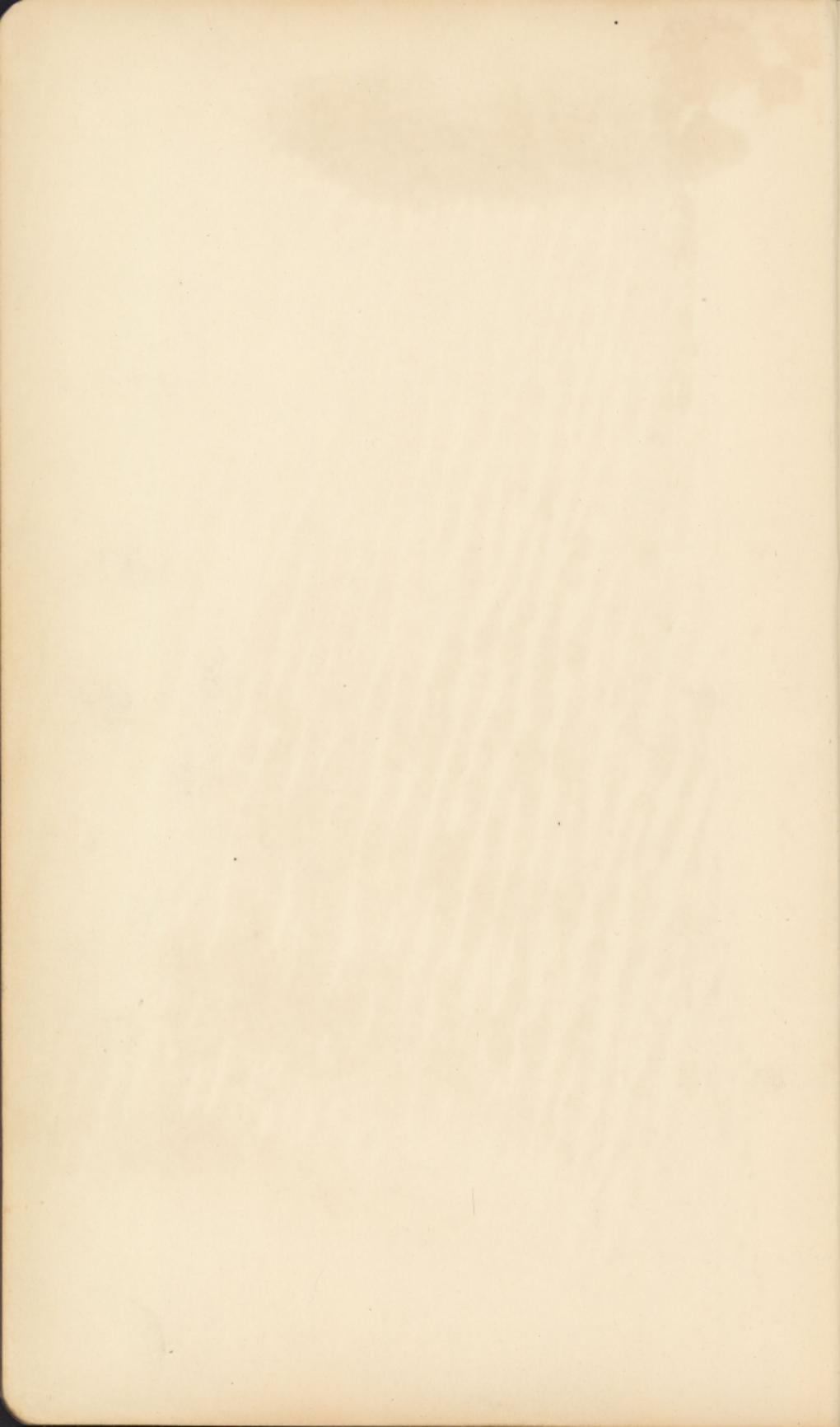
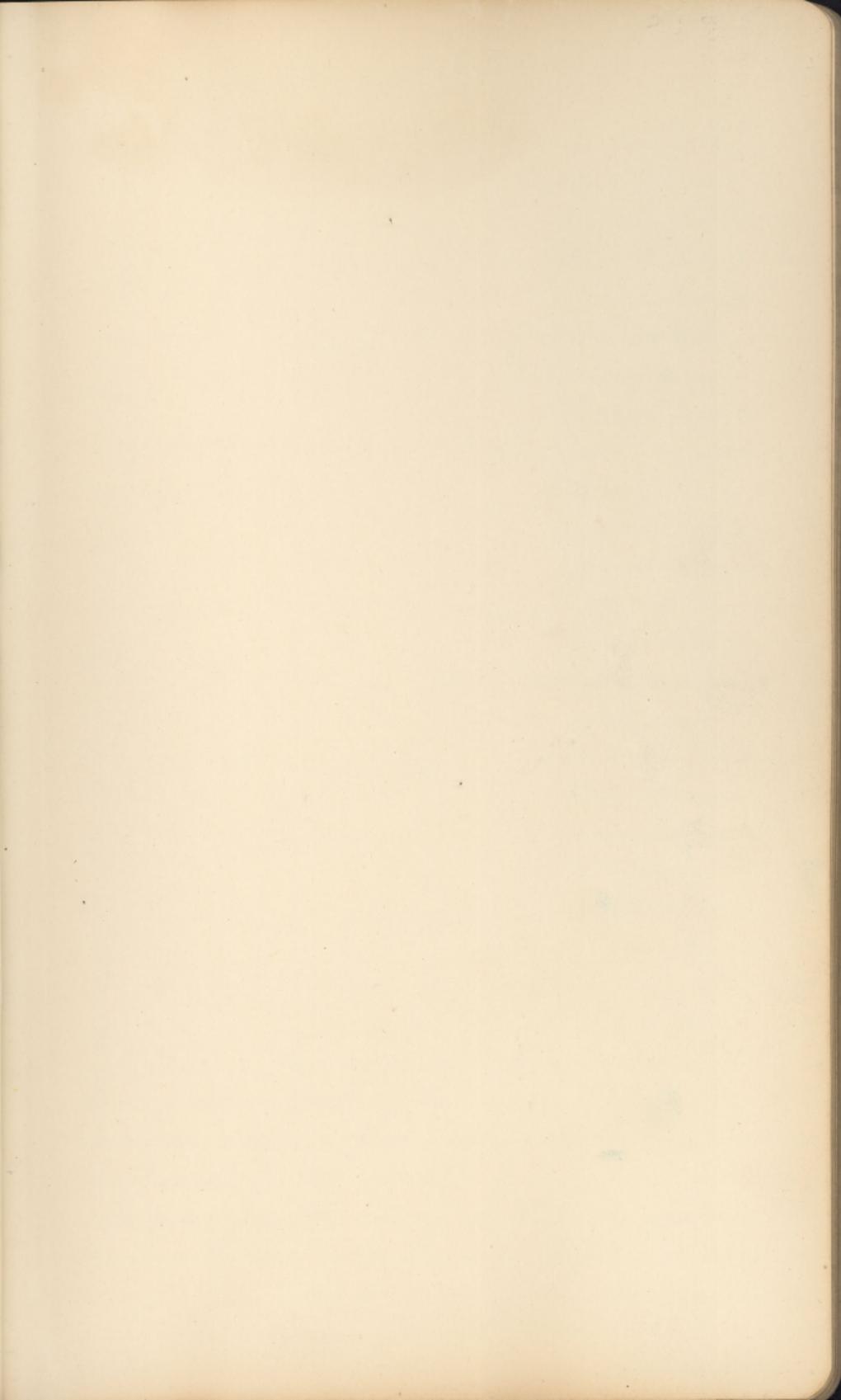


AUG 5, 1951 — MARCH 8, 1953

# RECORD

No. 530





nails (gal) 21 8 lb WHICH 31 1921 10.00  
 nails 15 4 lb  
 rough spruce stings 1¢ per lb ~~per ft~~ \$10 per M  
~~2" x 10"~~  
 Tongue & groove roof boards (knotty & with one back edge) #85 per M  
 $\frac{3}{8}'' \times 1''$  stings (for splines) #60 per M  
 1 roll larval felt #4.65  
 Tongue & groove spruce flooring #150.00 per M  
 2" x 4" spruce, dressed 4 sides #80 per M  
 2" x 6" " " " " #90 " "  
 Log siding (for main walls) #47 per cord (2 cords used)  
 Trunkage from California #6 " "  
 Lumber 1921 #53 " "  
 Varnish 1921

Prices charged by Mr. Cleary  
 for lumber etc. for my cabin.

SUNDAY, AUG. 5, 1951 Fine but a cool N. wind. United church this morning with Grandma Raddall & Francie. After dinner drove Francie & two chums to Summerville, then fetched Aunt Marie Bell from Nutton, picked up Edith & Mother, & drove to Moose Harbor for a picnic tea. A good surf on the rocks. Home at sundown — magnificent sunset.

MONDAY, AUG. 6/51 This morning had my car serviced at Ford garage. Also had complete set new spark plugs & points installed. Met Robie Silver, who presented me with his bill for construction of my cabin at Moose Harbor. His estimate (March 28/51), which he figured in detail & showed me, was \$650 to \$700. (He was anxious to get the job.) His bill is for \$975.99! I was angry, & he admitted that he was ashamed of it; but he produced bills from the McLean Co. for the material (over \$600) & figured his labor cost at \$338. The bill included a "commission" of 10% on the material — for himself. He agreed to delete this, & in fact to reduce the bill to \$900. Even so, that is a lot of money for a single-room cabin of log construction. Silver is no business man & I can't help feeling that his carpenters "soldiered" on the job & that Jack McLean charged exorbitant prices for everything. (The plate glass window, which Silver estimated at \$60, cost \$95, etc.) All of this is typical of the cost of building in these inflated times. Silver complains that people aren't building new houses any more, & that work in the building trade is very scarce. No wonder.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7/51 Drove to Hfx this afternoon with Grandma Raddall, who has been staying with us for a month. Jean Conrad & son Hugh also came along, with their baggage. Edith & I returned at once, stopping for dinner at the Goodie Shop, in Mahone Bay.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7, 1951

My car brakes were noticeably slack on the Ottawa hills yesterday, so this morning I had them set up at Bain's. At Moose Harbor all afternoon & evening. Visitors came at four o'clock — Mrs. Rita Beebe, Mrs. McSill, Mrs. Atwater, & another unknown to me, whose name I did not catch — all Americans of the regular summer colony. They chatted for a while, admired the view from my window, & withdrew.

In Korea the peace talks drag on, both sides striving for prestige in the settlement of the war, & both sides building up their armies for renewal of the war if & when these peace talks fail.

Immanuel Shinwell, Britain's minister of defence, recently flew home from an arms conference in Washington in order to judge a beauty contest at home in connection with the Festival of Britain. He told his British audience (and American & Canadian & other newspapers promptly picked it up) that he considered the beauty contest far more important than the firearms conference. The British government plans to scrap its .303 calibre rifles & machine guns, substituting new & lighter weapons of Belgian invention, .280 calibre. The U.S. govt. clings to its .300 calibre weapons & thinks the British should convert to .300 in order to standardize the weapons of the chief Western powers. Canada already has made steps to arm its troops with .300 Garand rifles of American make. The British decision puts Canada's army heads in an awkward spot, however, & the whole business of conversion is held up. In the meantime Mr. Shinwell inspects pretty girls in bathing suits.

THURSDAY, AUG. 9, 1951

Invitation from Rear Admiral Oseen (via U.S. Consul, Hfx) to a reception on board U.S.S. Wisconsin in Hfx next Tuesday, when Cruiser Division Two, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, will be in port on a courtesy visit.

The beginning I have made on a new novel must be scrapped. The theme simply won't sell, & I don't feel the story. Awful waste of time & work & thought, but there's no help for it.

Still on my "rabbit food" diet, mostly lettuce & tomato & celery, with a portion of meat or fish at noon and the evening meal. Breakfast a dish of stewed fruit & 1 piece of toast with marmalade, & 1 cup of coffee. My weight, stripped, is 168. Bothered by my left knee, which has developed a mysterious & excruciating pain on pressure during the past month. Possibly a case of "housemaid's knee", from painting the cabin floor.

MONDAY, AUG 13/51 Foggy humid weather, very uncomfortable. My sister Hilda came Saturday & is staying with us for a week. Letter from Jack McClelland with cheque covering royalties on Canadian sales of the Reader's Digest Book Club's condensed version of *The Nymph*, 27,849 copies @ 4¢ = #1,113.96.

Little, Brown Co., who made the agreement with Reader's Digest, are taking half (i.e. 2¢ per copy) of the U.S. royalties for their services. McClelland & Stewart were eager to share in the Canadian royalties; but they had done nothing & I refused.

Report from the Canadian Authors Association on the convention at Banff in July. As a holiday excursion it was worth while, but the "discussion groups" followed the same old pattern, inspiring perhaps to the panting middle-aged spinsters & oddities who

make up a very large part of a C.A.A. convention, but useless & indeed misleading to anyone of original talent. This year's president, Dr. W. G. Hardy of Alberta University, (whom I met at Toronto in '46) revealed that the C.A.A.'s business affairs were in a mess. During the past few years the accounts had not been kept properly, bills had been mislaid or concealed from the auditors, & it had been discovered that the C.A.A. was \$8,000 or \$9,000 in debt. Hardy had suggested that this deficit be wiped out by doubling the present membership fee. (At present it is \$20 for professional writers, \$10 for the "non-professionals" who constitute 95% of the C.A.A. membership.) This means that next year I must pay \$40 for the privilege of membership in an association to which I never wished to belong. I joined it at the urgent request of Charles Clay & Bill Deacon, who confessed that my name would be useful on their <sup>C.A.A.</sup> letter-heads, etc., back in 1942. Hugh MacLennan & several other professional writers joined about the same time, apparently under the same persuasion. A year or two later the C.A.A. raised the annual fee for professional writers to double that of the amateurs, & hinted strongly that we should contribute an extra sum according to our means. This under the apparent impression that the small group of professionals were deriving large financial benefit from their membership in C.A.A. & its dubious labors in behalf of Canadian authors generally. The reverse is true.

Hardy has discharged the old staff of the C.A.A. central office in Toronto & hired new people. The C.A.A.'s magazine, however ("Canadian Author & Bookman") is now placed in the hands of Rod Kennedy, editor of the Montreal "Family Herald & Star Weekly", who in the past has used his membership in C.A.A. to

get Canadian fiction at cheap rates for his paper, & whose only claim to authorship is an unsuccessful novel ("The Road South") published in 1947.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16/51 Overcast or foggy weather for several days. I have taken up a daily round of golf again usually in the afternoons, with Hector Dunlap. My score today 99, his 98. Lou Perrot and his 17 year old nephew Peter came to dinner & stayed till ten, chatting.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17/51 Easterly gale with rain. Venness, of the National Parks department, arrived in town today with the new bronze tablet for the Perkins House. (This is the tablet made for the National Historic Sites & Monuments Board, & for which I wrote the inscription.) He lunched with us & I phoned all over town for a carpenter, but all were busy. Finally I called on the engineering dept. of Messy Paper Co. (in person, accompanied by Venness) & asked them to send over a man. This they did, & they also made four long brass bolts to fasten the plaque to the house. We put it on the house front, just to the left of the door, where there was a good space for it, & it looks very well.

The house wall, measuring eight through from the outside of the clapboard to the painted surface of the plaster, was only 4½". Venness is a pleasant & goodlooking blond man of about 30, with a direct blue gaze & a businesslike manner. He took one or two photographs & departed in his bright red truck.

Charles Bruce of the Canadian Press blew in with a Mrs. Macdonald\* of that organization & we had a good chat. Bruce is still in charge of C.P.'s Toronto office, still writes good honest verse about the fishermen of his native Guysborough. Drove around Weston Head this evening to see the surf & then took Hilda up to Milton for a call on Aunt Marie Bell.

(\* Red Macdonald formerly on the Hfx staff of C.P. with Bruce, but in charge of the Press dept. of Canadian Broadcasting Corp., Hfx.)

SUNDAY, AUG. 19, 1951.

Fine & warm. Invited to lunch at Lou Parrot's lodge - Edith, Hilda, her fiancee Herbert Gamester, & I. Drove there in my car. Lou has acquired a tame skunk (from New Brunswick; the skunks of western N.S. appear to have died out 15 or 20 years ago) which lives under his lodge & sends lady visitors into the jitters. Had a very fine lunch, a huge roast turkey etc., beautifully cooked & served. After lunch we strolled through the hemlock woods, saw the area cut last spring - in a careful  $\Delta$  shape, the peak stopping short of the highway, the base short of the timber along the high bank of the river, so that no view is spoiled.

Left at 4 pm., driving down the river road to Mill Village in a leisurely fashion, & thence home to freshen up & change. Then on to White Point for dinner, which also was very good. Sat on the lawn before the lodge till dark, chatting & watching the light fade over the sea.

MONDAY, AUG. 20/51 Hilda returned to Hfx this morning. I played 9 holes of golf at White Point before the late-rising guests struggled up to the course for their leisurely morning round, & then I quit. They jammed the whole course. Cecil Day, of the Liverpool Advance, has had a die made of Karl <sup>Goswin's</sup> drawing of me, the one he did for Radio's Digest. It is very good, & on Day's advice I'm having 2 dozen "mats" made from it (by Eastern Photo. & Engravers, Hfx, @ 45¢ apiece) for distribution to newspapers etc. Spent most of the day & evening alone at Moose Harbor, trying to write and achieving nothing, & reading "The Cruel Sea" by Nicholas Monsarrat, a good yarn of the late war.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22, 1951

A gale yesterday & today, with periods of heavy rain. Tommy returned from the G.M.C. camp at Yarmouth by train, seven pounds heavier than when he went. (He is now 149). Dr. Harvey writes, saying he has asked Premier MacDonald to unveil the new plaque on the Perkins house, & that a date in September should be set. I replied that neither the grounds nor the interior of the house are fit to be seen, & suggested that the ceremony be deferred until the government has furnished the house and tidied the grounds.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23/51

Overcast. Took Tommy to Summerville, where he, Paul Chandler, Hugh Byrne & Jack Dunlap will spend the next week in a tent above the beach. I spent the afternoon & evening at Moose Harbor, ruminating, reading, & sawing firewood for the cool Fall days. Wonderful sunset, the western clouds all red fire. The Haynes came in at dark & ran off some of their movies, the Cabot Trail, Washington in cherry blossom time, etc.

Letter from Rev. Geoffrey Hinshelwood, Episcopalian parson at Harvard, California, saying he had read & enjoyed The Symph & The Lamp, & that he was a wireless operator in the naval service at Camperdown & elsewhere during War One.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25/51

Still dull weather, with rain falling at some time every 24 hours. Golf in the mornings when the chance affords. Supper at Moose Harbor tonight with the Ralph Johnsons & Hector Dunlaps as our guests.

Young Jim Parker was married today in Salisbury, Maryland, to an American girl he met at ~~Duke~~ Duke University. I sent a telegram of felicitation. Austin & Eva P. are attending the wedding.

MONDAY, AUG. 27, 1951 Still dull weather, with rain at night. In Cape Breton it has been raining more or less for three weeks, with roads damaged, bridges washed out, etc.

Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon with Edith & left Tommy's radio & Frances' radio at an electrical shop for repairs. Then on to Riverport along the Lahave bank, dinner in Lunenburg at Roseau Mano, home at 8 p.m. Letter from the Humanities Research Council of Canada (per Roy Daniels, University of B.C.) inviting me to attend a national conference at Toronto in October, with expenses paid. Can't take the time.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29/51 A fine day, all day, at last, & the heat & humidity were stifling. Golf this morning, Moose Harbor this afternoon, dinner at Hillcrest "tonight" with Edith & fifty others, all guests of American visitors Mrs. Atwater & Mrs. Eddie Stark. Francie had the adventure of the day - & of her life. There was a big surf at White Point Beach & she & several other girls went out there to swim. The undertow was very strong & Lynn Stewart (11-year-old daughter of lawyer Jerry Stewart, of Moncton) was carried off her feet & into deep water. Four other girls of Frances' age saw the child in trouble, & in fact drowning, & they merely ran up the beach out of the water, frightened. Francie without hesitation plunged in, got hold of the child, & after some desperate swimming & struggling, part of it underwater, succeeded in bringing her ashore.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30/51 Fine & very hot! All morning mowing the lawns, which had grown thickly in the long wet weather. Helen Creighton, who has been attending the Public Acadian celebration & gathering folk-songs there, came to lunch today, spent the afternoon with us at Moose Harbor, & after tea left for Bridgewater.

SATURDAY SEP. 1, 1951

Sunny & cool. Golf this morning with Hubert Macdonald & Capt. Charles Williams. I played the worst game since my first summer at golf, 116 for 18 holes. Dinner tonight at the ~~Woodstock~~ Wickwires with a group of friends, to welcome Jim Parker & his American bride, who arrived today for a honeymoon at Port Joli. She is a tall blond girl, very goodlooking & intelligent.

SUNDAY, SEP. 2/51 Tried golf this morning but gave up after a few holes. Afternoon & evening at Moose Harbor, where we entertained Molly (Freeman) Smith, her husband & daughter, here on holiday from their home in Michigan. Molly's first trip home in 23 years. My car developed trouble, unable to shift gears into reverse and low. Got home alright on second & high after getting all hands to push the car back into the road past my cabin.

TUESDAY, SEP. 4/51 My car in Bain's garage all day, having the gear-shift repaired — the third major repair job since I bought the car a little over two years ago — all due to inherent faults & in spite of the best of care.

Douglas Bullock, salesman for The Cilland & Stewart in the Maritimes, called this afternoon. Says the book trade is going from bad to worse, due to (a) the big book clubs (b) the "pocket-book" reprints to be had in any drug store, and (c) a growing indifference in the public towards reading of any sort.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 5/51 Fine & very cool. Golf this morning. Moose Harbor all afternoon & evening. Fetched Silver out there at 6.30 & he worked till dark with his caulking-gun & a tin of asphalt compound, sealing the cracks between the logs and the ~~plate~~-beams, all round the cabin. Gerald Stewart has written Francie to thank her for saving his child's life, & he wrote me also.

FRIDAY  
SATURDAY, SEP. 8, 1951

At Moose Harbor yesterday & today until dark, scraping & oiling window shutters, sawing firewood etc., & mulling over a new story in my head. Tonight Mrs. Edgar Wright, wife of Liverpool's mayor, was killed instantly when Wright's car swerved into a ditch near Sutherland's River, Pictou County. Town Clerk Bob McLean & his wife, also in the car, got a bad shaking up, & Wright himself had head injuries. They were returning from the annual meeting of Nova Scotia Municipalities, held this year at Sydney.

In Korea the Chinese & Red Koreans are still hedging & stalling the peace talks, while building up strong new armies with a steady flow of Russian tanks, planes & munitions. In San Francisco the world delegates have gathered to discuss & sign the Japanese peace treaty, a generous & far-sighted treaty drawn up chiefly by America's John Foster Dulles. Gromyko, the Russian delegate, ranting as usual, has made clear that Russia will not agree to the treaty. accuses the U.S. of building up Japan as an ally in a war against Russia; but the procedure rules drawn up for the conference make the favorite Russian tactics (delay & obstruct) useless.

SATURDAY, SEP. 8/51 At Moose Harbor all afternoon, sawing firewood & mulling over a new book theme that seems to be emerging in my dull brain. Gerry & Gwen Stewart dropped in at six, having driven down from Moncton especially to thank Francie for her plucky feat of August 29th. On leaving Gwen gave Francie a small package "as a remembrance from Lynn", which turned out to be a beautiful gold wrist-watch, suitably engraved. Edith & I went on to a dinner at Mersey Lodge in honor of Mr. & Mrs. Boyson of Washington.

SUNDAY, SEP. 9/51

Spent church this morning with my family.  
A fair congregation despite the ban on children under 15 attending public gatherings — a consequence of the 'polio epidemic, really serious at Hfx & some other places in N.S., with 200 or 300 cases reported; schools ~~have delayed~~ are delaying their opening until tomorrow in the hope that with the cool fall weather the danger will pass.

The 'polio scare has not extended to the peculiar sect who call themselves Jehovah's Witnesses. More than 300 of them have been in Liverpool for the past 4 days, a convention of delegates from all the Maritime Provinces; men, women, children — but mostly women of middle-age or elderly, a bit shabby, pale & sick of feature, with the ready eye of the fanatic. They hold their meetings in the Firemen's Hall (rented for \$35 per day) & between times saunter up & down the sidewalks wearing placards, fore and aft, & handing out pamphlets to all unwary passers-by. A weird lot. They believe that there is no heaven or hell as taught by other Christian religions; on the day of Judgement the dead will spring to life on earth & mingle with those living at the moment, then all the unworthy will be destroyed & the righteous (Jehovah's Witnesses) will live on earth, in full possession, forever. They quote chapter & verse of the Scripture to prove these matters & are bold and ruthless missionaries of their faith, often making door-to-door calls & denouncing the other Christian religions in abusive terms — a practice that has involved them bitterly with the Roman Catholic church in Quebec & northern New Brunswick. Their beliefs have an especial appeal to the ignorant poor, & since the war ended in '45 they have increased rapidly in numbers & have widened far their hunting grounds.

MONDAY, SEP. 10, 1951 Fine & warm. Spent most of the day at Moose Harbor, sandpapering shutters & painting them with linseed oil. Very heavy sea running in from the east, the aftermath of a gale of hurricane force that passed Sable Island last night, leaving our weather here undisturbed. Magnificent surf.

School opened today, one week late. Tommy enters Grade 11, Francie Grade 9.

FRIDAY, SEP. 14/51 Made another start on a novel, working partly at home & partly at Moose Harbor. Stayed there long after dark last night & again tonight to watch the moon come up out of the sea. Went over the house eaves-gutters this morning, daubing asphalt compound in the cracks. "Barney" Moshes was killed today in a motor accident near <sup>AUBURN, N.Y. STATE,</sup> New York, where he & his wife, & the Langley Veinots were on a holiday trip. Mrs. Moshes badly hurt. The Veinots escaped. Moshes was a self-made man who started business with a small portable sawmill in the Beech Hill woods, later went into roadbuilding contracts with the late John More, & after More's death he built wharves & breakwaters about western N.S. for the federal govt. & conducted extensive logging operations. As Liberal Party director in Queens County, he got some juicy contracts & made a fortune, but his roads & wharves were good ones & everyone liked him.

TUESDAY, SEP. 18/51 Overcast & mild. Stanley Salmen, of Little, Brown Co., phoned from New York this morning.

A possible movie deal for the "Nymph" was in the offing, & the possible conflict of television rights had been mentioned. Would it be alright if movie & television rights were sold together? (I said Yes) The <sup>TV</sup> radio people were interested in the book as a vehicle for actress Margaret Sullavan

T.Y. in a ~~new~~ play to last one hour. They were mentioning a fee of \$1,000. Alright? (Yes.) A French publisher wanted to have the book but he wished to cut the length of it, chiefly in the opening chapters & in the description of life in the Annapolis Valley. Alright? (Yes.) None of these matters except the French book rights were concluded & they might come to nothing. Meanwhile, how is the new book coming along? I had to confess that after many fruitless months & two false starts I had finally got into it, & that I would have it ready next Spring. He said Good. He added that if the movie deal went through, Little Brown's fee would be 10%, & not the 15% or 20% stated in the amendment to my contract. With that he rang off.

Golf this afternoon with Brent Smith.

Wednesday, Sept. 19/51 A session with the dentist, Dr. Don Smith, this morning. Had one just a week ago & there are more to come - several small cavities, none bad. I had not been to a dentist for almost 3 years. I still have all my teeth but two; cut a wisdom tooth on the right side last year, & another is appearing on the left, so the sum remains the same.

Took my car to Bain's & got 4 new Firestone tires (4-ply) & tubes, as the ones that came with the car had gone about 18,000 miles & the tread was worn. They allowed me something for the old tires (which have never had a puncture & can be re-capped) nevertheless the cost in cash is \$110.

Burke Douglas came just after lunch & took me down to the Hillcrest Hotel, where I was introduced to George Drew, national leader of the Conservative Party, & <sup>ROBERT</sup> Stanfield, provincial ditto, who are making a brief but busy tour of this part of Nova Scotia. A number of very stalwarts like John Wickwire, Capt. Ted More, Bill Jeudrey, Ross Nickerson,

Ken Jones, Mowbray Jones, were there, & lesser Tories, male & female, were arriving by the minute — most of them from town but some from Thilloon & Caledonia. Drew is a big blond man of fine presence & a pleasant manner, although I saw behind the polite & smiling face at times an expression of discontent or perhaps only boredom. Said he had read some of my work & "followed my career with interest". Told me Papier Moon's wife Blanche was ill & in fact dying in Toronto. We chatted about 20 minutes before Ken Jones bore down & carried off Drew to shake hands with another lot of new arrivals. He spoke to the High School this morning, made a tour of the Mersey mill & the Stenpro plant, shaking hands with the workers, addressed a luncheon party of Tory key-men, was now making himself <sup>available</sup> to all these visitors, & at 3 o'clock was whirled away to open the County Fair at Caledonia.

Lou Parrot came to dinner & stayed the evening, spinning fantastic yarns of his adventures in the wilds of New Brunswick in the 1920's, & of the speculations by which he made his fortune.

THURSDAY, SEP. 20/51 Fine & cool. Dentist again this morning. Since Don Smith went in for politics & became an M.P. he has neglected his practice, & I find him careless, impatient, & rough as any plumber at his work, which is constantly interrupted by phone calls about petty political matters. He is a very good M.P. but he is no longer a good dentist, he has lost a large number of his old customers & after he has completed the present job on my teeth I shall join them.

Barney Mosher's funeral this afternoon. I attended the service at Trinity Church, which was full to the doors. The first time I had seen the choir ladies wearing the charming royal-blue gowns & caps,

which replaced the old white gowns & black mortar boards, burnt when the drunken Bill tried to set the church afire a year or so ago. The new parson has a suave resonant voice & an erect figure & curly grey hair; 35-ish, wears shell-rimmed glasses, pale intellectual face. The Freemasons attended in a body, in full regalia. A long procession of cars, many flowers.

Drove to Milton for Aunt Marie Bell, & she & Marie Freeman, Edith & I had a picnic tea in the cabin at Moose Harbor. This is Miss Bell's 74th birthday.

No news from Korea, where the peace parleys are still held up by the Communists & the fighting continues in a sporadic way.

SUNDAY, SEP. 23/51

Drove with Edith & the (Royal Bank manager) Hutchinson in my car to Greenfield at noon to have lunch with Lou Parrot. A fine meal - shrimp cocktail, thick steaks broiled over an open hardwood fire, new potatoes & peas, ice cream with fresh strawberries, cake, coffee. (The peas & strawberries from Louis deep-freeze box in the cellar.) Lazy afternoon chatting, strolling along under the hemlocks, sitting on the verandah of the guest cabin, which is right above the water. Started to go at 3:30, but Lou begged us to stay - he is very lonely now. So we stayed, & had a light tea - mostly crackers & salmon-caviar, & finished up the ice-cream - & chatted on till 8:30. The morning had been sunny but very windy & during the afternoon the wind fetched up a heavy overcast. Drove home in sheets of rain, flung by the wind.

TUESDAY, SEP. 25/51 Working on the novel each morning & evening, golf in the afternoons, a healthy arrangement. A big flock of wild geese flew past White Point while

I was out there with Edith today - very low over the water, a man in a dory could have hit them with an oar. Called on Longley Denoh with a few books for him to read. He is laid up with a broken ankle in a cast, & Stella still has a pair of black-bruised eyes. Very lucky to be alive.

Stanley Salmen, of Little, Brown Co., phoned at 11 p.m. A dilemma has appeared. The Fox Film people are still seriously considering Salmen's offer of "The Nymph & The Lamp" at \$17,500. Their decision may be Yes or No. Meanwhile Columbia Broadcasting Corp. wants television rights in the book for \$1,000 & wants a decision right away. This is sure money, whereas on the other hand a sale of television rights will kill all chance of a sale to the film people. I told Salmen to take the chance of a film sale even at the sacrifice of Columbia's offer. He agreed. Said he & his wife are coming up to Nova Scotia next week & will call here Tuesday if nothing interferes. Presume he wants to discuss the new book & a contract.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26/51      Deposited Little, Brown's cheque for \$7574.09. Exchange at  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  gave me an additional \$400. This is the amount of royalties on sales of "The Nymph" in the U.S. after deducting an advance of \$3500 made last year plus the U.S. tax of 15%. Most of it came from sales to the book clubs, after Little, Brown, had taken their half of the proceeds; i.e. apart from their own edition, which so far has sold only about 6,300 copies, they got a straight 50% (\$9,000) of the \$18,000 paid by Readers' Digest Book Club, Doubleday's Dollar Book Club, and the Popular Library pocket-book people; & the U.S. government took \$1350. (Including tax on the cash advance against

the royalties, the U.S. govt so far has taken \$1,861 of my earnings on this book.) Distribution of the book so far is as follows:-

COPIES

U.S.:	Little, Brown edition (shopsales)	6,369	
:	Souvenir Book Club	100,000	
:	Reader's Digest Book Club	<del>375,000</del> <del>100,000</del>	
:	Popular Library edition	100,000	581,369

CANADA:	McClelland & Stewart edition (shopsales)	7,060	
	Reader's Digest Book Club	27,849	34,909
		616,278	

This does not include M. & S. sales in Canada for the six months ending July 31/57, which I have yet to receive. All of the above books are "hardbacks" (i.e. bound in boards & cloth) except the 100,000 "softbacks" of the Popular Library pocket-book edition. The Reader's Digest included it with two other novels, all somewhat condensed, in their Spring book.

These figures lend color to the present controversy in the U.S. The retail bookshops claim that they cannot sell in competition with the book clubs, which get cut rates from the publishers & therefore can sell at a much lower price. The book clubs claim that their business is entirely mail-order, much of it rural, & that in any case the public prefers to buy its books from them. The publishers, doing business with both sides, keep mum; but it is obvious from the above figures where their profit lies.

News: King George, whose health has been failing rapidly in the past year or two, has undergone a lung operation, presumably for cancer, & his condition is serious. Britain is in the throes of an election campaign, in which the Conservatives under Churchill are expected to win with a small majority.

THURSDAY, SEP. 27, 1951

Making slow but steady progress on the novel. Lou Parrot called to say Goodbye; he is closing up the Granfield lodge & thinks he will spend the fall & winter in Arizona. No mention of his wife & there seems little hope of a reconciliation.

Francie went to Hfx today with the Seldons for a visit to Dr. Woodbury, the dental specialist. Two of her teeth are crooked & she will probably need a dental brace to straighten them.

The magazine "Time" this week reveals quite a furor in U.S. book trade circles over Little, Brown Co., my publishers & particularly their chief editor, D. Angus Cameron. It appears that Cameron is an ardent Communist, & under his selection Little, Brown have been publishing a number of pro-Communist books, or at any rate books written by people whose politics are Communist. A news-letter sheet called "Counter Attack" has accused Little, Brown of being a "front" for the Communist party's activity in the world of U.S. literature. For their part, Little, Brown have discharged Cameron, & have sent a letter to the book trade (I got a copy 3 days ago) pointing out certain fallacies in the "Counter Attack" article, and insisting that their policy was simply to publish good books without enquiring into their authors' politics.

In view of the anti-Communist hysteria in the U.S. all this must have a serious effect on Little, Brown's standing with the trade. Apparently some of their authors have already quit the house. I wonder if this is the reason for Stanley Salmen's sudden decision to come up here & see me. (<sup>He failed to appear, and offered no explanation afterwards.</sup>)

SATURDAY, SEP. 29/51 Drove with Edith this morning to Kentville, to spend a week-end with Alice (Ramona) Smith. Bitter cold day, overcast, with occasional rays of

sunshine, occasional showers of rain, & a violent N.W. gale. Had the car heater going all the way. The road as far as Kempt very good, but from there to Annapolis it was full of pot-holes & stretches of "wash-board". Very good lunch at the American House, Middleton. Joined Alice at 3 p.m. & she went with us to shop for a basketful of pears, a hamper of apples, a peck of new potatoes & a basket of ripe tomatoes. We got the apples from Ralph Shaw, Kentville lawyer who now is a gentleman-farmer at Coldbrook. He took us over his estate — for it is that: large comfortable house (where his wife Muriel served tea & cake before a glowering fire of applewood), stately old oaks & elms over the front lawn, large swimming pool at the side, lovely flower beds. The land consists of 500 acres running up the slope of South Mountain, some of which is orchard, some plough-land, & some covered with a fine stand of young white pine, carefully nurtured. The two large orchards are protected by shelter belts of wire birch trees; but the <sup>old</sup> trees (mostly McIntosh & Delicious) are heavily laden, & in spite of birchwood props under the most burdened branches the current gale was breaking some, & stripping fruit from others. Shaw says most of his fruit is put up in boxes instead of the old-fashioned barrels; but he added that one of the new markets just opening to N.S. apples — Newfoundland — demands apples in barrels & expects to take 30,000 barrels this year. We drove all over the place in Shaw's car, a pleasant and eye-opening experience.

Back to Kentville, where we picked up the Rev. Davies & his wife, (who are moving to Trinity parish, Liverpool, next month) & went on to the Paramount

hotel in Wolfville, where Jack & Liva Mosher joined us for dinner. Then back to Alice's apartment in Kentville where we spent the rest of the evening in lively chat with the Davis, the Steadmans, the Bill Pipes, the St. Millers, the Jack Moshers, and Mr. (Magistrate) Dickie. Kentville is bustling & prosperous, about to build another big school (estimated cost \$350,000) for the rapidly growing population.

SUNDAY, SEP. 30/51 Set out watches back one hour to standard time. (Kentville went "off" Daylight Time at the end of August; the rest of the province, outside of Annapolis Valley, hung on till now.) Alice insisted on serving breakfast in bed; left us to our own devices at 10.30 when she went off to attend morning service at St. James' in her role of organist & choir-leader.

We took young Michael for a drive along the Gaspereau Valley & to Grand Pre' before ~~long~~ noon. The Gaspereau river is now being diverted for a long distance into a new & artificial channel, a hydro-electric power development which will spoil much of the beauty of it. The apple-growers of the Annapolis Valley are still tearing up trees of the old types (e.g. Ben Davis, Cox's Orange) which were grown for the English trade, now almost defunct. We saw whole orchards lying uprooted, some with the apples still on the branches. Many new orchards have been planted, but in general the Valley is converting to general farming and raising cattle & poultry, with fruit a side-line. Lunch with Alice, & a chat afterwards with the Jack Moshers & Margaret Von Tricke, that clever Hungarian protege. We said our farewells at 3, pushed on to Middleton, then

through the woods to New Germany & Bridgewater. Weather sunny, though cool. Maple leaves beginning to turn, some of the swamp maples already in full scarlet. Dinner at the East Side Manor, Bridgewater, & a very fine meal it was. This is an old mansion, formerly belonging to the Davison (lumbering) family, on the hill east of the river. Home about 7:45.

MONDAY, OCT. 1/51 Cool & windy. Had a final session at the dentist's this morning. Eight fillings altogether, but none of the cavities was bad. It is 3 years since I had my teeth examined. Golf, alone, this afternoon.

TUESDAY, OCT. 2/51 Expected Salmon & his wife today, but they did not turn up. Edith has been in a great bustle getting her fall housecleaning done in time for their visit. Mac Askill has sent me 4 more copies of his book & a framed copy of his photograph "Starboard Lookout". My Parker 51 ("Lifetime") fountain pen has suffered a mortal paralysis of the belly after only 3 years' service. Sent it off to Toronto today for repairs. Typical of post-war quality in all things from pens to motorcars. King George is recovering from his lung operation, & the Canadian tour of Prince Philip & Princess Elizabeth is now set for a later date in October. Rankin of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald wants me to do a couple of articles on previous royal visits, for the special edition of his paper on Nov. 8th, the date on which Philip & Elizabeth are scheduled to be in Hfx. on their way home.

FRIDAY, OCT. 5/51 Overcast & very mild the past three days. Tried golf at White Point this afternoon but found a thick wet fog, impossible to see more than a few yards, & gave it up after 9 holes. Weather people have issued warning of a hurricane approaching our coast, so I went out to

Moose Harbor & put on the big shutters over my plate glass window facing on the sea. No word from Salmen. Have a feeling that the movie people have dropped negotiations for my book.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7/51

The hurricane has passed in the Atlantic & we're getting the usual dismal side-effects, dull skies, fitful winds & rains. Church this morning. In afternoon drove along the country road as far as 12 miles; stopped the car at 7 Mile & walked in to look at the lake. The maples are almost in full color, but the red maples seem to have withered early & are dropping fast. Not a good "color year". Afternoon tea at Dr. Wickwire's in honor of Mr. & Mrs. Payne of Salisbury, Maryland, who are here on a brief visit to the Parkers & their daughter. Later in the evening we went to the Parkers' house, where the Paynes showed many photos & some fine colored movies of the Parker-Payne wedding.

MONDAY, OCT. 8/51 Thanksgiving Day. Pouring rain all day & a violent thunderstorm most of the afternoon. Gwendolyn & Beatrice Macdonald also Marie Freeman came to dinner with us. Prince Philip & Princess Elizabeth arrived at Montreal from Britain by air today, to start their Canadian tour.

TUESDAY, OCT. 9/51 Reading James Joyce's "Ulysses" for the first time, after many years of hearing all sorts of opinions about it. Amazing thing. Mixture of genius and pure (or rather impure) drivel. ~~of it very~~ <sup>MUCH</sup> good.

Tonight by radio we heard Princess Elizabeth speaking at the dinner given in her honor by Premier Duplessis of Quebec. She spoke alternately in French & English. She has a small high-pitched but soft voice, sounds like a modest little schoolgirl.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10/51 Still dull weather. Spent the afternoon washing windows & storm windows & applying Ron Amy for the final polishing. Randy Day went through the Perkins house today, reports one of the side windows (west side) smashed by a vandal, probably a boy, who had gained entry & broken the glass in one of the showcases, & then got out by slipping the bolt on the side door. Rain again tonight.

FRIDAY, OCT. 12/51 Still overcast & damp. Marjorie Whitelaw, assistant fiction editor of "Weekend" (the former Montreal "Standard") came to see me today, had lunch & spent the afternoon with us. She came as far as Bridgewater with us in the evening, when to fulfil a promise to Royal Barreaux, principal of schools there, I addressed the Bridgewater Historical Society on "The Micmac Indians." Barreaux had invited some others, including a ~~team~~ <sup>troop</sup> of boy scouts. Talked about an hour, & displayed my collection of Indian relics. Coffee & cake later in the convenient kitchen of the Domestic Science class. Home in bright moonlight at 11:30 p.m.

Letter from R. A. Ferguson, chief editor, Toronto Saturday Night, asking for an article on Joseph Howe.

SATURDAY, OCT. 13/51 Promised Tommy I would help to transport the school <sup>team</sup> to Lockport today, & I drove there after lunch with 5 boys in my car. Met "Bulldog" Fraser, principal of Lockport "Rural High School," which serves Lockport town & brings in pupils by bus from the whole stretch of coast between Table River & East Jordan. The school, built in 1949, is a fine big building of the most modern design, very well equipped & staffed; easily the finest school on the South Shore. All made possible by provincial govt. grants, of course. As I looked at the school bulletin board, containing notices to all sorts of groups from an Air Cadet corps to a

Gilbert & Sullivan troupe, I couldn't help reflecting on the change all this will make in the life of poor, dull little Lockeport. The game took place on a small field in the town. The Liverpool boys were heavier & more experienced, & won by a lopsided score that did not reflect the scrap put up by the Lockeport boys. They (the Lockeporters) were coached by a trained & very efficient physical-education instructor, J. D. Chan, a Chinese-Canadian from B.C. Chan's wife, an American, came over to my car & said she had enjoyed my books. After the game we were ushered into the school gymnasium, where chairs & tables were set out, & both teams & a number of hangers-on like myself were served with tea & pop, sandwiches & cake. Very nice. Home about 7 p.m. There was sunshine today, real sunshine, for the first time in ten days, although the wind was cold about the Lockeport field.

SUNSEY Oct. 14/51 Lovely sunny day. Church this morning as usual with my family. I noticed that young Tom, standing in the pew beside me, now is the taller. Golf this afternoon with Edith. Score 93. Called on Aunt Marie Bell, who lives more & more in the past, rattling away about people & events of 50 & 60 years ago. Spent the evening re-reading Howes "Speeches & Public Addresses" for the S.N. article.

Had a letter yesterday from Dr. W. W. Woodbury, dental specialist ("orthodontist," his stationery says) who examined Francie's irregular canine teeth in Hfx some time ago. Suggests "an attempt to widen both upper & lower arches with the hope of bringing the upper canines into a more favorable position," etc. This would require a full week's work & treatment to begin with (cost \$100) and trips to Hfx every 3 weeks for an hour's treatment (cost \$25), & those to be continued (& braces worn on upper

& lower teeth) for at least 18 months, & probably much longer.

Consulted Edith & Isannie, who agreed that all this was formidable & the result doubtful. The teeth in question are not regular it is true, but they are not a serious blemish.

Decided to forego the orthodontistry.

Monday, Oct. 15/51 Working on the Howe article all morning.

Mrs Schurman, of Port Medway, called & left with me for perusal a curious sort of diary kept by her mother, who was wife of a Port Medway merchant named Bowles. She seems to have been a neurotic woman with a rather fluent pen but a singularly empty mind, restless, unhappy, doubtful of her husband's love, of her friends, of life; and once or twice a year she wrote down her feelings in an old copybook. The entries begin in the early 1880's when she was about 30, a matron with 3 children, & continue to 1900.

Spent the afternoon putting storm windows on the living room, sun porch & dining room, 14 in all. MacMillan's have sent me galleys of Charles Bruce's new book of poems "The Mulgrave Road", asking me to comment for publication. Happy to do it.

TUESDAY, OCT. 16/51 Fine & warm. Wrote the MacMillan piece this morning & sent it off, together with the proofs. Golf this afternoon, played poorly but enjoyed it. Then took Edith to the town ball park & watched a game of football between the Liverpool & Bridgewater school teams. Liverpool won 6-0.

News. Following the example of Iran, which last week ordered the last British personnel out of the Iranian oil fields, Egypt has ordered the British out of the Suez canal zone & the Sudan. The old lion must be very sick indeed when such poor curs can yap about his heels. The Attlee government says that British troops will stay in Egypt. But that is

what it said about the Iranian oil fields & the huge refinery at Abadan, all abandoned since.

In N.S. the govt. has announced the final closing of the Inverness coal mine, which has been govt.-operated for many years at great loss.

Thursday, Oct. 18/51 Fine. Took off the Joe Howe piece to "Saturday Night". Finished washing the storm windows & have them all on except the 3 bedroom "swinging types" & the central one for my den. Dinner at Hubert Macdonald's. Our fellow guest, the Rev. John Macdonald.

Friday, Oct. 19/51 Cut ~~a~~ short the remaining shrubs along the south side of the house, they had become ugly & immense. A whole truckload of brush, which I got Stafford to haul away. In the afternoon went to Moose Harbor & finished battening down the cabin for winter; examined the big window-shutter, took off screen door & window screens, put on the two small shutters, daubed a coat of linseed oil on the storm door & put it on, put a thin coat of it on the stove & pipe, removed the bedding, sundry tools, matches, & anything that would freeze. A grey day with a bleak east wind, & a big sea smashing on the rocks.

Letter from Salmen dated the 15th saying he'd had no word from the film people & he was leaving for Hollywood at once. Meanwhile he had told the television people they could have my book if we had no definite movie sale by Oct. ~~15~~ th.

Saturday, Oct. 20/51 Bob Anderson, of National Film Board, Ottawa, phoned from London, Ont., at 9 a.m. asking about movie rights in the "Nymph". Told him how things stood.

He & an English director (Paul Someone-or-other) were anxious to do the story as a full-length film play, & feel sure they can get financial backing from "a man in New York". Asked me to wire him the result of the Hollywood

negotiations. I said I was going in the woods for a week but would let him know as soon as possible. Personally, I am doubtful about this new angle. Anderson in introducing himself mentioned our mutual friend Frank Willis of C.B.C.; and this scheme of his reminds me strongly of a similar shoe-string business urged upon me some years ago by Willis & a Toronto film man, which came to nothing. Both have the same catch — the money from the mysterious "man in New York".

SATURDAY, Oct. 27/51 Returned from Eagle Lake this afternoon, after a week's hunting in which none of our party got a deer, although Dunlap wounded one that got away. I had a chance to shoot a spike-horn buck in the trail near the river but let him go — it was too easy and he was too small. Saw a buck in the hemlocks east of Haunted Bog one day but did not get a shot. Proved my shooting eye by shooting the head off a partridge — the only game I brought home. One day was very wet with a high wind, & Parker & I were caught in the worst of it miles from camp. For the rest of the week the days were hot and calm — wonderful weather to be paddling a canoe about the lakes, or merely to be in the woods — but the leaves underfoot crackled harshly at every step, & the slightest sound carried far. Not a creature seemed to be stirring, not so much as a squirrel or even a bird; the silence in the deep woods was uncanny. There were deer-signs everywhere, but it was absurdly easy for them to avoid us & they did. Enjoyed the whole week off in the woods by foot or canoe all day, every day, often paddling up Eagle Lake in pitch darkness at the end of it.

Found my family well & happy. A pile of mail & an urgent phone-call from Ottawa that had been repeated at

intervals for the past 2 days. I phoned Ottawa & found Bob Anderson on the line, & with him Paul Dickson (or Dinson), the English film director. During my absence they had got in touch with Salmen (& found him in Utah) with regard to film rights in *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. He told them a Hollywood picture company was still considering it, & would give a decision on Tuesday. They now urge me to tell Salmen to cancel the Hollywood negotiations & give them an option for 4 months. They talked to me for 35 minutes, first Anderson, then Dickson, then Anderson, invoking my patriotism as a Canadian, & my interest (as the author) in seeing that my novel gets something better than a standard Hollywood film job.

The situation is this: Dickson has made a reputation in Britain for his direction of several documentary films, especially one dealing with a Welsh fishing village. On the ship coming over here he read "*The Nymph*" & became keenly interested in filming the story. In New York he got in touch with a film producer named Chrbach, a Czech now established in the U.S., & sold him the idea. Chrbach is willing to put up (or to obtain) \$150,000 for production of the film. Anderson thinks he can secure backing of the Canadian National Film Board and of the Nova Scotia govt, since the story will be filmed here. They will pay \$1,000 for a 4-month option, during which time Chrbach will raise the rest of the money. They will then pay \$4,000; another \$5,000 when filming is completed; plus a percentage on the profits of the picture. And they request my advice & help in preparing the scenario.

All of which is very interesting. But the whole

thing sounds to me like a shoe-string proposition. If it fell through I would get nothing but the \$1,000 for the option. If it reached the filming stage I would have \$5,000; and if the group are still solvent at the end of filming I would have \$10,000. The profit in which I am to share may well be negligible, as these people have no theatre-chain connections. All this against the flat \$17,500 which Salmen expects to get, in cash, from Hollywood if the original deal goes through. These men are very suave & plausible, & I have no doubt that they hope to carry out all that they promise; but the whole thing sounds like the fiasco of the "British Canadian Pictures Ltd" who made a similar wonderful proposition to me in February 1947. The "B.C.P." turned out to be nothing more than a rented room in the CPR Building, Toronto, inhabited by a suave man named Roland Gillett, whose fine talk came to nothing.

I told Anderson & Dickson that I would ask Salmen to give their proposition serious consideration, & closed the talk.

Sunday, Oct. 28/51 A cold day with grey sky & occasional showers. Edith went with me to White Point this afternoon, where I played 9 holes; then to Moose Harbor where I put a padlock on the cabin's storm door, & Edith got some earth for her flower pots; finally to Milton for a call on Aunt Marie.

Should have mentioned on Oct 25 that the British general election took place, and (as expected) Churchill & his Tory party came back into power with a slim majority, achieved mainly by a gentlemen's agreement with the Liberals, who did not oppose the Tories in many constituencies. Actually the popular vote was slightly more for Labor but it was concentrated in the cities & industrial areas, while the countryside was heavily in favor of the Tories. It means that the

British people are still sharply divided, half in favor of Socialist rule, half for free enterprise.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31/51

Another grey bleak day with showers.

Indoors most of the day, — racking my mind for a plot for my novel, everything so far unsatisfactory; feel very gloomy, wondering if the spring has dried up forever. Tonight is Hallowe'en & the kids are out in whole platoons begging (mostly demanding) candy, fruit, nuts etc. at every door.

Tommy went out sky-larking with his chums of the school rugby team, & they covered most of the town — everything from firing a charge of powder in one of the ancient cannon at Fort Point to upsetting a row of flowerpots outside the residence of Cecil Day, editor of the "Advance", & to tossing a smoke-bomb into a schoolroom where Principal Gibson & staff were holding an evening session over examination papers. Young Mike Byrne, who threw the bomb, was caught by one of the special constables who were sworn in to keep the peace of the town tonight.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1/51

Grey day again, with steady rain most of the afternoon & evening. Halifax agog with preparations for the visit of Prince Philip & Princess Elizabeth on Nov. 6th.

Paid off today the \$4,000 borrowed from the Royal Bank last spring, when I purchased stock of B.C. Telephone Co.

SATURDAY, Nov. 3/51

Took young Tom & two of his school chums Paul Chandler & Charles "Mouse" Theriault to Eagle Lake this afternoon for a week-end's hunting. Going up the N° 3 pond a strong southerly gale began to blow, & by the time we got inside the boom at Eagle Brook it had reached hurricane force. We hunted till dark but had no luck. Brent Smith came up from L'pool to spend the night with us. The camp shook all night in violent gusts of wind & the rain was like a cataract.

SUNDAY, Nov. 4/51

The three boys were up at daylight and

hunted down the trail to the river while I cooked breakfast. They came upon a buck & doe in the old burn but did not get a shot. On their return to camp Theriault shot a nice fat black duck in the cove behind the camp. I packed a lunch & a tea pail & we set off at 9 am. Lommy & I in the red canoe, Theriault & Chandler in the other. Paddled up Eagle Lake, hauled out the canoes at the mouth of the Long-Eagle brook (a torrent after the rain) & hunted up the meadows to Long Lake. I made a fire & we had lunch on the shore of Long Lake in the edge of the hemlock ridge. Fine sunny day & very calm — impossible to get near a deer, although we saw many fresh tracks, also a fresh moose track, something rare nowadays. Worked along the shore of Long Lake to the north-east bay, & sat doggo for a long time watching the swamp there without result. Then we spread out & worked up through the hemlocks to the Long-Eagle brook, where we posted ourselves in various places & watched till dusk. No luck. Paddling up Eagle Lake in the last reflection of sunset Theriault worked his canoe close to three black duck a ridiculously easy shot, & Paul fired ~ & missed ~ with both barrels. However the boys had managed to get several partridge on the edge of the Long Eagle meadow so we did not return empty-handed.

Monday, Nov. 5/51 Young Tom was sick this morning, probably from yesterday's wet feet & the long day in the woods. Paul stayed in camp with him, & I took Theriault down the west side of Eagle Lake afoot, & then hunted back along the ridge. Started one deer but couldn't get sight of it. Got dinner, packed out our sacks, tidied up camp & bolted the heavy shutters on, then down the trail to the river, a smooth voyage in the punt to N° 3 home at 4 pm. Theriault got a partridge on the way down the river road.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1951      Sunny, cold. Tommy in bed all day but he managed to eat a fair meal at evening & seems to be recovering. The govt. has refunded \$3.64 of the tax I paid on 1950 income — the first time this has ever happened. Almost every other year that I can recall the Income Tax Dept. figured that I owed them more.

Historical Society held its first meeting of the winter season in Town Hall tonight. I was in the chair & gave a talk on the life & times of Joseph Howe. Appointed Randolph Day to bring in a slate of officers for 1952 at the January meeting, & told the members that I must lay down my presidency at the end of this year. I have now been President for 6 consecutive years, against my own wish, & during all that time I have been expected to deliver a paper on a historical subject at each meeting. This was bad, for me and for the Society. No more.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7/51      Prince Philip & Princess Elizabeth arrived in Hfx. by train today & the weather could not have been worse — pouring rain & a high wind. We heard a broadcast of Premier Macdonald's brief speech of welcome to Province House, & her own reply, in which she referred to herself as "the daughter of a sailor and the wife of a sailor". Her voice high & clear, without the nervous tremor of her first speech at Quebec, and every word articulated beautifully. People are pouring into Hfx from every part of the province hoping to catch a glimpse of them as they drive through the streets tomorrow. I thought of going; but when I reflected on the traffic jam in those narrow Hfx streets, & the weather, & the 200-mile round trip, all for one passing glimpse of two very nice but very tired people, seen out or between the heads of a crowd, I decided not to go.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8, 1951

Filthy weather for the royal visitors, a S.E. gale & sheets of rain. Francie left for Hfa at 7 a.m. with the Elders but the rest of us were satisfied with eye-witness reports by radio. Thousands of people stood in the storm for hours to watch the royal pair go by in their special convertible, with its plexi-glass top & interior lighting, which enables them to be seen but at the same time sheltered from the weather.

In the evening we listened to the radio description of the great dinner in the ballroom of the Nova Scotian hotel. Premier Macdonald gave the toast to the King, & some time later a toast to Elizabeth & Philip, at the same time presenting them with gifts of N.S.-made jewelry, a copy of MacAskill's "Live of the Sea" specially bound in sailcloth with a rope edging, a tartan blanket, & for their girl-child a doll & for Prince Charles a model of the schooner "Bluenose" - all made in Nova Scotia.

He made one or two references to the weather — "Very unusual for Nova Scotia" (much laughter) — "Especially at this time of year" (roars of laughter) in his pawky Scots way; and Elizabeth in her reply made a smiling reference to "the wind and weather" in the same vein. The & Philip leave tonight for Charlottetown in their special train.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10/51

Sunny, cool. Played 18 holes of golf at White Point this afternoon in 99. Several others with Letter from Stanley Salmen saying that the movie sale negotiations in Hollywood had broken down re "The Nymph". Chief cause, the current anti-Communist hysteria in the U.S. which attacked my publishers, Little, Brown & Co., as a "Communist front," & at the same time forced the American film producer who was chiefly interested in my book to resign, just on the day when our film negotiations were to be completed. Salmen says, "This

goes to show how far this hysteria can influence innocent people." Salmen says he will negotiate with Bob Anderson's group, who now appear to be represented by a man named Kingsley in New York. Failing a sale on sound principles to them, he will negotiate with British film producers when he goes to England early in '52.

Tonight my sister Hilda is being married to Herbert Gamester at a Presbyterian manse in Hfx. She & Bill Kibble were divorced last year, after a separation of six years. Kibble is now a lieutenant-commander on the Canadian naval staff at St. John's, Nfld., & has re-married.

SUNDAY, Nov. 11/51

Did not attend the Remembrance Day service in the theatre this morning. For many years I paraded with the Legion & laid a wreath in memory of my father; but after the second war brought its new griefs and new faces it seemed to me that we of the older generation should leave the public demonstration to them, & henceforth call up our own memories in private. The First War seems much more vivid to me somehow than the Second; certainly the sacrifice was much greater, & the reward of the survivors much less, as far as Canada was concerned at any rate; but to the new generation such names as Ypres, Vimy and Amiens are as remote and meaningless as Crudy and Agincourt.

A lovely mild day. Edith walked around the golf course with me this afternoon while I played 18 holes with some terrible score. All the hardwoods are bare now except the oaks, whose leaves are withered & brown.

Tonight by radio we heard a farewell message from Princess Elizabeth in English & French, both fluently spoken & in a clear & vigorous voice. The C.B.C. broadcast a poem by Charles Bruce, "A Memo To Certain Voyagers", & then "Will Ye No' Come Back Again?", sung by choir

in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal, Halifax and St. John's, each taking up a verse where the other left off; very well done.

MONDAY, Nov. 12/51

Attended the Legion's Armistice Dinner, which was staged in Port Mouton hall this evening. Chief speaker was Will R. Bird, who came down from Hfx for the occasion.

Bird dropped into my house in the afternoon & chatted in his flowing & vehement style. His most interesting observations:-

Re: the Royal Visit. Much heartburning in Hfx amongst the snobs who did not get an invitation to the great luncheons & dinners for the royal pair. Lieut-Governor & Mrs. J.A.D. McCurdy did not invite Premier & Mrs. Macdonald to their small & very exclusive dinner at Government House - result of an old feud. The Macdonalds retaliated by not inviting the McCurdys to the small reception at "Winwick". Mrs. McCurdy is a bit of a drinker & a very nasty person at times. Bird once overheard her calling one of the maids at Government House a "damned little guttersnipe".

Re: The Canadian Authors' Association. The new president, W.G. Hardy, discovered last summer that C.A.A. funds to the extent of \$10,000 had disappeared during the past 5 years. The paid secretary-treasurer, a Mrs. White, was very intimate with William Arthur Deacon, literary critic of the Toronto Globe, who has been in financial difficulties for some years, & the defalcations began apparently when Deacon was President about 5 years ago. Nothing can be proved, but Deacon has been deprived of any further connection with C.A.A., & Mrs. White has been discharged.

Re: Hugh MacLennan. Hugh told Bird not long ago that his book "The Precipice" had been a flop, that

he could not make a living with his pen, that he was going back to teaching English literature, this time at McGill University, & doing some work for the National Film Board, & odd bits of writing and broadcasting, to add to his income.

Bird is a keen observer & in close touch with the affairs he discussed. He may be biased against Deacon, who gave his new book "So Much To Record" a very hostile review in the Globe.

He is now writing the history of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, at their request; & (profiting by my expensive experience with the West Novas) he has demanded, and is getting, ~~comportion~~<sup>his fees</sup> paid as he goes along. They are even providing money to send him to Europe next April, so he can go over the actual battlefields!

TUESDAY, NOV. 13/51 Overcast, cool. A rose is blooming on the topmost twig of the pink rambler on the garage. This is my 48th birthday. My family forgot it & I should be glad to forget it, too. The best part of my life has slipped past & I have accomplished none of the bright & wonderful & beautiful things I used to dream about when I was young. I haven't even made money enough to support Edith & myself in our old age; & now that most of my friends are beginning to talk comfortably of retirement in a few more years I think on Stevenson's remark, "The writer has the double misfortune to be ill-paid while he can work, and to be incapable of working when he is old. It is thus a way of life which conducts directly to a false position."

My sister Hilda & her new husband dropped in for a chaf this evening on their way back to Nfa. They have one of the Commodore Apartments on

## Oxford Street.

FRIDAY, Nov. 16/51

Very mild weather. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon & soon had to peel off my jacket. Heavy rain & violent thunderstorm at evening. Hubert Macdonald & his mother-in-law Mrs. Williams came to dinner.

SUNDAY, Nov. 18/51

Still grey & gloomy weather, with one or two squalls of snow this afternoon, the first snow of the season. Church this morning with my family. This afternoon I drove with Edith to Mill Village thence through East Port Medway, Vogeler's Cove, Broad Cove, Petite Riviere, Lahave & Bridgewater to home, with a side trip to Green Bay, where all the summer homes were closed & silent, & the surf broke very white & clean under the black sky.

MONDAY, Nov. 19/51

Hubert Macdonald phoned this morning urging me to accompany him on a brief deer-hunt at Jordan Lake, west of Lake Rossignol, where Mervay Paper Co. maintains a sporting camp for entertaining American customers & mill executives. I pleaded pressure of work but he was insistent & I left with him soon after dinner. As usual found the weather much colder inland, thin ice on the pools & patches of snow, just enough to whiten the ground in shade. Crossed the Kéjimkujik River on the M.P.C. wooden bridge, which is ~~now~~ supported on concrete piers, put in five years ago. On the farther side a gate bars entrance to the network of excellent truck-roads which in 20 years the company has extended through its wide timber properties in the area west of Rossignol. Mac had a pass of course, which he gave to burly old Ted Lyons, the guardian, who lives in a small shack by the gate.

Stopped at Camp One for a chat with Harold Whitman, the camp boss, & the rangers George Vile & Hayward Strong, who watch & patrol the Sobeatik Game Sanctuary. As we had to cross the Sanctuary our rifles had to be turned over to the

rangers here, & they took the weapons over to the other side in their own car. The hunting camp is just beyond, on low ground facing the north-east bay of Jordan Lake, a small shack covered with grey roofing-felt for the cook & guides, & a larger one for the guests, containing 3 simple bedrooms & a large lounging room, all of bare hemlock boards, & heated by a huge "ram-down" stove like a long steel barrel on its side. Comfortable beds, clean white sheets & pillow-cases, laundered towels, warm blankets, gave the place a note of luxury. "Ike" Smart, the wise & humorous chief guide, whom I have known for many years, occupied the third room with us. After a substantial supper of venison stew we congregated with the guides & cook in the big lounging room, chatting, smoking, playing penny-ante, & reading. Under Smart the crew consists of the cook Fred Connolly, & guides Hector McQuarrie, Douglas Manthorne, & a Micmac Indian, Tom Labrador. Smart planned the morrow's hunting; Mac to go with McQuarrie & himself to the Yeaton Lake country, mostly hunting by car amongst the old logging camps and choppings there; Manthorne to go with me towards Sunraven Bog.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20/51 A hard frost last night, & a cold grey day, with snow falling lightly but persistently. We were up at 6 a.m., had breakfast, & Manthorne & I set off on foot along the road towards the ~~south~~. After about a ~~quarter~~ half-mile we came to a narrow stillwater brook flowing through a long & narrow wild meadow, & which takes its rise in Sunraven Bog about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the south. Here we took a big grey canoe & paddled up the brook, a fantastically winding thing, for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile (really paddling twice that distance along the meandering stream), breaking skim ice much of the way. Had to drag the canoe ashore through 100 yards of soggy meadow hummocks & thin pools, & at once entered a tall and gloomy wood of big hemlock. It was still early morning,

the sky overcast & beginning to snow, & the dusk in these heavy woods was like night to me in spite of my "specs". Within half an hour, moving cautiously, we came in range of a deer. Young Manthorne, who has eyes like a hawk, pointed it out to me but I could not make it out at all until it ran, when of course it was too late to fire. A little farther on I spotted the shape of a large deer standing some distance to my left, took careful aim at the breast, fired & and that deer ran also. We walked over & found that my bullet had grazed a small hemlock tree & had been deflected, tearing its way at an angle through the side of the tree. Scoured hopefully for blood but there was none. Still farther on I spotted a third deer coming towards us, but this proved to be a fawn & I let it go. I was vexed at missing the second deer & baffled by my inability to see clearly in this poor light. However after a time we emerged into a large chopping, cut in the summer of '50, & cluttered with tops & brush of big hemlocks felled by the loggers. A ridge rose before us, & far off on the ~~left~~ side we spotted a small doe near the crest, partly hidden by a brush pile but with the fore shoulder, neck & head showing clearly. Manthorne hissed "That's an awful long shot, over 300 yards, we'd better try to work up closer". But I knew that we'd make an awful racket in that clutter of dead slash, so I said "I'll try it from here." Got firm footing on a big flat stump & took good aim, & pulled. The shot struck the brush in front of the deer and careened off somewhere, & a stick flew. The deer did not move. I took aim again & this time dropped it with a single shot through the fore-shoulder & heart. Another deer ran from behind the brush & was over the ridge in three jumps. We walked up to the one I'd shot & Manthorne gutted it. I thought the distance less than Manthorne's estimate & we were curious enough to walk back to my firing point to check the range. It was a good 250 yards anyhow, & the best shot I ever made.

This was reassuring after my earliest failure. We went on over the ridge in hopes of sighting the other deer but had no further luck there. It was a fearful mess of slash and wind-fallen hardwoods left standing & naked to the winds after the original stand of big hemlocks had been cut, & I wasn't sorry that I didn't shoot a deer down there. It would have been a day's hard work to get the carcass out. All this time the snow was falling in big slow flakes with occasional pauses and once or twice a gleam of pale sunshine through the overcast.

We made a fire & made tea & had lunch, ham sandwiches & cookies wrapped up by the cook the previous night. It was too cold to linger long, even by a fire, with the snow still falling. We set off again along the edge of the chopping, following it to its end, about a mile southward, & then turned up along the ridge. This was about 3 p.m. Almost at once we spotted a deer looking at us over a brush pile about 150 yards up the slope. It was a buck with a ~~fat~~ peculiar backward rake to its horns, so that we did not see them at once. Nothing was visible but the nose, forehead & ears; a very hard target to hit at that range, for the deer's skull is narrow & slopes back sharply, and the vital area from nose to the top of the skull, with the deer's head tipped in that fashion, is in effect a patch about 3 inches wide by 2 inches high. I aimed carefully & squeezed the trigger, & Manthornis sharp eyes saw a twig fly from the brushwood, just to the left of the deer's face. Fired again. Same result; & this time the deer fled, & a big doe appeared for a twinkling & vanished with him, hidden by the slash piles. We moved on carefully, picking our way amongst the slash, & for a long time took post on a big windfall on the crest, watching the slopes carefully. The afternoon was waning so we decided to carry the deer I'd shot to the canoe. Cut off the head to lighten it as much as possible. I took the haversacks & rifles, & Manthorne got the deer on his back & carried

it halfway. Then he took the packs & rifles & I carried the deer the rest of the way. Stopped long enough to wash most of the bloodstains from ourselves then hit back to the chopping, followed the edge of it north about a mile, & turned back through the big hemlock wood. Manthorne said "I'd like to get a deer myself, to take home to my family when we go out tomorrow." I knew that Smart forbade his guides to shoot unless it was a matter of finishing off a wounded deer. I said "If we come on a deer between here & the canoe, you knock it down." Within 250 yards of the canoe, in the gathering dusk, we came upon a small buck & doe, not 40 feet away, & standing boldly. We could have hit them merely by throwing our rifles at them. I made no attempt to fire. Manthorne shot the buck through the butt of the neck & down it went. He then loosed off two wild shots at the doe, which was running fast, & missed it clean. He gutted the buck & we dragged it by the horns to the canoe. Had a hard job dragging the canoe with its load through the strip of marsh to the brook & we both filled our boots with cold water. It was now dark & we had a difficult paddle down the brook; very cold, & again patches of skim ice. In cleaning the deer, Manthorne had stared his foot against the sharp point of this hunting knife, which was lying on the ground, & the blade had pierced the thin rubber of the boot and made a deep stab in the end of his big toe. He could feel the blood oozing out of his boot through the cut. As we got down the brook towards the road the sky cleared & there was bright starlight shining on the frosty blades of marsh grass. Smart, anxious, had sent the Indian, Labrador, with a car, to wait where the brook passed under the bridge. So we had a ride back to camp. Mac was there with a fawn he had shot (mistaking it for a grown doe) in an old camp clearing by the road near Yeaton Lake, & he had got four or five partridge as well. I was tired, having been on my feet almost constantly since daylight, and a stiff drink of Scotch tasted wonderful. Turned in at

ten & tried to sleep until eleven, but Smart & Mac had decided to make a night of it so I turned out in my pajamas & we sat yarning until 1 or 2 o'clock, & killed a quash of Dwarfs in the process. So ended a long but interesting day. In the course of the hunt I had seen no less than nine deer, and Manthorne had seen eleven. Some of these of course were no more than a fleeting glimpse, but it was something of a record, even for that region, where deer are still so plentiful. Smart told me that during this season no less than four deer have been shot from the camp door-step!)

During the evening Labrador went out to inspect Smart's beaver traps, set along the narrow canal between Jordan and Silver Lake, & came back with the biggest & finest beavers any of us had seen. It must have weighed 75 pounds.

Wednesday, Nov. 21/51 Overcast & cold. The rangers took our rifles back across the sanctuary. We bade farewell to Smart & his merry men. (I tipped Manthorne \$3) Mac & I set off for home about 9.30 a.m. stopped at Camp One to pick up the rifles & change a tire. On the way home, just before Pleasantfield a big buck & a doe came out of the woods & stood in the road ahead of us. Mac stopped the car. It was a temptation. The doe moved on across the road but the buck stood motionless in the road fully two minutes & then walked leisurely on after the doe. I think Mac would have liked a shot but I discouraged him, pointing out that we had plenty of meat, & that a buck at the end of the rutting season is very poor eating anyhow. He admitted these truths & sighed as we watched the buck walk off. "Besides," I said, "it's illegal to shoot on a highway." He grinned, & off we went for home.

Thursday, Nov. 22/51 "He" Smart & Hector MacQuarrie turned up this evening with the meat of my deer neatly cut up into

steaks, chops, roasts, & stew-meat, each parcel labelled & wrapped in waxed paper. They stopped for a drink & went on to Mac's house with the meat of his fawn. I phoned Mac, & he & Gladys came up & spent the evening with us. I gave him half my venison, as his fawn had been shot through one hind quarter & there wasn't much left.

MONDAY, Nov. 26/51 Edith has been sick in bed with the flu since Friday, & I have been chief cook and Frannie chief bottle-washer. She got up today but is still quite weak. On Sunday I drove up to Milton with some venison for Aunt Marie Bell and Lenore Freeman's family. Heavy rain & a violent S.E. gale all today. Letter from McClelland & Stewart enclosing cheque for \$400, my half of advance royalties on paper-covered ("pocket book") editions of "Roger Sudden" and "The Nymph", to be published in Canada next year by Harlequin Books Ltd., Toronto.

News: peace negotiations drag on in Korea, the Red Koreans & Chinese obviously "stalling", & our people maintaining fighting pressure by means of air and artillery bombardment, & by small-scale infantry attacks. The Reds now have a large & powerful air force, mostly jet fighters based in Manchuria, and obviously provided, serviced & flown by Russian personnel. On Nov. 1st. it suddenly became apparent that Russian artillery personnel were on the job, for the Red guns increased in numbers & calibre, & were fired by experts.

In Egypt where General Erskine's strong British army is guarding the Suez Canal, there have been several clashes with Egyptian groups, with casualties on both sides.

In the provincial election in Ontario, the Conservatives have won again, this time with almost a clean sweep. The C.C.F. candidates were defeated all but 2, & the Liberals have only a small group to form the official opposition.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27, 1951 After a howling S.E. gale with heavy rain, the wind swung around & blew cold from N.W. all yesterday & last night. Temp. this morning 15° above zero, our first real cold here on the shore. Made a new (the third) start on my novel last night, after many weeks' racking of my dull brain, & wrote about 2,000 words.

Hutchison's have published "The Nymph" in Britain. Under the contract, £100 is payable as an advance against royalties. Today they cabled to my bank here the sum of £52 10/0, which at the current exchange rate of \$2.9125 gives me a little over \$152. The remaining £47 10/0 represents the U.K. tax of 19 1/6 d. in the £ on outgoing royalties. To recover this I must fill out special forms in duplicate, signed, sealed & witnessed by a notary, stating that I am not a resident of the U.K., that I spent no time there during the current year, that I am a resident of Canada, & that I file income tax papers with Canada's own Inspector of Income Tax at Halifax, N.S.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon; & later took a packing case full of venison to Nickerson Bros. for storage in their cold storage plant.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1/51 Drove up to Hfx this morning to do my promised stint for C.B.C.'s trans-Canada network. Edith came along. All afternoon at the C.B.C. studios on Sackville Street, making voice tests, and "dry-runs," & then recording the talks scheduled for Dec. 9 & 16. I am to start the series with a "live" broadcast tomorrow. The three talks deal with the history of wireless telegraphy in Canada, & my own observations as an operator. Chatted with Stewart, Herer, Dorothy Cox & others in the intervals. Miss Cox very keen to have me broadcast more often on

CBC network, & suggested a series of talks on the literature of the sea as a starter for 1952. They are now paying me \$50 per talk of 13 minutes, which is much better than their old rate of \$15 in 1944. This is my <sup>first</sup> experience with the new "tape" recorders, an immense improvement on the disc-cutting type. Dinner with Mother & Etith, then a movie show at the Capitol theatre.

SUNDAY, DEC. 2/51 A heavy wet snow fell all night & continued falling all day in defiance of the forecast fine weather. Cars required chains, feet required rubbers: having brought neither I took a taxi to & from the broadcasting studio. Sherry Nelson was my announced & we were on the national network from 1:15 to 1:30 p.m. All went well, not a single cough or "fluff". Lazy afternoon by the fire in Mum's flat, followed by a huge meal of roast chicken, etc. In the evening drove around to visit Herbert & Hilda Gamester, in their apartment on Oxford Street. Found them snugly installed & apparently very happy.

MONDAY, DEC. 3/51 Drove home this morning by way of Lunenburg, where we had lunch at the Bluenose Inn. Stopped at Mahone & bought 10 lbs of live lobsters at 45¢ lb. Noticed a sailing vessel with a familiar look at a Mahone wharf, stopped for a chat with the old seaman in charge of her, & found her to be the old Swedish schooner "Amanda", which struck on Coffin's Island on July 11th & was afterwards repaired on the slips at Liverpool. Her counter now says "Santa Rosita, Shelburne, N.S." & I gathered that she had been seized for debt including several months' wages due the crew. Home about 2:30. The snow & ice on the road ended at Bridgewater. All clear at Liverpool & fine sunshine. Put on my walking togs & walked to Milton & back.

# Raddall Novel On Television

Dr. Thomas H. Raddall's latest novel "The Nymph and the Lamp" is now appearing as an hour-long play in the chief television networks in the United States, with movie stars Robert Preston and Margaret Sullavan in the leading roles. It is unfortunate that we cannot get the television programs in Nova Scotia but it is nice to hear that Dr. Raddall's book is so highly rated in the United States. The book has certainly been well received by the reading public and now the fame is spreading via television. Who knows? It may reach Hollywood soon.

Robert Preston, the film star, has been added to the cast of "The Nymph and the Lamp," starring Margaret Sullivan on tonight's WNAC-TV Playhouse, 8 p.m. . .

From a Worcester, Mass., paper  
Dec. 7/51

TUESDAY, DEC. 4, 1951 Overcast, cool, calm. The Milton walk this afternoon. On the road Angus told me that "The Nymph & The Lamp" is to be shown as a T.V. play in the U.S. on one of the major networks this week. Wish Salmon would keep me advised of these things.

News: The U.N. casualty list in the Korean war is now over 350,000, of which the South Korean forces have suffered 240,000. Most of the rest are American. Most of Canada's 27th Brigade has arrived in the British occupation zone of Germany & other units are to sail this week.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5/51 Lively mild sunny day. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon in 95, found the course surprisingly dry & the greens as smooth as in summer.

FRIDAY, DEC. 7/51 Tonight "The Nymph & The Lamp" appeared on the chief U.S. network as an hour-long television play, with Robert Preston and Margaret Sullivan in the leading roles. Wish I could have seen it. Tonight also (and I heard this) Professor Arthur Phelps of McGill University gave a talk on my books and life, over the trans-Canada network of the C.B.C. Very flattering, although he prefers my short stories to the novels.

Bendelier, of The Book Room, Hfx, has sent me a copy of Harlequin's "pocket" edition of "Roger Sudden", which is selling at 50¢, being much thicker than the usual "soft-backs", which sell at 25¢. Harlequin has abridged the novel in a slapdash fashion, & there is the usual bust-and-biceps picture on the cover. "Softback" editions are of course aimed at that great portion of the public which will not pay more than 50¢ for a book of any sort, & judges all literature by the illustrations.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11/51 Temp 18° above & a light snow on the day. My CBC broadcasts about the beginning of wireless telegraphy seem

to have aroused a lot of interest. CBC is doing a play-bit tomorrow night, reproducing the scene on Signal Hill, St. John's, when Marconi got his first signal across the Atlantic on Dec. 12, 1901. Last night Harold Shea of the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald phoned me, said the U.S. magazine Time wants to do an article on the early radio days, asked information about "Mackay-Bennett" and the yacht race off N.Y. in 1899, asked me to lend photos showing the old ship, Marconi's apparatus, etc. I sent them off to him this morning by registered mail, together with a letter giving details and making very clear that I must have them back again.

Letter from Frank Higginson, former purser of my old ship "Mackay-Bennett," who has heard my broadcast. He is now on the staff of a Quebec paper company with offices in Montreal.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15/51 Still very cold. Yesterday afternoon I took Paul Chandler, Jack Dunlap & Sonny, with guns, grub & sleeping bags, to the Pokes Club's ("Stumble Inn") camp at Port Joli, where they hoped to do a bit of goose & duck shooting; but last night a blizzard sprang in from the sea & it continued blowing & snowing furiously all day, so I daresay they are snowed in.

Christmas cards & parcels are arriving. Premier Macdonald's this year has an excellent photo. of Princess Elizabeth chatting with him during her brief visit to "Winwick" with Prince Philip. Today I mailed our cards, about eighty or ninety.

"Time" magazine this week, in an article on the U.S. publishing business in 1951, states amongst other things,

(a) The book publishers' breaking-even point on a new novel stands around 7,000 to 10,000 copies. Anything below that meant loss.

(b) "Wherever publishers & editors gathered, the question of the year was: What is going to happen to the novelists?"

One worried answer was that they would soon stop writing novels and take to better-paid magazine stories, or quit fiction entirely. Many a good novel, even when kindly reviewed, was far from being a money-maker. Apart from book-club distribution only three or four novels sold more than 100,000 copies."

(c) During 1951 the U.S. trade published more than 11,000 titles, of which about 2,500 were reprints. This was close to the all time record of 1950 (11,328 titles.). British publishers this year brought out 17,500 titles.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16/51

Very cold, with a N.W. gale whistling about the house. We stayed indoors except that I went out for a time to shovel the snow from the front walk. Tommy arrived home about 10 a.m., said the geese & ducks were astir & flying low all through the storm yesterday. The boys did a lot of shooting but got no birds — they still have to learn the art of "leading" properly.

Heard my third & last broadcast over the C.B.C. network at 1:15.

MONDAY, DEC. 17/51

Still very cold, but sunny & calm today, & I had a grand hike to Potanoc, up the east side of the river & down the west. Snowing lightly on the return half. This evening at J.H.M. Jones' house I met Capt. Joseph Connolly RCNR, ret., better known as Joe. His naval career is right out of Gilbert & Sullivan. He was a lawyer in Hfx before the war, not eminent in the law but popular, & his hobbies were amateur theatricals and the naval reserve. In 1939 he entered active service with the navy, put in some sea-time in armed merchant-cruisers, etc., but soon worked a billet ashore on the legal-cum-public-relations staff; & he polished up the egos of Admiral G.C. Jones & other top brass so

care-full-er that at the end Joe was a captain in the RCN. His best stunt was the raising of a theatrical troupe amongst male & female personnel of the RCN & putting on the "Navy Show," which became quite famous, travelling over Canada, the U.S., Britain, & later the army-occupation areas of France, Italy, Belgium, Holland & Germany. Later it was filmed.

In '45 or '46 when Joe got his discharge from RCN he had ambitions to become a film producer, & as there was some talk of a new Canadian movie industry he prepared to move in on it armed with options ~~for~~ on works of the leading Canadian novelists. He phoned me from B.C. in his most impressive manner & asked me to run up & see him at the Lord Nelson hotel, as he wished to have film options on my books. But I had heard of Joe for years, even before the war; so I said I was busy & that if the matter were important he could come & see me at Liverpool. Joe rang off & I did not hear from him again. His film ambitions came to nothing. I learned tonight that he has been laid up with a spinal injury for the past two years. He is now about 50, with black hair cut very short except in two rolls along the central parting, which look like two tufts from the front. A homely, large-nosed, red, humorous Irish face, an asthmatic wheeze, an easy flow of conversation. From 9:30 to midnight he kept us interested & amused with anecdotes of his career in the navy, emphasizing the points with an uplifted fore-finger (his fingers are extremely long), telling them with exactly the right words, the right pause here & there, the right lift and fall of voice, the right gestures & the right glance of his droll eyes. A born actor. Most of his tales about himself & famous personages required a pinch of salt but it was first-rate entertainment.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1951 Milder, with big Christmas-card snowflakes falling slowly all day. Spent the afternoon shovelling drifted snow of Saturday's storm out of my driveway. Letter from Frank MacKinnon, Principal of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, inviting me to give the annual Samuel N. Robertson Memorial Lecture late in February or in early March, the subject "some aspect of history, literature, public affairs or education". Mentions that Dr. Kerr of Dalhousie gave the inaugural address two years ago, & that the speaker last year was Mgr. Vandry, Rector of Laval. Flattering to be invited to follow savants like these, but the trip would mean five or six days away from my work (under winter travel conditions anyway), & I must refuse.

Heard today that the McCleam Lumber Co., one of the oldest firms in Liverpool, had been seized by one of the banks for unpaid loans. Am surprised, for the lumber business has been booming for the past ten years & everyone supposed old George McCleam to be well-to-do.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19/51 A terrific N.E. gale blew all last night & all today, & did great damage in Nova Scotia. At first there were floods of rain with it, taking off much of our snow, & then it blew dry, with gusts over 60 m.p.h.! The whole house shook at times.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20/51 Sunny & cold. A good walk to Milton & back, the asphalt dry, but plenty of snow still on the ground, & ice all over the river, kids skating on Salmon Island here, etc. Cashed Aunt Marie Bell's annuity cheque for her, & delivered the money. A stack of Xmas cards in the mail again. One from Bill Seacor, inscribed "I am giving weekly lectures on Canadian Literature at Ryerson Institute of Technology, & devoted one evening to you. Rated your "Halifax" as finest Canadian historical writing yet, "The Nymph & The Lamp" as best novel, and

you likeliest to stand as the ranking writer of the 1940's. The universal opinion here is that your position is solid."

Jerry Nickerson sent up 2 dozen fine Malpeque oysters this afternoon; I opened them tonight. Also took out of my box in the cold storage plant about 13 lbs. of venison. Jimmy Smith, of Mersey Point, came in with his ox wagon & delivered my Christmas tree as usual.

Sophia Cox, of C.B.C. Hfx, phoned for permission to use my three recent broadcasts on the International Service, which is beamed to Britain & other parts of the world.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21/51 Rain all ~~of night~~, very mild today. Tonight a chap named Petros came to see me. He is one of the staff of the meteorological station on Sable Island, said the people out there enjoyed my recent broadcasts, & wanted a copy of my doggerel lines "Farewell to V.C.T." He came ashore on Christmas leave & is on his way to Fredericton. Showed me many recent photographs of Sable Island, some in color. The old stations of my day are abandoned and in ruins. Except for the attendants of East Light, the whole "population" is now concentrated in a group of modern buildings (erected last year) some distance east of our old wireless station. This includes the new West Light, which is simply a steel-lattice tower.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22/51 A fine mild Saturday for the shoppers. The merchants have been complaining that every Saturday for the past month has been stormy. A sherry party at the Hugh Joyces opened the Christmas party season; a mob there, all very lively & volatile.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23/51 Fine, cold. To church with my family this morning. The church full, a rare sight. Afterwards went on to the Mowbray Jones' house & joined a crowd of friends sipping everything from beer to Scotch & chattering energetically. Edith & I went on to Peter Wong's Brigantine Cafe & enjoyed a dinner of chop-suey, then went for a drive to Bridgewater &

down the Lachine River to West Lachine. Almost all of the snow & ice has gone & it looks like a green Christmas.

MONDAY DEC 24/51 Set up the Christmas tree this afternoon & Sonny & Francie spent the evening decorating it. Edith & I joined a sherry party at Key Jones' house, then came home to receive our own friends - 22 of them anyhow. We served iced drinks. (rum, as always, was the most popular ingredient, with Scotch a bad second & beer a poor third.) Coffee, sandwiches, cakes etc. at midnight.

CHRISTMAS DAY Fine sunny day. We were up at 9 a.m.

My gift to Edith was a pair of fleece lined leather slippers, & she gave me a copy of "Kon-Tiki". Thor Heyerdahl's account of his voyage from Peru to Tahiti on a raft, one of the most remarkable things of our time. Drove to Milton & brought Aunt Marie Bell down to have dinner with us, & Marie Freeman joined.

A 16-lb. turkey, roasted beautifully, was the main dish and we demolished most of it. (Francie had three large helpings!) Terence & Betty Freeman came down from Milton with their two youngsters & joined us for tea & spent the evening.

In the afternoon I walked to Moose Harbor & had a look at my cottage, smoked a cigarette & admired the familiar sea view, then returned.

We heard the Empire broadcast & then King George with his annual message; his voice terribly hoarse and broken as a result of his recent illness & lung operation.

In Korea the "peace" negotiations & the actual war drag on. The Reds have revealed how many American & British prisoners they hold & have furnished a list of names. It is clear that thousands of Americans missing since the Red victories of the earlier part of the campaign are actually dead, probably butchered on the spot, & there is great indignation in the U.S. ~~Bottom~~

Dec 26 1951 Snowstorm all day. Spent a snug day indoors, reading.

Dec. 27/51 Shovelled out the driveway this morning. Party at the Seaborn's tonight.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28/51 More snow last night & another shovelling job. This afternoon I attended the funeral of Gerry Hyde, one of my Park Street neighbors, who died suddenly on Christmas Eve. Party at the B. J. Waters' house tonight.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29/51 I awoke this morning firmly believing that today was Sunday, & got dressed very carefully for church before coming downstairs & learning the truth from my amused wife. Had a good walk to Milton & back. Weather turned mild, snow changed to a drizzle of rain, & tonight I got a taxi to take me & Getch to a party at Hubert Macdonald's, rather than risk driving my own car (which has neither chains nor snow-tires) on the wet ice of the streets. A good party. Home about 1 a.m.

SUNDAY, DEC 30/51 Mild. Some of the ice has gone from the streets & I drove my car with my family to church this morning. Attended a big tea party at Dr. Wickwire's this afternoon & had a pleasant evening at home for a change, reading quietly. My Xmas gifts include James' "Portrait of a Lady"; collected verse of Dorothy Parker; Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; "Eight Elizabethan Plays" by Marlowe, Dekker, Heywood, Jonson, Beaumont & Fletcher, Webster, Massinger and Ford; "Kon-Tiki" by Thor Heyerdahl; Churchill's "Closing the Ring", so there is plenty to read.

MONDAY, DEC. 31/51 Cool & sunny. A good walk to Milton this afternoon, & I dropped into the forge to wish Archie & the little group of forge-cookies a happy New Year. Dinner party at the Dustin Parkers' tonight, then on to Mowbray Jones, to Hector Dunlap, & finally to the Douglas Soziers' at

Fort Point, where a large & lively crowd had gathered to see the New Year in. Home at 2 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1952 Overcast & mild. Drove to Milton at noon for Aunt Marie Bell, & she & Marie Freeman had dinner with us & spent the afternoon. Tonight Edith & I joined a party at the home of Oliver Gibson (the principal of Liverpool schools). After all this hectic eating & drinking I quietly but firmly refused any food & confined my drinks to ginger ale. However the Hubert Macdonalds had insisted that we go on to their house for a "revival meeting" with Capt. Charlie Williams, whose s/s Markland just got in from New York ~~last night~~ this morning, after spending New Year's Eve hove-to on Brown's Bank; and Charlie Copelin & his wife, who returned from New York in "Markland". The rum passed freely & we had a merry time, ending the evening with a feast of lobsters which went on till 1.30 a.m. Copelin, who commanded corvettes & frigates in the Western Approaches during a great part of the late war, was scornful of Monsarrat's book on that subject, "The Cruel Sea". His chief objection - "Why didn't he say that some of us weren't beaten down by the sea, even in spirit, even after years of it? Why doesn't he show that a good many officers & men believed in the war and hated the enemy so much that we liked to fight, we got a kick out of it, & we were willing to put up with the 'cruel sea' because it gave us a chance to fight?" He added sombrely, "In war you've got something to grip on. Now that I'm back at my old pre-war job there doesn't seem to be anything." Copelin had what appeared to be a slight bruise under his right eye, covered with white ointment. He said nothing about it. Mrs. Copelin revealed to Edith that it was skin cancer, & that their trip to New York at Christmas had been

to consult specialists there.

MONDAY, JAN. 7/52 Rough wintry weather ever since New Year's Day. Tommy & I have had a major job of snow-shovelling three times in the past week. Temperatures down to zero several times. Had planned to join the "Stumble-Inn" gang at the Goose Hills for a day or two but decided to stick to my work.

Gordon Jones of C.B.C. (Hfx) phoned, asking me to write a 3-minute bit about life on Sable Island for their weekly broadcast of Canadian news & sketches to New Zealand.

News: Mr. Churchill & a staff of 30 have arrived in Washington for talks with President Truman & his staff. American newspapers assume it means a request for large U.S. loans to finance Britain's re-armament program.

General Eisenhauer, in Paris, has confirmed yesterday's announcement by Senator Cabot Lodge that "Ike" would run for the U.S. Presidency next year if nominated by the Republican party.

Canadian census of 1951, after careful checking, places the population at a little under 14,000,000. Prime Minister St. Laurent has predicted a population of 35 millions by the year 2000. Government experts are more cautious & suggest 25 millions. (Lake Govt figures announced Canadian population is slightly over 14 millions)

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9/52 Cold, sunny, the first sunshine in many days. A good walk to Milton & back. During 1951 after much thought I made two starts on a novel & worked very long & hard before realizing that they were unsatisfactory & setting them aside. In doing so I set aside a year's work.

Just after New Year '52 I made a third start. Now this offends my critical sense. Today I made a fourth start & pray God that this may be what my subconscious mind has been seeking all this time, & what so far my hardworking conscious mind has been unable to provide.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1952

A blizzard (reported the worst in 5 years by the weather bureau) blew itself out this morning. The succession of storms since New Year's Day has heaped the streets & roads with snow, & I have given up trying to keep my garage driveway clear. Bus services have been interrupted, & although the principal trains are running, in Cape Breton the mines are tied up by lack of freight cars to move the coal. After the past two winters, both very mild & with very little snow, this return of an "old-fashioned winter" has caught most Nova Scotians off guard.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13/52      Sunny & cool. Walked to church this morning with Tommy, & spent part of the afternoon clearing ice & snow from the path to the back door, & digging out the street drain, where the snow was hard packed & 3 feet deep. The town is still digging itself out of the last storm. The business section has been cleared by trucking the snow to the river, & the Main Street sidewalk has been shovelled, but the town council has given up trying to keep the other sidewalks open. Snow-ploughs have opened the streets & all the traffic, horse, wheel & foot, goes there.

MONDAY, JAN. 14/52      Mild & overcast. Snow melting.

News: a bad explosion in the Mc Gregor mine at Stellarton has killed 19 coal miners. Mr. Churchill spoke tonight at a state dinner in Ottawa, where he & Eden & other top British officials have been conferring with Prime Minister St. Laurent & his cabinet, supposedly on general matters concerning Canada's financial, military & political cooperation in British affairs. It is said that Lord Alexander, the Governor-General, will resign shortly to take a top military post in Britain.

TUESDAY, JAN. 15/52      Mild, with a light shower at night. Tonight I presided over a meeting of the Queens County

Historical Society. Ten people present, all women except myself and Randolph Day, who came in from the Curling Club just in time to accept his nomination as President for '52. Thus I was able at last to lay down the office after holding it since the spring of 1946, when the Society was revived after a sort of hibernation of 5 years. In the six years of my presidency we paid off the remaining debt on the old Perkins house, persuaded the govt. to take it over for repair & maintenance, & through them had it thoroughly renovated & restored. I had hoped to see the place fully furnished & provided with a permanent caretaker before laying down my office but my best efforts came to nothing. (The time was unripe, "between elections"). At the present moment the Society has nearly \$600 in the bank & no debt of any kind. Its weakness is the inherent disease of all modern life, an almost total lack of public interest in the past. We have about 60 members; only 15 or 16 (all middle-aged or elderly women) have genuine interest, & this in a town<sup>of</sup> more than 5,000 population.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17/52 A cold sunny day. The snow about the streets & fields, sodden from 3 days of slow thaw, was frozen hard by a sharp frost last night.

Walked to Milton with money for Aunt Marie Bell.

At 1:30 p.m. heard a radio broadcast of Winston Churchill's address to the U.S. Congress, dealing with world affairs, British affairs, & the fact that he had come to the U.S. to ask, not for money, but for steel & other materials for British re-armament.

It was not the strong twinkling voice of former days. The "bounce" was gone, & he faltered & coughed frequently. He is now 77 & getting very deaf. But the speech he had prepared was a fine piece of Churchillian prose. Its chief theme, British-American unity in world affairs.

FRIDAY, JAN. 18 1952 Pouring rain all day. Had a thorough physical check-up by Dr. John Wickwire this afternoon. He finds my health good & gives me the usual warning about keeping my weight down & cutting down on cigarette consumption. (I smoke 30 to 40 a day, all in the morning & evening hours when I am busy at my desk.)

The Winston Co. writes asking for another book for juvenile readers on the lines of "Son of The Hawk".

A picture postcard from Bridgetown, Barbados, posted Dec. 29th by Norman Hacking. He had just arrived there in a Vancouver yacht, 31 days from Las Palmas. He has given up his adventures as mate of a smuggling craft running from Tangier to various ports in the Mediterranean, after a term in jail in Sicily, & joined the yacht at Gibraltar. She is now on her way through the West Indian islands, to the Panama Canal, & then home. Perhaps now Norman will settle down to write, as I and all his friends have been urging him to do.

TUESDAY, JAN. 22/52 Very cold. Sharp walks to Milton yesterday & today. Bought at Howards a Sheaffer ball-point "dry-ink" pen, with which I write this. Don't care for it as a permanent record, too much like crayon, but it is very good for making notes on typescript in the course of the day's work. I now have about 24,000 words of my new novel written. It is a sort of modern *Rogues Progress* <sup>suggested by</sup> ~~based on~~ the career of one Captain Wallace Ojibrie who used to live here & is now in the Bahamas enjoying his ill-gotten fortune. A long chat with old Captain Walter Manning today, going over certain points of navigation in the West Indies, & descriptions of Nassau & Belize as they were in 1926.

WEDNESDAY JAN 23 1952 A howling storm of rain again. Snowbanks ~~fire~~ along the streets are now reduced to grey ridges of dirty ice. Rivers & brooks in flood. The Canadian dollar is now par with the U.S. due mainly to the enormous <sup>inflow</sup> of American investment capital. A lot of "flight capital" from Europe is also coming to Canada, attracted by the western oil, Labrador iron, & other mineral discoveries & prospects. New factories of all kinds are springing up, chiefly in Ontario & Quebec, of course. New hydro-electric developments, etc. there & elsewhere. The Canadian govt has announced its determination to build the St Lawrence seaway alone, if the U.S. still refuses to share the cost; & it is now obvious that Canada can absorb the enormous cost of it without difficulty - a thing that 10 years ago would have been fantastic. All this industrial hum compares sadly with Canada's intellectual lag. A Canadian publisher has computed that there are not more than 24 real book-shops in the whole of Canada; & if you include the book sections of large department stores etc. you would still find not more than 100. The people are just too busy to read books except those that come to them by mail at bargain prices from the great American book clubs, & the average purchase from these is 4 or 5 books a year.

FRIDAY JAN 25/52 Cold, sunny. Official word from Ottawa & London confirms what most Canadian newspapers have been assuming ever since Churchill's visit there: (a) That Viscount Alexander leaves Canada shortly to take over a British cabinet post, probably as Minister of Defence. (b) That the new Governor-General will be Vincent Massey, the first Canadian G.G. - a precedent which will be followed in the future. Much protest from the die-hard imperialists. A good move, I think.

SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1952

aged 78

Rain tonight. Donald ("Dannie") W. Mackay died this morning; Will Thompson was buried yesterday - one of the founders of Thompson Bros., which is now Steel & Engine Products Ltd. Mackay was a formerly prosperous tailor, mayor of Liverpool, M.P.P. for Queens, who became involved in the King Treasure gold mine at South Brookfield during the late 1920's & early 30's, lost his shirt, & persuaded a lot of other people to throw theirs down the same hole. For years he has crept about the streets, a wizened, furtive, pathetic little man, while his wife earns a living as housekeeper-nurse to old Mrs. (Col. C.H.L.) Jones, who is quite insane. (re Mackay. See entry Aug 18/32, etc.)

SUNDAY, JAN. 27/52

Overcast & mild. Most of the snow has gone. I attended morning service at Trinity church, to hear Rev. Davies preach, my first visit to Trinity in a very long time. A meagre congregation, as in the Baptist & United churches of Liverpool, while the walls of St. Gregory's (Catholic) church fairly bulge with the faithful.

Drove to Milton this afternoon with Edith & called on the Terence Freemans & Aunt Marie Bell.

(MONDAY, JAN. 28/52) Rain. Took 23 lbs of venison out of the Nickerson cold storage plant, the last of about 60 lbs. I put in there last Fall. It has given us many a tasty meal this winter. Our local weekly, the Liverpool Advance, is now engaged in trying to "squeeze out" the decrepit old "Coastguard," the Shelburne weekly. Day, the Advance owner & editor, started with a few items of Shelburne news on an inner page last Fall. Last week the front page of the Advance was devoted to Shelburne news, & an editorial item hinted that the name of the paper may be changed shortly. This is the way Day squeezed out the old Caldonia Gold Hunter, eventually

buying George Banks out for a song. Day is a short thickset coarse featured man with curly black hair & alert black eyes, about 45. crippled in one leg by polio as a child, he gets about on crutches. Lots of ambition & drive. Determined to make his printing plant & newspaper the foremost in western N.S., & to get rich out of it if he can. Native of Wales who came to P.E.I. as a boy.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30/52 A good brisk walk to Milton this afternoon after 3 days' bad weather! Temp. about 5° above zero last night, & just enough snow to cover the ground.

News: the static war in Korea drags on, & so do the truce negotiations. The Reds will end the war on their own terms, not ours, & only a crushing military defeat will change their minds. Meanwhile the French in Indo-China & British in Malaya continue their long expensive guerilla wars with communist gangs. The anti-British pot boils merrily in Egypt, where two days ago the暴乱 mob burnt the famous Shepheard's Hotel & the Surf Club, amongst other British-owned buildings, & killed a number of Europeans including Mr. Boyce, Canadian Trade Commissioner. Armed students & Egyptian police clash daily with British forces guarding the Suez Canal, with casualties on both sides. The Churchill govt. announces drastic new cuts in dollar-imports, & in home expenses (certain fees are to be charged, here & there in the govt. medical-attendance scheme, for instance), in an effort to save the drain on gold stocks, now dangerously low.

THURSDAY, JAN. 31/52 Sharp cold, no wind, a few big flakes of snow falling. Walked to Milton in the afternoon as usual & afterwards had a chat with Jerry Nickerson at the wharf. He presented me with a pound of lobster meat in a waxed paper container, one of a number he keeps in cold storage for himself & friends.

Edith & I attended a party at the C. of C. rectory this evening. Much lively talk, & singing about the piano, and

when the refreshments were served Mrs. Davis brought in a tray of individual cup-cakes, iced, & each bearing a small lit candle - it being her husband's birthday. The Davis have completely re-decorated the old rectory, modernized its awful kitchen - retaining the kitchen fireplace, which gives it a charm that all our antiseptic modern kitchens lack - & furnished it very nicely. Ken Jones passed me a couple of interesting old legal documents to take home & copy. They are records of two trials at Liverpool in 1817. In one case a man named Daniel Hurley was convicted of burglary & stealing all sorts of things from guineas to pantaloons from ~~the~~ Joseph Barsby Jr., the famous privateersman of the War of 1812. Hurley was sentenced to be hanged. In the second case (tried before the same judges & jury) one Seth Huskiss was convicted of beating one Edmund Colvert to death, apparently in a seamen's brawl ashore in the town. The jury found him not guilty of murder, guilty of manslaughter. Huskiss pleaded Benefit of Clergy & was sentenced to 6 months in jail, & the letter M to be branded on his left thumb.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25/52

Mild, raining. I hear that the McCleam Company, which went into bankruptcy in December, had liabilities over \$100,000 against assets of not more than \$30,000, including the big McCleam residence near Fort Point. Old George McCleam & his maiden sister have moved out & are now living with their son Bob, who is Town Clerk. Jack McCleam, who was in the business with his father, is still living in his <sup>own</sup> house on Main Street, but the trustees in bankruptcy (Eastern Trust Co. of Hfx) have taken his new Pontiac car & advertised it for sale. The elaborate poultry farm which Jack established at the Meadow Pond about two years ago still seems to be in his hands.

Several hundred rural school-teachers are on strike in Cape Breton - the first such strike in N.S. history - and the

strike may spread to other parts of N.S. where the teachers' Union has been trying to get higher wages for the past year or more. The provincial govt. says it is now paying a higher proportion of school costs than any other provincial govt. in Canada, & that any further increase in teachers' salaries must be paid by the municipalities. The municipalities pass the buck right back, saying they have reached the limit of taxation.

MONDAY, FEB. 4/52 A hurricane, entirely out of season, blew up the coast after doing some damage in Florida, & today we got the side-effects: howling easterly gales & a flood of ~~the~~ rain. Hubert & Gladys Macdonald spent this evening with us.

The Historic Sites & Monuments Board wants to erect a bronze tablet on the house where Marshall Saunders was born in 1861. Her mother was a Freeman, & the house is the old home of Samuel Freeman, my wife's ancestor, whose prosperous lumber & shipbuilding firm of Samuel Freeman & Sons crashed in the great Nova Scotian slump of 1876. It stands next to the street at Milton corner (east side) facing directly on the highway bridge, & is now owned & occupied by a Mrs. Charles Whynot, widow of a butcher.

TUESDAY, FEB. 5/52

On turning on our radio this morning we found every Canadian station playing funeral music: King George VI died early this morning at Sandringham. Princess Elizabeth & Prince Philip had just reached Kenya, <sup>after leaving</sup> for a short holiday before going on to a tour of Australia & New Zealand. They are returning to England at once by air. Tributes of respect & sympathy are coming in from almost every country outside the Iron Curtain; in Washington, both the Congress & the Senate adjourned after short meetings. A meeting of the Privy Council in London has proclaimed Queen Elizabeth the Second. In Canada all sorts of gaieties from

college dances to formal dinners are being cancelled until after the King's funeral next week. Canadian radio stations, private as well as C.B.C., continued playing orchestral music of a subdued sort, interspersed with news broadcasts, until midnight tonight. There was no advertising.

Mrs. (Rev. John) Wilson, Miss Beyers, Bill Wilson & his fiancee Miss Alexander, called on us this afternoon & we talked over sherry & sandwiches & cake. Miss Beyers told me that Admirals Rock, in the estuary of the Shubenacadie, was named after Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, who commanded the Halifax naval station 1848-51. He bought a farm on the Shants side of the river & stocked it with pedigree cattle, etc. This is of course the famous Lord Dundonald who distinguished himself in the Napoleonic wars, & then in the Chilean, Brazilian & Greek naval services.

THURSDAY, FEB. 7/52

This afternoon we heard the radio broadcast of Mr. Churchill's address to the British people, eulogizing the late King, bespeaking loyalty for young Queen Elizabeth. He remarked (as most of the newspapers did yesterday) that the fortunes of the British people had always waxed in the reigns of their queens, & he mentioned the first Elizabeth & the greatness of the Elizabethan age.

A. J. E. Child, treasurer of Canadian Authors Association & chairman of the nominating committee, writes asking me to continue as Vice-President this year. I replied tonight saying it was time to nominate someone in a more central position, who can regularly attend branch meetings here & there, & make a regular appearance at annual conventions. I accepted the VP honor, under protest, in '46, when Bill Durcon urged that C.A.A. needed my name on its letterhead. Since then I have been re-appointed each year without further ado, although I never get to a branch meeting & very seldom to a convention.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10, 1952

Attended the memorial service for the late King at Liberty Church this morning. Strange to hear "God Save the Queen". What a change just in that. Every K.C. in the country is now a Q.C., & so on. The funeral is to be on Friday & the young queen has asked that there be no holiday but just a two-minute silence at the time of the burial service.

MONDAY, FEB. 11/52

D. W. Mackay's widow brought to my house the original deed of land for the Gorham school, asking me to pass it on to Lawyer Kennedy Jones for safekeeping. Deed is written on foolscap watermarked C. WILMOTT 1814. Signed by James & Jedidiah Gorham and ~~attested~~ by the original board of trustees for the school - Joshua Newton, Robert Barry, Nath. Smith, James Bass, Benjamin Knott, John Perkins, W. B. Taylor. Deed dated 10th July 1818. (The Gorham trust still exists, so does the school. D. W. Mackay was one of the recent trustees.)

Dominion Bureau of Statistics announces that Canada's population passed the 14,000,000 mark in 1951, an increase of 2½ millions since the census of 1941. And since 1928 (a prosperous year) the consumption of actual goods & services per capita has increased over 35%. This allows for the deceptive rise in prices under our present inflated economy, & shows that the average Canadian's standard of living has risen by more than one-third.

TUESDAY, FEB. 12/52

Went to the hunting camp at Port Joli yesterday morning with Ross Nickerson, Larry Selden & Irving Bain, returning this afternoon. The shooting season for geese ducks is over but W. & V. took along their guns hopefully. However no geese & very few ducks were to be seen in Port Joli & none flew over the camp. Cold windy weather with snow squalls. About 7 inches of ice on the lake. We chopped a couple of holes & tried fishing for trout, with no luck. Most of the wild fowl seem to be wintering in Port H'ebert.

FRIDAY FEB. 15, 1952

King George was buried with impressive rites at Windsor today. We heard radio descriptions of the whole affair from the time the coffin left Westminster Hall, London until it sank beneath the floor of Windsor chapel. Today is a holiday in Canada except in Quebec, where merchants refused to close shop "on account of the heavy loss of business". Memorial services in most places (even Quebec!). Even the C.B.C. was silent most of the day except to broadcast descriptions of the funeral, & other stations emitted nothing but dirge-like music all day & evening. In Britain the B.B.C. has been emitting that sort of thing all this week, & there is much complaint that the King's death has caused some sort of melancholy hysteria in officialdom.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16/52 sunny, cold. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Smith & Dunlap. Snow crusted & varying from 3 inches to thigh-deep. About 8 inches of ice on the lake. Many wildcat tracks along the trail from Big Falls, on the trail down Eagle Brook, & even in the light snow on the lake ice near the west shore. Many deer tracks also, & even a lot of rabbit tracks from the midway swamp to the hemlock woods beyond Monard's old camp. We had a bottle of rum, a substantial supper & spent the evening playing bridge. Parker tells me that Jack McCleam has petitioned (through his fellow Anglican, R. L. Seabone) for a job on the Moray Paper Co. staff, & is being given a post as clerk in the sales department. The McCleam bankruptcy is still the big topic of Queens County conversation. Many small loggers & sawmill operators, who had been selling their lumber to McCleam's & getting title payment & much promise, are to suffer heavy loss. I hear that

the two McClellans, father & son, have been withdrawing cash from the business at the rate of \$11,000 a year as "salaries" for some time past. This was brought out at a meeting of the creditors.

SUNDAY, FEB. 17/52 Very cold last night, & as we slept as usual with the stove out & the camp door wide open things were cracking towards morning. However the wood-mice had fine fun running about the walls & shelves, & we heard two deep-voiced owls hooting. Arose late & after a leisurely breakfast Parker suggested an expedition to the bear-den he & Smith had found near Kempton Lake some time ago. P. had his new 3-dimensional camera & the idea was to rouse out the bear or bears, take pictures of them while they were still too drowsy to be dangerous, & then withdraw at speed. It was hard going. We had a job to cross Kempton Brook, which was very high, flooding the woods for some distance on both sides, & everything covered with shell ice. P. got mixed up between two old Mersey survey lines in the very rough wilderness beyond Kempton Brook, could not locate the den, although we must have tramped all round it, & at 1.45 we gave up & headed back to Eagle Lake. Got back there at 3 p.m. very tired & hungry. Dunlap had a fine steak-&-onion-&-potato dinner for us in short order. Packed up & left for home at 4.45. Saw 3 deer, coming down the river road, the only ones actually seen all day, although we found fresh tracks everywhere we went. Saw 2 partridges near Kempton Lake. But not a single moose track in a whole day's tramp, in what used to be one of the best moose regions in the Mersey valley.

MONDAY, FEB. 18/52 A blizzard sprang up last night & blew all night & day with violence. Gusts up to 70 m.p.h. according to the weather people. The house shook. I staggered through the storm to address the Kwanis Club at their luncheon & found 30 men present. My subject, "Looking

Back in Radio. The storm did much damage along the coast; 2 fishing <sup>craft</sup> driven ashore & destroyed at Rockport; an American dragger ashore & destroyed at Cape Roseway; 2 American oil-tankers broke in half off Cape Cod, 21 men drowned, others still clinging to the four "halves", which are still afloat.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 20/52

Chas. Copelin tells me that all the ships that have been cracking apart in heavy seas lately were U.S. ships built during the late war by Henry Kaisers mass production methods, which included welding the plates instead of using rivets. The welding was hastily & improperly done, & now that the ships have been in use 7, 8 or 9 years the faults begin to show. Child, of the C.A.C. replied to my letter of the 7th. saying they need my name and urging me to let it stand. So I wrote assent.

Edith & I attended a big dinner at Hillcrest Inn, given by the Hubert Macdonalds, the John Wickwires & R. H. Lockwards. Cards afterward, & as I don't play I found a kindred soul in the Rev. Davies & had a most interesting chat with him. Afterwards the Parkers took us home in their car, & came in, & we chatted over drinks until 2 a.m.

THURSDAY FEB 21/52

W. C. Beckwith & his mechanic, who have a contract to repair & overhaul typewriters of Morsey Paper Co., came in today at my request & checked over & oiled my faithful L. C. Smith, now 14 years old, on which all of my <sup>novels & stories</sup> and most of my short stories & articles have been written. The Cadet Ball tonight, the event of the school year. Tommy invited Joan Wickwire.

FRIDAY FEB. 22/52

Bad weather has been almost continuous since Sunday; snowing again today. Tommy & the rest of the high school theatrical troupe went to Bridgewater to put

on "The Ugly Duckling" this evening, as part of a provincial inter-school competition. The adjudicator gave him honorable mention. They went by train this afternoon & returned at 4 a.m. by car, the car having broken down in Bridgewater.

The five-day week seems to have arrived at last. Banks, trust companies, offices, shops in some cases, are advertising that from such & such a date this month or next they will be closed on Saturdays. This falls in line with the 5-day week secured by so many labor unions in the past year or two. In rural market-towns like Liverpool — "the Saturday night towns" — this may work a strange change.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24/52 Sunny, cold, a nice winter day. Walked to (United) church this morning with my family. "Youth Sunday," all the Boy Scouts, Cubs, Guides, Brownies, Canadian Girls in Training & Explorers there in their various uniforms; the church filled, even the galleries, an unusual sight. Spent afternoon shovelling hard packed snowdrifts out of my driveway. Evening at Charlie Copelin's. Charlie's birthday & a gathering, with refreshments including birthday cake.

MONDAY, FEB. 25/52 Fine, cold; snow specks blowing. In Korea the truce negotiations drag on. At Lisbon the representatives of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation have agreed on an immense military expenditure, & on a European army (including German troops) wearing a common uniform. Britain alone of the European nations in NATO keeps its army separate. So far the NATO nations have been long on promises but short on deeds, everyone adopting the French attitude that Uncle Sam must pay for everything down to the last garter button ~~&~~ or nothing doing. Eisenhower has been very patient in trying to organise the NATO forces, & if he becomes President of the U.S. his energy & prestige will be sadly missed in Europe.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26, 1952. Fine cold weather. Severe outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease at Regina has thrown the whole Canadian-U.S. cattle industry into an uproar. The U.S. has put an embargo on all imports of Canadian beef, which means that the huge quantities that have been going over the border must now be sold at home or elsewhere. This should benefit the Canadian consumer. During the past year Canadian beef producers have been exacting a very greedy price (e.g. beefsteak in Hfx a few months ago went to \$1.39 per pound,) and horse-meat stores have appeared in many Canadian cities including Hfx where one opened just a week or two ago.

Golf Club held a meeting tonight in the Mersey Paper Co. offices. Morris of the Canadian Open Tournament last summer. Business, discussion of cash statement & election of officers for 1952. Income for 1951 consisted of dues about \$1,770 and green fees, also about \$1,770. Expenses, including much new work on the "rough", ran to a deficit of about \$350. I was appointed a director of the club, & placed on the house committee.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27/52. Weighed myself. 180 lbs. phew! Haven't been watching my food intake since Christmas, when I weighed 173. Received from London a mimeographed circular inviting me to join something called "Authors' World Peace Appeal". The idea is to help stop "the drift towards war", chiefly apparently by refraining from writing anything unkind about the Russians. The Russian author Dya Chernburg has invited a delegation of A.W.P.A. to visit Moscow and "it was hoped that a widely representative group would travel to Moscow before the end of the month". A.W.P.A. is also concerned about the "war-conditioning" nature of certain B.B.C. broadcasts, certain American comic books, etc. It sounds to me like another group of wooly-minded do-gooders who will

certainly be used by the Russians in their own game. Surprised to see that A. E. Coppard was one of the founders of AWPA, & that they have secured the signatures of Algernon Blackwood, Christopher Fry, Sheila Kay Smith, Compton Mackenzie, Sean O'Casey, Christina Stead, Frank Swinnerton, L. A. G. Strong, amongst others. Not surprised to see Siegfried Sassoon listed, nor Andre Maurois, Clifford Odets; only Canadian author listed was dear old Mazy de la Roche, who has lived in an ivory tower so long that she doesn't know a thing about the world outside of Jalta. I was invited to send money (a minimum of 10 shillings) and to send copies of my books, autographed, to be sold for the benefit of the cause. I put the thing in the waste-basket.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28/52 A blizzard commenced suddenly last evening, blew all night & all today with great fury, piling up the biggest drifts of the winter. Checked my weight again this morning, found it to be 175, not 180 as recorded yesterday. Young Son's teacher, Mr. Huskisson, & a group of his fellow students, girls & boys, met at our house tonight to hear the radio's weekly debate "Radio Forum" & to discuss it. (The group does this every week, meeting in rotation at the homes of teacher & students.) Tonight's debate was between James Sinclair, Liberal M.P. & one of the sharpest minds at Ottawa, and Macdonald, the chief Tory financial critic in the House. The subject was the huge surplus (\$700,000,000) acquired by govt. during the past year by what the Tories call excessive taxation. Sinclair's defence (a) the fiscal year does not end till March 31, the hearth tax bills come in at the end of a session, & the surplus will be down to about 400 millions, (b) the surplus was acquired by an 8% increase of revenue over what had been anticipated, a 15% decrease in expenditure, (c) it is sound business to acquire a surplus in prosperous years for payment on the national debt. This

year's surplus has been so used. Since the war the govt. has reduced Canada's national debt by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  billions, saving #75,000,000 in annual interest charges.

These are convincing facts, & Macdonald made a poor case. The kids discussed it afterwards & were unanimous in a verdict for the govt's side of the case.

FRIDAY, FEB. 29, 1952 Leap Year Day & all Nova Scotia is leaping about in snowdrifts, while in N.B. highways are still blocked, trains stalled, etc. Here in Liverpool the snow ploughs <sup>have</sup> made a lane down each street, barely wide enough for two cars to pass, & pedestrians must walk & dodge there too, for the town abandoned any attempt to keep sidewalks shovelled some time ago. (The average snowfall in Feb. in N.S. was 48 inches!) I walked to Milton & back this afternoon as usual. The snow shoulder high in many places for long stretches alongside the ploughed track.

Tom Lusby of the N.S. Public Works Dept., & one of his lieutenants, Don Lifts, called this morning & wanted to see the Perkins house. We had to wade through drifts from the street & shovel a foot of snow off the top step before we could open the storm door. A bad leak around the east chimney, paint flaking away from the walls in several places due to dampness, floors littered with lumps of soot that had become loosened by rain down the uncovered chimneys, but Lusby said the place was in good shape & went off. The local Tories had been enquiring of C.R. Day, 1952 president of our historical society, about condition of the house, apparently for political ammunition, & apparently Rawding sent Lusby down to inspect the place in case of questions in the House. Lusby took all the keys of the house, & the gate padlocks, to have duplicates made in Hfx for use of his Dept., & will return originals to me. This is the first

time any Public Works official has set foot in the Perkins house since 1949. I told Lusby that the govt's neglect of the house since the restoration work of '49 had become a local scandal, & he gave me the old story about the Hon. Harold Connolly being responsible rather than the P.W. Dept.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1/52 Sunny, cold. Alice (Ramona) Smith came by bus (from Kentville via Hfx) today to spend a week-end with us. She tells me that Kenneth Leslie, with a third wife, an American girl half his age, has been living quietly & rather shabbily in Kentville for the past 2 years. He is the whilom poet of Nova Scotia who visited me in August 1937 & presented me with "Windward Rock" & one ~~or~~ or two other books of his verse. At that time he was regarded as one of Canada's best poets, not only by the folk at home but by critics in New York & London. Believing that a poet should hold aloof from such a gross thing as earning a living, & seeing that his idols Bliss Carman & Charles G. D. Roberts had managed to live on doting women most of their lives, Leslie married first a daughter of the wealthy Moors of Hfx (who divorced him after some years), & then an American <sup>widow</sup> with a grown-up family & a large bank account. After the second marriage he moved to New York, became an active Communist, & for some years edited & published a magazine called "Protestant" devoted to scurrilous attacks on the Roman Catholic church.

Alice says it is believed in Kentville that Leslie's Communist activities drew the wrath of the U.S. police, & fled to N.S. with the latest wife, believed to be a Jewess.

SUNDAY, MAR. 2/52 Fine, cold. Trinity Church this morning with Alice, who is organist & choir leader of the Anglican church in Kentville. Edith gave a tea for Alice this afternoon & we had a house full until 7 o'clock: the John Wickwines, Don Macdonalds, Seldons, Hubert Macdonalds, Parkers, Sayers, Rev. John Davis,

✓ others. About 9 p.m. Premier Macdonald phoned me from Hfx, asking about the Perkins house, apologizing for the intrusion of such a matter on a Sunday but saying he was concerned about the place. Asked what I considered should be done this year. I said (1) a small heating plant should be installed to keep the place dry inside during the winter months, (2) a beginning should be made, say 2 or 3 rooms, in furnishing the house with replica colonial stuff, so that the house can be opened to visitors this summer, and (3) a paid caretaker-guide should be appointed for the months of June, July, August & September. He made a note of this. How much money should be put in the estimates this year for the furnishing of 2 or 3 rooms? That was difficult to answer accurately without figures from furniture-makers. I made a blind guess & said "At least \$5,000". He noted that. Asked after my own & Edith's health, said he hoped to spend an evening with us the next time he came this way, & rang off.

TUESDAY, MARCH 4/52

Last evening I finished shovelling the snow out of my driveway, filled in by the big storm of Feb 27-28. This was the most expensive storm of the winter, for it came up so suddenly that a number of fishing craft were caught offshore & foundered or were driven on the rocks; 10 men were drowned in the Cape Sable area. The province is still digging itself out of the great mass of snow.

This afternoon I took Frances & 4 other girls of the school basketball team to Bridgewater, where they played B'water in the fine new Senior High School gymnasium, & lost by a narrow margin. The road well ploughed most of the way & I drove at 50 & 55 m.p.h. without difficulty. The snow piled shoulder-high at the wayside in many places, & some of the drifts were 6 feet deep.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1952 Wild. Snow melting slowly. British Income Tax people have agreed to refund the £47 1/2% deducted by Hutchinsons from my royalty advance last November. I signed the preliminary receipt & forwarded it through the Royal Bank here today for collection.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/52 Church this morning (United) with my family. Some sailors there from HMC's Brockville, which is in port. Last night Merrill Rawding dropped in for a chat, wanting some information on old-time wooden ships built on the North Shore. I asked what was to be done this year about the Perkins House but he was non-committal, apparently knew nothing of the Premier's phone call to me a week ago.

Tonight a war correspondent from Korea gave a radio talk on his impressions & they were gloomy. According to him the Reds have used the "peace" negotiations as a deliberate stall; it has enabled them to rebuild their armies after last year's heavy losses, to re-equip them with powerful modern artillery, to build up a large modern air force with plenty of good fields in North Korea as well as Manchuria, & to fortify their present line on a tremendous scale. Any U.N. attempt to drive north now would meet with huge loss, any attempt to withdraw would mean handing over to the Reds what originally they set out to take. So there we are, with a huge & expensive army doing nothing more than patrol actions, & a certain amount of air fighting, while the Russians laugh.

TUESDAY, MAR. 11/52

The fifth or sixth day of dull weather & little wind, occasional snow flurries or showers. Yet without sunshine or a real rain the great snowfall of Feb 27-8 has been shrinking every day. A few days ago I had my L.C. Smith typewriter checked over & oiled by a young mechanic who comes down from Sfas once a month to service the office machines.

of Mersey Paper Co. (This was Feb. 21) Since then the type shift has worked badly, all the capitals appear up in the air, & I am using my little Corona portable instead.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 12/52 George McClearn died last night aged 78. His heart had been bad for years & probably the shock of his firm's bankruptcy last December did the rest.

FRIDAY, MAR. 14/52 Bleak overcast weather with high N.E. winds & snow flurries. Working hard at the novel - last night till 2 a.m. & the night before till 1:30. Young Louis Charron arrived by train to spend a week-end with us, on leave from his bank in Montreal. Band concert in the school tonight. Letter from McLellan & Stewart.

Harlequin Books are buying the pocket-book rights in "His Majesty's Yankees" with an advance of \$500 against royalties, of which M. & S. as usual take half. The royalty rates are:- If sale price is 35¢, 1.4 cents per copy up to 150,000 copies, and 2.1 cents thereafter. If sale price is 50¢, 2 cents royalty per copy up to 150,000 copies, and 3 cents per copy thereafter.

All this sounds big, but Harlequin's sales are in the Canadian market, where 150,000 copies of any book is just a figure of speech. In point of fact, by some mysterious alchemy the pocket-book royalties never amount to more than the original advance.

SATURDAY, MAR. 15/52

Letter from John Winston Co. shows that U.S. sales of Son of The Hawk amount to more than 7,200 copies since it was first published in the spring of 1950. As the book is priced low for juvenile & school-library trade, the author's royalty is small, & all the sales so far amount to just about the original advance to me, \$1,000, of which my agent got \$100 & the U.S. government \$150.

Young Louis Charron is having a lively time with Sammy & his friends. He is about 19, a bank clerk, & feels very much the man of the world here.

amongst his country cousins. His dress is of the "zoot suit" type developed by teen-age sophisticates in U.S. cities during the late war & apparently current now in Montreal.

Blue peg-top trousers very full about the seat & narrow at the ankles, a long loosely cut jacket of light-grey tweed, a stiff & narrow bow-tie in yellow-&-black tartan that stands across his throat like a 6-inch propeller, a pale blue, very fuzzy felt hat, the top tucked in flat like a pork-pie, the crown very low & the brim very wide.

He is slightly built, blond & pale, with ~~thin~~ teeth very raggedly aligned, & he wears large horn-rimmed glasses. In this get-up he is much more naive than the country cousins, who lose not a moment in making that clear to him in the cheerful but ruthless manner of the young.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16/52

A little sunshine today, the first in a long time, but mostly cloudy & cold. United Church this morning with my family. Irving Bain buttonholed me after the service asking for a substantial contribution to an emergency fund for Mount Allison college. Apparently the college has mismanaged its building funds to the extent of \$300,000, & a sort of levy has been laid upon all the U.C. churches in the Maritimes. Our small congregation is expected to raise \$2500; the person mentioned from the pulpit that two members each had given \$100 & invited others to do the same. The "sales talk" being used by Bain & other canvassers, on word from Sackville, is that "the Catholics are eager to buy Mount A. if we let it go." I told Bain it was a sorry argument & refused to give a cent. Very few people in this part of N.S. send their youngsters to Sackville. Even our own person is putting a son through Acadia. Mine will go to Acadia or Dalhousie.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1952. Still overcast, with a light but raw east breeze, & the snow dwindling without benefit of sun or rain, & looking shrunken & soiled, especially the old drifts which still cover gutters & sidewalks in some places.

Robie Silver came this morning to inspect my house for the new assessment roll, & tacked the street number on the wall beside the front door, 44. This is the first time the Liverpool houses have been numbered. With an eye to the future, when houses may be built much closer together, the streets are measured off in 25-foot frontages, each of which is allotted a number. As most of the present house-lots measure 50 feet, this makes for some odd gaps in the numbers now tacked up. My home occupies two 25-foot lots, & because my front door opens on lot 44, that is my number, while Cleveland, my neighbor on the south, has No. 48. ("Odd" numbers are on the other side of the street.)

THURSDAY, MAR. 20/52

Cheque from Little, Brown for \$3,843.82, representing royalties on their edition of "The Nymph", the various Doubleday book club editions, the Reader's Digest Book Club edition, my share (90% = \$900) of the sale of television rights, & my share ( $\frac{2}{3} = \$80$ ) of an advance from Holland for a Dutch edition — all for the period ending Dec. 31/51. This brings the total number of copies sold to date to ~~over~~ in Canada & the U.S., in all the various editions to: —

Book stores -	14,524	
Book clubs -	<del>201,482</del> 201,482	total cloth-bound copies - 216,006
Pocket-book editions		("soft-backs") - <u>125,000</u>
TOTAL FULL-VERSION COPIES		3,411,006
Reader's Digest Club (cloth-bound) condensed version		430,333
		771,339

These enormous sales, after the U.S. tax of 15%, & after the <sup>original</sup> publishers had deducted that half of all book club royalties, have yielded me altogether (including television rights) a little less than \$20,000.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1952

To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Smith, Dunlap & Al Hutchinson, manager of the Royal Bank. River road bad, frost coming out, I had to drive long stretches in second gear. In the woods the snow was still quite deep & we took turns at breaking trail. Got there about 4 p.m., & set to work at once, felling & sawing maples for firewood, on the knoll by the dam. Worked till nearly dark. Stout drams of rum & big supper, chat & a smoke, & then a good long sleep.

SUNDAY, MAR. 23/52

Mild overcast weather. Parker was

busy chopping down a yellow birch & hewing out a knee for his new boat. (Note: the disease which has been killing off the yellow birch in N.S. for some years past is now evident at Eagle Lake, where all the mature ones are dying.) Smith & I worked with axe & crosscut saw, felling & "junking". Al carried the junk to the shore, where Dunlap split & piled them. By 1 p.m. we had a good start on our 1952 fuel supply. Hot & hard work; but again the drams worked magic on the return to camp, we had a huge dinner of T-bone beefsteaks, & sat about afterwards till 4:30. Then back to Big Falls in our now well broken trail - stepping carefully in the old footprints, especially in the drifts, which sometimes were thigh-deep. Drove down the river road all night but on a mazy bit of the old Rapid Falls pulp mill road came on a car stuck deep. We got out & heaved till we got ~~hit~~ back on dry ground - three young men & two girls, all of whom sat calmly in their car & waited for us to mend the road. We dragged brush & bits of deadwood & tops from an old pulpwood clearing, laid these in the main ruts for a distance of 100 feet - the worst part of the slough. Then I got in my car, put it in low gear

Note: - Had to get a new exhaust & muffler assembly.  
The old one was quite rusty & this drag  
through the mud finished it.

stepped hard on the gas. Dragged a bit here & there, &  
may have damaged my muffler & exhaust a bit, but  
got through all right. The other car came through  
in my tracks. This piece of road had been  
churned deep since we came that way on Saturday,  
by a fleet of heavy trucks hauling gravel to the  
new Deep Brook dam. This dam has been washing  
away again, & they have the water drained out & are  
hauling & dumping gravel in great quantities down  
the "seaward" face of the dam on the farther side  
of the turbine-intake. Parker says the dam cost  
\$2,500,000 before the huge & expensive wash-out  
last year, & now this.

THURSDAY, MAR. 27/52 Fine & warm. Drove to Moose  
Harbor this afternoon with Edith to see how my cabin  
had come through the winter. Found everything ok,  
although the salt air had corroded the new brass padlock  
& I had to borrow some penetrating oil from one of the  
fishermen to loosen it before I could get in.

Afterwards drove to Broad River & back. Most  
of the snow is gone from the roadsides although masses  
of the old drifts remain. We found mayflowers in  
bud but none in blossom.

Working doggedly on the book nine or ten hours a  
day. I don't like it — no life, no reality somehow,  
although God knows the central characters are real  
enough. Not a really lovable person in the lot.

SATURDAY, MAR. 29/51 Tonight at the great annual Jackson's  
Birthday dinner of the Democratic party in Washington,  
President Truman announced that he would not run again  
for office, thus settling much speculation on that point.  
The U.S. newspapers, magazines & radio will now go into high  
gear until the whole circus is over next November.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1952 Fine & warm. Raked up the winter accumulation of dead leaves, etc. from the lawn, 8 or 9 wheelbarrow loads. A crush of the old snowdrift still hangs on in the lee of the garden wall & on the N. side of the garage. Saw the first robins & song-sparrows on March 31st - a bit later than usual.

Members of the N.S. Teachers' Union, to which a majority of N.S. schoolteachers belong, have decided to enforce their demand for more wages by resigning their posts (the resignations to take effect at the end of the current term) & refusing to re-engage for next term except at wages specified by the Union. This is a better strategy than the strike of several hundred teachers in Cape Breton & Antigonish counties during the past winter, when thousands of pupils in these largely rural districts lost 6 weeks in mid-term.

THURSDAY, APR. 3/52 Capt. Charlie Williams rejoins us at Markland tomorrow after 5 or 6 weeks in hospital for an intestinal operation & convalescence at home. Had a small party for him<sup>at our house</sup>, the Sunlaps, Parkers, & Gladys Macdonald. "Kibbie" Moore had promised to deliver two buckets of fresh Picturine's Rint clams but failed, & at the last minute almost we got some shucked Blue Point oysters in jars, & Edith & Florence cooked a fine oyster stew. I was called upon to carve the ham & made one of my rare demonstrations of that old-fashioned art. Lettuce & tomato salad, coffee, tea & cake, all very nice. Drinks & some good talk.

The Nova Scotia clam, that humble dainty of which we are all so fond, is on the way to extinction. Last year the federal fisheries people closed many areas to clammers & began to enforce a size limit elsewhere in N.S. The Bay of Fundy canneries are chiefly responsible. A few years ago one of them even sent a lot of

Meteghan Frenchmen around to Port L'Hebert, where for two or three seasons they dug & shipped great quantities, until the local fishermen protested.

FRIDAY, APR. 4/52

Fini & cool. Played my first golf of the season, 9 holes in 55, the course very soggy & plenty of snow in the rough. Edith came along in her fur jacket!

Tonight Max Ferguson of CBC ("Rawhide") repeated at popular request his hilarious travesty of my novel, performed under the title "The Nymph & The Lump", with apologies to the author. Very good fun, especially "operator" Shane who had been on Sable Island so long that he had forgotten how to speak English & talked in Morse code.

Shortly after, an RCAF radio officer, J.W. Wilkins, phoned from Greenwood air station, asked if I'd heard the broadcast, & chatted about radio old-timers. He knew Darrie Ross, Mike Walsh, Harry Indel, Red Myrick & others of my contemporaries. Finally he asked if I'd like to fly out to Sable Island some time this summer if a chance occurred. I said Yes, of course. He said he'd "talk it up", whatever that meant!

SATURDAY, APR. 5/52

Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Dunlap & Smith, & we worked very hard till dark, cutting, sawing & splitting young maples for firewood.

SUNDAY, APR. 6/52

Heavy rain all night. It stopped about breakfast time & we got in a good morning's work. Finished getting out firewood supply for this year. Telled a leaning pine, sawed off several junks & split & piled them. Pealed the rest of the trunk & left it till next year. But 3 maples & laid them across the brook at the dam, for convenience in crossing there. Parker came in at noon & we had dinner together & spent the afternoon on odd chores. Much snow still in the open woods but all open spaces bare. Soil flooded in places by last night's rain.

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1952

Sent off my income tax return for 1951, with my cheque for \$1020.33. With the U.S. govt tax, \$1336, deducted at the source, this makes \$2356 in all, a heavy cut into the best year's income I ever had — \$13,380.79 gross. I may have to pay more still, as I wrote off the balance outstanding on the West Nova Scotia Regiment history as a bad debt, and the income tax authorities may not admit it as such. I incurred the loss (nearly \$600) in my professional capacity, and it represents actual cash paid out for printing, binding, etc. less the gross amount received from sales.

Ottawa has announced that after the current summer sailings, the famous "Lady boat" service to the West Indies will cease. These ships (Lady <sup>Link down update w/</sup> Drake, Lady Hawkins, Lady Rodney, Lady Nelson) were built to implement Canada's trade treaty with the British West Indies & went into operation in 1926. They carried some cargo but were chiefly passenger ships, with first-rate food, accommodation & services. Other C.G.M.M. ships carried most of the freight. The B.W.I. governments agreed to pay a certain amount (in sterling) as it was obvious from the first that the Lady line must run at a considerable loss. They quibbled later over their proportion of the deficit & reduced their payments sharply. This, & the decline in value of sterling, & the tremendous increase in operating costs since '26, left Canada holding an expensive bag. The old agreement expired in 1946. Modern C.G.M.M. freighters, each with accommodation for a dozen passengers, will carry on the trade for the time being; but Donald Gordon, president of the C.N.R., which operates the service, hints strongly that the whole thing may be dropped. Air lines nowadays carry passengers to all the islands, & private steamship lines can easily handle the freight.

1951 Census  
figures just  
published! -

Queen's County—Total population  
12,544; Baptist 3,705; Church  
of England 3,445; Lutheran 147;  
Mennonite 3; Presbyterian 47;  
Roman Catholic 939; United  
Church 3,365.

TUESDAY APR. 8, 1952

Confined to the house yesterday & today by badly chafed thighs, a result of my tramps & labors over the week-end. Very painful. The first time I have ever suffered from chafing was about a month ago on my winter walks to Milton. I ignored it, & it has been getting a little worse every time I went for a walk.

Finance minister Abbott brought down his budget today. Income tax to be higher than ever (by raising the special Defence Tax) but the taxes on automobiles, stoves, cigarettes, etc are slightly reduced.

EASTER SUNDAY, APR. 13/52 Sunny but a cold wind. United Church this morning with my family. Church packed to the doors & the gallery full. After church drove to Milton for Aunt Marie Bell, & she & Marie Freeman had dinner with us, & went for a drive with us afterwards to Beach Meadows. Bush fires burning in the woods ~~behind~~ the hospital & on the barrens behind Summerville, although there is still much snow in the green woods a mile or two away from the coast. Except for a walk to the post office each day I have been confined to the house for a week, & the badly chafed (in fact raw) patches on my thighs are not quite healed yet. Working on the novel steadily, getting five hours sleep & working at least ten & sometimes 12 or 13 hours a day. Salmon has sent me a copy of the pocket-book ("soft-back") edition of *The Symph & the Lamp*, published by the Popular Library people. The cover picture is in the worst possible taste, & the blots inside the cover & on the back seize upon the few paragraphs about sexual affairs & in words not mine at all convey an impression that the whole thing is a piece of pornography. It is the regular procedure of the pocket-book people in the U.S., of course. Stanley writes an indignant letter saying

that 150,000 copies of this edition have been distributed over the U.S. & that nothing can be done about it now. He adds that in future he will insist on passing judgement on all cover matter, & points out that a lot of people are going to buy the P.L. edition under false pretences & find themselves reading a good book, which may improve their taste, he hopes.

Doubleday & Co. have asked if they may arrange a pocket book edition of "Roger Suddon" in the U.S., & if possible "His Majesty's Yankees" on a 50-50 basis, & I have given my consent. These are for publication in 1953-54 & I hope to have the chance of inspecting their cover material first.

TUESDAY, APR. 15/52

Drizzle & fog. Left C'pool by car with Edith about 9.30 a.m. & drove to H'fx. Lunch at Simpson's & had a half-hour's chat with my mother before going on to Wolfville, where we arrived at 4.30. Professor Jack Mosher of Acadia had asked me to address the Wolfville Discussion Group at their dinner this evening. Drove to the Paramount Inn at 6.30 with Jack & found the group assembled. About 30 or 40 men, about half on the Acadia faculty, the rest business men, bank managers, three parsons, one or two farmers. Dr. Kirkconnell there, & Lumsden & others whom I knew. Had a steak dinner - the best steak I think I ever ate. My subject "This Writing Business", & I went over the difficulties facing the writer, especially the Canadian writer, who must seek most of his income & fame abroad. Also the growth of the book clubs & the "pocket-book" industry, which are driving the ordinary bookstore out of business & changing the whole face of contemporary literature.

Meanwhile Lina had taken Edith to hear a symphony concert. Later we all came together at the Mosher house, a number of faculty members & their wives came in, & we had

chat & tea until midnight. George Boggs there - he always grins & reminds me of the black eye I gave him at Aldershot Camp in '42. Had a long chat with Lumsden, who will be in all likelihood the next Dominion President of the Canadian Legion. Chatted with Kirkconnell & his wife; he ~~takes~~ looks like a slight and rather diffident student of about 25, despite his now grey moustache, not at all like a college president. Afterwards I drove Alice Smith back to Kentville. To bed at Jack's about 1 a.m.

Wednesday, Apr. 16/52 Awakened by Lewis "alarm clock", the local milk horse, which goes up the hill at a plodding clop-clop-clop at sharp 6 a.m., & returns down the hill, bracing his feet against the slope, with a sort of clop-clop-clop at sharp 7. Lovely sunny day. Leisurely breakfast. Miss Rosamund Archibald, who taught English at Acadia Ladies' Seminary when Edith was a student there, came in to chat with her. I phoned Marsha Banning Thomas at Blomidon House where she spends each winter. She is ill & unable to receive visitors but chatted brightly over her bedside phone. She told me that Andrew Merkell had spent the winter in some sort of nursing home in Wolfville. He returned to the old farmhouse at Granville, decided to burn off the dead grass in the hayfields, & the fire promptly spread & burned down his barn & woodsheds etc, also Mr. Angers' ~~top~~ pine plantation. Angers, living up to his name, broke a stick over Merkell's head & drove him into the house.

Jack & I went to call on old Mr. Davidson, who with his brother founded the first Wolfville newspaper, the Acadian, in 1883. He is in his 90's, entirely blind. He chatted about old days, remembered Pauline Johnson giving a recital in the old Acadia College building,

told us one or two good anecdotes of John A. Macdonald & Sir Richard Cartwright, & of Joe Howe, which were still fresh & going the rounds when he was young.

Left for Hfx after 11 a.m., taking young Don Mosher along as far as the city, & we all lunched together at Simpkins. Edith shopped there, & I dropped around the Arm for a look at the Lower & vicinity. Back to Liverpool by the shore route via Lunenburg. Stopped on chop-suey at the Brigantine cafe. Peter Wong was not there, & the food, service & everything about the place were terrible.

THURSDAY, APR. 17/52 A nice sunny day. Cool sea wind. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon, score 111. Two other players out. Edith came with me & picked a bunch of mayflowers along the road going in to White Point Lodge.

FRIDAY, APR. 18/52 Fine again. Golf again - 108 this time. The "flying saucers" are being seen again, after a long quiescence. A recent article in Saturday Evening Post declaring that the "saucers" were not a myth started off a new crop of reports. The latest were seen a day or two ago by two Canadian airmen near North Bay, Ont.

It is now about time for the "mystery submarines" to start bobbing up around the Nova Scotia coast again.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 23/52

Noticed an uncomfortable fluttering of my heart some days ago & occasional pricklings in my upper left arm - the usual signs of heart disease. I put it down to too many cigarettes & the long nervous strain of my book, late hours, etc. Today it was very uncomfortable, & although it was a fine warm day I did not go out except to get the mail & drive to Milton with some of my discarded shoes for Aunt Marie Bell's pool. Worked at my desk morning & evening, but lay down most of the afternoon.

Sunday, A.P.R. 27, 1952

By car to church this morning — dropped my family at the United Church & went on to attend service at Trinity. At 2 p.m. a Staff Sergeant Hedges of the Canadian Intelligence Corps dropped in for a chat, said he had read my books & wanted to meet the author. He proved to be a non-stop talker of immense endurance.

In talking about his experiences at Sieppe & as a prisoner of war in Germany he was very interesting. He stayed to tea & in fact until 2 a.m., having talked almost continually for twelve hours; the last six devoted to his theories about the Soviet Union & its political & military intentions, which were a bore.

Monday, A.P.R. 28/52 Letter from Langhorne of "Saturday Night" asking me to do a "profile" article on Angus L. Macdonald. Letter from Hutchinson's London asking permission for the Universal Book Club (a subsidiary of theirs) to adopt *The Nymph & The Lamp* as their book-of-the-month for November this year. The club has 20,000 members & they actually get current novels, bound in cloth covers & with colored jackets (the same as those sold in bookshops for 9/-), at the price of 3/-(!). My royalty will be 3½ pence per copy, which at the sterling-dollar exchange is about .017.

Wednesday, A.P.R. 30/52 A fine day after 3 days' rain. Golf this afternoon (109). Meyers' photographer, who comes to town one or twice a year to do portraits, took a group picture of the Raddalls this evening — the first we have ever had taken together.

Friday, MAY 2/52 I wrote the last word of my new novel just before midnight, after a continuous & grinding mental effort for ten or twelve hours a day for the past four months, not counting the wasted effort of two false starts that I made during 1951. I can't think of

a title "Rogue's Progress" would be accurate but much too trite. The central character is drawn from the life of Captain Wallace Ogilvie, who lived here for some years but is now in the Bahamas & still flourishing like the green bay tree.

SATURDAY, MAY 3/52 All day & until 4 o'clock Sunday morning going over the novel for weak spots. Not much I can do now, as I always do the main polishing at the close of each day's work, but I can polish it again as I type clean copy for the printers.

SUNDAY, MAY 4/52 Fine all morning then overcast & cool. Went to church (United) with my family in the morning. Golf this afternoon (10) & drove up to Milton for a call on Aunt Marie Bell. All evening until midnight typing final copy of the novel.

SATURDAY, May 10/52 Slugging away at the novel all this week, twelve hours a day, five or six hours' sleep, & round of golf on fine afternoons — a strenuous life. Tonight in honor of Mowbray & Phyllis Jones, who are leaving in a few days for a tour of Europe, the Kennedy Jones' gave a costume party. Forty or fifty people there & lots of fun. Costumes had to be English, Scotch or French.

Edith went as Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, using her grandmother's blue silk gown (circa 1860) plus a large black hat & plumes, black velvet neck band, frills & what not — a very good likeness & she made a handsome appearance. I went as an Apache, wearing amongst other things a red-white-&-blue striped jersey borrowed from Jim Mackinnon. Merrill Rauding there, drew me aside & said the govt. had set aside \$2,000 to be spent on the Perkins house this summer, & asked what to do with it. I was tempted to say jump in the lake, but politely I repeated what I have told him personally & in letters many times before.

MONDAY, MAY 19, 1952

For the past week it has been raining every day, & I have been slugging away all day, every day, until 2 a.m. or thereabouts at the final copy of my novel. As usual my left hand succumbed to the constant labor at the typewriter. I injured the finger cords with an axe-cut many years ago & under incessant labor of this kind it soon develops a sort of arthritis — the modern version of writers' cramp — very painful & awkward. Sometimes in a whole day's labor of 12 hours I have only been able to turn out 20 pages — using carbons & thumping hard to make 3 clear copies. But tonight about midnight I finished the last page. Don't know what the title will be. "The Cheat" perhaps. I sat through the night reading it from start to finish & checking the typescript for errors. It was 5:30 a.m. when I finished, & the daylight had appeared & the robins had begun the day's chirping when I turned out my light & went to bed.

TUESDAY, May 20/52

Slept till 11 a.m., got up & shaved

& dressed, feeling an immense drag off my mind. After dinner played 18 holes at White Poinch — lovely warm day — masses of blue & white violets, & bluettes, blooming in the edge of the rough — big sea running, beautiful surf. Afterwards mowed my lawns fore & aft, burned rubbish etc. Tonight after a final check I packed up a copy of the typescript of my novel ready to mail to Little, Brown tomorrow. Wrote & posted a letter to Salmen saying it was on the way.

WEDNESDAY, May 21/52

Went to bed last night at 11 p.m. hoping to get a decent night's sleep after these strenuous months, but my mind is still too restless. Woke at 2:30 a.m., turned on the light & read till 4, then got up & dressed & went down to my den to write letters. The reddest & wildest sunrise

I ever saw ushered in a day of wind & rain. Got my breakfast at 7 & managed to get an hours nap on the sofa afterwards. Mailed the M/S to Salmon. Packed up another copy for Jack McClelland of McClelland & Stewart & wrote him. Got some new copper-wire netting & replaced the old rusty stuff in the kitchen window screen. This afternoon Tommy & I moved the old piano into the sun porch, where it fits very well. It has cluttered up the living room for 20 years. Re-arranged the furniture & the room looks lighter, larger & much better balanced. Letter from C. Fred Travers asking me to be one of the <sup>editorial</sup> advisory board of the Dalhousie Review.

THURSDAY May 22/52 Rain all day. Went out to Moose Harbor this afternoon & bought 22 lbs fresh lobsters (price now 33¢ per lb.). Had some boiled for supper. Evening at the Maurice Russell's, where Fred Schanche (pronounced SKONKY) of New York, a clever amateur conjurer, entertained a group of us with tricks & tales of life in Manhattan. Received by mail two copies of the French-language edition of The Nymph & The Lamp, translation by Roger - W. Allard, published by Gerard & Co., Verviers, Belgium as one of their Marabout books. A soft-back. Much better cover illustration than the American pocket-book. So far as I can see with my hand-labored French it is a very good translation & the text has not been changed or cut much.

SATURDAY MAY 24/52 Empire Day. Fine & warm. The high school baseball team (of which Tommy is manager) played a double-header at Rockport today, & I drove there with him, Jim Smith, Jack Dunlap & Hugh Byrne. (Hugh, one of the best athletes in the high school, a tall fine-looking boy, was taken ill with polio last Fall soon after entering St. Mary's College, & is now compelled to go about on crutches, left leg shrivelled almost to the bone, a cripple for life. It did him good to get away with his old chums for a day & he sat on the team bench with them, heckling the Rockport

pitchers, the umpire & others, & thoroughly enjoying himself. Lockport baseball field is a converted pasture in the barrens a mile or more out of town towards West Head. Afternoon game began at 2 p.m., ended 4:30, too one-sided to be interesting, Liverpool winning. An hour's interval for tea. We drove to a small snack bar, apparently the only restaurant in Lockport, & got a ham sandwich & cup of cold coffee. Evening game, very good, Lockport using another pitcher, a smart left-hander, & both teams playing heads-up ball. Liverpool won 1-0. Home at 8:30.

SUNDAY, May 25/52 Fine warm day. To United Church with my family this morning. Flowers on the preacher's desk in memory of Walter Peach, of the West Novas, who was killed 8 years ago in the battle for the Hitler Line, Italy. Golf this afternoon with Hector & Jack Dunlap. Played very badly (III) but enjoyed the sun & breeze. Drove to Milton for Aunt Marie Bell picked up Marie Freeman, & went on to Moose Harbor for the first picnic tea of the season.

Under the "rotation" system all the original Canadian troops sent to Korea have now been replaced with fresh troops recruited on a regular-army basis. The armistice negotiations drag on. The fighting is limited to patrol actions & air bombardment. Until the presidential election is over in the U.S. there seems little likelihood of a major decision in Korea, even if the Reds wanted an armistice or peace. Feeling amongst Canadian troops returning from Korea is that the Yanks have force & material enough in the East to drive the Chinese & Red Koreans across the Gulf any time they want to.

Local note: should have mentioned about April 30th that old Miss Janet ("Jennie") Mullins had sold her home on Waterloo Street, also her furniture & bric-a-brac including some fine antiques, & gone to live with a niece in the Valley.

TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1952

Wet weather. Spent part of the afternoon talking to Hubert Nickerson on the fish wharf. A marked change is taking place in the Nova Scotia fishing craft. The old windjammers like "Bluenose" were sold in the West Indies during the late war, most of them at any rate, & all had been struck down to stump rig & fitted with diesels before that. Since 1948 the remaining schooners out of Lunenburg (diesel-schooners, that is) have found it increasingly difficult to get dory-men, even from Newfoundland. The Dominion fisheries experimental station at St. Andrews N.B., after the war introduced a purely motor craft using the "long-line" system of setting trawls — all done from the vessel, & with the aid of gasoline winches. A West Coast idea, not received well at first by hide-bound Nova Scotians like the Nickersons. However, amongst the inshore fishermen nowadays the "long line" boat is increasingly popular, & the dory-fisherman is fast disappearing. Also since the war the National Lead Co. of N.Y. & other concerns have had fine new trawlers built in England with comfortable crew accommodations, & facilities for getting about the ship internally — without venturing on deck in bad weather — & equipped with every modern device including "sonar" gear for locating the edge of the Banks & even schools of fish. In Liverpool & vicinity all the fishing is still done with "Cape Island" type motorboats, dories & old-fashioned trawls, but the most successful of these (e.g. Warren Levy's) use radio compass etc. Even the Nickersons now admit the efficacy of "long-line" boats, & predict that soon all inshore fishing boats will be "long-liners".

The outbreak of "hoof & mouth" disease amongst cattle in Saskatchewain still rages. There is a severe epidemic of the same disease in Britain, in Irenis & elsewhere. Terrible slaughter of fine cattle everywhere. Strange that no cure or antidote can be found.

FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1952

Working on an article about the scenes & atmospheres of my childhood in Kent. Title "Sword & Pen in Kent 1903-1913". Have it in my mind for the Dalhousie Review, to which Fraser has asked me to contribute. (I am now a member of the Editorial Advisory Board.) I may also send a copy to Blackwood.

Received from McClelland & Stewart a cheque for \$250, my half of Harlequin Books' advance against royalties on a pocket ("soft-back") edition of "His Majesty's Yankees".

Today was fine & warm, after four days' steady rain & bleak east winds. Played golf this afternoon, score 99.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1/52 Wet again. Dense fog. Church this morning with Tommy & Frances. This afternoon I attended the funeral of Harry Macleod's wife - they came home to retire, after a long time in New Brunswick, only a year ago. At five we drove out to Moose Harbor with the Ralph Johnsons & their guest Ruth Humphries, who teaches English at U of British Columbia. Had a picnic tea in my cabin, with a fire in the stove & nothing to see but fog but we had a lively chat & I think all enjoyed it.

MONDAY, JUNE 2/52 Today the N.S. govt formally opened the Uniacke house at Mount Uniacke, after much restoration work. Edith & I set out from home at 9:30, driving via New Germany & Middleton, with lunch at the Cornwallis in Kentville. An appalling day, a howling south-easter with sheets of rain. In the valley the apple-blossoms were at their best, though they were drenched & the high wind was blowing showers of petals. The annual Blossom Festival at Kentville ended yesterday & we found the hotel almost deserted - only half a dozen people in the dining room.

Arrived at Mount Uniacke just in time for the opening

ceremony. Surprisingly large number of people there in spite of the weather, including old Major Jim Unacke himself. Owing to the rain the planned ceremony of unlocking the door had to be dispensed with, & Premier Macdonald spoke from the stairway to the people assembled in the great hall & the adjoining rooms. The Public Works people have really done a good job, the house itself restored & all the beautiful old furniture & bric-a-brac carefully renovated. It is a show place of which the province may well be proud. Harold Connolly acted as master of ceremonies, & his wife, who had been keeping an eye on the interior decorators' work, took us on a personal tour of the house. Saw Dr. D. C. Harvey & Rev. Canon McCurdy but had no chance to chat with them in the crowd. Dear old John Martin & his wife were there & we had a long chat with them, & a few words with the Angus L. Macdonalds, Miss Anslow (curator of the Sam Slick house at Windsor), the Tom Lusebys & the Merrill Rawdings. Since we were returning via Hfx the Lusebys insisted that we come on to their house for drinks & a chat together with the Rawdings & Jack Booley (Canadian Press manager for the Maritimes) & his wife. Beautiful new home on the steep hillside looking over Northwest Arm towards the Fowes. Then the Rawdings carried us off for a Chinese dinner in the only place in Hfx where real Chinese food is served — the club operated by the Chinese laundrymen & restaurateurs in a shabby & dim-lit wooden building on Argyle Street. From the front it looks like a deserted warehouse, & after you enter the street door you pass through a ~~room~~ filled with high tables for Chinese gambling games of various kinds. Upstairs (according to Rawding, who on his first visit headed that way by mistake) there are rooms apparently inhabited by the local substitute for sing-song girls. We passed a number of shabbily dressed Chinese, some of them very old, & went down

a dark stairway to the basement. Passed through the kitchen, where another group of shabby Chinamen were chatting about an ordinary kitchen range, & Rawding introduced us to the cook & major-domo of the place, Hum Mow. Some of the men were eating at one or two small tables in this cave, but for white guests there was an adjoining compartment, quite clean, with green-painted walls & four tables topped with glazed brown fibre-board. A woman came to wait on us, a tall thin white woman, 60-ish, hair grey & cut in a short Cton bob, red-dyed fingernails, tattooing on her fore-arms, a whispering laryngitic voice & trembling hands. We were served Chinese tea poured into very small cups without handles (one of which the waitress upset beside my plate; in mopping up the spilled tea with her somewhat paleid gestures she swept another cup-full into Rawding's lap). We had a huge & delicious meal. First egg rolls (UN KIN), really a sort of sausage rolled in a fried-egg batter. Then Pork Chow Mein (really called CHINGO CHOW MEIN), consisting of small bits of thinly sliced pork fried & served with a mixture of chopped vegetables & a thick brown gravy. Several bowls of boiled rice which we ate with soy sauce along with the other dishes. Then fresh shrimps fried & served with chopped vegetables & a delicious sauce — this was CHOW AH HAR. Finally a dish of chicken cut into small gobbits & fried in batter, served with chopped lettuce & celery & "sweet & sour" i.e. such juices as pineapple & vinegar mixed into a sauce — this was HIM GA E. (I got these names from Hum Mow & wrote them down phonetically.) It was all very good & something entirely new to Edith & me. Rawding said a friend tooks him there a year or two ago, & later on he received by mail a carefully printed card inviting him to dine at the Chinese club whenever he wished. Outside in the pouring rain we thanked our friends

& set off for home, as the weather was still very bad & the prospects of driving after dark not good. Got as far as Mahone before the last daylight faded, & after that the rain eased to a drizzle & the wind ceased. Home at 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3/52 Fog & drizzle - the wretched weather of May seems determined to carry on through June. This evening, having given young Tom sporadic lessons & practice in driving my car, I went with him & let him drive 79 miles (to Italy Cross, back to L'pool, then Milton, then Port Joli, then home.)

THURSDAY, JUNE 5/52 Yesterday was foggy with intervals of hot sunshine. Today it rained & drizzled. The forecast said "rain beginning after noon" so I hustled out to the golf course to get in a bit of exercise in the morning. It rained heavily at the fourth hole & as I was drenched anyhow I went on to play 18 holes - in 97. This with a new set of Spalding clubs (5 irons 2 woods - all I know how to use) purchased from Manuge, the pro, for \$88.50.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6/52 Rain all day. Spent the day indoors preparing a lecture on Canadian naval history to be delivered to a class of naval officers next month. News from Korea is worse & worse. The Americans have mishandled the great prison camps on Koje Island, (where thousands of ~~Chinese~~ Red Korean & Chinese prisoners have virtually defied authority for months) & now have brought troops of other nations, including Canadians, to join in the task of "cracking down". Also Syngman Rhee, president of the South Korean Republic, has adopted more & more the attitude of a dictator backed by foreign arms; he has now not only defied his own legislature but has clapped several of its most prominent members into jail. This makes our war for the "defence of democracy" in Korea a hollow sham, & the Russian propagandists are making the most of it, & of the situation on Koje Island.

SUNDAY JUNE 8 1952 Overcast, but no rain or fog — after nine straight days of wet weather. Trinity Church this morning. Golf this afternoon, score 97. Drove to Milton to see Aunt Marie Bell, who informed us that she had bats in her attic, a state of which we had been suspicious for some time. However she has an old school-ma'am's dislike for slang & it seems she has heard "fluttering" up there for several years, never went up to see what it was; last week she hired a man to re-glaze & putty several of the upper story windows, & in the attic he found a large number of bats roosting close about the chimney. He killed three but the rest hid in crevices & are still there.

This evening I went along with Tommy driving the car around Western Head, then to Beach Meadows, Port Medway, Mill Village & home.

Since war ended in '45 the Canadian govt has been installing automatic equipment in many of the coastal lighthouses. Usually it is done when one of the lighthousemen retires, or when for any reason it becomes difficult to fill the post. As many of the old guard of lighthousemen are reaching retirement age the process is now fairly rapid. On the Queens County coast Little Hope was made automatic very soon after the war, & the light on Fort Point, Liverpool, about two years ago.

MONDAY JUNE 9/52 Still overcast. This is my silver wedding anniversary. Drove to Bridgewater this morning with Tommy & some others of the high school ball team. (They beat B'water school 5-1). While the game was on, I drove on to Lunenburg, just in time to see the tern schooner, "City of New York" coming in, with a cargo of salt from Trinagua, B.W.I. Went down to the wharf & met her captain, Kennedy, a big handsome curly-headed fellow, 35-ish, who told me his auxiliary diesel's shaft had broken in the West Indies & he had

been 31 days on the passage under sail alone. (No topsails. He struck the topmasts several years ago.) His wife, a striking blonde, & their two small children, were along with him, also four or five husky dogs which Kennedy picked up in Labrador on a voyage there a year or two ago.

This afternoon went to the golf course & played 18 holes in '97. Drove to the florists in Melton & brought home a mass of snapdragons, carnations, roses & mums. In the evening we were invited to the J. A. Parkers home, where there was a party in our honor, many friends, a fine anniversary wedding cake, refreshments, & much hilarity over a set of the old wedding snapshots, produced by Marion Dunlap. Austin made a little speech & presented us with a lovely silver dish, & we were called upon to speak in turn.

All the original wedding party were ~~still~~ there except poor Ralph <sup>Freeman</sup> who gave the bride away. We sat for new pictures - Austin & Vera Parkes, Marion Dunlap, Marie Freeman - & then a mass photo of the whole crowd. All very pleasant & touching. Almost forgot to mention the annual "Soap Box Derby" of the South Shore, sponsored by local service clubs ~~etc.~~, in which kids race in pint-size "cars" of their own make. It is a very popular affair, & our Francie was chosen Queen of the Derby for 1952, a sort of auxiliary honor. The race was won by one of Larry Wickwire's boys. All in all it was a big day for the Raddalls.

Received today 4 copies of the Dutch edition of *The Nymph & The Lamp* published at Assen, Holland, by the firm of Born. A fine volume with excellent paper, print, board- & cloth covers & jacket - far superior to any of the other editions, in English or French, on either side of the Atlantic.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1952 At last, after weeks of wet bleak weather, with the furnace going every day, we had one wonderful hot day - a scorcher. Very warm playing golf at White Point, & in the evening we were glad to run out to Moose Harbor cabin & sit there in the cool sea air until dark. Like magic today the children appeared in sun-suits, women in sunny flounce, men in shirt-sleeves & straw hats. Tonight, for the first time since last September we were able to sleep with the furnace shut off & windows open wide.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11/52 Rain, cold.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12/52 Fog & intermittent thunder-showers all day & night. Spent the evening with Hubert & Gladys Macdonald who have just returned from a motor trip to Carolina with their daughter Beatrice. They gave us a silver anniversary present, a pair of silver napkin rings engraved with our names - very kind & thoughtful of them. Tonight the depressing wet cold weather shows no sign of leaving us. Of the month since May 12th we have had 5 fine days, 2 overcast, and 24 in which rain fell all day or during some part of every day.

Friday June 13/52 Fine warm day. Golf this afternoon - 97. Went with the Austin Parkers & Harold Doggetts to spend the evening with the George Doggetts at their lovely summer home near Greenfield. River very high & the fishing has been poor, although the stream is full of salmon.

Saturday, June 14/52 Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon with Eddie, & Hector & Jack Dunlap. My score 99.

On returning home found Lou Parrot reclining in a chair on the lawn. He is at Greenfield for the summer. He stayed for a picnic tea on the lawn & chatted on into the evening. Asked us to join a luncheon party he is making up for tomorrow.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1952. A windy but sunny morning. I was up with the robins & got in 18 holes at White Point before 11:30. Bathed, shaved, changed, & set out for Greenfield with the Rolf Seabornes at 12:15. The John Wickwises & Mrs. Jason Creed joined us at Louis' lodge. The sky clouded over, & most of the afternoon there was a slam-bang thunderstorm which put out all the lights. Torrents of rain. A round of drinks & a huge lunch of thick t-bone steaks and (from Louis deep-freeze locker) venison killed last fall, fried beans, lettuce, fresh peao (also from last year's crop & preserved in the deep freeze), ice cream, fresh strawberries, coffee. At Louis' urging, we made a day of it, with a light supper at 7:30, leaving about 9:30. Noticed a crowd of people below the Greenfield bridge & on inquiry found that a Smith child, a girl 4 years old, had fallen from the bridge into the river earlier in the day. The river is in flood after the long & heavy rains, & the child was swept away over the falls in a few moments. They had been dragging the pool below the falls without success & it is thought that the child's body had gone on down the river.

MONDAY, JUNE 16/52

Fine & windy. Played 27 holes at White Point this afternoon & then worked till dark mowing my lawns etc. Had a good hot soaking in the tub & went to bed early.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17/52. Another wet day culminating in a slam-bang thunderstorm which hovered over the town & harbor for hours. I woke this morning unrefreshed after a night's uneasy dozing & arose & dressed feeling sore in all my bones & joints as if I had been beaten with clubs. Managed to eat some breakfast but soon had to lie down, & eventually I retired to bed - diarrhea, nausea, horrible taste in the mouth. Lay there all day & all night, eating nothing, feeling cold under blankets, quilts, etc. Intestinal 'flu,' I suppose. Edith attended the Feinots' annual planked-salmon party at Greenfield tonight - a great success.

in spite of the rain. She got home at 2 a.m. Tommy's high school chums held a weenit roast at Sommerville beach. He got in at 1 a.m. Trance & I held the fort.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18/52

Last night's lightning severely damaged the steeple of the United Church & knocked the tip right off. Felt much better today, a nice warm day, & got in 18 holes of golf, although my head still aches & my stomach still feels queet.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19/52

Fine & warm. Spent most of the day at Moose Harbor cutting a knee-depth growth of rank grass on the slope before my shack. Very hard & slow, with a rusty old sickle first & then a going-over with the lawn mower. Bathed & changed, & set out for Bridgewater at 5 p.m. with Edith, who shopped for a dress for Trance to wear at the high school closing tomorrow. Had dinner at East Side Manor, & re-crossed the river & drove slowly down to Conguillio Bank to call on Capt. Lou Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy arrived by car soon after us, with their son Brian, a student at St. Mary's. The two little girls Patsy & Gabrielle are still excited to be living ashore again after the long voyage to the West Indies. The "City of New York" has had a new shaft installed & Kennedy sails in a day or two to load lumber at Weymouth for Boston. The house is a big rambling place, facing on the Lahave, built by a bygone merchant & shipowner named McKeen. Kennedy has done over much of the interior with knotty pine & every room has a collection of furniture & knick-knacks picked up everywhere from the Arctic to Trinidad. He showed us a movie film that he took in the Arctic a couple of years ago, when he took a load of aviation gasoline to some of the northern air-posts. He has an excellent collections of

guns & pistols, including a brace of frontier-type Colt .45 revolvers which have figured in some of his adventures, including his successful brush with the labor union at Sheet Harbour a year or two ago. He has three small cannon, one of which, a beautiful little bronze signalling-piece, he stole from the grounds of the British commissioner's house at Lurk's Island during the late war. His wife is a Barbados woman, of a family of Irish descent long domiciled there, & she has Kennedy's own merry & adventurous temperament. In all ways they make a striking pair. He himself is the son of a New York publisher, born at Stamford, Connecticut. From boyhood he was crazy about ships, especially windjammers, eventually he shipped before the mast in a schooner at 17 & has been indulging his hobby ever since. I suggested writing a magazine article on the Kennedys & their ship, & they were quite agreeable. Kennedy will not be home again for any length of time until September, & he is to let me know when we can get together.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20/52 Fine but windy & cool. Golf this afternoon — 97. Spent the morning with Tommy in the car — he driving, & practising backing-up, etc. Picked a dozen lady-slipper by the roadside at Port Joli hill. The high school closing ceremonies were held tonight. Address by Canon Stanley Walker of King's. Tommy won the Kiwanis medal for citizenship.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/52

The kids, getting home from the high school dance & the subsequent party at Woods' snack-bar at Summerville Beach, awakened me at 3:30 or 4 a.m. & I got up & read for an hour. The oil furnace was going, with the rheostat set at  $55^{\circ}$ , so out of curiosity I got my flashlight & looked at the outdoors thermometer. It was

42° Fahrenheit. Played golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap in cool cloudy & windy weather. My score 90, his 104. Am reading Homer's *Odyssey* for the first time in many years.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22/52 Very cool, windy, patches of sunshine but mostly grey cloud. This weather, after the long rains, seems more like October. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald. My score 199, his 110. Up to Milton in the evening for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell. Crowd of people & cars about the lower Milton bridge, watching the salmon anglers.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24/52

Still windy & cloudy weather. Edith teamed with Mary Russell & gave a lawn party for 25 or 30 people — using the Russell's garden because ours is so small. Russell & I served drinks from a small <sup>bar</sup> set up in his workshop & the ladies served a feast. The trees tossed, the sky drizzled a bit, but Maurice kept a big fire going in his outdoor fireplace & everyone was happy. One of the guests, who came with the Lester elements, was a charming Dutch girl, "Atie" Ruffee, whose husband, a Canadian veteran of the late war, first met her at the West Nova Regt's reunion at Aldershot in '49. She had come out to visit her sister, who had married Lieut. Budenski of the West Novas when the regiment was at the Hague. I presented her with a copy of the Dutch edition of *The Nymph & The Lamp*.

Letter from Stanley Salmen, of Little Brown & Co. says he is motoring up here to see me about the new book. Apparently he wants some changes made but he does not say. I wired telling him to bring Mrs. Salmen & stay with us.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25/52 Overcast & sultry. Lou Parrot drifted in from Greenfield, lonely & wanting a talk, & stayed from

noon until evening, mostly stretched out on the long chair on the lawn, where at 5:30 we had tea.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26/52 Dense fog all day. Played 18 holes on the (deserted) golf course this afternoon in 98 - the grass drenched & slowing the ball everywhere. Edith & Francie scouring the house ready for the Salmen's visit. Much ado in the British parliament over the American bombing of Korean electric power plants on the Yalu River, which supply power to Chinese industry in Manchuria & it is believed to some Soviet industry in Siberia. British Labor spokesmen, including Attlee, regard this as a dangerous provocation. In the U.S. the presidential campaign is in full cry. A bitter contest between Eisenhower and Robert Taft for the Republican nomination. General MacArthur, who had political aspirations himself not long ago, is strongly supporting Taft. A case of sour grapes — he is openly jealous of Eisenhower's greater prestige as a soldier and a man.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27/52

Stanley Salmen, head of Little, Brown & Co., my American publishers, arrived today with his wife Mary, having motored from Boston via the St. John-Digby ferry. He wants to discuss the manuscript of my new book. Says he is quite willing to publish the book as it is, but thinks it would be much improved by revising the first half, in which he thinks there is too much straight narrative & not enough incident. Also he finds I have been too lavish with material — "the bones of two novels in addition to the main one".

Salmen is a pale ~~old~~ man with pink-rimmed blue eyes & a scant growth of blond hair, 45-ish, very pleasant, looks rather like a kewpie doll in features, has a first-rate mind, speaks quickly & incisively with a Harvard accent. Mary

is a thin woman with ~~grey~~ greying brown hair, grey-green eyes, a quick sense of humor, a complete scorn of formality. She is haggard from a long illness. Our kids loved her. Lori Parrot had brought us a grilse newly caught by one of his guests at Greenfield, but Edith saved it for tomorrow & served mushroom chop suey, strawberry shortcake & coffee on the lawn for dinner. In the evening we drove out to Moose Harbor & sat there till dark. Edith had a bedroom ready for the Salmers but they declined graciously & are sleeping at the Hillcrest Hotel.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28/52

I picked up Salmen in my car at 9 a.m. & we went out to my shack at Moose Harbor & went over the whole manuscript. He had some suggestions but mostly it is up to me. In his view the story simply does not "jell" properly, & after the success of *The Nymph* & *The Lamp* the critics & the public will be expecting a well-knit book of the same workmanship. He insists it is a good book as it stands, but not good enough for the author of *The Nymph*. As I see it the two books cannot be compared, however, because in the first place *The Nymph* dealt with admirable people while *The Cheat* (a title none of us like) deals with a most unsavory rogue, and the public (& naturally the publishers) prefers the former kind. I said I refused to write pretty-pretty stuff & I had deliberately chosen this difficult theme to keep myself out of any suggestion of a rut. Salmen quickly agreed, suggested that if I felt strongly about it he would publish the book as it stands & then I could go on to something else. I could see that his wish was that I revise the present version, however. To do this means re-writing much of the book - several months'

work - & that means publication in the autumn of '53, and of course no income until then.

We returned to my house for lunch (Loui's salmon) & found Mary there. We chatted about various things. On their way up here they had stopped to chat with John Marquand & almost persuaded him to accompany them. Mary telling him it was "time for the top American author to meet the top Canadian author." They had brought with them the manuscript of a first novel by Lionel Barrymore, the movie actor, for perusal on the way. Stanley showed it to me & we agreed that it was a terrible piece of tripe. (Mary convulsed us by reading parts of it in the famous Barrymore voice & manner.) Dinner together at White Point, & we sat outside until dusk, looking over the sea. A new title for my book occurred to me. I said "What about 'Sidefall'?" The Salmens were enthusiastic. So Sidefall it shall be. I said that apparently I must improve it a lot or it would be a case of Tomfall, & Mary said Nonsense & Salmon said Oh no, not at all. I feel very depressed about it, however. We returned to our house for drinks & I said I would go over the M.S. and let Salmon know what I decided to do, & on that note we parted. They are leaving early in the morning to catch the boat at Yarmouth. I presented Mary with a copy of MacAskill's "Lure of the Sea" to remind her of Nova Scotia.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/52 Overcast & windy. Church with my family this morning. Preacher was Rev. Sidney Gilchrist, a medical missionary of the United Church in Angola, S.W. Africa. A native Nova Scotian, he left his mission during the late war to serve as medical officer of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. Slender, gaunt, almost bald, dark fanatical

eyes, deep resonant voice. Like Florence Murray, the missionary from China who made a speaking tour in Canada a year or so ~~ago~~ ago, he is deeply sincere in his concern for missions generally & his own mission in particular, but like her he is given to extravagant statements and denunciations. The old time hell-fire-&-sulphur preacher has vanished; but modern preachers of the sensational type have substituted the atomic bomb as the means of scaring people into good works. Gilchrist opened his sermon in a sepulchral voice, reciting bits from a manual drawn up by the civil defence committee at Halifax, added that the U.S. government had already ordered one million shrouds as part of its preparation for an atomic war, & so on. Later he went on to the wrongs of the black man in Africa, implied that it was every white man's fault including ours, & that if we did not share our "wealth" with the less fortunate races of the earth they would come & take it. The whole theme was, "You are going to be blown to bits tomorrow unless you reform your ways, & the best way to be good is to give money in large sums to missions like mine".

I detected the man's approach & his theatrical voice & manners, couldn't help reflecting that the chief oppressors of the black man in Africa were the Boers, led by a Christian fanatic (Malan) as sincere in his own way as Gilchrist is in his.

TUESDAY JUNE 30 1952 Began work today re-writing the first half of "Sidefall". Still feel depressed about it, & tempted to tear up the whole thing.

TUESDAY July 1 1952 Fine hot day. Golf this morning playing in a two-ball foursome for the Mersey Cup, Austin Parker & I against Maurice Russell & Jack McCleam. We won, 88 against 99. With our handicaps (21) deducted this gave

us 67 & we tied for second place. Best score of the day (net) was 63.

I played 18 holes in the afternoon, joining at various times a foursome & a threesome & playing some holes alone as I pursued my way about the course, which was crowded. Played badly, my score 99.

WEDNESDAY, JUNY 2/52 Very hot. Washed the car this morning.

Golf this afternoon - 101. At 5:30 drove to Port Joli for supper with the Stumble Inn crowd - Ross & Hubert Nickerson, Irving Bain, Larry Selden, Victor & Newman Leoby, Red Mader, Owen Shankel, Paul King, Jack McClearn, & a Mr. & Mrs.

Kellaway from Bermuda. The main dish was planked salmon, roasted by a fire of hardwood coals outdoors - a 14-lb fish. Delicious. Chatting afterwards with McClearn & Al Hutchinson till 10. While driving through the woods about a mile west of Port Merton a deer jumped into the side of my car, putting a large dent in the left front door. The deer bounced off, apparently unhurt, & by the time I got the car stopped it had jumped back into the woods.

THURSDAY, JUNY 3/52

Took my car to Bain's Garage this morning. The body-man looked at my left door & told me blandly that it would take a whole day's work. I said I had to use the car this afternoon & prepared to drive off. The mechanic then said "I think I can fix that so it won't look so bad." He removed the inside face of the door, pushed out the big dent (it sprang back into normal shape with a "poink") put on a new chrome strip, & there was the whole thing done in half an hour.

This evening Edith & Mary Russell threw another party on the Russells' lawn, 26 guests. Lovely warm night & all enjoyed themselves.

FRIDAY, JUNY 4/52 Edith & I were invited to a reception aboard the big U.S. Navy aircraft carrier "Midway" in Hfx. Today, but the 200-mile return trip in this heat seemed

too much. I stayed at home playing golf in the cool breeze at White Point.

SATURDAY, JULY 5/52

The problem of "Tidefall" still baffles me — the same basic structural problem that baffled me all last Fall & that I thought I had solved until Salmen cast his critical judgement upon it. Slept the night at Moose Harbor, very depressed.

SUNDAY, JULY 6/52 Very hot weather. Golf at White Point this morning -92. Afternoon on the lawn, reading. Tea with the Hubert Macdonalds in their cool garden above the harbor.

FRIDAY, JULY 11/52 Pouring rain all day yesterday, & drizzle & fog today, after ten days of hot weather. Played 18 holes at White Point in the fog this afternoon & had the whole course to myself. Score 87. (I got an 86 the other day, my best score yet.) Still mulling over "Tidefall" without seeing light. The gorb is stirring itself a little, at last, about the Perkins house; the front lawn is being levelled with fresh loam. Jim Reside dropped in yesterday; he is engineer on the road project at Baldonia; the stretch between Kempth & South Brookfield is being paved this summer. Today at Chicago the Republican convention nominated General Eisenhower on the ~~first~~ first ballot after a noisy & acrimonious struggle between the backers of "Ike" & Robert Taft. The Canadian dollar is now worth \$1.04 U.S. The Korean war has entered upon its third year, & there is no sign of an end. For the past ten months there has been no ground fighting except by artillery & patrols, but the air war has been active with the U.N. aircraft dominating the whole peninsula.

MONDAY, JULY 14/52

Golf yesterday & today with George

Rowlings, a Boston lawyer who is a regular summer visitor at White Point. Very hot. Evenings at Moose Harbor, where yesterday we entertained Aunt Marie Bell at a picnic tea.

TUESDAY, JULY 15/52 Golf this morning with Rowlings. Edith & I fished at Granfield with Lou Parrot & his daughter Dorothy, who is an artist living in a small Mexican village in Baja California. Terrific heat. In the afternoon we all went up ~~Bonlook~~ lake in Louis motor boat, stopped at Glodes Island, where Dorothy & I went for a swim in our underwear, lacking bathing suits! Back to Louis Lodge for tea & sat under the hemlocks until dark chatting & enjoying the breeze down the river. Dorothy is a confirmed & sincere Socialist, & as Lou is a typical American capitalist of the rabid Republican type they carefully refrain from talking politics to each other. Home at 11 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/52 Edward A. Hicks of Bridgetown, who is a timber buyer for the woodworking firm of J.H. Hicks & Son, called today to see Edith about title to land on Port Mouton Island, which he is anxious to acquire. He is a small shrewd grey man, 60-ish, with a pair of shrewd grey eyes & a ripe strawberry nose. He produced a plan of the island made in the 1830's & registered in Liverpool, which shows that at that time Snow Parker Freeman (Edith's great-grandfather) & a man named Conrad Bushen owned the whole island, each owning alternate lots in strips laid off across the width of the island. Apparently S.P. Freeman's title remains after all this time, although various squatters have come & gone in the meantime, & the only timber is on the north-east end of the island. Hicks asked if Edith, Marie & Terence (the only remaining heirs of S.P. Freeman) would be willing to sell quit-claim

deeds to the island lots. She said Yes, & he said he would call again later. (Later he phoned & said he found that the Snow P. Freeman who owned half of Pork Mountain Island was another man altogether & no relation to Edith's family.)

FRIDAY JULY 18/52

On invitation of Commodore H. F. Pullen I drove to Halifax today & addressed a graduating class of naval officer candidates on "Naval Traditions at Halifax". I spoke from the platform of the auditorium in the Educational Training School at 11 a.m. Severe heat. Afterwards lunch with the Pullens & their charming children in their quarters. Pullen had arranged a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Maritime Museum, one of his pet projects, which was started in the Dockyard <sup>IN DECEMBER 1948</sup> two years ago by Lt-Cds James Plomes, & has now been moved to new quarters in the Citadel. (The Museum's former quarters in the Dockyard have been torn down to make way for the great harbour bridge). As a member of the Board I attended this meeting with the other directors - Lt-Cds. "Rolie" Harris (ret'd.), Dr. J. H. L. Johnston of Dalhousie, Don Mackay of the Art School, Don Crowdis of the Provincial Museum, Wallace MacAskill, Blanlands (former sup't of the Dockyard workshops now ret'd), & one or two naval officers whose names escape me. Before the meeting we were invited to witness Ceremonial Divisions in the parade square involving the entire company of Stadacona, hundreds of officers & men on parade & marching past very smartly in the burning heat of the square. Pullen, a short stocky man in the new khaki summer rig, & with a telescope tucked under his arm, took the salute from a wooden stand before the flagstaff. After all this

Note: At lunch Pullyn stood to say grace before meal. It was this: "God save the Queen, and make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive."

business we had tea & chat in Pallie's quarters & departed at 5 p.m. Edith had been shopping meanwhile & we had tea together with my mother at 166 Chebucto Road. Mother's arthritis is now so bad that she doesn't want to make her usual summer visit to Liverpool, despite our urging. Drove home in the evening, bringing Jean Dunlap Conrad & her children to Liverpool for a stay with Verna.

SUNDAY, JULY 20/52 Golf this morning with Jack Debham, George Rowlings & Maurice Russell. I played badly. Drove to Lunenburg in the afternoon via Riverport, & spent the evening at Blue Rocks. { MONDAY, JULY 21/52, Farnie off for a week's camp at Plymouth }

TUESDAY, JULY 22/52 Continuous hot weather. Letter from Rod Kennedy asking me to do a piece for Author & Bookman, also asking advice re a salmon fishing holiday in N.S. Letter from C. Fred Fraser, editor of the Dalhousie Review, inclosing letters from Lorne Pierce and from Ned Pratt, the poet, regarding Fraser's idea of making the D.R. a sort of Canadian "Atlantic Monthly". Pierce was against it, Pratt was non-committal. Fraser asked my advice. I wrote him that I agreed with Pierce. The D.R. should be the cultural voice of the Maritime Provinces (which are stable & deeply rooted) at this time when the rest of English-speaking Canada is caught up in the mad rat-race of the postwar boom. D.R. should look upon the Canadian scene & say what it sees! Any attempt to make a cosmopolitan magazine of it would be to exchange substance for shadow just at a time when Canada needs calm & measured voices of its own.

Golf with George Rowlings & Bud Paul. Evening at the Jack McCleans' with the Rowlings & Seldons.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1952 Very hot. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald. Evening at Moose Harbor. Ken Jones, lawyer, phoned to tell me, as a matter of historical interest, that the Gorham block (running between Main & Church streets behind Town Hall) is about to be sold by Eastern Trust Company for the Gorham Trust, thus turning the Trust's long held block of land in the heart of the town into cash for investment. This land was part of the estate of a one-time Liverpool privateer & merchant, James Gorham & his wife Jedidiah, who left it in trust for the benefit of the town more than a century ago. Part of the Trust's income from rents has gone to help support the small Gorham school for infants at the top of Gorham Street, part towards maintenance of the town gymnasium (originally built by the Gorhams as a Temperance hall), & the rest to the Congregational (now merged with the United) Church of Canada. For many years there was a self-perpetuating board of trustees, all local men, but in recent years they turned over their responsibility to Eastern Trust Co., Halifax. The present Town Hall was built on the site of the old Gorham mansion about 1897. Apart from this, the Congregational manse, & the old Temperance Hall, the whole block has remained empty of buildings for more than 100 years.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1952 Hot. Drove to Greenfield at noon & joined a party at Lou Parrot's lodge comprising the John Hickories, Mrs. Laura Breed, Mrs. Beebe & her daughter Nancy & son Junior. (Young Beebe sailed to Port Medway from Bermuda recently in his 30-foot yacht with four companions & made his landfall at Western Head - first-rate navigation.) As usual the Hickories were very late, & at one o'clock we all

set forth by car & motorboat for Lou's picnic spot on Big Glade Island. Lunch was at 2 p.m., the main dish lobsters (from the pound at Digby) boiled & served in the shell. Bathing afterwards in the lake. I explored about a mile of the island shore in search of Indian relics, found none. Noticed quantities of shells of large fresh-water clams, the average 4 inches long, strewn along the shore for the whole distance.

FRIDAY, July 25/52 Hot. Dinner with Edith at White Point, as guests of the George Rowlings.

SATURDAY, JULY 26/52 Hot. Party at the Lavers' tonight.

Charles Copelin (Marine Supt., Mercury Paper Co.) tells me that the German and Japanese merchant fleets have been re-building rapidly, & are now competing so strongly for ocean freight that British firms have begun to lay-up ships. Charters at good rates are increasingly difficult to obtain, and a shipping slump is in progress all over the world.

The ramble roses in our garden are now at their best - the best they have ever been.

SUNDAY, July 27/52 Hot. Golf this morning with Jack McClearn, Maurice Russell & Charles Holroyd.

I played badly, as I always do in a three-some or four-some; I am temperamentally unable to play well where I must walk slowly & then be eternally waiting for one careful soul after another to finish wagging and hit the ball and be off. I have grown used to playing alone & cannot enjoy this kind of thing even when regarded as a social affair. Today the course was cluttered with players from White Point Lodge, some good, most of them duffers, & all idling along like a funeral procession.

I let Tommy take the car to Carlton, Yarmouth County, to bring Francie & Lynn Feldon home from the "G" camp. Paul Chandler & Jimmie Smith went with

him & they made a day of it, getting home at 10:30 p.m.  
Edith & I spent the afternoon & evening on our  
lawn very lazily & peacefully.

MONDAY, July 28/52 Heavy thunderstorm last night.  
I played golf with Harvey Crowell & an American  
named Bartlett from Montclair, N.J. this morning.  
Rain & drizzle all afternoon. Got the trunk lock on  
the car repaired. Frank Willis of C.B.C. phoned  
from Hfx, wants to discuss something with me,  
nature not stated, & to bring along Joseph Schull.  
I told him to come Thursday afternoon & have a  
meal with us, & bring Schull. A tall handsome  
man, 50-ish, named O'Heir (pronounced as O'Hare)  
from Montreal dropped in to see me. Has read my  
work since Blackwood days. Knows Brigadier White,  
who saved my father's life near Vimy in '17. Made  
me promise to call him or White at the University  
Club the next time I'm in Montreal.

TUESDAY, July 29/52 Bill Slater & his wife Gladys  
arrived this evening to spend a day or two with us.  
He plans to quit his job with a Toronto printing firm  
& try his luck at fiction writing as a career. He  
has been doing short stories for American pulp magazines  
in his spare time. The trouble with Bill is that he  
is blessed or cursed with a too-active imagination that  
assumes the reader (or listener) to be utterly credulous.  
He sat up till 1 a.m. talking incessantly & tirelessly  
about himself & his career in the Navy & elsewhere,  
& the longer he talked the more fantastic the tales  
became. Eventually the tales and the constant "I-I-  
I" became at once ludicrous & monotonous. Bill  
is a tall blond Scot with bright blue eyes, a long face,  
a long sharp nose and a deceptively small mouth.

He talks with constant gestures of his hands, lifting a long forefinger to emphasize a point in a manner that reminds me of Joe Connolly. His wife is a tall & pretty Scots girl who sits silent & I think dismayed as Bill rattles on & on.

WEDNESDAY, July 30/52 Took Bill for a drive about the town & Milton & Weston Head this morning, showing them the various points of interest. After lunch Bill got the conversational bit between his teeth again & galloped away all afternoon — Munchausen with a Glasgow accent. He went to White Point for dinner & sat until dark on benches upon the lawn looking out on the lawn & listening to Bill.

THURSDAY, July 31/52 Bill & Gladys left for Gx after lunch & shortly afterwards Frank Willis & his wife, and Joseph Schull & his sister, a charming blonde woman, 35-ish, arrived by car from Hubbards, where they are holidaying. Schull is the author of "The Far Distant Ships", the semi-official history of the Canadian Navy during the late war. He is a script-writer for C.B.C. & is now engaged in collecting material for a series of radio talks or shows to depict Canada's sea story from the beginning to the present day — an ambitious project. A nice chap, 40-ish, thin, grey eyes, scant hair, quick & intelligent. Willis was in contrast, very dark, a tall mass of wiry hair, greying black, a moustache of the same type, intense black eyes, big nose, pushed-out lips, pockmarked cheeks, sallow, 50-ish. The familiar radio voice, famous in Canada, deep, resonant, rolling out his phrases. He had an ax to grind. Wants me to prepare a play or pageant for the Lunenburg bi-centennial.

Will Bird told me in '53 that the Lunenburg committee had approached him, apparently after my conversation with Potter, and he had told them he would do the job for one thousand dollars & not a cent less.



celebrations next year. Pitt Potter of Lunenburg asked me to do this last winter but I refused, being engrossed in my novel, & suggested that he get Will Bird. Apparently Bird's price was too high, so the Lunenburgers pulled their powerful political wire Hon. Bob Winters, and got the C.B.C. into the act. Willis was sent down, & found the Lunenburgers coolly proposing that the C.B.C. write, stage & broadcast the play - all at C.B.C. expense. This would involve C.B.C. with other towns & villages across Canada all wanting the same thing for local celebrations & Willis shudders at the thought. So now he passed the buck right back to me, urging me to write the play for whatever fee the Lunenburg committee chooses to pay. He is willing to direct the staging of it (Lunenburg to pay for all costumes etc) & C.B.C. will broadcast it. This means writing a play that will look & sound well to a physical audience as well as to the radio listeners - a formidable task in itself. Then there will be all the nuisance of letters & phone calls & visits to & from Lunenburg during the rehearsal period, & getting involved in all the bickering that goes on with large amateur casts. I told Willis what I had told Potter. He made me promise to consider it when I finish my novel near January or February & we left it there. I took them all out to White Point for dinner & we returned to our house for a final glass & chat before they returned to ~~Nuttfield~~.

FRIDAY, AUG 1/52 Hot & overcast. The Sclaters returned from Hfx. at 1 p.m., had lunch with us, & went on to Digby via Yarmouth. They leave Digby for Toronto tomorrow.

I played 16 holes at White Point, alone, this afternoon. Have been suffering from lumbago these past few days.

SUNDAY, AUG. 3, 1952

Heavy rain last night, very hot today. Took Aunt Marie Bell & Marie Freeman to Moose Harbor this afternoon for a picnic. Tommy & Francie went off with the car to Summerville returning to pick us up at dusk. Ralph Johnson, chief forester of Moxey Papers Co. came in this evening, invited me to accompany him on a timber-cruise for several days in the region between St. Margaret's Bay and St. Croix on the Fundy side. Moxey has some very good timber in there, chiefly about Pockwood Lake, & I'd like to see it, & to see something of the latest cruising methods, so I accepted gladly.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/52

Anniversary of War One, which ended the peaceful time in which I was born, & has left us no peace since. The significance of the date went unnoticed in our newspapers, obsessed as they are by the threat of War Three. People are seeing "flying saucers" again in great numbers, mostly in the U.S. Some have even been "photographed" — like the "fairies" poor old Conan Doyle used to photograph (with the aid of mediums) in his garden when he was in his dotage. Many people firmly believe the "saucers" to be some new Russian invention of the controlled-missile sort, some believe them to be an American invention which the U.S.A.F. is keeping secret, & others believe they are "space-ships" manned or controlled by people from Mars & other planets.

I spent the morning working about the grounds, mowing, clipping, cleaning up — Tommy's job really, but for the past month he has been working several hours a day for Smith, the florist, driving the delivery van, etc. Played 18 holes at White Point in p.m. Tea with the Johnsons with the Gwendolyn White and the Johnsons' guest Vivian Fowles.

TUESDAY, AUG. 5, 1952

The dry heat of July has given way to a succession of humid overcast days with occasional sunshine or heavy showers, & thunder grumbling to the seaward. Golf with Austin Parkes this afternoon. Attended a big party at Mersey Lodge up-river, given by the B. J. Waters. The Hubert Macdonalds picked us up in their car. Lovely night by the river, drinks served in the summer-house & on the verandah, then buffet dinner served by the gentlemen — the piece de resistance being roast venison, deep-frozen since last autumn. Lively crowd, 75 or 80, including many American visitors — I had a long chat with Mrs. MacDill, who summers at Mill Village, & is charming and intelligent.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6/52 Again oppressively humid. Rex Wilson called this morning. He is the young teacher from Augustana College, Illinois, who introduced himself to me two or three summers ago & later had the cheek to write asking me to recommend him to the Royal Society of Canada as a worthy recipient of a grant of their money for the purpose of a linguistic survey of Queens & Lunenburg counties. His grandparents came from these parts & he wants to make this survey in comparative philology for his doctor's thesis. He is thin, pale, 30-ish, small dark eyes with a peculiar cast, very brash & self-confident, a know-it-all type. Today he coolly informed me that the local bank would not cash a cheque of his, & asked me to endorse a blank cheque (which he produced) which he could fill in later. I refused, & he made small talk for a minute or two & then left.

Cocktail party at the Mc Dills this evening.

Her two daughters there with their husbands - tall goodlooking crew-cut Americans.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7/52 Overcast & humid, with showers in the morning. A big party this evening, given by Mrs. Beebe at the old Milliken summer place on the island at Mill Village, where nearly 30 years ago I enjoyed the hospitality of her parents. The old barn has been repaired & fitted with a new softwood floor (polished for dancing), & with a rustic bar in one corner. Junior Beebe & Dick Spindler (husband of young Nancy Beebe) served as bar-tenders. On a long table a buffet supper was set forth, including an enormous bowl of delicious goulash. The McSill family there, & the Parrots, the Jim Donlys, the Waters, Lockwards, Mowbray Jones, Seabomes, Horne, Joyces, Ken Jones, many others. Home at half past midnight.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9/52

My father was killed at Amiens 34 years ago today. Rain all day & a bleak east wind which compelled us to close windows that have stood open & untoyed for many weeks, & in the evening I lit a fire in the livingroom fireplace. An American named Leonard Snow called this evening with a book for my autograph - a radio "ham" of many years' experience, he listened as a boy to some of ~~the~~ our old radio-telegraph stations on this coast & once visited the North Sydney station (VCO) when Moffatt, my old O.S.B., was still there.

Letter from Sandy Morawat, Secretary of Senate, Dalhousie University. The Senate wants to set up a panel of judges for the Dennis Prize (prose & poetry), asks me to serve as chairman for 3 years. I wrote my consent.

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1952 Rain, clearing in afternoon. I went to church this morning — Trinity. To my low church memory it seems that Rev. John Davies has introduced even more High Church ritual than the departed "Father John" Wilson. With Edith I drove this afternoon to Shelburne & had a look at the old Thompson building, which the provincial govt. (against the advice of its Historic Sites & Monuments Board) has taken over for repair & maintenance. This (as Will Bird reported to our Board a year or more ago) a great ugly & decrepit barn — two buildings joined in an unhappy marriage, one for use as a warehouse apparently, with a door opening on Charlotte Lane. It is hemmed in by other buildings & what you can see of it is an eyesore.

Stopped at Ragged Island Inn, Allendale, for dinner — fruit cup, turkey pie, fresh peas & salad, hot biscuits, fresh raspberries & cream, chocolate cake & coffee — all for \$1.25 each. Miss Arnold greeted us like old friends, & introduced us to a Dr. & Mrs. Mackay of Halifax who are guests there. Home at 8.30 p.m. (On the way to Shelburne, we paid a call on Jack & Shirley Chaplin at their Carter's Beach cottage.)

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13/52 Pouring rain all morning, then humid & oppressive weather, always overcast, & the air seemingly devoid of oxygen. Wile, the oculist, tested my eyes this morning & recommended stronger lenses for "long view" sight — I had begun to find it difficult to recognise people at much of a distance. It is 2½ years since I last had my glasses changed.

Frank & Gladys Willis, Joseph Schull, & MacMillan, a C.B.C. recording expert, arrived in town this morning &

are staying at the Hillcrest. I took them over to Bristol for a chat with old Will Smith, & he agreed to let them record his voice, talking about old sea days, when they return this way later in the week. Edith & I had dinner at Hillcrest with the C.B.C. party & afterwards they recorded Edith's voice saying one or two things about her privateering Godfrey & Freeman ancestors. For our entertainment they let us hear a recording of old Captain Publicover of Lachine describing a rescue at sea 40 years ago — with all the old sailor's sniffs, tremendous coughs & throat-clearings, smacking of lips, a constantly repeated "See?", and his little side-remarks — all very true to life, although these accessory sounds & remarks will be cut out of the tape before broadcasting. On my recommendation the group goes on to Cape Sable tomorrow for a trip to Seal Island with Dewey Nickerson.

Visitors to our house today included a Mr. McKenzie, an elderly lawyer of Toronto, born in Peterborough County, and Lou Parrot, who wants us to spend this weekend with him at Greenfield.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14/52 A clear dry-hot day, after many days & nights of unbearably humid weather. Spent this afternoon with Macdonald, Russell & Charlie Williams. I had low score, 93. Lawn party at Ross Nickerson's tonight — planked salmon the main dish. About 35 people there, plenty of talk & fun.

FRIDAY, AUG 15/52 Fine & hot. Willis & Schull are back from their expedition to Seal Island with an excellent recording of Mrs. Hamilton talking about her island & its story. They brought back also recorded greetings from Mrs. Hamilton and Dewey Nickerson to me, both asking when I'm coming back again. This morning I went with W. & V. to Will Smith's house & they recorded the old seaman

talking about his first trip to sea, & about the voyage of the barquentine James H. Hamlen, on which Capt. Frank Annis and Mate Zenas Smith (brother to Will) died of yellow fever, & young Edith Annis proved a heroine.

Golf at White Point this afternoon with Schull & Willis. Willis (who is golf champion of the C.B.C.) turned in an 83. He is left-handed, slices every drive towards the left, but allows for the slice. With his slow resonant voice, sallow face, somewhat pockmarked cheeks, large & gleaming black eyes, protruding mouth, grey-black moustache neatly trimmed, he seems somehow an exotic creature anywhere; & this afternoon in grey trousers & white T-shirt, with a brown beret drawn carefully & smartly over his mass of curly grey-black hair, he drew the puzzled attention of every player on the course. My score was 95, & Schull's (he was playing badly off his game) was something over 100. Drinks at my house, & then they left for Halifax.

SUNDAY Aug 17, 1952      Golf at White Point this morning with Hubert Macdonald, Maurice Russell & Dr. John Wickwire. After lunch Helen Brighton phoned from Hfx., saying Youssef Karsh, the famous Ottawa photographer, was anxious to get some pictures of me with a background of the Lunenburg waterfront, (where there are schooners, etc, tied up at the wharves - not just a few motorboats as at Liverpool.) Would I meet him in Lunenburg at 4 p.m.? I agreed, & drove there this afternoon. Helen & Madame Karsh met me outside the Blue nose Inn our rendezvous, & we went down to the waterfront & found Karsh and Ian Slander (of Maclean's Magazine) busy setting up photographic equipment on one of the wharves, with Dr. Hewitt of Lunenburg acting as guide, philosopher & friend. Karsh is an Armenian, about

45, domiciled in Canada for several years. His photograph of Winston Churchill in his great "bulldog English" pose made him world famous, & he has since photographed the royal family & various other prominent people about the world & now commands a fat price for his services. I gathered that Maclean's Magazine has engaged him to take pictures in the Maritimes, to be printed with text by Selanders. Karsh is a small lively man very dark, with a rabbit chin & an odd narrow skull that forms a straight line with the back of his neck & slopes forward in a round curve, completely bald, with long wild hanks of curly black hair protruding from patches above the ears & at the back. He reminded me of a restless, curious & friendly poodle. He speaks English with an accent that may be Armenian but which sounded to me exactly like his wife's. She is a Frenchwoman, a native of ~~Toronto~~<sup>Torays</sup>, 45-ish, short, grey eyes, frizzy blonde hair, wobbly intelligent shrewd — the business side of their partnership I should say.

It was poor picture weather — overcast & finally raining hard, & it was late in the day. I wore a pair of thin grey trousers & a wine-colored shirt open at the throat. I had brought along a tie & jacket but Karsh took me just the way I was. He posed me leaning against a wharf bollard in various attitudes of relaxed contentment, engaging me in banter — once asking me to look "melancholic" — however one does that. This went on for more than an hour, in which he took about a dozen pictures, while Madame stalked seagulls at the wharf's end, & Selanders lost the flash-bulb stand overboard & rescued it by the wire, & Helen took pictures of Karsh taking pictures of me. All this before an interested little crowd of sightseers. Afterwards Hewitt took us to his home for drinks.

an old high-ceilinged wooden house just above the shipyard. Over a glass of Scotch Karsh said he was dissatisfied with the pictures & asked me if I could possibly come to Hfx on Monday or Tuesday, as he wished to photograph me on the Citadel. Finally I agreed to come, provided of course that the weather is fine enough for picture-taking.

They went on to have dinner with Ralph Bell at Murder Point before returning to Hfx, & I had dinner at Boscombe Manor & drove home.

TUESDAY, AUG 19/52 Today dawned fine & clear so I phoned Karsh at the Nova Scotian hotel in Hfx at 8:30 a.m. ("please phone me any time after 7") & he said Come, please. Edith, Tommy & Frances all wanted to have a look at the famous Karsh so they came along. Karsh had asked me to lunch with him & Madame, so my family lunched elsewhere & waited in the foyer afterwards.

Unfortunately for them Karsh decided to get the pictures right away, before lunch, while the sun was strong, so he & Madame & I drove up on Citadel Hill in a car that the Navy had placed at his disposal, & for an hour the little man hustled about taking photographs of me with the old clock tower & harbor in the background.

Then back to the hotel where we had drinks in Ian Slander's room (Madame poured half a tumbler of whiskey for herself which she took with a chunk of ice & a little water, & then had half a bottle of white wine with her lunch.) Lunch was a hasty affair, as the Navy was to take Karsh about the harbor in the afternoon, & we parted immediately afterwards — Karsh saying he wanted to do a studio portrait of me next time I'm in Ottawa, & Madame blowing me a kiss. I had time to introduce Edith & the kids to Karsh on the hotel steps. We dropped in to see Mother, shopped at Simpson's, picked up some seeds (for Tommy's employer) at a store on

Granville Street — where I was unable to find a place to park & had to keep driving 'round & 'round the block — then drove home via Lunenburg where we all had dinner at Boscombe Manor.

Reached Liverpool just in time to see the crowd streaming away from the ball field. The Liverpool "Parrupers" had been defeated 11-0 by Stellarton. They were licked by the lowly Kentville team with a similar one-sided score a few days ago — a sad end to brilliant hopes. Before the late war, when the so-called "H & D League" (Halifax & District) was truly amateur, the Liverpool team won & held the championship of Nova Scotia (and of the Maritime Provinces) for several years. After 1945 the Halifax & Dartmouth teams began importing American players (having the pick of the U. S. college teams during the vacation season), & Kentville, Middleton, Lunenburg, Stellarton followed suit. Liverpool was the last town to do this, but in clinging to local players it dropped to the foot of the league & stayed there. This year Liverpool made some sort of private arrangement with Boston Red Sox under which promising college players were "farmed" up here — Liverpool paying the salaries & all expenses of course. The young men who came were mostly from Holy Cross College, with one or two Southerners, & the "Parrupers" soon climbed to the top — all season they have been running neck-&-neck with Lunenburg for first place. However they cracked-up at the last in a humiliating fashion — beaten soundly by ~~one~~ of the poorest teams in the league. The result of all this has been profitable in a money sense — the local ball park has been jammed for every game. But amateur baseball has finished, a bad thing for our own youth.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 20, 1952

Lovely day. Golf this afternoon, score 94. Edith came along. Letter from the National Library For The Blind, London, England, asking permission to transcribe into Braille my novel The Nymph & The Lamp. I wrote permission gladly. They now have two of my books - having transcribed His Majesty's Yankees some years ago. Spent the evening at Moose Harbor.

FRIDAY, AUG 21/52 Heavy rain caught me on the golf course this afternoon & sent me back to town drenched.

Edith, Marie & Lorraine got a windfall this afternoon, the sum of \$1500 merely for signing a quit-claim deed to a piece of timberland in the backwoods of Dalhousie, Anna. Co. One Hicks, a shrewd old man with blue eyes spectacles & a strawberry nose, who buys timber lots for a woodworking factory at Bridgetown, had acquired a two-thirds interest in this piece. The other third originally belonged to Snow Parker Freeman a century ago & there had been no clear title to it since. (This was Edith's great-great-grandfather, not the other man of that name who once owned half of Port Mouton Island. See my entry July 17th.) His original offer was \$750 (i.e.

\*\$250 apiece to the three surviving heirs) Marie consulted the foresters of Mersey Paper Co., who examined air photos of the land in that area, found it well forested, & advised her to ask for \$1500. Hicks & his wife came to my house this afternoon to confer with Edith, Marie & Lorraine, & when Marie mentioned \$1500 he agreed at once, produced the quit claim deed for them to sign, & handed over a cheque for \$500 and \$1,000 in cash. He left with the pleased air of a man who has made a very good bargain, & the three heirs were just as jubilant.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23, 1952

An open-&-shut day with a cool NW wind. Golf this morning - the course crowded with leisurely players from White Point Lodge. Drove to Greenfield this afternoon with Edith to spend the rest of the day with the Parrots. Found daughter Dorothy busy making miniature live gardens (in tweens & other kitchenware) of various lichens, fungi & plants, of various bright colors & artistically arranged. Lou took us half a mile up the river bank to show us a newly roofed beaver house. (When he stamped on the top of it we could hear the beavers gnashing their teeth inside).

Tried my hand at trap-shooting (& was very successful) with Lou's automatic shotgun, and with Ray Robart hurling clay pigeons into the air from a patent hand-catapult affair. Supper in the big room of the lodge & then at evening at bridge. The hour grew late & Lou persuaded us to stay the night.

SUNDAY, AUG. 24, 1952 Another open-&-shut day with air like Fall.

After a good sleep in Parrots comfortable guest-room we had a leisurely breakfast, a final chat & left for home. This afternoon I drove to Mill Village to return a book of Jim Donley's & to lend him my copy of Saoley Mowats "People of The Deer." With Edith called on Aunt Marie Bell this evening.

MONDAY, AUG. 25, 1952 Squadron-Leader Emmet, of Greenwood air station, with his tall & charming blonde wife & four small daughters, called to see me this morning. They had been spending a vacation at Lockport & Emmet had grown a black & curly beard. He is very keen to have me visit the station, & declared if I would only come that the station would "give me the works" including a flight in one of the planes. I promised I would, next month. Golf this afternoon with Macdonald & Russell, my score the lowest - 94. Movies tonight with Edith - our first visit to the "flickers" in many

months. Bill Slater has sent me a German naval radio key, taken from a German coastal transport craft off Les Sables D'Olonne in 1944 by the Canadian destroyer "Haida", in which Bill was then serving. It is a well made thing, far superior to the W.H.T. keys of my day in size, weight & design — what a boon to have had such a thing in those hammering watches at Sable Island!

TUESDAY, AUG. 26/52 Hot. Golf this afternoon with Edith — 90. Evening at Moose Harbor, lovely & cool. Today a British jet aircraft flew from Northern Ireland to Gander, Nfld., and back again — the flying time just 1 minute under 8 hours. This is the first time the return passage has been made in a single day. Average speed over 600 miles per hour.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27/52 This morning, for the first time since I put the novel aside in despair & disgust in mid-July, I got out the typescript of "Sidefall" and read it through, feeling that I can now approach it dispassionately. Golf this p.m. with Macdonald, Parker, Russell & Charlie Williams. My score 98. Picnic tea at Moose Harbor with Edith & sister May, and Dick & Elsie Hansen. Remained there till dark, enjoying the cool sea air after one of the hottest days of the summer.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28/52 Burning hot. Golf this afternoon with Russell & Williams, my score 92. Moose Harbor this evening, enjoying the cool sea air until after dark, when the half-moon was shining over the cabin.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29/52 T.B. McCurdy died in the Halifax Infirmary early today at the age of 77. Few will weep. For half a century he has been Nova Scotia's most powerful financier. He made a fortune while still a young man in

various stock-promotion schemes, including such things as the once-notorious combination of small brick kilns & tile manufacturers which he puffed & watered & sold as the Nova Scotia Clay Works. In later years, with his fortune well established, & with his entry into the federal cabinet during War One, he dealt in more orthodox schemes, but he was always cold, grasping & mean. For the past 20 years, while maintaining his own family in luxury, and in several homes (2 summer homes in Chester - one on the mainland, the other on an island - & the hunting lodge "Pinelhurst" in South Brookfield, Queens Co., not to mention the mansions, in Hfx) he has moved about the Hfx streets dressed shabbily & untidily, a figure of contempt in the eyes of all people. A sort of 20th century Cross Collins, he lived for some years in Collins' old home, "Gorsebrook". I remember Mrs. McCurdy coming to our modest home on Chebucto Road in August 1915, when my father was convalescing from wounds received at Ypres, & carrying Dad off to address the crowd at a "tombola" she was holding at Gorsebrook in aid of the Red Cross, much to my mother's disgust. Dad took me with him in the big car with the chauffeur & Mrs. M. - the only time I ever have set foot in Gorsebrook & the first time I had ever ridden in a car.

When I came to Queens County in 1923 people were still talking about McCurdy's election for the constituency of Queens-Shelburne in 1911, when he literally bought the seat by bribing the voters with cash in hand - through his agents, of course. It is said to have cost him (or more likely the Conservative party) \$100,000. Amongst other things he bought two county weeklies outright. The "Caledonia Gold Hunter" is now defunct, but I understand he retained his ownership of the "Shelburne Coastguard" to this day.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1952

Letter from the Income Tax people quibbling over my 1951 return, i.e. car expenses, cash advanced me against 1952 royalties (which they consider to be 1951 income), and my claim for losses sustained in publishing the West N.S. Reg't history.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/52 Lovely sunny cool weather. Golf this a.m. with M. Harding & Bob MacLean. Nine holes this afternoon with Moy Gray Jones. Then on to Summerville with Edith, picked up my sister Hilda & husband Herbert Gamester who are staying a few days there, & had supper with Harry Sellenk at their cottage by Broad River. Called to see Aunt Mari Bell in Milton in the evening.

MONDAY, SEP. 1/52

Fine & warm. No Labor Day parade glo. this year, for the first time in ~~20~~ years. I think the unions feel so strong nowadays that they no longer need to demonstrate their solidarity with Labor Day parades. Golf this afternoon, played very badly. Tea, alone, at Moose Harbor. Party at the Ralph Johnson's this evening to honor the 25th wedding anniversary of Hector & Marion Dunlap. Very pleasant. Many there.

TUESDAY, SEP. 2/52

Louis Ottenberg, lawyer, Washington called this morning with his wife & a Mrs. Reuter. Had read "H.M.Y." & is keenly interested in British-American history. Tommy came in from a week-end camping trip at Summerville Beach with Jack Dunlap & Paul Chandler. Tracie finished 3 weeks tutoring in mathematics by Mrs. Armstrong, a former teacher.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3, 1952 Overcast & humid. School opened today & Francie took the supplementary exam. in math. for which she has been studying. Golf this afternoon at White Point with Tommy Walket, played 27 holes, my scores 47+44+43.

Working on the novel again, morning & evening.

THURSDAY, SEP. 4/52 Up at 5:30 a.m., breakfasted, & was at my desk by ~~the~~ 6:15; just grey daylight, with a full moon sitting on the ridge-pole of my garage & about to set. Golf in the early half of the afternoon, a bright windy day. Mr. & Mrs. Ottenberg came in at 4 & I drove my car about the town & Milton telling them a little of the story of the place. While they were at my house I had a welcome & unexpected visitor, J. G. E. Champion, who was a wireless operator with me on the old Campobourne station in 1922. He had his wife with him, & told me tales of men & places I had known 30 years ago. He is now in charge of the Charlottetown airport radio. He had his wife with him. They had lived on Sable Island shortly after my time there, & had a son born there who was later killed while serving with the R.C.A.F. in the late war.

Dinner at White Point with the Ottenbergs & later sat with a Mr. Carl Richardson of Boston listening to Ottenberg's long prosy dissertations on U. S. law, the history of the constitution, etc.. He likes to talk & also he does

FRIDAY, SEP. 5/52

Raged with insomnia the past several nights. Last night, in spite of a long & busy day, I could not sleep at all. By 3 a.m. I could lie in bed no longer, got up, read in my study till 5, & then, famished for sleep, I got the rum bottle & drank myself into a stupor from which I did not waken until 11.

I paid for this much sleep with a blinding headache all day. Golf this afternoon with Edith, my score 90.

This evening, redeeming a promise to Mowbray Jones, I addressed a convention of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association at a dinner at White Point. Subject, Nova Scotia humor.

About 80 men present, & a number of other guests at White Point who asked permission to hear the address & see the entertainment that came after — three young women from Hfa who sang (one had a lovely contralto) & danced. Home at 11 p.m. Lovely moonlit night.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/52 Golf this afternoon, few people out, & those mostly local. My score 86 the best in a long time. Moose Harbor this evening. The CBC opened its first television station today in Montreal. Toronto opens in a few days. Hfa may get one next year.

SUNDAY, SEP. 7/52 Overcast, a northerly gale blowing in strong gusts — the fringe of a hurricane (the first of the season) passing well out to sea. Indoors writing all morning. This afternoon Edith & Marie, Aunt Marie Bell & I went to Moose Harbor, where we had our tea comfortably indoors, with the stove going, & watching the surf through the big plate-glass window.

MONDAY, SEP. 8/52 Sunny & cool. Writing all morning. Golf this afternoon with Edith, score 89. Brend Smith came in this evening with Arthur Walton, one of his comrades in N<sup>o</sup> 1 Casualty Clearing Station in War One, whom I met at the units reunion here in '33 or '34, also Walton's son, a <sup>new</sup> supply officer at Cornwallis.

TUESDAY, SEP. 9/52 Fine & warm. Set off at 8 a.m. in my car with Ralph Johnson to have a look at one of the Murray Paper Co.'s finest timber holdings, on the long lake which forms most of the St. Croix River. We turned off the main shore highway just east of the railway crossing at East River, Lin. Co., & entered the new motor-truck road which M.P.C. has constructed into its East River timberland. About

half a mile inside we came to a gate, guarded by a watchman, to keep the public out. Here we transferred our gear (but forgot my little folding cot) into a truck driven by Raeburn Dauphine, the M.P.C. ranger for this region. Drove 9 miles to a point near Northwest Lake, then hit the trail & portaged all the stuff over a mile-long "carry", mostly uphill, to a small bay in the long St. Croix lake where Dauphine keeps a boat & outboard motor. Fine trip up the lake, steep wooded ridges on either hand, curiously contrasted, the west side mostly cut-over land & now covered with scrub hardwood, the east side (where the M.P.C. block lies) a solid mass of tall straight spruce & hemlock. Reached Blind Lake, a long bay running off the main St. Croix lake, about 3 p.m., & spent the rest of the afternoon pitching out tent, collecting firewood, building a fireplace, rigging a cooking-pole & wooden trammels, etc. Got fresh water by boat from Shady Brook, nearby. This is all a rugged country of steep ridges littered with granite boulders & densely covered with forest & it is rare to find a space level enough & clear of trees & rocks on which to pitch a tent. Spent the evening trolling for trout in the main lake without success. Dauphine offered me his cot but I refused, & made myself a bed of brush & a bale of hay left behind by a woods crew camping on this spot last summer. Slept well. About 10 p.m., our position halfway ~~was~~ across this narrow portion of the Nova Scotian peninsula was made manifest by reflected light on the clouds & two searchlights playing about the sky from the south, where the Lunenburg Exhibition opened today, & the cloud-reflected glow of Windsor to the northwest.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 10/52 A heavy fall of rain in the night but today was fine, though overcast. We spent the morning cruising the M.P. timber from Blind Lake right across to the lower end of St. Margaret's Bay Lake, & back, zig-zagging to

check the tree growth & watching for signs of "die-back"—  
i.e. trees that have passed maturity & have begun to die at the  
top. The hemlock seemed all right but we found a number  
of big spruce dying & some blown down. In the after-  
noon we followed the artificial canal, dug through the  
granite ridges for  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, which now diverts St. Margar-  
ets Bay Lake & certain other waters from the Ingram  
River to the St. Croix. It was cut through by the  
Avon River Power Co. in 1940-41 to add to their water  
supply in the St. Croix system. Here Ralph & Dauphine  
checked & measured stumps of trees cut on M.P. land by the  
Avon people for a recent repair job on the canal-control  
dam. Very hot in the woods. Tonight I had an  
attack of insomnia, gave up trying to sleep about 3 a.m.,  
dressed & went outside the tent, spent the next 1½ hours  
studying the stars & a bright half-moon, & listening to the  
loons calling in Blind Lake & in the main St. Croix  
Lake beyond. Crawled back into bed at 4:30 & slept  
till 6 a.m.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11/52 Up with the others at 6 a.m. Cold,  
with a heavy mist on the lake. After breakfast set out  
in the boat through the mist for the upper end of St. Croix  
lake. After a time the sun burned off the mist & it turned  
out to be a calm & very hot day. The lake ran on & on  
for miles like an endless trough between steep wooded  
ridges. Noticed many fishing & hunting camps belonging to  
St. Croix & Windsor folk, all closed & empty just now,  
of course. The big St. Croix dam (built 1936-38) has  
flooded several feet of the original shore & created an unsightly  
mess of flouage. Reached the big dam at 10:30, & had  
a chat with Whiting, the man in charge, who showed us over  
the thing — the dam is hollow, with great dark echoing caverns  
beneath the cat-walk, very eerie. Surprised to find only

one turbo-generator, & that not as big as those in the main Mersey hydro-electric plants. Swedish make. The head here is 92 feet (the dam top is 273 feet above sea level). There is another dam a mile lower down, beside the Hfs-Windsor highway. Whiting was astonished when we told him we had portaged from the south shore to the St. Croix; the presence of the new Mersey truck road is unknown to most of the St. Croix folk. Noticed many motorboats of all kinds moored above the dam or hauled up high & dry (& spoiling in the sun!) — the foreshore just above the dam resembled a yacht club's frontage. Back to our camp at Blind Lake by noon. A hasty dinner, struck camp, & headed south for home. Reached the southern end of the St. Croix lake at 4:30. The portage over to the Mersey road was hot & thirsty work. Drove in the truck to Lumber Lake, where Ralph & Dauphinee wanted to examine some of the old-growth spruce. Many trees here had been "spotted" with dabs of yellow paint for selective cutting — trees mature & beginning to "die back" or trees with defects of some kind — in all about 30% of the total stand. Said Goodbye to Dauphinee at the M.P. gate — he lives at Hubbards — & drove home. Got home about 7:15 found Edith out, & got my own supper. Francie tells me Aunt Marie Bell suffered a stroke last night.

FRIDAY, SEP 12/52 Slept poorly again last night. Up at 7 a.m. to take Edith to Milton, where she & Vern Dunlap packed Aunt Marie Bell off to hospital, or rather to Mrs. Fakie's nursing home just above the hospital. Lou Parrot came to supper bringing his dog "Candy". After supper Brent Smith came in & we played bridge till midnight.

SATURDAY, SEP 13/52 Rain. This afternoon I drove to Allendale with Marie Freeman, who is to spend a week there at Ragged Island Inn. Edith came along, & Gladys Macdonald, whose 11th wedding anniversary is today. Mac is away in Washington, so

our little party lacked a husband. However I took along a bottle of Scotch & we had drinks in the ~~the~~ parlor, along with an American couple named Merrill who were sipping sherry. There were no other guests except a pair of elderly women & a pair of elderly men, all of whom smiled upon us benignly. We had a very good dinner & left the cosy shelter & good company of the inn reluctantly for the rainy drive of 40 miles back to Liverpool, where we had an engagement at the Wilsons'. Bill & Sally greeted us there & we went inside & met Sally's parents, the Alexanders, a pleasant & intelligent couple from Connecticut. Chatted till 11 pm, then home & to bed.

SUNDAY, SEP. 14/52 Fine & cool - the first Fall day. United Church this morning with my family - our first attendance since the end of July, when the Rev Macdonald went on his summer vacation & the U.C. & Baptist congregations met together under the Baptist minister Hill - a noisy self-seeking back-slapping type whom I despise.

Golf this afternoon but I quit after 9 holes - my game bad & the course crowded with ladies & beginners, making progress about the course a sort of funeral procession. We called on Aunt Marie Bell at the Taube nursing home. The stroke has partly paralyzed her right side, although she can move her right arm & leg quite well & can talk rather fuzzily. She is quite cheerful, reminded us that she had been expecting this for the past 8 years, & seemed pleased that her prophecy had been confirmed.

MONDAY, SEP. 15/52 The oil furnace is running every morning now, for these are frosty nights. Golf this afternoon, played badly but the sunshine & the keen Fall air were wonderful. Party at the Charles Williams' tonight to celebrate the 25th. wedding anniversary of the Ralph Johnsons & to present them with a gift. Home about 1 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 17, 1952 Charlie Clarke, of the Scotia Bond Company, Hfa., called this morning & sold me 250 common shares of Maritime Telegraph & Telephone stock at \$15. At the current dividend rate this yields 5.3%. I shall have to sell my \$4000 in Victory Bonds to pay for it, taking a total loss of about \$240 on the bonds, now selling at about 94; but as the bonds yield only 3% the difference in yield should make up the loss in 3 years, & then I shall have an investment appreciating in value with the general inflation instead of depreciating as the V-bonds have done. I should have done this long ago; but I am not in touch with investment matters & I did not realize that all the really smart people sold their V-bonds at a premium soon after the war & invested their money in industrial & utility stocks that were bound to rise in value & yield with the post-war inflation. The M.T.&T. stock is to be registered in my name & delivered at the Royal Bank here, with draft attached, on Oct. 1st.

Golf this afternoon, score 88. Tonight at Dr. Wickwire's we met & had an interesting chat with Mr. & Mrs. Wood, of Cleveland, Ohio, who bought the old Kinney property at Catherine's River 2 or 3 years ago & have repaired it & built a 4-mile road into the place from S.W. Port Mouton.

THURSDAY, SEP. 18/52

A hot day, like summer, after a night of thunder, lightning & rain. Sold my V-bonds to the Royal Bank this morning for a fraction over 93, a loss of exactly \$264.35. Golf this afternoon, score 93, a sort coincidence.

FRIDAY, SEP. 19/52

The Korean war drags on, mostly in air warfare. The Americans are trying out some of their new devices, including "robot" planes, on a considerable scale, & claim great success for them. Canadian casualties there now total over 1,000, & U.S. casualties are well over 100,000. In the States the election campaign drags on, a windy affair.

Despite his personal popularity Eisenhart makes a less impressive figure on the platform than his Democratic opponent Adlai Stevenson, who is always witty & speaks to the point. Here in N.S. the long awaited Banjo causeway was begun the other day with ceremony & 15,000 lbs. of dynamite — well timed for the next election, almost sure to come next year, along with the new (Canadian) government steamer for the Bar Harbor — Yarmouth service, due in '53.

SATURDAY, SEP. 20/52

Working away steadily every day at "Sidefall". Golf this afternoon (score 94) with Murray, who tells me he is finding it hard to sell his house for what he paid for it only a year or so ago. Several houses in Liverpool are for sale — a marked change from the housing shortage of the past 10 years. Very little new building. I hear Charles Dodge has sold his big house (the house built about a century ago by Stephen Lupper) & bought the former Ingram Freeman house in Milton. Others are hoping to move outside the town limits owing to the steadily rising taxes in Liverpool & especially now that the new sharp increase in all assessments is about to go into effect.

SUNDAY, SEP. 21/52

United Church this morning with my family. Golf this afternoon with Hector Dunlap. My score 95. Edith & Francie came along, also Marion Dunlap. The U.S. gov't has just revealed (with a spread of photographs in Life magazine) that it has built a large air base at Thule in northern Greenland. The job began in the early summer of 1951 & about 8,500 army & civilian personnel were employed. From it Moscow is within striking distance by long range bombers, a fact which the Russians have apparently noted, hence the news release.

MONDAY, SEP. 22, 1952

Todays provincial election in New Brunswick gave the Conservatives 33 seats, the Liberals 16, with 3 to heat from. A sudden & complete change from the last elections when the Liberals got 46 out of 52 seats. The Liberals had been in power in N.B. for 17 years. All this is ominous for the Liberals in Nova Scotia, who have been in power 19 years. & have grown fat & indifferent.

THURSDAY, SEP. 25/52 Fine & warm. At Moose Harbor we entertained Mrs. Beebe, her sister Elsa (Milliken) Johnson, & their guest, a Mrs. Jordan. We had lunch & spent the whole afternoon chatting in the sun. I showed Elsa the snapshots I took of her & of her friend Doh Stetson 27 or 28 years ago, when "Spike" Day & I used to beaw them on their summer holiday — all very funny now.

Note: re McCurdy bequests. All estate debts & taxes were paid by me, the residue, i.e., all 40% left after family bequests, was given to Dalhousie actually did not go much.

J. B. McCurdy's will has been probated. He left about \$6,000,000. Of this, after a number of minor bequests & succession duties etc., 60% goes to his widow, his son Pearson & Pearson's children, ~~30%~~<sup>30</sup> to Dalhousie University & 10% to St. David's (Presbyterian) church, Hrs.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27/52 Fine & warm. Gordon Parks, Smith, Dunlap & I went to Eagle Lake today to get the camp ready for our October hunting trip. Reached camp about 4 p.m. & I stayed there splitting pine for kindling while the others launched the dinghy & sailed it down the lake to Haunted Bog, hoping to pick cranberries there. They got a quart or two each. Eagle Lake is at the lowest level we have seen since we first camped there 21 years ago. Impossible to boat out firewood (cut last spring) up the brook to camp. Our well had only 8 inches of water in it. Eagle Brook itself is a mere trickle.

SUNDAY, SEP. 28, 1952

A very hot day & a busy one. Taking advantage of the low water we built a new bridge across the brook, cutting & peeling 4 stout fit logs, & this time building stout abutments of stone. (Our former bridge, built SEP. 1939, had rotted badly.) This took the whole morning. After a stony dinner we (a) broke up with a stone-sledge & removed a boulder which at normal levels made it difficult to bring a laden canoe alongside our dock, (b) tarred the east end of the camp roof where it leaks, (c) located on the lake bottom & towed to shore a fine white pine log 16" diameter 15' long, which had sunk in some long by-gone logging operation. This when hauled out & dried we can use to replace a rotten log at the east end of the camp. (The log bore the ax-mark W II of the former owner, so it is older than the Harlow & Kempton operations, 1900-1908, of which we have found many sunken logs.)

Jim & Douglas Parks, & Jim's wife Lee, walked in from Big Falls, had lunch, & went for a sail down the lake in the dinghy. To make room for them in the punt going down from Eagle Brook to N° 3 dam, Gordon & I walked out to Big Falls. Home at 6 p.m. Last night at midnight all our clocks & watches were put back an hour - the annual shift from "daylight" back to standard time. In a sunken tin can on the lake bottom, exposed by the low water, I found (and released) a young snapping-turtle only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long. He was pretty feeble but after swimming a bit in the lake he revived & paddled off.

MONDAY, SEP. 29, 1952

Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon - 92. Francis played 9 holes with me, her third appearance on the course. She does well & seems keen on the game.

Today the last-to-be-paved section of the Bridgewater - Middleton highway was opened to the public. The first section (B'water to New Germany) was paved in 1937.

Allowing for six war years in which such work could not be done, it has taken 9 years to build a complete paved link between the Valley & the South Shore. When the Liverpool-Annapolis road will be finished, God knows. Highway contractors are now paving the bit between South Brookfield and Kempt, which will give us a paved road half-way to Annapolis, and this half has taken 7 years.

TUESDAY, SEP. 30/52 Golf this afternoon was finished by a thunderstorm after 11 holes. A visitor tonight, a man named Ryecroft, aged 64, who had been a wireless op. in the R.C.N.V.R. in War One & knew several of the ops. with whom I had worked. Lives in Brantford & is some sort of technical expert with Bell Telephone Co.

Invitations to address <sup>new</sup> officers at Gladdona (H.P.) and Cornwallis (Deep Brook) during the coming winter, both of which I must decline owing to the uncertainty of road travel at that season. Letter from Ian Slander, now an assistant-editor of Maclean's, asking for an article on the Bank fishing fleet. Letter from Leslie, of the Dept. of Public Works (N.S.) asking for a list of the furniture Simeon Perkins had in his house - as if I or anyone else knew - just another stall, of course. The N.S. govt is worried about the result of the N.B. election, & Rawdon is beginning to take some notice of his seat in Queens. Next year we'll probably get the Perkins house furnished.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1952

Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon, 99.  
Big surf running for the past 3 days, beautiful.  
This is my mother's 75<sup>th</sup> b. birthday. Had a Hfx. florist deliver flowers, as I always do, & E. & I phoned her this evening & had a chat. Evelyn White's mother, widow of Judge Grierson, was buried today at Weymouth. We sent flowers, & the White kids came & had dinner with us while their parents were away at the funeral. E. & I joined a party tonight at Rita Belbe's house on the island, Mill Village, a sort of farewell to her & sister Elsa, who leave for the States shortly. The Dr. Birds, the Grant Shermans, the Bob MacKinnons, the Reays, the Low Bains & ourselves. Good fun, good drinks, good food, good company. Lovely moonlit night.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2/52

cheque from Little, Brown for \$1907.02, my royalties for the six months ending June 30<sup>th</sup>, almost entirely from book club sales of "The Nymph". This brings the total sale in all countries to 430,414 copies, of which 167,857 were "softbacks", & my net receipts from the book to about \$22,000. Tonight, I attended a performance by Frank Crawshaw, English actor, giving a one-man recital of all sorts of things from "The Cremation of Sam McGee" to the grave-digging scene from "Hamlet". Excellent.

Today, on a remote island off the west Australian coast, Britain exploded her first atomic bomb. Observers were there from other parts of the Commonwealth, including Canada, but none from the U.S., because the U.S. has not permitted British observers at the American tests. The Russians say nothing of their own atomic research but they are known to have exploded at least 3 bombs.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4/52

Working steadily on "Sidefall". Strong winds with occasional heavy rains for the past 3 days — the first real gale of the Fall. Mrs Beebe & Elsa, and Lou Parrot, all left for the States yesterday — the last of the summer visitors. Letter from John MacEwen of CBC asking me to do a series of broadcasts this winter. Glen Croswell phoned asking me to address the Armistice dinner of the Canadian Legion, Yarmouth, (Nov. 11) & as I have refused him a number of times I agreed to come.

Tommy & a party of schoolmates went to Wolfville today in charge of a teacher, Bruce, to see the geological laboratory at Acadia & incidentally to give the boys a look at the college itself. They lunched in the university dining hall & had a swim in the gymnasium pool. Tommy had a chat with his chum Paul Chardiet, a freshman this year, & they plan to room together when Tommy goes up next year.

SUNDAY, OCT. 5/52 Fine, after several stormy days. Church this morning with my family. Jim & Lee Parker brought their infant daughter to be christened.

Golf this afternoon, score 86 (46+40). Edith & Francie came along, & Francie played a round with young Gil Doggett. Tea & evening at the Eldons with Jack & Edith McClearn and (Rev) Jack Davies & wife. Much concern over the strike at Steel & Engine Products Co., now 2 weeks old. Over 300 men out of work, & the management seems determined to sit tight & threaten to close the plant down. The payroll is about \$50,000 per month & the local merchants miss it as well as the men..

MONDAY, OCT 6/52 Very warm. Golf (90) Mowbray Jones has invited us to accompany him & his wife on a motor trip to Yarmouth.

TUESDAY, Oct. 7/52 Very mild & overcast. Cold 90. The novel is going along well.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 8/52 Overcast & cool. I spent the whole day from 9 a.m. till 5:30 p.m. putting on storm windows. This involved all the usual business - scrubbing the house windows & frames to remove the worst of the summer's dirt, then daubing Bon Ami on the panes, then wiping it off with friend wife inside rapping on the glass & pointing out Bon Ami that I'd missed - all this merely as a preliminary. Then going out to the garage with the step-ladder & sorting over storm windows piled on the racks overhead, & finding that one of those I want is always under a pile of upstairs storm windows which I don't intend to put on today. Climbing down with the storm windows I do want, scrubbing off the coated dirt (both sides of each window), daubing on Bon Ami (both sides) wiping it off (both sides). Then hunting up the screws, dipping them in oil so they will work easier & as a rust preventative, screwing them into each storm window, carrying each to its place, climbing the ladder, putting it on, turning up the screws with a screw-driver thrust through the eye. I worked very hard for 7½ hours & in that time I just managed to get 14 windows cleaned and "on". There must be some easier way to keep warm.

THURSDAY, Oct. 9/52 Cold, open & shut weather. Cold this pm - 92. Much ado in Liverpool over the strike at Steel & Engine Products Co., conflicting statements by the strike leaders & the company. The Liverpool Advance today suggests a secret ballot of the men, to be conducted at town hall under careful supervision by independent officials of the town. The strike was called by a small group & no ballot of any sort was taken, but it is felt that the majority want to go back to work.

Phyllis & Mowbray Jones came in this evening & we

had a lot of fun discussing our trip to Quebec next week. We shall go by way of the St. John valley & Rivière du Loup, and return by way of Maine, spending three or four days just outside Quebec at Col Jones' old estate "Bonne Entente", which Jones' five heirs have converted to a hotel for the tired rich.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10/52 Sunny & cool. Wrapped up the m/s of "Sidehill" & left it with the Bank of N.S. for safekeeping pending my return from Quebec. It represents too much thought & work to risk in the house during my absence.

Drew \$250 from my savings, 50 of it in U.S. currency.

Got a letter of identification from Hutchinson, manager of the Royal Bank, in case of difficulty at the border.

SUNDAY, OCT 12/52 Lovely day. Church this morning with my family. Golf this afternoon - 96. Francie & Lynn Seldon came out with Edith & me, & played a round. We called on Aunt Marie Bell at Mrs. Fakie's, found her very bright & talkative.

MONDAY, OCT. 13/52 Thanksgiving Day. Bright & warm. Golf alone, score 89. The Fall foliage is now in ~~full~~ color but it is a poor year for color, all the leaves withered from the long drought & falling fast. We had a fine roast turkey & Marie Freeman joined us, also Tommy brought a chum named apparently "Loo-ball" (his real name was not disclosed), a member of the Yarmouth school football team, which beat Tommy's team 3-0 this afternoon.

Party at Don & Sybil Macdonald's tonight for Austin & Vera Parker (it is Austin's birthday), for Jim & Lee Parker, who leave tomorrow for Carolina where Jim has got a job as forester, & for Edith & me, who leave tomorrow on our trip to Quebec. Drinks, buffet supper, a birthday cake for Austin, much pleasant chat. Home at 10.30 to pack for our trip.

TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1952

Edith & I left L'pool at 10:45 a.m. with Mowbray & Phyllis Jones. Sunny in L'pool but the sky clouded over at Caledonia. Lunched sitting in the car at Greywood. Boarded the C.P.R. steamer "Princess Helene" at Digby. M. had a private cabin in which the stewardess served tea & toast en route. Smooth passage. Reached St. John at dusk & drove straight on to Fredericton by a fine new asphalt road called the "Broad Road" which cuts across the great bend of the St. John river & is only 60 miles. We had adjoining rooms at the "Lord Beaverbrook" hotel & had a fine dinner of filet mignon etc. served in M's room. Slept badly because I couldn't get the radiator shut off & the room was too hot.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 15/52 Up at 7. Breakfast at 8 intending a good early start; but M. locked his car keys in the trunk by taking off his overcoat (in whose pocket they were) & slamming down the car lid. This entailed being towed ignominiously to a garage, where new keys were made after a long delay, & after various futile attempts to bungle the trunk lock. Away at 11 & had a most beautiful drive up the river to ~~Grand Falls~~ Edmundston ~ the foliage marvellous. Lunched on crackers & cheese & (thinner) coffee en route. Again the weather turned to rain in the afternoon, but the views were lovely along Lake Semicouta & through Canada. On the height of land the maples had lost their leaves & the country was semi-barren with hillsides covered by white birch & poplar. Some light snow lying in fields around Ste. Honore de Lemicouta. Reached Rivier du Loup at sundown & then a long drive along the St. Lawrence in the gathering darkness, past a continual succession of neon-lit towns & villages, & munching biscuits to stave off hunger. Reached L'vis about 7 p.m. & drove over the great bridge & on to

Sainte Foye, 3 m. from Quebec, where we reached the Chateau Bonne Entente (formerly Col. C.H.L. Jones' estate, Ferme de la Bonne Entente) which the Jones heirs are now operating as a small but luxurious hotel. Paul Bastien & his wife Raymonde, who run the place, greeted us warmly & we were served a hot & sumptuous dinner at 9 p.m. To bed at 11.30 & had a good night's sleep.

THURSDAY, OCT. 16/52

Open & shut weather following the same pattern every day — sunny morning, dull afternoon with showers, clearing to a fine night. Bonne Entente has 100 acres of grounds with a magnificent view of the Laurentian hills across the broad valley of the St. Charles.

I drove into Quebec with M. & spent an interesting morning at the Provincial Museum & Archives, where a M. Pelletier permitted me to take in my hands & read documents signed by Frontenac, Bigot, Montcalm, Murray & others. Excellent historical museum, natural history museum & art gallery, including some fine specimens of Quebec wood carving. For fresh air I strolled about the Plains of Abraham — all a park & beautifully kept. Back to Bonne Entente for lunch. Loafed about the house & its grounds, which include a brook & duck pond & waterfall shaded with maples & birches in full autumn splendor, and a large swimming pool on the other side of the house. At 4 p.m. we drove to the airport & saw M. & Phyllis off to Montreal by CPR plane. Back to Bonne Entente for dinner, & then Edith & I went with the Bastiens to a hockey game at the new Colisee, where we watched the Quebec team beat Montreal 5-3. Good seats. I got an autograph of Jean Beliveau, star player of the Quebec Aces, & one of my son Tommy's heroes. A good sleep tonight.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17, 1952

This morning Paul drove Edith & me to the Plage St. Laurent, down along the St. Lawrence for 2 miles by a private road, to call on the famous Abbé Mahieu. (Paul had phoned the Abbé previously.) I intended to stay only ten minutes, having heard the abbé speak on Anglo-French relations over the radio & wishing to meet him. We found him enjoying a rest in his summer cottage, in a suit of old khaki battle-dress & clerical collar, & smoking cigarettes continually in a long holder. Lean, tall, grey, kindly, wise, speaking English fluently though with a pronounced French accent, he insisted that we all come in, & he chatted for an hour about the difficulties of language, suspicion, prejudice & ignorance which keep our two races apart, & against which he has fought manfully & shrewdly for so many years. As head of Laval Seminary & in the University he has wielded a powerful influence upon his own people & by his own example has set every English-speaking Canadian a pattern for the good of all Canada.

Back to Ste. Foy, where Paul took us into the parish church of Ste. Foy, the original of which was burned by General Murray in the retreat from the battle of Ste. Foy 1760. Lunch at Bonne Entente, then Paul took us on a tour of Quebec, visiting every spot of historic interest, including Notre Dame des Victoires, Laval Seminary, the Basilica, the strange little slum of Sous le Cap, Wolfe's Cove, the plains, the Citadel, the Quebec Legislature, the Price Building etc.

Edith shopped with Raymond, Paul found a French language edition of The Nymph & The Lamp in a drug store (The Marabout edition, of course, though I was surprised to see it there.) Back to Bonne Entente for dinner & a lazy dinner in the solarium, which runs along the whole north front of the

house with a grand view of the St. Charles valley. Sat there reading till bedtime. Then a drink & a good sleep.

SATURDAY, Oct 18/52      ~~The Saguenay~~ Bastiens & their staff very busy all day with two large wedding receptions. We loafed & read in the small sitting room upstairs all day, driving to the airport at 4:30 to pick up M. & Phyllis on their return from Montreal. Snow began to fall abnormally & fell all night.

SUNDAY, Oct 19/52      M. & I drove in Quebec & attended morning service at Holy Trinity, the Anglican cathedral. Chatted afterwards with ~~John~~ Seaborne. All afternoon M. was engaged in business with Paul. We loafed & read until 5 pm. when M. drove us to Montmorency for a look at Kent House & the celebrated falls. Drove across the bridge to Isle of Orleans but daylight was fading, no time to explore the island. Dinner at La Dame Blanche, a restaurant at Montmorency noted for its food.

Afterwards drove about Quebec window-shopping for aluminium chairs & tables, which Paul wants for Bonheur Entente. I spent the rest of the evening in the library, at M's request, going over his father's books, & choosing those which I considered suitable for presentation to the town library of Liverpool. Good sleep.

MONDAY, Oct 20/52      Awoke to find snow falling heavily. At breakfast M. loafed grave, said our projected return via the New Hampshire hills was now impossible owing to the unexpectedly early cold snap & snow. Decided to push off towards home at once, hoping to get out of the snow after crossing the height of land from Rivière du Loup. Heavy going all along the St. Lawrence to R. du Loup, & on the road over the hills we passed half a dozen cars ditched, some badly damaged. M. stuck to it grimly & we got

to Edmundston, all night & found the snow pattering out, though the weather very cold still, & ice all over the front & sides of the car. Lunched on sandwiches & coffee in the car. Reached Fredericton about 8pm. found the hotel full of men, a convention of some sort. Drove about the city, cold, tired & hungry, looking for a private home advertising rooms & meals for tourists. No luck. Finally by chance got a good heated two-room cabin (one of Colwells Cabins on the riverside about a mile out of the city) & had a good hot meal in Colwells hotel.

Slept well.

TUESDAY, Oct. 21/52 Very cold. I was up early & took a two-mile hike before breakfast. (I have summer wear, including light silk underwear, no waistcoat or sweater & a light galardine topcoat, so had to move briskly merely to keep warm.) M & Phyl slept late. Got away about 10 a.m. Lovely drive down the St John Valley. Lunched on the car on hot-dogs I bought in a small cafe outside St. John. It was dark & snowing hard as we approached Gravo. P. C. & I ate a good meal in the Ballieu cafe there, but M. said he would rather sleep than eat & curled up for a nap in the car. At Nfa the snow stopped but there was an occasional drizzle of rain — the worst of driving conditions for a man like M. who had driven 400 miles in bad going yesterday & now was at the end of a still longer stint. I suggested that I drove back. He did not answer. At Bradgewater M was so tired, almost dozing at the wheel, that Phyllis insisted on taking the wheel & driving to L'pool. Reached there at 1.30 pm. A most interesting & enjoyable trip. Contrary to most L'pool opinion (& some prejudice I own) we found the dresses delightful companions, generous, happy — & M. is his lighter moments oasis of the witless & funniest.

Wednesday, Oct. 22/52

Stack of mail, not much of importance. Letter from Jack McClelland with the surprising news that Bob Nelson & George Foster have left McClelland & Stewart to set up a book business of their own. The C.B.C. wants "The Nymph & The Lamp" for television & will pay \$300 for first Canadian rights.

Friday, Oct. 23/52 At my typewriter morning & evening. Golf alone this afternoon, terrible score but enjoyed the exercise after so much sitting, standing & sleeping during the past 8 days. Charles Clark, of Scotia Bond Co., Hfx, called with the 250 shares of Maritime Telegraph & Telephone common stock I ordered in September. Suggested that I pay him in cash & save myself bank exchange on cheque. Didn't like the sound of this, told him to call at Royal Bank & exchange stock for cheque which I had arranged before going to Quebec. Letter from U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue denying any knowledge of the \$678 tax deducted from my royalties by Little, Brown in paying me last March, & for which I had applied for refund. Wrote Salmon asking him to straighten this out, as under the new agreement between U.S. & Canada I shall have to pay full Canadian tax on all royalties received from U.S. since 1951.

Wrote Rod Kennedy in reply to his letter asking publication details of my books, (for "Canadian Author & Bookman") & at his request sent him my sole remaining copy of "Saga of The Rover" for photographing etc. Told him I must have it back.

Received a copy of the new translation of the Bible, just published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, & henceforth the accepted version of practically all the Protestant churches in North America. Very good. It simplifies many of the passages in the King James version, which used so much idiom now obsolete & obscure, & corrects errors in translation.

from the original manuscripts which have been passed on from one set of copyists to another for centuries.

SUNDAY, OCT 26/52 A fine Fall day - all day - the first in a fortnight. Drove to Hfx this morning with my family, taking along a picnic lunch which we ate in Lower Park beside the Dingle. Then to Grandma Raddall's flat, where we spent the next two hours in chat beside a fire in the living room. My mother looks well although now practically a prisoner with arthritis, for which at last, and most reluctantly, she has begun to take radio-therapeutic treatments at the F.G. Hospital, going there once a week. Herb & Hilda Gamster came in, after a house-hunt at Jollimore. I phoned Will Bird & had a chat. He has finished writing the war history of the North Nova Scotia Regiment. Profiting by my experience with the West Novas he demanded (and got) a substantial fee for the job, plus full expenses including a trip to Europe to study the battlefields — all paid without hesitation by the regimental committee, who are now having the book printed & bound, and needless to say providing the entire cost. Left Hfx at 3 p.m.. We had an excellent dinner at the Blue nose Inn, Lunenburg. Home at 7.30.

For the past 5 days I have been suffering from a painful & mysterious ailment of my left ear — the inner part of it, which makes me quite deaf, as I lost most of the hearing in my right ear when I flew to Montreal while suffering from a severe head cold during the late war.

MONDAY, OCT 27/52 Fine, cool, strong NW wind. Went to Dr. Wickwire this morning. He looked in my ear with a small electro-light gadget, could see nothing wrong (the trouble is in

the inner ear) gave me a shot of penicillin in the buttock, & that was that. Golf alone this afternoon, 96. Flocks of robins, curlews & a small black bird I do not know, all foraging chumily together on the turf of the fairways.

I got the certificate for my 250 common shares of Maritime Tel & Tel stock from the Royal Bank, & put it in my safety deposit box in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Forgot to mention previously that everywhere we went on our Quebec trips, & in every drugstore here at home, the Canadian pocketbook edition of *The Nymph & The Lamp* was on sale, published by Harlequin Books, Toronto. Jack McClelland had warned me that the cover illustration was pretty awful, but I was not prepared for the haggard trollop representing Isabel — not merely a travesty, a damned indecency, even worse than the U.S. pocketbook edition. This is the way the "softback" publishers sell all their stuff, of course, but I hate to see my work bedizened in this manner & will take steps in the future to see that it is not.

TUESDAY, OCT. 28/52 To the theatre tonight with E & Frances to see the talkie "*The World In His Arms*", which is based on an old Alaska seal-poaching yarn by Rex Beach. The sea stuff was very good — chiefly because the moviemen came to Lunenburg last year, hired two fishing schooners, refitted the original topmasts & topsails, dressed up the crews in period costumes, & took their pictures on choppy weather in the North Atlantic. This was incidental matter, of course — Gregory Peck & the other actors in the cast performed the actual story in Hollywood — but it affords the last chance ever to see what a Nova Scotia Salt-Barker looked like under full sail.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29/52 Cold, windy, open-&-shut. Went out to Moose Harbor this afternoon & admired the surf. Tonight my

sister Hilda phoned from Hfx, saying she & Herb are buying a house at Jollimore (across the NW Arm) price \$10,500. They can get a mortgage of \$5,500 & have \$3,000 to pay, hence must borrow \$2000. The Royal Bank at Armdale will lend the \$2000 if they can get someone to put up securities for collateral. Would I do this? I said Yes. She & Herb have a combined income of \$5900 a year, out of which they are now paying \$1200 for their apartment on Oxford Street, so it is a good move for them, & Hilda hopes to persuade Mother to give up her flat & come to live with them. Mother herself is now paying \$660 per year rent out of an income of \$1700, & living alone, semi-crippled with arthritis, so it will be a good move for her, too.

THURSDAY, OCT. 30/52 Fine but windy & very cold. Preparing my address to the Yarmouth war veterans to be delivered Nov. 11th. Golf this afternoon - the only player on the course - did it practically on the run, hence the score 103. Dinner tonight at the Mowbray Jones'. Roast partridge, the first of the season, very nice. Don & Beth Smith there. The strike in Liverpool at Steel & Engine Products Ltd. is still going on under direction of J. K. Bell, the self-confessed Communist who is head of the Nova Scotia shipworkers' unions. The company issued an ultimatum through an advertisement in the Liverpool Advance today, saying that if the men were not back at work tomorrow the plant would cease any efforts to resume operations.

My deafness is unchanged, despite Nicklin's assurance & penicillin. It seems to affect even the clarity of my own speech, & the taste of food.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31/52 Went to the Royal Bank this morning & turned over my 250 shares of Maritime Tel. & Tel. stock as collateral for the \$2000 to be loaned Herbert Gamester by the Royal Bank at Armdale. Also endorsed a demand note for \$2000 to be signed by Gamester for the Armdale branch. Letter from

Little, Brown & Co. enclosing cheque for the \$678.32 they deducted from their March remittance, for U.S. taxes, which do not apply after 1951 under the new arrangement between the two countries.

SATURDAY, Nov. 1/52 Mild, hazy. Parker, Dunlap, Smith, Gordon & I went to Eagle Lake today for our annual deer-hunt. For once we had a smooth passage up the river from N<sup>o</sup> 3, & we got all our stuff up the trail to camp in 2 trips.

SUNDAY, Nov. 2/52 Low water in Eagle Lake prevents us boating to camp the hardwood fuel we cut & split at the old dam last spring so we spent most of today cutting & splitting dry dead-falls about the camp. Inward evening I took my rifle & hunted along the west side of the lake to Half Way Cove & returned at dark without seeing a deer, although there was much sign of them, & fresh. My ear very painful last night & tonight & I got no sleep. Smith & Dunlap had to return to town tonight.

MONDAY, Nov. 3/52 Again warm & hazy, & again we were able to hunt in shirt-sleeves. I hunted the ridge west of Eagle Lake, and the Hackmatack swamp all the way to Long Lake, & spent the evening until dark waiting near a bit of trail much torn by buck-pawings, but did not see a thing, nor did any of us. My left ear is now agonizing & if it has not improved by tomorrow morning I must leave camp & see the doctor again. (Wickwire took a look at my ear, admitted himself puzzled, & gave me a shot of penicillin Oct 27th.)

TUESDAY, Nov. 4/52 After another painful & sleepless night & a rainy morning I left camp at 1:30 pm, walked out to Big Falls, drove to town, bathed, changed, & was in Doc. Wickwire's office at 4 pm. After much peering & poking in my ear (the walls of the ear channel are so swollen that he cannot see the drum) he said he felt certain it was not an infection of the inner ear, & that it must be

a small boil which has formed in a fold of the ear channel & by swelling has drawn the whole wall of the outer channel into an acute state of tension. Said he could do nothing but give me another shot of penicillin & some aspirin. This he did & I came home unimpressed & still in great pain. Whatever is wrong is now affecting the whole left side of my face, including the hinge of my jaw on that side, so that even eating is torture. Doc. W. advised me to stay at home for 48 hours & he would give me a further shot of penicillin & await further results. So it looks as if my hunting trips is doomed for this year.

Sat up till 1 a.m. listening to  
radio reports on the U.S. presidential election. By that time it was clear that General Eisenhower had been elected by a large majority. This brings to a close one of the most stormy election campaigns in the history of the U.S. & puts a Republican in the White House after 20 years of Democratic rule. The Truman regime had been very corrupt, & two of the late President Franklin Roosevelt's sons campaigned for Eisenhower, saying that their father would have been disgusted with his successor's government.

WEARNESSAY, Nov. 5/52      Returned to Eagle Lake this afternoon & hunted north of the camp until dark. No luck.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6/52      Parker & I left camp after breakfast & sailed in the dinghy to the head of Eagle Lake, hunted up the brook meadow to the upper beaver dam (where Dunlap & Parker had left the red canoe on Sunday) & then went by canoe down the west side of Long Lake. Very cold. Ice in the sheltered coves and swamp pools. About halfway down Long Lake I spotted a big buck walking on the edge of a strip of swamp in a cove. A big head of horns but nothing else visible. P. (who was in the stern) got the canoe in to the shore with a great crash of broken ice & I leapt ashore on to

Cold bleak weather all day, with  
frequent rain, & we came back to camp in a  
terrible squall of thunder & lightning.

a submerged rock to steady myself for a shot. The noise did not alarm the deer into running, but it made him wary & he kept a screen of bushes, snags & small spruce trees between him & me. At last I fired two shots through this screen aiming below the horns, but missed him & he walked off casually into the woods. We went ashore at the south end of Long Lake & hunted along the trail to Blue Hill & along the black-spruce swamps, but no luck. Reached camp after a long & fruitless day, a thrilling sail in the little dinghy, rushing up the rocky lake in the dark. The pain in my ear slowly subsiding but I am still quite deaf.

FRIDAY, Nov. 7/52

Again hunting all day west of Eagle Lake & along the Long-Eagle brook with no luck. Windy & overcast weather. Gordon left for home at noon, leaving P. & me alone.

SATURDAY Nov. 8/52 P. & I hunted all morning, searching all sorts of cover in swamp, thickets, hardwood ridges, & always no luck. I carried the canoe back to Eagle Lake from the beaver dam, & we brought it & the dinghy back to camp & hauled them out. All afternoon getting the camp set to rights, then a long final yarn & a couple of stiff rums before leaving. P. is my oldest friend & the best, & I always enjoy his companionship. The week has passed quickly & happily even though I got the only shots at a deer - & missed! This is the 20th. year that we have hunted at Eagle Lake & although the deer in this region are no longer plentiful we get our pleasure out of roaming these old familiar scenes. P. & I left the camp laden with rifles & baggage at dusk, reached the river at full dark, & came down to Big Falls dam in the punt in a driving snowstorm. Found my family well, although young Tom has an injured hand sustained in a football game at Windsor.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9/52 Overcast & bleak. United Church this morning with my family. Called on Aunt Marie Bell this afternoon with C. & found her very bright & seemingly quite well.

MONDAY, Nov. 10/52 Working on my Remembrance Day address, to be given at the Legion Banquet in Yarmouth tomorrow.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11/52 Drove to Yarmouth this afternoon with C. Bleak overcast weather with occasional drizzle. Found that my engine was overheating badly due to loss of anti-freeze solution in the cooling system through a leak in the cylinder-head gasket! Had to stop at Port Mouton & get a gallon of water put in the radiator. Reached Clem Crowell's house in Yarmouth at 4 p.m. At 6.30

(leaving C. with Ester Crowell, who entertains the Reading Club tonight) went with Clem to the Legion hall, which stands in the old Depot camp & was built during the late war for the YMCA. About 200 men sat down at long tables in the auditorium, which was decorated with flags & poppy wreaths. Chairman was David Mac Gillivray (ex-RCAF) & I sat on his right. Excellent dinner cooked by a group of Negro veterans & served by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Amusing skit on grand opera by a merry little R.C. priest, Father Theriault, who played & sang at the piano — very well done. Toast to the Queen! (In Coca Cola. Nothing alcoholic is consumed until the dinner is finished, when the club bar is opened — a very good rule.) No other toasts. I was introduced by Mac Gillivray. Microphone & loud-speaker system. I spoke 40 minutes — a resume of the two wars, the cost in blood & sweat, the folly of disarmament which led to the second war; & I affirmed my faith that if we keep alert & armed & patient we ~~shall~~ shall have no third world war. Very attentive audience & generous applause, many men crowding up to me afterwards to

shake my hand. One was a veteran of my father's regiment, the Winnipeg Rifles - Rex Eldridge, manager of the Bank of Montreal here. Another, a big old man named Ladd, was a machine-gunner of the 7th Batt., which fought on my father's left at Ypres in '15.

There was a raffle afterwards for a 12. U. turkey, & as guest of honor I was asked to draw the lucky ticket. It turned out to be Clem Crowell's, & we were kidded a lot about "a put-up job". Brigadier R. D. King, who commands the artillery here & at Liverpool, invited Clem & me to visit the artillery officers' mess nearby, a very comfortable place, where we had a drink & chatted with several members of the mess, including Mun Gardner, Joe Leon, & a Dr. Caldwell or Colwell, who served as M.O. to the Winnipeg Rifles in the late war & is now M.O. of the artillery here. A keen & pleasant group of young men.

An officer whose name I cannot remember, who was on the Legion dinner committee, presented me with a fine bouquet of chrysanthemums for my wife. So Clem & I returned to the house laden with flowers & roast fowl, much to the astonishment of our ladies.

A cup of chocolate & then bed.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12/52 Still another cold overcast day. Leisurely breakfast at the Crowells & then away, with the flowers & half the turkey, which Clem insisted on putting in the car. Lunch at Ragged Island Inn, near Lockeport, home about 2 p.m.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13/52 Sunny & very cold. Put my car in Bain's Garage this a.m. & told them to adjust brakes & to fix the leak in the cooling system. Went to the waterfront this afternoon & had a long chat with Ross & Hubert Nickerson re my proposed article for Maclean's on the present N.S. fishing industry. This is my 49th birthday. E. presented me with a fancy hairbrush, & the kids gave me cigarettes, & at tea-time there was an iced

cake with 5 candles. I am in good health, although I now have to wear my glasses most of the time, & my hearing has not fully recovered from the recent ailment, although the pain has gone & the swelling of my left ear & adjacent glands has subsided. I weigh 184 lbs. stripped, having put on about 15 lbs of the 25 I took off by strenuous dieting last year, although I never eat between meals, use "sucaryl" instead of sugar in my coffee, eat little bread or pastry & no potatoes at all. I smoke 25 or 30 cigarettes a day & drink moderately.

FRIDAY, Nov. 14/52

The first clear sunny day for weeks, but still windy & cold. Drove to Lunenburg this afternoon to get information for Maclean's article on the bank fishery. Stopped at Dayspring to interview M. M. Gardnet, whom I found sitting on the church steps, waiting for a truck-load of firewood to be delivered for the celestial furnace. He chatted of old days in the fishery & the changes. He joined the firm of W. C. Smith in 1909 as a clerk, eventually became one of the partners by investing \$12,000. When they sold out to Ralph Bell's National Fish Company in 1946 he got \$224,000 for his share, & retired ("That," he added quickly, "is not for publication.") I went on to Lunenburg to interview the present heads of the W. C. Smith Co., Wallace Smith and C. J. Morrow, both men in the late 40's or early 50's, quiet, pleasant, shrewd. I had to wait a long time (they were busy) & I put it to good use by strolling about the wharves & chatting with fishermen, longshoremen & fish-handlers. Eventually I got what info. I wanted (it checked pretty well with what I knew from observation & from chats with the Nickerson Bros. at Liverpool) & drove home very late for supper — 7.30.

Saturday, Nov. 15/52

Mild & calm. Spent all afternoon raking up leaves on the back lawn, a prodigious quantity, which being

somewhat damp made a prodigious smoke in the rusty old oil drum behind the garage which I use as an incinerator. A good smell though. The ash leaves especially smell rather like tobacco when burning slowly. The Canadian dollar's premium over U.S. funds has been shrinking ever since the Republicans emerged triumphant from the election. I have been holding the cheques for my U.S. royalties on a hunch that this would happen. From a premium of 4% in September the Canadian dollar has declined to 1 1/2%. The question is whether to cash my cheques now or to hold them further in the hope of getting par.

Sunday, Nov. 16/52, calm & mild. Church this morning with my family. The new (oil) heating system worked too well on its first try-out & old Allie Wright had to rush about opening windows. The oil-burning mechanism was donated by Charles O. Smith, head of Steel & Engine Products Co., & installed by members of the congregation who are electricians, plumbers & so on - all without charge. In the afternoon C. & I went to White Point & I played 18 holes in 95, wearing a mackinaw shirt but no jacket. On the way back ran out to see my shack at Moose Harbor, which I have not visited for some time, & stopped in at the nursing home for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell.

Outside church this morning Merrill Rawding stopped me & brought up the subject of furnishing the Perkins house. I told him I was fed up with the stalling & indifference I had met in dealing with various government departments (including his own) about the Perkins house for the past 3 years. He said he would see that something concrete was done about furnishing the house next spring. I merely shrugged. Next summer the Liberal government must go to the polls & Rawding is going to have a hard fight for his seat in Queens. Hence his solicitude.

MONDAY, Nov. 17, 1952 It has just been revealed that the U.S. has succeeded in making & exploding the world's first hydrogen bomb, much more powerful than the previous atomic bombs. Eye witnesses say the bomb was detonated on a small Pacific island, which was destroyed, the rocks & soil actually burning & vanishing. E. & I shopped for Xmas cards this afternoon. I visited the fish wharf & had a long chat with the Nickersons re the fishing business, for my article.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18/52 Sunny but a furious & bitter NW gale. Went to Moose Harbor this afternoon & closed up my cabin for the winter, putting on the shutters & storm door, & installing a new bolt & padlock on the storm doot.

THURSDAY, Nov. 20/52 Cool, sunny calm. Played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon in 93. Letter from Dr. Jim Goodwin of Toronto, who mentions that he is still trying to find a copy of "Saga of the Rover" to complete his set of my published works, & that he's offering up to fifty dollars for it. Noticed in the drug store book-stand that Harlequin Co. have brought out the (Canadian) pocketbook edition of His Majesty's Yankees.

FRIDAY, Nov. 21/52 Mild, overcast. A visitor this morning, Neil Stephenson, who tells me he is taking the job of Superintendent of the govt. establishment on Sable Island, & wanted to chat with me about life there. I told him my memories were of island life 30 years ago, since which it has improved immensely, but I gave him my notions of what a Super could do to combat isolation & its human effects. He is an Englishman of good education, wiry build, grey eyes, dark hair bald in front, pleasant & intelligent, about 35, I should say an ideal man for the job. Served in the British merchant marine from 1934 to 1949 & has his master's papers. Promised to write & let me know how he got along.

(Stephenson apparently changed his mind, for someone else got the job.)

SATURDAY, Nov. 22, 1952

Young Tom's 18th birthday & probably the last he will spend at home for several years at least, as he goes to college next year. He studies hard but also plays hard (baseball, football, basketball) & is a tall goodlooking youngster who should do well in the world.

TUESDAY, Nov. 25/52 Mild, calm, sunny, a jewel of a day after a long spell of overcast & wet weather. Golf this afternoon with C., score 105 - terrible, but wonderful to be outdoors. The sea was a summer blue with a long swell making a fine surf on the rocks beyond N° 4 & N° 6 tees, & across the mouth of Port Mouton bay the buoy-tender "Cornwallis" steamed very slowly, with her funnel smoke going straight up in the air.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26/52 Another day like spring. Played golf alone, & felt warm with just my thin nylon jacket over my shirt. (Score 98) Working the past 3 nights till 2 a.m. on the critical new chapters of "Sidefall" & they are going well, but still am not satisfied.

FRIDAY, Nov. 28/52 Rain. Mowbray & Phyllis Jones came in this evening for a chat & a rubber of bridge.

SUNDAY, Nov 30/52 Cold, with snow & rain. Church this a.m. with my family. This afternoon I drove to Flintridge for Harold Doggett's funeral but found the tiny Anglican church there jammed with people & others standing outside in the wet. I turned & came home.

MONDAY, DEC. 1/52 Three inches of snow this morning & thermometer down to 20°, our first real taste of winter. Much digging-out of gloves & rubbers & heavy overcoats.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2/52 Still cold, with icy walks & streets. This was Ladies' Night for the Kiwanis Club, a banquet in the Mersey Hotel. I was guest speaker & C. as my lady sat on the chairman's (Hugh Joyce) right hand & I on his left. A good dinner & lots of fun. Afterwards the

Parkers & C. & I went on to the Don Macdonalds'. The Mac's' wedding anniversary. John & Dorothy Wickwire came in, & we toasted the occasion in gin & bitters & later had coffee & some of Sybil Mac's. angel cake. Home about half-past midnight.

A Happy Book for Bedtime

JOHN SLATER, who has recently devoted most of his time to television and films, returns to the microphone this week to read *A Book at Bedtime*. The book, *The Nymph and the Lamp*, by Thomas H. Raddall, was personally chosen by John, who read it by chance and promptly decided that, apart from having an unusual and exciting plot, it was the sort of story calculated to "send people to bed feeling happy." He also took the opportunity of sending the book to a fellow actor, James Robertson Justice, in the belief that the central character would provide him with an excellent film part. Justice agreed and took the book with him to Hollywood.

The background of *The Nymph and the Lamp* is a lonely island off the coast of America. Its central characters are Carney, a dour wireless operator living on the island, and Isabel, a school-mistress who meets and marries him.

My mother sent me this, clipped from a recent English paper.

The bit about the actor Justice & the trip to Hollywood is poppycock I think. Never heard of the man.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4/52 Continued frosty weather. Still having trouble with my ears. The pain & thin discharge & deafness in my left ear, which began in mid-October, has gradually subsided or rather gradually moved over to my right ear. I had planned to drive to Hfa with E. today to shop & to see the London Players (the best theatrical troupe to visit Hfa in years) in "The Stoops To Conquer." But my deafness & reports of an icy road decided me to wait until next week.

After several days of silence regarding activities of General Eisenhower, it is known that he has ~~recently~~ been on a flying visit to Korea.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5/52 Evening at the Anglican rectory, where John Davies & his wife, very kind & hospitable, wanted E. & me to meet the Hazeldeans, the English couple who have bought the big old house of Charles Dodge on Bristol Avenue. The Hs are in the 30's, very polite & reserved-while-trying-to-be-nice, she a petite & pale brunette, he a stocky man with a bullet head, slightly bald,

small moustache, small buck teeth. H. has a job with Mersey Paper Co. as a subordinate electrical engineer, procured for him by B. J. Waters & M. Jones, who met him in England. He & his wife have tilted connections & apparently some capital, though how they got much money out of Britain in these days of currency restrictions I don't know.

They brought with them a lot of furniture & their own car, a diminutive English coupe, the smallest car in Liverpool.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/52 Church this a.m. Drove to Western Head

& Moose Harbor this p.m.; big sea running after a two-day easterly gale with heavy rain. Rain badly needed as lakes are still low & the hydro-electric plants will soon have to curtail operation. My right ear still very painful, with a thin white discharge like mucilage that forms a crust in the passage & has to be syringed away. Completely deaf on that side. As if this is not enough I have been tortured with insomnia for many weeks, cannot get more than 4 or 5 hours sleep a day at best, often none at all, although my flesh & nerves cry for sleep & I go about my work yawning wretchedly all day & most of the night.

News. General Eisenhower is returning to the U.S. via Hawaii in the cruiser "Helena". His visit to Korea was a hurried tour of about 3 days. Democrat critics in the U.S. say it is just the fulfillment of an election campaign promise & that he could not have learned anything not known previously to U.S. army H.Q. in Washington.

Should have mentioned before this that recently, & after giving long notice to its patrons in Halifax, the N.S. Light & Power Co. ceased making & selling coal gas, thus ending a service that has been going on under one company or another for well over a century. Many owners of gas stoves have changed to electricity or are using the handy oil gas "Propane", which is fairly cheap & comes in metal cylinders.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9, 1952

Overcast, with snow squalls. Drove to Hfx this a.m. with E. to shop & see a show. Lunch with Hilda & her husband at Mother's flat. Herb drove me out to Jollimore to see the new house (see Oct. 29). This is the last house on a small private road off the main highway near Lake William. A lonely spot in the midst of rocky barrens but they have electricity & phone. The price (\$10,500) was stiff for a small bungalow of 4 rooms & a bathroom in such a spot but he & Hilda are very happy about it. I went down-town to get theatre tickets & had a chat with Bendelis & Will Bird, also Hedley Doty whom I met in Barrington Street.

Dinner at Mother's, with E. & the Gamesters. Then to the big auditorium of Queen Elizabeth High School for the show, a farce, "See How They Run", put on by the London Players, a touring English company. Very good. Owing to my ear trouble I had to get orchestra seats at \$3.30 each, & we found this area sparsely populated, most of the crowd sitting in pit & gallery at \$2.20 & \$1.10. Interesting to see that most of the audience were people of mature years. It is so long since a good professional play company appeared in Hfx. that the present generation of young folk don't know what "live" theatre is like except in amateur theatricals. Hence the London Players have not been well patronized in their 5-week stay here, which seems a pity. On going to bed the pain in my right ear was agonizing & again affecting the whole side of my face. A steady thin discharge like water. Doped myself heavily with aspirins, & managed to get about 4 hours sleep on a sofa, so as not to disturb E. For the rest of the night I read, smoked or merely lay praying for daylight.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1952

Shopped for a Christmas supply of nuts, etc. in Spring Garden Road this morning while E. shopped for clothes. Then off for home. Lunched at the Blue Lagoon in Bridgewater. Home at 2 p.m. Frightful pain in my right ear the whole way. At B'water I phoned to Dr. Dunlap, the est eye, nose & throat specialist, but apparently doctors, like shops, don't work on Wednesday afternoons. His office was closed & he was out of town.

Bendelier had sold me a copy of "The Mountain & The Valley", a first novel by Ernest Buckler, & tonight from 7 p.m. to 2 a.m. I read it through. A strange piece of work by a wacky genius who has been influenced obviously by the writings of Thomas Wolfe, Hemingway & James Joyce, but writes about his own Nova Scotia scene in original & sometimes beautiful phrases.

Bird has met Buckler, tells me the book is really the story of Buckler himself ("David" in the tale), a precocious genius who went from country school to college at the age of 12, & got an M.A. in philosophy at University of Toronto in 1930. He had a post as actuary with a Toronto life insurance company for 5 years; then abruptly returned to the old farm & the backward little community in which he was brought up (Dalhousie West, which is not in "the Valley" at all.) He now lives with his mother on a small farm near Bridgetown, living like any of the yokels of his book.

Should have mentioned on Monday that I deposited the cheques for my American royalties which I have held so long in the hope of an improvement in the exchange. Since the drop about Nov 15 (when I should have cashed them) the discount on U.S. funds has been climbing again & is now  $3\frac{8}{3}\%$ . A loss to me of \$211.08.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1952

Went to Dr. Wickwire again today about my ear. Again he was puzzled & after an examination (unsatisfactory as before because the ear canal is swollen shut) insisted the trouble must be caused by "boils", although the "boils" have mysteriously travelled from the left ear to the right since the whole thing began on Oct. 21st. Penicillin having proved useless he could only suggest some brand-new wonder drug with a long name, to be taken in the form of pills. I got the prescription from Seldon's drug store. 3 pills every six hours for 3 days - an expensive little experiment as the pills are 50¢ each. Tonight after the second dose (or 6th pill) my ear was in worse agony than before.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13/52

I stopped taking the pills on Friday morning as they caused a strange cold and suffocating feeling. But whether the pills I took did some good after all, or whether the ailment itself had reached a crisis during the past painful week & was about to subside, today I had much less pain, & as the rainy weather had cleared I was able to enjoy a hike to Milton & back, my first exercise since Monday.

Local note: The odd sect who call themselves Jehovah's Witnesses have had a small but active group here for some years, led by Leonard Curtis, manager of the local branch of Selright Stores. About 2 months ago they bought an old red wooden cottage on Bristol Avenue next to the railway line & immediately opposite the Richardson Lumber Co. office. This is their headquarters. In passing today I noticed a neatly painted sign, KINGDOM HALL outside, & a neat display of Witness tracts & books in the cottage window facing the street.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14, 1952

A good night's sleep & my ear much better, thank God, though still sore & deaf. Church this morning with my family. A bright cool day. Franvie asked me to take her for a walk to Milton & back — her first request to accompany me on my rambles — & I think we both enjoyed the ~~hike~~ a bit more for each other's company. E. & I went to see Aunt Marie Bell later at the Lake nursing home, & found her looking well & cheerful.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16/52 Ear still deaf & sore. I oiled the furnace motors today, a bi-annual chore.

I must remember to do this hereafter on Oct 1 and Feb 1.

FRIDAY, DEC 19/52 I wrote the last word of "Tidefall" this morning, a complete re-writing, with a sounder plot. Many chapters retained <sup>almost</sup> entirely, others entirely scrapped, all changed in some respect. The book now satisfies me, as it didn't before. I took one copy down to the Bank of N. Y. vault for fireproof keeping, & shall send the carbon copies (2) to the Canadian & H.Y. publishers after the New Year. The re-writing job, (after some fits, starts & doubts during the summer after my talk with Salmen) was begun on Sep 1st. & with the exception of the trip to Quebec & the deer-hunt at Eagle Lake I have been working devotedly. As always when so engaged I cannot sleep more than 5 hours in 24, & although I take every afternoon outdoors for exercise & diversion I still put in ten hours a day at my desk. Last night I worked till 2 a.m. & I was awake again at 6 & up & breakfasted at 7, eager to be at the final paragraphs.

Drove to Moose Harbor this afternoon & got 20 lbs. lobsters @ 48¢ lb. Jimmy Smith came with his ox-wagon & delivered my Christmas tree.

SATURDAY, Dec. 20, 1952

Sunny & cold. Francie has done a useful job in painting the two storm doors, & I'm in putting the front one on. Today I put the back one on & fitted the inner back door with tubular rubber strip to prevent drafts. This afternoon G. & I began the Xmas festivities with a cocktail party at Tom Miller's house on Main St. near the Fort. A great crowd there. I stuck to soda water for my stomach's sake, in view of the round before us, having found in the past that the continual drinking (& eating) at cocktail parties before Xmas leads to a sadly upset digestion on the great day itself when one should enjoy the feast proper.

Kennedy Jones, who bought the big residence of George McClearn last fall from the McClearn creditors, has just moved in, after extensive repairs & alterations, chiefly to the interior. Beverley Jones, who bought the old colonial home of the late Capt. John Day (built by Bartlet Bradford in the 1760's) has had it re-modeled into a modern home, preserving the exterior appearance — a very expensive business.

The Royal Bank has just completed a one-story extension & a complete interior change, including a new vault with a vast & many-bolted door of the finest steel & with the most elaborate time-locking devices. Hutchinson, the manager, showed me the vault & door with a somewhat puzzled pride, saying "I hadn't asked for such an expensive thing — and I had a battle to get everything else I wanted. So far as I know, the Royal's main branch in Halifax has the only other door like that in the Maritime provinces. I wonder if they're looking a long way ahead — to another war, & Liverpool being used as a naval refitting base

as it was before. I mean, they wouldn't put a thing like that in a small town branch bank just with burglars in mind. The whole vault looks as if it had been designed to stand a big shell or even an atomic bomb."

However that may be, the enlargement gives the Royal bank here a good working space & facilities that it has needed badly for at least ten years: because both the Morsey Paper Co. and Steel & Engine Products Ltd. use the Royal, & around paydays the place has been jammed with people & business has been hampered.

SUNDAY, DEC 21/52      Cold & clear. Morning service with my family, & I went with the Hubert Macdonalds to the evening service to hear the choir sing the Christmas cantata they have been rehearsing for two months.

Very well done. At noon we dropped into the Newbray Jones' house, where they were holding their pre-Christmas reception. At 8.30 we joined a reception at the Don Macdonalds' for John Wickwire M.D., whose birthday this is. About a dozen friends & some good chat.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23/52      Vile day, easterly gale & rain. Mail still pouring in. Surprise of the season was a happy little card from Napier Moore, announcing his wedding to "K. Marjorie Noble, only daughter of Lady Bain, of Beaconsfield, Bucks, and Nassau, and the late Sir A. Ernest Bain KBE." Actually the card was a bit "premises", for the wedding takes place in Nassau on Dec. 27th, and the card reads "to wish YOU a happy new year", & has a photograph of the happy pair. Napier's wife Blanche died just a little over a year ago.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24/52

A gloomy day, still showering now & then, & blowing, after 48 hours of wind & rain. I walked to Milton

back this afternoon, glad to get out after no exercise for days. Hoping to improve my sinuses (& thus the deafness in my right ear & the feeling of pressure still there) I have smoked nothing for 3 days except a cigar tonight. And I have touched nothing alcoholic since my whisky-&-soda at the Jones' house on Sunday. Net improvement — nil.

Tonight the Salvation Army trio — trombone, drum & tambourine — came & serenaded us with a carol in the course of their round, as they do every Christmas. The Hubert Macdonalds dropped in with gifts & some venison from their cold storage locker. A stream of callers all day, mostly juvenile, with gifts for the kids. About 10 p.m. we delivvered one or two ourselves, & had a drink & a chat with Mobe & Phyl Jones, & then went on to the Parkers' & had a round with them & others who dropped in, including the Dunlaps, Williams, Johnsons & Doug Sozers.

Jimmy Smith, who delivered my Christmas tree on the 19<sup>th</sup>, & promised to bring a supply of boughs for decorating the house, failed to do so. At the last minute we got a supply from the Parkers, who had a surplus, & C. & Francie were busy all day embellishing the living room, dining room & sun porch. Got a very small tree, put it in a flower pot of good size, decorated it, & sent it up to Aunt Marie Bell at the nursing home.

#### THURSDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY

As usual I went to bed about 1:30 a.m. & rose again at 6:30. Another mild overcast day. I went to morning service at Trinity Church. Jerry & Betty Freeman, their two kids & a puppy, all came down from Milton to have dinner with us, & Mari Freeman joined us, so that we made a large & lively party. We pulled crackers & wore the paper hats, & demolished two roast chickens & a pudding.

Then came the opening of Christmas packages, a gorgeous mess. My own loot included socks, a sweater, several books. About 4 p.m. the Freemans departed for Milton & we went up to chat with Aunt Marie Bell at the nursing home. After the noonday feast we ate little for supper (mine consisted of nuts & a glass of milk). At 9:30 we called on the Charles Williams at Fort Point, where there was a small gathering — Charlie sails for N.Y. in the morning on his regular paper run. I phoned from home to my mother, who is spending a month with the Gamesters at Jollimore, & all my family chatted with her.

As usual many of the houses are elaborately decorated outside with spruce boughs, colored lights, images of Santa Claus, etc. But without snow to frame the display, & in this mild damp air, the whole thing lacks a vital spark somehow.

FRIDAY, DEC 26/52 Open & shut weather, still quite mild. This morning I phoned Dr. Dunlop, the ear-eye-nose-throat specialist at Bridgewater, & got an appointment for 10 tomorrow morning.

SATURDAY, DEC 27/52 Sunny & a bit colder. Drove to Bridgewater at 9 a.m. E. & Francie came along to shop in the Bridgewater stores, which are so much better than L'pools'. Dr. Dunlop proved to be a slim & immaculately dressed man 45 or 50, thin face, blond hair, grey eyes, a solemn & completely impersonal air. He is a Scot with an Edinburgh degree in surgery, but his accent is not strongly Scotch. I understand that he was one of the British doctors who fled from Socialized medicine & set up a practice abroad. After a long & careful examination of my ears, & hearing all I had to say about the irritation which began two months ago, he informed me in his mild precise voice that I had been suffering an acute attack of something — "otitis" — which

apparently works like a sort of eczema in the hard skin of the ear channel. Deafness was caused partly by swelling of the external ear due to inflammation, partly by shreds of skin which are continually being sloughed off the surface layer of skin. He thought he could cure my deafness, indeed he assured me of it. First treatment is to stamp out the condition still lingering under the skin-surface in both ears. For this he gave me a prescription to be filled at a local drug-store. It turned out to be a bottle of what appeared to be blue fountain-pen ink, complete with a glass dropper. I am to flood both ears with this evil-looking fluid night & morning for a week, & report to him again at 10 a.m. Jan 3rd.

His fee for this visit \$5.00. (The stuff was aniline dye.)

I met E. & Lrance on the main street, laden with parcels, & we lunched in a tea-room & drove home. Tonight E. & I joined a party at the Hubert Macdonalds for drinks & a buffet supper. The drinks & food, the general hospitality of the Macs were excellent, but most of the guests had come on there from another cocktail party, & all had been holding wassail at similar parties for at least a week past! There is a deadly similarity about these affairs at which you meet the same people again & again, where there is nothing new to be said, & where practically everyone is middle-aged, with digestions no longer capable of enduring the daily & nightly strain of the Yuletide season. A deadly torpidity settles on everyone about 9:30, when the drinks begin to wear off & the food begins to weigh heavily in the tummy, & from then on it is a dreary business of forced conversation until the moment when it will be polite to leave — at the earliest 10:30. A light fall of wet flake-snow made a very pretty scene as we emerged.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1952

Cold & clear. Reading Chester Wilmot's "The Struggle for Europe", the best book yet on the late war & the strategy of both sides. He makes clear that the old American dislike of British generalship & suspicion of British "imperialism" led to a prolonging of the war & finally to Russian domination of half the world. Had a good walk to Milton & back this afternoon. Every day I get E. to pour my ears full of Dunlop's gentian-violet dye & mop out the excess. The stuff is pure aniline & one drop spilled makes a wide & uneradicable stain on towels etc. Tonight we started the New Year's Eve celebrations with a dinner party at Parkers, then on to the Doug. Lazers' at the Fort, then to R. H. Lockwards, then to the Hazeldine's on Bristol Avenue where we danced a bit, finally to the Seabornes' for coffee. Home at 2.30 a.m. Phew!

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1953

Overcast, temp. 40°. Slept late. Marie Freeman came in to have dinner with us, also Verna Dunlap & little Rose Conrad, whom I fetched in my car. We seven demolished a 12-lb. turkey, & still had room for pudding. This is E.'s birthday, & Orange had secretly prepared & baked (at Seldens' house) a fine birthday cake with white icing & a galaxy of candles. In the afternoon we all drove up to Milton & called on Miss Bell, who left the nursing home for her own house two days ago & is now there with a housekeeper. Tonight a small party at Bert Waters' house, where for my stomach's sake I refrained from eating & drinking. P.J. gave us a lantern-show of the colored photographs he took on his trip to Britain last summer, all very good & how familiar it all looked, despite the war & the fact that it is 31 years since I last set foot in the old country. Home at midnight.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1953

Sunny & mild. Walked to Milton this afternoon with money for Aunt Marie Bell, & dropped in to the forge for a chat with Archie, "new" booms and Tom Boyle the fiddler. At town hall I had a look at my new assessment for taxation. Real estate \$5400, furniture etc. \$1125, total \$6525. At the expected rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  this will make my 1953 tax about the same as last year, so I have no complaint.

Should have written previously that on or about Dec. 28th '52 Lou Kennedy's famous old tea schooner "City of New York" was lost on a ledge off Chebogue, near Yarmouth. Kennedy sold her about 2 months ago to a Halifax firm & they were towing her to Hfx when the line parted & she went aground & mysteriously caught fire. It smells like an "insurance job".

SATURDAY, JAN. 3/53

Easterly gale with rain. Drove to Bridgewater for my appointment at 10 a.m. with Dr. Dunlop, road covered with ice & dangerous from Brooklyn to County Line. C. came along to shop. Dunlop syringed my ears, said the scaling condition was much improved but I must continue the violet dye treatment for another week. (For this, my second visit, he charged #3)

MONDAY, JAN. 5 - THURSDAY, JAN. 8/53

I spent these 4 days at Port Joli with Hubert & Ros Nickerson, Bruce Chanali, Irving Bain, Lawrence Seldon, Victor Scobey, in their camp. Cold clear weather most of the time, no good for goose shooting, the birds flying too high; but I enjoyed being out in the keen air, banging away hopefully with my 12-gauge double-barreled Fox gun. On Wednesday there was a light fall of snow, dropping at intervals all day, & the geese flew low enough to make it interesting, although their big

wing-spread makes them look deceptively close when they are still a good two gunshots up. They came over in flights of a dozen to 40 or 50 all day, but although there were many gunners on the hills & by the shore, all banging away like mad, only a few geese fell. I got a goose on Tuesday night with both barrels — a fine & a jack. A smart crafty local man named Marshall ("Marsh") Burgess dropped into the camp with a fine 7 or 8 lb. goose, which he offered to us "to play 45° for". There were 8 of us & he wanted 50¢ apiece, which gave him \$4 for his bird, also he insisted that he sit in on the game with an equal chance to win his bird back. We played "cut-throat" 45 in two groups. I won in my group & then played off with the winner from the other group & won the bird. Plucked it myself next day, outside of course, so that the mass of down & feathers would blow away on the wind, a cold job with bare hands. That evening we were joined by politicians Merrill Rawding, Donald Smith & Lester Clements, & by several others who had dropped in for a session of poker. We sat down 14 at tables & had a feast. Duck stew (a big dish full, with 4 ducks shot yesterday by some of our crew — 3 coots & an old-squaw). Ros prepared it Cape Island fashion, tossing in hearts, livers & gizzards & it seemed to me everything else except the beak & web feet. The coot gizzards contained pieces of quahog shell the little old-squaws pieces of mussel shell, which Ros removed. But I didn't care for the stew & stuck to cold boiled lobster, of which there was plenty, too. There was a big pot of sauer-kraut also, for those whose tummies still had a vacant corner, & apple & pumpkin pie baked by Bain, & fresh biscuits.

That night the poker games went on till 2 am. I don't play poker & busied myself washing up the great stack of dishes & pots & cutlery. These chaps think nothing of winning or losing \$40 or \$50 in an evening; but they tell me the really hot game in these parts takes place every Friday night at Dr. Luft's (dentist) house in River Head, Port Mouton, where cronies from L'Isle & Lockeport foregather & play all night for much larger stakes. In that game a man will make or lose from \$100 to \$300.

Our crew are a lively lot & full of fun, especially Chandler, the undertaker, & as their hospitality is vast there is a constant appearance of oddly assorted local characters dropping in for a drink or a meal or a game of cribbage. Best memory: one cold afternoon, flight after flight of geese, honking loudly, passing over in V after V, too high to be shot, and a beautiful sight ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~passing~~ flying into the sunset with the light pink on their breasts. There are at least 5,000 geese wintering in Port Joli & engaging in these daily flights to Port L'Hebert & back, a great difference from the 1930's when the eel-grass died & the flock dwindled to a few hundreds. There is a lot of illegal shooting (the bird I won had been shot while feeding, for its throat was still full of eel grass joints) but still the kill is small compared with the numbers wintering here.

I came home Thursday night & found C. with a bad cold but the kids well & lively.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15/53 Very mild weather, just enough snow to whiten the ground, & that "decaying" as someone, Perkins would have said. My article "Sword & Pen in Kent 1902-1913" appears in the "Autumn 1952" issue of Dalhousie Review,

which is just out. Reminiscences of my childhood at Hyske, & notes on the literary scene there. I am still pouring gentian-violet dye into my long-suffering ears. The left ear (which had recovered by itself before I began Dunlop's treatment) seems back to normal; but the right does not respond to the treatment at all. I hear from a reliable source that, as I had suspected for some time, Merrill Rawding will not run for election in Queens at the next poll; he is taking a safe seat in Halifax. He purchased a home in Hfx 3 or 4 years ago & has since spent little time in this constituency.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16/53

Very mild today, temp. 52°. Labor at noon, I believe a record for this month. Supper party tonight given by Paul & Neddy King, one of many lately for Capt. Charles Williams & wife, who leave soon for Britain, where Charlie will take over the new "Markland" at Dumbarton.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18/53 Southerly gale & a flood of rain took the last trace of snow. Church this morning, drove to Milton with C. & Francie to call on Aunt Marie Bell in afternoon. Tonight we went to a party at the Tozers — the last farewell party to the Williams.

The piece de resistance was buttered rum prepared at the open fire with added cinnamon, nutmeg, lime juice, honey & small slices of green lime. The party ended at the Williams house at 2 a.m.

TUESDAY, JAN. 20/53

Yesterday & today were like spring, the air calm, the sunshine misty but warm, & I walked to Milton & back without a coat. Today between 1 p.m. & 2 p.m. we listened to the radio broadcast of Dwight Eisenhower's inauguration into the presidency — the first Republican president in 20 years. He read his address clearly but too rapidly in spots, he

has none of the orator's polish & does not know how to get effect from a pause, or the majestic roll of a good phrase.

Bill Deacon is about to issue a new edition of his amusing "The Four Jameses", first printed in 1927, & he writes asking me for details of the visit of James D. Gillis to Hfx in 1945 in order to bring it up to date. I sent him my own account of it, also a copy of Jimmie D's own account, told him to use as much as he liked but to use it with discretion & the quality of mercy.

FRIDAY, JAN 23/53 We have snow again, just one or two inches, & the air mild. Letter from a former corporal of the Winnipeg Rifles, A. J. Rawling, who saw my father killed & was wounded himself soon afterwards. He had read my article in the Dalhousie Review. Tonight was the great event of the Liverpool school year, the Cadet Ball, & Tom & his girl Joan Wickwire won the prizes for the best-looking & best-dressed ("tiddliest" is the word, I believe) couple on the floor.

SUNDAY, JAN 25/53 A flood of rain last night washed out the snow again & today the temp outdoors was over 50°. Church this morning. Maurice Russell phoned suggesting a golf round - several others were going out, & some had been playing at least once a week all "winter". But I said too many people tramping over the greens in their present soft condition would damage them, & he agreed. This afternoon I took C. & Lorraine for a drive to Bridgewater & West Lahave. The road thronged with cars. Many pedestrians walking without coats.

FRIDAY, JAN 30/53 An inch or so of snow which fell last night froze today & made my walk to Milton a slippery affair where the traffic had beaten it smooth. Yesterday there was still not a speck of snow or ice, & no frost in

the ground. One of the stores in town is selling Australian rabbits, skinned & cleaned, & wrapped in airtight cellophane, at 43¢ per lb. I never expected to see that in Nova Scotia, where our own hares were once so plentiful & are now so scarce. The native hare, when available at all, sells at about \$1.50 per pair; the Australian animal is bigger & fleshier & with a different taste.

Randolph Day, president of the Historical Society, tells me there is no interest in the Society now — "they just used to come to hear you talk" — and at his suggestion they have abandoned the regular monthly meetings held through the winter & spring. Henceforth meetings will be quarterly, & if at the end of this year there is no more interest he feels the Society should donate its funds to some charity & go out of existence.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1/53 Gale & rain last night & all day again wiped out the snow. Temp. 45° at noon. There is still green grass on my lawn. Indoors most of the day reading Count Ciano's diary 1939-43, with its revealing glimpses of Mussolini, Hitler & their tribe. Drove to Milton at 4 pm. with E. & Marie Freeman for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell. I feel bored & stale. Phyl Jones told me the other day that I should take a long sea trip, preferably in a freighter stopping at out-of-the-way foreign ports. That is something I've often longed for myself, but with two youngsters at the expensive age, & Tommy going to college next fall I simply can't afford it.

MONDAY, FEB. 2/53 Winter at last. Temp. dropped close to zero last night & at 10 a.m. it was 9° above, with a NW gale. This morning I sent my N/S of "Lidefall"

to Salmon by registered mail. Terrific gales, high tides & floods in the North Sea, the worst in centuries. In Holland the dykes have broken in 60 or 70 places & one-sixth of the whole country is flooded. Heavy floods also in the Thames estuary & The Wash, hundreds drowned, thousands homeless.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4/53 Snowstorm last night & all day. Driveway snowed in, the first time this winter. Dinner tonight at the Larry Seldens, roast black duck, very nice.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/53 Sunny, calm, crisp. Lovely walk to Potanoc & back this afternoon, the roads well ploughed, the snow piled at the roadside about knee-deep. The Feb 15 issue of Maclean's Magazine, now on sale, contains the photo of me that Karsh took on Citadel Hill last summer. A poor one; I am squinting into the sun, & my right arm is elongated & my hand a huge grotesque paw due to being too near the camera. These are the mistakes of pose that amateur photographers are supposed to make. One expected something better of Karsh — for he had posed me in this attitude & even insisted that I clasp my fingers on a post towards his lens. The wags amongst my acquaintances will have fun over this apparent mishap to my drinking arm — alcoholic elephantiasis, I suppose.

The "K & M" bus line between Milton, Brooklyn & Liverpool, went out of business last week. It has been operating ever since the late war with steadily declining traffic & increasingly decrepit vehicles. The cause, strangely enough, is prosperity. So many suburbanites have cars of their own now, running into town whenever they choose, & inviting their car-less friends along for the ride, that the bus line has lost most of its customers.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6/53 Another good walk today, the air cool, the sun's rays reflected on the snow very warm to the face.

Telegram this afternoon from Arthur L. Phelps (head of

See Apr 10/53  
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the English dept at McGill) asking "Are willing I submit you selection committee Royal Society?" This puzzled me. I presume he means the Royal Society of Canada, of which I know nothing except that it exists & that it is concerned with arts & sciences. After some hesitation, & a fruitless attempt to find something about the R.S.C. in the Canada Year Book, I wind that I was willing. Felt like Barkis.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7/53 Mild, south wind, misty sun, rain tonight. Dinner party at the John Wickens' tonight. Tom Junior was one of the L'pool high school curling team playing for the Nova Scotia school championship at Bridgewater yesterday & today. They defeated Bridgetown yesterday but were eliminated by Yarmouth today.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8/53 Flood of rain all last night & today, a mess - most of the snow gone & water lying in its place. My back lawn is a lake, my cellar leaking for the first time in years. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in Milton this afternoon. All the brooks are flooding over their banks & on the west road to Milton water was pouring right across the highway in 8 or 10 places. Just got back when Bob & Jean MacKinnon dropped in for a chat. Then E. & I went on to a tea at the Jack McCleans'. Last night there was a little saga of the sea here. The family of the light-keeper on Coffin's Island, including his father-in-law, went up to Liverpool in a boat called "Lucky Strike" to do some Saturday shopping. Returning at dusk the boat's engine failed in the mouth of Liverpool harbor, just off the island. There was a big S.E. sea & wind & sheets of rain. They burned flares, which were seen by the lightkeeper. He put off in a dory but was driven back by the seas. He phoned Liverpool to the police - & they got my friend Wayne Levy, the most capable & most daring of the L'pool fishermen, to go out with them in his motor

boat. In spite of the storm & dark he found the "Lucky Strike" & got a line aboard. The line parted after a few minutes towing, but Levy got another line to them & finally succeeded in towing them into the harbor & up to the L'pool wharf.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10/53 Great damage from the week-end floods reported all over the provinces. Roads & railways washed out, etc. Cold today, & snow blowing.

Illuminating report today from a meeting of the national executive committee, Canadian Authors Assocn. There are 740 members throughout Canada. Of these only 8 pay the double fee (\$20) levied on professional (as distinct from part-time or amateur) members. This has been an anomaly ever since it was imposed about 7 or 8 years ago, for the C.A.A. originally was founded by a group of professionals, and in all <sup>other</sup> clubs of writers & journalists it is the amateur or dilettante who has to pay an extra fee. The fact is that any simpering spinster who has had a few lines of dubious verse published in a newspaper anywhere across Canada can qualify as a member of C.A.A., & judging from those I have met at conventions I should say that at least 15% of the membership is of this class. The rest are genuine part-time authors of one sort or another, & these are the people who dominate C.A.A. councils. The "8" are the people whose names they like to have on the letterhead, & who are faced every year with a demand that we appear before the annual convention & make speeches. At this very moment I have a letter from the C.A.A. urging me to attend the convention in Toronto this July & make a speech.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12/53 Still cold (20°) & the ground bare. Tommy & France went to Bridgewater yesterday

(Tommy took my car) with their respective school teams to play basketball. The boys won 68-24, a one-sided affair. The girls won by the skin of their teeth 26-24. Letter from Jack McClelland enclosing cheque for \$400, the C.B.C.'s payment for use of "Roger Sudden" on T.V. in 8 thirty-minute episodes.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13/53 Snowing lightly all day. Letter from Tom Costain inviting me to join in production of a three-or-four-volume history of Canada, on which Doubleday & Co. have embarked. Original scheme was that Costain write the whole thing. Now Doubleday thinks it would be better to have Canadian authors doing the 2nd, 3rd & 4th volumes. Costain has nearly completed writing the first volume, which ends at the year 1700. He wants me to do the second, tracing the course of events to the fall of Quebec & the peace of 1763. This would involve getting Little, Brown's consent to my signing a one-book contract with Doubleday — my old publishers.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15/53 Six inches of snow fell yesterday & last night. The town snow-plough threw the usual wall of packed snow across my driveway & we all walked to church this morning in a cold wind down the river. A telegram yesterday from Phelps, asking me to write information about myself, including degrees if any and "bibliography", & to send it via mail with copies to the secretary of the R.C.Y. in Ottawa, & to Dr. A.R.M. Lower at Colling Bay, Ontario.

I'm more puzzled than ever. If he didn't know all this, why did he want to recommend me to the R.C.Y.? And why should I put myself in the position of importuning for this "honor" of which I know nothing? However in courtesy tonight I typed the information & mailed the copies. Gale & rain tonight wiped all the snow away once more.

MONDAY, FEB. 16, 1953 Today the ground is practically bare again as it has been (with brief intervals of snow) all winter. Violent gale with snow flurries from the west all day. No walk. Have been sandpapering & re-varnishing the top of my oak writing desk. It is a simple thing, bought from Eatons in '38, when I embarked full-time on a writing career. The best (& most) of my work has been done at the little typing desk & corrected & altered (in weird pencil hieroglyphics) at this writing desk, so it has a sentimental value in my eyes. Reading R.B. Cunningham-Graham's short stories ("Rodeo") including his excellent description of Conrad's funeral; & for good measure re-reading Conrad's "Arrow of Gold", the last flash of his genius.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19/53

Fine & cold. Good walks yesterday & today. The Autumn 1952 issue of "Canadian Author & Bookman" is just out (!), & contains the article I wrote last Fall on "My First Book" at Kennedy's request.

The Parkers dropped in tonight for a chat. They leave on Saturday for a holiday in the southern States, taking their car by the paper company's steamer as far as New York. We listened to radio reports of Mr. Abbott's budget speech. Clearly this is to be an election year. Tax cuts right & left. A cut of about 10% in personal income tax (but dating from July 1st this year), about 5% in corporation taxes. The radio license fee of \$2.50 per year to be abolished. Stamp on cheques etc., a "nuisance tax" ever since War One, to be abolished. And so on. These cuts in spite of heavy defence expenditure, and a splurge of federal spending in all constituencies (new wharves & public buildings, for instance, in every county of N.S. including \$150,000 for a new federal building in Liverpool) obviously aimed at vote-hunting. When will our people grow up?

SUNDAY, FEB 22, 1953

Sunny, windy, cold, after another 24-hour flood of rain — the pattern of the whole winter so far. Two robins on my lawn this morning heard a fox sparrow singing in the alders below Milton bridge on Friday. Drove to Rockport this afternoon & stopped along the road near Five Rivers to pick several stems of mayflowers in bud. A great traffic on the road, people riding along slowly enjoying the sunshine & the absence of snow as if it were really spring.

It is now 3 weeks since I sent the first copy of "Sidefall" to Little Brown. The other 2 copies I have held, despite urgent enquiries from Jack McBelland, for I wanted to clear my mind of it for a time & then go through the whole thing carefully in a single sitting to judge the work clearly & as a whole. Tonight about midnight when my family retired & the house was at last quiet I began to read it, not as a writer but as a reader approaching a book with a fresh mind. When I finished, it was after 5 a.m. & I could not for the life of me see one thing to change. Not that I am satisfied with it, for I realize it is not as good a book as the "Nymph & The Lamp"; but I think I have accomplished what I set out to do — to put the character "Captain Nolan" (Ogilvie) on paper as I observed & knew him. Thus it is not a pleasant book but I don't care. The difficulty has been to tone down "Nolan's" character enough to make him credible. The effronteries, the daring, the cynical treacheries of the actual man would have been fantastic to anyone who did not know him in the flesh.

FEB. 24, 1953 TUESDAY. Sunny, cold. Small flock of purple finches foraging on the back lawn. I put out bread crumbs & bird-seed but they preferred nibbling at the winged seeds dropped by the ash trees last Fall! Good walk to Milton & back this morning. This afternoon John McEwen & technician Hattie of the C.B.C. drove down from Hfx with tape-record apparatus & took away a two-minute talk by me on Canada's Book Week, to be broadcast on the national network March 14th.

Theodore Goodrich Roberts died this afternoon at Digby, where he & his wife have been living for the past few years. He was 75. As an author he was always overshadowed by his more famous older brother Charles, but in his earlier years he wrote some very good stuff. Like Charles he was too much of a wanderer & bon vivant to put his full mind on writing, & for the past 25 years he has made a living by hack work for newspapers & fiction magazines, an almost forgotten man.

FEB. 27/53 FRIDAY Fine, mild. Walked out the west highway as far <sup>as</sup> the Gull Island crossing this afternoon & then back to town along the railway. Mayflowers in bud. Found a patch of tea-berries with the fruit still hanging red & plump, & snatched a handful. Tonight attended a business meeting of the golf club, of which I am a director. Income last year was \$4,118.89, most of which was spent in maintaining & improving the course. The club has now been in existence exactly 20 years & it now owns in land & equipment (plus the small clubhouse & money spent in improving the land, part of which is leased) a property of \$18,330.24. Ownership consists of 126 shares of \$150 each (out of 160 shares authorized) most of which are held in Liverpool.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1958

Cold, with snow flurries. United church as usual this morning. Visited Aunt Marie Bell in the afternoon. Spent last evening & most of today reading A.R.M. Lower's "From Colony to Nation", an excellent thing, the first time I have seen any of Lower's work.

TUESDAY, MAR. 3/58

Moscow reveals that some time within the past 48 hours Joseph Stalin suffered a severe stroke & is now in a coma. Probably this means his death, so long expected & so often rumored. And now we are confronted by the question that has been mentioned throughout the western nations for years — Who or what will take command of the Soviet Union when Stalin dies? The best guess is that it will be Molotov or failing him, Malenkov. The prize of the dictatorship must be very tempting to others, though, & one wonders what these conflicting ambitions will mean in the life of Russia in the next few months.

THURSDAY, MAR. 5/58

All sorts of a day — rain, sun, snow & a whistling gale. Went to Dr. Charlie McIntosh this morning & he extracted a tooth that has been bothering me off & on for a year, the end molar on the left side, upper jaw. He X-rayed it yesterday & found the tooth badly infected at the base. It was like pulling a pine stump; he had a struggle, & after the cocaine faded I had a very sore jaw.

Stalin lives on — according to Moscow — but some news-men in Western countries think the old schemer died on Sunday, & his heir or heirs are stalling the news a bit to give them time to make plans.

9:15 p.m. The Canadian radio networks interrupted their programs to announce a news flash from Moscow radio — Stalin is dead.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1953

N.E. gale with squalls of snow & alternate sunshine. Moscow radio announced today that Georgy Malenkov will be Russia's new leader.

Ken McCormick, chief editor of Doubleday & Co. writes making me an offer on the proposed history. On U.S. sales 10% royalty on the first 5,000 copies; 12½% on the next 5,000, & 15% thereafter. On Canadian sales a straight 10%. The catch is in the latter, for the chief sales are bound to be in Canada. They are prepared to advance \$4,000 against royalties.

Letter from Dr. A. E. Kerr, president of Dalhousie, urging me to send young Tom there for his university degree. I have been persuading Tom to do that, for some time past; the difficulty is that his great chum Paul Chandler has gone to Acadia & his inclination is to go & join him there. Dalhousie would cost more; apart from anything else there is no men's residence and board & lodging in the city are expensive; but a Dalhousie degree is worth it.

SUNDAY, MAR 8/53 Sunny but cold, 10° above zero at breakfast time & dropping back there as soon as the sun went down. My left upper jaw still sore & a persistent ache in the left cheekbone & left temple; apparently the sinus was affected. Church this morning with my family. Drove to Milton in the afternoon to see Aunt Marie Bell, & found her as usual in her little sitting-room, disheveled & wrapped in a pale green dressing gown & cheerful as a cricket. Should have written that last night C. & I made two of a small party at the Roy Shipmans house, Roy showing 180 coloured lanterns of slides of Puerto Rico & the Virgin Islands, taken when he & Mary were there on holiday last December.

