Diary
Thomas H. Raddall
June 4, 1949 to Dec. 21, 1949
June 14, 1949 (continued) they each one dollar an hour—a total bill of $22.00. This is typical of modern labour—two men drawing pay for one man’s work—so I did not complain.

B. J. Waters has been made President of Mersey Paper Co. in place of the deceased Col. Jones; v Waters lost no time in clearing out the bric-a-brac with which Jones adorned the office. This included a bronze statuette of Governor Cornwallis—a copy of Massey’s Rhodes statue at Hfx—and half a dozen working models of ship hulls built at Liverpool in the last thirty years of sail. These I accepted very gladly when Waters offered them to the Historical Society. A mill truck brought them to my house this morning & I stored them in my attic until the re-modelling of the Perkins House & museum is completed.

About 7 p.m. the Canadian Navy’s new aircraft carrier “Magnificent”, accompanied by the destroyers “Haida” & “Nootka”, which have been conducting exercises in the mouth of Fundy, steamed in towards White Point as if intending to anchor in Port Mouton. The “Magnificent” struck a reef about 4 mile off No. 5 tee of the golf course & lay aground until nearly midnight, when by shifting water ballast & other weight, & with the aid of
the following tide, she freed herself and headed for Halifax under her own steam at 8 knots. Hundreds of people drove out to the golf course to see the big ship, which looked much closer to shore than she actually was. Presumably her skipper was hugging the shore to get some shelter from the gusty westerly gale, and got in a bit too close.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5/49. A hot day. The wind is less than yesterday but is still very strong from the west. Church this morning with Edith. The school cadets paraded to church with their band and colours, and looked very smart. (Forgive to mention that yesterday the Liverpool schoolboys' track and field team defeated Lunenburg and Bridgewater schools for the fourth successive year. The sports took place on Bridgewater race-course. Our son lost in the shot-putting, but his relay race team won first prize, and he came home sporting a red ribbon which announced the fact.)

Golf this afternoon. A destroyer ("Kiska" or "Novka") lay at anchor off the golf club point all afternoon, with her launch and long-boat apparently taking soundings where "Magnificent" struck. About 5 p.m. she took up her boats and went inside Spectacle Island for the night. Tommy, Frankie and their chums had
spend the afternoon at Broad River, & at the end of the
golf game I picked them up there & brought them
into a pool for tea. My sister Hilda arrived by
car from Halifax this evening & spent the night with us.
Monday, June 24. Today is officially a holiday & His
Majesty's birthday — although actually the King was born
in December, a poor time for holidays. A glorious hot
day. Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap, 18 holes,
his score 104, mine 97. Edith & Francie & her friend
Lynn Seldon came along & spent the afternoon on the
beach. Tommy & his chums went to Broad River.

Wednesday, June 25. A lovely morning, & Edith & I
decided to take our wedding anniversary drive to the Valley
today instead of tomorrow, which is provincial election
day. My tires are worn, so before starting I bought a new
one to replace the worst of them. All went well (although
the road was under construction & very rough from Milton
to Twelve Mile, & from South Brookfield to Kempha) until
we climbed over Mickey's Hill (the first of the ridges
which comprise South Mountain.) There we ran into
heavy rain & saw the Valley overhung with heavy clouds.
Coming down one of the last slopes, in the woods towards
Annapolis, a back tire blew out, the first of a quaint
chapter of accidents. I took off my jacket, rolled up my
shirt sleeves, (in a steady rain) got the rear of the car jacked up. Just when it was up, the bolt which holds the jack to its bedplate snapped with a slight sway of the car & down the car came, with a crash. I waited till another motorist came along, borrowed his jack, & got the old tire off & the spare on. I thanked the chap & he drove off. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began. Edith got into the front seat, but as I was about to step in, I noticed a wisp of smoke coming from under the seat. I told her to jump out & pull up the seat, which at once burst into flames from end to end. The seat itself is easily removable, but some time ago I installed some patent seat covers with which I fasten with strong tapes & brass hooks, & although I tugged & strained I could not budge it. It seemed as if I must stand there & see the whole car go up in flames, for there was no water available. The seat stuffing was burning with a bright hot flame. One final furious wrench ripped the patent cover right across, & I was able to yank the seat out & fling it into the gutter, where it burned away merrily. There was nothing to do but shift the back seat to the front & drive on to Annapolis. There I bought another tire & tube to replace the blown ones, which were
damaged beyond repair, & drove on to Andrew Merkels
house at Lower Granville (now, through his efforts,
officially called “Port Royal”). Lilly was away in
Montreal, so we took Andy on to Victoria Beach
& had lunch in the hotel there, in a charming dining
room overlooking Digby Gut. Martha Bannning
Thomas came in & we had a chat. Dropped off
Andrew at Brow Hill, where he presented us with two
bottles of his own cider, & drove on down the Valley
to Middleton & thence to Lunenburg, passing through
patches of bright sunshine & others of torrential rain,
all the way. Lunenburg itself lay under the arch
of the most beautiful rainbow I have seen. Dinner
at Boscawen Manor, & then home at about 8:30.

Thursday, June 9/49. Lovely day. Played
18 holes of golf this p.m. Noticed a destroyer again anchored
off White Point, with a look out, apparently sounding a bit
farther eastward from the spot she investigated, June 5th.

Edith & I voted for Rauping, the Liberal member
for Queens. There was more election excitement than for
many years — cars & people rushing about, all smooth
gentlemen in shiny cars engaged in mysterious roadside
conferences with the “back road” canaille. Rauping won
in Queens by a slim majority — 349. In the province
generally. Angus L. MacDonald's government was approved, although the Conservatives got a very large vote. Final results: Liberals elected, 27; Conservatives 8; C.C.F. 2. (The House was enlarged from 30 to 37 seats by last year's Redistribution Bill.)

The old bad practice of buying votes for cash, which, practically ceased (in Queens County anyhow) during the hard-up 1930's, & which I had hoped was gone forever, returned in this election. Liberals & Conservatives alike were busy with "boodle money" in Wyndor Town, & in the Moose Hill, Beaver Dam, districts of Milton, & other sections where the "great unwashed" congregate. However the Liberals had more money & seemed to take much of this "floating vote" to the polls. The small size of Rawding's majority proves once more that a "bought" vote is very unreliable when it comes to marking the ballot.

Friday, June 10, 1949 consulted the motor dealers this morning about the purchase of a new car. With license, heater, & "undersealing" - a process which protects the under-side of the car against rust, here are their offers: - for a 4-door sedan:

- Car: $2031.00
- Heater: 78.40
- License: 22.74
- Undersealing: 35.00
- Allowance for old car: 450.00

Total: $2,167.14

Net: $1,717.14
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Neither of the dealers would guarantee delivery of a new car within six weeks.

Saturday, June 11/49

In paying my town taxes I find that the town rate has been raised from 5% to 6% in the past year. This makes an increase of exactly 57% since 1940. Next year the rate is to be raised again, to pay extra street maintenance costs, and the town proposes to borrow heavily in order to pave Main St. & one or two of the residential streets.

Letters from Bill Deacon and Will Bird, both urging me to address the C.A.A. convention in July. I dropped a card to Bird & said I would.

The radio & newspapers today announced the winners of the Governor General’s Awards. Congratulations wires from Desmond, Nevel & Dow Charron. Golf this afternoon with Parker.
in a high wind. I played wretchedly. This evening Edith & I spent with W.D. (Don) & Sybil McDonald & their guests, the Burchells. McDonald is manager of the local Bank of N.S.; Burchell has a lumber mill, an old family affair going back a century, at Newcastle, N.B. Some good talk about lumberjacks, their songs & tales, & the need for a book on the Maritime lumber industry & its story from the days when the first sailo-loggers ventured up the rivers to cut spar.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12/49

Very hot. To the United church this morning. Golf this afternoon. Francis came along with his chums & spent the afternoon swimming in the White Point lake. Tommy & his pals went to Lunenburg.

MONDAY, JUNE 13/49

Very hot. Golf this afternoon with Capt. Charles Williams of St. Marcoland. This evening, with the Williams, Johnsons, Veinots, & the R.H. Murays, we drove to Ragged Island Inn, near Lockeport. The proprietress (Miss Arnold) let us have the cottage facing the harbour, where we spent half an hour over some of Charlie's potent rum cocktails, & we had an excellent dinner at the inn, which is simply an old-fashioned country home. Returned to Liverpool about 10 p.m. The party was in honour of the Veinots, who have entertained us all so much, & the R.H. (school principal) Murays, who are leaving for
Yarmouth at the end of this month.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14/49  Another hot day, with a warm parched gale blowing from the west. Golf this afternoon was a bit weird, owing to the wind, & to a recurrence of the arthritis in the last two fingers of my left hand, which afflicted me last summer. A dinner tonight at Hillcrest, given by the Liverpool Board of Trade in honour of Bert Waters, who recently became President of the Mersey Paper Co., following the death of Col. Jones. The Board asked me to give the toast to Waters, which I did. In his response he gave some interesting facts about the growth & present state of the company, mentioning that the total payroll, which in 1930 was $750,000, has now become $3,000,000 per annum. Judge W. H. Hall, who is here for the June court, was present at the dinner & was called upon to speak. He was, of course, Attorney-General & Minister of Lands & Forests in the provincial government in 1928, when J. W. Killam was promoting the paper mill. He gave an interesting bit of history. The mill site was a matter of debate at the time, & Col. J. H. Miller, one of the directors & large shareholders in the company, was determined that it should be built at Ingrainpool on the site of the big Miller lumber mills. He was strongly supported by
The Hon. Fred Fraser, member for Halifax county and head of the N. S. Power Commission. For a time it looked as if they would have their way. But Hall, who was member for Queens, objected strenuously to the scheme, pointing out that Liverpool was as good a site, & much nearer to the proposed power developments on the Musquash River which were to supply the new mill. He threatened to resign from the Cabinet & Premier Rhodes threw his own weight in the scales on Hall's side.

Wednesday, June 15/49

Fine & hot. Farmers all over the eastern half of Canada are worried over the drought, which has already destroyed the strawberry crop in Ontario. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald & Charlie Williams. Tonight a party at Longley. We went to fishing camp near Greenfield, where in the traditional M'dMac style, a pair of salmon were "planked" & roasted by the side of an open fire. About 25 people present, including my sister Winifred, who came this evening by bus from Halifax with her small adopted child Rosemary to spend a day or two with us. The time & the drinks passed merrily & it was 2 a.m. before I got the guests together to sing "Auld Lang Syne" & "Goodnight, Ladies".
Friday, June 17, 1949

Drove to Hfx this morning, with
Mom’s younger, I found the city sweltering in
the hottest day of the longest heat wave known in thirty
years. Desmond Newell had asked me to spend a couple
of hours this afternoon in the big V. Eaton store, auto-
graphing copies of my Halifax book. This I did—on
ordeal, for the temperature in the store was at least
85°. I took off my jacket but even so my shirt was
drenched & clinging within ten minutes.

Tonight I went to the C.B.C. studios on
Sackville Street & went over the scripts of my
broadcasts with Dorothea Box, & recorded one of
them for future transmission.

Saturday, June 18/49

Another day of stupefying heat.
Went downtown at 9 a.m. & bought a pair of white
flannels, a light nylon golf jacket, at Bolwells.
Then up to the C.B.C. studios where I recorded
two more of the scripts, after much palaver over the
exact timing & so on. The three recorded talks are
to be broadcast over the national network on successive
Sundays—June 26, July 3 & 10— & I shall open the
series with a “live” broadcast tomorrow, when I am
to lunch with the national convention of Canadian
press clubs in the ballroom of the Nova Scotia hotel.
and do my stuff in their presence.

All afternoon & evening at Mother’s flat, wishing for a thunderstorm to cool the air. I dismissed the notion of driving out to the coast somewhere, for with only one seat in the car there is only room for three; in any case it would mean being caught in the slow endless procession of cars which had been pouring down Shebeeto Road towards the Arm bridge ever since daylight this morning.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19/49 Another hell-hot day. Went to the Nova Scotian hotel at 11:45. Made a preliminary voice test in the ballroom, where there were two “mikes” for me — one for the radio broadcast & one for the ballroom’s public-address system — on a small table on the stage. Close by stood the set-up for “Harmony Harbour”, a regular CBC feature involving organ music, a narrator telling legends or tales of the sea, & a quartet singing sea chanties. Miss Box wanted a final check on the timing of the script, so we went out on the terrace roof to catch a breath of the harbour breeze while I went through the whole thing & she checked it with her stop-watch. The pressmen were a lively lot, despite the heat; many had copies of “Halifax, Warden of the North” which they asked me to autograph. Chatted with Dr. Gilworth (who is one of the heads of C.B.C.), Command
Briggs, Sid Kennedy, Carl McAll, & other CBC people; and newspapermen all the way from Vancouver to Newfoundland. Stilworth made a brief address, & at 1:15 I seated myself on the stage & went on the air. The thing went well, not a single "fluff" & the timing exact to the second. The luncheon company applauded generously, & then the Harmony Harbour company opened their program with the quartet wearing nautical caps & singing Shenandoah. I stayed to hear it all & got away about 2:15.

Miss Box wants me to do further broadcasts for CBC but I said I wanted to go on with my own work for a bit. She asked, & I gave, permission to have the four talks in the present series broadcast on the short wave to Britain.

Started for Liverpool about 3 p.m. & at once was caught in the long slow stream of traffic still pouring out of the city. No chance to pass, owing to the winding nature of the St. Margarets Bay Road, & the pace was set by cars ambling along about 20 or 25 miles an hour. This went on for 40 miles but at last, past Hubbard's, somewhere, I got clear & made good time the rest of the way. Had tea & spent the evening at the Hubert McDonald's, with the Parkers. Another hot & breathless night.
TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1949

The long hot drought has ended at last. Last night the wind got into the east & brought heavy rain & a temperature of 42° — a terrific drop from the heat we have experienced in the past week. This is the birthday of Halifax, & fortunately the rain ceased, although the skies remained grey & the wind easterly & cool.

I drove to Hfx. this morning with Edith & France to watch the big parade, 3½ miles long, of sailors, troops, airmen, tanks, artillery, & all sorts of other martial equipment, many decorated floats, 18 bands (including the Liverpool bath corps band). It was very colourful; several army bands wore their full-dress uniform of scarlet & blue, & the band of the Royal 22nd. Regiment (the famous “Van Doos”) wore their tall bearskin helmets. One company of infantry marched in full dress of the 18th. century, from grenadier caps to gaiters. A Navy float showed a cross-section of the gun-deck of an old-time frigate, with two brass cannon & all the proper paraphernalia including a gun-crew in the costume of Nelson’s day, busy manning their gun in and out of the port & loading & firing a small charge of powder which made a very convincing bang. The Halifax Shipyards float was a huge thing representing H.M.Y. “Shiraz” & the Indians busy making peace on her deck with cornwallis & his officers.
It was all done very well, a really good show. Had tea at Mother's flat & left for home about 6 p.m. Ran into rain at St. Margaret's Bay & it fell in torrents all the way to Liverpool. Tommy & his fellow bandmen stayed to see the “battle” on Citadel Hill in the evening, when a “village” erected on the Citadel slope facing the common was “bombed” by the R.C.A.F., “shelled” by artillery, & finally “stormed” by tanks and infantry in the modern mode. He got back in an army bus at 1:30 a.m. reporting this as the best part of a very interesting day.

Wednesday, June 22/49

Mrs & Beak. Had my den stove going all morning, & a wood fire in the furnace this evening. Went over the Perkins house with Jim Beside this afternoon. Painting is finished on the exterior, plaster repairs & replacements well advanced. Charley couldn't get a plasterer of mason here & the work was delayed until Jim brought a man from Yarmouth last week. He is an Acadian, very clever & willing at all kinds of plaster work & masonry, & is doing a good job.

Thursday, June 23/49

Sunny again. The five young yellow warblers in the nest under my garage window today took to the wing, or at any rate to nearby trees & shrubs. The eggs were laid on June 1st. Golf this afternoon with Charlie
Williams — my first exercise in a week. My score, 132.

Tonight, having volunteered to donate blood to the Red Cross, I attended a clinic in the high school. The clinic is staffed by a woman doctor and a group of nurses who travel about the province in two or three motor vans containing all the necessary equipment. They are very brisk & efficient. When we gave blood during the war we had to maintain a starvation diet on the day of the donation. Now we can eat & drink what we like.

Edith & a group of volunteers were there serving coffee & doughnuts to "survivors." On the cot next to mine I found Eric Millard, land surveyor, who told me he had bought an old trunk full of maps & surveys, some of which go back to the 18th century, apparently collected by Nathaniel C. Freeman fifty years or more ago. Amongst the papers Eric found a complete survey of the old Shelburne-Annapolis road, giving details of courses & distances, apparently made at the time the soldiers cut the road through in 1784.

Friday, June 24/49 An "open & shut" day, quite warm but more cloud than sun, & on the golf course a cool draft from the sea. Spent the entire morning reading manuscripts by a young veteran of the RCAF who
lives in St. John, J. E. Emery. The miss were brought to me by my sister Winifred with a plea that I help him. The chap writes well but his plots are weak & pointless. I wrote him a long letter discussing the tales & adding some advice.

I have a wretched cold of a violent and infectious sort that seems to be going the rounds and is causing coughing, sneezing & blowing all night.

The Navy is still investigating the reef off White Point where "Magnificent" struck. A motor-launch was busy all day taking soundings on the spot.

**Saturday, June 25/49**

Thoroughly miserable all day, coughing, sneezing, weeping, nose running like a tap, using handkerchiefs by the dozen. Rain at intervals all day, so I did not venture out except to get the mail. Tommy returned home this afternoon after spending three days outdoors near La Belle, beyond Greenfield, with the school cadet corps. They bivouacked in the open — no tents — & got thoroughly soaked in the rain last night, but came up smiling.

This afternoon Mayor Wright, in the presence of a swarm of townfolk, formally opened the new hospital on the Western Head road. It is well-built & well equipped, & fully staffed to take care of its beds.
The notion of a hospital began with Mrs. Jerry Nickerson, who, in the early 1930's, began to collect funds in a small way. Nothing was done however until J.H. Mackay Jones took hold of the project in 1945—just as the war ended—determined to push it through. The Mersey Paper Company, faced with a heavy "excess profits" tax, was able and willing to contribute a large sum towards the hospital—which actually cost the company nothing. With this as a foundation Jones, with the active support of the town doctors, put on a clever, persistent and adroit campaign for contributions by the townsmen—neatly outmanoeuvring the Canadian Legion, who had been waiting for the war's end & the return of the troops to raise funds for a war memorial youth centre.

When building costs rose faster than money could be raised, the government assisted with a grant of funds. Now we have a 38-bed hospital equipped with everything of the best, but how it is to be supported is a problem which the town must now face. An annual deficit of no small size is predicted even by the hospital's enthusiasts, & presumably this burden will be saddled upon the taxpayers of Liverpool. My own attitude from the first has been that a Liverpool hospital of such proportions was an expensive luxury in view of the
fact that the Bridgewater hospital was only an hour away by car & local private "cottage-hospitals" were adequate for local needs.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26/49

Overcast, very hot & humid. Still sneezing & blowing, but I feel better. Drove up the river this afternoon. The main highway to Annapolis is now paved with asphalt as far as Potomac. With that amiable hop-skip & jump method (or lack of method) of roadmakers, the contractors stopped paving there, removed their paving equipment to the Twelve Mile, & have begun to pave the way from the poorhouse towards Potomac. Work continues in a leisurely fashion on the new power development at Rapid Falls. Several divorce cases came before Judge Hall at the Supreme Court session here last week, amongst them the Ripper's suit against Rogers.

Drove from Indian Gardens to Sixteen Mile by the old "Gardens Road" & found it very bad in spots, almost impassable for ordinary cars especially of the new low-road-clearance types. Picked up Aunt Marie Bell at Milton & we had tea on our lawn.

MONDAY, JUNE 27/49

Dominion election day. Overcast & cool. Spent the morning mowing & trimming the lawns, pruning shrubs, etc. Removed entirely the golden-elder shrub which for some time past has obscured much of the view from my den.
The election in Queens-Shelburne was a matter of much excitement in Liverpool, as both candidates were Liverpool men. In Queens, both sides agreed to refrain from purchasing votes with "boodle" money or rum, & kept their agreement. Hubert Nickerson, the Tory candidate, had been persuaded to run by Ralph P. Bell, the arch-schemer who is head of the big fish-packing combine in Nova Scotia. As a member of the firm of Nickerson Brothers here, Hubert was widely known to the fishermen & members of the poorer class in town, who have good reason to remember his honesty & charity. Donald Smith, the Liberal candidate, entering politics in the shoes of his father, the late Dr. J. W. Smith, was little known outside his dentist's practice; & he, & his beautiful but rather cold wife have lived in the somewhat exclusive social circle of the town. Smith himself is tall, clean-cut, intelligent, honest, a forthright personality. The electors had a hard choice to make. However, Nickerson's wider acquaintance won him a majority of 311 in Queens, where, too, he had the powerful support of the Newspaper Company's hierarchy. (The M.P.C. contributes money to both parties but on the personal side its politics are strongly Tory.) Shelburne County, so largely dependent on the fishery, returned in a majority of 472 for Smith, so that he
won the seat by a slim majority of 161. Nickerson, who was born and grew up at Clark's Harbor, had expected to get a big vote in Shelburne County. Apparently, in those more distant fishing communities, the fact that he is a fish merchant told against him.

In the Dominion generally the Liberals had a tremendous triumph, even defeating the well-entrenched C.C.F. in its native habitat, Saskatchewan.

The final returns:

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Tuesday, June 28/49

Sunny at last. Golf this afternoon.

Naval court-martial at Halifax today found Commodore G.R. Miles of H.M.C. "Magnificent," guilty of negligence in the stranding of the big new aircraft carrier off White Point on June 4th, and recommended that he be dismissed from his command. The verdict of the court now goes to the
Navy barracks at Ottawa, who may reduce the sentence if they choose. Miles, who has been 36 years in the Navy, is the senior Canadian officer afloat. His navigating officer in "Magnificent" goes on trial before the same court tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 29/49. Sunny, but a bleak air from the sea. Last night the tempe was only 42° at 10 p.m. Forget to mention yesterday that I went to the Perkins house to consult with Ghareb & his painter about the interior finish & colors. Asked Ghareb to erect a fence & gate across the church street entrance to the grounds, & to repair very carefully the stone pillars & chains & the old iron gate at the Main St. entrance. Also asked him to have the entrance path cleared of grass & given a thick coating of beach gravel; and to have the dead limbs removed from the big elms overhanging the path.

24th. Capt. Johnston, navigating officer of "Magnificent," was sentenced to a reprimand by the court-martial at Halifax today. The evidence in Miles' case, published in today's paper, reveals astonishing carelessness in officers navigating an 18,000-ton ship drawing 22 feet. Of three available channels into Port Mouton they chose the one between White Point Rock and White Point itself, which brought the ship perilously close to the 5-foot contour on the chart. The chart, they knew, was based...
on a survey made in 1861 and probably unreliable for ships of "Magnificent's" size. On top of all this, they permitted the ship to get seriously off-course; and when the error was noticed by Johnston a few minutes before the ship struck, he merely altered the ship's course a point or two (which was inadequate) and only reduced the ship's speed from 14 to 12 knots.

No soundings were taken, so the seaman of the echo-sounding machine was merely told to report any depth of fathoms. By the time his machine showed that the ship was tearing her bottom on the "uncharted reef" mentioned in the Navy's first news-release.

In preparation for the Dominion Day celebration, the local shops are selling fire-crackers for the first time since 1939, when the war stopped all such manufactures. It seems strange that a whole new generation of youngsters has come along without knowing the joys of small fireworks, but they are making up for lost time; every boy (including Tommy) has a pocketful, and already irate citizens are complaining of the continual disturbance in the streets.

Saturday, July 2/49

The Legion held its usual Dominion Day celebration yesterday, with a bazaar, two ball games, & so on. A fine hot day & the town jammed with cars &
Today the weather continued hot. Played golf with Brent Smith this afternoon — score 95.

Tonight we attended a party given by Harold Doggett & Charlie Williams at the Doggett bungalow overlooking Pinhook Lake, above Greenfield. The place belongs to Harold's well-to-do brother, who left here to work in the mining regions of northern Ontario in 1924, got a job as treasurer of the then small Lake Shore gold mining company, & is now about to retire. A good party, a lovely spot. The main dish was Charlie's specialty, clam chowder. He dug the clams at Simumville yesterday & prepared the chowder himself. Home about 1 a.m.

Sunday, July 3/49

Very hot. Slept little last night. Went out to White Point at 9 a.m. I played nine holes of very bad golf — the course wrapped in dense fog & the grass zapping wet. Back home for a tub & a shave, & then a long wait for Max & Nell Cassidy, their two kids, my Mother, & Hilda, who drove down from T.A. for lunch. I had reserved a table at White Point Lodge for lunch, & we just got there before the dining room closed. It is four years since Nellie last visited Nova Scotia, while her husband Max has not been here for 14 years.
We spent the afternoon reclining in chairs in the shade above the beach, returning to town at 5 p.m. Edith served ice cream & strawberries & cakes, & then our visitors left for Hfx. Mother is going on to Alabama with Max & Nellie & will spend the fall & winter with them. Today at 1:15 p.m. the C.B.C. broadcast the third in my series of talks on Hfx. – this one entitled “Halifax & the Navy”.

Tuesday, July 5/39
Fine hot weather continues — unbroken except for a few showers last night & this morning. Yesterday morning we saw Francie ( & half a dozen other excited little girls) off to the “Y” camp near Yarmouth. This morning (7 a.m.!) I saw Tommy & his fellow cadets off by train to Aldershot for a fortnights camp & military training.

At about 9:30 a.m. Edith & I set off by car for Halifax to enjoy a holiday of our own. The national convention of the Canadian Authors’ Association which is being held in Halifax this year.

At the Nova Scotian hotel we met Bill Deacon, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Paul Kuhring, Philip Child, Bill Borrett, Will Reid, Kathleen Strange, Maida Rawlows French, Charles Bruce & other old friends & acquaintances, most of them with their wives or husbands. There are about 50 or 60 people at the convention, mostly women. We
all joined in a private dining room of the Nova Scotian for a luncheon tendered by the city of Halifax. In the absence of Mayor Kinley, Leonard Fraser did the honors for the City. Leslie Barnard replied for the C.A.A. After luncheon we were all guests of the Navy on a large sea-going tugboat, very spick and span, which took us for a cruise about the harbor, Bedford Basin & Northwest Arm. This evening the convention gathered in the Bedford Room of the Nova Scotian. Philip Child gave a talk "On having a Literature of Our Own" & I gave a talk on "The Literary Tradition in Nova Scotia". Edith & I are staying at Mother's flat, to which we have a key, running back & forth by taxi, as I detest driving in the traffic madhouse of downtown Halifax, & in any case the old car is no longer fit to be seen.

Wednesday, July 6/49

A lazy morning with a bit of shopping at Simpsons. Lunch at the flat. Afternoon tea with the C.A.A. people at Government House, where Lieut. Governor Mrs. J.A.S. McCurdy were for some unaccountable reason half an hour late in making an appearance. We were shown through the lovely old mansion, which last year was thoroughly restored & re-decorated at great cost by the N.S.
government. It has been done very well. Mrs. McBurdy
told us that the furniture in the house when she came was
a hodge-podge of odds & ends left by the succession of
lieutenant-governors since Kentworth's time, & that the
fine old Georgian furniture, now restored & replaced in
the house, she found in the cellar, the garret and
in a lumber room over the garage. McBurdy is
the man who flew Graham Bell's "Silver Dart" at Bras
D'Or in 1909. He is a tall rather forceful man with
keen grey eyes & a long, somewhat cynical face. His wife
is a slender grey-haired woman, extremely well-dressed, with
a gay uninhibited manner, reputed to be fond of drink.
This evening we all attended a dinner at the Nova
Scotian, given by the Province of N.S. Premier Macdonald
welcomed the guests. Philip Child replied for the
B.C.A. Several of the N.Y. cabinet & their wives were
present at the head table. I took in Mrs. Patterson, wife
of one of the ministers. Merrill Rawding, Minister of
Highways & Public Works, took Edith in. (Mrs.
Patterson, a sprightly woman from Cape Breton, asked me
if I wrote? I replied that I did & that I also
sang but not very well.) After dinner the Premier
came to me & said "Tell your wife will you? You're
coming to my house." I went off to phone for his car.
The Premier’s residence is “Winwick,” a small but pleasant house in Marlborough Woods, with lawns dropping steeply to the Northwest Arm. The Bill Seacor, the Childs, the Birds, were in the party. We had drinks & talk & enjoyed the sight of a big moon shining on the Arm. Afterwards we all piled into Claude Lewis’ car & he took us home.

Thursday July 7/49 Another lazy morning. Lunch at the flat. Spent the afternoon at the Archives looking up material on Table Island. In the evening we went to the Nova Scotia & heard Hugh MacLennan’s address on “Changing Values in Fiction.” The gist of it was that the competition of radio, moving pictures, and television were dealing a mortal blow to the art of fiction writing; but he went on at great length about Balzac, Dostoevsky, Hemingway, Maugham & a great many others — very positive in all his statements — (example: “Maugham, of course, became a good critic when he ceased writing good novels”). MacLennan is now 42 but looks younger, being tall, athletic, with a lively manner & flashing dark eyes. He does not seem quite so pleased with himself as when I first met him, but he is still obviously convinced that he is God's gift.
to Canadian letters, & talks in a light, drawling, rather bored voice that adds very much to this impression.

Col. C.P. Stacey of the Historical Section, Canadian General Staff (who is here to receive the C.G. Award for his history of the Canadian Army, 1939-45) was a classmate of MacLennan's at Princeton. They greeted each other happily, but Stacey told my wife that MacLennan's manner earned him intense dislike at Princeton; & MacLennan, for his part, told Stacey in my hearing that the people at Princeton, staff & students, were "the worst lot of bastards I've ever met!"

This was followed by a "round table discussion of the novel conducted by W.A. Deacon, who called on Maida French, MacLennan, Child, Barnard, Bird & myself for remarks here & there. Several earnest souls in the audience busy taking notes — God knows why. No writer can honestly say why he does this or that; if he is any good he writes by instinct, of which nothing can be said except that it exists, and one follows it for good or ill, and that is that.

Friday, July 8/49

Still another lazy afternoon tea with the convention guests at "Vinwick", where Angus & his wife were very gracious to us all. Lieut.-Governor & Mrs. Mcurdy & his naval aide, Lieut.
Campbell arrived late at the tea party, & the Premier drew them & Hugh MacLennan & Edith & me into a side chamber, where he poured whiskey & water for us all & chatted very pleasantly. Mrs. Macdonald said I must change my habit of diving in & out of the city without a word to anybody, & made me promise to phone Angus or herself whenever I'm in town.

Afterwards their daughter Conagh drove Edith & me to Macdonald's flat in the family car — just in time to wash & change for the banquet tonight, which ends the convention.

As always I refused to wear formal dress, & went to the dinner in blue coat & white flannels — the only men at the head table not in tails or a tuxedo except Stacey, who was in army uniform. A great crowd in the banquet room, many Halifax people present. I sat between Mrs. Philip Childs and Mrs. Evelyn Richardson, the author of "He Keep A Light", who had come from her island for the occasion.

During the dessert a large woman (whose name escaped me) sang three ballads; of these, one about Toronto, one about Vancouver were by John Murray Gibbons, & the third by Agnes Foley Macdonald, wife of the Premier. Then came the presentation of the Governor-General's
Awards by the Premier. This part of the evening's programme was broadcast over the Halifax stations CHNS and CTCH, and two microphones were set up on the table before Mr. Mac. He made a few introductory remarks about each of us, and each in turn walked up, received his medal and a handshake, and sat down. Then each was called to the microphones for a five-minute talk. Following this, Bird, retiring president of the C.A.A., announced the closing of the convention. I have been re-elected Vice-President for the Maritimes, and remained for nearly an hour with the rest of the executive in business session.

Kathleen Strange, Edith and I then went on to Jack Brayley's house at 273 Lower Road, where we found Andrew Merkel and Ma Kellas, and had drinks and talk until midnight. Brayley is now head of the Canadian Press for the Maritimes — Merkel's old job. He chatted very interestingly about General Montgomery and about Premier Macdonald. Said Mac had told him in Ottawa (before resigning his post in the federal cabinet) that he was rather tired of politics and would like nothing so much as the presidency of Dalhousie University, which then was vacant or about to be vacant. Brayley promptly put an item in the press listing speculations on the post to which
Angus L. would go after leaving Ottawa, mentioning amongst other things a judgeship and the Dalhousie post. This was ignored by the Board of Governors of Dalhousie because (according to Brayley) Macdonald is a Catholic, and the college policy is still dictated very largely by J. McE. Stewart & others of the old Presbyterian tradition. They appointed Dr. Kett. According to Brayley, Macdonald wants to get out of politics & will shortly go to the bench. This will leave the leadership of the Liberal party in N. Y. open & the next leader must be Protestant because a Catholic held it last. I asked who is likely to get the post if Macd. resigns, & Brayley said Col. Winters who is expected to resign from the federal cabinet to take it.

Saturday, July 9/49. Drove home in a leisurely fashion this morning. Lunched at Boscawen Manor in Lunenburg, & while there called on C.H.R. Zwickler. He paid me for 17 copies of “West Novas” he had sold. He still has 8 on hand. Home about 2:30 p.m. & went on to White Point & played 18 holes of golf after tea. Lovely calm warm day. The drought has parched the golf course like the rest of the land, & the greens are now very brown.
Monday, July 11, 1949

Heavy showers of rain through the night but today was fine & hot. Bain phoned this morning to say that my new car had arrived; so I drove down to the Ford garage & handed over my faithful old Chevrolet, which has served me thirteen years & nearly 70,000 miles. I drove away with the new one. The cost was as follows:

- Custom four-door sedan: $2,099.29
- Extra for low pressure tires: $15.62
- Extra for heater & defroster: $61.73
- Extra for “northern equipment” (heavy springs, shock absorbers): $15.43
- Extra for metallic enamel: $9.72

Total: $2,223.88

Less trade-in allowance for old car: $550.00

Net: $1,673.88

The new car is light blue, much longer than the old one, & I can barely get it into my small garage. The old Chevrolet cost about $1,100 when new in 1936. The fact that it is still worth half that today reflects the high price & continuing shortage of new cars. Bain tells me he has several people waiting & eager to buy my old car, just as it is, for the trade-in price.
When I bought the Chev. in '36 I intended to run it five years & then get another, but when the five years were up, the war was on & a new car was out of the question. The war dragged on for six years, & all in all I kept the Chev. long past what I had considered the life of a car before the war.

Drove out to White Point this afternoon for a round of golf, but I played very badly & quit after 11 holes. Went on for a drive to Port L'Hebert. After tea we drove to Mill Village via Beach Meadows & Port Medway, just to enjoy the luxury of a new car on a very lovely evening.

**Tuesday, July 12/49**

Fine & warm. Cards from Tommy at Aldershot camp, Francie at Yarmouth; both are enjoying life outdoors. Francie's "card" actually was a bundle of five correspondence cards, written on both sides, and written in Francie's own naïve style which sent us into fits of laughter. A good round of golf this afternoon. Tonight a group of our friends gave a clam-bake in my honor in the Johnson's lovely garden on Park Street & using their fine new barbecue fireplace. (The Larkers, Dunlaps, Paul Kings, Carl Theiss, Harold Soggetto, Howard Whites, Charlie Williams, Longley Veinots, Gladys Macdonald, of course Edith & I.) Beer & then clams (dug at Port Joli.)
cooked under the expert supervision of Charlie Williams. I then rolls, cake, doughnuts & coffee. Howland made a little speech on behalf of the company & presented me with something elaborately wrapped, which turned out to be a bottle of Bacardi. A sea-fog had rolled in at sundown, but this cleared later on, & we had a rising moon. All very nice, & good fun.

This is the new stamp commemorating the foundation of Halifax.

Thursday, July 14, 49
Russell & Charlie Williams — my score 100. Edith & I had dinner at White Rock tonight with a Mrs. Wills of Coral Gables, Florida, who are guests from Florida Wills is a former Nova Scotia, a retired Wall Street broker, whose hobby is history, especially naval history. Afterwards we returned to town, & met the 9:15 train, on which the cadet corps returned from their ten days at Aldershot. Tommy turned up, very brown & fat, & entertained us till 11 p.m. with a vivid and active account of the camp. The boys slept in army huts, the food was plentiful & good.
the military training was well mixed with sports & other recreation. Amongst other things they had a sightseeing trip along the Valley to Grand P't & elsewhere, in a large bus. The Enfield corps again carried off the rifle shooting cups but lost the General Excellence shield to the smart New Glasgow corps. Tommy was much pleased to see the new car; for some time now he has been ashamed to be seen riding in the old one.

**Friday, July 13/49**

Kellen Brighton called this morning. She has been doing some folk lore research at Port Medway, & is now on her way to Baxt's Harbor. Golf this p.m. score 98. An open, hot afternoon, patches of hot sunshine & drifting fog. Cleared off about 4 p.m. This evening we drove to Carter's Beach & had a chat with Jack & Shirley Chaplin & their daughter Jill. Dropped Tommy & his chums at Summerside Beach en route & picked them up on the way home.

**Saturday, July 14/49**

Overcast & cool. Golf this afternoon with Parker, Kelso, & Harvey Brown, who is staying a day or two at White Point. Fetched Aunt Marie Bell down from Milton for tea, & we were joined by Marie Freeman, who is still boarding in town & renting her house in Milton. A mailed package from the Premier's secretary today revealed my fountain pen, which Angus...
had found in his pocket after the tea party on the 8th.

Britain, still suffering an acute shortage of dollar-exchange, has decided to cut her imports from Canada & the U.S. another 25%. This policy extends through her crown colonies, which means a sharp cut in Canada's trade with the West Indies also. The new tightening of the British belt follows the failure of a strenuous effort to increase British exports to the U.S. & Canada during the past two years. British production costs have risen so high since Labour got into the saddle that their goods could not compete in trans-Atlantic markets. All this in turn affects Canada's own dollar-exchange with the U.S.

The Canadian govt. has begun to restrict imports from that country again. The most hopeful feature here is that the rapidly increasing oil production in Alberta should make Canada independent of U.S. oil in another two years, & oil is a big item in the exchange.

Monday, July 13/49

Overcast, very hot & humid. Francie & her chums came home from Camp Wanipaning by way of train from Yarmouth. Francie (like Tommy last year) had won the "Honors Camper" badge, which she displayed with modest pride. This is awarded annually to the best all-round
personality in the camp — a coveted distinction.

Received today from Eaton a copy of Kenneth Roberts' book "I Wanted To Write", in which he quotes a letter from me in praise of "Oliver Wiswell". He describes very well the agonizing business of squeezing a story out of one's mind, but "I Wanted To Write" is really a picture of himself — a hard-driving egocentric man, careful in research but colouring his fiction & even his historical material with the tinge of his own violent prejudices; eager for money but at the same time eager to do something solid for American literature; enshrining his wife as well as himself in the terrific toils of his books; childishly angry with the Pulitzer Prize committee, who have consistently ignored his works; honest, opinionated, sarcastic, verbose.

Tuesday, July 19/49 A hot sleepless night; very hot today. Working slowly on my novel. Golf this afternoon. A well-dressed man at White Point asked if he could ride with me to Liverpool, to catch the bus to Chester at five o'clock. Turned out to be an interesting chap, Oscar Strauss, manager of the Hotel Nutibara, in Medellin, Colombia. (He gave me his card). Up here to spend a few weeks' holiday with his daughter, a
student at a girls' school in Canada. I invited him to wait at my house until two, when we sat in the shade on the lawn, sipping beer. He is a Czech, a veteran of the Czech Legion in the 1914-18 war, and an officer of the reserve when Hitler seized his country in 1938. He saw the war coming and got out with his wife and daughter via Poland and Sweden. He determined to settle in Venezuela, sailed with his family in a small Swedish tramp, which took a long route via the Faroes to avoid mines, and was 28 days on the passage to La Guaira. After some ups and downs, he got the post at the Hotel Putibara, which is, he says, a large modern hotel and compares favorably with anything in the U.S.

I asked what fate was in store for Czechoslovakia under the communist regime. He said, "You can see what is happening. The Czechs cannot fight for their freedom alone, any more than they could in 1938. My country is simply waiting for the Third Great War — between the U.S. and Russia. Russia cannot win, and the Czechs will then be free."

This evening I took Edith, France, Marie Freeman, Beryl Randall, and Miss Drew for a drive along the shore from Brooklyn to Eagle Head, thence to Port Medway, Charlestown, Greenfield, home by the Annapolis highway.
Wednesday, July 20/49

Very hot. Edith & I went to White Point tonight for dinner with Goodwin Harris & his wife. Professors McInnes & wife joined the party, & another couple from Toronto named Jide. Very cool & pleasant in the breeze from the sea. Home at 10 p.m.

Another sleepless night. The sky overcast, the air very still & breathless; lightning flashing almost continuously from two storms, one in the direction of Halifax, which was too far to be heard except about 4 a.m., when it approached & boomed, & flashed from the north-east. The other storm, far more spectacular, came up from the southwest & made the sky very bright & noisy about 1:30 or 2 a.m. It passed south of Liverpool & grumbled off seaward, its lightning still brilliant long after the sound could no longer be heard. One or two showers of rain fell — hardly enough to wet the sidewalks.

Letter today from Helen Brighton, busy collecting folklore at Cape Sable. Maida French had turned up at Clark's Harbour in her car, & they two had hired a fisherman (my friend Dewey Nicholson) to take them to Bon Portage Island for an afternoon's visit with Mrs. Evelyn Richardson. She says "Dewey worships you".
Friday, July 22, 1949.

Fine, warm. Golf as usual this afternoon. The town fathers have decided to pave with asphalt several of the streets (including Park Street) while the Acadia Construction Company's equipment is here & available. The company, which has almost finished paving the highway from Liverpool to Middlefield, is about to complete the partly-paved stretch from Brooklyn to Liverpool. Has advertised in the Liverpool Advance offering to pave private driveways at the rate of $2.10 per sq. yd. I have decided to have mine done. This evening a chap came up & estimated the job at $160.00. His men will do it tomorrow if the weather stays fine.

Saturday, July 23/49.

Very hot. I stayed at home to oversee the asphalt job but the men did not show up until after 2 p.m. & as I didn't want my driveway torn up & then left over Sunday I told them to come back Monday morning. The Goodwin Harris's came in for tea, which we had on the lawn, & I drove about the town with them & explained the points of interest, & let them see the Perkins house. The interior painting is nearly finished & all looks quietly handsome in the way I had hoped.
Sunday, July 24, 1949
Fine, with a stiff westerly gale.

This afternoon I drove to Port Joli for a picnic in company with the Parkers, Dunlap & Forsythes. Austin had brought a pin-maul, drills, & split iron laths & wedges for the purpose of marking permanently the corners of his property there. Hector Dunlap & I took turns at drilling one of the holes in a big granite boulder. Made coffee over a fire by the shore, & we all dined in a sunny clearing amongst the spruces. Tommy & Francie were accompanied by their chums Paul Chandler & Lynn Telden. Young Jim Parker was there with his girl, Barbara White; Edwin & Nora Parker had their blonde baby girl, who enchanted all of us. The youngsters swam & played baseball & swam again right up to the last minute. Home about 9 p.m. with a magnificent sunset fading into dusk behind us.

Monday, July 25/49
Fine & warm. Four men & a truckload of hot asphalt road-mixture arrived this morning, together with a blond young man operating a small gasoline-driven roller. By late afternoon my driveway was done. The blond chap told me with animation that he had read "Pride's Fancy" & "His Majesty's Yankees" & enjoyed them. Played 18 holes
WEDNESDAY, JULY 27/49

Continued warm weather. Inland everybody swells but here on the coast we are comfortable. Typical temperatures given by radio today: 96° in the Ottawa Valley; 85° in the Annapolis Valley; 75° on the South Shore.

The head of the RCAF, Air Vice-Marshall bustis, on a tour of inspection, says that Greenwood air field will soon be the largest air base in eastern Canada. Its latest reinforcement is a new group set up to practice anti-submarine work. For married personnel 100 houses have been built within the past two years, 150 more will be undertaken at once. The big airfield at Dartmouth seems to have a comparatively minor role in the defence scheme. As H.M.C.S. "Shearwater" it is the base for Canadian naval aircraft, but its chief utility now is as a general airport for Halifax. The new commander of "Shearwater" is Captain F. W. Finch-Young, whose mysterious disappearance set the countryside agog in September 1939, who was found sitting in his car at Ten Mile Lake, on the road from Annapolis to Liverpool. Amnesia due to overwork, it was said.
THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1949. This day opened with an overcast sky, but the weather cleared about 10 p.m., from then on we experienced the hottest day of this hot summer. By 1 p.m. the thermometer in our dining room was 92°, I guess. I was just finishing a morning’s work at the typewriter when Leslie Gordon Barnard, the Montreal author & his wife, arrived on bicycles from Hunt’s Point, where they have a cabin for a few days. They stayed to lunch & in the afternoon I took them in my car for a tour of Liverpool & Milton, showed them through the Perkins house & so on.

While they were chatting in our living room, Arthur Mayse & his wife & two youngsters arrived to pay a call. They have a cottage at Broad River. Mayse, formerly a fiction department editor for Maclean’s Magazine, is now free-lancing & recently had a novel published in serial form in the Saturday Evening Post – for which he got something like $15,000. He intends making a swordfishing trip with one of Port Mouton fishermen who are now fitting out for Louisburg.

After tea, Edith & I fled from the boiling town & I played golf until dark. Cool & very pleasant there with the fogbank lying in sight two or three miles off Western Head.
Friday, July 29, 1949

Another day of terrific heat. The radio informs us that Liverpool yesterday was the hottest town in Nova Scotia—although I doubt. Ralph Johnson, returning from New Germany today, said the temperature there was 120° Fahrenheit in the sun. Got in a good morning's work by getting up at 6 a.m., as I have done for several weeks. All afternoon on the golf course, where there was a cool breeze, & afterwards we had drinks & a chat with Goodwin Harris & his wife on the verandah of their cottage, which faces directly upon the beach.

Letter today informs me that the new Income Tax Act, which did not become effective until Jan. 1, 1949, admits at last that authors' royalties are "earned income" and not subject to the 4% surtax hitherto imposed. There is no recourse for the sums of which we have been mulcted in the years gone by. Thus Canada at last admits, by act official, that a Canadian author really works for his living.

Saturday, July 30, 1949

Still another hot day. Played 18 holes on the golf course this morning. This afternoon we drove to Summerville & dropped Francie & two chums at the beach for a picnic of their own. We then picked up Leslie & Betty Barnard & spent the afternoon driving slowly & giving them glimpses of the shore scenery—South West Port Mouton, Western Head (where the foghorn was
bathing in thick fog, we got out on the breakwater, visited the Whistle-keeper, Carl Hatt; Brooklyn breakwater, Dipper, Beach Meadows, Eagle Head. At six o’clock we carried our stuff down to the shore at Beach Meadows, boiled a kettle over an open fire & made coffee, had a picnic. The Barnards delighted with the fine beach, astonished that we were the only people there. Returned them to Hunt’s Point at 8 p.m., picked up the kids, came home. The fog had moved in, bringing the temperature down to 60° in a swoop.

Sunday, July 31/49. Dense fog. Edith & I went to White Point at 10:30 a.m. & played 9 holes of blind-man’s bluff with Goodwin Harris & his wife. Lunch at the Lodge with the Harris’; afterwards down to the games room where Harris showed his colored movie taken last summer. Back to town for tea, found it very humid & hot. After tea I took Edith & the kids to Summerville (which was sunny) & went back to play another 9 holes at White Point (which was still another in fog). Picked up my family again, spotted the Barnards on the road as we came past Hunt’s Point, brought them into town for another chat. Played my record of James S. Gillis discussing his own “Cape Breton Giant” & other matters, which they enjoyed. Returned them to Hunt’s Point at 11 p.m. They leave tomorrow or Tuesday.
Monday, Aug. 1, 1949

Drove my family to Yarmouth, first turning inland at Sussex to drop Tommy for a fortnight at
Camp Wapomeo. Had a chat with Nathan Bain. Then on to have lunch with Jim & Fran Reside in their lovely
new home beside Lake Milo. All sorts of weather—pouring rain on the Queen's County shore, thick fog
from Lockport to Argyle, high sunshine everywhere else. After lunch drove on with Edith & Frances, up
the French shore to Annapolis, all very lovely; American cars everywhere; at 6 p.m. stopped for a hearty meal
at Baledonia, in a small restaurant run by a war veteran and his dear Scotch wife. Home at 8 p.m.
Got the first scare on the new Ford on the gravel road from badleton to Hebron, where a stone, flung by a passing car,
made a semi-circular crack on the windshield about the size of my forefinger nail. Had two narrow escapes from serious
damage: on the dirt road coming down from the east side of Bear River towards the paved highway, when a
light truck came tearing around a corner on the wrong side of the road & skidded wildly in loose gravel while
it swung over to the right side; and on the new paved road from Middlefield to Liverpool, where a young deer
suddenly leaped out of the woods & crossed the road in front of the car — I was going 60 m.p.h., a narrow shave.
Friday, Aug. 5, 1949

Very hot. I had an official (printed) invitation to be present at the Barrington Passage causeway ceremony today; and two days ago my fisherman friend Dewey Nickerson phoned from Clarks Harbour inviting me to the banquet afterwards: so this morning at ten o'clock Edith & I set off. Stopped on the way to visit Arthur Mayse & his family in their cottage at Broad River; stopped at the McNullen House in Barrington for lunch; renewed acquaintance with the hostess (Mrs. Broderick) and Dr. Melvin & family; Miss Belle Hopkins, a garrulous old Miss Frank Doane. Sat at table with a pretty Mrs. Parsons, wife of one of the contractors on the causeway job; and a young RCMP constable, who told me that he & another constable had visited Seal Island recently to answer a complaint by Mrs. Hamilton that the fishermen were wantonly shooting gulls there. Reached Clarks Harbour via the causeway about 2 p.m. & found Dewey & family about to set off for the ceremony. Followed him back to the causeway & had a long wait in the burning sun, as the official opening was not to take place until 4 p.m. Premier Macdonald came along in a big black car about 3:45, wearing a neat grey suit & a somewhat battered but obviously cherished
The grey fedora hat. He noticed me in the crowd stopped for a chat. While we were talking, a chap (Ed Parson) with the latest thing in cameras took a picture of Macdonald & me, another of Hedley Say & me. He took my breath by waving from the camera (within sixty seconds or a bit less) and presenting to me the resulting snapshots, printed in a sort of sepia finish. A wooden dais had been erected in the exact centre of the causeway, well decorated in red, white & blue, & with the Nova Scotian, the Canadian, & the British flags snapping in the breeze. A band in blue uniforms (from Yarmouth, someone said) played "O Canada" to open the show. There were brief speeches by M. D. Rawding (Minister of Highways) & others, & finally the Premier. The young parson of Cape Island, Lawrence Atkinson, made an invocation. Angus then took a pair of scissors & cut the symbolic white ribbon stretched across the causeway. Several hundred people from both shores came to see the ceremonies, & of course everyone was happy because Cape Island is no longer isolated & dependent on the erratic & inadequate ferry service. As an added touch, the old ferryboat "Joseph Howe"
very brave in the hunt, made her final voyage across the Passage while the ceremony was in progress.

Back to Clark's Harbor in a choking cloud of dust raised by the long procession of cars & trucks. Sipped over drinks of Scotch & ice at Dewey's house, & at 6 p.m. went to a big second-story lodge-room, where Edith & I were ushered to one of the head tables. Pretty Mrs. Parsons sat at my left, Logan Bakers on Edith's right. An excellent meal with cold boiled lobster as the pièce de résistance. Farrington, the clever, handsome young Englishman who was principal of the Clark's Harbor School last year, was chairman of the dinner, & the Premier, Judge Rauding, Baker & one or two others spoke briefly to the gathering. Saw Helen Breighton there, & had a word or two with Eddie "Whiskers" Smith, Robbie Blakes, Captain Kinney, & other friends. Then on to Bob Manson's flat over the cold-storage plant, where we chatted over glasses of Scotch. Bob took me down & showed me his new equipment for "quick-freezing" fillets of fish wrapped in paper & packed in cardboard boxes with a cellophane panel. He is experimenting with fillets of halibut put up in this manner, & presented me with two 3-lb. packages to take home & try. Back to pool at 55 or 60 miles an hour. Home just before midnight.
Saturday, Aug. 6, 1949
Very hot. The Premier & R.W. McCollough (executive assistant to the Minister of Highways & Public Works) arrived in Liverpool this morning & wished to see the Perkins house. I took them through it, found both men keenly interested, especially Angus L., who lingered for an hour chatting about 18th century days and the importance of the New Englanders' settlement of Nova Scotia in the days before the American Revolution.

Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap. Edith came along & kept score. (Hector, 90: I, 99.) Then back to my house for cold beer & chat.

Sunday, Aug. 7, 1949
Very hot. Golf morning & afternoon.
Picnic tea at Port Joli with the Parkers on their recently purchased land at Forbes Point. I hear that the old Kinney property at Catharine's River has been purchased by some Americans staying at White Point.
The large U.S. Navy task force which is visiting Halifax for Navy Week paused up the coast this morning. It includes the huge aircraft carrier "Midway", the carrier "Kearsarge", four or five destroyers & a submarine, the flagship is the "Newport News" (Admiral William H. Blandy, C-in-C, U.S. Atlantic Fleet) the largest cruiser in the world. One of the destroyers came into Liverpool for a visit, anchoring off Brooklyn, & today the town & the
adjacent beaches are thronged with young sailors, most of whom look no more than 17 or 18 years old. The Royal Navy is represented at Halifax during this celebration by the lone cruiser "Glasgow," the lone submarine "Sally Ho," this illustrates once more Britannia's fading role as mistress of the seas. In addition to the above N.Y. ships at Halifax, the cruisers "Rochester" and "Spokane" are visiting Sydney; the destroyers "Gearing" and "Gyatt" are at Pictou; the destroyer "K.A. Bailey" is at Arichat; destroyers "Yogelsang" and "Steinaker" are at Shelburne; destroyers "H.S. Ellison" is at Yarmouth; destroyer "C.R. War" is at Liverpool; submarine "Requin" is at Louisburg; cruiser "Albany" and destroyers "Fitch" and "Ellyson" are at St. John, N.B.

Monday, Aug 8/49

Very hot. Golf this afternoon with Lawrence Vickwire and Charlie Williams; my score for 18 holes, 85 — the first time I have got below 90. Drinks afterwards on Charlie's lawn, with a fine breeze blowing down the harbour. Tonight at 9:30 I drove with Edith and Frankie to Western Head, & watched a full moon rising, very large and almost orange in the faint hot-weather haze.
Tuesday, Aug. 9, 1949

31 years ago today my father was killed at the battle of Amiens. This morning I drove with Edith to Halifax for lunch on board the U.S. flagship "Newport News." (Invitations had been issued by Admiral Blandy through the American consulate of Halifax.) A blazing hot day. The big cruiser lay at a jetty at the dockyard, and we walked to the foot of the gangway we were greeted by three smart young marines, smiling politely and murmuring "Good Afternoon." On deck, at the gangway head, awaited a bosun and sideboys and a good deal of "brass," with the consul general, Mr. Benninghoff, a small, neat dark man, conspicuous in formal black coat, striped trousers, top hat, etc. Rather formidable for shy country folk like ourselves, especially as we arrived at a moment when no other guests were there to hide behind. However, we put a good face on it, were duly piped over the side, saluted, greeted at once by name (with the proper pronunciation) by Admiral Blandy (who said he recognized me from the photograph on the jacket of my book "Halifax") and by Mr. Benninghoff, who said the same. We were introduced to the ship's captain, then escorted below by a tall, cheerful young officer. In the big wardroom we found a number of other guests, the room
soon filled. There appeared to be about twenty guests, mostly
banzai army & navy people with their wives. Premier
Macdonald came over & chatted in his easy way, & we talked
with Bill Borrett, Harold Connolly, the Ahrens, Gordon
Dunor M.P., Commodore Hope RCN, his wife (who admitted
cheerfully that after years of experience she still goes down
ships' ladders “the sissy way” — i.e. facing the steps) and
Vice-Admiral K.R. Symonds-Taylor R.N., who commands the
American West Indies squadron, & is here in his flagship
“Glasgow”, a tall bald grave man. The ship is equipped
with air-condition machinery & the American officers were all
in their blues, which they said were perfectly comfortable after
the heat of Norfolk. A fine-looking set of men I never
saw, & all were charming, lively & keen-witted in conversation,
and with an easy courtesy that made them the finest
sort of ambassadors for their country. We had an
excellent lunch, & the coffee was served by left & silent
little Filipino mess-men in white. Left the ship at
2 o’clock, & Gordon Dunor drove us to Mother’s flat, where
I had left my car. Stopped at Simpson’s, where Edith
did a bit of shopping, then on to Lunenburg, where we
had dinner at Roseau Manor. One of my old-school-
teachers, Miss Haverstock, was there & we had a chat about
bygone days at the Halifax Academy. Home about 9 p.m.
I met with a jarring accident on the very threshold. Running up the steps in the early dusk with my arms full of parcels, I tripped on the edge of the porch, cutting a gash about an inch long and half an inch wide in my bald scalp. Drove down to Dr. Hickwire & got him to clean it & put a pad on it. A cool night, thank God, & a refreshing sleep in spite of my sore head.

**Wednesday, Aug. 10/49**

Fine & somewhat cooler. Golf this afternoon with Charlie Williams. This evening I drove down towards the yacht club jetty, where the leave boats of the American destroyer bring their men (she is anchored off the Brooklyn breakwater), & invited two young sailors to come for a drive. Took them around Milton, then on to Hunts Point, Summerville, Carter's Beach, & southwest Port Milton. On the way back picked up three more sailors at Summerville, & brought them all to my house for a glass of beer before taking them on to the dance in the Masonic Hall. They were all young, well-mannered chaps from various states as far west as Ohio, & most of them from small towns; hence they like Liverpool and wish they could stay longer. The destroyer leaves tomorrow.

**Thursday, Aug. 11/49**

A light rain last night & a drizzle today, breaking another wave of heat nine days long. Francis went off
this morning in the Seldons' car to visit my sister Hilda at Halifax. This afternoon I went over the grounds of the Perkins House, front and back, with Jim Reside and Laurence, & we drew up specifications for grading the lawn, extending fences, removing dead trees, underbrush, & making a proper car drive into the property from Church Street. Arthur Mayse, his wife & two children came in from Broad River to have tea with us & spend the evening. They expect to move from Toronto to the West Coast within a year or so.

Friday, Aug. 12/39

Played golf at White Point with Laurence.

Wickwire this morning despite overcast skies & a drizzle occasionally blowing in from the sea. This afternoon Edith & I drove to White Point, picked up Edgar McInnes & his wife, & took them for a drive along the shore through Brooklyn, Neck Point, Beach Meadows, West Berlin, Port Medway, Voge's Cove, Broad Cove & Petite Riviere. Dinner at our house afterwards, & a long evening's chat.

McInnes is a keen student of world affairs & has written a good deal of history ("The Unconquered Frontier", "The English Speaking Peoples", etc.). His sympathies are inclined to be Socialist but he does not obtrude them into conversation. He is a man of about 55 or 60, a native of N.S., of medium height, a little stooped, partly bald, grey hair, humorous grey eyes.
eye, a slow, drawling Highland-Gaelic voice. His wife is
a vivacious brunette, 50-ish, from Ohio.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14/49

Golf this morning — the course crowded,
y play very slow. This afternoon we picked up Edgar
& Lorene MacInnes at White Point & went on to explore
the shore road from Birchtown to Clyde River via
Church Over, Bunning Cove, Round Bay, Engomat, Port
Saxon. An excellent dinner in the Chelsea Lodge,
Shelburne (the former White home), where, too, our host
sold me a bottle of rye whiskey for $6.00, explaining
apologetically that Shelburne has no government liquor
store; he has to maintain his supply by way of trucks
to Liverpool. (The store price for this brand of rye was
$3.75.)

After dinner I had planned to drive along the shore
road from Shelburne to Jordan Falls, but a heavy mass
of cloud, which had been showering at intervals, now
poured down a torrent, so we returned to Liverpool.

TUESDAY, AUG. 16/49

Lovely weather now — enough cloud to take
the constant bite from the sunshine, cool northerly breezes, and
blessed cool nights. I have slept better these past few nights
than at any time since June 1st. Margaret Mitchell,
who was injured by a drunken car-driver in Atlanta, Georgia,
four days ago, died in hospital there today. She was the
author of "Gone With The Wind", a novel about the South.
during after the civil War. It was enormously popular during the late 1930's and early 40's, & brought the author a fortune in royalties, movie sales, etc.; she never wrote another book.

Today's Hfx. papers announce that Mount Allison University will confer an honorary D. Litt. degree on Will Bird next week. I wrote my congratulations.

Thursday, Aug. 8/49
Blows & sunshine - showers tonight.

Golf this morning. This afternoon I drove with Edith to Lunenburg, & saw a chap at the Lunenburg Foundry company's office about an oil furnace for my house. He is to send a man to see the house & make an estimate, next week. Returned to Liverpool by way of Bridport. The lovely drive up the east bank of the LaHave. Tommy's four chums are tenting at Lunenburg Beach. They will have much feminine company, as today 60 Toronto girl "sea scouts" arrived there in a special railway car to camp for a fortnight.

Saturday, Aug. 20/49
The summer weather broke yesterday in a storm which moved down from the Great Lakes & reached its greatest force on the Nova Scotia coast. Trees & power lines blown down in many places. At Liverpool we had strong gusty winds, although nothing serious; but we did have the heaviest rainfall in the Maritime provinces.
— a little over 4 inches in 24 hours. This was badly needed.

Golf this afternoon with Kyle & Tom Miller. I played
wrathfully in the high wind — score 111, my worst this
year. No writing for weeks, although each morning &
evening I rustically shut myself in my den & try
to evoke my Daemon. No go. In the meantime I
am living on my capital, which melts fast; and yet
I do not seem to care.

Monday, Aug. 22/49

A hot day with a fresh S.W. breeze.
The lake is lower than I have ever seen it, despite the
big rain of the 19th. Eagle Brook a mere trickle
through the crevices of the old logging dam — the sluice
as dry as a bone. Took out one of the canoes and
paddled about the upper end of the lake, examined the
beaver house & dam, & so on. Most of the afternoon we
spent yarning on the verandah. Mayes finds himself
much in the position that I was in about 1939 — having
had a spare from a salaried job, with a wife & two small
children, determined to sink or swim as a writer, with
some success as a magazine writer, but terribly conscious
of the deep dark sea. His first book, "Perilous Passage," is
just out, having first appeared in serial form in Saturday Evening Post, and he had been sharply wounded by a
review in a Vancouver newspaper, written by a former
associate of his, who accused him of turning his back on
his literary ideals and writing cheap adventure tales for
money. I pointed out to Mayes that this accusation
had been thrown at a good many people, including
Robert Louis Stevenson, whose work holds a now well-
acknowledged place in English literature. The "arty"
people are always ready to fling this stone, forgetting
that true art in fiction writing consists in telling
a good tale with a disciplined imagination and
sound workmanship. Nothing else matters in the long
run, money or no money — and all that is good and
imperishable in literature has been written by men and
women engaged in earning their bread. Mayes seemed
much comforted by what I said, I intimated that he
had come down here partly to see me — the way in
which I lived and worked. He was present when Maclean's
editorial staff gave me a luncheon at the University
club in '46, and he said, "When you were answering
our questions about your life and work, I said to myself,
'there is a happy man.' Now I can see why."
We returned at dusk to the car at Big Falls,
stopped on the power dam to watch the last of a magnificent sunset reflected on the surface of the lake.

**Wednesday, Aug. 24/49** Fine, warm. Golf this afternoon with Harvey Browell, J.A. Parker, Tomray Jones—all deliberate players, especially Jones. After the first nine holes I found it slow. Distant ridges very hazy-blue, as if a forest fire were burning a few miles away; but Ralph Johnson tells me the smoke is drifting on the westerly winds from a fire in Maine or New Brunswick.

**Thursday, Aug. 25/49** Fine. Harvey Browell dropped in to show me photos of this year's reunion of his old regiment, the 85th N.Y. Highlanders, of War One fame. About 150 men were present, an amazing thing after 31 years; and they have been meeting every year since 1918. He told me an anecdote about the War One memorial at Chester, N.S. It is the bronze figure of a Highlander; the sculptor, a stickler for accuracy, got from Browell photographs of 20 men of the 85th, so that he could determine a typical face & figure. Chiefly he used, the features and figure of Sergeant-Major Ward of the 85th. Ward hadn't a drop of Highland blood, but nor had hundreds of others (including those from Chester) who enlisted in the Highland Brigade & eventually passed through the ranks of the 85th on the Western Front.
Friday, Aug. 26, 1949

Hot weather. The Parrots came in from Greenfield & had dinner with us. McIvor came in during the evening with figures on installing an oil furnace—all very high, also he was vague about date of delivery, saying that the rush to install oil was so great that all the manufacturers of oil-burning equipment were "behind" with their orders.

Sunday, Aug. 27, 1949

Very hot. Golf this morning with Pask, Dunlap & Hubert Macdonald. Fog covered the course during the first nine holes but then the sun burned it off. This afternoon drove with Edith & Francis (Tommy is still tenting at Summerville) to the lovely beach across Johnston's Pond, about 11 miles from Table River on the road to Westport & Hubert village. There we joined the Williams, the Paul Kings & the Ralph Johnstons in a picnic. This is a rugged and picturesque bay, too remote as yet to be spoiled by the Sunday trippers who now infest our former favorite beaches at Summerville & Southwest Port Mouton.

In town, the paving contractors have just finished removing the old surface of pitted and bumpy asphalt from Main Street, thus reducing it to its original dusty state. The work was done by a huge bull-dozer which scooped up the old asphalt & lifted it into
trucks. This debris is being dumped in the old docks west of Market Street, that area will be made into a parking space for cars and trucks, very convenient to Main as well as Market Street.

For many years there has been a controversy between the town and the provincial government over the maintenance of the highway bridge across the Mersey. The original bridge, a toll affair, was built by a group of Liverpool merchants soon after the War of 1812. It has been replaced since by one or two wooden bridges, in the 1880s by the present iron structure, which was intended of course for horse-and-wagon traffic, nearly all of it local. Nowadays the bridge takes a tremendous motor traffic, much of it in heavy trucks, and a great part of it "through" traffic moving along the south shore. It has become shabby and must soon be replaced. While the provincial govt. has helped to repair the bridge from time to time, it still insists that any new structure is a responsibility of the town. The replacement of the bridge at present-day costs would inflict a tremendous new burden on Liverpool, where expenditures for schools, water system, fire station, etc. have already doubled the taxes in the past 15
years, where we are now facing an expenditure of $140,000 to pave the principal streets. Therefore the town council last week decided to bring the bridge matter to a head. It has announced that on Sep. 30th the bridge will be closed to all traffic on grounds that it is dangerous. This will mean a serious inconvenience to town-dweller who work at the Brooklyn paper mill, but it will also compel all traffic on the main south shore highway to detour 5 miles in order to cross the Mersey River at Milton. This is putting a gun to the head of Merrill Rawding, member for Queens, who is also Minister of Highways.

Harold Connolly, Minister of Trade & Industry in the N.V. cabinet, sent me a copy of Professor H. L. Stewart's book, "The Irish in Nova Scotia," recently published. The title is misleading. It is really a history of the Charitable Irish Society in Halifax city, and more than half of it is taken up with Stewart's views on British rule in Ireland. In discussing the story of the Irish in Halifax he quotes freely from my books "His Majesty's Yankees" and "Halifax Warden of the North." Had he asked me I could have given him a chapter on the Irish in Queens
Monday, Aug. 29, 49

Overcast with a gusty S.W. wind. Florida is just picking up the pieces after a tremendous hurricane—the winds reached a force of 150 miles an hour. A mysterious package from Charlottetown today revealed a note from Goodwin Harris and a beautifully made brass cannon of the 18th century naval type, 6 1/2” long, mounted on an oak carriage with brass trucks & axles. Most kind of him—I wrote my thanks. The Harris’s are now on their way home to Toronto after spending the whole summer in Nova Scotia & P.E.I.

Britain’s financial state is now very grave, due to the great and growing disparity between her purchases abroad (especially from the “dollar countries,” Canada & the U.S.) and her foreign sales. Devaluation of the pound sterling would enable her to sell much more abroad, and this is the measure advocated strongly by the Americans. But this would raise the actual cost of her purchases in America, & Sir Stafford Cripps says No. The rest of the world, believing that eventually the British must devalue the pound, is holding off purchases of British goods, and so there is a crisis in British trade.
Overcast, with occasional showers.
The Rose Parrots had invited us to their lodge at Greenfield for a couple of days, so this morning I drove with Edith and Francis to their place. After lunch we strolled along the ridge under the tall hemlocks, looking down on the river, as far as the foot of Black Rattle Falls. After dinner we all drove to the farm of George Fisher at Greenfield, and spent an entertaining evening watching a four-month-old doe, the household pet. Fisher found the fawn when it was a few days old, feeble and apparently abandoned. Mrs. Fisher undertook to feed it cow's milk with an ordinary nursing bottle, and kept it in the house, where it spent most of the first two weeks lying on a couch in the kitchen. The deer (a buck) now stands about as high as my waist, is shedding its first coat, which still has the typical white spots. The horns are still covered with the skin of the forehead but they make two perceptible bumps. It is amazingly tame, plays with the two dogs of the house, and comes up to human visitors to have its head scratched. It is allowed to roam about the farm and the woods all day, but it turns up punctually after the evening milking for its "supper." Mrs. F. opened the door, the deer walked eagerly into the kitchen, and we watched it guzzle about a quart of new milk from the rubber-tipped bottle (drinking in quick
strong, noisy suck) and munch a raw potato cut up into pieces and held in Mrs. F’s hand, an apple ditto, and (of all things) a ginger cookie. Then it walked over to the couch, jumped upon it, dropped upon its fore-knees, then upon its hind quarters, so all four legs were neatly tucked beneath it, and lay for an hour with its head in Francie’s lap, while she scratched and stroked it. The deer sleeps every night in this manner never stirring. In the morning Mrs. F. gives it “breakfast” (milk etc) opens the door, and it walks off towards the pasture and disappears for the day. I never saw a “wild” animal so completely tame. The Fishers said they found a young fawn 3 years ago and raised it in this manner, but that last year it was shot by hunters in the neighboring woods. This one they intend to keep in their barn during the hunting season.

THURSDAY, SEP. 2/49 A lovely sunny day. A leisurely breakfast, games with a miniature ten-pin outfit, and practice with Parrott’s archery outfit (he is an expert on archery & its history). About 1 p.m. Dr. John Wickwire & his family arrived, bringing also young Jim Wickwire’s girl, a Miss Bohrman from St. John. We all set off at once for Glode’s Island in Penhook Lake, driving to Parrott’s boathouse above Greenfield, & going up the lake in
their new motorboat. On the island the Parrot's man of all work, Ray Robart, lit a fire in the big fireplace, and with the aid of their maid, a pale country girl named Ruth, proceeded to cook and serve a delicious meal of broiled
beefsteak, potatoes and cabbage. The young people swam
in the lake and we older folk loafed and talked in the sunshine
until 5:30, when the whole party returned to the lodge
time about 8:30 p.m. (Noticed a good weighing
machine in Parrot's bathroom and stepped upon it, fully dressed
except for my jacket. Weight, 183.)

Saturday, Sep. 3/49

Returns from McClelland & Stewart show that during the period Jan. 31 – July 31 this year, the sales of
"Halifax, Warden of the North" were 513 copies. A great
disappointment and a sharp blow to my budget for the
coming winter. The total sales of the book in Canada
since it was published last November are slightly less
than 3,000 copies. I had expected at least 5,000 and
possibly 10,000. The actual result confirms the
gloomy view of the booksellers, who predicted last November
that during the present slump in the book trade a
history of any sort, whatever virtue, selling at $6 a
copy, had no chance of a large sale.

My sister Hilda arrived from N.F. this evening and
is spending the week end with us.
SUNDAY, SEP 4, 1949
Rain this morning & fog all day. Drove to Milton & thence to Barter's [Beach] this afternoon with Edith, Hilda, & Marie Freeman. Afterwards took them through the Perkins house.

MONDAY, SEP 5/49
Labour Day, all the mill hands marched in a parade through the town this morning, each wearing a little cocked cap of newsprint, accompanied by the Lunenburg band, the Liverpool cadet band, & about a dozen decorated floats. There were speeches, later on sports, & a bazaar. Golf this afternoon with Charlie, Williams, Hubert Macdonald & Austin Lister. I won the round with 93. Afterwards, on Charlie's lawn, we had drinks of fruit juice strongly fortified with what Charlie calls "Black Leaf 40" (the nicotine insecticide) - in reality, Black Diamond rum from Demerara. Since his ship, the "Markland," is foreign going, he gets this stuff out of bond at Halifax, where it is stored for the use of the N.S. Liquor Commission, in kegs which yield about 28 or 30 bottles of 26 fluid ounces each. The N.S. L.C. in bottling its rum, "cuts" the stuff by adding water in a proportion of two or three to one - which makes the insipid stuff for which we pay $3.50 to $4.50 per quart in the goin stores. By comparison, the "Keg rum," so-called, is liquid dynamite. Charlie has a Keg shipped down from Halifax.
from time to time, for the ship's use (to his own), tells me
the kegs are frequently tampered with on the journey. The
process is simple: the railwaymen knock up one of the keg
hoops, bore a small hole, draw off a quantity of the rum,
replace it with water, plug the hole, & replace the hoop. In
this way the keg arrives at Liverpool with its bung seal
intact & its liquid content undiminished, so that the
theft is impossible to prove.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 7th
Fine. Coffee this morning with
Hubert Macdonald. Dinner with Edith tonight at White
Point, as guests of the Nova Scotia Medical Association,
holding its annual convention there. Afterwards, in
conjunction with Dr. John MacKinnon & three other male
singers dressed in 18th century sailors costumes, I
gave a brief talk on sea chanteys, demonstrated by
the singing of chanteys of various kinds. The show
was a great success, & everybody wanted more.
Afterwards I chatted with dr. & Mrs. Woodruffe, of
Chester, Dr. Ernest Glenister, a friend of my boyhood,
Dr. Schwartz of HFX, old Dr. MacKinnic of HFX, who
attended the Halcott family 30 years ago, & others
including Sir Lionel & Lady Whitty, who are making
a tour of Canada & the U.S. Sir Lionel (who
was Winston Churchill's physician during the war year)
was here to address the M.J. doctors on the British experience of socialized medicine. The gist of his report was that S.M. is on the whole a good thing. The trouble with it in Britain was that the scheme was devised & put into effect by Labour politicians who knew little & cared less about practical medicine. The result was a rush of people to the doctors demanding treatment for every petty sort of ailment; the doctors have been overburdened, so have the hospitals; yr the makers of eyeglasses, trusses, hearing aids & every other sort of device (including wigs) for human impairments have been reaping a harvest. In its first year the British medical scheme cost the taxpayers three times the estimated amount. His advice to Canadian medical associations: study the British scheme, prepare now for some kind of socialized medicine, making sure that the eventual set-up is under the supervision of the national medical association.

Friday, Sep 9/49

Francis (“Frank”) Willis of the C.B.C. phoned from Toronto this morning & asked me to make a half-hour broadcast over the national network on Nov. 23 in connection with the anniversary of Trafalgar. Willis is a gifted but erratic chap, given to drink. He sounded drunk today. I pointed out that Trafalgar Day is Oct. 21, but he insisted it was Nov. 21. I did not
argue further. (I had a quaint experience of Willis &
his magnificent notions in the spring of '47.)
I stipulated that I should confirm the broadcasting
arrangements with Dorothea Box, program director of the
B.T.C. at Hfx., & she agreed & rang off.
Halifax is agog this week over a conference
of the Anglican House of Bishops, with nearly all the
Canadian bishops & many other prominent churchmen &
laymen in attendance. Star of the show is the
Archbishop of York, who preached in St. John's
church, Lunenburg, last Sunday. I suspect that
he is here to counteract the impression left last
year by the “Red Dean” of Canterbury, who set Canada
in an uproar with his strongly pro-Communist
and pro-Russian speeches. Amongst the business
tackled this week by the House of Bishops was the
proposal to change the name of the Church of England
in Canada, since it is, of course, not a church of
England at all. However, this was voted down.
Speaking to a Hfx. business men's club yesterday
the A. of Y. declared his approval of the welfare
state as exemplified by the present British effort.
He admitted the evil of bureaucracy which accompanies
the welfare state, but declared it a lesser evil than
that of communism— the only other choice.

SUNDAY, SEP 11/49  Lovely day. Golf this morning with Jack Mclean & Hubert Macdonald. Lunch at Hillcrest hotel with my wife, the Parrots & Hindmans—all guests of Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire. Forget to note that yesterday (Sep 10) Mclean phoned, conveying an offer of the Lunenburg Foundry Co. to install an oil-burning forced-air furnace in my house for $480. This includes a storage tank & one warm-air duct upstairs to the bathroom. The furnace is to be of adequate capacity to heat a house of this size, & satisfactory operation is guaranteed for one year. Job to be completed within four weeks. Perhaps I should have insisted on getting all this in writing, but I am so anxious to get the furnace installed before cold weather that I agreed without hesitation.

TUESDAY, SEP 13/49  My golf game has deteriorated badly in the past 3 weeks, chiefly because, it seems to me, I have become intensely worried about finances, especially since Sep 3. I have accomplished only a few chapters of my new novel since last spring, chiefly due to (a) a stream of visitors and (b) my obsession with golf. For most of this I blame myself. Had thought I might write a few short
stories during the summer months but although I racked my brain every morning nothing worthwhile would come. This morning I set out for White Point to play a round of golf with MacDonald. My play was terrible & at the 8th tee I quit and drove home at 65 miles an hour. had a bath, threw myself into the novel. As I knew it would, writing comes hard after such a hiatus but I slopped away till midnight.

Thursday, Sep 15 49 Rain. No golf & much work since the 13th. Today, out of the blue, a notion for a short story intruded upon the novel, which I promptly put aside. Worked on the short story all day & into the night until nearly 2 a.m.

Friday, Sep 16 49. Re-writing the short story ("Mistress of CKU") all morning & half the afternoon. Walked to Milton & back — very pleasant along the newly paved roads, both sides of the vines. Finished the short story at midnight & packed it up for mailing to my New York agent. Now that it is done I can see that the subject prohibits its use in the S.F.P. or any of the "family" magazines, & I wrote Chapman that I don't want it to appear in a "pulp." This doesn't give him much of a field but I don't care. It's a damned good story drawn from life.
Saturday, Sep. 17, 1949. The contractors for the street paving today tore up all the old asphalt surface of Main Street from the post office to Union Street. They used two treadle machines drawn by powerful tractors, one a sort of harrow with four gigantic teeth, which was followed by the other, an enormous flat-edged scoop with a sort of steel plate stomach. The harrow ripped up the old pavement and the concrete crossings (the concrete crossings outside the post office were eight inches thick) like so much pie crust; the scoop came along swallowing the debris, which was taken to the old docks on the waterfront above the bridge and there dumped. The filled docks will make a useful public car park close to the shops and theatre.

Having got some work done, I played golf this afternoon with Macdonald, Wiburn & Russell. My score 92, proving that a good conscience improves one’s golf, as well as one’s digestion.

In a speech which was broadcast from London tonight, Sir Stafford Cripps, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced that as the result of a conference with U. S. officials in Washington last week, the pound sterling was to be devalued in terms of U. S. dollars. As a result the pound, which has been pegged at $403 U. S.
ever since the outbreak of the war, drops now to $2.80. The Americans have been advocating this measure very strongly as the only real solution of Britain’s foreign trade difficulties. With the pound worth less than $3, American consumers will greatly increase their purchases of British goods. It will also enable British goods to compete better with U.S. goods in the world markets. Nevertheless, this unprecedented drop in the value of sterling means a further waning of Britain’s prestige in the world. Probably this is why Mr. R. G. D. Keynes so ardently resisted it for so long. It will certainly give Churchill & his Tories some powerful & visible proof that a socialist government can be a very costly thing in terms of world confidence. Just how the drop in sterling will affect Canada, we shall soon see. It looks as if Canada, which has been holding its dollar at par with the U.S. dollar, must now let it drop considerably lower if she is to continue selling her wheat surplus etc. to Britain. This in turn will sharply curtail Canadian purchases in the U.S. In fact all the leading trading nations must now re-value their currencies in terms of sterling & the U.S. dollar. What a merry-go-round! And where will the giddy little horses stop?
Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1949

Fulfilling a promise made to Martin Livingston, of the Kiwanis Club of Halifax, I drove there this morning and addressed a luncheon of the Ontario-Zebedee-Maritime Provinces convention of Kiwanis. Some of the delegates had brought their wives east, so that about 850 people were attending the convention - as far as I could judge, all of the 600-odd men were at the luncheon, filling the ballroom and the mezzanine beyond. I was introduced by a man named Burden, from Ontario, and thanked officially by Zeller, of Montreal, head of the Zeller chain of stores. My subject, “The Romance of Halifax.” They seemed to like what I had to say.

I had dropped Ethel at Dempsey’s department store in Armadale, and at 3:30 we rendezvoused at Mother’s flat and set out for home. Dinner in the Royal Hotel at Mahone Bay, chatted with Gilbert Morris and his wife.

News: Ottawa has de-valued the Canadian dollar 10%, i.e. a U.S. dollar is now worth $1.10 1/2. The British pound is now worth 3.08 1/4 Canadian. Exactly how all this is going to work out no one can see, but one thing is sure in Canada - the price of everything derived from the U.S. must go up 10% at once. This includes hard coal, oil, citrus fruits, and other things that every household must buy.
Thursday, Sep 22, 1943

Overcast & cool. J. Ross Byrne died at 4:30 this morning of tuberculosis, after a hectic career of 20 years in pool. He came here & set up a law practice in 1929. He was tall, dark, lively, the best of company, & although a Roman Catholic he had no difficulty in winning the hand of Phyllis, the fat daughter of wealthy Col. E. H. Jones, & converting her to Catholicism as a condition of their marriage. He was a spendthrift, & while he & Phyllis were still engaged he became involved in an unsavoury liquor-smuggling racket which was a sensation in Canadian newspapers of the time. A hand-picked jury & a brilliant lawyer (W. C. Ernt) set Byrne free, & he married the colonel's daughter. Within a few years by diligent political wire-pulling he became Crown Prosecutor for Queens County & held the post until his death, a state of affairs which smelled very badly in the nostrils of the more sober citizens. Nevertheless he was well liked as a free-spending half-fellow-well-met, a perfect example of the cheerful scoundrel whom everyone likes & nobody trusts, & although he has been slowly & mercifully dying of TB for five years the news of his death came as a shock.

Golf this afternoon with Brent Smith & Charlie Williams. Played badly but managed to hole out at the 18th with a score of exactly 100, very good for me now.
Saturday, Sept 24, 1949
A day of mingled cloud & sunshine.
Drove this morning, with Edith, to the Valley. Showers of rain from South Brookfield to Annapolis, & the gravel roads rough, full of pot-holes & "washboard," with loads of fresh gravel dumped along the road centre for miles in places, deeply rutted by trucks, & giving insufficient clearance for the low-slung modern cars like mine, which "dragged" frequently. The Valley lovely as always, with sun & shadow playing over the mountain slopes & valley floor. Many orchards still bright with fruit. Lunch at the Cornwallis Inn, Kentville. Edith afterwards called on Alice (Ramont) Smith & Alice's parents. I had a fleeting glimpse of Hugh Burns, who said the "West Nova" reunion on the 17th & 18th was a huge success; about 300 men turned up at Aldershot & all enjoyed it. Went on to Wolfville for a call on Jack & "Liva" Mosher. Jack still very keen for me to address Acadia students. I said I wished to avoid public speaking engagements from now until spring but he was rather urgent & I could not give him a flat No.
Back to Middleton about 5 p.m. Valley time (we are still on Daylight Time on the South Shore) intending to dine in a restaurant in Bridgewater. The stretch
of road still unpaved — about 22 miles — on this route gave us a shaking, especially the 12 miles leading in to New Germany, which are undergoing "destruction" rather than "construction," in preparation for paving next year. There were holes and rocks everywhere, & in places the recent rains had turned the new "fills" to deep mud. My car dragged several times. The section through Springfield was frightful.

Found Bridgewater jammed with the Saturday night mob of people from all the surrounding countryside, cars & trucks all over the place, & no parking space available on Main Street anywhere near the restaurants. Kept on to Liverpool & bought some turned grub for a kitchen supper at home. The house like a pig sty.

Francie had taken advantage of our absence to throw a party for about 15 boys & girls. Everything upside down, the kitchen stacked with dirty dishes, the floors littered with crackers, biscuits, bits of sandwiches, etc.

Found in the mail a copy of the July issue of the Dalhousie Review, which contains amongst other things the text of my address at Dalhousie last spring. Despite a bad night last night, getting up at 6 a.m., & driving all day, I felt restless. Sat up till 1:30 a.m. reading newspapers & magazines.
SUNDAY, SEP. 25, 1949

Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell. Went with Edith this evening to felicitate Carl & Edna Theiss upon their 25th wedding anniversary. Fifty or sixty others there. "Father John" Wilson made a little speech. Theiss is a noisy little man who always reminds me of a terrier in eyeglasses. A reformed drunkard, he & George Clements & others this year formed a Liverpool branch of "Alcoholics Anonymous," a society which is now all the rage in the U.S. & Canada. The membership is composed entirely of drunkards trying to reform; they have regular & frequent meetings, at which they are addressed by local doctors & parsons & occasionally by some visiting enthusiast. The Liverpool branch has about 25 members. I'm told a week or two ago they opened a clubroom, comfortably furnished, on Main Street.

Much ado in the U.S. over President Truman's curt statement yesterday that the Russians have solved the secret of the atomic bomb. It appears that U.S. seismographic equipment set up in western Europe (probably in Asia Minor) for the purpose of observing effects of the British demolition explosions on Heligoland, had in this year picked up evidence that an atomic bomb had been exploded in a desert in Russian Turkestan. Of course the Russians have been saying they had the
Bomb, ever since 1947, British & U.S. scientists have said right along that Russian solution of the problem was only a matter of time, especially as the Russians had carried off several German scientists & the equipment they had been using to solve the problem for Hitler. Having solved the secret - or having one solution of the secret - still leaves the Russians 4 or 5 years behind the U.S. scientists, who have produced much more deadly atomic bombs than the original one that fell on Hiroshima. And there is no evidence that the Russians have found uranium in a sufficient quantity to produce the A-bombs on anything more than an experimental scale.

Monday, Sep 26/49

The John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia have sent galleys proofs of "Son of the Hawk" - an edition of "His Majesty's Yankees" nearly printed & edited for juvenile reading. With my consent, one of their staff did the job of cutting & editing; although it seems to me that the original concept of "H.M.Y." (as a history lesson taught as fiction) has been lost.

Wednesday, Sep 28/49

The town's contractors have finished paving Main Street from Fort Point to the town limit, where it joins the paved highway to Milton. The business section received its final coat of "tarvia" this afternoon; & final paving of Market St. as far as the bridge was
done at the same time. At 6 a.m. we were all aroused rudely by the contractor's digging machine, which began to tear up and remove the top 12" or so of gravel on Park St. This will be replaced by a foot of coarse gravel & crushed rock, which will be covered with a pouring of liquid bitumen, & then several inches of hot "Arkila". While playing golf this afternoon I somehow damaged a muscle in my right thigh & by night it had developed into what baseball players call a "charlie horse", very painful. Unable to sleep.

FRIDAY, SEP 29/29. My "charlie-horse" cripples me. I can walk about with a heavy limp, but getting upstairs, even stepping up onto a curb in the street, is awkward & painful. Can get no rest. Even lying on my left side makes no difference. There is a continual ache & if I sit or lie long in one position it becomes excruciating. Following my phone conversation with Willis on Sep 9, Northea box wrote from Hfa, anxious for me to do the job, & said the Toronto office had suggested a fee of $75, to include travelling expenses. I wrote back & refused. Today she wired asking what I wanted & I wired back saying $125. What, in effect, they are asking me to do, is to prepare an article on Canada's Heritage of Rail for which a magazine would pay at least $250 — and travel 100 miles to Hfa, to recite it over their network, paying my own expenses, all for $75. I
appreciate the C.B.C.'s need of economy, in view of its annual deficit, but I don't see why I should work for less than half price when the C.B.C.'s own staff are unstinted in the matter of salaries & travelling expenses.

SUNDAY, Oct. 2/49 Frosty nights & sunny days after the heavy rains of the past ten days. My leg improves, I can get upstairs without a stick.took Edith & three giggling little girls (including Francie) for a drive along the shore to Eagle Head, thence to Port Medway, Mill Village & Charleston. The maple leaves are now well tinted & the countryside is lovely. My novel goes steadily.

MONDAY, Oct. 3/49 Lovely day. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, hoping to work the last of the "kink" out of my leg. It is much better, barely noticeable when walking on a level, but still paining sharply when I go up stairs. Sid Kennedy, manager of the C.B.C. studios at B.C., wired today with approval of my $125 fee for the Nov. 23rd broadcast. Wrote Norman Hacking of the "Daily Province," Vancouver, to ask information on sailing days on the B.C. coast.

TUESDAY, Oct. 4/49 Fine. Golf this afternoon, playing in a somewhat gingerly fashion; but my leg didn't bother me. The town's contractors have now prepared York Street for paving, & they poured the preliminary oil coat this afternoon. With other residents of the street I'm disgusted to find that
the town's specifications only call for a 20-foot paved strip up the middle, leaving a 7-foot strip of gravel, stones, & just plain dirt, between the paved portion and the sides. This leaves my driveway & its expensive paving with a 7-foot gap of dirt to the highway. Other streets were paved from gutter to gutter & none of us can see why Park St. isn't.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5/49

THURSDAY, Oct. 6/49

Our street was paved today - the 20-foot strip anyway. Had my car given its 3000-mile check-up at Bain's Garage, oil changed, & glycol antifreeze put in the radiator system. Still no word from the

drainage situation on the west side of Park Street, stating that I shall hold the Town of Liverpool and the Acadia Construction Company jointly and fully responsible for subsequent flood damage to my property.

*Phoned Lunenburg Foundry Company today* I asked why nothing has been done about the oil furnace I ordered through McCard on Sep. 10, which I originally discussed with L. H. in Lunenburg on Aug. 18. A chap named Mason seems to be in charge of furnace installation, he now promises to come over my requirements "some time within the next two weeks," but refused to promise actual installation until mid-November at the earliest.
Thursday, Oct. 21/49

Strong easterly winds & rain for the past three days - the tail of a hurricane which the weather bureau expected to pass outside Table Island, but which defied the forecasts, swung in to our coast, & has hovered there, giving us our first real storm of the autumn.

Tonight Edith & I attended a performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the local theatre, put on by a company of amateurs from Annapolis. The tenor who took the part of Ralph Rackstraw was very poor but the rest were very good, especially Bruce Hutchison as Captain Corcoran, & his wife as Josephine. The theatre was packed - many people there from Shelburne, Lockport & Bridgewater, as well as a great turn-out in Liverpool.
Stewart, professing great concern over my request that the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia have the entire North American sales of "Son of the Hawk," the juvenile readers' version of "His Majesty's Yankees," which Winston is printing next spring. It means a lot to me for obviously Winston's will make a larger printing & push the sale heavier in the U.S. if they have the Canadian field as well; whereas M. & Y. have no investment at stake. Wrote Nelson setting forth my side of it. I have never asked M. & Y. to advance a cent against royalties, they have made a lot of money from my books in the past; therefore they should be willing to waive the sale of "Son of the Hawk" for my interest.

Austin Parker & Hector Dunlap came in tonight.
to discuss plans for our annual hunting trip to Eagle Lake. We drew up a grub list, x start for the camp tomorrow.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29/49

Just back from a week’s hunting at Eagle Lake with Parker, Dunlap x Smith. All sorts of weather including a violent storm of wind x rain, while today was a hot still day like summer. All the maples have now shed their leaves x many of the birches, but the oaks are still in full foliage, x the beeches; x the hackmatacks are now turning their delicate yellow. Low water in the lakes x in the brook between Eagle x Long lakes severely restricted our hunting excursions, although we carried a canoe up to the loxahatchee dam on the Eagle-Long brook. Plenty of deer signs everywhere but the deer themselves kept out of sight. Dunlap first at (x missed) a big doe on the east side of Long Lake one morning, x Parker shot a large wildcat over there. I was the only one lucky enough to bag a deer—a young doe, which I came upon near the old trail to Kempton Brook on Tuesday morning. A clean shot through the base of the neck, which killed her instantly x left all the meat intact. Cleaned the carcass x carried it through the woods x swamps to Eagle Lake, a hot x hard job, then walked to Camp x got
This morning while the others enjoyed a last hunt, I
shouldered the deer & carried it down to the river.
Returned for a load of duffel, including a number of
empty Coca-Cola bottles, which I hauled down to the
punt. Sat there smoking a cigarette & suddenly a
deer came running through the woods straight towards
me, apparently made curious by the tinkle of bottles.
I paused in a thicket just out of my sight, & as
I waited, hidden, with my rifle ready, Smith came
gallumping down the trail to join me, & away went the
deer. I was chagrined but said nothing.

Home at 5:30 I found my family well & happy.
Letters from Mr. Black and Mr. Sturtevant agreeing to waive
their rights in "Son of the Hawk," which enables me to
give the John C. Winston Co. a clear field.

SUNDAY, Oct. 30th. A sunny warm calm day with a
blue haze on the hills. Played 9 holes of golf (32) & then
wandered about with Edith in the car. Inspected the
power dam on Deep Brook, now almost finished; drove
in to the old "Glouce" plant, which is now superseded,
for a last look at it; drove up on to Great Hill,
then on to College Hill, above Liverpool, where the
view at this time of year is lovely always. In the
new Catholic cemetery I found small wooden crosses, simply but carefully carved, with the inscriptions burned into the wood by a thin, hot, iron — set up by the Indians to mark the graves of John Francis and Andrew Francis. A small wooden crucifix with a pewter figure of Christ was fastened with a piece of hay-wire to the back of John’s cross. I must try to interest the Legion in setting up a proper stone on John’s grave.

His brother Andrew was a dangerous lunatic in his latter years, is believed by the Indians themselves to have been the murderer of the lame child at Big Falls ten or fifteen years ago. When Andrew was dying, old Sam Glode urged him to confess his crime and get it off his conscience, but Andrew only gave him one of his wild glances and died with his secret.

Monday, Oct. 31, 49.

Another mild day. Fought with the help of Parker and Sunlap, I cut up the deer and divided the meat into 6 lots (one for Brent Smith). It has now been killed almost a week and this mild weather will not permit further hanging.

Halloween night & more kids demanding a “shell-out” at the doors than we have seen for years. There was a skating carnival at the Rink, & Francie went dressed as “Little Black Sambo”, a weird sketch.
Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1949  Fine mild weather. Played 18 holes of
golf this afternoon in 106, later delivered gifts of session to
Aunt Marle Bell & Tereza Freeman. Working on script
for the "Canada's Heritage of Sail" broadcast on Dec. 7.

Wednesday, Nov. 2/49  Howling easterly gale & rain all night
& today. Finished & sent off the C.B.C. script - 2 copies.

Yesterday Ottawa revealed the report of a 3-man commission
headed by Rear-Admiral E. R. Mainey, S.N.O. Atlantic coast
into the mutinous incidents early this year aboard the
aircraft carrier "Magnificent", the destroyers "Athabasca" &
"brescort", & the frigate "Swansea". The commission
found no evidence of organized subversive activity but
said there was "a notable lack of human understanding
between officers & men"; recommended that officers receive
more training in the essentials of leadership; found that
"generally speaking" the Canadian officer is not as well
educated as his British & American contemporaries; urged
steps to "canadianize" the Navy (which has been a pallid
imitation of the Royal Navy, especially since 1945, with a
tendency on the part of certain officers to imitate the worst
mannersisms of Royal Navy officers while possessing little of
their competence); & stated that future mutinous incidents
should be promptly & sharply punished. (All the
"mutinies" had been allowed to go unpunished.)
The commission found that the mutinous ratings had some genuine grievances, but that these had been exaggerated by the men and had led to “folly.” The commission urged proper training ships, education in naval history and literature, for officers and men. The chief trouble seems to be simply that the Canadian Navy was created out of almost nothing in 1939-45, and neither officers nor men have the training or (what is equally important) the long naval tradition which supports discipline in the U.S. and Royal navies. The commission heard evidence freely given by hundreds of officers and men, and if the recommendations are carried out it should be the making of a sound Navy.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3

Mr. Mill Rawling phoned today, wants me to go to Williamsburg, Va., with Lusby of the Public Works Dept., to study the colonial restorations there and report. This with a view to approaching work on the Unicke house, maintenance of the Perkins house here, and restoration of other colonial houses in Nova Scotia. I agreed, but suggested that a study of the restored village of Sturbridge, Mass., would be more useful since it is in our own period and cultural area. I wrote Bob Kirkpatrick in Worcester to find out if Sturbridge could be inspected in the off-season.
as it is officially closed to the public between Oct. 31 and May 15. Played golf this afternoon & got a score of 94 for 18 holes - a sudden jump back into form. Sunny & very mild.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6 49 Cool, overcast, rain every second day, leaves falling everywhere & lying in wet masses underfoot. Golf this afternoon with Maurice Russell, but when we got to No. 3 the rain forced our second round - a cold & steady rain drove us under a tree & finally back to the car.

I hear that things go from bad to worse in Trinity Church under the regime of "Father" Wilson & son Bill. Wilson still refuses to resume Sunday School, for which several years ago he substituted the "Children's Eucharist." A number of faithful Anglicans, including the Johnstons, Henleys & their pillar of Trinity, Mrs. "Molly" Watson, now drive as far afield as Lunenburg to attend an orthodox Anglican service. Our neighbor Evelyn White, a diligent & peaceable worker in Trinity, confesses that in a few more years of the Wilson regime the parish will have disappeared.

MONDAY, Nov. 7 49 Eric Vellingham, who was adjutant of the West Nova's Reserve, when I was in the regiment, is still one of the officers, phoned this morning with a message from Col. Tommy Power, asking me to be guest of honour at a regimental dinner at Aldershot, Nov. 18th, with my wife.
About 50 officers & their ladies will be present, & there is to be a dance afterwards. I accepted the invitation, & Willingham said he would reserve a room at Cornwallis Inn for my wife & me.

A very cold day, with a heavy grey overcast & one or two specks of snow. Played 18 holes of golf (in 101°) & had the whole course to myself.

Temp. dropped to 24° Fahrenheit last night. No sign of the Lunenburg Foundry's man, Mason, who had promised to come “the first of next week” — precisely what I was told by them in August, & several times since. To-night I phoned McInnis & told him to cancel my order for an oil furnace. I shall make the old coal furnace do until spring, & then try some other oil-furnace firm.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8/49

Armistice, or as it is now called, Remembrance Day. The usual service was held in the theatre this morning. Tonight I attended the veterans' banquet at the Mersey Hotel, the first I have attended for several years. About 50 present, including about a dozen ladies of the Legion Auxiliary — something new to me. No alcoholic drinks — not even a bottle of beer at each plate, as we used to have in the 1930's (not to mention the punch-bowl) — as a result the dinner was a rather stiff affair. Couldn't help feeling that our old stag affairs achieved much more of the flavor of a reunion of veterans. I was asked to propose a toast to
the town of Liverpool, to which Mayor Wright replied in his best Malaprop manner. He is the owner of a prosperous undertaking business, & when he spoke of death as "the grand Reaper" one could almost hear the smack of his lips. Chief speaker was Lt. Col. (and Rev.) G. W. Bullock, former O.C. of the West Novas. Afterwards he came up to my house & we sat talking over drinks & pipes until 1:30 a.m. He talked a good deal about the difficulties of a militia regiment during the 1930's, the paucity of equipment, the lack of facilities, & described in detail an astounding bit of political interference in the appointment of three officers during 1937. (He had dropped the trio for inefficiency; they appealed to Senator Kinley of Lunenburg, & Kinley was able to create such a fuss that a special commission of staff officers came down from Ottawa to investigate. Bullock won the last round by threatening to resign.) He also related the affair of young Laird Beck, a lieutenant in the W.N.S.R. in 1939. Beck's father was a Lutheran minister, born in Germany, & holding a pastorate in Lunenburg county, N.S. in 1939. When the W.N.S.R. was being mobilized in Sep. 1939, Bullock discovered that the Becks, father & son, were going about the town of Lunenburg & persuading the men of "A" company not to volunteer for overseas service. The affair
was investigated by an intelligence officer from Ottawa, &
the evidence of many witnesses was placed in the hands of the
R.C.M.P. When young Beck learned of the charge
against him, he shot himself to death in a Kentville
lodging-house.

Saturday, Nov. 12/49
Temp. at 8 a.m. 24° Fahr. A cold
but sunny day. Picked up Col. Bullock at the hotel at
10 a.m. & drove him to Bridgewater, there to catch the bus
for Halifax. He is a rugged man, with the face of an
amiable mastiff, & does not wear a hat or overcoat, even
in winter weather. I returned via Lohave &
Petite Rivière & was back at 12. Golf, alone, this
afternoon (score 99). I still play every fine after-
noon, & my game has recovered from the slump of
Sep. & Oct. Everyone else has quit long ago for
the season, although the greens remain in splendid
condition, and if one is properly clad the game is as
much pleasure as in summer.

Sunday, Nov. 13/49
My 46th. birthday. Golf this afternoon.
Took Tommy, & Jack Dunlop along. A cool but sunny day.
At tea-time Frances brought in the birthday cake, a chaste
white confection with six blue candles; & I was presented
with pajamas & socks from Edith, & cigarettes from
Tommy & Francis.
Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1949
Very mild. Golf this afternoon. Historical Society tonight in the Navy Room, Town Hall; the first meeting of the winter season. Mostly taken up in business. I gave a detailed report on the restoration of the Perkins house. At the end of the meeting, Miss E. B. Harrington, a retired school teacher, stood and moved a resolution that I be made a life member of the Society. It was passed. Then Mrs. Robie Millard arose and made a heart-warming little speech and presented me with a certificate of membership. A pleasant surprise, and one I greatly appreciate.

Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1949
Overcast but mild. All morning taken up in Historical Society correspondence and business. Golf this afternoon — I have the course entirely to myself and wonder why the others give up when summer ends. The greens are as good as ever, and the scenery has a wild sort of beauty that I love, especially now when there's always a heavy sea beating on the shore. Desmond Newell looked in for half an hour, before tea, on his way to Yp. He didn't say much about the book trade but I gather that things are pretty dull and getting worse. My royalty cheques are a faithful barometer in that respect.

Friday, Nov. 18, 1949
Edith and I, having been invited to a mess dinner and dance at Aldershot by the officers of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, set off by car this afternoon.
driving by way of Chester Basin & New Ross. Arrived at Kentville about 4.30 & put up at the Cornwallis Inn, where the Regiment had very kindly reserved an excellent room for us. At 7 drove to Aldershot Camp, where, in the officers' mess, we found about 60 officers & their ladies, amongst them several veterans of the late war including Major Harry Eisenhaure, who had come up from Halifax, Major John Millard, Capt. Bob Campbell from Truro, & Major A. W. Rogers all the way from Charlottetown. Colonel Tommy Powers (the present CO of the Regt.) & his wife were the hosts, & amongst the guests were Col. Don Forbes (who commanded the North Nova Scotia Highlanders during the late war), a Col. Simmonds & a Col. Derlin of the army staff at Halifax, & one or two naval officers. Major Ted Bent, of Paradise, had the chair as president of the mess, & we had an excellent dinner in the oak-panelled hall. There were the customary toasts to the King, to fallen comrades, & the ladies; & then Col. Powers arose & made a little speech, thanking me for my history of the Regt., presented me, as a token of the Regt.'s esteem, with a beautiful silver tray, englanded with the WNSR badge & an inscription. I was called upon to speak, & responded with a brief summary of the Regiment's story, at
same time expressing my regret that under the new post-war
shuffling of the Nova Scotia militia establishment the
W.N.S.R. area had been confined to the Annapolis Valley
with the exception of a single company at Bridgewater.
I said that although most of the South Shore militia
had been converted to engineer & artillery units, the
deep-rooted tradition of the WNSR remains through all
the western counties & we still regard it as “our”
Regiment. After dinner we withdrew to the lounge
while the floor was cleaned for dancing. I’m long past
the age when dancing is an enjoyment, however I did
my duty faithfully. There were refreshments later in
the long room downstairs & we took our leave at midnight.

Saturday, Nov. 19, 49

Up at 8:30, had a leisurely breakfast, & set off for home. On the top of the South Mountain we
ran into a driving snowstorm & for 20 miles the going
was difficult & slippery. The road meanders amongst
the ridges & has a habit of turning in a sharp bend
at the foot of each slope. At New Ross we ran
out of the snow, but the sky was heavy with dark clouds
& we had intermittent showers & momentary flashes of
sunshine all the way to Liverpool, which we reached
about 12:30. Livery of the Public Works Dept.
phoned from Nfx. about 1 p.m., suggesting that
I go with him to inspect the colonial restorations at
Sturbridge, Mass., & Williamsburg, Va., as soon as possible.
I said I could start from Hfx with him on the 23rd.
& he is making the arrangements. We plan to fly,
& should be gone no more than a week.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22/49
Went up to Hfx by train. Found the
chief hotels full, so went on to spend the night at Mother's
flat, where Nilda still keeps the fort.

THURSDAY, Nov. 24/49
(flow a full typewritten account of this whole trip is elsewhere.)
Moved bag & baggage to Williamsburg.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27/49
Wednesday night.
Newport News, &

FRIDAY, Nov. 25/49
Sheby rented a car & we drove to Yorktown.
Hampton. Back to Williamsburg about 5. Returned
to Richmond by train tonight.

MONDAY, Nov. 28/49
Left Richmond 4 p.m. by air, arriving Washington
at 8:45 p.m.

TUESDAY, Nov. 29/49
By train to Palmer, thence by taxi to Sturbridge.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30/49
Left Washington 7:30 p.m. by air, arrived Boston
at night.
Thursday, Dec. 1, 1949
Left Boston 1:30 p.m. by V.C.P. plane, touched down at Pennfield (40 miles from St. John) & Yarmouth, arrived Hfx 7:20 p.m. A.S.T. Stayed overnight at N.S. Hotel.

Friday, Dec. 2, 1949
Home by train, having travelled 2,160 miles by air, besides other journeys by train, bus & car, since leaving home on Nov. 22nd. A most enjoyable instructive trip.

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1949
Cold weather. Snow on the ground; temp. descending to 12° at night. Went up to Hfx by train this afternoon.

Wednesday, Dec. 7, 1949
A busy day. Spent most of the morning at the Archives, discussing with D.C. Harvey a proposed bronze plate (Dominion Historic Sites & Monuments Board) to be placed on the Perkins house; also the matter of removing the present plaque at Liverpool commemorating the visit of Champlain & De Monts in 1604, & placing it on the reverse side of the H.S. & M. Board's cairn in the park.

At 11:30 a.m. went on by taxi to the Canadian Broadcasting Co.'s studios on Yackville Street, where I went over my script for tonight's broadcast while Dorothea box sat timing it with her stop-watch. lunch in a coffee shop on Spring Garden Road. Then on to Mahon's bookshop & Connolly's, to autograph a few of my books as they requested. Back to the C. B. C. at 3 p.m. for another session with Dorothea.
stop-watch, & the addition of several paragraphs to fill out the half-hour. Back to the flat for tea
with Hilda. The radio show, one of the C.B.C.'s pet "Wednesday Nights", lasted more than two hours.
First there was a program of sea shanties, interspersed with verse of the sea recited by Frank Willis, in
Toronto. Frank then introduced the main show, which consisted of a half-hour talk by me, entitled
"Canada's Heritage of Sail", followed by a radio play entitled "The Left-Handed Admiral", written
by Joseph Schull, & dealing with Nelson's life. Willis gave me a very handsome introduction from
Toronto. The local announcer was Therry Nelson, who sat in Studio C with me, while Dorothy Box
& the radio engineers watched from behind the plate glass of the control room. I did my stuff quite
well -- fluffed once or twice but not badly.
My talk occupied the period from 9 p.m. to 9:30. The whole show was broadcast over the national network
from coast to coast. Knowing heavily when I
taxi'd back to the flat at 11 p.m. Cindy Merkel
phoned, said "Silly was entering hospital for a
check-up. Wanted me to come over to Robie St
for a yarn, but that, I knew, meant several hours,
Thursday, Dec. 23/49: Up at 7, I caught the 8:05 train for Liverpool. Knowing all the way, Edith informed me that yesterday she ran up to the city for a bit of shopping with Enid Doggett, Marion Dunlap, Marion Madden, in the Doggett car. They left the city after dark & had a hectic five hour trip in the snowstorm. Several bad skids, one of which resulted in a truck smashing the left front mudguard of Enid's car. Edith used to think I was rather stuffy about my car in winter weather - I refuse to drive up into the city during the snow months unless I absolutely have to. Now she sees why.

Friday, Dec. 24/49: Sunny but cold, with a sharp wind down the river. Walked up to Milton this afternoon & had a yarn with Archie McKeel, in his smithy. The village is agog over a very nasty murder which took place on Tuesday night outside the old Charles Moody house in west Milton. Charlie "Mooey" Martin, 71, a half wit, apparently discovered his wife (another feeble-minded creature, aged 43) engaged in sexual intercourse with Fred Cunningham, 45, a drunken ne'er-do-well from the Back Road.
Cunningham killed him with a stone, went down to the Back Road, coolly spent the rest of the night playing cards with some of his cronies. The wife attempted to drag her husband's body into the house but eventually gave up and notified the neighbors. The house sits far back from the street with the woods almost at the back door. The abandoned railway line to the old Macleod pulp mills, from which the rails & ties were removed years ago, which now is partly grown over with bushes, provides a means of access (for skeletons of Cunningham's sort) to the back of all the houses on the west side of the road.

There Martin's body was found. The woman was covered with blood from head to foot, some think she had a part in the murder, that she dragged the body to the place where it was found. She is a daughter of old Clark Hall, the village poet, who died some years ago leaving a family of morons.

Saturday, Dec. 10/49

Temp. 12° above last night. Sunny & cold today. Went up to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Dunlap & Smith. Stopped at Bog Falls to chop our boat out of the ice & to haul it ashore. Reached camp at sundown. A good sheet of ice on
the lake, about 1½" thick. Six inches of snow in the
woods, trees crusted, all very lovely. A huge supper
of venison, provided by 13, who shot a deer at
Conway Meadow on the last day of the season.
A good sleep, very snug in our eiderdown bags with
the camp door wide open, the stove dead, everything
cracking.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12/49  Sunny & cold. We spent the
morning in various forms of exercise — Parker hunting
rabbits, Dunlap searching for a pair of miniature
firs to send his daughter in New York for Christmas
trees (she is studying at a hospital there & has one small
room), Smith & I carrying firewood from the dam
to the camp, & later clearing debris from the winter
storms on the trail going down to the river. Dinner
at 2 p.m. (I was cook), hiked out about 4. Home at 5.
Saw deer tracks all about the camp & on the ice of
the lake, V P tracked a wildcat to a den in the
rocks on the east shore of the lake; but nobody
actually saw a living thing except a porcupine, which
bloodthirsty Dunlap slew with his pistol.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13/49  Rain, yesterday & today. All the snow
& most of the ice gone. Winston’s have sent the final
proofs of “Son of the Hawk”, complete with Stanley Turner’s
The book will be of 256 pages, and will sell in the US for $2.50. Publication is set for April 1, 1950.

Got my liquid-hospitality supplies today for the festive season — 6 quarts Demerara rum, 1 quart Port, 2 quarts Niagara sherry, 2 cases Coca-Cola, 1 case ginger ale.

Wednesday, Dec. 14/49 Overcast & cool. Walked to Milton & back after dinner, then went by car to Hunts Bank & bought 15 lbs. fresh lobsters (at 35¢ lb) from Hagan. We had some of them for tea — delicious!

Parliament has adjourned at Ottawa. Amongst the significant business of the session was (a) warning by Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, that the British government no longer wants Canadian food except wheat, etc. that only because the Canadian price is lower than that of other wheat-producing countries. Gardiner declared flatly that British officials were glad to get Canadian food during the war but now preferred to buy from European countries, including Russia.

(b) A new steamer for the transport of passengers & motor-cars between Yarmouth, N.S. and a New England port is to be built at the joint cost of the Nova Scotia & Federal governments. It will be operated by Canadian National Railways, & the “New England port” will probably be Bar Harbor or Portland, Maine. This will enable
an easy daylight trip of 80 miles or so, eliminating the need for staterooms and thus giving more space. The owners of the present ship, a Boston company, have been giving unsatisfactory service (since 1939 they have only operated their service in the summer months) and are anxious to get out of the Yarmouth run altogether.

The new C.N.R. ship is to be completed by the summer of 1951. (d) Canada will not subsidize the whole of its privately owned merchant marine, much of which has been sold in the past two years to foreign flags, and the rest of which is finding increasing difficulty in competition for world freights. The root of the trouble here is that the Canadian Seamen's Union, under Communist leadership, drove the cost of operation to an absurd height; and although the C.S.U. has now given place to a more sober group (Seamen's International Union) the operation costs remain too high for competition against the lower-paid and more efficiently operated British and Scandinavian lines. Ottawa says it will subsidize about 40 Canadian ships, no more, and this only as a safety measure to preserve the nucleus of a merchant fleet in case of war, and only for one year.

Within the past fortnight the people of New Zealand and of Australia have held elections and
turned out their Labor governments. In Australia the Labor party has been in power since 1940; in New Zealand it has ruled 15 or 20 years. "The Revolt of the Guinea Pigs," one Australian newspaper calls it. Socialism, with its inevitable strict regimentation and bureaucracy, finally became intolerable. Many now predict the fall of Britain's Labor government at the next election, for the same reasons.

Thursday, Dec. 15/49
Overcast and cold. Walked to Milton back in afternoon. Went with Brent Smith to a lobster chowder at Port Mouton, put on by a committee of veterans' wives in aid of the Legion's building fund. A huge meal. Lobsters are very plentiful this year. Our companion at table was MacIntyre, the merchant of central Port Mouton who was an unsuccessful C.C.F. candidate in the last provincial election. He is a shrewd, blue-eyed, stocky, middle-aged New Brunswicker who set up a grocery store in the village in 1945; very crisp and matter-of-fact in speech.

News from Britain says that the famous four-funnelled "Aquitania" is to be withdrawn from service and demolished. She has been operating on the Southampton-Halifax-New York run ever since she was released from troopship duties late in '46; the Canadian govt. arranged the run to provide transport from
Britain to Canada for a great number of war brides & families, as well as immigrants from the British Isles, "Displaced Persons" from western Europe.

Ottawa announces that W. Arthur Irwin, chief editor of Maclean's Magazine for many years, is to be the new head of the National Film Board. This is part of a shake-up long overdue in the N.F.B., which has long been employing a weird collection of cranks, male & female, some of them with strong & outspoken communist leanings. I saw some specimens of N.F.B.'s talent in Annapolis two or three years ago, when they were making a film of the town & its life; they were mostly between the ages of 20 & 35, all sloppily dressed, the men with long hair and mustaches, the women with short haircuts, all wild ends; one all looked as if they slept in their clothes, washed not more than once a week. Had they merely looked like this at their work one could have understood; but this was their appearance in the leisure hours of evening, at a dinner to which they had been invited by the Order of Good Cheer. They seemed to enjoy the sensation they were creating, but I for one was not impressed; it was too bad-mannered, & the "Bohemian" air was too contrived. I could not escape a conviction that N.F.B.'s employees could produce films just as well if they brushed up their manners, their hair & their clothes, used a little soap now & then.
One or two N.Y.B. employees were mentioned in connection with the notorious Serzenko espionage revelations, but nothing was done until a few months ago, when the Department of National Defence refused to permit N.Y.B. to film various defence projects for instructional purposes until its employees had been “screened” and submitted to loyalty tests.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20/49

My new car has an unexpected disadvantage — no convenient space between rear bumpers & trunk, where a good-sized Christmas tree may be wedged & lashed without scratching the paint. So this year, for the first time in many years, we had one delivered, thereby losing the fun of seeking, choosing & cutting one's own. However, this afternoon I drove to the woods at the Three Mile, cut hemlock & pine boughs for house decorations, & found some ground-hemlock as well. Weather mild, no ice or snow.

Crew of an American dragger, just returned to Gloucester from fishing on the Banks, report that about 20 miles north-west of Table Island their drag set off a series of underwater explosions that continued for five minutes. Their ship was not injured. Naval HQ at Halifax, questioned by newsmen, suggests it was probably some of the large quantity of ammunition & other explosives taken from Halifax & dumped
Wednesday, Dec. 21/49

Mild, overcast. Walking to Milton this afternoon fell in with an old acquaintance, John Hill Anthony, of Moose Hill, one of the last of the old-time river-drivers. He is 62, still wears his hat with a sharp cock over the left eye, with the crown in a lumberjack’s peak, & still walks with the quick spring of a riverman. He scorns the modern pulpwood drivers — “just pollywoggin” — in late years has quit the river altogether. During the late war he worked on the construction of the air field at Eastern Passage, & then got a job firing a steam-boiler at the airport heating plant. This he held until last year, when in quest of new adventure he went up to Ontario looking for work & spent 8 or 9 months in the stokehold of a steamer on the Great Lakes. Now he is going to work in the woods near Maitland “cuttin’ pine for Mason at four dollars a thousand, & found.” With a good partner John Hill figures they can “make $6 a day clear, each of us, easy.” He first went to work at 17 in the Queens County woods, in 1904, when a good man on the river drive got $2 a day, and an “ornery” man only $1.50. He went overseas in the Canadian Forestry Corps during the First German War, & spent 3 years in Scotland cutting timber (mostly railway ties) for the army.