time of war. I moved the vote of thanks, & had a good chat with him afterwards.

FRIDAY, MAY 19/78 The sun appeared in town, off & on, with temp. up to 71° F. but there was a chilly sea fog at White Point, where I spent 1½ hours doggedly poking at the ball, my first good outdoor exercise since May 13.

SATURDAY, MAY 20/78 Sunny & warm in town, fog on the shore, so I wasn't tempted to play golf this afternoon. Instead, I got out my electric lawn-mower, & went over my lawns thoroughly, up, down, & across, for the first time this year, trimming the edges & the more difficult spots with my small hand-pushed mower. By the time I had hoed the under-parts of the electric mower, & swept up the cuttings from the street & my driveway, I'd done 2½ hours of hard & hot work, & I was pooped. Since Apl. 17 a pair of robins have

been foraging on my back lawn. Saw the cock forages alone, & I presume the hen is laying eggs. Other than a brief glimpse of English sparrows & a lone song sparrow at my bird bath, I have seen no others.

Today I was delighted to see a yellow warbler sipping at the bird bath, & then investigating the deutzia shrub in the sheltered nook between my sun porch & the house, where a pair of yellow warblers have nested & raised a family for at least 40 years. The last year's nest survived the winter storms & is intact, but probably they will build another. I never cease to marvel how these tiny creatures, after wintering in Mexico or South America, find their way back to this exact spot, at approximately the same time, year after year. At present the deutzia leaves are only half grown & do not afford enough concealment for a nest, but I expect them to be nesting within the next two weeks.

SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1978 The sea fog moved in at dusk, & soon my furnace was running. Yesterday's mowing showed that the fertilizer I applied on Apr. 11 had produced thick grass on the front lawn, but had worked only in patches on the back lawn, which had suffered so much winter-kill. So this morning I gave the back lawn a thorough scatter of Lawn-Green, while the turf was still wet from the fog. The yellow warbler sang sweetly for me.

Rain fell later. Drove to Hunt's Point & dined with the Raddalls.

MONDAY, MAY 22/78 Victoria Day, a bank & post office holiday. This morning, for the first time this season, noticed tree swallows flitting in & out of the Anderssens' nesting boxes. The hen warbler's singing has drawn a male, & they are engaged in a courtship game, the hen flitting from tree to tree playing chase-me-Charlie with the male in ardent pursuit. A warm day with an open- & shut sky of cirrus clouds, & a strong & gusty W. wind. I played 1½ hours at White Point. A great day for a sail but not for golf.

Just about sundown, I noticed the warblers taking turns at hopping down into last year's <sup>nest</sup> & turning around several times as if to test its strength & suitability for raising another brood.

TUESDAY, MAY 23/78 Again warm & windy. Changed from winter underwear to light cotton singlet & shorts. Played 11 holes at White Point. Barney Sears came to measure my side doorway for insulating strips at front & sides. Bill Percy (see May 11 & 13) asking me to attend the authors' convention in Halifax on the afternoon of

June 24, to join in "a discussion group." He would arrange transportation there & back. I agreed, although I can't see what this will accomplish. I have long maintained, before various groups of would-be authors & dilettantes, that "writing is essentially a solitary occupation. It is something that you get off by yourself & do, not something that you sit in groups & talk about."

THURSDAY, MAY 25/78 Golf yesterday & today. Warm in town but cool at White Point, with a wall of chill fog lying just off Western Head. Our local optometrist, Wile, notified me that the new lens for my "glasses" (actually thick & heavy plastic) had arrived from the manufacturers. It is on Dr. Vapp's prescription for the lower left lens of my bi-focals. After a long struggle Wile found the new lens impossible to fit into the frame, so it will have to go back for a better grinding. The long ordeal with my eyes is just one damned thing after another.

No word from Leslie the paint contractor, & none from Connolly the building contractor, who promised to repair my garage & shift it 18 inches to square with Park Street.

"Barney" Sears, who installed a new door on my side entrance, leaving wide gaps on the threshold & sides, now tells me he can't get suitable threshold & side insulating materials in L'pool, & I must try to find them in building-supply warehouses in Bridgewater or possibly Halifax.

FRIDAY, MAY 26/78 A chilly 50° Fahr. this morning, after yesterday's 80°. I have received two copies of my new will, from Montreal Trust company, Halifax. This morning I signed them in the presence of witnesses Erik & Lou Andersen, & sent one copy to the Montreal Trust. With the small hand-pushed machine I mowed my front & side lawns, & trimmed the edges with clippers — exercise enough for one day, & painful to my back. Violets & wild strawberry in bloom, & Indian peas. Gaspereaux ("Kiacks" here) are swimming up the rivers to spawn, & fishermen are getting good net catches at the mouth of the Medway.

Received cheque for \$1,000 from Reader's Digest, New York, my stipulated fee for the inclusion of "The Wedding Gift" in their forthcoming anthology, "The Reader's Digest Fireside Reader".

SATURDAY, MAY 27/78 Again sunny but with a chill sea breeze. This afternoon I went over my back lawn with big electric mower, up,

down, & across. The patches of winter-kill are receding, & the lawn begins to look evenly green. After my labour I sipped ale & enjoyed the regular Saturday afternoon concert by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, two hours of pleasure which I have had on Saturdays all the past winter & spring. I get them on my small radio, tuned to the CBC's F-M station at Halifax.

Through the week this station gives other afternoon concerts of good music, played from recordings; but they are interrupted & ruined by long dissertations of trivia about the composers' lives, or the recording orchestras, etc., by men eager to display their own erudition, gabbling on & on, in twanging tones & rasping voices. I turn them off in disgust.

SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1978 Summer arrived with the sudden heat & blaze of a chemical explosion. By noon the temp. was 85° in the shade, 95° in the sun. Played a slow 9 holes at White Point, where at last the air off the sea was a blessing instead of a curse. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. & found the Reddalls entertaining half a dozen married couples of their own age, forty-ish, & their sons & daughters, all handsome youths & girls aged 16 to 20. The swimming pool was the popular spot. We all dined *al fresco* on steamed clams, hamburgers, & pie. The clams were large & fat, the best I have eaten in a long time, dug by a fisherman on Great Island in Port Medway harbour. Home at 7:30. Took my large watering-can up to the cemetery, & gave the new grass seedlings on G's grave a thorough soaking. Also watered my roses. Spent the evening in my pyjama trousers, with every possible window open, & reading another book sent to me by the Canaqua Council for an opinion.

MONDAY, MAY 29/78 Another hot day. Goff in a pleasant breeze. Got my glasses from Wile, with the new left lens installed. Now I can read print equally well with both eyes. This prescription should have been given by Dr. Sapp when he examined my eyes last Fall, but he assured me that my left eye "would adjust itself." It didn't. Got my big electric fan from the attic, where I stowed it away last Fall, & spent the evening comfortably in its breeze, wearing only my pyjama trousers, reading & alternately watching TV.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1978 Hazy & a bit cooler. Letter from Charles Armour, archivist of Dalhousie Library, in reply to a note I had written reporting the theft of one of the books in the Raddall Collection. (See entry May 10) He says the book must have been stolen "from the Technical Services area while there for processing." He has reported the theft to the library staff, & they are tightening their precautions.

Received a cheque for \$1,547.23, refund on overpayment of my 1977 income tax. Met Bill Connolly this morning, & he said he expected to do my garage job within the next two weeks. He has three gangs of carpenters & masons, all very busy.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31/78 Last night the temp dropped to 55° Fahr's & I played golf this afternoon in a cold easterly breeze. Brrrr!

Dave Caldwell & his tree-felling gang came & removed the big old ash tree on the boundary between the Anderssens' lawn & mine. They have been busy all spring, & will be all summer & fall, removing old & unwanted trees around the town. The gang consists of seven teenagers, one of them a girl, all wearing plastic helmets, & they work well under Dave's expert direction. This is one of many federal gov't. "make-work" projects.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1978 Overcast & showery. Yesterday's hullabaloo by the tree-fellers, with their yells & motor-saws, frightened the hen yellow warbler off her nest by my sun porch, & so far she has not returned. Sent off another report to the Canada Council about an author's application for funds, & the accompanying sample of his work. This one was pure balderdash, & I said so.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2/78 Cold & damp E. breeze. The furnace is running regularly, day & night. Package by registered mail today contains the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal with a printed scroll reading "On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Her Majesty The Queen to the throne, the accompanying medal is presented to Dr. Thomas H. Raddall OC  
1952 - 1977"

An accompanying letter from Roger de C. Nantel, director, Honours Secretariat, Rideau Hall, Ottawa, explains: - "Some members of the Order of Canada did not receive the Queen's Silver Jubilee Medal despite the decision to forward it to all members of the Order of Canada list as of July 11, 1977. I looked into the matter and discovered that for unknown reasons some names, including yours, were omitted from the computer printout. I enclose your scroll and Queen's Jubilee Medal".

It's amusing to reflect that honours nowadays, like so many

more mundane matters, depend on a computer print-out.

Worked with rake, broom & shovel this afternoon to clean up the mess of chips & twigs scattered over my lawns by the tree-fellers. The lower trunk of the tree had grown in a curious oval shape, & the stump measures roughly 2 feet by 3 feet. When I cleared the back part of my lot, 4 1/2 years ago, this ash was about 8 inches in diameter. My lilac shrub is now coming into bloom, & so is the bush honeysuckle.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1978 Damp, dark & bleak. Noticed a catbird at my bird bath, for the first time this season. The average date, here & in the Annapolis Valley, is May 26.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4/78 Heavy rain in the night, with thunder & lightning in the early morning. The change from long winter under-wear to flippy shorts exposes my legs to this chilly damp weather, & today I had violent pain as well as the usual stiffness in my left knee. Spent the day reading over the Champlain Society's editions of James Perkins' diary, & picturing once more his people in those times. The many people in Canada who complain about our life today couldn't survive a week of the life of the pioneer.

Drove to Hunt's Point, & dined on charcoal-broiled steaks with the junior Raddallé.

MONDAY, JUNE 5/78 Lovely sunny day. Golf in the afternoon.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6/78 Open & shut sky, pleasantly warm. Looked at E's grave, & found that all my work of turning the sour sod, applying fertilizer, then good lawn seed, & watering, had been ruined by a caretaker, seeing the overturned sod & hoeing it rigorously.

W. S. Kennedy ("Ken") Jones died yesterday in the V.I. Hospital at Halifax, aged 58, after a long illness. Only 2 or 3 weeks ago former Liverpool lawyer (now Judge) Lester Clements performed a deathbed marriage in the hospital between "Ken" & his mistress Rosine ("Rose") Howard, with whom he had lived in her home at Port Mouton for years. She was separated from her husband & supporting herself & Ken by working at the check-out counter in a Liverpool super-market. Ken had been trying unsuccessfully to re-establish a law practice in Liverpool since his retirement in disgrace from the N.S. Legislature in 1971. Having served in the Legislature from 1953, he received a pension of \$12,000 a year, & the deathbed marriage was obviously to enable Rose to get all or a proportion of this pension while she lives. She is a blonde, leggy woman of about 45. So ends a sad story. Ken was

clever, energetic & personable, but he was a victim of chronic schizophrenia, which first appeared during his brief service with the West N.S. Regiment in Italy. Owing to hallucinations during his first night patrol in No Man's Land on the Arielli River, he was ~~sent~~ sent back to an army mental hospital, & then to a training post in England, where he spent the rest of the war. Returning home in 1945 he entered the prestigious Halifax law firm of Stewart, Smith, MacKeen, Covert & Rogers, & in 1949 set up his own law firm here in Liverpool. For a long time the Dr. Jekyll side of his personality had control, & he had a fine career in politics. He was speaker of the House at the age of 38, & a member of the Conservative cabinet, in various posts, from 1960 to his resignation in 1971. Gradually, & then rapidly, the Mr. Hyde side of him became dominant. Spending most of his time in LfX., living in a suite at the Carlton Hotel, he had notorious affairs with women. In the course of these years he wasted a fortune inherited from his father, & most of his wife's inheritance from her father, Rolfe Seaborne, for many years Woods Manager of the Mersey Paper Company. There is to be a memorial service in Trinity Church here, but the ashes will be buried privately "at a later date".

THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1978 A dark & dreary day, with heavy rain at times, & the furnace running. Drove my car to the post office, & to the supermarket for my weekly supplies, & spent the rest of the day indoors, reading, & watching TV.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9/78 A dull & showery anniversary of my wedding to Edith 51 years ago. Went up to the cemetery intending to re-seed the earth on her grave, & found that (in spite of the caretaker's mis-applied hoe) the seed I planted before is sprouting well, though it is a bit patchy. Re-sowed some of the bare spots.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10/78 Sunny, with a cool breeze. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns, & spraying a solution of "Killer" to keep down the growth of dandelion, plantain, buttercup, etc.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11/78 Same weather. Golf. Sized at Hunt's Point on another lot of clams from Port Medway, for which Tom pays the fisherman \$7.00 per bucket-full.

MONDAY, JUNE 12/78 Same weather. The sea breeze at White Point is still chilly enough to require a jacket or light sweater. Played 9 holes with George Kyle & Fred Hearty, all of us old men, & it

took nearly 2 hours. Tom Jr. dropped into my house at 4:45 for a brief chat. Except on Sundays I rarely see him or any of the family nowadays. Except for Christmas cards I have had no communication with my daughter Frances, or with my three sisters at Mahon-Lunenburg. The Raddalls, going away & back, were never a communicative family, & the fault is ~~to~~ mine as much as theirs.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1978

Heavy rain & fog. As I drew back my window curtains this morning I was pleased to see the hen yellow warbler back in her nest. In repairing the old nest she & her mate built the edges much higher, & now she is invisible except at moments when she moves & shows her beak & part of her head.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15/78

Sunny, with half a gale from SW, & I wore my golf jacket on the White Point course, yesterday & today.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16/78

Sunny, & a pleasant breeze. The golf course is occupied by an open tournament for the whole week-end, so old crocks like me must keep off. Puttered about my lawns, cleaning up the mess of leaves & twigs torn off the trees by the strong wind yesterday.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17/78

Another fine day. Long letter from daughter Frances Dennis, enclosing a Father's Day card. She writes me a letter about once a year. Her oldest son Gregory, about 19, a good student up to last Fall, when he became enamoured of a young woman in Moncton, quitted Acadia University & came home. He loafed till after Christmas, when father Bill got him a job of some kind in Moncton. Greg worked just long enough to qualify for unemployment insurance, then left the job & resumed loafing at home. This was too much for Bill, who ordered him to leave. Greg & the girl took off for the West. He wrote Frances last month, says he is very happy working as a waiter in a hotel at Jasper, Alberta. Presumably his girl has a similar job. Greg says he thinks he may resume his college studies "next year". Bill, still angry, says if he does, he will have to make it on his own.

His younger boy Perry graduates from high school this month, has no college ambitions, plans to enter the training school of the RCMP. The girls Stephanie & Tracy are in the giggling boy-crazy stage of the mid-teens. Frances says she can



W. S. K. JONES, QC

## ***W. S. K. Jones dies after long illness***

PORT MOUTON — W. S. Kennedy Jones, BA, LLB, DCL, QC, 58, a prominent figure in Nova Scotia politics, died Monday in Victoria General Hospital after a lengthy illness.

Born in Sault Ste. Marie, he was a son of the late Col. C. H. L. and Mrs. Elizabeth (Kennedy) Jones.

The family moved to Nova Scotia in 1928. He was educated in Liverpool schools, Kings College School and Dalhousie University. He served with the West Nova Scotia Regiment in Italy during the Second World War and when discharged at the end of the war held the rank of lieutenant.

After graduation from Dalhousie Law School he articulated with the late J. MacG. Stewart, QC of the firm of

See W. S. K. JONES page 2

# W. S. K. Jones dies

(Continued from page one)

Stewart, Smith, MacKeen, Covert and Rogers. He was admitted to the Nova Scotia bar in 1942. He practiced with this firm from 1946 to 1949 and opened a private practice in Liverpool which later became known as Jones, Milford and Freeman. He was named Queen's counsel in 1957.

Mr. Jones was first elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1953. During the first term of the Stanfield administration in 1957 he was the youngest legislature Speaker in Canada at the age of 38. He served as Speaker of the House from 1957 to 1960.

He was minister of public welfare, 1960 to 1964; Provincial secretary, 1960 to 1964, minister of trade and industry, 1964 to 1968, minister of finance and economics, 1968 to 1969, and minister of municipal affairs, 1969 to 1970.

He was liaison minister with Industrial Estates Ltd., 1964 to 1969; minister under the Purchasing Act and minister under the Water Act, a member of the provincial municipal fact finding committee, and first chairman of the province's inter-departmental committee on human rights.

He was a member of the treasury board and served actively between 1964 and 1969 as a senior member of the province's bond selling campaign, which also actively dealt with industrial de-

velopment and tourist promotion.

He was acting leader of the Conservative party from the fall of 1970 until April 1971.

In August, 1971 he resigned as a member of the Legislature to return to private practice and in the same year was appointed corporate consultant, Atlantic region, of Canadian National Railways. Later he opened a private law practice in Liverpool.

Surviving are his wife, the former Dorothy Rosine Howard, and his first wife, the former Anne Seaborne, Liverpool; two daughters, Elizabeth Anne, Halifax; Deborah M., Barrington; four sons, Hugh, Blanche, Shelburne County; Stephen, Halifax; David and Rolfe, both of Liverpool; a sister, Phyllis (Mrs. Douglas Tozer), Liverpool; three brothers, J. H. Mowbray, White Point; G. Beverly, Hunts Point; Kingsford, California; two grandchildren.

The body was cremated. A memorial service will be Thursday at 2:30 p.m. in Trinity Anglican Church, Liverpool, Rev. Donald Ruggles officiating. Private burial of ashes will be at a later date.

No flowers by request. In memoriam, donations may be made to memorial fund of Trinity Anglican Church or the Queens General Hospital women's auxiliary.

appreciate what her own parents went through, particularly me. (Edith had no notion of family discipline, left it entirely to me, at a time when I was driving myself hard, day & night, to make a living. It's tough to be the bread-winner, the law-maker, & the punisher, all at the same time. Consequently I was harsh at times.)

I wrote Frances a long letter, bringing her up-to-date on the neighbourhood news, & pointing out that Greg will find himself eventually. I went to sea at fifteen, & for the rest of my teens I had to obey orders & do my job well. Consequently I never experienced the rebellious teenage fever en famille, & couldn't understand or tolerate it in my own children. This brought hostility from their doting Mama as well as from them, so I was the loser both ways.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18, 1978 Another fine day spent pottering about my little property. Drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom & family.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20/78 Sunny in town but overcast at White Point, with the usual cold east wind. Played nine holes & returned home to do various small household chores, from taking in the washing to putting out the garbage.

THURSDAY, JUNE 22/78 Rain all morning, with the furnace going at intervals, then in the afternoon a clear sky & warm sun. I mixed up a solution of Killex & went over my lawns with it, spraying dandelion, plantain, buttercup & chickweed. Applied lawnseed to bare spots.

Gregory Cook, of N.S. Writers Federation, phoned to say he would arrange with a local taximan to pick<sup>me</sup> up on Saturday about 1.30 & bring me back shortly after 7 pm. I recommended Douglas Wolfe.

This evening I addressed ~~the~~ the graduating class of the Regional High School, one of whom is my grand-daughter Debbie.

The auditorium was packed with students, friends & parents, many people standing. Mrs. Marian White had driven down from Halifax for the occasion, & after the presentation of prizes she came to my house with Tom & Pamela for drinks & chat.

This evening the C'BC showed the TV interview with me made on April 30, so I missed it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23/78 Foggy & overcast. Another visit from Louis & Susan Pleet (see May 17). Their Dawson College students returned to Montreal but the Pleets are spending the summer at Port Latour, & they are planning a village pageant there. It will

involve the historical figures of Claude & Charles Latour & their wives. I told them what I knew about the Latours, & suggested that they consult my Latour notes in the Raddall collection at Dalhousie.

Letter (or rather a copy of a letter) to Maurice Singer from his lawyers Schiff, Hirsch & Schreiber in Beverly Hills, dated June 15/78. "You have today informed me that in the light of Mr. Raddall's constant rejection of all our efforts to confirm the extension of your interest in the property, that you wish to terminate further efforts & therefore withdraw the \$5,000 payment which has been held in escrow."

So that's that.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1978. Clear & hot. Greg Cooke, of Wolfville, current president of the N.S. Writers' Federation, had phoned local taximan Douglas Wolfe a few days ago, & engaged him to take me to Halifax & bring me back.

So at 1:30 I set off with Wolfe, & arrived at St. Mary's University about 3:30. After much wandering in the empty labyrinth of the university I found the information desk of the joint conventions of the Canadian Authors' Association & the N.S. Writers Federation, with a number of members standing about. Most of the males had the usual long hair & beards of various kinds, & the carefully faded denim trousers & wildly flowered shirts, open at the throat. The most ~~bizarre~~ bizarre figure was Greg Cook, whom I didn't recognize at first. A slight man of middle height, he wore a jacket & trousers of dark brown corduroy, & a hat of the same material with a tall crown (big enough to hide a water melon) & an immense brim turned down in front as far as his nose, & beneath his nose a bush of whiskers. He had to tip his head far back to see me (or anybody), when it would have been much easier to take off or at least tip back the silly hat. The whole outfit looked as if it had been copied from an old woodcut illustration of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Another weird figure was a man of about 60, with grey hair down to his shoulders, a straggle of grey beard brushed up in a curve towards his mouth, & on his head a "scotch" bonnet in screaming tartan colours, with a feather sticking up eight inches from the top. Someone said his name

MacDonald, & he was here to plug his latest paperback book, which was said to be a funny account of life on a Cape Breton farm forty years ago. Newfoundland author Harold Horwood came over to me & introduced himself, saying cheerfully that he wanted to meet a famous author. He had a straggled beard & long yellow hair down to his shoulders, but unlike most of the freaks & poseurs who come to these gatherings he had written several good books.

There were several symposiums going on simultaneously in various lecture rooms - "Writing for films" - "Writing for television" - "Writing for children" etc. I was booked for a symposium on historical writing, to which the printed program had given a fancy title, "Make the past your future". The panel was supposed to be composed of Bruce Fergusson, the recently retired head of the Public Archives of N.S., who would speak on writing history; myself to speak on writing historical novels; and Halifax printer & publisher McCurdy, owner of the (paperback) Penheric Press, who would give the publisher's side of it. The chairman was a retired naval man, a Commander Little, of Ottawa.

Fergusson developed a sudden illness & didn't turn up, so the joint program committee, looking about hastily for somebody with a name as a writer, shanghaied Harry Bruce (son of my old friend Charles Bruce, to whom I dedicated my book "A Muster of Arms" in 1954). Harry had written practically nothing historical, & said so frankly to our audience. So McCurdy & I had to do most of the talking. The audience was composed of some young men & women, but mostly earnest ladies aged from about 45 to 65. Many had notebooks & pencils. There was a question-&-answer period, & the symposium lasted from 4.30 to about 5.45.

Greg Cook had said airily that we could dine in the college cafeteria, so Little invited Bruce & me to his room in the mens' residence for a tot of gin beforehand. When we emerged, we found that the cafeteria staff had locked the doors at 6 p.m. & vanished. St. Mary's being in a residential zone, there were no small cafes or restaurants. I had told Wolfe to pick me up between 7 & 7.30, so I dined on two small packages of thin potato chips, obtained from a coin-slot machine in a hallway. Home about 9.15.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25, 1978 Fine & warm. Having had no real physical exercise for several days, I mowed my lawns. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & family. The yellow warblers have hatched their brood & gone from the nest by my sunporch, but now & then I see one of the adult birds flitting about this nest for a moment, as if to make sure that everything was left tidy for next year.

My spirea shrubs are in full white bloom, & the scarlet blossoms on the weigelas begin to show.

MONDAY, JUNE 26/78 Sunny, with a fresh breeze. Enjoyed 11 holes at White Point. Letter from my sister Nellie at Mahone Bay. Her daughter Carol & husband, John Paisley have finished their house at Indian Point, a few miles away, but I doubt if they will spend the winters in N.S., being used to much warmer climates. Nellie herself spent ten weeks of last winter in Alabama with her old friends. She is 77 & regrets building the little house at Mahone Bay, ~~where~~<sup>where</sup> she has little or no rapport with sisters Hilda & Winifred.

Letter from P. A. Thomson, director of Parks Canada, Atlantic Region, thanking me for my help to James Morrison in his history of the Kejimikujik area. "We hope you will soon see (it) either in the form of interpretive displays or in some published format."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28/78 Heavy rains yesterday, dense fog today, a good time to apply fertilizer to the lawns, so this afternoon I applied about 10 lbs. of Lawn Green, spreading it thinly & evenly, a slow job in the atmosphere of a Finnish sauna.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29/78 Sunny & very hot, even at White Point, where I played 9 holes. Invitation to Mersey Lodge for cocktails & buffet dinner next Tuesday, the annual party given by Bowaters Mersey Paper Co. for staff & some town guests.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30/78 Rain, thunder, glints of sunshine. Mc Burdy, of the Petheric Press, had invited a number of people, including me, to a little wine-&-cheese reception in the Perkins House this afternoon, to mark the publication of John Lefe's book, "The Atlantic Privateers". Some pleasant chat, a toast to the new book, & (under a camera's eye) Lefe presenting me with an autographed copy. The book originated as one of the projects of the Canada Studies Foundation, which is financed by the federal government. It contains 56 pages of text, & several illustrations, one of which is from the jacket illustration of my

novel "Pride's Fancy". Mcburdy & Leefe had chosen this time to introduce the new book because the various Liverpool service clubs had combined to celebrate what they call "Privateers Days", June 30 to July 3, to celebrate the Canada (or Dominion) Day weekend, with open-air stalls on Main Street & the riverside parking lot, a huge chicken barbecue, a "beer fest" German style, & other fund-raising notions. All of this was washed out by the thunderstorm, which flashed & boomed all day, with intermittent floods of rain.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1978 Dark, wet, & chilly (58° Fahr°) Drizzle ceased in the afternoon, enabling the committee to put on the parade along Main Street, band, decorated floats, etc., while some airplanes from the flying club at Greenfield made a few low passes over the town.

I did a little weeding around my roses but otherwise stayed indoors, reading. This evening the CBC television put on a cross-Canada show for 3 hours, following speeches by the Governor-General & the Prime Minister. The planners of the show had determined to emphasize the minorities in our population, & there were songs & dances by them all, from Eskimos to blacks. All very well, but an observer from (say) Mars must have got a strong impression that Canada is inhabited by Negroes, Portuguese, French, Ukrainians, Indians, Scotch, Eskimos, & some English, in about that order of importance, & that this polyglot people obviously spend most of their time twanging guitars & yowling folksongs.

SUNDAY, JULY 2/78 Dark, threatening rain, & chilly, so that the furnace ran from time to time. The familiar pain of arthritis in my right hip shifted to the left hip, so I stayed indoors for the third day in a row, bored to death, & craving physical exercise.

MONDAY, JULY 3/78 This is officially Dominion or Canada Day. Levesque & his frenetic government chose this day to celebrate the 370th anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain, at a cost of \$600,000, thus carefully & gleefully drowning the federal celebrations. After a chilly & wet weekend, we had a very hot summer day (80° Fahr°). My lawns needed mowing, so I did them, pouring sweat but glad of the exercise.

TUESDAY, JULY 4/78 A grey day, threatening rain, & chilly. Spent the day making preparations for my journey. This evening the Bowaters Mersy Paper Co gave their annual dinner party at Mersy Lodge for retired staff officers & others, including me. Bert Wiles & wife picked me up in their car & brought me back. Pleasant meeting old friends

acquaintances, especially in those familiar & lovely surroundings. As if by arrangement the grey cloud parted & revealed a spectacular scarlet sunset, reflected in the river. The food was excellent, the main dish being salmon, broiled on planks before a huge outdoor fire, (the Lodge specialty) with all kinds of vegetables, salads, & condiments.

Dessert was fresh strawberries & cream, with various cakes, cookies & crepes suzettes, followed by coffee & liquors. The mill's general manager Robert Neary, & wife Heather, were our hosts. In thanking them at parting, Bob drew me aside & reminded me of our talk in the truck on March 9. He wants to get together with me soon, so that we can discuss the book & decide on what it shall cover, its length, etc. — and presumably my fee. Home about 10:30, & again a fitful night, worrying about catching planes, baggage problems, etc. At my age, hampered by defective sight & hearing, & lame with arthritis, the journey to Banff seems a crazy venture, but the University of Alberta are insistent with all good intent, & I could not say No.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1978 Taximan Douglas Wolfe took me to Hfx. this afternoon, & I stayed overnight at the recently built Airport Hotel. (My diary entries will be brief, as I shall type a full account of my journey elsewhere.)

THURSDAY, JULY 6/78 Took off from Hfx. airport at 8:30 a.m. Pleasant flight to Toronto. Breakfast en route. A wait of about 3/4 hour. At 10:15 (Toronto time) boarded a huge plane (a Boeing 707, I think) containing 250 to 300 people. At Calgary a cold drizzle of rain was falling. After some wandering, hampered by my difficult eyesight, I found a bus to Banff, a journey of 2 hours. Arrived at the Banff Centre, School of Fine Arts, about 10 hours after leaving Halifax. Greeted by J. C. K. ("Ken") Madsen, associate director, & conducted to a spacious & well furnished room in the residence, above the town of Banff, with a magnificent view of the mountains. Dined in the cafeteria, bustling with young students, male & female, who come here to study ballet, theatre, music, writing, drawing & painting, ceramics, weaving & photography. This Centre, begun in 1933, with a few classrooms borrowed from the Banff school board, is now a complex of excellent buildings, serving 1600 students annually.

After a brief rest & bath, I was joined by Graham Carlyle, an astute & cultured Calgary business man who is chairman of the

board of governors of the Centre, & by Aylmer Ryan, retired head of the English Department of the University of Alberta, a man of quiet & yet dynamic presence with whom I felt an immediate rapport. Madsen asked me politely how I preferred to be addressed - as "Doctor" or "Mr." I replied by quoting Thomas Heywood, the Elizabethan playwright - "I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom". This pleased them all, & Madsen repeated the quotation whenever he introduced me to other people. After a chat, they withdrew, knowing that I must be tired. I was glad to get into pyjamas & tumble into a very comfortable bed.

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1978 Awoke to find the mountains obscured in a drizzling mist. At 10 a.m. I was asked to join a seminar of aspiring writers, about 30, with resident instructors Ruth Fraser & Sandra Jones, and guest instructor W. O. Mitchell. I was glad to meet Bill Mitchell, having known his work for many years. In chat we found that he had given up his job as a teacher in Alberta to brave the perils of free lance writing in Canada a few years after I dropped my job at the paper mill to do the same thing. After considerable struggle we both got into top American magazines with tales of Canadian life that were utterly different from the average American's view of Canada as a wilderness populated by a few Indians, red-coated Mounties with magnificent baritone voices, & for comic relief a few scuffy French woodsmen talking in badly mangled English.

The students sat on chairs in a wide circle. Taking turns, the women instructors read aloud extracts from anonymous writings by members of the class, which were then discussed by various members of the group & by the instructors, including Mitchell. Then I was invited to address the seminar, giving some of my own ideas & experiences in writing short stories & novels. Then I threw it open to questions & answers. All were very eager to learn, & we enjoyed each other thoroughly. Indeed at the end of the session the two women instructors, both 40-ish, thanked me & kissed me on the cheek out of sheer enthusiasm.

In the afternoon Aylmer took me for a drive to Lake Winnimanka in the mountains. The mist had gone, & we had a pleasant talk on a bench at the lake shore until it was time to return to Banff for the evening. The annual scholarship and

awards dinner was held in the dining room of Donald Cameron Hall. The national award for painting was presented to William Perchudoff, a native of Alberta. Aylmer Ryan read the citation for the literary award to me, & I stepped to the microphone & made a brief address, without notes. Later we adjourned to the Centre theatre, where I was seated in lonely prominence in the front with chairman of the board Carlyle, & ~~was~~ a packed audience enjoyed music, song, & dance featuring some of the best talents of the 1978 summer session.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1978 The morning mist & drizzle cleared off, & about 10 a.m. Aylmer Ryan picked me up with his Mercedes car for today's tour of the mountains. Lunched at the Lake Louise hotel, then on to Bow Lake, Lake Peyto, etc., returning by the old road for a different view of the Bow River valley, & stopping to hike half a mile up a steep path to see the Johnston Canyon. All of it absolutely beautiful. I had seen many photographs & motion pictures of the Rockies, but they could not convey the feel of these huge brooding peaks looking down on the small metal bugs crawling past their feet on the motor road. My mind reeled when I thought of an ice cap 10,000 feet thick, which had carved the peaks & scooped out the valleys. And what a joy to be able to see it all with my restored vision after the long & dreary battle with blindness.

Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Madsen, the Perchudoffs, Henry Kreisel & his short merry wife, & afterwards sat chatting late in their home, built of cedar, with a fine view of the mountains. As we withdrew I bade them farewell & thanked them for their kindness.

SUNDAY, JULY 9/78 My plane leaves Calgary at an early hour tomorrow, so Madsen had reserved a room for me tonight at the Palliser Hotel. Ryan took me there from Banff this afternoon, on his way back to his home in Edmonton, & we lunched together at the Palliser. Calgary is teeming with people here for the annual Stampede, & everybody you see, male & female, old & young, wears a cowboy hat. I presented Ryan with an inscribed copy of "In My Time," a very small return for his kindness.

In the afternoon I walked in the throng about the streets, enjoying the cheerful air of latent energy in everybody, & admiring the tall slim figures of the young Albertan men & women.

MONDAY, JULY 10, 1978

I asked the hotel desk to call me at 5 a.m., but as usual I couldn't sleep all night, just dozing & alternately switching on the light & looking at my watch. The airport bus left the Palliser at 6:50, & after the routine metal-test of my baggage & person I found the boarding gate for Flight 110. The plane was a Loughheed, & my section was mostly filled with young Montreal men, some with wives or girl friends, conversing in French at the top of their voices, not merely with their seat-mates, but with others at a distance. They had gone to Calgary to see the Stampede parade & high jinks, & all wore cowboy hats. They made so much noise with their talk & laughter that I thought they had been drinking, but it was just high spirits & they kept it up all the way to Toronto.

There I changed planes for Halifax, after a wait of 2 hours or so. This time the plane was a D.C. 9, & the passengers talked much more quietly in English. Arrived at Nfx. airport about 6:30 p.m., Nfx. time. Doug Wolfe was awaiting me with his taxi, & I got home about 9:15, very tired.

TUESDAY, JULY 11/78 A lot of mail at the post office, including a letter from Jack Mclellan. He had planned to attend the Banff affair & hoped to discuss with me the New Canadian Library editions of "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Reach," to be published early in 1979. But he'd been delayed.

This evening Bill Wilson & his second wife dropped in for a chat. He is a son of "Father" John Wilson, priest of Trinity Church here from about 1938 to 1945. Bill himself is an Episcopalian parson with a small church in Marblehead, Mass., & this is his first visit here since 1958.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12/78 Fine & hot. Feeling rested after my long journeys, I spent the afternoon mowing my lawns. My weigelia shrubs are still in full red flower, my few surviving roses in full bloom, the spireas are still in white blossom but beginning to shatter, the golden elder shrubs are just coming into white bloom, & the honeysuckle is in blossom on the wire fence at the back of my lot. Altogether, this is the loveliest time of year.

Phone call from Lawrence Mortoff, spokesman for Allyn-Lunney Productions, Los Angeles, who have been interested in film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" for several years. I said The Nymph was free of the long drawn out options by Maurice Singer & his

fraudulent stooge Gary Mehlman, & I was not inclined to grant options again, especially to anyone in California, after the long history of lies & deceit from people there. I would sell the property for \$50,000 cash, but henceforth I would grant options only to people in Canada. He said he would ask <sup>DAVID</sup> ~~BOB~~ Lunnay to phone me from New York, where he will arrive soon from film work in Europe.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1978 Fine & hot. Played 9 holes at White Point. This evening Bob & Heather Weary invited me to a small dinner party at Mersey Lodge, & Dave & Daphne Rudolph took me there in their car. About a dozen people. The guest of honour was Joseph Haughan (or Hawn?) who is in charge of all pulp sales (as distinct from paper) by Bowaters mills in North America.

Weary had presented him with a copy of "In My Time" last year, & he & his wife were eager to meet the author. They live in New York, but travel a lot in connection with Haughan's work. Had a long & interesting chat with them. Weary mentioned that I had consented to write a history of the Mersey paper industry, to be printed in book & privately issued in 1979, the Mersey mill's 50th anniversary.

FRIDAY, JULY 14/78 Fine & hot. A cool sea breeze at White Point, where I played a full 18 holes for the first time since last summer, & did not lose a ball. By careful concentration I can hit fairly straight. Had one drive of about 220 yards, but on the average my wood strokes get about 125 yards.

SATURDAY, JULY 15/78 Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon with Harold Shea, editor of the Hfr. Chronicle Herald, whom I overtook on N<sup>o</sup> 3 tee. His wife is a local woman who knew my daughter Frances as a child.

SUNDAY, JULY 16/78 Overcast. Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire picked me up at 1:15 & drove to Mill Village for a leisurely luncheon with old friend Marilla Mae Dill, who is here from Boston for the summer. With her are another old American friend, Bonnie Learned, whom I met at the Beech place many years ago, & Marilla's daughter Jean with husband Bruce Docherty, who is now general manager of sales for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Other guests from Liverpool were Catharine Waters, & Paul and Anne Thomsen, who were married quietly about ten days ago. Thomsen is an electrical engineer who came

to Canada about 25 years ago, worked for a time with Messy Paper Co., & went on to work at other paper mills in Quebec for many years. His wife died, & he took the ashes to Denmark for burial. About five years ago he returned to Messy Paper Co. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXX~~. Anne is the widow of W. V. Kennedy Jones, whom she divorced some time before his death this year. Her new marriage seems a strange one. Thommen is a pudgy, quiet man, with an almost obsequious air in social gatherings like this. Anne is tall & statuesque, about 60, with white hair & a face like a frozen mask in which there is no trace of joy or even interest in her new partner.

I got home about 5, & took my own car to Hunt's Point for a chat with Tom & Pamela. I couldn't eat another meal so soon after the other, but I joined them in their dessert & wine.

Saturday's Chronicle-Herald had an obituary of Kate Walsh, 82, wife of my O.I.C. at Table Island 57 years ago, when she came there as a bride. The obituary gave the address of their home in North Sydney, & I wrote a letter of sympathy to Mike.

MONDAY, JULY 17, 1978

Rain. Stayed indoors writing letters.

TUESDAY, JULY 18/78

Sunny & hot. Played 9 holes at White Point but found the play very slow, held up by visitors, some of whom obviously had never had a golf club in their hands before.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19/78

Very hot. Wrote & sent off another critique for the <sup>Chairman</sup> Council. This applicant wanted money for transportation & a month in Hawaii "to experience personally a tropical Pacific environment" as part preparation for a sea novel of the 18th. century involving ~~be~~ principally Canadian characters, and for a more serious study of Louis Antoine de Bougainville, who served as a soldier in Canada under Montcalm & later made a voyage around the world.

I said there were no Canadian seamen in the Pacific in the 18th. century. Also Bougainville crossed the south Pacific & never saw Hawaii.

Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns, in a temp. of 90° F. hot. My neighbour Erik came over for a chat. His son Michael, an army officer now stationed at Peterawa, Ontario, has been visiting here with his wife & two little boys. Tomorrow they all leave by motor for a visit in Ottawa & Peterawa. At 77 Erik dreads the long journey & stay in the mid-summer heat, but his somewhat younger wife likes to travel.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1978 Overcast, hot & humid. Played 16 holes at White Point in a cool air off the sea. No such air in town, & I sat up very late in my study, unable to sleep.

FRIDAY, JULY 21/78 Hot (90°) & humid, with a hazy sky & hardly a breath of air stirring, even at White Point, where the pro. sent his workmen home early in the afternoon. Nevertheless I played 16 holes in a leisurely fashion. At home, stripping off my sodden clothes, I stepped on the bathroom scales. Weight 165 lb. Three pints of ale & a solid meal later, it was 168. Tonight my bedroom was hell hot. I went to sleep on the living room couch, clad only in my pyjama trousers. Woke at 4 a.m. feeling chilly, & slept the rest of the night on my bed.

SATURDAY, JULY 22/78 Overcast & calm, but much cooler. Played a slow & pleasant 16 holes at White Point. Letter from Robert Coffman, of Natchez, Mississippi, the chief character of my true short story (1943) entitled "Resurrection." (See August 19/76) He & wife are coming to White Point Lodge on Aug. 17 & will stay a week, & hope to have a chat with me.

SUNDAY, JULY 23/78 Hazy & very hot in town. In the morning I pruned some of the shrubs on the south side of the house facing Andersen's. Every summer they tend to arch over the strip of lawn there. In the afternoon I played 16 holes at White Point, mostly in humid fog, which was lying thickly on the shore.

At 5 p.m. I drove my car to Hunt's Point. Had drinks & chat & then dined with their guests of the day, a very tall man named Garnett & his wife & two youngsters. Garnett was a class-mate of Tom at Acadia U. He is now a geologist in the employ of the B.C. govt., based at Victoria. Drove home while the daylight was still good about 8 p.m.

Tom gave me a letter wrongly poked into his post office box. The envelope was on the stationery of the Governor General, Ottawa, & marked Confidential. It was from Roger de C. Nantel, who is in charge of matters relating to the Order of Canada, asking me to endorse a recommendation that Nova Scotian author Will R. Bird be appointed to the Order of Canada. Bird is an old acquaintance of mine, no great shakes as an author, but a definite Nova Scotian writer, employed by the N.S. govt. for many years & grinding out historical novels on the side, none of them

Mrs. Michael J. Walsh

NORTH SYDNEY — Mrs. Michael J. Walsh, 82, of 49 King Street, died Friday in Lillian Fraser Memorial Hospital, Tatamagouche.

Born in Fogo, Nfld., she was the former Mary Catherine Dwyer, daughter of the late John and Mary (Baker) Dwyer.

She was a member of St. Joseph's Church, a member of the Altar Society and a member of the CWL. She was a former commissioner of Girl Guides.

Surviving are her husband; two daughters, Sister Donalda Walsh, Edmonton, Alta.; Geraldine (Mrs. John H. MacNeil), Tatamagouche; four sons, Augustine, Sydney Mines; Joseph, Huntington Centre, Conn.; Michael Jr., Ontario; Tommy, Florida; 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild; a sister Margaret (Mrs. Pierce Broaders), Telting, Nfld.; three brothers, Michael, St. John's; Frank, Sunderland, England; Gus, Toronto.

She was predeceased by an infant son and a sister.

The body will be at her home today at 7 p.m. Requiem mass will be Monday at 2 p.m. in St. Joseph's Church. Burial will be in the Holy Cross cemetery.

well researched, but I shall endorse the application with pleasure.

Bird is now 86 & very deaf. I wonder if he can attend the investiture.

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1978 Overcast & warm. Golf in the afternoon.

My daughter Frances phoned from Moncton. She & husband Bill Sennis will arrive at my house late Friday afternoon, & will stay the week-end.

TUESDAY, JULY 25/78 A perfect summer day, sunny with a fresh breeze. Golf on a crowded course. I played 14 holes.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26/78 Fine & hot. I worked all afternoon in a temperature of 80° Fahr., mowing my lawns with the electric machine, trimming the edges with push-mower & clippers; I want to have everything neat when Bill & Franice arrive on Friday.

THURSDAY, JULY 27/78 Fine & hot. Golf in the afternoon.

I note that Reader's Digest is advertising "Fireside Reader", a casebound volume containing "the most entertaining short stories ever written, 50 outstanding stories by master story-tellers."

The authors range from R. L. Stevenson & Jack London to Conan Doyle & Somerset Maugham. And me. (The Wedding Gift, for the use of which Reader's Digest paid me \$1,000.)

FRIDAY, JULY 28/78 Our golf pro. has been praying for rain.

This afternoon I played 6 holes in dense fog. Then a heavy fall of rain drove me off the course. Half way home the road was dry, & by 3 p.m. the sun was peeping through the overcast.

Bill & Franice arrived by car from Moncton about 7:15, bringing with them a batch of large lobsters, which Bill cooked on my stove, & we had a feast about 9 p.m. Bill was very tired & went to bed at 10:30. Franice, a nighthawk like myself, sat up talking over old family matters until 1:30 a.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 29/78 Fine & hot. Bill & Franice spent the day looking up old acquaintances. I played golf with Pamela's brother Bill White, who is spending the weekend at White Point Lodge with wife Clarice & their two teenage sons. Some very dilatory people on the golf course made the play very slow, &

I had to quit at the 16th hole, after 3½ hours in a temp. of 80° Fahr. Tom & Pamela gave a big party<sup>to</sup> night, for the Bill Whites & a multitude of friends. I was invited but I begged off, feeling exhausted. I had a good long soak in the tub & spent a relaxed evening, reading & watching TV. Bill &

Francie didn't get back from the Hunt's Point party until 4:30 a.m., so I guess it was a hum-dinger.

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1978 Overcast & warm. Bill & Francie slept till about 11 a.m. At 12:30 we drove to Summerville, where (dental) Dr. Charles & Paula Mackintosh had invited a large party to luncheon. The meal was a leisurely affair, beginning with drinks, & gradually going on to a delicious buffet spread on the back lawn of the Mackintosh summer home. Enjoyed chatting with several old friends & acquaintances. Home about 4 p.m. Soon after that, Bill & Francie left for Mahone, where they stayed overnight on their way back to Moncton.

I see them only once a year & enjoyed their visit.

MONDAY, JULY 31/78 Overcast & a bit cooler. Golf with Herbert Addelson, an American from Long Island who built an all-year-round home at Port Joli, some years ago, near Austin Parker's place. Phone call from Charles Armour, Dalhousie Library archivist. He will call here in the morning of Aug. 9, bringing prints made from the photographic plate collection of the late Gilbert Kempton, whose father was a photographer in the Liverpool area about the period 1890-1920. Armour will leave the prints with me for checking with Hector Macleod & other old-timers, in the hope that we can identify some of the houses & scenes & people.

This evening I mixed a strong solution of water & "Killex", & went over my lawns, spraying plaintain, "heal-all", & other weeds.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1/78 Fog, drizzle, & finally at night a brief thunderstorm with drenching rain, a relief for parched lawns & the golf course, where dead brown patches were showing. I was up at 7 a.m. after an almost sleepless night. Mrs. Bagley came at 8, & went to work at once, vacuum-cleaning, dusting & polishing until 11 a.m. She is a good & capable creature & I'm lucky to have her service once a week. Again a patchy sleep, with thunder & lightning at intervals all night.

Local news:- John Lefe, high school teacher here, aged 36, has decided to run as Conservative candidate for M.L.A. in place of retiring member John Nickwire. Lefe is clever, energetic, well-spoken & ambitious, & could go far.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2/78 Drizzle all morning, then humid fog, hence indoors all day except for the trip to the post office. In short, a damned dull day, with nothing to do & nothing new to read.

THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1978 The sun appeared, & the day was very hot & humid (83° Fahr.) after the rain. In the morning I shopped as usual for a week's meat & groceries. In the early afternoon I had a conference with Bob Weary about his proposed book on the first 50 years of the Mersey paper industry, which will be celebrated ~~round~~ <sup>in</sup> November 1979. He wants me to write it, especially because I was a key member of the financial staff of the mill during its first ~~of~~ <sup>nine</sup> years. After some delicate skirting of the subject, he asked what I would charge — would it be so much per word or page, or so much an hour, or what? I said it was impossible to estimate my fee until I knew how much text was required. He confessed that he had no idea how large the book should be, or how many copies should be printed. He referred several times to "our budget"; & my son Tom had told me that Weary cannot spend over \$10,000 on anything without getting an OK from Hugh Joyce, the boss of all Bowater affairs in North America.

Finally I suggested that the Mersey public relations man, (Tom's friend Chris Clarke), get together with their purchasing dept. & obtain estimates from printing & binding firms. From these they can decide on a book within their budget, & then I can estimate how much research & writing I would have to do. I pointed out that with one exception all of my books had been sold on a royalty basis at so much per copy. The exception was "The Rover", which I wrote on a special assignment from MacMillan of Canada, for an outright fee of \$5,000. Weary seemed taken a bit aback at that, but said he ~~or~~ would get printing & binding estimates as I had suggested, & he or Chris Clarke would get in touch with me in September.

I spent the rest of the afternoon mowing my lawns, a very hot business.

SATURDAY, AUG. 5/78 Fine & warm. Otto & Kay Rojas, accompanied by their two little blond boys, picked me up with their station <sup>wagon</sup> & took me to Rockland for a weekend with Kay's mother Mrs. Molly (Humb) Daley. There were two other house guests, a young married couple from Ontario. Arrived there about 6:30 p.m. Dined on steamed clams, & beef- & -rice casserole, & sat up late chatting.

SUNDAY, AUG. 6/78 Molly & Kay were busy preparing for a buffet dinner tonight for 20 people, so the rest of us drove to Capeable,

explored the prosperous & growing fishing town of Clark's Harbour, & lunched in a little restaurant at Barrington Passage. Returned to Rockland by the shore route via Port Latour, Port Clyde, Ingomar, Roseway, Sunning Cove etc. Back about 4 p.m., when Otto lit a fire in the outdoor fireplace & began to prepare a fine big salmon for "planking". The dinner guests began to arrive about 7. Judge Lester Clements & wife, Bob McLearn & wife, from Liverpool; Egon Cherny & wife from Montreal, a Mrs. Horowitz from Indianapolis (who said she had all of my books), & a few other summer residents from the States. Molly & Kay had prepared & set forth a great array of side dishes & condiments, & we enjoyed the feast. After the guests had departed, we sat chatting over nightcaps, & went to bed at 11 p.m.

MONDAY, AUG. 7, 1978 Otto had to be back to work at the L'pool hospital at 9 a.m., so we were early astir for breakfast & departure, after a most enjoyable weekend.

Another hot day. At 1 p.m. I drove to White Point & played 9 holes. My car engine had a balky fit - slow to start, & then stalling frequently, as if one or two cylinders were mis-firing. I managed to get home.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8/78 Overcast & warm. Drove my car to Rosagnol Sales Co. garage about 9:30 a.m., & a mechanic worked on the engine until noon, disassembling & cleaning one of the carburetors, cleaning the spark plugs, installing new "points". He also installed a new fan belt; the old one was about to break in three places. Another man worked on the right rear door catch, which had been working stiffly & badly. In short, the faithful old car begins to show signs of its age, like the owner.

I knew there would be fog & a crowd on the golf course, so pottered about my place this afternoon, pruning shrubs, etc.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 9/78 Showers this morning, & then the sun came out with intense heat & humidity. Charles Armour & Miss Grace Pratt, of Dalhousie ~~Liverpool~~ Library, called this morning on their way to Barrington. They returned a few books of mine which I donated, but which are duplicated in the Library. These included the book of old naval prints, which Armour wanted for his personal collection. I told him to take it as a gift from me, but he said the book was valuable & insisted on paying me \$50 for it.

I gave them, for the Radcliff Collection in Dal. Library, my gold medal from the University of Alberta. Also a book of

photographs, each with captions, taken by four Boston cyclists in the year 1895, on a tour of western N.S. from Yermouth to Halifax, returning by way of the Annapolis Valley.

Arnould left with me, for identification whenever possible, a large number of prints from photographic plates made in Liverpool & Queens County between about 1885 & 1920, by a man named Kempton, father of Gilbert Kempton, whose widow presented the plates to Dal. Library some time ago. They include pictures of old houses, family portraits, scenes on the coast & up the Mersey river.

This afternoon I played 9 holes at White Point in great heat & humidity, & was glad to get home, strip, & sit with a glass of cold ale in front of my big electric fan.

Shortly after 7 p.m. I had a phone call from Lawrence Mortoff, following up his call of July 12. Wanted an option on the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Pump" for 30 days. I refused, repeating what I'd said on July 12. He said he would consult Allyn-Lunney Productions again & get in touch with me.

Sixty years ago my father died leading his regiment in the battle of Amiens.

THURSDAY, AUG. 10, 1978 A hazy but extremely hot day. Golf in the afternoon. Play was very slow, & I fell in with a Mr. & Mrs. Corbett of Halifax, & played nine holes, which took 2 hours. Corbett, 60-ish, is in the real estate business & obviously prosperous. When we exchanged names, they obviously had never read a book of mine or even heard of me. Such is "fame" in Nova Scotia.

In the continued drought the golf course is turning brown in ominously widening patches, & so are the lawns in town, where we are forbidden to water them, owing to the low level of Town Lake, our only water supply. The heat tonight barred sleep, & I sat up very late, sipping rum- & -soda.

FRIDAY, AUG. 11, 78 Sunny, but with a dry air from SW, so that even at 86° Fahr. it was pleasant after so much humidity, & I enjoyed 16 holes at White Point. American visitors Tommy Barrow & wife Kitty-Rose (daughter of old friend Marilla Mac Dill) came over & chatted with me. Altogether a delightful day, to be remembered next winter.

SUNDAY, AUG. 13, 78 Overcast. A slow rain began in the afternoon. Tom & Pamela entertained all the south shore Raddalls at luncheon

today, the first time we have all been together for years. My sister Nellie Casady; her daughter Carol & husband John Paisley (& teenage children Tom & Susan) who have a new house at Indian Point, Mahone Bay; my sister Minifed & husband Larry Merlin, of Tauxburg near Lunenburg; my sister Helga & husband Ted Bayes, of Oakland, Mahone Bay.

We had a good & leisurely luncheon, with much family chat. It was very kind of Pamela especially, to bring us all together.

MONDAY, AUG. 14, 1978 A day of great heat & humidity after yesterday's rain. I played 9 holes at White Point in a temp. of 90° Fahrenheit, & was glad to come home, strip, bathe, & sit with a cold ale within six feet of my big electric fan, wearing nothing but a thin pair of trousers. The long awaited (& predicted) election in Nova Scotia has been announced. Premier Regan & his government will go to the polls on Sep. 19. So we shall have the yammer of politicians on radio & TV for the next month. Regan has proved himself a shrewd, glib, & wily head of the Liberals. His Conservative opponent, Buchanan, is an earnest plodder of second rate abilities. The NDP (socialist) leader, Jeremy Akerman, is by far the ablest speaker & debater of the three, but his party has small appeal to the electorate.

TUESDAY, AUG. 15/78 Hot, with a light W. breeze. I spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns. Owing to the drought, & the low level of Town Lake, we are forbidden to use water sprinklers on our lawns. My front & side lawns are still quite lush & green, but the back lawn has widening patches of brown. Almost every day I get enquiries by phone or letter from people seeking historical information, usually genealogical. Today a phone call from a man in Wolfville, wanting to sell me a complete collection of Blackwood's Magazine, from 1900 to 1970. A collector of my works had approached him to buy the numbers from 1933 to 1943, which contain most of my early short stories, but he refused to "break the set." I told him I wasn't interested because my own collection of Maga, containing my stories, is now in Dalhousie Library.

Noticed my grandson Tom Raddall, painting the small flagstaff outside the courthouse, & stopped for a word with him. For the past 2 or 3 summers he & a few other high school students have worked for the Municipality, painting schoolhouses, etc.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16, 1978 Again very hot, & again in the afternoon I played nine holes at White Point for the sake of exercise, dripping sweat. No relief from the sea except at the tip of the point, where a faint but cool air drifted in from the water. This will surely be remembered as the Golden Summer of '78.

Even the politicians are torpid in this weather, & there is not the slightest interest in the provincial election coming up next month, or the far & usual gibber of the federals.

THURSDAY, AUG. 17/78 Same weather & golf. John Toomb dropped in, with a box of raspberries from Ralph Johnson's garden. He is a son of Mrs. Johnson by a former marriage, & has visited here before. He served for a time with the U. S. Army in West Germany, & married a German girl, but the marriage broke up. He is now employed by the Treasury Dept. in Washington.

Just after I returned from golf I had a visit from two school teachers of New Glasgow, Gary Boudoux & a woman whose name escapes me. Both are ardent collectors of my books, & have been here before to get them autographed. This time they had others, including copies of "In My Time".

FRIDAY, AUG. 18/78 The hottest day in a very hot summer. At 4 p.m., when the thermometer on the north side of my house was in the afternoon sun, it showed 98° Fahrenh. At 1 p.m. I drove as usual to White Point & played 9 holes, dripping sweat in spite of a light cool air off the sea at the southern tip. Then home & a strip & change to a thin pair of trousers, sipping cold ale with my big fan whirling 5 feet away - barely comfortable. Enjoying my monthly parcel of books from Marboro.

News:- Three Americans, who set off from Presque Ile, Maine, in a free balloon some days ago, came down in a wheat field near Paris. Many have tried this passage by balloon, & some have perished. These are the first to succeed.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19/78 As usual in this hot weather I went to bed long after midnight, & slept naked until 7 a.m., when I awakened feeling chilled, & got up. My outdoor thermometer showed 60° Fahrenh, a drop of 38° since yesterday afternoon. The sun soon made the air hot again. The mail brought a cheque from the University of Alberta for \$177.79, covering my out-of-pocket expenses on the Banff trip.

I played 13 holes at White Point, & that was enough, despite a light sea breeze. Got home drenched with sweat, as usual, but enjoyed

the exercise & sunshine. No word from Bob Coffman, who wrote that he & wife would arrive at White Point Lodge on Aug. 18, & would get in touch with me. Presume his travel plans have been cancelled, perhaps by illness. Dined tonight on tenderloin steak with buttered <sup>corn</sup> & sugar peas, with apple pie for dessert.

SUNDAY, AUG. 20, 1978 Another fine hot day. Played 9 holes at White Point. Bob Coffman phoned from White Point Lodge, inviting me to lunch there with him & his wife tomorrow. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pamela, & Blair. Their son Tommy is spending the weekends at the home of his girl friend in Port Medway, & Selvie is busy at her waitress job at White Point Lodge. Had a brief chat with Arthur, a son of my Park Street neighbour Mrs. Evelyn White; he & his wife & family are visiting her for a few days, with friends of theirs from South Carolina.

MONDAY, AUG. 21/78 Overcast & hot. Lunched at White Point with Bob Coffman & had a long chat. His wife was unwell & did not appear. He referred to her as "Irene". When he was here two years or so ago his wife's name was "Helen".

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23/78 Last night the temp. dropped to 58° F. hot, but the days are hot, & I limit my daily round of golf to 9 holes. Joined a pleasant evening party at the Milton home of Munro & Marian (Tupper) Gardner. About 25 people, old friends & relatives. Marion's brothers Roger & Errol were there, with wives & daughters. Errol chided me for not calling on them when I was in Calgary, but I explained that I was just passing through on my way to & from Banff, on a rigid airline schedule. Roger is confined to a wheelchair, after a series of operations for circulatory ailments. He served in the RCAF during War Two as a bomber navigator in Europe & India.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24/78 Sunny, but cool for a change. Enjoyed a round of golf. Got neighbour Erik to sharpen the blade of my motor-mower. Hemion the druggist asked me to drop in & autograph about two dozen copies of "In My Time", a new shipment from Toronto. Mc Clelland & Stewart have raised the wholesale price, so that the book retails at \$16.95.

Letter from M. M. Abrams, curator of the regimental museum of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, who had got my address from Gordon Higgins. He would like to have a large photograph of my father, also

"other artifacts such as weapons, uniforms, badges & medals that were used or worn or worn by members of our regiment."

FRIDAY, AUG. 25, 1978 A delightful day, sunny with a cool sea breeze. (The nights are chilly now, & when I woke this morning the oil furnace was running.) Played 18 holes at White Point, nine of them with a man from Fredericton who teaches music at U.N.B. His name escapes me. About 5 p.m. a man named Samuel Freeman phoned me from Toronto. Said he had been asked by someone in California to find out if movie rights were available in "The Nymph & the Lamp." I told him what I tell them all now, that I will sell the rights for \$50,000 but I will grant no more options. He thanked me politely & said he would "get back" to me.

SATURDAY, AUG. 26, 1978 Another delightful day. Drove to White Point at 1 p.m. as usual. The course was crowded, & so the play was very slow. I came home at 2:30 & relaxed, reading, over cold ale. With good exercise in sunshine every day I am in better physical condition than any time in the past three wretched years.

Phoned Connolly this evening about the repairs to my garage. I first phoned him last Fall, & he said he was booked up & couldn't tackle it till May. In May he said he would try to do it "next month". No word from him since. Now he says he is still booked up, & suggests that I get somebody else.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/78 Sunny & cool, with intervals shadowed by big cirrus clouds drifting by. Played 9 slow holes at White Point. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunt's Point. Grandson Tom was there with his girl, a pretty & intelligent blonde from Port Medway, <sup>nee</sup> ~~daughter~~ of Archie Smith, who is a member of the municipal council of Queens.

MONDAY, AUG. 28/78 Sunny again. Got in a quick 9 holes at White Point, then mowed my lawns for the first time since Aug. 15. The back lawn is badly parched & about two-thirds brown & dead-looking. Phoned the Bridgewater building contractors, Nauss Bros., who re-shingled my house roof & did some other carpentry in 1964. I described the work to be done now, & they promised to have a man come & see me soon.

Finished reading "The Thorn Birds", the novel which has

sold in enormous numbers all over the world during the past 2 years. It is a remarkable tour-de-force by an Australian woman named Colleen McCullough, describing the lives of an outback family over half a century, beginning in 1915, with much reference to the Roman Catholic Church & its hierarchy in Australia & in Rome. Time Magazine calls it "the Australian sheep opera"; but it is lively, audacious, & highly readable except towards the end, when the authors got lost in her own verbosity & wandered on, unable to part with her characters.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29, 1978 A drizzle of rain all day, not enough to do any good. Neighbour Erik came in this afternoon & worked patiently to unscramble the draw-cords on the window curtains in my living room & dining room. They are temperamental things, not suited to the heavy & long window drapes.

Phone call from Samuel Freeman re movie rights in *The Nymph*. (see Aug 25). Wants to visit me on Tuesday, Sep 19, with director Michael Byrne (or Burns?) and Canadian actress Helen Shaver, who would like to play the part of "Isabel". They have a proposition to make. I said Very Well.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30/78 Sunny & very hot, despite a westerly breeze. Played 18 holes at White Point.

News:- Air Canada has been shut down for ~~several~~ <sup>several</sup> days by wildcat strikes of ground mechanics, repudiating agreements reached by their own union leaders. They have chosen to strike at the time when many people are returning home from their summer <sup>holidays</sup>, threaten to keep Air Canada grounded "for weeks" if their demands are not met. The powerful postal union is threatening another of its long strikes any time now.

This is happening in the midst of a provincial election campaign in Nova Scotia, & the preliminaries of a probable federal election in October, shrewdly preventing or hampering the travel of speech-making politicians, & quite possibly the mailing of federal political propaganda.

THURSDAY, AUG. 31/78 Played 11 holes at White Point under a canopy of low grey cloud, threatening rain, which began to fall in a slow thin way about 6 p.m. & continued thus all night.

FRIDAY, SEP. 1/78 The drizzle continued all day. Except for a trip to the post office I spent it indoors, reading & watching TV.

SATURDAY, SEP. 2, 1978 Fine & hot. Spent the afternoon at golf with Bill Murphy, former neighbour on Park St., & former dentist in Liverpool, who for many years has been manager of the Mersey Sea Woods plant at Liverpool, just off Bristol Avenue, at the government wharf. At first a clever wrangle on federal government funds, the company is now a going concern, employing about 150 men & women on day & night shifts in the factory itself, & another 150 men in its squadron of fishing druggers. Fish prices are now so high that the fishermen are making fabulous wages, & so are the indolent (according to Bill) employees of the factory, who cut & pack the fish.

Received from Mac Millan of Canada a copy of their paperback anthology "Canadian Stories of Action and Adventure", selected by John Stevens & Roger Smith, of the University of Toronto. It contains my short story "Triangle in Steel", originally published by Maclean's Magazine in 1940 & included in my book "Tambour and other stories" by McLelland & Stewart in 1945. Mac Millan got the permission from M & S last spring for \$310, & M. & S. deducted 20% (\$62.00) in their usual greedy way, although they let "Tambour and other stories" go out of print in 1965 & with it their copyright.

SUNDAY, SEP. 3/78 Fine & hot. The golf course was crowded & the play very slow, so I came home after 9 holes, & put a batch of laundry through the washer & dryer. Tom & family spent the day with friends at Ponhook Lake, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, (Labour Day) Sep. 4/78 Overcast with a brisk NE breeze. The first hurricane of the season to reach north of Hatteras is now passing Nova Scotia well to seaward. Played 16 holes at White Point, & bade an affectionate farewell to old friends St. Fred & Virginia Senerchia, who spend every summer at White Point Lodge, & are heading back to New Jersey tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, Sep. 6/78 Golf every afternoon. A note from sister Hilda Bayer at Mahone Bay, saying that she will not donate to the Winnipeg Rifles museum the large framed photograph of Father which hangs on her sittingroom wall. (see Aug. 24) My sister Nellie dropped in today, in a car driven by her grand-daughter Susan Paisly, to talk about this matter. I told her that I would have a framed enlargement made, from a small photo of Father that I have; also a plaque to be hung beneath the picture. She

suggested that we all share the cost of this, but she had not consulted sisters Hilda & Winifred. I told her I would do it myself. Today I wrote Abrams, curator of the Winnipeg Rifles museum, saying that I would send him, in due course, a large framed portrait, with an engraved plaque; also Father's medals; also a small flag bearing the Winnipeg Rifles badge and the letters "90 WR" (the regiment was designated 90th Winnipeg Rifles in the pre-1914 militia list) which was flown outside the Rifles' H.Q. tent on Salisbury Plain in 1914.

THURSDAY, SEP. 7, 1978 Light rain last night & today. Not enough to do the parched earth any good. Sears' repair man replaced a small tube in my TV set, which had suddenly cut off the picture. Cost of tube \$15.33. Service charge (for a half-hour call) \$16.00.

SATURDAY, SEP. 9/78 Rain again & plenty of it. Dr. Granville Nickerson & wife Louise dropped in for a chat & to get a couple of books autographed, shortly before noon, & we lunched on fish chowder at his relative Jerry Nickerson's house, two doors from my own. Granville is the son of Hubert Nickerson, a retired fish merchant here & an old friend of mine. He studied medicine at Salhausie, went on to post-graduate studies at McGill & elsewhere, & for many years has practised & prospered in Montreal.

SUNDAY, SEP. 10/78 Overcast & cool. Spent some time this afternoon planting lawn seed in some of the most barren parts of my back lawn. Looked at E's grave in the cemetery. Some of the lawn seed I planted last spring has survived the summer drought. Later this month I shall spread powdered limestone there, to leach into the topsoil during the coming winter.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam & the boys. Boiled salmon with egg sauce, & home grown potatoes, carrots & beans. Blueberry pie. The berries also picked on their own property.

Tom's talk full of politics, as usual. He thinks John Leefe (Conservative) will win over Hyer (Liberal) in Queens County on Sep. 19. Also thinks Premier Regan will be returned for a third term, but by a much reduced majority.

MONDAY, SEP. 11/78 Overcast & chilly. Rain began at evening. I mowed my lawns for the first time since Aug. 28. Mrs. Bagley phoned to say that she had sprained an ankle & cannot work this week. I put a batch of laundry through the washer & dryer. Also baked a (frozen) apple pie.

Hector MacLeod, Hector Dunlop, & I, examined the Gilbert Kempton photos from Dalhousie Library, & identified many of the places & people.

TUESDAY, SEP. 12, 1978 Rain all day.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 13/78 This morning Bob Neary, Chris Clark & Jack Kyte called on me & we discussed the proposed book or booklet on the history of the Mersey Paper Company. They have in mind a book in hard covers, about 6" by 9" containing about 120 pages of text & about 24 photographs. Neary offered me \$7,000 to do the research & writing, & I agreed. They will pay me \$3,500 in '78 & \$3,500 on completion of the text in the spring of '79. Tentative deadline, Apr. 30/79, which will give plenty of time for the printers & binders. Neary plans to issue the book to employees, customers, & others interested. I suggested that copies be given to all libraries in Nova Scotia, for reference by anyone studying the forest industry, & Neary agreed.

Jack Kyte will assemble pertinent material from the voluminous files in the office vault. Neary will write a formal letter covering my job & fee, & I will write a formal acceptance.

One of the Nauss firm came to see the carpenter-work that I want done, & took measurements for the aluminum-&-rubber threshold for my side door. Thinks they can do the work "some time in October".

THURSDAY, SEP. 14/78 Last night the temp. went down to 46° Fahr't., the coldest of the Fall season so far. Today was sunny but cool.

This afternoon I spread about 20 lbs. of "Vigoro" fertilizer on my lawns. Went up to the College Street cemetery, & spread 50 lbs. of crushed limestone on my burial lot, where it can leach into the topsoil during the coming fall & winter. Added some "Vigoro".

FRIDAY, SEP. 15/78 Sunny & cool with strong W. wind. The Nauss firm sent a carpenter this morning to instal an aluminum-&-rubber threshold under my side door, plus aluminum-&-rubber weather strips along the sides & top. Old "Barney" Sears had botched the job of installing a new side door on March 28, leaving wide gaps on the bottom & sides. The Nauss carpenter spent about 4 hours making it weather-proof.

This afternoon I put 50 lbs. of crushed limestone on my lawns, using the hand-pushed spreader with its winnowing fan.

SATURDAY, SEP. 16/78 Open-&-shut sky, after light showers in the night. The golf course is crowded this weekend with people playing in cup matches, etc., so I stayed at home catching up on correspondence.

The TV programs are cluttered with political yammers, because

the politicians know that only confirmed party hacks will travel to hear them in a hall, & on TV they <sup>can</sup> intrude right into the homes. Now there is no preliminary announcement or warning. In the midst of the best shows, suddenly appears Premier Regan wearing a workman's helmet, or chatting with voters here & there. These Liberal plugs are much more frequent than those of the Tories & N.D.P. Also Regan is much more photogenic & lively than Tory leader Buchanan, who seems to have only one facial expression, of great solemnity.

SUNDAY, SEP. 17, 1978 Sunny & mild. Put a batch of laundry through the washer & dryer. Molly (Hunk) Daly dropped in this afternoon for a brief chat. She is soon to re-marry a widower named Wilson, whom I met at her house on Aug. 6.

Dined with Tom & family at Hunt's Point. Last week they took Debby to Hfx. to begin her studies at King's College. She has a room in the women's residence, Alexandra Hall.

MONDAY, SEP. 18/78 Sunny, with a pleasant W. wind. Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon, & then drove on to lawyer Frank Covert's lovely home near Hunt's Point, facing on Port Mouton bay, like my son Tom's. As a very junior member (he was only 20 years old) of the Hfx. law firm then called Stewart, Mackuen, ~~Roger~~ Smith & Rogers, he drew up the original documents for formation of the Mersay Paper Company, for the perusal and approval of his seniors. He has had much to do with the legal affairs of Mersay ever since. His former seniors are long dead, & he is senior partner in the much enlarged firm of the present day.

About 5 p.m. I had another phone call from Samuel Freeman in Toronto. He & his partner Michael Burns will fly to Halifax tomorrow morning. Canadian film actress Helen Shaver, who is eager to play the part of Isabel in a movie version of "The Nymph & The Lamp", has a public-appearance engagement & will come down on a later plane, arriving at Halifax airport at 5:30 p.m. I suggested that he & Burns await her there, dine, & motor to Liverpool in the evening.

TUESDAY, SEP. 19/78 Sunny after a cold night. Mrs. Bagley came & did the chores, after a week's absence due to a sprained ankle. This is the provincial election day, & I voted for John Leefe at the polling booth in the Lions Club building at the head of Gorham Street. Freeman & Burns arrived from Halifax in a rented car at 2:30 p.m. Both are 35-ish, dark, cleanshaven, but Freeman has a lot of

hair. Freeman's business card says he is a barrister & solicitor in the law firm of Friesdorf, Freeman, of Toronto. Michael Burns did nearly all of the talking. He claims to be a native of Toronto who has spent all of his adult life in the U.S. film business. They had brought with them a video-tape of the film made from W. O. Mitchell's novel "Who Has Seen The Wind". (Bill Mitchell hates the film, incidentally, as he told me in Banff.) We went to the local cablevision studio, & they ran the film on a small closed-circuit TV set. Canadian actress Helen Shaver had a considerable part in the film, but the script hadn't given her much actually in her lines or in action, & I was not particularly impressed. At 3:30 Freeman & Burns drove back to pick her up at Halifax airport. They dined in Hfx & returned here about 9 p.m. Shaver is a tall slim woman, 30-ish, with light brown hair, grey eyes, voluble speech. She had read "The Nymph & The Lamp" & is very anxious to play the part of Isabel. As the current saying goes, she "came on strong", kissed me & squeezed my hand. I was amused but not impressed. She had certainly read the book, & talked intelligently about various bits involving "Isabel". She is no beauty, but not was "Isabel". However, she is utterly unlike the "Isabel" of my conception.

We sat sipping rum & talking till about 11:30, when they left for Halifax. They have arranged for a plane to take them out to Sable Island tomorrow, & intend to spend several hours there looking at the scenes, the ponies, the ruins of my old wireless station, etc. In the talk they were vague about money for the film rights, stressing their desire to make a really good moving picture which would be faithfully to my story. Burns was familiar with the former options held by Maurice Singer & others, & in fact knew the whole history of "The Nymph & The Lamp" including the 1953 television play on the Columbia Broadcasting System, which starred famous movie actors Robert Preston & Margaret Sullivan.

I was non-committal, of course. On leaving, Burns said they would make a definite financial proposition "within a few weeks".

While all this was going on, I missed the election returns until midnight news on TV. Premier Regan's party were badly defeated, winning or rather keeping seats only at the extreme ends of N.S., in the Cape Breton, Antigonish & Guysborough area, & in Shelburne, Yarmouth, & Clare. The returns show the Conservatives now have 31 seats, the Liberals 17, & the NDP 4; total 52. Eight of Regan's

cabinet were ousted, & he retained his own seat in Halifax-Needham by a margin of only 134 votes.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 20, 1978

Again a cold night & a lovely sunny day. Enjoyed two hours of my weird style of golf this afternoon. The movie trio had a perfect day for their visit to Sable Island.

THURSDAY, SEP. 21/78

When I picked up this morning's Halifax Chronicle-Herald I was shocked to read that Dr. Bruce Fergusson had died in a Halifax hospital. Following the death of James Martell he took Martell's late post of Assistant Provincial Archivist in 1946, & became the chief archivist when D. C. Harvey retired in 1956. I was surprised when Fergusson suddenly announced his own retirement in 1977, but I suppose the cause was cancer. He was always very pleasant & obliging whenever I delved in the archives. My visits there ceased when I finished my last historical novel (Hangman's Beach) in 1966.

Nauss came this morning about 10 a.m. with two men & a truck towing a gasoline-engined air compressor & drill. In two hours the men drilled & removed the concrete & asphalt ramp in front of my garage, & also removed the rotten wood of the doorsill. They then departed back to Bridgewater, where the Nauss brothers have their H.Q. As I found 17 years ago, when the Nauss firm re-shingled the main house roof & did a lot of other work, you have to pay for the workmen's time from the moment they leave Bridgewater until they get back there again. This makes the work expensive, but they are much more efficient & ~~then~~ reliable in their undertakings than our local carpentry people.

I drove out to the golf course at 1:15. When I got home at 3 p.m. I found two men at work on the south slope of my garage roof, nailing new shingles over the old ones. By 4 p.m. they had reached the peak of the roof, & evidently decided to leave the north slope for tomorrow. They fiddled about, doing nothing really, until 4:30, when they departed for Bridgewater.

FRIDAY, SEP. 22/78

Overcast & cool. The carpenters finished my garage roof & made a start on my study roof. They arrive at 8 a.m., stop for a 20-minute break at 10, stop again at 12 for an hour's lunch break, stop again at 2:30 for a 20-minute break. At 4 p.m. they finish their actual work for the day but simply put in time until they leave for home at 4:30.

Tonight I was a guest at a dinner party at Mersy Lodge.

The party was in honor of a Bowaters big-wig from London, Robert Knight, with his wife, his middle-aged woman secretary, and a Mrs. Lawrence, a professional researcher, who is here to look into the history of the Mersey mill. Bowaters are celebrating their own 50th anniversary in 1980, & have engaged a prominent British historian to write the book. Mrs. Lawrence & the Knight entourage are visiting the various Bowaters mills in Britain, Europe, North America, etc. Bob Neary had invited me to meet them, & I had a long chat with Mrs. Lawrence about the local history.

News:- Last night in Toronto the annual Canadian Film Award for best actress went to my recent visitor Helen Shaver, for her part in the erotic (& therefore highly successful) movie "In Praise of Older Women". The CBC's late evening TV show, "Canada After Dark" had an interview with her, which I saw after my return from Mersey Lodge. When she was here last Tuesday she had no makeup of any kind, probably on Burns' advice, because the "Isabel" of my story was a shy & reserved woman of no facial beauty. Seen thus, Mrs. Shaver had ordinary features & complexion, & as she was swathed from neck to knee in a shapeless gown, & wore the knee-length Cossack boots of the current smart set fad, I couldn't even guess at her figure. On TV tonight she wore an off-the-shoulder gown, & with make-up she photographs much better.

SATURDAY, SEP. 23, 1978 Officially the first day of autumn, sunny & pleasant. The red maples begin to turn colour.

The November issue of "Playboy" Magazine is now on the stands, & it contains among the usual pictures of nude women a shot from the film "In Praise of Older Women", showing Helen Shaver on her back, naked, showing her all, & about to give her all to a naked male about to mount her.

I played 9 holes at White Point. The course was crowded & the play very slow. About 5 p.m. Helen Shaver phoned from Toronto, reporting that she & Burns & Freeman had flown from Halifax to look at Sable Island. Their plane was unable to land there but it had flown low, especially over the west end where my old wireless station was, & they had got camera shots of everything, including groups of seals & wild ponies, & found it all "fabulous".

I congratulated her on the Canadian Film Award. When I said I had seen the "Playboy" picture she said, "O God! You know, I

don't mind taking off my clothes in a film, it's one of the things you have to do, just part of the work. But when I see a "still" shot of it afterwards I just have to say "O God!"

She said Burns & Freeman will have financial arrangements for filming "The Nymph & The Lamp" completed within a week or so. She herself is flying to Greece for a rest, & taking her 65-year-old mother with her. She will phone me on her return.

My carpenters did not turn up today. They only "work" a five day week.

Tonight from 10 to 11 p.m. the CBC showed their television coverage of Thursday's Canadian Film Awards, including Helen Shaver's presentation.

SUNDAY, SEP. 24, 1978 Sunny & pleasant. Golf this afternoon. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & family. Tom & Pam spent three or four days in Boston this week, seeing shows. They were especially delighted with the musical take-off on Don Quixote, "The Man From La Mancha".

MONDAY, SEP. 25/78 Overcast & cool. The carpenters finished roofing my study this morning. Before they left at 1 p.m. I got them to clean out the gutters with my garden hose, & to sluice the down-spouts, which had been clogged by leaves & debris during the past 3 years. Also they replaced the ornamental green shutter which was blown off my bedroom window in a storm last winter.

Wrote to Sherman Hines Photographic Ltd., Halifax, enclosing a small ( $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ ) photograph of my father, & ordering an enlargement to  $16'' \times 20''$ , in sepia print, placed in a suitable frame of oak or some similar wood, the bottom of the frame to be wide enough to hold an engraved brass tablet about  $4'' \times 2''$ . The print should have a protective spray coating, & regular glass placed over it.

Nature note:- While having my hair cut this morning, the barber told me that one of the crew of a fishing dragger, this morning had shown him camera snapshots of "an eagle", which had alighted on his vessel a few days ago, exhausted, & with its feathers soaked in fuel oil. The dragger was about 150 miles off the coast. The fishermen did not know how to remove the oil from the bird's feathers, but they fed it, & it seemed quite tame. Finally, on the voyage home to Liverpool, the bird "keeled over" & died. Obviously the bird must have been an

osprey ("fish hawk"); but where it got fouled with oil, & how it came to alight on a dragger so far offshore, remain a mystery.

TUESDAY, SEP. 26, 1978 After a chilly night, a fine warm day. The Nauss carpenters came at 12:30 & began digging under my garage in order to get at the defective floor beam. I drove to White Point at 1:30 & played nine holes. About 4 p.m. Nauss & three young labourers arrived with crowbars. They lifted the front end of the garage on jacks, & then with the crowbars slewed it northward about 18 inches, so that it now stands squarely facing the driveway & the street. At the entrance they have cut away the flooring about 3 feet in order to replace the defective beam there.

This evening I had a long conference with Austin Parker about the old Macleod mills & timberlands on the Mersey River, & the early years of Mersey Paper Company. He lent me several pertinent documents, copies of documents, & brochures issued at various times setting forth summaries of Mersey Paper history.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 27, 78 Same weather. Spent the morning studying the papers Austin Parker lent me. Played golf 1½ hours in the afternoon, & met a man from Montreal named Macy, very enthusiastic about my books, including "In My Time".

Two carpenters came to work at 8 a.m., & placed hollow cement blocks (pre-fabricated) as new supports for the garage in its changed position. Also they placed, & cemented together, a new wall of these blocks to support a replacement of the old front beam. At 3 p.m. they packed up & left. I went on with my studies of the Parker documents, & began to type notes.

About 5 p.m. Samuel Freeman phoned from Toronto. After some preliminary small talk he offered to pay \$2,500 for a 2 year option on film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". Or before the expiry of the 2 years, he & his associates would pay \$4,000 for a 2 year renewal. This \$4,000 would not apply on the total purchase price, which would be set at \$40,000.

I said, "In effect, you want to tie up the film rights for 4 years, with a preliminary option fee of \$2,500. As I told you before, very clearly & emphatically, I will not grant options any more. I will sell the rights for \$50,000, nothing less."

Freeman said I was being unreasonable. The days when

large wealthy film companies paid sums ~~the~~ like that, outright, are gone. I retorted that I would not do any more business with people operating on a shoe string. He murmured something about calling me again, & I hung up the phone.

About 10 p.m. my phone rang again. This time it was Mark McCurdy of Lockwood Films, London, Ontario. I have had one or two letters in the past from his business partner (and wife) Nancy Johnson. They are in the documentary film business, & the preparation of TV advertising, etc., & want to branch out with a full film play of "The Kymph & The Lamp". McCurdy now wanted to know if the film rights are still open. I said yes, but only for an outright purchase for \$50,000. He asked if I would sell for a small cash sum & a large share in the profits of the film. I didn't fall for that old come-on, with which I am dreadfully familiar, & said No. Like Freeman, he said he would "consult his partner" & call me again.

THURSDAY, SEP. 28, 1978 The two carpenters came at 8.30 a.m., fiddled about until 10.30, & then departed. A drizzle of rain, so I spent the day indoors working on the Mersey history.

FRIDAY, SEP. 29/78 Sunny & cold with a NW wind. At 11 a.m. Nauss came with a traveling cement mixer & several men, & they poured & smoothed a ramp extending from the edge of my asphalt driveway to the new cement-block base wall. Thus the drip of rain from the garage door will fall on cement, instead of the former wooden sill.

SATURDAY, SEP. 30/78 Sunny & pleasant, after the coldest night yet (36° Fahr.). Played 9 holes at White Point. Had a brief visit by Alice (Samont) Smith of Wolfville, a classmate of my wife at the Old Acadia Ladies' Seminary in 1923. They used to visit back & forth in after years, but I have not seen her in a very long time & didn't know who she was until she told me.

My son Tom, with three chums & bird-dogs, left this morning for their annual woodcock shoot in New Brunswick.

SUNDAY, OCT. 1/78 Overcast & mild. The golf course crowded today by the season's end tournament with mixed men's & ladies' foursomes, so I worked on the preliminary chapter of the Mersey Paper history, bringing it down to the advent of J. W. Killam on the scene.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Pamela, Tommy & Blait.

MONDAY, OCT. 2/78 Light drizzle of rain, not enough to do the land any good. A carpenter came at 9 a.m. & spent about an hour

removing the wooden forms at the sides of my new concrete ramp. I had him check the garage door to make sure that it closes properly after the jacking & shifting of the structure.

Leslie the painting contractor promised me last winter that he would do my house interior, but added that he was booked up till June. I have heard nothing from him since, & obviously he doesn't want to bother with a one-room-at-a-time job. My charlady, Mrs. Bagley, told me that she enjoys painting interior walls & woodwork, & she is willing to come an extra day every week to do mine. So this morning Pamela & I went to Mosher's paint store & picked out a good off-white paint, one gallon to start with, plus a can of thinner, brushes & roller.

In the afternoon Rauss came with two men & a truck, & removed the rubbish of the job. I told him the whole work had been well done & I was satisfied. I spent about an hour cleaning up the garage interior, & then drove my car inside. How easy it is now! Should have had it done years ago.

TUESDAY, ~~SEP~~ 3, 1978 Showers last night, chilly & overcast today. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & finished her house-cleaning chores as usual by 10:30. She will start painting the sun porch tomorrow morning. This afternoon I mowed my lawns for the first time since Sep. 11. They still need a good soaking rain, but the fertilizer I applied on Sep. 14 is showing effect & my long-parched turf is mostly green again.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4/78 Overcast & cold, with a light drizzle of rain at evening. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked until 4 p.m. painting my sun porch, with half an hour out for lunch. Like so many country women, shut in during the long winters, she had almost a lifetime of experience with interior painting, & she loves to do it. When it came to payment she refused to say how much she ought to have, & I haven't hired a painter for many years. When I suggested \$25 for the day's work she said it was far too much. She accepted \$20, & I drove her home to Eagle Head.

In the afternoon I did some fall chores, putting the wooden storm door on my side entrance, closing & caulking the air vent under my study, & caulking the cellar windows facing Anderson's house. Dr. John Wickwire came with Keve Collins Farish of B.C. & his wife, both tall & in their sixties. He is a great grandson of Dr. Henry G. Farish, who practised medicine in Liverpool for many years & died in 1912 at the age of 92.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4, 1978 (continued) Letter from Bob Weary, President & General Manager of Bowater Mersey Paper Co. confirming our verbal agreement of Sep. 13. I replied my acceptance, for the record.

THURSDAY, OCT. 5/78 Showers of rain. Worked on the Mersey history. A tall man named Clifford Mader, sixty-ish, from Cape Breton, came to see me this afternoon. An amateur writer of short stories, hitherto unpublished, he had the usual questions about editors, publishers, agents etc. I told him what I could.

My neighbour Evelyn White, 80-ish, still has a vegetable garden every year, & today she sent a grand-daughter with a bag of fine ripe tomatoes. Mailed a cheque for ~~\$500~~ \$2,500 to the Receiver General of Canada, a pre-payment on my 1978 income tax. Also wrote a cheque for \$500 as my annual contribution to Zion United Church here in Liverpool.

FRIDAY, OCT. 6/78 A light rain all day & night. Working away at the Mersey history, the familiar slow & tedious business of checking names, dates, etc., & getting back into my old obsessive working habit after the long hiatus since "In My Time".

SATURDAY, OCT. 7/78 Damp & mild. I found thick sea fog at White Point this morning when I went there to bring my golf cart & clubs home. Henceforth until the snow comes to stay, I shall use my light shoulder-bag containing the few clubs I really need. There won't be much of it, because from now on I must spend every possible afternoon at the Mersey mill, digging into the annual reports of the directors' meetings, & interviewing retired & active Mersey men in mill operation, forest operations, shipping & sales. To produce a complete book text by May 1/79 I've got to work damned hard, with time out for the domestic chores of a man living alone & preparing his own meals, laundry, etc., & for correspondence & visitors, & the continuing business of my publications, movie & TV rights, etc.

SUNDAY, OCT. 8/78 Alternate sunshine & dark-bellied cirrus clouds, with a brisk & cool W. wind. Having had no real exercise since Sep. 30 I was glad to play 9 holes at White Point, although the course was crowded. Sined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Tom was back from his woodcock hunt in N.B. His party (five guns) got about 100 birds in five days, not good hunting. Two days were pouring rain, in which the dogs could not scent the birds.

Interesting note :- One of the party was Chris Clark, in charge of labour relations (& public relations) at the Mersey paper mill. In chat he mentioned that the lowest paid man in the company's employ today

is a janitor who sweeps & cleans the office at night, & he gets \$15,500 a year. Debby was home for the Thanksgiving holiday, with a new haircut & looking & talking very much the sophisticated young woman, nothing like the shy & withdrawn girl she was only a year or so ago. She enjoys life at King's.

MONDAY, OCT. 9, 1978 After a chilly (40° Fahr.) night, a dark & chilly day. For exercise I spent an hour cutting the grass on my front lawn with the push-mower & clippers, which make a much neater job than the heavier electric machine. This is Thanksgiving Day, so I dined on (pre-cooked & frozen) roast turkey slices, with gravy, bread stuffing, mashed potato & peas, with apple pie for dessert. On checking over Bob Heary's specifications for the Mersey book, I find that he wants about 100 pages of text, for a book with pages 9" x 6". Working this out by printer's measure (6 letters or punctuation marks to a word) I reached a total of roughly 35,000 words. I have been busy writing the preliminary history of wood-using industry on the Mersey river, hunting up & checking every name & date, & already I have about 15,000 words. This will have to be drastically shortened. Indeed, to cram 50 years of the Mersey paper industry into 35,000 words I must eliminate much of what I planned.

TUESDAY, OCT. 10, 1978 Cloudy sky with a few glints of sunshine. Got some putty-like caulking stuff in round strips ("Esquimo Seal Crack") & sealed the bottom of the aluminium storm window of the kitchen, which the carpenters overlooked when they installed it last December. Also caulked the inside of the cellar window facing Andersen's. This completes my preparations for winter. The maples everywhere have been gorgeous this month, but now the leaves are falling fast.

This evening on TV I enjoyed the first "world series" ball game of this year, between the old rivals, Los Angeles Dodgers & New York Yankees. A frost tonight, just when two of my few rose bushes are about to open buds for the second time.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 11/78 Mrs. Bagley came this morning, cleaned the rooms upstairs, & finished painting the sun porch. The Rossignol garage people gave my car the annual government-require check on brakes, lights, steering gear etc.

THURSDAY, OCT. 12/78 Mild & hazy. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 3:30 at her painting job. She got half of the living room done; it looks excellent. Played golf for 11 holes, feeling languid in the soft air.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1978 Mild & damp. About 1:30 p.m. Samuel Freeman phoned from Toronto. Since his paltry offer for an option on *The Nymph* on Sep. 27, which I refused, he now proposes to pay \$15,000 for a 1 year option on a purchase price of \$50,000. This \$15,000 will apply as part payment of the \$50,000 if the purchase is completed. At the end of that year, he can renew for a second year on payment of a further \$10,000, which will not apply on the purchase price. At the end of the second year he can renew for 2 more years on payment of a further \$10,000.

In short, he proposed to tie up *The Nymph* for 4 years, with periodic <sup>instalments</sup> payments amounting to \$25,000 <sup>before final purchase</sup>. I said I would go along with that. He said he was very pleased, & "I'll get back to you."

SUNDAY, OCT. 15/78 A slow but steady rain all night & today. Busied myself with household chores, putting a week's laundry through the washer & then the dryer, & stowing it away; installing new white plastic covers over the switches & electric outlets in the living room in place of the old brown ones, etc. Worked a little on the *Mersey* history.

At 5 p.m. Eleanor Green, 40-ish blond widow of old friend "Mir" Green, former head of Bowaters *Mersey* paper mill, picked me up with her car & drove to Hunt's Point, where we had drinks & talk & dinner with Tom, Pam, & their two young men. The meal was mainly woodcock & partridge breasts, from Tom's recent hunt in N.B., with fiddle-head greens from N.B. (frozen since last spring) & rice & green peas. Delicious. Eleanor drove me home at 9:30 p.m. She has removed her marriage & engagement rings from her left hand, & I think would like to re-marry with a suitable man of her own age.

In baseball World Series, in New York this afternoon, the N.Y. Yankees gave the Los Angeles Dodgers a ludicrous defeat, 12-2.

MONDAY, OCT. 16/78 Sunny & cool. The postal union are at it again, a strike just at the busy pre-Christmas season. The militant groups in key centres like Halifax, & of course Montreal & Toronto, already have walked off the job. Jack Kyle, of the Personnel & Public Relations office at the *Mersey* paper mill, & a neighbour of mine on Park Street, picked me up at 1:30 & took me to the mill offices, where I worked in a vacant conference room until 4 p.m., making notes from bound volumes of the minutes of the directors' meetings, beginning in 1928. Kyle then brought me home, with several volumes of minutes, also scrapbooks, carefully kept, containing newspaper reports from

information furnished by the company, about the building of the mill & its acquisition of timberlands, etc. This gives me material enough to work on at home for a considerable time.

Sherman Hines has sent me the enlarged (16" x 20") portrait of my father, coated with a transparent protective spray, & suitably framed & glassed. Before I can send it to Winnipeg, I must find someone to make a strong wooden case for it.

At 6 p.m. Samuel Freeman phoned again from Toronto. He wishes to amend the verbal agreement for purchase, to this:-

On or shortly after Jan. 1, 1979, his group will pay me \$15,000 for a 2 year option, which will expire in January 1981. At that time they ~~will~~ <sup>must</sup> commit themselves to purchase, but they may want more time to arrange production. Hence in January 1981, if they decide to purchase, they will pay me \$15,000 for one year's extension, to January 1982, at which time they pay me \$20,000, thus paying the total purchase price of \$50,000.

I stipulated that I must be given 30 days notice of their intention to renew or give up the option in January 1981, & he agreed. He will write me a letter of intent, in a few days' time.

TUESDAY, OCT. 17, 1978 Temp. 31° Fahr. last night, the first freeze of the season. Mrs. Bagley came & did her cleaning chores. I spent all morning studying a bound volume of minutes of Messy directors' meetings, & making typed notes from 1928 to 1930. I was a lowly book-keeper then in their company's employ, seeing the outward results of the directors' deliberations, so I find it very interesting now to read what was going on behind the scenes.

Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon under a grey sky, in a temp. of 48° Fahr. No mail is moving through Hfx. so I didn't go to the post office.

News:- Fifteen federal by-elections were held yesterday in various constituencies across Canada. The Liberals won only two, both in P.Q. Conservatives won 8. The NDP won 2. The others Social Credit. It seems clear that in the general election in the early months of 1979 the Liberals will have few seats outside of P.Q. Trudeau is very unpopular now, even with many Liberals, & there are rumours that he will retire to make way for a more acceptable leader before the 1979 election.

Erik Andersson came in this evening & we watched the Yankees beat the Dodgers, the 6th game of the series, & their 4th win in a row.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1978 Another freezing night (30° Fahr.) & at noon the temp. was only 40°, with a sharp NW breeze, so no golf. I walked to the printer's office to pick up my copy of the Advance, but spent the rest of the day making notes from the Mersey directors minutes. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & painted walls & windows in my living room. She lunched with me, & worked again until 3:30, when I took her home.

This evening Michael Burns phoned, presumably from Los Angeles, & said he was delighted to learn that I had come to an agreement with Samuel Freeman about movie rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. I said bluntly that I have not received Freeman's letter-of-intent. He assured me that I would get it in "a day or two, by courier if not by mail." He went on to say they were going to make a wonderful picture, starting filming near July, they hoped. They hope also that I will help with my advice. "Bye-Bye"

THURSDAY, OCT. 19/78 Overcast, threatening rain. Worked on notes for the Mersey book all day, except for my weekly trip to the supermarket.

FRIDAY, OCT. 20/78 Worked on the Mersey notes all morning. Moved my front lawn, but rain prevented anything further. My good neighbour Erik made a stout plywood case, with foam rubber inside, for shipping my father's portrait to Winnipeg. I have received no reply to my letter of Sep. 7, to the curator of the regimental museum, & will not send the portrait, medals, etc. until I do.

About 4:30 Samuel Freeman phoned from Toronto, saying he had sent his confirmatory letter-of-intent by courier, & I should have it by now. I said I had received nothing. He said he would check "from this end."

SATURDAY, OCT. 21/78 Sunny & mild. Worked at my typewriter all morning on Mersey notes. Didn't stop for my usual meagre lunch. From 1:30 to 3:30 worked outdoors, raking & removing fallen leaves, & then mowing the side & back lawns. The fertilizer I spread in mid-September has shown its effect since the long drought ended, & most of the dead areas are now grown over & flourishing.

SUNDAY, OCT. 22/78 Sunny & mild (65° Fahr.) Played 9 holes at White Point. Would have played more, but all the benches have been stored for the winter, & on a second round I need to rest from time

to time. Many players out. Noticed kids paddling in the sea.

Sailed at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, Tommy & Blair.

This is probably the last time (for the season) that I can drive there & return before dark.

MONDAY, OCT. 23, 1978 Calm & mild. Tempted to play golf this afternoon, but stuck to my desk & the Mersey notes. Nauss came to the door with the bill for their job on my garage etc. Total \$1,155.14.

Bill Stitt, bandmaster of the Mersey band, & one of the Canadian Legion officials, came & asked me to give the Remembrance Day address at the Legion dinner on Nov. 11. I agreed.

Jack Kyte brought me another batch of scrapbooks & bound volumes of minutes of Mersey directors' meetings, & took away those I have gone through.

TUESDAY, OCT. 24, 1978 The temp. dropped suddenly to freezing point this morning & brought specks of snow, the first of the season here at Liverpool. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning & dusting chores. He cleaned the books out of the small book case in the dining room, also the contents of the china cabinet, & moved them into mid-floor. She will start painting in the dining room tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 25/78 Temp. 29° Fahr. last night. Rose to 50° by 12:45, when I drove to White Point & played 9 holes in bright sunshine. About noon a panel truck, bearing the sign "Parolator Courier Service" arrived with the letter-of-intent from Samuel Freeman, sent on Oct. 19 from Toronto. No faster than our dilatory postal service. He refers to "our clients" as "Bartalk Productions Limited and Tel-Pro Entertainment Inc. - the purchasers".

As set forth in the letter, they are to pay \$15,000 for the right to purchase for the total sum of \$50,000 any time up to and including Jan. 2, 1981. If exercised, this \$15,000 option payment shall be applied to purchase price. If Purchasers exercise the option, the balance of purchase price is to be paid as follows:-

\$15,000 on or before Jan. 2, 1981  
20,000 Jan. 2, 1982

In no case shall the balance of purchase price be paid later than the first day of principal photography of any motion picture based on the novel. Purchasers shall give you notice on or before December 1, 1980 of their intention to exercise the option."

THURSDAY, OCT. 26, 1978 Windy & mild, with sprinkles of rain. Mrs. Bagley finished painting the dining room. Samuel Freeman phoned at noon, asking about the letter-of-intent. The letter states that "the purchasers" are "Bartalk Productions Limited and Tel-Pro Entertainment Inc."

I said that "Bartalk" is an obvious play on words, & demanded to know who & where these people were. He said Yes, it is a play on words & consists entirely of Michael Burns & himself; Bartalk was properly registered in Ontario as a company about two months ago, for the promotion & production of motion pictures, including television.

"Tel-Pro" is owned 50% by Canadian Cable Systems, which in turn owns 49% of Canadian Famous Players.

I said, "So I'm dealing entirely with Canadian corporate bodies,?"

He answered, "Yes". I said, "I'm willing to endorse your letter-of-intent on that basis, with one addition to the text. Where your opening paragraph says 'all motion picture and subsidiary and ancillary rights thereto' - I want to insert between 'rights' and 'thereto' the following: - 'excepting book publishing and other printing rights'. Freeman agreed, & asked me to write this into the letter-of-intent, & to initial it. The postal strike ended last night, when the government declared it would discharge all postal workers not on the job by midnight. So Freeman agreed that I should send the endorsed letter of intent by registered mail.

FRIDAY, OCT. 27/78 Showers, mild. Posted the endorsed letter to Freeman by registered mail this morning. This afternoon I drove to the railway station & sent Father's portrait by C.N. Express, insured for \$200. Total cost \$7.10. With Erik's stout wooden case, it weighed 25 lbs. In large black printed letters on both sides, I addressed it to: - Curator, Regimental Museum, Royal Winnipeg Rifles, 969 St. Matthew's Avenue, Winnipeg. Received my usual parcel of books from Marlboro. This evening Jack Kyte brought two more volumes of minutes of Mersey directors' meetings for my perusal.

SUNDAY, OCT. 29/78 Sunny & mild (55° in the sun) yesterday & today, & played golf in the afternoons. "Daylight Time" ended for the season at midnight last night, & the clocks went back one hour. This makes it impossible to get back from Hunt's Point in daylight after dinner, so Tom took me there at 5 p.m., & Pamela, having an errand in town, brought me back at 8.

MONDAY, OCT. 30/78 Sunny but cold (40° Fahr.) with a N.W. breeze, so after my morning walk to the post office I stayed indoors at my

typewriter, working on the Mersey book. Erik Anderssen came in at 9 p.m. for a chat & watch the TV shows, sipping rum. He, & Austin Parker, Hector Dunlop, & Parker's American brother-in-law Mitchell, go to Eagle Lake tomorrow for a few days of deer hunting. Parker is 83, Erik 78, Dunlop 79, & Mitchell about the same. All are active men, untrammelled by arthritis or eyesight trouble, as I am. I would love to see the old camp & the familiar lake again, but being lame & bent, & partly blind, I shall never see them again.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31, 1978 Very windy, but mild, with open- & shut sky. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & did the cleaning chores. Tomorrow she starts painting my study, so we removed the pictures from the south wall & the books & bookcases there.

I have got my Mersey notes (from directors' minutes) down to the purchase by Bowaters in June 1956 for £53,754,501.10. My friend Austin Parker, treasurer of Mersey Paper Co., was appointed liquidator, & his final report dated July 10, 1962 states that "The remaining expenses of liquidation are being paid by Bowaters Mersey Paper Company Limited."

This is Hallowe'en. I had laid in a carton of apples, & a good supply of cellophane-wrapped candies of various kinds, & from 5.45 to 8.30 I doled them out to an almost continual procession of masked hobgoblins, about 80 or 90 in all. The usual pattern; first the neighbourhood kids, with papa or mama hovering in the offing, then the older ones from more distant parts, & finally troops of youths & girls in the late teens, as many as a dozen at a time. At 8.40, like my neighbours, I switched off my porch light & closed shop. Only a scattered few thumped at the door after that.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1/78 Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & painted in my study until 3.30, with time out for lunch. I drove to White Point about 12.45 & played 9 holes under a lead-coloured canopy of clouds, in a chilly breeze from the sea. Still wearing summer underwear (cotton shorts & T-shirt) I found it very uncomfortable, with the wind blowing up my trouser legs, & my flesh bare from calf to thigh.

News: - Over the past two months the U.S. stock markets have suffered a great decline, following the decline in value of the dollar abroad. Some people liken it to the great autumn crash of

1929, but there are safeguards against speculation on large margin since then, & there is no comparison. President Carter today announced that the U.S. government will bolster the dollar abroad by selling some of its huge stock of gold.

Canadian stock markets & the Canadian dollar, as usual, have weakened with their U.S. counterparts. Unfortunately we have no Fort Knox stuffed with gold. Canada now has the highest rate of unemployed people in the world west of the Iron curtain. Apart from all this I note that Canadian & U.S. newsprint mills have lately raised the price of paper to \$370 per metric ton. In the U.S. this means \$345 per ton of 2,000 lbs. In 1929 the newly built Mersey paper mill was selling paper at \$38 per ton of 2,000 lbs, delivered at New York, undercutting the other Canadian mills whose price was \$40.

Jack Kyte brought another batch of Mersey scrapbooks, & two volumes of minutes of Board meetings. There is a very noticeable difference in the minutes after the Bowater takeover. Prior to that time the minutes give good summaries of statements by the mill manager, woods manager, mill engineer, sales manager, & superintendent of marine operations. After Bowater's takeover the Board meetings record just perfunctory matters, with little detail, reflecting the branch-plant attitude in all things.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2, 1978 Sunny, with the same blustering wind but from S.W., whirling dead leaves about the streets. Played 9 holes at White Point, wearing winter "double-barrelled" underwear for the first time since May 23rd.

FRIDAY, NOV. 3/78 Sunny & pleasant, light SW wind. Played 9 holes at White Point, bareheaded & comfortable. A few other players out.

The November issue of "Saturday Night" is almost entirely devoted to Canadian book publishing. Among other things it says:-  
"In the last 3 years the Canada Council has spent \$105,000 sending 231 authors on promotion tours. Best-sellers such as Farley Mowat and Pierre Berton, who could probably hibernate and still sell out the bookstores, are subsidized along with first novelists & poets."

And this:- "The great Canadian book business success story of the 1970s is the astonishing growth of Canadian chain bookstores. Just a decade ago, the three chains in Canada had about 50 stores. By the end of this year they'll have more than five times as many."

FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1978 (continued)

During my own heyday in the 1940's & 1950's there were cities in Canada with as many as 100,000 people that had not one real bookstore - just a few shelves in a department store & the racks of paperbacks in drug stores. Halifax had one, The Book Room, which still flourishes, despite competition from at least 6 others.

Jack McClelland told "Saturday Night" :- "I think the bookstore chains are a positive force. They've been taking books to the people. The chains have made it possible for publishing to expand."

SUNDAY, NOV. 5/78 Mild & calm, with a hazy sun. At 12:30 Austin & Vera Parker took me to Tom's place at Hunt's Point, where the Raddalls & Charles Mackintoshes were giving a drinks-&-buffet lunch party in honour of Eleanor Green's daughter Peggy, & fiancee, a Halifax man named Gorman, who are to be married shortly. About 50 or 60 people. I enjoyed chatting with old friends & new acquaintances. Home at 3:30.

TUESDAY, NOV. 7/78 Gdf this afternoon in continuing mild weather. A bush of big yellow roses outside my study is in full bloom, for the second time since spring, despite the night frosts lately. Mrs. Bagley came as usual this morning to do the weekly cleaning & dusting.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9/78 Showers, but no real rain. Lakes, rivers, & wells are very low. Working on the Mercury history. Mrs. Bagley painting my study, yesterday & today.

~~FRIDAY~~  
~~SATURDAY~~, NOV. 10/78 Overcast & mild. Worked all afternoon with neighbour Erik's gasoline motor-mower, with its big collecting bag, clearing the fallen leaves from my lawn. Afterwards we chatted over ale in my den.

News:- I was somewhat surprised in 1977 when Bruce Ferguson announced his resignation as Provincial Archivist, & shocked at the news of his death last September. Today the CBC news broadcast had another shocking item about him. The new Provincial Archivist had revealed that during Ferguson's last years at the Archives a systematic thief or thieves had stolen many valuable letters dating back to the time when there were no envelopes, & postal marks were stamped on the outer fold, with the date written by pen-&-ink. These old postmarks are much sought by philatelists, who offer very high prices & ask no questions. A number of such postmarked letters had been sold in Toronto, & the

rest may be scattered all over North America. The present Archivist estimates that, based on philatelists' values, the stolen documents could have been sold for as much as half a million dollars. It is now known that Dr. Ferguson had discovered the thefts during his last years in office, but apparently shrank from revealing them. A leading philately expert in Toronto told the C'BC that Ferguson had been inexcusably careless. Apparently the thief or thieves were regular visitors to the reading room, signing the register with false names. They would ask to see various documents, slip one or two deftly into a pocket or briefcase, & return the rest for another time.

McClelland & Stewart have sent me Volume 2 of the pretentious collection called "Literature in Canada", which contains my story "The Wedding Gift". Permission was granted by McClelland & Stewart, who have paid me no fee, & indeed did not consult me at all. (But see entry Dec. 13)

The editors are two young professors of English at the University of Guelph, one of whom got a Ph. D. from Queens University in 1971, the other from York University in 1975.

They include one short story or essay from each of such ancients as F. P. Grove, Ethel Wilson, Morley Callaghan, Hugh MacLennan, Ernest Buckler, Gabrielle Roy, W. O. Mitchell, Margaret Laurence, Mordecai Richler, Rudy Wiebe & myself.

The rest of this huge volume (761 pages, each 6" by 9") is given over largely to "poetry", much of it written by young Ph. D.'s like themselves, in teaching positions & eager to be published in the "publish or perish" tradition. Some of it makes sense, but most of it is without rhyme, rhythm or reason, & about mental trivialities. A lot of it is absolute drivel. And this is being put forth as a kind of bible for students of Canadian literature!

SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1978 Overcast & mild. At 1 p.m. a car came for me & took me to Legion Hall for the Remembrance Day dinner. A large gathering of veterans & their wives. I made the after-dinner speech. After the usual photographs I had pleasant chats with Fred & George Braine, Admiral Boyle, & others.

SUNDAY, NOV. 12/78 A cold (40° Fahr.) grey day, with a keen wind, so I stayed indoors. Debbie Raddall, home from King's for the weekend, picked me up with the small car & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Yesterday Tom had taken his bird-dog Sandy to the Valley



WALLACE MacDONALD

## Veteran screen star dies

CAMARILLO, Calif. — Wallace MacDonald, 87, a veteran of more than 40 years in Hollywood, died this week at his home in Camarillo.

Born in Nova Scotia, he was a son of the late Archibald and Clara MacDonald, Mulgrave, Guysborough County.

He spent his youth in Sydney and Halifax and after beginning a career with the Royal Bank succumbed to the lure of the stage, arriving in Hollywood in 1914.

He began his screen career in 1914 as a minor player for Mack Sennett's Keystone Studio appearing in a variety of Keystone comedies, including seven with Charlie Chaplin in that year.

His career was interrupted when he returned to Halifax to serve with the 10th Halifax Siege Battery, during the First World War.

In 1919 he returned to California to resume a career that eventually included work as actor, singer, writer, director and producer. He appeared mainly as a romantic lead in the 1920s, appearing opposite such leading ladies as Clara Bow, Anna Q. Nilsson, Theda Bara, Pola Negri and the Talmadge sisters.

Before joining Columbia Pictures as a producer in 1937, he participated in serials, comedies, westerns and musicals. In all, he appeared in 130 films including, *The Sea Hawk*, *The Spoilers*, *Love and Glory* and *Maytime*.

He began his second career by producing Rita Hayworth's first film and continued on to produce 110 films for Columbia including *My Name is Julia Ross*, *Cell 2455*, *Death Row*, *Man in the Dark* and five Boris Karloff features. He retired in 1958.

He is survived by his wife Helen; his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hilda MacDonald, Halifax; and four nephews, David, Toronto; Peter, Hanover, Ont.; Brian, Canberra, Australia; and Alan, Halifax.

He was predeceased by his only brother, Mr. Justice Vincent C. MacDonald.

again, & got five pheasants, most of them in fields & marshes near Round Hill. He says that most Valley farmers along the Valley today refuse permission to shoot on their lands, & many are vigilant & truculent about it.

This evening my sister Nellie Cassidy phoned to wish me a happy birthday tomorrow. She has just returned from 12 weeks' touring by plane, bus & car, visiting old friends in Vermont, Ohio & Cincinnati.

MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1978 I'm 75 today. None of my family remembered my birthday except Nellie; but then I don't remember theirs except that my sisters Winifred & Hilda, like myself & my son Tom, were all born sometime in November.

Worked at the Mersey history this morning & afternoon, with a break of two hours for a walk around the golf course. Sunny, but temp. 40° Fahr., so I didn't take my clubs. Several younger men were playing. I cut back my four rose bushes for the winter. Two had fat buds about to open, so I brought the budded stems indoors & put them in a bowl of water.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15/78 Sunny, light NW breeze, temp. 42° Fahr. Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon. This evening I attended the meeting of the Historical Society in the basement of Zion Church. President John McEaul had nothing to report on the proposed new museum. Newly elected M.L.A. John Leefe said he would press the provincial govt. to pay its share, & he expected no difficulty. Much will depend on the federal govt., which is cutting expenditures in all directions. The speaker was Bill Boulton of New Grafton, who gave a paper on the history & folklore of North Queens.

The Nov. 13 issue of Maclean's has an article on three Canadian movie actresses who "represent a new breed of actress; up-&-comers with stylish drive. They run their own shows, pass up the fast flash & the quick buck, & hold out for the future. One of them is Helen Shaver, who is "waiting for that big international break — a thoroughbred waiting, poised, for the gates to fly open. Last year she turned down an offer from Hollywood, a seven-year deal to make 5 TV movies and 2 features. She snaps, "I just wasn't going to sign my life away." She is 27, from St. Thomas, Ontario, daughter of an English father & a French-Canadian mother."

THURSDAY, Nov. 16, 1978 Sunny & cold (40° Fahr.) with a keen N. wind. Played nine holes at White Point in 1 hour 15 minutes.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17/78 Same sun & temp., but just a light air from S.E., & I enjoyed 9 holes of golf, barehanded. Took my car to Rossignol Garage & had my snow tires put on the rear end.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18/78 A sea gale with rain at intervals, not enough to fill the wells & streams after the very dry summer & fall. Worked on the Mersey history.

SUNDAY, Nov. 19/78. Pleasant day, 50° Fahr., light SW breeze. Played nine holes at White Point. On returning home I stopped my car about half way along the driveway because I wanted to stow my summer rear tires in the back of the garage before driving the car in. I happened to glance at the front wheels, & perceived that I had stopped just short of a line of roofing nails, laid carefully across the driveway by some child or idiot prankster.

These nails have wide heads & short ~~spikes~~ spikes, devilish for puncturing tires.

MONDAY, Nov. 20/78 Cold (20° Fahr. last night) & windy, so I stayed indoors working on the Mersey history. At evening, snow began to fall slowly, although the wind had dropped, & it continued all night.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21/78 Continued cold, with a thin layer of snow on the ground, pressed into ice on the streets by motor traffic.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22/78 Continued cold. The highway crews spread salt on the streets & highways, & by afternoon a car was quite safe.

At 7.45 Mrs. Bagley arrived for a day's painting. To clear the east end of my study, I had to remove all my letter files before I could move the metal filing cabinets, & there were umpteen framed photographs, etc., to be taken off the walls. She worked until 3.30 p.m., putting a first ~~coat~~ coat on the east wall of the study, & then a first coat on the lower ~~hall~~ (front) hall. She gets a car ride to town in the morning with a man who works in the book-binding plant on the White Point road, & I drive her home to Eagle Head in the afternoon, a round trip of about 16 miles.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/78 Cold. Streets are bare but snow stays on the ground. Mrs. Bagley completed painting my study & the house entrance hall. She helped me to put the den furniture back into place, & to replace books & letter files, a hot & tiring business.

Phone call from <sup>MARK</sup> McCurdy of Lockwood Films, London, Ont. enquiring about film rights in *The Nymph*. His partner Nancy Johnson wrote to me first in Sep. '77, & he phoned last Sept. 27. I said then that I would sell for \$50,000, but I would grant

no more options. Today I informed him that the film rights are in process of sale, & I expected to receive a contract for signing about Dec. 2. He said, "Is this final?" I said, "After all my experience with film people, I will believe this deadly deal when I see the contract and a certified cheque for the first payment." He said, "I will phone you again about Dec. 15."

SUNDAY, NOV. 26, 1978 Weather continues windy & cold, with a few light dustings of snow. Sailed with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point.

An old friend, Maynard Colp, died in the local hospital today. He was a native of Port Mouton, born 1894, who enlisted as a carpenter-mechanic in the Royal Flying Corps in 1917. Served in Canada then & after War One at Eastern Passage as flight engineer. In War Two he rose to the rank of Group Captain, in charge of the big RCAF repair depot at Houdou, N.B. A few years ago, in sessions at my house, I wrote a summary of his memoirs, now among my papers at Dalhousie Library.

MONDAY, NOV. 27/78 Still windy & cold. (20° Fahren) Walked to the post office in full winter regalia, from my thickest wooden underwear to a green wooden toque pulled down over my ears. The Hfx. weather bureau ("Environment Canada") forecast a snowstorm, followed possibly by light rain, & mentioned in passing that for the past ten days we have had January temperatures. The snow began about dusk.

TUESDAY, NOV. 28/78 Up at 6:45 a.m. to shovel a path for Mrs. Bagley. About 5" of snow on the ground, with a light drizzle turning it to a heavy slush. Mrs. Bagley came a little after 8 & departed at 10:30. She will start painting upstairs tomorrow. I pulled on my fisherman's rubber boots, got my mail, & shoveled my driveway from the side door to the garage before quitting for lunch. In the afternoon I completed my snow-shoveling job to the street. There had been just enough rain to make the stuff heavy, so it was hard work, especially where the street plough had thrown up its barrier. The mail brought a belated birthday card from daughter Frances Dennis. Her prodigal son Gregory is coming home for Christmas, hopes to get a job in Halifax, & then to resume college studies next Fall.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29/78 A hard freeze last night changed the soggy snow to concrete, so I'm glad I shoveled out my driveway yesterday. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & painted upstairs, beginning with my bedroom.

At 2 p.m. I attended the funeral service for Maynard Colp in Zion Church. The Canadian Legion provided pallbearers. The church was filled.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1978 Still cold & windy, hence no outdoor exercise except the morning walk to the post office & shops. Began to write Christmas cards.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2/78 Same weather & walk. Wrote more Xmas cards.

About 6 p.m. Samuel Freeman phoned again about movie rights in *The Nymph*. Now he proposes to send the initial payment of \$15,000 to the Halifax law firm of Stewart, MacKeen and Covert (Frank Covert's firm), to be paid to me when S.M. & C. have furnished Bartalk Productions Ltd. and Tel-Pro Entertainment Inc. with a guarantee to warrant and defend my clear title to the performing rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp* against all or any other claimants. He said that the previous owners of the option, Maurice Singer and Gary Mehlman, would probably try to assert their claims, whether justified or not, and Freeman and his partners had to protect themselves. What he did not say, although it was obvious, was that my personal guarantee was not enough.

Obviously, too, S.M. & C. would not undertake to warrant and defend my title without a thorough investigation into all previous correspondence & phone calls about option contracts. Long ago I found that movie & TV entrepreneurs prefer to do the preliminary approaches by telephone (a) because it's quick and (equally important) (b) it leaves no record of promises made or big names dropped.

Hence, long ago, I entered the gist of these conversations in my diary. Covert's lawyers would have to see these entries, scattered over years, before they could get a clear history — and in any case a diary entry is in no way a legal document.

I was furious & said "This is turning out to be another headache in the long series of headaches I've had over these film rights, and I want no more. So I say the hell with it." Freeman said, "You don't mean that." Then he asked me to send him a Xerox copy of the option contract with Gary Mehlman. I reminded him that he had told me, in a previous phone conversation, that he had seen and copied Mehlman's contract as submitted to the Canadian Film Development Corporation in 1976. He now shuffled, & asked me to send the Xerox. He was still talking suavely when I closed the conversation.

In my 76th year my time is too short for any more of this stuff, especially now that I have bequeathed all rights in my books to Dalhousie University. After my death the glib movie people can do their talking to Dalhousie lawyers.

*Hfx. Chronicle Herald*  
*Nov. 27, 1978*

## **Capt. M. L. Colp dies in Liverpool**

LIVERPOOL — Group Captain Maynard L. Colp, OBE (Ret'd), 84, of Liverpool, died Sunday in Queens General Hospital, Liverpool.

Born in Port Mouton, he was a son of the late Simeon and Margaret (Stewart) Colp.

He was a member of Zetland Lodge No. 9 AF and AM and a member of Mersey Branch No. 38 Royal Canadian Legion. He began his military career in June 1917 when he joined the Royal Canadian Legion. He began his military career in June 1917 when he joined the Royal Flying Corps, Toronto. He was discharged in 1919 with the rank of sergeant. He maintained his association in aviation at Eastern Passage.

In 1921, he enlisted in the RCAF and was stationed mainly in the Maritimes, but spent a period of time in Trenton, Ont. In 1941 he became station commander at Scoudouc, N.B. where he remained until his retirement in 1944.

Surviving are his wife the former Lillian Holmes; a daughter Clair, Liverpool; a sister Mrs. Alice Nickerson, Port Mouton; a brother Leslie, Truro.

He was predeceased by a son Eric, a sister Dorothy and an infant brother.

The body is at Chandler's Funeral Home, Liverpool. Funeral will be Wednesday at 2 p.m. in Zion United Church, Liverpool, Rev. William Titus officiating. Burial will be in Laurel Hill cemetery, Port Moutin.

No flowers by request. Donations may be made to memorial fund Zion United Church.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3, 1978 Bright & cold, with NW wind. Having had no real exercise for days, I took the first of my winter walks about the town - to Fort Point, then the railway station, then to the old Parade, & thence home. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point - roast pheasant - delicious.

MONDAY, DEC. 4/78 Mild, with heavy rain all day. Frank Covert phoned. Samuel Freeman had phoned him with his proposal about the cheque for \$15,000 to be held in escrow, etc., & I gave Frank a brief picture of what it was all about. Covert said, "What you are selling is the performing rights in your book, as I understand it. If they really want those rights, Freeman's people should be prepared to defend what they buy. You can supply them with any information they need about previous options, but you should not undertake the defence yourself." This confirms my own opinion of Freeman's proposition - "the hell with it".

TUESDAY, DEC. 5/78 Mild & sunny with light SW breeze. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & did the usual weekly cleaning chores. In the afternoon I had a pleasant walk around the golf <sup>course</sup>. Spent the rest of the day hunting back through my diary for notes of telephone talks with Maurice Singer & "Gary Mehlman" re performing rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp".

WED. DEC. 6/78 The 61st anniversary of the 1917 explosion at Halifax. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m., and (with time out for lunch) painted my bedroom, finishing about 2.30, when I took her home.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7/78 A dark sky, threatening rain. Mrs. Bagley came & painted until 2.30, putting the second coat of white on the walls of my bedroom & clothes closet, & painting (brown) the closet floor. Except to do the weekly cleaning chores, she will not come again to do painting until after Christmas. I worked on the Mersy history, & finished writing my Christmas cards.

SATURDAY, DEC. 9/78 The weather forecast for today was "snow, turning quickly to rain". Snow began falling thickly this morning, & continued all day & evening, with temp. below freezing point. With Tom & Pam & Selby I attended the wedding of Peggy Green & Wayne Gorman in Trinity (Anglican) church at 5 p.m. The church full. The groom & ushers in white tie & tails, bridesmaids in dark green costumes. As the Greens are Anglican & the Gormans are Roman Catholics, the service & nuptial eucharist ceremonies were conducted jointly by the Liverpool R.C. priest & the Anglican parson. Reception in the auditorium of the

Municipal Services Building, followed by a buffet supper, & dancing to a three-piece orchestra. Tom drove me home about 9 p.m. by which time the snow was making driving very hazardous.

SUNDAY, DEC. 10/78 Awoke to find about 12" of snow on the ground & more falling. Cleared off my front steps & dug a path from side door to street. At 12:30 walked around the corner to Bob & Heather Weary's house on Church Street, where they were giving their customary pre-Christmas luncheon, buffet style, to about 15 or 20 old friends & neighbours, most of them retired Mersey Paper officials & their wives. I enjoyed the delicious food, & chatting with old friends. This evening two youths offered to shovel the snow off my driveway for \$4. I paid them \$6.

A very cold night. (12° Fahr.) with strong NW wind.

TUESDAY, DEC. 12/78 Very cold again, but no wind. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores. Except for my post office walk I remained indoors, typing notes from my diary regarding phone conversations with Kriger, Mehlman, et al. re *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. Jack Kyte, of Mersey office staff, has provided me with a good Xerox copy of the Mehlman option documents.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13/78 Somewhat milder. Very rough & slippery footing. Cheque from McClelland & Stewart for \$270, representing a fee of \$300 (less M & S commission 10%) for use of "The Wedding Gift" in Vol. 2 "Literature in Canada". (See diary Nov. 10/78)

The temp. rose to 42° Fahr. this evening, & water trickled everywhere, with icicles falling from the eaves.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15/78 A frost last night, but today the temp. was up to 40° Fahr. with alternate spells of fluffy snow & glints of sunshine. Received a note from Bob Weary, president & general manager of Bowater Mersey Paper, enclosing cheque for \$3,500, the agreed half-payment for my work on the Mersey history.

About 5 p.m. a phone call from Jack McClelland in Toronto, regarding paperback editions of "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach", for which, after long delaying tactics, Doubleday & their subsidiary Popular Library gave up the rights last year.

Jack's original plan was to add them to his New Canadian Library (paperback) which has kept most of my other novels in print. Now he proposes to print them in a separate & superior type of paperback next March, to sell at a price between \$5 & \$6. He would like to add my other titles, one by one, to this superior

format, making a uniform edition of all my novels, & later on a uniform edition in hardback, which I have long wanted. He plans to fly down here next spring, to discuss royalty terms & rights for this uniform edition of my whole works.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1978 Temp. 45° Fahr. with pallid December sunshine & a light NW breeze. Enjoyed 1½ hours walking about the town. Received by mail three old documents for the Perkins House museum, sent by an elderly man named Hupman, of Allendale, Shelburne County. His late wife was a descendant of Nathaniel Smith, one of Perkins' contemporaries, frequently mentioned in Perkins' diary. He & his brother Josiah were energetic sea captains & merchants who purchased a wharf & warehouse from the estate of Capt. Alexander Godfrey, of the famous privateer "Rover". The deeds are signed by the widow, Phoebe Godfrey. The third document is a long & interesting letter from Alexander Stevenson, in Montreal, in the summer of 1813, addressed to Nathaniel Smith in Liverpool, giving detail of the fighting in Upper Canada & at the head of Lake Champlain, together with wild & hopeful rumours of huge British reinforcements (including 40,000 Russians!) said to be on the way to Quebec.

Stevenson first appeared in Perkins' diary as a schoolmaster at Port Medway. He married a local girl, moved to Liverpool, kept a school for boys & girls, taught navigation to aspiring young seamen, practised sometimes as a doctor (notably in the smallpox epidemic of 1801), & as a land surveyor. He moved with his family to Montreal in 1811, but retained some land and mill rights on the Mill Brook in Liverpool, with which his letter is partly concerned.

I made a typed copy of the letter for my own files. The Perkins House is closed up for the winter & will not open until next May. I wrote to Mr. Hupman, acknowledging receipt of the documents, & saying I would pass them to the Museum Committee at the first opportunity.

SUNDAY, DEC. 17/78 A real thaw set in during the night, with heavy rain, & temp. 50° Fahr. As usual I had to hustle out, the first thing in the morning, & shovel through the hard snow wall (thrown up by the plough), to clear the street drain. Already a flood was pouring into Pushie's & my driveways. Worked at the Mersy job most of the day. At 5 p.m. <sup>7</sup>Got picked me up, & I dined with the family at Hunt's Point, returning home about 7:30.

MONDAY, DEC. 18, 1978 Cold again. The old snow is much shrunken, but it remains, although the asphalt streets are bare.

Letter from Frank Covert dated Dec. 13, mailed from his law offices in Halifax. He enclosed copies of letters received from Griesdorf & Freeman. (Griesdorf is simply Samuel Freeman's letterhead partner. My only conversations have been with Freeman himself.) "They have also sent me a cheque for \$15,000 which I am holding in trust pursuant to my letter." He also enclosed copy of his letter in reply. His letter to me concludes, "I don't ~~want~~ <sup>varide</sup> to butt into the thing, but Mr. Freeman seemed to think you had someone to advise you, that you could well work out a deal that would be satisfactory and different from your experiences in the past. If you want me to try, I would be glad to do so."

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY Very cold. Spent these days going back through my correspondence & diaries and compiling a concise history of my option agreements re *The Nymph* & *The Lamp* since ~~the~~ book publication in 1950, & particularly the Singer & Mehlman options which expired Oct. 11, 1977.

FRIDAY, DEC. 22/78 Our rough winter continues. About 3 inches of snow fell in ~~the~~ <sup>Thursday</sup> night, then rain, a thorough mess. Wrote to Frank Covert, thanking him, & saying I would send him a succinct account of phone calls & letters from previous option holders Singer and Mehlman, plus a Xerox copy of the Mehlman option documents. Worked all day at this.

News:- The Christmas list of appointments to the Order of Canada has been announced at Ottawa. I was pleased to see that one was Miss Phyllis Blakely, ~~for~~ for many years assistant to Provincial Archivist Vergesson, & the author of many articles & several books on N.S. history. The name of Will Bird was not in the O.C. list. (see July 23/78)

According to this morning's Chronicle-Herald, merchants in many towns in N.S., (like those in Halifax) report that Christmas business is the best in years, with throngs of customers & plenty of cash.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23/78 Temp. up to 40° Fahr't, with alternate dark clouds & thin sunshine, & light NW breeze. An inch or two of old snow remains on my lawns but the asphalt streets are bare. Drove to White Point & enjoyed a walk around the golf course, which was almost entirely bare of snow. The rest of the day I worked on the option data for Covert. I have received about 45 Christmas cards.

SUNDAY, DEC. 24, 1978 Bright sunshine, NW breeze, temp. 40° Fahr. A good hour's walk on the golf course. At 5:30 the Hunt's Point Radicals, & Pamela's mother Marion White, arrived with a huge pot of lobster chowder, plus rolls, cake, etc., & we dined together in good cheer. This Christmas Eve feast of lobsters is a tradition in my wife's family, the Freemans of Milton, which we have followed down through the years. It goes back to the late 1890's (possibly much farther) when Edith's father Fred Freeman used to hitch up his horse & buggy, or sleigh, & drive out to Moose Harbour on Dec. 24 to buy a feast of lobsters from the fishermen. In those frugal days, living a few miles inland, with very bad roads, it was the only time in the year when the Freemans had this luxury.

My visitors left early in the evening, having some other calls to make. Not feeling at all sleepy, I sat up till after 2 a.m. thinking of times past & similar happy gatherings when Edith & I were young & our children were small.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1978 A snowstorm from the SE began in the night & continued till mid-morning, when it changed to rain, making the roads a mess of slippery slush. Son Tom picked me up at noon & took me to Hunt's Point, where there was a great surf on the shore. Some unfortunate motorist must have skidded into an electric-wire pole, & the power was off for about an hour. However Pam got her turkey cooked at last, & we had a big dinner, all wearing paper hats. Tom took me home about 4 p.m., & by that time the flood of rain had washed away most of the snow.

My Christmas presents included shirts, socks, an electric "smoke detector" which is supposed to utter a loud noise in case of fire, a basket of assorted cheeses, salted peanuts in tins, & a little jar of home-made quince jelly from my old neighbour Mrs. Howland White.

I supped on some of the lobster chowder left over from yesterday, which Pamela had thoughtfully put in my fridge.

This evening my daughter Frances Dennis phoned with greetings from herself & husband. Their prodigal son Gregory is home for the winter & hopes to find a job of some kind in Halifax next spring. Son Terry had a leg ligament torn in a hockey game, requiring surgery, & the leg in a cast for weeks. Moncton is in a snowstorm which hadn't turned to rain, & they had a lot of snow on the ground before this.

TUESDAY, DEC. 26/78 A grey day, 40° Fahr. with some glints of sunshine, & a spray of thin rain just as I was driving home from a brisk walk

walk around the golf course. At the edge of N° 6 fairway, where a strip of woodland runs between the fairway & the lake, I noticed the fresh track of a large deer.

Finished typing the summary of my film dealings re *The Nymph & The Lamp* since publication of the book by Little, Brown & Co. in 1950  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27, 1978 Snow flurries, so no walk except to the post office & shops. Mailed my film option summary, plus a Xerox copy of the option contract with Gary Mailman Productions, with a covering letter to Frank Covert at his Halifax office.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28/78 Same weather. This afternoon I had a visit by Admiral (Gtd) Douglas Boyle, of Mill Village, with his daughter Tricia, who is a student at Mount Allison University. She is compiling a brief history of Mill Village as her assignment in a Dept. of English project & came with a written list of questions. I told her what I could, & lent her my four (Champlain Society) volumes of excerpts from the Simon Perkins diary, in which the indexes make frequent mentions of "Port Metway" & the "Port Metway mills". Perkins first uses the name "the Mill Village" in 1802.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29/78 After a frosty night, a sunny day, 40° Fahr. with a keen N. breeze. Walked on the golf course for about an hour, & again noticed deer tracks, this time in front of N° 8 tee.

SATURDAY, DEC. 30/78 A dark day with a NW breeze, temp. 38° Fahr., so I walked only to the post office. Today's *Chronicle-Herald* has a long article entitled "Canadian Film Industry Growing Strongly". It begins, "The next year will see Canadian films move into the international spotlight as the result of a boom in production of films aimed at world markets. Helping to spur the boom are the new investment policies of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, which during the past year made commitments to invest in 30 films with budgets totalling more than \$53,500,000."

The article mentions new appointments to the CFDC, among them Toronto motion picture lawyer Samuel Freeman as "deputy director and general counsel."

SUNDAY, DEC. 31/78 A beautiful day to end the year, sunny, calm, temp. 40°. A good hour's walk on the golf course. Dined with the Radicals at Hunt's Point. In the evening Austin & Vera Parker had a few old friends in to see the New Year in — Captain Charles & Florence Williams, Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, St. John & Dorothy Wickwire, & we sipped drinks & chatted cheerfully about

other New Years celebrations when we were all young, & when the parties went from house to house all night. Hector Dunlop was missing tonight. He had a bad cold & couldn't venture.

MONDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1979 A slow rain all day & night, with temp. up to  $50^{\circ}$  Fahr., washing away all the snow except the shrunken roadside lumps left by shovels & ploughs. It was pleasant sitting indoors this afternoon & watching on TV, in colour, the Rose Parade in sunny Pasadena, California. Afterwards the view switched to Dallas, Texas, to show a football game in the so-called Cotton Bowl stadium. It was an amazing sight. The temperature there had dropped to  $22^{\circ}$  Fahr., & freezing rain had covered the trees, fences, & even the football nets with ice. All the spectators were muffled up as if the scene were in Montreal.

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY Continuous rain, sometimes flooding the street gutters. Worked on the Mersey history notes. All the old snow is gone.

THURSDAY, ~~DEC~~ JAN. 4, 1979 Yesterday's temp. of  $60^{\circ}$  Fahr. fell in the night to  $20^{\circ}$ . This morning Mrs. Bagley resumed her painting in Tom's old room upstairs. Went to Tom's office this morning, & he repaired the massive filling in the molar in my right lower jaw, the side on which I have to chew. The remains of the old tooth break away in bits from time to time, & the whole filling has to be replaced & re-anchored.

Long letter from Jack McClelland regarding our conversation of Dec. 15th. He proposes to publish "Hangman's Reach" & "The Governor's Lady" next March in a "quality paperback" to sell at some price between \$4.95 and \$7.95, on which my royalty would be 8% for the first 5,000 copies sold, & 10% after that. "If these two titles work as well as we anticipate, we will add others & then re-issue those that are already in the New Canadian Library series, & try to produce a uniform Raddall edition. We will, with your books, probably experiment as well with hardbound editions because they have been unavailable for some time. I can't guarantee the hardbound editions immediately. Please accept it as a matter of intent for the moment."

FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1979 Light, fluffy snow falling all day, with bright sunshine now & then. Letter from Frank Covert, saying that Freeman & Frieddorf will send a draft agreement to him about the end of this month. "Then we get a chance to look at it, we will see how we can get along with it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1979 Cold & overcast. About 2" of snow on the ground. I have been working every day on the Mersey book. This morning Jack Kyte brought about a dozen taped interviews with old Mersey personnel, and a machine for playing them.

Today I made up my annual account of personal assets. My income from all sources in 1978 was \$21,989.19. During the year the market value of my investments increased remarkably, and I now have:—

BANK DEPOSITS	\$ 32,437	\$
LESS RESERVE FOR INCOME TAX	2,600	30,437

STOCKS AND BONDS AT PRESENT MARKET VALUE	146,197	\$
	176,634	

SUNDAY, JAN. 7/79

Sunny & cold. This morning a flock of 15 or 20 robins came & roosted in the ash tree behind my garage, apparently enjoying the sunshine, occasionally flitting from branch to branch. They seemed healthy & spry. It is common to see a few robins here in mid-winter, but not a flock like this.

Pamela is in Turso this weekend with a Liverpool women's curling team, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, JAN. 8/79 Rain, with temp. 50° F. abt., removing every trace of snow again. Texas & Louisiana are still getting freezing temperatures, & Europe (especially England) is having the coldest & stormiest winter in many years.

I worked all day taking pencil notes from tape recordings furnished by Mersey Paper Co. These contain reminiscences of old Mersey employees in various departments, such as Wendell Tidmarsh (Industrial Relations), Capt. Charles Williams (Shipping) "Buck" McConnell (Papermaker) etc.

This evening a man named Ossi Ravi (pronounced "Ossy RAW'-WEE" phoned from Toronto enquiring about the film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. He had an English acct., & said English film star Rita Tushingham was eager to play the leading part. (The old, old, story!) I said my lawyers were now negotiating with certain people for a price of \$50,000, & I did not expect a decision until after the end of this month.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10/79 Sunny & calm. Temp. 32° F. abt. Enjoyed a walk around the golf course, the first since Dec. 31. No frost in the

ground, turf springy under foot. Many deer tracks from N<sup>o</sup> 6 tee to N<sup>o</sup> 8 green, made by a large & a small deer, probably a big doe & a fawn born last spring, & now wintering in the woods between the golf course & White Point Lodge.

Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 3 p.m. painting what used to be Francis's little bedroom. I have paid her \$300 so far for this painting job, & she will finish in another day or two.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1979 Cold (20° Fahr.) with a few light flurries of snow. Did my meat- & grocery shopping in the morning, & spent the afternoon taking pencil notes from tape recordings furnished by Mersey Co. Interviews with retired Mersey men of various departments - Wendell Tidmarsh, Charles Murphy, "Buck" McConnell, Chester Burns, Clarence Williams, Laurie Thorburne, Capt. Charles Williams, etc. Some speak well from good memories, others just maunders & have nothing useful to say.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12/79 ~~Friday, Jan. 12/79~~ Temp. down to 10° Fahr. the past two nights. Today I completed notes from the Mersey tape recordings, & walked up the street for an hour's talk with Austin Parker. My old friend is now 84, & while his mind is still clear he cannot remember dates. Nevertheless the talk was useful.

A snowstorm began about 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14/79 The snowfall was about 3 inches, changing to freezing rain during the night, & this morning to plain rain & mist, with temp. up to 50° Fahr. I shoveled the slush off my front steps & walk, & dug out the street drain.

Tom picked me up at 4:30 & took me to Hunt's Point for one of Pamela's delicious dinners.

MONDAY, JAN. 15/79 Cold & windy. Ralph Johnson came in this afternoon & answered a list of questions I had compiled about Mersey Paper Co.'s woodland operations during his long service with the company.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16/79 Cold, with snow flurries. This afternoon I had a long interview with Harry Harry Paterson, a Scot who came to Mersey Paper Co. as a chemist in 1933, & was Mill Manager when he retired.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17/79 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came this morning & worked till 3:30, painting Francis's old room. This evening I walked to Zion Church, where in the basement room the Historical Society held its first meeting of the 1979 season. The new officers include Rev. Wm. Titus as president. After the election of officers, John McCaul, gave

an account of his endeavours to get the proposed museum started this year, the 50th anniversary of the Society's foundation in 1929. (I am the sole survivor of the founders.) The gist of the matter is this:- The federal government has been asked for \$175,000, & the document requiring his signature is still lying on the desk of an official in Ottawa. Providing that Ottawa gives the \$175,000, the N.S. government will contribute \$125,000, & the citizens & business firms of Queens County will be expected to raise \$30,000 for the furnishings. Solicitations for this sum in Queens County will begin when the Ottawa grant is made. Mc Baul said that already he had private promises of about \$30,000. (I had told him that I would give \$5,000.)

Snow was falling as I walked home, & continued all night.  
THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1979 The snowstorm continued all day & evening. I dug a narrow path from my side door to the street, & trudged to the supermarket for a week's meat & groceries. Paid to have it delivered. Letter from Lorene Wilson, who is Subsidiary Rights Manager of Mc Gelland & Stewart. She has had phone calls from two people in California about movie rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. Will let me know further if they make an offer.

FRIDAY, JAN. 19/79 The storm ended in the night, & this day was bright & cold. I was busy shoveling my driveway when two young boys came along & offered to do the rest for \$3 each, so I agreed. They dug only the narrowest possible space for my car, especially in the big bank thrown up by the street plough, so I worked half an hour at that, this afternoon.

Wrote to Frank Covert with further information about my movie dealings with Singer & Mehlman. Harry Paterson came in, & spent an hour or more going over his recollections of Mersey history.

SATURDAY, JAN. 20/79 Sunny & calm, with temp. 8° Fahr't in the morning, & rising to 30° in the sun towards <sup>noon</sup>. The snow melted on the southerly slope of my garage roof, & a mixed flock of robins, cedar waawings, grosbeaks & sparrows came & sunned themselves there.

SUNDAY, JAN. 21/79 Snow falling when I awoke, changing to freezing rain in the afternoon, & then to rain. The flock of robins, which I noticed on Jan. 7, returned to the ash & birch trees at the back of my property, flitting back & forth to keep their feathers from freezing in the rain. My son Tom is in Quebec

with a Liverpool curling team, & in this weather I was content to stay at home, working on my Mersey history & watching TV. The temp. got up to 42° Fahrenh., with strong SE wind & such a flood of rain that about 10 p.m. the town engineer sent a pair of workmen by van to dig out the drains on the upper streets, including the one near my house. Usually I have to do this myself every winter in sudden thaws.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, 1979 A lovely day, sunny & calm, temp. 40° Fahrenh. I longed for a walk, but the sidewalks are icy & treacherous. Mrs. Bagley came, & painted the cupboard & floor in Francis's old room, & made a start on the big bedroom.

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 79 Rain all day & night, temp. 40° Fahrenh., not high enough to melt the banks of old snow much. Jack Kyte came to return to the Mersey mill the last of the news-clipping albums, & of the records of directors' meetings. Also the tape recordings of several Mersey veterans, & the cassette-players.

Had letter from Pauline, wife of Raiffe Barrett, one of the so-called "China Boaters" (British sea officers employed in China) who crossed the Pacific to join the Canadian navy in 1940-41. I met them in Halifax, where he was based on convoy duty during the war. They were both linguists, & after the war they studied Russian & went to Moscow, where he was posted as naval attaché to the Canadian ambassador. After his retirement they settled in B.C. Now he is very ill with "myopathy", a rare ailment that causes muscular failure all over the body & for which there is no remedy. He is slowly dying in a hospital, without much pain, & much of the time unconscious.

Letters from Lorene Wilson of McLelland & Stewart, saying they have enquiries for the film rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*, one from Toronto, the other from Hollywood. My reply - Don's bother with either of them. Then a phone call from Jack McLelland's secretary at M. & S., wondering why I haven't replied to Jack's letter of Dec. 28/78, in which he set forth his proposal for a contract covering M. & S. publication this year of *"Hangman's Beach"* & *"The Governor's Lady."*

I said I had been very busy with other matters, & I wanted more time to study the proposal, which really involves all my books published by M. & S., & the handling of subsidiary rights (television, radio, moving picture, anthologies, foreign sales). She asked how soon I could decide, because M. & S. are anxious to write the contract, & Jack is away. I said, within two weeks.

FRIDAY, JAN. 26, 1979 Foggy & damp, temp. 40° Fahr. Received cheque for \$16.79 from American Growth Fund, Toronto, winding up my investment. On the advice of Wm. White, (Pamela Kaddall's father) a stockbroker in Halifax, I invested \$17,225, for 2500 shares, in July 1967. Bill's belief was that the American boom was bigger, faster, & sure to be long-lasting, & I could "have my cake & eat it too". In other words I could draw \$100 per month from the Fund, for which the Fund would sell a few shares. At the end of each year the stock market value of AGF would increase to value off-setting my withdrawals. It worked all right for two or three years. Then the U.S. speculative stocks, in which much of AGF was invested, began a long & slow decline. My withdrawals in eleven years, including this final payment of \$16.79, amounted to \$12,916.79; so I lost \$4,308.21 on my capital investment, and all the interest I might have got by leaving it in the bank. Bill had a keen mind that made a lot of money for his clients & himself, but his mind's edge was getting dull in 1967, although none of us realized it.

I had a visit this afternoon from John Paisley, son-in-law of my sister Nellie, now living with his family at Indian Point, near Mahone Bay. He & his neighbours have organized a volunteer fire-fighting company, & they have been scouting around for an old but serviceable fuel-truck complete with pump, which they can convert to their use. A Liverpool oil dealer had one for sale, & John came over to buy it. He & Carol & their younger son are living happily at Indian Point. Their oldest son is in the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and their daughter is at Acadia University in Nova Scotia.

Jack McLelland's secretary phoned again. She has been in touch with Jack, who says if I agree now to the royalty rates we can thresh out the other matters later. So I agreed.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27/79 A fine sunny morning with calm air & temp. 40° Fahr. I haven't had a good walk since Jan. 10, so this afternoon I drove to White Point & tramped about the golf course. The ground was mostly bare & soggy, with the shallow remains of old snowdrifts here & there. Met Jean Dumesah, the pro's wife, out for a stroll with "Brandy", her St. Bernard. Also a young man with a shotgun, looking for eider ducks. He had seen a few off the point, but they were out of gunshot. While I was resting in the little wooden shelter by N<sup>o</sup> 5 green, a dark grey overcast

shut off the sun, & rain was falling as I drove home.

SUNDAY, JAN. 28, 1979 Drizzle & fog. Worked on the Mersy book. A slow job, verifying every name, date, & statement as I go along. Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & I dined at Hunt's Point. He & his curling team had a hectic journey to Quebec City for the annual bonspiel. Their flight to Montreal was diverted to Toronto owing to a snowstorm. The next morning they flew as far as Montreal & found that Quebec airport was snowed in. They had to hire a taxi from Montreal to Quebec, got there about 2 p.m., just in time to change clothes for their first game, which of course they lost. Altogether they lost 5 games & won 3. The bonspiel is mainly a congenial affair. They stayed at the Chateau Frontenac & enjoyed marvellous meals & drinks there, & at several noted restaurants. Wherever he went, Tom asked Quebec people for their opinion of separation. On the average the middle-aged & older people wanted to remain Canadians. The young men snapped "Je suis Québécois." Levesque & most of his cabinet are alumni of Laval University, which has long been the hot-bed of separation, dinning it into the ears of thousands of students, many of whom became teachers in high schools & colleges.

TUESDAY, JAN. 30/79 Still mild, with my outdoor thermometer seemingly stuck at 40° Fahr., as it has been for the past week. Letter from Frank Covert enclosing Xerox of the option agreement sent by Griesdorf, Samuel Freeman's law partner in Toronto, with Covert's pencilled queries & changes.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31/79 Same weather. Wrote to Covert, & enclosed Xerox of letter to me from Little Brown in 1973, in which they disclaimed all rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*.

Mrs. Bagley painting the big bedroom upstairs.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1/79 Same weather & temp. with a thin drizzle of rain at times. Mrs. Bagley finished the walls & floor of the big bedroom. Next Wednesday she will do the upper hall, & that will complete the work.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2/79 Same weather. Despite my past declarations on TV & in my autobiography that I would write nothing more for publication, I am getting requests. Yesterday a letter from James Lorimer & Co. Ltd., Toronto, publishers of a new reading series for Canadian schools. They want me to write "a short historical novel on the shipbuilding industry of Lunenburg in its heyday, involving children as principal characters". Today a letter from Harry Bruce,

(son of my late friend Charles) hitherto a free lance journalist based at Halifax. He has just taken on a job as Editor of "Atlantic Insight", a new magazine for the four Atlantic provinces, to be published in Halifax by a firm entitled Impact Publishing Ltd. Wants me to contribute short stories or essays or "your opinions & memories in prose". Someone else in Halifax (the name escapes me) has been hounding me by phone to contribute to a little magazine that is published in aid of something or other.

I cannot work with concentrated thought for more than three or four hours a day now, & the Mersay book will require all my effort for the next 3 months & possibly more. I realize, too, that such people really want my name, whatever blather I might write under it.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1979 Overcast & a little colder, but still no snow. This afternoon my sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayes, & my sister Nellie, drove over from Oakland for a chat. Hilda brought with her the scarlet dress tunic of the School of Musketry, belonging to Dad. Also his best khaki tunic, with the red shoulder patch of 1st. Division, & his spurs, which he left behind when he went into battle in 1918.

SUNDAY, FEB. 4/79 When I looked out of my den window this morning I saw that my white plastic bird bath, which stands on a pedestal in the middle of my back lawn, had been broken off & ruined last night, undoubtedly by the young mulatto rascal who ruined a similar one a few years ago. This afternoon I had a brisk walk around the golf course, under a grey overcast, temp. 38° Fahr. Dined with the Radclalls at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, FEB. 5/79 A bit colder, with snow flurries. This afternoon a man whose name sounded like WILLIGER phoned me from Los Angeles about movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp." I told him that my lawyers were in the process of selling the rights to a syndicate in Canada. He wanted to know who they were, because he & his colleagues wished to "buy into the rights." He dropped famous movie names like Robert Rieford, but I've heard all that before. I said if he wanted to "buy into the rights" he would have to approach the lawyers for the prospective purchasers, Griesdorf & Freeman. He refused to do that & said he would call me again later this month.

Admiral Boyle RCN (ret'd.) dropped in to return the Perkins volumes his daughter Patricia borrowed, & stayed for a pleasant chat.

TUESDAY, FEB. 6, 1979 A violent weather change after the long thaw, Temp. 20° Fahr't. with a NW gale. Except for my post office walk I stayed indoors. Mrs. Bagley did her usual Tuesday morning chores.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7/79 Cold, but with much less wind. Mrs. Bagley came & finished the painting job she started early in October. All the rooms downstairs except the kitchen, whose walls are covered with wood panelling & cupboards, & all the rooms upstairs except the bathroom, which didn't need repainting. She is slower & not as skillful as a professional painter, but she is careful & takes pride in her work. Altogether, working 1 & sometimes 2 days a week, from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., with time out for lunch, I have paid her \$400.00. Paint, turpentine, brushes, rollers, etc. came to \$161.00.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10/79 Cold clear weather with NW breeze. Temp. 10° Fahr't today, 8° tonight. Still no snow except the shriveled lumps left by shoveling after the blizzard of Jan. 18. Had a visit this afternoon by Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Sawyer, who live in Halifax but have a house on White Point Estates & are there for the weekend. Pleasant goodlooking people in the late 50's. I met them on the golf course last summer. She is a descendant of James Tanguhar, a Scot who farmed at Meagher's Grant, near Musquodoboit, for a few years & then in 1849 took a post on Sable Island in charge of a small lifesaving post at the east end. His son, also named James, born in 1842, lived on the island until 1858, when he went to Halifax to look for a job. He became a sailor, traveled all round the world in Bluenose ships, got his master's certificate, owned & operated small steamers in marine salvage about the coasts of N.S. & Nfld., catching seals in the spring season, & gradually making a fortune. He died in his late 80's at Monaco, his favourite winter resort, & was buried at Halifax in Camp Hill cemetery shortly after 1930.

About 1927 he apparently engaged C. H. J. Snider, (a Toronto journalist who wrote books about Canadian sailing ships in the War of 1812 etc.) to write his memoirs. Several typed copies were bound & sent to his surviving sons & daughters, & Mrs. Sawyer has one of them, which she brought today for my perusal & opinion. The Lancelot Press at Windsor N.S., publishers of paperback books about Nova Scotia, are willing to publish it. The title on the leather cover of the typescript is "Tanguhar's Luck", which was

a byword in N.S. & Nfld. in his heydays. Mrs. Sawyer left the book with me & will call again later this ~~and~~ winter.

SUNDAY, FEB. 11, 1979 Temp. 10° Fahr't, with NW breeze. Worked all day at the Morsey book, mostly re-writing the small portion I've done, my time-consuming habit. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, & the two boys. Roast pheasant - the last of Tom's hunting last Fall. My grandson Tom is languishing under a suspension of his driving license, incurred last Fall when an RCMP air patrol spotted him driving the small family car to Port Medway, where his girl lives, at some utterly wild speed. As he is not 18 he had only a temporary license, & won't be able to drive again until April. His father says it's a good lesson for him. But at that age Tommy won't learn a bit about rules. They're just a nuisance.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14/79 Continued cold. Temp. exactly zero, Fahr't, on Tuesday morning, 8° above zero this morning.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15/79 Same weather. The tenth day of this cold snap. A sprinkle of snow last evening, just enough to whiten the ground. I didn't try to thaw out my car for my weekly grocery shopping, but walked to the store & had the store deliver.

Another urgent phone call from the man Williger (see Feb. 5) Insists that famous movie stars Robert Redford & Ali McGraw want to play the leading parts, & he will meet any offer now being made for the rights. I told him again that I'd heard all that before, & I refused to call my lawyers telling them to cancel present negotiations. I added again, "If you want to buy a piece of the property you'll have to contact the lawyers for the the proposed purchasers." This time he took down the name & address of Friendoof & Freeman, but said he would phone me again later this month to see if the present negotiations had been ratified, or if they had fallen through.

Letter from Jack McLelland in answer to mine of Feb. 4. "On the long term program & mutual commitments, dealing with Dalhousie, etc. I really want to review all this in detail with you. I will get down to visit you before the end of June. Why don't we leave all that detail until we can sit down & discuss our mutual concerns." He was leaving right away for a business trip to Europe.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17/79 Same weather, with a bitter N.W. wind, & still no snow. The pipe from my hot-water tank in the cellar comes to the kitchen, & thence upstairs, between the inner & outer walls on the

west side of the house - the cold & windy side. Normally the water is very hot, but with this continuous penetration of Arctic chill for twelve days & nights the taps run barely warm. This very cold weather extends to Europe, but with blizzards of snow tying up road, rail, <sup>sea</sup> & air traffic, the worst winter there in many years.

Letter from McClelland & Stewart's royalties department, in response to a paragraph in my Feb. 4 letter to Jack, in which I asked how much of their cash advances on "In My Time" was still unearned. (They had paid me \$2,500 in December '75 and \$2,500 in March '76.)

In the process of tidying up my estate I wished to refund the balance, as sales of the book have now dropped to almost nothing. The present letter dated Feb. 14 states that the unearned balance is \$1,553.51, so today I mailed a cheque in repayment & asked for a receipt, for my income tax return.

NOTE: - The \$1,553.51 included charge for extra copies for myself and Tom's. Amount: ~~495.79~~ 1,057.72. No actual unearned balance was 1,147.73.

SUNDAY, FEB. 18, 1979 Same weather. Discovered that the cause of hot water failure was in the electric heater, which today ceased working entirely. Selby Radwell, home from King's V. for the mid-winter holiday, picked me up with the small family car at 4:45, & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner with the family.

MONDAY, FEB. 19/79 The cold snap, which set in on Feb. 6, eased up today, with temp. 32°. I thawed out my car with the portable electric heater & drove to White Point for a walk around the course, which is bare of snow. Hazy sun, light W. breeze. Noticed a few ducks near the shore by N°6 tee, male eiders, I think.

Maurice Jollimore, electrician, came & installed a new electric heater in the water tank. Cost, with labour & tax, \$38.06.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20/79 Sunny, & temp. 40° F abt. Enjoyed an afternoon walk at White Point, resting for a time in the wooden shelter by N°5 green. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning & dusting as usual.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21/79 Same weather & walk. I found Jim Sumesh, the pro, burning off the dead grass & bushes in the rough.

At 5:30 I walked to Fort Point, where I joined a party at the Tozers' house, given by them and the Austin Parkers, in honour of Mrs. John Wickirre's birthday. All old friends, about 20 people altogether. Chat over martinis, then coffee, sandwiches, & birthday cake. The Ralph Johnsons took me home in their car.

Heavy rain began about 10 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22/79 Overcast & damp, temp 40°. No word from Frank Covert since Feb. 1 regarding film negotiations, so I presume there

is a hang-up over terms.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1979 A light frost last night. Today sunny, temp 40°, with a cool breeze off the sea. Had a brisk walk at White Point. A service man from Sears came to check my refrigerator, which didn't seem to be functioning properly, but he found nothing wrong with it.

Letter from Frank Board, enclosing Xerox copy of the amended agreement for "The Nymph & The Lamp," & letters between himself & Grisendorf. They seem to be near agreement, the main point being that ~~Perdona~~ ~~agrees~~ the "Proprietor" (I) makes no warranty whatsoever concerning the non-validity or non-effectiveness of assignments (i.e. to Singer & Mellman). I am to provide Xerox copies of the Schiff firm's telex messages, & of their letter to Singer dated June 15/78.

Phone call from photographer Sherman Hines asking if he can take a portrait of me tomorrow afternoon.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24/79 Large snowflakes falling slowly all day, & melting at 40° Fahr. Hines came at 3 p.m. with various lights & other photographic paraphernalia. I was wearing my usual winter garb, including a light brown turtle-neck sweater. He asked if I had something darker, so I put on an old dark green sweater that E. knitted for me years <sup>ago</sup> & which I still use when shoveling snow. He was delighted, & spent an hour taking photos of me, just the torso. He says he is making a collection of photos of artists & writers in Canada, the U.S., & England, & hopes to print them eventually in a book.

Rain tonight, heavy at times.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25/79 Indoors all day. Sined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point

MONDAY, FEB. 26/79 An unpredicted storm of snow, followed by freezing rain, burst upon the South Shore in the night. When I got up this morning my birch trees were so heavily encrusted that they bowed right over until their tops touched the ground. The temp. remained at 32° Fahr. & the rain went on freezing. Branches of trees were falling everywhere, & at 9 a.m. the electric power went off. Lou & Erik Andersson invited me in for supper, a delicious fish & lobster chowder cooked over a portable gasoline stove, & with their living room doors closed & a log fire in the hearth it was a cozy place. I suddenly regretted removing the double glass doors that formerly closed in my own living room. Fortunately I had a supply of firewood, & by sitting directly in front of my hearth, well wrapped in sweaters, I made myself comfortable until I went to bed at 1 a.m.

People with all-electric homes & no fireplaces have had to take refuge with

There was a 57% eclipse of the sun today here in N.S. (the eclipse was total in the prairie provinces) but we were so darkened by the storm that nobody even noticed it.

friends who had.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27, 1979 The house was like an icebox when I got up this morning, but I soon had a warm fire on the hearth. I didn't want to blacken a pot in heating water for coffee, so I didn't bother with breakfast. Towards 11 a.m. a Power Commission truck came down Park Street, & put up a man with its "cherry-picker" crane to repair or adjust the transformer outside the White House across the street. Torrents of rain, & temp. up to 40°. Lou & Erik had invited me to drop in at noon for hot coffee & a sandwich, so I did, although the electric power was now on again.

About 4 p.m. saw a flock of robins hopping about my back lawn. All well nourished & lively. Can these be the first spring robins, nearly a month ahead of time? They certainly don't look or act like the survivors of a winter here.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28/79 Overcast. Temp. 40°. News reports say that over 600 power poles went down in the storms, between Yarmouth & Mahone Bay, & that the Liverpool-Milton-Brooklyn area was the hardest hit. N.S. Power Commission has called in repair crews & trucks from the Annapolis Valley, Truro, etc. One of my beautiful birch trees went over so far as to split the trunk. Another behind Erik Andersen's property also split & crashed, breaking his wire clothes line. This afternoon I worked two hours (all that my legs & back would stand) with clippers & my little Swede saw, clearing away the fallen branches & piling them beside my driveway where they can be picked up with a truck. David Caldwell & his tree-cutting gang, who have been employed all winter on a federal govt. grant, have been very busy clearing away the mess from the streets. They came by when Erik & I were working, & Dave obligingly stopped to cut down our broken birch trees with motor saws, & also to cut up the trunks in firewood lengths. When I was clearing the bushes & boulders from the back part of my house lot in 1936, I told my workman Jim Conrad to remove a little clump of birches - five stems, not much bigger than my thumb - & plant them next to the stone wall he was building on my rear boundary line. In nearly 43 years they grew into trees 9" diameter at the butt, & 40' high. One went in an ice-storm several years ago, & now this one, leaving 3 of the original five.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1/79 March came in like a lamb, sunny, with temp. 34° Fahr't. Worked again this afternoon, & got the worst of the litter on my back <sup>lawn</sup> cleared away.

FRIDAY, MAR. 2/79 Overcast, a few light snow flurries. Phoned Jack

Kyte, who had promised to make, on the Mersey Paper office machine, the Xerox copies requested by Frank Corvett (see Feb. 23). What with the ice storm & other difficulties he had forgotten them. He delivered them this evening.

Got my monthly parcel of books from Marlboro.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1979 Overcast, temp. 52°. Mailed a letter to Frank Corvett enclosing the Xerox copies he requested.

This afternoon, by appointment, a woman named Cecile Barnett came to interview me for a new magazine called "Halifax". She & her husband are Americans ~~living~~ <sup>employed</sup> at St. Mary's University there, & she does a bit of journalism on the side. A small dark woman, 45-ish, with the enormous eye-glasses that are so popular nowadays. She had in her satchel a copy of "Halifax, Wanderer of the North" which I autographed. She gave me a copy of the new magazine, well printed on slick paper. (It is the second new magazine to come out in N.S. this winter.) She also pulled out a copy of "In My Time" to show me that she'd done her homework, although I soon realized from her questions that she had barely dipped into it. Unlike most interviewers she had no camera & no tape recorder. As she was leaving she asked if I had any recent photos of myself. I showed her the "Polaroid" snap that Sherman Hines had taken a week ago, & she borrowed it, saying she would get in touch with Hines.

SUNDAY, MAR. 4/79 Open- & -shut sky, temp. 50° F abt. Had a pleasant walk at White Point. Very few trees around the course were damaged by the ice storm, which surprised me, seeing much more damage along the motor highway, including stout electric power poles broken & replaced. At 5 p.m. Tom picked me up for dinner at Hunt's Point. On the way we met 6 N.S. Power Corporation trucks with hoists, returning from the Port Joli road, where they have just finished restoring poles and wires thrown down by the storm of Feb. 26.

MONDAY, MAR. 5/79 A spring-like morning, sunny, temp. 55°. Attended the Kiwanis luncheon at Lane's. A big crowd. Premier John Buchanan the speaker. I was seated at the head table & had a brief chat with him. His address was about government affairs & concerns in general. Then he mentioned his pre-election promise to John Leefe that he would support the proposed new Queens County museum. The federal government had said it would provide \$125,000 if the provincial government did the same.

He pledged a grant of \$150,000 from the gov't. of N.S. Great applause. John McBaul, past president of the N.S. Historical Society, & the continuing planner of the museum, spoke appreciatively, & so did the current president Rev. Wm. Titus.

Phone call from Los Angeles. English film producer Anthony Harvey enquiring about *The Nymph*. Told him my lawyers are now closing a deal for the rights. He said he was disappointed & rang off.

TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1979 Mild weather. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores. (She was unable to come last week owing to the ice storm.)

This afternoon I tried to split the chunks of my fallen birch, using my old axe, but after a lot of strenuous effort got little done. The wood is knotty & twisted, & cannot be split properly without steel wedges & a sledge-hammer. The wood will "dote" in the round if left too long.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/79 Rain. Temp. 55°. Made up my income tax papers for 1978 as far as I can, typing the various statements for chartered accountant Cecil Smith. This afternoon one of the town trucks, cleaning up the mess of fallen branches about the streets, hauled away the pile beside my driveway. There remains a great litter of small twigs on my lawn.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8/79 A real spring-like day, calm, temp. 60° Fahr't, open & -shut sky. This morning I took my income tax statements to Smith's assistant, & he went over them & saw no problems. Will have my forms ready within ten days. Shopped for stationery & groceries. This afternoon I raked & dumped bushels of small twigs that littered my back lawn. One hour of raking, stooping, lifting & dumping the trash can, is about all that my poor old back & hip will stand. Kates, & in shortness, I was drenched with sweat.

SUNDAY, MAR. 11/79 Heavy rain all day. Tom & Pamela are in Hfx. for the weekend, so I dined at home. At 4 p.m. Ms. & Mrs. Douglas Sawyer (see Feb. 10) called to pick up the Farguhar memoirs. I said they should be published, with some editorial corrections. The Lancelot Press at Windsor N.S. is willing to put out a paperback edition. I think Mrs. Sawyer hoped that I would recommend it to my own publishers McElland & Stewart, but it could not have sufficient Canada-wide appeal for them. There are some errors of fact about Sable Island (Farguhar left it at the age of 14) but I consider that the memoirs should be published as it is, without tampering, except to delete the last few chapters, about the years of Farguhar's retirement, his gambling winters at Monte

Carlo, etc.

MONDAY, MAR. 12, 1979 Winter again. Temp. 18° Fahr. Finished cleaning twigs etc. from front & back lawns. I have got the Mersey history written to the end of War Two.

TUESDAY, MAR. 13/79 Very cold, with snow flurries, enough to whiten the ground. Mrs. Bagley did her weekly cleaning chores.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14/79 Temp. jumped up to 50°, with showers of rain.

Got my 1978 income tax papers from Smith. I had made a payment of \$2,500 last Fall, & I have a refund of \$544.65 coming to me. My gross income, before costs & allowances, was :-

Old age pension	\$1,904
Canada pension plan	949
Variable corporation dividends	10,399
Bond & bank interest	5,292
Professional income (net)	6,262
	\$ 24,806

THURSDAY, MAR. 15/79 Cold (18° Fahr.) with a few snow flurries. Apart from my weekly trip to the supermarket for groceries & meat, & the daily trip to the post office, I stayed indoors, working at the Mersey history, with my typewriter set up on the dining room table. I have got it to 1953.

FRIDAY, MAR. 16/79 Bright & cold. A phone call from someone named Graham Nixon (or that's what it sounded like) with an English accent. Said he was an author "living on the Bay of Fundy" & working on a book about Halifax during War Two. Wants to consult me in person some time in April.

SUNDAY, MAR. 18/79 Thick flurries of snow, with patches of sunshine melting it off the asphalt. Dined with the Radclalls at Flunt's Point.

MONDAY, MAR. 19/79 Same weather. Noted in this morning's Halifax paper the death of R. J. ("Bob") Rankin at age 85. I knew him many years ago when he was managing editor of the Halifax Herald & occasionally got me to write brief historical articles for it. He became president of the Canadian Press, & eventually president of the St. Lawrence Seaway, from which he retired at age ~~55~~ 70. He had fought in War One as an infantry officer from 1916 to 1918, when he was wounded at Amiens.

Should have mentioned yesterday that my son Tom keeps adding to his collection of Canadian paintings, & last week he bought a

landscape by "Franz" Johnson (F. H.) Johnston, one of the famous "Group of Seven", who left the group in 1922. Tom bought it for \$15,000 from the Manuge Gallery at Halifax. Last week Manuge, who is considered the best expert on Canadian art in eastern Canada, accompanied by Dr. King, a wealthy Hfx. neurologist & art connoisseur, visited Tom & inspected his collection. They told him he should insure it for \$75,000, & to have every picture photographed in case of fire or theft. The climb in value of such things in recent years is fantastic.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1979 The first day of spring, & a very fine one, after many days of rain & snow. Sunny, with a few high cirrus clouds, temp. up to 60° Fahr. in town. Cooler, with a stiff NE breeze, on the golf course, where I walked looking hopefully for a robin. Nothing but a few gulls & crows. My first good walk since March 4, & having spent many of the intervening days hunched over my typewriter I found myself out of breath & having to sit down four times. The historical society met this evening, but I was unable to attend, as Peter Murphy of the N.S. Museum came with a bundle of photographic prints which he asked me to identify. His specialty is historical photography, & he had prints from old glass plate photos taken in Shelburne & Liverpool in the period roughly 1890-1920. The Liverpool photos were taken by Gilbert Kempton, & are now in the Dalhousie Library ~~the~~ Archives. Charles Armour, the Dal. archivist, got me to identify as many as I could last year.

THURSDAY, MAR. 22/79 Another lovely warm day. Did my usual weekly shopping for meat & groceries in the morning. This afternoon neighbour Erik lent me his sledge-hammer & an old axe-head for a wedge, to supplement my own poll-axe and wedge, & I had another go at splitting the round chunks of birch wood left by the ice-storm of Feb. 26. Hard work, as the wood is twisted & knotty. I was drenched & exhausted within an hour, & the job is only half done. Thirty years ago I could have done the whole thing in less than half an hour, & then taken a six-mile walk to get some real exercise.

FRIDAY, MAR. 23/79 Sunny but not quite so warm. Toiled for 1½ hours with sledge-hammer & wedges, splitting birch wood. Got most of it done. I weigh 173 lbs. naked, which is very good after a winter of infrequent & brief exercise.

Another phone call from Anthony ~~Harvey~~ Harvey in California.

(see entry March 5/79, also letters between Robert Lovenheim & me in March & April 1974). This time he said Robert Redford was anxious to do "The Nymph & The Lamp" - precisely what Williger told me in phone calls on Feb. 5 & 15/79. Redford is one of the best movie actors in the U.S. & certainly the most popular. But I'm used to hearing famous names invoked by shoe-string operators. I told him my lawyers are still dealing with a Canadian firm for the movie rights. I don't know what is holding up the deal, & possibly it may fall through, but I am leaving the matter entirely to my lawyers. Harvey said he would phone me again in a few weeks' time.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1979 Another warm & sunny day. Finished my wood-splitting chore, piled the wood neatly at the edge of driveway near the garage, where it will get the most sunshine for drying, & cleaned up the mess of chips, etc. Still not a bird to be seen.

I have got the Morsey history past the take-over by Bowater in 1956.

SUNDAY, MAR. 25/79 Overcast & mild. Dined at Hunt's Point on fresh steamed clams, which Tom & Pamela dug in the mud-flat at The Sike, S.W. Port Mouton, yesterday. Surely the earliest clam feast ever! I showed them half a dozen prints of the portrait photos taken by Sherman Hines on Feb. 24. Hines had asked me to choose one. They agreed with me that the ones in which Hines had posed me look "posy", & the best two are just plain old me, head & shoulders. In chat Tom mentioned that his gross <sup>professional</sup> income for 1978, before allowances for his office expenses, salary of his secretary-assistant, etc. was about \$60,000. Income from investments, capital gains etc. was about \$30,000. A total of slightly over \$90,000, on which his income tax is \$26,000.

MONDAY, MAR. 26/79 Showers & drizzle. Prime minister Trudeau announced a general election on May 22. For the past 12 months or so he has kept everybody guessing, & all the politicians have been openly campaigning; so for the next 56 days our radio, TV, & our towns & villages will be filled with their yammies, dreary & repetitious. The socialist (NDP) leader Broadbent gleefully predicts something close to a tie between Liberals & Conservatives, thus placing his small party in the key position. Trudeau told a press interview that he hopes that the Liberals or the Conservatives will get

a clear majority.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 28, 1979 Sunny with a cool W. breeze after a night's frost & some snow flurries. Walked around the golf course for an hour, my first good walk since Mar. 21.

THURSDAY, MAR. 29/79 Sunny. Cold SE breeze. Resting on a seat in the rain shelter by N<sup>o</sup> 5 green on the golf course, I saw a bird flit past, obviously to forage among the dead leaves under the alder thickets. From its size, shape & colour it was certainly a fox sparrow - the first spring bird I have seen. My diary record over many years shows an average date of March 23.

FRIDAY, MAR. 30/79 Dark & damp. Temp. 40° Fahr. Saw two fox sparrows foraging among dead leaves at the back of Joe Puckie's. Stepped outdoors & heard a trill of their song. This evening Jack Dunlop came in with a memo I had asked for, & we had a long talk about Mersey logging operations, past & present. The son of my old friend Hector Dunlop, he studied at the U.S.P. forestry school & took a job as timber cruiser with Mersey Paper Co. Worked his way up the ladder & is <sup>operations</sup> manager of their woods department.

Aside from woods affairs, I mentioned the oft-debated subject of pollution of Liverpool Bay by discharge of the paper mill's waste. Jack said that last year, about March, a fisherman named Irvine noticed large numbers of herring gulls fluttering & diving all over the outer harbour between the mill & Fort Point. Irvine set a net-trap & caught tons of herring.

This March, with larger & more elaborate net-traps, Irvine has been catching huge quantities, & shipping them away in special tanker-trucks rented from a firm in Digby. He is reputed to have made \$200,000 this year so far. Some of these herring have been trapped close to the shore at Fort Point & near the end of Brooklyn breakwater. Perkins mentions huge herring catches in the outer harbour in colonial times; but there has been nothing like it in the past fifty years or more. In spite of "pollution" from the paper mill!

CORRECTION: - The herrings, first noticed in Liverpool Bay last year, are very small, the kind that for many years have been canned, cooked in the can, & sold as "sardines" by the large & prosperous Connors firm at Black Harbour, N.B. For a long time they got all they wanted in the Bay of Fundy, but in recent years their specially built seiners have been operating at various places as far away as Chaleur Bay, on the

other coast of N.B., transferring their catch to tanker-trucks in which the fish are transported swiftly to the Connors plant. When they <sup>learned</sup> ~~discovered~~ of an enormous school of "sardines" at Liverpool, the Connors firm knew from past experience that the local fishermen would raise a great outcry against "foreign" seiners - even though the local fishermen were not equipped with sardine nets & had never caught them. So the Connors firm made a deal with a local fisherman named Irving, provided him with money to buy sardine seines, & in fact set him up in business. Two of the Connors tanker-trucks leave Liverpool every twenty-four hours with sardines for Black Harbour, & Irving is indeed making a fortune.

SUNDAY, APR. 1, 1979 Dull & damp. Worked at the Mersey book all day, & Tom (my son) took me to Hunt's Point for dinner & brought me back.

MONDAY, APR. 2/79 Sunny & cool. The first pair of robins appeared on my back lawn this morning. Enjoyed a walk around the golf course. Saw a pair of small birds in flight from the ground, uttering a long thin cry or whistle, which I took to be sandpipers of the Least variety.

TUESDAY, APR. 3/79 Rain, temp. 40° Fahr. Mrs. Bagley did her weekly chore. I got in a good day's work at the Mersey book.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 4/79 Overcast, temp. rising slowly to 50°. This afternoon I bought a white plastic bird-bath for \$4.10, & installed it in the center of my back lawn, replacing the one destroyed by young vandals last winter. Took my car to the Rossignol garage, had the snow tires removed from the rear wheels & replaced with the summer tires, also had a broken tire stud replaced on the left rear wheel.

These simple matters involved long waiting in the hardware store & at the garage. I have never seen this town so busy as it is nowadays, & everybody with plenty of money to spend. Yet the "Manpower Office" has a roll of at least 300 people who claim to be unemployed.

FRIDAY, APR. 6/79 Rain yesterday. Made my weekly trip to the supermarket for meat & groceries, otherwise stayed indoors working at the Mersey book. Today was sunny, temp. 50°. Worked at the book till 2:30, then went to the garage & got out my fertilizer spreader & oiled it. Then spread on the front & side lawns about 12 lbs of Vigoro 12-6-3, left over from last year.

Phone call from Wynn Potter, of the N.S. Dept. of Mines. Someone (John Lefse, probably) had told him that I would like to see Sable

Island after an absence of 57 years. He said the Dept. sends a small plane out there periodically to check on the ecology, & if I wished he could arrange a seat for me some time next month. I said I'd be delighted. He will phone me again about April 30.

SATURDAY, APR. 7, 1979 Awoke this morning to find about an inch of snow on the ground, & more falling in squalls of big snowflakes. All of it melted away later in the afternoon. This is the tail-end of a violent blizzard that has damaged & paralyzed Ontario & the U.S. middle west during the past two days.

No word from Covert about the film deal since March 8th, & the delay must be what I had expected, that the scoundrel King & his shyster lawyers in California are threatening a lawsuit purely for blackmail, thereby frightening the Toronto group into stalling for more time. (They were supposed to sign in February.)

News:- Some days ago a large nuclear-power plant at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, developed alarming symptoms of an explosion, causing thousands of people to flee from the area. The cause was mainly human error & carelessness, & the danger is now under control; but this has set off a human chain reaction all around the world, wherever nuclear-power plants are located. Huge & violent demonstrations have shut down many of the plants. This comes exactly at a time when the oil-producing nations are shoving the price of oil up another 20%, & when anarchy in Iran has shut down most of the oil production there. Nuclear energy is the obvious & only salvation of the western nations, & it must come. The protests are organized by fanatics of the same sort as those who opposed the first motorcars, & (back in the 19th century) the first steam railway engines.

SUNDAY, APR. 8/79 Overcast, temp. 40°. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point - steamed clams, dug this morning at the Port Mouton creek.

MONDAY, APR. 9/79 Heavy rain all night & day. Jack Kyte dropped in to see how I was getting along with the *Marsy* <sup>history</sup>. I showed him the typescript, which is now up to 1975. Asked him to arrange for me a tour of the plant, preferably when one of the ships is loading. Will do.

Received from Mc Clelland & Stewart 6 copies each of their new paperback editions of *Hangman's Beach* & *The Governor's Lady*. The covers are really thin cardboard, with transparent plastic over the cover picture. Instead of using Copley's painting of Frances Montworth, as Doubleday did, (I have a photograph of it in colour) M & S art department had someone paint a head-&-shoulders imaginary female,

with a great modern coiffure & a rapid face. The cover picture of *Hangman's Beach* is better, apparently a photograph of Mc Nab's Island taken from a strip of beach at Imperial. The price of each is \$6.95.

TUESDAY, APR. 10, 1979 More rain. Mrs. Bagley did her weekly chores this morning. Someone from "Halifax" magazine phoned about the *Floris* photo of me. (See Feb. 24 & March 3) He said *Floris* had approved its use in "Halifax," so it's all right with me.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 11/79 Sunny, with a NW gale. Took my car to Rosignol service station for a lube job & oil change. Then to their body-shop on the Milton road. The right rear mudguard had rusted underneath where the nickel finish strip is fastened, & the whole strip was hanging loose. They fastened it with screws set in new holes bored in the frame. I drove on to Cosby's garden store & bought a 30-lb. sack of lawn fertilizer for \$8.75. All of which took up the whole morning.

THURSDAY, APR. 12/79 Open- & -shut sky, a few rays of sunshine, a few sprinkles of rain, a few dustings of light snow. Shopped for meat & groceries in the morning - the store jammed with people shopping for the long Easter weekend, which begins tomorrow. Took my car to the automatic car-wash, for the first time since last October. Now the old car is ready for another summer, I hope. In the afternoon I worked on the *Mersey* book till 2:30. Then spread about 28 lbs. of fertilizer on my back lawn. It is a 12-6-3 mixture put up by the Vigoro people. I couldn't get my old reliable "Lawn Green."

FRIDAY, APR. 13/79 Open- & -shut sky. Temp. up to 50° Fadt in town, but when I walked at White Point there was a cold sea breeze, right off the ice-fields out by Sable Island, & temp. down to (at a guess) 40°. Saw a few robins. After I got back I had two callers, L. S. Loomer & W. K. Morrison. Loomer formerly worked with the *Atlantic Advocate*, & *Fredericton Ibaner*, during their prosperous days under "Mike" Wardell, whose silent partner & financier was Lord Beaverbrook. (Wardell to his dying day insisted that the money was his own.) Loomer is now retired in Windsor N.S. where he occupies himself in dealing in out-of-print books. I have had some correspondence with him. Morrison, a native of Cape Breton, worked for years on newspapers & magazines, notably the (American) *National Geographic Magazine*. He is now retired in Middletown, N.S. & (like Loomer) deals in out-of-print books on N.S., & notably in unpublished manuscripts about N.S. Through the heirs of William Inglis Morse he had obtained Xerox copies of a typescript by Robert

Long, listing authors of works by Nova Scotians, going back into colonial days, & compiled (at a guess) some time prior to 1920. Long was a native of Liverpool who worked most of his life on small newspapers in the Boston area, but spent his summers here. He was the chief founder of the Queens County Historical Society in the summer of 1929, & I spent many hours listening to his discourse on local history. Morrison thinks of a limited publication of the N.S. authors book, & wanted to know if Long had any heirs who might claim copyright. I said Long died alone in a Boston hospital, <sup>in 1934</sup> & if he had any heirs they obviously weren't a bit interested in him. (He was born in 1849, & died at the age of 85.)

Morrison had brought along copies of "Saga of the River" & "The Markland Sagas", autographed by C. F. L. Jones, & asked for details about their production. Also a copy of "In My Time", which he asked me to autograph for him.

SATURDAY, APR. 14/79 Temp. got up to 60° in the sun in town but as on yesterday my walk at White Point was in the cold sea breeze & I wore my old black "Arctic" coat, & woolen gloves. A note from Frank Covert at last, enclosing a letter from Griesdorf in Toronto. Griesdorf wrote on April 5 saying "Bantalk Productions Ltd. has signed the option agreement & it is presently out for signature by Tel-Pro Entertainments Inc. We are sorry for the delay but I have just returned from a vacation."

Covert merely says, "It looks as if we are getting close to completion". It is obvious to me that Griesdorf & associates (Samuel Freeman, Michael Burns, et al) have been stalling deliberately, & that Griesdorf's "vacation" was in California, dealing with Williger (?) (see Feb. 5, 15, also Mar. 5, 23) & Anthony Harvey. My own strong inclination is to break off the Bantalk negotiations & see what Williger & Harvey have to offer; but Covert was kind in offering his services & I feel I must abide by him.

Tonight about 11 p.m. a man named Paul Morton phoned from Toronto wanting information about the New England "planters" who settled around Minas Basin before the American Revolution, & were involved in the Cumberland rebellion as I mentioned in "His Majesty's Yankees".

I told him where to look for details, for about 15 minutes. Then he went on to tell me about himself in great detail. Born in New Glasgow, a descendant of one of the "Planters", he had worked on newspapers, notably the Toronto Star, was a war correspondent for them in Europe in

Nat Juro, had also worked for "British Gaumont" & other film companies in London & Los Angeles. He went on & on for half an hour, coming to no point whatever, & finally I realized that he was simply a well-spoken lunatic. He confirmed this by saying he had just come out of hospital after an operation for removal of a brain tumour! He then thanked me for my courteous listening & said goodnight!

SUNDAY, APR. 15, 1979 Overcast. Temp. 40° Fahr. Indoors all day, going over the Mercury typescript looking for errors & faulty construction, etc. Tom Sr. took me to Hunt's Point for an old-fashioned Easter dinner - shrimp cocktail, roast turkey with all the fixings including white wine (Liebfraumilch), raisin pie. Debbie was home from King's for the Easter holidays, trying to line up another summer job as a waitress at White Point Lodge. She is more placid than her two mettlesome brothers, but she can & does hold her own in their occasional furious arguments.

MONDAY, APR. 16/79 Overcast & mild. A good walk at White Point. On my way home I turned up around Milton, something I have not done in a long time. Many new houses facing on the river, all modern bungalow types. At Two Mile Hill (formerly called "Injun Hill") I noted three smart new bungalows inhabited by the Francis & other "Micmac" families, in tremendous contrast to the shabby little homes of poor whites alongside them. These have all modern conveniences, again in contrast to the whites. Under the present indulgent policy of the Dept of Indian Affairs anyone who claims a few drops of Indian blood, & can get his or her name registered with an officially recognized "band", is entitled to these & other benefits from the federal treasury. As one result, the "Indian" population is increasing by leaps & bounds, all over Canada.

TUESDAY, APR. 17/79 Overcast, threatening showers. My lawns begin to show a little green. Noticed a white-throat sparrow at my bird bath.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 18/79 Historical Society met in Zion church basement. President (Rev. Bill Titus) in the chair, pleasant & efficient. About 30 people. Dr. John Nickwire read a paper on the history of hospitals.

FRIDAY, APR. 20/79 Typical April weather - alternate showers of fine rain, fine snow, sleet, hail & a brief spot or two of sunshine. This afternoon Jack Kyte took me over to Brooklyn, & mill engineer Eric Hazeldeine showed me the new thermal-mechanical pulp machine, the stone-grinder room, paper machine room, the process of wrapping & heading the paper rolls, a paper being loaded in a railway car by a small

but powerful & nimble "vacuum-lift" truck operated by one man. Truck picks up & grips the roll by an air-vacuum, so that there is no possibility of damage. The whole mill process is controlled & regulated by marvellous electronic devices & switchboards. I had not been inside the mill since I left the paper company in 1938. Since I undertook its history last Fall I have been studying hard to get my knowledge of the process up-to-date, & it was highly interesting to see it working. Next week Kyte will arrange to have me shown over the big new wood-room & the wood yard, & then to have a wrap-up talk with general manager Bob Heary & some of his key men.

Letter from my sister Winifred Merlin. She & husband & her daughter by her first marriage, Rosemary Shannon, are well & happy at their home near Lumburg. My sister Nellie is in Alabama with old friends. Nellie's daughter Carol & husband John Paisley are well & happy in their home at Indian Point. Their oldest son Bob hopes to study drama (& acting) at Dalhousie. Bill is at Acadia studying Phys. Ed. The two younger ones go to school at Bridgewater.

SUNDAY, APR. 22, 1978 Sunny & warm in town, but the usual cold sea breeze at White Point. Grandson Tom took me to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. He has got his driving license back, after passing a rigid test, & is delighted to be driving again. Debby has passed her first year exams at King's, by no means at the top of the class, but she is happy. Tom & son Tom busied themselves yesterday at Broad River, felling & junking maple & birch wood, & hauling it home in the station-wagon. They have got a good year's supply for the big hearth in the living room where, except in mid-summer, they keep a fire going every day & evening. Pam went along to Broad River on the first trip, & picked a bunch of mayflowers in full bud.

In the past few days I have brief spells of dizziness, which has afflicted me at long intervals for years. This afternoon, driving home from White Point, feeling invigorated by my walk, my head went into a sudden whirl, almost a complete swoon. I managed to jam my brake on. Fortunately no car was close behind. After two or three minutes I was able to go on, very cautiously. But suppose I had been driving at my usual 50 m.p.h., & in a lot of traffic? Don't like to think about it.

TUESDAY, APR. 24/78 Warm, with wind offshore. A pleasant walk at White Point, bareheaded & without overcoat. Mrs. Bagley came & did

the cleaning chores. Tomorrow she will start the spring house-cleaning.

News: - In Uganda the brutal buffoon Idi "Daddy" Amin has been driven out by Tanzanian forces combined with Ugandan refugees.

The "liberators" promptly looted & half-destroyed the capital city, Kampala, & already the Ugandans are divided into groups, each claiming to run the country. Last week finally there was a free election in Rhodesia, & black majority is now in power politically, although the whites still control the army & police until a stable government is assured. The blacks call the country ZIMBABWE, & as in all the "liberated" black countries they are dividing into fiercely militant groups, each claiming the right to run the country.

A few days ago an election in P.E.I. threw the Liberals out of office, which they had held for 13 years. Thus there is not a single provincial government in Canada left in Liberal hands.

Meanwhile the federal election campaign goes on with boring yammer-yammer-yammer, each party making the same old promises & accusations. Tory leader Joe Clarke is glib & forceful in his promises, but seems a light-weight compared with Trudeau & the N.D.P. leader Broadbent. In a day when television appearance counts for so much, Clark is handicapped by his facial profile, in which a great dewlap reduces his chin to an absurdity, although he is not a bit fat elsewhere.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 25, 1979 Fine but cooler, with a wind off the sea. Walked at White Point, where the golf course will be opened for the season on Saturday. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & began the spring house-cleaning. I took her home at 3 p.m.

THURSDAY, APR. 26/79 Overcast & showery. No further dizzy spells, but I move cautiously, afoot & in the car, just in case.

Wrote to Frank Covert, pointing out that "Bartalk" and "Tel-Pro" were supposed to sign the contract for "The Nymph & The Lamp" in January, but they have been delaying, on one pretext or another, the latest being their lawyer Griesdorf's "vacation". In effect, since they opened negotiations last September, they have kept my picture rights out of the market for eight months, without the actual payment of a cent. Obviously, for their devious purposes, they will keep on doing this as long as it costs them nothing & as long as they can get away with it. I mentioned the enquiry by Anthony Harvey & the prospect of top U.S. actor Robert Redford being interested in buying the rights. (see entries Feb. 5, 15, Mar. 5, 23.)

FRIDAY, APR. 27, 1979 Sunny & warm. At 11 a.m. Jack Kyte took me over to the Mersey office for a chat with General Manager Bob Heary, about the history. I took with me typed lists of questions for the Mill, Woods, Sales, & Shipping departments, which Bob will distribute to the appropriate people. He lent me two volumes of a report by Shawinigan Engineering Company on "The Economic Impact of Bowater Mersey Paper Co. Ltd." on Nova Scotia generally & Queens County in particular. First made in December 1978, it was revised this month (April 1979) & it answers several of my listed questions. Heary is a keen but unflinching man about 40. I used to play golf with him sometimes years ago, when he had a lesser position with Mersey Paper, & before he went to Cornbrook, Nfld. In 50 years he is the first native Nova Scotian to be head of the Mersey Company.

Walked around the golf course in the afternoon. The course is now ready for play tomorrow.

SATURDAY, APR. 28/79 Hazy sky, cool breeze. Yesterday I removed the heavy wooden storm door from my side entrance. Today I unplugged the air vents under my sun porch & study. So the house is ready for summer. Went up to the cemetery & raked dead leaves from G's grave. The limestone I put on it a year or so ago has had a good effect on the former mossy soil, & the grass seeds I planted after last summer's drought have come up in tufts. I applied lawn fertilizer & raked it in.

Forgot to note yesterday that Heary plans to have a big 50th anniversary banquet next November in one of the main Halifax hotels. It will be attended by Premier Buchanan & other N.S. dignitaries, & by top Bowater people from Britain & the U.S. Heary wants me to make an after-dinner address on the occasion, as I was one of the original employees. I hate big lunches & making speeches but I felt I could not refuse; & in any case there will be other speakers — the Bowater brass etc. — & as I told Heary, in public addresses I've always stuck to the good old rule — "stand up, speak up, & shut up."

SUNDAY, APR. 29/79 Heavy rain all day & night. The clocks went ahead one hour at midnight last night, so with an extra hour of daylight I was able to drive to Hunt's Point for dinner & return, for the first time since last Fall. I hear on radio & TV that the St. John river is in flood over its bank, & in Manitoba & Dakota the Red River is creating the worst flood in decades.

MONDAY, APR. 30, 1979 Rain. My shouls are beginning to break out of bud, & the lawn is flourishing. At noon I had another phone call from Anthony Harvey, pursuing his enquiries about "The Slyph & The Lamp." I told him what I had told my lawyer on Apr. 26. He said he would call again in some weeks' time, & repeated that Robert Redford was "very anxious to obtain the rights", & film actress Ali McGraw wanted to play the female lead. Bob Comes, the Ontario man who has a summer home at Port Joli, dropped in with an elderly woman visitor, & we had a pleasant chat. I am now awaiting information from Mercury Paper Co. for my final chapter, so I began to type clean copy of the rest of it, & got a good start on it.

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1979 Again rain all day, at temp 40° Fahr. Mrs. Bagley did the usual cleaning chores. She will come again tomorrow for another go at the spring cleaning. Worked all afternoon typing clean copy (with one carbon copy) of "The Mersey story."

THURSDAY, MAY 3/79 Mild, calm, open-&-shut sky. Went to White Pt. this afternoon with 2 woods, 2 irons, & putter in my light leather bag. The course very wet, sand traps full of water, & puddles here & there on the fairway. Nobody else out. Took 1½ hours to play 7 holes, & quit, feeling tired. Dubbed most of the shots. Longest wood shot was about 140 yards. But it is always a pleasure to start play for another season. Bob Comes dropped in to present me with two dozen freshly-dug and washed clams, & stayed for a chat.

FRIDAY, MAY 4/79 Wet again & bleak. Except for my morning walk to the post office I was indoors all day typing clean copy of the Mersey script. Enjoyed the clams for lunch.

News: The general election in Britain has turned the Labour government out & the Conservatives are in, with a clear majority, & their leader Mrs. Margaret Thatcher becomes Prime Minister. The result had been predicted, after the strikes of all kinds - even to gravediggers - last year, had proved the greediness & arrogance of the trades unions, & the inability of the Labour government to control them. Still, the election showed a large vote for Labour, & Mrs. Thatcher will have no easy time of it.

Saturday, May 5/79 Damp & bleak. Spent the whole day & most of the evening toiling at the typewriter.

SUNDAY, MAY 6/79 Sunny, but a wild NW gale blowing. Indoors all day typing clean copy of the Mersey Book. Drove to Hunt's Point & dined with the junior Raddalls. Tommy is looking forward to his

first year at Dalhousie, starting next September. Debbie will be taking her second year at Kings. She expects to work as a waitress at White Point Lodge this summer. Last year, with the generous tips the girls get, she received \$1,700 for six weeks' work. Blair, the youngest, enters Grade 9 in the regional high school next year. Unlike his brother Tom, who is keen & tense at his studies (as he is about hockey, basketball, & everything else he does) Blair is easygoing & seems lazy by comparison, yet he always gets high marks at school examinations, & may be the brainiest of the three. In looks, wits, & personality all of them are utterly different, & it is most interesting to watch them develop.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 1979 Again sunny with the NW gale. Walked around the golf course, which is still very wet but beginning to dry up. Only player out was Col. Norman Reed (USAF, Ret'd) of Port Medway, whom I overtook at N<sup>o</sup> 7 green. At home my shrubs are all budding out, & the forsythias are a mass of yellow bloom.

The federal election campaign drags on, like a phonograph record whose needle is stuck in one groove. Despite the large number of unemployed, who are all eating & living well on government hand-outs, our fishermen are more prosperous than ever before in our history, so are the factory workers, & so are the farmers, to judge by food prices. With these conditions the ordinary man & woman are not inclined to upset the order of things, & the high-falutin' issues of the politicians mean nothing to them. My guess is that Trudeau's government, with all its blunders & arrogance, will get in with a small majority. The Liberals have been in power too long; but Joe Clark, with the Dieffenbaker presence behind him, offers no good alternative as things stand.

TUESDAY, MAY 8/79 A fine warm day, with just a light breeze. I have the clean copy for the Mersey book typed, with a carbon copy, ~~and~~ all but the final chapter, stating things as they are today, blending statistics with a review of the sociological & other changes made by a prosperous industry over a period of 50 years. For this I await the statistics from Mersey Paper Co.

This afternoon I spent two hours mowing my lawns, for the first time this season. Much of the grass had perished in the drought last summer, but I applied plenty of limestone & fertilizer last September, so it could leach into the soil during Fall rains, & I re-seeded the worst places. That, & the additional fertilizer I spread

on April 12, have done the trick, & I again I have a thick green lawn.  
 WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1979 Overcast & cooler. Finished typing clean copy of "The Mersey ~~the~~ Story", all but the concluding chapter, for which I await information from Mersey. This afternoon I went over the lawns again, using the hand-pushed mower, which always makes a miter job.

THURSDAY, MAY 10/79 A fine hot day. Temp. 80° Fahr. For the first time since last September I opened the windows at the back of the house, upstairs & down, & my front door, to let the NNW breeze blow through.

From 1 p.m. to 2:30 played a leisurely nine holes at White Point, without cap or jacket, luxuriating in the wind & sun.

News: Petro-Canada & 3 other oil companies announced that, drilling to a depth of 5,000 metres, 13 kilometers east of Sable Island, they have struck natural gas in "commercial quantities". Further seismic work & drilling will be done this summer. Several years ago drillers just off the SW tip of the island discovered natural gas & a small amount of oil, which Premier Regan displayed in a small bottle on TV, declaring that it would turn the tide of fortune for Nova Scotia. The drill-holes were later sealed, as worthless.

FRIDAY, MAY 11/79 Again sunny, but the breeze had hauled to ESE, from yesterday's NNW, & coming off the sea it was a bit chilly at White Pt., where I played 9 holes.

SATURDAY, MAY 12/79 Sunny, with a light breeze. I learned yesterday that neighbour Erik Anderson has been laid up by an attack of "flu" for the past two weeks, so this afternoon I took my electric mower & mowed his lawns. He is still quite weak, but up & about. When I finished the mowing we adjourned to my house & enjoyed a long chat over cold ales.

I phoned Frank Covert at his Hunt's Point home, & read to him my reference to his part in the incorporation of Mersey Paper Company. He corrected me on one point. Then I asked about the movie deal for "The Nymph" & "The Ledge". He had just got a letter from lawyer Griesdorf in Toronto, which he read over to me. Griesdorf denied that his clients were deliberately stalling to keep the movie rights off the market while they get their finances in order. He promised a definite decision within two weeks. Frank advised me to go along with this, so I said O.K.

My old acquaintance James Buchanan, for many years the

ourselves.

In the next decade, the fishery could generate 30,000 new jobs, offshore, inshore, and in associated industries

like shipbuilding and repair and scientific research. Equally important is the psychic boost to Canada's most depressed region. In New-

foundland, as an example of the change in attitude, next fall's Grade Ten curriculum will include for the first time a social studies course on the

history and socio-economics of fishing—this for the sons and daughters of the people whom Joey Smallwood told "Burn your boats." O

## Can fish be as important as oil? Ask the Nickersons

In Halifax or St. John's, you never talk about the fish business. You always talk about The Trade. The phrase has a fine romantic ring to it, redolent of tall ships reaching down to the Caribbean, holds packed full of salt fish. But it also defines an industry with spats on: timid and unimaginative, creaky and dull.

The structure of the trade is even creakier. The mom-and-pop stores are the hundreds of local, family-owned fish plants scattered through the Atlantic provinces. These plants are the mainstay of their communities; they're also usually undercapitalized and inefficient. Since they rely almost exclusively on the inshore catch, they can operate only seasonally.

The supermarket equivalents are the four big vertically integrated companies—National Sea Products Ltd. and H.B. Nickerson and Sons Ltd. in Nova Scotia, Fishery Products Ltd. and the Lake Group in Newfoundland—which dominate fishing offshore. But the Big Four are themselves mom-and-pop shops. Only National Sea

produces its profit-and-loss statements for public scrutiny; the others are private and family controlled.

Yet, even as you read this, sail is giving way to steam. A pair of blunt, aggressive privateers out of down-at-heel North Sydney are remaking the style of the fish trade in their own image. Jerry Nickerson started out in the conventional style twenty years ago, running the modest processing plant he'd inherited from his father. Harold joined the business a decade later. Now they're to fish what the McCains are to potatoes. Their assets, through companies they own or control, reach up to \$150-million. Their sales approach \$250-million annually. Their companies haul in a quarter of the total Atlantic catch.

In Nova Scotia alone, Nickerson interests employ about forty per cent of all the people working in fish processing. Add shipyards, trucking and helicopter interests, plants throughout Atlantic Canada, marketing offices in the U.S., England, and Norway, and you're contemplating a commercial empire.

Harold, who's forty, handles day to day operations. He's fresh-faced and blue-eyed and fair. Jerry, forty-three, is dark and burly. He's the visionary. The move that in one fell swoop escalated them from comers to captains-of-industry happened two years ago when they won controlling interest in National Sea, National Sea was and is the flagship of the fish trade, the largest fishing company in Atlantic Canada, with more than fifty trawlers and twenty-two

plants. Thanks to another team of brothers—W.O. and J.B. Morrow, Nova Scotia fishocrats whose grandfather, a former Lunenburg sea captain, had founded the business at the turn of the century—National Sea also had the reputation for sound and efficient management. But in the soft market of the mid-1970s, it began to founder. When 1974-75 losses began tallying up towards \$1.4-million, the Morrrows and other officers and directors of the family compact who controlled the company without owning a majority of shares began offering blocks of shares on the market. In March, 1977, the Nickersons, together with Sobey's, the Maritime supermarket chain, bought control through a shared voting trust. Four months later, the Nickersons bought out Sobey's.

Now for the kicker. In the next twelve months, as fish prices soared, the value of National Sea's common stock appreciated by at least \$20-million. For 1978, the company had net profits of more than \$10-million, giving earn-

ings of \$2.20 per common share. (The shares were split during the year.) The Nickersons' own profits—they have about fifty-five per cent of the business—amounted to at least \$6-million. "What we're talking about here," says Halifax editor Harry Fleming, "is one of the greatest coups in Atlantic Canada's business history."

When not planning expansion, Jerry and Harold brood about Roméo LeBlanc. "They fear and mistrust LeBlanc," says one who's close to them, "because they know he has the power to put them out of business." On or off the record the furthest either Nickerson will go is to talk about how "existing government policy has created 'uncertainty' in the industry." But if you read the fine print in the company brochure, the message is clear. Newly added to the list of acquisitions is Bluecrest Foods, a fish-processing firm in Grimsby, England. The Nickersons are diversifying to minimize the risk.

Plenty of people in Atlantic Canada are switched off by the Nickersons. Inshore fishermen claim that the big freezer trawlers they're clamouring for—this is the main bone of contention with LeBlanc—could put them out of business. Just as many are switched on. Atlantic Canada, after all, is the region in which, as Harry Bruce once noted in these pages, "big businessmen wear an aura that tycoons in other places lack." And the Nickersons, for heaven's sake, aren't just any old business tycoons. They're downhome Nova Scotia boys. O



Jerry Nickerson



Harold Nickerson

chief federal fish warden (river & sea) for Queens County, long retired, is now an inmate of the home for elderly patients at Caledonia. Aged about 85, he is in a state of advanced senility, I'm told. His only child, Mrs. McCully, for many years a resident of Ontario, is here preparing to sell the old Buchanan house, just inside the town boundary on the east road to Milton. Also the contents, which are to be sold at auction next Saturday. The Buchanan ancestor used to build ships on "Buchanan's Cove", which is now completely filled with the silt of the past century. I phoned Mrs. McC., who remembered me, & asked her, on behalf of the Historical Society, not to destroy old documents that may refer to the shipbuilding. She has not yet gone over the papers in the house, but promised to let me know if she finds anything useful.

SUNDAY, MAY 13/79 Rain. Drove to Hunt's Point & dined with the junior Kaddalls on fresh lobsters, steamed in the shell, which Tom bought for \$2 per lb. from a fisherman in S.W. Port Mouton.

This evening, with millions of other Canadians, I watched on TV the long awaited confrontation of the three main party leaders in the present election campaign. Contrary to the obvious hopes of four prominent newsmen, who were given a period in which to bait them, there was not much heat & no new light. The straight-faced Ed. Broadbent provided some low comedy by insisting that he was running for the post of Prime Minister of Canada, & not hoping for a fairly even split between Liberals & Conservatives, which would enable his small NDP party to side with one or the other as they did in 1972, in return for concessions to the NDP.

All three leaders are skilled & experienced in debate, but it seemed to me that Trudeau came off best.

MONDAY, MAY 14/1979 Drizzle & fog. Jack Kyte came, bringing typed sheets of information & statistics that I asked for many days ago. Now I can begin to write the final chapter, a careful wrap-up that will probably take me till the end of this month.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16/79 Mild & overcast, threatening rain. Mrs. Bagley did her usual cleaning chores yesterday morning, & worked again today from 8 a.m. to 2:30 on spring house-cleaning - washing the china & glassware in the dining room cabinet (which I never use) & the curtains & bedding in Françoise's old room. I took her back to Eagle Head, & then mowed my lawns again. As usual at this damp & mild season the grass had grown like mad since I mowed it eight days ago.

May 16, 1979 (Continued) Kim Leslie of Milton, painter, has been doing some interior work for neighbour Erik. I showed him the exterior woodwork of my house & garage, & he agreed to scrape & paint it, also the interior staircase walls (which Mrs. Bagley couldn't reach). He has several other jobs to do ahead of mine, but will get to me in due time.

This evening I attended the Historical Society's annual dinner in Trinity Parish Hall. The ladies of the parish served their usual excellent buffet meal, price \$6. About 80 people, most of them middle-aged or elderly. I sat with Eric Manthorne & wife, & chatted with John McCaul, Madge King, & other old friends.

The speaker of the evening was the wife of Captain Loran Strum, master of the s/s Hudson, which is based at Halifax & makes patrols as far as Ruffin Island carrying scientists & others. He is a son of my old friend Capt. Frank Strum, with whom I had adventures on Col. Jones' yacht nearly 50 years ago. She accompanied her husband on a voyage to Hudson Strait recently, & showed photo-slides of the seal hunt etc.

May 17/79 Drizzling rain. In last week's Advance I noticed an item about the youth service centre ("C.A.M.R. Activity Centre") which operates under the auspices of the Kinsmen club in the former fire hall on Main Street. One activity is "stripping" & refinishing old painted furniture under the guidance of an expert, Mrs. M. L. Shannon, from Caledonia. I phoned her, & this morning she came with a van & two young men, & took away one of the pine bookcases which fit under window sills in my ~~living room~~ study & dining room. I had them made to order about 46 years ago by the little woodworking firm of Walker Brothers, at Milton, & later E. had one stained brown (for dining room) & the other painted green (for the study). There is a birch cabinet in my study, also painted green, which I wanted to have re-finished in the natural colour, like the bookcases. Mrs. Shannon & her group will do them one at a time.

This evening Mrs. McCully (née Betty Buchanan) came with a small carton of relics from her father's house, & they were disappointing. A few books of no historic value except a copy of R. R. Macleod's "Markland"; some tools of stone (mostly fragments) found on the Indian camp sites on Madway & Mersy rivers; no letters at all; her grandfather Smith's certificate from the medical school at Bowdoin College, Maine, dated 1881; one or two other things of no value. The only

thing of any interest was a journal of a schooner called "Larry B." which apparently traded on the South Shore in the 1880's.

Mrs. McCully said her mother died last year, & her father James Buchanan is now in a nursing home at Saledonia. The contents of the house have been listed & well advertised by auctioneer Keith Weger, in the Halifax newspaper as well as in the Liverpool Advance, & the bidding at the sale next Saturday should be brisk.

Her grandfather Smith practised medicine briefly at Yarmouth after graduation from Bowdoin College, & then settled at Mill Village for the rest of his life, hardly a lucrative place for a doctor. He & his wife had one child, a daughter, who married Jim Buchanan after he returned from Canadian army service in War One.

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1979 Continuous damp weather. Letter from Frank Covert. Ingrid had phoned him about my ultimatum. (See May 12 & Apr. 26.) He says the Tel-Pro Company still refuse to buy unless I give an unqualified guarantee of the movie rights. He suggested that they pay Maurice Singer for a quit-claim, & deduct that from my \$50,000. Covert told him I would never agree to that. (It would play right into the hands of that lying scoundrel Singer, who has no legal claim whatever.) Covert writes to me: - "If they (i.e. Tel-Pro) are not ready to complete the deal by the 22nd., ~~and~~ I told them to send me back the Agreements & I would send them back the cheque. This would leave you free to deal with others."

Towards midnight I had a phone call from my daughter Frances Dennis, rather incoherent, saying that her elder son Gregory & his lady friend will probably visit me tomorrow or Sunday, & would I put them up over-night - in separate bedrooms? I could only say All Right, although I don't like it a bit. Gregory never showed any interest in me as a boy & a youth, & the feeling was mutual. He quitted his (pre-medical) studies at Acadia in the autumn of '75 to spend his time with his girl at Moncton. Father Bill finally kicked him out, & the pair thumbked their way west & worked about a year as waitress & bus-boy in a hotel at Jasper B.C. Then they came east to Halifax & got jobs of a similar kind in two different hotels. They are not married but live together obviously.

SUNDAY,  
SATURDAY, MAY 20/79 Still wet weather, & I am content at my desk, poring over a vast amount of Messy information, picking out the essentials, & putting together my final chapter. Gregory Dennis & his

companion Cathy arrived about 3 p.m. I had not seen him for at least 4 years. He is tall, with a fringe of beard around his jaws, quite goodlooking. She is a brunette, with good features & figure, very little make-up, very neat & well spoken, not at all what I expected. They had brought a portable charcoal ("hibachi") cooker, & we dined on grilled pork chops & baked potatoes. I supplied apple pie. About 8 p.m. we drove to Hunt's Point & chatted with Tom & Pamela till midnight. Greg & Cathy make no secret of the fact that they live together in a small apartment near the north end of Brunswick Street, Hfx. He is about 21 & so is she. He works as a bar tender in the expensive but popular Clipper Bay restaurant on the Halifax harbourside (part of Historic Properties Ltd.), & she is a diningroom waitress in the newly enlarged & renovated Carlton Hotel on Argyle Street. With the combined pay plus generous tips they are able to live quite comfortably & to keep a car. Gregory revealed that he hopes to enter Kings University next Fall, specializing in journalism.

MONDAY, MAY 21, 1979 Foggy & damp. I was up at 7:30 & got my breakfast. My guests slept until about 10 a.m. & had a breakfast of bacon & eggs, toast, & coffee. They left for Hfx. towards noon, after thanking me nicely. They seem a devoted pair, & I wish them well.

Bird note:- Greg saw a yellow warbler flitting about the shrub in the nook between sunporch & diningroom, where a pair of yellow warblers have nested for forty years or more. The nest they have used for the past few years still hangs there, despite the winter storms. They are very punctual. Their first appearance over many years has been, on the average, May 22, & they nest between May 24 & 31.

Tonight the annual professional hockey playoffs ended with Montreal Canadiens defeating New York Rangers 4-1, & thus winning the Stanley Cup for the fourth successive year. Since the old (Canadian) National League was extended to the chief cities of the U.S., the best players, mostly Canadian, have been able to demand enormous salaries, & the whole thing became a huge money-making business. As a result the hockey season has been stretched to the very edge of summer, & the vociferous hockey-mad portion of our population demands & gets CBC TV coverage on prime evening time every second night for the weeks & weeks of the playoffs. Thank God it's at an end - until the thing starts again next Fall. Also the political yammer on radio & TV is now at an end, after

MONDAY, MAY 21, 1979 (continued) 57 days & nights. Two blessings at one time.

TUESDAY, MAY 22/79 Election Day. I voted for Lloyd Brown, the Conservative member for Queens-Lunenburg, who has held this seat for many years. He had an easy win, although as usual there was a large Liberal vote in his own Lunenburg County. The big Conservative majority in Queens does the trick. I have no political bias, but I felt it was time for a change at Ottawa. Worked all day on the Mersy lock, although after eight wet days the sun came out very hot (80° Fahren) in the afternoon. Bob Corner dropped in for a moment & gave me a couple of dozen freshly dug & washed ~~clams~~<sup>clams</sup>, & a small lobster ready-cooked. In the evening I mowed my lawn very thoroughly (lengthways & crossways), & found the blackflies out in force & biting.

Bird note:- The pair of yellow warblers are now in their brief pre-mating phase, the female evading the male in a lively game of chase-me-Charlie in the shrubbery around the back lawn, pausing occasionally to sip water from the bird bath.

After my lawn mowing I watched the election results on TV. until 12.30, when the B.C. returns were still incomplete. The results were pretty well what the Gallup & other polls had predicted, a sharp division between francophones & anglophones. The Liberals as usual swept Quebec, excepting one conservative from the "Anglo" part of Montreal, & 5 "breditistes". They also carried seats in the neighboring areas of Ontario & New Brunswick where francophones predominate. The rest of Ontario & the West went heavily Tory. The socialists (NDP), heavily backed this time by the Canadian Labour Congress, got a much larger vote everywhere than even their leader Broadbent had expected, especially in the West, where they cut into the big Tory gains. So Joe Clark has more seats than the Liberals & will form the new government, but he lacks an overall majority. And where will he find even a few French members for his cabinet? In the Senate?

THURSDAY, MAY 24/79 Raining again. Charles Armour, archivist at Dalhousie Library, dropped in this afternoon for a chat, & to pick up the old Liverpool photographs by Gilbert Kempton, which he left with me some time ago for identification. He is leaving shortly for a six month sabbatical in England, where he will be working

on Nova Scotian marine matters in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich.

FRIDAY, MAY 25/79 Dull & damp. Finished typing clean-copy of the Mersey history at last. I began work on it last September.

This afternoon Frank Covert & wife Molly came in. The Tel-Pro people in Toronto (see May 12) have agreed to my no-warranty terms, & he had copies of the contract for my signature, which Molly also signed as witness. Frank will send me the \$15,000 option fee, hitherto held in escrow, when he returns to his Halifax office next week. Thus the Bat-Talk partnership, & the Tel-Pro firm, now have an option for 2 years <sup>from Jan. 1979</sup> if at the end of that time <sup>(Jan. 2, 1981)</sup> they decide to purchase, they are to pay \$15,000. The balance of the total purchase price, \$20,000, is to be paid to me on or before Jan. 2, 1982, making \$50,000 in all. There is also a clause stating that if "major photography" begins before 1981, the whole remaining sum ( $\$50,000 - \$15,000 = \$35,000$ ) shall be paid.

SATURDAY, MAY 26/79 Heavy rain all day. All day poring over the Mersey typescript, looking again for "typos" & other errors.

SUNDAY, MAY 27/79 The sun came out, bright & hot, in the afternoon.

At 1:30 three Halifax ladies came, by previous appointment, with bundles of my books to be autographed, & they stayed chatting until 3.

I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I stayed at home until 5, when I drove to Munt's Point & dined with Tom, Pamela, & the two boys. Their swimming pool still has its winter cover of plastic, but they were all in bathing clothes enjoying the warm sunshine on the patio beside the pool.

MONDAY, May 28/79 Sunny & hot this afternoon, & I mowed my lawns thoroughly, front, side & back. Noticed the female yellow warbler at the old nest, apparently making a few repairs. Bob Comes dropped in for a chat. Jack Kyle picked up a copy of "The Mersey Story", also the two volumes of the Shawinigan report on Mersey & two bound volumes of The Mersey Quarterly, to return to Mersey Paper Co.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30/79 Rain & drizzle ever since Monday. Mrs. Bagley came yesterday morning & did her weekly cleaning & dusting chores. Today she came & worked until 1:30 at the spring house-cleaning. It is still impossible to hang curtains etc. outdoors for sunning & airing, so she scrubbed the bathroom & waxed the floor, & washed & polished my silverware.

Phone call from a Mr. Lohmes of the newly formed (or re-formed)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1979 (continued) North Queens Historical Society, urging me to address a meeting at Caledonia on June 12, & offering to arrange transportation there & back. I gave him a tentative yes, saying that I was hoping to re-visit Sable Island & I was expecting a chance to do so some time after all this bad flying weather has cleared up. Phone call from a Lieut. Yager (pronounced thus anyway) a woman, very crisp & precise, saying that the West Nova Scotia Regiment is performing the ceremony of trooping the colours, at Annapolis next Sunday, & the Regiment would be honoured if I could attend. She was, I presume, secretary to the C.O. I thanked her, but said I couldn't drive so far, & expressed my regrets.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1979 Mostly overcast but at least we saw the sun again. The mail brought a note from Frank Covert, enclosing his firm's cheque for \$15,000, covering the 2-year option fee from Bartalk Ltd. & Telpro-Entertainments Inc. Got some petunia plants from the gardeners' firm on the road to Brooklyn. Spent the whole afternoon at the Mercury paper office, going through stacks of old photograph albums, trying to find suitable pictures for "The Mercury Story".  
Rain again this evening.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1/79 Overcast & damp. This morning I dug up the little flower bed under my study window, threw out the dead roses, & planted 16 petunias. Spent most of the afternoon again at the Mercury office, & finished my selection. Regrettably too few good ones of the woods operations.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2/79 Wrote letters this morning. This afternoon the sky cleared, & temp. was 80° F. abt. in the sun. Mowed my front lawn with the manual push-mower. Got garden chairs down from overhead storage in the garage, went over them with a damp cloth, & then sat lazily in one of them, soaking in the sunshine. Watered the new petunias with a fertilizer in solution. My lilac begins to bloom. The hen warbler is laying her eggs.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3/79 Overcast & bleak. Went to the cemetery to look at C.'s grave. The crushed limestone I put on it last Fall, & the re-seeding, have produced grass instead of the former sour-soil weeds which infest all the graves ~~in~~ in the back row. The application of limestone must be repeated every year. Dined with Tom & family at Hunt's Point. While there I bought a 1/2 quart of good lobster chowder, left over from a church supper at Hunt's Point. Sebby

starts work as a waitress tomorrow at White Point Lodge, as she did last year. Including tips the girls make good money (Selby got \$1,700 for 7 weeks' work last year) but they have to work hard for long hours. At home I completed my selection of photos for the Mersy book, & typed a list in the order of appearance.

MONDAY, JUNE 4/79 Overcast, with a spout of rain now & then. In spite of this I mowed my back & side lawns thoroughly, & then neighbour Erik gave me a hand at straight-edging the front lawn. In places the turf had grown four inches over the street asphalt, & it was warm work. Afterwards we sat on garden chairs & sipped cold lager beer. Noticed a pair of cardinals foraging quite boldly on the newly cut turf of the back lawn. Usually they are shy, flitting about the shrubbery behind the stone wall, in which they nest.

News: - Joe Clark & his new cabinet took over the government at a formal ceremony today in Government House, Ottawa. Old John Diefenbaker afterwards grumbled to the press about some of the appointments. He has never got over his defeat as prime minister, & then as Conservative Party leader. Clark has just passed his 40th birthday, the youngest prime minister in Canadian history.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1979 Rain all day yesterday, when Mrs. Bagley did her routine cleaning chores. The sun came out in a tentative sort of way this morning, when she came to resume the "spring" house-cleaning, & for the first time was able to wash & hang out blankets to dry. Also some of my closet clothes, for airing. This morning I paid the 1979 town taxes on 44 Park St. & contents - net \$639.33. Last year they were \$491.79. In 1978 - \$442.61. In 1963 - \$312.62.

This afternoon I drove to the cemetery & clipped & raked the long grass on E.'s grave. When I bought the burial lot years ago I paid for "perpetual care", & an iron marker was placed to indicate ~~the place~~ <sup>the place</sup>. So far, (as far as I can see this year) there has been no care of any sort but mine. After my return from the cemetery I mixed a 2-gallon solution of "Killax" & went over my lawns spraying dandelion, buttercup, plantain & other weeds.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7/79 Fine & warm. John Oyles, of Burns, Fry & Co., investment brokers, phoned from Hfx. this morning. He is my son Tom's investment dealer, & Tom had told him I had some money for investment, & that I should put it into good sound common stock, instead of fixed-term bank deposits, as I have done for some time past. Oyles recommended Royal Bank stock, so I told him to buy for me

400 shares, currently selling at \$39. With brokerage & tax, this will cost about \$16,000.

This afternoon I drove to the golf course, taking along my old (1967) golf cart & bag. Played 9 holes in hot sunshine, with a pleasant breeze off Port Mouton bay. Cart & bag are now badly worn. I must get new ones. On my return to town I found a pencilled note under the front door knocker. Cecil & Frances Dennis (Bill's father & mother) had called in my absence.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1979 Another fine warm day; although the sea breeze at White Point was cool, the temp. in town was 80° Fahr. in the sun. Played 13 holes, lost 2 balls. My face & bald head are getting brown already.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9/79 The 52nd anniversary of my wedding to E. Overcast but warm. Moved my front & side lawns with the manual machine. At 3 p.m. drove to the Canadian Legion building, where the Legion & their ladies' auxiliary were entertaining old-timers, mostly veterans of War One, 15 of them in wheel chairs. I shook hands with those I knew, & had a long chat with Capt. C. W. Copelin.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10/79 Hazy, with a cool sea breeze. Played 9 holes at White Point. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point.

My bush-honeyuckle shrub is in full pink flower, the spirea shrubs in full white, & the weigelas are about to break the buds.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12/79 Fog & showers, yesterday & today. The newly formed North Queens Historical Society some time ago invited me to address them tonight, & offered to provide transportation; & at 7 p.m. Bob & Sandra Stafford of Liverpool picked me up with their car & took me to the Legion hall in Caladonia. About 60 people, of both sexes, young, middleaged & old. They included some teachers, & three or four men & women of the ecological & studies staff at Kejimikujik Park. After a brief business session, with Nelson Douglas in the chair, I talked for about half an hour on the history of North Queens, beginning with the Indians. I never had a better audience, very attentive, & crowding about me afterwards with questions. Several had copies of my books & asked for autographs. A tall young man of the park staff had taped my talk on a recording machine, & asked permission to use it in talks, illustrated with lantern slides etc., which they give to large groups of visitors through the summer. Home at 11 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1979 Sunny, with a brisk west wind. Mrs. Bagley worked from 8 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. with half an hour out for lunch. She finished cleaning the staircase & lower hall, hung out all my clothes, including topcoats, to dance & air in the wind. After taking her home I mowed my back lawn & pruned some of the ash saplings behind the garage. Received cheque for \$3,500 from Bowater Mersey Co. the second & final payment for writing the Mersey history, although so far I have received no comment on it from the management.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14/79 Sunny, with a SW breeze. Received bill from Burns, Fry Ltd. for \$15,769.<sup>00</sup> for purchase of 400 shares Royal Bank stock, including brokerage = \$39.40 per share.

Played 9 holes at White Point, & bought a new club bag & cart from Dumesek for \$130. On my return home I noticed that the weeds in my lawns (which I sprayed with a Killer solution on June 6) are sick but not dead. So I mixed another 2-gallons of Killer solution & went over them again.

John McEaul came for a brief call, to introduce two architects (presumably representing federal & provincial governments) who will superintend the design & building of the Queens County Museum. They assured me that the work will begin next Fall, & McEaul said I would be asked to dig the symbolic first shovel-full of earth on the site — just 50 years after I drew up a list of aims & objects for the newly formed Queens County Historical Society. It was a fairly long list, & the last item was the creation of a museum.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15/79 Overcast, with a hot W. wind. I played 9 holes at White Point, moving slowly in the heat.

Last Fall, at the request of M. M. Abrams, curator of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles museum in Winnipeg, I sent an enlarged & suitably framed photograph of my father, with the essential dates of his wounds & death marked on the back. I wrote Abrams on Sep. 7/78, saying that I would contribute later my father's war medals, one of his field tunics bearing the "old red patch" of 1st. Division topped by the red triangle of the Winnipeg Rifles. On Nov. 7 he wrote saying that the picture had arrived but was still in its shipping crate, as the museum was very busy preparing for the 95th anniversary of the regiment (in 1979). Since then, & before sending anything else, I have awaited word from Abrams saying that the photograph had been suitably hung in the museum. Not a word

came until today, a letter dated June 12/79, saying:— "I received the beautiful oil painting of your father, with an appropriate plaque with the vital statistics on it." He goes on ~~to~~ to say that he has not received the other items, & he wonders why.

As I did not send him "a beautiful oil painting", nor an "appropriate plaque" (I couldn't obtain one) I suspect that the portrait is still lying in its crate somewhere in the store-rooms of the Minto Armoury, & I am not going to send the medals etc. for the same lackadaisical treatment.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1979 A day of terrific heat & no breeze.

I mowed my small front & side lawns with the electric machine, & that was enough exertion. There was no escape to the golf course, where a provincial tournament is going on today & tomorrow, & here in town the temp. was 95° F. I fetched my big electric fan from the attic, gave it a good dusting & cleaning, & sat in front of it reading Shakespeare (the TV shows were absolutely awful), & wearing nothing but a pair of silk pyjama trousers, until 2 a.m. In spite of the fan, & every possible door & window open, the temp. in my living room was 80°, & the temp. upstairs was utterly unbearable. I slept for a time on the living-room couch. Around 4 a.m. the bedrooms were cooling somewhat in a light W. breeze, & I slept there naked until 7 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17/79 Another day of great heat. The temp. in the shade at 9 a.m. was 80° F. I found that the shade of my back lawn was 95°, so I spent the day indoors where the fan kept the living-room at 80°. Wrote a sharp letter to Abrams in Winnipeg. At 5 I drove to Hunt's Point, where the junior Raddalls had been enjoying their swimming pool. Dined on broiled (charcoal) steak & vegetables including fiddle-head fern tips from New Brunswick.

MONDAY, JUNE 18/79 Rain, & temp. down to 60°. The Rev. Bill Titus, current president of the historical society, dropped in this afternoon. In September the society is having a special dinner to mark its 50th anniversary, & he wants me to give the address. Agreed.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19/79 The rain ceased this morning but left the sky overcast & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point & found it tiring. Much pain from my back & hip. My weigela shrubs are blooming. Noticed a humming bird busy about the one by my study window.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1979 Sunny & cool. Mrs. Bagley came again at 8 a.m. & worked till 1:30, when I took her back to Eagle Head. She has now almost completed the "spring" housecleaning (as distinct from her regular Tuesday morning operations with vacuum cleaner & duster), much delayed by wet weather in May. My clothes, bedding, window drapes, etc. have now been cleaned & hung outdoors in the sun & breeze to "air", etc. Mrs. Shannon & men returned the second of my small pine bookcases, "stripped" of the old green paint, sand-papered smooth, & stained with a natural varnish. Her group of handicapped people, working in the Kinsmen's premises (the old fire-engine building on Main Street) are naturally slow, but under her supervision they do things quite well. This time they took away the green-painted birch cabinet in my study, in which I keep a hundred- & one odds & ends.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21/79 A low grey sky & a bleak wind from the sea. Played 9 holes at White Point for the exercise, no enjoyment, & by evening the ~~sun~~ diurnal rain was falling again, & the furnace running. And according to the calendar this is the first day of summer! My long time neighbour Joseph Peshie, a retired Mersey Paper employe, told me today that he & his wife have sold their house. He didn't want to move but "the woman" insists that her heart is weak, & they must move to a one-story house on Main Street. The new owner is a young man named Croshie, son of the chief customs officer here. He runs a small curiosity shop on Market Street, & his wife is a teacher in the Liverpool schools.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1979 Dense fog. Phone call this morning from the protocol dept. of the N.A. government, inviting me & my wife to attend a formal dinner being given to the Queen Mother by the government of Canada & the province of Nova Scotia on June 29, on the occasion of her visit to the world gathering of the Scottish clans. I expressed my appreciation, but as my wife died four years ago, & I had difficulty in traveling, I must decline with regret.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24/79 The sun came out about noon, after 3 days absence, in which my lawns were too wet to cut, so this afternoon I mowed them thoroughly. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. Marian White, Pamela's mother, had driven her car down for the weekend, & we all dined at White Point Lodge. Under the new management the

menu is much more varied, & the prices very much higher. After ordering our food we had a very long wait. I had ordered consomme, poached salmon, & apple pie - simple enough. The soup was barely lukewarm, the salmon decidedly unfresh & just plain boiled. The pie was good - the only redeeming feature. The dining-room was less than half-filled. Maybe I happened to make a poor choice from the elaborate menu, but I have a hunch that people aren't going to pay \$15 to \$30 for a bad meal.

Oil shortage in the U.S. has caused rationing of gasoline by most states, which is bound to affect the movement of U.S. tourists to Canada. This will affect places like White Point Lodge, where people like my friends Fred & Virginia Senerchia, of New Jersey, have come by car for the summers for many years.

Bird note:- The yellow warblers have hatched their brood, & the young are poking up their heads & flapping their unpledged wings.  
TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1979 Rain again, cold & dismal. Tonight the temp. is 50° Fahren. The weather bureau ("Environment Canada") with its customary accuracy had predicted "sunny & warmer."

The young warblers have left their nest, a very poor time for launching forth. This evening I joined a dinner party at Arthur Robert's house on the seaward end of Waterloo Street. It was to celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of Dr. John Wickwire & wife Dorothy, & the party consisted of 16 old friends. I was asked to propose the toast, to them. Drinks & a delicious buffet supper. Enjoyed chatting with so many old acquaintances, including Mrs. Robert's father, old "Sim" Stunk, whom I knew as a guide at the Mersey Paper Co's. hunting & fishing camp many years ago.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27/79 Sunny & warm. My weed-killing sprays on the lawns have not been fully successful, probably because I was using stuff from an old can. Got a new can of "Killer" & went over the lawns with a gallon of solution this morning. Played 9 holes at White Point. Got home in time to watch the Queen Mother & a well-drilled body of naval personnel going through the ceremony of retiring the former royal colours & presenting a new one. The old colours was borne by sailors dressed in the familiar way, before Minister of Defence Paul Hellyer abolished it & substituted the green uniform which makes everybody look like a postman. The old colours was marched off the Garrison Grounds to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne". It was composed of the British

naval white ensign, with a union jack in the upper & inner corner of the red cross. The new one has the Canadian flag in the upper (inner) corner, & it was trooped to the tune of "Heart of Oak."

I said goodbye to my long-time neighbours the Pushies, who moved this afternoon to their apartment at ~~That~~ West Point. The new owners moved into the Park Street house this evening.

I watered the petunia bed with a solution of fertilizer.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1979 Sunny & warm, although a nippy sea breeze at White Point forced me to keep my jacket on. Played a very leisurely 11 holes in about 2 hours. My trees, shrubs & lawn are now at their best. The three weigelas a mass of scarlet.

Met Kim Leslie on Main Street, & he promised to start scraping & painting the exterior of my house & garage next Monday at 8 a.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29/79 Sunny & warm. Played 9 holes at White. Phone call from R.O. ("Dick") Allen of Toronto, with whom I have had spasmodic correspondence in past years. He had been a naval wireless operator on Sable Island in 1918 under the famous (Marconi) chief operator Jim Hood, & is full of reminiscences. Last month he flew to California & called on Hood's first wife (nee Evelyn Blakeney) who divorced Hood after he left Sable Island in 1919, & married again in California. He had hoped to get information about the operators' mutiny at Sable Island in 1918, & the subsequent burning of the station, etc. but he found the old lady wandering in mind & unable to tell him anything except some vigorous denunciations of Hood. Apparently she lives with her son Ivan Hood.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30/79 Sunny & warm. The "Privateers' Week" activities began in Liverpool today with a big parade, a chicken barbeque on the town parking lot, etc. operated by men of the Kivamis & other service clubs. Consequently the golf course was not crowded this afternoon, & I played a full 18 holes for the first time this season, resting a few minutes on each tee, & enjoying the sunshine & the breeze. Phone call this evening from old friend Dewey Nickerson at Clark's Harbour, who passed his 81st birthday this month. He wanted me to talk to a man named Robert Van Amburg who has acquired a copy of my "Saga of The River", & had some questions about genealogy of the Nickerson clan. This evening on TV I watched a replay of

the Nova Scotian Tattoo, under patronage of the Queen Mother, which took place in the Metro Centre at Ufa. Last Thursday night.

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1979 Pouring rain all day & night. Sined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. On TV saw the evening "Canada's Birthday Show" at Ottawa - very lively & good.

MONDAY, JULY 2/79 Rain this morning. Kim Leslie came at 8 a.m. & worked till 12:30 painting the staircase wall, which Mrs. Begly could not reach in her painting last winter. It will need another coat.

TUESDAY, JULY 3/79 Fine & very hot. This morning Leslie finished painting the staircase & put a coat of varnish-stain on the stair rail. He spent the afternoon outdoors, scraping old blistered paint from the back window casings & the roof over-hang. I went to the golf course in the afternoon & spent a leisurely three hours, quitting at the 16th hole.

Phone call from Wayne Potter, of the N.S. Dept. of Mines. The air trip to Gable Island is now set for Tuesday July 31, staying there overnight & returning Aug. 1. The Minister of Mines, Mr. Barkhouse will be one of the party.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4/79 Fine & cooler. Mowed my lawns. Leslie worked all day, scraping & painting on the north side of the house, including the difficult work high up in the peak of the gable. After my mowing, Erik came over & we chatted over cold ale on the back lawn. My golden elder shrubs are blooming now, & the weigelia blossoms, alas, begin to fall.

THURSDAY, JULY 5/79 Heavy rain all day, so no painting. Letter from Abrams, curator of the Winnipeg Rifles' museum, saying that Col. Raddall's portrait is "now catalogued, corded, and prominently displayed in the front foyer of our museum." This settles my uneasiness, & I shall send Father's medals, tunic, spurs, etc. when I can find a suitable container for them.

News:- In June the oil-producing nations ("OPEC") announced another enormous increase in their price, which is now about 1,000% more than in 1970. This international cartel includes such countries as Venezuela, Mexico, Nigeria & Borneo, but the pricing policy is set by the oil-rich Moslem states of Libya, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Iran, etc., all basic haters of the industrial nations of the northern hemisphere & particularly the United States, which is the main supporter of Israel. As Time Magazine says in this week's

cover story, they "have the world over a barrel".

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1979 Fine & warm. Golf at White Point. Leslie worked all day, scraping & painting.

SATURDAY, JULY 7/79 Fine & warm. Golf. Leslie worked two hours this morning, putting a new green coat on the (ornamental) window shutters & front storm windows, which he had removed & stowed in my garage. This evening I joined a party at the Anderssens' to mark Erik's 80th birthday. Drinks & chat on their sunny patio, & then food indoors. All old friends of theirs & mine, & I enjoyed it all. My golden elder & deutzia shrubs are now in gorgeous blossom, & so is the honeysuckle on the wire fence at the back of my lawn. So is my petunia bed & the ~~the~~ two surviving rose bushes.

SUNDAY, JULY 8/79 Fine & warm. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I stayed at home, catching up on correspondence etc. Had a lawn chat with my new neighbours, young Hugh Croobie & wife. At 6:30 David & Daphne Rudolph picked me up & took me up the river to Mersy Lodge, where I had been invited to join a buffet dinner party given by Bob & Heather Wray for several American guests, including Joe & Josi Hahn, whom I met there last year. He is vice-president of Bowater Sales Company, in charge of pulp sales (as distinct from paper) & travels all over the world. After drinks & the usual excellent dinner there was an impromptu floor show, with two guitars & a fiddle, & singing of popular songs etc. Hahn insisted that I recite the doggerel "Farewell to Vable Island", which I concocted on my last night watch there 57 years ago, & which he had read in "In My Time". Much applause & laughter. All good fun. Home about 11:30.

MONDAY, JULY 9/79 Fine & very hot. Golf. Leslie worked all day.

TUESDAY, JULY 10/79 Fine & very hot. Mrs. Bagley came as usual & did her Tuesday morning chores. Leslie worked all day. He is a good all-round workman, & does various bits of carpentry that need to be done in the way of repairs before painting. On the golf course I met & had a brief chat with Sybil Joy, an old friend of ours when her first husband, Donald Macdonald, was Bank of Nova Scotia manager here many years ago.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11/79 Overcast & hot. Golf. Leslie finished the garage & did the interior cellar stairs. His bill for labour was \$260.00,

(32 hours @ \$5.00) & all the work was good. I paid him by cheque. Received a copy of the new map of Nova Scotia, made by the N.S. govt & issued in 44 sections, 10" x 10", bound in book form with plastic rings. A vast improvement on the last one, with much more topographical detail, place names etc. & of course with all the motor roads brought up to date.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1979 Drizzling rain all day. Fortunately I have another parcel of books from Marboro.

FRIDAY, JULY 13/79 Very hot & humid. Played 14 holes at White Point, where there was a slight air from the sea. The fan motor in the freezer compartment of my refrigerator conked out yesterday. It was a new one, installed about a year ago. I phoned the Sears Company, who told me that their regular repair man was on vacation, & the substitute had to cover Lunenburg, Queens & Shelburne counties, so they didn't know when he could get around to me. Meanwhile the frozen foods in my "frig" will spoil.

SATURDAY, JULY 14/79 Again very hot & humid. My neighbour Erik found room in his freezer for the food from mine. Played 9 holes at White Point, & that was plenty. Sat for a time in one of the chairs outside the clubhouse, resting & enjoying the view, & chatting with Claude Bishop (from Ottawa) & other acquaintances who came along. In town everybody had fled to the cooler air of the shore. On ~~the~~<sup>my</sup> back lawn the air is now filled with the scents of honeysuckle, golden elder, roses & petunias; but the temp. was hotter than in the house where, with all shades drawn, my big fan going, & I stripped to pajama trousers, I could read in comfort.

SUNDAY, JULY 15/79 Skinny but much cooler, with a sea breeze. Played golf for about 2 hours, & at 5 p.m. drove to Hunt's Point for dinner. Fellow guests were George Cairnes (Hlx lawyer), his wife Sandra (a daughter of J. H. Mowbray Jones) & their two small daughters. A good old-fashioned roast turkey dinner, with cranberry sauce & various fresh vegetables, & for dessert strawberries & cream.

I find that I am losing the hearing in my left ear, on which I have depended ever since I lost most of the hearing in my right ear on an air flight to Montreal in an un-pressurized plane in 1942. (I had a bad cold at the time, with congested nasal passages.)

This forces me to ask people to repeat, while I watch their lips, & in general I have to sit with an understanding smile when actually I don't understand a word of the general conversation.

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1979 The second dreary day of rain. Mrs. Bagley came & did the weekly morning chores. In the afternoon my niece Carol's husband, John Paisley, came over from Indian Point, Lunenburg County, for a chat. He brought a pint of rum, & we made the most of it. He wants me to come over to Mahone Bay & spend a day with my sisters & the Paisleys. He will pick me up & bring me back. In the evening Carol phoned & made a definite date. John will pick me up about 9:30 a.m. on Monday July 23.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18/79 Forget to note on Monday that service man from Sears came & got my freezer compartment going again. The fault was not in the motor but a small gadget ("solenoid") that controls it. The bill for service & the gadget was ~~\$25.50~~ \$25.30. Very hot day, with open-&-shut sky & little breeze. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns, drenched with sweat.

THURSDAY, JULY 19/79 Open-&-shut sky, very hot when the sun came through. Mrs. Shannon & helpers brought my cabinet, stripped of the old green paint & stained a natural colour to match the pine bookcase alongside it in my study. Total bill for the two pine bookcases & the birch cabinet was \$76.00, & I gave her a cheque in favour of the Adult Services Centre. Played 9 holes at White Point after lunch.

FRIDAY, JULY 20/79 Fine & very hot in town, but a delicious breeze at White Point, where I played 9 holes & then sat for a time watching the exertions of others. My old American friends Dr. & Mrs. Klenchia were there, for their usual summer stay at White Point Lodge, & we had a happy chat. The temp. in town at 5 p.m. was 85° Fahr't. Soon after dark it dropped to 60°, a blessed relief.

SATURDAY, JULY 21/79 Same weather. In the afternoon, after 9 holes, I rested for a time outside the clubhouse & then went on a second round. The course was not crowded but the players were mostly visiting types, moving like sleepwalkers, just putting in the afternoon in the sea breeze. As always I found standing & waiting on the fairways much more painful to my right hip than steady exertion, so I quitted at N<sup>o</sup> 5 tee & returned to town.

MONDAY, JULY 23/79 Fine & hot. At 9:30 a.m. my sister Nellie's son-in-law John Paisley picked me up in his car & took me to Mahone Bay for a day's reunion with Nellie, Winifred & Hilda, & their spouses, & of course the Paisley family. We lunched in a

rustic restaurant high on a hilltop with a marvellous view of the town of Mahone Bay & its surroundings. The house was built in the 1750's by a German settler named Ernst. The fare was good. (Ex-prime-mister Trudeau had lunched there with his three boys a week or two ago.) The Paisley daughter Susan works there as a waitress in the summer. From there we went on to the Paisley house, built on a hilltop above Indian Point, also with a marvellous view over the bay & its many islands. The house is tastefully & comfortably built & furnished, & the Paisleys thoroughly enjoy it. Two sons, Tom 17 & John 18, remain with them for the holidays, working at odd jobs in the district, & go to Nova Scotian College (Acadia & Dalhousie) in the fall. We dined on charcoal-broiled steak & fresh vegetables, all delicious. John & Carol took me home at 10 p.m. Altogether a very pleasant & interesting day.

TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1979 Heavy & cool sea fog & no wind, clearing for a brief time in late afternoon. Mrs. Bagley came & did her weekly chores, & I furnished her with a key to the front door, so that she can get in next Tuesday, when I expect to be on my way to Sable Island. In the afternoon I had two visitors named Vaughan, father & son, from Wolfville. They had read my books & wanted to meet the author. In the evening I dined with my neighbours Jerry & Jean Nickerson, & so did another neighbour, Ralph Johnson, whose wife is in hospital. They told me that our old friend Capt. Charles Williams, also in hospital in Hfx., had just undergone a drastic abdominal operation - cancer in the stomach & colon, & he may not survive long.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25/79 Dense sea fog & a hot sun above it, giving the atmosphere of a steam bath. Went to White Point shortly after noon, & played 9 holes of blind-man's buff. Back in town, Ralph Johnson brought over a quart box of raspberries from his garden. Then a tall young man named Ferguson arrived, by appointment. Financed by a federal government grant, he is preparing a history of the R. C. Church in Queens County, particularly the church of the Irish settlers in the West Caledonia area. I told him what I knew, which he tape-recorded.

THURSDAY, JULY 26/79 The sea fog hung in all morning, with no wind, & the sunshine just above, with the steam bath air. Got a haircut in the morning, & made my usual shopping trip

for meat & groceries, including extras for Bill & Frances, who come tomorrow. Phone call from a ~~lfx.~~ woman journalist preparing an article on Mc Nab's Island. A long list of questions about its history & present state. Finally, what should be done with the southern half, containing the ruins of Fort Mc Nab, etc. I said it should be made into a public park by the federal government, which owns it.

FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1979 Again very hot & humid. Bill & Francie arrived about 11 a.m. with a carton of fudge lobsters, boiled & packed in dry ice. After a light lunch here we drove to Hunt's Point for a chat with Tom & Pamela, & we all dined there on the lobsters. Home about 10 p.m. with some thunder in the offing & a heavy downpour of rain, which continued all night. The temp. was 85° F. abn., & the humidity the worst in many years. Bill retired early & being a good sleeper passed the night quite oblivious of heat or humidity. Francie is an insomniac like me, & we sat up talking until about 2 a.m. I got some uneasy sleep on the couch in the living room, awakened at 4, when the air was a bit cooler, & then slept on my bed until 9 a.m. <sup>(SATURDAY JULY 28)</sup> After breakfast Bill & Francie took off for the day, to call on old friends in Liverpool. At 5 p.m. we went to Hunt's Point & had drinks & chat, & then a feast of steamed clams, French bread & butter, & blueberry pie. Tom & Pam had arranged a big party for Bill & Francie tonight, so we returned to my house about 7 p.m. where they bathed & changed. I knew the party would go on till the small hours, so I was thankful to stay home & get a good sleep. Heavy rain all day & night, but the air was cooler & I slept well.

SUNDAY, JULY 29/79 Still overcast & threatening rain. Bill & Francie slept late & had a bacon-&-eggs brunch. In the afternoon they visited old Evelyn White, Mrs. Violet Doucet, & the Larry Seldons. Yesterday they called on Terence Freeman, my wife's much younger brother, now aged about 60, who lives with his English wife at Summersville. I have not seen him for years. (He did not even come to E's funeral) They found him in a drunken stupor & his wife in tears. He has become an obsessive alcoholic, has a dangerous heart condition, & is obviously drinking himself to death. Bill & Francie left at 3 p.m. for Halifax, where they will call on son Gregory & his companion Cathy, before going on to Moncton.

I enjoyed their visit with me, & wish they could have stayed longer. It was too bad that the weather was so awful.

MONDAY, JULY 30, 1979 Same steamy weather. The sun peeped forth with great ~~sun~~ heat for a time in the afternoon, & having had no exercise for several days I longed for a few holes of golf; but I stayed close to the telephone all day, expecting a call from Wynn Potter about the flight to Sable Island, scheduled for tomorrow. No call came. Obviously in the prevailing thick weather the flight is impossible.

TUESDAY, JULY 31/79 Same weather. Wynn Potter phoned at noon. The long spell of thick weather has put the Dept. of Mines' plane schedule far out of joint, & now the Sable Island flight is postponed until September. He will let me know then. I ran out to White Point & played 9 holes in fog & steamy heat. Got home drenched. Half of the summer is gone, mostly in fog, rain or (a few days) violent heat.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1/79 Same weather & same afternoon golf, drenched with sweat. Obviously now we are subject to one of Nova Scotia's soggy summers, with no relief until the brisk NW winds of autumn.

THURSDAY, AUG. 2/79 Same.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3/79 Same weather but worse after a heavy shower in the night - temp 90° Fahr. & a dreadful sticky humidity. Mrs. Bagley came this morning & did the last of her protracted "spring" cleaning - this time my study - washing the windows & the window drapes, polishing all the metal plates & objects, etc. She heated up some chicken- & -rice soup for our lunch, worked again until 1:30, & then I paid her \$15 & drove her home to Eagle Head.

In the enervating heat I couldn't drag myself out to White Point for a round of golf, & sat the rest of the day reading & alternately watching TV, half naked, with my big electric fan going, just four feet away.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4/79 Our monsoon season continues without a let-up. Heavy rain last night & all of today, with temp. 80° Fahr. In the afternoon a Mr. Jakeman & 3 ladies called, all of N.S. origin but resident in Toronto. He is an assiduous collector of my printed works, including pamphlets etc., & has been here before for autographs. This time he had several more, including the "Markland Sagas". I autographed them & we had a pleasant chat. Otherwise the day was dull & tedious. Having had no

physical exercise for two days I could not sleep, & sat up till 2 a.m. watching dull late night movies.

SUNDAY, AUG. 5, 1979 Heavy rain all night, & a drizzle all morning, with temp. 80° Fahr., & not a breath air stirring. At 1:30 the drizzle had ceased & the sun peered through the overcast, so I ~~through~~ threw my golf shoes into the car & started for White Point. About half way there, the sky closed & a terrific torrent of rain fell, all the way back to town. I did my laundry & put it through the electric dryer. The summer is more than half gone, & so far it has been like tiring in a steam bath. The weather bureau forecasts that it will continue for some time yet.

MONDAY, AUG. 6, 79 Open & - shut sky, terrific heat, but no rain. My lawns badly needed mowing, so this afternoon I sweated away at it. Got the back & side lawns done, but when I added the extra cord for the front lawn I could get no electric power. Checked all the connections, but still no power, so I put mower & cords away, being drenched & weary.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7, 79 At last a westerly breeze, moving the steamy air out to sea; & hot dry sunshine. Mrs. Bagley came this morning & did her weekly cleaning chore. I spent most of the afternoon mowing my front & the strips of north-side lawn, pulling weeds that had sprung up along the street side, & pouring green plant-food solution on my two remaining roses (which are flourishing & putting forth new buds) & on the petunia bed under my west study windows, which has spread & is a riot of colours. Bird note: a pair of young speckle-breasted robins, obviously of a second crop, now forage on my lawns & dunk themselves in the ~~trunk~~ bird-bath. Notice cat-birds on occasion, & song sparrows. Daily a humming bird investigates my petunias, & yellow warblers flit about the golden elder outside my sun porch. My painter Leslie had to cut or break away some of the shrub branches touching the house, & in doing so he damaged the yellow warblers' old nest; but they seem to like the place.

Temp. tonight dropped to 58° Fahr., & I shut all the first floor windows for the first time since the end of May.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8, 79 A cool overcast morning with the look & feel of Fall. The birch wood from my tree that was split in the storm of Feb. 26, & sawn in fireplace lengths by Dave Caldwell's gang, has been piled near my garage ever since. I had been at pains to split the big

pieces, so they would dry in the summer sun. The weather has been so wet & warm that the pieces next to the ground had actually begun to "rot" at the ends, so this morning I moved the whole lot into my cellar & piled it in the SW corner. Just in time, for rain began to fall again by 1 p.m.

News: Nicholas Monsarrat died of cancer today in a London hospital, aged 69. He had lived with his third (or 4th?) wife in Malta for the past 11 years. I met him with his second wife Philippa in Toronto in 1953. A few years later she divorced him, held custody of their two (~~or 3~~) sons, & got a fat alimony decree, of which he complained bitterly years later in his autobiography. Philippa died not long ago in Halifax, where she had lived ~~for~~ ever since the divorce.

THURSDAY, AUG. 9, 1979 Anniversary of my father's death in 1918, on the battlefield of Amiens. Today was bright, with a brisk WNW wind & dry air, & I enjoyed a leisurely 1 1/2 hours at golf. Shortly after supper I had a brief visit by my grandson Terence Dennis, who is employed by a big wholesale & retail fish business in Moncton. He & another chap had driven a one-ton fish truck to Port Medway, to pick up a load of fresh haddock & cod from the small-boat fishermen there, & before returning to Moncton drove to Liverpool to say Hello. It seems a very long way to go for fish, but his firm has built a reputation for absolutely fresh fish, which cannot be got from the deep-sea druggers, & apparently will go to any trouble & expense to get it. Jerry thinks he would like to take the forestry course at U.N.B., if he can get in there next fall.

FRIDAY, AUG. 10, 1979 Overcast & cool, threatening rain. In the afternoon I played a slow 9 holes at White Point, part of the round with 3 Liverpool ladies, who invited me to join them - the course being crowded. Rain began to fall as we finished, & continued heavily through the evening & the night. All this damp weather has increased the arthritic pains & stiffness in my hands & my right knee & back. This evening I re-read Monsarrat's autobiography "Breaking In, Breaking Out", published in 1970.

Son of a well-to-do Liverpool surgeon, with aristocratic family connections, his chosen friends at Oxford were well-to-do sons of the aristocracy who taught him the pleasures of food, drink & women that he indulged in the rest of his life. The huge profits of his first success "The Cruel Sea", & of the succeeding novels which were not much good but sold largely by publishers' promotion,

enabled him squander money like a profligate millionaire — which indeed he was.

Saturday, AUG. 11, 1979 This morning when I came downstairs the outdoor temp. was  $58^{\circ}$  & the rooms as dank & bleak as a tomb. After so many weeks of damp weather the doors & drawers stick, so I turned on the furnace for the first time since early May.

My cellar, which has always leaked on the up-hill (south) side after a heavy rain, has never been dry since last spring.

Late this afternoon two young American men, on a bicycle-camping tour of Nova Scotia, came & asked permission to pitch their tent on my back lawn for the night. They had been told about me & wanted to talk with me. Dave Currier is a native of New York State, graduate of Brown University, entering a medical college next Fall. Ted Kwartler is from New Jersey, & enters Harvard law school next Fall. Very pleasant & intelligent chaps, & we spent a lively evening in chat about Nova Scotia & its people before they insisted on retiring to their tent.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12/79 Overcast & threatening rain. I invited the young men to breakfast with me on bacon & eggs & coffee, & presented each with an autographed copy of "Halifax, Warden of The North". The radio forecast showers, then heavy rain tonight & tomorrow. I suggested that they stay in the house until the weather was better, but they are near the end of their <sup>tour</sup> & running out of time, so they thanked me & set off towards Shelburne about 11 a.m.

Showers in the afternoon until about 6 p.m. Then, with no warning from my barometer or the radio, a storm of wind & a flood of rain that continued all night. My visitors must have reached Shelburne before the sea gale began.

MONDAY, AUG. 13/79 Showers & drizzle, another dreary day in this wretched "summer". I pictured my American visitors toiling over the wooded hills towards Yermouth.

TUESDAY, AUG. 14/79 This morning a station-wagon with Oregon license plates halted outside my house & I had visitors, a widow named Frances Pitts, her son Ronald, & Ronald's two little girls. Mrs. Pitts had written me a fan letter early in the summer, & she is collecting my books. (She brought several for my autograph). After a lively chat they went on their way.

The weather was still overcast & threatening more rain, but a few glints of sunshine came through, & shortly after noon I

# Well-known author dies in London

LONDON (CP) — Nicholas Monsarrat, author of *The Cruel Sea* and a score of other books about sailors and the sea, died of cancer Wednesday in a London hospital. He was 69.

Monsarrat, who lived on the Maltese island of Gozo the last 11 years, entered hospital 10 days ago. He had also lived in Ottawa and Brockville, Ont., for 13 years.

*The Cruel Sea*, the story of a Royal Navy corvette in the Atlantic during the Second World War, established him as a major novelist in 1951.

Monsarrat was born in Liverpool in 1910. He graduated from Cambridge University in 1932.

He joined the British navy during the Second World War and served aboard a corvette in the Atlantic, but gave up that career in 1946 for the diplomatic service.

Eleven of his novels had been published by then but as he told an interviewer, "none of them made more than 400 pounds. But I still wanted to have one more try."

He wrote *The Cruel Sea* while serving as director of the British Information Office in Johannesburg, South Africa, a post he held until 1953.

The novel took two years to write. "I was very hopeful," Monsarrat remembered. "The Cruel Sea was not a challenge. It was a forlorn last try."

It paid off. Worldwide sales of the book now top 10 million copies. It has run to 67 edition and has been translated into several languages.

HFX CHRONICLE-HERALD, THURSDAY, AUG. 9, 1979

noon I drove to White Point & played a leisurely 9 holes. The course was like a swamp in many places, all the bunkers full of water, etc. This evening I joined an ad hoc dinner party at Jerry & Nickerson's house just one door down the street. About 20 people, mostly old friends & some summer visitors. The rain held off long enough for Jerry to cook a "planked" salmon on his outdoor fireplace, & we had a delicious meal. Rain began to fall soon after we departed.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15, 1979 Same weather. I splashed around the golf course for an hour & a half. Letter from John W. Lennox of York University, Downsview, Ontario. He & Clara Thomas are writing a biography of my old friend W. A. ("Bill") Seacon, literary editor of the Toronto Globe & Mail for many years, & one-time president of the Canadian Authors Association. They want to quote some of my letters, now among Seacon's papers in the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library, University of Toronto.

I spent the evening reading through my own Seacon letter file. Sometimes I made carbon copies of my letters to him, more often I just scribbled a note, & I think he did the same. Some of the matters were confidential comments on publishers & writers, so I shall want copies of the letters they propose to use.

As an honorary member of the Writers' Federation of N. S. I received today a copy of their July "Writers News", a bulky thing printed on ordinary newspaper, 71 pages. They state that they now have over 600 members, which means that they include just about every aspiring scribbler between Cape Sable & Cape North. A few competent & professional people who obviously have joined to get in on the well-publicized W.F.N.S. gatherings, as gurus. Among the listed new members I note that Canada's most famous itinerant Farley Mowat (who once asked me to look about Liverpool & vicinity for a home for him) is now living at River Bourgeois, near St. Peter's, Cape Breton. He has previously lived in various places in Ontario, Newfoundland, & the Magdalen Islands, staying a few years in each, then quarreling with the local people & moving on.

Also I note that Harold Howard, a native of Newfoundland, who has written entirely about Newfoundland so far, is now living at Annapolis, N.S.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1979 Open- & shut sky, & much cooler. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns. News: John Diefenbaker, 83, died this morning while studying some documents at his Ottawa home, & this evening the CBC TV devoted 90 minutes to excerpts from his life, & to eulogies by his associates. He was certainly a great man, devoted to Canada, & a skilful orator & debater. As leader of the opposition at Ottawa he was most effective; but when he got into the saddle in 1958, with the biggest majority ever given to a prime minister in Canada, he didn't seem to know which end of the horse he was facing; he was hesitant, indecisive, apparently bewildered, lost in dreams. As a result his party lost its sudden tremendous popularity (even Quebec had voted heavily for the Conservatives) & in a short time the Liberals were back in power. Eventually his own Conservative colleagues rebelled, deprived him of his party leadership, & replaced him with Robert Stanfield. Diefenbaker never forgave them, never supported Stanfield, & gave only a lukewarm acknowledgement to Stanfield's successor Joe Clark.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17/79 Again a mixture of sunshine & cirrus cloud. Solf at White Point. The pro. is still forbidding the use of motor-carts because the ground so soggy. Noticed a willieb in a swampy place near N<sup>o</sup> 2 tee, & many feathers of another, evidently killed by a hawk, near N<sup>o</sup> 5 tee. Bought 6 lb. of tomatoes for \$3.00 from a truck-gardener who comes from the Valley to Liverpool every Friday.

I met John McSaul on the golf course, & he brought me up to date on the financing of the Queens County museum. As usual, the politicians at Halifax & Ottawa have been coyly evasive about their election campaign promises, playing the old game of passing-the-buck; it all reminds me of my own campaign, long ago, to get the Simeon Perkins house restored, furnished, & opened to the public. McSaul has been chasing down the buck-passers, at Halifax & Ottawa, with sharp & angry phone calls, & hopes to get action next month.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18/79 Fine & warm. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I spent the afternoon clipping shrubs & putting about my lawns. Had hoped to apply Lawn-Green, but found the vent of my wheeled spreader rusted shut, & after a lot of puzzled tinkering I gave it up.

In view of John Diefenbaker's obsequies, I am re-reading Dalton Camp's book "Gentlemen, Players & Politicians", published 1970, which ends with "Dief's" first successful federal campaign in 1957.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19, 1979 Our "summer" drips on, with dark skies & specks of rain. On TV this afternoon I watched the funeral of John Diefenbaker at Ottawa. The old boy had planned it down to the last detail, even to recording TV interviews to be broadcast after his death. The procession was that of an emperor. The Canadian Guards marching slowly & stiffly in scarlet jackets & black "bearskin" hats; the coffin borne into & out of the cathedral by 8 picked RCMP officers, each with a black band of mourning on the left sleeve of his red coat; the full band of the RCAF playing the Dead March in Saul; the famous musical-ride troop of the RCMP complete with lances & fluttering pennons; the long column of mourners from the diplomatic corps & others; the troupe of be-medalled war veterans. At "Sief's" command there was a long & solemn ecumenical service in Ottawa's Christ Church Cathedral, attended by the R.C. & Anglican archbishops, the chief rabbi (who gave a brief eulogy, first in Hebrew & then in English) & other religious dignitaries. The chief eulogy was given by his own (Baptist) pastor in Ottawa, & during his address the TV camera frequently turned from him to <sup>the</sup> main window of the chancel, where the figure of Christ hung on the cross, & rested on it for minutes at a time, leaving an indelible impression that Diefenbaker, too, had been crucified by cruel enemies. The casket will go West on a special train, with stops at Sudbury & Winnipeg, & finally to his own beloved Prince Albert.

I dined this evening with Tom, Pamela & Blair. In conversation Tom told me that Robert Weary, president & general manager of the Bowater Mersey Paper company, has become an autocrat, ruthless in demanding obedience to his slightest whims, & is highly disliked & even hated by most of his employees. This surprises me. I had known Bob Weary when he emerged from N. Y. Tech. to become chemical engineer at Mersey, & sometimes played golf with him, a bright & pleasant young man, very easy to get along with.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22/79 The wet weather continued Monday, Tuesday & all of this morning. This afternoon the sun got through the black clouds here & there. I knew the golf course must be a swamp, so I drove to Summersville, walked along the beach to Broad River, & returned to my car by the campers' road beside the railway track. About 40 minutes, & after so much sitting indoors reading it was marvellous.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1979 The third fine day in a row, a miracle this "summer". Golf each afternoon, 9 holes in about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours.

The apotheosis of John Diefenbaker was completed on Tuesday by his burial beside his second wife Olive, close to the newly completed Diefenbaker memorial building on the campus of the University of Saskatchewan, with great funeral pomp & ceremony. The Diefenbaker Centre building will contain the great man's papers & library. His executors now reveal that he left an estate of more than one million dollars, including a mysterious "retirement fund" set up for him by unnamed friends in 1950. As he never retired, the investments & accrued interest on this fund now amount to more than \$450,000. He bequeathed petty sums to various persons & charities in Ottawa (such as \$1,000 to his housekeeper) where he had lived for so many years. The rest goes to maintain the Diefenbaker Centre, to build a youth centre in Prince Albert, & to several Saskatchewan charities. One part of the Centre bequest is to provide for the distribution of his three-volume autobiography to Saskatchewan students now & in the future.

Several mysteries remain. There is no mention anywhere of his first wife. What became of her? Who contributed the "retirement fund"? And why did he accept it as part of his estate, when he was well heeled financially? Then there is his very brief military career in War One, over which he drew an impenetrable curtain. All that is known is that he went overseas as an army lieutenant in 1917, & after a few months in England he was returned home as physically unfit & discharged. Yet all his life he was famous for his physical stamina, & lived to the age of almost 84. He never talked about his military history, never wore the general-service medals to which even that short episode entitled him.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25/79 Overcast & very hot. This evening I attended a large dinner party at Hunt's Point, given by Frank & Molly Covert, who are celebrating their 50th. wedding anniversary. Good food & lively talk. Douglas & Jean Hemson picked me up in their car & took me there & back. Rain was falling heavily as we left, breaking a four day spell of fine weather.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26/79 Sunny & very hot. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I stayed at home, reading, with my electric fan going. Did my laundry & other domestic chores. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. & dined with Tom, Pam, Blair, & their guest Eleanor Green. Yesterday Tom's

neighbor Verge, found a 12-foot shark washed up on his shore. It bore no marks of violence. And it had no teeth, or only vestigial teeth, which makes me think it is a baby basking-shark, which in adult form may be 45 feet long. Like most of the whales, this shark lives on plankton, caught by an intricate webbing in its throat.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, AUG. 30/79 This morning Jack Dunlop took his father & me to see the Bowater Mersey logging operation in the forest between the St. Croix & the Indian rivers. Their road goes in from the main South Shore highway near the head of St. Margaret's Bay, & we transferred to a truck & had a very rough ride for about 15 miles up the west side of Indian River & its tributary Walsh Brook. I had seen much of this country with timber cruiser Ralph Johnson many years ago. The main object of this trip was to see the "processor" machines in operation. A ~~the~~ motor "skidder" drags whole trees to the "processor", which then swallows them whole, cutting off the branches, & at the same time chopping the trunk into 4-foot-lengths with a powerful guillotine, & neatly piling the pulpwood at the roadside. One man operates the "processor", & another operates the "skidder". The sky was pouring rain, but being under cover the operators of the two machines worked on, regardless.

The roads wound through featureless country, much of it logged in years past, & the cutters are now working within 10 miles of the Halifax-Windsor road, Route 101. After so much rainy weather this summer there were many <sup>wet</sup> holes in the hauling roads, & we bounced in the truck like dice in a cup. As we crossed over the site of Carl Dalhousie's "military road", cut by ex-soldiers after Waterloo, from Hammond's Plains to Annapolis, I wondered what the Carl would think if he could see the present goings-on.

We returned to the base camp, just off the main #3 highway, in time for dinner - delicious corned-beef & cabbage, of which I had two helpings, & lemon meringue pie. The entire St. Margaret's Bay operation of Bowater Mersey employs about 50 men.

After dinner Jack took us to Oak Hill, near Dayspring on the LaHave River, where we inspected the busy modern sawmill of the Bowater Mersey Co., which employs 63 men. Here the larger logs of the company's operations, worth more as sawn timber than as paper, are processed for markets in Britain & Montreal. Thence homeward

by the picturesque shore road (which tourist booklets call "The Lighthouse Route") via Bridgewater, West Lahave, Dublin Shore, Petite Riviere, Broad Cove, & East Port Medway. Despite the intervals of heavy rain, a most pleasant & interesting day. Tonight, with rain still falling in a temperature of  $82^{\circ}$  Fahr., the humidity was very oppressive, & I slept most of it lying naked on my couch in the living room.

My two surviving rose bushes, a yellow one by the garage & a deep red one by the bird bath, are now blooming for the second time this year, & in great profusion. This is partly due to the hot-house climate of this summer, & partly to an improved chemical fertilizer. Usually the second bloom does not appear until late September, with few buds, & the buds have barely opened when they are killed by the first frost.

SUNDAY, SEP. 2, 1979 A clear sky & blazing sun ( $90^{\circ}$  in the sun) in spite of which I played my usual 9 holes at White Point from 12:30 to 2:15. The junior Radclalls are spending the day with friends at Ponhook Lake on the Medway, so I dined at home, & spent the evening stripped to a thin pair of trousers in the breeze of my big electric fan, reading, & occasionally looking up to watch something amusing on TV.

On the golf course I met John McCaul, who said he hoped to have me turning the first sod on the site of the new museum on or about Sep. 18.

MONDAY, SEP. 3/79 Overcast, calm, temp.  $80^{\circ}$  Fahr. Golf in dense fog at White Point. Said goodbye to Fred & Virginia Senerchia, who leave White Point Lodge for their U.S. home tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 5/79 Sunny & very hot, but a pleasant sea breeze at White Point, where I played my usual 9 holes. On TV I watched the funeral march & ceremonies for Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was murdered by Irish terrorists in his small fishing launch on the west coast of Eire.

About 4 p.m. I had a long phone call from Michael Burns, movie director, & partner in BARTALK PRODUCTIONS, TORONTO. He said:-

(A) The TEL-PRO ENTERTAINMENT INC. of TORONTO, joint partner with BARTALK in the movie option on "The Nymph & The Lamp", is practically bankrupt, & has assigned its part in the option to BARTALK. Therefore BARTALK is now sole owner of the

option. Burns added that the \$15,000 option fee, paid to me through Frank Covert's law firm on May 31, actually came entirely from BARTALK.

(B) BARTALK had paid Maurice Singer (holder of the previous option) for a quit-claim, in order to make absolutely clear BARTALK's sole possession of the present option. Burns went into a long explanation of this, hinting that he'd had to pay Singer a considerable sum, but he did not disclose the amount. He agreed with me that Singer was a scoundrel, who had obtained the previous option by false pretences in the first place, & failed to exercise the option before the expiry date. But he said that proceedings in the California courts could be very costly, & it was best to buy Singer off. Burns assured me that my contract with BARTALK and TEL-FRO was in no way altered by these proceedings.

(C) BARTALK had engaged a competent & experienced writer to prepare the screen play.

(D) Burns had visited Sable Island this summer & examined the ruins of the old lifesaving station, including the house of the superintendent ("The Babin" in my story) etc. Had a swim in the salt lake. Saw "thousands" of seals basking in the sun. His visit was assisted by Capt. Williams, chief of the Canadian Coastguard at Halifax.

(E) Burns confidently expects to begin major photography in the summer of 1980.

(F) Burns understood from Frank Covert that I had been approached by people claiming to be agents for top American movie actor Robert Redford, & wanting to buy the movie rights. Burns said that various people claimed to be agents for Redford in such matters, & asked me to write him giving the names of the ones who had approached me. I agreed to do this.

(G) Burns will keep me informed about the progress made.

THURSDAY, SEP. 6, 1979 Very hot & muggy. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns, & I was clad in nothing but a pair of old thin trousers when the Rev. Bill Titus came to tell me that on Sep. 19 the Historical Society is having a 50th anniversary banquet, & they want me to give an address.

FRIDAY, SEP. 7/79 Sunny & very hot, despite a strong NW breeze. A gale with some rain last night littered my neatly-cut back lawn

with fallen twigs & leaves. Played 9 holes at White Point, where I met Frank Corvett. He said Michael Burns had phoned him with the same information he had given me - the transfer of Tel-Pro's share in the film option, making BARTALK the sole owners, & the optimistic report on progress in the film arrangements.

My old friend Clement H. Crowell, Yarmouth, sent me some days ago a copy of his book "Novascotiaman", published recently by The Nova Scotia Museum. It is a collection of letters & other documents, handed down in his wife's family, which tell the story of the Yarmouth ship "N. B. Lewis", Captain B. F. Gullison, & her voyages between 1888 and 1893. This was the period when the wooden windjammer was being shoved aside by iron & steam, & the Bluenose skipper was trying to fend off the inevitable end by every exercise of his wits, energy & thrift. Clem's book shows the shore side of this battle, when the skipper had to be his own secretary, accountant, master shipwright in planning maintenance & repair, & often his own agent in dealing with all sorts of port matters from crimps to cargoes. The book ends with the sale of the ship in France in 1893.

SATURDAY, SEP. 8, 1979 Overcast with a chill air from the sea, so no golf. Sent a sympathy card to Roy Gordon, whose wife Vera, aged 90, was buried in Milton this afternoon. I couldn't risk driving to the funeral, owing to parking difficulties.

Also wrote to Michael Burns, & Clement Crowell.

SUNDAY, SEP. 9/79 Sunny, with fresh breeze. Drove to the golf course shortly after noon, but found it jammed with people - a Lions Club convention - so returned to town & finished raking up the litter of leaves & twigs on my back lawn, left by the gale on Friday night. Dined with the Raddalls at Aunt's Point. Young Tom & Debby leave for Halifax next Wednesday - Tom to begin studies at Dalhousie for a B. Sc., leading to a course in the Dental School - Debby to begin his second year at the King's University school of journalism. Both will live in King's college residences.

MONDAY, SEP. 10/79 Lovely clear day. Golf this afternoon. My good neighbour Erik took my little fertilizer-spreader apart, removed corrosion caused by damp & specks of fertilizer, & re-painted it. He will be spreading "Lawn Green" soon, & crushed limestone later on, to leach

into the soil during the winter.

TUESDAY, SEP. 11, 1979 Heavy rain this morning, clearing at noon. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m., did the morning chores, & lunched with me before going on to her afternoon work at lawyer Clements' home. A ladies' tournament occupied the golf course, so I drove 12 miles to Summerville, walked the beach to Broad River, crossed over the railway track, & returned by the road through the dunes, forty minutes of brisk footing.

THURSDAY, SEP. 13/79 Delightful weather, sunny with a breeze, golf in the afternoons. Got my monthly parcel of books from Marlboro. Phone call from Clement Crowell thanking me for my letter about ~~my~~ <sup>his</sup> book, & asking permission to quote from it.

FRIDAY, SEP. 14/79 Again good weather & golf. Hector Macleod, who was treasurer of the Historical Society in the 1940's, phoned to tell me that he had just found, in an old box in his garage, some old papers of the Society, & a cash book for the period 1939-1946. The cash book begins with a list of the 25 people who bought \$100 debentures of the Q.C.H.S. in September 1936, thus putting up the \$2500 needed to buy the Simson Perkins property from the heirs of Letitia Agnew, who died in June 1936. The debentures were for 10 years, & bore interest at 5%. The papers include the original deeds from these heirs to the Historical Society, the redeemed debentures; & a printed copy of Bill N<sup>o</sup> 81, House of Assembly N.S., dated April 5, 1934 & passed May 2, 1934. "An act to incorporate the Queens County Historical Society". The act of incorporation was made in 1934 with a view to acceptance of gifts etc., & to prepare the way for acquiring property, although at that time we had no idea that the Perkins house would be up for sale within two years. I promptly went to Macleod's house & got the cash book & documents, as I will need them for my address to the Society next Wednesday.

SATURDAY, SEP. 15/79 Awakened at daybreak by a thunderstorm, with flood of rain. Spent most of the day indoors, going over the newly found Historical Society papers. A high school student, Kevin Samuels, came in at 3 p.m. with a tape recorder & interviewed me for an hour about Liverpool during & after War Two.

Flocks of young robins, migrating south, are feasting on the ripe black berries of my elder shrubs.

Today, to mark its 50th anniversary to the public, the Bowater

Mersey Paper Company had a well-advertised "Open House", with guided tours of the whole mill complex, from offices to wharves, & a sample logging operation at Happy Landing, using the latest machines of the kind I saw on Aug. 30. The schooner "Bluenose II," owned by the N.S. government, was at the mill wharf taking parties for short trips around Liverpool Bay. I'm told that something like 3,000 people came to see all this.

SUNDAY, SEP. 16, 1979 Sunny. Nova Scotian insurance men are holding their annual convention at White Point Lodge, & swarming over the golf course, so I stayed at home. Dined with Tom & Pamela at Hunt's Point. Tommy & Selby are installed in the residences of King's University, & next week Tom & Pam are taking a holiday in Boston.

MONDAY, SEP. 17/79 Sunny & very hot. Spent two hours mowing my lawns this afternoon, & finished drenched & exhausted.

TUESDAY, SEP. 18/79 Mostly sunny & warm. The morning mail included a brisk (if not brusque) letter from Mc Clelland & Stewart, signed by Mrs. Kay Gorman. "We intend to reduce our inventory of 'In My Time'. We shall continue to backlist and sell the title (but) we have more copies on hand than can be sold in the foreseeable future, and because of high warehousing and interest charges, we cannot afford to keep them. Whether we printed too many copies or sold too few is always a debatable point. We want you to have first chance to buy part or all of this stock at the low price suggested.

Our price is \$2.00 per copy F.O.B. Toronto. Please add .08 ¢ per copy for <sup>handling.</sup> ~~shipping.~~ <sup>Books will be shipped freight collect.</sup> ~~to other parts of Ontario.~~ The quantity available is 1,600. It is the cloth edition." (See entry & clipping JAN. 29, 1980)

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 19/79 Warm, with showers at evening. Indoors all day at the typewriter, working on my address to the Historical Society. The 50th anniversary dinner was served in Zion Church by the ladies auxiliary of the church, a very tasty meal. About 85 people present. I gave my address, & passed around some of the original \$100 debentures by which we raised \$2,500 in 1936 to buy the Perkins<sup>House</sup>; also the original deeds to the Historical Society, & a printed copy of Bill 81, House of Assembly, session of 1934, by which the Queens County Historical Society was incorporated.

Austin Parker told me that our camp had been broken into at Eagle<sup>Lake</sup>, apparently fairly recently, & the thieves had stolen two sleeping bags (Austin's & mine) & two bottles of rum. The canvas case of my bag bore, in printed black letters, "Lieut. J. H. Raddall, B Coy,

West Nova Scotia Regiment", so the thieves discarded that. They entered by smashing the padlock that fastened the heavy plank door-shutter. Nothing else in the camp had been touched. Mine was a very good bag, made for the Arctic with eider-down insulation & waterproof canvas.

Letter from Michael Burns, on stationery with the letterhead of PARAGON MOTION PICTURES, TORONTO, enclosing a typewritten copy of the agreement by which Tel-Pro sold to Bartalk their share of the movie option on "The Nymph & The Lamp". He says that James Saller is now at work on the screen play. Saller is the man who wrote the screenplay of "Downhill Racer", the movie Robert Redford both starred in & produced. According to Burns, "In some ways it was his break through to stardom. It seems likely that Redford will be very interested in any screen play that Saller comes up with. I'll keep you posted."

THURSDAY, SEP. 20/79 Sunny & cool, after a chilly (42° Fahr.) night. Golf in the afternoon.

FRIDAY, SEP. 21/79 Same weather, with the furnace running frequently at night. This morning I sent off, by insured parcel post, my father's army tunic, his spurs, his medals, & the original HQ pennon of the Winnipeg Rifles which was flown at Valcartier Camp & later on Salisbury Plain, all in one stout cardboard carton addressed Max Abrams, curator of the museum of the Royal Winnipeg Rifles. Wrote a covering letter also.

This afternoon I spread about 10 lbs. of "Lawn Green" on my grounds, also 35 lbs. of crushed limestone, to leach into the soil through the fall & winter. Then drove to the United Church cemetery on College Street, & spread 15 lbs. of limestone on my burial lot.

SATURDAY, SEP. 22/79 Heavy rain all day & evening. I spent the day catching up on my correspondence. Among others I wrote to professors John Lennox & Clara Thomas of York University, who are working on a biography of Bill Deacon. They had sent xerox copies of certain letters of mine that they wish to use; I now gave consent.

SUNDAY, SEP. 23/79 The weather cleared this afternoon, with a cool NW wind, & I had a fine walk on Summerville Beach. Dined with Tom & Pam, who returned last night from a brief trip to Boston, when they saw some shows.

TUESDAY, SEP. 25/79 Delightful sunny weather, with a touch of frost at night. Met John McCaul, who brought up the matter of the

museum. The difficulty now is cost. The federal & provincial gov'ts have promised definite sums, which were adequate when we first had plans drawn up 3 years ago. Now the building estimate is \$100,000 higher. The campaign for private contributions has not begun yet (I have promised \$5,000) but the Bowater Mersey Company has offered \$4,000 with a suggestion that part of it be used to purchase Hector Macleod's excellent collection of ship models, paintings, logbooks, customs records, sextants, & other ~~more~~ marine bric-a-brac of Queens County. (Macleod's father & grandfather were master shipbuilders at Shipyard Point in Liverpool, & part of the old Macleod house still stands there.) I had suggested that the mill acquire the Macleod collection for the new museum as a gift to mark Mersey Paper's 50th anniversary. Macleod has had opportunities to sell the best part of his collection to Americans, but he has held it together. I was talking to him at his home the other day on another matter, & he brought up this one. He feels he should get \$5,000 for the collection. So today I passed this on to Mc Baul.

Mc Baul thinks we should get experts from the Nova Scotia Museum or the Maritime Museum to come here and evaluate the collection first, & I agree.

This evening on the invitation of Robert Heary I attended a dinner at Mersey Lodge, where the Bowater Co. was entertaining a conference of Nova Scotia business executives & some of their wives. One was Jerry E. A. Nickerson, head of the huge & prosperous firm of H. B. Nickerson & Son, whom I knew. (His father Jerry is one of my neighbours here.) Roland Thornhill, Minister of Development in the present N.S. government, was there also. I chatted with most of them. They had all read my books.

Dinner was the Lodge specialty, salmon planked & broiled at a wood fire outdoors, with all kinds of delicious condiments. Afterwards Bob Heary asked me to give a talk on any subject I liked, so I talked a bit about the history of the Mersey River, & particularly the Indians who lived here, winding up on the lighter side with anecdotes of John Francis & "Scabby Lou" Labrador, which set them roaring with laughter.

Governor-General Ed. Schreyer & wife are making a five-day tour of Nova Scotia, & I am invited to accompany them on a flight to Sable Island tomorrow. The plane takes off shortly after noon, & returns to the Halifax airport at 5:30. I arranged with

the executives and advisory  
 board of Industrial Estates Co.

taxi-driver Douglas Wolfe to take me to <sup>the</sup> airport & bring me back.  
 WEDNESDAY, SEP. 26, 1979 The early forecast by radio said "Showers."  
 & at 8:30 a.m. my phone rang. The protocol official of Premier  
 Buchanan told me that, owing to the weather & the consequent lack  
 of good visibility, the flight to Sable Island had been cancelled.  
 Too bad. I had been hoping to see the island again after 57  
 years. The day turned out to be absolutely fine. On my  
 return from afternoon golf, my phone was ringing. It was the  
 protocol lady again, this time with the Premier's apologies. The  
 weather at Halifax had cleared up by noon, & the Vice-regal party,  
 including Buchanan & wife, had decided to fly to Sable Island  
 at 12:30, as previously scheduled. That left no time for me to get  
 there, & the Premier hoped I would understand.

~~Another phone call was from Bob Heary, also apologetic.  
 A conference of leading Nova Scotia business men, associated with  
 the provincial government's Industrial Estates Ltd., are holding  
 a conference at Mersey Lodge tomorrow, followed by dinner at  
 7:30. He realized it was very late notice, but would I give a  
 talk on the history of the Mersey River, or anything else I chose,  
 by way of entertainment? I agreed. (This was Monday, Sep. 24)~~

THURSDAY, SEP. 27, 1979 Another beautiful day, & the usual nine  
 holes of golf in the afternoon. Apart from the usual herring gulls,  
 I noticed two or three young Kittiwakes, quite unafraid, walking about  
 the greens in search of worms.

~~At 6:30 a Mersey Company <sup>This was Tuesday, and already noted.</sup> ~~commissaire~~ picked me up & took  
 me up the river road to Mersey Lodge. I was introduced to the  
 gathering one by one, about 20 men, & some wives. The only one  
 I knew was Jerry E. A. Nickerson, son of my neighbour on Park  
 Street, & now a very successful tycoon; he had flown down here from  
 Cape Breton in his own helicopter. They ranged from Struan  
 Robertson, head of Maritime Tel. & Tel., to Garner McDade of  
 Minas Basin Pulp & Power Company, mostly in their 30's or 40's.  
 Very cordial, mentioning books of mine that they liked.~~

~~The dinner was a fine array of food & desserts, the main  
 dish being the Lodge specialty - planked salmon broiled over  
 an outdoors wood fire. Afterwards I talked a little about the  
 history; but realizing that these men were jaded by a long day's  
 business discussion, I led the subject to the Indians & their legends.  
 I pointed out that the Micmacs had a sense of humour, & more~~

that, they had genuine wit - something unusual in the North American tribes. To illustrate, I told anecdotes of my old MacMac friend John Francis, & of "Scabby Lou" & others. The response began with chuckles, & then to roars of laughter & applause - a smash success. Home at 11 p.m.

THURSDAY, SEP. 27, 1979 (continued) The mail included a note from Bob Weary, thanking me for Tuesday night's entertainment, on such short notice, & enclosing a Rowaters Mercy cheque for \$300.00 as honorarium.

FRIDAY, SEP. 28/79 And again a lovely Fall day, with golf in the early afternoon. The mail brought a copy of "Nearly An Island", a Nova Scotian anthology of prose & verse, compiled by Alice Hale & Sheila Brooks, & published in good quality paperback by Breakwater Books, St. John's Nfld. It contains my story of the Halifax explosion, "Winter's Tale". They are to pay me \$220.00.

SATURDAY, SEP. 29/79 Rain all day. Jack Kyte came in with some more old Mercy Paper photos, to be included in my book "The Mercy Story", which will go to print shortly. He borrowed Sherman Hines' recent portrait of me.

SUNDAY, SEP. 30/79 Overcast & unsettled. Did my weekly laundry chores. Lined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blait.

MONDAY, OCT. 1/79 Overcast & threatening rain. Mowed my lawns this afternoon, the usual sweaty task. Soon the falling leaves will make mowing difficult. Robins, starlings, & a smaller bird that I cannot see well enough to identify, continue to feast on the ripe black berries of my elderberry shrubs. Today I noticed a humming-bird whirring & peering into my sun porch windows. The bird should have departed southward long ago.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7/79 Mild weather, mostly overcast & humid, & some rain, for the past week. Solf when the sun shone, although the course ~~is~~ is wet - it has not been really dry since the Fall of '78. Not has my cellar.

The autumn foliage has passed its best, & now the maple leaves begin to fall. Tomorrow is Canada's Thanksgiving Day, so Tom & Pamela had their roast turkey etc. today at 6 p.m. I joined them at 5. The young people are all home for the holiday. Tommy was there with his Port Medway girl Kim, & Debby brought along a pleasant & intelligent black girl, Donna West, a fellow student whose home is in Liverpool. The weather was awful, torrents of rain, &

although I left for home at 7 p.m. I had a nightmare journey. A lot of motor traffic, & the glare of oncoming headlights blinded me, so that I could not see the road at all at times, & had to slow down to 20 m.p.h. to lessen the crash if I did get off it.

Early in the afternoon I had a visit from a Mrs. Marion Davison of St. Croix, N.Y. She & a fellow teacher, Mrs. Audrey March, had written in 1976 a story called "Smoke Over Grand Pré", aimed at the teen-age market with a particular view to school libraries. It is about an Acadian boy & his Micmac Indian chum, at the time of the Expulsion in 1755. The authors (both middle-aged teachers or librarians) had been sending it around to various Canadian publishers, who rejected it because of the small prospective market. Their present hope is in Breakwater Books, of St. John's Nfld., who are busy expanding into the general Canadian market. Breakwater had told them that it could only be published if Breakwater got a grant from the Canada Council for the purpose, and the firm urged them to obtain the endorsement of people like Helen Craghton & myself.

Mrs. Davison brought a typed copy (245 pages) and asked me to read it when I had time, & give my opinion of it. I agreed.

MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1979 A wild gale with some rain, littered my back lawn with twigs & leaves. Read the "Smoke Over Grand Pré" typescript, & found it wooden in style, full of clichés, with no real plot. The only good parts were descriptions of the Annapolis Valley landscape. If the Canada Council had sent it to me for comment I would have sent it back with an emphatic No. Yet these earnest ladies expect a boost from me, which Breakwater Books can quote in its own application to the Council!

TUESDAY, OCT. 9/79 Overcast, chilly, & threatening rain. Worked with hoe & rake this afternoon, clearing away the tangle of the petunia bed under my study windows, picking up & dumping the fallen twigs from yesterday's storm, etc.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10/79 A miserable dark wet day, with a sprinkling of snow for a start - the first snow of the season, most unwelcome. Temp. 40°. Much more snow reported inland over the whole landscape from Ottawa to Washington. Late in the afternoon I had a surprise visit from Roy Hammond, his wife Peggy, & Gordon Wells & wife. I first met Roy when he was named Myndman, a sub-lieutenant on a corvette here for a refit during War Two. After the war he changed his

surname, & remained in the navy for years. He was fond of the late Jerry V. Pickerson & wife Lillian, & used to visit them from time to time. Since his retirement from the navy he has worked in an advisory capacity with the Dept. of National Defence as an expert on electronic devices. Gordon Wells, aged 80, was four grades ahead of me at Chabucta School in Halifax in 1913. Subsequently he was employed by the Marconi Company there, & knew Letts & Batho in the office staff.

THURSDAY, OCT. 11, 1979 Again dark & cold. Stowed my lawn chairs overhead in the garage, & worked with hoe & shovel trimming the edges of my front lawn, etc.

FRIDAY, OCT. 12/79 Same wretched weather. Rain this evening. I had ordered 200 copies of "In My Time" (my son Tom wants 100) from M. & S. (see entry Sep. 18), & they arrived in 7 cartons & 1 small package today. The freight was \$33.73, so they cost about \$2.25 apiece. Young Tommy, home for the weekend, picked up 100 copies this afternoon in the small Raddall car, & helped me to get the others up into the attic.

This evening I had a visit by Brian McO'Neill, of Halifax, with a copy of "Son of The Hawk" for my autograph. He is a collector of Nova Scotia, a tall dark handsome man, 35-ish. Enquired about the Blackwood edition of "The Pied Piper of Sippit Brook", "West Norns", "Saga of the Rows", "The Markland Sagas", etc.; also about Janet Mullins' books "Some Liverpool Chronicles" (printed 1941) and "Liverpool Privatizing" (1936).

SATURDAY, OCT. 13/79 Pouring rain, a bit milder. Austin Perkes, his American brother-in-law Wallace Smith, Hector Dunlop, & Erik Andersen are going to the Eagle Lake camp on Monday for a week. Austin wants me to come along, & I had some notion of having a last look at Eagle Lake this fall, but I wouldn't want to stay overnight. Also, now, the woods will be sodden, with water underfoot everywhere.

News: Predictions of a great recession of business in the U.S., and consequently in Canada, have been made & repeated throughout this year, & the U.S. & Canadian dollars have greatly depreciated during the year in terms of European & Japanese currency. In recent weeks the international price of gold shot up to more than \$400 U.S. During the past ten days there has been a tremendous fall of stock prices on the U.S. & Canadian markets, almost comparable to the crash of 50 years ago, although the circumstances are not the same.

SUNDAY, OCT. 14/79 Overcast, with some showers. Erik Andersen came in to borrow a bottle of rum, for the trip to Eagle Lake. His son Michael & family are with the Canadian army in Germany, where he is

now settled in for a two-year hitch. They want Erik & Lou to fly over there for Christmas, & to stay about a month.

Dined with Pam & the boys at Hunt's Point. Tom & three friends plus dogs left yesterday for their annual woodcock hunt in New Brunswick. I left for home in time to get here by daylight.

Frost tonight.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16, 1979 Rain in the early morning. This afternoon I mowed my lawns thoroughly, lengthwise & crosswise, probably the last chance to do it before the really heavy fall of leaves.

Letters from Max Abrams, curator of the Winnipeg Rifles regimental museum. Has received the parcel & is very pleased. The medals will be cleaned & lacquered, & furnished with new ribbons. These & the other items will be mounted and "displayed in a prominent manner."

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17, 79 Took my car to Rossignol Sales for the annual N.S. govt. safety inspection, due this month. Also had them (1) Change to winter tires on rear wheels. (2) change to winter oil. (3) Grease job. (4) wash car & clean inside.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17/79 We have had a few light frosts hitherto, but last night the temp. dropped below 30° F. & this morning the bird bath was covered with fairly thick ice. The day turned out to be sunny, & I hoped for a good long walk on the golf course or at Summerville Beach; but Jack Kyle phoned for an appointment this afternoon at 2 p.m., but as usual he turned up an hour later, with apologies. He had some printed page samples & dust-jacket layout for "The Mersey Story", sent by the Halifax firm who are doing it, & I gave him my comment & advice. By that time it was too late to go anywhere for a walk. I removed the fly screen from the air vent in the concrete foundation of my den, & sealed it up for the winter. Also applied "Eskimo seal", a grey putty-like substance, around the aluminium storm window on the kitchen, where the coldest winds blow.

This evening on TV I watched the seventh & final game of the "World Series" baseball tournament, which is, of course, all-American. The Pittsburgh Pirates won over the Baltimore Orioles. Funny how it always, or almost always, goes to the limit of 7 games. With those huge crowds, at high prices, it simply wouldn't pay to end the series at 3 out of 5.

FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1979 Fine, after yesterday's rain & a freezing night. This afternoon I cut back my rose bushes for the winter, & made a good start on cutting back the tall (as much as 12 feet in some) shrubbery along the south side of my house & back lawn. This has to be done every five years or so, as the shrubs get to be a thick & continuous jungle.

Whynot came & filled my furnace tanks. Note from Robert Neary enclosing a formal invitation to the dinner & entertainment at the Hotel Nova Scotian, Halifax, on Nov. 27, in honour of the Company's 50th. anniversary. When Bob asked me to speak at the dinner I assumed that with so many notable guests, presumably with something to say, it would necessarily be a few remarks. In this note, however, Bob says I am to be the "keynote speaker," so I shall have to prepare a speech.

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1979 Overcast & mild. Spent the better part of the afternoon sawing & hacking away at the shrubbery on the south side of my back lawn. Dr. Trevor Kent phoned from Lunenburg. He has written something, with a view to publication, & would like to discuss it with me. His medical practice, and necessary hospital attendance, leave him free only on weekends, so I told him to come over tomorrow afternoon.

In 1971 my Yarmouth (Carlton, really) friends Bill & Fran Crowell started a little quarterly magazine called "Bluenose," & with my permission used one of my old short stories in the opening issue. They hoped to build it up to recognition as the native Nova Scotian magazine, as opposed to the Atlantic Advocate, published in Fredericton, which purports to cover all of the Atlantic Provinces, & does a very poor job of it.

Last year a new & formidable magazine, "Atlantic Insight", appeared at Halifax, well financed & edited, published monthly in a glossy format rather like Maclean's Magazine. It is still going strong. Today I received the latest copy of "Bluenose", with a tipped in sheet saying that the Crowells had sold the magazine to a group in Yarmouth. It also says: - "Brighter layout, a new editor & address, significant improvements." A brave effort, but its contents are naive little articles, almost parochial in coverage, hardly better than a high-school publication. I shall not renew my subscription.

John McCaul phoned. Every obstacle to the new Queens County Museum has now been overcome. Wants me to attend a

little ceremony at noon on Friday, Oct. 26, in which I and Gerry Lawrence, the provincial minister of public works, will jointly turn the first sod, & I will give a brief address. Lawrence is a paraplegic, so we will have to invent a way to do this.

SUNDAY, OCT. 21, 1979 Sunny & warm. Dr. Kent came at 1 p.m. He is a young-looking 49, goodlooking & tall. A native of England who came to practise in Winnipeg & elsewhere in the West. On a trip to Nova Scotia about 12 years ago they were charmed with Lunenburg, found that there was an opening for a doctor, & moved there. Lately he has been bothered with high blood pressure & decided to slow down. Has always wanted to write, & thinks writing would be the ideal way out, if he can "make a go of it". He is in the process of writing his first book, semi-autobiographical, about a young doctor & his experiences in England & Canada. After a discussion of this for an hour or so, I promised to read it & give an opinion when he has finished it.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Roasted woodcock breasts, small sugar peas, pumpkin, rice. Delicious. During their New Brunswick hunt Tom & his companions got 120 woodcock & 11 partridge - not particularly good for a week's hunting with 5 guns, & ranging over a radius of 80 miles from their motor-inn. The birds were widely scattered. Only a few in one spot, & there were hunters everywhere. Drove to Hunt's Point & back, the last time this season I shall be able to do this by daylight.

MONDAY, OCT. 22/79 The third day of Indian Summer, & the best so far, sunny, calm, temp 80° Fahren. I did my laundry chores & in the afternoon finished cutting & sawing my overgrown shrubbery, a hot & sweaty task. A huge pile of cuttings on my back lawn, & I must now find someone to truck it away to the municipal incinerator at Western Head. While I was working, a chipping sparrow came along, foraging amongst the brush, almost to my feet, so I was able to see its markings & identify it.

TUESDAY, OCT. 23/79 Yesterday's heat brought a dense sea fog, not cold, but clammy enough to discourage my planned walk around the golf course. Instead I drove up the river to Milton & Potanomoc, noting the new houses & neat lawns. The houses built since 1945 are all of the compact bungalow type, with car-pool or garage. Only the older houses have two stories. Edith's home, the Bell home, & the

house where E. & I spent the first years of marriage, have much the same lines, with modern shingles etc.; & so have the Guy Muriard house at Potanoc, where I had board & lodging during three months of 1923, & the Boardman Freeman house, where I boarded for the next 3 years. The big rambling house of Philip Kempton on the west corner at Potanoc is being torn down. All these houses have been occupied by various other owners & tenants since I first saw them, of course. Milton had a population of about 900 when I came there in 1923. Now it has over 2,000, most of whom are connected in one way or another with the paper mill.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24, 1979 Again the dense fog. Desperate for some exercise I drove to the golf course & walked around it. Great flocks of migrating robins were foraging for worms on every fairway & green. The robins that nest in the woods around the course departed southward long ago.

THURSDAY, OCT. 25/79 A grey Fall day with a westerly breeze, & temp. in the 50's Fahr. Walked around the golf course in the afternoon. Fresh deer tracks on N<sup>2</sup> 6 & N<sup>2</sup> 9 fairways. A few sandpipers, which with my poor sight I could not identify. Not so many robins but still a lot of them.

The other day, when Earl Whynot ("Whynot Services Ltd.") came with his oil truck to fill my furnace tanks, I asked him to name some trucker who would haul away the cut brush now lying on my back lawn, & take it to the municipal incinerator at Western Head. He said he would enquire & let me know. This afternoon he came with a smart new truck of Whynot Services, & two of his men. They piled the brush on the truck & went off to Western Head. When I came out to pay for this, Whynot grinned & said, "No charge, Tom. You've been a good customer of mine for many years & I'm glad to be able to do you a service".

FRIDAY, OCT. 26/79 A cold drizzle was falling when I arose this morning, but the sky cleared & the sun shone after 10 a.m. Young Jerry Dennis, one of my Moncton grandsons, stopped by with his fish truck & came in for a brief yarn before going to Port Medway for a load of fresh haddock. He has decided to take the offer of a job as chief buyer for his firm, & has bought a new car & taken a furnished apartment in Moncton. Presumably he has a female companion like his older brother Gregory, but he didn't say anything about that.

Friday, Oct. 26, 1979 (continued) At 11:45 the Rev. Bill Titus, current president of the Historical Society, picked me up with his car & took me to the site of the new museum, adjoining the Perkins House. The N.S. minister of public works, Gerry Lawrence, was there; also Lyndon Martin, head of the N.S. Museum; Mr. Blenkhorn, the architect who designed the museum building; John Lefe, M.A. for Queens County; Gordon Smith of the Municipality of Queens; Margaret Wendell Tidmarsh of Liverpool; and representatives of the Kiwanis Club, the Lions' Club, the Canadian Legion, The Boy Scouts, & of course the general public.

After the ceremony of turning the first sod, & brief addresses by Lawrence, Titus, Lefe, McBaul & myself, McBaul invited about a dozen of us to his home beside the Medway River, between Mill Village & Charleston, where we enjoyed a light luncheon. All very pleasant, especially for me & for John McBaul, who has worked hard & constantly to get the whole project together. I returned home in the Tidmarsh car, changed to gardening rig, & raked up & disposed of the mess of leaves & small twigs left on my back lawn by the shrub-cutting project.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28/79 All the clocks went back one hour at midnight last night, ending "summer time" for the season. I ~~cannot~~ <sup>cannot</sup> drive to Hunt's Point & dine with Tom & Pam, returning by daylight, so Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. with his new small Chrysler car, having traded in the little Monza ~~with~~ while he could still get good value (\$1500) for it. The Chrysler cost \$7500 less the trade-in value. It has a Volkswagen engine & goes 35 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Dined sumptuously on woodcock & partridge, served with a wine sauce, rice & fresh vegetables, & pecan pie, a break in my present Spartan diet. In the summer I noticed that my weight naked was up to 179 lb., nine lbs. more than I like to have it at that time of year because I'm sure to put on several pounds during the winter. I had been indulging myself with large servings of pie, munching quantities of my favourite cashew nuts, etc. So I cut back severely. Breakfast is simply a glass of fruit juice. Lunch is some salted crackers spread with meat paste, some "iceberg" lettuce, & a glass of skim milk. At 5 p.m. I dine on steak with buttered corn, or fried chicken & vegetables, or fried shrimp or scallops & French fried potatoes, or fish chowder, or corned beef hash with poached eggs, or bacon & eggs with two slices of bread. Occasionally some Australian mixed fruit cocktail.

otherwise no dessert at all. Snow weigh 17½ lbs. & hope to take off more.

After I got home from Hunt's Point, Erik Andersen came in to return the borrowed bottle of rum. In the week at Eagle Lake none of the party saw a single deer.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1979 Sunny, with a cool northerly wind, after a frosty night. Enjoyed afternoon walks around the golf course, yesterday & today. Many migrating robins still foraging on the greens & fairways, also the flock of 20 or 30 snow buntings which I thought were "sandpipers" on Oct. 25. I got a better look at them today. Again fresh deer tracks on No 7 fairway.

Tonight is Halloween, so I moved my light plastic bird bath into the garage & locked the door. Last winter some young hoodlums smashed the bowl of the previous one - the second that was destroyed in this way. However, the evening passed without any vandalism.

At 6 p.m. the usual procession began - small kids accompanied by papas or mamas, then teenagers, mostly girls, all in costume & enjoying the lark. I doled out candy & chewing gum to about 100 by 8:30 p.m., when I switched off my porch light & settled down to TV & the latest magazines.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1/79 Mild & calm. Took my light bag & a few clubs to the golf course & played 9 holes, sweating in winter underwear & jersey. Only 4 other players on the course.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2/79 Hazy & mild (65° F abt) Changed to summer underwear & T-shirt, & enjoyed a leisurely 9 holes at White Point. News: - René Lévesque has announced his plans for the referendum on Quebec independence, which will enable Quebec to be a sovereign state but still sucking the teats of the Canadian federation for money to finance it. Prime Minister Clark has said all along that his government would abuse any such thing, but today he told reporters that if Quebec voted overwhelmingly for independence, the Canadian federation would allow them to depart.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4/79 Rain yesterday, overcast & threatening rain today. The ash tree behind my garage, always the last to shed its leaves, began to shed them yesterday. My son Tom took his bird dog Sandy over to the Gaspereau Valley <sup>with Chris Clark</sup> one day last week, & they got 10 pheasant & 2 Hungarian partridge - the first "Huns" Tom had ever shot. For dinner at Hunt's Point this evening we had roast

# Author's dream realized

By MIKE FLEMMING

South Shore Bureau

LIVERPOOL — Friday was a "great day" for resident author Thomas Raddall as he participated in sod-turning ceremonies for construction of a \$350,000 museum here, a dream he envisaged 50 years ago.

"Fifty years ago this past summer a small group of us gathered to form a local historical group," Mr. Raddall, author of numerous historical novels, recalled yesterday.

"As I remember we had only \$60 between us. To see this today ... it is really a great day for me," he said in an interview following the ceremonies, shared jointly with Public Works Minister Jerry Lawrence.

Mr. Raddall, the "lone survivor" of that original historical group, says he was the youngest member of the group 50 years ago and was chosen as secretary of the group.

"I was asked to draw up a list of our aims and objectives.

As an after-thought I suggested that some day in the future we think of having our own museum."

The museum, being funded by the federal (\$175,000) and provincial (\$125,000) governments and receiving a great deal of local support (\$30,000), will be located on the same grounds as the historic Simeon Perkins House in downtown Liverpool.

Actual construction of the museum will start within the next week to 10 days.

Mr. Lawrence, who said the day belonged to Mr. Raddall with the fulfillment of a "lifelong ambition," assisted Mr. Raddall in turning the sod with a stainless steel shovel which will be presented to the historical society when the museum is officially opened next summer.

John McCaul, chairman of the museum committee, admitted he thought the day would never arise when the museum was a reality and also paid tribute to Mr. Raddall.

Queens MLA John Leefe said the museum symbolized co-operation between Liverpool citizens and the three levels of government in getting the project underway.

The 5,000-square-foot facility will be more than a collection of artifacts, Mr. Raddall said. It will feature various rotating displays highlighting the fishery, logging and paper industries to name a few, he said.

The federal museum assistance programs of the National Museum of Canada and the Nova Scotia Museum have also participated in the project.

Mr. McCaul said while not all local funds have been raised for the project, the museum could open in summer, 1980.



A NEW MUSEUM will soon be under construction in Liverpool on the grounds adjacent to the Simeon Perkins House. The \$350,000 facility will be funded by the federal, provincial and local governments and the citizens of Liverpool. Participating in the sod-turning ceremonies Friday were author Tom Raddall and Public Works Minister Jerry Lawrence. (Flemming)

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 Tom took his bird  
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 day last week, & it  
 the first "Huns" for

pheasant & partridge, served with a wine sauce, delicious.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1979 Sunny & mild, after a frosty night. This afternoon I had a visit from the Rev. Harry Meadows, of McDougall United Church, Edmonton, who had made a previous appointment by letter. A man about my age, he was born & raised in Ontario, spent some years as a missionary with the Swampy Cree in the North West. An avid reader & collector of my books (he had several for my autograph) he was for many years a "ham" radio operator, so we had much to talk about. He is driving about N.S. with a daughter, a handsome brunette whose husband is an air pilot with Eastern Provincial Airways & lives in Halifax.

The mail brought a cheque for \$2,302 from Mc Gelland & Stewart, royalties for the six months ending June 30.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7/79 Rain again. My old friend Clement W. Crowell died yesterday at Port Maitland, Yarmouth County. He was 84. His book "Nova Scotiaman" was published last August by the Nova Scotia Museum & he sent me an inscribed copy. (See entries Sep. 7 & 13) I wrote an enthusiastic letter about the book, & I last heard his voice on Sep. 13, when he phoned to ask if the Museum could quote from it. He said that he was feeling very unwell in mind & body, but today's news came as a shock.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8/79 Hazy & mild. Had a good walk around the golf course. Nearly all of the robins have gone southward, & so has the flock of sanderlings. In my walks there lately I came on three places where a thick scatter of robin feathers showed where a hawk had pounced & killed.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9/79 Same weather. Took a few clubs in my light shoulder bag & played 7 holes at White Point. Nobody else out. Received a parcel of stationery, etc. from Frank M. O'Neill & Co., Halifax. It includes 3 of these "Record" books in which I keep my diary. Wonder if I shall live to fill them. They used to cost about \$3 when I first started using this type of record. Now they cost \$14.30 plus shipping & postage.

I asked the Royal Bank to get \$10,000 of the new Canadian government loan for me. It yields 11% in the first year, & 10½% the rest. All interest rates have jumped sharply during the past month.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10/79 Rain & wind. This afternoon a Lunenburg high school girl came to see me by appointment. Her class are studying

"Roger Sudden", & she had a list of questions & the usual tape recorder. Asked me if I would receive a group of students from her school at some time in the future, & I said Yes, of course.

SUNDAY, Nov. 11, 1979 Remembrance Day. Again a wet gale, taking the last leaves off the hardwoods except the oaks. Dr. Trevor Kent came this afternoon with the typescript of his book, divided into 4 sections, each neatly clipped into a hard plastic folder. He calls it "Prescriptions and Descriptions". After an hour's chat, he left them with me, & I promised to read them & give him an opinion later on. He is a fluent conversationalist with a pleasant manner, & seems delighted with the idea that he can become a published author overnight.

At 5, son Tom took me to Hunt's Point for chat over drinks & then a roast turkey dinner. Grandson Tom comes down every weekend but spends most of it in Port Medway with his girl. Sebby never comes home except for important holidays like Thanksgiving, Christmas & Easter.

MONDAY, Nov. 12/79 Drizzle & showers. Letter from H. E. Bagley, of Saint Annes Point Press, Fredericton, who phoned me some days ago. His Press began business in 1978, & specializes in reprints of local histories etc. long out of print. He wants to reprint "West Novas", 1,000 copies hardbound, to retail at between \$16 & \$20. Would I consider a royalty of 10% on retail price of sales, with an advance of \$500?

I have had a number of enquiries for it since I sold the last of the 1947 edition a few years ago. Some from collectors, some from men or relatives of men who served in the regiment in War Two, & some from current members of the regiment. I doubt very much if Bagley could sell 1,000 copies of a reprint at \$16 to \$20, or anything like that number.

TUESDAY, Nov. 13/79 My 76th birthday. The Canadian Legion ladies' auxiliary delivered their usual birthday cake, with "Happy Birthday Thomas" inscribed with green on the white icing. This evening my sister Hilda Baer phoned from Mahone, sang a verse of "Happy Birthday to You", & seemed in very good spirits. Sister Nellie, who lives nearby, has closed her little house & gone to Alabama for six months, staying with friends. After living so long in the South she hates the long & dreary winter & spring of Nova Scotia.

I spent the day & evening reading the typescript of Trevor

# Soldier, sportsman, golfer, Clement Crowell dies at 84

PORT MAITLAND — Clement William Crowell, 84, of Port Maitland and Lake Annis, Yarmouth County, died Tuesday in Port Maitland.

Born in Lockeport, he was a son of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Edward and Sarah (Vroom) Crowell.

He was educated at Yarmouth Academy, went to the University of Toronto, leaving in 1916 to join the British Army where he became an officer in the Royal Field Artillery. Twice wounded, he was invalided home in 1918 but returned overseas the same year.

After graduating from Mount Allison University and Columbia University, he became school inspector in western Nova Scotia. He was the first president of the Nova Scotia School Inspectors Association, president of the Yarmouth Historical Society and president of the Yarmouth County Golf Association.

He compiled a health course for the department of education and his book "Novascotian" — a record of a Yarmouth ship and its master — has just been published.

He had spent recent years

dividing his time between residences in Port Maitland and Lake Annis.

Surviving are his wife, the former Esther Lewis; a daughter, Barbara (Mrs. D.B. Leverman), Halifax; a son, C. William, Port Maitland; a brother, Clarke A., Halifax; a sister, Eileen (Mrs. J. G. Quigley), Halifax; five grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

The body is at Sweeny's Funeral Home, Yarmouth. Funeral services will be held in Ritchie Memorial Chapel, Yarmouth, on Friday at 2:30 p.m., Rev. Curtis MacDonald and Rev. J. Raymond Corbett officiating. Burial will be in Norwood-Lake Annis Cemetery.

No flowers by request. Donations may be made to a charity of choice.

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Kent's "book", & found it very bad. The man has a good vocabulary - too good, really - "imbibed with the exuberance of his own verbosity," like Gladstone according to Disraeli. For a supposedly well educated man his spelling is atrocious, his sentences go on & on, & the whole thing is jumbled & disorganized. Circumlocution often leading up to a trivial point. Obsessed with long medical terms, & a curious penchant for tales about the human excretory apparatus. I don't know how to tell him all this; he is a pleasant fellow, & like so many would-be authors who ask me to read their stuff he really doesn't want my opinion, he wants me to send it to my own publisher with a good recommendation.

SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1979 Incessant rain all this week except Thursday, when I plodded around the sodden golf course under a black sky. Today's paper records the death of Donald Cameron Mackay, head of the N.S. College of Art for many years, & a diligent painter himself. He was 73. I knew him & his first wife Molly many years ago, & engaged him to do the pen drawings & select the old prints & jacket painting for the first edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North" in 1948. In 1949 I bought (from him) his oil painting of the old Smith & Rhuland shipyard at Lunenburg, which still hangs over my mantelpiece.

Long letter from Jack McClelland, mostly enquiries about the film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", which Norman Campbell of the CBC wants to do. Apologized for failing to come & see me this year, as he had said he would - "but I will not put it off much longer, I promise you."

Letter from Bob Heary, enclosing program for the big bash in Halifax on Tuesday, Nov. 27. It has ~~two~~ me down for the main speech, 25 minutes. Also a long list of head table guests, including Premier Buchanan, Chief Justice MacKeigan, Bishop (Anglican) Arnold of N.S., & various officials of Bowater, & of the Washington Post. Black tie.

Some heavy flurries of snow ~~tonight~~ last night, temp. 30° Fahr.

SUNDAY, NOV. 18/79 Sunny at last, with a stiff NW wind, temp. 40°. Had a good brisk walk around the golf course. A few belated robins foraging on N<sup>o</sup> 8 green, which is sheltered on three sides by woods.

Got out my tuxedo suit (which I have never worn) & tried it on. The trousers are a bit tight at the tummy but not uncomfortably so, & the

jacket & frilled shirt fit perfectly. I had never worn any sort of formal dress until the MacKeens began to invite E. & me to Government House, & then I rented one from Malabar's in Montreal & had it flown to Halifax. In 1967 I decided to have one of my own for such emergencies, made to my measure. It has remained in a dust-proof plastic bag, hanging in my clothes closet; for after Harry MacKeen retired I never had occasion to use it.

MONDAY, Nov. 19, 1979 Temp. 23° Fah't last night, the coldest yet.

Today was sunny & the temp. got up to 40°. Shortly after 1 p.m., by appointment, a man named Cunningham & his wife came to interview me for an article in the magazine called "Halifax". He had done his homework studying "In My Time", etc., & came prepared with a list of questions. His pretty & intelligent wife took several photographs of me at my desk etc., & she manipulated the tape-recorder. Cunningham expects the article to appear in the issue of next January, & said he would send me a copy. At 5:30 I had a phone call from Harry Bagley, of Saint Annes Point Press, Fredericton, who had phoned & written me before about a reprint of "West Nova". He proposes to print (by offset process) 1,000 hard-bound copies to retail at a price between \$16 & \$20. Will pay me a royalty of 10% on retail sales, & will advance \$500 against royalties. I said he would have difficulty in selling 1,000 copies at that price, but he brushed that aside. He said book collectors are now offering \$50 to \$75 for a copy of the original edition, & he would have no difficulty in disposing of his reprint copies over a reasonable period of time. He said he would put his proposition in a letter & he hoped we could do business.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20/79 Sunny & mild. Spent most of the afternoon raking fallen leaves out of corners & lawn-edges, & then going over the front, side, & back lawns with Erik's gasoline-engined mower, which has an easily removable catch-bag for grass & leaves. I was tired & drenched when I got through, & Erik joined me in a couple of fortifying drinks. Bob Neary phoned about the procedure for the big dinner in Halifax on the 27th. A Bowater limousine will pick me up at 1:30 p.m. & deliver me at the Hotel Nova Scotian, where they have reserved a room for me.

With regard to my address, there will be three or four men making remarks before I'm introduced. I said in my experience they usually over-run their time, so I shall prepare & time my address to run

exactly 20 minutes, as most of the crowd will be eager to hear famous "country music" singer Carol Baker, who follows me with an hour's entertainment. After this the head-table guests, 26 in all, will leave for "a night-cap" in another room. This will probably last until midnight, & after all this mental & physical strain at my age I shall be thankful to get to bed.

Bob said that between 450 & 475 employees & pensioners of the Mersey Company will attend the affair, & for transportation the company has chartered a fleet of buses. They tried to engage a special railway train, but the CNR couldn't make it.

A letter from my niece Rosemary Charron, daughter of my sister Winifred by her first husband. She is in the late 30's, a teacher in Halifax, unmarried. Recently she was in Winnipeg for a teacher's conference, & made it a point to visit the armours of the Winnipeg Rifle & see the exhibit of her grandfather's portrait, tunic & medals, in the regiment's museum.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21, 1979 Started work on my Mersey address.

It's the familiar job: - if you're going to ramble on for two hours, all you need is a few pencilled notes; but if you're going to say everything in precisely 20 minutes, it takes a week's work.

This evening was mild & damp, & I walked to & from the Historical Society's meeting in the basement room ("Soham Hall") of Zion Church. John Mc Caul gave a detailed talk about the proposed museum, & its finances. Among other things, the Mersey Paper Co. has donated \$12,000, of which \$5,000 (on my private suggestion) will be used to purchase Hector Mackod's collection of Liverpool nautical artifacts, including ship models, ship paintings, & logbooks, etc. About 30 members present, including at least 10 I did not know - elderly retired people who have moved into the Liverpool area recently. Mc Caul said, delicately but rightly, that we must endeavour to enlarge our membership with young people - a recurring problem over the past 50 years.

THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 79 Still mild & damp. This afternoon, by appointment, a bus-load of 21 high school students and 2 teachers, came to see my house, my study & its various relics & souvenirs, & to interview me about my historical novel "Roger Sudden", which they have been studying. They were pleasant, intelligent, & had many pertinent questions. They were from

Lunenburg, & were delighted to see over my living-room mantel-piece Donald Cameron's oil painting of the old Lunenburg shipyard, 40-odd years ago.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23, 1979 Still mild & damp weather. Working on my speech. A paper mill truck brought 60 copies of "The Mersey Story" from the bookbinders, (Atlantic Bookbinders, formerly K. & W. Enterprises, on the White Point Road) for my autograph, at Bob Weary's request. It is a very good production.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25/79 Same weather. This afternoon I sloshed around the golf course, carrying my light golf jacket, & dressed as if for summer. Dined at Aunt's Point with Tom & Pam. In the street I met John & Dorothy <sup>Nickwise</sup> returning from a visit to the hospital. They told me Mrs. Ferna (Sunlop) Ryan is there, very ill. She is well on in her 80's, a cousin of my wife, & sister of my old friend Hector Sunlop. She has been a widow for many years, living alone in the little old Sunlop home on Cross Street, near the waterfront.

Dr. Trevor Kent came to see me this evening, & to pick up his voluminous book in typescript. Except for two or three anecdotes it is hopeless. The style is discursive & verbose, with long wandering sentences, & the spelling atrocious. (For example the word "beckon", which he uses a lot, is invariably spelled "beacon".)

I told him it needed a lot of revision. Then he asked me to write a note to my publishers in the U.S. & Canada, which he could attach to his typescript, recommending it to their attention. This annoyed me & I told him bluntly that book editors are a hard-nosed lot, & a note from me wouldn't do him any good. In any case I couldn't recommend it. I said he would be very unwise to give up his medical practice for the dubious chances of a free-lance author. He went away murmuring thanks. There was a strangeness about his looks & manner, & I'm sure the man is mentally disturbed.

TUESDAY, Nov. 27/79 A beautiful mild sunny day. Bob Weary picked me up at 1:30 with a Company car, & we had a pleasant drive to Halifax. The Company had reserved rooms for its out-of-town head table guests, all adjoining one another on the 11th floor of the Hotel Nova Scotian. To bring the mill men & pensioners, 475 in all, it had chartered 9 huge buses. At 6:30 I changed into

the Tweeds & went down to the big Atlantic Room & foyer, where the whole crowd were sipping drinks & chatting. I enjoyed wandering about & chatting here & there ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> men I hadn't seen for many years. At 7.20 the head table guests were led into the big banquet room, which was filled to the doors, by two bagpipers in full costume. They included Premier Buchanan & several of his cabinet, Chief Justice MacKeigan, Anglican Bishop Arnold, the top man of the Washington Post (which owns 49% of the mill); Hugh Joyce, a former Mersey man who is now head of all Bowater mills in North America; & various other worthies whose names escape me. I had typed my address in upper-case letters for better visibility, & when the time came I managed quite well.

As I left the podium the whole gathering came to their feet & cheered me for several minutes, a heart-warming tribute.

The after-entertainment was by a petite blonde with the voice of a steam siren, named Carol Baker. A native of Port Medway N.Y. she is now the leading female singer of "country music" in Canada, & is beginning to be well known in the U.S. She & her troupe of musicians had their sound-apparatus turned up to a deafening point, which is customary in "country music" shows, but I found it rather wearing. Afterwards the head table guests were invited to night-caps in a sitting-room on the 11th floor. Had a long chat with Meagher, of the Washington Post. I retired at midnight, but couldn't get to sleep until 2 a.m. Then slept well.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28, 1979 Another mild & sunny day. Tom picked me up at the hotel towards noon, & then with Pamela, Debby, & Tommy, we lunched at the Clipper Bay restaurant, on the Historic Properties waterfront, with its marvellous view of the harbour. A brief visit with Pam's mother, Marion White, & then homeward. Reached Liverpool about 4 p.m.

THURSDAY, NOV. 29/79 Again mild & a bit windy. Spent the morning shopping for groceries etc., & the afternoon trying to catch up on the mail.

FRIDAY, NOV. 30/79 Open & shut sky, & when I walked around the golf course this afternoon there were patches of sunshine & light whiffs of snow. A large flock of robins around N<sup>o</sup> 7 green, evidently a belated flight from the north. Several fishing boats out, dropping lobster traps.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1/79 Alternate sunshine & specks of snow. Bought 60 Christmas cards. Cleaned & installed the wooden storm door on the side

entrance. It gets heavier every year. Swept the garage floor - a litter of old grass cuttings from the mowers & autumn leaves. Checked the extension cord & connections, which I use with the portable heater to warm up my car engine on frosty mornings. Made my other winter preparations weeks ago, so now - let it blow!

This evening I dined with Tom & Pamela, & my fellow guests were Frank & Molly Covert, & Mrs. Eleanor Green. The main dish was roast pheasant & woodcock, cooked & served to perfection. Afterwards Covert congratulated me on my address at Halifax. In chat he talked of interesting things & people he had encountered in fifty years of practice in corporation law in Nova Scotia. I urged him to write a book of such memoirs, not only for their human interest, but for their historical value. He replied that he would never have the time, because he continues to enjoy his work.

SUNDAY, DEC. 2, 1979 Sunny with a light N. breeze. Began writing Christmas cards. Walked around the golf course.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5/79 Some snow in the night, but it soon melted off the streets. A letter from Bob Weary. "Your address at our 50th anniversary was a masterpiece. We have received many, many compliments for having you speak to us. We extend our most sincere & hearty thanks." Enclosed was a Bowater Mersey cheque for \$1,000, marked "Honorary".

THURSDAY, DEC. 6/79 Mostly sunny. Temp. 45° Fahr. Writing Xmas cards. Took my golf course walk. Dumeah, the pro, was trimming away tree branches & undergrowth around N<sup>o</sup> 8 green & N<sup>o</sup> 9 tee. Said he'd played golf for nine holes this morning.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7/79 Fantastic weather for this time of year. Walked the golf course, wearing my thin golf jacket, in a temp. of 60° Fahr. & a mild W. wind. Noticed some dandelions in full bloom. A lone robin. Vaughan Mullen came by appointment & interviewed me on tape recorder for an hour about the Mersey Paper Co. This was for CKBW, the Bridgewater radio station.

Had a very enthusiastic letter from J. H. Mowbray Jones, who had just read "The Mersey Story". He was mill engineer from the start, & retired as president.

News:- Newspapers & magazines report financial trouble in the Canadian books publishing industry, including McElland & Stewart, who have laid off a lot of people & cancelled the publication of many books. This accounts for the abrupt "remaindering" of my memoirs a couple of months

ago. One of the many smaller firms in trouble is Breakwater Books Ltd. of St. John's Nfld., a comparatively new but very active firm in Canada. They owe me \$220 for the use of my short story "Winter's Tale" in a Nova Scotia anthology entitled "Almost An Island", published last September.

SUNDAY, DEC. 9, 1979 Our long Indian summer ended abruptly with a wild NW <sup>gale</sup> last night & today. Bright sunshine, but a tearing wind at 20° Fahr't. Luncheon at the Weary's house. About 16 people, mostly old Mersey friends & their wives. White-jacketed waiters from Mersey Lodge moved deftly about the tables. The food was delicious. For entrée, a choice of oysters on the half shell or smoked salmon slices & salad. The main dish was old-fashioned boiled lobster, split & ready for picking, with little jars of hot melted butter, hot buttered brown bread, with a good Hauterne wine. For dessert, a large dish of chocolate eclairs, & coffee. The party didn't break up until 4 p.m. I had told son Tom not to come in for me, as I couldn't eat another meal. In fact I didn't eat another thing until midnight, when I had a snack & a glass of port before going to bed.

MONDAY, DEC. 10/79 About 2 inches of fluffy snow on the ground this morning, & alternate snow squalls & sunshine all day. On my walk to the post office I wore overshoes for the first time since April. Mailed to St. Anne's Point Press, Fredricton, 2 signed copies of the contract for a reprint edition of "West Noras" (see Nov. 19), 1 copy of the original book, & the brass die of the regiment's badge which was stamped on the cover. In the mail was a typewritten copy of some free verses by Judith (Cleveland) Allaby of Bridgewater, & signed by her. Her parents lived on Waterloo Street opposite the end of Park Street, & I knew her as a child & a young girl passing by. A remarkable & touching tribute to me.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11/79 Snow, then rain, taking away the snow. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning & dusting chores as usual. The Rev. Bill Titus dropped in for a chat, & presented me with a jar of honey, bearing on its label "The Sweetness of Zion". He keeps a couple of hives in the manse garden, & the honey has a distinctive flavour of locust tree blossoms. Christmas cards are arriving. I have mailed 65 myself.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12/79 An absolutely delightful day. Sunny, with a light W. breeze, temp. up to 60° Fahr't. at noon. The weather bureau had predicted wrongly "showers in the afternoon", so I made my walk

around the golf course in mid-morning. At 5:15 I walked to Fort Point to attend a cocktail party at ~~Fort Point~~ - the home of Douglas & Phyl. Jones. Phyl, daughter of the late Col. G. W. L. Jones, is delighted with "The Mersey Story". The party was about 30 people, mostly old friends & acquaintances.

THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1979 A dark day with an E. breeze & the feel of snow in the offing. The Halifax weather bureau (officially "Environment Canada") predicts a blizzard - "a real noi-easter". Snow began to fall lightly, but with no wind, about dusk, & continued thus all night.

My neighbours Erik & Lou Andersson, have gone to Germany for a month, staying with their son & family, who are stationed with the Canadian forces at Lehr.

News:- On TV tonight I watched the Conservative government being defeated on a no-confidence vote. Their precarious house majority was toppled by a combination of Liberals & NDP members, while the 5 or 6 Social Credit members (mostly "Creditistes" from Québec), who had been expected to support the Tories, carefully absented themselves from the House. Joe Clark's government, in scarcely more than 6 months in office, had made various blunders, beginning with the announcement of the removal of the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. This was to implement an election campaign promise to a Toronto constituency, strongly Jewish & Zionist. This was a blatant recognition of Israel's ownership of Jerusalem, which all Moslems consider a holy city of their own, & immediately the whole Moslem world was in an uproar. Apart from oil sanctions, Saudi Arabia & other oil-rich Arab states cancelled contracts with Canadian firms worth many millions of dollars, & Joe had to send good old Nova Scotian Robert Stanfield over there to assure the Arabs that Canada didn't really mean what it said. The recent Tory budget, with its extra taxes, was received scowly by the general public. A subsequent Gallup poll showed that public support of the Tories had declined to less than 30%, while the Liberals had shot up to 47%. That did it. Mr. Trudeau, who resigned the Liberal leadership only a few weeks ago, is almost certain to resume it in the forthcoming election (probably next February).

FRIDAY, DEC. 14/79 The snow ceased about noon, leaving less than 3" on the ground. Then the sun came out; at temp 30° Fahr's. The snow froze on my shovel from time to time, as I shoveled off the driveway and front

# Black and

By Thomas Hopkins, Ann Johnston

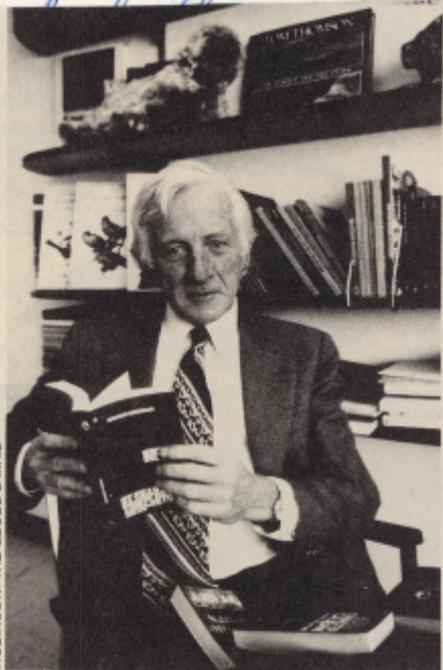
It was one of the longest death rattles in Canadian publishing history. Vancouver's Talonbooks, foremost publisher of Canadian plays, reluctantly prepared its own obituary early this month, finally succumbing after a relentless, grinding battle against production and retail book costs, which have doubled in the past five years, and advertising expenses, which have spiralled up by 1,600 per cent since 1975. Even though Talon's crisis prompted the Canada Council to swoop to the rescue just before Christmas with a \$20,000 grant—conditional upon the tiny publishing house's generating matching funds—many in the industry fear that Talon, still struggling 12 years after its founding, may be the first in a domino reaction of Canadian publishing failures caused by The Crunch of '79—a crunch severe enough to alter the nature and style of the \$600-million Canadian publishing industry in the 1980s.

After a decade of relative buoyancy, Canadian publishers in the past year have been buffeted by the twin bogeys of ever-growing interest rates and a fickle retail market. This fall Jack McClelland, president of McClelland and Stewart, laid off 10 per cent of his staff. Montreal's Tundra Books, Canada's foremost juvenile book publisher, has ceased publication of its children's line and Breakwater Books in St. John's is in danger of slipping into the sea if the Newfoundland government doesn't soon respond to its pleas for assistance, in the same way as Talon's request has gone unanswered by the B.C. government. "The Canadian publishing industry is about to go through one of the most incredibly tough times it has ever seen," says Macmillan of Canada trade publisher Doug Gibson.

Much of the pressure is coming from booksellers burdened by high interest rates themselves. Unable to keep large inventories on their shelves, many were sending Canadian best sellers back unsold to publishers before the Christmas season had even begun. "The number of returns this year is absolutely unprecedented," says McClelland. The three major chains—Coles, Classic and W. H. Smith—now control 45 per cent of Canadian book sales. Their successive price wars have all but squeezed most independent book stores out of competition, thus spoiling the market for small literary publishers whose specialized publications often don't interest the

bureau (officially "Environment Canada"). Snow began to fall and continued thus all night. The Anderssen, have gone to the son & family, who are in the house.

atched the Conservative government vote. Their precarious hold on the Liberal & NDP majority of "Creditistes" from Quebec Tories, carefully absent from Clark's government, in several ways made various blunders, leading to the removal of the Canadian government.



ROBINSON: THE GLOBE & MAIL

chain stores. In addition, production costs, particularly the price of paper, have skyrocketed, forcing retail prices up; books have become a luxury.

As a result, even McClelland is responding to the entertainment element, announcing that he will concentrate on commercial rather than literary publishing in the near future. The appearance of four new Canadian paperback

walk & steps. What might have been an easy task actually took me an hour, & my hands, wrists & forearms ached for the whole evening.

Pamela phoned, invited me to a drinks-&-sandwiches party she & Tom are giving, beginning 12:30 Sunday. About 70 people. I begged off. With so many people all talking at once, my defective hearing in the right ear makes it difficult to understand any one person. Also I cannot stand still for long, as one must in such a crowd, & my arthritic hip begins to pain violently, so that I have to collapse in a chair.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1979 Sunny but very cold, & the sidewalks icy. Walked in a gingerly way to the post office. Among the cards was one from Mike Walsh, my old o.i.c. at Table Island, now a widower in his 80's living at North Sydney. He writes, "Hope they will go ahead with the filming of your novel. It will sure be good if you can get out to old VCT again. Hope that concrete block at the base of the mast is still there. It has our names & the date on it."

Mailed cheques to Frances & each of her children, also to Pamela & hers. Also mailed a cheque for \$500.00, my annual contribution to Zion United Church.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16/79 Temp up to 50° Fahit, & a drizzling rain, which took off the snow. Indoors all day. The TV programs were deadly dull, so I turned to my record player, listening to a judicious mixture of light & classical music, & reading. This evening I began to re-read, for I suppose at least the hundredth time, "Treasure Island", by R.L.S., & getting almost as much pleasure out of it as when I first read it as a boy.

MONDAY, DEC. 17/79 Pouring rain all night & most of today. In the mail was a package from McClelland & Stewart, and a letter signed by Susan Sheppard, Editorial Department. "As you may have heard, McClelland & Stewart has just undergone a reorganization. In the process of housecleaning we came across what appears to be the first draft of *In My Time*. Unfortunately there are a few pages missing, but we thought you might wish to have this copy back."

Actually it is merely the "clean" copy, typed from the first draft, which is now among my papers in Dalhousie Library.

Letter from Michael Donovan, of "Surfacing Film Productions", Halifax, who phoned me on Dec. 8 asking about film rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. I said they were under option & gave him the address of Bartalk Films, Toronto. Now he says he has made numerous

attempts to contact Michael Burns of Bartalk, & has failed. Asks for more particulars.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1979 Temp.  $20^{\circ}$  Fahr. with a keen N.W. wind. Mrs. Dagley came this morning & did her weekly chore. I paid her the usual \$12 plus \$20 for a Christmas gift. She gave me a mince pie & a jar of roasted peanut kernels. About 3 p.m. my grandson Gregory Dennis called, with Christmas gifts from the Dennis family in Moncton. He is getting along well with his journalistic course at King's, although he finds the first year program a bore. He looks forward to 2 years from now, when he will get into the real journalism.

News: Pierre Trudeau, at the urging of his confederates, has decided to rescind his resignation from the leadership of the Liberal party. He will lead them in the February election, & will probably take them back into power. An amusing note to us on the North Shore of N.S. was the absence of the sitting Conservative member for Queens-Lunenburg, Lloyd Crouse, on a parliamentary jaunt to New Zealand & Australia, when the Clark government was toppled. After his long experience in parliament, in the opposition, he thoroughly deserved the post of Fisheries Minister when the Tories got into power. Instead, to curry favour in Newfoundland, Clark gave the post to a Newfie. Crouse was bitterly disappointed. It looks as if he foresaw the result of a non-confidence vote in the House, & absented himself (& his vote) on the plausible excuse of the Commonwealth parliamentary jaunt in warm latitudes at this time of year.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19/79  $8^{\circ}$  above zero Fahr. last night, the coldest yet. Sunny but very cold all day, with a keen N.W., so I didn't venture out except to get the mail & to renew my subscription to the Advance.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20/79 Temp. got up to  $30^{\circ}$  Fahr., so this afternoon I drove to White Point & walked around the golf course, my first real walk since Dec. 12. Hazy sun, with a few snowflakes falling. As I came down the slope to N<sup>o</sup> 8 tee I stepped on an icy bump in the turf, concealed by a ruffle of snow, & fell heavily on my left side. My left knee got the worst of it; a large piece of skin knocked off, right through the thickness of trouser leg & underwear. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the brisk exercise after so much sitting in the house.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21/79 Mild again. I had got more of a shakeup from my fall yesterday than I realized at the time, & I spent a largely sleepless night. Hobbled down to the post office this morning, but otherwise stayed indoors.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1979 Overcast, temp. 40° Fahr. Ventured to the golf course & had a good hour's walk. I have received 63 Christmas cards. The Moray Paper Co. sent over to me 12 copies of "The Mersey Story" for myself, & 4 for my son & family.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23/79 Still mild, with a light drizzle of rain, so no walk. Tom & Pam are dining out, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, DEC. 24/79 Rain & fog. At 5 p.m. the Hunts Point Raddalls arrived, with the traditional Christmas Eve lobster chowder & dessert. In talk about her studies at King's, Deborah says that so far (her second year) the course in journalism has been a boring farce. Too much studies & assignments on religious matters, & little or nothing on matters useful to a journalist. "We should be learning more modern history; for example the First & Second World Wars. Instead we are obliged to read what somebody wrote about God during that time."

This is precisely what Gregory Dennis said a few days ago.

TUESDAY, Christmas Again rain & fog. I drove to Hunts Point at noon, & dined with the Raddalls there. Instead of turkey, Pam served roast (wild) duck & pheasant, with her special wine sauce. Plum pudding for dessert. The fog on the shore was very thick, so I drove home at 4 p.m. before dusk set in.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27/79 The wind at last got around to NNE, dropping the temp. to 38° Fahr. & blowing half a gale. Did my weekly shopping for groceries, meat, etc. The post office was open for the first time since Saturday. In the afternoon I had a brisk walk around the golf course. An hour after I got home a long squall of snow set in.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28/79 NW gale with snow flurries all day, so no walk except to the post office. Two belated Christmas cards. One from my Hyde boyhood chum George Smith, who emigrated to Queensland, Australia about 57 ~~and~~ years ago. He married a Queensland girl, had two children, & lived a busy life on cattle & wheat farms until he bought a tavern & retired to it about 10 years ago. About 5 years ago he was stricken with some ailment with a long name which confined him to a wheel-chair, his lower limbs useless. While thus confined he wrote a humorous & very successful book about his adventures as a green hand on cattle "stations". One of his sons had a congenital heart ailment, & died of it last April. Since then George's wife has

had an operation for cancer, & they are both in an intensive-care home for the elderly. He told me this in a note, very badly typed (he is shaken with Parkinson's Disease now) & thinks he may have twelve more months to live. What a tragedy!

SUNDAY, DEC. 30, 1979 Still cold & windy, with a flurry or two of snow. Tom took me to Hunts Point at 4 p.m. Drinks & chat, & then a big dinner of roast turkey, etc. Home at 8 p.m.

MONDAY, DEC. 31/79 Open- & shut sky, NNE breeze. Had a good hour's walk on the golfcourse, which is mostly bare, but with small patches of snow & ice, where I walked warily. Spent the evening quietly at home. I rarely look at the interminable football & hockey games on TV, but this evening I enjoyed a game between the Red Army team, now on an exhibition tour, & the best of the Canadian professional teams, the Canadiens, at Montreal. Canadiens won 4-2, & their score would have been much more except for the brilliant Russian goal-keeper. However, it was first-rate hockey all the way through, with only two or three penalties. The ~~Russians~~ Russians have studied the Canadian game thoroughly, & play it with all of the speed, recklessness, rough bodily contact, etc. which European teams used to deplore.

The C.B.C. put on a long late-evening program, going over the events of 1979, & of the 70's generally. Most notable was the deposition of the Shah of Iran, his flight to the U.S., & the succession of an elderly Moslem religious fanatic named Khomeini, returning from long exile in France. A mob of young "students" seized the U.S. embassy in Teheran, & are still holding 40 or 50 of the embassy staff as hostages for the return of the Shah as a prisoner. This provoked a series of attacks on U.S. embassies throughout the Moslem world, regardless of the plain fact that the greatest & most dangerous enemy is Soviet Russia. In the past two weeks the Russians have occupied Afghanistan by military force, & are busy fighting the Moslems there, right on the borders of Iran. All of this has seriously affected the oil supply to western nations from Iran & other countries on the Persian Gulf, & taking advantage of this the OPEC (oil producing) nations from Iran to Venezuela have recently made enormous increases in the price of their oil. At the same time they are sharply reducing their production, to keep the supply short & in greater demand.

There was an omen of all this (not mentioned by the CBC or any

other of the news media) in 1951-1953 when a Moslem fanatic named Mossadegh ("weeping Mossey") assumed power in Iran, & promptly demanded what then seemed enormous prices for Iran's oil. He was soon ousted, & the Shah took charge.

TUESDAY, JAN. 1, 1980 A very lovely day, sunny & cloudless, a mere breeze from NE; temp. got up to 38° Fahr. in the shade of the north side of my house, where the thermometer is, & must have been 45° in the sun. I walked around the golf course, pausing on the way to sit twenty minutes in the sunny corner of the rain shelter by N<sup>o</sup> 5 green, with my coat unbuttoned & head & hands bare.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2, 1980 Walked around the golf course under a grey sky, with a keen little E. breeze that promised snow. Temp. 40° Fahr. No sign of life, not even a gull or a crow. The lobstermen have taken up their traps for the winter. They had good catches through December, & got about \$3 per lb. on the average.

THURSDAY, JAN. 3/80 The "promised snow" that I sniffed yesterday missed Nova Scotia very narrowly according to the Hfx. weather bureau. Today the sun shone, but with a bitter (18° Fahr.) gale from the N.W., so no walk except to the bank & post office.

News: - The Russian seizure of Afghanistan, from which they could easily push down through Pakistan to the entrance of the Persian Gulf, & the presence of powerful Russian & United States sea forces in the sea approaches to it, have set off a war scare everywhere. The oil-rich Arab countries have been frantically selling U.S. & European currency & buying gold. To have great numbers of people, even in North America. As a result gold bullion (which sold at \$35 an ounce in the early 1970's) has gone up to a fantastic price - \$649 U.S. or \$730 Canadian.

FRIDAY, JAN. 4, 1980 Again sunny, but too windy & cold for anything but a walk to the post office. Letter from Edith Towke, folklorist. She has found Mrs. Cecil Day, who told her that the hand-written booklet of sea songs & chauties, collected at Liverpool by Capt. Fenwick Hatt in the 1880's, (of which I made a type-written copy) is now in the Dalhousie Library.

As usual at each year's end, after the habit of an old book-keeper, today I reckoned up my assets & liabilities. Taking current market valuations of stocks & bonds, & with provision for income tax, I find my net worth to be: -

FRIDAY, JAN. 4, 1980 (continued)

DEC. 31, 1979

Cheques and cash on hand	# 365.00
Royal Bank, fixed term savings deposits	30,000.00
" " ordinary savings deposit	<u>5,582.00</u>
	# 35,947.00
Less outstanding bills, provision for income tax, etc.	<u>2,650.00</u>
	33,297.00
Stocks and bonds at market value	179,268.00
	# <u>212,565.00</u>

The equivalent of, say, \$100,000 twenty years ago.

SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1980 Still very cold & windy. Today's paper announced the death of Bill Rawding, aged 70, in a Halifax hospital. He was the younger brother of Merrill Rawding, & worked for the firm of Mosher & Rawding for many years in their wharf contracts about the coast. He served with the Canadian army in Italy, where he was wounded & won the Military Medal. I met him sometimes on winter duck-hunting expeditions at Port Joli & Port L'Herbert.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6/80 Sunny but still windy & cold. Nevertheless I drove to White Point & had a brisk walk around the course. Tom & Pam went to Hfx. today, returning Tommy & Selby to college after the year-end holidays, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, JAN. 7/80 The wind hauled south & blew a gale, with light rain, & temp up to +2°. Phone call from Dr. Trevor Kent. (See Nov. 11 & 25) He said he was delighted to tell me that he had found a publisher for his book, & he wanted to thank me for the help I had given him. This was suave sarcasm, of course. I simply said I was glad he'd found a publisher, & I wished him luck.

TUESDAY, JAN. 8/80 Pleasant day, sunny & calm, temp 40°. I had an afternoon appointment with Dr. Frank Bell for a physical check-up, so no walk except to his office. My car liability insurance comes due on the 16th, & the insurers want a medical report on old gents like me. Bell checked me for heart, lungs, urinalysis, blood pressure, etc., & rated my eyesight with glasses at 20/20, so I am "physically & mentally fit to safely operate an automobile."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1980 Overcast, with an occasional flutter of big snowflakes. Temp.  $34^{\circ}$  Fahr. Had a brisk walk on the golf course. Noticed fresh deer droppings on N<sup>o</sup> 7 fairway near the woods.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10/80 A frosty night & enough snow to whiten the ground & making the footing treacherous. This afternoon was sunny & cold ( $20^{\circ}$  Fahr.) with a sharp northerly breeze. I put on my knee-length rubber boots, which have heavy cleated soles & heels, & drove to White Point. Found that no snow had fallen there, the course was bare, & my heavy boots quite unnecessary; however I enjoyed a brisk 50-minute tramp.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11/80 Overcast, with temp up to  $34^{\circ}$  Fahr. & a southerly breeze. Walked around the golf course. By night the temp. was up to  $50^{\circ}$  Fahr. with a wild southerly gale & rain.

SATURDAY, JAN. 12/80 Heavy rain all day, temp.  $50^{\circ}$ . The politicians are now in full cry in Canada, mostly repeating the same old promises and accusations. President Carter has cut off the sale of grain to the Russians, & has persuaded Canada & Australia to limit their grain sales to present contracts. The farmers in all three countries are howling bloody murder. One big grain producer, Argentina, has refused the U.S. request altogether. These & other "sanctions" against Russia are bound to be ineffective, like present U.S. "sanctions" against Iran. And the hitherto unspoken but implied threat of military force is worse than useless. After the costly examples of Korea & Vietnam, the Russians know perfectly well that the American people are not going to get themselves involved in another Asian war which they could not possibly win.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13/80 Sunny. Temp.  $40^{\circ}$  Fahr. with a sharp NW wind. Walked on the golf course. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Tommy & Debby have passed the mid-term exams successfully.

News: - The mild winter, extending all over the New England states & the Maritime Provinces, has created a glut of oil in these areas, instead of the shortage predicted by some alarmists. Also there is a small but steadily growing economy in the use of oil.

MONDAY, JAN. 14/80 Same weather. All the usually busy ski resorts in the eastern states & Canada are complaining about the lack of snow, & some have machines making artificial snow.

Walked on the golf course in sunshine & just a breath of a breeze from SW. News: - Toronto stock market is booming. Nobody is interested in the Montreal exchange, which for so many years

dominated the Canadian financial world. Canada is booming all over, except the Maritimes & Newfoundland, & even the "Newfies" are wildly hopeful about the "Kibernia" oil discovery on the ocean bottom far off their east coast, just as Nova Scotians were about the oil & gas off Sable Island a few years ago.

TUESDAY, JAN 15, 1980 A slow rain all day. The weather bureau at Halifax ("Environment Canada") forecast "scattered showers" tonight.

Instead we got a wild SE gale with torrents of rain, beginning to roar about sundown & continuing all night.

THURSDAY, JAN 17/80 The storm raged on through yesterday & today, with temp. hovering about 32° Fahr't., & the downfall changing back & forth between snow, freezing rain, & just plain rain, making very bad footing.

FRIDAY, JAN 18/80 Drizzling rain. Calm. Received five stereo recordings of Beethoven symphonies & overtures, made by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, & now being sold as part of a Beethoven bicentennial collection. They are good - too good for my little portable player, which I bought after my fine old Westinghouse "consolette" radio-phonograph, purchased 1960, conked out in 1970 & no replacement parts could be obtained. I have a small but good collection of other records, which I play whenever the musical programs on CBC-FM radio are not available.

News: The price of gold has gone up to \$800 (U.S.) per ounce. We live in a mad, mad, world, in which paper currency is melting away like snow in May.

SATURDAY, JAN 19/80 Rain all day. Met my old friend Captain Charles Williams in the post office, looking remarkably well after his long spell in hospital, following an operation for cancer of the bowel last spring. He was cheerful, but confessed he does not seem to be recovering as readily as he had hoped.

SUNDAY, JAN 20/80 Drizzling rain. Clearing towards sundown, when son Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Spent most of the day fiddling with my old (1960) radio-stereo "consolette", purchased from Smith's store on Market Street. The stereo had good tone, & would take 8 or 10 records & play them one after another. About 1970 the record-changing device failed, & Smith told me that Westinghouse had ceased making this type, & no new parts were available. After I got my first FM radio, which plays music much of the day, I ceased using the "consolette". Today I got it going again, although it will only take 1 record at a time, & enjoyed many of my old records, as

will as the new Beethoven records. I stuck the cheap & worthless portable player up in the attic.

MONDAY, JAN. 21, 1980 A cold but sunny morning, & I hoped for an afternoon walk at White Point after 6 wet days, but the sky clouded at noon & snowed at intervals thereafter.

Air-mail letter from Jan Smith, son of my old boyhood chum George Smith (see Dec. 28/79), telling me that his father died Jan. 4th, 57 years after he arrived in Australia almost to the day. Jan is a journalist, aged 44, employed by the federal government in Canberra.

Letter from Michael Burns, on the letterhead of "Paragon Motion Pictures", which he tells me is one & the same as "Bartalk Productions", with the same Toronto address. With it came a package of typescript, the first draft of James Haller's movie adaptation of "The Nymph & The Lamp". The proposed title is "Lighthouse", which seems to me not only inappropriate but wooden. The script follows my story & dialogue fairly well, but it needs a lot of improvement. Anticipating this, Burns assured me that this draft will be followed "by however many drafts it takes to get it absolutely right."

TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 80

Mrs. Bagley came & did the weekly cleaning.

She has a friend at Port Mouton, a retired cabinet-maker who does some business repairing & selling antique furniture, etc. I showed her my old stereo-radio console, & said her friend could probably make a liquor cabinet or some such thing out of it, & he could have it gratis if he wished. She was delighted. I want to get it out of my sun porch & replace it with a modern stereo player.

After a sharp night, the sun shone in a clear sky & the temp. got up to 30° F. abt. so this afternoon I drove to White Point & had a good hour's walk.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 23/80 Snow began in the night & when I got up at 7 a.m. the fall was about 8 inches, & changing to a drizzle of rain. The weather bureau at the forecast a sharp drop in temperature tonight, which would turn this soggy stuff to ice, so I laboured for an hour this morning to clear the barrier thrown across my driveway entrance by the street plough. That was all my back & forearm would stand. After a rest & lunch I worked again, clearing the front steps & digging a path to the garage. Wrote to Jan Smith & posted the letter air-mail. Got my wrist watch from the Campbell jewellery shop, where

I had left it for cleaning. The charge, #12. I bought it in August 1975 for \$69.00.

THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1980 Cold, with strong NW winds, & the streets & sidewalks covered with slush turned to ice. I crept down to the supermarket & ordered my weekly groceries & meat, & had the store deliver it. In the afternoon I worked to clear my driveway, but had to quit after less than an hour owing to painful hands & forearms. Got enough cleared to permit getting my car out, riding over the frozen snow remaining; but I wouldn't try to drive anywhere with the streets in this condition.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25/80 Same weather & bad footing. Vera Parker invited me to join her & Austin for lunch - an old favourite dish, boiled pork & sauer kraut. Edith used to cook it regularly.

When Mrs Bagley was here on Tuesday she mentioned that a friend of hers at Port Mouton, a retired carpenter, makes a hobby & business of repairing old furniture, & he could probably make a liquor cabinet or some such thing out of my old radio-stereo console. I said he was welcome to have it. So this evening Mrs. Bagley's son & his wife came with a motor-van & took it away. This will give me space for a new stereo-player when I can get one.

Tonight I had a phone call from Michael Burns, wanting to know what I thought about the first draft of the screen play by James Salter. I said I considered the proposed change of title to "Lighthouse" to be very bad. It was wooden, & it had no relation to the story. I said also that the treatment was too cursory, skimming too lightly over certain important scenes, such as Isabel's encounter with Kraus & Mrs Paradise; the meeting of Isabel & Skane by the pond in the woods, where Skane Hurts out the revelation of Barney's approaching blindness; and the final scene on the island beach, & Captain's O'Dell's soliloquy. Burns agreed that "Lighthouse" was unsatisfactory, but thought the treatment was quite good. He saw no <sup>reference</sup> ~~reference~~ whatever in the meeting by the old mill pond. He thought the story should be changed so that Isabel goes off to Montreal with Skane, who tells her there about Barney's blindness. And so on. The more he talked, the more I suspected that he is manufacturing another Canadian "turkey", adding to the long string of Canadian turkeys, made with the financial assistance of the Canadian Film Development Board, & despised in the United States. To boost the chances of sales in the U.S. the practice of Canadian entrepreneurs like Burns is import one or two prominent U.S. film

stars, & cook up a story tailored to these stars. The stars get fat fees, the entrepreneurs in Canada take a fat slice of the CFDB money, & what is left is spent on the story. However, I signed the contract & I really have no say whatever in the production. Burns said he was leaving for New York to talk with Saller, & he would get back to me shortly.

SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1980 The cold snap continues, with strong NW wind roaring in the bare trees, car tires spinning & screaming on the icy streets. A good deal of sunshine today, however. Dined with Tom, Pam, & Blair at Hunt's Point. Roast pheasant, etc. - a feast.

TUESDAY, JAN. 29/80 Same weather. This afternoon I worked about 3/4 hour clearing the hard-frozen snow on my driveway, between the house & garage. Got the worst of it done. A friend has sent me an article from the Toronto Globe & Mail, Jan. 22, on the shake-up & clearances of books by McClelland & Stewart. (See Sep 18/79) The sub-title is, "Troubled Publisher's Clear-out Will Hit The Literary World Hard", & the article give a long list of authors whose books have been abruptly "remaindered", including such notables as Pierre Berton, Farley Mowat, Margaret Atwood, Robertson Davies, Margaret Laurence, Peter Newman, Mordecai Richler. I am not mentioned, I suppose because hard-back copies of my M&S books have been out of print for years, & the <sup>only</sup> book of mine still on their shelves was "In My Time". The article says, "In effect, what McClelland has done is pronounce a premature death sentence on 179 titles by 69 writers, among them many of the best in the country." It goes on to say, "the bleak outlook for writers of serious fiction ~~at~~ <sup>as</sup> many publishers - McClelland foremost - put increasing emphasis on commercial novels. The formula for popular fiction is that it should return its cost in the first six months. Every other book is likely to be excluded."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30/80 The 8th consecutive day of bitter weather. This morning I mailed a copy of "The Money Story" to an old lady in Milton who had asked me for one. The book is a slim one measuring 9" x 6 1/2". The postage to Milton, 3 miles away, was 89 cents!

FRIDAY, FEB. 1/80 Same weather - what the old-time loggers used to call "good steady (log) hauling". Tom, Pamela, & their close friends the Chris Clarks, are going to Halifax for the weekend, so son Blair is staying with me. Pam brought a tuna-fish casserole & a pot of clam chowder, rolls, cookies, milk & what not, although I had

laid in extra food anyhow. Tonight Blair attended a school dance, very smart in a tailored grey suit. At about fifteen he stands over six feet & is well built, & his voice is now bass. He returned from the dance at 12:30, joined me in watching a late movie on TV for a while, & then turned in.

SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1980 Same weather. Each morning I creep down to the post office, walking in the roadway, which has been salted & worn bare by motor traffic. The sidewalks are still icy & treacherous in places, & the snowflakes wandering down from the grey sky are just enough to hide the bad spots. I long for a good walk. This is "groundhog" or as Simon Perkins always noted it "Candlemass Day". The old superstition was that if the sun shone at any time on this day it meant 6 weeks more of hard winter weather. The sun shone just enough today for the groundhog (woodchuck) to "see his shadow". Actually the male woodchuck stirs out of hibernation in February to look for a mate, sun or no sun.

Blair was playing at the rink with his school curling team most of the day, & this evening he attended another school dance, so I saw little of him.

SUNDAY, FEB. 3/80 Blair's team was scheduled to leave for Lunenburg at 6 a.m., so I was up at 5 preparing breakfast. He took so much time over his morning toilet that he had to sprint away without it, so I ate the toast & drank the cocoa, instead of my usual spartan glass of orange juice. Went back to bed & slept till 9:15. The sun peeped through the overcast this afternoon, so I took a walk to Fort Point, & home by way of School Street & Waterloo Street, about half an hour. On my way along Main St. I turned aside to inspect the new museum building beside the Perkins House. The carpenters have got the frame nearly all boarded in, & can go on with interior work in bad weather. Some people don't like the design, or the position relative to the Perkins house, etc., but that was to be expected. There are always croakers, no matter what is being done. Pamela picked up Blair's considerable baggage, & me, at 5 p.m. (We won't get home from Lunenburg until late this evening.) Dined à trois. Tom & Pam enjoyed their little holiday. Stayed at the Chateau Halifax. Lunched & dined at the blipper bay & other fine (but expensive) restaurants, all of which were jammed with people.

WILLIAM FRENCH

# McClelland cutbacks prompt wailings and an odd wake

As the fat trimming continues at McClelland and Stewart, and the bone begins to show, the pain and alarm are becoming acute in the writing community.

The latest move by Jack McClelland to cut costs, following the dismissal of 15 staff members and a reduction of 20 per cent in the number of books to be published this year, is a drastic clean-out of his warehouse to get rid of slow-moving stock. That may sound merely like prudent housekeeping, but it has profound implications for the cultural life of the country.

In effect, what McClelland has done is pronounce a premature death sentence on 179 titles by 69 writers, among them many of the best in the country. Thousands of copies of these books will be dumped or otherwise disposed of and they will disappear from circulation. Some libraries have many of them (though few libraries have all 179 titles) and some are currently available in paperback, but public access to these books will now be severely limited.

Among the writers whose books

are affected are Margaret Atwood, Pierre Berton, Marie-Claire Blais, Matt Cohen, John Robert Colombo, Donald Creighton, Robertson Davies, Marian Engel, Sylvia Fraser, William Kilbourn, Margaret Laurence, Irving Layton, Brian Moore, Farley Mowat, Peter Newman, Al Purdy, Mordecai Richler, Richard Rohmer, Walter Stewart, Scott Symons, Aritha van Herk, Rudy Wiebe and Adele Wiseman.

The books would have gone out of print eventually, one by one, but McClelland has dramatically hastened the process. They were published, for the most part, at least three years ago and have been selling fewer than 1,000 copies a year. They take up space in the warehouse and space, like time, is money.

In the present economic difficulties, this country is apparently no longer affluent enough to afford the luxury of keeping books with limited demand in print. If McClelland continues the policy, it means the books he publishes in future will have a much briefer shelf life.

The writers involved in the

clean-out were naturally upset when they got notice that their books were about to be dumped at distress prices (which means no royalties). Responding to what they regarded as a crisis, the Writers Union and the League of Canadian Poets called an emergency meeting to see if there were some way of moderating the situation or

of necrological preservation. The 1,790 books will cost the unions \$1,600.

Thus it was on Friday afternoon that a curious assemblage gathered at the college to announce the donation. Many of the writers whose books are involved were there, with executives of the two unions and Principal Peter Ri-

## Troubled publisher's clear-out will hit the literary world hard

at the very least, preserving the books for future generations.

Out of the meeting came a scheme that will at least guarantee limited public access to the 179 titles involved; the two unions will donate 10 copies of each book to the library of University College at the University of Toronto — not quite like artifacts of an ancient civilization being placed in a tomb, but with something of the same sense

chardson and other members of the college — even a brave envoy from McClelland and Stewart, vice-president David McGill.

The writers walked reverently around an enormous table that held a representative display of the doomed books. There was no particular animosity toward the absent Jack McClelland; the writers understand the reasons for what he did — one of them referred to the

crisis and chaos at McClelland and Stewart — but they regretted the conditions that made it necessary. The occasion, Frank Watt, a professor in the college's English department, observed, was something between a wake and a celebration.

For the writers, it was much closer to a wake. "A book is born, has a life and dies . . . death is called remaindering," June Calwood, president of the Writers Union, remarked. Dennis Lee talked about the brutal economic realities, the dead and walking wounded among the publishers and the bleak outlook for writers of serious fiction as many publishers — McClelland foremost among them — put increasing emphasis on commercial novels.

"The formula for popular fiction is that it should return its cost in the first six months," said Lee. "Every other kind of book is likely to be excluded. If all we'll get is pabulum, there's no point in preserving every publisher in the country."

William Kilbourn described the

donation of the books as the erection of a memorial. He warned that the new subsidy program for publishers, announced by Secretary of State David MacDonald last fall and approved by the Treasury Board before the Government fell, could mean the end of serious literature in Canada. The size of the grant is tied to sales; the higher the publisher's sales in the previous year, the bigger the grant.

The effect on fiction, as a few publishers have had the courage to point out, will be to sacrifice literary merit for mass market appeal.

Kilbourn, who is a member of the Canada Council, said the whole policy must be re-examined. "The Canada Council, the Writers Union and the League of Canadian Poets are faced with the problem of a radically different approach so serious literature can flourish."

The speeches over, the writers packed their books in cardboard boxes, readying them for embalming, and mused about the precarious nature of their honorable profession in this improbable and unforgiving land.

TUESDAY, FEB 5, 1980

The cold weather continues, with a few snowflakes drifting down from the overcast sky, & no wind. Mrs. Bagley came this morning as usual & did the cleaning & dusting, changed the linen on my bed, etc. In the afternoon I took shovel & mattock to the old heap of (ploughed) snow that bars the entry to my front walk. Packed by the plough, then soaked with rain, & then frozen by the sudden cold snap of Jan. 23, it is like cement. Very hard work & after half an hour my arthritic hands, hips, & back were too painful to continue.

A man named Norman D Campbell phoned from Toronto to enquire about the film rights in *The Nymph*. He is employed by the CBC, but this is a private interest. He spent some months on Table Island in the 1950's, I suppose on the meteorological staff, & remains fascinated with the place, & with my story. I told him about my deal with Michael Burns & his associates in Bartalk Productions & Paragon Pictures, & said I should know by Dec. 15d if they intend to go on with the purchase.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 6/80 Overcast & calm, with <sup>temp.</sup> up to 32°. My strenuous half-hour with shovel & mattock yesterday was too tiring. Slept badly last night, & a feeling of lassitude all day. Simpsons-Hears delivered the combination radio-stereo console I ordered, & I am pleased with it. It has AM and FM on the radio side. The stereo will play 33, 45 & 78 r.p.m. records, & I can stack 8 long-play records at a time. The speaker tone is excellent, & there are various control buttons to adjust it. The machine is of English make, & the cabinet is of hickory-wood grain finish. My old radio-stereo console was a Westinghouse, purchased in a Liverpool shop in 1960 for \$209. The new one cost \$259.17, & is far superior in all ways.

SATURDAY, FEB 9/80 The weather has continued cold & overcast, but today the sky cleared & made a glorious sunny day, with temp. up to 30° F abt. in the shade, & a light NW breeze. Salt has cleared the asphalt streets of ice, & now they are dry. This afternoon I put on a pair of light rubber-soled walking shoes, & traveled for nearly an hour about the residential streets where there is not much motor traffic.

I am thoroughly enjoying my new music player, both radio & stereo. I read a great deal, as always. This winter I have been refreshing my knowledge of history, re-reading some favourite novels, & adding more annotations to my (Champlain Society) volumes of Perkins' diary.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10, 1980 Temp.  $10^{\circ}$   $\text{F}$  hot last night, & up to  $32^{\circ}$  today. Sunny, with a light sea breeze. Repeated my afternoon walk. Pleasant to see water trickling from south-facing snowbanks at the roadside. Tom & Pam went to Kejimikujik Park for a day's ski-ing, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, FEB. 11/80 Same weather & walk. Lucier brought his samples of material for re-covering my old Chesterfield suite, & this evening Pam dropped in, & we picked one out.

TUESDAY, FEB. 12/80 Snow falling all day, but no wind. Whymot's men came & cleaned my furnace, replaced air filters, etc., & refilled my oil tanks.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13/80 The snow ceased about 9 a.m., about 4 inches of light stuff, the first fall to amount to anything since Jan. 23. I got it shoveled off my driveway & the front walk & steps in about an hour. Four more days & the politicians will cease their election yammer, thank God. The newspapers & magazines have been full of it; and in addition to formally announced TV addresses, the chief politicians, with the connivance of the networks, have developed the outrageous trick of breaking into one's favourite show with their mendacious patter. It is as if they sprang right into one's living room, uninvited & unannounced. Makes me furious.

THURSDAY, FEB. 14/80 Steady cold weather. Erik Andersen came in at 7 p.m. & stayed till nearly 12, yarning over drinks. He & wife Lou had a fine holiday in Germany with son Michael & family. Michael is a captain in the Canadian army stationed at Lehn, & he took them on motor trips about the Rhineland, Bavaria, Switzerland, etc. After six weeks of this, they flew direct from Frankfurt to Montreal in a Lufthansa jet plane, & went on to spend two weeks in Ottawa with daughter Karen & husband.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16/80 Snow fell slowly, with no wind, all day. In the evening the temp. rose above freezing point for the first time in 24 days, & there was a drizzle of rain all night.

Worked on three small articles about Liverpool, the Perkins house, & Perkins himself, for a pamphlet to be issued by the finance committee of the Historical Society in connection with the new museum fund.

SUNDAY, FEB. 17/80 Awoke to find the sun out, & a roaring gale from NW at temp  $30^{\circ}$   $\text{F}$  hot turning last night's slush to ice. My front steps & walk, & the entrance of my driveway were dangerous in a few minutes. Remained indoors all day, reading & listening to

music from my stereo player, until 4:30, when Pamela, returning from a curling match, picked me up & took me to Hunt's Point. Dined on steamed clams & apple pie, an unexpected feast in mid-winter. Tom got them from a fisherman who lives on the road from Port Medway to Long Cove, with a clam beach right in front of his house. Price, \$8 per bucketful.

MONDAY, FEB. 18, 1980 Bright & cold. I walked to the polling place for this part of town, the Lions' clubhouse at the corner of Gotham & Church streets. The sidewalks were so icy that nearly everybody was walking in the street. I voted for Crouse, the PC candidate, although I felt that the PC leader, Joe Clark, had blundered badly during his brief term in office. Sat up till midnight watching the returns on TV. The Liberals won seats in Halifax, Southwest Nova, & Cape Breton East. Quebec of course went solidly for Trudeau, & the Liberals did well in Ontario. Their tide stopped at the Manitoba boundary, but they had a clear overall majority, despite the PC & NDP sweep in the West.

TUESDAY, FEB. 19/80 Sunny with a strong W. wind, & temp. got up to 43° Fahr°. In the afternoon I worked hard with mattock & shovel to clear away the ice from my front walk & the driveway. Seth Bartling, (who is in charge of "Special Names" for the drive for funds to furnish the new museum) came at 4:30 & got my cheque for \$5,000.00. Mine was the first name on his list.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20/80 Sunny, with temp. up to 43° Fahr°. Delightful, but probably a weather-breeder. I over-exerted myself yesterday, & wrenched my back, so that I have a feeling of malaise & weakness. Unable to attend the meeting of the Historical Society this evening.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21/80 Another lovely day, hazy sunshine, light WSW breeze, temp up to 48° Fahr°. Drove to Summerville in the afternoon & walked along the beach to Broad River & back. Had to sit down & rest twice for a few minutes, mainly to ease the lumbage pain in my back.

FRIDAY, FEB. 22/80 Sunny but cold, so except for the morning limp down to the post office I stayed indoors reading. The TV networks are largely given over to the winter Olympic games at Lake Placid, N.Y., a repetitious & boring show of skaters, ski-ers, bob-sledders, & hockey players.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23/80 Some snow in the night, changing to a thin drizzle of rain all day.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24/80 Indoors still, reading, listening to the music of my stereo

machine, nursing my painful back. Young Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. He & Debbie are home for the mid-winter break, full of college talk, very sophisticated, enjoying the city life.

My son Tom did some dental work the other day for Miss Isabel MacNeil of Mill Village. She spent a long time in hospital this winter, recovering from open-heart surgery, & now she feels she must sell his house & move to Halifax, to a near expert medical aid. She also said that Admiral Boyle intends to sell his Mill Village property & return to Halifax. I think that in both cases they have found the isolation of Mill Village rather wearing, especially in the winters.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1980 Sunny & cold. The increasing warmth of the sun can be felt through my windows, even on a day like this. During the past week or so the snow has "much decayed" as diarist Limeron Perkins used to write. The petunia bed under my study's west windows is completely bare. Lucius & his man came this morning & took away my chesterfield sofa & armchair for re-covering.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28/80 Snow began falling last evening & continued all night, without wind. It ceased about 10 a.m., leaving 4 or 5 inches on the ground. I trudged to the supermarket, collected a week's groceries & meat, & had it sent to my house. Two boys came along with shovels, looking for a job, & I paid them \$10.00 to clear the snow off my driveway & front walk. This evening snow began falling heavily again, & continued all night.

FRIDAY, FEB. 29/80 Awoke to find the sun shining on another mass of snow. Shoveled a narrow path from my side door to the street, & then cleared my front steps & walk. That was as much as my rheumatic hips & back would stand. Temp. 20° Fah't. & the footing very dangerous. Walked to the post office. In the afternoon worked 40 minutes with my snow shovel, & got the driveway cleared well enough that I can get my car out if I wish. Re-reading Wolfe's campaigns at Louisbourg & Quebec.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1/80 March came in very cold (8° Fah't this morning) with strong NW wind blowing clouds of snow off the flat roofs of the post office & other buildings on Main St. Patches of sunshine. Masses of <sup>iceicles</sup> ~~iceicles~~ forming on south-facing eaves.

SUNDAY, MAR. 2/80 Again very cold & windy. Tom, Pamela, & son Blais spent the day ski-ing in the Medway River woods at Ponhook Lake, so I stayed indoors, nursing my lame back & right hip. Compiled a summary of the sales of all my books to the end of 1979, beginning

with the little "Saga of the River" in 1931, & ending with "In My Time".

CASE BOUND	PAPERBACK	TOTAL
1,436,540	1,048,141	2,484,681

These figures do not include a condensed edition of "The Nymph and The Lamp", published in hard covers by Reader's Digest Book Club, in English, French, Dutch, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, Swedish, Norwegian and German. The total world sales of these books amounted to more than 750,000 copies.

THURSDAY, MAR. 6, 1980 Rain all last night, the first break in the cold weather which began Jan. 21st. It petered out about noon, & the sun came out, shrinking the snow still more.

Lucier & his man brought back my chesterfield sofa & armchair, with the new upholstery, new & better foam-rubber in the cushions, etc. Cost \$730.54.

This afternoon I drove to White Point & walked (or splashed) around the course for an hour. The ground about 2/3 bare & very soggy, with water running everywhere.

Medical note: I ceased taking sleeping pills several ~~weeks~~ weeks ago. For years I have limited myself to one full-size Seconal pill each night, & they had become of no more real effect than a placebo. I have found that two or three long drinks of rum-&-soda, taken between 11 p.m. & 1 a.m., have the best effect. I can then sleep 6 or 7 hours, except for an occasional bad night.

Yesterday I received a newspaper, published in England, & sent to me by sea mail on Feb. 3. Thirty-two days en route!

SATURDAY, MAR. 8/80 Rain again, all day & night. At 40° Fahr. it melts the snow slowly but surely. What remains is the bottom layer, mostly ice, which will take a warm sun to melt. Started work on my income tax statements for 1979.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/80 Overcast & mild. The pulled muscle in my right hip is still very painful at times, so I stayed indoors until 5 p.m., when son Tom took me to Hunter Point for dinner. (Roast pheasant, with rice, mashed potatoes, & fiddler-head greens.) Grandson Blair, with a group of high school students, leaves next week for London, England, where they will spend ten days seeing everything there is to see.

TUESDAY, MAR. 10/80 A slow rain all day, at 40° Fahr. My front & side lawns are bare, & about half of the back lawn. My back & hip improve slowly, but except for the morning walk to the post office I am still

a prisoner. How I hate it! Towards dusk the rain became a sudden flood, turning to sleet & hailstones as the wind hauled to NW.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1980 A gale straight from Hudson Bay, with flurries of snow all day. Following yesterday's rain & sleet it is a typical wild March storm.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13/80 Sunny, but with a cold gale from NW. Erik Andersen dropped in this afternoon. John Cunningham, of "Halifax" magazine, has sent me a copy of the March issue, which contains his interview with me last Fall, illustrated with a full page photograph, head & shoulders, taken by Sherman Hines. Title of the article is "A Novel Life", & the index gives it as "Old Man and The Sea".

FRIDAY, MAR. 14/80 Pouring rain & a S.E. gale, all day & night.

SATURDAY, MAR. 15/80 The wind got around to N.W. & roared away all day, with alternate shafts of sunshine & flurries of snow.

SUNDAY, MAR. 16/80 More of the same. Tom & Pam are in Halifax, so I stayed indoors, reading, & playing Beethoven & Chopin on my new machine.

MONDAY, MAR. 17/80 A calm sunny morning at last. Temp. got up to 48° Fahr. in the sun. The weather man forecasts another gale, this time from the south, with rain, beginning this afternoon or evening. So at 12:30 I drove to White Point & had a pleasant hour tramping about the golf course. It was almost entirely bare, & Jim Sumak's son was on the practice tee, driving balls. Returning home, I found that the great lump of ice (once snow) which has lain across the street entrance of my front walk since the storm of Jan. 27, was now sun-rotten, & I was able to break it up with a mattock.

TUESDAY, MAR. 18/80 Rain all day, with a rising S.E. gale. Temp. up to 48° Fahr. By night the snow had melted away, all but a few icy patches in the far corner of my back lawn & a small lump of ice beside my front walk. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores.

Re-reading Carlyle's "The French Revolution".

THURSDAY, MAR. 20/80 A violent NW gale yesterday & night. Today was sunny, with a cold NW wind. In the afternoon I had a good hour's walk on the golf course. Due to an extra day in February (Leap Year) this is the official first day of spring.

FRIDAY, MAR. 21/80 A real spring day. Temp. in town got up to 62° Fahr. in the sun. Much cooler at White Point, where a chill breeze blew off the sea. Nevertheless I enjoyed my walk there, & a chat with Sumak, strolling the

course with his two St. Bernards. At home later, I took rake, broom & shovel, & cleaned the winter's trash from my street front.

Outside the post office I met Rev. Bill Titus, who brought me up to date on Historical Society matters. One item was the matter of a curator for the new museum. So far John McBail & his museum committee have received no less than 23 applications for the job!

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1980 Sunny, but another roaring gale at 40° Fahr. prevented any walking except to the post office.

SUNDAY, MAR 23/80 Gale continued from NE at 40° Fahr. all night & all day, under a grey sky. Busied myself with laundry & other domestic chores. Son Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner.

Grandson Blair returned last Friday from a 10-day tour of London with a group of N.S. students. They had a busy schedule; all the usual things — St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, the Kensington Museum of Science, the British Museum, plus art galleries, theatres, disco dancing, plus a side trip to Windsor Castle, Eton College, & Stratford on Avon. Blair is 14, stands over six feet, strongly built, & looks about 19.

TUESDAY, MAR 25/80 Open- & shut sky. Had good walks at White Point yesterday & today, & sat for a while enjoying the sun, on the lee side of the shelter by N° 5 green. The ice pack in the gulf of St. Lawrence is moving out & pressing against the north tip of Cape Breton, where both of the North Sydney — Newfoundland ferries and two ice-breakers are now trapped a few miles off Sydney. Already some of the ice has moved down towards Sable Island, & today's cold easterly breeze brought the very feel of it.

WEDNESDAY, MAR 26/80 A cold drizzle of rain this morning, turning to thick fluffy snow, which fell the rest of the day & all evening.

I note from Maclean's Magazine that the oldest "little magazine" in Canada, the Tamarack Review, is ceasing publication for lack of funds and interest.

THURSDAY, MAR. 27/80 This morning's sun took the snow off the streets & sidewalks, but then the sky clouded, the wind was off the sea & cold, & my lawns remain mostly white.

News:— Over the past few days a great decline in the value of gold & silver has shaken the stock markets badly, after the dizzy heights reached a month or two ago.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1980 A sunny morning melted the snow on the lawn. Walked around the golf course for an hour, in a cold sea breeze & under a hazy sky. No birds to be seen except a few crows, & about 30 herring gulls hunting sea urchins among the rocks at low tide.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/80 Same weather. Walked at White Point. Much warmer in town, out of the sea breeze. Two young men playing tennis on the courts at the foot of Park Street. I took my white plastic bird bath & pedestal out of winter storage in the garage, set them up in their place in the middle of the back lawn, & filled the bath, — ready for the first robin.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30/80 A slow rain all day, sometimes mingled with snowflakes. Eleanor Green picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunts Point, where we dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Roast pheasant (the last of Tom's hunting last Fall) with rice, sweet potato, sliced carrot, cauliflower, asparagus, & a delicious wine-sauce.

MONDAY, MAR. 31/80 A sunny morning, temp 40°. Three robins appeared on my back lawn, the first of the season. They looked poor, & did not sing, & may be survivors of a winter here, but nevertheless they were a pleasant sight.

This morning's Chronicle-Herald has an obituary of Michael Walsh, who died last Friday at his home in North Sydney, aged 86. He was o.i.c. at the Sable Island radio station during most of my time there, & was in the Marconi service for 44 years altogether.

When he was retired on pension in 1961 he found it a bore, & went back to sea in the Department of Transport as a brass-pounder until 1976. On reading the notice of my wife's death in 1975, he & his wife Katie telephoned me from North Sydney to voice their sympathy.

Walked around the golf course in a hazy sunshine & cold sea breeze. Took my car to Rossignol service garage for a grease job, change to summer oil, & change to summer tires. While on the hoist the men noticed that the muffler pipe was badly corroded, so I left the car at the Rossignol machine shop, to be delivered tomorrow noon.

TUESDAY, APR. 1/80 Sunny with a cold N. breeze. Rossignol failed to deliver my car at noon, so no walk at White Point. Instead I worked with rake & trash can, removing old leaves, sticks, etc. from under the garden shrubs, where the winter winds had packed them. No sign of Monday's robins. Undoubtedly they were of the sub-species that nest in northern Newfoundland & Ungava & winter here in N.S., apparently under the impression that this is far enough south.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 2/80 Hazy sun, cold wind off the sea at SE. Walked

MARCH 31, 1980

**Michael J. Walsh**

Michael J. Walsh, 86, of 49 King Street, North Sydney, died Friday.

Born in Plate Cove, Bonavista Bay, Nfld., he was a son of the late Michael J. Walsh.

He was employed for 44 years with the Marconi Company, retiring in 1961, and later with the department of transport as a wireless operator, until 1976.

He was a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, active member of the Holy Name Society and a member of the Father William B. Kiley Council of the Knights of Columbus and an honorary member of the Sydney Mines Pensioners Club.

He is survived by two daughters, Sister Donalda Walsh, St. Joseph's Convent, Reserve Mines; Geraldine (Mrs. John MacNeil), Scotsburn, Pictou County; four sons, Augustine, Sydney Mines; Joseph, Connecticut; Michael, Jr., Toronto; Thomas, Orlando, Fla.; a sister, Margaret (Mrs. Dan Manning), Wilmington, Del.; 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

He was predeceased by his wife, the former Catherine Mary Dwyer; a son, a brother and one granddaughter.

The body is in the W. J. Doolley Funeral Home, North Sydney. Funeral service will be Tuesday at 11 a.m. in St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Raymond King officiating. Burial will be in Holy Cross Cemetery.

on the golf course. Letter from CBC, Toronto, offering \$700 for the right to re-run their radio dramatization of "McDermott's Salvation," originally broadcast in 1975. Wrote my agreement.

Letter from D. Scott Barrie of Toronto, wanting to make a film dramatization of my short story "The Wedding Gift", & asking my fee. The CBC did a 30 minute TV play from this story in 1971, & paid me \$500. They did a re-run in 1973, & paid me \$375. Their right has now expired. I wrote Barrie, wanting detail of what he proposed to do. He is obviously a shoe-string operator, & I've had enough of them.

Someone named Paul LeDoux phoned from Halifax, & said he was putting together a musical light comedy show, composed of one to five-minute skits "something like the Toronto show 'Spring Thaw', & he was phoning various Nova Scotian writers asking for suggestions or offerings. I replied, "Sorry, but that's not in my line."

Phone call from a woman employed by the N.S. Museum in Halifax. She had mailed an application for the job of curator of the new Queens County Museum, & had received no acknowledgement. I replied that the selection of a curator was in the hands of a committee headed by Mr. John McCaul, who has received about 25 applications so far. She will hear from the committee in due course.

Phone call from a young woman in Bridgewater. She is publishing a book with her own funds, & wanted to know the procedure for obtaining copyright. I gave her the address of McClelland & Stewart, & suggested that she write them.

THURSDAY, APR. 3/80 Sunny & pleasant. Took my income tax statements for 1979 to the accounting firm of Stafford & Smith. Stafford went over them, & said that the \$15,000 option fee paid me by Bortalk Productions, covering the years 1979 & 1980, could be shown as a capital gain item, rather than ordinary income, thereby saving me half the tax. He phoned the Income Tax office in Halifax & they confirmed.

Walked around the golf course, & sunned myself for half an hour in the lee of the shelter at N<sup>o</sup> 5 green. The sea breeze made the air chilly, & the sky clouded as I got back to the car, & I drove home in a shower of rain.

FRIDAY, APR. 4/80 Walked around the golf course in an icy fog. Paused for a chat with Jim Dumeah, who was making practice shots off N<sup>o</sup> 9 tee. He said the ground has thawed only 4 or 5 inches so far in the cold sea winds. This evening a boisterous sea gale sprang up, &

continued all night, with torrents of rain at 40° Fahr't.

SATURDAY, APR. 5, 1980 Cold, dark & windy. I note from this morning's Chronicle-Herald that Will R. Bird has donated his papers to the Dalhousie Library. Finished reading the "Nova Scotia Book of Days", compiled by my old acquaintance, <sup>SWIRLEY ELLIOTT,</sup> & printed by the N.S. Communications and Information Centre. It has some minor errors, but it is a good & useful compilation, well illustrated & produced. Wrote her a note of congratulation.

NEWS: The herring trap-fishery in Liverpool Bay has again been a huge success, with prices as high as \$285.00 per ton paid by the sardine canneries at Black's Harbour N.B. Philip Irwin, who has the only trap license here, says that he has landed 1,500 tons in less than 3 weeks, but now the Dept. of Fisheries is planning to make that his quota for the season. From now on through the summer season the canneries will get all they want from weirs & seins in the Bay of Fundy.

SUNDAY, APR. 6/80 Sunny & warm, despite a strong N. wind, & on my stroll around the golf course I paused & sat to enjoy the sun's warmth on my face. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner with Pam & Blair. It is Blair's 15th birthday, & Pam had baked a special cake, served with candles. She & Tom were in Halifax on Friday & Saturday, & took Debby & Tom Jr. to dine at "Murphy's", which despite its name, is the new swank restaurant in the city, located in one of the restored Victorian business buildings on Granville St. They were very pleased with the décor, the food, & the service.

They also enjoyed the play "Butterflies are Free" at the Neptune Theatre, & say that English actor-producer-director John Neville has brought the theatre to life & popularity, out of the depths of debt & dullness in which Léon Major left it.

MONDAY, APR. 7/80 Sunny but cool in town, and downright cold at White Point, where the sea breeze was coming straight from the ice pack between Cape Breton & Sable Island.

TUESDAY, APR. 8/80 Overcast & bleak. John Mc Caul dropped in, to bring me up to date on the new museum. The contractors have worked steadily all through the winter, & will be finished by mid-May. Mc Caul & his committee have chosen a curator out of nearly two dozen applicants, & will announce the man next week. He is Gary Hartlen, a native of Milton. Hartlen is a family man of 32. After several years' business experience with the Dupont chemical firm in Montreal, he returned to Acadia U. to take a Master's degree in history, & is just completing it. A very good choice.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1980 After the usual hard frost at night, a bright sunny day & an icy sea breeze. At White Point I saw a lone robin briefly. It was not foraging on the fairway (there is frost still in the ground & the worms cannot surface) & it looked poor, so I think it was another Labrador robin, magre & silent after a hard winter.

This weather sharpens the arthritis pains which (except in a warm dry summer) afflict me all the year round. My left big toe is always painful when walking, but otherwise my left side has comparatively minor pains in the knee, shoulder, & hand. The biggest misery is in the small of my back & forces me to walk (& stand) with a pronounced stoop. Otherwise the big pains are in the right leg joints, particularly the hip. Some mornings, after getting out of bed, my right fingers are so stiff that I fumble at picking up things, & shaving, etc. Sometimes I cannot sign my name until about 10 a.m., but then the stiffness eases & I can write normally.

SATURDAY, APR. 12/80 After 2 days of rain & drizzle, a fine warm day with a brisk W. wind. This morning a robin dunked itself in my bird bath, the first of the season. Strolled around the golf course with my coat open & cap off. No birds. At 3 p.m. I opened the window in my study & let in the fresh air, for the first time since October.

SUNDAY, APR. 13/80 Rain last night & this morning. About noon the sun got through & made the air warm & delightful. The lone robin is making itself at home on my back lawn, foraging about, & frequently taking a bath & carefully preening its feathers. It is a hen, obviously waiting for a cock to come along & set up housekeeping.

In the afternoon I removed the winter plug from the air vent under my study & replaced it with fly screen. Dug up the petunia bed, & loosened the earth around the two remaining roses. New grass shoots begin to give a faint green tinge to the lawns. At 4:30 I drove to Hunt's Point for drinks & dinner with Tom, Pam & Blair. Pam served the meal at 5:30 so that I could drive back before dusk — the first time I have been able to make it under my own steam since October.

MONDAY, APR. 14/80 Overcast & mild. My Park Street neighbours Jerry & Jean Pickerson took a two-month trip to Australia, returning two or three weeks ago. I now learn that Jerry was very unwell on the trip, & shortly after returning home he went to a Montreal hospital for an examination. The doctors found him riddled with cancer, body

✓ bones, a sad case.

After my walk at White Point I removed the wooden storm door from my side entrance & stored it in the garage.

TUESDAY, APL 15, 1980 Drizzle of rain all day, increasing about 5 p.m. to a torrent, which continued all night. Mrs. Bagley came & did the usual cleaning chores.

WEDNESDAY, APL 16/80 The sun came out today. A white-throat sparrow enjoyed the bird bath this morning, & one of a small flock of evening grosbeaks which were foraging for ash tree seeds behind my garden wall. Unusual to see grosbeaks this late in the winter season, but they are always very erratic in their appearances.

Phone call this morning from Scott Barrie of Toronto, a young would-be film director & producer who wrote to me some time ago asking for a film option on "The Wedding Gift". He proposed to make a 30-minute film of it if he can get a grant from the Canada Council. I wrote my refusal. Now he proposes to pay me \$750 if he gets the Council grant. I agreed only on the condition that I shall accept any better offer if it comes my way.

Walked on the golf course under a sky clouding fast, & in a chill breeze from the sea. No birds except a flock of herring gulls foraging for coals & sea urchins among the rocks at low tide.

This evening I walked to Zion church & attended a meeting of the Historical Society. Owing to icy & uncertain footing after dark I have been unable to attend the winter meetings. Harley Walker showed photographic slides of the progress of the new museum, from the first concrete footings to the almost-finished building. Rev. Wm. Titus gave a talk on Miss Diadem Bell of Milton, who was a Congregational missionary in Angola from 1902 to her death while on leave in Canada in 1922. She was a sister of my wife's mother Frances (Bell) Freeman. A remarkable woman, Juno-esque, jolly but masterful, she organized the blacks of the Chissamba district, as Titus said, like benevolent Mussolini in skirts, & directed them to build roads, schools, a hospital, better huts for themselves, & sanitary measures in the villages. When communist Cuban troops invaded Angola in the 1970s they destroyed every vestige of Diadem Bell's rule.

THURSDAY, APL 17/80 Back to winter. Snow falling slowly all day, melting, & then a hard freeze tonight.

FRIDAY, APR. 18, 1980 Overcast & milder, but the usual cold sea breeze at White Point. No robins or song sparrows; but a solitary willett rose from the rough to the right of N<sup>o</sup> 1 fairway. Tuft's book gives the earliest sighting as April 19. As usual I had to sit & rest for a few minutes here & there. Can't seem to get any pep after the winter's confinement. Also, the osteo-arthritis in my right hip is affecting the sciatic nerve, sending excruciating pains down my thigh towards the knee.

I told one of my correspondents that I had about 2,500 books, & I must have read most of them for the umpteenth time last fall, winter & now spring. Cheerful exaggeration, but I do read prodigiously. During the past winter I have sharpened my memory of history of all sorts, but especially that of the 17th century onwards. Also biography, travel, etc in the same periods. At the present moment, of all things, I am re-reading the adventures of Sherlock Holmes for the umpteenth time, & enjoying them despite the ludicrous stilted dialogue, the preposterous & often ridiculous deductions of the great sleuth, & the cardboard cut-out characters. Still they have a charm.

SATURDAY, APR 19/80 Overcast, & threatening showers. I pattered outdoors a bit in the afternoon, spreading about 11 lbs of Lawn Green on the front & side lawns, & picking up more of the small twigs scattered over the back lawn by the ice-storms of last winter.

SUNDAY, APR 20/80 Sunny & mild in town, but when I walked on the golf course the familiar icy breeze was blowing off the bay. No birds.

At 5 p.m. I picked up grandson Blair at John Lee's house & drove to Hunt's Point for dinner.

TUESDAY, APR 22/80 Drizzle & showers yesterday & today, culminating in a violent SE gale with torrents of rain, which started about sundown & shook the house all night.

WEDNESDAY, APR 23/80 The storm continued all day. This evening about 10 p.m. my Moncton grandson Terry Dennis called in for a few minutes' chat, & presented me with 3 fresh lobsters. He & his helper had picked up 2500 lbs of lobsters in Yarmouth, & were on their way to Port Medway to fill up their special truck with assorted fresh fish. They will drive on into the night, arriving at Moncton at some ungodly hour of the morning. I cooked & shelled the lobsters & put the meat in my fridge. Terry mentioned that his older brother Gregory, a student of journalism at King's University, has got a job with the Chronicle-Herald for the summer.

THURSDAY, APR. 24, 1980 Sunny morning, then overcast & threatening rain.

I plodded & splashed along the golf course. Saw a ~~tree~~ <sup>tree</sup> of willets, a pair of flickers, & a loon. Not a single robin. Can't understand it.

FRIDAY, APR. 25/80 Overcast. Old friend Hector Dunlop invited me to join him at noon for an old-fashioned dinner of corned beef & cabbage. His son Jack came also. I took along a quart of rum, & after preliminary drinks we all had two hearty helpings of corned beef & cabbage, plus a big slice of custard pie. Speaking of the recent swarm of herring, which now occurs every March & April in Liverpool Bay, Jack said it had attracted a considerable number of grey seals, at least one humpback whale, & the now usual flock of gannets. The gannets, on their way to Ile Percé & other nesting places in the gulf of St. Lawrence, stayed to feast for a single day & then went on northward. The whale became entangled in fishermen's nets several times, & had to be freed by men under direction of a scientist from the marine laboratory at Dartmouth. (Humpbacks are listed as "an endangered species.")

I stayed, yawning, with Hector until about 3 p.m. Besides being an excellent cook, he is a skilled worker in wood, & has a well-equipped workshop in his cellar, which he showed me. During the past winter he has made excellent side-tables for his son & daughter.

Also a beautiful model of a brigantine, owned & captained by one of his Dunlop ancestors, which was lost with all hands on a ledge off Prospect N.S. in the 1840's.

After I got home I had a long phone call from Mrs. Hazel (Inness) Carstens, who lives in retirement of on the old Inness place at Beech Hill, with her Australian husband Jess Carstens.

Knowing my interest in the Micmacs, she told me several anecdotes of my old friend Mike Mo-ko-ne & other Indians who used to visit her home when she was a girl.

Yesterday I met Bob McIlbain, retired town clerk, who had a winter holiday at the minor resort of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. He visited the local library & found that it had five of my books — four of them out on loan.

SATURDAY, APR. 26/80 Damp & mild. Walked at White Point.

Saw no birds but crows & gulls. Tonight at 10 p.m. the CBC ran a half-hour TV film with some excellent shots of Table Island & along the South Shore, taken last summer. It was done by a private company in association with the CBC, & the producer-director was Ralph Ellis, a native of Milton, where I knew him at the young

## A lost world of song preserved at archives

The heyday of the stirring ballads, songs, and sea chanties of Nova Scotia is long gone. As was the case with many other popular art forms, they could not resist the onslaught of modern culture. Unlike some of the traditional crafts, which have recently enjoyed a degree of revival, the old songs proved too ephemeral to survive.

Fortunately, a few of their farsighted and determined admirers endeavoured to collect as many as possible before the last of the singers disappeared. One of the most notable of these researchers was W. Roy Mackenzie, whose papers were acquired by the Dalhousie University Archives in 1978.

Born in River John, Pictou County in 1883, Mackenzie was graduated from Dalhousie in 1902, continuing his studies at Harvard where he became a close friend of Prof. G. L. Kirtledge.

Following his graduation in 1905, Mackenzie was appointed a professor of English at Syracuse University. In 1910 he received his PhD, becoming an assistant professor of English at Washington University in St. Louis. Eight years later he was appointed head of the department.

In 1950, two years before his death, he received an honorary degree from Dalhousie.

As a youth, Mackenzie had been enthralled by the singers of ballads in the River John area, and in 1908, during his summer vacation, he returned to begin the serious collecting of songs. Eleven years afterwards he published *The Quest of the Ballad*, his engaging account of the years he spent in pursuit of the Pictou County songs and ballads. In 1928 his classic collection, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia* was published by Harvard University Press.

The Mackenzie papers now on deposit in Dalhousie include not only two drafts of the *Ballads* manuscript, but also all the versions which were finally rejected from the book. In addition, the university acquired an unpublished critical work, *The Observed of all Observers: A study of Hamlet*, a selection of lecture manuscripts and notes, correspondence, photographs, and a scrapbook.

Dalhousie's holdings of ballad related material are not, however, restricted to the Mackenzie manuscripts. In 1973, the university obtained the papers of novelist and historian Thomas H. Raddall, which included an annotated typescript of a remarkable collection of ballads assembled by the late Captain Fenwick Hatt of Liverpool before 1883. This collection, which was shown to

Raddall by Hatt's son George, inspired one of the writer's most moving and popular short stories, *Blind Macnair*.

Six years following the acquisition of the Raddall papers, the university purchased the original Hatt manuscript from a descendant of the master mariner who wanted the collection to remain in Nova Scotia. Of the 20 ballads transcribed in the battered notebook, versions of only half are to be found in either Mackenzie's *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia* or Helen Creighton's *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*. The significance of the manuscript is clearly evidenced by the fact that the renowned Canadian folklore scholar, Edith Fowke, is preparing it for publication.

In addition to archival holdings, the university has recently obtained from a Connecticut rare book dealer four broadsides pertaining to one of the most gruesome events in Nova Scotia marine history, the Saladin Mutiny of 1843, which was ably described by Dalhousie's Archibald MacMechan in *There Go The Ships*.

Led by an ex-smuggler and pirate, Captain Fielding, four crew members of the British barque *Saladin* murdered the vessel's captain and sailors. Soon afterwards, the mutineers, joined by the ship's cook and steward, killed Fielding and his son. Taken into custody in Country Harbour, four of the six men, William (Travascus) Johnston, George Jones, John Hazleton, and Charles Andersen, were hanged on the South Common in Halifax on July 30, 1844.

As Mackenzie notes in *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, songs often served to chronicle local events and were widely distributed on broadside sheets. The four *Saladin* Ballads, each devoted to the lament of one of the defendants, were written by two anonymous poets, probably at the time of the sensational trial, and printed and sold by James Bowes of No. 6, Barrington Street. Preliminary research would seem to indicate that only two of the four ballads have been previously located.

So while they are no longer the living examples of the oral tradition that they once were, the *Saladin* ballads have circuitously returned to their place of origin where, together with the ballads and chanties treasured by a sea captain sailing out of Port Medway, Nova Scotia over a hundred years ago, they provide researchers and scholars with a fascinating new glimpse into a lost world of song.

son of the postmaster. He served in the RCAF in War Two & later got into the commercial film business in Ontario. He once wrote asking for a film option on "The Nymph & The Lamp."

SUNDAY, APR. 27, 1980 Dark & damp. Indoors all day, reading, & enjoying my stereo records. At 5 p.m. drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom, Pam, & Delby. Grandson Tom is on the schooner "Bluenose", at the so-called Privateers' Wharf, Halifax. He has a job as seaman for the summer.

Bird note:- The hen robin which has been foraging on my back lawn for the past 2 weeks, has found or attracted a mate, & they are nesting in a spruce tree behind Erik's property.

Tonight at midnight the clocks were put ahead one hour for the summer.

MONDAY, APR. 28/80 Overcast, with the icy east wind, which pains my arthritic joints, especially the right hip. This afternoon I mixed a gallon of water & a stiff dose of "Killax", & went over my lawns spraying dandelion & other weeds. Also applied generous amounts of "Vigoro" around my few remaining rose bushes, & worked it into the soil.

TUESDAY, APR. 29/80 Same weather. My morning walk to the post office was extremely painful, especially in the sciatic nerve of my right leg, & I spent the rest of the day indoors, trying to find a sitting position that would lessen the agony. The post brought a copy of Dalton Camp's latest book "Points of Departure", not as good as his "Gentlemen, Players & Politicians", but a pungent & well written commentary on the Deafenbaker years, & the rise of Joe Clark.

FRIDAY, MAY 2/80 The cold, dark & damp weather continues, with icy sea winds. I drag my painful limbs to the post office every morning, but otherwise I stay indoors, hoping for the cruel sciatica to go away. The medics don't know much about it, except that it has various causes, & there is no known treatment. My father suffered from it, & I have had occasional bouts of it during the past 30 or 40 years; but none as painful & crippling as this.

Letter from Dr. A. E. Marble, president of the N.S. Historical Society, informing me that the Society has elected me a Fellow, & inviting me to sit at the head table at the annual dinner in Halifax on June 6.

SUNDAY, MAY 4/80 Overcast, chill SE wind. The sciatica has ceased, after much rest; & this afternoon I walked around the golf course, which is now open for play, with all the benches & flags in place. It is still too soggy

to permit use of the tractor-mower. About a dozen players ~~at~~ out, nearly all young men. At 5 I drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam, Selby & Blair. Selby has got a job with White Point Lodge for the summer, as the dining room hostess. Young Tom remains aboard the "Bluenose" in Halifax as a crew member, working hard at scraping & painting, including the top of the 110-foot mainmast.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1980 Overcast, with a few glints of sunshine, & cold.

Cheque from McClelland & Stewart, royalties to Dec. 31/79. Amount \$97.45. The only book now selling much is the paperback edition of *The Nymph & The Lamp*. Wrote Dr. Marble thanking the N.S. Historical Society for the Fellowship, & regretting that age & arthritis prevent me from attending the annual dinner.

Walked around the golf course in a brisk NW wind. No birds worth note except a flicker, busily picking up ants beside N<sup>o</sup> 7 tee.

TUESDAY, MAY 6/80 The sun got through this morning, but by afternoon the sky was dark & threatening rain again. Mrs. Bagley came & did the house-cleaning chores. Jim Rynn of CBC Hfx. phoned. The 35th anniversary of the VE-day riots in Hfx. comes up on May 7-8.

He asked if he could come down & interview me for a TV news show. I agreed, & he arrived with a camera man & sound man about 3 p.m. They spent the next 1½ hours on the interview, in my study. The actual TV showing will be a 15-minute thing, so the film will have to be whittled down — the usual thing.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7/80 Same weather. Walked around the golf course in a thin icy mist blowing in from the sea. No players out.

THURSDAY, MAY 8/80 Drizzle all morning. In the afternoon a slam-bang thunderstorm, which went on for several hours into the late evening. It knocked out the relay station of CBC's TV on Great Hill, & so I was unable to see the interview of myself. Rain poured in a flood well into the night.

All my shrubs are breaking out of the bud, & the forsythias are in full bloom.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/80 Drizzle all morning. Then a few glints of sunshine. In the afternoon I got 9 petunia plants (mixed colours) also a 22-lb. bag of Lawn Green, from the garden store in Bristol. Planted the petunias in the small bed under the west windows of my study.

Saw five fox sparrows bathing in my bird bath, all in one flock. Usually they have passed on northward before this.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1980 At last a sunny & warm day. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I worked awhile this afternoon scraping the "Eskimo seal" (putty) from the edges of my kitchen storm window, so I can open it; hosing around the rose bushes, which are now budding nicely; & spraying the lawn weeds with "Killer" solution.

Then I was tired & glad to sink into my easy-chair with a book. This evening I had phone call from Nancy Johnson, of Lockwood Films, London, Ont., asking about the film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. (They approached me by letter in 1977, & on the phone once or twice since.) I said the rights were under option to Bartalk Productions, Toronto, & the option expires Dec. 31, 1980. At that time Bartalk must arrange for a complete purchase or drop the option.

Saw a fox sparrow enjoying my bird-bath again today.

SUNDAY, MAY 11/80 Sunny, with some cloud, & comfortably warm, so that I could open a back window & the front door, & let the westerly breeze blow through the house. Noticed a strange bird at the bath, & foraging for insects on the back lawn. From the description in Tuft's book it must be a mockingbird. On their way home from church, the John Wickwires brought a Mr. & Mrs. Eric Holden to chat with me. Both are readers of my books. Holden was a teacher for many years in Ontario, & later worked for the U.N. in Guyana & elsewhere. They retired about 3 years ago to Port Medway.

This afternoon I called on Jerry Nickerson, & found him lying on a couch, looking very white & drawn, but keen & precise in his speech. He & Jean described their trip by air to Tahiti, the Fiji Islands, Australia, New Zealand & Hawaii last Feb. & March. He was feeling unwell the whole time, & the trip ended in a Montreal hospital. He returns to the V. G. Hospital in Halifax next week.

At 5 I drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom & family. Grandson Tom was home for the weekend, after working hard as a deck hand on the schooner "Bluenose" since college closing. The hands have been busy scraping, painting & varnishing, & generally getting the ship ready for sea. On May 25 they sail for Boston, to take part in the great "sail fest", consisting of sailing ships of all rigs & sizes, from many nations.

MONDAY, MAY 12/80 Sunny & warm, with much humidity owing to the sodden earth. This afternoon I tackled my front & side lawns with the electric mower, & found it strenuous work. Heavily fertilized, the grass

had grown too long for easy moving. Also it was damp, so that instead of flying out & away, the mown grass stuck to the inside of the knife drum, & at intervals I had to scrape it off. After less than an hour I was utterly exhausted, & my legs threatened to collapse under me. Had to quit.

Ralph Johnson came in to see my crooked-knives & find out what I knew about these Micmac tools. John McEaul came to find out what the privates "Roves" looked like. I showed him pictures of a brig of the period. For the roof of the new museum, he wants to have a wind-indicator made in the correct form of the privates "Roves".

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1980 Overcast & much cooler. This afternoon I trimmed the front lawn with my push-mower, & then did the back lawn, up-&-down, & then crossways, with the electric mower. I was tired when I finished, but not in a state of collapse, as I was yesterday in a temperature of 80° Fahr.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14/80 Fine & warm with strong SW wind. Played 7 holes at White Point, carrying my light bag with a few essential clubs. Very stiff & awkward, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. At home, my lawns look fine after their first cutting. Forsythias a mass of yellow blossom, & all the other shrubs leafing out fast.

THURSDAY, MAY 15/80 Overcast & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point in any icy wind off the sea, shivering in my light summer underwear. Gary Hartten, newly appointed curator of the museum, came in for a talk. A tall man, 35-ish, with a rim of brown beard around his jaws, he has just received his M.A. in history from Acadia. He has been busy consulting the N.S. Museum at Halifax, & Hector Macleod here - & now myself. Has a lot of ideas about operation of the museum & seems very enthusiastic.

Postcard showing part of the waterfront at St. Petersburg, Florida, from my grandson Terry Dennis; "Having a great time."

FRIDAY, MAY 16/80 Cool, with open-&-shut sky, sunshine & showers. My Ericsson neighbours are away in Ottawa, visiting their daughter Karen & husband, & their lawns have got long in this soggy weather. So this afternoon I mowed them, also mowed my own side & back lawns again. Sprinkled a solution of RX fertilizer on my new petunias & the roses.

SATURDAY, MAY 17/80 Cloudy with sunny spots. The usual cold sea wind at White Point, where I played 9 holes very badly. Violets, bluebells & dandelions in full bloom on the edge of the fairways.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1980. Hazy sun & chilly W. breeze. I knew the golf course would be crowded - no place for an old duffer - so stayed home. Did some weeding about the lawns, & got down 3 aluminum lawn chairs from the overhead racks in the garage. Delighted to see a male yellow warbler at the bird bath, & foraging for insects on the back lawn. They always turn up about this date, but do not begin to nest in their favourite deutya shrub, by the sun porch, until it is in full leaf towards the end of the month. Also noticed a chipmunk making a thorough investigation of the chinks in the stone wall. Many years ago a pair used to raise a family in the middle of the wall, but I haven't noticed any there in a long time.

MONDAY, MAY 19/80 Another rainy day. Noticed a warbler investigating the old nest, badly shattered by last winter's storms.

This afternoon Evelyn (White) Cook, daughter of my old neighbour Mrs. Howland White, was married to a man named Aulenback, an employee of Morsey Paper Company. Both are divorced, with children in the late teens, & they will live in the White house. I attended the reception afterwards, at the house. A big crowd.

TUESDAY, MAY 20/80 The sun got through today, although the wind was still in the east, bringing a strong whiff of sulphur from the paper mill. Mrs. Bagley came & did her usual cleaning & dusting chores. Tomorrow she will begin the spring house-cleaning.

This afternoon I mowed my front & side lawns again. The grass grows like mad at this time of year. The new petunia plants have taken hold, & both of my roses are flourishing. Bill Copeland phoned from his home near the Hunts Point wharf. While digging to plant some trees there he has found a stone spear-head, undoubtedly prehistoric Indian.

I do not write matters of national & international moment in this journal, although I keep myself well informed. The world is in the greatest state of turmoil in its history, & Canada is no exception. The referendum in Quebec, called by Premier René Lévesque & his P.Q. party ("les péquistes") took place yesterday, & the Quebecers voted nearly 60% to remain in the confederation of Canada. Had the "pequistes" won, it would have been the preliminary step to complete independence. However, with 40% of all Quebecers behind himself, including many of the emotional young, & most of the high school & university teachers, Lévesque will undoubtedly keep up the ferment. He is clever, fluent in colloquial English as well as colloquial French, & possessed of fanatical energy.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1980 Hazy sun. cool. Mrs. Bagley started the spring cleaning today, & did two bedrooms, after which I took her home. The electric laundry-dryer in the cellar refused to function, & the Sears-Simpsons mechanic came to fix it. It is 7 years old, & the drum belt had broken. He installed a new belt in half an hour. The belt cost \$7.60. The total charge was \$33.21.

This evening Eric Manthorn & wife picked me up & took me to the annual dinner of the Historical Society, held in the well furnished basement hall of Zion Church. I was seated at the head table between Mrs. John McCaul & the wife of Gary Harlten, curator of the new museum. It was a serve-yourself pot luck supper, all delicious, but my enjoyment of this good home cooked food was marred by a bad attack of toothache. Harlten gave a brief address on the New England settlers of Liverpool.

The members of the society have subscribed between \$1,400 & \$1,500 to the museum fund. McCaul told me that the chief stores in Liverpool - 3 department stores & 2 supermarkets, all owned by "outside" capital - have refused to subscribe a dollar. Other contributions have been disappointing so far. My own son, earning more than \$60,000 a year, gave only \$200.

THURSDAY, MAY 22/80 Fine & hot at last (80° Fahr° in the sun at 2 p.m.) Went to Tom's office this morning, & he examined my upper right teeth, all aching madly. The trouble was caused by an incisor tooth, which has a large filling. X-rays showed no sign of an abscess. Tom said that the blood canal had got choked with an infection. He opened it with a needle, & prescribed anti-biotic capsules, to be taken twice a day. A complete job will take at least two more sessions.

McCaul had a session at the new museum with architect Don Blenkhorn, & they dropped off a Mrs. Soderstrom (?), tall vivacious, forty-ish. A native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, she enjoyed my "Governor's Lady". She has a hobby of making photographs of men in middle age or old, & turning them into miniature portraits, which eventually she hopes to publish. At her request I sat on my front steps beside a little heap of my books while she clicked her camera from all angles.

In the afternoon I mowed my back ~~lawn~~ lawn, also Erik's. Saw a catbird at my bird-bath, the first this year. Their average date of appearance here over many years has been May 26.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1980

Fine & hot in town. The yellow warblers are busy restoring their old nest, which had been damaged in the storms of last winter. A pair of tree swallows are nesting in Erik's bird-house.

Played 9 holes at White Point. With an offshore breeze it was warm & pleasant as far as the 4th hole, but the breeze shifted to the familiar icy sea wind all the rest of the way.

SATURDAY, MAY 24/80 Sunny & warm. About 3 years ago a man named Bruce Armstrong came from Hfx to interview me about Sable Island. He was planning a book on it, & he recorded much of what I said on tape. This afternoon he came by appointment, bringing the typescript of his book. Wants me to check it for errors & then write a brief foreword. He has had a lot of wandering experience with documentary films across Canada, including film scripts, & finally settled at Ketch Harbour, near Halifax. He earns his living mainly by acting as a magician at clubs & parties, & his letterhead shows a magician in weird costume, with the words "Phantastical Entertainment". Nevertheless the fellow has done a lot of research on Sable Island, has visited the place several times in recent years, & he knows how to write. He left after an hour's chat, leaving a copy of the typescript for my perusal. I spent the evening reading it.

SUNDAY, MAY 25/80 Overcast & cool. I seem to have no energy, only an indefinable malaise & a feeling of pressure in my abdomen, possibly a reaction to the anti-biotic capsules, which I am still taking. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, Debby & Blair. Fresh boiled lobsters, a real treat. I have been eating very lightly for the past few weeks, trying to take off some of the 10 lbs of blubber amidships which I acquired since last summer. At present I weigh 179 lbs.

Grandson Tommy in the "Bluenose" left Hfx about 8 a.m. for Boston. Not much of a sea running, so he will have a chance to get his sea legs. The "Bluenose" makes about 9 knots in an average wind, so he must have passed his home, ten or fifteen miles offshore, about 4 p.m.

MONDAY, MAY 26/80 Overcast & cool. Some visitors this afternoon, who had read some of my books & wanted to meet the author. Went to Tom's office & he performed the rest of the job on my tooth. Infection has cleared up, & I have no more pain. Spread about 7 lbs. Lawn Green on the west half of my back lawn, which is still a bit mossy.

TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1980

Cool & overcast. Mrs. Bagley came & did her morning chores. Noticed a male & female goldfinch at the bird bath. In the afternoon I took my golf cart, bag, & clubs to White Point & played a leisurely nine holes - the first round this year with a full set of clubs. Rested a bit on every bench, but nonetheless found it tiring. Finished checking over the typescript of Armstrong's book. Somewhat badly organized, with many typographical errors, but it has been researched much better than Lyall Campbell's "Sable Island, Fatal & Fertile Crescent," which was printed in paperback by the Lancelot Press, Windsor, in 1974.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28/80 April weather - alternate sunshine & heavy showers. Mrs. Bagley came & worked upstairs at housecleaning this morning, dined with me, & worked again until 1:30, when I took her home. I had hoped to mow the lawns today but the weather forbade it. Applied RX solution to roses & petunias.

THURSDAY, MAY 29/80 Sun & black clouds, & a bit warmer. Robert Lineham, a teacher of English in one of the Bridgewater high schools, came by appointment this afternoon with 7 or 8 of his senior students to "meet the author". They stayed about 2 hours.

Letter from two professors at the University of Guelph, Ontario. They are preparing a volume of essays on the novel by English-Canadian authors, & would like to include my 1954 "The Literary Art", originally given as a lecture of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, & later printed in the Dalhousie Review. I agreed. The book is to be published later this year by Borcalis Press.

FRIDAY, MAY 30/80 Sunny & warm. Spent the whole afternoon mowing & trimming my lawns. My new petunia plants seem very sickly, despite every care. The ones I planted last year flourished from the first. Note from the newspaper that the great international gathering of sailing ships at Boston had performed a spectacular "sail-past"; & that the "Bluenose" was applauded.

SATURDAY, MAY 31/80 Overcast & warm. A heavy shower early in the afternoon dismissed any notion of golf. Chimney swallows are nesting in the fireplace flue, which I almost never use. Years ago they nested there, but poor E.'s phobias included a frantic fear of bats, birds, or anything else that might get in her hair, & I had to burn newspapers to drive them out.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1, 1980 Overcast & warm. I knew the golf course would be crowded, so I spent the afternoon pruning shrubs, weeding & just plain loafing in a lawn chair. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. & dined with the junior Raddalls. Fresh salmon with egg sauce & fresh vegetables. Um! After my weight-reducing diet of the past three weeks it was a very pleasant indulgence.

Tom tells me that Howard Elliott has taken charge of White Point Lodge again. The man (Nelson?), who took it over on a vague purchase agreement last year, shook things up badly & alienated many of the Lodge's oldest customers.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/80 Overcast yesterday & today. Golf both days, in the usual cold sea breeze, with rain threatening at any moment. Erik tells me that Orest Ulan, CBC announcer at Halifax, called to see me yesterday on his way through Liverpool. I was at White Point, & he asked Erik to give me his regards.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4/80 Dreary weather. Cold rain all last night, all today & all evening. Mrs. Bagley had another go at the "spring" cleaning, washing all the glassware in the dining room cabinet, tidying the contents of the sideboard, & giving the freezer & refrigerator a thorough cleaning - the first in many years. She lunched with me, & I drove her home to Eagle Head about 1.30.

The mail brought a typed note from the N.S. Dept. of Mines & Energy, advising me that Premier Buchanan & some others would be flying to Sable Island from the airport at 4 p.m. June 10, returning 3 p.m. June 11. The "others" would include me, & I was advised to bring a sleeping bag & a warm overcoat. I knew that the party were chiefly interested in the capped "oil" wells, & my interest was solely in the sites of the old wireless station & lifesaving station, some distance away over the dunes, a hard clamber for a man nearly 77 years of age & hampered by arthritis. So I dropped a note in the return mail, thanking the Dept., & regretting that I couldn't come.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6/80 Shaw, of the Dept. of Mines, phoned about my letter, saying that the Premier particularly wished me to accompany him to Sable Island, & as I couldn't come on the 10th, what about the 11th or some later date? I said okay, & he will notify me.

Overcast weather, & at White Point, where I dragged myself around nine holes, the icy sea breeze was still blowing. Got home exhausted.

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