OCT. 1, 1968

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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall II

TUESDAY, OCT. 1, 1968 Fine & warm (75°) after a cool (42°) night. Golf in the afternoon. Letter from George Nelson, Toronto, saying that after his retirement from Doubleday Canada Ltd. last spring he set up as an author's agent. He wants to know the name & address of the man (A.R. Jefferson) to whom I introduced him in Halifax some years ago, who had written about the development of railways in Canada. (Doubleday rejected Jeff's stuff, which is very good but limited to railways, large & small, in Nova Scotia.)

This evening a Miss Murray, of the CBC, Hfx., phoned me with an old request, originally made last Fall — that I do an interview or take part in a debate on the Acadians in Nova Scotia, with special emphasis on the expulsions of 1755-1762. She coyly mentioned a fee of $50. I replied as before, that I was no expert on Acadian affairs, that the subject is naturally controversial in the sharp French-English confrontation in Canada, & that I would require a long & careful study, with an adequate fee, before I would enter myself & my opinions in a public (TV) shooting match. After some hesitation she asked me to let CBC know when I felt adequately prepared, but made no offer of an adequate fee. We clicked our phones on that.

Tonight's news on TV showed the elaborate funeral of Premier Johnson of Quebec. Thousands of people. Coffin covered with the distinctive flag of P.Q. — the old flag of France with Quebec modifications — the white cross on the blue ground, & the blue quarters holding the old French monarchical fleur-de-lis. Along the streets were many of these flags but I noticed none of Canada. Prime Minister Trudeau was in the cortege, & so was Couve de Murville, P.M. of France. Later they had a private chat in the Citadel, Quebec, but neither of them would reveal to newsmen what it was about.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2/68 Another glorious day. Temp. 80° in the shade at noon. (The Hfx. weather bureau says this is the longest dry season ever recorded in Nova Scotia — & their records began in 1867, over a century ago.) Two of my rose bushes are budding again, & the weigelia shrubs continue to blossom.

Golf in the morning. In the afternoon watched on TV the first game of the (U.S.) "World Series" games of baseball. This time the contestants are the Detroit "Tigers" & the St. Louis "Cardinals". The more experienced Cardinals won, 4-0.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 2, 1968 (continued) Today I answered George Nelson's letter, giving him Jeff's address. Also I wrote to W. R. Haverkroft, President of Doubleday Canada Ltd., saying I'd like to acquire the plates of "Halifax, Warden of the North", now that Doubleday has let it go out of print.

It was such a lovely day that, after a quick dinner, I set off with E. & drove to Mill Village, thence along the shore through Vogler's Cove, Petite Riviere & West Lahave. The evening light seemed to wrap everything in a warm pink haze. Turned homeward at Bridgewater about sundown, & reached Liverpool in the dark.

THURSDAY, OCT. 3/68 Another warm & humid day (temp. 70°) despite a brisk SW breeze. I finished caulking around the kitchen window, the west cellar window, & sealed the ventilation opening in the foundation wall of my study. All this is done best when the woodwork is dry, as it is now. My house is now ready for winter. Golf in the afternoon. Noticed a flock of robins, evidently in migration, & a small flock of wild geese. The bird bath in my garden is patronized by a few fox sparrows on their way south.

Rummaging in my desk I came upon a ticket from the nickel-in-the slot weighing machine which used to stand in Seldon's drug store. It is dated May 18, 1950, & shows my weight as 195 lbs. Allowing 5 lbs. for shoes & clothes, this would be about what I weighed last spring.

When I cleared the trees from the site of my cabin at Moose Harbour in the spring of 1951 (it was built that summer) I also began to starve myself down to the weight recommended by a doctor's chart. This said, that a man of my age & height (5' 8") should weigh no more than 165 lbs. I ate a lot of lettuce & other rabbit food, & some meat & fish, & in about 6 months got my weight down to 168 lbs. However at that weight I felt weak & sometimes dizzy, & I didn't feel well until I fattened a bit to 175 lbs. Since then my weight crept up 190 again. This time I dieted more sensibly, & my weight, naked, before the evening meal, is 169, & I feel no hardship.

A letter today from Jim Kendall, English

yachtsman, who called on me here last June 28th, on his way from the Bahamas to England in the little sloop "Gander". He called at Halifax, the Bras d'Or lakes, St. Pierre, & St. John's Nfld., & then crossed the sea to Falmouth. He enclosed a Xerox copy of a letter written by my old shipmate (& his second-cousin) Harold Higginson on Dec. 14, 1917, describing to his English relatives the experiences of his father & mother, his brother Frank, & himself, in the Halifax disaster on Dec. 6/17.

FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1968 A cloudy morning & a rainy afternoon. The rain caught me on the 6th. tee of the course, & I finished the next 3 in the downpour, & came home. Forgot to bring home my field glasses, & left them attached to my golf cart in the cart storage room, where they might be stolen. Phoned the attendant in the pro. shop, Mrs. Macleod, & asked her to take them into the shop. Tonight E. & I drove to Mill Village & had a pleasant chat with Tom & Helena Jory. They spent 3 weeks in Cornwall during their summer visit to England, looking up relatives.

SATURDAY, OCT. 5/68 An open-& -shut day with cool west wind. Played golf with Austin Parker & Charles Williams, & I kept my jacket on, for the first time since June. Williams is just back from a motor trip to Cape Breton & the Cabot Trail, rather disappointing because there was little or no colour to be seen in the woods — everything remains green.

Spent the evening with our next-door neighbours, Erik & Lou Andersen, chatting over drinks, to the tunes of hi-fi music. They are thinking of building a new house at Mahone Bay, Lou's home town, for their retirement, & have been over there looking for a site & pricing the lots.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6/68 A chill day (50° at noon) with strong NW wind, mixed cloud-shadow & sunshine. This afternoon drove with E. to Greenfield, Chelsea, Baker Settlement; thence to the South Brookfield — New Germany road, on to New Germany, down the Lahave River to its mouth, on to Petite Riviere, thence up the "Little River" valley to Italy Cross, & so home. A 3-hour trip. The red maples are now in colour, but it is a dull red, due I suppose, to the long drought. No other hardwood trees show colour yet. The Medway & Lahave rivers are low, & show a lot of rocks & gravel bars.

So does the Petite Riviere. Yet the lakes on these streams seem to hold up well. Dined & wined ah Jane's — our one food splurge of the week. My son Tom, King Cochrane, Chris Clarke, & Briat Tutty, plus four bird-dogs, set off yesterday by car for Fredericton via Moncton. They intend a week of woodcock shooting in woods between the St John river & the Gulf coast.

MONDAY, OCT. 7, 1968 Cloudy & cool. Golf this afternoon with Austin Parker, & a chat over ale ah my house afterwards.

News:- The world goes on about its business in general, despite the wars & turmoils here & there. The latest student revolt is in Mexico City, where the Olympic Games are about to begin, in a magnificent new stadium, etc. built for the occasion by the Mexican [redacted] government. The riots were timed for this occasion, & they are being handled severely by police & troops. In Vietnam the war grinds slowly on, & the "peace" talks in Paris get nowhere; the Communists are stalling, seeing the growing war-weariness within the U.S.A. The civil war in Nigeria is the big news story now. We are shown, in papers, magazines, and on T.V., pictures of emaciated Biafrans, especially children — always accompanied on TV by long-drawn-out sound track of crying babies. An international investigation committee, including a Canadian Army general, recently spent several weeks in Nigeria, under the auspices of the Nigerian federal army. Their unanimous report was that they saw no evidence of a deliberate policy of "genocide" — the word always employed by Biafran sympathizers. On the other hand, two Canadian members of Parliament, recently flew into Biafra, spent 24 hours listening to (mostly European) relief workers there, & have turned up in Ottawa demanding that the Canadian Air Force should be used to fly supplies to the Biafrans. Prime Minister Trudeau insists that Canada cannot intervene in an African civil war, except by private contributions to the Red Cross & other neutral agencies. The London "Economist", "Statesman", & "Spectator", no friends of the Nigerian federal govt, point out that Biafrans, like most Nigerians, have always lacked sufficient protein in their diet, & the disruptions of war (which they brought about themselves) have brought the present terrible malnutrition. An English observer in the Sudan points out that the present civil war in being there has slaughtered hundreds of thousands of Sudanese, by

actual war & murder; yet this gets none of the publicity given to Nigeria.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8, 1968 Rain last night & showers this morning. In the afternoon I played golf alone, under a gloomy sky. Only 2 other players out. After a hiatus in the annual migration, caused I suppose by the extended hot weather (not a single bird could be seen on the golf course during the past fortnight), the birds are moving south again. Today I counted 52 robins in a single flock resting on the turf of N° 8 fairway. On N° 6 I saw a group of ring-necked plover.

Letter from Davidl Nelson, vice-president of Doubleday Canada Ltd., & son of the retired president George Nelson, in answer to mine of Oct. 2 addressed to Haverkroft. Very apologetic. The plates of "Halifax, Warden of the North" were melted down, in July 1967, in the (U.S.) Doubleday printing plant, where the whole 1965 edition had been printed. Apparently this was done on a routine order from the New York office, without consulting the Toronto office, which was thus caught with a short supply.

The cost of a new set of plates & dies would be $2,200.00, so New York ruled that a new edition was "virtually out of the question". (Although the sale in Canada had been good — over 16,000 copies including a book club distribution — the sales in the U.S. had been less than 2,000.)

Nelson adds:- "we are all very upset over the destroying of the plates and I hope that proper safeguards can be installed in New York so that this cannot happen again."

All of which demonstrates finally the cynical unconcern of Doubleday (New York) towards the books of Canadian authors contracted by their Canadian branch.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9/68 Odd weather, a lot of dark & ominous cloud with patches of warm sunshine, & sometimes heavy rain-showers falling in the sunshine. At 8 a.m. E. left for Moncton with Burke & Marion Douglas. She intends to stay ten days or so with Bill & Francie.

At 9 a.m. I left for Eagle Lake with Austin Parker. In Milton we picked up Roy Gordon. Austin brought his new gasoline-motor saw. Reached the camp about 16:30, having traveled up N° 3 Pond in Austin's boat with outboard motor. Noticed a few deer-droppings in the mile of trail from the pond to Eagle Lake, but no buck-pawing, indeed no

other sign of life in the woods except the marks of a bear's visit to the camp itself. Bruin had stood up & clawed a strip of bark from a spruce tree there, beginning at a point about 11 feet off the ground & tearing downward. He (or she) had also left claw marks on the asphalt roofing felt which now covers the decayed logs at the camp's each end. Fortunately he (or she) didn't tear it off.

We worked until noon cutting down three maples about 200 yards from the camp, limbing them & cutting them into stove-length chunks, mainly with the motor-saw. Lunched at the camp on black tea & sandwiches — the first time I have eaten anything in the middle of the day for many weeks. After a rest we went back to our labours, this time with double-bitted axes, splitting the chunks, carrying them to the camp trail, & piling them there. Hot work in this humid weather. Austin, & Hector Dunlap, intend their usual week of deer-hunting at the camp later on, so this will provide a good supply of fuel. Saw a goshawk fly low over the camp, & a Canada jay came for a look at us. The beavers have a large "house", about 8 feet high, on the lakeshore near the camp. The red maples have begun to shed their leaves. The brook is very low, but the beaver dam keeps the lake fairly high. Home at 5:30. At 8 P.M. I attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society (the first of the season) at Mel Gardner's house in Brooklyn. About 25 people. Treasurer reported over $700 in the funds. Mr. Fred Emerson, of Greenfield, read a bright & witty paper on social life & manners of middle & upper classes during the Edwardian & George V years in eastern Canada, observed by himself as the son of a lawyer in St. John's, Newfoundland. The next meeting is to be a dinner affair at Lane's restaurant on Nov. 20, & I was asked to make the address there, as I did last year. For the past two weeks I have suffered what I thought to be neuralgia in my right jaws, upper & lower. In the past 2 or 3 days the pain became more particular, & the source is evidently one of my lower molars, an old offender with a massive metal filling. I suspect an abscess there.

THURSDAY, Oct. 10, 1968 Sunny (60° in the shade at noon) with a light breeze. Awoke at 4:30 a.m., arose at 5,

breakfasted on (dessicated) coffee, toast, & jam. Read till 6:30, went back to bed for a further nap, & rose & shaved & dressed finally at 8:30. Wrote George Foster re the "Halifax, Warden of the North" denouement, pointing out that Doubleday's failure to reprint put the publishing rights into my own hands. Golf in the afternoon.

SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1968 Woke at 4 a.m. with severe pain in the right jaws. Got up & took another Tecnal capsule, washed down with rum. No good. At 5:30 I made coffee & toast. Went back to bed at 7, & slept till 8:30, when I shaved & dressed. Golf in afternoon. Played very badly — my score was 102. I should go to a dentist & have the abcessed tooth yanked out; but of our 3 dentists here, Tom & Dr. Mackintosh are away, & Bill Murphy (who spends half his time at the fish plant) is swamped with demands.

A cool grey day. In my garden, starlings & a small flock of migrating robins are feasting on the small blue fruit of the golden elder shrubs. The robins take turns in the bird bath, sitting right down in the water, & apparently absorbed in their reflections. Letter from Bill Parker, a classmate of Tom's at Acadia U., & now on the Acadia staff, asking me to address a group of alumni at Moncton on Nov. 18. A round trip of 600 miles by car, (& no offer to pay expenses) — & at a time of year when we shall have our first taste of winter snow & ice. A lack of common sense here. He knows that I'm old, & he knows the distance & conditions.

SUNDAY, OCT. 13/68 Delightful day, sunny & warm (70° in the sun at 4 p.m.) Tom Jr. returned today from his bird-hunting trip. He & four companions (& 4 dogs) made their headquarters in a motel on the highway about semi-distant from Sussex & Fredericton, & ranged about in a radius of 50 or 60 miles. They got 142 woodcock, some partridge, & a duck. After Golf this afternoon I went to his dental office, & he examined the offending tooth. He thought it wasn't abcessed. He diagnosed the trouble as an over-high filling in the tooth, which thus got excessive pressure in chewing — and in clenching the teeth hard together in moments of sleep, as many people do. This would exert pressure on the membranes about the nerve, & eventually produce the neuralgia in both jaws, extending to the eye & the ear canal, which I have been suffering. He drilled the filling down to a

lower level, & told me to try it for 24 hours.

MONDAY, OCT. 14, 1968 Thanksgiving Day in Canada, & dutifully I give thanks for a most delightful day. Sunny & warm & calm. Mowed my lawns in the morning. Golf in the afternoon. Wrote a polite No to Bill Parker. Dined & wined with Tom Jr & family — roast turkey, etc., & Liebfraumilch. This afternoon Evelyn White came in & watered E's numerous house-plants — a chore I always forget until the plants are half dead.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15, 1968 Overcast & mild. Eight or ten robins haunt my bird bath, splashing themselves, & sipping frequently. There are few worms to be had in the dry earth, & they are feeding almost entirely on berries, which seem to make them thirsty.

E phoned from Moncton tonight. Asked me to tell Dorothy Wickwire that she had changed her mind about coming by train to Halifax on Friday. Instead she will fly, & will take the limousine passage from the airport to the Lord Nelson hotel, where the Wickwires will await her.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 16/68 This morning I went to Robert Wile, the Liverpool optometrist, & had a thorough check of my eyesight. He found my left eye weakened since the last prescription in 1965. I ordered two pairs of the new prescription.

A very hot day, 80° in the sun. Golf with Parker, Williams, & Waters. Dined at Tom Jr's apartment, the piece-de-resistance being woodcock breasts cooked with wine, & served with peas & rice. A forest fire broke out somewhere towards Town Lake & sent up great clouds of smoke in the afternoon. From the "deck" of Tom's place we could see a small plane equipped with water tanks, descending on the harbour to fill the tanks in a swoop, & then flying off to "water-bomb" the fire. The plane is part of a (provincial) forest protection outfit, based on McGowan's Lake, near Westfield, & covering Queens County.

News:- A new residence for women students at Acadia was opened lately, & named Chase Court. Who says the Baptists haven't a sense of humour?

THURSDAY, OCT. 17/68 Overcast & mild. The maple colours are now at their best. I note from yesterday's "Advance" that Victor Lockey, our grocer (& meat supplier) for many years, is

closing his business & retiring at the end of this month. Rather short & blunt notice. He started business in the present stand on Main Street in 1927, & by shrewd business & excellent service built up a prosperous patronage. He never attempted to enlarge his store. It was like a beehive, even though in recent years the big chain grocery stores ("I.G.A." and "Dominion") have driven most of the old-fashioned small grocers out of business. Kirby has made a comfortable amount of money, & apparently decided suddenly to call it quits.

Today I gave my golf shoes a coat of silicone solution. I do this once or twice a year to waterproof & preserve the leather.

News:- Mrs. Jaqueline ("Jacky") Kennedy, widow of President John Kennedy (assassinated in November 1963) has announced that she intends to marry Aristotle Onassis, the fabulously rich Greek hedonist. She is 39, beautiful, clever, but rather neurotic. He is 62, long divorced from his wife; the playboy partner of many beautiful European women including the famous opera star Maria Callas, an Italian, who was openly his mistress for several years. Mrs. Kennedy left at once, with her two children, for Europe, in a jet plane of Olympic Air Line, which is owned by Onassis.

FRIDAY, OCT. 18/68 Another warm (70°) calm day. Got a pair of glasses of the new prescription from Wile this morning. Like my last pair they are bi-focals. He is to make up a spare pair, using the old frames, also a pair of uni-focals (for the longer vision) which I use at golf.

The autumn colour in the woods is now at its best. There has been no wind & rain storm to strip the red maples before the others, but their leaves are dropping. I drove up the river road to No 1 dam, & turned off along the old Indian Garden Road which I haven't followed for many years.

When the Mersey River dam-builders made this old ox-cart road fit for motor traffic in 1928, there was a great incursion of truck-loggers, who in the next ten years cut most of the lovely hardwoods along the road, for sale as fuel in the town & villages. After 1945, oil fuel rapidly came into general use, even on many of the farms, & the wood-fuel market dwindled almost to the vanishing point. So during the past 20 years a new growth of red maple & other hardwoods

has arisen, & the Indian Garden road is again a lovely sight in October. On the "Two Mile Hill" (i.e. 2 miles from Pleasantfield, where the "Garden Road" turns off the Liverpool - Annapolis highway) I noticed a dozen or more small wooden summer cottages, each bearing a coy name like "Shady Rest", & there was a neatly painted sign marked "Dodge City" to indicate them all. From Pleasantfield I drove to Bangs Falls, & followed the Medway down to Mill Village. Usually this is the best autumn show, but today it seemed less than the Mersey & Garden roads, & as the Medway is very low after the long drought there is more rock than water to be seen, hence none of the water reflections which ordinarily make the autumn show such a delight. Home, about 4:30.

E. got home tonight, having traveled by air from Moncton to Hfx, & joined the McKuvires there for the ride to Liverpool. She reports the Dennis's well & happy. Bill showed her through the new private clinic in Moncton, on which his name appears as senior doctor. It was built & furnished this year by himself & his junior partner "Bud" Gillis, & their clientele is so numerous that they now have 4 young doctors in their group, all 1968 graduates of the Dalhousie Medical School.

SUNDAY, OCT. 20, 1968 Rain, real rain, at last, the fringe of a hurricane moving up from the West Indies & following the course of the Gulf Stream. Drive with E. to Chester Basin, where we had lunch with the newlyweds, Ted Bayer & my sister Hilda. His house is a well designed & furnished bungalow a mile or two out of the village on the road to Borgel's Point, facing Marriots Island.

Hilda gave an amusing account of their wedding. They wanted the simple civil ceremony rather than the religious kind, so they went to Halifax & were married in the old courthouse on Spring Garden Road. They, & 3 other couples, were married in four quickly successive ceremonies by Judge Peter O'Hearn, in the smaller of the two courtrooms, with the judge sitting solemnly on his dais as if he were admonishing & sentencing some confessed shoplifters.

Bayer is a pensioner from a shipping firm in

Halifax, where he was an accountant. As a hobby he has a "gift shop" at Chester Basin down. He makes ~~wood~~ wooden novelties & toys (such as childrens' rocking horses) in a well equipped workshop in the basement of his house; & he travels about Nova Scotia in the off-season, hunting up home-made rugs, tapestries, & novelties of various kinds. We looked into his shop, & at once I spotted a beautiful piece of wood-carving representing a schooner under full sail, heeling to the wind, & full of grace and the feeling of actual movement. It was made by a man who lives on Brier Island, on the Bay of Fundy, named Herman Shaw, & the wood is TEAK recovered [redacted] from the wreck of the old Allan liner "Corinthian", which struck a reef & sank off Brier Island in 1918. I insisted on buying it then & there, & Bayer let me have it for $32.50. It is mounted on a little stand of oak, & is about a foot long & 11" tall. Hilda is trying to rent her own house at Mahone Bay, but doesn't want to sell it. She mentioned that among other items she had removed from her former house in Jollimore (near Halifax) were 3 full cartons of my history of the West N.S. Regiment, which had been stored in the attic there for twenty years. They are now in Bayer's attic. Home at 5 p.m.

News:- "Jackie" Kennedy & Aristotle Onassis were married today in a Greek Orthodox ceremony on the little island of Skorpios, which is owned entirely by Onassis.

MONDAY, OCT. 21/68 Heavy rain all night, & enough wind to tear most of the leaves off the twin ash trees in the boundary between Andersen's property & mine. These plugged the street drain, & when I arose this morning a flood was pouring over my front walk. The rain continued in a spasmodic way all day. After Tom Jr. corrected the malocclusion of my lower molar tooth on Oct. 13 the neuralgia eased, but there was still something wrong thereabouts, with an ache & a distinct taste of decay. On Saturday, probing with a thin toothpick, I found a narrow but deep cavity in the front side of the adjoining molar, extending right in to the nerve sheath — the toothpick gave me a very painful jolt. The cavity was almost completely hidden by the gum line, & so it had escaped Tom's notice. I went to him this afternoon, & he drilled out the decay & put in a massive

filling. To do this, he had to inject local anaesthetic — the first time I've had any sort of anaesthetic in dentistry of the ordinary sort. (I had it once before, when the specialist in Halifax removed two impacted wisdom teeth; but that was really a surgical operation.) I hope this will end the pain I have suffered in my right lower jaw for many weeks.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22, 1968 The gale roared all night, & blew quite hard all day, although the rain ceased before dawn, & by noon the sun was out. Got my new eyeglasses from Robert Wile; two pairs (duplicates) of bifocal lenses, one pair of single lenses for golf purposes. Total bill, $95.00 Had my furnace oil tanks filled with 353·5 gallons, cost $80.18. A similar quantity of oil last spring cost $68.94. An increase of about 16% in price. As I am now nearing my birthday (Nov. 13) today I received by mail a government application form for a year's renewal of my driving ("operator's") license. The fee is $3.00. Last year, & indeed for many years, the fee was $1.00 These are examples of the rise of prices one meets nowadays on every side.

Wrote a card to old Melbourne Gardner, who is in the V.G. Hospital in Halifax recovering from an operation to remove a growth (said to be not malignant) in the prostate gland. This week's "Advance" is a big one, containing histories of the various Queens County villages, written by local correspondents. Most of them are vague (and many wildly inaccurate) about dates beyond the memory of the present oldest inhabitants. Names, especially Indian place-names, are badly spelled by the writers, and further distorted by the printers with ludicrously pied type. Since Inglis took over the "Advance" from Cecil Day there seems to be no proof-reading at all. All of which makes these "histories" misleading & valueless.

Later:- My oil merchant, Earl Whynot, phoned at 9:30 p.m. He had discovered an error in his bill, & as I had given him a cheque for it he insisted on coming to my house at once with a cash refund of $8.48. In other words the increased price of furnace oil makes 353·5 gallons cost $71.70.

The Grolier Company, New York, who publish Encyclopedia Americana & various other popular reference books, have asked

me to write an article on Canada's Atlantic Provinces for a 7-volume geography of the world, entitled "Lands and People", now being revised for reading by young people. I wrote today, agreeing. Also I wrote letters to the government information departments in Newfoundland, P.E.I. & New Brunswick asking for up-to-date material.

News:- At Ottawa, Finance Minister E. J. Benson today announced new (& increased old taxes) on income of corporations & individuals, including a 2% "Social Development" tax on personal incomes, starting Jan. 1, 1969. The latter is to cover the new "Medicare" expenditure - the federal government's proportion of it, that is.

Three U.S. astronauts, in a rocket capsule called Apollo 7, have descended to earth (actually to the sea near Florida) safely, after whizzing about the outer spaces for 11 days. During the long flight they had frequent conversations with their base at Cape Kennedy, Fla., & even sent back television pictures of themselves, which we saw in our homes. It is now said that the U.S. will send a manned rocket around the moon by the end of this year. The Russians, who have maintained their lead in the exploration of outer space by manned rockets, aren't saying anything; but they will probably attempt to land men on the moon before long.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23, 1968 A fine mild (62°) day. E & I played golf this afternoon. This evening we went to the Astor Theatre & saw a magnificent movie production of "The Taming of the Shrew", with Richard Burton as Petruchio & his wife Elizabeth Taylor as Kate. The script writers had taken liberties with Shakespeare, as any practical play must; but they did a good job, & the settings & costumes were marvellous.

Seth Bardine, who has held the theatre lease many years, caters mostly to the young crowd with rock-and-roll shows, shoot-'em-up Westerns, & the silly "horror" and "monster" pictures which the young seem to enjoy. Occasionally he gets something really good, after it has been in circulation two or three years, because he can then get it at a cheaper rate.

SATURDAY, OCT. 26/68 Yesterday & today, dark rainy weather. I have been going through my diaries 1939-1945, typing notes for my address to the P. E. I. Historical Society in November.

I note from a brief mention in Canadian Historical Review

that an article entitled "Thomas H. Raddall, The Man and His Work" appeared in the Queens (University) Quarterly, Spring issue 1968, & covered nine pages. The author was W. J. Hawkins, of Enfield N.S., a student who used this subject for his M.A. thesis at U.N.B. He first wrote me in August 1963, & made one brief personal visit here. I lent him a number of documents, (letters, etc.) & answered further mail enquiries in 1964 & the winter of 1964-65. He got his M.A. in 1965 & promised to send me a copy of the thesis; but he never did. Perhaps he was ashamed of it. (He was, & admitted it on a personal visit to me in July 1970)

This afternoon, at the request of the Liverpool Baptist minister, Mr. Byron Fenwick, I conducted a tour of the town for 30 or 40 teenage boys & girls, members of a district Baptist youth group. We traveled in a small procession of cars, stopping here & there while I pointed out a historic site & told something about it. Perhaps they were just being polite, but anyhow they seemed very interested.

Dinner at 8 p.m. with the Ralph Johnsons. Other guests were the Austin Parkers, Victor Jeans, Erik Anderssens, Charles Williams, Hector Dunlaps & John Wickwires — a little roundup of Park Street neighbours & old friends from Fort Point.

At my request, the local Simpsons-Sears shop today sent up, for a weekend trial, a color TV set. The price is about $500, which they say is a special reduction from the regular retail price of $700. Their TV technician however does not work on Saturdays or Sundays, so I was left to work the thing myself. Patiently I tried every possible adjustment of the dials, & the best "picture" I could get was fuzzy in outline & blurred in colour.

SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1968 A dark, wet day. Worked on my diary extracts. Drove with E. to call on the Terence Freemans in the afternoon. The temperature was 45° & the gale roughened Port Mouton Bay to a corrugated iron with white crests. Dined at Lane's. We watched the evening TV shows on our old (1957) black-&-white set.

MONDAY, OCT. 28/68 After a chilly (38°) night, a fine balmy (60°) day, with strong SW wind. E. & I played golf in the morning, taking advantage of the brief

sunshine. I brought home our clubs & carts, as the storage shed will be locked for the season in another day or two, & the weather bureau predicts rain tomorrow. This afternoon Simpson-Sears' TV technician turned up, & with a few twiddles of knobs & buttons produced a good clear colour picture on the new TV set. The afternoon shows are mostly "soap operas" & similar trash, but it was pleasant to see the difference in mere appearance. I asked the technician why (as the set is guaranteed for one year) the price of this one had been reduced $200. He said it was because the (redacted) picture is circular, whereas most new buyers want one that is rectangular.

News:- Newspapers, magazines, TV & radio are mostly concerned now with the election campaign for the U.S. Presidency. The public-opinion polls in the U.S. seem to indicate a shoo-in victory for Richard Nixon.

TUESDAY, OCT. 29/68 Fine. Temp. 55° at noon. While on the golf course this afternoon I drew my binoculars out of the case, & one of the eye-pieces & its shaft fell out. I tried to put it back into place but the thing merely jammed, halfway in. These are the glasses I bought from the T. Eaton Co. last February. Our trial colour TV didn't function so well tonight, perhaps because it was one of the "poor reception nights" which mysteriously recur.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 30/68 Temp. 35° last night, but we have not had a real frost yet, & my rosebuds still look healthy.

Letter from Herman Shaw, of Westport, Brier Island, the woodcarver who made the beautiful schooner model I got from Ted Bayer. He says the wood came from the wreck of the "Corinthian", which struck Brier Island a week before Christmas, 1918. She had a cargo of bacon, hams, sides of pork, condensed milk, etc. which was joyfully looted by local fishermen. Shaw's father salvaged all the "dark wood" (i.e. TEAK) he could handle, but he preferred to carve in pine.

Letter from Grolier Inc., New York, enclosing contract for the "Lands & Peoples" article. Golf this afternoon. Only a few other players, although the sun was out & the temp. 50°.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31/68 Chilly (45° at noon) with black clouds & spots of sunshine & a stiff breeze. I played a quick 18 holes (in 2 hours) at White Point, alone. A young TV

HALIFAX CHRONICLE-HERALD
NOV. 28, 1968

Sinking Of Ship In 1918 Is Recalled

WESTPORT — At 2:55 p.m. on Dec. 14, 1918, a wireless operator on Partridge Island, near Saint John, N. B., picked up a distress signal from the steamship Corinthian.

There were high seas and a dense fog in the Bay of Fundy that afternoon. The ship had run aground on Brier Island, at the South West end of the Bay.

The 7,332 ton freighter left Saint John that same day bound for Glasgow, Scotland, with a cargo of wheat, timber, fruit and other foodstuffs as part of a consignment for the British government.

Capt. David Tannock, master of the Corinthian, reported that his holds were filled with water and there was no hope of salvaging the cargo.

A steamer and a patrol boat from Saint John set out to aid the crippled ship. Fishing craft from nearby Westport, on Brier Island, and Freeport, on Long Island, also got under way to the disaster area and toiled many hours picking up stricken crewmen.

By midnight the same evening the whole crew of 87 men had been rescued.

This week, a letter from one of the rescued crewmen of the Corinthian was sent to the postmaster of Westport for all the residents to read. It had come from Essex, England, and was addressed to the fishermen of Westport.

The seaman, who was 17 years old at the time, thanked the citizens of Westport for his life and the welcome assistance he was given on that day in 1918.

salesman (Lloyd Everett) from Simpsons-Sears came today to close the purchase of the new colour set. The price is $499.95 plus 5% tax, $25.04, a total of $524.99. At this reduced price (comparable TV sets in the rival T. Eaton Co. catalogue are about $700) they will not take my old set as a trade-in. I gave Everett a cheque for $524.99, & received a printed guarantee signed in an almost indecipherable scrawl by the local T-S manager, Frank Moore. The guarantee is for 90 days. After that, to the extent of another 275 days, the company will supply any parts required for repairs, but not the labour.

Tonight was Hallowe'en, & early in the evening Pam brought her three imps in fearsome masks, & of course "Gumpy" was terribly frightened as usual. After the kids of our neighborhood, came the swarm from other parts, many of them teenagers & in one case (E's description) "three fat middleaged women" in no disguise at all. The old-time Hallowe'en fun for children has thus become a farce, with hordes of greedy cadgers coming, not only from the poor quarters of Liverpool, but from Port Meadow, Milton, & elsewhere. E had laid in a good stock of candies & peanuts, & she counted 177 strangers at our door before she lost patience about 8 p.m. After that we refused to answer the knocks, & so did everyone else in the neighborhood. Altogether we had well over 200 visitors, many of them traveling from street to street in cars & light trucks, & systematically emptying their sacks into their transport at intervals.

News:- The CBC interrupted a good TV play for half an hour this evening, & switched to President Lyndon Johnson making a long rambling & repetitious statement which he could have said in a minute. As a demonstration of good faith in the long-protracted peace negotiations (which began in Paris last May) he has ordered the U.S. forces to cease bombarding North Vietnam by air, sea, and land. He was solemn in face & voice, but from time to time a faint smile appeared, which gave him a sly look. The CBC news man in Washington, commenting on the speech, suggested bluntly that it seemed a political ploy, designed to help Democrat Hubert Humphrey in the presidential election, now

only a few days away.

SATURDAY, Nov. 2, 1968 We had our first real frost last night, temp. 30°. I awoke suddenly about 3 a.m. feeling cold, & had to get up & instal the wires, plugs, & control box, of my electric blanket, which had been disconnected since last spring. By this time the effect of my sleeping pills (1½ capsules of Seconal) had worn off, so I went downstairs & took another ½ size capsule. It had no effect. I sat reading & sipping rum until 5 a.m., when I ate some food, went to bed, & slept until 9:30.

The day turned out to be sunny & warm (50°) & as I had an engagement for the afternoon I dashed out to White Point & played 18 holes. Back to town at 1:30 for a quick bite & a glass of ale, & then my engagement turned up, Charles Bagley, who teaches English in the Falmouth school, & a white-haired [redacted] MRS. JOHN R. MACDONALD, who teaches English literature in Windsor.

Bagley had brought along his collection of my books for autographs. He also brought a tape-recorder & asked me to relate the background of my short story "Winter's Tale", which is quoted in the English course. Unfortunately something went wrong with the machine, which refused to record anything. We chatted, & E. served tea & sandwiches, & Bagley took some photographs of E. & me, & of our house. I presented him a copy of "West Novas" for his collection.

Tonight I resolved to take no sleeping pills, & stayed up watching the "late, late" movie on T.V., & sipping rum, until 2:30 a.m., with the T.V. sound turned low, as E. had gone to bed at 11:30 p.m. By this time I was at last feeling drowsy, & I went to bed & slept well for nearly 7 hours.

News:- the newly built gallery of the Nova Scotia College of Art, in Halifax, will be opened on Dec. 6 with a show of 5 contemporary Canadian artists. It is to be named after Mrs. Anna Leonowens, who became world famous as the English governess at the royal court of Siam, from 1862 to 1867. She came to Halifax in 1878 with her [redacted] daughter and husband, the banker Thomas Lyshe, & took a large part in founding the Victoria School of Art & Design in Halifax in 1887. She died in Montreal, aged 80, in 1914. The gallery is part of the new College of Art, which now has an international staff.

TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1968

For the past several days we have had mild (45°-50°) overcast days & frosty moonlit nights. Austin Parker, Hector Dunlap, & "Bud" Coffill, an accountant in the Income Tax office, Halifax, went to the camp at Eagle Lake yesterday for a week's deer-hunting.

This morning Roy Gordon & I joined them for the day, driving to Big Falls, & walking to Eagle Lake by the 2½ ~~mile~~ mile trail. All along this trail we saw buck-pawing, some of it done last evening. Also some old droppings of wildcat & bear. The old trail is little used by hunters now, & is growing in thickly with huckleberry etc. Arrived at the camp about 11 a.m., & saw Dunlap & Coffill in the dinghy, coming up the eastern shore of Eagle Lake, & Parker alone in the canoe, coming up the western shore. Despite recent rains, the uplands are still very dry, so that the fallen leaves rustle, & sticks crack sharply, at every step, a warning to any animal within half a mile. The only way to move silently is by water. They went ashore in various places, & reported a great crop of fallen acorns on the oak ridge, with many deer tracks & frequent pawing-places; but they saw no game of any kind. We had dinner together. The sky was overcast, with glints of sunshine, & the air very mild & calm. The reflections in the lake were perfect, so that a photo of lakeside woods, or a man in a canoe, would look the same upside-down. We sat yarning about old hunts & times, on the edge of the camp verandah, until 3.10 pm. when Gordon & I left for home. When we reached Big Falls, dusk was falling in the deep woods. Home at 5.

This is the U.S. presidential election day. All summer & fall our ears & eyes have been assailed with it, by newspapers, magazines, radio & TV. No definite result at midnight. Nixon (Republican) and Humphrey (Democrat) are having a close finish, like that of the Nixon-Kennedy campaign some years ago. The 3rd. candidate, Wallace of Alabama, seems to be drawing about 30% of the popular vote.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6, 1968

A bright but chilly (45°) day. Little Debby & Tommy Raddall have been staying with us for a couple of days while Pamela took Blair to Halifax for a foot examination by a pediatrician, & to do some shopping. (She also took E's № 1 wig to the Hfx. hairdresser Mario for a renovation)

I should have noted on Nov. 1 that our postal stamps for ordinary letters now cost 6 cents instead of 5; & that within-town letters now cost 6 cents also, instead of 4. The rates on newspapers etc. were increased also. At the same time all delivery of mail ceased on Saturdays, except on rural routes.

I advertised my old Westinghouse TV set for sale in the "Advance", which was published this afternoon. Price $40. At 5 p.m. Laurie Thorburn (ace pitcher for the Liverpool "Larrupers" thirty years ago) arrived with the money & took it away. At golf this afternoon E. saw a large deer beside № 8 green. Many robins still foraging about the course for worms.

"The Nymph & The Lamp" is now in print only in the paperback edition of Canadian Library, published by McClelland & Stewart 4 or 5 years ago. To June 30 last it had sold a little over 3,000 copies.

News:- Richard Nixon is the new President of the U.S. The popular vote was about 43% for Nixon, 43% for Humphrey, 14% for Wallace; but the "electoral college" at the end gave Nixon a comfortable majority. However the Democrats hold a majority of seats in the House of Representatives & in the Senate. In general, it was a contest of Tweedledum & Tweedledee, with Simon Legree (Wallace) cracking a loud whip in the background. A CBC news commentator, Ronald Collister, said of the result, "Six years ago Nixon was politically dead. His election to the Presidency is the greatest resurrection since Lazarus."

THURSDAY, Nov. 7/68 Overcast & cold. The Toronto Star Weekly Magazine dated Nov. 8, now on the stands, has an interview by Paul King with Joanna Shimkus, a young (25) model & movie actress who has lately played "bit parts" in some "big time" movies in Europe & the U.S. She was born in Halifax of Lithuanian parents, went with them to Montreal

at age 4, started modeling for Simpson's mail-order catalogue, went to Paris to model in 1963, got some bit parts in cheap French movies, & now has progressed to better ones. In the Star Weekly interview she said:- "Last year I took a $2,000 option on a Canadian book by Thomas Raddall. It's very sad, a tear-jerker, but I love it. I want to go home next year & make it. I'll play the girl."

This may be a new dodge on the part of Richard Wilson & his Hollywood sharks, still using my old agreement with the late John Kick, which ran out of time in Sept. 1963.

I wired the Toronto Star Weekly as follows:-

"If Joanna Shimkus paid $2,000 for an option on my book The Nymph & The Lamp it is news to the author & sole owner of the rights. Either Joanna was kidding King or some Hollywood shark took the lady for a ride inside".

I think, however, that the lady was just talking big for the titillation of King & his Canadian readers.

FRIDAY, Nov. 8. Today I received from editor H.P. Gundy a copy of the Queens Quarterly, spring 1968 edition, which contains the article by young Hawkins on my life & works. It is obviously composed of bits & pieces from his M.A. thesis. On the whole accurate, but with some deductions (e.g. that many of my characters in various stories were drawn from "the memory of his imposing father") quite wrong; and I detect here & elsewhere the lofty academic views of Hawkins's mentor, Professor Pacey of U.N.B., who revealed himself to me many years ago as an eager but unsuccessful author of short stories.

A gale of wind & rain all day, the first real storm of a long fine autumn.

SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1968 Clearing & cold (40°) with a NE wind. Walked to Main St. this morning & went about paying bills, including 75¢ for my TV advert. in the Advance.

Alternate beams of sunshine & heavy showers all day. Drove with E. around Western Head. Not much surf after the storm. At Moose Harbour we saw a magnificent rainbow, so close that one end seemed to stand on the shore a little distance from my old cabin site, & the other end on the water just off Western Head. We have had several

phone calls from people eager to buy my old TV set, as advertised in the Advocate. Perhaps I should have set a higher price, but in honesty I couldn't ask more than the $40 I got for it.

SUNDAY, Nov. 10, 1968 Another gale of wind & rain roared about the house all night & most of today — the second in a series of low barometric pressures moving up the coast from Florida. The Halifax weather bureau forecasts another on Tuesday. Indoors all day, writing letters, & finishing the typed extracts from my diary for my address to the Historical Society on the 20th. Among the letters was one to Mrs. Margaret Perry, film producer for the N.S. Information Service, who had sent me a "shot list" of her new film on the South Shore, asking me to check the narrative for errors, etc.

Tom Jr. dropped in for a chat in the afternoon, & watched a football game on our colour TV.

MONDAY, Nov. 11/68 Cold (40°) with a black sky & occasional showers, so I was indoors all day again — no real outdoor exercise since last Wednesday. This is the 50th. anniversary of the armistice which ended the first world war. Tonight on TV, the CBC ran a 1½ hour show of film, with commentary by Canadian actor Raymond Massey, who served in the war as a young artilleryman. He was filmed in the present-day scenes of the old battles, but most of the show was wartime film of the Canadian Corps from 1914 to 1918. What a bloody-awful business it was! Compared with it, War Two was a picnic.

TUESDAY, Nov. 12/68 A gale warning — the 3rd. gale in 5 days — set me cleaning out the street drain & gutters this morning. Also I got a ladder & cleaned old leaves & stalks (from the nearby ash tree) out of the eaves-troughs of my study. Finally, as usual at this time of year, I pruned the hydrangea shrub beside my front walk, cutting away this year's growth & with it the big dead blossoms, which otherwise break off & make a mess. The predicted gale began with rain in the afternoon, & the wind soon rose to gusts of 50 m.p.h. & roared all night. On the South Shore these gales brought rain only, but in a wide swath up the Atlantic coast from Alabama to New Brunswick there was snow (6 inches in South Carolina, for example, & a foot or so at Moncton). At 2:30 p.m. radio station CFDR, Dartmouth, which will be running an advertisement for The Book Room, phoned me & tape-recorded two or three laconic questions

& answers about "Footsteps On Old Floors".

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 13, 1968 I walked to Milton & back this afternoon, my first real exercise of a whole week, & the first Milton walk of the winter season. After the storm the sun was out & the air mild, so I wore my light golf cap & jacket. On the homeward leg down the east side of the river a wind sprang up from the west, pushing a black cloud rapidly over the sky, & then a cold rain slanting down. So I got a bit wet. Bathed & changed. This is my 65th birthday, & Ted & Hilda Bayer came over from Chester Basin & dined with us. Later in the evening we had a drink-&-chat party, with old friends & neighbours in our house — the Charles Williams, Erik Andersens, Jerry Nickersons, Ralph Johnsens, Victor Jans, Hector Dunlaps, & Austin Parkes. During the evening Frankie phoned from Moncton with birthday greetings. The party dissolved about 11 p.m., & the Bayers left for home at midnight. All very pleasant.

THURSDAY, NOV. 14/68 A bleak day, with dark sky & some squalls of snow that melted as it came to ground.

FRIDAY, NOV. 15/68 Dark & cold (40°). Spent the afternoon raking up masses of fallen leaves, many of them soggy & heavy, filling my 13 gallon galvanized metal can, & dumping them in the thicket between my back fence & the new school. A monotonous Job that invariably brings on an attack of lumbago. Including the weight of the can itself, I figure I carried roughly half a ton during the afternoon. Most of the trees have shed their leaves, but the ash at the foot of the garden clings to its own, still green, & so do all the garden shrubs. Took my car to Rossignol garage for the annual (government required) check on brakes, lights, steering gear, etc; also for new ignition points, cleaning spark plugs, checking of heating system, etc.; also to have my snow tires installed on rear wheels. A transport truck brought 3 cartons, containing 156 copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors", sent down from Halifax by the Book Room, for my autograph. I had told Charles Burchell I would do this, rather than journey to the city at this season of sudden snows & icy roads.

Local news:- Our Liverpool police squad consists of

chief G.D. Sears & 3 constables. Sears & one of the constables have resigned, suddenly, & the town is advertising for replacements. Sears is a beefy but mild-spoken man, none too energetic or intelligent, about 40, who has served here for years. I'm told that a week or so ago the Mounties caught & young hoodlums (two of them natives of Queens) who had broken into a summer bungalow somewhere in the County. They had a car with an Ontario license & apparently were on a late-season tour of thievery. The Mounties put them in the Liverpool jail at the corner of Brunswick & Bayzant. Sears has his living quarters there, with his wife & family, & acts as chief jailor as well as chief of police. The hoodlums set up a rampage in their cells, destroying bedding & fixtures, & Sears & a constable had to stop it with violence. At once the hoodlums got some too-charitable visitor's ear, with the usual complaint of "police brutality". The town council's police committee felt bound to reprimand Sears, who promptly resigned, saying no policeman could deal gently with this common type of criminal & at the same time preserve law & order.

SATURDAY, NOV. 16, 1968 Snow on the ground this morning when I got up — just enough to whiten it. Debby, Tommy & Blair arrived about 10 a.m., & made a small "snow man" — it looks more like a snow dog — on the back lawn. In the afternoon the sun emerged from the overcast long enough to melt all the snow, except of course the "dog". The kids had come to watch the big "Santa Claus parade" in Toronto, on our colour T.V. I enjoyed it myself — all kinds of elaborate floats, bands, clowns, drum majorettes, etc., which never appear fully on the old black-&-white T.V. In the afternoon Charley Bagley arrived from Falmouth with his wife & three charming children. This time his tape recorder worked properly & I recited the background of my short story "Winter's Tale". He also took some photos of C. & me with the children. C. served tea, sandwiches, & cake. Later I autographed the books Burchell sent down, & packed them back in the cartons for shipment back to Halifax.

News:— Alex Storm, the skin-diving adventurer who found a lot of money in 1965, on the sea bottom outside Louisburg, from the wreck of the French warship "Chameau", has now

announced another rich find. This is the wreck of a British warship, the "Feversham", on the bottom near Scatari Island, about 12 miles from Louisburg. She was lost in 1711. Storm & his companions say they found the remains of the ship last September, & recovered a large number of coins, mostly silver, from "Lima, Potosi, Mexico, the New England colonies, Holland, & England", dating from 1616 to 1704. The wreck was located in 30 feet of water, & the coins were recovered within a week.

SUNDAY, NOV. 17/68 A dark cold (34°) day, which I spent indoors, reading, & watching T.V. My walk on the 13th created a large blood blister on the great toe of my right foot, so a good hike is impossible for a time. E. spent much of the day on the living-room couch, complaining of severe pain in the abdomen. She refused to have the doctor. She had a similar spell last year, which lasted only an hour or two.

MONDAY, NOV. 18/68 Another chilly (38°) grey day, but calm, so this afternoon I played 18 holes at White Point with Fred Hartz, retired machinist from the Mersey mill, who arrived just as I was pulling on my golf shoes. We were the only players out. The course is in good shape & the greens remain smooth — we have had only light frosts which did not penetrate the ground. Four busy carpenters are building an extension on the golf clubhouse. Many robins & some killdeer plover still foraging on the fairways. Seaward we saw a red-hulled Dept of Transport ship. (it looked like the "Cornwallis") come around Western Head & pass on into Port Mouton, anchoring off G.W. Macleod's fish plant.

E's bellyache is gone, as suddenly as it came. Probably the outcome of a succession of morning "coffee" parties & afternoon "teas", at which women devour food mixtures that would kill a man.

TUESDAY, NOV. 19/68 Heavy rain last night & today. Weather Bureau at Halifax says we've had more rain in the past 12 days than we had from June to October. Finished preparing my talk to the Historical Society, & rummaged in the attic for some items to illustrate it:- (a) snapshots of the wartime emergency hospital in the high school, of torpedoed crews, the town hall with its big V-for-victory sign, corvettes

my copy of the secret maps of the western coast of N.S., issued by the Navy, for warnings about torpedoed ships & crews;

refitting at Thompsons' dock, etc.; the lifebelt worn by Evan Davies, bosun of the torpedoed "Empire Sun", who stayed at my house; gasoline ration tickets; my blood-donation booklet; a group photo of the Liverpool company ("C") of the 2nd Batt. West N.S. Regiment; photographs of the surrender of U-889 off Shelburne.

Today I returned to the Book Room, Hfx. the 3 cartons of "Footsteps", duly autographed. Phoned Eaton's about the faulty binoculars (see Oct. 29) which I returned, together with Eaton's insurance certificate, on Oct. 31, requesting a refund of the $68.20 I paid for them (Feb. 6/68) or an adequate replacement. Their local office had heard nothing from H.O. (Moncton) & I asked them to chase it up, as I want to get another pair quickly.

Made a beginning on the Atlantic Provinces article for Grolier, New York. Difficult to compress it all within 3,000 words & still have some life in it for young readers.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20/68 Nasty weather, a NW gales with squalls of sleet & snow, melting on the ground. Historical Society held their annual dinner-meeting tonight, in a private dining room at Lane's. E. & I invited Evelyn White to be our guest. About 40 people, tables arranged in a horseshoe, decorated with fresh flowers from the Milton nursery. After dining there was a brief business session, & then I gave my talk on Liverpool during War Two as recorded in my diary. Too long for a single session, so I ended it at April 30, 1943. For those who lived in Liverpool at the time it was a reminder of many things they had forgotten. To the rest it was a revelation. No other town in Canada, or for that matter in North America, had the war right on its doorstep, as Liverpool did, [redacted] in the hectic months of 1942. Dear old Melbourne Gardner, President of the Society, was in the chair, cheerful & hearty, & apparently well recovered from a recent abdominal operation in the V.G. Hospital at Halifax.

THURSDAY, NOV. 21/68 Sunshine & black clouds, mostly clouds, with a brisk NW wind, temp. 35° at noon. This afternoon I put on a suit of long underwear, shirt, trousers, & my thick turtle-neck sweater & hiked to Milton & back, enjoying every step. The foot blister is still there, but deep & calloused now, & gave no trouble.

FRIDAY, Nov. 22, 1968 Another rainy day, temp. 40°. Saw a few grosbeaks in the ash tree at the foot of back lawn. They paused for a few moments, as if wondering why my tray & the sunflower seeds weren't in place on the bird-bath, & then flew away.

This afternoon I spent two hours scraping & wire-brushing the old "Aquella" cement & "Bondex" paint from part of my interior cellar wall. I had put this stuff on, in June 1950. The "Aquella" was then being advertised as "the same formula developed in France for waterproofing interior walls of the Maginot Line". It worked all right for a few years, & then the cellar leaked in every heavy rain, as before. Since then, the stuff has been blistering & flaking in patches, & creating a perpetual mess on the cellar floor. I should have known that anything the French did about the Maginot Line wouldn't be worth a damn — it didn't keep out the Germans any better than "Aquella" kept out the rain. This job will take some time. It is tedious, because a lot of the old stuff remains firm & must be scraped down fairly even with the bared spots.

News:- re my entry of Nov. 15, a correction. There was no destruction in the jail, & no police violence. The four hoodlums, accompanied by two teenage girl tramps, had stolen a car in Ontario & driven to N.S., living by petty thievery. They broke into a summer bungalow at South Brookfield, & made it their headquarters. The youth named Quinn, whose parents had formerly lived in Liverpool, was the ringleader. In a quarrel (probably over one of the girls) Quinn beat up one of the other youths so badly that it looked as if he might die. Another of the four panicked, & tipped off the RCMP. All four were brought to Liverpool jail, & the girls were sent back to Ontario. The whole gang were in a filthy state. (They were infested with crab-lice, & afterwards the jail had to be fumigated.) The Quinn lout got in touch with his parents, who promptly phoned & engaged Liverpool lawyer Gerald Freeman, a sharpy with a personal grudge against the town authorities. In the preliminary hearing all the youths confessed to a string of crimes; but Freeman used the occasion to insult & harass Chief of Police, Clinton Sears, about the food, the neglect of open-air exercise for prisoners, etc. Sears, who had treated

Note :- Quinn was sentenced to 4 years in Dorchester penitentiary. The other 3 young men got 2-year terms.

all his prisoners well, within the limits of the police budget, felt bound to resign. This left the jail without a keeper, so the prisoners were transferred to the Lunenburg County jail pro. tem. I am told that the town council has persuaded Keare to remain as chief of police, on the condition that they hire a regular jail-keeper to take that burden off his shoulders. This will increase the police budget by at least $1,000 a year. Freeman must be pleased with himself.

Today is my son Tom's 34th. birthday, & we dropped in to see him with a gift this evening.

SATURDAY, Nov. 23/68 A dark & chilly (40°) day. In the afternoon I did my leaf-raking chore again, this time with the help (or hindrance) of little Blair & Tommy. About dusk saw a lone robin hopping about the back lawn.

I have not been to church since April, so I made out a cheque for $93.00 the arrears of my weekly-envelope pledge, & mailed it to George Macdonald, who is treasurer of Zion church.

Local news:- Bob Kirkpatrick (ex.), of Milton, is in the V.G. Hospital at Hfx., recovering from a heart attack. Mowbray Jones is in a Montreal hospital, also with a heart attack.

SUNDAY, Nov. 24/68 Again dark & dreary, with temp. up to 52°. The weather bureau forecast rain, so I didn't go out. Worked on the Grolier article, read, & watched TV.

MONDAY, Nov. 25/68 Still dark & damp. I received from New York 5 sample copies of the Popular Library (paperback) edition of "The Path of Destiny", just out. On the front cover it says in small letters "by Thomas H. Raddall", and below, in letters twice the size, "edited by Thomas B. Costain". On the back cover it says, without any mention of my name, "An award-winning saga to stand proudly beside the best of Thomas B. Costain."

This play-up of Costain's name is no doubt good business for American publishers; but it angers me, because I refused Costain's first invitation to write a book in the proposed series of Canadian histories, saying I preferred my own line of thought & did not care for anybody's editing. He assured me, in his second bid, that my work would be independent, although his name would appear as editor of the series. And mine was independent.

This afternoon I worked two hours, scraping the cellar walls, & stowed in the attic Francie's college trunk, a carton of

old Freeman family photographs, etc., & a metal Chinese sewing box containing carved ivory thimbles, etc., a relic of the old sea-trading days of the Freemans, all of which have been stowed in the cellar since the old Freeman home in Milton was sold to Mrs. Alice Hartley. Rain at evening.

TUESDAY, NOV. 26, 1968 The rain ended about midnight, & then the wind hauled around to NW & howled about the house all night — "When the rain's before the wind, then your topsail halliards mind". A man named Crawford, of King's College, phoned last night asking me to be the speaker at a dinner meeting of the Haliburton on Dec. 21, Haliburton's birthday, to be held at the college. This with the blithe assurance of a young man who only had to walk across the college lawn to reach the dining room. I gave him a polite No, explaining that at my age a round-trip motor drive of nearly 200 miles on winter roads was not possible.

E. & her friend Mary (Mrs. Maurice) Russell are full of plans for a joint cocktail party to be held at our house next week. Maurice phoned this morning, said he would arrange for Winslow Hatt, of the paper company's Mersey Lodge, to buy the booze, bring extra glasses etc., & serve as barman. E., whose handwriting is terrible, got me to write invitation cards & address envelopes to 46 people. These are marked "6 – 7.30, Dec. 3". A second party, of about the same number, will begin at 8.30 the same evening.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 27/68 Windy, with squalls of snow, most of it melting on the ground. Tonight Capt. Victor Jeans & wife were entertaining the captain & four officers of a Bowater ship which is loading paper at Brooklyn, & they invited us & other Park Street neighbours (to join) in a lobster supper. We had drinks & good chat, & the lobsters were delicious. Jeans got them from a fisherman at Moose Harbour for 60 cents per lb. — a very low price for these times. I hear the Boston market, which more or less sets the price here, is glutted with a big catch.

SATURDAY, NOV. 30/68 Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Dark sky. Ground still bare. Temp. 30°. This has been a stormy & (on the South Shore) wet month. Inland

regions got snow instead of rain. Worked on the Grolier article.

SUNDAY, DEC. 1, 1968

A sunny day at last. Temp. 20° last night, 40° at noon today. This afternoon I drove up the river road & cut some brushwood by the Grizzle Pond. Placed it about my rose bushes. Then with the little hand-pushed trolley I spread 22 lbs of "Lawn Green" fertilizer (formula 20-10-5) over the back & the side lawns.

TUESDAY, DEC. 3/68 Yesterday was wet, today dry, temp. 40° with an open-& -shut sky. This afternoon I pumped up my bicycle tires, & rode to Polands & back, for the first time since my experimental ventures last spring. All day, E. & Mary Russell were bustling about our house, getting ready for the parties tonight. At 5:30 Winston Hall arrived, with quantities of rye & Scotch whiskey, gin, white & dark rum, sherry, various kinds of soft drinks & "mixes". We set up a bar in my study, & were ready for business. Soon after 6 p.m. the first party began to arrive, & soon we had 40 or 50 people, & the huge cheerful hubbub of a crowd enjoying themselves. What with the busy bar, & the hot & cold food snacks in the dining room, there was plenty for enjoyment; and as this was the first party of the Yuletide season, everyone had new things to say to everyone else. The last of the first party left about 8 p.m., & there was half an hour to prepare more refreshments, air out the house (the tobacco smoke was terrific) etc. Then the second party began to arrive, & away we went again. Some people I had never met before, but most I knew, & many were old friends. Again about 40 or 50 people, & the last of these left about 10:30. It was all very pleasant for us, & our guests obviously enjoyed themselves.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 4/68 Rain again, with a sea gale that boomed in the chimney all night. Worked on the Grolier article.

News:- Much ado in Halifax over a visit by 3 or 4 Negroes from the U.S. (from McGill University) who belong to the "Black Panther" movement. The B.P.'s openly preach hatred of all whites, & bloodshed & destruction if their demands are not met. A couple of nights ago the visitors harangued a meeting of N.S. negroes (said to be "about 400") in Hfx. Shortly afterwards one of the Panthers was arrested by city police on a charge of loitering. He was making a speech of

an inflammatory sort to a gang of negroes in the street. (The meeting of the 400 had been held indoors.) Another was found driving a car without a license, & in the car the police found 3 rifles & a revolver. At first he gave a false name, then his real one. He claimed he had borrowed the car & weapons in Halifax to "go hunting". ← He had a criminal record in the U.S.

The leader & chief spokesman for the Hfx & Dartmouth negroes is a West Indian named "Gus" Wedderburn, who has a university degree & is the principal teacher of a Halifax school. Indeed none of these militant negroes is a native of Nova Scotia. They are getting a lot of personal publicity on T.V. & in the press here (& on the CBC national T.V. network) & are obviously enjoying it. However, many of the Hfx-Dartmouth negroes are uneasy over the violent talk of the visitors, & one of their local leaders, a cleric (Dr. W.P. Oliver) made a statement on T.V. dissociating their people from the "Black Panther" movement.

Local news:- re my entries of Nov. 5 & 22. Liverpool's chief of police, Clinton Sears, left the town's employ on Nov. 30, & has taken his family to his home at Woods Harbour. The new chief takes up his duties Dec. 15. He is J.W.J. White, aged 47, with 8 years' service in the Halifax police force & 17 years with the investigation department of the R.C.A.F.

THURSDAY, DEC. 5/68 Today the gale hauled around to NW, & blew just as hard, with rain at times. This afternoon I drove with E. around Western Head, & then to Beach Meadows, to look at the surf.

FRIDAY, DEC. 6/68 Still blowing hard, with flicks of rain & a few glints of sunshine. I spent most of the day writing Christmas cards. Figuring up accounts with the Russells, we find that on Tuesday we entertained over 100 people at a cost of $116.48 (i.e. $58.24 for each host). This included $78.94 for spirits, & $37.54 for soft drinks, snacks, invitations, bar waiter's fee, etc. Our guests drank 8 quarts of rum, 3 quarts of whisky, 1½ quarts of gin, & 1 quart of sherry.

SATURDAY, DEC. 7/68 Colder, with a dying wind & squalls of huge snowflakes, melting on the ground in brief moments of sunshine. This afternoon I drove to Moose Harbour & bought 10 lbs. fresh lobsters at 85¢ lb. from the Chandler

fish-plant there. I'm told that this small family firm has been bought lately by the Liverpool fish firm headed by Bill Murphy. The fish business in eastern Canada is in trouble, due to a glut of supply on the U.S. market, & the shrinking of markets abroad. This is due to the enormous increase of INTERNATIONAL trawlers fishing the Banks, & the Greenland waters, equipped with every modern device; & of fish processing & freezing plants, ashore & afloat.

Mel. Gardner dropped in for a chat. He is accepting the presidency of the Historical Society for another year. He said, confidentially, that "several people" had suggested that the Society should have a building of its own, for meeting purposes, instead of meeting in members' homes, as we have done for several years. He added that the back part of the Perkins house grounds would be an ideal site, and (mysteriously) we could get some financial backing from a source that he was not permitted to name. I wonder if this is a new version of an old scheme which Donald CROWDIS & I turned down, years ago. It was to purchase the old Dexter tavern, still standing at Fort Point, & remove it to the back of the Perkins lot. The N.S. government would pay the whole cost. Crowdis was then head of the N.S. Museum, which administered the Perkins & other historic buildings, & he had been ordered to come down here & get my opinion as a member of the Historic Sites Board. Together we examined the old tavern inside & out. Found the ground sills so rotten that the structure couldn't be moved an inch without extensive strengthening & repair. In any case its value as a historic monument depended entirely on its site at Fort Point. To move it on to the Perkins property would spoil both. It looked to Crowdis & to me that somebody wanted the tavern site, probably for a modern house in that highly desirable section of the town; & it must have been someone with strong political "pull".

Mel. left, saying "Well, think it over", & left.

SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1968 Winter arrived today — our first real snowstorm, beginning about 10 a.m. & going on till day & evening.

Finished writing Christmas cards — 102, many with penned news & messages; put on the stamps, sorted them in three lots — local, provincial, & outside the province, & tied them in 3 bundles ready for mailing. There will be some others, wanting new addresses.

At 10 p.m. I sallied forth with shovel, cleared off my front

steps, made a path around to the back door & garbage cans, and made a start on clearing the driveway. No use doing more, as the snow was still falling, & the wind still drifting the stuff. Enjoyed the colour TV shows tonight, with that delightful feeling of full touch with the world, while a blizzard rages about the house.

MONDAY, DEC. 9, 1968 At 9 a.m. I sallied forth with shovel, cleared my driveway & paths, & then went over & shovelled Evelyn White's paths from front door to street, & from her back door to her clothes-drying pole. Temp. 20° above zero. Snow went on falling lightly all day & evening. RCMP report the main highways passable but dangerous.

TUESDAY, DEC. 10/68 Temp. 24° at noon. Snowflakes falling slowly from a dark overcast. Except for pigeons & English sparrows foraging about the school grounds, where the students throw out scraps from their lunch boxes, I have not seen a bird from my study windows for many days. With the ground now snow-bound, I thought of my winter friends, the evening grosbeaks. Put out the big tray on the bird-bath pedestal, & covered it with sunflower seeds. Within 5 minutes a female grosbeak was there, though she seemed nervous about being alone in that hawk-exposed position, ate only a few seeds, & flew away. Within half an hour a flock of 20 to 30 grosbeaks, male & female, plus a dozen cowbirds, & sundry grackles & English sparrows, came from nowhere, & ate, & squabbled, & gobbled, until only the empty husks were left.

Tom Jory called, & left a beautiful potted poinsettia from his hothouse. He is quitting his post as principal of the consolidated school at Mill Village, apparently due to a clash of temperament and authority with two of his teachers, one a married woman of the village, & the other a young Hindu man from Trinidad. The Hindu now becomes the principal.

Eaton's today returned my binoculars, (see Oct. 29 & Nov. 19) which they have put in working order. Dave Caldwell had lent me a pair of binoculars in the meantime, so I returned them to him this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11/68 Temp. 8° above zero last night. Thawed out my car with the portable electric heater this morning, & went with E. to the bank & shops. About noon the sky cleared & gave full sunshine for the first time in many days. I

walked to Milton & back. The river is frozen over thinly from the pine grove to Salmon Island. In Milton I called on Bob & Mabel Kirkpatrick. Bob recently returned from the V. G. Hospital, Halifax, where he had surgery for an arterial aneurism in the left leg. He is very pale & still looks a bit shaky, but cheerful. This evening the little group of women bridge-players, to which E. belongs, dined together at Kane's restaurant & played cards afterwards at Ralph Johnson's home on Park St. The evening T.V. programs were a bore, & I didn't feel like working, so I went to the theatre to see the movie "Hawaii", based on James Michener's book. I had tried to read the book when it came out a few years ago, & found it a huge indigestible mishmash with interesting bits here & there — like a poorly kneaded & undercooked pudding in which, like Jack Horner, you could find a plum by poking around. The picture was much the same — a 3 hour show with spectacular photography but a boring story that should have been done in half the time.

Frankie phoned from Moncton, saying she was sending a a batch of Christmas parcels (for ourselves, the junior Raddalls, and Hilda Bayer) in a friend's car to Halifax. The friend will leave them at the Whites' house there, & we will get someone coming out of Hfx. to bring them here. It saves a lot of wrapping & postage, especially with the new high postal rates.

FRIDAY, DEC. 13, 1968 The cold snap eased yesterday under grey skies to 40°. Today was sunny with a W. wind, & the temp. got up to 52°. I walked to Milton & back in my old golf jacket. My son Tom came in this evening for a chat. He has been president of the Liverpool Kiwanis Club this year, & a very active one, while still pursuing his Children's Aid interest & his business affairs. His stock market ventures, in a boom year, have been very successful, & his dentistry brought an income of about $21,000, net after expenses. He still works alone, but says he won't work as hard & long hereafter. His income tax is such that this month of December the govt will be taking 55¢ of every dollar he earns.

SATURDAY, DEC. 14/68 Temp. 52 this morning. Most of the snow has gone except where the snowplows piled it at the roadsides, & there isn't enough for the kids to make snowballs. My sister Hilda phoned from Chester Basin this morning with sad

news. My brother-in-law Max Cassidy died yesterday of a heart attack. A medical checkup, only a few days before, had shown no sign of heart ailment. Hilda is flying to Alabama for the funeral & to stay awhile with sister Nellie. I can't go. I went to John Ratchford's flower shop, & arranged for a telegraphed delivery in Birmingham, a dozen red roses & a card from C. & me. (The charge for this was a little over $16.00.) Nellie's daughter Carol, & her husband John Paisley, & their children, have come from California to spend Christmas with the Cassidys, so Nell will have a houseful of young company, a good thing. Paisley has been promoted to commander, & expects a transfer to duty on the Atlantic coast. He served two tours in the Viet Nam war, flying from sea carriers, & was decorated for valor.

SUNDAY, DEC. 15, 1968 Drizzling rain all day. Temp. 52° at noon. In the afternoon I made a phone call to Nell in Birmingham. It was answered by someone named Marcia who seemed to know me — probably a friend who visited Nell & Max at Mahone Bay in '67. She said Nell had been at the funeral parlour since noon, & would be there for several hours, receiving friends who come there to pay their respects — apparently a Southern custom. I left a message, chiefly to say I couldn't come to the funeral, & my regrets.

Received a book from David Manuel, managing editor of Doubleday, Toronto, in the mail yesterday. He says it is "the first book we've done entirely on our own, up here". Title, "Mandate '68", author Martin Sullivan, chief Canadian correspondent for "Time" magazine. He is fluently bi-lingual, & has spent years in Montreal with one finger on the French Canadian pulse & another on the Anglo ditto. The book is a well written & detailed account of the Conservative & Liberal leadership conventions last year, & particularly of Pierre Trudeau's quick rise to the job of premier. Many direct quotations from politicians talking off-hand, if not off the record, often amusing, always revealing.

MONDAY, DEC. 16/68 Dark & drizzling. Wrote my sister Nell. Wrapped & mailed parcels of gifts to Bill, Minnie, & their kids. Bought a small Christmas tree from a man with a truck full,

selling from door to door. Price $1.50 This evening, with the Austin Parkers, we attended a cocktail party at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Wendell ("Punk") Sidmarsh, Bristol Avenue. "Punk", who was born & brought up in Halifax, showed me a somewhat battered but interesting heirloom, a painting in oils showing McNab's Island, Point Pleasant, etc. The painting is quite good, & shows a large steam-&-sail warship (1 funnel, 3 masts with square yards, i.e. a "steam sloop") coming in past Maugers Beach. In the foreground is Steele's Pond, which I remember from my boyhood, & Black Rock, where the breakwater is now. The artist had signed his name, "Elliott" & the date "1887."

TUESDAY, DEC. 17/68 Cold (20°) with an occasional dusk of snow, enough to whiten the ground, & a strong NW wind. Christmas cards piling in. From scribbled notes inside I find that Charles Bruce (who retired from Canadian Press a few years ago at age 57 or so) has high blood pressure & circulatory ailments, & has to take walks on Toronto's streets for therapy. Frank Willis says he's retiring from CBC next spring after 35 years "in bondage", & plans to play a lot of golf. Glen & Ester Crowell are at their winter home in Florida (Gulfport, near St Petersburg) and his son Bill & family are at Tallahassee, Florida, where Bill is taking graduate work in Arts Education at Florida State University. This evening we took the Austin Parkers in our car & attended a small cocktail party at Forth Point, given by Capt. Charles & Florence Williams, who leave shortly to spend Christmas with their married daughters in Ontario. An hour later we went to another & larger party on Bristol Avenue, given by (Bank of Montreal manager) Richard Stiewe & wife. (Pronounced Stee-ee). I'm getting a bit old for these affairs, & spent a bad night in spite of sleeping pills.

Between these parties I had a phone call from Hugh Burns, in Kenteville. (He served with the West Novas as a company commander for a time in the Italian campaign, & I met him briefly after the war when I was compiling the history of the regiment). He was obviously drunk, insisting that I call him "Hughie", & mumbling that he had lost his copy of my history. I promised to send him another, & rang off.

FRIDAY, DEC. 20/68 A few snow squalls. On my last walk to Milton a large blood-blister broke on my right foot, so I have to wear padded "band-aid" over it, & my walking is confined to house-&-post-office. Attended a cocktail party at

Milton Green's house on Church St, just around the corner from Park. E. refused to walk the 200 yards, saying "You have to take the car out anyway, because we're going on later to a party at Bill Murphy's house". So I took the car, & the party lasted from 6 to 7:30. According to E. the Murphy party invitation read "8:30 to 10 p.m.", so we drove home, watched TV for a time, & about 9 p.m. drove to Murphy's, which is the former Hiltz house in the Bartling subdivision near Fort Point. When we got there, no signs of a party were evident, so I drove home & looked at the invitation card. It said plainly "Dec. 27". E. gets more balmy all the time.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1968 Another bleak dark day. My right foot still sore & lame, so no exercise except walks to the post office, morning & afternoon. I typed final copy for the Grolier article & got most of it done. In the evening E. & I joined some neighbors & friends at Austin Parker's house, for a farewell drink & chat with Charles & Florence Williams.

News:- Today a U.S. "spacecraft" called "Apollo 8" ascended from Cape Kennedy, Florida, for a flight around the moon. It contains 3 men.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/68 Weather the same. Finished the Grolier article & prepared it for mailing. In the afternoon drove with E. to Summerville & called on Terence & Betty Freeman. Noticed a white-winged scoter swimming & diving close inshore.

In these winter days an increasing number of people go to Summerville & walk or "jog" the length of the beach & back. Young business men, including my son Tom, do the jogging, which is a fad nowadays in U.S. & Canadian towns & cities.

This evening by T.V. we saw & heard the 3 astronauts in Apollo 8, nearly half way to the moon. The pictures & voices were remarkably clear for that tremendous distance. The intention is to circle the moon & at one point to go within 69 miles of its surface.

Much ado in the U.S. over a sudden epidemic of "Hong Kong flu". The germ was noticed first in Hong Kong last summer, has spread through Indonesia, & thence to the U.S. At present, in New York alone, about one million people are down with it. Doctors predict we shall have it here by the new year.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25, 1968 After two days of alternate rain drizzles & squalls of snow that melted on the ground, the temp. dropped sharply today, & we had just enough on the ground to give us a white Christmas. Bill & Marian White (Pam's parents) drove down from Halifax this morning in 2 hours with no difficulty. At noon E. & I joined them at Tom's apartment, & after a chat over drinks we dined together there — turkey, plum pudding, etc., with a Vesuvi Anjou rose wine — a huge feast. The Whites had brought down a load of ingenious & expensive toys for the children, in addition to the assortment they got from their parents & us, & they were still opening new ones when we left at 4:30 p.m. Bill presented me with a carton of Malpeque oysters & a fresh (unplucked) pheasant. E. found room for the pheasant in our "fridge", & I put the oysters in the natural "fridge" of my garage.

In chat with Tom, I learned some local news which he had from Murray Mosher, of the contracting firm of Rawding & Mosher. Construction of the second unit of the satellite-tracking station near Charleston was near completion early this month. Unlike the first (which was protected from the weather by a huge plastic "bubble") this one had its complicated & delicate aerial system entirely open, & furnished with an electric heating system which could be switched on to melt any ice or snow that clung to it. "About 10 days ago" (probably Dec. 11) the staff used this heating for the first time, with unexpected & spectacular results. A huge charge of electricity surged through the whole thing & destroyed or badly damaged a lot of it. Mosher, whose firm had built the foundation of the structure, but had nothing to do with the electrical & electronic installation, says the damage would run close to a million dollars. The electrical installation is in charge of the Radio Corporation of America, who promptly flew a plane full of scientific experts to Halifax, & brought them to Charleston in a chartered bus.

Mosher also told Tom that his firm is working on a new micro-wave substation & tower on the old Port Mouton road near Broad River. It is part of a chain being built along the south shore for long distance telephone, and radio & TV relays. On completion next Fall it will supplant our present CBC relay station on Great Hill, & it will carry TV broadcasts from CJCH, Halifax, as well as the CBC shows. At present

Mother was wrong about the use of the Broad Rein for TV.

pick up CJCH direct from Ott, but the picture is apt to be a bit "snowy". Tonight E. phoned Moncton & had a long chat with Francie. I joined in with a few words to Francie & Bill. Their weather is like ours — just enough snow to whiten the ground.

THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1968 After a bad night, I awoke at 8:30 a.m. to find a NW gale blowing in a temperature of 4° above zero. Hardly anybody to be seen outdoors all day. I ventured forth to put out sunflower seeds for the birds, & to bring the oysters into my cellar from the garage, where they had frozen solid overnight. I forgot to note that on Dec. 17th. the zipper of my old cold-weather coat went to pieces. The coat was olive-green, lined with quilted insulation of eiderdown or some synthetic stuff of that sort, & absolutely wind-& cold proof. It had served me well for years, on walks, wild-goose shoots, etc. I ordered a new one from Eaton's the next day, but it has not shown up. The Apollo space-craft is now on its way back to earth, & tonight it could be seen like a firefly moving with deceptive slowness across the sky. Actually it is traveling at something like 5,000 miles an hour, & the re-entry into the earth's atmosphere at that speed will require some tricky navigation.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27/68 Again a bad night. Nerves on edge. Wakened at 5:30 a.m. feeling wretched, & suffered nausea & diarrhoea. At 10 a.m. I went to the post office, cashed a cheque at the bank, bought a wrist watch for E.'s birthday, Jan. 1st. Also I bought a new cold weather coat at Hardings, colour gun-metal, with an attachable parka hood, cost $41.95. Had my hair trimmed at the barber's shop — not much to trim, except on the back of my neck! One of E.'s Christmas gifts to me was a copy of Ernest Buckler's new book, "Ox Bells and Fire Flies", & I'm enjoying it. Biographical obviously, a series of portraits & anecdotes about backwoods farmers on the old Dalhousie Road, where he was born. His descriptions of scenes & people are marvellously true to life.

On T.V. this afternoon I watched the return of Apollo 8 to earth — in fact a point in the South Pacific, within 2½ miles of the waiting aircraft carrier Yorktown. The 3 astronauts, Borman, Lovell, & Anders, were taken by helicopter from their floating capsule to the Yorktown, & we saw & heard the little ceremony on her deck, including Borman's modest acknowledgement of

the cheers of the crew. During the course of Apollo's flight we saw remarkably good TV shots of our earth at long distance, & of the moon at distances down to 69 miles. Apollo made 10 orbits of the moon, & the pictures confirmed the astronauts' own comments — "a dreary grey-white surface, like pumice" — "monotonous," — "apparently without life of any kind". The whole flight of something like half a million miles was made & controlled with amazing precision.

This is the most marvellous happening in my lifetime. When I was born in 1903, the Wright brothers had added a gasoline engine to their glider, & by 1905 they achieved a flight of 24½ miles. In 1909, when I was in my 6th year, Bleriot flew across the Channel & landed at Dover — only 12 miles from Hythe, where we lived. That was a flight of 21 miles from Calais, & I can remember the excitement of my parents & other military people at the Hythe School of Small Arms. Within ten more years Alcock & Brown had flown across the North Atlantic.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1968 My ailment is, of course, "intestinal 'flu", which has been going the rounds in Liverpool. There is very little sneezing & nose-running, but a sort of volcanic eruption in the stomach & bowels. This afternoon I felt sufficiently improved to tackle Bill White to oysters (which I shucked with one of my Micmac "crooked-knives") and pheasant, which I skinned, removing the plump breast & legs. I have had no exercise outdoors since Dec. 13, except brief walks to the post office & stores. Snow began falling this morning in a fine dust & made about an inch by evening. Then our cold snap relaxed at last, the temp. went up to 40°, & rain poured all night.

SUNDAY, DEC. 29/68 Temp. 50° this morning, all the snow gone, & a light drizzle of rain all day. We had oyster stew for lunch, & roast pheasant with Sauterne for dinner. My ailment has kept me from various cocktail parties to which we were invited, & to that extent the 'flu was a good thing.

MONDAY, DEC. 30/68 The first sunny day in a long time, & although the temp. was freezing (28°), with a strong NW wind, I walked to Milton & back. Called at the Kirkpatricks' house for a brief chat. Bob is up & about, & seems quite chipper.

In the evening the Murray Moshers on Park Street gave a cocktail party. I was pleasantly tired after my walk, & didn't feel like dressing up & standing for two hours, sipping drinks, so

stayed at home. E. went, & about 9:30 came home from the party, bringing the Rolf Seabornes & Ralph Johnson, whose wife is on a visit to Florida. The Seabornes are thinking of buying a colour TV set, & wanted to see ours working.

Local news:— Douglas Parker, son of our friends the Austin Parkers, has taken a post with Bowaters Mersey Paper Co. as cost accountant, at a salary of $15,000. He is a graduate of Mount Allison (B.A.) and Dalhousie (B. Commerce), & has been practising with a firm of chartered accountants in Halifax for the past 4 or 5 years.

A belated Christmas note from Colin Smith, who was a captain in the W.N.S. Regt. in Italy & Holland, & afterwards took a B.A. degree in British Columbia. He became a school teacher, married a girl in B.C. (also a school teacher). They had no children, & for the past 20 years they have enjoyed traveling about, teaching at various schools & colleges in Canada, Borneo, Ghana, etc. They came back to Canada about 3 years ago, teaching at the new Simon Fraser University in B.C. Now both are at a university in East Lansing, Michigan, studying for further degrees.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31, 1968 A sunny day, temp. up to 42°, & calm. I had a leisurely walk to Milton & back. The snow is gone, but the river has a thin crust of ice from the pine grove to the foot of Salmon Island, & kids were skating on the back end of Salmon Island Cove. A great bustle at the fish-plant wharf — the draggers have come in for the New Year holiday. Seven or eight of the small wooden-hulled type were tied up at the fish-plant wharf. Four of the larger, steel, stern-ramp draggers tied up across the river at the Steel & Engine Co. wharf. Spent New Year's Eve at home, watching TV. At midnight there was a popping of fire-crackers — some big ones just up Park St. where Captain Jeans was holding an all-night party for the officers of an English ship at the paper mill dock. But there was none of the ringing of church bells & hooting of factory whistles which marked New Year's Eve not many years ago.

News:— Tonight, in a brief ceremony just before midnight, in front of City Hall, Halifax, the County of Halifax turned over to the city the suburbs beyond the peninsula — Purcell's Cove, Jollimore,

Spryfield, Kline Heights, Armdale, Fairview, Rockingham & Kearney Lake. The annexation of these areas will add about 32,000 people to the 88,000 on the peninsula, making a total population of 120,000, & adding 14 square miles. Mr. Ira Settle, Warden of Hfx. Co., conveyed title of the lands to Mayor Allan O'Brien of Halifax. Overhead flew the city's flag, with the kingfisher on its background of blue & gold.

Heads of the various religious bodies gave prayers. Among the people present, as official observers, were Lieut. Gov. & Mrs. Oland, Attorney-General & Mrs. R. A. Donahue representing Premier Smith, & Halifax members in the provincial legislature & at Ottawa. This annexation has been urged for years, but the final & successful agitation was begun by the organized ratepayers of Rockingham 2 or 3 years ago.

It is a quaint switch, when one looks back. Most of these so-called "bedroom suburbs" were settled by people who earned their living in the city, but wanted to dodge the city taxes. Now the County taxes are so high that the suburbanites, comparing the essential services (water supply, fire & police protection, schools, etc.) of the county & the city, are glad to become part of the city.

The annexation adds another to the 8 universities in Halifax — Mount St. Vincent (near Rockingham), Canada's only degree-granting college that is exclusively for women.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1969 It was a fortunate thing that the fishing fleet was in port for the holiday, because an unpredicted sea gale sprang in last night & roared at 50 to 60 m.p.h., with torrents of rain. This phase lasted all night & all of this morning. In the afternoon the wind & rain eased considerably. Then the gale sprang up again, this time with snow, & the temp. dropped to 20° by 10 p.m. Tom Jr. & family called in the afternoon, to watch on our colour TV the "Rose Parade" at Pasadena, California, a beautiful spectacle indeed. We dined alone — the usual turkey etc.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2/69 Not much snow on the ground, but the gale continued all day from NW, blowing the powdery stuff about. I walked to the post office & back. Joined the Anderssons & friends in a small neighborhood cocktail party from 5:30 to 8.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3/68 A beautiful morning after the storm — temp. 20°, sunny, the air stark calm. In the afternoon I set off on a walk to Milton, wearing rubber overshoes because the roads had been salted & had an inch or two of slush. This made walking

slippery & awkward. A black cloud came overhead & I had snow blowing in my face all the way to Milton. Then the sun came through for the homeward leg down the east side of the river. Reached home very tired, & aching in the back & hips. Had a hot bath & changed, got the car out, & drove to the Dominion supermarket for steaks & a roasted chicken, & to the liquor store for wine. The mail brought a note from my sister Nellie Cassidy. She is bearing up very well, & says Hilda leaves for Nova Scotia today.

I note from a Hfx. newspaper supplement of Dec. 28 d. that "Footsteps On Old Floors" was the best seller in Hfx. bookstores during 1968. Helen Creighton's book of Nova Scotia superstitions, "Bluenose Magic" came fifth, & Will Bird's account of his (Munchausen) adventures in War One, "Ghosts Have Warm Hands", came twelfth.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1969 About 2" of soft fluffy snow fell in the night, & this morning I shovelled it off my paths & driveway. A cocktail party at the Austin Parker's home this evening — mostly neighbours. Capt. Vic. Jeans told me a Spip is unloading 2300 tons of paper at the Mersey mill wharf. The paper came from Corner Brook, Nfld., & the ship was on her way to New York when a sudden strike by the powerful longshoremen's union in the U.S. shut down every port from Boston to New Orleans. The storage sheds at Corner Brook are full of unsold paper, so the stuff comes here for storage.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5/69 Overcast & bleak, temp. 28°, the snow just enough to make slippery walking, so I stayed indoors all day. For many months I have been re-reading all of my books, & living again the struggles I had with them. I realize more & more that my mind is now incapable of such agonizing labours, just as there is nothing now to excite my imagination as it was excited from the age of fifteen to fifty. My best novel, The Nymph & The Lamp, was written between November 1948 and April 1950, & when it was finished I knew I could never write anything as good as that again.

MONDAY, JAN. 6/69 After a cold (8° above zero) moonlit night, a calm sunny day with temp. 30°. It seemed too good to last, so I walked to Milton & back this morning. In the

afternoon I thawed my car engine with the portable electric heater, & drove downtown to shop for groceries enough to last a week, our custom now. The Inland Natural Gas Co., a B.C. pipeline firm in which I hold 1200 shares, is offering its shareholders rights to purchase new stock at $10 per share. (Current market price varies between $12 & $13. I bought mine in May 1967 at $11.60 including brokerage). The rights entitle me to buy 120 new shares, so I sent off by registered mail today a certified cheque for $1200.

Ordered from Simpsons-Sears 6 gallons of white basement-wall paint for my cellar job. Letter from the Grolier people acknowledging receipt of my manuscript — "delightful, much the sort of thing we wanted".

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8, 1969 Walked to Milton this morning, with flurries of soft snow in my face, & the sun almost shining through. Heavy rain last night had left the roads bare, & very little snow elsewhere. Saw a pair of evening grosbeaks in trees by the west Milton road near the Bluff. In the afternoon Maynard Colp came to my house, & brought a briefcase full of photographs & documents having to do with his career in the RCAF. He was born at Port Mouton in 1894, learned the trade of boatwright there, & joined a training squadron of the Royal Flying Corps at Toronto in 1917, as a mechanic. Those old War One planes were mostly of wood & canvas, where his boatwright skill was useful, & when the war ended he was a sergeant at the flying school at Camp Borden. In the late spring of 1919 he joined a group of ex-aircraft-mechanics at Eastern Passage, N.S., where the Naval Dept. had taken charge of a small seaplane base built for the U.S. naval air service in 1918. They were civilians, on hourly rates of pay, like dockyard employees, & their job for the next few years was chiefly maintenance. I am taking all this down on my typewriter as a matter of historical record. Colp is very clear-headed, & has his notebooks & papers for checking names & dates. He is now in his 75th year, a tall spare figure, with a heart ailment.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9/69 A sunny day, Temp. 30°. Took my car down town this morning, & got my paint from Simpsons-Sears. Maynard Colp came again this afternoon, & we spent 2½ hours discussing his experiences with seaplanes at Eastern Passage in the period 1919-1929, of which I typed notes.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald
Dec. 28, 1968

Non-Fiction vs Fiction 7-5 In 1968

Seven of the 12 best sellers in the local area during the past years were non-fiction and five of the 12 were either by Nova Scotians or dealt with Nova Scotian subjects. First in the non-fiction list and number 2 in the overall list was Max Ferguson's "And Now, Here's Max."

The complete list is:

1. Footsteps on Old Floors. Thomas Raddall.
2. And Now, Here's Max.
3. Naked Ape. Desmond Morris.
4. Airport. Arthur Hailey.
5. Bluenose Magic. Helen Creighton.
6. Vanishing Halifax. L. B. Jensen.
7. Couples. John Updike.
8. Gypsy Moth Circles The World. Francis Chichester.
9. Topaz. Leon Uris.
10. Distemper Of Our Times. Peter Newman.
11. Nicholas and Alexandra. Robert Massie.
12. Ghosts Have Warm Hands. Will R. Bird.

FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1969

Large snowflakes sifting down all day, with the sun almost shining through. Temp. 32°. This morning I walked downtown & got my mail & Evelyn White's. Also got a pair of soft black house-slippers for myself, by mail order from Simpson's Sears. Edie came in the afternoon, & we had another session of talk & notes. As usual on Fridays, little Tommy & Debby came to supper, & watched colour cartoons on T.V.

News:- Our P.M., debonair Pierre Elliott Trudeau, is far & away the star of the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference now in session in London. First, because of his "private" life — dates with pretty ladies, one of whom told newspaper men it was definitely a love affair. Second, because of his utterly unorthodox approach to political affairs.

News:- The "Saturday Evening Post" is folding up. Under the long reign of George Horace Lorimer, from about 1900 to 1936, it became the most popular magazine in the United States, & had a wide circulation in Canada & abroad. It charged fat rates to its numerous advertisers, & paid generously its contributors. My entry into the "Post" was in 1940 with a short story called "Blind MacNair", for which I got $500. That year the "Post" accepted two more at the same price. During 1941 I was paid $700, & then $800 per story. The "Post" then offered me a contract at $900 plus a substantial bonus if I contributed more than 8 stories per year. This was in fact an invitation to become one of what some disappointed writers called "the Post stable of hacks". I declined as gracefully as I could. By that time I had published my first novel, & my future lay in books, not magazines.

After War Two the rise of picture ~~news~~ magazines "Life", "Look" etc., & the capsule-news magazine "Time", plus the growth of T.V. etc., put the "Post", "Collier's" & other mainly fiction magazines in the shade. "Collier's" folded up some years back. The "Post" cut out all fiction & tried fact-articles entirely, but it was no good. The short-story magazines, which enabled so many writers like me to get on a good financial foot before going on to books, are now gone, except for cheap "pulps" that specialize in "science" tales, or blood & sex.

SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1969

Like yesterday – only more so. Light wind, squalls of thick snow, & patches of sunshine melting the snow on bray asphalt roads but not on the by-roads or the ground. I walked to Milton & back in my new gun-metal-coloured coat (over shirt sleeves) & found it just right. Tom Jr. called in the afternoon & "filled us in" with local news. The 'flu is now an epidemic. Dr. Floyd Macdonald & his new assistant doctor made 154 calls yesterday – day & night. Dr. Lloyd Macleod is flat on his back with a relapse – he had the 'flu, got up too soon. The hospital is closed to visitors. At the schools, the teachers send home every pupil who sneezes. At that, many of the teachers & pupils are laid up.

Douglas Parker has bought the home built by Laurence Wickwire on the harbour side of Main Street near Fort Point, & until recently occupied by Pierce, erstwhile manager of the fish plant.

Ken Jones, MPP, told a discussion group of young Conservatives (including Tom) here recently that the Clairtone plant may go out of manufacturing colour TV sets, hitherto its main product. It was brought to N.S. from Ontario, & heavily backed with N.S. gov't. money, in the expectation of a great demand for colour sets. But the cost & price of such sets has cooled off the demand.

The "heavy water" plant at Glace Bay has been plagued by labour strikes & squabbles, still is unfinished, & has cost the N.S. gov't. more than $100,000,000 (one hundred millions) – about double the original estimate. The privately financed "heavy water" plant of Canadian General Electric Co., now under construction at Mulgrave, is being built much faster & at far less cost. According to Ken, this is mainly because C.G.E. was able to profit by the experiences of the people directing the Glace Bay plant, including a lot of necessary experiment with highly complicated & expensive apparatus.

SUNDAY, JAN. 12/69 Temp. 18° above zero last night. It got up to 28° in town, out of the wind. Again an open-& -shut sky. At 1.30 p.m. I drove with E., well wrapped, to Summerville, & we walked the hard-frozen beach to Broad River & back – just about 2 miles in all, a brisk half-hour walk. Nobody else on the beach.

Reading an elaborate (116 typed pages) report on the timberlands, sawmills & camps of the Lewis Miller & Sons Co. Ltd., compiled by my neighbour Ralph Johnson in 1923. At that time he was a college-trained forester in the employ of a professional timber estimating

company, the James D. Lacey Co., of Maine, who did a lot of work in Canada in those days. In 1928 the Miller lands were sold to the newly formed Mersey Paper Co., & Col. J. L. Miller became a shareholder & director of MPC.

News:- The schooner "Bluenose II", owned by Oland's brewery, was towed into Bermuda today, after a stormy passage from Halifax, on her way to her usual winter charter-cruising in the Caribbean. Two young sailors were swept overboard by a huge wave, & one of them was lost. The other, Craig Harding of Liverpool, a strong swimmer, caught a life-ring & was hauled back aboard. Another Liverpool boy, David Rawding, was one of the crew. The crew & the six passengers (business friends of the Olands) were a badly shaken lot when newsmen interviewed them at Bermuda. The Olands use the "Bluenose II" on cruises about the Canadian coast in summer & fall, as one means of advertising their "Schooner" brand of ale, hence the capital & operating costs are mostly a write-off against the firm's income tax.

TUESDAY, JAN. 14, 1969 Took the car downtown this morning, & got a supply of groceries & booze. Temp. 32°. Noticed 15 or 20 wild duck swimming & diving in the open water between the parking lot and the small island. Whistlers. (Golden Eyes)

Maynard Colp spent the afternoon with me reminiscing, as he did yesterday, while I made notes. Ralph Johnson dined with us. His wife Hallabelle returns from Florida in a few days. At present he is engaged, in an advisory capacity, in helping the provincial govt. to draw up a new system of taxation on timberlands.

Tonight on T.V. we watched & heard President Lyndon Johnson making his last "State of the Nation" address to the combined Senate & House of Representatives. Mostly it was a defense of domestic policy during his presidency, pointing out (with truth) many things accomplished or at any rate set on the road to accomplishment. He was applauded on all sides at frequent intervals, & loudly cheered at the finish — which is of course the finish of his political career. It was the growing disapproval of the Viet Nam war, inside & outside the United States, that finally defeated him, although he had inherited the war from

the Kennedy regime & tried to make the best of it on the advice of his military chiefs.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1969 The comparatively mild (32° today) open-&-shut weather continues, & all the dustings of snow from the shut sky have only put about an inch of snow on the ground. I walked to Milton & back this morning. The asphalt road was bare all the way. A thin skin of ice on the river. Colp came again this afternoon with his battered old brief case full of documents, notes, & photographs, & we got on paper the period from 1938 to the establishment of the big repair depot in 1941 at Goudreau, N.B., of which he took charge.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16/69 Same weather. Colp again this afternoon. He was retired from the RCAF in August 1947 on medical grounds (nerves, [redacted], & partial deafness) at the age of 50. For years after that he pursued an active outdoor life, trout fishing, deer & rabbit hunting, gardening, etc., but for the past 10 years (due to a failing heart) he has had to curtail all that & limit himself to a slow walk to the post office. He comes here in his car by preference (I had suggested doing these memoirs at his house, bringing my typewriter there) & I have tried to limit these afternoon sessions to two hours. This afternoon it went on to more than 2½ hours, & I noticed that before leaving he had to swallow two tablets, presumably nitro-glycerine.

Received a long-delayed Christmas card from my cousin Phyllis Elliot, in England, in which she had penned briefly the travels of her banker husband (Westminster Bank) & self in 1968. A spring trip by air to Bermuda & the Bahamas — "interesting but I was disappointed" — a summer month on a yacht in the Adriatic, & a September fortnight in Malta.

Received today a cheque from Grolier Inc. for $300. As U.S. dollars are at a premium of 7% in Canada, it was worth $21 more here.

FRIDAY, JAN. 17/69 Walked to Milton & back this morning under grey sky, temp. about 26°, a little N. breeze. Saw a pair of tree sparrows feeding on the seeds of weeds, on the bare east bank of the river. Colp came again this afternoon, & I kept the session down to two hours. We spend much time in checking or hunting for facts & dates, map references, etc., so that each session produces only a slim accumulation on paper.

News:- Prime Minister Trudeau has returned from the

the Commonwealth conference in London, with a side trip to call on the Pope to consider a Canadian diplomatic representative at the Vatican. In London, Trudeau angrily rebuked a group of Canadian press-men for their interference in his private affairs & notably their concentration on his dates with lady friends. He singled out the English-language newsmen, saying pointedly that the French pressmen had behaved "correctly". The Canadian pressmen say most of the "interference" was done by British newsmen, & the greatest publicity was given by his first "date", a blonde German divorcée who at one time lived in Nova Scotia, & now lives luxuriously in London. She gave a delighted interview, posed for still camera & movie shots, & prattled about being "in love with Pierre", etc. Her name is Eva Rittinghausen, which of course reminded everyone of the notorious Gerda Munsinger affair, involving a French-Canadian member of the Pearson cabinet (not Trudeau) some time back.

News in Nova Scotia:- The "heavy water" plant at Glace Bay, now 30 months behind schedule, plagued by strikes & technical difficulties, is now revealed by the new manager (Cameron, who put the Sydney steel plant back on its feet) as a thorough mess. It was faulty in design (the fault of Spivack, the American inventor of the process, who presumably was very well paid) and as a result a lot of expensive equipment is already badly corroded. Cameron hints that there should have been more careful investigation before so much money was spent. He says "a lot more money" must be spent to adjust the faults & get the plant going. Most of the directors of Industrial Estates Ltd. have [redacted] resigned, and Spivack is out. The taxpayers of Nova Scotia are left holding the bag.

SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1969 Temp. up to 38° with a light drizzle of rain, which melted most of the scanty snow cover on the ground.

News:- Some days ago L. H. Daley, Halifax lawyer who directs the K. C. Irving interests in Nova Scotia, including control of the Halifax newspaper monopoly, was nominated for appointment to the Board of Governors of Dalhousie University. This drew sharp protest from the Dalhousie Students' Union, on grounds that the Halifax Chronicle-Herald and the Mail-Star are hostile to Dalhousie editorially & in their news coverage. The

President of Dalhousie, Dr. Hicks, said these newspapers "did not appreciate the functions of universities in general." Today's Chronicle-Herald contains a statement by Mr. Daley, saying that he had withdrawn his name from nomination to the Board; also an editorial headed "Dalhousie's Criticisms", refuting both Students' Union & Dr. Hicks.

All of which reminds me of Graham Dennis, whose family secretly sold control of the newspapers to Daley (as front-man for K.C. Irving) some few years back. When I intimated this change of control in the 1965 edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", Graham Dennis called me on the phone & said it was "all a lot of lies and propaganda".

SUNDAY, JAN. 19, 1969 A miracle of a day, calm & sunny, with temp. up to 48°. In the afternoon drove with E. to Beach Meadows, then to Vogler's Cove, Petite Riviere, West Lahave, Bridgewater, & thence home. Ice on the ponds, & on some of the sea coves, but not a speck of snow to be seen along the shore roads, & only a little beside the road from Bridgewater to Liverpool. My lawns are bare, & still fairly green.

MONDAY, JAN. 20/69 A bright day but chilly, with a NW gale blowing at temp. 30°. This morning my old friend Dewey Nickerson dropped in from Clark's Harbor & brought me up to date (over a glass of rum) on things & people there & at Seal Island. In general, all the fishing villages from Clark's Harbour to Shelburne are prosperous, in contrast to Lockeport & Shelburne. Dewey's retirement from fishing leaves him bored & restless, but quite well off financially. For the past 4 winters he & half a dozen others from Clark's Harbour have taken a 3-week holiday at Miami, Florida, staying with relatives (in Dewey's case) or at a motel, flying there & back from Yarmouth airport.

He says Seal Island is being deserted by the fishermen from Clark's Harbour, Woods Harbour, & Pubnico, who for so many years spent the lobster season (Dec. 1 to May 31) there. With the new large boats & faster engines they can stay at home, & tend their lobster pots on the Seal Island grounds. Old (78) Mrs. Winnie Hamilton still lives on Seal Island, with her married daughter Mary Nickerson & Mary's husband Jim.

In the afternoon, Maynard Colp came, & I completed my notes on his life. I must now assemble them in a clear copy, so we can see what's right or wrong, & what's been missed.

THE CHRONICLE-HERALD

The Chronicle-Herald stands for Maritime Progress and Development and is dedicated to the service of the people that no good cause shall lack a champion and that wrong shall not thrive unopposed.

Dalhousie's Criticisms

Both the president of Dalhousie University and the president of that institution's Students' Representative Council have criticized The Chronicle-Herald, and its companion, The Mail-Star, for the newspapers' attitude towards Dalhousie in particular, and universities in general.

Randall Smith, the student leader, has said that the newspapers are "hostile" to Dalhousie. Dr. Henry Hicks has not endorsed that sentiment, but has said that we are "not very appreciative of the functions of universities generally."

We disagree.

It is doubtful whether any Canadian newspaper has as many universities and colleges within its circulation area as have The Chronicle-Herald and The Mail-Star. It would be strange, indeed, if these newspapers chose to belittle or denigrate such a significant segment of the provincial population. We not only refrain from such curious behavior, but also give to the universities, their achievements and their problems rather more news and editorial space than might be warranted by the strict journalistic view. The reason is simple: as a matter of policy for two decades or more, we always have sought to emphasize the importance of education in all its forms, especially its higher ones.

Our interest has not meant that we have said "Amen" to every suggestion advanced by every governor, every president, every professor, every student leader. Some of our editorial views are perhaps unfashionable enough to draw the unfavorable generalities which now have emanated from the Dalhousie officials. But surely our failure to endorse every position adopted by the university, and our occasional criticisms of universities in general, should not categorize us as hostile, unfriendly, or unappreciative.

We will continue our interest in the university situation, for we believe it essential to the proper development of the Maritime community. We will not always agree with Dr. Hicks, Mr. Smith, indeed others. We would nevertheless like to lay claim to the role of sincere participants in an important endeavor — one to which these newspapers have contributed not only words, but also gifts of time and money.

Requests Name Be Withdrawn

L. F. Daley, QC, of Halifax, in a letter yesterday to Donald MacInnes, QC, chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie University, has requested that his name be withdrawn as a nominee for appointment to the university's board. His action followed protest by the Dalhousie Students' Union of his proposed appointment.

In a statement, Mr. Daley said: "I regret that the Students' Council of Dalhousie University has taken exception to my proposed appointment to the Board of Governors of the university, especially since I think the judgment was based on the belief that I and The Chronicle - Herald and The Mail-Star, with which I am associated, are hostile and unfriendly to Dalhousie. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"I have been a staunch supporter of Dalhousie for many years and the newspapers in question have been most sympathetic to the cause of education in general and the universities in this province in particular. Since I do not think it is in the best interest of the university that this subject should be a matter of controversy, I have today written to Donald MacInnes, QC, chairman of the Board, requesting that my name be withdrawn as a nominee."

JAN. 20, 1969 (continued)

Pamela drove to Halifax today, taking with her little Blair for the regular medical check on his feet, & to do some shopping. Debby & Tommy will stay with us till she gets back.

News:- On T.V. we watched the inaugural ceremonies of President Nixon, including his speech, full of platitudes about seeking peace at home & abroad. But what else could he say? He has always looked & sounded like a mediocrity with political cunning but no real brains or character; but time will tell. Not shown on our T.V. were the raucous demonstrations by the "hippies", (the anti-war people who are always so ready to hurl rocks, bottles, & abuse at the police) the "Black Power" people, & others. These were kept at a distance by cordons of troops & police. The open-air speech platform was screened by bullet-proof glass, & helicopters with armed police patrolled overhead. This in the land of the brave and the home of the free.

TUESDAY, JAN. 21/69 A frosty night (18°) & then a lovely day, clear sunshine, temp. 34° at noon, with a light air from the east. Began to type the Cold notes this morning. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Many people are sick with 'flu, & one hears the time-worn complaint that "a green winter makes a full graveyard" & similar phrases, such as Col. Simeon Perkins used to hear them in colonial days. Pamela returned from Halifax this afternoon, & her youngsters returned home. The mail brought me a copies of the Popular Library (paper covered) edition of "Hangman's Beach". These were mailed from New York, but the front cover shows a miniature Canadian flag above the coloured illustration, & alongside it the words "By the winner of the Governor General's Award", so apparently this edition is simply for sale in Canada. The retail price is 95 cents. The royalty is 4% of this, and it is split 50-50 between Doubleday & me. Popular Library paid $1,000 in advance last year, of which I got $500. On that basis they feel sure of selling 25,000 copies, roughly figuring. I note that the Doubleday Book Club includes "Footsteps On Old Floors" in its list offered to Canadian readers. The Club sells most of its books at a flat price of $2.35, post paid, so here again the royalty will be small; & by an old alchemy in the publishing business Doubleday will keep 50% of the royalty, as if the Club belonged to someone else.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22, 1969

Again a frosty night & a mild (46°) day, sunny & calm. This afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach to Broad River & back. Saw a pair of snow buntings. My son Tom arrived for a jaunt along the beach just as I got back to the (closed) canteen, & we sat on the steps in the sunshine, chatting for half an hours. Several elderly but spritely ladies from Liverpool were walking there, & a young couple from Montreal — where they said the winter so far has been the most severe in years. Men were burning the old grass & weeds in the fields; there seemed to be a cloud of blue smoke every few hundred yards, & that pleasant scent of burning grass which one associates with late March in an early spring. When Tom took off on his jog along the beach, I drove back as far as White Point, & then walked around the golf course. Ice on the puddles, & a thin snow to be seen under the shade of the spruce woods, but all the fairways & greens bare. The sea had the lovely blue of summer.

THURSDAY, JAN. 23/69 Still another lovely day, temp. 46°, although there was an easterly breeze that made it a bit less comfortable than yesterday. Took my car to the Rossignol garage, & had the boys put on my 1969 license plates & wash the car. The last time it was washed was mid-summer 1968, before the town engineer got worried about the drought & the water supply. At 1 p.m. I drove to Summerville with E., & we walked the beach to Broad River, sat for a time in a nook out of the wind, by the railway bridge, then strolled back. Other beach-strollers were Len Pottle & wife, and Mrs. Ches. Le Grow, a lean woman of 60 with dyed yellow hair — she walked the beach reading a book, with three small French poodles. Then back as far as White Point, where we walked around the course. Saw a little flock of eider ducks in the sea just off N° 6 tee, & four or five robins foraging in the edge of the rough by N° 8 green. Again smudges of blue smoke along the road where people were burning off the old grass & bushes. On T.V. we watched pictures of wild snowstorms in British Columbia, especially in Okanagan Valley. Even the coast of California is afflicted with continuous cold rains, & damaging floods in the low places. Snow & bitter temperatures from the Rockies to southern New Brunswick. Even the lower Mississipi valley has been getting the chills.

FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1969

Our fine weather is running out. Today the sky was overcast, with a chilly (40°) east wind. At 1 p.m. I drove to White Point with E., each armed with a No. 5 iron & a few balls. Play on No. 8 & 9 holes is forbidden, & all the other tees & greens, but (well muffled against the wind) I swatted a ball for two hours around the fairways from No. 1 to No. 8, & enjoyed the exercise of arms & upper body which one doesn't get in merely walking. E. played most of the way. Despite the mild weather of the past several days there has been frost every night, & today my iron strokes skinned bits of turf no more than ¼ inch deep. Below that was hard-frozen ground.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1969 Rain & drizzle. Temp. 40°. Typing the Colp notes. News:- After arguing for many months over the size, shape, & arrangement of the tables, the "peace" conference of North Viet Nam, South Vietnam, & the U.S.A. in Paris has sat down about the tables at last. Meanwhile thousands of men have died in the fighting. At this pace God knows how many more will perish before they agree to stop the war.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26/69 Again the drizzle. Indoors all day. Finished the second draft of Colp's memoirs, fitting in all the pencilled additions in their chronological places.

MONDAY, JAN. 27/69 Cloudy with dustings of snow. This afternoon I began to paint my inside cellar walls with white waterproof paint which I got from Simpsons-Sears. It has a latex base, more like a glue than a paint, & does not "work" easily with the brush. I spent 4½ hours covering less than one fourth of the wall area, & my arms & wrists were very tired. The furnace naturally sucked in the strong paint fumes with the air-heating system, & blew them all over the house through the hot air ducts. Phew! The critical leaks in my cellar are where the south & west walls meet the floor, & these are still damp from the last rains, so I must wait for them to dry thoroughly before I tackle them. This morning I walked to Colp's house & left the typed copy of his memoirs to be checked for errors & omissions.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28/69 Open-&-shut, temp. 20° at noon, with a NE breeze. This afternoon I walked to Milton & back, on bare & dry asphalt most of the way. The river is open all the way from Milton

dam to the harbour, with only a dusting of snow on the banks. At midnight tonight the temp. was 12° above zero, the air calm, & the barometer very high, 30.6, an atmospheric pressure rare in these parts. The 'flu epidemic is abating; although many of the older people remain very ill.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29, 1969 Temp. 15° above zero last night. Today was sunny, with a N. breeze, & the temp. got up to 30°. Did the weekly shopping for groceries in the morning. In the afternoon E. & I drove to Summerville, walked the beach to Broad River & back, (2 miles) then drove to White Point & walked around the golf course (another 2 miles). About half an inch of snow on the fairways, so walking was easy. Colp dropped in just after we got home, with the typewritten copy of the memoirs, in which he had pencilled a few corrections. Under the new Postmaster General, Mr. Kierans of Montreal, the postal rate on letters was raised from 5 cents to 6 cents, & other types of mail accordingly. Some of the rates are now utterly exorbitant. Today I returned by mail to Lloyd Staples the copy of Miller's history of Colchester County he lent me some time ago. It weighed slightly over 1 lb. I marked the wrapper plainly "Educational book", & told the clerk as well. Formerly it would have required no more than 15¢ postage. Now it is 50¢. I protested that it must be a mistake, but another clerk consulted the rate sheet & confirmed the 50¢ charge. He said that only bookstores could get a lower rate!

THURSDAY, JAN. 30/69 A bleak grey day, temp. 30°. Had another painting & scraping session in the cellar. The mail brought a cheque from Doubleday, Toronto, for $887.67, covering royalty on Canadian sales of my books, of various titles, for the 6 months ending Oct. 31, 1968. I note that the total sales of "Footsteps On Old Floors" (in the U.S. as well as Canada) amounted to a little over 8,000 copies on that date. Not bad as short stories go nowadays, but no way to get rich. Am reading "History of the Acadians", published a year or two ago by Le Conseil de la vie francaise en Amérique, Quebec, Canada. Author is Rona Arsenault, himself an Acadian descendant, who was M.P. for Quebec province at Ottawa 1945-1957, & is now Provincial Secretary in the Quebec legislature. It seems well supported by

documents, & covers the story of the Acadians in their wide wanderings long after the expulsions of 1755–1763.

Little Debby & Tommy came to supper, bringing with them a small daughter of Dr. Lloyd Macleod. My son Tom took them home in his car about 7 p.m.

SATURDAY, FEB. 1, 1969 Yesterday a downpour of rain. Today overcast, temp. 30°. Made the Milton walk. Except for a few ice floes piled by the tide into a nook near Pine Grove Park, there is not a vestige of winter to be seen. Dined with Melbourne & Muriel Gardner, Brooklyn, in their charming new house facing on the harbour. Our fellow guests were John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Aubrey & Esther Kennedy.

Muriel served delicious beefsteaks, broiled on a hinged grid over a wood fire in the hearth, baked potatoes, salad, & rhubarb pie. Good chat afterwards, especially Mel's reminiscences of the Lunenburg fishery companies seventy years ago, when he was first employed as a clerk there.

At 9 p.m. the Wickwires & E. & I took our leave & returned to town, & another party — this one at Capt. Charles Williams' house to honour Miss Annie Ritchie on the first day of her retirement as an inspector of schools in western Nova Scotia. She began as a teacher in Liverpool, & became an inspector along with Clement Crowell & C.B. LeCrow in the 1930's. The times when school officials in N.S. were badly paid faded away long ago, & Annie has been getting $14,000 a year, spending her summers in European travel, for many years. Her job is redundant now, & she will not be replaced.

SUNDAY, FEB. 2/69 Overcast, temp. 40° at noon. After lunch, drove with E. to call on Ted & Hilda Bayer at Chester Basin. Ted displayed a lot of ingenious nicknacks he has bought for the coming summer's business in his souvenir shop, some made in Nova Scotia, some in Germany — little music-boxes & the like. Some things he makes himself in his workshop in the basement. Hilda says they are moving to her house at Oakland for the summer, & that sister Nellie is coming from Alabama to spend the summer with them. Home at 5 p.m. Much traffic on the road — almost like summer.

The pastor of Zion Church here, Rev. J. Parker Matheson,

has been in the local hospital for some weeks, a nervous breakdown. He is a conscientious man who has done his best, I suppose; but his sermons were deadly dull, & all read rather than delivered, & neither he nor his wife have done much in the way of work among the congregation. As a result the church attendance has fallen off sadly. Recently a new set of "elders" came into office, & all of the really old ones were dropped. The new set decided to ask Mr. Matheson to resign, but withheld this demand when he went to the hospital. He is out now, & I understand the church is paying the expenses of a 3 week holiday in Ontario, with his wife, which will give him a chance to look about for another berth. Meanwhile he has tendered his resignation to the elders.

TUESDAY, FEB. 4, 1969 A touch of winter at last — snow flurries, a high NW wind, & temp. dropping to 20° above zero. Spent the morning catching up on correspondence; & most of the afternoon in the cellar, moving the wood pile, sweeping, vacuum-cleaning, & painting. The continued mild weather (a drizzle of rain yesterday) has kept wet the leaky parts of the cellar — at the joint between wall & floor along the south & west sides — so I can only paint those walls down to about 2 feet from the floor. At 4 p.m. the CBC phoned, asking me to do a recorded-by-telephone interview with their Toronto studio, regarding the new paperback edition of "Path of Destiny". It will be used on a radio program called Sunday Supplement, directed by Lyle Brown, & the recording will be done on Thursday evening.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 5/69 Temp. 10° above zero last night. It got up to 20° this afternoon, with a cloudy sky & some specks of snow. Walked to Colp's house this morning, & gave him the carbon copy of his memoirs, typed on good white paper for permanence. This afternoon I finished the first coat of white "waterproof" paint on the cellar walls & pipes, having untouched the strip along south & west walls. & painted the cellar shelves & two wooden chairs that we keep down there.

This evening on the Halifax TV program "Gazette" I saw Miss Barbara Hinds in an interview about a radio play she had written on Lady Frances Wentworth. She wrote me about a year ago (see Feb. 7/68) asking information, & permission to use material in "The Governor's Lady", which I granted. In the interview she acknowledged this help handsomely, & pointed out that "people in a position to know" (i.e. the N.S. Archives staff) assured her that my research was "faultless".

THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1969

Temp. 5° above zero at 8 a.m. getting up to 20° at noon. A bright cold day with NW breeze. Got the car out this morning, & while E. did her weekly shopping for groceries in the Dominion Store, I got the mail & shopped for rum & wine. In the afternoon, with a heavy turtle-necked sweater under my "arctic" coat, & a wool cap pulled down over my ears, I walked to Milton & back. Roads bare & dry, & still no more than half an inch of snow.

News:- Liverpool Town Council has made official application to the provincial government for permission to annex a large square of the Municipality of Queens, reaching out to Beach Meadows on the east, Gull Island Road on the west, & inland to the headwaters of the Beaver Dam Lakes & the Five Rivers lakes. Naturally this will take in Milton, Brooklyn, & the suburban sprawl outside the present town limits, including Western Head.

A long list of reasons, the chief of which seems to be that town-planning experts say an urban unit of 10,000 to 15,000 population is the minimum for efficient administration. Another is that the town wants to control "potable" waters in the area, looking forward to a time (now very near) when Town Lake will not be sufficient.

This will arouse some furious opposition in the suburban areas, & probably in the town itself, for the Town Council had made no attempt to consult the people.

FRIDAY, FEB. 7/69 Temp. 10° above zero last night, 23° above at noon. Another bright cold day. This afternoon I drove to Summerville with E., well clothed against the breeze, walked the beach to Broad River & back, then hiked around the White Point golf course. As we approached No 2 fairway we saw a funeral in progress in the little White Point cemetery beside No 5 fairway, so we cut across to the fairway of No 6. The burial was that of a young (31) woman from White Point, married & settled for years in some other part of N.S.. Cancer. About 15 or 20 cars, all of recent make & well washed, were parked on No 5 fairway, & a crowd of people in their Sunday clothes stood in the icy breeze for at least half an hour.

Forgot to note last evening that Lyle Brown phoned from Toronto & recorded a 10 minute interview. His questions were entirely about my my early experience as a writer — no mention of "Path of Destiny."

SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1969 Again a bright day, with temp. up to 30° at noon. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. The small school on the west side of the river, just above the railway bridge, has not been in use by children for the past 2 years. (The kids, all from the part of "Whynot Town" which lies outside the present town boundary and is therefore part of the Milton school district, are now "bussed" to & from the main Milton schools.) It is now used, in daily sessions, for adult education under the auspices of the (Federal govt.) Manpower Office in Liverpool — the latest euphemism for what was once called the Unemployment Office, & later The Employment Office. Men who dropped out of school at an early age are being taught the equivalent of school grades 9, 10, & 11. When I walk past in the mornings or afternoons I see at least fifteen cars & one or two trucks parked in the school yard. The men are paid to take this course.

SUNDAY, FEB. 9, 1969 A dark threatening sky all day. Weather bureau, by radio & TV, warned of a severe storm coming up the coast from the region of New York, with a heavy snowfall except on the South Shore of N.S., where the fall would be as rain.

E. & I dined with Tom & Pamela — a delicious meal — oyster stew, roast pheasant & wild duck with rice & peas, butterscotch pie, coffee. A good white Burgundy (Pouilly Fuisse) with the meal, & Cointreau with the coffee. The oysters were fresh Malpeques, & the game was shot by Tom himself on his hunting expedition in New Brunswick last Fall.

As we drove home, the wind was getting up to gale force, & it roared about the house all night, with heavy rain.

MONDAY, FEB. 10/69 The gale last night reached 70 m.p.h. at times, but I hear of no great damage, except that it ripped part of the roof off the big passenger depot at Halifax airport. The storm gave way today to a flat calm, thick fog, & temp. up to 50°. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville, Western Head, & Beach Meadows, to watch the huge surf. At high tide the sea splashed over the paved highway at Hunts Point & Summerville, just enough to wash seaweed & bits of raffle across the road. My cellar leaked again — just when I thought I could finish my painting job.

News:- The provincial premiers & the prime minister are in conference at Ottawa. The old story — the premiers demand more federal money, Premier Bertrand of Quebec harps on the "deux nations" theme.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1969 Temp. 34°, a few sprinkles of rain, a few specks of snow. Shopped for groceries this morning. This afternoon had my sparse white hairs trimmed by the barber; had my car greased, with a change of oil; took down some old shelves in our cellar-kitchen-side-door-hallway — an acrobatic & tiresome feat, as it was impossible to use a stepladder on the kitchen stairs, & the screws were caked in old paint. The mail brought an invitation to the annual dinner of The Haliburton, to be held in Prince Hall, King's College on Saturday evening, Feb. 22. — R.S.V.P. My reply, sorry No. Reading "Downhill All The Way", fourth volume of autobiography by Leonard Woolf, husband of the the clever but addled Virginia, who killed herself in 1943.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12/69 A grey day with some patches of sunshine, temp. 40° at noon. Went to Summerville alone this afternoon & walked the beach. Noticed that the tremendous undertow of Monday's storm had washed up numbers of quahogs, evidently torn from a bed some distance from the beach, some as big as 4" by 3", others smaller. A fall of thick & heavy snow began about 7 p.m., making the car-driving slippery, consequently our Historical Society meeting (at Hester Griffin's house on Bristol Avenue) was a small one — about 15 people, compared with 42 at our last meeting on Nov. 20. The speaker was a slim man named Talbot, 60-ish, with neat grey hair & moustache. A slick talker who makes his headquarters in Bridgewater, he is a hired tourist-trade promoter in the pay of the associated South Shore boards of trade. His proposition:— that our Society undertake to run the old lighthouse at Fort Point as a "museum of lighthouse artifacts" & incidentally as a vantage point from which camera-happy tourists can "shoot pictures of the harbour". All this in connection with current advertising of "The Lighthouse Route", meaning the shore roads. He exhibited a folder-pamphlet with "The Lighthouse Route" in large blue letters on the outside, & inside a list of historic & interesting facts about the South Shore which I wrote many years ago for the N.S. Tourist Bureau. Talbot had unearthed it, jazzed-up the wording, & headed it in big letters "Famous Author Thomas Raddall Describes The South Shore". He pressed us hard to take on this "museum of lighthouse artifacts" right away. When Mel. Gardner & Donald Baird suggested that this

was a proposition better suited to the Liverpool Board of Trade, or the local Kiwanis or Lions clubs. Talbot replied quickly that the provincial government would lend or give some money to a historical society much more readily. I pointed out that our small group should not decide on such a matter, & Mel (as chairman) said we would refer it to our next meeting when we could expect a larger gathering. In the meantime Eric Millard will examine the old lighthouse & report. It has been shut up for many years. (The last lightkeeper in residence there was Harry Mackeen.)

It is a short square box, & the lantern on top was a simple fixed light. Nowadays the Department of Transport maintains a fixed electric light on it, without an attendant.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13/69 Temp. 40° at noon, flat calm, a misty overcast through which the sun shone in a vague sort of way. About an inch of soft snow remains on the ground, but streets & roads are bare. I drove to Summerville with E. at about 1 p.m. for a quahog hunt. The tide was about half an hour past low water & had begun to flow. The quahogs I noted yesterday near the highway had vanished — probably someone else had noted them. However, about half a mile along the beach we came upon numbers of them, & I filled my old army haversack with about 3 dozen (37 by exact count later), each about half as big as my fist. A heavy load. Out of curiosity we went on to the Broad River end, but found that the smaller quahogs (& mussels) had all been cracked open & eaten by the gulls. I had not eaten hard-shell clams since I was on Sable Island 48 years ago, when we wireless operators used to find them washed up on the beach just like this. I remembered that they are tougher but more meaty & tasty than soft-shell clams. E. steamed them to get them open, & I phoned Capt. Charlie Williams, (who loves all kinds of sea food & knows how to cook them) to come & get 1½ dozen for himself. We had a drink & a chat. Charlie says quahogs are best when eaten raw, & he is going to Summerville at low tide tomorrow for a hunt.

For supper E. put the steamed clams through a meat grinder & then cooked them in a tasty chowder. Little Tommy & Debby joined us, but preferred more orthodox food, including E's. own "Valentine" cookies, heart-shaped with pink icing.

News:— A bomb wrecked the Montreal Stock Exchange

today & injured 27 people. There were more than 100 bomb incidents in Montreal & Quebec City during 1968, & the police are baffled. Some of these explosives appear to have been assembled & planted by mischievous schoolboys; some by extreme "separatistes"; some by labour union thugs harassing business men they don't like. Earlier this week there was an expensive riot in Montreal's new (1966-67) Sir George Williams University building, which contained in its upper floor laboratory a valuable electronic computing machine. The University is one of the most liberal in Canada, giving scholarships to many foreign students. A "black bloc" (mostly West Indians) started a "sit-in" in the laboratory, agitating for the dismissal of a professor who gave low marks to 4 blacks in the mid-term examinations. They were supported by some of the Canadian students & many of the foreigners, including some of the hot British-born socialist types who have been active in the troubles of the new Simon Fraser University in B.C., & elsewhere. After several days of this "sit-in" by 80 or 90 young hoodlums, paralyzing the whole university, the police were called in to clear the building. The hoodlums then smashed the computing apparatus & files of data, & set fire to the lab. Damage is estimated at $2,000,000.

Yesterday some Negro speakers for the newly organized "Black United Front" in Nova Scotia, addressed students at Acadia University. One of them, "Rocky" Jones, a Nova Scotia Negro, [redacted], & a violent agitator for "Black Power", told the Acadia students, "What happened at Sir George Williams is only a beginning."

FRIDAY, FEB. 14, 1969 A grey day, temp. 30° with a bleak N. wind, so I limited my walking to a trip to the post office. Cocktail party this evening at the Edwin Parkers' house, with their Waterloo Street neighbours the Hal Byers as co-hosts. In chat with Cecil Day, he said Inglis (the new proprietor of the Liverpool Advance) had "no nose for news". He might have added that under Inglis the type-setting is bad, & proof-reading apparently isn't done at all.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15/69 Sunny, temp. 28° at noon, light N. breeze. I made the Milton walk in the afternoon.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16/69 Open-&-shut sky, temp. 30° at noon, snow squalls & glints of sunshine. Indoors all day, except to put seeds on the bird tray. A flock of grackles came, & drove off the grosbeaks & smaller birds, but one or two shots from my air rifle put an end

to that. This evening we had a little bail-y-farewell dinner party for the Austin Parkers (who leave for Georgia soon to spend some weeks with son Jim & wife), and the Douglas Parkins, who have just settled in to their new home on Main Street, nearly opposite Tom Jr's. apartment. Tom & Pamela joined us, & old friends John & Dorothy ~~Mc~~ Nickerson. Good food & wine & chat.

Some time ago Dewey Nickerson left with me a somewhat sea-stained copy of "The Mercantile Navy List & Maritime Directory for 1868", compiled by John J. Mayo, Registrar General of Shipping & Seamen, & published in London, England. Now I have a letter from Niels Jannasch, curator of the Maritime Museum, Halifax, saying that Dewey asked that I pass it on to his institution. Hence I have typed a list of all ships shown as registered at Liverpool, N.S. in that year — nearly 120 of all sorts, & sent the book to the Maritime Museum.

MONDAY, FEB. 17 (17/2/69) Open-y-shut. Temp. 40° at noon. Walked to Milton & back. The B.C. Telephone Co. is offering shareholders additional stock, 1 new share for 9 now held. Price $60. (Current market price $69, probably in anticipation of this issue.) I can take 37 new shares, & will need $2,220.00 to buy them. Decided to sell one of the $5,000 Canada bonds, issue of 1953, interest 3¾%, which Andrew Williamson sold me Jan. 31, 1967. Owing to the steep rise of interest rates, these old bonds were selling well below par, & Williamson told me they would yield me 5¼%. He was careful not to point out that even at present market price the coupons would yield only 4.38%, & that I could get a total yield of 5¼% only by holding the bonds until maturity in 1978, when Canada would redeem them (in badly depreciated dollars) at the face value. Williamson had been in Liverpool as a salesman for Eastern Securities, & for a time was a neighbour of mine on Park St. Soon after this he removed to Halifax.

He sold me bonds with a face value of $11,000 for $9,426. Actually they were worth only $8,465. I trusted the man, & when I discovered the cheat there was nothing I could do about it. Williamson's sales talk had been entirely verbal, & I was the victim of my own carelessness.

TUESDAY, FEB. 18, 1969 Temp. 30° this morning, with a light drizzle freezing on roads & sidewalks. Took the car downtown, & did my banking while E. shopped for groceries. The Royal

Bank took my $5,000 Canada bond, & paid $3,847.95 into my savings account. Mailed Dewey Nickerson's book to Jannasch, plus a letter asking about De Wolfe's "Registry of Nova Scotia shipping" for the year 1868.

Drizzles of rain continued all day, & then a hard NE gale sprang up & blew all night.

FEB. 19, 1969 The wind came around to NW & blew all day, with squalls of fine rain & sometimes snow. The ground remains bare. In the afternoon, with E., I drove around the shore from Western Head to Port Medway. The wind, now off the shore, had cut down the sea, & the tide was near its low mark, so there wasn't as much surf on Feb. 10th.

The winter has been so mild that the Gulf of St. Lawrence is almost entirely free of ice to the NW tip of Anticosti, except for the usual shore pack on the east coast of N.B. and around P.E.I. Even the Strait of Belle Isle is open.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20/69 The gale is still with us, boxing the compass. Today it blew hard from the SE. A grey sky cleared in the afternoon, & I had a sunny walk to Milton & back, wearing my summer underwear (thin cotton shorts & T-shirt) as I still do when the temperature is above 30°. E. was entertaining her bridge club ladies so I dined at the Chinaman's.

Jannasch sent me the 1868 Registry of N.S. shipping, & I began to type a list of shipping registered at Liverpool. Among the curiosities are two small schooners ("Caroline" 25 tons, and "Flying Fish" 28 tons) marked "Price, 1814" under the "When built" columns, and "U.S." in the "Where built" column. Registered owner, D. Campbell, Liverpool, N.S.

Long newsy letter from Frances Macleod, wife of the Rev. George D., who was minister of Zion Church here, for a time during War Two. He left to become a chaplain in the RCAF, & since the war they have been in Ontario.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22/69 Calm, with a light overcast & patches of sunshine. Temp. 40° at noon. In the afternoon drove with E. to Summerville for a walk along the beach. I didn't take my haversack because the tide would not be low until 6 p.m.; but there was still a considerable surf after the recent gales, & we could have gathered at least 2 dozen intact quahogs flung well up the beach. The gulls had been feasting on all they could crack, &

there was a litter of opened shells. Returning to White Point, we walked around the golf course, & found Capt. Charlie Williams playing (with a N° 5 iron). The rains & mild weather have taken the frost out of the ground there, & the turf was soft & springy underfoot.

SUNDAY, FEB. 23, 1969 A light frost last night (30°), temp. 40° at noon, with bright sunshine & a light E. breeze. In the afternoon C. & I played 14 holes at White Point, using N° 5 irons & playing off the greens & N° 8 & 9 fairways, which remain closed. Five other players out. I wore long underwear & a heavy turtle-neck sweater, & found this rig much too warm. My outdoor thermometer is on the NW side of the house, & the sun does not touch it at all in Nov., Dec., Jan., & most of Feb. The sun has now come north enough to touch the thermometer in late afternoon; today at 4 p.m. its temp. rose quickly from 40° to 50°, which explained our warmth in the sun on the golf course. Noticed a ~~redpoll~~ red-polled linnet feeding at my tray today — a rare & erratic visitor.

MONDAY, FEB. 24/69 A bleak grey day, temp. 30°, occasional dusts of snow. Reading "Polar Passion" by Farley Mowat, a large & profusely illustrated (& expensive) book put out by McClelland & Stewart. It professes to be a history of exploration in the high Arctic, but Mowat gives most of his space to the journals of Kane, Hayes, Greely & Cook. He pours scorn on Peary, & barely mentions Stefansson. His prejudice against "The Establishment", manifest in all his pseudo-factual books about the North, is well evident here.

I spent most of the afternoon in my cellar, scraping, wire-brushing, vacuum-cleaning, & then painting the lower part of the south wall. This meant crouching close to the floor, where the paint fumes hung in the motionless air. I felt rather ill all evening, though whether it was due to breathing in the dust, & then the paint solvent, or some other cause, I don't know.

The bird-tray drew 3 redpolls today, feeding with a little flock of goldfinches & juncos, after the bigger & aggressive grosbeaks had eaten their fill.

The mail brought my registration card for the Nova Scotia Medical Services Insurance, which goes into effect on April 1st, despite the continuing outcry of many doctors, & many citizens who say the province cannot afford it. Mrs. James, of Lunenburg, today brought, rolled up, the huge blown-up photograph of my face in profile, which Sherman Hines produced last August 31st for

the Lunenburg Exhibition

TUESDAY, FEB. 25, 1969 A grey sky & a S.E. gale all day, whirling old fallen leaves about the streets like brown confetti. This afternoon I resumed my cellar painting, & finished the first coat on the walls. Whether it stops the leaks or not, it certainly makes the basement look bright & clean.

News:- the Quebec legislature opened today. The old upper house has been abolished, & the lower house now calls itself the National Assembly. The Lieutenant-Governor (Hugues Lapointe) was in his usual chair, but his address to open the session was called an "inaugural speech" instead of the "speech from the throne" & it contained no recital of the legislative program. However, it referred to the recent "constitutional conference" of provincial premiers at Ottawa, & said the Union Nationale government still hoped "to ensure the cultural development and economic growth of Quebec within a Canadian federation." The legislature was guarded by swarms of police because of threats by the bomb terrorists, who continue their activities unscathed in Montreal.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26/69 Winter has arrived at last - making up for lost time. The gale roared about the house all last night, & towards morning it began to dump snow. All day it blew & "snew". I dug out my front & back paths, & the street drain, after the street plough had thrown up its usual bank. Also dug out Evelyn White's front walk, & retrieved my bird-seed tray (the storm had flung it several feet off the pedestal & buried it), & put out a good supply of sunflower seeds. In two minutes about 40 or 50 grosbeaks were feeding or fluttering about it (the wooden tray has standing room for 30 or so), followed by as many cowbirds, grackles, Starlings, & other blackbirds, who crowded the others off. Walked to the post office. In the afternoon I resumed my cellar job, painting the furnace fuel tanks with the same white paint I used for the walls. In the evening I read (as I do on one stormy night every winter) T.C. Haliburton's "The Keeping Room of an Inn," from "The Old Judge". These smiling tales of a party of travelers trapped by a blizzard in a wayside inn at Mount Uniacke in the 1840's never lose their charm for me. The storm was still going on at midnight.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27/69 The gale eased to a gusty wind during the day, & the blizzard to a light but persistant snow. As the temp.

was 34° the snow was soggy & heavy on the shovel. Almost 8" on the level but knee-deep on much of my driveway. I shoveled the driveway to within 6 feet of the street, & stopped there, as the street plows would shove a ton of packed snow into any opening. By then I was "pooped" anyhow & drenched with sweat. Rested, bathed, changed clothes & walked to the post office. Tommy, Debby, & the little Macleod came to supper, & to watch the color TV. At 10:30 p.m. the street plow came along & shoved a bank of snow waist-high across the front of my driveway & into my shoveled front walk.

Today's "Advance" has its usual quota of typographical errors, pied type, & transposed lines. Best was the news that a grand-daughter of Dr John Wickwire was a student at the SCARED HEART CONVENT, Halifax.

FRIDAY, FEB. 28/69 · Temp. dropped to 30° last night, & froze the soggy plow-bank along my street front. It was like trying to shovel concrete, & very hard work, especially as I have to carry a lot of it several steps up the street & hurl it over the shoulder-high snowbank there. Apparently my telephone interview by CBC Toronto (entry Feb. 7) was broadcast on the radio network in N.S. on Feb. 22. In it I had mentioned that I had been recording some memoirs of flying in Nova Scotia in the 1920's & 1930's. Yesterday I had a letter from John R. MacQuarrie, manager of the salt mine (Canadian Rock Salt Co. Ltd.) at Pugwash. He'd heard the broadcast, & sent me a letter to himself from William L. Tillmore, Amherst, describing some adventures on a flying tour of N.S. in the early 1920's with pilot H. O. ("Hump") Madden. It was in winter, with the plane on skis, landing on ice.

The mail brought an air-letter from Australia dated Feb 24th. It was from an American (Texas) professor in the Australian National University, Canberra, named Joseph Jones. He & his wife are writing a series of small textbooks, to be published by Steck-Vaughan, of Austin, Texas, entitled "People & Places in World-English Literature". He asks permission to make a brief quotation from my novel "Tidefall". I wrote an air letter granting permission.

The town's fleet of bulldozers, trucks, etc. are still working to remove snow from the main streets. This snowstorm affected the whole of New England, as well as the Maritimes. Boston got between 3 & 4 feet, an all time record. The sun peeped through this afternoon for the first time since Feb. 23.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1969

After a frosty (20°) night, a clear calm day with warm sunshine, & temp. getting up to 40° in the shade & 48° in the sun. Everywhere the sound of water trickling & icicles falling. In the afternoon I drove about the town, Milton, & Western Head. In places where the snow drifted, the plows have pushed up banks at the roadside 6 to 8 feet high. A dinner party tonight at Burke Douglas' house, West Milton, in honour of Austin & Vera Parker, who leave for Georgia & Florida tomorrow by car via the Yarmouth–Bar Harbour ferry. Cards afterward. Home at 11 p.m.

SUNDAY, MAR. 2/69 Another sunny day, but cooler (40° in the sun at noon.) Wrote MacQuarrie & Fillmore, asking for precise accounts of their flying, including type of aircraft, horse-power of engine, etc., & precise dates & places. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach to Broad River & back, with Chris Clarke, who was exercising himself & two dogs. A number of other people walking the beach. The storm of Feb. 26–27 had washed up a thick mass of Irish moss, covering the east end of the beach, an unusual circumstance. Also an unusual scour of the sea, working from east to west, had swept sand into the outlet of Broad River, confining the stream to a channel barely 50 feet wide. Again the sea had flung up quahogs, this time in hundreds, all along the beach. The gulls had eaten their fill & flown away, & people were gathering the clams in gunny sacks & plastic bags.

MONDAY, MAR. 3/69 Pamela drove to Halifax today with little Blair, & deposited Debby's & Tommy's night clothes, tooth brushes etc. with us — they will stay here until she returns. A snowstorm was in the offing, & the first flakes were falling at 9 a.m. when she left. The storm had already dumped nearly two feet of snow as far south as the Carolinas, & Boston & New York were getting another load. However Pam should be able to keep ahead of the storm. The new paperback edition of "His Majesty's Yankees," published in New York by Popular Library, is now in the local bookstore. The storm dumped about 3 inches of snow until afternoon, when it became a cold rain. I spent most of the afternoon in my cellar, putting a second coat of white paint on the walls

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1969 Overcast & mild. Temp: 40° most of the day. I shovelled out the snow (mostly heavy slush) from my driveway & house walks, & again shovelled out the street drain. In the afternoon drove E. down to the supermarket for a load of groceries. Pamela phoned Tom. She ran out of the new snowfall at Italy Cross, & from there to Hfx. had clear going, ahead of the storm. She expects to return on Wednesday.

Our little guests waken early (7 a.m.) & consequently so do we. They are at school from 9 a.m. to noon, & from 1:30 to 3:30, & they ring the welkin with their talk & games (& squabbles) from then until bedtime at 9 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 5/69 After a cold night (20° above zero here, 10° above at Milton) bright sunshine & a bitter NW gale. This morning I signed my B.C. Telephone warrant for 37 new stock shares at $60, made out a Royal Bank savings account cheque for $2,220 (IN FAVOR OF B.C. TELEPHONE CO.) had it certified & made payable at par in Halifax, and delivered both to Max Harding. He is local salesman & agent for Pitfield, Mackay, Ross & Co. Ltd., who have an arrangement with B.C. Telephone to handle these purchases at no cost to the subscriber.

Pamela & Blair returned from Hfx. this afternoon. The road was clear & good going all the way. This afternoon I finished the second coat of white paint on the south & west cellar walls. I noticed a faint but unmistakable brownish stain showing through the paint on the "leakiest" places along the south wall, & found that (although the first coat was dry & hard everywhere else) the paint had not taken hold there, & remained soft. So the cement there had not been perfectly dry, as I had thought, & the leaks will recur in heavy rains. I can only wait until midsummer to scrape & repaint these spots in another attempt.

SATURDAY, MAR. 8/69 Weather continues bright & cold, with NW gales. Except for walks to the post office, I have been getting my physical exercise indoors — painting the cellar floor with grey enamel. This involved moving the wood pile twice, & the washing machine, chairs, golf carts & clubs, & various other stuff. Finished the job this morning. Started the cellar work on Nov. 22/68, & have been at it in a sporadic way (when the weather prevented outdoor activity) all winter. I fear I have not conquered the leakage entirely, but for the first

time in many years we have a bright clean basement.

Two long letters from W. L. Fillmore, patchy reminiscences of flying about N.S., P.E.I., & Newfoundland, in the 1920's, when he was an air-trading salesman for the Malagash salt mine, visiting the fishery firms & skippers. In spite of my detailed request, he says nothing about the type of airplane, engine horsepower, etc., & not even an approximate date for anything.

Letter from Wm. A. Parker, Dartmouth, an engineer for the N.S. Dept. of Highways for over 35 years, now in retirement at the age of 69. For many years his hobby has been research on the old "military" road from Hammonds Plains to Annapolis, cut through the woods about 1817. He offers to turn over to me all his notes & maps, if I will write a book about it.

News:- the New York stock market has slumped badly in the past 2 weeks — the worst in several years. My shares in American Growth Fund have sunk in market value to $6.89, which is what I paid for them in July 1967. As I have been drawing $100 per month from the fund, I am "out" $1,900. However I expect the U.S. market to recover, as it always does. Most of my money is in Canadian companies (mainly public utilities), & while these shares have lost some market value in the current slump, they are still worth considerably more than I paid for them.

SUNDAY, MAR. 9/69 Still bright & cold, with fresh wind. This afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville & walked along the beach to Broad River & back. In the shelter of the seawall by the canteen we sat comfortably for 20 minutes enjoying the sunshine. Afterwards drove around Western Head.

Started to work on my income tax papers for 1968.

MONDAY, MAR. 10/69 A lovely day, sunny, moderate NW breeze, temp. rising from 20° to 45° in the sun. Worked on income tax papers all morning. My gross income for 1968 was only $6,561.86, of which about $3,160 came from investments, so my tax is not large; but all the ramifications of a millionaire's income statement have to be followed, with the "aid" of a 28-page booklet.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon for the first time since Feb 20, & the 6-mile plod on hard pavement blistered my left big toe. The sun & fresh air were worth it.

This evening Mrs. Nina Inness, curator of the Perkins

house, phoned me saying that vandals had broken 6 window panes. The house is supposed to be visited every two or three days during the closed season by a negro attendant, Arthur Jarvis, & he had just discovered the damage, & counted the broken panes. I told her to notify the Dept. in Halifax, so that the panes can be replaced promptly, & to notify the town police & demand investigation. I suspect a gang of adolescent & juvenile hoodlums, all from "good" families, who have been operating at this end of town.

TUESDAY, MAR. 11 69 Overcast & mild (40°). The snow is shrinking. Finished my income tax papers — probably the Dept. will disagree. A blister the size of a dime on my left toe prevents me walking farther than the post office.

News:- Ray, the man who killed U.S. Negro leader Martin Luther King, pleaded guilty & was sentenced a day or two ago to imprisonment for ~~99~~ "99" years — which is lawyers' bafflegab for 30 years actually. He is 41. Negro leaders in the U.S. are unsatisfied, insisting that the murder was a plot by many people.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13 69 A dreary day. Snow falling lightly but steadily, melting on the salted streets, staying on the fields & gardens. At my suggestion to editor Alex Inglis, today's "Advance" has a blast at the Perkins House vandals, in a box on the front page. The police have been investigating. They think some of the panes, if not all, were shattered by pellets from an air gun — or a pistol using pellets driven by small gas cartridges, which can be purchased by anyone who signs a mail order statement that he is 17 years of age.

FRIDAY, MAR. 14 69 Weather the same, except that the snow stopped. Temp. about 34° at noon. This afternoon, in the basement of Lane's Motel, at the Bristol end of the highway bridge, Ron Lane showed me several old window sashes that had been removed from the second story during renovations. This is, of course the Joseph Barss house, built about 1798. I examined the panes. Some are of the old hand-blown type, with bubble flaws, most are just plain glass. Lane said he would donate the old panes, for replacement in the Perkins house. The panes appear to be larger than those in the Perkins house, & none of them bear the semi-circular "ripples" of the Perkins type, so I thanked Lane & said I would check the sizes, etc., & let him know.

News:- This week's "Atlantic Advocate" (the March issue)

contains a long article by Michael Wardell entitled "Saint John Revival", with fulsome praise of K. C. Irving. At about the same time a New Brunswick senator revealed that recently Wardell had sold to Irving the major stock of the "Gleaner", Fredericton's daily newspaper, the most influential in the province. Wardell hastened to inform the Canadian press of the deal, declaring that there had been nothing secret about it, & that he still retained a financial interest. This completes Irving's hold on the leading news & editorial media in New Brunswick (he owns both of the St. John newspapers AND THE radio-TV stations) not to mention Nova Scotia, where his front man Saley controls the Halifax newspaper monopoly.

Wardell had been one of Beaverbrook's men in England; & when he came to Fredericton & bought the "Gleaner", & set up the new Maritime magazine "Atlantic Advocate", and a book publishing company specializing in New Brunswick authors, all in or about the year 1949, it was assumed that the money was part of Beaverbrook's sudden & lavish interest in his old home ground. If so, it remained a secret, & publicly Wardell has always maintained that the money was his own.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1969 Again a grey overcast, temp. 34°, with spits of snow & fine rain. I resumed for a bit my autobiography, which I put aside after some months' work in the winter of 1962-63.

In the spring of 1963 I turned my energies to a new contract with Doubleday, which included revision & reprinting of "Halifax, Warden of the North"; a new historical novel ("Hangman's Beach"); a book of true short stories ("Footsteps On Old Floors"); and a history of Sable Island. The Sable Island book obviously would have a very limited sale, but I insisted on its inclusion because it was something that ought to be done. Now it remains the only uncompleted part of the contract; & the idea is redundant because in 1967 I found that Sub-Lieut. Geoff Pickridge had been working on the same project for three years, & I gladly showed him everything I had on the subject. News:- Canada's Post-Master General, Mr. Eric Kierans of Montreal, yesterday visited Mill Village & performed the official ceremony opening the new space-communication unit. (The first, completed about 3 years ago, is already obsolete, but will be kept in service as a "stand-by".)

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1969 The sun came through the low grey ceiling a few times today in a misty fashion, & we had some drizzles of rain & specks of snow. In the afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville, walked the beach to Broad River, crossed over the railway bridge, & walked along the railway line into the woods for a few hundred yards before turning back. Tonight E. gave a small dinner party for Terence & Betty Freeman, & their daughter Joyce & husband Dick Smith. The Freemans, and Smiths, leave in a few days on a motor trip to Florida.

MONDAY, MAR 17/69 A bright day, with a cool (36°) NNW breeze down the river. In the afternoon I walked to Milton & back. The old snowbanks at the roadsides have the usual soiled look at this time of year. I learn that Isaac ("Ike") Seaman died a few days ago after a long illness. During the late 1930's, when the Liverpool amateur baseball team ("The Liverpool Lumpers") became champions of the Maritime Provinces, he was the best pitcher they had. He & three brothers, all sons of a Syrian dry goods merchant, John Seaman, played on the team until World War Two broke up the old amateur baseball league.

Tonight our born-to-trouble daughter Frances Dennis phoned her mamma, in trouble again. Joy & Bill & the youngsters have been driving to the Wentworth Valley for ski-ing, on week ends. Last weekend they took along a neighbor's 5-year-old boy also. Frances fell & broke a leg in two places, just below the knee, & at the ankle. In a separate accident the neighbors' boy broke a leg also. Frances will be on crutches for weeks. She can't get house-help in Moncton, so she asked E. to come & stay during this time. E. plans to leave with the Terry Freemans on Thursday. They are driving to Florida via Moncton & Fredericton, & will drop her on the way.

TUESDAY, MAR. 18/69 Overcast, with a bleak S.E. breeze. This morning I picked up town engineer Eric Millard in my car for an inspection of the Fort Point lighthouse. (see Feb. 12).

It is a stout frame-&-shingle building, with walls sloped inward for extra strength, like a squat truncated pyramid. A wooden ell, part of the lightkeeper's living quarters, was torn down long ago. The ground floor of the pyramid contains two small rooms (11½' by 12½', and 14' by 14') plus a couple of closets, a chimney & stairwell. The second story contains a single

room 12' by 7½'. From there the steep & narrow stairs lead to the lantern chamber, 9' by 14'. Here the original light was a small oil lantern, nothing more. Nowadays the Dept. of Transport has a single electric 500-WATT bulb. Distance from ground to the little cupola of the lantern chamber is about 21 feet.

The town of Liverpool keeps the outer structure in repair, & painted white, with red on the lantern chamber. The interior laths & plaster are in a bad state.

Enjoyed the Milton walk again this afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 19/69 Tonight the Historical Society met at the Manthorne house on Cobb Ridge. About 30 or 35 people. Cecil Day read a short paper on the history of printing, & made some predictions about printing processes in the near future.

Talbot was there, & he had brought with him a man named Martin, a provincial gov't man who is responsible for provincial museums; also Nils Jannasche, curator of the Maritime Museum at Halifax, & Dr. Peter Waite, professor of history at Dalhousie, whom I had met some years ago. [redacted] The lighthouse project was the main object of discussion. Talbot apparently hoped to impress our society with these big guns from Halifax, figuring that they would go along with his project. He spoke for a time, & then called on these gentlemen for a few words, & they disappointed him. Martin said the matter was one for our society's decision, but personally he thought a museum in the Fort lighthouse would be an anachronism. Jannasche & Waite said much the same.

When chairman Mel. Gardner called on me for a report on the lighthouse, I described its size & condition, said the proposed museum was utterly impractical, & that in any case it was a gimmick of the tourist trade, not a suitable work for a historical society. Millard & Day, & several of the ladies, also spoke against it, & that was that. Talbot was much crestfallen, but said he would approach some other body.

I enjoyed a chat with Waite, Jannasche, & Martin during the refreshment period. Next meeting of Hist. Soc. to be at my house.

THURSDAY, MAR. 20/69 Sunny & cool. 40° in the shade, 50° in the sun. I walked to Milton & back. About 3 p.m. E. took off for Moncton with the Freemans.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1969 Spring is here according to the calendar & to outward appearance. Weather like yesterday. In the afternoon I pumped up my bicycle tires and pedalled to Polanco & back — 8 miles in 1 hour. On the way back, the S.E. breeze had become a head wind, & on some up-grades I had to get off and walk near the crest. Shopped at the supermarket for steaks & a broiled chicken. Wrote W. Fillmore & thanked him for his flying reminiscences, pointing out however that without any dates, or details of aircraft & engines, they had no value to a historian. Also wrote H. O. ("Jump") Madden, now retired in West Vancouver, & asked him to lend me, for copying, his logbook of flying in the Maritimes in the 1920's. (He did not reply).

Tonight a light rain falling — the first rain of spring, I hope. Small patches of turf are bare, on my front & back lawns, but about 8" to 12" of old frozen snow remains, plus the plowed banks at the street sides.

SATURDAY, MAR. 22/69 A lovely day. Temp. got up to 56° in the sun this afternoon, when I rode my bike slowly to Polanco & back. Snow melting, brooks & gutters full, the sound of water trickling everywhere. Yellow-& black (& very small) caterpillars have been visible on the dry warm asphalt for some days past; and now the bigger orange-& -black ones, & the small (½") insects which come out of the rivers at this time, equipped with legs which they use, & wings which they don't. Broiled a thick steak for supper, with sweet (canned) corn, & wine. Reading the weekly bundle of English & U.S. magazines & newspapers from Bill White.

SUNDAY, MAR. 23/69 Fine & warm. Drove to Summerville, walked the beach, & sat in the sun for half an hour in the lee of the railway embankment. Dined with Tom & Pam & the youngsters — Roast turkey, lemon meringue pie, Liebfraumilch.

MONDAY, MAR. 24/69 The warmest day yet — up to 64° in the sun at 4 p.m. At 1 p.m. I drove Evelyn White to the bus stop by the Masonic Hall; she is going to Hfx. for an eye examination by a specialist. Whynots men came — now that the winter is over — & checked over my furnace, put in new air filters, & new fibre plates in the humidifier. The latter was choked with thick brown scum, & obviously hadn't been operating for a long time. In the afternoon I walked the beach at Summerville, & made a tour of the White Point golf course. Most of the snow is gone from the fairways but

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1969 (continued) the turf is very soggy.

Doubleday, New York, have sent me a few copies of the Popular Library (paperback) issue of "The Governor's Lady", just out.

In Liverpool, workmen are razing the old "Wigglesworth building" & the ~~store~~ store next to it, both wooden, on the north side of Main St. between the liquor store & the intersection of Gorham Street, to make way for a new department store.

TUESDAY, MAR. 25/69 This morning four fox-sparrows appeared on my back lawn, rummaging among the old seed-husks under the tray.

A rough sampling (seven years ~~only~~ between 1938 to 1961) shows that my diary records the first fox sparrows on exactly this date ('38, '45, '49 & '64). The median date was March 23. Similar sampling shows March 25 as the median date for the first song sparrows, & March 21 for the first robins. (The robins vary greatly in their first appearance — as early as March 6 and as late as March 31.)

Weather all day was overcast & threatening rain, so I walked no farther than the post office. At evening a storm of wind & rain began & lasted several hours, including an hour of thunder & lightning which knocked out the local TV relay station for Channel Twelve.

Reading "The Price of Admiralty: An indictment of the Royal Navy, 1805-1966" by Stanley Bonnett, just received from London. Some readers of my novel "Hangman's Beach" complained that I had exaggerated the harsh treatment & sadistic punishments inflicted on sailors in H.M. ships during the Napoleonic Wars. But I had read well on the subject. Bonnett's book is one more proof.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 26/69 A sunny morning with a strong SW wind. Temps. 50° at noon. Overcast in afternoon, & at 46° the wind was on the chilly side as I walked to Milton & back in summer underwear & my thin golf jacket. Expected to see & hear fox sparrows (not forgetting song sparrows & robins) along the route, but there wasn't a feather or a peep. A pair of Arctic redpolls, male & female, visited my feeding tray, along with a few juncos, goldfinches, fox sparrows, & a tree sparrow. My lawns are now free of snow except for the usual husks in the shadow of the back wall. Last night's heavy rain made the first real test of my new cellar paint. A few drops of water oozed through the foot of the cellar wall on the south side, in several places. None at all on the west side.

Got a case of rum (Fernandes Vat 19) & a case of Corby's dry gin from the liquor store. Cost $135.00, mostly tax.

E. phoned from Moncton this evening. Francie is getting about the house quite well with crutches & a Bath chair. Friends & neighbors send in cooked meals, together with flowers etc., so E. has had to do little or no cooking. Francie has her leg in a cast from foot to thigh. This she must wear for 3 months. Then a lighter cast for another 3 months.

Pamela is motoring to Halifax on Friday, taking her children to the "Decapades" show, returning on Saturday. E. thinks she will fly from Moncton to Hfx. on Friday, & return here with Pam on Saturday morning.

THURSDAY, MAR. 27, 1969 A hard N.W. gale with spots of fine rain. Drove to Ten Mile on the Annapolis Road & walked in to the lake. Most of the lake open but ice holds on the north end. Snow remains in the woods but all the open places are bare. Dined on a broiled steak, which I cooked myself.

FRIDAY, MAR. 28, 1969 Sunny & windy. Walked Summerville Beach & the golf course. The fairways are drying up fast in today's weather. Saw a lone robin on No 8 fairway — my first sight of one this season. Strange not to see more, with so much of the shore fields free of snow & no frost in the ground. Shopped for steaks, frozen lobster, & a broiled chicken. About 8 p.m. Lloyd Bochner phoned from Santa Monica, California. He is a Canadian actor who moved to Hollywood a few years ago & seems to be doing well. I have seen him in one or two movies & several TV shows. He wrote me in August 1967 asking if I held the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", & if so he would like an option. I replied with a brief account of my connection with John Rich, whose hold expired in 1968, said I have since refused or ignored various propositions which seemed vague about cash & time, & asked what he had in mind. He did not reply, & I dismissed it as another vague one. He was very apologetic on the phone tonight for his long silence. Now he wants me to set a price for the "property", & a price for a 12-month option. I said I'd think it over & write him air mail tomorrow. He said he knew the Annapolis Valley well, having been some months at Cornwallis when he was in the Navy. He asked about transportation to Sable Island. Finally he said he looked forward to making the movie in Nova Scotia, & to meeting me in location.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1969 A sunny morning after a frosty (30°) night. Wrote & posted by airmail a letter to Bochner. My price for sale of world movie rights is $25,000, U.S. funds, payable in two consecutive halves, a year apart, for my tax purposes. I will grant a 12-month option for $2,000, & will extend the option for another 12 months on payment of another $2,000. In the event of purchase, the option money will apply as part payment on the first $12,500. Long experience has made me skeptical of these enquiries, & I don't expect anything of Bochner's. Walked to Milton & back in the afternoon, & found E. at home, having driven from Hfx with Pam in just 2 hours, using the long straight stretches of new road. News:- ex-President Dwight ("Ike") Eisenhauer is dead, of a heart failure at 78, after several years of failing health.

SUNDAY, MAR. 30/69 Light rain this morning, with some thunder & lightning. The rest of the day mostly overcast, cold (38° at noon), with a NW gale. Stayed indoors, reading. TV news showed last night's uproar in Montreal, where several thousand young French-Canadians marched to McGill University chanting "Mac Geal en francais", & holding up signs demanding that McGill be turned into an entirely French-speaking university. Police guarded the university buildings, but elsewhere in the streets there was a lot of window smashing, upsetting mailboxes, garbage cans, etc.

MONDAY, MAR. 31/69 A cool sunny morning, but the sky turned overdash shortly after noon. About 2 p.m. I drove with E. to Hammerville, intending the usual stroll along the beach & then a tour of the White Point golf course, to look for budding mayflowers. However, the wind had turned bleak at S.E., we had to make a smart pace on the beach merely to keep warm, & as fishermen say, I could smell snow coming. Sure enough, as we drew towards the highway I looked back & saw S.W. Port Mouton & part Mouton Island already blurred by a white curtain; & a fine snow began to blow across the road at Hayes Point. The snow did not reach town until about 4 p.m. Then it fell steadily, in large flakes, all evening, & the temp. fell to 25°.

Tonight's T.V. had a long picture of General Eisenhauer's formal funeral in Washington. Among many foreign dignitaries De Gaulle stood out as usual, looking like an eight-months-pregnant camp cook. Lord Mountbatten represented Britain, & Prime

Minister Trudeau was there for Canada. Instead of burial at Arlington, the official military cemetery at Washington, the body goes to Abilene, Kansas, where Eisenhower grew up.

TUESDAY, APR. 1, 1969 The snowfall was not deep, but the sharp frost made it crusty, & outside the shops the tread of many feet turned it to ice on the sidewalks. Sunny today but cold (30°) with a strong wind down the river, so I walked no farther than Tom's office, where he adjusted the fillings in two of my teeth. Now that the old building across Main Street has been razed, Tom's patients can look straight down to the river from his office window, a view not to be seen from that spot for at least a century, probably longer. The N.S. govt., through Finance Minister Ken Jones, has announced heavy increases in taxation. The 5% sales tax goes up to 7%. GASOLINE TAX IS INCREASED. Food & drugs are still exempt; but motor cars & parts, telephone bills, domestic electric bills, hitherto exempt, now come under the tax. Wines, beer, & spirits, already heavily taxed by federal & provincial govts., are to sustain an extra 10% for provincial purposes. Tobacco ditto. Part of this increase is for Medicare, which goes into effect today; but a lot of it is to support other increasing govt. expenses, including the heavy losses on the "heavy water" plant at Glace Bay, the Clairtone factory, etc. All of which provides fine ammunition for Liberal opposition leader Mr. Regan.

However, the Liberal government under Louis Robichaud in New Brunswick has just announced heavy new taxation also, despite the fact that N.B. has postponed Medicare & hasn't wasted public money on bad industrial investments on the Nova Scotia scale.

The plain fact is that all of the Atlantic provinces, including Nfld. & P.E.I., are bankrupt today by any commonsense business calculation of debt compared to income.

"Mel" Gardner dropped in to talk about the old Methodist church in Port Medway, a quaint little building that has not been used in many years. Some years ago a Port Medway man named Mortimer bequeathed a sum of money, which yields about $240 a year, for payment to ministers for repairs & maintenance of the church, provided that services are held in it four times a year. The United Church minister on that circuit says he hasn't time to conduct services for so few people. The choir & other members of the United Church in Brooklyn have conducted a service there at times. "Mel" thinks our Historical Society, combined with this group, should conduct a service there about May 25th. Wants me to give an address from the pulpit.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1969 Rain last night & most of today — not a deluge, but a persistent soak. Yet not one drop of water seeped into my cellar (see Mar. 26). Reading all day, except for trip downtown in the car, to buy groceries & wine, & get the mail. By night the last trace of snow had vanished, & temp. went down to 30°.

THURSDAY, APR. 3/69 Sunny, with cold N. wind. Walked to Melton & back this afternoon. Saw two song sparrows in trees on the west bank of the river, but no other birds but gulls & starlings. Somebody from Summerville reported "flocks" of robins, but so far, I have seen none but the lone bird at White Point on March 28. Contractors excavating the site of the new People's Store on the N.W. corner of Main & Gorham streets are trucking the rubble & earth away & dumping it along the river shore west of the Legion building, alongside the railway track, under direction of town engineer Eric Millard. This, & further casual dumping, eventually will make footing for a roadway connecting the town parking lot with the foot of Union Street — Cecil Day's dream, "Riverside Drive".

Yesterday's "Advance" had an advertisement signed by 6 general practitioners of medicine in Liverpool, & our lone surgeon, A. H. Dhalla, a capable Hindu. They state that they will charge fees for the following, which are not covered by the provincial Medical Services Insurance: — (1) Car mileage, (2) drugs supplied, (3) routine physical examinations, (4) examinations requested by a third party, (5) advice by telephone. The lone abstainer was Dr. John Wickwire, heart specialist, who was one of the physicians engaged by the N.S. gov't. to draw up the M.S.I. plan, & is somewhat disliked by many of the N.S. Medical Association for that reason.

News: — Prime Minister Trudeau announced today that Canada, will begin a carefully phased withdrawal of her army & air forces in Germany. They now number about 10,000, many with wives & families, & the postings & reliefs have been going on steadily since 1949. Trudeau insists that Canada will adhere to her part in the NATO alliance, & that her forces will be kept mobile for service abroad if necessary.

FRIDAY, ("GOOD FRIDAY") APR. 4/69 Temp. here last night was 24°. At St. John N.B. it was only 2° above, an all-time record low for April. Today was sunny, but with strong SW wind blowing from the similarly frosty regions of New England. In the afternoon E & I "walked" Summerville Beach — almost at a

took, just to keep warm. There to White Point, where I walked around the course while E. hunted for mayflowers in a sheltered & sunny patch of the woods near the boathouse. She picked a small bunch with buds partly open. I saw a few robins in the sheltered edge of the course around 8 & 9 fairways — none in the open.

SATURDAY, APL. 5, 1969 Rain all day. A doctor from Montague P.E.I. called this afternoon, with his wife — introduced himself as Dr. "Jeff" Robinson, said he was interested in the history of the two-masted schooner Nellie J. Banks, which was repaired at Liverpool in the early 1920's. I phoned Hector Mackerd & Hector Dunlap, who knew nothing of her. Robinson showed me photographs of the Nellie J. Banks & several other schooners of that period, & I soon realized that they were all rum-runners, & that Robinson is compiling a history of the rum-runners of the Maritime Provinces in the period 1918-1938. Phoned Dunlap to arrange an interview tomorrow, & at Robinson's urgent request I agreed to accompany him. Dunlap was book-keeper for the local firm of Thompson Bros., who refitted many of the rum-runners, & installed diesels & other equipment in those built in Liverpool by Stedman Gardner.

My cellar leaked only a spoonful of water in today's rain, & in only two places, both on the south side.

EASTER SUNDAY, APL. 6/69 A dull cool day. E. & I dined at 1 p.m. with the junior Raddalls, this being little Blair's 4th birthday. While there, a man named Townsend called, & asked me to autograph some of my books. He brought in about 8 or 10. Said he was a bank clerk here about 1935, & knew me as a customer. He is now retired in Shelburne County. At 3 p.m. I drove E. up to the hospital to see her cousin Verna (Dunlap) Ryan, who is there with a slight heart attack. I spent the rest of the afternoon at Hector Dunlap's house with Robinson, listening to Hector's reminiscences of the rum-runners, which Robinson took down with a tape recorder. Hector kept a notebook in the 1920's & 1930's, recording the rum-runners at Thompsons' dock, the names of the skippers, & the real or supposed owners. He also has a photograph showing about ten (mostly motor boats & ships) tied up there at one time.

My walk in the cold wind last Friday caused an attack of neuralgia in my lower right jaw, which has been sensitive to cold ever since Dr. Hoffman removed an impacted wisdom tooth in May 1960. Today about 4 p.m. the pain suddenly became intense, & I was in misery from then until about 1:30 a.m., when rum & Seconal in large doses finally put me to sleep.

MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1969 Sunny, with a cool wind. Pain in the right side of my face continues, in both jaws, the cheekbone & sometimes in the right temple — what dentists call "referred pain" — but as a dull ache, not the excruciating pains of yesterday. I walked to the post office but dared not go further, though I longed for a good hike. Instead I motored with E. to Greenfield & back. The Medway River very high. My face very painful tonight, especially in the temple & ear canal.

TUESDAY, APL. 8/69 Again sunny & cold. In the afternoon drove with E. to Bridgewater, & home via the shore road through West Lahave, Petite Riviere, Broad Cove & Fogler's Cove.

Neuralgia remains bad.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 9/69 Sunny & windy. This morning Reginald Nickerson, carpenter, & helper, came to tear down my old back fence & replace it. The existing fence was put up along the garden wall (55 feet) in April 1951, & while most of the "4" x 4" posts were still fairly sound, the 2" x 4" cross pieces were rotten. The link-wire fencing, while rusty, is good enough to use again. Today they planted 6 new 4" x 4" posts in the old 2' wall, & renailed the wire fencing on new 2" x 4" rails. All the posts & rails were soaked with a gallon of "Pentox", a green copper-solution wood preservative. The men finished the job at 3 p.m. In replacing the corner post between Erik Andersen's property & mine, they found the old iron rod which I had used to mark the corner when I measured the lots with Joe Pushie in May 1938 — the year Joe sold me five feet of his land to widen my original 50 feet. This marker was checked exactly by old Primrose Smith, provincial land surveyor, in 1950, when the Andersen property belonged to Reginald ("Cephas") Rupert, so I am glad to find it again.

This afternoon I drove out to look at the new air-landing strip near Greenfield. It lies about 250 yards west of the paved road from Greenfield to Highway No. 8, and roughly parallel to it, although hidden by the intervening woods. Last year a group called the "Liverpool Queens Trade Development Committee" bought the land, stripped away the trees (mostly scrub hardwood) & roughly bulldozed an area about 250 yards wide & 1 mile long. This year the committee

expects the provincial Dept. of Lands & Forests to finish the job. It will serve the Liverpool & Keyimkujik areas, & will be used by light aircraft connecting with the international airports at Hfx. & Yarmouth.

THURSDAY, APL. 10, 1969 Neuralgia continues, although the pain in my right upper & lower jaws has become just a plain ache, & the sudden shooting pains are in the right temple & ear canal. A dark day, threatening rain, with a warm gale from the south. Charles Bagley called, with his family, this afternoon, & a young woman named Judith Brooks, from Sackville N.B., a teacher of English literature in a Moncton high school. Miss Brooks is giving a lecture on my work later this month, & Bagley made a long tape recording of her question-&-answer chat with me. Today I put the last of my sunflower-seed supply on the bird tray, & a dozen grosbeaks promptly descended & gobbled it down. The rest of my winter boarders have taken to the woods & their natural supply.

FRIDAY, APL. 11/69 Fine & warm (55°) in town but a bit chilly in the wind along the shore. Drove with E. to Summerville & walked the beach, then the White Point golf course, which remains soggy, with pools of water in some of the low spots. Noticed a pair of killdeer plover, but not a single robin in the fairways.

E. picked a bunch of mayflowers in full bloom, & later took them up to Verna Ryan, in the hospital. Cocktail party tonight at the Eric Manthornes' house on Cobb's Ridge.

SATURDAY, APL. 12/69 Weather like yesterday, & we did the same things, except that E. walked around the golf course with me instead of picking flowers. Saw a lone semi-palmated sandpiper on the beach, & again the killdeer plover on the course, & this time a few robins foraging at the warm & sheltered end of it near No. 8 green. On returning to town I raked up old leaves & trash from the back lawn, & cut down another ash sapling behind the garage. Received Carlos Baker's biography of Ernest Hemingway, just out, & am reading it with intense interest because it sets him forth with all his blemishes as well as his good points, & reveals the prototypes of many of his fiction characters.

SUNDAY, APL. 13/69 Sunny & cool. Little Debby made her debut in the childrens' choir at Zion Church this morning, & E. wanted to attend, so I took her there in the car, & came on home myself. It is just about a year since we attended our

last service at Zion. In the afternoon we drove to the Valley via Greenfield, Chelsea, Baker Settlement & New Germany, then from Middleton to Granville & across the causeway to Annapolis. Left Annapolis at 4 p.m. & reached Liverpool about 5:30. Ice remains on the lakes in the high country, & in the green woods, so there is still a cold bite in the wind, although the sun through the window glass made us comfortably warm in the car.

MONDAY, APL. 14, 1969 Our first really warm day. The temp. got up to nearly 70° in the sun. About 1 p.m. I noticed a sudden gush of smoke in the old field behind my neighbor Joe Pushie's house. I ran outdoors & saw a wall of red flame moving through the knee-high grass towards the bushy strip behind my garage, where I dump all my grass cuttings, shrub clippings, & the raked-up leaves every Fall. All as dry as tinder. I got my garden hose connected in a hurry, & began to wet this heap, & the similar heap behind Pushie's garden. However, by this time someone had rung in a fire alarm, & the town's motor engine had arrived. This put the flames out in a few minutes. If the fire had got into the heap of old dry garden rubbish it would have destroyed my new back fence, & quite possibly my garage & car.

C. & I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Saw a pair of ospreys hovering over the shallows at the beach end, where Broad River meets the surf of Port Mouton Bay. They were not to be seen, up to & including April 12, so they must have arrived yesterday or today. Afterwards walked around the golf course, which opens for play on Wednesday. When I got home I greased the wheel-bearings of our golf-club carts. Carpenters are busy inside the clubhouse, making further changes voted by the annual meeting last week, ~~with~~ which will cost several thousand dollars. The Liverpool Golf & Country Club is now nearly 40 years old. During its first 30 years every available dollar was spent on, first building, & then improving the nine-hole course, & the clubhouse was a small wooden building designed mainly to provide dressing rooms, a plainly furnished lounge, & a pro. shop. Since 1960 a group of lady members, led by Mrs. Merrill Rawding, have taken charge, through their docile husbands, &

now the "Country Club" set is spending all the money. The course itself is getting merely maintenance — no further improvements, & no attempt to buy additional lands for a full 18-hole course. Some years from now, the price of these adjoining lands will be terrific, with their outlook on the sea & their easy proximity to the golf course & the sand beaches.

TUESDAY, APL. 15/69 Sunny, although somewhat cooler. This morning I got the concrete bowl of the bird-bath out of the garage, & set it on the pedestal where in winter I have the feeding-tray. Removed the cocoon of brushwood from the rose bushes, loosened the earth about them, & mixed in some fertilizer ("Vigoro") left over from last year. Removed the winter seal from the air vent under my study, & fixed the earth connection of the lightning-arrester on my radio aerial, which had been torn up by children. In the afternoon E. & I walked Summerville Beach & the golf course, where in addition to many robins & song sparrows, I noticed four yellow-hammers. This evening the Historical Society met at our house, with Eric Millard in the chair. About 20 or 25 people. It was agreed that we should hold a service in the old Methodist church at Port Medway at 7 p.m. Sunday, May 25. Also that we would lend the large model of the privateer "Rover" to the Tourist Bureau here, for the coming season, on condition that Bureau keep it safely enclosed by plate glass & locked doors. The model was made by Steel & Engine Co. for their float in the centennial parade here in 1967, & after the parade they gave it to the Historical Society. The original hull & sail plans of the privateer Rover vanished long ago, & this model does not pretend to be accurate, nor has it much detail. The Hist. Soc. had no room to display or even store it, so it has been stowed in one of the schools since '67. Miss Marjorie Bain read a paper on old houses in Liverpool, & Eric Millard described several old houses, still standing, which were built by his family in the 19th. century. E. & Evelyn White served refreshments after the business.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 16/69 Sunny & warm — a perfect day. In the morning E. & I played golf at White Point — the first (& only) players of the season. (The afternoon was bound to bring a crowd.) Noticed a new grave dug in the little cemetery beside

No 5 fairway — for Almond Doggett, the contractor who did much work on my house & garage (asbestos shingles, etc.) in 1965. He was a dark, saturnine, man, who got things done with little talk. Death due to cancer — he was in his fifties. In the afternoon I puttered about the back lawn, sawing off encroaching branches from Joe's maple (with his permission, of course), raking up fallen twigs & leaves, etc. I got out the aluminum garden chairs, & we sat for 2 hours in the sunshine — the temp. 74°. At 4 p.m. drove down to the Seaborne's house, Fork Point, & E. delivered to Muriel the usual big bowl of mayflowers, picked at White Point. In this warm weather the robins & song sparrows are enjoying our garden bath.

This evening a teacher in Kentville, David Corkum, phoned, asking me to attend a dinner-meeting of the teachers of Kings County, & to give an after-dinner address. I was about to say my usual Sorry, No; but he went on to say that the teachers wished to pay me a little tribute as a Nova Scotian author, so I could only answer Yes, without seeming churlish. The affair will take place in the Vocational School at Kentville on a Saturday evening in May, & I chose May 10. (Later changed to Tuesday May 27)

FRIDAY, APL. 18/69 Showers yesterday; chilly & grey today, but we played golf at White Point in the afternoon.

A Miss Gladwin phoned from Truro to ask for an interview tomorrow afternoon. She & four other students at the teachers' college there, are making a study of my writings, & they will motor together to Liverpool.

A few months ago, as one of the new policies of the Postmaster General, the post office here remained open in the evenings until midnight, so that box-holders could get their mail after the staff went home at 6 p.m. The result was predictable. The post office has been a hangout for shabby loafers during the daytime for years. In winter & wet weather they smoke & chat inside. In warm weather they sit on a convenient ledge along the street front. This week's Advance contains a notice that the post office henceforth will be closed at 9 p.m., owing to rowdy loafers, whose behaviour included urinating on the floor.

SATURDAY, APL. 19/69 Heavy rain all day. My cellar leaked in the usual places along the south wall, but not enough to fill the little gutter to the drain; & no leak whatever along the

west wall, which used to leak like a basket in heavy rains.

We stayed indoors, with a good log fire in the hearth. At 1 p.m. the students arrived from Truro; two youths & two girls, aged about 20, equipped with note-boards & a tape recorder. They taped an interview for about half an hour, Miss Gladwin asking most of the questions, but all of them alert & attentive. After the taping we chatted in a general way, & they left at 3 p.m., refusing E's invitation to tea & cakes, & thanking us profusely. Four nice kids.

Later, Jerry & Betty Freeman dropped in & told us about their holiday ~~in~~ in Florida. This time Jerry was exhausted by the long (2500 miles) drive in fast traffic & vows he will never do it again.

SUNDAY, APL. 20/69 A cold (40°) grey day, which I spent indoors, busy with research on early days in Port Medway, for my talk there in May. Tonight the temp. dropped to 30°, a frosty set-back to the laden shrubs, which had opened their buds in the past week of mild weather.

MONDAY, APL. 21/69 Temp. 25° early this morning, & the bird-bath had a coat of ice. A sunny day but a cold (45°) wind blowing from S.W. — apparently from the south pole. Golf this afternoon with Richards, Pottle & Hearty, muffled in a heavy sweater. E. played a few holes & then sought a sunny place in the woods to pick mayflowers. Drove on to Hunts Point to get some lobsters, but Harvey Doggett had shut up his little wharf-hut & gone.

TUESDAY, APL. 22/69 Chilly air & grey sky. Golf this afternoon. Bought 10 lbs. fresh lobsters, at $1.10 per lb. at the Chandler fish plant, Moose Harbour, & had some for dinner.

The excavation for the new Peoples' Store on the NW corner of Main & Gotham streets is now nearly complete, very deep on the uphill (Main St.) side, but shallowing as the original land sloped towards the river. On the (lower) side there are several layers of different "fill", including a layer of wood ashes, with some broken brick, about 8 inches thick, about 2 feet from the surface. This must be the remains of one of the fires that swept the waterfront, possibly that of 1895.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 23/69 A cold storm of wind & rain all day. At evening drove around Western Head to see the breakers. A man named Jonathan Mackie phoned from Wolfville, said "we are starting a quarterly magazine called The Maritimes, which will contain prose & verse by Maritime writers, and we would

like to have something of yours". I said I hadn't anything on hand & I was busy with other matters. He said he would send me a copy of the first issue, & he hoped I would find something to contribute. English accent. Sounded vague. I had an experience with a man who called himself Irwin Proctor, back in 1945, promoting a "Maritime Quarterly". He hooked me & several others for "contributions", sold a lot of advertising, printed one issue, & vanished.

This evening Charles Burchell, manager of The Book Room, dropped in for a chat. His remains the largest book store in Halifax & the firm does a lot of business through the province. After much light & pleasant chat about bookselling in Nova Scotia, he asked about my present writing or writing plans. I said I had none, except an autobiography & several local research projects, none of which are for publication. Later, I may do something more for publication, but not another novel. My first short story was published 41 years ago; I had written 17 books, and it was time to draw the line. He was particularly anxious to see a reprint of "Halifax, Warden of the North". I told him Doubleday had decided not to republish it, and had in fact destroyed the plates. This gives me back the publishing rights, but I doubted if any publisher would risk the thousands of dollars involved in new plates & a new edition for what is essentially a small & local market. Charles hoped I would write more novels, but I repeated my firm No. He gave me some gossip of the trade. Jack McClelland, head of McClelland & Stewart (my first Canadian publishers) had gambled recklessly in publishing ventures during the past ten years, & about a year ago the firm was over-extended & practically bankrupt. Pierre Berton, Canada's top money-maker in TV and topical book-writing, became a director of the firm, & other new directors came on the board. They had cleaned out great stocks of unsold books, reduced the long modern-poetry list, etc. & the firm seemed to be back on its feet. In one corner of a warehouse, mislaid, & not on the firm's inventory, they found two boxes packed for shipment, containing 50 copies of my "Muster of Arms", published in 1954, & supposedly "out of print".

Burchell snapped up the lot.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1969 Misty & cool. This afternoon I drove with E. to Port Medway & called on old Mrs. Meisner, one of the last survivors of the little Methodist congregation, & the leading spirit in efforts to maintain the old church. (See Apl. 1/69) She said the Mortimer bequest (exact amount unknown but yielding [redacted] $240 a year) was made specifically for payment to ministers who conducted services in the Port Medway Methodist church; but apparently since the Canadian union of the Methodist, Presbyterian, & Congregational bodies in 1925, this fund had gone into the general trust funds of the United Church of Canada, with no specific payment to the meeting church at Port Medway. Until a year or two ago, the United Church minister from Mill Village conducted a few services in the Port Medway church; but the present U.C. minister there says he is too busy. She got in the car, & we hunted about for the church door key, finding it at the third house at which we called. The church, or I should say chapel, has been quite well maintained, the interior walls & pews painted yellow, with dark brown trim. The arrangement of the pews is exactly like that of an oldtime Quaker meeting house - rising in steep tiers that face each other across the aisle, not towards the present pulpit. I presume the little group of Free Will Baptists, who split away from the main Baptist body in Port Medway in 1832 — the year in which they built this chapel — had no minister; the services must have been conducted by laymen (& women) who simply stepped down to the aisle to lead in prayer or to recite their religious beliefs & experiences. When they rejoined the main Baptist body in 1865 they sold their chapel to a Methodist group, who probably built the present pulpit & the quaint little choir loft, holding about 8 persons, which is over the doorway & facing the pulpit at the east end of the building. The box pews each hold 6 or 8 persons, & they are built austerely, with absolutely straight seats & backs at a sharp right-angle. At a quick estimate there is seating for about 100 persons, or 150 at a squeeze. There is a stove, a small foot treadle organ, & electric light. Mrs. Meisner pointed out several old homes facing the harbour, all bought by Americans within the past 2 or 3 years. They like to inspect the little chapel, & usually leave five or ten dollars in the collection box.

SATURDAY, APL. 26/69 A fine warm day at last. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach to the river, & back. Then to

Anne of Green Gables, meanwhile, poses a curious conundrum: this is a sedate, innocuous and remarkably faithful musical re-creation of a tale of small-town prattle, Sunday school picnics, little tears and artless laughter, composed half a century ago to beguile and edify small girls; why it should be welcomed, with such evident enthusiasm, by audiences of grown men and women in 1969 is beyond me, though a pleasure to record. Polly James has our heroine to perfection.

(from the "Spectator", London, England, 25 April 1969)

White Point, where I played 18 holes. Heard this evening that my neighbor Ralph Johnson was taken to hospital today. He had been ailing for some time, & the doctors say they cannot diagnose the ailment. Our neighbor Evelyn White, widow of Rowland, had bad news also. Her daughter Evelyn, age about 35, married to a ne'er-do-well fellow in B.C., telephoned yesterday to say she is finally parting from her husband (he had installed another woman in the house some time ago, an unhappy ménage à trois) and is coming home to Liverpool with her two children.

SUNDAY, APL. 27/69 We put our clocks & watches ahead one hour for the Daylight Saving season. Another lovely day, with golf in the afternoon, & E. picking mayflowers. Already a few dandelions in bloom on the golf course.

News:- A political referendum in France has defeated Charles De Gaulle at last, & he resigned at once. He has always maintained the notion of après moi le deluge. We shall see.

MONDAY, APL. 28/69 This morning I got several of the old window sashes from the Bezzo house (now Lane's Motel) and took them to the Perkins house. (See March 14/69).

Golf in the afternoon, in a chill breeze from the fogbank lying just offshore. By night the fog had moved in & covered the town. Letter from Floyd T. Chalmers, with whom I played golf one afternoon some years ago. He is chairman of Maclean-Hunter Ltd., the publishers of Maclean's & many other magazines, mostly trade magazines, a very profitable business. He is also a director of Clarke, Irwin & Co., Toronto, an old established book-publishing firm. He wants me to write the text for a book on "The Forts of Canada", to be lavishly illustrated with photos of the forts or ruins as they still exist. It is to be "library table size" & will sell at a substantial price, $15 to $20 per copy. Clark, Irwin would publish it & pay me full royalty on what they sell themselves. The Maclean-Hunter people would promote a special sale through their magazines, & sell at a reduced price, with a reduced royalty to the author. I answered saying I would like to know detail of royalties, & what about traveling expenses?

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1969 After two rainy days, a sunny one, but with a strong N. gale. Golf in the afternoon — a struggle in the wind, but it was good to be in sun & air again.

FRIDAY, MAY 2/69 Sunny & cool. I was gardening most of the day. Dug up the delphiniums along the west wall of my den. The soil there was a weird mixture of loam, coal ash & clinkers, bits of glass, & stones. I sifted it all, using my little (18" x 10") sieve, & dumping the junk behind the garden wall. To replace the junk & build up the bed I sifted earth (mingled with stones) from the small heap behind the garage, & used about 4 wheelbarrow loads of the good loam residue. With that done, I planted 4 new rosebushes obtained from Henderson's, a very good grade. (1 red Chrysler Imperial; 1 ~~pink~~ Helen Traubel; ~~1~~ 1 yellow Peace; 1 deep red Miranda.) Soaked the new bed thoroughly with the plants in place. Got the lawn roller out of winter storage in the garage, filled it with the hose, & rolled the back lawn up, down, & "crossways" — always a back-breaking job. My lawn grass is coming along well, showing the effects of the fertilizer I spread on it in December to leach into the soil during the winter.

SATURDAY, MAY 3/69 A slow rain most of the day. About 5 p.m. the sun came out & the air was moist & warm. We ate our evening meal, drove to White Point, & played golf till dusk.

SUNDAY, MAY 4/69 Sunny, with a strong NNW gale. Golf in the afternoon — great fun going with the wind down to the point, & then a struggle up-wind. All good exercise. This evening we drove to Capt. Charles Copelin's cottage at Hunts Point & had drinks, chat & a buffet supper with the Capt. Charles Williams', the Capt. Victor Jeans, & Bernadette Ratchford. Naturally the male talk was nautical — the humours of times past. On returning to Lpool. the Williams' & a young man whose surname I didn't catch, dropped in for a nightcap.

MONDAY, MAY 5/69 Again sunny, with a NNW gale. Golf in the afternoon. The wind discouraged all but a handful of players. Pamela left for Hfx. on a shopping trip, taking little Blair. We have Debby & Tommy as guests until she returns.

Today I received a formal contract for the option on movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp," which I had discussed by phone & letter with actor Lloyd Bochner. (see March 28 & March 29/69).

MONDAY, MAY 5, 1969 (continued) The contract is in quadruplicate, drawn up by the law firm of Hertzberg & Childs, in Beverly Hills, California, with a certified cheque for $2,000 (U.S.) attached. It follows the principles of my offer to Bochner, with the usual lawyers' nigmarole covering every past, present & future aspect of the rights, including television, phonograph, & other rights all over the world except my book publishing rights. One clause stated that I warranted that the "property" had never been used before as a stage, motion picture, or television play. Oh 7 p.m. (3 p.m. in California) I phoned Hertzberg in his office in Beverly Hills, pointing out that the "Nymph & the Lamp" had been played on television in 1952, a "one shot" affair by the Columbia Broadcasting System, which was then running a series of one-hour T.V. plays in a program called "Show of the Week". He said he didn't think this mattered in the present option contract, but he would consult Bochner & suggest a change in the contract, eliminating the "never been made on television" item. He would let me know by phone tomorrow. According to the contract, the 12-months option starts on April 30, 1969, & he seemed very anxious to get it signed & completed.

TUESDAY, MAY 6/69 A little sun, a lot of black clouds, again a bleak NNW wind. Golf in the afternoon, in occasional showers of rain, & for a few minutes, sleet. Hertzberg phoned from Beverly Hills about 6:30 p.m., asked more details of the TV show in 1952, said he would check with CBS and with Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Meanwhile he saw no obstacle in this, & dictated the following, which I should write at the bottom of page 7 of "Exhibit A", marking its place with an asterisk in Clause 11 :—

"except for a single presentation of a television adaptation as part of the C.B.S. 'Theatre of the Air' in 1952."

He talked a little about the proposed motion picture, said it would be definitely a "major production", & remarked that I must be pleased that my [redacted] novel would be coming to the screen at last. I am to sign, with my wife, all four copies of the option contract, with the above insertion in Clause 11, & forward them to Hertzberg. He will then have Bochner initial the insertion, & return two copies to me.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1969

This morning I amended the documents as set forth yesterday, E. & I signed them, & I sent them off by air mail to Hertzberg. Air Canada's mechanics are on strike, & all their planes are grounded, so I presume my package will go by ground mail to the nearest U.S. airport.

Golf again this afternoon. The wind had gone down at last, & the sunshine was lovely. My bald head & face & hands are showing quite a tan. I met Ken Jones in the post office today. He gave me a strange furtive glance & would have walked right past me if I hadn't stopped & put out my hand for a shake. Tonight Tom Jr. dropped in for a chat, & told me confidentially that Ken has been under psychiatric treatment, under an assumed name, in a Halifax hospital for some time; and that Ken's medical people, including a specialist in psychiatry, consider him a hopeless schizophrenic. I knew, from his fellow officers in the W.N.S.R. in Italy, that Ken's mind broke down during the winter campaign on the Arielli in the early months of 1944; he would be sent out on a night patrol with ten men, & would come back reporting Germans coming down the river in boats, & other delusions. They had to send him out of the line, & he spent a long time in the psychiatry ward of an army hospital. When he returned home he seemed to have thrown off all that, he finished his law studies, opened a successful practice here, went into politics on the Conservative side, became Speaker of the N.S. House of Assembly, & finally an energetic & resourceful cabinet minister in Industry, & later Finance. During the past year or two the Conservative govt. at Hfx. has been under heavy fire by the opposition (& by critics outside the house) for expensive industrial & financial blunders, & Ken's illness came back.

This is a tragedy in all ways. I understand that one or more of Ken's sons, brilliant students, are affected the same way.

THURSDAY, MAY 8/69 This morning I brought home the key documents in my old agreement & controversy with John Rich, over the play rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", which I have kept in my bank safety-deposit box for years. I assembled the whole file of letters on the subject, & read them through again, in case Richard Wilson, acting ostensibly for Rich's estate, should attempt to claim half of the present sale price.

Golf this afternoon under a grey sky & a nipping S.E. wind off the sea. Then called on Ralph Johnson at the hospital. He has been ill for some time with a blood clot, & at one time

the doctors gave up all hope for him. Since then the clot moved to his lung, & then apparently disintegrated. He expects to come home at the end of next week.

FRIDAY, MAY 9/69 Rain & drizzle, but mild. Called on Ralph Johnson at the hospital & left my copy of Phil Moore's "With Rod & Gun in Canada" for him to read. Tom Jr. restored once more the filling in my lower right molar, which has been disintegrating (the tooth itself) in the past few weeks.

SATURDAY, MAY 10/69 Another damp day. Towards evening I applied fertilizer ("Vigoro") to the soil about my new rose bushes, the stumps of which are beginning to put forth small shoots. The Dept of National Revenue sent me a cheque for $205.38, refund on my 1968 income tax.

SUNDAY, MAY 11/69 A fine day with a small cool breeze from the sea. Spent the morning working on my address to the teachers of Kings County, which is to take place after their dinner in the dining hall of Acadia University on the evening of May 27. Golf in the afternoon, & on my return home I got out my little metal push-cart, & spread 11 lbs. of "Weed-and-Feed" on the lawns — back, side, & front. This is an artificial compound, developed in recent years, containing a grass fertilizer together with 2-4-D to discourage the growth of weeds. It has to be applied after rain, & this was my chance. We dined on the Sunday cold buffet at Kane's Restaurant — very good. This is Mother's Day, & last evening Tom & Pam had a florist send E. a bouquet of yellow roses. They dropped in this evening with their little brood, having spent the afternoon on a picnic at Carter's Beach. Frances phoned her mother tonight. Her leg bones are mending well. Bill plans to take a vacation for the whole month of July, & they have tentative plans for renting a cottage at Hunt's Point. Heavy rain tonight.

MONDAY, MAY 12/69 Sunny, with a hard W. gale. Golf was wild, owing to the wind. I learn that my old friend, John P. Martin, historian of Dartmouth, is dead at 83. I met him first in 1918, when he was a part-time instructor at the School of Telegraphy in Hfx, where I took my wireless course. He became a school teacher, & was vice-principal of St. Pat's at Hfx when he retired. I met him at various times, in Hfx & Dartmouth, & wrote a foreword for his history.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1969 Showers in the night, sunny most of the day, with the same strong westerly winds. Golf in the afternoon. Shopped for groceries & liquor. The recently increased tax on beer, wine & spirits has jumped the price of a 25-ounce bottle of Fernandes rum or Corby's dry gin by 65¢. Last year my purchases at the govt. liquor store amounted to $1,893.00, a great portion of which, of course, was federal & provincial taxes. The stiff new increase would boost it well over $2,200. We have decided to forego wine with our meals, & ale which we like to drink after golf on hot days. (But we soon lost this noble resolve!)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14 '69 Sunny & cool. Golf all afternoon. Violets & bluettes have been blooming about the course for a week past. Mayflowers are about finished. Bits of discarded blue eggshell under the spruce trees here & there show that the first crop of robins has been hatched.

News:- tonight on TV, President Nixon made a statement on U.S. policy in Viet Nam. Nothing new, really. The U.S. will withdraw its forces from South Viet Nam on condition that North Viet Nam does the same. The people of South Viet Nam must be allowed to settle their own destiny by free vote. Meanwhile, the training & arming of new South Viet Nam forces goes on steadily, & soon they will be able to take over more of the fighting front from the Americans. He added that on no account will the U.S. forces abandon South Viet Nam without these guarantees.

I note a full-page ad. in the Montreal Star (weekly) "Entertainment" section, by Popular Library Inc., New York, calling attention to 21 Canadian books now available in paperback reprints. Four are mine — "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Path of Destiny", "Hangman's Beach", "The Governor's Lady".

SATURDAY, MAY 17 '69 Sunny & breezy. Switched my golf game to the morning, yesterday & today, for the fresher air & uncrowded fairways. The day turned very warm (70° in the shade) in spite of the breeze. I spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns, so I was exercising outdoors nearly all day. All the shrubs are leafing out & so is the ash tree at the back of the lawn. Ralph Johnson is home from the hospital, but thinks he will have to enter the V.G. Hospital, Hfx, soon, for further observation. He & Bob Mackinnon & Reginald Dickie were together on Mersey Paper Co's. forestry staff for many years. All

retired a few years ago, all have been dangerously ill for some months past.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1969 A dark, wet, & cool (50°) day, & we stayed indoors, with a wood fire in the living room, playing Scrabble, reading, & watching TV. The TV news showed the take-off of another U.S. rocket-ship, bound for another voyage around the moon.

MONDAY, MAY 19/69 Overcast, with a humid SW wind at close to gale force at times. This has been, so far, more of a windy month than March. Golf in the afternoon. This is a holiday in Canada, formerly "Empire Day," then briefly "Canada Day" — in conflict with "Dominion Day" — & now Victoria Day, celebrated on the Monday nearest to May 24, the birthday of Queen Victoria. Much traffic on the roads this weekend — cars with boats & canoes lashed on top or towed in trailers, the ubiquitous "mobile homes", & just plain cars. American tourists are coming earlier every year. During the past week I have got several U.S. quarters & cents in change at the store, a sure sign. News:- A gathering of Canadian university professors at Montreal to discuss the huge disproportion of foreign teachers in Canadian colleges. During the past academic year Canadian universities hired 1,013 from the U.S.; 505 from Britain, 722 from other countries, & only 362 Canadians. Hugh MacLennan, who teaches at McGill, calls it "a program of national suicide". (In the U.S. and Britain, less than 3% of the college teachers are from other countries.) Canadian studies are being neglected because few or none of the foreign teachers know anything about Canada or take any interest in it. I note the death of A. Harry Indest at North Sydney, aged 82. He was officer-in-charge at Camperdown (Halifax) wireless station when I served there in the early summer of 1922. A Newfoundlander, one of the old-time "brass pounders" who served his apprenticeship as a telegrapher on the Newfoundland railway, & transferred to W/T when the Marconi Company began to build a chain of coastal stations in 1905.

TUESDAY, MAY 20/69 Again a grey sky with strong SW wind, & occasional spots of rain. Golf in the afternoon, the second ~~nine~~ nine holes with Capt. Charlie Williams. Indian pear in full blossom for the past few days. Letter from Lloyd Bochner's lawyers. He is in England for two weeks, & will endorse the

amended option agreement on his return.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1969 Overcast & humid, but the strong westerly winds gave way at last to a faint air from N. Blackflies swarmed on the golf course this afternoon. I painted the birch trunks in my garden with bands of "Cygon". (Last year it was June 5, a bit late, as it should be done when the buds are just leafing out.) This evening, just as E. & I were setting off for the meeting of the Queens Co. Historical Society, Austin Parker & Erik Andersen came along with our mutually owned motor-pump, & sprayed my trees with D.D.T. solution.

The Society met at the home of Fred & Isabel Emerson, Greenfield. Forty attended. Financial report showed over $800 on hand. Speaker was Commander L.B. Jenson (RCN, retired) who is now busy with the Maritime Museum, Hfx., & a very earnest member of the Heritage Trust, which is trying to save some of the significant old houses on Brunswick & Water streets, now scheduled for razing under new development schemes. (A new private printing press, Petheric Press, of Halifax, issued an excellent book of Jenson's drawings "Vanishing Halifax" last winter.) His talk was on that subject, & very good. Afterwards the Emersons served refreshments. Home at 11 p.m. just in time to switch on the TV for the day's news, including colour-TV shots of the moon, now being circumnavigated by the U.S. rocket ship "Apollo Ten".

THURSDAY, MAY 22/69 Wind E. & cold, so golf this afternoon was a hit-and-trot affair. On my return to town I mowed the back lawn. Tonights TV devoted much time to the moon-navigation, now in its critical stage. A small capsule, manned by two of the American astronauts, has detached from the main vehicle, & descended to circumnavigate the moon at a height of less than 10 miles. They will then rejoin the third man in the main vehicle, abandoning the smaller one, & return to earth. All their pictures & their vocal descriptions, transmitted back to earth with amazing clarity, show the moons surface to be a bare & dead wilderness, scarred with innumerable craters, like old photographs of the Ypres and Verdun battlefields of World War One. What is the good of it? Presumably when the U.S. (or the Russian) astronauts have actually landed on the moon, they will aspire to farther planets — and the galaxies stretch away into infinity. All this at enormous expense, when here on earth there is enormous human poverty.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1969 Rain & wind yesterday. I spent several hours looking up historical references, & then typing my address for tomorrow evening. I don't intend to read it like a lecture paper, but to have it at hand to keep my mind on the proper rails & to make my quotations exact. I suppose it is absurd to go to all this trouble for less than a hundred people in a little village church, but as I see it they are just as important as a thousand in a city auditorium — & probably a lot more interested in what I have to say.

The grand opening of the expensively re-furbished golf clubhouse happened this afternoon. E. sent out a chicken-casserole for the supper, but we didn't attend. I spent a hot laborious afternoon at home, mowing my front & side lawns, digging & sifting earth about the bird bath, & planting four new rose bushes about it. Like my Port Medway paper, it didn't look like much when finished, but it took a lot of work & time.

News:- Mr. Fitzgerald, Speaker of the N.S. House of Assembly, has been fined for trying to dodge the federal income tax. Within recent months two minor members of the N.S. government cabinet have been fined for motor-driving while drunk. Premier "Ike" Smith is an able man, but obviously he needs to overhaul his staff, as well as his government's financial gambles on new industry. Tom Jr., who is one of the Conservative leaders in this county, told me candidly, "Bob Stanfield got out just in time".

SUNDAY, MAY 25/69 Cool grey day, with fog moving in from the sea at dusk. Golf in the afternoon. In the evening at 7 p.m. we had our service in the little church at Port Medway. It had been warmed by the little square stove in the aisle, and the electric lighting was excellent. "Mel" Gardner had put a small notice in the "classified" advertisements of last week's Advance, inviting the public, & we expected at most 100 people, including 15 men of the choir of the United Church, Brooklyn, who came to provide the music, & about 30 members of the Queens County Historical Society. Actually the little chapel was packed, with nearly 200 people.

"Mel" conducted the meeting. The male choir sang several pieces, & when the whole gathering joined in the hymns, the singing was tremendous. Miss Marguerite Nelson, of Port Medway, read the Scripture lesson. The money collection was taken up in the chapel's two boxes, on handles about 3 feet long, of highly polished wood. I delivered my address — a little

over 20 minutes. After the service, at Mel's suggestion, he & I stood at the door, shaking hands with the people, who had obviously enjoyed the service, & were appreciative. Afterwards E. & I went on with the Mel. Gardners to their home in Brooklyn, where they entertained with a buffet supper for the choristers & their wives. The money collection amounted to about $70, which will go towards the maintenance of the little church.

MONDAY, MAY 26, 1969 A chilly grey day with some showers. Harry Holland showed me an old anchor that somebody had fished up lately from the harbour bottom near the mouth of Ballast Cove. About 6 feet long, of iron, badly eaten with rust, with long old-fashioned flukes, & a hole for the wooden cross-piece near the top of the STOCK — the cross-piece gone, & the top end broken off. No ship would anchor in such a place. I think it must be a relic of the barque "Wave", which was caught at anchor outside the bar in a sudden terrific storm in January 1855. She had loaded part of a timber cargo at a Liverpool wharf, & then gone over the bar to complete the cargo from scows. She was a new barque of 374 tons, built by my wife's ancestors, Samuel Freeman & Sons, at their shipyard between Milton & Liverpool, at what is now Pine Grove Park. Launched Oct. 30, 1854, completed Jan. 4, 1855. In the great storm of Jan. 18 she dragged her anchors & fetched up on the rocks near Fort Point. The sea drove her so far up on the shore that her crew got off safely; but she beat to pieces & the wreckage was strewn all the way from Fort Point to Western Head.

News:- The astronauts in "Apollo Ten" got down to earth today — actually in the Pacific, where they were picked up by waiting U.S.N. warships. The Americans now plan definitely to land men on the moon in July.

TUESDAY, MAY 27/69 A bright & breezy afternoon for our drive to Wolfville, where I had promised to address a dinner meeting of the Kings County branch of the Teachers' Union. The teachers had booked a large & very comfortable room for us at the Paramount Hotel — or rather in the new lodge in the rear garden of the Paramount, with big windows looking out upon lawns & flowering shrubs. They had also placed in the room a basket of flowers for E. At 5 p.m. the executive members of the Kings union held a little reception for us in a drawing room of the hotel

itself. A former teacher in Liverpool, Raymond Jefferson, & his wife, daughter of the late George Nowlan M.P., took E. & me over to the Acadia campus in their car. The dinner was in Wheelock Hall, the new large dining hall, & the long room was filled with 375 teachers, male & female. By organizing like a labour union under shrewd Tom Parker, a former teacher in Halifax, they have done good things for education & at the same time raised a badly underpaid profession to affluence. There was some union business, & I made my talk about 25 minutes, answering the invariable questions that everyone asks a writer — How did you get into the profession? and, How did you make a living at it? A chap from the Kentville radio station got a recording of it, & I understand part of it was broadcast later. At the close of the meeting I was presented with a wrapped gift, which turned out to be a fine pair of golf shoes, with a note saying that if the size was wrong I could exchange them at a Kentville sporting goods store. Inside the box also was an envelope with a Thank You card. I didn't notice at first, but later I found a $50 banknote tucked in the fold of the card. It was very nice of them. Many came up to shake my hand & say they had read & liked my books. The Jeffersons delivered us back to the hotel. A beautiful moonlit night.

N.S. Teachers

Wednesday, May 28/69 Drove home this morning via Centreville — Aylesford — Middleton, Bridgewater. The apple blossoms are only beginning to flower, & I'm afraid there won't be much of a bloom for the Apple Blossom Festival this coming weekend. I stopped in Kentville, to turn in the golf shoes at the sport shop of Kentville Hardware Ltd., & asked them to order a larger size & send them to me at Liverpool. While I was doing this, E. made a brief call on Alice Lamont Smith, who has been ill lately.

In my talk to the teachers I had mentioned my service at Sable Island as a wireless operator, the origin of my novel The Nymph & The Lamp; & I added that a Hollywood group are now negotiating for the movie rights in the book. Apparently word of this went at once to the Canadian Press, & it was included in this morning's news broadcast from various radio stations. Hence this evening I had phone calls from various friends congratulating me.

I told them the matter is merely in the negotiating stage, & could come to nothing.

THURSDAY, MAY 29/69 A sunny windy day. Golf in the afternoon. Jack Brayley, head of Canadian Press for the Atlantic provinces, sent me a copy of the movie bit as it first came to them:— "Thomas Raddall says negotiations are underway with a Hollywood group interested in obtaining the movie rights to a novel of his." Jack had scrawled on it:— "The only multi-novelled author in captivity. That you'd get a kick out of this, Tom. Incidentally we quickly corrected."

Floyd Chalmers (see Apl. 28) wrote me some days ago saying that another publisher is putting out a book on Canadian forts, so his own project has been shelved. Forgot to mention yesterday that on the way home through Bridgewater I noticed steel girders being installed on the river side of the old main shopping street. These project out over the river bank, & will support a new car-park at the street level, thus ruining the pretty river front view which was always the pride of the town.

FRIDAY, MAY 30/69 Again a sunny day, this time with a light breeze, & blackflies swarming in sheltered places. Pamela drove to Hfx. today, leaving her youngsters in E.'s charge. I played golf in the afternoon, & then mowed my lawns. One of the new rose bushes I planted about the bird bath seems to be dead, & another nearly so. Among the regular visitors to the bath — a pair of robins, grackles, song sparrows, yellow warblers. I have noticed lately a pair of Baltimore orioles. Heard that Bob Kirkpatrick died in hospital today. He had been ailing for several months with a complication of troubles, including heart, & a duodenal ulcer. A Canadian army veteran of War One, he spent most of his life in Worcester, Mass., & was a citizen of the U.S. His wife was Mabel Ford, whose family moved to Massachusetts when she was a small girl. Her Milton uncles, Enos & Col. Fred Ford, left her the charming old Ford house in Milton, plus a lot of money, when they died 20-odd years ago. After that, the Kirkpatricks spent the winters in Florida & the summers in Milton. Their son, a colonel in the U.S. Air Force, lately retired, has bought an old house at Port Midway, intending to make it into a modern all-year-round home.

So pleased to see this. Will look forward to the movie. I. Anyway book coming up to date in my files!

Hollywood seeking rights to Raddall novel

WOLFVILLE, N.S. — (CP) — Nova Scotian author Thomas Raddall said Tuesday he is conducting negotiations with a Hollywood group interested in obtaining the movie rights to his novel The Nymph and the Lamp. The novel has a Nova Scotia setting.

Mr. Raddall, speaking to members of a Nova Scotia teacher's union, said if negotiations are worked out, the group intends to shoot the picture in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley region and on Sable Island.

Mr. Raddall said the novel was his first work in the contemporary field and that it was done much to the dismay of publishers, who felt he had established his reputation as a historical novelist.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1969

Fine & warm. This morning I removed the winter clothing from my house — 4 wooden storm doors, & 14 wooden storm windows, & stowed them away in the overhead racks in the garage. In the afternoon I washed the house windows with the garden hose; washed my car with the hose-brush & wiped it thoroughly with chamois; sawed off & removed two of the old yews on my front lawn, which had spread & grown thick (4") & woody & ugly. Lilacs begin to bloom; & forsythia blossoms are about finished.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1/69 A perfect summer day. Slept late, & dawdled away the morning. Afternoon on the golf course. At 5:30 our neighbours Victor & Vera Jeans (two doors up the street) invited us to drinks & a sea-food chowder. The party included Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, Capt. Charles & Florence Williams, Capt. Charles Copelin. Drinks on the sun-deck at the back of the Jeans' house, chowder & pie in the well-equipped entertainment room in the cellar. Vic himself cooked the chowder — lobster (the lobster fishing season closed yesterday) clams, potato, onion, etc. Afterwards chat. Copelin, Williams, & Jeans, all former sea captains who came up the hard way from jobs as boy-seamen, are all, in succession, Marine Superintendants of Mersey Docks & Harbour Bd. — Copelin in his 70's now retired, Williams in his 60's now retired, Jeans in his early burly 50's the man now in office. All agreed that sharply rising costs (construction & maintenance, food, seamens' wages & overtime pay, etc.) have shoved up the cost of ocean freight to a point where it barely competes with rail freight in coastal trade, & where it will soon face stiff competition from air transport, excepting always the large bulk freights like oil, grain, timber, etc.

MONDAY, JUNE 2/69 A bad night. Despite my usual nightcap of 1½ capsules of Seconal washed down with Cape Horn measures of rum, which ordinarily gives me a good night's sleep, I wakened at 4 a.m. with nerves a-jangle in the familiar pattern of the old bad nights (pre-Seconal prescription) of insomnia. No use lying in bed — which only sets the nerves screaming — so I went down to my study to read, & drink more rum, until 6 a.m. when in desperation I swallowed another full-size Seconal capsule, & returned to bed. Slept heavily till 11 a.m., when I

got up feeling as groggy as a drunk after a whole week-end of boozing. Shaved & dressed. Ate a light lunch of sliced meat & tomatoes. At 2 p.m. walked with E. to the Anglican church, to attend the funeral service of Bob Kirkpatrick. Afterwards I changed to my old hard-labour clothes, & laboured hard on the front lawn for 2 hours, removing the stumps of the third yew, a different variety, a great knotty thing, with long tough roots in all directions including straight down. This sweated the night's hangover away, & left me thoroughly tired.

Letter from Lloyd Bochner, now back in California, saying "I am very pleased that we were able to consummate our option agreement .... you will be anxious to learn of developments, & I shall keep you informed."

TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1969 A grey day with a chill S.E. wind. This afternoon I sieved the earth around the old yew sites on the front lawn, leveled it, & planted lawn seed. Afterwards drove to White Point with E. & played 9 holes. At 5:30 a cocktail party at Austin Parker's house, a gathering of friends & neighbours to wish Bon Voyage to Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, who leave tomorrow for a holiday in Europe. For a man who was near death only a few weeks ago, & is just out of hospital, Ralph looks very well indeed.

In the newspaper I note the death of Adelbert ("Del") Freeman at age 87. He was a Caledonia woodsman & guide all his life, & an expert maker of Indian-type "crooked knives". He made one for me, years ago, with a handsome handle of maple knurl, which I treasure.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4/69 Showers in the night. Today overcast & warm, with a gusty W. wind. This morning I wrote the forms for Old Age Pension, for E. & myself. With my own I enclosed a certified copy of my British birth certificate. E. has no birth certificate — there was no such thing on Jan. 1, 1804, when she was born. Enclosed with her application was her 1958 Canada passport, which has her photograph & states her birthdate & place.

This afternoon drove with E. to Mahone, & called on my sister Hilda. She & husband Ted Bayer have rented

their ~~husband~~ house at Chester Basin & intend henceforth to live in Hilda's Mahone house, driving daily to & from Chester Basin, where Ted maintains his novelty shop. I collected the last remaining copies of "Wish Novas", my history of the Wish N.S. Regiment. These have been stored for 20 years, first in the attic of Hilda's house in Fallmore near Halifax, & then in the attic of her Mahone house, where a leak in the roof caused damage to many of the books. There are 13 copies badly damaged by damp & gnawed by silverfish; 26 copies stained by dampness on the covers & front fly-leaves; and 29 in fairly good condition. All of these have a numbered & autographed fly-leaf. I have in my own attic about 20 copies, in which the numbering was bungled by the printers, & consequently have this fly-leaf missing.

On the way home, stopped at South Shore Nurseries, Bridgewater, & bought 2 cut-back rose bushes (at $2 each). As soon as I got home I planted them about the bird bath, replacing two of the four I planted there last month, which never showed any sign of life.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1969 A good summer day. Golf in the morning, with the dew still on the grass. Victor & Vera Jeans were there, & as we finished playing they invited us to see their newly enlarged & renovated summer cottage at Summerville — "just for a minute". The "minute" turned out to be drinks & then lunch, which Vic bustled about & prepared himself. He is not only Marine Supt. at the paper company's docks, but the only qualified pilot for ships at Liverpool, so his services are much in demand. The harbour bar has not been dredged since 1960 or '61, so that even the fishing trawlers sometimes have difficulty getting up to the fish plank. At the paper dock, Jeans is now piloting ships as long as 500 feet, & drawing 28 feet of water — which even at high tide means that they barely scrape over the bottom, & the screws churn up the silt. He says the present harbour breakwater (originally built at Brooklyn in the 1890's, & extended after the paper mill was built there) is now more of a nuisance than a help, in docking these large ships. He would like to see two new breakwaters — one on the east side of the harbour extending to the present Neal's Ledge buoy; the other on the

west side, from Black Point or Tupper's Point. With these, he says, Liverpool harbour would be safe, even in S.E. gales, with room to manoeuver the bigger ships now coming into use.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1969 Fog & showers all day. Received from Hertzberg & Childs my copy of the option agreement, with my pencilled inserts duly initialled by Lloyd Bochner. I deposited the certified cheque for $2,000 (U.S.), which I had held in abeyance until this point was cleared up. At present exchange rate it amounts to $2,147 Canadian.

This evening Dick Smith brought us a fine 9½ lb. salmon, fresh from the nets at Port Medway, where his father keeps a general store, & fishes on the side. He didn't know the price but thought it would be about $1.00 per lb. I cleaned & gutted it, & cut it in 3 sections, one to be eaten tomorrow; the other two, each in a plastic bag with water, we put in the freezer; in this way, when thawed, it will be as fresh as now. So far this season, the salmon catch in all the N.S. rivers & estuaries has been small.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1969 Fine & hot. Golf in the afternoon. For dinner, boiled salmon with egg sauce, green peas & beans, with two or three glasses of Sauterne — delicious. In the evening, to work off some of that noble repast, I mowed my lawns. Despite the "Feed-and-Weed" compound which I spread over the lawns on May 11 (and despite my diligent applications of weed-killer — "Killex" last year) the sod seems to be about half quitch grass and half chickweed, the latter now in white blossom. The various weed-killing compounds do kill broad-leafed weeds, especially dandelion, buttercup, & plantain; but the small-leafed chickweed actually seems to flourish on them.

News:- today at Hfx the official opening of York Redoubt as a national park, with (hired) guides in uniform, etc. I note, too, that the Halifax-Dartmouth Regional Authority is advertising for proposals for providing a motorboat ferry service from Hfx and Dartmouth to McNab's Island.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8/69 Fine & hot in town. Cool sea breeze on the golf course. All my newly planted roses now growing well. The honeysuckle vines on the back fence did not blossom in 1968, & last Fall I cut them back to the ground. They are now putting up healthy new shoots. Laurie Wharton came this evening, collecting money for a farewell gift to Rev. Parker Matheson of Zion Church, who resigned last spring after a nervous break-

down. He goes to a church at Parrsborough.

E. & I dined at Lane's restaurant, which has resumed its Sunday buffet meals, self-served, of various cold meats etc. This is the only good thing at Lane's. If you order a cooked meal of any kind, you have to wait nearly an hour for it, & then the food is mediocre.

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1969 Our 42nd. wedding anniversary, & the day fine & warm, as it was in 1927, when we were married in the old Baptist church at Milton, & then set off for Indian Gardens, where we spent our honeymoon in the Macleod Pulp & Paper Company's little hunting lodge.

As usual we spent the afternoon on the golf course, & the evening reading, & watching T.V. Frank phoned from Moncton with anniversary greetings. Her leg is now free of the cast, but she must continue to use crutches for another 3 weeks or so. Tom's youngsters are all confined with chicken pox.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11/69 Still perfect weather. Golf each afternoon in the refreshing sea breeze. Our hawthorn tree a mass of white blossom, whereas last year there was little or none.

Letter from the Old Age Security office, Hfx., addressed to Edith demanding more proof of age. Birth certificates were not issued in N.S. until 1908; & although her family were members of the old Congregational church at Milton, E. was never baptised in it, so there is no baptismal certificate.

She has now filled out a form ("Application and Authorization for a Search of Census Records") referring the Old Age Security office to the census of 1911.

News:— Everyone complaining about the sharply rising cost of living. Meat especially has jumped to record prices. For example, a "red brand" T-bone steak which cost $1.19 per lb. last December is now $1.75 per lb. As usual the organized labour unions (which now include nearly every class of employee, from school teachers to garbage collectors) keep ahead of the inflation wave by striking or threatening to strike for more wages; and as usual it is the people on pensions & other fixed incomes who suffer.

Anticipating severe government measures to control this galloping inflation, stock markets in the U.S. & Canada are slumping badly.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1969 The hottest day yet. In the evening I got from the attic my big electric fan, & set it whirring in the living room. As usual the sea air at White Point tempered the heat & made golfing pleasant. For the past week or so my new neighbour Jerry Nickerson, two doors down the street, has had two carpenters from Lahave working 12 hours a day to build a roomy upper storey over his garage. This will house his work-bench & tools for his hobby of carpentry, also a place for a group of cronies to gather, play cards, & chat, during the winter. It will be heated with electric radiators, & will have comfortable furniture, telephone, etc. Although a millionaire, Jerry bustles about the job himself, in old blue denim overalls, doing all sorts of work from painting to carpentry.

Some of the neighborhood wives, with husbands retired or semi-retired, are taking a dim view of this male retreat.

A card from the MacMillan Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto, says that my old friend Hugh Kane, for many years with McClelland & Stewart, has been appointed President of MacMillans. Former president John Gray now becomes chairman of the board.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13/69

A fine but cooler day, due to a sea-fog just offshore, with the Western Head horn groaning all day. Golf in the afternoon. Mowed my lawns this evening.

I learned that Liverpool's R.C. priest, Monsignor Delaney, has just retired. He came to Queens County in the same year as myself — 1923 — & was parish priest at West Caledonia until about 1930, when the new paper mill had brought in a considerable number of R.C. workers & technicians, & he became the first resident priest at Liverpool. He has looked thin & frail the past two or three years.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14/69 The hottest day yet — 92° in the sun at noon. This morning I had the Simpsons-Sears store send up a color TV set for use in my study — on trial. It has a 25" x 12" picture, & will depend on small "rabbit-ear" antennae. Golf this afternoon — 9 holes alone, & 9 with Bert Waters & Maurice Russell. This evening a dinner party at Hunts' Point — drinks at Capt. Charles Copelin's cottage; buffet-style dinner across the road at Mrs. Bernadette Ratchford's. All old friends. All the men in shirt sleeves owing to the heat.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1969

Overcast, with random showers.

I dismantled the kitchen faucet, an intricate type that has filters in three places — two of them shaped like thimbles. Found that the thimble types had collapsed; & bits of wire, & dirt, had clogged the filters in the tap nozzle. Fortunately I had a complete set of filters & an "aerator", which I had ordered for spares when I bought the new sink & equipment from Simpson's-Sears in 1966. This afternoon the West N.S. Regiment Memory Club, which has its headquarters at Halifax, held a dedication ceremony in the Anglican cemetery, off the main road west of Liverpool, at the grave of Francis ("Skip") McCarthy. He was one of the Bridgewater Company in 1936 when the WNSR was formed by an amalgamation of the Lunenburg and [redacted] regiments, & he designed the WNSR badge. In 1938, anticipating the coming German war, & suspecting that Ottawa would try to keep the Canadian army out of it, he went to England & enlisted in the British army. He was captured during the retreat to Dunkirk, & while a prisoner of war he contracted tuberculosis. He died in the sanatarium at Kentville in [redacted]. The Memory Club had erected a handsome granite tombstone, & fastened to it, above the inscription, a replica of the regimental badge.

MONDAY, JUNE 16/69 Overcast & cool. Sent the portable TV set back to Simpsons-Sears. In my study it did not give a clear picture, even from the local relay station (Channel 12), and of course it could not pick up Channel 5 (direct from Halifax) at all. Golf this afternoon, & afterwards dug & screened more loam from the bushy patch behind my garden wall.

This year all the hawthorne trees here about to have a very heavy bloom. Mine has pinkish tints — something I never noticed before. (There are one or two red hawthorne trees down by the tennis courts at the foot of Park St., planted by Judge Forbes when he built a house there in 1897.)

Heavy showers during the night.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17/69 A lowering sky, black & grey clouds, showering now & then. I played golf in the afternoon, & on returning home got out the fertilizer-spreader & put 11 lbs. of "Feed-and-Weed" on the front & back lawns, repeating the dose of May 11th.

(June 17, 1969, continued) This evening H. B. "Jeff" Jefferson phoned me from the Transcotia Motel, Brooklyn, inviting me there for a chat; he was also inviting G. Cecil Day, former proprietor of the Liverpool Advance. "Jeff", a former newsman in Moncton, Yarmouth, & Halifax, was many years in charge of Hansard in the Provincial Building at Hfx., & retired some years ago. Now well on in his 70's, bald, tubby, & squint-eyed, he remains full of energy & interest, & is pursuing his hobby of collecting photos & information about the old steam railways of Nova Scotia & their engines & rolling stock. To this end he is accompanying Larry "Doc" Bonet, photographer in the employ of the N.S. government bureau of information, on a tour of the province. We had quite a chat on many subjects, chiefly political. I heard (1) that "Ken" Jones, MLA for Queens, had been involved with various women in Hfx, including a secretary in government employ, & is now in a serious predicament, having got a yerung mulatto woman pregnant. This has made him mentally ill, & he will shortly resign from the cabinet. I did not reveal what I knew about Jones's schizophrenia, which is a congenital trouble — his mother was completely mad during the last twenty years she lived. For years he has worked very hard in his cabinet posts, living in an apartment in the Carleton Hotel on Argyle Street, close to the government offices, & motoring home to Liverpool for weekends. When gossip starts to wag its tongue it runs to many inventions, & how much of this woman business is true Jeff did not know. Nor did Bonet. Day, an unsuccessful Liberal candidate against Jones a few years ago, says he thinks it is true. Day also says he is going to run again for the Queens county seat. All three men prophesied that Jones would resign from the cabinet, & probably give up his seat in Assembly. (2) James Harding, MLA for Shelburne, also will resign soon. Halifax gossip says he was deeply involved in the recent government land-purchase scandal at Tackville, near Bedford, for which one purchase-agent has been sentenced to prison. Not surprisingly, the name of Maurice Fleming has been connected with this. Not many years ago Fleming made a precarious living as the proprietor of a small stationery shop in Shelburne. He became Harding's political agent in Lish county, & then secretary-treasurer of the Progressive-Conservative party in Nova Scotia. Now he is affluent on graft. All kinds of things (school furniture for one)

* Aug 18, 1971

had to be sold to the government through Fleming, at Fleming's price. Premier "Ike" Smith is grappling manfully with this & other sorry messes in his government, which he inherited from "Honest Bob" Stanfield. It now seems clear that if "Bob" was completely honest, he was singularly obtuse in his failure to note these breeding scandals & to deal with them.

(3) Jeff says he thinks Cecil Day got $250,000 for the Advance Printing Company here in Liverpool. This, in addition to large profit which he has been stashing away for many years, makes him a wealthy man. Apparently J. Alex Inglis, a man from Pictou County, was able to borrow this sum, or a large part of it — Day may hold a mortgage of some sort. Inglis is an easygoing man, and according to Day the "Advance" lost 450 subscribers in his first year as proprietor.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1969 Fine weather continues, with cool sea breeze. This morning E. left for Moncton on a visit to the Bill Dennis family.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/69 Overcast & warm. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns, removing another of the small ash trees behind the garage, & digging & screening 3 wheelbarrow loads of loam from the old Finth field behind the garden wall.

Broiled a big T-bone steak for dinner at 5 p.m., with (canned) sweet corn, & two glasses of Sauterne. My weight, naked, & with a full belly like this, is now 174.

A small birdnest, exquisitely made of grass & bits of down & string, has appeared lately in the hydrangea shrub beside the walk to my front steps. I don't like to pry, for fear of frightening the nesters, & they are so quick & furtive in their visits that I have caught only a glimpse of one. Think it is a wren or a vireo. Meanwhile the robins & song sparrows who nest behind the garden have been teaching their young to forage on my back lawn. Other nesters nearby are a pair of grackles, & a pair of yellow warblers. All these dunk themselves regularly in my bird bath, which is patronized also on occasion by a goldfinch, a female redstart, & a female Baltimore oriole.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27/69 Very hot, after a week of mostly sunny but cool weather, with temperatures down to 55° at night.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1969 (continued) Today I noticed many of my birch tree leaves showing signs of the leaf-miner insect, despite the trunk-painting with "Cygon" on May 21. So I painted them again.

Shopped as usual for meat & groceries. Letter from National Health & Welfare Dept, returning my birth certificate, & notifying me that the Old Age Pension of $78.00 per month will be paid to me, beginning in December this year.

E. got home from her week in Moncton. She came by air to Halifax; Marian White met her at the airport & took her into the city, & there she got a ride with Earl & Jean Conrad, who were heading for a weekend at their summer cottage at Hunts Point. She says Francie is still very lame, but she is able to get about with a walking stick, & to drive a car. Bill is taking the whole month of July for a holiday. Leaving the kids with Grandma Dennis, he & Francie are taking a week for salmon fishing, boating down the Miramichi; then flying to Newfoundland for a week, then a week aboard a yacht with Dr. Keddy of Mahone Bay, & finally a week with the kids in a rented cottage at Hunts Point.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/69 Very hot day. E. & I went to the golf course at 9 a.m. & played till noon, in a pleasant breeze from the sea. At No 4 hole I met a young man who recognized me & introduced himself as Hugh Urquhart, at present Adjutant of the West Nova Scotia Regt. Said he had to write some stuff to add to "Standing Orders" recently, & he had "leaned heavily" on my history of the regiment. We spent the afternoon in the shade of the trees on our lawn, & entertained our neighbours the Andersseys with ale & chat. Our Park Street neighbours Ralph Johnson & wife got back yesterday from their trip to Europe, mostly spent with Bob Macleod & wife (Hallabelle Johnson's daughter by a previous marriage) at Lehr, West Germany, where Bob is posted with the RCAF.

Ralph's (adopted) son David, also with the RCAF, is now to be posted in Holland. David & his French wife Hilde, & their two children, arrive here tomorrow on a visit.

TUESDAY, JULY 1/69 Still fine weather. This morning on TV we watched the investiture of Prince Charles, as Prince of Wales, at Caernarvon Castle. The whole show was in colour, beamed via space satellite all round the world — it is estimated that half a billion people saw it.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1969 Marvellous weather. In the evening we drove to Milton & called on Mabel Kirkpatrick, who recently returned from New England. We found with her Col. Robert ("Kirk") Kirkpatrick, his wife, & their 2 sons & daughter, of college age. Also a Mr & Mrs Williams, of Florida, who (like "Kirk") have bought an old house at Port Medway & are renovating it. "Kirk" is very enthusiastic about the house & site, is moving all his furniture here, & intends to make it his permanent residence.

SATURDAY, JULY 5/69 Foggy, with rain forecast. My old Swedish lawnmower, which lasted 6 years, has worn out its bearings, so I sent it to the dump & got a new one of English make, 16" blade, manual operation like the other. Tried it out, & it works well. As my cellar is now as dry as it will ever be, this morning I scraped & wire-brushed & vacuum-cleaned the places where last winter's paint job had blistered or flaked, & repainted them with the same stuff (Simpsons-Tears "waterproofing basement wall paint").

A quaint letter from little Debby Raddall, who went to the camp for girls (Camp Wapomeo) near Carleton, Yarmouth County, a few days ago. Her first experience away from home among strangers. Says she is very homesick and "crying a lot", & thinks she will come home. However, there is no way she can get home, & her parents will not send for her unless the camp staff advise it. A bit of homesickness is usual, of course. Tom & Francie went there, summer after summer, for years, & loved it.

Rain tonight — not enough. The soil is very dry, & needs a good soaking.

SUNDAY, JULY 6/69 Fine & warm, with a refreshing northerly breeze. My weigelia shrubs are in full scarlet bloom, the spirea are still in flower, & the golden elder begins to bloom. My roses, new & old, are flourishing, & so is the honeysuckle on the back wall, which I cut back to the ground last Fall.

Golf with E. in the afternoon, & dinner (barbecued steak) with Tom & Pam at their rented cottage at Hunts Point. The tourist (& native) travel season is now in full form, & today the motor traffic on the main road was almost continuous.

MONDAY, JULY 7/69 Cool (50°) last night, clear & warm today. Golf in the afternoon. The school authorities are bulldozing

& dumping gravel fill in the little ravine between the new school & our gardens on the west side of Park Street. This will leave only a thin screen of bushes & sapling trees at the back of our gardens, where formerly we had complete privacy. This evening I set out my garden hose & revolving sprinkler, & watered the back lawn for the first time this year. Left it on all night.

Some days ago I drove to my old cabin site at Moose Harbour, which I have not visited for a long time. The little private road to the cabins of myself, Hector Macleod, & Roy Haines, was formerly barred by a locked wooden gate. I found the gate gone, & the road worn by frequent passage of cars — presumably the place is much used by amorous youths & girls. Today Macleod tells me he has had two stout posts driven into the old gateway. I bought the little cabin site for $150 from Macleod in 1951. In the same year Robie Silver built for me a cabin of half-logs (with the "rounds" outside). Including electric wiring, furniture, etc. it cost a little over $1200. All destroyed by forest fire in 1953 or 1954. Today even the bleached skeletons of the trees have gone, & there is hardly a trace of the three cabins. I still pay a small County tax on the bit of land.

TUESDAY, JULY 7/69 Again sunshine & golf. This evening we called on Jack & Fran Davies, at their little cottage at White Point. Jack, a retired canon of the Anglican church, is (as Bishop Waterman once remarked to me) "such an old woman" that his conversation is dull & pointless, although he puts on an air of good cheer. Fran is vivacious & intelligent, a delightful conversationalist.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9/69 Sun & golf. Mowed my lawns with the new machine. The Ralph Johnsons, son David & his French wife Hilde, came in this evening. Pleasant chat over drinks. David is in the police (intelligence) section of the RCAF. Met his wife while posted near Metz some years ago. Since then he has served at Chatham N.B. and near Seven Islands, Que. — the latter a dreary spot. Now he has a new posting to Maastricht, Holland, within easy car drive of Hilde's home in Lorraine, so they are delighted. Since coming to Canada they have had two children, a boy & a girl.

Letter from the regimental association, West N.S. Regiment, asking me to give the address at their annual reunion dinner,

at the Pines Hotel, Digby, the first of September. I replied that I was sorry, but couldn't make it. The reunion will consist of 200 to 300 veterans of World War Two, inevitably a bibulous affair, & the speaker should be one who was there, & knows a lot of good wartime jokes & anecdotes.

My left lower molar tooth giving me a lot of pain, and spreading neuralgia through the left jaw. Like the corresponding molar on the right, its nerve canal was nearly exposed by the operation that removed two impacted wisdom teeth, years ago, and Tom Jr. tells me I shall have these periodical pains in one side or the other as long as my teeth (or I!) last.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1969 Overcast, with a few drops of rain here & there. The countryside needs a heavy rain. The soil is parched, & there is a forest fire burning out of control at Wilkins Lake, on the railway line 2 or 3 miles behind Port Hebert. The tourist traffic is now in full pour, & one sees many Ontario, & U.S. car plates from states all the way south to Florida. The stock markets remain in the doldrums — low prices & few sales. At the same time the cost of living is still rising sharply, & labour unions are demanding (and in most cases getting) large increases of pay. So the value of a dollar shrinks every day.

SATURDAY, JULY 12/69 Rain at last, all day & night.

SUNDAY, JULY 13/69 Drizzle & fog. Lit a fire in the living room, for the cheerful look of it. Dined at Lane's. In the evening Jack & Frances Davies came in to watch this week's episode of "The Life & Times of Lord Louis Mountbatten" on our T.V. This is an excellent series, filmed by the BBC, with many action film clips from War One & War Two.

MONDAY, JULY 14/69 To Tom's office at 8:30 a.m., & spent a painful hour (because I refuse anaesthetics) while he drilled & filled cavities in my lower left molars, & one in the upper jaw. He gave me some special mouth-wash powders to be used after every meal, to combat the infection in my lower jaw. (I brush my teeth & rinse my mouth with ~~Lavoris~~ "LAVORIS", a patent oral wash, after each meal, but apparently this stuff wasn't strong enough.) A humid day of mist, with the sun almost breaking through. Golf with E. in the afternoon, & then drove on to visit the junior Rapdalls at Hunt's Point & the Terence Freemans at Summerville. Little Debbie got

home today from Camp Wapomeo. After the phone talk with Tom, arranged by the worried camp director a week ago, Debbie put aside her homesickness, entered into the camp activities, learned to swim, & proudly displayed a certificate stating that she had passed the junior test by swimming 50 feet.

Some time ago Terence Freeman had some alarming symptoms of what seemed to be a brain tumor. He went to Halifax for elaborate tests by a leading neurologist, who finally decided that his trouble was simply high blood pressure, & recommended a diet with no salt. Terence seems well & relaxed, & we hope the neurologist was right.

The rain & mist of the past three days, with little or no wind, apparently were the wet fringe of a storm which passed well to seaward of our coast, as there has been a heavy surf on the shore yesterday & today.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1969 A fine warm day. Golf in the afternoon. At 5:30 drove with the Austin Parkers to a cocktail party at Rita Beebe's place, Mill Village. About 20 old friends, including another summer resident at Mill Village — Marilla MacDill, just back from a tour of Europe with two of her grandsons, who were seeing it for the first time.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16/69 A very hot day — 90° in the shade at noon. On the golf course a refreshing little air off the sea.

News:- This morning the moon-rocket "Apollo 11" took off from Cape Canaveral with 3 men, intending to land on the moon. Mr. Spiro Agnew, Vice-President of the U.S., says that the next space-goal should be Mars.

FRIDAY, JULY 18/69 The heat wave continues — phew!

At 7 a.m. the Acadia Construction Co.'s paving crew, with trucks, machines, & a dozen or more men, arrived on Park Street to lay a new asphalt driveway for Jerry Nickerson, & to pave the strip between the (town-paved) road along Park St. & the edge of my front lawn. By noon they had finished & moved off to other jobs. The Acadia Const. Co. re-paved my old driveway, & began to prepare the strip in front of my property, last July 31. When the boss called them away to some more important job, & they assured me that they would be back to finish mine "in a day or two".

It has been almost a year. In the meantime the A.C. Co. has been billing me for the driveway job ($231.00) & I have refused to pay anything until their whole contract was fulfilled. The strip was to be paved for $63.00, hence the whole job will cost $294.00

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1969 (continued)

Played golf with C. in the afternoon. A haze over the coast, with the sun barely making a shadow, with terrific humidity. The foghorns at Western Head & Hunts Point blaring away. Back to town for cool beers. Shopped for steaks & a broiled chicken at the supermarket. At 5.45 we took the Austin Parkers in our car & joined a cocktail party at the Douglas Tozers' house, Fort Point. By general consent the gentlemen removed their jackets & sweltered in shirtsleeves. Glad to get home, with my furnace-fan circulating cool air from the cellar, & my big electric fan moving air in the living room.

At 7.30 Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson called for us in their air-conditioned car (something rare in Nova Scotia, except for visiting American cars from the southern states) & we drove to Hunts Point & visited Tom & Pam & their youngsters in fresh air by the sea. Received by mail from the Book-of-the-Month Club a copy of the (1965) Edition of The Oxford Companion to American Literature, full of interest.

SATURDAY, JULY 19/69 Sunny & warm, but much drier air, so that it was not only comfortable but invigorating. Spent the morning & afternoon mowing my lawns, & clipping the grass verges, etc. At 6 p.m. we drove out to White Point & enjoyed golf in the cool evening air.

News:- the voyage to the moon goes well, & from time to time we see TV views of the astronauts, & hear their voices. They expect to land on the moon in the early hours of Monday morning.

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1969 A delightful fine day. At golf this afternoon we could see the slice of moon (almost a quarter) on which the astronauts will land. The TV (both networks) is devoted to the moon voyage; but apart from occasional fuzzy glimpses of the men in the rocket, & the sound of their voices reporting in technical jargon back to their control bases (Houston, Texas, & Canaveral, Florida) the main part of the time was occupied by Walter Cronkite & other commentators, talking endless drivel. In Toronto, New York, London, & many other cities, people gathered, chattering & laughing, as if the whole thing were some kind of festival.

We returned home from the golf course about 3 p.m.

& resumed watching TV. At about 5:18 p.m. local (Atlantic Daylight) time, we heard the voice of one of the astronauts reporting in a curt technical phrase that the "Tranquillity" had landed on the moon's surface. (The rocket was called "Apollo 11", but it landed on the so-called "Sea of Tranquillity", and the astronauts simply used that name after touching down.) Before emerging, the two men (Neil Armstrong & Edwin Aldrin Jr.) had to get into several layers of cumbersome protective clothing, & strap tanks of oxygen & cooling water on their backs, a very difficult & slow business in the narrow confinement of the rocket capsule. It took several hours. Meanwhile E. & I drove out to White Point Lodge & dined on broiled lobster & a half-bottle of Sauterne.

Old acquaintances Mr. & Mrs. John Langdon, & Mr. & Mrs. Harrington, sat nearby, & we chatted. Returned to town about 7 p.m., & resumed our TV vigil. Towards 10:30 p.m. Armstrong emerged first from the capsule, & thus was the first "earth man" to set foot on another planet.

The commentators and their interview-ees (I can think of no other word) went on with their rubbish. One man declared ecstatically that the human race would now go on to "populate the universe". It would be interesting to learn how they could even copulate in such impenetrable armour.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1969 Overcast & cool, with a few drops of rain. Golf this afternoon. At 5 p.m. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived in their station-wagon car, with their four children, the dog "Jingles", & much baggage. They had parked the kids with the Dennis grandparents at their summer cottage near Malagash; then enjoyed a boat voyage down the Miramichi, fishing along the way; then flew to Port au Basques, Nfld., for some more salmon fishing; then flew to Hfx. & motored to Mahone, where they joined Dr. Keddy (a college friend of Bill's) for a few days of cruising among the islands of Mahone Bay in Keddy's yacht.

Then Bill drove to Malagash, picked up the kids, picked up Francie at Mahone, & came on here. E. had engaged a summer cottage at Hunts Point for them, for the final week of their long holiday, & they stopped here to pick some food that E. had prepared for them — I added a bottle of gin. All look brown & well, although Francie has had to resume the use of crutches — her leg is still somewhat swollen & painful.

MONDAY, JULY 21, 1969 (continued) News:— The two men who landed on the moon today rejoined the third in the main capsule, & then cast off the smaller capsule in which they made their historic landing. They are now on the way back to Earth, bringing with them a quantity of rocks & soil for scientific analysis. Billions of people around the Earth saw or heard the TV and radio reports, and even the Russians have congratulated the Americans on their achievement. But there is a strong undercurrent of thought now being voiced everywhere:— "All this enormous effort & expenditure of wealth, to put a few men briefly on an utterly barren planet, when here on Earth there is so much hunger and strife!" That is my own feeling too.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23/69 A perfect summer day. At 9 a.m. I drove to Hunts Point, dropped E. to spend the morning with Francie, & took Bill & the two boys, Gregory & Terry, to play golf at White Point. Gregory is a quiet lad, the student of the family, inclined to be a dreamer (like me) & therefore not the best of golfers. On the other hand, Terry is a thin & very intense boy, with an almost ferocious concentration on physical games — he excels at junior ice hockey, baseball, & for a first-year player does very well at golf. Had a light lunch at Hunts Point & a chat with Francie. She is deeply sun-tanned & has a surface air of nonchalance, but underneath I seemed to see the same discontented & sullen attitude to life that she always had as a child. This month-long summer holiday (in addition to frequent winter holidays) is Bill's effort to fend off her recurring fits of melancholia.

Should have mentioned yesterday that Joe Holloway brought us five trout, freshly caught in a brook near Tiplin Mills which Joe has fished for 40 years & keeps as a personal secret.

This evening, along with 200 other people, E. & I attended a cocktail party on the grounds of Milton Green's (Mersey Paper Company) house on Church Street. It was in honour of Mr. & Mrs. J. Martin Kitchie, of London, England — he is chairman of the board of directors of Bowaters, making the round of Bowaters plants in North America. Chatted with many of the guests, including Ken Jones, who seemed

very self-possessed, & is actively carrying on his job in the U.S. cabinet, despite all the rumours.

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1969 Again fine weather. Golf, & then a call on the Dennis family at Hunts Point. They are enjoying themselves, & say they will return next year. News:- The Apollo 11 returned safely to earth (the Pacific Ocean) shortly before 2 p.m. (our time) today. Later, on TV, we watched the three men transfer from the rocket capsule to a special car on the deck of the U.S. aircraft carrier "Hornet", where President Nixon greeted them through a glass window & declared, "This is the greatest week in the history of the world since Creation". The astronauts will remain, with a doctor, in strict quarantine, for at least 20 days, as a precaution against carrying some new germ or fungus to the people of Earth.

FRIDAY, JULY 25/69 Overcast, with a chill east breeze, this morning on the golf course, where I joined Bill & the boys at 9 a.m. Until the second round, when the sun came through a bit, I was just comfortable with a light wool vest & jacket over my T-shirt. Finished about 12:30, drove to 44 Park Street, where Francie & the little girls had spent the morning, & E. served a buffet lunch of cold meats, salad, hot potato scallop, & apple-strudel pie & ice cream. The Dennis's returned to Hunts Point at 3:30. Some days ago I had a letter from the new Editor of Doubleday Canada Ltd., Douglas Gibson. David Manuel, who came from New York to take charge of the Toronto office when George Nelson retired, has recently gone back there. Gibson is, I presume, another American. He writes, "I am sure that you are aware how proud and pleased we are here that you are a Doubleday author. Our association has been a happy one in the past and I hope that it will be just as happy in the future ... I wonder if you would drop me a line to tell me how your writing is going. I look forward to hearing from you".

A new man, but the old malarkey.

SATURDAY, JULY 26/69 N.E. wind, sky overcast. This morning I wrote Douglas Gibson, told him I had signed my last contract with Doubleday, & why. This afternoon I drove with Mel. Gardner, & carpenter Reginald Nickerson, to Port Medway, where we installed a notice board on the old meeting house, giving a brief history of the chapel. Stopped at Mel's house on the way

back, & Muriel Gardner showed me her lovely flower beds & window boxes, & gave me some advice on the care of roses.

At 4.30 drove with E. to Hunts Point, where our son & daughter, Bill, Pamela, and seven lively grandchildren, were all gathered at Tom's cottage for a cook-out supper. Tom cooked hamburgs & steaks on a charcoal broiler, but we ate indoors, as the weather had become a drizzle of rain. The little cousins got along happily together, & we grown-ups enjoyed the whole affair.

SUNDAY, JULY 27/69 Drizzle & some showers. Indoors all day, except to dine at Jane's, & then a run out to Hunt's Point for a chat with the young people.

MONDAY, JULY 28/69 Overcast & humid. Drove to Illsley's service station this morning & bought two new tires (at $30 apiece) to replace those on the rear end of the car, which are wearing thin on one side. The two on the front end still have plenty of tread. All of these were on the car when I bought it, new, in July 1966, & they have gone about 17,350 miles. At 9 a.m. Bill & Frankie & family stopped briefly to say goodbye, on their way home to Moncton.

Played golf (very badly) in the afternoon, in the steamy air, but was glad to get some exercise. Later I went over the bald patches on my lawn, where the weedkiller had killed patches of chickweed, & planted grass seed while the earth is moist.

Most of my new roses have begun to bloom, indeed the yellow ones already are past their best.

News:- the stock markets are still falling. I have not reckoned my losses on paper, because fortunately I don't have to sell anything. Tom Jr. has been speculating to a considerable extent during the past several years, mostly with money borrowed from the bank. He told me yesterday that if he were forced to sell out now he would lose nearly $30,000.

TUESDAY, JULY 29/69 Showers & fog. Frank & Gladys Willis came this afternoon, & stayed for dinner & the evening. Frank retires from the C.B.C. next year. They are delightful people & we enjoyed them.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30/69 Showers & fog. Golf this morning with Frank. He played his usual good game (84) and I my worst (99). I drove back to town, bathed & changed, & drove with E. to White Point Lodge, where

we lunched with Frank & Gladys & again enjoyed an interesting chat. They resume their brief tour of Nova Scotia this evening.

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1969 An overcast sky & steamy air. (Some cranks in the northeastern United States are pointing out that this kind of weather has obtained ever since the astronauts got back from their great journey, and this is what comes of tampering with the moon!) Golf in the afternoon. Mowed my lawns this evening, & afterwards sat with E. & the Andersens on their patio, sipping drinks in the warm & humid air. Down the street the tennis club were putting on one of their "pay" dances, to raise funds. The asphalt courts were lit with powerful floodlights, and the rock-and-roll "music", turned up to the highest power of the loudspeaker system, was deafening. Adding to the noise, the gilded youth of the town & suburbs tore around the block in cars & on motorcycles, from 9 p.m. to midnight.

FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1969 Very hot day, mostly sunny. Temp. in the sun was still 95° at 5 p.m. Refreshing little sea breeze on the golf course. Halifax has been preparing for the past two years for the Canada Games, to be held there this month, in the Olympic style. Prime Minister Trudeau gave the torch a send-off at Ottawa, & now relays of runners are carrying it by road to Halifax.

SATURDAY, AUG. 2/69 Weather back to the dark steam bath. E. & I got in 9 holes at White Point, & then rain drove us off the course. Blueberries are plentiful. People selling them from door to door — something we have not seen for several years.

SUNDAY, AUG. 3/69 Weather exactly like yesterday, & we got in 9 holes at White Point before the heavy sky began to weep large drops & soaked us. The temp. was 86°. John Langdon & wife, of Montreal, are at White Point Lodge, & this evening we dined with them & a friend of theirs, a Miss Winchester, of New York. The sky cleared about 5 p.m. & for three hours the view was beautiful. Then the overcast descended again.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/69 The sun got through for a few hours this afternoon, & we got in 18 holes at White Point, still in a steamy atmosphere. Rain tonight. The humid air of the past ten days has swelled interior as well as exterior woodwork, so that doors & windows are inclined to "stick".

News: - This afternoon at Halifax the directors of Point

Pleasant Park had their annual inspection of the park. G. E. Smith, chairman of the directors, had written me inviting me to attend, but I could not face the 200 mile round trip in this heat (85°) and the late afternoon rush of traffic out of the city.

This morning a young land surveyor named Hunt came & asked me to show him the iron stakes marking my boundaries with Joe Pushie's property on one side and Erik Andersen's on the other. Said he was making a survey of Capt. Jeans's property, & it was difficult to find old boundary marks. When I bought my house & lot from Irving Corkum in December 1935, none of the lots on the west side of Park Street had ever been surveyed or properly marked. There was no land surveyor in Queens County then except old Primrose ("Prim") Smith, who lived at South Brookfield. In 1936 I borrowed a surveying tape from Mersey Paper Co., and (with Joe Pushie) I measured the succession of 50-foot lots, beginning at the old cement wall on the front of the Stearns' house at the corner of Church & Park streets — the only old landmark anywhere on Park Street. (It was impossible to measure down from Austin Parker's corner of Park and Waterloo streets, because in widening Waterloo Street in the 1930's the town workmen had arbitrarily taken some of Parker's original lot there, leaving no landmark.)

Thus Pushie & I, measuring along the back, as well as the front of the lots, were able to arrive at our own true boundaries. I marked my front corners with iron stakes about 3 feet long, which I got from the Milton forge. On the Street front I drove these stakes down into the ground with a sledgehammer. On the back I set one in the corner of the stone wall between my own & what is now Andersen's property, & the other at the end of the wall, marking my back corner with Pushie's lot. That summer (1936) I had the boulders drilled & blasted at the back of my house, to make a garden. The (then) owner of Andersen's property was a negro named Reginald Rupert, a West Indian who had made money bootlegging during the Prohibition Era, & invested the proceeds in residential real estate. (He owned 2 houses on Park

Street, but he lived with his Liverpool negro wife on Union Street.)

Rupert (locally known by the biblical name "Cephas") was very suspicious of my garden-making activities, & hired "Prim" Smith to survey the boundaries. "Prim" measured up from the Sterns property, just as I had done, & informed "Cephas" that my boundary markers were exactly true. So that was that. In May 1938 Joe Pushie sold me a 5-foot strip of his land, adjoining mine, to provide me with a decent width for a car driveway. He & I then shifted the iron stakes & drove them down on the new corners.

TUESDAY, AUG. 5, 1969 Same weather exactly:— dark clouds, spots of vague sunshine, temp. 80°, spots of rain through the day, a heavy shower at night. Played golf in the afternoon, drenched with sweat. I'm told the sea bathing in this weather is delightful — the water actually warm. We have had only one clear sunny day since this monsoon weather set in on July 21.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6/69 Instead of golf, this afternoon I mowed my lawns, starting in a light drizzle of rain & ending in a downpour. Temp. 80° Phew!

THURSDAY, AUG. 7/69 The sun got through today & it was beautiful. Golf in the afternoon with a visitor named Jack Wilson, a nephew of the late J. McGregor Stewart, Halifax lawyer. E had invited the Langdons & Miss Winchester to dine with us, & arranged with Evelyn White for an inspection of the White silverware, pewterware, chinaware, & other heirlooms from the Loyalist family founded at Shelburne by Gideon White. The Langdons are enthusiastic collectors of old silver & glassware, & Miss Winchester is chief editor of the prestigious "Antiques" magazine in New York. They had a happy evening, looking over the White material with their pocket magnifying glasses, & checking makers' marks, etc.

~~THURSDAY~~ FRIDAY, AUG. 8/69 Weather back to normal — dark & dank. E went to a hen-party at Mill Village, with lunch at the new Medway restaurant there. She reports the food good, but the service slow — the luncheon took two hours.

I played a quick 18 holes in the fog at White Point.

Letter from Douglas Gibson in reply to mine of the 26th. No mention of the wash-out at New York. Stresses the Toronto office's promotion of my books, & wants me to continue with

Doubleday Canada Ltd. Bah!

SATURDAY, AUG. 9, 1969 My father died in battle at Amiens 51 years ago. The weather remains dark & damp, but warm. I had received a printed invitation to the official opening of Keyimkujik National Park, to take place at the new Administration Building there, at 2:30 this afternoon. The sky was overcast & spitting rain at intervals, & I wasn't inclined to submit myself to a lot of official wind as well, but E. likes to attend any kind of gathering, so we went. I wore khaki slacks & a green T-shirt, intending a walk in the park after the speeches, & E. (all dressed up) suggested that I wasn't properly dressed. I said she could sit with the proper people, & I would stand back with the other bums. However we were ushered to a pair of metal-& plastic chairs near the front of the audience, on the asphalt car park in front of the administration building, & soon were chatting with Haliburton (the lately deposed Minister of Lands & Forests in the N.S. cabinet) & his wife, & with Dr. & Mrs. Kelsall of Annapolis.

The Air Force band from Greenwood was playing on the patio of the administration building, & loud-speaking equipment and a T.V. camera were set up facing the platform, which held about ten or fifteen federal & provincial bigwigs & their wives. First speech was by Premier G. I. Smith of N.S., who quipped that he was happy to get his word in first, as it looked like rain at any minute. (So it did — but the rain held off.) He was careful to praise the cooperation of federal & provincial governments on the project, & to point out that the N.S. govt. had purchased for the purpose all the necessary timberland. He was followed by an official of the Dept. of Northern Affairs (Parks branch) who said that Canada should reserve and open many more such parks, & closed by saying that the name of this one was certainly unique — he found it difficult to pronounce and impossible to spell.

He was followed by Mr. Snow, Haliburton's successor as Minister of Lands & Forests in the N.S. cabinet. His only noteworthy remark was that the park held some of the finest timber standing in N.S.; and as trees grow to maturity & then die, it was good sense to log (on a selective basis) the mature trees while they still had a commercial value.

This suggested to my suspicious ear a cut-& dried arrangement with some lumber interests, including Mersey Paper

company, which owns considerable timberland in the adjoining (provincial) game reserve called, Tobeatic Park. Federal cabinet minister Allan McEachern spoke for a few minutes, smartly dressed in a brown summer suit with tan shirt & brown necktie. He is Nova Scotia's sole representative in the federal cabinet — in fact the only Liberal member returned to office from N.S. in the last election.

He in turn introduced the chief speaker, Jean Chrétien, M.P., Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, a pale but good-looking young man (the youngest in the federal cabinet) who spoke fluently in English with a charming French accent. (In 1963 he couldn't speak a word of English.) He, too, said that Canada must set aside, preserve, & open to the public, many more parks like this. He mentioned also that in Canadian coastal regions, like N.S., the governments should do the same with stretches of unspoiled beaches. Finally he declared Kejimkujik Park open to the public, a park official raised the Canadian flag on the flagstaff, the band played a few bars of "God Save Our Gracious Queen" in carefully muted tones, & the crowd dispersed.

Chatted briefly with Jack Brayley, Maritime manager of Canadian Press, & his wife. Jack was furious about Snow's proposal to cut the mature timber in Kej. Park, having seen the depredations of logging companies in Ontario's Algonquin Park. "That stuff about 'selective cutting' is just the thin edge of the axe".

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1969 Again dark & damp. Golf in a thick fog in the afternoon, finishing the last two holes in thunder, lightning, & a soaking rain. Jim & May Reside called, soon after I got home from White Point, & we chatted over old times. Haven't seen much of Jim since 1947-1949, when he was an engineer in the employ of the N.S. govt., & we together planned the restoration work on the Simon Perkins house. For many years now he has been town engineer at Yarmouth N.S. Dined at Lane's.

MONDAY, AUG. 11/69 The sun got through to us today, to temp. 80°, with very humid air. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon, in a lather of sweat. Bathed, changed, & drove with C. to Mahone at 5 p.m. Dined with Ted & Hilda, and my sister Nellie, who has been visiting her husband's sister in Cape Breton. Home at dark.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12, 1969 Sunny & warm, with somewhat direct air. This morning I sprayed the weeds in my lawns with 2 gals of "Weed Killer" ("KILLEX") solution. Then spread 11 lbs of "Lawn Green". This is the first real fertilizer I have put on the lawns this year. The "Feed-&-Weed" stuff (May 11 & June 17) contained very little "feed" & was not effective as a weed-killer either.

This evening we joined a small dinner party at Marilla MacDell's summer home, Millet Village. Her house guests are a Mr. & Mrs. Morris. He was born in Shelburne, N.S., attended King's College, has lived many years in the U.S., and is now a gentleman farmer in Vermont, raising beef cattle. Rita Beebe was there with her own guest Miss Connie Lerner. All very pleasant.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13/69 Fine & warm. Golf in afternoon. The course now swarms with summer visitors, most of them duffers, male & female, slowing the play.

The Andersens, next door, invited us to dine with them this evening on their garden patio. Other guests:— Austin & Vera Parker, Jerry & Jean Nickerson, Burke & Marion Douglas, & the Douglas daughter Nancy & her Montreal husband.

Received the "Oxford Companion to English Literature", edited by Sir Paul Harvey, which I am reading with interest & pleasure. The sport shop in Kentville (see May 28) after long delay, admit that they cannot supply golf shoes in my size, & at my suggestion have sent a miscellany of golf balls, tees, club cleaners, etc., to the same value.

FRIDAY, AUG. 15/69 Still fine & warm, with golf in the afternoons. Had a visit this morning from a young man named John Lindsay, doing an interview for the Dartmouth Patriot. He is free-lancing, hopes to get a steady job on a newspaper, preferably in Halifax, and eventually to become a novelist. Asked for advice, & I gave him what I could.

Letter from Dr. Henry J. Labelle, President of St. Mary's University, Halifax, inviting me to address the Fall Convocation on Oct. 3, & to receive a degree of Doctor of Letters, honoris causa. A pleasant compliment, & one I had not expected.

SATURDAY, AUG. 16, 1969 Warm & hazy. Golf in the afternoon. Dined with the junior Raddalls at the cottage, Hunts Point. The piece de resistance was a feast of steamed clams — the clams dug by Tom & Pam this afternoon in the creek at central Port Mouton. Afterwards Debby & Tommy entertained us with songs of the campfire type, which they had learned at Camp Wapomeo this summer.

The Canada Games (Olympic style) began in Halifax today, with the last of the relay runners from Ottawa (Chris Hook, of Dartmouth) carrying the torch to light the flame of the games on the Common.

SUNDAY, AUG. 17/69 A brief thunderstorm & heavy rain about 8 a.m. but it did not change the pattern of the weather — hazy, humid, temp. 80°. E. & I played golf with Hal & Marion Dyer.

This evening on TV we watched pictures of the Games at Hfx. — swimming in the big (Olympic sized) indoor pool on the Common; tennis on the new courts on the Common; sculling on Lake Banook, etc.

MONDAY, AUG. 18/69 Very hot (95° in the sun at 4 p.m.) I played 18 holes at White Point — the course almost deserted. E. dropped out after seven holes. This evening it was barely comfortable, sitting half naked in the living room watching TV & re-reading Baker's biography of Hemingway, with the big electric fan whirring like an aeroplane, & the air-circulator fan of the furnace adding a bit to the movement.

TUESDAY, AUG. 19/69 Hot & humid in town. Thick fog at White Point, where E. & I played 9 holes & then quitted. The course was thronged with wild-swinging tourists. One ball hit like a bullet in the front of No. 7 tee, just as I was preparing to drive. It was a hooked shot by someone on No. 1 fairway. On returning to town I mowed my lawns. The earth is baked hard by the summer's heat, & we are still prohibited from watering our lawns.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20/69 Cooler air & bright sunshine — a delightful day. A visitor this morning — a retired lawyer named Arthur F. Rogers, who won the Military Cross while serving with the 85th N.S. Highlanders at Amiens in 1918. They were on the left of my father's battalion, & he had heard the whole story of my father's death from Herbert Mowat.

His main purpose, however, was to present the Queens

County Historical Society with a fine piece of whalemen's "scrimshaw", a whaling scene etched & inked on a piece of a whale's rib, 11½" by 7". He had picked it up in a second-hand curiosity shop in Ontario. Most of the whalemen in the boats are wearing the usual "tarpaulin hats" of the 1840's & 50's, but one or two have Scotch tams. So this may have been done by a Scot (the Peterhead & Aberdeen whalers were numerous in those days) or possibly even a Nova Scotian.

Arthur K. is a [redacted] of Grace Dean Macleod Rogers, a native of Queens County who, as a young woman, wrote the book "STORIES from the Land of Evangeline."

After lunch, Donald Smith picked me up for a drive to Kentville, where National Historic Sites & Monuments Board have erected a small monument to Abraham Gesner, inventor of the original process for making kerosene, & thus the real founder of the great oil refineries of today.

The monument is at Chipman's Corner, in the outskirts of Kentville, & close by the house in which Gesner once lived. There was a fair sized crowd, & I had a seat on the platform along with about fifteen other worthies. Principal address was by Dr. Kirkconnell of Acadia, & Don Smith spoke on behalf of Mr. Chrétien, who was unable to attend. Tea and sandwiches afterward in the village hall, where I enjoyed chatting with old friends Margaret (Ells) Russell & husband, Mrs. Esther Clark Wright, Bruce Ferguson, & other people who had read my books & recognised the author.

Home about 7:30. Our car was a Dept. of Northern Affairs (Parks branch) green sedan, driven by a very pleasant & capable young man named Thompson.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21/69 Last night the temp. dropped to 50°, with very dry air, a vast change from the hot & humid climate we have had for so much of the summer. Visited the Perkins house this morning, to see where we could hang Rogers' gift, & had a long chat with the ladies in charge.

Golf in the afternoon, in a sea breeze that was actually chilly enough to compel me to put on a crumpled old wind-breaker that I keep stashed away in a deep pocket of my golf bag. E. played the first 9 holes with me, & Harvey Crowell the second. Harvey is well on in his

70's but active & bright. However he is getting deaf & a bit crotchety, insisting on practising with another ball whenever he dubbed a fairway shot or missed a putt — regardless of players coming along behind. He is still on the board of governors of Acadia University, & their chief adviser in financial matters, on which his mind remains as sharp as ever — they are lucky to have him in these expanding times.

Noticed at White Point a pair of upland plover & half a dozen sandpipers, foraging in company on the golf course near the seashore — the first migrating birds I have seen this season. Reports from the North indicate an early setting-in of cold weather.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1969 Another clear bright day, with a cool hint of Fall in the air. Went to the Perkins house this a.m. & hung the scrimshaw piece on the wall of the museum, with printed card below, & entered the item, donor, etc, in the museum's gift book. Drove with E. to Mahone, & lunched with my sisters Hilda & Nell, & in the afternoon returned to Liverpool with Nell, who will spend the weekend with us.

In the evening we called on the junior Kaddalls at Hunts Point, & sat till dusk outdoors in the afterglow of a fine sunset.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23/69 Again clear & bright. Had my white fuzz trimmed around my ears & the back of my neck, in the barber shop this morning. In the afternoon, on the invitation of the Austin Parkers, I drove with E. & Nell to their cottage at Port Joli & stayed for a buffet supper. We were joined by the Parkers' son Douglas, his wife Sheila & their two little girls; also our neighbours Erik & Lou Andersson, their daughter ~~Karen~~ KAREN & her husband Edward Terry.

I walked around the point to look at the cottage built of local stone, years ago, during several summer vacations, by Professor Serpenning & his wife. Their daughter married Rudolf Flesch, the successful & well-to-do educator-author who wrote "Why Johnnie Can't Read" & other similar books on the deficiencies of U.S. schools. I once met Flesch here, but since the Serpennings died the Port Joli cottage does not seem to be used much. It is as solid as a German machine-gun bunker, with small windows, rather gloomy inside.

SUNDAY, AUG. 24, 1969 A very hot day. This afternoon I drove with E. & Nell to Keyinkujik Park, & followed the new roads to Jeremy Bay, the beach, etc. The best views cannot be seen from the motor roads, & I had hoped to walk some of the paths; but the heat was terrific (94° on the coast at Liverpool, it must have been 100° at Kej) and the camping sites, picnic areas, & car parking areas were all crammed with cars & people. When we left about 3:30, cars were still pouring into the park in a stream, many with N.S. license plates, but many tourists remain — Nell noticed an Alabama plate.

Dined at Lane's in Liverpool; then called on Mel & Muriel Gardner at Brooklyn, & went on around the shore to Eagle Head & Port Medway.

News:- The Canada Games at Halifax ended in a grand ceremony today on Beazly Field, Dartmouth, with Governor-General Michener presiding. In the games, Ontario carried off most of the medals, with B.C. second, & Nova Scotia fourth. The whole thing was superbly organized, & of course they were blessed with perfect weather.

MONDAY, AUG. 25/69 Hot again. Joseph MacSween, of the Canadian Press, Montreal, came for an interview, with tape recorder. He is making a tour, asking for opinions on Canadian nationality in general, & Quebec nationalism in particular.

I said I believed in Canada as a nation, despite the differences of wealth & influence among the various provinces. The Maritime Provinces could not exist as a viable entity by themselves, nor could Quebec; we know it, & so do the Quebecois, who like all the French are emotional about themselves but are shrewd realists about money matters. But the basic fact about Canadian unity is our very presence in North America alongside the powerful & ebullient people of the U.S. Secretly or openly we fear absorption by the U.S. in one way or another, & our only chance of a separate existence is to stick together. As provincials we grumble about the indifference or arrogance of a central government at Ottawa; but if we were part of the U.S. our voices would be lost in Washington.

This afternoon Ted & Hilda Bayer drove here to take Nell back to Oakland for a few more weeks. While

here Nell talked of selling her house in Alabama, & buying a summer home in Nova Scotia, spending her winters in a rented apartment in one of the "safer" American cities. (In Birmingham, Ala., the population is about 50% negro, it is unsafe for a white woman to walk outdoors after dark; & alone as she is, she does not feel safe in her own house.) She looked at a small bungalow next us on Park Street, which is for sale, but was undecided.

While the Bayers were here, the sky covered rapidly with black clouds, & there was a sudden rush of wind, like a miniature tornado, tossing the trees, snapping off small branches & twigs, & whirling a mixture of plucked leaves & dust. The wind lasted about 20 minutes, but it was followed by a thunderstorm that rumbled & flashed in spasms for about two hours, with heavy rain.

The little tornado apparently formed over the river, somewhere above Milton, & followed the river & Liverpool harbour until it dissipated over the sea. On both banks of the river in Milton, garden chairs, garbage cans, etc. were tossed into the air; many trees were damaged, & some blown down.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26/69 Very hot. Golf in the afternoon. Many strangers playing. This evening we joined a dinner party of about 20 people at Mrs. Marilla MacNeill's place, Mill Village. Mr. & Mrs. Ballou, & Mr. & Mrs. David Patton were there, on their usual summer visit with Marilla, and Mrs. Rita Beebe. It was ~~Marilla's~~ Rita's birthday, & so of course there were two cakes with candles & the "happy birthday" chant. Rain was falling as we came home.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27/69 Fine & warm in the afternoon, with a refreshing breeze. Mowed my lawns this morning. Despite the long dry summer, the grass is thick & green, showing the effect of the fertiliser I applied on Aug. 12. Spent the afternoon on the golf course. Many strangers, male & female, most of whom knew little about the game — just whiling away an afternoon — so the play was very slow.

THURSDAY, AUG. 28/69 Fine & warm. At golf this afternoon I developed a severe pain in the small of my back, at the right side. Struggled on, but finally quit at the 16th hole, feeling nauseated. Possibly just a pulled muscle, but probably

Must Keep Eye On Central Complex --- Hicks

Canadians in the Atlantic provinces may grumble about their part in Confederation, but a series of interviews there indicated they still want to hang together because they don't want to be Americans, Joseph MacSween of the Montreal staff of The Canadian Press reports in this fifth of a series of articles on Atlantic nationalism.

By JOSEPH MacSWEEN

LIVERPOOL, N.S. (CP) — Canada would spin apart like a shattered flywheel if through some "evil magic" the United States broke up tomorrow, says an eminent author.

Thomas H. Raddall, historian and novelist, was asked what holds Canada together despite its geographic, economic and linguistic diversity.

In his reference to the U.S. Mr. Raddall touched on a keystone mentioned over and over at different levels and with various nuances in a series of interviews in the Atlantic provinces.

A capsule of comment could go this way:

Canadians hang together because they don't want to be Americans, even when they are fond of the Americans—frequently blood relatives of them—and even when they toy with the idea of a one-nation continent and feel they would be more prosperous that way.

HELD BY HISTORY

"I think we hold together because of the historic situation in which we were placed," said Mr. Raddall. "As far back as the American Revolution we were threatened by absorption by the American republic which made strenuous efforts then, and later, in the war of 1812, actually tried to seize the country.

"Whatever our relations were with the United States—and here in Nova Scotia at the time of the revolution, roughly two out of three people were of New England origin or the sons and daughters of New Englanders—still we did not want to be absorbed by the colossus rising in the south. That is still the position, however friendly our attitude may be to the U.S."

Nova Scotians have grumbled ever since Confederation about how they are "shouted down" at Ottawa by larger numbers of MPs from other provinces.

"But we always reflect, too, that if we were part of the U.S. we would have a still smaller, practically unheard, voice at Washington."

Whatever the differences among the provinces, there remained among Canadians a desire to live apart from the powerful American republic.

Halifax businessman C. R. MacFadden said that to unify the provinces you would need only to promote joining the U.S.

But isn't all this a negative reason for maintaining a country?

IT'S POSITIVE THING

"It's a very positive thing," said Mr. Raddall. "Because if by some magic—it would be an evil magic, I believe, for the world—the U.S. were to evaporate tomorrow, then our regional quarrels would quickly absorb us and we would fly apart like the periphery of a flywheel that was buzzing too fast."

Still, aren't Canadians falling willy-nilly into the orbit of the Americans, who own some 75 per cent of industrial Canada? Doesn't this bother Maritimers?

"It bothers me in the sense that we have to have foreign ownership," said Mr. MacFadden, president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. "But I'd rather have foreign ownership than no industry at all."

Canadians were sometimes noted for not wanting things until somebody else came in and got them going—then the Canadians complained that something was being taken away. But that day was passing.

Mr. MacFadden would prefer that Canadians developed with their own capital, but rather than wait it was better to use American and European capital. "Eventually, when we get this country built up, we'll do as the Americans did. They developed with United Kingdom capital many years ago. They eventually acquired it back, their own industries back."

Mr. MacFadden conceded the situations are not parallel but seemed convinced a way would be found.

"This question of economic domination does not bother me at all," said Rev. John Capstick, an economist with the St. Francis Xavier University extension department.

"I see very little difference between American capital providing a job in Toronto and Toronto capital providing a job there. Capital knows no nationality and will always seek the highest return. I think this is a red herring. . . . This kind of nationalism is just as bad as the flag-wavers as far as I'm concerned."

A counter-view came from an Acadian, Alexandre Boudreau, director of the Memramcook Institute, affiliated with the University of Moncton.

"I suppose I'm a Canadian nationalist," said Mr. Boudreau. "I think our basic reason for having a Canada was to constitute a separate entity from the U.S. . . . Economically there is no sound reason for having a separate Canada, and there was no sound reason at the beginning.

"In line with that philosophy I have a tendency to be an economic nationalist because I don't think we can forever maintain a Canada exclusively on bilingualism. I think we have to maintain a certain degree of authority on our economy. . . . There are limits beyond which we should not let the U.S. go in the economy and I think Canada has reached the danger point. The moment we become too completely subservient economically to the U.S., then our political entity is in danger."

LOOK FOR CAPITAL

When a reporter said some Maritimers feel the cry of American domination is simply a cover for Canadian industrialists seeking protection, Mr. Boudreau replied:

"It is understandable that in the Maritimes such a problem is not given much importance. Because what the Maritimes are looking for now is industrial capital. We are underdeveloped and need a lot of capital.

"Anything or any legislation that would curtail American investment in Canada causes Maritimers to be afraid it would hurt them first because they are so badly in need of imported capital.

"But there are still a lot of Maritimers who feel that too-great control of our economy by the U.S. may become a danger to our very existence as a separate country."

In the historical context, Mr. Raddall long ago illuminated the Canadian ethos when he wrote:

"Figuratively and geographically Canada formed the huge mysterious attic of the continent, dimly lit and cluttered with strange obstacles where, like a small boy, the Canadian moved with a lonely curiosity, conscious always of the snow on the roof above his head, while downstairs the large and exuberant family of Americans surged with confidence through the warmer chambers of the house . . . installing everything from churns to chandeliers."

The importance of the U.S. in the Canadian makeup was also stressed by Dr. Henry D. Hicks, president of Dalhousie University and former Nova Scotia Liberal premier, whose ancestors came to Nova Scotia from Rhode Island before the American Revolution.

He pointed to the phenomenon of history by which United Empire Loyalists, who came here to remain under the British flag, have found common cause with French-Canadians.

"Not anti-Americanism but fear of American domination is a great factor in preserving the Canadian nation," he said. ". . . For one reason or another most of us do not want to become part of the U.S.

"Many of our English-speaking people came by preference around the time of the Declaration of Independence. And our French-speaking people know well that the possibility of maintaining their language and culture as a state of the U.S. would be absolutely nil. No Wall Street bankers are going to learn to speak French. . . .

"So the French-Canadian people have a great interest in preserving Canada because we regard them as an important segment of Canada—such an important segment that the rest of us are willing to go to a good deal of inconvenience to maintain bilingualism."

FRANK WILLIS, who died yesterday in Toronto, had a strong love of the sea. The Halifax-born broadcaster was aboard the schooner Bluenose when it sailed in the last defence of its sailing championship during 1938. An ardent sailor, he drew from his experience in producing radio programs such as "The I'm Alone," "Days of Sail," "Pier-head Yarns" and "Sam Slick, the Clock Maker."

J. Frank Willis Dies Suddenly

TORONTO (CP) — J. Frank Willis, 60, veteran CBC radio and television broadcaster, died Sunday of a heart attack.

Mr. Willis collapsed at his home in suburban Willowdale. He was pronounced dead on arrival at a Toronto hospital, which later confirmed the cause of death.

Funeral arrangements were not available immediately.

Born in Halifax, Mr. Willis was appointed Maritime regional representative of the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission in 1933. The CRBC was the forerunner of the CBC and Mr. Willis had his headquarters at the Nova Scotian Hotel in Halifax.

He gained nationwide fame in April of 1936 for his on-the-spot radio coverage of the race to save the lives of three men trapped in an abandoned mine in Halifax County, N.S.

He made 99 broadcasts in 95 hours—an all-time Canadian endurance record in an event that came to be known as the Moose River Mine disaster.

Mr. Willis concentrated on television broadcasting from 1958 to 1963 when he was the host of the CBC public affairs program Close-Up, followed by Question Mark and Horizon.

At the time of his death he was the senior CBC producer of radio drama and special

See J. FRANK Page 6

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programs. Some of his recent accomplishments include CBC Tuesday Night, Days of Sail and a story on Mexico entitled The Bold Ones.

About the same time as his CRBC appointment in 1933, Mr. Willis originated a program called Atlantic Nocturne, later shortened to Nocturne, which ran on the CBC radio network for 30 years.

CAME TO TORONTO

He was assigned to Australia as an exchange producer with the Australian Broadcasting Commission in 1938 and, on his return to Canada in 1939, was transferred to the CBC in Toronto.

Later, he travelled to many parts of the world on broadcasting assignments.

In the years prior to Canada's Centennial in 1967, Mr. Willis was host and narrator of the natural resources series entitled Canada 98, Canada 99 and Canada 100.

On the CBC's 25th anniversary, in 1961, he produced a series of programs called Matter of Record and, in 1965, another program, Flanders' Field, one of the most successful histories ever produced by Canadian radio.

It was the story of the Canadian Corps during the First World War and is currently being rebroadcast on the CBC radio network.

Some of his other memorable radio productions were: The White Empire, about the Canadian north; Comrades in Arms and Carry on Canada, about Canadians at war and the Johnny Home Show a production in which comedians Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster made their post-war return to radio.

He was an ardent sailor and his love for ships got him a spot as a crew member aboard Canada's famous racing schooner Bluenose in 1938 when she went to the last defence of her championship in world schooner racing.

Mr. Willis, whose brother Austin also became an internationally known broadcaster and actor, graduated from King's College at Halifax and won a four-year scholarship to study art in New York. He did some free-lancing as an actor and radio announcer there and when he returned to Halifax in 1929 he opened an art studio.

He became a professional actor with a repertory theatre and produced a number of radio plays.

Mr. Willis' wife, the former Gladys Winchcombe, a native of Halifax, is among family survivors.

something else. Letter from Ken McCormick, boss of Doubleday, New York, asking about my progress on "Table Island, Graveyard of the Atlantic," — "which is the third book of our contract". Undoubtedly he had a Xerox copy of my letter to Gibson, manager of Doubleday Canada, dated July 26, in which I set forth my dissatisfaction with Doubleday & stated that there would be no book on Table Island, & that I considered the contract closed. So today I answered McCormick briefly, saying there would be no Table Island book. I closed with "Thus the 1963 contract is now at an end. So is my connection with Doubleday."

That should "wrap it up" as they say at the close of a TV show.

This evening Marilla MacDill came in for a chat, together with her current guest, a Mrs. Ball, from Colorado.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1969 Fine & warm. Walked to the post office this morning, & found that the pain in my right side is still there, so no golf or any other exercise. My garden bird-bath remains popular with my feathered friends. They now include a flock of what I take to be immature Savannah Sparrows, male & female, presumably stopping hereabouts on their way south.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30/69 Fine & warm. No exercise since golf on Thursday, but the pain lurks in my right side & makes itself felt as soon as I raise my right arm. Dinner party tonight at Dr. John Wickwire's house, Main St. Very warm. The men went out to the rear garden for drinks & chat, & as the food was self-served, buffet style, they ate there too, in shirt sleeves. Gregory & Stu Copelin there, just ending a seashore holiday with Capt. Charles Copelin at Hunter Point.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/69 Again hot, with little or no breeze. Bored with sitting about, I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. The course was jammed with strangers, so progress was slow, & play very bad. The painful "stitch" in my right side continues, but is not quite so painful as on Thursday. Saw & chatted briefly at No 3 hole with "Kabe" Hornstein, head of the weather bureau at Hfx., & a nightly broadcaster on TV. This evening my old neighbour Harry Holland dropped in for a farewell chat. He has

sold his Park Street house to Joseph Burke, the new principal of Liverpool schools, & is moving with his wife to a small apartment in Brooklyn near the paper mill, where he worked for many years.

MONDAY, SEP. 1, 1969 The hottest day yet. Temp. was 70° at 9 a.m., 90° in the shade & 100° in the sun at noon, without a breath of air stirring. Played golf in the afternoon, moving slowly, & pausing on the seaward tee-benches to enjoy a slight but cool air off the water. At midnight the temp. in our living room was 81°, & upstairs probably 90°. I slept fitfully, half naked, on the living room sofa, getting up at intervals to get an iced drink.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3/69 Thunder showers all morning, & a much cooler air. For old times' sake my sister Nellie had arranged a luncheon at the old Arenburg House, Petite Riviere, where years ago she & Mother spent summer holidays, & where we often lunched or dined. In recent years Mrs. Arenburg, owing to her age, has catered only to summer boarders in her two houses, closing up the establishment in September, spending the fall & winter in Ottawa, returning to Petite Riviere in spring. I drove there with E. a little before noon, & joined Nellie, Hilda, & Ted Bayers. We were the only guests in the dining room, indeed the last of the season, as the house closes tonight; but Mrs. Arenburg & her capable young assistant Belle Bush put on a lavish luncheon in the old-fashioned way, well cooked and served — my choice was chicken — & — rice soup; a salad of crab meat with lettuce & sliced hard-boiled egg; baked scallops served on a large scallop half-shell; potato, pumpkin & beans fresh from the garden; apple pie made from home-grown fruit. There were fresh rolls & barley bread, & a variety of pickles etc. made at home. Phew!

Chat afterwards, mostly reminiscence, Mrs. Arenburg speaking of the good old days when her husband — "the Captain" — was host on the place. All cheerful, but with the underlying sadness for bygone friends & the knowledge that we shall soon be gone ourselves.

Home about 3:30, returning by the shore road via Vogler's Cove. Had a visit from Bert Vice, new salesman in the Atlantic Provinces for Doubleday Canada. I gathered that he had been told to see me, find out what I was doing, & especially my announced intention to leave

Doubleday. I told him, pleasantly, that my connection with Doubleday was ended, and that was that.

FRIDAY, SEP. 5, 1969 Overcast & humid. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. The grass stays green by a miracle. Owing to the town's ban on lawn watering etc. during the drought, I have not used my hose & sprinkler since one night in July, and we have had no rain except a few thunder-storms.

This evening C. & I attended a small dinner party at Mersey Lodge, given by Mersey Paper Co. president "Mik" Green & wife, Eleanor, for two visiting U.S. newspaper proprietors & their wives — the Manships of Baton Rouge La., & the Taggarts of Waco, Texas. Local guests were Maurice Russell & wife, Hal Dyer & wife, & ourselves. Manship was a corpulent man 60-ish, amiable but talking in the thick slow way of a drunkard. He drank whisky-&-sodas all through the evening & ended up completely sozzled. His wife was a bright vivacious woman, delighted with the Lodge & the river & forest, & the chipmunks which would come & take peanuts from her hand. The Taggarts were a pleasant & intelligent couple, & I enjoyed a long talk with Taggart. These visitors are evidently important customers of the paper mill, for they were accompanied by Geoffrey Hutchings, a tall dark Englishman in charge of all Kimwater sales in the southern states, with headquarters at Atlanta. With him was Mrs. "Tina" Greelman, a widow from Durham, New Hampshire, apparently his girl friend. She knew Dorothy Vaughan & other people I had met in N.H. when I was doing research for "The Governor's Lady," & of course had read the book.

The piece-de-resistance of the dinner was the specialty of the Lodge, two large salmon "planked" before the fireplace on the river bank — something new to the Americans — & served with a lot of other tasty things in the Lodge. After dinner, "Mik" presented the visiting couples with autographed copies of "Hangman's Beach".

Home about midnight.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/69 Overcast. Foggy on the shore. Started working on my speech at St. Mary's. At nearly midnight, just as I was going to bed, my phone rang. It was

M. "Don" Winters, of Mersey Point, who said that he had just returned from Gull Islands in his jeep, & that he had found at the top of the cobblestone beach there a scuba-diver's air tank with my son's name on it. He had tried to phone Tom's town address but got no answer. He didn't want to alarm me, but he felt there was something wrong.

I said that so far as I knew, Tom had given up skin-diving two years ago. In any case, if Tom were missing, by this time of night, his wife would have called us. Nothing could be done at this hour at Gull Islands in the dark. Winters was coy about what he was doing with a jeep on the beach at that hour of night, but I suspect it was an illicit lobster hunt, using skin-diving gear & waterproof electric light.

SUNDAY, SEP. 7, 1969 Fog & drizzle. Drove to the cottage at Hunts Point (which has no phone) after breakfast, & found Tom there with his family for the weekend. He said he had sold the tank about 2 years ago to a man named Donald Turpin, an experienced scuba diver, who lives on CROWELL Street in Liverpool. Probably Turpin was at Gull Islands for lobsters too, & at the sound of a jeep coming along the beach (which might contain fish wardens) he had hidden in the bushes. I phoned Winters. His wife said he was sleeping & she didn't want to disturb him, so I left the message that the tank he had found belonged to Donald Turpin. I heard nothing further from him or anybody else. Heavy showers of rain in the evening & night.

News: Ho Chi Minh, the old & wispy but ruthless leader of the North Vietnamese, died on Wednesday. A born revolutionary, he formed a communist government when the Japanese occupation of Indo-China collapsed in 1945. Then, for years, he fought the French, & finally drove them out of the country. Finally he secured strong backing from China & Russia, & fought the Americans to a standstill in Southern Vietnam. His death will make no difference in the policy & direction of the war.

TUESDAY, SEP. 9/69 Occasional showers & thunder most of the day yesterday & again today, fore-running the first tropical hurricane ("Gerda") to reach our coast this season. This evening it passed rapidly up the Bay of Fundy, & then turned inland along the St. John valley. At Yarmouth the gusts reached 80 m.p.h., tearing down trees & power lines. The Valley, thanks to

the North Mountain, just got a bad shaking. Here on the South Shore we got off lightly, although some trees went down, & the electric power on Park St. was off for 1½ hours. It is edifying on these occasions to depend on the glimmer of a few candles, & to realise what life was like after dark for the settlers of this country. News:- Henry Varley is dead — one of the last surviving painters of Canada's "Group of Seven". Most of his paintings are widely scattered in private hands. Bill White, in Halifax, acquired a few, a year or two ago, but he had a quarrel with the agency that sold them to him, & I don't know if he still has them.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 10, 1969 The sun appeared, for the first time in several days, & I spent the morning raking up the mess of leaves & twigs left by the storm & dumping them in the bushes behind the garden. Golf in the afternoon, 9 holes with E., and 9 with John Wickwire & Austin Parker. Sunny, with a warm & humid SW breeze.

Local news:- The new "People's Store" opened today, a large building facing Main Street & extending down Gorham Street to the waterfront parking lot. This makes three stores, all built in the past five years, & almost cheek-by-jowl, all selling a miscellany of cheap clothing, toiletries, small hardware, school supplies, furniture, etc. I'm told the "People's Store" will have a cut-rate pharmacy, a good thing if true. The old established druggists in Liverpool, Emereau, and Henson (formerly Weldon's drug store & still operating under that name) have been getting rich on stiff prices.

The dreaded "Dutch Elm disease" has appeared in two trees on Mrs. Edgar Inness' property on Union Street. The disease during the past 40-odd years has spread over most of the U.S. middle West and East, killing most of the old native elms, & spread into New Brunswick some time ago. The disease is a fungus, carried by bark-boring beetles, & there is no cure. The two infected trees here have been cut down & burned — the only possible measure — but forestry experts say the disease will kill most of our old elms by 1980.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11/69 A sunny & warm day after a cool night (50°). All morning mowing & clipping my lawns. Played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. Letter from Robert

J. Ellsworth, who runs a small TV production company in Hartford, born. He says he spent a month on Table Island this summer, with a crew of a dozen skin divers, camera & sound men, etc., making a documentary film about the islands, its wrecks, the old lifesaving establishment, etc, which he hopes to sell to one of the TV networks in New York. While on the island, Mrs. Christal Bell told him about me & my book "The Nymph & The Lamp", & the projected moving picture of my story. He suggests a mutual advantage in joint publicity for the two projects.

FRIDAY, SEP. 12, 1969 A lovely day with a fresh SW breeze. Golf in the afternoon. The course, like our lawns in town, is fresh & green after the recent rains, amazing after the long dry weather.

SATURDAY, SEP. 13 69 Fine & warm. This afternoon I drove with E. to Middlewood, & turned off along the gravel road through Camperdown & Lapland, which I had not followed for a long time. The drive is pretty as far as Lapland, with lakes & patches of farmland in the forest.

At a crossroads in Lapland I took a wrong turn & after some miles on a poor road through woods I ended in a lone farmer's yard on the shore of what I suppose was Second Salter Lake, whose stream flows parallel to the Medway River for miles & then turns into it near Charleston. A laconic man repairing the barn roof gave me directions, amid a great barking of dogs, & after a lot more wandering on poor roads through the scrub forest I came to a little village called Laconia, & finally to the paved road which runs from Bridgewater through Chelsea & Greenfield to the Liverpool - Annapolis highway. Home about 4:30, dusty & dry. My sister Nellie Cassidy phoned from Oakland in the evening. Her late husband's brother Carl is dead in Chicago & she is flying there for the funeral, & thence home to Alabama. E. had invited her & the Bayers to visit with us next week.

SUNDAY, SEP. 14 69. Weather like Friday, & golf. Not a bird to be seen, except the perennial gulls & crows, although a few Savannah sparrows still visit the bird bath in the garden. This evening Erik & Lou Andersson joined us to watch on colour TV a film of Britain's royal family, mostly taken & recorded behind the formal front, revealing them as human beings for the first time. It was highly interesting, and it lasted 1½ hours.

THURSDAY, SEP. 18 69 Yesterday was overcast & humid, today we had cooler weather with some showers. Tonight Russell Hebb, of Bridgewater, brought my favourite armchair, re-upholstered using

material supplied by E. His charge for the work was $25.00 — exorbitant as usual. Tonight the temperature dropped to 50°, our coolest night in a long time, & the furnace ran steadily.

News:— An American oil-tanker, the "Manhattan," specially reinforced against ice, has made her way through the Northwest Passage from Hudson Straits to Alaska, with some help from Canadian ice-breakers. The voyage was an experiment, to see if oil could be carried by tankers, to the east coast of North America, & Europe, from the huge newly-discovered oil deposits on the north coast of Alaska.

FRIDAY, SEP. 19, 1969 A grey Fall day, cool enough to require a light sweater on the golf course this afternoon. A young salesman for the Mac Millan Co. of Canada, Gary Shortliffe, called on my house for a chat. Asked me if I was still under contract with Doubleday, & I said No.

News:— Premier Smith has announced the long-expected shake-up in the N.S. cabinet. James Harding is out. Ken Jones steps down from the important Finance & Economics post to the easier Dept of Municipal Affairs. Three new young ministers are appointed. At Ottawa, Defence Minister Leo Cadieux has announced long-expected reductions & changes in Canada's armed forces. Our force in Europe is to be cut from 9,800 to 5,000 by the autumn of 1970. Three famous Canadian infantry regiments will be merged with other units & will thus disappear from the regular army — the Canadian Guards, Queens Own Rifles, & Black Watch. The Guards will be no loss, except to camera-toting tourists at full red dress parades. They were set up in three battalions after World War Two, under the influence of some top brass who apparently were impressed by the British Brigade of Guards, with the same uniforms, the same goose-stepping & foot-stamping, & the same bellowing of orders in voices that tapered off to a falsetto shriek. Canada's navy will dispense with its only aircraft carrier "Bonaventure" & some smaller ships. Nothing much is said about the air force on land. These changes will reduce Canada's regular defence personnel from 97,000 to 82,000.

SATURDAY, SEP. 20/69 Temp. down to 38° last night, but today was bright & delightful. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon. This evening we drove to Port Joli & dined with Charles Kelsey &

wife & their guest, a kinswoman from the Highlands of Scotland. Much lively talk about the Old Country, especially when the Kelseys reminisced about merry leaves in England & Scotland during 1940-1944, before Kelsey's regiment landed in Normandy & he was so badly wounded.

His bookbinding business, K & W Ltd., is flourishing, & did $239,000 worth of business last [redacted] year. They will build an extension on their plant this Fall. They do a lot of re-binding work for schools & libraries all over the Atlantic provinces. Originally they employed only people who were physically handicapped like Kelsey & his partner George Whalley themselves, paying good wages, with no distinction between male & female labour. But now their business is so large that they employ as many or more people without handicaps. All start at the same wage ($1.25 per hour) & are taught the trade on full pay.

SUNDAY, SEP. 21/69 Sunny & cool. At golf I wore an undershirt for the first time since May, plus a high-necked T-shirt & a light sweater. I have an irritating little cold, with a runny nose & a feeling of bodily malaise. Hope it doesn't develop into a bad one, which I always find hard to shake off.

A few birds visiting the bath in my garden — savannah sparrows, catbirds, robins, pine grosbeaks.

MONDAY, SEP. 22/69 A cool (40°) night & a fine warm day. I have prepared my address to the Graduates of St. Mary's, but it needs a bit more polishing. Golf in the afternoon with Jim Cowie, "Mik" Green, & Maurice Russell.

TUESDAY, SEP. 23/69 Same weather. This morning's Chronicle-Herald announces the Fall convocation of St. Mary's, & the conferring of four honorary degrees:- D. Litt. to me, and (posthumously) to the late Walter S. O'Hearn, a native of Hfx. who became executive editor of the Montreal Star; LL.D. to General Jean V. Allard, former Chief of Canadian Defence staff, and Lieut. Governor Victor de B. Oland.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 24/69 A drizzle of rain most of the day. Edmund Morris phoned to chat with me about the ritual on the platform at St. Mary's U. convocation. He is a former M.P. (Conservative) for Halifax who resigned his seat in disagreement with John Diefenbaker some years back. He now has charge of public relations at St. Mary's, and also has a program of daily news commentaries on Hfx. TV station CJCH. He

Halifax Chronicle-Herald
Sep. 23, 1969

GEN. ALLARD

THOMAS RADDALL

HON. V. deB OLAND

St. Mary's To Confer Four Honorary Degrees

St. Mary's University will confer four honorary degrees at the fall convocation Oct. 3, including doctorates of law to Gen. Jean Victor Allard, former Chief of Defence Staff, and Nova Scotia Lieutenant Governor Victor deB. Oland.

Honorary doctorates of letters will be presented to Canadian author Thomas Head Raddall, who will address the graduates, and posthumously to Walter Donald O'Hearn, former executive editor of The Montreal Star. Accepting Mr. O'Hearn's degree will be his son, Walter O'Hearn Jr. Announcement of the awards was made yesterday by university president Dr. H. J. Labelle.

Gen. Allard was appointed chief of staff in July, 1966. He retired in September this year, after 30 years in the armed forces. During that time, he served in the Second World War, earning a Distinguished Service Order, with two bars, as military attache to Moscow; Vice Quartermaster General, and represented Canada at the Korean truce-signing ceremonies in 1953.

He was later vice-chief of the general staff and, in Germany during 1961, became the first Canadian to command a British division.

Lieutenant Governor Oland, former president and general manager of Oland and Son Ltd., and A. Keith and Son Ltd., is past president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and of the Canadian Tourist Association. He is a member of the board of directors of several companies and is a member of the board of governors of Dalhousie and St. Francis Xavier universities.

Mr. Raddall, born in England in 1903, moved to Halifax at the age of 10. He started in his spare time writing short stories of Nova Scotia shortly after his marriage in 1927 and, 11 years later, became a professional author.

In addition to two privately-published books, 17 of Mr. Raddalls' books have been published, including eight novels, five volumes of short stories and four volumes of history. He has also written many magazine articles. In all, more than 2,000,000 copies have been published. Three of his books have been dramatized as television plays, including "Roger Sudden" — the first CBC serial.

The late Mr. O'Hearn was born in Halifax. Following completion of his studies at St. Mary's University, he became a reporter with The Halifax Herald. In 1934, he was appointed managing editor of the Montreal Herald, joining the Montreal Star after his discharge following the Second World War.

He became executive editor of the Star in 1964 and a director of the paper in 1968. He also served four terms as director of The Canadian Press, Canada's national news agency.

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who resigned
some years back. He now has charge
Mary's, and also has a program
Hfx. TV station CJCH.

said the University would like permission to print my address beforehand, for distribution to the guests, etc., & I agreed.

THURSDAY, SEP. 25, 1969 A sky of heavy grey cloud with spots of sunshine, not a breath of air stirring, temp. 78° with great humidity, a long slow beat of waves on the shore all presumably created by a West Indian hurricane passing far to seaward. I played golf in the afternoon & was drenched with sweat before I had traveled a hundred yards.

Mailed a carbon copy of my address to Edmund Morris.

This evening George Foster visited us with his bride of four weeks, Elaine. He has been a widower for years, & she two daughters aged 15 & 18. She was a widow with two daughters aged 12 and 15. His big house in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke is now full, & they both seem very happy about the whole thing. George brought up the subject of publishing rights in "Kaliya, Warden of the North", & I told him I had severed all connection with Doubleday, so the rights are mine. He thinks his firm would like to bring out a new edition of the book by the offset process, without illustrations (as the old plates had been destroyed) & with covers of laminated paper with a glossy surface. They would print 10,000 copies, & the book would retail at $3.95. I agreed to the usual royalty rate.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27/69 A thunderstorm woke me between 6 & 7 a.m., & there was heavy rain for several hours, tapering off to drizzle & fog. This should relieve the town engineer's worry about a water shortage. Several friends have written, phoned, or stopped me in the street to congratulate me on my new honour. Not the least of these was Henry Hensey, who shook my hand & recalled the days, nearly 40 years ago, when he was a man-of-all-work to old Miss Janet Mullins, retired teacher, & I used to call at her house on Waterloo Street to hear her talk of Liverpool history.

FRIDAY, ~~THURSDAY~~ OCT. 3/69 Drove to Hfx. this morning with E. Past the little hamlet called Jeffersville I turned on to the new (last year) highway called No. 103, which runs wide & fairly straight for about 24 miles, inland, with occasional distant glimpses of the sea from the ridge tops, re-entering the old South Shore highway near Arndale. This cuts

across an arc of the old road, which followed every indentation of the shore. Our room at Arndale Motel was a good one at the back, with a big window looking out on Chocolate Lake. A light lunch, a change to more formal clothes, & we drove to St. Mary's. E. was ushered to a reserved seat in the gymnasium; & I joined my three ~~[illegible]~~ honorary confreres in the office of President M. J. Labelle, where we chatted for a few minutes & donned our robes and mortarboard caps. The procession formed, & marched to the platform to a tune by the Stadacona naval band. E. had a seat in the front row on the main floor, together with Tom, Pamela, Tommy & Debby, and Bill & Francie Dennis & their four youngsters. My sisters Win & Hilda were there also, with their husbands, so altogether the Raddalls were almost a platoon. The place was full of people. About 100 students, who had been doing supplementary studies during the summer, received degrees & certificates. Not one with long hair, & only one with a beard — & that a neat one. A T.V. camera crew took film of the honorary presentations, & of me during a considerable part of my 25-minute address.

At the reception afterwards, with refreshments, I enjoyed seeing my now numerous family all together in one place, & chatting with Oland, General Allard, & Walter O'Hearne, Archbishop Hayes, & many others. Dr. Labelle drew me aside & said he would like to have me directly associated with St Mary's, & asked how I felt about lecturing on the writer's art. I said I had given one or two lectures on the writer's art in general, but I didn't think I could teach it in particular. He insisted that I consider it anyhow, & we left it at that.

Back to the motel about 5 p.m., feeling exhausted. Dined there at 7, & spent the evening relaxing in our room & watching some of the TV shows. The CBC news section ran some shots of the ceremonies & of me speaking. Edmund Morris on his evening TV (CTV) news-discussion show, devoted his time to my speech, reading extracts from it, & paying me some very pleasant compliments.

SATURDAY, ~~FRIDAY~~, Oct. ~~4~~ 5, 1969 Heavy rain in the night, & a grey windy day, whirling leaves off the trees & spitting rain. A leisurely breakfast, & then home in a run of about 2 hours 15 minutes.

SUNDAY, Oct. 5/69 Temp. 40° last night, & only 45° when E. & I set off for the golf course this morning, although the sun was

bright, & soon warmed the day. E. quitted at the 7th hole, & I played the second round with Jim Bowie, Reg. Wigglesworth, & Clary Webber, all old acquaintances, formerly or still employed as mechanics in the paper mill. In the afternoon Pam brought a present to us from her father, a compote and six nappies, all of glassware made in New Glasgow in the 1880's or 1890's, part of his collection. At 7 p.m. the Austin Parkers picked up E. & myself, & we attended a sherry party at the home of Mel. & Muriel Gardner, about 30 people, very pleasant.

MONDAY, OCT. 6, 1969 Sunny & cool. This morning I raked up fallen leaves, & mowed the lawns. In the afternoon I started the Fall chores:- washed the 7 windows facing the street, with ladder, hose & brush. Then went over them with a chamois cloth & a polishing mitt. I got down the 7 corresponding storm windows from the overhead racks in the garage, & E. cleaned them with a duster & then the new Bon Ami spray. By that time it was 3 p.m. & I felt a bit tired, so I stowed the clean storm windows in the garage, ready to put on in the morning. Tom L. has gone to New Brunswick for the annual woodcock hunt, with King Cockrane & other friends, & dogs.

TUESDAY, OCT. 7/69 Installed the 7 street windows this a.m. In the afternoon I got down the remaining 7 (wooden) storm windows from the garage racks, & E. cleaned them with dish towel, Bon Ami, & polishing cloth. This "dry" method (due to the invention of a good cleansing fluid) is better than the old business of sousing & scrubbing with a hose-brush, so I cleaned the remaining first-floor windows with it. The west-facing windows of my den are the highest & most awkward to reach, especially the permanent aluminum one, with its stiffly sliding glass panels & fly screen. At 3 p.m. I called it a day, & stowed the cleaned storm windows in the garage.

News:- A strike by policemen & firemen has left Montreal wide open to the criminal element, & today there was a flurry of hold-ups, & the burning of a large bus station & garage by a mob of rival taxi drivers. The Quebec legislature has passed an emergency law, ordering the Montreal policemen & firemen back to duty, with heavy fines for the unions as a whole, & individual

members, if they fail to do so within 24 hours. The Quebec government also has requested federal troops for the emergency — these are being flown to Montreal from Valcartier Camp, presumably French-Canadian soldiers.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1969 A busy day. This morning I put on the remaining 7 storm windows along the south & west sides of the house. This leaves only the kitchen window to be covered, which I can do easily any time before the snow flies. Also put on the storm door over our north side entrance, & oiled the locks & hinges of both storm doors, covered the air vent under my den, emptied the garden roller & stowed it away in the garage. In the afternoon, I played 18 holes at White Point, score 91. Felt all right, but in the evening my bones ached in the joints, & despite sleeping pills I spent an uneasy night.

News:- Montreal police are back on the job, & the rioting is over, but armed soldiers of the 22nd. ("Van Doos") Regiment are still guarding Federal government buildings. On TV tonight we saw some of the destruction, many stores smashed & looted.

Local news:- Judge Dubinsky opened the Fall session of the Supreme Court in Liverpool yesterday, with a case that drew a crowd of people. Terence White, who came to Liverpool a year or so ago as Chief of Police, after long service in the RCMP and RCAF police, was fired by the town council after a few months. He was now suing the town for wrongful dismissal. On the stand, he testified that he had been "harassed" by Ingram Judge, who is chairman of the town police committee, because he gave Judge's son a fine-ticket for illegal parking. He said there were other cases in which the sons of influential people had got immunity, after various misdemeanors, against which he protested. However, town lawyer Lester Clements stopped these revelations by insisting that the whole case turned on a single legal point, the right of the town council to discharge a policeman under section 208 of the provincial Towns Act, which states "that police hold office at the pleasure of the Town and may be dismissed by resolution of the Council, without notice." For the same reason he asked the court to dispense with a jury, leaving the decision to the judge. Legally, this was correct, & the judge had no course but to dismiss the case. But obviously the police have been harassed by favoritism, & the attempt to bring it into the open has drawn

public attention. A similar case is now pending in Bridgewater.

THURSDAY, Oct. 9, 1969 A fine warm day, temp. 85° in the sun at noon, & a humid lot. Golf in the afternoon.

Rev. Bob Mills phoned from Bridgewater, asking me to act as commentator, on stage, for a program of sea songs & chanties by the Acadian Male Quartet next March 3rd. This is one of a series of monthly concerts being arranged for the fall & winter by the Christian Education Centre. I don't relish the idea of driving over wintry roads, at night, but I agreed.

FRIDAY, Oct. 10/69 Bright & warm, not so humid. Golf in the afternoon. Yesterday & today E. played a few holes & then retired to chat in the clubhouse. For the past week or more she has had pain in her joints, which she attributed to some sort of passing malady, as she has not had arthritis to any extent. Now it continues, like a permanent onset of arthritis or some form of rheumatic ailment. She uses an electric heating pad in the evenings, & takes some pain-relieving pills sent by Bill Dennis.

SATURDAY, Oct. 11/69 Fog & drizzle. I got some dark brown dye for my golf shoes, & gave them two coats. The original colour had washed out of the toes & sides by tramping through wet grass in the past two years. This afternoon on TV we watched the first game of the baseball "World Series" in Baltimore. The Baltimore "Orioles" defeated the New York "Mets" with apparent ease.

Several of my rose bushes are still budding & blooming. A few birds still enjoy the garden bath — song sparrows, savannah sparrows, robins, a pair of white-throat sparrows, a lone male pine grosbeak. Birch & maple leaves are slowly falling.

News:- Robert Winters died of a heart seizure in Monterey, California. He was in his 50's. Former MP for Lunenburg - Queens & for several years a member of the Liberal cabinet at Ottawa. He made a determined attempt to win the leadership of the federal Liberal party, but lost out to Trudeau.

SUNDAY, Oct. 12/69 Fine & hot (85° in the sun at 4 p.m.) Some days ago Tom & Helena Jory invited us to lunch with them at Mill Village today. E. & I, from long custom, never eat anything at noon except a couple of slices of meat (or two weiners

sausages) & sliced tomato or lettuce. However we drove to the Jory place & managed a prodigious meal of roast mutton, mashed potato, mashed pumpkin, creamed cauliflower, & then pumpkin pie & coffee. Phew! Our fellow guests were George & Ethel Doggett, of Hunts Point.

Jory has advertised his property for sale, but I hear that he wants $75,000 for it, so it will require of a special sort of buyer, with plenty of money, like Jory himself. Helena has hinted to someone that they have in mind another property "outside Liverpool" if they can sell this one. Perhaps it is the Doggetts' place, a well built & furnished modern house with a good flower garden, on a quiet side road a little way from the main shore highway at Hunts Point. After lunch we were joined by Miss Isabel MacNeill, who recently bought & moved into the charming old house at Mill Village, occupied in the 1930's by Gavin Creed, & in more recent years by a Mr. & Mrs. Willans, who have moved to B.C. Miss MacNeill is a vigorous but pale & plain woman in her 60's, highly intelligent. During World War Two she joined the Canadian Navy (Women's Division) & rose to high position. Since then she has spent many years in charge of a prison for women in Ontario (Kingston, I think) dealing with the problems of dope addicts, thieves & prostitutes. She lives alone, & is having the old house equipped with a modern furnace, kitchen, bathroom, etc. She knew my sister Nellie at Dalhousie U. long ago.

Home at 4 p.m. & watched the tag of a baseball game on TV (World Series) in which the New York team won by a score of 2 to 1.

TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1969 E. & I set off in the car this afternoon for Moncton, planning to arrive there tomorrow. To see the fall colour I turned off the shore highway at Chester, & took the road to Windsor via Vaughan. Unfortunately it was a day of low & heavy cloud, with showers, & dense fog or cloud on the way over the hills, but we had a patch of sunshine around Windsor Forks. Then across country by the crooked & narrow Kawdon road, where the views are always delightful. At Shubenacadie we entered the new (to me) "through-way", which skirts the towns & permits fast & easy driving. Turned off at Truro about 4 p.m. & got an excellent room at the Stonehouse Motel, which has a good

restaurant. Dined, & spent a leisurely evening watching colour TV.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 15, 1969 Fine weather. I intended driving via Parrsboro, for the shore views, calling briefly on our friends Fred & Nola Hill, at Great Village en route. Phoned Fred beforehand, & arrived about 10 a.m. at their lovely home at the mouth of the Great Village river. Nola has a lung ailment as well as a weak heart, & is confined to bed; but she received us there, in her old vivacious manner, insisted on coffee & cookies for us all, so our stay extended to 11 a.m. I decided to cut out the long drive by way of Parrsboro, turned back to Glenholme, re-entered the "through-way", & went straight on to Moncton. The Wentworth hills were lovely, although the red maples were bare, & the colours were mostly yellow & russet on the birch & poplar trees. Arrived at the Dennis house in Riverview shortly after 1 p.m., & found Francie & her family all well & cheerful. Some friends & neighbours dropped in, & we all watched World Series baseball on a colour TV set in the games room in the basement. The New York "Mets" won again, & as they have been the youthful under-dogs of the league for a long time nearly everyone hopes they will go on to win the pennant.

In the evening Bill & Francie invited 10 or 15 of their friends in to meet E. & me, & we had a pleasant party. Mostly married couples in the thirties, the ladies all in mini-skirted dresses, & looking extremely well in them. Several were doctors & their wives, nearly all of whom have built or bought homes near each other in Riverview, across the river from Moncton. Got to bed about 1 a.m.

THURSDAY, Oct. 16/69 A frosty (30°) night & a sunny day. Played golf with Bill Dennis & friend Peter Grossman. They live so close to the golf course that we just walked to the clubhouse. I had brought my clubs & cart, & we had a very pleasant game, even though Peter & I had very big scores. Bill is a good player & had an 81. Here the hardwoods are nearly all bare, & owing to drifts of fallen leaves it was difficult sometimes to find one's ball even in the fairways. Finished about 2 p.m. Had a light lunch, & spent the rest of the afternoon with Bill, Francie, Peter & Pat Grossman, Eric Bungay, watching the "Mets" win the final game. For dinner, Bill cooked a

salmon which he caught on the Miramichi last year, & has kept frozen in a block of ice. Wrapped in aluminum foil, & cooked over a charcoal broiler on the terrace, together with potatoes in foil, it was delicious. In the evening we chatted, & watched some TV shows. The Dennis youngsters are bright & lively, but well mannered kids, & Francie seems to have got out of her depression, so it is a happy household.

FRIDAY, Oct. 17, 1969 Another fine day. We started for home about 9:30 a.m. & drove on the "through-way" to the vicinity of Bedford, then turned off by the familiar road through Fleminworth's Plain to the south shore. Stopped at the Windjammer restaurant in Chester for a bowl of fish chowder & a glass of ale. Reached home about 3:30 p.m., a little stiff from the long drive, & somewhat tired.

SATURDAY, Oct. 18/69 Cool & windy & overcast. Spent the afternoon mowing & clipping my lawns. The mail included:- (a) a letter from Dal. University Library asking me to be one of a panel, representing the creative arts, for a symposium to be held in June 1970, when Dal. is planning a special celebration of the opening of the new Izaak Walton Killam Library, and the Dal. U. School of Library Service. (b) a letter from Guy Sylvestre, National Librarian, Ottawa, asking me to donate (now or eventually) my manuscripts & personal papers to the National Library of Canada. (c) a letter from Donald Cameron, professor in the Dept. of English, U.N.B., (who interviewed me here last year) enclosing a Xerox copy of his paper entitled "Thomas Raddall: The Art of (Historical) Fiction" which he read at the Atlantic Regional Conference of the Humanities Association at Sackville, N.B. in 1968. The Dalhousie Review is now considering it for publication.

SUNDAY, Oct. 19/69 Open-& - shut coky with strong NW wind. Golf in the afternoon. E. still unable to play, owing to pains in her thighs & shoulders. She has never had arthritis, & thinks this is some form of neuritis. Wrote Sylvestre, saying I intend to keep my papers while I live, but will bequeath them to some Canadian institution, & I will keep the National Library in mind when I make my decision.

MONDAY, Oct. 20/69 A grey day with bleak S.E. breeze, & rain at morning & evening. In spite of which I played golf in

the afternoon with Jim Dumeah & Paul King. Wrote to Doubleday Canada Ltd., enclosing bank draft for $1,250.00, refunding the advance they made on the projected Sable Island book in 1964. Also wrote Doubleday (New York) saying I haven't received a royalty statement on the 1963 three-book contract & asking how much I owe them on the Sable Island advance.

While at the golf pro. shop this afternoon I paid Mrs. Dumeah the club-storage fees for this season, for E. & myself, $7.00 each.

TUESDAY, Oct. 21/69 Showers all night & morning. Wrote to Donald Cameron. Oiled the furnace motors & vacuum-cleaned the air filters. Greased the slides of all aluminum storm windows.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22/69 Winter came today with a fall of thick snow that covered the ground about ½ inch, despite a temp. well above freezing point (36° at noon).

The plumber today replaced the rubber or plastic drop-valve in our toilet tank. The main trouble is a small copper screw, which corrodes badly in the town water. (The same thing happened in Feb. 1967, just about one year after the whole toilet was installed new.) I always thought copper was almost impervious to corrosion, but the plumber says "Not in Liverpool!"

A letter from "Ben" Bennet asking me to do a review of Guy Frégault's "Canada: The War of the Conquest". He adds that he will publish Donald Cameron's paper in the Dalhousie Review, & asks my opinion of it. A letter from Victor Oland inviting E. & me to lunch at Government House on Nov. 21, to meet Sir Bernard & Lady Fergusson, who will be in Halifax for meetings of the Commonwealth Society. Fergusson was an officer in a Highland regiment during World War Two, & has written books about General Wavell, the Burma campaign, etc. Later he was Governor General of New Zealand.

News:— The whole of Canada east of the Rockies is under snow, & temperatures in lower Ontario got down to 12° above zero, — all in a great wave of Arctic air. The Annapolis Valley has 6 inches, Colchester County 7 inches, of snow on the ground.

THURSDAY, Oct. 23/69 Snow flurries this morning. Temp. 32° at 8 a.m. In the afternoon enough sunshine got through to melt the snow on black-top streets & roads, but it remains on the

ground. E picked several of our roses, in bud or full bloom, & brought them to vases indoors. In the early afternoon I drove to the golf club, & brought home E's caddy & clubs, & my own, for the winter. E. is greatly troubled with her neuritis, & spends the evenings lying on the livingroom couch with an electric heating-pad under her thighs. Austin Parker dropped in last evening, inviting me to join Hector Dunlap & himself in a week (next week) at Eagle Lake, camp. They intend some deer & partridge hunting. I said I might come in for a day or two. I don't shoot any more, & my lame hip makes muskeg woods travel painful.

FRIDAY, Oct. 24/69 Cold & breezy. Temp. 35° at noon. The snow remains. Indoors all day except for a walk to the post office this morning, & a motor trip to the supermarket in late afternoon for steaks & a broiled chicken. Little Debbie & Tommy came after school & stayed for supper — a weekly treat for E. & them — all the pop & candy the kids can eat. In late afternoon Hugh Kane phoned from Toronto. Apparently he had just heard that I had severed my connection with Doubleday; & as the new head of MacMillan Canada Ltd. he said "It would be the proudest day of my life if I could get you on the MacMillan authors' list". I said I had no immediate writing or printing plans, I just wanted to get the hell away from Doubleday. Hugh said, what about a book of memoirs? I suppose young Shortliffe had told him I had done some work on an autobiography. I said I had begun to write my memoirs, not necessarily for publication, & it would be a long job. He said MacMillan would be happy to publish it when ready, meanwhile what about a book on Nova Scotia, a sort of informal travel book. John Gray had asked me to do such a book (last year, I think) as one of a series on the Canadian provinces, & sent me Edward McCourt's book on Saskatchewan for a sample. But I had said a tourist guide was not my sort of thing. Kane said I could write a book on N.S. any way I liked, & asked me to look over some other books in the series which he is sending down. I said I'd do that much, but wouldn't commit myself at the present time. We left it at that.

Austin Parker dropped in, again urging me to come to Eagle Lake on Sunday with him, Hector Dunlap, & Jerry Nickerson, & stay at least a couple of days. So I agreed.

SATURDAY, Oct 25, 1969 Mild. Golf this afternoon with John Wickwire & Maurice Russell. News:- The mixed freight-and-passenger train on the South Shore line of the CNR made its last run, Yarmouth to Halifax today. From now on, the trains will haul freight, but no passengers. The passenger service on this line began when the Halifax & South Western Railway completed the line in 1905. I traveled the line quite frequently between Liverpool & Halifax, from 1923 until the end of W. W. 2. in 1945, when gasoline rationining ceased & I could run up to the city any time, summer or winter, by car.

SUNDAY, Oct. 26/69 Overcast & mild. At 10 a.m. I picked up Jerry Nickerson in my car, with knapsacks, etc., & drove to the dam at Big Falls. Austin Parker & Hector Dunlop had gone ahead of us in Parker's "Gypsy" jeep truck, laden with a week's supplies, and Austin's 6'2" son Douglas, & Hector's son Jack, a timber cruiser, went with them by car. Parker's boat & outboard motor were at the dam already, so they went up Big Falls Pond with the whole outfit. At the landing, near the mouth of Eagle Brook, the two young men undertook to carry all the stuff up the mile of trail to Eagle Lake camp. Meanwhile Austin took the boat back to Big Falls, & picked up Jerry & me. By the time we got to the landing, all the supplies and equipment had gone up the trail, & we had only to walk in, carrying our own packs.

I took along my field glasses. Also my father's Army .455 Webley revolver (the only hand-gun I have) in case I should meet a bear on a lone walk in the woods. (Bears have become very numerous since the provincial government ceased paying a bounty on bear snouts.) At camp, the two young men had dinner with us, & then returned to Big Falls on foot by the 2½ mile trail. In the afternoon we cut & split some firewood, & did various other camp chores. Austin & Jerry, both first rate amateur cooks, prepared an enormous dixie-pot of stew, composed of chunks of beef, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, carrots & onions — enough to provide one square meal per day for all hands for a week. (Each meal is provided by dipping out a saucepan-full & heating it.) All evening we played bridge — Austin & Jerry against Hector & me. My three companions are all card sharks in constant practice, whereas I know none

of the bidding conventions, & play hardly more than once a year. So Hector had a weak partner. For a time I got good cards & did pretty well, although I failed to bid them properly. Then the luck turned, & we got licked.

MONDAY, OCT. 27/1969 Mild, with a good south breeze. Hector took his rifle for a leisurely morning's hunt, while Austin & Jerry cut down some young maples for firewood. I took the boat & rowed up the lake 1½ miles to the mouth of Long Lake Brook. Walked upstream through the wild meadows where in the past we have had so many hunting adventures. Some snow remains in the shady places, & there were deers' tracks, & patches of flattened wild grass where deer had lain down. I climbed up on the great boulder, formerly surrounded by young spruce trees, where I spent many a lonely vigil in the late afternoon & dusk, watching for deer to come out of the woods to drink from the brook. I shot several there. It was never easy, for the deer never fully revealed themselves, & the target was always a moving one, in bad light. I used to stick my spent cartridge cases on twigs of the spruce trees. Porcupines have since killed the trees, which fell & rotted, leaving the rock almost bare. I searched for my old cartridge cases, but I suppose they were buried under the drift of leaves from the swamp maples. It was like searching for the years when I was in my thirties & forties, at my physical prime — long lost & gone. I returned to the boat & rowed back to camp, making good time with oars & a fair wind, & got there in time to take an axe & split most of the maple chunks that Austin & Jerry had cut. We had a tremendous dinner of stew, & in the afternoon Hector took the boat up the lake for a hunt in the meadows, while Austin & Jerry hunted up the west ridge. They all came together at the mouth of Long Lake Brook, about the end of the afternoon, & hoisted the boat's lugsail, & had an easy voyage back to camp on the south wind. I felt lazy & stayed at camp, having a shave, & doing camp chores. Supper was finnan haddie, with egg sauce, & biscuits — all cooked by Jerry to perfection. For a lot of old codgers we get about pretty well — Austin is 73, Hector is 70, I am 66, & I think Jerry is about 66. Played bridge until midnight, & this time Hector & I had no cards worth anything to bid on, & the opposition slaughtered us.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald, Monday, OCT. 27, 1969

South Shore Passenger Train Service Ends

Mixed train 244, Yarmouth to Halifax, disembarked its last passengers Saturday night at the CN terminal in Halifax to mark the end of a passenger service to the South Shore area of the province, which was more than 60 years old.

There was no fanfare, and no special celebrations at the end of the line for the train.

The three cars, one for baggage, one for express mail and another for passengers, were quickly shunted to one side and the two engines returned to the roundhouse in Fairview. Only a handful of railway personnel were aware that it was the last passenger run for the train.

LAST TRIP

Engineer Charlie Hatfield, Truro and Bridgewater, who replaced the regular engineer, John Woodsworth, had the distinction of making the last trip carrying passengers on the line.

Mr. Hatfield, leaning out of the engine, described the trip as fairly "normal" and "uneventful."

It wasn't always so!

Only a few short years ago passengers formed the nucleus of the South Shore train service. During the Second World War and up until the late 40's, trains carrying passengers only made a trip both ways daily on the track. In addition, a mixed train made a daily round trip from Liverpool to Halifax and return.

FIRST CLASS

The passenger train included a parlor car with dining facilities and also a regular first class coach.

The final passenger train No. 244 bore little resemblance to its earlier counterpart.

Conductor Vincent MacInnes, Dartmouth, who has been on train 244, Yarmouth to Halifax and train 243 for the return trip, was on the run for about 11 years and he has enjoyed it, he says.

The details in his logbook for the final trip seem to indicate it.

"Depart Bridgewater at 1:55 p.m. (Atlantic Standard Time) with 20 cars and 14 passengers. 'Entrained' or picked up two additional cars in Mahone Bay and detrained 19 cars at Fairview."

When train 244 arrived in Halifax it had three cars and a total of 11 passengers. Total number of passengers for the trip from Yarmouth where the trip originated to Halifax was 49.

Mr. MacInnes and the other crew members on train 244 E. A. Meagher, Halifax, and G. E. Hemsworth, Halifax, both trainmen, will continue on the run in the future but with one major difference. No passengers!

The passenger car will be replaced by a "van" or caboose for the crew members.

The train will be totally converted to freight and express mail and will retain its schedule of a trip to Yarmouth from Halifax on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with a return trip to Halifax on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

NO PASSENGERS

Removal of the passenger car from the train will mean that there will be no passenger service west of Halifax, except for the service that the Dominion Atlantic Railway still operates.

Lost to the passengers, who frequented the train will be such nostalgic names as Pubnico, Tusket, Barrington, Barrington Passage, Port Clyde, Lockeport, Port Mouton and French Village which were among the 20 stops made during the run.

Even though there was no special event to mark the occasion, one railway employee perhaps summed it up when he commented that it was, "the end of an era. That car should go to a museum."

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boat up the lake
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73, Hector is
Played bridge until midnight
about 66.

TUESDAY, OCT. 28, 1969 Temp. dropped to about 40° in the night, with a shower or two of rain, but we slept, as always, with the camp door wide open. I was wakened in the night by a mouse running about my head. Made a slap at it, but it ran up the wall. Thus my total of game seen at Eagle Lake on this trip consists of 3 ducks (all within easy shotgun range if I'd had a gun) 1 pair of blue jays, 1 pair of whisky-jacks, & 1 mouse. My companions have seen nothing but the blue & grey jacks, which always come about the camp to pick up food scraps. Last evening, just for a whim, I took one of the birchbark horns which still hang on the wall, & uttered several cow-moose calls. The sound went echoing along the lake & among the ridges in the stillness, but there was no reply. I told Jerry, "I've called up live moose in my time, but I can't call them back from the dead." In the 1920's & 1930's the region about Eagle, Long, & Kempton lakes (formerly called the "Indian Devil country" by the Micmacs) was fine moose-hunting ground; but we have not seen so much as a moose track there for at least 20 years.

I was up first this morning, got the fire going, washed & dressed, & made some preparation for breakfast, before anyone else was astir. Discovered that, instead of ground coffee, Austin had bought by mistake a package of roasted coffee beans. So I "ground" enough for breakfast by pounding them with the flat end of a single-bitt axe. After breakfast, Hector & I washed up the dishes, & I took my departure for home. The last words from my companions were an urgent request to "find someone & send him in to make a fourth hand at cards." My hunting knapsack I tucked into my big "tote" knapsack, together with all the extra clothing I had taken along in case of cold weather, my revolver & ammunition, field glasses, washing & shaving gear, etc., so I had a fair load on my back. Austin had offered to take me down to Big Falls in the motorboat, but I hiked out by the old trail, & covered the trail (2½ miles) in about an hour. This trail is getting very faint in places, & soon will be difficult to follow except in the tall woods where there is no undergrowth. Just where the path turns off to Big Falls power dam, I came upon a youth of 17 or 18 obviously hunting for deer along the trail. Instinctively he started to put up his rifle to fire, but I called out "Hello!", & saved my own hide, if not my life. Got home about 11 a.m. Shaved & bathed & had a light luncheon. E. had a bit of sad news. My old friend Frank Willis,

of the 61st., died of a heart attack in Toronto on Sunday. He was 60. He & his wife Gladys made one of their brief visits to White Point Lodge last July 28 & 29, & we had a couple of meals together, & Frank played golf with me. He said he intended to retire next year.

During my absence E. went to Dr. Floyd Macdonald about the continued pains in her arms & legs. He gave her a thorough check-up, including heart, blood pressure, etc., on general principles, & diagnosed her ailment as a rheumatic inflammation of the muscles, & he prescribed some pills.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 29/69 I had a bad night in spite of rum & sleeping pills taken at intervals from 11 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Probably some mental trauma due to the combination of visiting the scene of my strong & happy adventures at Eagle Lake, & the news of the sudden death of Frank Willis. Today the weather was sunny but chilly (44° at noon) with an easterly breeze. My legs & shoulders are stiff from the labours with axe & saw at Eagle Lake, but I played 18 holes of very bad golf this afternoon, trying to work out the kinks. E. says the pills are doing her a lot of good, & she walked with me on the golf course for seven holes. Saw a flock of ring-necked plover, & the course had a heavy population of migrating robins, all busy pulling up worms.

~~SATURDAY~~, ~~Oct~~ Nov 1/~~29~~/69 Frosty nights & cool (45°) days. Played golf every afternoon since Wednesday, today wearing for the first time this season a suit of "long-john" underwear. Many robins still on the course, & small flocks of juncos, sand peeps, & willets. Yesterday morning the club groundsman, Clair Klupman, found deer tracks on N° 5 green. Towards evening he & Jim Dumeah, the club pro., armed themselves with rifles & entered the scrub bushes & spruce trees which cover the tip of White Point beyond N° 5 green. It is only a small area, & they soon found & shot a 160-pound buck deer. This afternoon in passing the jib of "rough" in the dog-leg of N° 2 fairway, I flushed a pair of woodcock, an easy left-&-right for a double-barrelled shotgun, if I'd had one.

On return from the golf course I removed the fly screen from the kitchen window, & cleaned & installed the wooden storm window, caulking around it with grey putty. The last house chore in preparation for winter. One of my ash trees is bare, & so are the birches, but many leaves remain on other trees & all the shrubs.

SUNDAY, Nov. 2, 1969 Milder (temp. 50°) with a heavy grey-black ceiling of clouds. Busy at my desk, catching up on correspondence, all morning. On Oct. 10 Grace Tratt, of Dal. University Library, wrote me about the opening ceremonies for the new Izaak Walton Killam Memorial Library in June 1970. The focal point of the related events is to be a symposium on the theme "The Arts in the Atlantic Provinces", with a panel representing art, music, creative writing, & drama. She asked me to represent creative writing. After some thought I wrote a polite No. In the literary field I have been a lone wolf in all ways, having little contact with other authors, & today there is a great crowd of young poets & novelists of whom I know nothing at all. Golf alone in the afternoon, using summer underwear — cotton T-shirt & shorts — & quite warm enough.

On TV tonight Prime Minister Trudeau uttered a blunt message to big business & big (union) labour, demanding that they curb their constant trend to higher wages & higher prices. They were well able to do this at the cost of the "little people" — the two out of three Canadians who are not organized — but if necessary his government would take measures to protect the "little people".

MONDAY, Nov. 3/69 Rain all day. Pamela drove to Hfx today to do some shopping, taking little Blair, & staying overnight. So Debby & Tommy are staying with us until she gets back. I spent the day re-reading Parkman etc. on the Seven Years' War, in preparation for my review of Trégault's book. Tonight we had some trouble with the TV set, a faulty switch perhaps, or possible a failing connection on or in the tube. I bought the set on Nov. 1 last year, so the 12-month guarantee on tubes & parts has just expired. After some jiggling the picture & sound came on, & functioned all evening, & we let the kids stay up till 9:30 (their bedtime at home is 9) to watch a comedy.

TUESDAY, Nov. 4/69 Overcast & very mild. Today the Rossignol garage made the annual check-up on my car — lights, brakes, ignition, balance of front wheels, muffler & exhaust, & the closure of interior ventilator. They installed new spark plugs & points. Also changed the oil & greased all bearings.

Talking to Austin Parker & Jerry Nickerson today. They had a week of almost perfect weather at Eagle Lake, & enjoyed

every bit of it, but saw no game except a few ducks. However they set the half-dozen mouse traps every night, mostly around the food supply, & caught no less than 34 mice — an all-time record. I said they should have done their big game hunting on the golf course, like Jim Dumeah.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 5, 1969 I am still reading on the 7 Years War, & comparing other historians with Pargault on the subject. Golf alone this afternoon under a low pewter sky, with a sea wind blowing half a gale. Pamela got home this afternoon, & our lively little guests departed. They are spirited but tractable youngsters, & we enjoy them.

THURSDAY, Nov. 6/69 Dense fog & temperature unseasonably warm — 60° — as it has been for several days. Golf all afternoon with John & Larry Wickwire, & Charlie Williams. A leisurely affair — the Wickwires are good company but without a sense of time — & we were 4 hours playing 18 holes — but I enjoyed the company, played very well, & had best score, 87.

E. is still much bothered with pain in arms & legs; & the electric heating pad (on which she sits) & the doctor's pills don't do much good. I think, myself, she has neuritis; & the doctor's diagnosis of "arthritic muscular pains" doesn't make sense. She is over the proper weight for her height & bones, & has an enormous belly & bowed legs with gnarled varicose veins. She makes a pretence at dieting at the meal table, but nibbles between times, & especially with much cheese etc at night, & swigs a lot of wine during the day in addition to her gins at night. All these are symptoms rather than causes, but they add to her general malaise.

FRIDAY, Nov. 7/69 Showers & some fog. Temp. 60° Our morning newspaper, the Halifax Chronicle Herald, omitted its red bannerhead & front page headlines this morning, & came forth in solid black. In a two-column obituary on the front page, with a large photo of the man, it announced the death yesterday of G. Mac. Daley, Q.C., chairman of the board of Halifax Herald Ltd., which owns the Hfx. newspaper monopoly. What it omitted in the long eulogy was that Daley, since the end of World War Two, has been the "front man" in Nova Scotia for New Brunswick billionaire K. C. Irving, with close control of the Hfx. newspapers, the Steel & Engine Products plant here at Liverpool, & various other

Irving interests. Himself the son of a Baptist minister, Daley was an old-fashioned hardshell Baptist, a lean beady-eyed man whose only interests were money & religion. His son, Laurence J. Daley Q.C., is now head of the law firm of Daley, Black, Moreira & Pierce in Halifax, which specialises in corporation law & looks after the Irving interests.

Garden note:- Despite several frosts, & the snowfall in October, a yellow ("Peace") rose is in full bloom & scent by my den wall, & there are four flourishing buds on one of the Helen Traubels by the bird bath.

SATURDAY, Nov. 8, 1969 Another damp & dark day, with thick fog. Played golf in the afternoon with John & Larry Wickwire. The ground so soggy that the ball "digs in" & stops, wherever it hits. News:- The big experimental American oil-tanker "Manhattan", together with her escort, the Canadian ice-breaker "John A. Macdonald", have arrived back in Halifax, after nearly 2½ months of testing & exploring the North West Passage. (see entry Sep. 18). We saw excellent colour TV pictures taken on these voyages.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9/69 Drizzle all day & night. In the afternoon I played golf with Paul King & John Pitblado, & got drenched from the waist down — a plastic jacket kept my torso dry. For underwear I had only my summer cotton shorts, & the temp. was 45°. However a good hot bath, & change into dry things, averted ill effects.

We have not seen the sun, or even a patch of blue sky, since Nov. 2. The weather has been mostly fog & drizzle here, but in eastern N.S., especially Antigonish County, heavy rains & flooded roads.

News:- A majority of the students, male & female, have demanded complete self-rule in the dormitories of St. Mary's U. at Halifax, & Dr. Labelle has expelled three girls who did not turn up at their dormitory for the 11 p.m. curfew. Many U.S. & some Canadian colleges have given up their former rules about dormitories, so that males & females mingle, in & out of the bedrooms, at any hour they like. Many young women nowadays take "The Pill" as a matter of course — or intercourse — so they have

none of the old-fashioned fear of pregnancy which inhibited their mothers & grandmothers. This, too, relieves the young men of any qualms about responsibility. However, they can't do anything in completely "permissive" dormitories that they haven't been doing for years in cars & in nocturnal outdoor "petting places", so in the end it cannot make much difference.

MONDAY, NOV. 10, 1969 Another dark wet day, which I spent mostly indoors, reading. The Reader's Digest (Canada) Ltd. have just published & printed in Canada, "The Canadians At War 1939/45". It is an excellent production in two large volumes, with many photographs & maps, & a smaller paper-covered booklet called "The Tools of War 1939/45" containing exact descriptions of weapons, ships, planes, etc. used by the Germans & ourselves, with photos & diagrams. The publishers quoted from my wartime descriptions of Halifax in "Halifax, Warden of The North", with my permission, & they have sent me a set of these books and a cheque for $50.00.

The mail also brought a printed invitation from Lieut. Governor & Mrs. Oland to attend a reception at 5:30 p.m. on Nov. 21 st., with a secretary's written superscription "To announce Admiral Pullen's new book." This would mean driving home in darkness or staying overnight, so I shall send regrets. The book is Hugh Pullen's history of the frigates "Shannon & Chesapeake" in the war of 1812. He wrote the original draft some years ago, hoping to get it published by the Maritime Museum, Halifax. The writing was rather wooden, & some of his opinions & deductions were highly questionable, so the board of the Museum turned their thumbs down. Pullen then came to me, insisting that I read & discuss the thing, which I did. I had not been consulted in the Board's decision, but Pullen obviously suspected that I had, & probably still thinks so. The Board is largely composed of naval officers, retired or still in service, and Pullen is a peppery & self-opinionated man, much given to personal publicity, hence the rejection. Since then he has done much more research on the subject, & now it is being published in Toronto, with many illustrations & maps, to sell at $20.00 or a bit more.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11, 1969 Dark & wet. All stores closed, & no mail-sorting at the post office, in deference to the theoretical remembrance of Canada's dead in the wars. Most of the present generation know little & care less about the sacrifices of the past in defence of freedom; & at today's ceremony at the Cenotaph in Halifax three university students accosted the veterans & mourners, handing them pamphlets of printed protest against the U.S. war in Viet Nam.

E. & I attended a dinner party this evening at Rolf & Muriel Fealborne's house, Fort Point, in honour of Capt. Charles Copelin, who is closing up his Hunt's Point residence for the winter, which he will spend with son Gregory & wife in Montreal. About 20 old friends there, with good drinks, food, & chat. Home at 11 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12/69 Dark & wet. This afternoon I took E. to Dr. Lloyd Macdonald's office for more tests, etc. He now thinks her painful arm may be due to osteo-arthritis (which makes sense) & possibly the bones of the neck may be included. She is to go to the hospital tomorrow for more blood tests & X-rays. I finished a 1,000 word review of Pregault's book for the Dalhousie Review — a lot of study for such a little end, but that was the word-limit.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13/69 My 66th. birthday. Whatever the value of my own work, a whim of curiosity shows that 1903 was a vintage year for authors. They include George Orwell, Evelyn Waugh, Georges Simenon, Clare Boothe, Kay Boyle, Erskine Caldwell, Morley Callaghan, Anaïs Nin, Marquis Childs, James Gould Cozzens. Except for my old enemy lumbago, which has given me a permanent stoop in the past 10 years, & the slight limp from a creaky hip, I am remarkably well; & while my hair has dwindled to a snowy fuzz around the lower rim of my skull, I still have most of my own teeth. E. presented me with Robie Tufts' book on birds of Nova Scotia, an excellent work, & for dinner served up two of my favorite dishes, creamed lobster on toast, and bread-&-butter pudding — the little dish of pudding topped with three small candles. In the afternoon Erik Andersen & I took ladder, broom, & trowel, & cleaned the sodden mess of fallen leaves out of our eaves troughs & down-spouts. Tom Jr.

dropped in this evening with a little gift, half a dozen golf balls, & some chat. He looks pale, & has a cold which he has been unable to shake off for the past three weeks, the result of overwork. Of the three dentists in Liverpool, MacIntosh is away on a holiday trip, & Murphy is now almost completely absorbed in managing the fish plant. The lone dentist in Shelburne is also away on a holiday trip. So Tom is assailed with urgent demands, not only from his regular practice, but from the whole area between Shelburne & Port Medway, which keeps him working day & night until 10 or 11 p.m.

He says "It brings in a lot of money, an average of $180 to $200 a day, which is ridiculous, because it shoves my income into a figure of which the income tax is taking 38% — more than that if things keep on like this. I'd much rather take things easier, spend more time with my wife & family, & stay in a lower tax bracket."

FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1969 Dark & wet. So dark indeed that we have to switch on our lights by 3 p.m. for comfortable reading, & the schools behind us have their lights on all day. In mid-morning today the overcast opened for about 20 minutes & let a ray of sickly sunlight through.

News: Today 3 American astronauts set off by rocket from Cape Kennedy for another landing on the moon. A thunderstorm over Florida gave them some shaky minutes — severe buffeting & all their electrical systems, including lights, went out. Apparently caused by lightning. However, they got the systems working again without difficulty.

SATURDAY, NOV. 15/69 Dark & wet. At mid-morning Debby, Tommy, & Blair, came to watch the Santa Claus parade in Toronto, on our colour TV set. Debby is 10 years old, Tommy is 8, so they are a bit blasé now, while Blair at 4 still believes in Santa Claus; nevertheless they all enjoyed the show.

This afternoon, to get some real exercise despite the rain, I donned rubber overshoes, & the waterproof silk parka & trousers that Frank Willis gave me 3 or 4 years ago on one of his trips to Cape Sable. The temp. was 58°, & the work was hard — raking up masses of sodden leaves in the stubborn grass of my lawns, to which the leaves clung, & carrying them in the big galvanized iron container to the dump behind my garden wall. It took me from 1:15 p.m. to 4 p.m., & by

that time I was drenched with my own sweat & the condensed moisture of my body warmth on the inside of the waterproof suit. I could have left it off & been less wet, because the rain was not continuous; but to anyone of my rheumatic propensities the difference between being warm-wet and being cold-wet is important.

I had a warm bath, & weighed myself, result 177 lbs. This of course before taking a drink of any kind, & before the only real meal of the day. Last Oct. 3rd. at this time of day I weighed 169 lbs. In this mild wet weather a single yellow ("Peace") rose remains in full bloom below my study window, & a few of E.'s pansies, by the front walk.

SUNDAY, NOV. 16, 1969 The rain ceased at last, although the dark clouds remain. This afternoon I drove to the golf course, but found the gateway barred & the "Closed. Keep Off" sign set up. I hadn't expected that until Nov. 30, but I suppose the grounds committee decided to close the season last week because the course was so sodden. Tom brought me a little postal package that was put in his box by mistake. It was from Jim Ottley, a photograph of the little airplane he built at Brooklyn (about the year 1938. A government test pilot, Ray Goodwin, flew in off the sand beach at Beach Meadows & circled over the paper mill & the town. On a second flight it cracked up in soft sand on landing, although the pilot was not seriously hurt. Ottley never rebuilt the plane. In August 1939 he enlisted in the RCAF, & after the war he worked in a paper mill in B.C. until retirement, & now lives at Crane, B.C.

MONDAY, NOV. 17/69 A frost last night, & a cool sunny day — the first in sixteen days. Drove to Summerville in the afternoon, & walked the beach to Broad River & back. I am told the golf course can be used by members, except for the tees & greens. On my return a young man named Ernest Hillen was waiting for me, with a note of introduction from Louis ~~Jaques~~ JAQUES. Hillen is a writer for Weekend Magazine, & he has been spending a week living with a fisherman at Keith-West Port Morton, to get material for an article. He asked me about the history of Port Morton, & I told him what I could, & lent him my paper on Tarleton's Legion, which he promised to return promptly. Little Blair had supper with us.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18, 1969

Our golf pro., Jim Dumesh, phoned this morning, said the course had dried enough to be playable everywhere; so this afternoon I played 18 holes with him, Pottie, & Keantz. Temp. about 50°, & an open-&-shut sky. Saw a pair of loons in the sea close to No 6 tee, diving & swimming. Some robins on the course. A deer track in the path to No 9 tee.

News:- The 3 American astronauts in "Apollo 12" will land on the moon tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19/69 Golf again, with Dumesh, Pottie & Fralic. My score 91. Tonight the Historical Society dined together in the parish hall (i.e. the basement) of the Anglican church at Brookfield. Ladies of the church catered & served an excellent chicken dinner at $2.00 per plate. There was a brief business meeting, & then I spoke on Liverpool during the war 1939-1945, giving extracts from my diary, 1943-45. (I had done the same for the period 1939-43 at the dinner meeting in Nov. 1968.) For illustration I passed about my photograph albums, with significant places marked. About 60 people present.

News:- Apollo 12 landed on the moon early this morning. The astronauts will orbit the moon in a subsidiary rocket-craft, & will then (Thursday) spend several hours exploring on foot, collecting rocks, etc. Unfortunately their TV camera has failed, so the public will see no pictures of the affair until they return to earth.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26/69 The weather bureau had mentioned possibility of sleet & snow tomorrow (when we are to attend a luncheon at Government House in honour of the Fergussons) so I drove with E. to Hfx. late this afternoon, in fog & rain, & we got a comfortable room at the Armdale Motel. E. had some thought of an evening call on Bill & Marion White; but on the phone Marion said she was going out to her bridge club. Bill is not well. He has been fretting ever since his retirement; & the operation for removal of his stomach a few years ago permits only certain kinds of food.

We spent the evening reading, & watching TV. Some noisy people next door, & we both had a bad night, unable to sleep except in occasional naps.

FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1969

This morning we drove to Simpsons' department store, but found none of the things we wanted, & there wasn't time to seek farther. Changed clothes, & drove to God's House at 12 noon, the time set in the invitation. The luncheon party consisted of 16 people including the Olands & Fergussons. General & Mrs. Hamilton (he commands at Camp Gagetown); retired admirals Pullen & Landymore, & their wives; Bruce Cochran & wife (he has a public relations firm in Hfx., & she is a librarian); a breezy Australian named Spencer, who is head or assistant head of the Hfx. Grammar School; & the military a.d.c., a polite young man whose name I forget. Sherry & cocktails first, in the main drawing room. Hugh Pullen was full of his new book, & very indignant because the publishers had made mistakes in captions to the pictures, etc. I had a long & interesting chat with Lady Fergusson, a tall, fair, Englishwoman. Fergusson himself, as guest of honour, was busy moving about, so I had only a few minutes talk with him. At first sight he is the typical caricature of a retired British colonel, Mark '14 — tall, a bit beefy, bristling grey moustache, & a monocle stuck in his right eye. But there is a twinkle in the blue eyes, he has a good sense of fun, & his accomplishments are many. During W.W.2 he rose to command a battalion of the Black Watch; & in Burma became one of General Wingate's "chindits" — specially trained commandos who were dropped from the air behind the Japanese lines, & spent many months at great hazard in the jungle, attacking the Jap lines of supply. He has written ten books, including a biography of his one-time commander General Wavell. Since W.W.2 he has re-visited Burma, seeking out remote villagers to thank them for their help; he served 5 years as Governor-General of New Zealand; has been on various journalistic & government missions in south-east Asia & West Africa; but he & his wife spend 5 months of the year at their home on the Ayrshire coast, near Prestwick.

At luncheon the ends of the long table were occupied by Spencer, & the military A.D.C. The Olands sat opposite each other in the middle, with the Fergussons close at hand. E. was placed towards the A.D.C.'s end. I sat next to Spencer, at

whose end there was good & lively talk between Landymore, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Hamilton & me, with Fergusson throwing in some banter here & there. As the Olands are devout Catholics there was no meat, but some delicious smoked salmon for entrée, baked haddock in a thick sauce, & for dessert a soufflé & cheese-&-crackers. A single wine — a white Rhine, I think. Afterwards coffee & liqueurs in the drawing room. Pullen was very urgent that C. & I attend the dinner of the Royal Commonwealth Society on Sunday evening. (He is Canadian president, & Landymore is chairman of the Nova Scotia branch.) But I said with truth that I couldn't undertake anything nowadays that involved a long drive at night. It was all very pleasant. Spencer, who is secretary of the N.S. branch of the R.C.S., told me he had tried in all directions to get a mint copy of the first edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", for presentation to Sir Bernard. The only reply came from a rare-book dealer somewhere who wanted $245.00 for one, & wouldn't come down on the price. It was too much for the Hfx. branch of R.C.S.

Left Government House about 2.15, & drove home in bright sunshine in just about two hours. I noticed that road contractors are busy already on two parts of the highway between Bridgewater & Liverpool, clearing the trees & bulldozing new cut-offs to eliminate stretches with bad bends & twists.

SUNDAY, Nov. 23/69 Temp. got down to 20° last night, the coldest so far this season, but rose to 40° during the day, with a black sky, some snowflakes, & then a drizzle of rain. Charles Burchell, manager of The Book Room, Halifax, drove down from Halifax this morning with his wife Gladys, lunched with us, & stayed the afternoon. He had brought 50 copies of "Footsteps On Old Floors" for my autograph. Also he asked me to write the text for a small booklet-souvenir of Nova Scotia (mainly photographs in colour) which his firm plans to put out next spring. I agreed.

Jon & Pamela were in Hfx. for the weekend, attending the wedding of Graham Dennis & Janet Thompson (an Edgehill schoolmate of Pam's) at All Saints' cathedral, & subsequent festivities at the Saraguay Club & elsewhere. Dennis has been married twice before. He is, on the face of it, managing director of the Halifax Herald Ltd., & controls the block of shares still held ostensibly by the Dennis family. However it is known in

Halifax that K. C. Irving (in the name of his Hfx. lawyer, Daley) owns a large block, & has an option on the Dennis holdings. I note that Irving flew to Hfx in his private plane to attend the wedding. Tom reports his father-in-law Bill White very fretful over the proposed changes in federal income tax, which will institute a levy on "capital gains" for the first time. It will include gains in the value of stocks & bonds, etc., also real estate, art collections, etc., which must be appraised every 5 years for taxation purposes. Among other assets, Bill has a collection of Canadian paintings, shrewdly chosen over the past twenty years, which have increased enormously in value, & will go on doing so.

MONDAY, Nov. 24, 1969 Dark & drizzling. Mel Gardner came this afternoon to discuss the disposal of the model brig "Rover". It is about 8 feet long with masts about 8 feet high, not historically accurate, & with little rigging detail, etc. The Steel & Engine Products Co. here made it for their float in the Centennial parade at Liverpool in 1967. They presented it to our Historical Society afterwards, & as we had no room to store it the School Board agreed to place it in one corner of the auditorium stage & enclose it in a glass case, so that students could see what a wooden sailing vessel looked like. Now, the new principal of the high school, Burke, wants the Historical Society to take it away. After some discussion with Mel, I phoned Arthur Turtle, the present manager of "Stelpro", about our dilemma, suggesting that his company find room for it in one of their warehouses, & keep it for use again as a float in some future parade. He said he would look into the matter, & thought it could be done.

Last Saturday was my son Tom's 35th. birthday, & he was in Halifax. So this evening C. & I dropped in & presented a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream to mark the occasion. Tonight we watched colour TV pictures of the three astronauts in Apollo Twelve, descending into the Pacific, & being picked up by helicopters from an aircraft carrier. Along with this triumph of American science comes more & more news of massacres of innocent Vietnamese men, women, & children, committed during the past two years by

U.S. troops under orders from their officers. These are not propaganda tales from Hanoi, but admissions by U.S. soldiers who took part in them, & are still serving or now discharged & living in the U.S.

TUESDAY, Nov. 25/69 A sunny day, calm & pleasant, temp. 40°, after a frosty (20°) night. Golf this afternoon. Called on Cecil Day & had a chat in his house at the sea foot of Waterloo Street, where he has an acre of land, & a glass-fronted living room with a grand view sweeping from Fort Point to the harbour entrance. Although retired from the newspaper business he is active in the Lions' Club & the Freemasons, & keeps himself informed. He says a syndicate with "outside" money has bought the residential properties of the late James Clements & George Clements, & of a retired railwayman named Robert Fulton, all adjoining each other on the west side of Bristol Avenue, with lands running back to the river. The syndicate proposes to build a large & well furnished motel there, to operate the year around. This is badly needed, as Liverpool has no hotel (the so-called Mersey Hotel was converted to furnished apartments a few years ago, with a tavern on the ground floor) & Lane's motel is poorly equipped & badly run.

The same syndicate also plans to build a motel at Kejimkujik Park, for summer use only. (Subsequent note in 1971. They were talking through their hat. None of this materialized.)

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 26/69 Again a calm sunny day, after a frosty night, & again I enjoyed an afternoon's golf at White Point with Dunleavy, Pottie, Hearts, & Fralic.

We had a rare look at a bald eagle, circling & soaring over the scrub bushland near No 2 tee, at a height of about 200 or 300 feet. Presumably it had spotted a rabbit, but when we came along the bird disappeared in a twinkling. A considerable number of robins are still foraging on the golf course. Our new sheriff, Cyril Page, phoned & begged me to attend a ceremony in the courthouse tomorrow, & give a brief history of the Liverpool law courts. The Chief Justice, & other dignitaries will be present. The occasion is the official reopening of the courthouse (built 1854) after extensive renovations, installment of central heating, & other improvements. Actually the courthouse has remained in use throughout most of the work.

Reluctantly I agreed — I would much rather spend the afternoon at White Point, because these fine days & green turf will vanish any time now. This evening I had a

phone call from Paul King, of the Toronto Star. (See entry Nov. 7, 1968) He had heard that I was negotiating or concluding an agreement for the movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", & asked if actress Joanna Shimkus was concerned. I said I had sold a year's option to a Canadian actor in Hollywood, who negotiated mainly through a law firm in Beverly Hills. I assume that he is dealing for a group, but Miss Shimkus had not been mentioned at any time. King apologised for his misleading article a year ago, said he wrote it in good faith, & couldn't understand why Miss Shimkus would utter a falsehood. He asked me to phone him, collect, if, as, & when the film negotiations are concluded, & with whom.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28, 1969 Sunny. Temp 40° at noon. The courthouse ceremony began about 3 p.m., with three judges on the dais — J. L. Dubinsky (representing Chief Justice Gordon Cowan); H. J. Carver, who acted as master of ceremonies; & County Court Judge R. C. Levy, who presented a new gavel & board to the courthouse. A party of the Canadian Legion, wearing medals, blue blazers, grey trousers, & medals, were there to present flags of Canada & Nova Scotia, which they placed in sockets on each side of the judge's dais. Members of the local bar were there, at their tables before the dais, & a red-coated RCMP corporal sat at the police desk behind them. The three judges in turn gave pleasant little homilies on the bright new appearance of this home of law & order. Dubinsky asked that the prisoner's box be abolished. (This has been done at Bridgewater & several other courts; henceforth the prisoner will sit at table with his counsel.) Judge Roger Rand had come from Yarmouth to say a few words from the floor, reminiscing about the dark & dingy decor & furniture of the courthouse in former days. Mayor Trainor said a bit. Charles Kelsey spoke for the County Council. As senior member of the local bar, Kesler Clements spoke for the lawyers. I said my little bit about the history of the courthouse. About 50 people present.

Local news:- I note that excavation for the basement of the new skating rink on the school grounds is about done. Owing to the large cost, the thing is to be done in three or four stages, & will not be finished before 1971. During the Fall

a small new building for the girl scouts & brownies has been erected behind the little old Gorham school at the S.W. corner of Church & Gorham streets. The school, which had been used by the girl scouts as a meeting hall for the past few years, is now being torn down. It stood right on the corner adjoining Trinity churchyard, a site originally occupied by the little "academy" built & endowed by merchant James Gorham in 1812.

The mail today brought a long letter from Dr. Bruce Fergusson, Provincial Archivist, urging me to present or bequeath all my papers to the Provincial Archives.

I bought, at Hector Macleod's store, a copy of "Nova Scotia Sketch Book" by L.R. Jenson of Halifax. Excellent pen drawings of historic buildings etc. with accompanying text.

E. had a further medical checkup with Dr. Lloyd Macdonald. He finds that she has a high blood pressure, which she must reduce by abstaining from salt in her diet. Regarding the "arthritis" pains in her arm, the X-rays seem to show a deterioration in the bones of her neck, due to old age, which could cause a "pinching" of a nerve leading to the arm. This does not explain the pains in her legs, which began at the same time.

FRIDAY, Nov. 28, 1969 Bright & cold (35°). Golf in the afternoon with Dumeah & Tottie. We had the course to ourselves. Next week Dumeah, & Clair Hyphman the chief groundsman, begin their winter jobs in Liverpool.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29/69 Wrote letters this morning, including one to Fergusson saying I hadn't decided where my papers shall go, but I would keep the P.A.N.S. in mind. Played golf this afternoon in solitude — not a soul in sight. A bleak day (40°) with a sharp sea breeze and a ceiling of pewter cloud. No birds to be seen except crows & gulls foraging for sea urchins among the low-tide rocks, & a pair of eider ducks in the sea off No 6 tee. On the ground I found the picked remains of an unfortunate dovekie, the only one I have noticed this Fall. Rain began to fall just as I finished the 18th hole. By 8 p.m. it had changed to snow at 30°.

News:- I should have noted some days ago that Maynard Colp phoned me, & gave me permission to read his memoirs

before the N.S. Historical Society if I wished. I had suggested this last spring but he was then reluctant.

Regarding the micro-wave communications tower erected near Broad River last summer (see entry Dec. 25, 1968) by Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Co., one of a series along the South Shore. The TV station CJCH at Halifax wants to use these facilities for re-transmission of its radio & TV shows. (Its rival, the CBC, has its own relay stations at Liverpool, Shelburne, & Yarmouth.) CJCH boss Finlay Macdonald yesterday made public complaint that the telephone company wants an exorbitant annual fee of $50,000. He has offered $30,000.

Robert, son of Burke Douglas, Milton, is a clever & hard-driving fellow, now in his thirties, a born salesman & dealer. (Even in his high school days in Liverpool he was busy in his spare time selling TV sets on commission from a local store.) Strangely for one with this talent, he decided to be a Baptist minister & took the theological course at Acadia U., & acted as a "supply" preacher during the summer vacations. After graduation however he changed his mind & decided that money was more interesting. He married & got into real estate business in Moncton, & during the boom of the 1960's he has become well-to-do, with a very fine home, etc. Vera Parker, his aunt, told Edith yesterday that Robert, acting for some mysterious & wealthy clients "in British Columbia", has been surveying the south-west shore of N.S. by helicopter during the past three weeks, & making offers to buy undeveloped beaches, islands, etc. He told the Parkers in an off-hand way that he wanted to buy the beach & land between Port Mouton & Port Joli (Cadden Bay), but the American owner, Winton Wood, had refused to sell. In the same offhand way Robert said the Cadden Bay property "could be worth half a million". I first saw the Cadden Bay beach on July 11, 1937, when Austin Parker, Ben Alexander, & I walked there over the barrens from Port Joli, where our families were picnicking. At the beach we met a man named (Fred?) Burgess, from Southwest Port Mouton, who showed us over the place, including the semi-ruin of the old Kinney house. Burgess had bought this wreck, &

all the land, at a recent tax sale, for $300. He was engaged in repairing the roof, & hoped to make a profit by selling it to a group of sportsmen, preferably American, for use as a camp during the autumn gunning season for wild geese & ducks. As Parker said to me recently, "Tom, we could have got the whole thing for a couple of thousand dollars — think of it!"

SUNDAY, NOV. 30, 1969 An inch or so of snow remains on the ground & the temp. remained at freezing point. Slush in the roadway & sidewalk where the town workmen had sprayed salt. Hence I didn't go outdoors today, content to read, & to watch some TV shows. The storm was much worse in eastern N.S. where 8" to a foot of snow fell, with a real gale of wind, tearing down electric & telephone wires etc.

MONDAY, DEC. 1/69 Temp. got up to 45° today, with some pallid sunshine, so the snow melted on the roads, but not on the ground. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. The tide was high & just on the ebb, & I found a washed-up lobster trap & removed from it two live lobsters of good size which I brought home. This year, for the first time in many years, our fishermen on the South Shore were permitted to set traps on Nov. 24 instead of Dec. 1. They have had good weather & large catches so far. After getting home I drove to Moose Harbour & bought 10½ lbs. of lobsters, at 85¢ per lb., from Bill Tarr, who has set up as a dealer there. I boiled them (& my Summerville ones) & we had two apiece for dinner.

Today, all over Canada, the "breathalyzer test" goes into effect. This is a device that measures the alcohol content in one's blood by means of the breath, & at a police demand, any motorist must subject himself to it. The "breathalyzer" was put into use in Britain a year or two ago, & it has effected a marked reduction in motor accidents. A boozy driver is not only fined severely, but his car insurance becomes null & void.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2/69 Had a bad night, in spite of my usual 1½ capsules of Seconal taken at 11.30. Up about 3 a.m., nerves a-jangle, played solitaire for a time, then read in my study, sipping Cape Horn measures of rum. Finally went to bed, & slept till 9.30. A nasty day — heavy rain, & large flakes of snow, in alternate squalls. Finished

writing the Christmas cards, 97 altogether. Each year now death takes a few more from the list.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3, 1969 Mild & overcast. Temp. 40° & calm. My old foe lumbago, after an absence of many months, struck viciously this morning; & the peculiar walk that it forces on me — with more of a stoop than usual, and a distinct leaning to the left — aggravates the arthritis in my right hip & the limp that goes with it. Nevertheless, in the hope of straightening myself out, I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon with Dumesh & Pralic, just carrying a No 3 wood & a No 5 iron, & borrowing Dumesh's putter on the greens.

Tonight at 9 p.m. a party of Hector Dunlap's friends & relatives, including E. & me, gathered at his house to celebrate his 70th birthday. He had a heart attack some years ago, & sank into a gloomy resignation, expecting to die any day. But he recovered, & Austin Parker persuaded him to spend a week deer hunting at Eagle Lake every Fall, & he is his old cheerful self. For more than 46 years he has worked as an accountant in the office of Thompson Bros. Machinery Co., & its successor, Steel & Engine Products Ltd., & he still walks to work there every day. Pamela is in Halifax again for two or three days, with little Blair, & we have Debby & Tommy as house guests until she gets back.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4/69 Another day like yesterday, & golf in the afternoon with Dumesh, Pottie, & King. Today I took a full set of clubs & shouldered the bag. My cramped back & leg made it impossible to hit a ball much over 100 yards, & the second nine holes were painful & tiring; but still it was better than sitting home in a chair. A few robins remain about the course, foraging for worms, & there are dandelions in bloom. Am reading "Memoirs of a Bird in a Gilded Cage" by Miss Judy La Marsh, former M.P. for Niagara Falls, & for several years a member of the Liberal cabinet under Prime Minister Lester Pearson. She doesn't mince words (Pearson was well-meaning but "gutless", & his cabinet work was hopelessly disorganised) & some of her former colleagues or enemies in Ottawa must have squirmed when the book came out last year; but so far nobody has refuted anything in it. Miss La Marsh is a trained & sharp lawyer herself.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1969 Snow began today, light powdery stuff falling steadily, with little or no wind, & continuing all night.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6, 1969 The snow ceased about noon. The garden bird-bath holds a beautiful white cake, 6 or 7 inches high, a good measure of the snowfall. So for the first time this winter I got out my shovel & cleared off my driveway & paths. And that was exercise enough. Whew! Pamela returned from Ilfe. yesterday about noon, just in time to avoid the worst of the snow, & so our little guests left us.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/69 A bleak (30°) day. I ventured out to shovel aside the packed snow thrown into my driveway & front walk by the street plough, but my hip & lower back are too stiff & painful for a walk. Spent the day reading "Red Earth" by Mrs Marion Robertson of Shelburne, a paper-backed booklet of 98 pages, published with assistance from the N.S. Museum, Halifax. A flyleaf sub-title says "Tales of the Micmacs with an introduction to the customs and beliefs of the Micmac Indians", & at the back is a long bibliography supplied by the N.S. Museum. The author obviously drew chiefly from Rand's "Legends of the Micmacs" and "The Micmac Indians of Eastern Canada" by Wallis & Wallis, with some interrogation of modern Indians in Yarmouth County. Her title "Red Earth" comes from her belief that the name of the tribe is derived from "MEGAKUMEGEEK" = "red earth". But like the Eskimo & other native peoples the Micmacs always referred to themselves as "The people of this land", and the name is more probably derived from the term MAKUMEGEK, which means "On the ground", with no "red" connotation. Similarly she accepts a modern (Yarmouth) Indian's interpretation of the name GLOOSKAP as "Good Comrade", from KELOOSE = good, and NEDAP = comrade. But old Indians from Queens County & one from Shubenacadie told me long ago it meant "Fibber" or "Liar", from "KELOOSKABE". Rand's dictionary confirms this in his Micmac definition of "prevaricator"; and the Penobscots, who also had tales of "GLUSKABE", defined the word as "deceiver or liar". The Indians told the tall stories of Glooskap's adventures mostly for amusement, just as the white loggers of a later time invented & continually enlarged & embroidered the tales of "Paul Bunyan".

The illustrations are interesting pen drawings, supplied by the Museum, from George Creed's tracings of the faint petroglyphs at Kejimkujik, made in the late 19th century, the drawings were lost in the museum storeroom for years.

MONDAY, DEC. 8, 1969 Another calm grey day. This morning I got the wooden tray out of the garage, set it on the bird bath, & covered it with sunflower seeds. Except two or three female pine grosbeaks feeding on ash seeds & hawthorn berries, I have not seen any birds about my garden for many days. For about 2 hours nothing happened. Then suddenly half a dozen evening grosbeaks, male & female, were on the tray, followed by cowbirds & English sparrows. Then a downy woodpecker (male) came, not to the tray, but to search up & down the forsythia branches for moth larvae, etc.

In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach alone. I think I shall give over my long winter walks to Milton, which I continued last winter in spite of hip pains & the constantly increasing (& speeding) traffic of cars, busses & trucks. The bicycle I bought so hopefully in March 1968 proved to be no improvement, indeed a greater hazard, & except for a few rides to Potanoc that spring, & last March, I have not used it. The beach walk to Broad River & back to the road is about 2 miles, with no traffic except a few strollers like myself, & no gasoline fumes.

There is no news — nothing really new. The newspapers, magazines, & especially the T.V. are filled with an endless recital of woe at home & abroad. In Canada the western provinces, seeing what Quebec has got & is getting by the separation cry, are now making similar noises in their demands for more federal money. The black minority (one must not call them negroes any more) are now joined by self-appointed spokesmen for the red Indians in loud demands & threats. There is a great uproar over pollution of the rivers & coastal bays by human & factory waste. Organized labour is demanding (& in most cases getting) more & more wages & benefits, thus driving up the cost of living for everybody, despite the federal governments efforts to stop the inflation. The postal service, despite sharply increased rates, & Mr. Kieren's (P.M.G.) "improvements", is slower & more erratic than ever.

Most of these things are true of the U.S., but in greater degree, especially in the black department, where recently in Chicago, San Francisco, & other "northern" cities there were shoot-outs between police & well-armed gangs of the self-styled Black Panthers. With regard to mails, a recent test showed that a letter sent by air mail from New York to Seattle required 30 separate handlings & actually took

longer than mail sent by train. Even the surface mails are less efficient & therefore more often delayed than they were 30 or even 50 years ago when the quantity was much smaller.

The news from abroad is all woe, too: This week's "Life" magazine showed colour photos of the deliberate massacre of women, children, & old men in a Viet Nam village, last year, by a company of U.S. troops. President Nixon says it was an isolated incident, & the U.S. Army will try the men responsible, on charges of murder. But there is growing evidence of other incidents like this, & a great revulsion in the American public, which will surely mean a complete pull-out of the U.S. forces now in Viet Nam, within the next year. Meanwhile the Africans in ~~Iraq~~ Nigeria & the Sudan continue to slaughter & starve each other; the Israelis & the Arab-Egyptian league continue their hit-& run warfare; the Russians & Chinese continue to shake fists at each other; the multitudes of India continue to multiply & starve, in spite of the benefits of home rule & foreign aid.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9, 1969 Temp. rose to 50°, with slow rain turning to a downpour tonight. In the afternoon I drove to Milton & had a long yarn with Roy Gordon & his wife Vera. She has been in frail health for years, & last year was blinded by cataract. This past summer she went to hospital, & a surgeon removed the cataract from one eye (the left) from which she can now see fairly well. They are both well on in the seventies.

I noticed on crossing the river that the lower Milton dam was repaired, indeed replaced, last Fall, by a somewhat lower rock-& cribwork structure. The old dam had lost its purpose long ago, when the last water-driven sawmill was torn down, & there was no one to repair it. Last year a large section broke away, & the old mill-pond shrank, exposing muddy banks most of the way to Potanoc. Residents along the river bank complained (Burke Douglas most loudly) about the unsightly appearance of their properties, but there was no thought of clubbing together for money to replace the dam. Douglas is chief Conservative pitch-man in the Milton district, & armed with a petition of many signatures he pestered Ken Jones MPP until Ken wangled somehow a government grant to cover all expenses of the replacement, which was done by Liverpool contractors Rawding & Mosher.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12, 1969 A sunny day — the first in two weeks. Temp. up to 52°. All the snow gone. This afternoon Charlie Williams & I played 18 holes at White Point, with bare hands, & taking our leisure in the delightful sun & air. A heavy surf on the shore — the lobstermen have not ventured to haul their traps since Monday. No land birds to be seen except crows, & (strangely) no herring gulls foraging for sea urchins among the rocks at low tide. In fact the only sea birds were two or three kittiwakes of this year's breeding, fully grown but with the black-tipped tail & dark legs. In town about a dozen grosbeaks now visit my tray, & the usual chickadees, English sparrows & cow birds.

Debby & Tommy came after school, as usual on Fridays, & stayed to supper & to watch the supper-hour shows for children on our colour TV. I note from the Halifax newspaper that station CJCH there is now wholly owned by the backers of CHUM, Toronto. Finlay Macdonald & a local group got the original TV license for CJCH several years ago, & equipped the station as a private rival of the CBC's station (CBHT) in Halifax. Later they sold 50% of the ownership to the CHUM people & became part of the Canada Television (CTV) network. Now they have sold the remaining 50%.

Tonight's television news showed Canada's only aircraft carrier "Bonaventure" returning to Halifax from her last cruise. The RCN acquired her 12 years ago, & only last year she finished a very expensive refit at Three Rivers. Now as part of the general economy cuts in our armed forces she is to be sold. Britain's Royal Navy too seems to be laying aside its aircraft carriers, as it laid aside its battleships after World War Two. The U.S.N. retains its large fleet of carriers, which are still useful in the Asian-Pacific operations.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13/69 Overcast, calm, temp. 46° at noon. Played 18 holes at White Point with Charlie Williams. This evening E. & I. joined a cocktail party, the first of the Xmas season. It was given jointly by the Ralph Johnsons, the Burke Douglas's, the Charles Williams's, & the Erik Anderssens, & held at the Johnsons' house. A crowd, terrific hubbub, wilting heat — the usual things, but pleasant chatting with this one & that. Met & talked for the first time with Dr. Dhalla, the little Hindu surgeon, who is now well established here.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14, 1969

Grey sky, light breeze, temp. 40°. Played 18 holes at White Point with Pottie & Wigglesworth. My right hip became very stiff & painful on the second 9, & I could hit the ball barely more than 100 yards, & felt very tired at the finish. Had a good hot bath & a cape Horn dram of rum when I got home, & felt much better. My sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer came from Mahone Bay to dine with us. They have a new red ~~[illegible]~~ DATSUN station wagon. This is one of the Japanese cars from the assembly plant at Sydney, established a year or two ago. Ted now plans to sell his house at Chester Basin & live permanently in Hilda's house at Oakland, where he will build a small workshop for his toy-making, etc. Speaking of the rush of American (& other) visitors to buy shore properties nowadays, & the resulting climb in values, he mentioned the old two-story house at Oakland which a retired Canadian bank manager named Pipon bought for $6,000 about 15 years ago. The property had an acre or two of land, including a small bit of sand beach, & a barn & boathouse. Two years ago a retired American diplomat bought the whole thing from Pipon for $21,000. He spent some money on the house. Then Nixon was elected President of the U.S., & the diplomat, a Republican, was offered a new post. He put the Oakland property up for sale this year, & got over $40,000 for it.

MONDAY, DEC. 15/69 Awoke to find a heavy moist snow covering the ground, & more coming down. Shoveled out my paths & walked to the post office. Christmas cards filled the box. The snowfall petered out in the afternoon, leaving 4 or 5 inches on the ground, & I shoveled out my driveway. Cleared off the bird tray & spread sunflower seeds, & soon had a dozen grosbeaks, English sparrows, chickadees, & a pair of blue jays enjoying the feast.

The snowfall caught the Highways Dept. asleep, & there was a bad hold-up in traffic, especially in the Halifax area, and many accidents, before the ploughs & salt-trucks could make the roadways safe.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16/69 A grey day, temp. 30° at noon. No exercise except walks to the post office, morning & afternoon. Burchell, of the Book Room, has sent me a dummy layout for the proposed booklet (see Nov. 23) and a bundle of picture postcards which will furnish the

illustrations for it. I was horrified to find that the cover title was:-

NOVA SCOTIA
IN FULL NATURAL COLOR
BY THOMAS H. RADDALL.

I wrote Burchell at once, objecting, & pointing out that this was misleading — people would assume that the booklet was a project of my own, with photos taken by myself. Actually, the pictures are commonplace things, hackneyed by use on postcards for several years past, & I agreed to write text to accompany them only to oblige Burchell, on the assumption that the authorship would be anonymous, or at most an interior acknowledgement in small type.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1969 Temp. 30° at noon. A sky of black & grey ~~cooled~~ cloud, with momentary glints of sunlight. Shopped for groceries & wine, & bought a small spruce Christmas tree from a woman who lives on the Milton road, opposite the entrance to Pine Grove Park. In mid-afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, where I encountered my son Tom taking his Wednesday afternoon "jog". No one else out there but Mrs. "Chet" Legrow, walking her yappy little poodles.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19/69 Temp. 40°, with rain all day & evening, & a gale blowing. Most of the snow vanished. The new paint-cement I put on my (interior) cellar walls with so much labour last winter has begun to peel away in various places, but fortunately not near the junction with the floor, where the old leaks were. So far, only a few spoonfuls of water have penetrated at any time this Fall, & today none at all. Tommy & Debbie came to supper as usual on Fridays, with their food set up on little tables in the living room, where they can watch the childrens' shows on TV.

News:- Today, at Ottawa, Defence Minister Cadieux announced further cuts in the militia. In the "Atlantic Region" 1,800 officers & men will be transferred to the "Supplementary Order of Battle", which means simply that they will turn in all uniforms & equipment, & cease all training & pay. In Nova Scotia the main cuts are in the western counties. The "West Novas" lose rifle companies at Lunenburg & Deep Brook, & the artillery company at Liverpool will disband. Presumably the local "armouries" will be sold. The cuts take effect on April 1, 1970.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1969 A dark bleak day, threatening rain or snow, temp. 40°. No exercise except walks to the post office, morning & afternoon. Got my hair trimmed by Fred Wharton, barber. E. & I attended two cocktail parties: at "Mik" Green's, & later at Douglas Hemeon's.

Hemeon's place (#382 Main St.) is a charming old house, set far back from the street, with its back windows looking out on the harbour. In that position it escaped the fires that swept that part of Main St. in the 1860's & 1890's. Hemeon bought it years ago from the widow of Roger Inness, merchant, who had lived there all her married life. He thinks it was built by a man named Jacobs about 1810.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22/69 Sky open & shut, temp 30° at noon, W. breeze. Len Pottie & I played 18 holes at White Point this afternoon. Ground frozen about ½". No other players.

MONDAY, DEC. 22/69 Another wet sea gale. It rose in force at evening, & boomed in the chimney & splattered the panes all night. Temp. up to 50°. Today I brought the Christmas tree into the house (from cold storage in the garage) & set it up in the sun porch. Then discovered that E. had let young Blair play with the tree lights & their complicated circuits, during his visits to the attic, & whole thing was ruined & impossible to mend. LeBlanc delivered a new lighting outfit from the Eastern Home store.

I drove to Moose Harbour to pick up some lobsters that E. had ordered from Bill Tarr, but found his place locked up — none of the fishermen had attempted to visit their traps in this weather.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23/69 Clear & sunny, temp. 30°, wind NW. This morning E. sent me on another fool's errand to Moose Harbour, despite the fact that Tarr had promised to deliver the lobsters at our house. When I got home of course Tarr had done just that. In the afternoon I walked along Main Street to the edge of town, crossed the railway bridge, followed the railway to Bristol Avenue, & thence home. About 2½ miles, & by that time my right hip & knee were painfully stiff, & I could swing my right foot barely an inch off the ground.

This evening our neighbours Erik & Lee Andersson joined us for a chat over drinks until midnight. Their visit to Ottawa earlier this month was a melancholy one. Their daughter Karen & her husband have parted, & Karen is getting a divorce, after 3 years of marriage. (No children) Apparently they were utterly incompatible, so a continuance of the marriage would only mean

years of frustration & unhappiness. A clean break now, while they are still young & able to mend their lives with better partners, is surely the best thing. The Andersson's son, an officer in the Canadian army, now stationed at Gagetown N.B., leaves next month for a period of duty with the United Nations' peacekeeping force in Cyprus.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24, 1969 A snowstorm began this afternoon after a frosty (10°) night, & continued all night. I drove with E., delivering her little annual gifts to Madge King, Marion Dunlap, & Florence Williams. Terence Freeman called, & stayed for a brief chat. Jim Parker came to the door for a moment. Our friends the Addison Parkers have a full house, the whole family, including of course Jim & Cathy, who flew up from Tennessee. E. and I spent a quiet Christmas Eve at home, reading, & watching TV.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25/69 Santa Claus presented us with about 6 inches of snow for Christmas, & I got all the exercise I wanted, shoveling it off my driveway & paths. Put out an extra large lot of sunflower seeds for the birds, & they came quickly to the feast — evening grosbeaks, blue jays, English sparrows, four white-throat sparrows, chickadees, cowbirds.

At noon we drove to Tom's place, where the youngsters were busy with their toys. We joined them at midday dinner — turkey & vegetables, plum pudding with ice cream, wine & liqueur, a fine feast. Pamela's parents had planned to drive down from Halifax, but the snow made driving slippery, even with the roads ploughed, so they stayed at home.

My gift to E. was a smart blue traveling case, at her suggestion. She gave me one of Fuller's "Shannon and Chesapeake" books, which I read through this evening. Since he first showed me his manuscript, several years ago, he has done much more research & consulted many more people. The illustrations are excellent. He retains his God-save-the-King and Rule-Britannia approach to all naval subjects, and still makes the flat statement that this lone American frigate "would have had a considerable influence upon the course of the war" if she had escaped from Boston & raided British shipping in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I (and no doubt others) criticized this assertion in the original M.S., where if my memory is correct it read "might have changed the course of the war".

DEC. 25, 1969 (continued)

Francie phoned from Moncton, & we chatted with her & Bill. They & their youngsters are well & happy. Strangely, there is no snow in Moncton, while we have quite a lot. Usually it is the other way 'round.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26/69 A dark sky with a threat of snow or rain all day, with an increasing wind. The shops & post office are closed for the Boxing Day holiday, so I stayed indoors. Our callers included Terence & Betty Freeman, Dick & Joan Smith & their youngsters. Erik Andersson called in during the afternoon, & we sat yarning over drinks. Altogether a pleasant ~~day~~ indoors. Outside the wind increased to a sea gale at 50 m.p.h., as the weather ~~had~~ forecast had predicted, with rain, & temperature rising to 50°. It blustered & rattled about the house all night.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27/69 The gale roared away all day, under a black sky, with frequent splatters of fine rain. About 11 a.m. I drove with E. to see the surf. Although the tide was an hour past the flood, tremendous seas were leaping over the old breakwater at Western Head, & hurling spray at least 100 feet in the air. At Fort Point a great mess of pulpwood, bark, etc. was lying at high tide mark on the shore, or milling about in Ballast Cove. At Brooklyn the seas were breaking & spilling over the breakwater. The storm has destroyed many, & probably most of the lobster traps; but the fishermen are in good cheer; since Nov. 24, when the trapping season opened in western N.S., they have been getting the biggest catches & highest prices in several years.

Attended a small cocktail party this evening at Jack McClearn's house on Main Street. Many of our old friends & acquaintances are away spending Christmas Holidays with married sons & daughters. Others are abed with various ills — Ralph Johnson at home, Tom Jory in the V.G. hospital, Catherine Watson just back from the V.G., etc.

I mailed a cheque to George Macdonald, treasurer of Zion United Church, for the balance of my pledge for 1969. E. & I have not attended church this year.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28/69 Third day of the storm — the barometer has not budged. Temp. remains at 50°. Towards noon there was a lull & a gleam of sunshine. E. & I dressed for a beach walk & drove to Summerville; but the sky had closed, rain was falling, & the surf

was dashing right up to the top of the beach, so we called on Terence & Betty Freeman instead. By midnight the wind had dropped a lot, but the rain was heavy & continuous.

MONDAY, DEC. 29/69 Today the wind sprang up again from NW, a sure sign that this almost stationary storm is moving away at last; but the sky remained black, & with temp. dropping to 30° there was a day-long threat of snow, which did not materialize.

Took the car downtown in the afternoon, & E. bought a week's groceries at the Dominion supermarket. In the mail today I received my first old age pension cheque, $78.00. E. will get hers next month. Very useful, now that my professional income has dwindled to a fraction of the earnings in my best years. (About $1,600 in 1969, plus $2,000 for the movie option on "The Nymph & The Lamp".) My income from invested savings amounts to somewhat less than $3,000 per year.

Charles Bagley dropped in this evening with his wife & four lively children. He set up a picture-projector & screen, & showed coloured slides of E. & me, taken on various visits in the past five years.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30/69 A sunny day at last, temp. 35°, light W. breeze. I played 18 holes at White Point, with bare hands, in the afternoon when the temp. got up to 40°. Two other people came out & played a few holes. Received the new assessments on our property for 1970, compiled on the basis of actual value if sold. The house, garage, & lot are in E's name, & the furniture etc. is assessed to me as "occupancy". The real estate assessment is now $16,775, compared with $5,350 in the past. The "occupancy" assessment is now $3,250 compared with $1,075 in the past.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31/69 A bleak (30°) day, & I felt some aches from yesterday, so I walked to the shops & post office, & stayed indoors the rest of the day. Had the Liverpool Flower Shop (John Ratchford) send up a dozen red roses, with a card from me, to mark E's birthday tomorrow. We attended a cocktail party at Douglas & Phyllis Tozer's house early in the evening. Not many there. Among other old friends "under the weather" Charles Williams, Hector Dunlop, & Austin Parker are now indisposed. The so-called Asiatic or Hong Kong influenza germ is ravaging Europe, & it has appeared on this side of the ocean, though not in epidemic form. Most of our sick

friends have other ills. Chatting with Lester Clements, he mentioned that he has quite a lot of law business with Americans & others seeking or buying property on or near our coast. Among others he represents young Windsor Woods, from Wisconsin, who with another young man is now residing & keeping sheep at St Catherine's River Beach, which his late father Burdett ~~Hazen~~ Woods bought for a trifle years ago. The property is now much sought, but the widow Woods (now re-married & still living in the U.S.) refuses to sell. Clements told me the County assessor, under the new actual-cash-value system, has put the Woods property up to $135,000 for tax purposes, & he (Clements) is making an official appeal for a reduction. Ken Jones says his brother Mowbray & wife Phyllis think of moving to Halifax soon. Obviously part of the increasing migration of "Anglais" from Montreal due to the rapidly increasing hostility & disorders of the French extremists, & to the increasing realization that Quebec will before long become a separate nation without any justice or tolerance for "foreigners".

THURSDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1970 Wakened at 3 a.m. & couldn't get back to sleep, so came down to my study & took another Seconal washed down with rum. That did it. Wakened next at 9.30, feeling very groggy. "Brunched" on bacon & eggs at 10 a.m.

A bright sunny day, temp. 20°, with a light W. breeze. At 1 p.m. I dressed in long underwear, a warm shirt, grey flannel trousers, my heavy high-necked sweater, & my arctic pea-jacket, plus woolen gloves & green wool cap; & thus muffled I drove to the golf course & played 18 holes, using only my No 3 wood & my putter. Enjoyed every minute of the 2½ hours, & every step of the (roughly) 4 miles. The sea as blue as in summer, & even a few robins hopping hopefully over the hard-frozen ground. Chris Clark was out there, exercising his dogs; otherwise I saw nobody but an old fisherman named appropriately Fisher, who lives near the golf clubhouse. He had over 100 lobster traps out during the week-end storm, & lost them all. I pointed seaward, where dozens of bright red & white plastic trap-buoys were bobbing & flashing in the sun between No 6 tee & Western Head. He said those were the wrecks of traps from East Berlin & even Port Medway — nothing left but the stone-weighted bottom & the attached buoy & line. "Ours are probably just like that, with the bottoms grounded off Port Mouton & Catherines River." After finishing my game I heard a

a hail from the clubhouse, & found Len Pottie, Hal Dyer, "Vicky" Smith, Bank of Montreal manager Stuewe, & one or two others, holding a little party, with drinks, cold meats, etc. The clubhouse had been shut up since Nov. 30, & the oil company had neglected to keep the furnace tank filled, but they had a blazing wood fire in the fireplace of the lounge. I had a couple of drinks with them & returned to town. Tom, Pam & their youngsters came to deliver a birthday present for "Nana". C. & I dined alone on roast turkey, with wine & a cordial.

News:- Today in Halifax the new diesel-engine coaches begin their routes about the city, replacing the electric trolley coaches operated hitherto by the N.S. Light & Power Co. Passenger traffic on the trolleys had fallen off greatly in the past 20 years, & the N.S.L.P. Co. was glad to get out of a losing business. However, many people still depend on it to get back & forth, & the city has set up its own "transit authority" to own & operate the service.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1970 Bright & cold (20° rising to 30°) with a westerly breeze. Played 18 holes at White Point, this time with my light black silk parka instead of the encumbering pea jacket, & was quite warm enough. Nobody else out there but a few White Point youths with guns, looking for rabbits in the strip of woods by the shore.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3/70 As yesterday, including golf. Len Pottie joined me for seven holes on my second round. Some kids had set fire to the dry grass & scrub bushes at the beach end, & with the NW breeze it burned down past No 6 tee.

News:- all the newspapers & magazines, as usual, have reviews of the "sixties". All agree that it was a decade of change and upheaval all over the world, with growing violence by revolutionary groups & peoples, & by the police & soldiers trying to repress them. The noisy young adolescents, white & black, including college students, & many young professors with the same anarchical minds, have attempted to set aside all people over the age of 30, together with all the "old" standards of education, art, drama, music & literature, not to mention cleanliness & personal appearance. Even in a small country town like Liverpool, we see some young men (mostly from prosperous or middle-income families) loitering along Main Street, usually in twos & threes, with hair down to their shoulders, wearing

carefully faded blue denims; & girls of the species, wearing the same sort of denim trousers as a rule, & with hair carefully "ironed" so that it hangs straight down & covers much of their faces. Nearly all of them are familiar with marijuana ("pot") & probably L.S.D. — several teen-aged young men have been arrested & charged with dope-selling in Liverpool during 1969.

I try to avoid an old-fogey view. It seems to me that all this is the froth (not to say scum) which rises to the top of the pot when it boils; & if I live through the 1970's I expect to see what has really changed, after the pot has simmered down & the froth has blown away.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4, 1969 Again a cold night (15° above zero) & a bright day without a cloud in the sky, & temp. getting up to 25°. Len Pottie & I played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon, & Capt. Chas. Williams joined us on the second round. Saw the smoke of grass fires in various places in the distance. Pottie tells me the new tax assessment on his Mersey Hotel is $68,000, about double what it was before, & he doubts very much if he could sell it for that; but he has it insured for $100,000 & admits that he has no grounds for an appeal against the assessment.

MONDAY, JAN. 5/69 As yesterday, but with a thrusting NW wind. Pottie & I played 18 holes at White Point. I wore my Arctic pea jacket, which covers me to the knees, so I didn't wear a sweater beneath, just a silk T-shirt. Also I attached the parka hood, which is lined with artificial fur, & wore that instead of a hat. Perfectly warm. Shopped for rum & sauterne. Did some work on text for Burchell's postcard book. Made a list of my assets — cash, investments, real estate, furniture, car, etc. — as I do at every year's end, & find I have lost about $12,000 in 1969, chiefly from drop in stock market values. Had two letters from Fergusson (Provincial Archivist) last week. He is current President of the N.S. branch, Canadian Authors Association, & the C.A.A. is holding a national convention at Halifax next summer, so he wants me to appear on two discussion panels about writing the novel etc. I resigned from the C.A.A. years ago. Wrote Fergusson today, saying I'm retiring, & that I can't think of anything to say that would be of value or interest to the new generation of authors. Had a letter from Frances Dennis (Bill's mother) asking me to drive up to Stewiacke "after the holidays" & help her with a genealogy of her own (the Sutherland) family which she is compiling. Answered today, saying I don't want to drive so far at this time of year,

that I know very little about geneology, but I'd be happy to do what I can next spring, when the road conditions are more reliable.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6, 1970 Same weather. I played 18 holes alone at White Point. News:- Canada has withdrawn from the Olympic ice-hockey games, which were to have been played in Winnipeg this March. Reason:- The Olympic directors (nearly all European) refused to let Canadian professionals play on the team, although it is well known that Russian & other communist countries pay & maintain their best athletes. This is ~~an~~ an old controversy; but now that it has come to a head, our TV, radio, & newspaper sports broadcasters & writers are giving long angry interviews, as if this were the most important conflict since the second World War.

Meanwhile the world has many real troubles, including Canadian internal troubles & squabbles. Our peripatetic Prime Minister Trudeau had a December holiday in the warm sun & sea of an island off Honduras, & now for a change he is on a ski-ing holiday in ~~Switzerland~~ the Tyrol Alps. Undoubtedly preparing himself for a long session in an increasingly hostile parliament, & under constant attack by an already hostile press.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7/70 The weather bureau at Hfx. forecast a severe storm, with snow & then rain; & as the sky looked dark & ominous I didn't venture to White Point. Drove C. to the supermarket for groceries in the morning, & in the afternoon to Marion Dunlap's home, where the ladies of her little weekly bridge club were holding a postponed birthday party for her. The forecast storm did not appear~~ed~~; it turned out into the Atlantic & we just got the fringe of it, a light snow during the evening & no wind at all.

In Halifax the N.S. Light & Power Co. are removing the wire & stays etc. of the old (1949) electric trolley-coach system, about 93 miles of it altogether. Which will improve the look of the streets a bit. Copper has increased so much in price since '49 that the transmission wire is actually worth more, even as junk, than it cost. An uproar all over the province about the new tax assessments, which all became effective at the same time, with only 14 days notice for appeals.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8/70 Last night's snow amounted to about one inch, powdery stuff, & easily shoveled off my paths & driveway. Letter from a Miss Anna Hargrave, president of the class of '70, Acadia U., asking me to be the speaker at the convocation banquet in May.

sorry, no. (After the oratory of the convocation itself, nobody listens to the speaker at the banquet, & I don't blame them a bit.)

This winter I have not bothered to put snow tires on my car, as an experiment. I rarely have occasion to use the car until the snow has been ploughed; & although the snow tires are put on the rear end (where my Corvair engine is) they affect the steering, for some strange reason, — at speeds over 30 m.p.h. the car is inclined to "wander", requiring constant adjustments of the steering wheel, & actually dangerous at 50 m.p.h.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1970 Temp. 10° above zero last night, getting up to 20° today. In the afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach in my cold-weather rig, including parka hood. Noticed a few lobster boats. This evening Mrs. Wm. Archibald phoned from Shelburne with a long & urgent plea that I come there on the evening of Feb. 12 to address the new Library Association. They have raised several thousand dollars & got the former Anglican hall on John Street. I said I didn't like driving at night, especially in winter; but she said at once that she would drive here to get me, & drive me home again. I couldn't let anyone do that when I am able to drive myself, so I said I would come.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10/70 The steady cold continues, & today the sky mostly clouded with some snow flurries, so I didn't walk except to the post office. Letter from George Stanley (Dr. G. F. G. Stanley, historian, & for many years Dean of Arts, & head of the Dept. of History, at Royal Military College, Kingston.) I first met him at a convention of the Royal Society of Canada held at London, Ontario, in 1953, when we were both admitted to Fellowship. After the ceremony we had a congenial talk-fest over a bottle of rum at James Talman's house, with Charles Stacey for a fourth. He mentions this in his letter, & asks me to come to Mount Allison, Sackville N.B., "some time towards the end of January or early February" for an informal talk with a group of history students there. (He retired from R.M.C. last year, bought a home near Sackville, & now apparently lectures there.) Another blithe invitation to make a mid-winter journey, in this case a round trip of well over 500 miles, for an hour or two of chat with people who only have to travel a few steps!

SUNDAY, JAN. 11/70 Same weather. Temp. 8° above zero at night, 20° above at noon. Open-& -shut sky, mostly shut. About an inch of snow on the ground. Betty Freeman phoned Edith this

morning to say that Terence is in the Liverpool hospital. He went for a walk on Summerville Beach yesterday & came home feeling tired, with pain in his chest & left arm. Dr. Bird diagnosed a heart attack & called the ambulance at once. Apparently it is not a severe stroke, but for the present he is allowed no visitors except his wife & daughter. This afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville & we walked to the end of the beach & back. Saw a little flock of 5 sanderlings feeding in the edge of the light surf. (I note from Robie Tufts' bird book that his brother identified a sanderling on this same beach in January 1942.)

MONDAY, JAN. 12, 1970 A nice bright day, temp. up to 24° (after 8° last night, a light breeze from NW. In the afternoon E. & I walked Summerville Beach, & found our cold-weather rig a bit too warm. Took my car to the Rossignol garage & had the snow-tires put on the rear end. In view of my commitment to the Shelburne trip next month, when we shall have snow a-plenty, I might as well put them on now, before the next storm. E., Betty & Joan Freeman visited Terence at the hospital this evening. He is resting comfortably & seems to have weathered the worst of the seizure. But E. met Dr. Wickwire in the lower hall of the hospital & asked his frank opinion. He answered that the long view prospect is not good, mentioning the haggard features, grey skin, dark half-circles under the eyes — in fact the signs of premature aging (Terence is only 50) which we have all noticed in the past two or three years. I wrote a polite No to Stanley, pointing out why I cannot come to Mount Allison.

News:- Nigerian federal troops have completely beaten the Biafran secessionish forces, after a 2½ year war that has caused terrible suffering to the Biafrans, mainly by starvation. General Ojukwu, leader of the Biafrans, took care to get away to Lisbon in a large airplane containing his family, a retinue of his staff, & his white Mercedes car. The Nigerian government of Lagos still refuses to permit what one official called "foreign do-gooders" to fly supplies & medicines direct to Biafra, and says Nigeria can supply all that is necessary.

TUESDAY, JAN. 13/70 Snow fell all day & evening, in large fluffy flakes with no wind, making about 3 inches of new stuff on top of the inch already on the ground. Worked on the travel booklet & wrote letters.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14, 1970 Temp. 10° above last night, rising to 20° at noon, but with a keen NW wind that rose to gale this evening & roared about the house all night. Consequently I stayed indoors after shoveling the snow off my doorway & paths, & walking to the post office. Letter from Hugh Kane of Mac Millans, Toronto, asking for my decision about a travel book on Nova Scotia. (See Oct. 24/69) I wrote a reply, repeating my polite No. E. had three ladies in for bridge this afternoon, & I remained in my den working on the thing for Burchell — constant consulting of road maps, distances, &c. Hard work because I hate it so.

News:- W. J. ("Bill") Roue died today at his home in Dartmouth, aged 90. He was a yachtsman for pleasure, & a designer of wooden sailing vessels by profession, & his lifetime triumph was the design of the famous Lunenburg fishing schooner Bluenose, built in 1921, when she won the racing championship of the "international" (Lunenburg N.S. versus Gloucester, Mass.) fishing fleets, & held it thereafter until the annual contest perished of desuetude in the 1930's. I first met him over a bottle of rum on the train to Halifax from Yarmouth about the year 1931 & we had a lively chat with each other & with a wireless operator from a rum-running vessel who was himself on the run from U.S. authorities at New York. Bill always admitted that he didn't know quite what made the Bluenose sail as fast as she did, and although he tried to equal or better the design with later fishing schooners he never succeeded.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15/70 Same weather. I note from the Hfx. newspaper that various offices have moved, & others are moving, from City Hall to a new (private) office building in nearby Scotia Square. The old City Hall has been badly congested for years, but it remains in use.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16/70 The wind subsided to a stiff breeze this afternoon, with sunshine & temp. 20°, so I drove to Summerville & walked the beach. Mrs. Ches. LeGrow was there with her dogs, & she told me she had not missed a day of this routine. Received a Christmas card from my Aunt Eliza (Gifford) Waters, posted in England on Dec. 26th & sent by surface mail. Fifty or sixty years ago we got mail at Halifax from England in an average 14 days! Steamship sailings with passengers & mail were many & frequent then. Nowadays the competition of air passenger & mail service has put a blight on ship service, & I presume this card was held for a good many days at an English port, awaiting a ship bound for Halifax. Erik & Lou Andersen invited

How do you keep a harbor from shrinking?

By STAN FITZNER

LIVERPOOL — How do you keep a harbor from shrinking?

That's the $64 question in this South Shore town of Liverpool where silt chokes and clogs the inner harbor like cholesterol clogs human arteries.

It's threatening to strangle the town's economy and future.

The source of the problem is a swirling tidal action where the Mersey River charges head-on into the inbound Atlantic Ocean.

The surging current circles a small island just off the government wharf and flings silt in every direction.

The silt — or rather a mixture of silt, sand, gravel and wood fibre — builds up over the whole inner harbor, but particularly in what is called the mooring basin.

It falls in deepening layers across the marine railway of Steel and Engine Products Limited, and it climbs threateningly toward the hull of the unique floating fish processing plant — Mersey Foods Limited —at the government wharf.

It reaches up toward the hulls of the fishing boats moored in the basin until they lie grounded at low tide.

It builds up a natural sandbar stretching across the outer edge of the inner harbor until free passage is accessible only to smaller vessels.

Periodically — about every four years, says Mayor Frank Trainor — the federal government dredges a clear opening in the sandbar.

In 1967 for the first time, town officials say, it dredged the inner basin.

Every few years Steel and Engine Products dredges its own marine railway area —but it dredged in 1969 and a month later a storm nullified the effort.

The silt pours relentlessly back.

Last year it grounded a corner of the floating fish plant — a situation that could twist the hull and destroy the plant. Ottawa paid to dredge it free, but the hole they made filled in again.

The plant, fortunately suffered only minor damage that time, says company president and general manager Dr. William Murphy, but the threat of grounding is back with them.

Individually and jointly, town officials, companies private citizens and ships' captains have hounded Ottawa for a permanent solution —and more dredging in the interim.

Townspeople believe a wall between the government wharf and the small island off its tip would break the silt-tossing tidal motion, create a natural flushing action and help keep the basin at a depth of 18 or 20 feet at low water — at least for a more extended period than now.

That theory, says Mayor Trainor, was shot down by federal officials who said it just wouldn't work.

Town officials say they were told last year that dredging was on the public works department list —but other priorities came first and money wasn't available. As soon as it was, some dredging would be started at Liverpool.

Meanwhile, they say, ships lie grounded in the basin at low tide, larger ships can't make it across the sandbar and Mersey Seafoods ships and other vessels running from a storm at low tide have to remain in the outer harbor to be pounded to pieces.

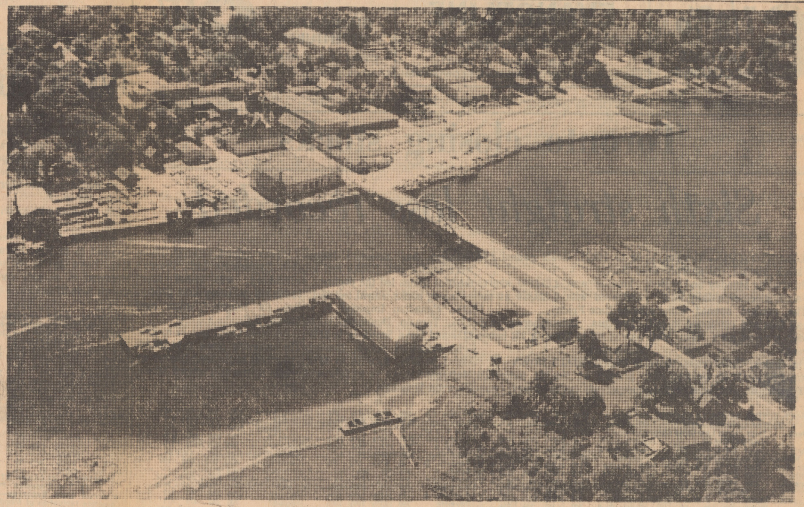
Steel and Engine's plant superintendent, Arthur Hirtle, says that ships drawing over 18 feet of water can't get into the harbor at the best of times. The company has had to turn down ship repair jobs for this reason, he says, and others have been lost for the same reason.

Dr. Murphy adds that Mersey Seafoods can only manoeuvre a ship for off-loading or such at high tide —"and it makes us relatively inefficient by having to schedule our work according to the tides." The plant's ships can be delayed by as much as 24 hours by missing a tide.

But the more urgent problem, he says, is the possibility that the floating fish processing plant could be grounded again, twisting the hull and throwing the plant out of operation for months.

"The situation is critical now," he says

Last October the town wrote the public works department requesting a study of the potentials of both Liverpool Harbor and Liverpool Bay — the inner and outer harbors — for use of council in planning future development.



Liverpool and its shrinking harbor

Mayor Trainor says he was advised that such studies were not the responsibility of the public works department; it was suggested he contact the department of regional economic development.

The mayor took the advice and now awaits an answer.

He's gotten used to waiting, he says, having already gone through the departments of immigration, public works, transport, the old Unemployment Insurance Commission, Indian affairs and northern development, and directly through ministers, senators and MPs.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has thrown its weight behind the fight to get a better harbor, and its industrial committee is currently pondering the next step after having been advised, chamber officials say, that Ottawa had a dredging program on its books but no money available at the moment to carry it out.

Chamber secretary Ron Lane says he was told that the public works department was re-examining its financial position to see if money could be found to start the work.

But behind the drive for some dredging now, there's a determined bid for something permanent.

"The whole life blood of Liverpool," says Mayor Trainor, "will depend on what type of harbor we have. If we don't get a good harbor we can't even go after medium-size industry let alone heavy industry."

"What we really want," adds Dr. Murphy, "is not just for someone to throw a dredge in once in a while . . . we want a study of possible ways to cure the problem for all time.

"And I think that's possible," he says.

slaughter of trace & other fish, offshore, by the large modern fleets of Russian & other trawlers. When the lobsters were in their moulting stage, naked or softshelled, the fish used to come inshore & feed on them. Dewey often found cod & pollock with their bellies full of them. Now these predators have gone.

After midnight, I washed down my usual sleeping pills with much more than my usual nightcaps of rum, while reading at my desk. When I got up to go to bed, my head swam & I fell to the floor, striking my elbow & the back of my head against the desk edge en route. I managed to crawl as far as my study couch, & slept there till about 2 a.m. I woke then, with a clearer head, went upstairs to bed, & slept the rest of the night. The cold weather continues.

FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1970 Got up at 8 a.m. & made coffee as usual. Found a small bloody gash on my right elbow, & a skinned wound with clotted blood in the fringe of white hair at the back of my skull. Lucky it was no worse. A long dreary day at my desk; reading, weeping, feverish, sniffing & swallowing streams of mucus because, whenever I blow my nose, a stream of blood pours from my right nostril, sometimes difficult to stop. I use no aspirin because I'm allergic to the stuff (it raises lumps on my scalp like gooseberries) & because I need Seconal every night & don't care to mix chemicals. Another bright cold day. E. walked downtown & got the mail & a broiled chicken for supper.

News:- a special committee of the Canadian Senate is investigating the news media for evidence of monopoly & slanted news & editorials. Today in Ottawa, Graham Dennis, publisher of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald & Mail-Star, & L. F. Daley, vice-president & lawyer for these papers, testified before the committee. Quizzed about the lack of editorial criticism on political & other public issues, they gave some lame answers. They claimed that Graham Dennis owns 65% of this monopoly, his sister owns 25%, & the remaining 10% is owned by L. F. Daley. They flatly denied the K. C. Irving has any direct or indirect influence in these newspapers. Daley admitted that he had been president of the New Brunswick Broadcasting Company, an Irving company, until last March. He & Dennis denied a large turnover of staff due to dissatisfaction with editorial views imposed on them.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1970

Clear & cold. (20° above zero at noon, 8° above at night) I shaved & dressed as usual, but stayed indoors feeling wretched. Any attempt to blow my nose brings a cataract of blood. Bill & Francie Dennis have been in Halifax for two or three days, attending an annual get-together of Bill's (Dalhousie) medical fraternity, so late this afternoon they drove on to Liverpool, & will stay the night with us. Tom & Pam invited them to the curling rink, where both are playing in Liverpool championship games. (Tom's team lost. Pam's won, & they will go on to Yarmouth to play in the provincials.) After the curling they & the Jack Dunlaps & the "Mit" Greens went on to Tom & Pam's flat for drinks & chat.

I suffered a terrific nosebleed on my way to bed, & left the stair-carpet, my bedroom carpet, & the bed sheets spattered with blood. Finally got it stopped by cramming the nostrils with paper tissue. The blood seeped through even that, but finally clotted.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25/70 Sunny & cold. Up at 9 a.m. & breakfasted on coffee & toast, shaved & dressed. Bill & Francie arose about 10, had "brunch", & took off for Moncton shortly before noon. They say there is no snow at Moncton, & they didn't see any until about Truro on the way to Hfx. Here in Liverpool our few light dustings of snow amount to no more than 2 or 3 inches.

MONDAY, JAN. 26/70 Snowing all day, but not amounting to much. I begin to recover but still feel weak & dragged-out.

TUESDAY, JAN. 27/70 Sunny. Temp 30° at noon. I shovelled the snow from my paths & driveway. No great task, but I had to move slowly, & was exhausted when I finished. Bathed, & changed my sweaty clothing. In the afternoon got the car out & got rum & wine from the liquor store. Am enjoying "The Prince of Pleasure" by J. B. Priestley, which I got through the Book-of-the-Month Club for $14.00. Centering about George IV, it is a chatty history of England during the Regency for the most part, with many illustrations of contemporary portraits & cartoons, documents, etc.

News:- the stock & bond markets are still falling, while the cost of living continues rising like a rocket; so my life savings shrink in value just at the time when my professional income has almost ceased, & my expenses climb. Fortunately E. begins to receive the government old age pension this month, as I did last month. It is now $79.50 for each of us = $1908.00 per year in all.

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WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1970

Mostly sunny, & temp. up to 30°. This afternoon I drove with E. to Summerville & walked the beach, but it did me no good, & I was glad to get back home. My snuffles continue, with a general malaise, & dizzy spells.

Charles Burchell phoned from Hfx. Says he is pleased with my texts, but would like more about Louisbourg & Peggy's Cove.

THURSDAY, JAN. 29/70 The steady cold weather since the last week in December broke today in the traditional January thaw. Temp. up to 40° & a light but persistent rain melting the snow. As usual I had to chop ice & shovel snow to clear the storm drain & stop the flood pouring into my driveway. Today I wrote some additional matter for Chas. Burchell & got it enveloped for mailing. I hope that is the end of it. Erik Anderssen dropped in for a chat this afternoon. Like myself, his wife Lou is making a slow & difficult recovery from 'flu.

The mail brought a fat envelope from Mr. Chrétien, Minister of Indian Affairs & Northern Development, enclosing maps of Kejimkujik Park as it is now, & of future development including extension of the present motor road to make a loop about the lake. Two thick booklets, one about national parks generally, the other about development of camping sites, canoe portages, hiking trails etc. In a covering letter Mr. Chrétien says his dept. is starting a series of public hearings to consider master plans for all national parks, & beginning with Kejimkujik. A number of these information kits are going to members of the public, for study & comment.

News:- The Liverpool ladies' curling team, including my daughter-in-law Pamela, won the N.S. championship in the provincial bonspiel at Yarmouth today. They will go on to Calgary to play for the Canadian championship.

FRIDAY, JAN. 30/70 Sunny & mild (40°) About half my lawn is bare of snow. This afternoon I drove to Summerville & walked the beach, then walked around the golf course, which is almost entirely bare. Near N° 4 green I came upon a fat black star-nosed mole, foraging in the open. These moles have the peculiar "star" fleshy, pink in colour, protruding from the tip of the snout like the spokes of a wheel. I was able to walk right up to it. When it sensed my presence, it stuck its head under a protruding bit of

turf, like the proverbial ostrich. The tracks I saw in the snow on Jan. 20 were probably made by these strange creatures, not shrews.

Today's newspaper has a brief obituary of Fred Hill's wife, Nola, who died at their winter home in Daytona, Florida, yesterday. Funeral in burial in Dartmouth, N.S. on Feb. 2. E. & I had a chat with her & Fred at their summer home, Great Village, last October.

Today's paper also has a brief paragraph stating that Dr. Henry Labelle is resigning the presidency of St. Mary's University at Halifax, & will return to teaching.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1970 Temp. 10° last night, 20° at noon. My walk yesterday, however enjoyable, was a mistake. It was tiring; & although I wore my Arctic pea-jacket etc., today I had the sniffles again, & a sneeze for punctuation now & then. A miserable feeling of malaise, physical & mental. During the afternoon E. went to Lou's flat, to help Pam prepare food snacks for a party there tonight — 28 or 30 people, to celebrate the curling victory.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1/70 Stayed indoors all day.

MONDAY, FEB. 2/70 Sunny. Temp. 40° at noon. Light SW breeze. Charlie Williams phoned, suggesting a round of golf with some others. So we played — John Wickwire, Austin Parker, Charlie & I — & we were joined at N° 3 by Paul King. A thin skin of turf had melted, so we stayed off the greens, using N° 3 woods & N° 5 irons. Snow remained in a few hollows but the course was about 95% bare, & we played 18 holes with no gloves on our hands, quite comfortably.

The mail brought a letter from Ron Weyman, CBC director, who did the TV serial of my book "The Wings of Night" in 1963. Says he would like to make a serial of "Roger Sudden", & did I have the TV rights?

TUESDAY, FEB. 3/70 A gale of wind & rain, last night & today. This morning took the car downtown with E. to shop for groceries. Wrote Weyman, saying I had all rights in "Roger Sudden" & was willing to negotiate. But I reminded him that CBC's first TV serial was made from "Roger Sudden" in 1952. At that time CBC had no national network, just a few stations in Ontario & one in Montreal. At that time, too, my Canadian publishers, McClelland & Stewart, had the handling of the rights; & TV was then so new that M.&S. assumed this was the same as rights to a radio presentation by a single station, & sold a one-shot right to CBC for $150! Put all this in my letter.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1970 The wind & rain continued all night & today. Temp. 48° yesterday, 50° today. All the snow gone except a few black lumps beside walks & driveways. The steady cold in January put twelve inches of ice on most of the lakes & ponds, so the thaw has not affected it much. I'm told the lakes (& farmers' wells) in North Queens are still abnormally low, as the fall rains did not make up for the summer drought, & of course we've had little snow so far this winter.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/70 A freeze (15°) last night, followed by a pleasant (30°) calm & sunny day. In the afternoon, while E. entertained her bridge-playing ladies, I took my N°3 wood & N°5 iron to White Point & played 18 holes - or rather 18 fairways, keeping off the greens. Sat for a time in the rain shelter at N° 5 green, which is divided into four segments by plywood, so that one may sit facing N. E. S. or W., screened from any wind that may be blowing. I chose the segment facing south, and the sun. The woodwork & bench there were actually warm to the touch, & I sat there actually perspiring in my winter rig.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6/70 As yesterday, except an overcast sky. Played fairway golf at White Point, alone, in the afternoon. Am still having spasms of dizziness; an aftermath of the blow on my head on the night of Jan. 22, perhaps, or of the 'flu.

Letter from Clement Crowell, written at his winter home "Winterlude", Gulfport, Florida. Invites me & E. to spend a weekend with himself & Ester at Lake Annis near June, & asks me to address the Yarmouth Historical Society at the same time.

News:- A tanker named "Arrow", with a full load of crude oil for the new refinery at Port Hawkesbury, struck Cerberus Rock, at the entrance of Canso Strait, near Arichat, during the storm of Feb 3-4. She is now lying with deck awash, & leaking oil at a great rate. Oil company officials have engaged tugs & a helicopter to spray the oil slick with a chemical detergent, without much success. Sea fowl are dying by the dozen on the shore, & if the ship breaks up completely it could pollute the whole coast for a hundred miles. The "Arrow" flies the Liberian "flag of convenience", but is said to be owned by the Greek multimillionaire Onassis.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1970 Same weather. Played golf for 2 hours this afternoon, & E. walked around the course with me for the first nine fairways. As I played along N° 7 fairway, a dozen boys of White Point, in full hockey uniform, were busy with sticks & pucks on the ice of the lake, a few yards away. The steady frost, & lack of snow, has made the best outdoor skating in many winters.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8/70 Sunny, calm, & temp. 40°. Played golf all afternoon with Len Pottie, Charles Williams, & Jim Bowie. Several other players out, including ladies, & many White Point & town folk strolling along the edge of the fairways. E. had invited the junior Ruddalls to dinner this evening, & she made a chocolate cake & got me to inscribe it, in white icing from a sort of squirt gun — "Calgary. Good Luck." Pam brought samples of the cloth, buttons, etc. the Liverpool ladies' team are having made into uniform dresses etc., & the sealskin boots donated by a local shoe store.

MONDAY, FEB. 9/70 Another marvellous day, sunny, almost calm, blue sky, blue sea. Golf all afternoon with Len Pottie, Charlie Williams, & Fred Hartz, using the greens, which are firm after each night's frost, despite melting temperatures during the day.

Terence Freeman was released from hospital today, & went home. Dr. Wickwire told him that he must stay away from work for several weeks, must not drive his car, etc.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10/70 A somewhat hazy sun, temp. 40°, a bleak little breeze from the sea. Played golf again, alone except that E. walked around with me for the first nine holes. Wore my usual rig, a thick turtle-neck sweater, & over that the thin silk parka (not using the hood), my cotton golfing cap. Perfectly warm.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11/70 A sea gale last night & today, with rain blown to a sort of mist. My garden tray, placed on the bird bath & its pedestal, is visited daily by 15 & 20 evening grosbeaks, 4 or 5 goldfinches, a pair of pine siskins, 2 or 3 chickadees, & the usual flock of English sparrows. A pair of female (or immature male) pine grosbeaks come frequently to nibble the berries left on my hawthorn tree, but never descend to the tray. A downy woodpecker comes from time to time to search the bark crevices of my golden elders. Also at irregular intervals a large flock of redpolls, sometimes mingled with pine siskins, come to forage on the ground among the dead leaves under the shrubs.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1970

The gale petered out this evening. At 6:30 p.m. I set out by car for Shelburne, to make an address at the opening of the new regional library there. The first time I had driven there since the new cut-off road was finished through the woods from Sable River to Jordan Falls. (The old "Nine Miles Woods Road" was narrow, winding & rough. The new one is straight, wide, paved, & apparently not more than 8 miles.) There were some squalls of snow, & I passed a Highways Board truck salting the road. The library is in a former church building on John Street, a long room well fitted with shelving, carpeting, plastic chairs, tables, etc. Much of the work was done by students at the new vocational school, under the guidance of their instructors. About 100 people there, old & young. Chairman was McCabe, vice-principal of the vocational school, & he got the ceremonies under way at 8 p.m. Various people spoke, & we were all finished at 9 p.m. I skipped the refreshments that followed, chatted briefly with some of the people, & returned home while the going was still good. Some snow squalls. My night sight is quite bad & I nearly lost control of the car coming down one of the hills on a sharp bend. After this I must stick to my rule of making no long drives after dark.

News from Halifax:— The Nova Scotia Museum is now installed in the new building on Summer Street, but is not yet open to the public. The marine history staff are on the top floor. The Citadel branch will be maintained.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13/70 Snow in light squalls all day & evening, just enough to cover the ground. Indoors all day, except for the morning walk to the post office. In these afternoons when there is no temptation to walk (or play golf!) E. & I have resumed our games of Scrabble, an absorbing time-passer. As usual on Fridays, Debby & Tommy came to supper & to watch the colour TV shows for children. They have now reached the age when romps with "Gumpy" are a thing of the past, & they greet me politely & have nothing more to say. In a few more years this detachment will extend to their own parents, the natural condition of growing up.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15, 1970

Yesterday was cold (10° above zero at 8 a.m.) with a keen NW wind, so no long walk. Today snow began falling & continued all day in a temp. of 20° above zero. It was grainy cold-weather snow & did not "make" much on the ground. Little wind. E. & I stayed indoors except for my garden trip to feed the birds. I am re-reading Strachey's "Eminent Victorians". All afternoon played Scrabble with E. This evening, the temp. rose to 35° & the snow changed to a light rain which continued into the night. Wrote Glen. Crowell, (see Feb. 6) accepting his invitation. At his suggestion, I shall give the Yarmouth Historical Society my lecture on Tarleton's Legion, which I read before the N.S.H.S. in Hfx. many years ago. As Glen. says, it is relevant to Yarmouth people because their region plus Shelburne were part of Queens County until 1784.

MONDAY, FEB. 16/70 Temp. 40° at 8 a.m. The rain & snow had ceased in the night, & the net result to me was about 3 or 4 inches of soggy snow on the level, & a knee-deep bank thrown across my street front by the town plough. It was heavy stuff to shovel, & it took me over 2 hours to ~~shovel~~ clear it off my paths & driveway, & to open the street gutters & drain, & to chop ice off the front (cement) walk.

Bathed & changed, & in the afternoon got money from my bank savings account, picked up the mail, & bought from the government liquor store a case of rum for myself & a case of gin for E.

The sun has now come north enough to set due West from my study, & from our kitchen window at 5:30 p.m. we can see it set in the narrow space between the brick block of the vocational school & the end house on Boehner Street. It shone most of this afternoon, & the temp. was 35°, so that the asphalt streets became practically dry. My study was comfortable with the electric heaters switched off, & the sun perceptibly warm through the west windows.

News:- TV film shows the tanker "Arrow" broken in two, & sunk to the upper works of the after part, & the mast-head of the forward part, with oil oozing to the surface & washing along the shores of Chedabucto Bay. The oil is the thickest kind, from which the more fluid oil has been abstracted, leaving a stuff like tar which in this cold latitude is almost impossible to ignite. Imperial Oil Co. (which had the "Arrow" under charter) has admitted its responsibility for cleaning up the mess. TV showed various scientists &

Dept of Transport officials & boats & crews, attempting to fire the black masses on the shoreline by scattering tiny glass beads over it, to make it ignitable, & then attempting to fire it with squirts from army flame-throwers. No success. The ship's owner is wealthy Wm Onassis, present husband of the former Jacqueline Kennedy. The black muck in Chedabucto Bay is therefore called "Onassis' molasses".

TUESDAY, FEB. 17, 1970 Temp. dropped to 15° last night, making a hard crust of the remaining snow & turning the slush to ice. Took the car downtown this morning & E. shopped at the supermarket for a week's groceries. The mail brought a cheque from The Book Room for $500, payment for my work on their picture booklet's text. In the afternoon the temp. got up to 31° with a hazy sun, as we drove to Kummerville & walked the beach, & then I walked around the golf course — the snow so hardy that my shoes sank less than half an inch. The ground at White Point is bare here & there, & in one such place, under a couple of scrubby oak-spruce trees near N° 5 green, I saw a pair of goldfinches busy extracting the seeds from fallen cones.

This evening I had a phone call from Tony Hawke, who is Maritime salesman for McClelland & Stewart, my first publishers in Canada. He is in Halifax on a tour of his territory, & apparently had just heard (undoubtedly from Burchell of the Book Room) that I had severed my long-standing connection with Doubleday. He asked if I had plans for future writing & publishing, because if so he would come & see me, or ~~Mrs~~ Jack McClelland would get in touch with me. I said I had no immediate plans, except to write an account of my own life & times & toils, to accompany my manuscripts, diaries & papers when they pass to an educational institution.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18/70 Same weather, & same walks at Kummerville & White Point. Having desisted this winter from my customary winter six-mile hikes on the hard pavement between Liverpool & Milton, I find my arthritic right hip much less stiff & painful than in former years. Walking on the sand beach, or even on frozen turf, gives much less jolting in the hip socket. On the bathroom scales this afternoon I weighed 179 lbs.

Historical Society met tonight, & we heard a tape-recorded

replay of the service at Port Medway last May 25th. The main business tonight had to do with maintenance of the little chapel there. President Mel. Gardner had located the wills of Capt. Wm. Mortimer & Miss Nellie Parks. The Mortimer bequest of $240 per year was specifically for payment to ministers of the (then Methodist) church, & as there is now no minister preaching regularly to the Port Medway handful, the Eastern Trust Company pays this sum to the United Church of Canada at Brooklyn, Mill Village, & Beach Meadows. On the other hand, the Parks fund of $2,000, yields @ 6% the sum of $120 per year, hitherto paid to Mrs. Meisner, one of the last survivors of the old Methodist congregation. At her request, our Historical Society is taking over the administration of receipts from the Parks bequest; & Mrs. Meisner has turned over to us, in a special fund at the Bank of N.S., Liverpool, the accumulated money in her hands, amounting to about $420. The Nellie Parks bequest was specifically for the care & maintenance of the Port Medway chapel, so we appointed 4 men as a committee to look after this. The Mortimer will, dated 187?, was rather amusing. He left his whole estate in trust. His wife was to get $240 per year until death; & thereafter "forever" this $240 was to be paid to the ministers of the Port Medway Methodist church. Apparently he had no children by his wife. However he had 3 "natural children", all boys, "by Cynthia Cohoon, Rosy Conrad, & Louisa Parnell". He left no money to these ladies (probably he had made cash settlements with them) but he bequeathed $100 per year to each boy until he was 14, & thereafter $150 per year until he was 21. He wished them to take the name Mortimer, & at age 21 each son was to receive 1/3 of the estate, apart from the annuities to his wife & niece. Capt. Wm. was obviously a very busy man. He died in the 1890's, & the sons disappeared from the region long ago. Interesting to note that Mortimer made this will one year after the failure of the two Liverpool banks, which ruined most of the captains & merchants in Queens County. Mortimer had shrewdly invested his money in shares of flourishing railways in the U.S., and in real estate.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1970 Temp. got up to 40° with a light drizzle of rain. E. had her ladies in for bridge this afternoon. I was in my den, answering correspondence, & typing copies of the Mortimer will for Mel. Gardner & myself.

FRIDAY, FEB. 20, 1970

After a cold night, a sunny but cool day (30° at noon with a NW breeze). Made the afternoon walk on Summerville Beach & golf course. The town council has set the tax rate at #2.50. During 1969, throughout Nova Scotia, there was a general re-appraisal & re-assessment of real estate & personal properties. (My house, garage & lot, formerly assessed at #5,350 were raised to #16,775; my furniture etc., formerly #1,075, was raised to #3,250.) I did not appeal the new assessment because it is approximately the amount of my insurance. However there was much anger & heartburning, & a great scurry to see the assessment lists & compare the rating of other properties — in many cases creating bad blood among neighbours. At the time, the town council offered soothing syrup, pointing out that the new assessments would mean a comparatively low tax rate. Actually it has been cut in half, from #5 to #2.50. But Mayor Trainor in a letter to the Advance this week pointed out that two unexpected things have hit the town's budget for 1970. One is a large increase of pay for the school teachers, decreed by the provincial government but to be paid mainly by the towns & municipalities. The other is a sharp cut in provincial government subsidies to many towns & municipalities — a political dodge which enables the N.S. gov't. to balance its budget in an election year. I don't think this will fool the taxpayers. As far as I can see, I shall pay about #19.00 on my house property this year (last year it was #258) and #81.00 on my personal property (last year #52.00).

Pamela & her three curling team-mates left for Calgary today, driving to Halifax airport in Tom's station-wagon car, which Pam will leave at the airport for the return to Liverpool.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21/70 The winter season is now well "over the hump", with no hardship & very little snow. We are bound to get a lot of snow in the next 5 or 6 weeks, but the sun is getting northward every day — on sunny days I rarely have to switch on an electric heater in my den, except an hour or two in the morning. Drove to Summerville this afternoon & walked the beach, dropping E. for a visit with Terence & Betty Freeman. Stopped in there for a brief chat myself, when I picked

E. up. Terence seems to be recovering well from his heart attack, but is in a profound depression. I noted the grey features, wrinkled like an old man's (he is only 51), the sacs beneath the eyes, which Dr. Wickwire remarked at the hospital as evidence of premature decay. A family trait apparently. His older sister Nancy at 50 changed in a few years to a wizened hag & died completely mad. On the way home I stopped at White Point & walked around the course. E. came with me part of the way.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22, 1970 A grey day with light snow squalls, so stayed indoors except to feed the birds. Re-reading Carl Baker's biography of Ernest Hemingway. Tom & his youngsters came at 5:30 & dined with us.

MONDAY, FEB. 23/70 A March sort of day, a strong N.W. wind, alternate sunshine & snow flurries, temp. at noon 20°. Only a lone goldfinch & a pair of chickadees came to my seed tray.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24/70 Temp. 8° above zero at 8 a.m., 20° at noon, with a NW gale, but clear sunshine. I attached the "fur" lined parka hood to my Arctic pea-jacket, & wore my "fur" mittens for the only outdoor excursion of the day — to the post office, & to feed the birds. I received by mail the annual statement of the Liverpool Golf & Country Club. Founded almost 40 years ago, the Club got part of its land, at a nominal rental, from the White Point Beach Lodge Co. Ltd., on condition that guests of the Lodge could play the course. This arrangement still continues. The rest of the land (indeed most of it) consisted of old farm fields & pastures, which the Club bought for $5,000 or about that. The present statement of assets shows the land at $4,585.00. The new municipal tax assessment probably will set its value much higher, because its shore line is now a desirable building site. The statement shows "Course & Buildings" at $29,964.00. The buildings are the clubhouse, and the pro. shop in which golf carts & bags are stored; & they cost, with periodical changes & extensions, about $15,000 for the clubhouse & $5000 for the shop. That leaves only less than $10,000 for improvements to the course over nearly 40 years. This again is book-keeping sleight-of-hand. I was not a member of the Club until it had been in existence more than 20 years; but I was then told that the land had been improved over these years at a total cost of $20,000 to $25,000. At that time the clubhouse & pro. shop were contained in one small building, very simply furnished.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1970

Temp. 5° above zero last night — our coldest in Liverpool this winter. This morning it rose quickly to 40°, with hazy sunshine & a southerly wind, which soon began to rot the thin crusty snow on the ground. In the afternoon I walked Summerville beach, & then the golf course. At N° 4 green I turned off along the stone beach & walked around the rough tip of land which forms the actual White Point — so called I suppose because storms have thrown up a mass of light-colored stones in a steep ∧, in contrast to the darker look of Black Point to the east. Within the ∧ is a boggy place covered with large cranberries, which are soft and almost sweet now after the frosts & thaws. The rest of the point is a patchwork of scrub cat-spruce trees, bushes, barrens, & pockets of bog. Near the tip, a plump pair of grouse flew up a few yards away, a nice quick right-&-left if I'd had my shotgun. I suppose they had been feeding on the cranberries. Altogether I had two hours of walking, very fine after three days of no exercise. The snow is almost entirely gone from the seaward end of the golf course, & on the rest the snow is thin & mushy, with little streams of water flowing down the slopes.

Yesterday I sent for a plumber to fix our toilet tank inlet, which has been roaring like Niagara whenever the tank begins to fill. A young chap came & put in a new plastic ball shut-off valve, & a new bit of brass, & went away. The toilet still roars, we found; & the same plumbers in Oct. 1968 put in a new ball valve which must have been OK yesterday.

Pamela & her curling comrades at Calgary have won 2 & lost 2 games.

THURSDAY, FEB 26/70 Temp. 5° last night, & only 20° at noon, with a grey sky & strong NW wind. So no walk except to the post office. Am re-reading Jerry Allen's "The Sea Years of Joseph Conrad". Played Scrabble with E. most of the afternoon. At Calgary the N.S. teams now has won 2 and lost 6 games, so they haven't a hope; but 3 of the lost games were close runs, so they haven't played badly. They go to Banff tomorrow for a holiday jaunt, laid on by the hospitable Calgarians, & then fly back to Halifax.