



Diary

Jan. 14, 1947 to Aug 12, 1947

1947

JAN. 14

TUESDAY

Sunny & cold. Working all morning on the Larkleton papers. Good walk to Milton & back in the afternoon - the usual route, up the east side of the river & down the west. Roads heavily coated with ice. Very little snow. Good skating on the river from opposite Morton's house to Hill's Grove.

Burke Douglas, who is local agent for the London Life Insurance Co., came in tonight urging me to take out a paid-up \$10,000 life insurance (20 year) policy, even if I had to sell my Victory Bonds to do it. The proposition is that since the Income Tax regards an author's book royalties as "unearned income", (therefore subject to surtax), the less "unearned income" I have to show, the better. Thus on \$8,000 of bonds I have to show, & pay tax on, \$240 "unearned income" - which may be just enough to push my total taxable income into a high rate.

By selling the bonds, & buying for \$8185.99 a paid-up 20 year policy, I not only protect my family by \$10,000 insurance, but if I live out the 20 years

I get: -

The face amount of the policy	— \$10,000.00
Estimated dividends	— 2,460.00

TOTAL	12,460.00
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Subtracting my original payment	— \$ 8,185.99
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Tax-free profit accrued is	— 4,274.01
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JAN. 15, 1947 WEDNESDAY

Mild, with a light mist, a trickle of water over the icy streets & pavements. No walk today. J.A. Parker & wife, Hector Dunlap & wife, came to dinner & we had a pleasant evening chatting over scenes & characters in Liverpool & Milton 20 years ago — a sure sign of age.

Mrs. J. C. Ahern (her husband is mayor of Hfx) phoned asking me to come to the city next week to address the Women's Canadian Club. Impossible. A letter from a women's club in Moncton; same thing. Pate Bain wired asking me to address a father-&-son banquet of the Y.M.C.A. in Yarmouth; same thing. It would be nice to accept these things — I didn't like to refuse Bain, particularly — but I simply can't spare the time, especially at this season when travel is so uncertain.

JAN. 16/47 A soft, sunny day — like spring but it made the walking messy. Edith & I walked as far as the railway bridge & back this afternoon. At 3 p.m. I went to the office of Drs. Vickwire & Bird for an insurance examination. Bird examined me — measured my height, chest expansion, waist, weight, blood pressure, pulse; inspected my lungs & other innards with the fluoroscope, tested my urine for albumen & for sugar content. Said my condition was satisfactory all round — was not much concerned over the heart murmur which I have had ever since a childhood bout of scarlet fever, & which gave  
(My height is 5'-8", my weight 192 lbs)

Dr. Murray such concern when he examined me five or six years ago. Bird says the heart murmur is nothing startling & may be purely a sonic effect from some uncommon shape of part of the heart wall or words to that effect.

Coming out of Bird's office I saw Merrill Rawding (M. L. A.) sitting in his second-floor sun porch across the street. He hailed me & I went in. He uses the sun-porch for his office & was busy with political correspondence. He showed me a letter from Premier MacDonald expressing sympathy with the notion of taking over the Perkins house as a provincial shrine & museum, but asking detail regarding the proposed care of the house, cost of renovation etc. I helped Rawding draft a letter, suggesting amongst other things that the gov't borrow an architect from the federal people (preferably the one who designed the work on Fort Anne museum) to look over the house & report.

At 6:15 Maurice Russell called for me at my house & we went down to the United Church basement where the Men's Brotherhood was holding its weekly ban-feast, & which I'd promised to address. A good supper & some singing of popular songs. I talked about Carleton's Legion, its war history & the subsequent settlement at Port Mouton

SATURDAY  
JAN. 18, 1947

Went to Broad River rabbit hunting, this afternoon with Brent Smith, Ralph Johnson, Bob MacKinnon, Edwin Parker. Walked in the tote road that leads off the motor highway at the top of Broad River hill. After about a mile we came to a semi-barren of alder & wire birch, the right kind of country, but in an afternoon's tramp we got just 2 bunnies - shot by Smith & MacKinnon. I fired at a third sprinting off through a thicket but didn't touch a hair. No others seen. Everyone reports rabbits scarcer than any time in memory.

So it is with moose. Here & there someone reports moose "plentiful" but it always turns out that he is one of the advocates of an open season - those whose argument is, "We've had closed season for 10 years & the moose are still decreasing. Let's kill what are left - they'll die anyway."

Bob MacKinnon & a party of timber cruisers spent all last spring & summer cruising the lands on both sides of the Midway river from Greenfield to the source. In that time, in all that area, they saw just 4 moose!

SUNDAY, JAN. 19/47

Clear & cold. With the Parkers we went to dinner at Dr. Murray's. Roast wild geese & a delicious ham. Afterwards Murray mentioned my talk on the 16th. about Larkleton's Region, & said one of his patients in Port Mouton possessed a discharge certificate of the Region. Parker & I jumped in a car with the Doc.

& drove to Port Mouton, to Samuel Campbell's house, which is on the west side of the highway 200 or 300 yards past the schoolhouse & immediately in front of the site of the old town of Guysborough. We went in — a parlor full of people from 60 to a babe in arms, all simmering peacefully around a very hot stove. Sam's wife produced the certificate — signed by Capt. Donald McPherson, British Legion Infantry, at Guysborough Nova Scotia, Oct. 10, 1783. (This was the day that the first shipload of the Legion arrived in Port Mouton, according to Perkins' Diary.)

I copied it, & then Sam agreed to let Parker carry it off to the Mersey Paper Co's Offices to have a photostat copy made. Sam says the house was built by his ancestor, Sergeant Niel Campbell (the man named in the discharge paper) "about 150 or 160 years ago". His wife thought it was 166. Knowing the history of the place I should say it was built some time after "Guysborough" town burned in the spring of 1784, although it may be one of the houses whose frames were brought from New York in the transports, October 1783.

MONDAY, JAN. 20/47 Raining rain all day & night. My correspondence grows — fan mail, people writing for historical information, etc. Today I worked from 9 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., stopping ½ hour for lunch but not bothering to dress &

shave — simply (but energetically) writing letters.

Nova Scotia Trust Co. advises me that the late Harry Madden, M.P.P. for Queens, left the N.S. Historical Society \$50 in his will.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25/47 This has been a miserable week — rain, freeze, rain, snow. I tried to get a walk along the paved highway towards Port Morison this afternoon but rain began to fall steadily before I got far, & I had to turn back. Yesterday was remarkable in an odd way — for the first time since 1940 peanuts — plain peanuts in the shell — were on sale in all the grocery stores. They price, 40¢ per lb. (We were always fond of peanuts in the shell — often roasted them ourselves — and before the war used to buy them at 2 lbs for 25¢.)

In two days my family & I have devoured 3 pounds with the greatest relish after the long abstinence.

Today I had a letter from Doubleday announcing triumphantly that they had sold serial rights in "Pride's Fancy" to the Toronto Star for \$750 — of which they take 50%. I had been negotiating verbally with Rod Kennedy, of the Montreal "Family Herald", who wanted "Pride's Fancy" back in December. I said he would have to take "Roger Sudden" first; he agreed, & made a flesh offer of \$750, hinting that he might persuade his paper



to go higher. All this, which would have netted me at least \$1500, is now ruined by this sudden enterprise of Doubleday - which nets me \$375! (They have never attempted to sell newspaper rights in my books before, although the contract says they can.)

Coming on top of their bungle of the movie rights in "Pride's Fancy" - deliberately side-tracked so that they could sell the novel "Lydia" by their top author Kenneth Roberts to Hollywood for \$215,000 ("Lydia" is pitched in the same period, part of it in the same scene, & involving at least one of the characters, Loussaint L'Ouverture, I used in "Pride's Fancy") - this was the last straw.

I wrote Doubleday today (they have been urging me to sign a contract for my next novel, on which so far they have only an option) & told them I would not sign another contract, that I was thoroughly dissatisfied with their handling of my books, & stating flatly that I intend to get another U.S. publisher for my books. Whether they intend to hold me to the option or not I cannot foresee, but I think they will let me go as I request.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26/47. Drizzle & mud - no walk again today. Brent Smith came in for a yarn this afternoon. Worked on my Tarleton's Legion paper all morning, most of the

the afternoon & again after tea till midnight. Finished the first draft, on which I have been working hard since the first of the year. Went to bed with a terrific headache and —

(MONDAY, JAN. 27/47) woke up at 1.45 a.m., lay for an hour wide awake, then got up to find an aspirin, & sat in my den going over the Tarleton notes till 5 a.m. Felt sleepy then, and rather ill. Went to bed & slept till 9.30 a.m. Got up at 10, coffee & toast & back to work on the Tarleton stuff again. Drizzling rain all day & evening. Walked to the post office & to the Perkins house to see if I could find anything further bearing on the Tarleton business, then home & to work. Some mail. Dr. W. V. Wallace, president of the Champlain Society, writes urging me to undertake the checking & correction of their typed copy of Perkins' Diary, comparing it with the original. Prof. Harold Innis of University of Toronto will write a foreword, & the editorial fee of \$500. would be split between us two. They propose to publish the diary down to 1785, i.e. the pre-Revolutionary, Revolutionary and ~~post~~ immediate post-war period. I am already burdened with work (letters etc. from ex-officers of the Wash N. S. Regt. are beginning to come re the history of the Regt.; & there is the book on Halifax to be thought out and

prepared, before I can tackle another novel.) & I have already told the Champlain people several times to get the Public Archives of N.S. to do the job.

The other day a radio chatter at C.J.C.H. (the 14fx. Chronicle's radio station) spoke blandly of reading a book called Tallahassee "by Thomas Raddall." Today comes a cartoon by Bob Chambers showing a piratical character labelled RADDALL aboard the good ship Tallahassee, & forcing a worried-looking MERKEL to walk the plank. I replied in the piratical vein, writing in (red ink) "blood."

Jacques Chambrun, my erst-while agent at New York, writes hinting at mysterious matters which cannot be discussed in correspondence, & asking me to come to New York. I daresay he has smelled the rat in Doubleday's handling of my books & wants to take the matter in his hands.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28/47 At last a walking day - the roads bare of snow & ice, & the Western Head road actually free of mud, despite the continuous rains & despite today's cloudless blue sky & warm sun. Not a breath of wind. Temp. 40 to 50°. Like spring. Walked around Western Head without overcoat or scarf, perspiring all the way. Above the church an old man sunning himself on the south side of a

barn, informed me cheerfully that Feb. 2 would "tell the tale - six weeks sleddin' in March!" Ground-hog day; which some of the Western Head folk call "Dox Day" - he didn't know why. Home in 2 hours 10 minutes, a record I think - the pent-up need for exercise sent me around the 10-mile almost at a trot. This perspiring & cooling in mid-winter usually sets up a rheumatic reaction in me later - a touch of lumbago, or an aching hip-joint or shoulder joint. I took my family to the movies tonight & towards the end of the show began to experience pain in my right shoulder socket. When I got home it was excruciating, so that I couldn't read & sometimes could scarcely see. Cigarettes were tasteless, rum had no effect. Sat or walked my den until midnight, when I felt desperately tired. Lay in agony in bed till 2 a.m., got up, took anicin tablets, down & up several other times, sometimes dozing fitfully. Finally towards 5 a.m. the accumulated anicin began to work, & I slept till 9 a.m. of -

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29/47

Much ado over the threatened coal miners' strike in Nova Scotia, which will certainly play havoc with some industries & power plants using soft coal, not to mention the unfortunate householders who haven't converted their stoves & furnaces to oil fuel.

This time the miners want a modest \$2.50 per day raise in pay, plus a shorter working week, etc.

Airplane accidents continue, all over the world, with heavy loss of life. Two days ago the famous American opera singer & movie star Grace Moore, & Prince Gustav of Sweden & others less prominent, were killed in a plane taking off from Copenhagen for Sweden; yesterday a big U.S. Navy plane loaded with mail crashed in the woods near Dartmouth, N.H. — it was bound for Europe via Gander, Nfld.

Snowed lightly all afternoon, no walk, shoulder still very troublesome, concentration a matter of rigid effort with one curious result — I have bitten off most of my fingernails, in fact gnawed them to the quick, a childish habit. Busy now with the preparation of my shorter costume-pieces for book publication next Fall by Macbelland & Stewart; most of this work — re-typing, revising — I did last summer & fall. Tonight I slept 6 hours.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30/47 Overcast, mild. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, using the "old road" over Morton's hill on the east side of the river, & over Berriman's hill on the west side, to avoid the worst of the mud. Rain again at evening, & all night. News of a complete re-shuffle of the local militia under the new

post-war Canadian Army scheme. The 14th Field Regiment, R.C. Artillery, is to take in Yarmouth, Shelburne & Queens counties. The regimental H.Q., & 84th Field Battery will be at Yarmouth, the 152nd Field Battery at Shelburne, & the 133rd Field Battery at Liverpool. Commander is Lt.-Col. W. S. King, of Yarmouth. The 133rd (Liverpool) battery is to be commanded by Randolph Day, now on the engineering staff of Mersey Paper Co., who served in the late war as a major of infantry, & the battery H.Q. is to be the old "Elmwood" hotel, much to the alarm of its residential neighbors, a lot of fogies young & old who passed comfortably through the war & have forgotten it already. Had a good sleep tonight.

FRI DAY, JAN. 31/47

Mild, with a drizzling rain all day. Temp. 45°. Curtis Kittle asked me to show his mother & a friend - both from Sao Paulo, Brazil - the old Perkins house. The place was like a tomb but they seemed to like it. This afternoon at 3 I addressed the high school for half an hour on the history of Liverpool. The liquor store has a small supply of Montreal beer - vastly superior to the Halifax stuff; I got 2 dozen quarts for \$8.40. Clem Crowell, school inspector for Queens - Shelburne, an energetic man, lately shifted his residence from Lockport to Shelburne & has already promoted a Historical Society

- something long needed there. He writes me asking details about our Queens County society.

SATURDAY, FEB. 1/47

A fine sunny day, with a cool west wind to keep the ground fairly hard. With Ralph Johnson, Brent Smith, A. & E. Parker, I went to the Port Mouton barrens rabbit-hunting this afternoon. We walked up the railway to the cut, two miles or more, & then cut into the barrens heading S.E. & S. Rabbits scarce but we saw a few - the score, Johnson 2, E. Parker 2, A. Parker 1, myself 1, Smith 0. Reached the highway about dusk, & on reaching town the whole party came into my den for a drink of rum. A good bit of exercise in sunshine - glorious.

Tonight, as on each Saturday night this winter, I let the kids sit up & listen to the hockey broadcast from Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto. Tommy is a hockey fan - he & his pals play a good deal when there is ice on McClearn's bog - but Francie is frankly bored by the broadcast, & sits up for the pleasure of not having to go to bed, & for the ginger ale or coca cola treat reserved for this occasion. I mix myself a long grog & we sit & listen - Tommy moaning whenever the Maple Leafs fall behind - & sip our drinks, & between periods discuss the game.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2, 1947

"Ground-hog Day" — & six more weeks of winter, according to legend; for the woodchuck, if he emerged from hibernation today, certainly saw his shadow. A sunny day with a cold NW wind. Spent the afternoon at Hunts Point & Port Mouton hunting up descendants of Tarleton's troopers — Hagan, Leslie, etc. — but gained nothing new.

MONDAY, FEB. 3/47

Miserable headache for the past few days. Took a stout dose of Epsom Salts before breakfast. A good brisk walk to Writton & back this afternoon; temp. 15° & a bitter wind blowing dust along the roads in clouds.

Frank Willis phoned from Toronto this afternoon about 4, introducing an ex-RCN officer named Gillett who is now connected with a new Canadian film company.

They are affiliated in some tangible way (financial, Gillett hinted) with one of the chief British film companies.

Gillett wants me to write a story around the schooner "Bluenose", involving a romantic element, to be filmed this summer. He also wishes me to act as advisor in the filming of the story. All this sounded very airy, so I asked how much they proposed to pay me for all this, & Gillett coughed in an embarrassed sort of way & said "we hadn't given much thought to that side of it." I told him to write me a letter setting forth his full proposition & he agreed & turned the phone back



to Willis. I told Willis I'd like to see the story of the Bluerose filmed, but Gillett's proposition sounded to me like several months' work & I'd have to have assurance of payment for my time & effort, before putting aside my other work to tackle it.

Tonight Dr. Max Freeman dropped in for a chat. I hadn't seen him since the 1920's. He is a voluble, imaginative, dark-eyed (wears glasses) slim man of about 60, but looks no more than 45. A native of Milton, this county, he graduated in dentistry in 1911 & went out to Madras, India, to take over the practice of another Nova Scotian, a Dr. Eaton from Wolfville, who was retiring. Freeman married an Englishwoman out there, prospered, came home for a couple <sup>of</sup> months in 1928 or '29, speaking in a marvellous Oxford accent & rattling on about "Indian" & the tigers he'd shot & the snakes he'd killed & the retinue of servants he employed - the well-to-do Anglo-Indian to the life. We called him The Rajah & not to his face, of course. Now he is home (his real home - he uses the word "home" as a synonym for England, like any Anglo-Indian) to visit his elderly & ailing mother in Milton, probably for the last time. Max came to some sort of amicable separation agreement with his wife ~~17~~<sup>17</sup> years ago, since then has lived at a Madras club. His children

have grown up & married. (The oldest boy, Max, was killed in the R.A.F. during the late war; his daughter Yvonne is the wife of an army officer in northern India.)

Now that "India for the Indians" is about to become a fact, Max & Co. predicts a bloody civil war. He is planning to retire to a luxurious bungalow in the south India hills (the western Ghats, I think) with a covey of his, & live the rest of his days in comfort, far from the maddening crowd. He says the Indian civil service has been filling up with Indians for years & that at the present time - apart from the army - "a single ship with accommodation for 2,000 passengers could take away all the Englishmen now employed <sup>in important posts</sup> in Indian government service." He says the Hindus want the British army to remain in India - under a Hindu C.-in-C. - for some years "to preserve order" - actually to enforce Hindu rule over the Moslem minority.

The Moslems want the British Army to get out now, & both Moslems & Hindus are making all preparations for the civil war to come. British officers now commanding Indian native troops say the situation is like that of pre-Indian Mutiny days - nobody knows what the sepoys will do when the moment comes. I asked why Max & his friend chose to remain in India in the face

of all this. He answered, "My friend actually retired last year & went home to England. But he found England impossible — food rationed, no decent accommodation; no decent clothing available, no servants to be had for love or money — couldn't even get a caddy on the golf course — & with the Socialists firmly in power there was no prospect of any of this being changed. In six months he was glad to get back to Madras. We figure the big trouble in India will come, as it always does, in the cities, where the big population is, & where the "educated" Indians are. Our little colony, 7000 feet up in the mountains, is far away from all that. We've stocked our lake with trout, & we've plenty of tiger, leopard & bison shooting, not to mention ducks & so on. Supplies of other kinds are cheap & easy to get, & we have the best of servants. When the civil war ends, one lot of Indians will be on top — the educated ones, who like civilized life as much as we do — & they'll bring law & order & an iron rule. Fundamentally things won't change — India is changeless."

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5/47 Pouring rain all day. Hear that Mrs. Carl Freeman & wife, of Bridgetown, are dead of injuries received in a motor accident. An air-mail letter today from Roland Gillett, of British-Canadian Pictures Ltd.,

Toronto, following up Monday's phone call. He apologizes for "stalling" when I asked about payment, didn't like to mention a figure on the phone, now offers me \$5,000 for the completed story. He adds that his company has an arrangement with the biggest chain of theatres in Britain for full circuit playing, quite apart from Canadian & U.S. markets; they are building a large studio at Toronto, & are committed to 3 first-class pictures this year and 6 each year to follow. Gillett hints that they would like to film "Roger Sudden" next year.

This evening I went to the high school auditorium where 37 paintings by Nova Scotia artists are on exhibition - part of a provincial tour under auspices of the Department of Education, the N.S. College of Art & the N.S. Society of Artists. Some good, some bad, some indifferent. I liked:-

- "Portuguese Cove" - by Daisy Baig
- "Winter Shipbuilding" - Earl Bailey (the cripple who holds his brush in his teeth)
- "Gold River in March" - L. Scott Croft
- "Afternoon Surf" - William Segarthe
- "Apple Pickers" - Winifred Fox
- "Blomidon" - Gwendolyn Hales
- "Sydney River, Hills" - P. H. Henson
- "Broad Acres" - Donald C. Mackay
- "Back Bay, Prospect" - Mollie Mackay

I am no admirer of Arthur Lismer, who had a picture in exhibition, & who I think started the cult of marine painting, & particularly the painting of rocks & surf at Peggy's Cove, which remains an obsession with so many N.S. artists.

About 10 p.m. the temperature dropped & the rainstorm became a blizzard which continued most of the night.

SATURDAY, FEB. 8/47.

Rain all day & night, slush everywhere, a mess. The weather is freakish everywhere - in the Yukon a temperature of  $81^{\circ}$  below zero was recorded last week, the lowest ever known in Canada, & trappers report rabbits, foxes, even wolves, killed by the cold. Orange groves in Florida have been smitten by frost, & the prairies report the deepest snow in 20 years. Europe is in the grip of the most bitter winter of the century; in England many major & minor industries have been shut down to conserve coal for domestic use, & hundreds of ships are tied up for lack of bunkers. Yet here in N.S. we have had nothing but rain, with occasional freeze-ups, since Christmas.

A letter from Doubleday expressing surprise & regret over my decision of Jan. 25th. They ask me to re-consider, but say they will release me if I insist. Well, I insist.

MONDAY, FEB. 10/47

This is the 6th successive day that the fishermen have been tied up by bad weather - today blowing a NW gale with scraps of sunshine & squalls of snow. On my walks I get no farther than the railway bridge.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1947 A national crisis in Britain over the fuel shortage, brought to a sudden head by recent bitter weather & deep snow. Churchill says the gov't. lacked foresight & common sense, too absorbed in its nationalization schemes & other "half-baked socialism" to foresee & avert the present crisis. In Palestine the British garrison is preparing for a show-down with the Jew terrorist groups, & to clear the decks all British women & children have been cleared out of the country, out of harm's way, to their vociferous disgust.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12/47 A wild windy day with intermittent sunshine & snow squalls. Spent the whole day in the bush at Port Mouton with Maynard Colp (Squadron-Leader R.C.A.F., retired), leaving home at 8:30 a.m. & getting home at 6 p.m. - we had .22's but found rabbits scarce, though we saw many tracks in places. Colp shot 3, & I shot 1. Lunched on the lee side of a spruce clump, with brush piled on the snow to make a dry seat, & our feet to a roaring fire - very comfortable even in a temperature of 15° above zero. A grand day's exercise & air.

(Note for future reference: we found one area where the rabbit tracks were more plentiful than I had seen them in years: we left the car on the highway at the crest of the first hill past Port Mouton, just before the

"Black Creek" bridge, & followed a path NW about a mile, to where it petered out. Kept on N.W. & struck this rabbit patch about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further - could hear a train on the railway line very distinctly.

The rabbits were shivering from the cold wind, but there were myriads of tracks, & a man could have good shooting there if he hit the right weather.

It is said that birds have no sense of smell, & that crows, hawks etc. depend absolutely on their eyesight. Knowing how far crows & ravens will come to carrion, this has always seemed an absurd theory to me, & today we had an interesting demonstration.

In the morning Gulp killed & cleaned a rabbit in a dense alder thicket. He dropped the guts, head & fur amongst the bushes & swamp-grass under the alders, so that the offal was invisible from the sky. It was hardwood semi-barren country with a big swamp on one side & there wasn't a softwood tree big enough to conceal a robin within  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. About an hour later as we ranged the rabbit covers we came on this exact spot, & a hawk flew up from the ground - a goshawk or a pretty big sharp-shinned hawk - I couldn't tell which. The snow was all marked with his tracks & he had dragged the offal down to the bog edge & consumed guts, head, & most of the fur - only a few bits of fluff remained. He must have gone right to the spot as soon as we left - but how did he find it without smelling the fresh blood etc.?

SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1947

Overcast, mild. This is the last

THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1947

cool, but the sun begins to make its presence felt after each night's hard frost. Walked to Milton & back, in mud all the way. Stopped in Milton for a yarn at McKnight's forge. Tonight the regular monthly meeting of the L.C. Historical Society - a good attendance, a number of young people there, which is encouraging. Financial report shows our debt on the Perkins house now reduced to \$400. Election of officers for the calendar year - old slate returned to office, including myself as president. Read an interesting & amusing paper by J. Brenton Smith, on Captain John McAlpine & his adventures in trying to enforce the Navigation Laws in Liverpool in 1789-90.

A young commercial traveler named Milestone, a war veteran, came to see me tonight. He has literary ambitions - is writing a novel in his spare time - & wanted advice. Lives in Halifax.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15/47

Overcast, mild. This is the last day of the rabbit hunting season, so I went with Ralph Johnson & Austin & Edwin Parker & spent the afternoon tramping the bush beyond Port Monton. Most of the snow is gone except in lumps & patches, very deceptive as the bunnies are now quite white. We saw 9, got 5, of



which my score was 2. An air-mail letter from Roland Gillette of British-Canadian Pictures. He is coming down here for a story conference on the 24th, bringing his script writer, also Francis Willis of the C.B.C., who is to be a technical advisor on the film.

John McClelland phoned from Toronto just after I returned from hunting. Commends my action in withdrawing from Doubleday, says he has other evidence of Doubleday's mishandling of my books, asks me to delay signing up with a new publisher in the U.S. until he or his representative has had a chance to talk with me. I said I had no intention of signing up with another publisher before next autumn in any case.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16/47 My old friend John Francis, Indian guide, died in hospital at Bridgewater last night. He was 73, & one of the best liked & best known characters in Queens County. Jim Buchanan phoned this morning with the news, adding "I gave the undertakers an old pen-stripe blue serge suit of mine, & a clean shirt, collar & tie, & by God he ~~the~~ looks like a gentleman - you should see him!"

MONDAY, FEB. 17/47 A shrieking easterly gale with sheets of rain all day & night. Tinkering with my stove all morning - something in the oil feed line, I think. Finally got it to

work all right. My old friend W. J. Gray, of the Canadian Marconi Co., sent me a pair of the old Baldwin head-phones, (such as I wore in my time as a wireless operator) for a memento. He sent a list of men I knew, who are still in the service; says Harvey Laylor who relieved me at Sable Island in 1922, was drowned at Clarke City, Que, a lumber port on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while serving on the wireless station there in 1933.

Today's newspaper reports the death of Marshall Saunders, somewhere in Ontario, at the age of 85. She was a relation of my wife's, born in ~~Dodgeville~~<sup>Milton</sup>, N. Y., the daughter of a Baptist clergyman who married a Milton woman. Half a century ago she achieved fame with her book "Beautiful Joe", which eventually sold over a million copies (it is still in print, I believe) although she made little profit, having sold her rights entire for a mere pittance in the early days. She went on writing & lecturing the rest of her life without much success, never married, lived many years in Toronto with a house full of birds & other pets, depended in her latter years on the genteel charity of the Writers' Foundation (as did Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Philip Grove & others), and spent the last year or two in a mental institution.

Today, at Roland Gillette's request, I engaged

at the Marney Hotel.

rooms for him, his script writer & Frank Willis, who are coming here for a conference with me on the 24th.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. <sup>18</sup> 25/47

Dull, damp, mud everywhere. At 9.30 a.m. I attended the funeral of old John Francis at St. Gregory's church. About 20 Indians there, mostly young men & women & children - Sam Glode is almost the only old Indian left in the county. They were all well-dressed, the young women very smart in powder & lipstick. About 20 Legion men there, with the usual poppies, union jack, & a bugler to sound Last Post. The grave is in the new Catholic cemetery on the hill. I wrote an obituary for the Advance.

THURSDAY, FEB. <sup>20</sup> 26/47

Sunny & cold - 15° above. Still no snow. Many lumbermen have closed their camps & come out of the woods. Still having trouble with the oil stove in my study; got the local expert up this noon & he found that the floor had settled a good 1/2 inch on the south side, so that the gravity feed was not able to function properly. We lifted the stove, slid a piece of clapboard under the base at the south side and - presto! - all was well.

Talked with Merrill Rawding after lunch - he showed me a letter from Premier Mac Donald with one or two very encouraging paragraphs about the Perkins house & says an architect will be sent down in a few days to look at

it "before the government takes steps to acquire the property." MacD. contemplates formation of a Nova Scotia Historic Sites & Monuments Board along the lines of the federal board, to deal with matters like this.

At 5:30 I had supper in the Legion rooms — lobster chowder, two helpings, delicious — & doughnuts, cake & coffee. Had a yarn with old Bob Butler, negro veteran of 1914-18, about 75 now. He described the method of putting lumber rafts together in the days when most of the product of the Milton sawmills was floated down to Liverpool. At 8 pm. I addressed a meeting of the Milton Home School Association in the basement of the Baptist church there. Mostly housewives, conducting their business very briskly & sensibly. Clem & Ester Crowell there, & Edwin Ford. Clem tells me the Shelburne Historical Society is off to a good start. R.M. Irving there: I spoke to him about preserving the old 6-Mile stone on the Laledonia road; he said he had told the road-construction foreman to see that the stone was not damaged, & added that the paved road actually will cut off a loop of the old road there, & leave the stone undisturbed in situ.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22/47

A high wind & snow last night — about 2 inches. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon.

Wrote John McClelland outlining a contract for the new book of short stories, tentatively entitled "The Wedding Gift & other stories," also enclosing my notes & suggestions re print, jacket, etc. George Foster wired suggesting that Donald Mackay do the illustrations for it, but I think this book is out of Mackay's line - it needs a portrait artist who is familiar with 18th century costume; I suggested C. W. Jefferys.

Today ends the first week of the Maritimes' coal strike - after a brief armistice the miners began the strike last Monday. They admit the coal companies can't afford to pay their demands without a sharp increase in the govt. subsidy; the govt. wants to cut out all subsidies to industry, of whatever kind, & flatly refuses to increase the present subsidy on coal.

Much ado over the strike of crews of druggers & schooners employed in the N.S. fishing industry - both sides displaying large advertisements in the Hfx. papers setting forth their arguments, etc. Ralph Bell is the chief mouthpiece of the owners; a former communist named Meade, head of the lately formed Fishermen's Union, speaks for his men. Meade has obtained considerable funds from the fishermen of Boston, who are happy to subsidise a strike here because N.S. fish competes with theirs in the now rapidly falling American market. The price of fish

has reached a ridiculous height in Nova Scotia. Here in Liverpool, a fishing town, we pay 35¢ per lb. for the cheapest of fish fillets, yet in the grocery stores we can buy fresh (frozen) salmon from B.C. at that price.

Parker, the town engineer, came in for a yarn & a drink at 4 o'clock & afterwards I went with him to see his new house. It is of brick & tile, bungalow style (his own design) with 5 rooms & bath downstairs & a fairly spacious attic. It is heated by a powerful oil furnace of the latest design, & he has bought the adjoining building lots to give himself lots of space.

The whole thing would have cost \$5,000 to \$6,000 before the war. Parker tells me the final cost to him (it is not yet completed) will be close to \$15,000. Labor & material costs are so uncertain now that the contractor refused to handle it except on cost-plus-10% basis. His original estimate was slightly under \$10,000, but once embarked on the thing Parker has had to watch the cost rise & pay the shot.

Hector Mackay tells me that "consolidated schools" for south Queens will go into effect quite soon. This means that the govt. will build a large school in Liverpool, with a gymnasium & auditorium, to handle the influx, and all children studying Grade 8 and

up will be brought in daily by special buses from Brooklyn, Greenfield, Milton, Port Moulton, etc. He tells me also that the govt intends to tear down the Elmwood house & erect in its place a modern headquarters of brick & tile for the local militia (artillery) unit.

Sat up with the kids for the hockey broadcast Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, a most exciting game. I bet on Rangers - Francie took me at 5 cents, & won - the Leafs scored a shut-out, 2-0.

MONDAY, FEB. 24/47 A light N. breeze with long squalls of snow in large flakes, all day. Today I met the noon train, also the 9-10 pm. from N.Y. - no sign of Gillett & his party, & no word from him, which is strange.

TUESDAY, FEB. 25/47 Met the noon train today & still no Gillett. I cancelled the hotel reservations tonight. If Gillett's film business is as unreliable as his other engagements I want no part of it. I am sending my little electric desk clock to the U.S. manufacturer for repair; to accomplish this & satisfy Canadian officialdom I have to fill out 5 copies of a "Foreign Exchange" form, each 14" long & 8" wide, with instructions, conditions & appropriate spaces for writing, all down both sides; also 3 copies of a Canadian Customs form, each 13" long & 8" wide, all printed on both sides also.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26, 1947 A perfect afternoon for my walk to Milton - temp. 32°, southerly wind, masses of dark cumulus cloud, with spots of sunshine, warm on the face & dazzling on the snow. No ice in the river except a skim of last night's freezing in the coves. Sent off the clock, with its mass of accompanying documents, by C.P.R. today - express charges, 60¢. Merrill Rawding told me this afternoon that Connolly, Minister of Industry etc. in the provincial cabinet, wrote him that he is "delighted that the Q.C. Historical Society wishes to place the Perkins house in government care", & is sending down an engineer to look over the property and report on its present condition. Roger Inness tells me there has been a large flock of wild geese in Port Joli this winter; as usual the "Sou' Wasters" & others (from Lockeport, some of them) have been poaching, using rifles, boats, lights, etc., & the Mounted Police have made several attempts to catch them at it, without success.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27/47 These are mild days & calm nights with the temp. above 40° at noon, dropping to 20° at night. Forgot to mention 2 or 3 days ago Dorothea Cox of CBC phoned asking me to do a broadcast in their "Tales of Two Cities" series, beamed to Britain. I agreed if it could be done when I come to Hfx. to address the Historical Society in



April. She made it a date. I am to talk 15 minutes on Liverpool, N.S., the talk being broadcast generally, but particularly addressed to Liverpool, England. I worked on the script for it all day & evening.

FRIDAY, FEB. 28/47 Mild, overcast, calm. Working on the CBC script. Spent this evening at the parsonage talking to Wilson & son Bill. Wilson's wife is a wealthy American, & he is planning to retire soon, & they have plans for a very fine home drawn up by Wilson, the architect. Father John wanted to talk over with me his plan to build a hospital near Sheik Harbor to serve the fishing villages in that area. To finance it he has a fund of \$50,000 or \$60,000 hitherto used to provide income for the Springhill hospital, which his father built under auspices of the C. of E. Springhill has decided to build a new hospital to be run on a municipal basis, & Father John is withdrawing his fund. Wants me to help him with publicity later on, when he is adding to his fund by an appeal in the U.S.A., where his wife has powerful connections, & suggests that I go with him to O'Leary next week to talk the whole thing over with the bishop.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1/47. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. Lovely day. About 4 inches of

snow in the woods - saw a beaver track near the dam, & along the trail two fox tracks, a wildcat track, a number of deer tracks, but no moose. Eagle Lake open at the north end for about 100 yards. Got there at 3.30 & worked till 5.30 cutting, splitting & piling maple for firewood, on the knoll by the old logging dam. A stiff run, & then a big supper. Parker & Dunlap played cribbage as usual, while Smith & I talked, & listened to the radio. Temp. dropped sharply after dark. A good sleep.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2/47 Overcast, cool, wind S.E. Left late & got breakfast at 10 a.m., just as Roy Gordon & dog "Laddie" walked in. Roy decided to look for rabbits, Dunlap & I to cut firewood on the knoll, Parker & Smith to explore a bear den somewhere between the N<sup>o</sup> 1 trail & Rempton Lake. We joined again at the camp for dinner at 3 p.m. - Smith & Parker with quite a yarn. They found a big bear in the den, apparently just arousing from hibernation, for its head appeared in the cave "door" at their approach, & Bruin showed every sign of coming right out. S. & P., having only an axe for weapon, withdrew in some haste.

Noticed many of the yellow birch are dying; the Mersup Paper Co's timber cruisers report an epidemic disease in this species & predict that most of the yellow birch, & probably

many white birch, will die in the next two years in Nova Scotia.

Hiked out to the car at N<sup>o</sup> 3 dam, at 6 p.m. River road icy but not deeply rutted.

MONDAY, MARCH 3/47. A terrific easterly storm came up in the night, with a heavy wet snow, & blew all day. The local weather observatory on Fort Point registered gusts of 60 M.P.H., & there was a great sea. At 11 a.m., at high tide, a small fishing smack came in from Western Bank, in search of shelter; the bar was breaking in wild yellow waves all the way across to Sandy Cove, but having come that far the crew resolved to risk it & sailed in over the bar, losing their dories & most of their deck gear in the tumult. Later on a Yankee dragger came in, became unmanageable in the harbor itself in one long gust, & ran down & sank a 60-foot fishing boat owned by two local men named Morton. No lives lost.

Much damage along the coast, and inland, particularly in New Brunswick, where the town of Campbellton is snowed in, & trains blocked, hundreds of phone & telegraph poles down. Halifax was without electric light or power for 5 hours, & the Hfx. & St. John radio stations were silent most of the day.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5/47. Fine & calm. Slippery underfoot. The provincial govt. Dept. of Industry & Publicity sent down an engineer, J. W. Reside, & a younger chap named Fleming to look

over the old Perkins house & report on it. Rawding phoned me & we all had lunch together at the Mersury Hotel.

Then we went over the house from top to bottom, the engineers making notes. They reported the house in surprisingly good condition & seemed enthusiastic about the opportunity to restore the 18th century rooms. We had a long talk & afternoon tea at my house before they returned to Hfx. I lent Reside my copy of "Old American Houses & How to Restore Them."

THURSDAY, MAR. 6/47

Mild, calm. The N.S. govt. has announced that U.S. coal will be imported to prevent suffering in the province due to the coal strike. The miners' union head, Jenkins, declares the govt. is "trying to break the strike". Today the first steamer carrying U.S. coal arrived at Halifax, & it is expected that the miners' union will call upon the longshoremen's union to refuse to handle the cargo & the seamen's union to picket the ships. The labor unions are spoiling for a fight & it looks as though the govt. intends to fight.

SATURDAY, MAR. 8/47

Sent off, by different mails, to Hugh Kane of McMillan & Stewart, two complete copies of the typescript for "The Wedding Gift & other stories", to be published next autumn. I signed & sent off the contract for it yesterday; the contract embodies several changes from that for "Vambour", made at my request,

including a provision that the publisher may not sell rights in this book to any so-called "Book Club" without my written permission.

Walked to Milton yesterday - mud to my shoe-tops, a fearful mess, so no walk today. Rain tonight. Worked all morning & through the evening (stopping to hear the broadcast of the Toronto-Chicago hockey game) until 2 a.m. Monday, typing the final script for my address on Carleton's Legion on April 4th. With the appendices (the whole thing is really for the records of the N.S. Historical Society) it runs to 52 typewritten pages. Of course I shan't read all of it before the N.S.H.S. - it would take 2 hours.

There is a sudden flurry of alarm in the U.V.A. over the recent Berin announcement that Britain is about to withdraw her troops from Greece, following another Berin announcement that Britain had been prevented from settling the Palestine problem by interference from President Truman & others in the U.V., & would therefore put the whole problem in the United Nations' lap. The British decision to withdraw their troops from India by 1948 - a decision which Churchill declares will "redden the coming years" in the East - is just beginning to be realized in the U.V. also.

The plain truth is that "imperialist" Britain is getting rid of her empire as fast as she can & refusing

play the world's policeman any more, so that the U.S. will have to step in & take up the role if American trade is not to suffer, or Soviet power to increase.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/47

Rain, snow, indoors all day.

MONDAY, MAR. 10/47

Dull, with bleak east wind. This afternoon walked the circuit of town via railway bridge. Parker and Wigglesworth, town engineers, came for key to Perkins House & will make a complete plan of the house & land per my request to Mayor Wright. Received from London a copy of my birth certificate, for which I sent a letter on Jan. 15th. This for "proof of age" in re my life insurance policies. (NOTE: For future reference. Copies of birth certificates are given at General Register Office, Somerset House, London, on payment of the fee - 5 shillings 1 penny.) It shows me under the single Christian name of Thomas, which was correct at that time. After my father's death, & while I was going to sea, I adopted my father's second name, Head, partly because I wished to bear his full name, & partly because I had a cousin (Frank Raddall's son) whose name was plain Thomas Raddall also.

TUESDAY, MAR. 11/47

Burke Douglas came in this morning & I gave him the copy of my birth certificate and a cheque on the Bank of Nova Scotia for #7,673.69, covering balance due on the paid-up

20-year endowment policy I took out in the London Life Insurance Co. on Jan. 14/47. The policy is for \$10,000, payable to my wife. Policy number is 482422.

To finance this (& meet my cheque), I sold \$7,000 of Victory Bonds to the Bank of Nova Scotia today.

If I am still living at maturity (1967) the London Life will pay me — Face amount — \$10,000.00

Accumulated dividends — 2,460.00

TOTAL 12,460.00

I paid in — 8,185.99

Net profit (not subject to income tax) — \$4,274.01

I am assuming that I shall live until 1967. Had I retained the bonds I should have gone on paying tax on the interest all these years, & as the govt regards all authors' royalties as "unearned income", this extra unearned increment simply serves to push my taxable income into an avoidably high bracket.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 12/47

The (Rev. J.M.C.) Wilsons some days ago mentioned that Bishop Kingston would like to meet me, & conveyed an invitation to me & to young Bill Wilson to have lunch with him in Hfx. today. So Bill & I set off in the parson's fine new Cadillac at 8 a.m. No snow or ice on the road, very little in the bush, although the ice hangs on in the lakes.

A perfect day - sunny, calm, not a speck of cloud, sky & sea with a bright summery blue. Reached Hfx 10.30 & called on my mother & had a chat till noon. Then down to the Lord Nelson lounge, where the Bishop appeared promptly at 12.30.

George Frederick, Nova Scotia, is a stocky man, 50-ish, with a healthy clean skin & florid complexion, & grey hair clipped fairly short, neatly parted & brushed back from the forehead. He wore his purple stock, black apron, & the pectoral cross slung on its chain, but was minus the gaiters which I am told he usually wears. His glasses give him a rather scholarly look, & indeed he told me he taught philosophy at Trinity College, <sup>Toronto</sup> for ten years; but his conversation is practical, he does not impress you as a scholar but rather as a man of affairs, quiet, pleasant, vigorous. We had a good lunch together; his lordship asked me a good deal about the art of writing & about N.S. history.

(He had read "Pride's Fancy" but was still vague about the difference between a pirate & a privateer.) Conversation turned to the present repairs to All Saints Cathedral. The magazine explosion of 1945 damaged the walls quite badly in places & the cathedral authorities received \$50,000 or \$60,000 from gov't in compensation.

But the cost of restoration will be at least \$150,000, as the material & design of the cathedral (built 1910) were not adapted to the Nova Scotia climate. The windows etc. are faced with Wallace sandstone but the rest is entirely



of the local grey "ironstone". It wears well & looks well, but it transmits the damp very readily. The new job includes repairing the damaged wall bays from the ground up, using 18" thick stone instead of the original 10", with a layer of cork insulation inside, and a course of hollow tile inside that again. This "ironstone" was much used for govt. buildings of a smaller sort about 1775-1850 (many of the sheds in the Dockyard were of this stuff - torn down 1939-45 & replaced with tall brick structures) & the city, busy tearing down the ancient South Barracks just now, has presented the cathedral with quite a lot of cut stone of this sort.

After lunch we withdrew to the lounge & talked till 2.30, when the bishop took his departure. At 3 Bill & I drove to 166 Chebucto Rd., picked up my mother, & took her for a drive around Bedford Basin to Dartmouth; very lovely along the lakes, but I was sorry to see how the rash of bungalows & cottages is spreading' all along this once purely scenic drive. Crossed on the ferry & had a good view of the "Canadian Challenger", one of the new ships built by the Can. govt. for the West Indies trade, being moved to a dock by tugs. At 5 pm. Bill & I met John Wilson at the ferry from Dartmouth, where he is working as an apprentice machinist in the shipyard. (He is a shy chap, & waited till all his greasy, overalled comrades had left the ferry vicinity before

stepping into the Wilson's shining Cadillac. ("It would be very hard to live down," he explained gravely.) Took John to his Hfr. boarding house to wash & change, then drove to King's College & picked up Joan Bradshaw (daughter of the Anglican rector at Yarmouth) & all four went down to dinner at the Lord Nelson. Afterwards I met John Cameron, Liverpool lawyer, & wife, also Justice John Doull & dear old Sir Joseph Chisholm, & had a chat in the lounge.

Bill & I left for L'pool at 8.30, got home at 10.30.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13/47

Another warm cloudless sky. Walked out the Port Mouton highway to the Mc Alpine Brook & came back along the railway track. Picked some mayflowers in bud. Some local excitement over the fishing trawlers' strike. A small dragger, "Marie Brenda", slipped out of Lunenburg, where the strikers have been picketing the wharves, & came to Liverpool yesterday. There are no union fishermen here, so a dozen strikers came down by taxi from Lunenburg & began to picket the oil wharf, where the little dragger lies moored with no one aboard but the captain, Lacey, & an engineer. Nothing happened & I think the strikers were disappointed. They seem to be spoiling for a fight.

Today's mail brought a letter from Doubleday & Co., incorporating the release of all my book rights but providing that current editions, domestic & foreign, shall run their course,

which is all right. Also received from McLeod & Stewart the signed contract for "The Wedding Gift & other stories".

President Truman, in a grave & significant message to Congress, has announced that since Britain is unable to support its previous military commitments in the Near East, U. S. troops, equipment & advice will be ~~given~~<sup>sent</sup> to Greece and Turkey.

Jews in Palestine continue to bomb & shoot at British camps, transport, officers' clubs, etc., with no retaliation; how long the individual British soldier will put up with this is a question; of course an outbreak of anti-Jewish violence by British soldiers would be just what the Zionists want.

Great receptions in Toronto, Montreal & elsewhere for Barbara Ann Scott, the 18-year-old Ottawa girl who won the world's figure-skating championship in Oslo last month.

FRIDAY, MARCH 14/47

Mild & muddy. Yesterday was a "weather-breeder" - pouring rain this afternoon & evening. Clem & Ester Crowell came in, had tea with us & stayed the evening. Clem says the new consolidated school for south Queens may not be built in Liverpool. Possibility is, that it will be built in Milton. Apparently the municipality of Queens doesn't like the idea of having its schools so closely tied up with those of Liverpool - the old jealousy, county versus town. But Clem thinks separate schools might induce a healthy rivalry in sports, etc. that would be all to the good.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1947

A fine warm day. Temp.  $65^{\circ}$  at 2 p.m. Most of the frost is out of the roads near the coast. Tommy & Jack Dunlap broke the game laws mildly this afternoon — went to Milton on their bikes & fished for trout in Hollow Log brook. Tommy caught one, which he brought home in triumph, cleaned, fried, & ate it for supper. I spent most of the afternoon raking & wheeling away the winter's accumulation of debris from my lawn, and the prunings from my shrubs, which I clipped last week.

SUNDAY, MAR. 16/47

Fine, cool. The gasoline stations observe the Sabbath by closing, all but one, & the others exhibit pointed signs in their windows saying which is open. I usually see that there is gas in my car for Sunday but I use the car so little in the winter months that this time I forgot. A sign in Bain's service station said "Zwicker's service station, Milton, open Sunday". With my tank gauge registering 0, I drove to Zwicker's & found it looked up. I drove to Potanoc (holding my breath all the way) & persuaded Bern Freeman's daughter Vera (it was much against her stiff Baptist principles) to come & unlock the pump outside Bern's little store & sell me 5 gallons. She took my money with a very unhappy smile & I told her I would say a prayer for her soul. Picked up Grandma & Marie & young Roger Freeman & drove to Carter's Beach. Roger wanted

to throw stones in the water & I got out with him & found the wind very cold though the sea was lovely in the sunlight.

MONDAY, MAR. 17/47. Overcast, mild. Walked to Milton & back,

in mud the whole way, this afternoon. Maclean's Magazine editors, belatedly following up a promise made last November, have had the T. Blymes painting framed & sent to me.

(This is a painting done for Maclean's in the autumn of 1939, to illustrate my story "Tib for Tab"; the tale was founded on fact & the painting illustrates a scene in the original anecdote, with old "Scabby Lou" Labrador, the Indian, confronting Philson Kempton at the old Potanoc sawmill.)

Maclean's valued it at \$300, according to the express bill, but it comes as a gift from the editors. Our living

room is really the place for it but Edith disapproves

— it does not match the furniture & "looks so big" —

— proving once again how widely our tastes differ; so I shall hang it in my den.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 19/46

This afternoon I walked to Five Rivers & back, partly on the highway, partly on the railway. Found one or two mayflowers in bud. Stopped to watch Jim Donley & some others trap-shooting in the field just before you come to Gull Island railway crossing; they have an outfit set up there with a semi-circular shooting stand, & a small hut to shelter the disc-loader. Sunny, with a N.W. breeze — walked

the whole way with my topcoat over my arm.

THURSDAY, MAR. 20/47

The strike of trawler fishermen is over, following a meeting of 400 men at Lunenburg last night, when a majority voted to return to work; without getting either of their two demands (a) recognition of their union, formed & led by H. C. Meade, an avowed Communist from Montreal & the U.S., & sent to Nfa by the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union to foment trouble; and (b) a 60% share in the catch instead of the 50% long established by the Bank-fishermen.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Sunny & cool, much mud on the road, patches of snow in the woods. Later went with Hector MacLeod to the Perkins house, opened the old iron safe, & had a look at the Society's bill of incorporation (1934) & the deeds to the property. The first deed was from Thomas & Edith Lynch (née Edith Agnew), heirs & administrators of the estate of Letitia Agnew, who lived all her life in the old Perkins house & died there in 1936. For the sum of \$2500 the Lynchs, man & wife, made over all claim in the property to the A.C. Historical Society; while they stated there were no other persons having title to the best of their knowledge, there was no "warrant & defend" clause in the deed, which was dated in September, 1936.

The other deed is rather surprising. Dated in November, 1937, a certain Fanny Cornish, of White Rock, B.C., gives a definite "warrant & defend" title to the whole property to the L.C.H.S., all for the sum of \$1.

Hector tells me that practically the whole indebtedness of the Society, incurred in the purchase & repair of the old house, amounting to \$4,500, has now been paid off. A number of those who lent money (all in \$100 "shares") turned in or cancelled their certificates, others turned back the 5% interest which we have faithfully paid on the outstanding shares throughout these difficult ten years.

Angling tackle is appearing in the sporting goods stores in very small quantity & at terrific prices. It is all U.S. made - no English stuff except a few reels. A split-bamboo two-piece rod, with no spare tip, costs \$25<sup>00</sup>. A four piece split-bamboo trout rod, with one spare tip, costs over \$50<sup>00</sup>.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22/47

To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. A few patches of snow & ice left in the woods. The lake is open from the south end to about half way, & the ice (dark & rotten) holds from there to the little wooded point near the camp. Worked till 6 pm. felling, sawing & splitting maples for firewood at the knoll by the dam. Noticed a small birch newly

felled & peeled by beavers near our chopping.

After supper talked, smoked, listened to the radio.

A fine frosty night & a good sleep.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23/47

A lovely sunny day with a brisk N.W. wind. After breakfast Smith went off with an axe to cut out the old trail to Kempton Brook, while the rest of us worked at firewood cutting & piling. We have about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cord split & piled. Dinner at 2 p.m.

Spent the afternoon cleaning up the camp & the surrounding bush - burning all wind-fallen branches etc.

Hiked out to Big Falls at 5:30. Noticed a few big tadpoles in the shallow water of the old gravel pit at N<sup>o</sup> 3. Norway pines in the old pit, mere sprouts when we first began travelling that way, are now higher than our heads & in another 10 years will make a fine little grove.

When we reached my house all came in for a drink or two.

George Macdonald dropped in this evening to renew an old-standing invitation to join the Quianis club. I declined again, pleasantly. I am no "joiner". George moved yesterday to his new house farther down Park Street. He has sold his bungalow, which stands next to my house lot on the southern side, to a young marine engineer named Cleveland.



MONDAY, MAR. 24, 1947.

Another fine day. Edith came with me for a walk this afternoon - she wanted some pussy-willows - but it was so lovely in the sunshine that we walked all the way around Western Head, 10 miles, came back hungry as wolves, & had delicious T-bone steaks in a lunch-wagon run by an enterprising young war veteran named "Lou", on Market Street.

TUESDAY, MAR. 25/47

Tonight I addressed the "Business & Professional Women's Club" - a group of stenographers, teachers & others, in the Navy Room at Town Hall. Subject: "Women's Dress from Colonial Times". They seemed to enjoy it, & fed me coffee & sandwiches.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 26/47

A howling N. gale with squalls of snow all day & night - a bleak change from days of calm, mild weather.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28/47

Wakened at 3 a.m. by a repeated wail of the fire siren, & saw a big red blaze over the top of ~~the~~ the Fifth house that looked as if a whole block on Main St. must be a fire. Dressed & ran down, found it to be the steam laundry, a big wooden box sitting well back towards the river behind Wong's boarding house. The whole thing blazed up like a box of matches & there were groans from the assembled multitude - in these days when shirts, underwear, sheets etc. are still almost impossible

to get it was a catastrophe. Amongst other matters, all the vestments of the Anglican clergy & ~~go~~ choir were in there for a pre-Easter cleaning. It was sharp cold, about 20°, & the frost & yesterday's light snow on the roofs prevented spread of the fire by large burning particles which went up in clouds & drifted towards the south-east. After half an hour I went home & found my kids very excited & eager for details.

Later on I was told that Mulhalls (the only men's wear store in town) last week received its quota of shirts for the spring & summer — the manufacturers have been doling them out on a ration basis ever since 1942. The quota was 5 dozen! The manager wired away an urgent plea this morning, stating that the town's laundry had burned & left it literally shirtless; so the manufacturers are sending another 7 dozen. (Thank Heaven our family had nothing in the laundry!)

Tonight, by a coincidence, the firemen held their annual binge — a dinner at the Mersey Hotel, followed by a dance at the Masonic Hall. I was invited to bring my wife & address the gathering on the history of fire-fighting — a rather tall order, but I made it short, talking chiefly about the improvement in methods & apparatus from colonial times to the present in Liverpool. We

had an excellent dinner, though the ladies found the dining room chilly. Old Sheriff Mulhall & Joe Ritchie were there, both in their 80's, last survivors of the old pre-1890 town fire brigade which used the small hand-pumped engines "Rapid" and "Rescue" still preserved in the basement of the fire hall. The old brass-bound steam fire engine which served the town faithfully from 1890 to 1935 is now stored in the old (wooden) schoolhouse at the Parade, where it has suffered much damage from the vandals of Weynot Town.

Liverpool now has a motor pumper, motor hose truck, & motor ladders truck, & this year the old fire hall is to be torn down & replaced with a modern fireproof structure.

The fire brigade looked very smart at the dinner, all in dark blue uniforms with brass buttons, white piping on the trouser seams, etc.. About 90 men & women sat down to dinner.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/47 Sunny & cool. This afternoon went to Eagle Lake with Smith, Dunlap & Gordon. Reached there about 4 p.m. & went to work at cutting, splitting & piling firewood by the old dam. Very little snow in the woods. The winter ice had broken up & vanished from Eagle Lake during the week but a temp. of  $5^{\circ}$  above zero last night had put a thin coat over the northern half of it. Sky clouded over at dusk & a light rain fell all night.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30/47 Pouring rain all morning, then snow

as the wind shifted. After dinner the weather cleared with a gale from N.W., & Dunlap & I spent the afternoon felling & sawing & splitting two small pine for kindling. (Smith went for a ramble to Kempton Brook & Gordon gathered a sack-full of birch bark in the woods towards the river.) This completes our firewood operation & gives us a good stock of fuel for the coming year. Left camp at 5 pm. Home at 6.30.

THURSDAY, APR. 3/47 Lovely day, cool breeze. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon - song sparrows singing all along the river from Milton to the railway bridge, the first I've seen or heard this spring. No robins yet. Strange, considering our very mild winter.

In Halifax the House is in session. Much ado over 1946 receipts - the biggest in history - the Liquor Commission alone showing a profit of \$8,880,000.00. Expenditures also were a record but the year-end showed a whopping surplus. Premier MacMillan used to ~~deprecate~~ moan about the mounting liquor profits during the war; Premier Mac Donald, more honest, says nothing. If the govt. really wished to reduce its profit on booze it could easily lower the very high prices charged in Liquor Commission stores, or

it could increase the alcoholic content (all spirits are 30% under proof) so that tipplers didn't have to buy so much to get the same effect. The truth is that the govt. now is getting the profit which afortime went to private bars & saloons, & later to bootleggers. Also the govt's greatly increased expenditures on schools, health services, etc, now depend very much on the L. C. profit, whether our moralists like it or not.

GOOD FRIDAY    APR. 4/47    Lovely sunny day. My sister Hilda drove down (in Herbert Gamsters car) for the week-end. For several weeks Tommy has been taking classes under Rev. <sup>Murray</sup> MacDonald of the United Church, preparatory to being received into that church, & the Rev. Mac. had assumed that our children had been christened by the Anglican parson when they were babes in arms. Yesterday Edith told him the kids had never been christened, so tonight about request he came about 7 o'clock & performed a simple & solemn little ceremony in our living room. Edith provided water in a cut-glass dish (actually a candy bowl).

Francie was rather astonished to find herself in a ceremony originally intended for Tommy alone. Present besides Edith, the parson & myself were Dick Mulhall (who first introduced the Rev. Mac. to us last year), and

Tommy's chum Billy Sweetnam. Originally we sent our youngsters to Trinity Church to be brought up in the Anglican faith. But after the Bishop Hackenley versus Trinity congregation affair of July 1941, I felt more & more that I did not wish my children brought up in rites so Romish or in a church where an autocratic bishop could so browbeat his flock. I had been brought up in the Low Church tradition & Hackenley's practices & personality were a shock to me. So in September 1942 we began sending the kids to the United Church.

SATURDAY, APR. 5/47 Overcast & cool. Tommy went fishing at Hollow Leg Brook & brought home one small trout.

I walked to Milton & back; graders at work but the road still very muddy. The usual seance about the radio tonight - Toronto eliminated Detroit from the play-off, 6-1.

SUNDAY, APR. 6/47 Mild, raining gently. Drove to Milton for Grandma & Marie Freeman - dropping Tommy & Frances at Sunday School on the way. Morning service at 11 in the United Church, & we filled a whole pew - Grandma & Marie, Edith, Hilda, Francis & I. Tommy was received into the church with 15 or 20 other youngsters & adults in a nice little ceremony. The Church full

but very little Easter finery on the ladies - poor weather for it. Met Claude Burbridge just as we were leaving the church - an old school chum of mine at Hfd whom I had not seen in many years. He & his wife were here for the week-end.

MONDAY, APR. 7/47 Dull, mild, boisterous wind. Walked to Milton, had a yarn with Cecil Brown about old logging days. Wilson Kempton came along & joined the talk - Wilson is in his 60's; his father & grandfather were lumbermen. I went with him to his house & he gave me several boot-calks (known in the old time as "spurs") used by log-drivers on the river between 1880 & 1900, also half a dozen hand-forged nails from the old Samuel Freeman house, which he helped to demolish after it was gutted by fire a few years ago.

Maclean's Mag. wants me to do an article on Peggys Cove - haven't the time for it now - their deadline is May 1. Phil Moore & W. Reay asked me to contribute some descriptive paragraphs about the South Shore, for a tourist pamphlet to be issued by the combined Boards of Trade from Chester to Yarmouth. I stipulated that my name was not to be used, & wrote the stuff. Irving Bain asked me to address the Kiwanis Club at Yarmouth but I said No.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1947.

Lovely day. Robins appeared in the Fifth field yesterday - 2 or 3 weeks later than usual.

And the pair of robins which has nested in the trees along our boundary wall, & fed its offspring on worms from our lawn, for many successive years, has failed to show up at all.

I walked around Western Head this afternoon; sat half an hour in a sheltered spot in the woods enjoying the sunshine.

Jacques Chambrun writes that he is coming up here to talk business with me in May, asks me not to close with another publisher before then.

Latest strike in the U.S. is that of the Bell Telephone Co.'s employees, which has rendered that voluble country comparatively speechless. Ottawa gradually is lifting the price-controls - rents may now go up 10%. Labor unions, whose demands for higher wages & shorter hours last year brought about the chief increase in everybody's cost of living, now are howling loudly about rising prices, threatening to strike again for wage increases - another whirl in the merry spiral.

Last night Henry Ford died. He was a pioneer automobile manufacturer & first to demonstrate the advantages of mass production to producer & consumer alike. He always paid his employees far more than comparable skilled labor in other industries, but once



the union made its appearance he was more bitterly attacked by his own labor than any other manufacturer.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9/47

Dull, with variable winds, all chilly. Tommy wished me to go fishing with him, so after breakfast we dug some worms & set off by car up the river. At Big Falls Bert Anderson told me to try the old fishing hole at Trout Rock, in the original river bed at N<sup>o</sup> 2 dam. Some big leaks in the wooden topping of the wing dams there have created quite a stream in the old bed (dry since 1929) and some good trout have found their way into it from N<sup>o</sup> 2 pond.

We arrived at Trout Rock shortly before dinner, had our dinner there, & fished in the old hole, & farther up at a new pool below the dam.

We only got 3 trout but they were a nice trio - I got one weighing 1 1/2 lbs, Tommy's weighed 16 oz & 14 oz., & he was delighted with the whole day. Home at 6.

THURSDAY, APR. 10/47

Lovely spring day. The old fire hall is being demolished. It was a queer old structure, a square two-story thing with a steep pitched roof & a 50 foot wooden tower shaped like Cleopatra's needle, into which 50-foot lengths of hose could be hoisted & hung (for drying purposes) by means of ropes & pulleys. The electric alarm siren was mounted on the top of this tower

during the late war chiefly for use in case of German attack. The upper story of the fire hall was used as a music room by the town band until the band went out of existence in 1942. Nobody seems to know when the fire hall was built, except that it was "before 1895".

At present the fire apparatus is housed in an old garage behind the Telephone Co. building, & the brigade had a run from its new quarters this afternoon — a grass fire set by young Jack Dunlap behind his father's house.

FRIDAY APR. 11/47 Black, showery. I drove to Halifax this morning. Jean (Dunlap) Conrad & her two children & baggage came along. The little boy had a terrible cold, & got car sick, a fearful mess — I stopped beyond Bridgewater so Jean could wipe off the worst of it. Jean decided they should all get in the front seat, where "the motion is not so bad", & so I drove the rest of the way with the small boy coughing in my face & a wintry breeze blowing in the opened windows "to give Rose air".

The result I foresaw soon after we left Bridgewater — when I got up to address the N.S. Historical Society tonight I had a fast-developing cold & a very sore throat. However I got through alright. Hilda came as my guest. Meeting was held in the

Red Chamber, a handsome room, full of people, some of whom had to stand. Judge Doull presided. There was some business including election of officers for the ensuing year, then Judge Doull introduced me & I read my paper on "Larleton's Legion". I had brought along several copies of photostats of Larleton's portrait by Reynolds, of Sergeant Neil Campbell's discharge certificate, & of six of the Legion's land tickets, which were passed amongst the people for inspection.

Afterwards Judge Doull, Sir Joseph Chisholm, & Major ("Lucky") Logan made nice little speeches of appreciation. Logan always claims me as one of his pupils at Halifax Academy but I think he is mistaken. When I was at the Academy in the spring of 1918 V. A. Morton was principal & I think Logan was still in the army. Other friends came up & shook hands - John Martin, principal of St. Patrick's High School; Burns Martin of King's; Benner and Wilson of Dalhousie; D. C. Hargrey & his new assistant, Ferguson, of the Provincial Archives.

Andrew Merkel was there - had driven in from Granville for the occasion - & afterwards he came with Hilda & me to Mother's flat for a drink or two, then on to the Gordon Thompsons' on Robie Street, where we had delicious

lobsters fresh from the Bay shore, & sat talking till  
1.30 a.m.

SATURDAY, APR. 12/47. My cold very wretched all day.  
I doctored my throat carefully until 3.30 when I went  
down to the C.B.C. studios on Backville Street to  
record a broadcast. It was a talk on Liverpool, N.S.,  
addressed to the people of Liverpool, England, & sent  
by the beamed short-wave. My announcer a tall  
blond young man named Bob Brazil. Dorothy Cox  
had charge of the broadcast - very pale & very grey  
since I saw her last. She wants me to come back  
in May for some further broadcasting to Britain.  
Back to Mum's flat at 5, & spent the evening  
snuffling, wheezing & coughing.

SUNDAY, APR. 13/47 Bitter cold, east wind, overcast.  
Stayed indoors till 5.30, when I ~~went~~ walked down  
to the Lord Nelson, to meet Colin Smith & a dozen  
other ex-officers of the West & Doras. We had dinner  
together in a private dining room & afterwards discussed  
plans for the regimental history. Then up to the  
officers' mess in Artillery Park where we had drinks &  
the young men told hilarious stories of "Ronnie the Rat"  
Waterman, "Winkie" Beaton, "Snippy" Peach & other  
characters of the regiment until midnight. Cold worse.

MONDAY, APR. 14/47

TUESDAY, APR. 15/47

At the Archives all day.  
" " " " " " & spent evening at Dr. D. C. Harvey's flat on South St. Prof. "Ben" Bennet & his wife Helene there, also young Ferguson who took Jim Martell's place on the Archives staff.

Harvey has a pleasant wife, & two blonde daughters, 20-ish, one plump, one slim, & the slim girl has an odd cask in one eye. Harvey does his best to be affable but he takes himself too seriously, claims that his efforts to write some (badly needed) N.S. history are frustrated by the constant demands (many of them by cranks & other frivolous folk) for information which in his capacity of archivist he cannot refuse.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 16/47

Shopping in town this morning. Left Francis's photo and the Philip Barry drawing of "Lia" at Zwicker's for framing. Exchanged Edith's butter knives (flat) for the hollow-handled type, & bought 2 extra, at Birk's, and left there Edith's white-gold engagement ring, which has worn right through at the back. Bought some fishing flies & casts at Eatons. Their rods are far too few & expensive. Tried Phinney's, who had one lone rod, split bamboo, price \$65.00! Worked at Archives all afternoon. Evening at the movies on Quinpool Road.

THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1947. Bleak weather - snow last night, rain & slush tonight. My cold hangs to me. At Archives all day. Capitol Theatre tonight, a good show, & a good walk, there & back.

SATURDAY, APR. 19/47 Bleak still. Archives closed at noon for the week-end so I spent afternoon in Cambridge Library looking over regimental histories. Two young officers recognized me & we had a yarn in the adjoining lounge, one of them a Dr. Dunsworth, specialist in psychiatry.

SUNDAY, APR. 20/47 Sunny but cold. Drove down to St. Paul's for morning service, for the first time since I was a boy. Only noticeable changes were flags of the allied nations hanging out on staffs from the gallery (odd to see the red Soviet banner with its golden hammer & sickle in a Christian church!); - and the choir of men, women & boys all in red gowns & white surplices, the women with little black caps. Coming out I was spotted by the wardens, who asked me to sign the register.

Spent this afternoon in Dartmouth with my old acquaintance John P. Martin, principal of St. Patrick's High School, & an enthusiastic antiquarian. Drove about the town, getting out & looking at

the old windmill site, the site of the Quaker whaling station, the canal locks, Dartmouth Cove (all in a bitter wind blowing down from Bedford Basin!) & finally turned out to Preston, saw the site of Maroon Hall, saw Margaret Floyer's grave in Wood-lawn cemetery, the site of Brook House, & finally the site of Governor Wentworth's farm. The Governor's farm is on a magnificent site, a steep rounded hill commanding a view for miles around. A negro family named Collie have a house close by the depression of the old Wentworth cellar. Old Collie (full name John Wentworth Collie) now in his 90's, is a grandson of the great governor by one of Wentworth's serving wenches, a good-looking Maroon. Old Collie boasts, "Ah, I got high blood in me!" & the local inhabitants say his father had refined Caucasian features & a fine manner, although his skin was very dark. We talked to John Wentworth Collie's granddaughter, a healthy & intelligent young woman as black as the ace of spades, & sat a long time in the Collie kitchen, trying to get some information about the governor's farmhouse. Very little

survives except the fact that the governor had a cannon for firing salutes on holidays & to greet distinguished visitors, & the site of the gun stand is still to be seen. Returned to Nfx at 6.

MONDAY, APR. 21/47

Archives this morning. Called on Olga Martell - very bright, but hair turning quite grey since Jim died. Lunch at the Nova Scotian with Wm. Arthur Diakon, literary critic of the Toronto Globe & on a visit here in his capacity of president of the Canadian Authors' Association. Afternoon (what remained of it) at Archives, where I finally packed, thanked Dr. Hervey & departed. Weather sunny after a light snowstorm last night.

TUESDAY, APR. 22/47

Drove home this morning, stopping to shop en route at Simpson's - ordered a dinner set of Wedgwood ware which I found on display there. Found my family all well & happy.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 23/47

Down to the Perkins house this morning with Hector Macleod - he has sold the heavy iron safe, which was endangering the old floor. This afternoon drove through Milton to the site of Wm. Weagles old house on the river road, where Edith picked a big bunch of mayflowers.



THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1947

Weather continues bleak & I still cannot shake off the hacking cough I got on the way to Hfx. Spent most of the afternoon with lawyer John Cameron going over the title to the Perkins house & arranged that he should make up a deed from the Historical Society granting Armand Wigglesworth a ten-foot strip of land along the east side of the driveway from Church Street. This sale was approved, with one dissenting vote (Mrs. John Day's) at the last meeting of the Society.

We have sold the old-fashioned heavy iron safe which has stood for some years in the hall of the Perkins house. It was bought <sup>originally</sup> in Port Medway for \$30 as a fireproof repository for valuable documents, but it was not at all fireproof & its weight had seriously damaged the floor supports.

This evening I went down & unlocked the house, & watched the truckmen take it away. We got \$60 for it from Sproul, the local safe-expert, who buys, repairs & sells them. The demand for safes is far ahead of the supply, as is evident - we got twice what we had paid for this old iron box-on-wheels ten years ago. It is said that the hoarding of currency by income-tax dodgers, such as small merchants who formerly deposited each day's takings in the bank, has caused this tremendous demand for safes of all ages, kinds & conditions.

TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1947.

Still racked with bronchitis but the sun came out today & I walked to Milton & back, & felt better for it — my first exercise since April 17th.

Tonight, the new Finance Minister, Abbott, brought down his budget, with news of an average cut in the personal income tax averaging 29%, a welcome relief. Biggest cut favors the group earning \$3,000 or less, whose tax is cut almost in half. The reductions go into effect on July 1st, so that we get the benefit of them for one half of the current year.

THURSDAY, MAY 1/47

Easterly & S.E. winds with pouring rain all yesterday & today; my cellar flooded, a lake on the lawn. This afternoon Tommy played a trumpet solo as part of the Musical Festival, a two-day, annual affair, held in the high school auditorium. Professor (Mus.) E. A. Collins of Acadia University is adjudicator this year. Tommy, after tremendous practice (I'm sure I shall hear "Song of the Sun" in my dreams for years to come!) & a meticulous oiling, cleaning & polishing of his trumpet, played his piece perfectly except — the last two notes, when he "blew up", to his own & his palpitating mother's distress. However, Dr. Collins congratulated him on his "rhythm" & turned a pretty compliment, something about Tommy's father making music with words, etc.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1947

A British steamer, the "Wicklow Head", 2800 tons, bound from Belfast to St. John in ballast, was wrecked on a reef off Port Joli Head at 11 p.m. yesterday. In the thick weather they failed to see Little Hope light, & apparently were unable to get satisfactory radio bearings, being so close in to the coast. The crew of 25 were taken off by a fishing boat from Port Mouton this morning & brought to the Mersey Hotel here by truck. They said the ship's engine room was flooded, also the fore-hold, & she was pounding heavily on the rocks.

This evening a young lawyer named Fowke came to see me. He had read some of my books & came to ask my advice about going into the practice of law in Liverpool. I gathered that he had some notion of going into practice with Ross Byrne, for he asked me about Byrne's character & reputation. I advised him as best I could from my very limited knowledge of legal business in the County, & suggested that he interview Vernon Reid, now a stipendiary magistrate, in this circuit, & a former law partner of Byrne's.

Edith's ring, which was worn through, had to be replaced with a new one, & the diamond transferred - the cost, \$25<sup>00</sup>. The new ring did not fit, but Edith went up to Hfs. with the Kings today, & Birks supplied a larger ring in the same style.

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1947

The wrecked steamer "Wicklow Head" is being thoroughly pillaged by the "Sou'-Westers" - the pirates of South West Port Mouton. The salvage tug abandoned efforts to dislodge her & sailed off to Hfx. The wreck is well off-shore but at the mercy of the Sou'-Westers in their motor boats. Brent Smith came in at noon, wanted me to go with him to Catherines River & watch the fun. I was for going, but Edith moaned & said she had a picnic basket packed for an afternoon up the river - so we went up-river, taking Brent & the kids along, plus fishing tackle.

N<sup>o</sup> 1 Sam was lined with people fishing, so we left the angling to the kids - Tommy caught a little one.

The Parkers were there, & Marion & Jack Dunlap & others. At tea-time I discovered that Edith had failed to put the picnic basket in the car, so we had to come home just at the best time of day (the sun was out all afternoon, a miracle) & eat hot sandwiches in the foggy town. Should have gone to Catherines River.

MONDAY, MAY 5/47

Pouring rain last night & all today. This evening I attended a farewell dinner to Corporal Morrison, of the R.C.M.P., in charge of the detachment here since autumn, 1939, a keen & sensible officer much liked by all but evildoers. Dinner at the Mersey Hotel.

About 35 men present. Ross Nickerson presided & called upon several, including me, to say a few words. Morrison was presented with a silver tea set & a chest of flat silverware. Shaking hands with him afterwards, he told me he was going to Pictou to command a 7-man detachment, & expected to remain there until his retirement, 3 or 4 years from now. On retirement he thinks he will return to Liverpool & buy a home.

TUESDAY, May 6/47

The sun came out this afternoon for an hour or two & I walked to the Gull Island railway crossing, returning along the track. Found myself in very bad condition from lack of exercise - due to the persistent bronchitis I got on my Hfx trip, & the awful weather since; I have not been able to follow my daily walking since April 9th. Working hard on the Hfx book.

WEDNESDAY, May 7/47

Sunshine in town although the fog horn at Western Head blew dismally all day. Walked around the Head this afternoon in good brisk fashion. The fishermen are getting a few Kiacks in their nets. Asked Eric Manthorne, the Chevrolet man, about chances of getting a new car this summer. He pulled a long face. Only a trickle of cars are coming, one or two per month. He says the factories are in full production but almost half is being exported, & the rest has to be spread very

thly. Tariffs give Ford & General Motors a monopoly of the home market but the foreign market, where they must compete with Britain & the U.S., is kept well supplied while the home folk wait. That is why in pre-war years a South African could buy a Canadian car, laid down at Capetown, cheaper than anyone could buy it in Canada.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/47 A howling NW gale all yesterday & today, with temperatures down to 30° at night. My bronchitis came back at once - coughing & wheezing all today.

A letter from Merrill Rawding M.L.A. says provincial govt. has passed \$5,000 in the estimates for work on the Perkins house, Liverpool, & adds that the Historical Society should now prepare a formal transfer of the property to govt. Acknowledged this, & wrote Hon. Harold Connolly on the subject, suggesting transfer on or after May 22nd, with a formal "handing-over" ceremony in a pool on July 1st, when a crowd of bounty people will be in town for the Legion sports.

SATURDAY, MAY 10/47 Sunny day, cool breeze. Mowed my lawn for the first time this season, first going over it with the roller; got out the garden chairs; Tommy planted some honeysuckle about the sundial - summer is now officially here.

Phoned Mx. to arrange for flowers to be delivered to my mother - tomorrow is Mother's Day.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1947

Sunny & warm. Left at 1:30 pm. for Shelburne River, with Austin Parker & Irving Bain, on our annual fishing trip. Maurice Russell failed us this year, so we were unable to use two canoes. Had Parker's big Chestnut lashed to the car top.

Arrived at Camp One in time for the late afternoon fishing. Leo the cook gave us an early supper & we spent the hours till dark at the familiar farce of trying to "pick up a few on Pollard's Falls". Austin got 3, Bain & I none. Back to the camp where Leo insisted that we eat again - another fig meal. Drove over to the rangers' camp on the other side of the river, found the chief ranger, Winston Huolbark, away on a visit to his home near Kempville - walking across country by the "Greyhide Trail". The other ranger, Hayward Strang, a slim, quiet, muscular man, 30-ish, made us welcome. He served in Canadian corvettes as a seaman during the late war - "as a change from woods work." We slept in bunks at the rear of Camp One office.

THURSDAY, MAY 15/47

An open-&-shut day, muggy, with spells of cloud & of burning sunshine, of calms & sudden hard squalls. Getting our stuff up

to Sand Brook was a problem, for we had enough equipment & supplies to make two normal canoe loads. (Bain & Parker, luxurious blighters, had even brought along patent canvas cots, as well as their sleeping bags; & the tent was a big bulky thing borrowed from Meray Paper Company.) Parker insisted on loading everything into the canoe, saying Bain & I could paddle it up the river, while he walked to the Low Bridge. Bain & I set out, but before going far realised that the canoe was dangerously overloaded & cranky, so I steered back to the landing & threw off the three sleeping bags, which had been laid across the gunwales on top of the other stuff. I told P. that I'd come back for him & the bags.

We set off again with barely 3 inches freeboard amidships but the canoe was at least manageable & we got up the river all right in spite of the squalls. Bain developed a cramp in his leg & I had to set him ashore at the Low Bridge to rest a bit. He is 60-ish & unable to perform much physical labor so I did most of the paddling. We managed to squeeze the loaded canoe under the logs of Low Bridge



by passing a rope underneath, Bain tugging whilst I lay on the logs pushing the canoe deeper into the water with my feet. Went on to the foot of Sand Lake & found the camping place at the foot of Sand Brook untenanted. Put off the stuff & Bain there, & I paddled down the river to Pollard's Falls again & picked up Parker & the sleeping bags. While there we saw ~~the~~ Hebb, the motor agent, Judge Robertson & other anglers, from Bridgewater, just returning from a week at Sobatic with the most elaborate equipment I ever saw in the woods - a former army truck laden with 2 flat dish-bottomed plywood boats & other gear, including 3 outboard motors; also a car with another boat lashed on the top.

The truck roads made through this whole area by Mersey Paper Co. have paved the way for a horde of anglers from all over the province, many of them equipped like this, & the last haunt of the trout is under constant & merciless attack.

Parker & I stopped to fish a little at Sew Bridge, where as usual P. caught one or two & I got none. While standing on the bridge

we heard a hissing sound & saw a small whirl-wind coming up the river. Whenever its erratic course took it near the bank, it tumbled & shook the trees violently, & plucked up a cloud of dead leaves. Over the water it raised a water-sprout perhaps a foot high with a whirl of spray flying 6 or 8 feet above that again. It petered out just before it got to us. I couldn't help wondering what would have happened if the thing had come along while Bain & I were paddling up the river in that overloaded canoe.

We set up our tent & got ready for the night, then P. & I set out in the canoe for the head of Sand Lake, leaving Sand Brook to be fished by Bain. Where the river from Irving & the other smaller lakes flows into Sand Lake there is a marvellous fishing hole; but here again we had not reckoned with the march of "civilization". There is now a truck road across the stream just above the trout hole, & we found a small crew of men hauling pine logs out of the lake with the aid of a horse & skidway, & loading them on motor trucks which came lurching over the bridge every half hour or so.

The men informed us that Lawrence Mason, of New Glasgow, was conducting these operations & had a sawmill established a half mile to the west. They added that the whole mill crew were in the habit of fishing along the lower pools every evening.

We fished about 2 hours for little reward — P. got 2 small trout, I got none. Just as we were leaving a small procession came across the bridge — a truck, & new shining motor car, in which sgt Mason himself, and (of all things here in the wilderness) a long sleek taxi-cab from Caledonia! Now that lumberjacks get \$5 to \$10 per day they travel de luxe to & from their frequent holidays at home.

Back to our camp where we found Bain getting supper. He reported a high water in the brook & very poor fishing. He had got 2 or 3 fish, using a fly. Spent a comfortable evening by the fire & had a good sleep.

FRIDAY, MAY 16/47. A burning hot day, which we spent fishing Sand Brook up & down. P. & B. got a few fish but I cannot enjoy slow fishing & spent most of the morning admiring the weather, the scene (this stream is beautiful),

the chorus of birds — there were multitudes of birds, including one variety which sang with a canary-like trill ending in one long drawn out note.

I caught a trout at the head of the brook, fishing above the old wooden dam at Supper Lake. The trout darted down the log sluice & gave me a merry time of it but I managed to save my rod & finally to get the trout. In the afternoon I fell or tripped over a windfall & in trying to save my rod I sprained my back. Unable to walk for a time, & then only to hobble back to camp. P. was anxious to fish at the main Supper Lake - Lobatic dam, & carried the canoe over the portage. B. was too tired to go, so I went along, after supper. We paddled across Supper Lake cautiously in a gusty wind & fished till dark. This was where we had good fishing last year but now we could not raise more than one small trout - which P. caught. I spent the night sleepless & in agony, unable to find any way to lie that would ease my back.

SATURDAY, May 17/47 Another hot day. Blackflies vicious in sheltered places but a good breeze kept

them off in the open. Just as we were finishing breakfast, Strang the ranger came along in his 14-foot aluminum canoe to see how we fared. We were fed up with the poor fishing about Sand Lake & Supper Lake so he offered to help transport our stuff down to Pollards Falls & suggested a trip over to Sobecatic on Sunday. This was just what we wanted so we loaded his canoe & our own (how we got so much of it into one canoe-load on the way up none of us could understand, seeing that it made a good load for Strang's & our own). I got in the aluminum canoe with Strang & down the river we went. This canoe is a beautiful craft, though "a mite ticklish" as Strang says, & too noisy for deer hunting - the expansion & contraction of the metal, & the air in the fore & aft peak buoyancy chambers, causes it to emit sudden reports like gunshots when (for instance) it begins to cool in the water after sitting on the bank in the sun for a time. Also every knock of the paddle against the gunwale makes it boom like a drum.

On the credit side, it weighs only 46 lbs, never needs painting or re-covering, slips easily through the water, & stands knocks & abrasions better than canvas.

P. & B. fished assiduously on Pollard's Falls but I spent the afternoon talking mostly to the rangers. We spent the night in the rangers' camp - Hurlburt was back from his cross-country jaunt. The rangers regularly travel this "Greyhede Trail" to make love to their wives in Kemptrille. The distance each way is 35 miles, of which 7 is covered by boat & canoe & the rest afoot. I asked how long it took. They grinned, & Strang said, "Well, going to Kemptrille after a month here in the sanctuary we make it in one day; but coming back it always takes two days & sometimes three."

Strang shot 2 bears in the sanctuary yesterday. The rangers kill all they see - Hurlburt carries a Ruger pistol, even when he goes out for an evening's fishing. Bears damage their out-camps a lot, & they are now building a new one at Jordan Lake to replace one literally torn to pieces by bears.

SUNDAY, MAY 18/47 Up at daylight. My back much better after a good night's rest. Drove to Lobeatic Lake by car & spent up the lake in the rangers' motorboat. They have torn out the gates of the logging dams at Lobeatic & on the Little Lobeatic stream, to allow the trout to move.

freely to the spawning grounds. At this point in our fishing trip I had exactly 3 trout; P. (the fish-hawk) had about 12, & B. about 8.

We began to fish at the main Sobatic dam, near the rangers' camp, & picked up a few fish, mostly on the fly, above the dam. Then we moved up to the Little Sobatic stream, found it cluttered with fallen trees & very low after these days of hot weather. Here, where I've enjoyed good fishing two years ago, we met with poor fishing now. B. & I. got nothing, P. picked up one or two. I soon quit fishing, & sat smoking & talking to the rangers. Finally Hurlburt told me to get in his canoe & he paddled down through the old flowage of the Sobatic dam towards what the map calls Louis Brook & the rangers call Beaver Lake Brook.

Hurlburt explained that there are cold springs on Beaver Brook which make it a favorite haunt of trout in the summer months. Usually it is not worth fishing earlier than June, but the recent hot weather & resultant low water in Little Sobatic stream, gave him a notion that the trout might have moved into Beaver.

This proved to be the case, for I got a fine strike in the flowage near the brook mouth, & we followed up to some huge Granite rocks with an ironstone rock opposite. This was right in the flowage or ~~lake~~ lake created by Sobatie dam, with little perceptible current from Beavers Brook, yet it was full of trout, tall eager to strike. In an hour we had 25 fine trout - I caught most of them but now & again I insisted on Hurlburt taking the rod. The fish struck best at a dark Montreal fly at the end of my cast, but I tried various other flies in an upper loop & found them striking freely at a Parmachene Belle as well. Three times I had trout on both flies at once. Finally I said I'd caught all I wanted. (I wanted to stop at a dozen, which was all I wanted, but Hurlburt said "Well, the law allows you more; why not catch your limit?") We found P. & B. on Sobatie dam, fishing away (with no luck) & facing downstream, & I got a big kick out of the look on their faces as we shot the canoe down the old log sluice & let them see that fine bunch of trout, most of which were still flopping about



the canoe. B. said "My God, he's caught more in an hour than we've caught in 3 days."

We had dinner at the rangers' camp, & after dinner Strong took P. & B. up to try their luck at the Beaver hole. I sat on the dam all afternoon smoking & talking with Hurlburt. At the camp he showed me an aluminium stew-pot bitten by a bear (whether experimentally or in spite H. did not know) which broke into the camp a few years ago. Bruin had taken it in his mighty jaws & left a fine set of teeth-marks, with the points of his upper incisors driven clean through the bottom!

P. & B. returned about 4 p.m. with a dozen fine trout, but lacking a Montreal fly like mine (which incidentally I lost on my way down from the Beaver Hole) they had found the trout less hungry than I had known them. However we had about 65 trout altogether for the trip — P. had 20 or so, B. had 17, I had 28.

Reached the rangers' camp on Pollard's Falls just at dusk, & rain beginning to fall — a nice bit of timing. Supper with the rangers. I wanted to give them a bonus for their help & courtesy,

but as usual they would take no money, so B. gave them a carton of cigarettes & I gave them a bottle of rum "in case of snake-bite."

Thanked them both heartily & set out for home, stopping at Camp One to say goodbye to Leo & tell him how we fared. Home at 10 p.m. in pouring rain.

MONDAY, MAY 19/47. Overcast. J. W. Reside, engineer, & Hedley Doty, photographer, both of the provincial govt., arrived this morning to take some interior photos of the Perkins house. They had lunch with us - a fried trout - & we spent most of the afternoon in the Perkins house. They left at 4.

TUESDAY, MAY 20/47. Having signed documents holding myself responsible for safekeeping, for secrecy, etc., I received today in two large bundles, triple-wrapped, a copy of the West Nova Scotia Regiment's war diary from Aug. 24, 1939 to July 31, 1945.

It was entered, & bound together with Part Two Orders, in monthly instalments. This is the triplicate copy, which is the property of the regiment. The original copy is held by War Records, Ottawa, the Duplicate by Records, of the War Office, London.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1947

J. W. Reside in town again for a more detailed inspection of the Perkins House. Spent the evening with me, talking it over.

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1947.

All day with Reside. In the Perkins house we removed bits of wallpaper & scraped paint here & there. Came to the conclusion that an original waincoting about 2½' to 3' high, composed of boards laid horizontally, had been removed probably in the period 1815-1840, & replaced with plaster down to the mop-board. No trace of original wallpaper. Woodwork in ground-floor rooms covered with successive layers of paint, mostly cream & white, representing the period, say 1810-1947. Below this was a layer of dark reddish brown (possibly the "Spanish Brown" mentioned in Perkins' diary); then the original paint, a queer bilious-looking olive green, with bluish tints in spots. We drove to Milton & inspected my old house there, now the Baptist parsonage, & the Wilson Rempton house. Discovered in the Rempton attic a number of fine wide pine boards stored away, perhaps a dozen or more, which we may be able to purchase for restoration work in the Perkins house.

Tonight I presided at a meeting of Queens

County Historical Society in the Navy Room of Town Hall, of which due notice had been given by the usual advertisements in the Liverpool Advertiser (issues of May 15<sup>th</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup>). Unfortunately there was a big Masonic meeting on the same night, and a concert by the High School band and glee clubs, so that we had a slim attendance but more than enough for a quorum. (14 members present, and 2 guests.)

I exhibited Doty's excellent photos of the Perkins house interior, reviewed the various steps towards permanent maintenance of the Perkins house, & stated that the time had come for a transfer of title to the government of Nova Scotia. The necessary motion was made by Mrs. John Day, our oldest member & the one who first conceived the idea of purchasing the old house when it came on the market in 1938. The vote was unanimously Aye.

FRIDAY, May 23/47

All day with Reside - he had lunch with us. He has undertaken to look through the Perkins diary for references to the house. I felt guilty about this - I should have done this myself, but I am so burdened now with work that I simply could not offer to take on more. However Reside is quite happy about it, & a perusal of the Perkins diary

will give him a picture of the life & times that he could get in no other way. In the afternoon we went to Milton & inspected Gertrude Newcomb's home, the old Ford house, built 1763 & for many years a coaching tavern. Here in the "back" kitchen (summer kitchen) we found the horizontal pine board wainscot still in place, & examining inside cupboards & closets found, untouched & uncovered, areas of a reddish-brown paint like that we found in the Perkins house.

Noticed several door-frames badly awry (like one or two in the Perkins house) from settling of the house, & the doors cut awry to permit free closing. Mrs. Newcomb told us that the family tradition is that the house settled in this fashion quite soon after it was built, & the queerly cut doors have been "that way" ever since colonial times. At 4:30

Reside left for his home in Yarmouth with several of the (typewritten) volumes of the Perkins diary copy owned by the Q.C. Historical Society, for study at his leisure.

Tonight, with Edith & Francis, I attended the second performance of the High School concert. The cadet band, 25 or 30 pieces, played extremely well. We caught occasional glimpses of our Tommy toothling

his trumpet in the back row.

SATURDAY, MAY 24/47. Empire Day, & a fine hot day it was. The merchants of A'pool, R'fx. & some other places decided to observe the holiday on Monday the 26th, so the shops were open today; but the banks & post office observed the holiday today as the regulations provide.

I spent the morning poring over the WNSR war diary. This afternoon & evening I took off the storm doors & all lower floor storm windows, stowed the storm windows on the overhead racks in the garage, washed & polished the kitchen window & my den windows, put on the screens, & repaired the steps & platform under Edith's wash-line. We had our tea on the lawn, very pleasant, the Indian pear tree a mass of white bloom, the forsythia bushes a blaze of yellow, (as they have been for two weeks or more) & the other shrubs breaking into leaf. A pair of robins nesting in the spruce tree behind the garage.

A letter from Jacques Chambrun, literary agent, who is coming from New York to see me next week. He wants me to sign a contract with the John C. Winston Co, publishers of Philadelphia, for my next novel, & suggests bringing Albert Morschad of the Winston Co. along with him.

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1947

Sunny but wind E. & somewhat chilly. Took a drive with Edith this afternoon, along the shore to Fogler's Cove, exploring a little by-road at Cherry Hill on the way. All along the way were little piles of spruce & pine logs, mostly cut within 100 yards of the road, & mostly poor stuff—small & knotty. The present terrific price of lumber makes every wayside log a thing of unprecedented value, and the "truck-loggers" are busy everywhere, even in the "barrens," gleaming the logs handy to the roads, & taking anything that will saw a 6-inch board.

MONDAY, MAY 26/47.

A flood of rain all night & morning. As soon as it let up, Jack Dunlap & Tommy set off on their bikes for Five Rivers on the fishing trip they have been planning for days. (They spent all yesterday across the harbor in Jack's boat, catching minnows on the flats for bait, & slept the night in Jack's cabin behind the Dunlap house. During the night a cat found their minnows in a tin outside & ate the lot. So they had to dig worms in the rain this morning.)

I spent the morning studying the WNSR war diary & writing letters to Col. R. W. Bullock, Col. C. A. Good, & others requesting information for the history. After lunch I called for S. B. "Winky" Beaton in my car, &

brought him to my den for an afternoon's conference about the Italian campaign. He served as a captain in the WNSR & was wounded in a night raid on the Ariello front. A dark stocky quiet man of 35 or so, he is now back in his old job as a timber cruiser for Mersey Paper Co. This evening I mowed my lawn in a small cloud of blackflies & mosquitoes. Tommy turned up from Five Rivers with one trout; Jack got none. Tonight I corrected the last batch of galley sheets for "Wedding Gift & other stories" & had another go at the WNSR war diary. I have not yet received the field maps.

TUESDAY, May 27/47

Fine, sunny, refreshing breeze. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Tea on the lawn, which is now at its best. The wild pear & Forsythia blossoms were especially heavy this year, but now they are "shaking" & the grass is littered with white & yellow petals.

A pair of robins nesting in the spruce behind the garage.  
A pair of yellow warblers nesting in a spirea on the back lawn. Francie has organized a small club of girls about her own age (11) & called it the Kindness To Others club, or more briefly the KTO. I cannot observe that they are Kinder To Others than most little girls of that age, but they hold regular meetings (at which Francie is the boss) & take up a small collection for worthy objects. Francie



asked me to "make a verse about the K.T.O" - for use as a kind of club yell, I gathered - & I supplied this: -

PEKA, BEKA, BOKA, Bo,  
WE ARE THE GIRLS OF K.T.O.  
WE'RE KIND TO OTHERS,  
EVEN MOTHERS;  
AS FOR FATHERS, Ho-Ho-Ho!

She considered this gravely & informed me it wouldn't do.

THURSDAY, MAY 29/47 Sunshine & cloud, with a light cool breeze from S.E. Working hard on the W.N.S. Regt history. Randolph Day, late lieut. & finally major in the regt, came in tonight to give me some details of the early days. He was with the unit from its first mobilization, until about the battle of Potenza, but spent the rest of the war in "holding units" & on instructional duties.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/47 Left for Yarmouth by car at 1:30 p.m. to meet Jacques Chambrun, my New York agent, who is flying up to confer with me regarding future publishing in the U.S. Near Barrington I ran into a storm of wind & mist & by the time I reached Yarmouth airport I found the flight from Boston cancelled until tomorrow morning. Fortunately I had tucked my

shaving kit & pajamas into a brief-case, but I had no topcoat & spent the evening watching a flood of rain descending on the street outside the Grand Hotel. The "Grand", (as it is called in Yarmouth) has a comfortable lounge & a large new sun-parlor, but its rooms are unheated & the furniture is of the cheapest mid-Victorian period. I couldn't get a room with bath, but there was a wash-basin with hot & cold water taps near the foot of the bed, & the plumbing makes sudden & very weird noises in the middle of the night. At dark the rain ceased but the temperature dropped sharply & a bitter gale from the NW turned the rooms on my side of the hotel to a catacomb. Shivered all night under two inadequate blankets.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4/47. The delayed Boston flight was expected this morning but nothing came until today's regular flight at 7.30 p.m. In the meantime I had been in touch by phone with Edith, who read a series of telegrams from Chamberun, marooned in Boston.

Got my exhaust-pipe repaired in a Yarmouth garage, & spent the afternoon exploring the town & driving down both sides of the harbor. The plane arrived at 7.30 (nearly an hour late - "held up by customs at

St. John") & Chambrun was the first one to step out. It was our first meeting. He is a rather thickset man, 45-ish, with a pronounced Hebraic look (I've been told he is of French Jewish descent) although in conversation later he called himself a Catholic, & at dinner next day ate ham with gusto. Very dark olive features, large roving dark-brown eyes, a small Roman nose, excellent large white teeth, clean-shaven, hair thick, curly & a gleaming blue-black (I thought it was dyed.)

The hotel dining room was closed & we had dinner in a Chinese cafe - the only one open in Yarmouth on Wednesdays. Spent the evening in the lounge of "the Grand" talking business. Chambrun is very keen for me to sign a contract with the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia, whose Albert Morehead wrote a long letter on the subject. They are a firm with a big non-fiction business, anxious to extend their fiction list. They want to publish "Pride's Fancy" in the U.S. (with suitable revisions) as an adventure story for juveniles, & talk of 30,000 copies for a first printing. Also they want my next adult novel & are prepared to advance \$5,000 on it, sight unseen. Chambrun mentions this as proof that the Winston Co. are prepared to push my work as

Soubleday never did. We also discussed French & Spanish editions of my existing books.

To bed at 11 p.m. I got an extra blanket from the desk clerk & advised Chambrun to do the same.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5/47 Lovely sunny day. Went for a walk through town with Chambrun this morning & later drove ~~to~~ down the north side of the harbor to show him the fishing settlement there. Lunch at the hotel, sat talking afterwards & got to the airport with barely 3 minutes to spare. I told him I would probably come to New York this summer to talk things over with Morehouse before making a final decision, & on that we parted. Reached home at 6 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 9/47 A howling easterly gale all day, with another flood of rain. Yesterday was the 25th wedding anniversary of our neighbors the Howland Whites; today is our 20th. So at 5 p.m. I got out my car, picked up my wife & the Whites, & drove through the storm to Lunenburg for dinner at "Boscawen Manor". The rain was so heavy at times that the windshield wipers could not clear it, & I had to slow down for fear of driving off the road. I took along a bottle of Australian sherry (Pompano - very good) but the hostess of "Boscawen M." told us that we could not consume

it in the dining room - strictly against the rules, & the provincial law - so we had to drink it before dinner in the "Manor" office, behind a closed door. A very good dinner - sea food cocktail, roast capon with three vegetables, green salad, pineapple, coup royale, coffee.

At 7.45 we returned to a pool - still in rain - where (by pre-arranged plan) about ten couples, friends of the Whites & ourselves, were waiting in the White house with a surprise party. I was asked to make the collective presentation - a number of silver spoons in recognition of the "silver" anniversary of the Whites. Then the tables were turned, for Austin Parker proceeded to present Edith with a fine glass flower bowl in recognition of our 20th. We sat about chatting till midnight before dispersal.

(Note: for the past 3 days I have had my furnace & the office stove going. Outdoor temperatures as low as 39° Fahr. & the atmosphere damp & bleak.)

THURSDAY, JUNE 12/47. Weather continues wet & bleak. I have at last yielded to the persuasions of my friends Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap, & joined the Liverpool Golf & Country Club. I didn't want to buy a share (\$150<sup>00</sup>) in the club just now, so I'm admitted as a "prospect member" - annual fee \$27.50.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1947

At last a fine warm day. Spent the afternoon mowing & rolling my lawn. I set a tin can down in it flush to make a practice hole for golf, & as my new clubs (purchased through Mersey Paper Co. at wholesale) arrived today I spent two hours after tea on the lawn, "putting" busily. The clubs are Campbell's make, said to be very good.

J. M. Ratchford, treasurer & director of Mersey Paper Co. (and my former "boss") died suddenly last night of heart failure. He was 50.

MONDAY, JUNE 16/47

A fine day after another flood of rain. Attended Tom Ratchford's funeral this morning. A great crowd in the little Catholic church, including J. Mc G. Stewart & other Mersey Paper Co. directors, who were in Liverpool for a board meeting at the time of Ratchford's death. I sat in the gallery with Harvey Crowell & wife (Crowell muttering "What a lot of gibberish!") & went in his car to the graveyard.

This afternoon I went to the golf club (after a careful study of the "Golfing form" plates in the Britannica!) & played my first 9 holes. There was a big baseball game in town & I had the whole course to myself, which was just as well, for I zigzagged along from rough to rough, lost 4 new

balls & ruined another by topping it (at 60¢ apiece!) & made some of the weirdest shots ever seen. However my "short game" was quite good. The club is without a "pro" this summer, which is unfortunate for the beginner.

The Kids have discovered a song-sparrow's nest in one of the ramblers, which makes the third bird family in our small backyard.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17/47

Golf again this afternoon. Played 9 holes in 88 & lost only one ball. A lovely warm day. Edith went round with me.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18/47

Played 18 holes of golf this afternoon, with Tommy (who is very keen to learn the art of caddying for gain) & Edith. Sunny but a chill breeze off the sea. Went round the first 9 holes in 69, the second in 71. Lost two balls.

Miss Helen Brighton of Dartmouth, N.S. spent the evening with us. She is employed by the Dept. of the Interior, collecting folk songs & ballads, square-dance music, dialect, children's rhymes, etc., & is spending a few days at Liverpool. I gave her a good deal that I'd picked up during the years, & offered to take her to see one or two people who have the sort of thing she wants. She is a short, rather stocky woman of 50 or so, greying bobbed brown hair, dark intelligent eyes, a strong nose, quick wide smile, very direct & purposeful personality.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1947

This afternoon I took Miss Creighton to see old Will Smith & we spent the afternoon there, hearing him sing chancies & scraps of old ballads that he remembered, & talking about the sea.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20/47

This afternoon took Miss Creighton to Eagle Head, to interview Mrs. Joudrey ("Katrinka") on the subject of witchcraft. Old Mr. Gulp always discourages Katrinka's urge to talk on this subject, so I inveigled him into the kitchen to talk about ships while Miss C. had a clear field with Katrinka in the stiff little parlor.

Returned to Liverpool about 6.30 & Miss C. had dinner with us & stayed the evening while I went over my Queens County notes for items that might interest her. Temp. 40° again tonight & a big fire in the hearth was not only cheerful but necessary.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/47

A warm day at last. This afternoon took Miss Creighton to see "Black Tom" Boyle at Post Mouton. Tom played dance tunes on his fiddle - "Pigeon on the fence post", "Little Burnt Potato", "The Frosh Is Out of the Ground" & many others, & had much to say about North Queens legends & superstitions. Miss Creighton had dinner with us, also Colin Smith, the young ex-officer of the West N.S. Reg't, who had come down with his maps etc. to spend the week-end with



us. Sat in my den with Smith until 2 a.m. Sunday, going over the regiment's history so far written by myself.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22/47 - Lovely day. Spent the whole day (chiefly in the garden) going over the Italian campaign with Smith, & using the maps. Saw him off at 5:15 p.m., when I took him down to catch the bus for Hfx.

Smith is a tall rangy lively young man of 27 or 28, with a strongly-boned face, healthy complexion, light grey eyes & very black hair. A voluble & enthusiastic talker, he uses his hands, indeed his whole body, to illustrate his description of people, things & events. Has an odd, cracking voice like a boy in the 'teens. Has lately graduated in Arts from Kings, & is now articled in a Hfx law office.

MONDAY, JUNE 23/47 - Another fine day. Played 18 holes of golf this afternoon at White Point - the first 9 in 73, the second in 68. Edith came along, & Francis & her friend Lynn Seldon, who went for a swim in the boathouse pond.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24/47 - Sunny, windy, rain at night. Played 18 holes of golf this afternoon. This evening with about a dozen others, Edith & I went to a party at Longley's Veinot's fishing cabin near Greenfield. Main dish was planked salmon & a 12-pounder caught by Veinot yesterday.

Left about midnight. Road still rough in spots where new construction done last year & somewhere along the route my right front tire (new last summer) sustained two two-inch slits clean through the sidewall. As a result the tube blew out just as I turned the bend on Two Mile Hill & the car went into the right-hand ditch before I got it stopped. When the other cars came along Parker pulled my car out, stern first, & we changed the tire & set off again. Arrived home 2 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25/47 Still working hard on West N.S. Reg'n history. General Gibson, of Eastern Command, Halifax, (who commanded 3rd Brigade at Ortona) sent me today the 3rd Bde. HQ war diary covering the winter 1943-1944. Played 18 holes golf this afternoon & did badly - total strokes 160 (counting penalty strokes for 2 lost balls.) Edith made the round with me, & Francie & her friends came along for a swim. As we passed holes 3 & 4 the sea view was very lovely, a big surf breaking on the shore. An easterly gale blowing, which did some queer things to my longer drives. Bought a new tire today - \$21.55.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26/47 About 7 pm this evening Jim Reside arrived at my house in his car & extremely drunk.

He had called to return some books (which he tossed out on the front walk) & was in a state of violent melancholia, informing me that he had been fired from his (provincial govt) job, that he had failed in everything he had undertaken in his life, & that he was on his way to Summerville Beach to drown himself. I managed to coax him out of the car & into the garden, where Edith brought tea & cinnamon buns (he would eat nothing else) & I talked to him for two hours. I gathered that he had been on a terrific alcoholic spree (he did not know where) for two or three days. I phoned his sister, May Reside, who is chief secretary to the U.S. consul at Halifax, & found her greatly distressed.

Jim had called at her apartment 3 days ago talking in a very wild & strange manner & then disappeared. He had not taken a drink in six months until then. I told her not to worry & that we would look after him. Phoned Dr. Doug Murray (a classmate of Jim's at Mount Allison) & asked him to drop in casually later in the evening. While I was doing this Jim sneaked out of sight & I found him at the car drinking great gulps of raw gin from a bottle. We had a struggle - he is very strong despite his crippled right leg - but I got the bottle away from

him & got him into my den. Told Edith to keep feeding him buns & tea (which he took and swallowed automatically each time they were stuck under his nose) & I went out & searched his car. Found 2 bottles gin & 1 of ale, which I hid. By 11 p.m. he could talk fairly distinctly, begging for another drink, very jittery & shaking. Murray came on & we talked till about midnight, when Jim consented to swallow a couple of sedative capsules & went to sleep on my couch. I slept in the living-room all night in case he woke up with a fit of the horrors but all passed peacefully.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27/47 — Jim Reside's sister, who is a brick, had evidently done some very quick & adroit wire-pulling at Hqs, for she phoned this morning to see how Jim was faring & said she had good news for him — McCullough, of the Highways Dept., wanted Jim to take a job on his engineering staff — & the news would come from another official, Dr. Cooper, who would phone Jim at my house. All this came to pass, & Jim (who woke up sober & very downcast this morning) was like a new man. After a shave & a tub & breakfast he set off for Yarmouth, where his wife & youngsters are, thanking us, insisting we had saved his life, & so on.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1947. Burning hot day. Estlin had to attend a social tea for Eric Millard's bride this afternoon & Tommy had important baseball business, so I drove to White Point, dropped Franice & her chum Lynn at the bathing wharf, & went on to play 18 holes of golf with Jim (Bank of N.S. manager) Ward, Randy Day, & Moray of the ~~Ward Day~~ Charleston pulp mill. Moray & Ward are good players, Day & I beginners, so it was a spotty business with much searching for lost balls. A miracle happened on the 8th hole when I made it in par - 4 strokes, including one to get out of a sand trap. (The next time around, this hole took 11!!)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2/47 John Millard, former major in the W.N.S. Regt. dropped in this morning & we went over the Hitler Line battle with the maps. The history is a terrific job owing to the necessity for absolute accuracy; every detail must be checked; but I'm making progress, & hope to have it done by Aug. 31st.

SATURDAY, JULY 5/47 "Winky" Beaton spent the evening with me, going over details of the WNSR part in the battle for San Fortunato Ridge.

SUNDAY, JULY 6/47 Spent the evening with Sante Tonello, going over Italian place-names on WNSR was

maps, details of vineyard poles & wires, etc. Lonello is an intelligent northern Italian (from Udine - he is blond & looks more Teutonic than Italian) who served in the Italian army in 1915, '16 & '17, & was taken prisoner near Gorizia after the disaster of Caporetto.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9/47. Fine hot weather. Dr. D. C. Harvey arrived to spend a day or two with us. He is the provincial archivist.

THURSDAY, JULY 10/47 Another hot day. This morning I drove with Harvey to North Brookfield, where we hunted up the site of the poet John MacPherson's cottage & grave just south of the old Rictaux road where it passes over the hill on the south-east side of Little Tupper Lake. Old Clayton Harlow (who is 90-ish) pointed out the site, marked by a little clump of pines & a lone apple tree. The view of the lake which MacPherson so loved, is now much obscured by a tall growth of wire birch which has sprung up in the old pastures between the road & the lake. Harvey & I walked down through Randolph Silver's orchard to the lake, where we ate the picnic lunch Edith had put up for us & sat smoking & talking for two hours. Then back to North Brookfield where I took two poor snapshots of the stone erected

by R. R. MacLeod & others when MacPherson's bones were re-interred in the churchyard there in 1906. Visited the village smithy where old Jason Harper the negro blacksmith (he is 85) was making bear-traps. He remembered when MacPherson's remains were removed to the churchyard, said "All they found was the skull & the long bones of the arms & legs, which they put in a soap-box & buried in the churchyard."

About 150 to 200 feet north of the site of MacPherson's cottage, Randolph Silver showed us a small group of graves, one of which had a slate stone with the simple inscription "Elizabeth Jermen, died 1843". A strange name, unknown to the present residents of North Brookfield.

Arrived back in L'pool at 5 p.m. & had tea on the lawn. (There were Germans in N<sup>o</sup>B<sup>rookfield</sup> at that time.)

FRIDAY, JULY 11/27. Saw Harvey off on the 12.50 pm. bus for Hfx. Tommy went to Bridgewater with the Parkers to see the circus. Edith went with me to the golf course in the afternoon where I took 146 strokes for 18 holes & lost 4 balls — a deflating experience. Dinner at White Point Lodge — \$1.50 each — and a stroll along the beach afterwards.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1947

Golf again this afternoon; did the first 9 holes in 59, the second nine in 74, lost 2 balls; but actually did two holes in par - a miracle. Overcast sky with occasional showers.

SUNDAY, JULY 13/47

Golf this afternoon; first nine in 63, second nine in 60; this included penalties for seven lost balls - nearly all of which disappeared at the end of long drives. (I drove one from N<sup>o</sup> 3 tee straight over the green into the sea; lost 3 in successive drives from N<sup>o</sup> 6 tee, a strong cross-wind carrying each over into the bushy scrub above the beach.)

MONDAY, JULY 14/47

Francie arrived by train from Yarmouth, dark as a squaw, after a fortnight at Camp Wapames.

TUESDAY, JULY 15/47

Self off by car at about 10:30 A.M. with my family to visit the Merkels at Lower Granville. A burning hot day & dust flying all along the road. Stopped by the old sawmill at the shore of a small lake emptying into Fisher's Lake 5 or 6 miles south of Milford, & had a picnic lunch. Arrived at "Brow Hill" about 1:30, where we found Tully Merkel, her daughter Peggy Thompson & her spoiled & noisy grand-children David & Diane <sup>(twins)</sup> aged 2½. Old Horace Johnson was there, hale & hearty. After his daughter Polly married, he sold the old farm & went to live in a fishing shack at Indian Beach with his crony "Captain" McGraw. The kids & I



changed into bathing togs & went to help Horace dig clams for a party tonight. Andrew Market turned up later with the new hostess at his "Good Cheer Inn", a large & attractive girl named Ann Jefferson, from Bear River. Andrew is now quite insane on his inn & the "Champlain Garden" etc. & is nearly driving Lully mad, too, with his crotchety (frenzied would be a better word) behaviour. At his request I brought along the best of my Micmac arrowheads & other relics (with much misgiving, for they have taken years to collect) so that he could exhibit them in his inn. It is still nothing but an old schoolhouse, with no view of the Basin or anything else; he has a few souvenirs for sale, & several of Faith Wood's paintings are hung about the walls. He is constantly seeking publicity for the place, in the newspapers & elsewhere, calling it a "handicraft centre", a centre of "Nova Scotia folk culture", etc. (all damned nonsense) & making as much fuss as if it were a combination of the Metropolitan Museum and the Ritz. His latest whim is a pile of stones before the inn, erected by a local farmer for the sum of seven dollars, & which he calls "a cairn in honour of Marc Lescarbot, father of the drama in North

America." He proposes to have this unveiled with great eclat (later this month) by no less than "the French ambassador to Canada," in the presence of many distinguished guests, & is busy writing invitations to be signed (he insists) by the president of the Annapolis Historical Society.

Tully told us frankly that he is mad on the subject, & I can see that she is worried terribly but hoping that he will snap out of it. So far he has spent \$3500 on the "Inn" & there is very little to show for it except a water-closet & various kitchen equipment installed in the old schoolhouse.

Horace & I wanted to have the clam-bake on the shore in front of "Brow Hill" where we had one last year, but Andrew insisted that it be held in front of the inn, where he has erected a stone fire-place near the dusty road. However we all had a feast of clams, baked by Horace himself on the said fireplace & afterwards Andrew showed some of his home movies in the schoolhouse. "Rak" Murray & two of his boys were there — they are on holiday at Granville Ferry.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16/47. Another misty morning, turning hot as the sun burned through the mist. Spent this afternoon arranging my Indian relics in a showcase at the inn. The case was brought from

Help by Don Crowdis, curator of the provincial museum, yesterday. Crowdis (suffering severely from hay fever) told me something of the haphazard governmental administration of the archives, the museum, & the historic houses (Haliburton, Perkins, & others to come) now provincial govt. property. He suggested (having in mind my interest in the Perkins house) that I see the Premier & in the course of conversation suggest a central committee (rather than three govt. departments as at present) to be responsible for the administration and co-relation of all these matters.

Helen Creighton came along (she is staying at Victoria Beach) & suggested a lobster picnic tomorrow. Andrew doesn't like her & was very rude; however a picnic it shall be. In the "Lodge Club Inn" yesterday I met Mrs. Yeomans & her son, who was a lieut. in the West N. S. Regt. Tonight he came to "Brow Hill" & went over parts of the m/s of the regimental history which I have with me.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/47

I had planned a "cherrying" trip to Bear River for the kids' benefit, but they have been gorging on black cherries at the Merriams House in Granville Ferry, where the Murray kids are staying, & are spending most of their time there. So this

Clementsport

morning I drove around to ~~Star Line~~ & hunted up Major J. K. "Susty" Rhodes, S. J. O., late WNSR. He is living with his clever & ambitious blonde wife Sheila & small son Peter in a house overlooking Clementsport. Went over my history M/S with him, with special reference to Hitler fine & Harris River actions, in which he distinguished himself, with D Company.

At 4.30 p.m. the Raddalls, Muckels, Thompsons, plus old Horace Johnson, drove to Indian Beach, where we found Helen Brighton, "Capt." McGraw & Martha Banning Thomas awaiting us with baskets & delicious boiled lobsters. It was hot so we sat in the lee of the wharf sheds & enjoyed the view of the Gut, & Basin, & the food. A fisherman in one of the shacks cooked some excellent biscuits especially for us. Afterwards there was some photography & we all went up to Victoria Beach & sat on Miss Thomas' verandah to admire the view. Towards evening we went on to Green Point, a lovely spot, to watch the sun go down behind Lundy Bay; but fog came in & spoiled it at the last. I left a bottle of rum with old Horace, & Capt. McGraw "in case of a bite from a sea serpent" & we drove back to "Brow Hill" in the dusty dark. I went

on to interview Guy Dean, late sergeant-major of the WNSR, on certain points connected with the history. He keeps a small store at Lower Granville.

To bed after midnight.

FRIDAY, JULY 18/47.

I have been sleeping in the west parlor at "Brow Hill", on the sofa; & I was awakened this morning by Andrew tapping his typewriter in his adjoining study, & exclaiming that he had "had a brain wave". He has so many brain waves in his present state of paranoia that I was incurious; but presently he came in with some sheets of paper typed in quadruplicate, sat beside my couch, & after explaining (for the N<sup>th</sup> time) that all he needed to "put the Inn over with a bang" was "some working capital" he presented me with a typed sheet & asked me to sign it. I can't remember the exact wording but it read something like this:-

"I have made a careful inspection of the Good Cheer Inn operated by A. D. Merkel, & have found it to be an excellent proposition with good assets & a sound future. To show my faith in it I would like to invest the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS in the enterprise & hereby sign my name to that effect."

For a moment I was flabbergasted

The paranoiacal cunning of the thing! He looked at me narrowly, saying "You won't mind putting five hundred into it, eh? You know it's a good thing. And with your name down I can easily get half a dozen others — \$3500 would give me just the working capital I need."

That was just it — the use of my name to induce others to "invest". I was angry at this high-pressure salesmanship applied while I was a guest in his house. However I said carefully, "If you're asking me to let you have \$500 as a favour, Andrew, I guess I can do it. But if you're asking me to invest \$500 in your Inn, & sign that document at the same time, then the answer is No." He arose, snapping, "Oh well, if you feel that way —" & went off in a huff.

We had a rather uncomfortable breakfast — Sully evidently suspecting that Andy had tried to borrow money from me — she looked worried and embarrassed. We left at 10 a.m. in such a hurry that Edith's dressing case was left behind & I did not feel at ease again until I was sitting in my own garden reading Blackwood's. As Jim Reside said not long ago — "You authors seem

to meet a lot of funny people, don't you? #

On the way home I stopped in Caledonia to interview Allan Minard, of Remph, who served in Italy with the WNSR & won the M.M. in the Savio River fighting.

SATURDAY, JULY 19/47. Overcast, showery. Golf this afternoon with H. Dunlap & Dyer. My scores, — first 9 holes — 75 — second 9 — 66 — awful! Edith's travelling case came through by bus from Annapolis this afternoon.

SUNDAY, JULY 20/47 Went round the course, 18 holes in 123 this afternoon, with Parker, Smith & Dunlap.

TUESDAY, JULY 22/47. Wet & foggy weather for days. Drove with Edith to West Dublin this afternoon, taking my West Nova M/S along, & had a long interview with Gordon Romkey Jr., who served in the Regt. as a lieutenant & was wounded in Sicily & Italy. Then on to Roscauen Manor, Lunenburg, for dinner. Called at Fairview Hotel, Bridgewater, after dinner, to see Don Rice, former captain WNSR, who is staying there for the summer. Went over M/S with him until after 11 p.m. Difficult drive home owing to dense fog. Passed two cars which met head-on & were badly smashed up.

Edith & I sat at the head table with Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Harris of Nfx - Harris was chief speaker, giving the history of Zetland Lodge. Incidentally the local Masons are a bit late with their celebration & Harris says the Zetland Lodge was formed in Lpool. in December, 1845. Very interesting was Harris' recital of names from the roll of Hibernia Lodge, which flourished in Lpool from 1798 to 1817, & had many of the famous old privateer officers & owners as members. It was founded by an Irishman, Robert Callaghan, hence the name.

Home at 11 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 27/47

A fine hot day. Golf at White Point this afternoon with Brent Smith, Hector Dunlop, & Lockward, manager of the Royal Bank. My score for the first 9 holes - 59, for the second - 57, the best yet.

MONDAY, JULY 28/47.

Fine & cool. Golf alone this afternoon. Score for the first 9 - 64, for the second - 66. Tonight I finished the first draft of my history of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, a great & careful labor. My den remains littered with large scale field maps of Italy & Holland, the war diary of the regiment (one typewritten volume for each month from Sep 1/39 to July 31/45!) & several months of the war diary



of 3rd Brigade, together with a mass of personal reminiscences written by officers who served in the WNSR, notes of conversations with other officers & men, photographs, diaries, notebooks, etc.

Francie has a touch of tonsillitis. There have been one or two cases of infantile paralysis in Milton (adult males in both cases - the doctors are divided in their diagnoses) & of course every fond mother suspects "polio" in her offspring. Hence Doc. Wickware came to inspect our daughter, & I had to get a packet of penicillin tablets. The tablets have to be kept in the refrigerator, according to the druggish. They cost six dollars.

TUESDAY, JULY 29/47

Fine & hot. Brent Smith's mother buried today. Irving Bain, Hector Macleod, Hector Dunlop, Gily Dexter, Capt. Manning & myself were pallbearers. Very hot in the church & at the graveyard. Poor old Will Smith broke down completely.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30/47

All morning & evening making an analysis of WNSR casualty lists. Golf this afternoon with Lawrence Wickware. Did the first nine holes in 52, the second nine in 61. No balls lost.

THURSDAY, JULY 31/47

Sunny in town, fog at White Pt. Golf this afternoon with Capt. Charlie Williams & Lawrence Wickware. My score, first nine - 59, second 9-63. Lost 3 balls.

FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1947

Fine & hot. Drove to Shelburne this afternoon, had dinner with Clem Crowell in a charming new restaurant called Woodlands. In the evening I addressed a meeting of the newly formed Shelburne Historical Society. Afterwards 15 or 20 members gathered at the home of Bower, the town clerk & we had tea & talk, & a lady who dabbles in palmistry insisted on reading my hand. Home at 1:15 A.M. AUGUST 2/47 & found Bill & Gladys Sclater there, from Toronto. Bill presented me with a copy of his new book "Haida", a narrative of the wartime adventures of the Canadian destroyer of that name, in which he served. The illustrations are by Grant Macdonald & the whole thing is excellent. We sat up till 3 a.m. yawning — or rather Bill was yawning & the rest of us trying to keep from yawning — Bill is rather a Munchausen. Up again at 8 A.M. A dayclinging breakfast. At 11:30 Bill & Gladys left for Granville. Just as Edith & I were getting away for Hfx, Ken Jones called with a scrapbook & some other data belonging to Lieut. V. K. Pickerson, who was severely wounded while serving with the WNSR in Italy. Finally we

got away at noon. Lunch at the Lovett House in  
Chested - jammed with American tourists -  
arrived N.Y. about 3.30. Picked up Moeber & his  
luggage & started back to Liverpool via Lunenburg,  
where we had an excellent dinner in Boscawen  
Manor. Bridgewater jammed with Saturday night  
shoppers, & the main street & approaches lined with  
parked cars. Home about 9 p.m. The mail  
includes an excellent detailed narrative by Major  
Harry Eisenhaus, who served throughout the  
war with WNSR & was CO when the regiment  
came home.

SUNDAY, AUG. 3/47

Golf with Larry Wickwire.  
Grand weather continues. Discovered why none  
of my lost balls turn up in the "found" box in  
the clubhouse - a lady player confessed that her  
fellow guest of White Point Lodge found a ball  
clearly marked with my name & kept it  
for a souvenir. Full moon tonight.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/47

Fine & hot. Golf this afternoon  
with Charlie Williams, Irving Pain, Bob Parnell.  
My scores - first nine, 63; second nine, 59.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7/47

Burning weather continues, with  
fog lying just off the coast & occasionally moving

into the town at night. I work each morning & evening on the WNSR history, spend each afternoon golfing. Scores today - first nine holes, 57; second nine, 51 - my best to date. Edith came around the course with me.

FRIDAY, AUG. 8/47

The hottest day yet. After lunch I drove to Summerville & left my mother, Francie, & Marie Freeman on the veranda of Terence's beach cottage there to enjoy the cool breeze. Then back to White Point for golf. Edith came around with me. Scores: first nine, 67; second nine, 51.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9/47

No golf this afternoon for a change - I had promised to take my car & move Jerry Freeman & his family from their beach cottage back to Milton.

This evening a heavy downpour of rain - the first in weeks, badly needed by the lawns & crops. Drove up to Milton with Mother & paid calls on the Freemans & Aunt Marie Bell.

SUNDAY, AUG. 10/47

Wonderful day, air fresh & cool. Golf all afternoon at White Point. At home, tea on the lawn as usual on these summer days.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12/47

Still hot weather. Golf today. Shot 9 holes this afternoon in 46 - a miracle. The preceding 9 took 58. Since I started on June 16 th. my score (average) for 9 holes has come down from 88 to 52, without a lesson.



