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TO

FEB. 28, 1978

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Diary of Thomas H. Raddall

Aug. 10, 1975 to Feb. 28, 1978

The Miller Williams Library
Loyola Marymount University

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1975 Fine & hot. I mowed my lawns.
Dined with the junior Raddalls at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, AUG. 11/75 Fine & hot. Played golf in afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 13/75 " My old friend Dewey Nickerson, of Clark's Harbour, came to see me this morning & stayed for a snack lunch, yarning about old days on Seal Island. Old Winifred Hamilton still lives there with her daughter Mary, but no fishermen live on the island now. The place is much visited by people from the mainland or in yachts, & it is nothing like the pristine spot I saw in 1948.

Born in the year of Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila, & named after him, Dewey is now 77. He prospered as a lobster fisherman, never knew what an income tax form even looked like, & now with government old pensions as well, he & his wife Genevieve live very comfortably. One of their sons is captain of a rich American's yacht based at Miami, & the old couple go by air & stay with him and, as Dewey says, "just lay around in the sun," every winter.

FRIDAY, AUG. 15/75 Fine & hot. Golf in the afternoon.

SUNDAY, AUG. 17/75 Played 9 holes at White Point. Dined with the junior Raddalls — steamed clams, which they dug in the creek ("the Dike") at central Port Mouton this morning.

MONDAY, AUG. 18/75 Fog & a few showers, not enough to do my parched lawn & roses any good. At my desk all day.

TUESDAY, AUG. 19/75 Fine & hot. Golf ~~by appointment~~ with Paul King & George Kyle. At 3:30 by appointment Mrs. Judy Barss came to my house with a tape recorder. She is an assistant to Bill Harper of CBC, a television director at Halifax with whom I have worked before. At Harper's request she recorded a long talk about my life & times.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20/75 Fine & hot. Golf. At 5:30 Capt. Charlie & Florence Williams picked me up in their car with Mrs. Anne Jones (neé Seaborn) & drove to Penhook Lake on the Medway, where Douglas & Phyllis Tozer had invited us to dine & spend the evening. The Toyers wanted me to meet Ken Corbett, who has a cabin near theirs. He is a native of Truro N.S., son of a sea captain, & now for many years a professor at a college in Maryland, U.S.A. His hobby is "scrimshaw" work on the style of the old-time

whalersmen, & he buys sperm whale teeth for the purpose. His beautifully incised pictures on the teeth are as good or better than the whalersmen's. He showed us a dozen specimens, & gave me a tooth with a picture of Canada's largest wooden square-rigger "W. D. Lawrence", built at Maitland N.S. in 1874. I am to present it to the Queens County Historical Society's collection in the Perkins House museum. Corbett signs each of his pieces, to make clear that they are modern " scrimshaw ". Driving home under a full moon the road through the woods was beautiful.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1975 Fine with a strong W. wind. Goff. At 5:30 attended a cocktail party given by Ralph Johnson & wife Hallafelle to celebrate his 75th. birthday. Drinks & chat with many old friends.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22/75 Light showers at intervals, not enough to do any good. This summer's continuous heat & drought in Canada & the U.S. is also being experienced in Europe. Only a few months ago some pundits, pointing to the recent late springs & early autumns, declared that a new ice age is approaching.

My Charlady came as usual this morning, & worked away till noon, dusting, cleaning floors & carpets, changing the bed linen, watering the house plants, etc.

I worked away at the privateer film script.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23/75 Went to bed as usual last night about 12:30 with a sheet & a light blanket over me, & waked at 5 a.m. feeling chilled. The outside temperature had dropped to 50° Fahrt. Got up at 6 & had my breakfast of coffee & toast. Turned on the furnace for the first time since the cold weather on June 9. Goff this afternoon in warm sun & a strong west wind.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26/75 A drizzle of rain & some showers. This morning I had a visit from two young women employed by the N.S. Museum, Miss Anne Balcome, who is making a pre-Loyalist study of Simeon Perkins' life & times, & Mrs. Mary Harvey, who is in charge of restoration work on the Ross-Thompson House in Shelburne. Miss Balcome asked most of the questions and tape-recorded my answers. In the afternoon I had another visitor about the Perkins House, a young English architect named

Alan Penny. He has been six years in this country, & is employed by the N.S. Museum, studying historic buildings & making drawings to show the original structure & the various changes in the course of the years.

Had an air mail letter from Savina Bellini, partner of Clive Parsons in Film & General Investments Ltd., London. She & Parsons were in California a few weeks ago & conferred with Maurice Singer, who holds the present option on "The Nymph & The Lamp", & disagreed with him about terms of cooperation. They remain interested in the book when Singer's option expires.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1975 Fine. Golf. At 5 p.m. I was visited by Mr. & Mrs. Allyn McGuire of Orangerie, Ontario, & another lady whose name I did not catch. McGuire is a collector of my work & had written for an appointment. He brought along his collection for my autograph. We all dined at White Point Lodge & returned to my house for further chat. (The other lady was Mrs. Rachel Groves.)

This morning I wrote to Jack McClelland telling him to make out a contract for my memoirs. Also I said that following publication of "In My Time" in 1976 I'd like to see a uniform casebound edition of all my novels & collections of short stories (13 books in all) to be published in '77 or not later than '78.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/75 A strong sea gale & rain all night. The wind hauled to NW this morning & was still blowing quite hard when I played golf in sunshine in the afternoon. On getting home I went upstairs to put on my soft heel-less leather slippers, & starting down again my foot slipped & I fell backward heavily. Think I must have cracked the lower rib on my right side, as it is very painful there.

MONDAY, SEP. 1/75 Cloudy. Indoors all day at my desk, still in much pain from my fall. Motored to Hunts Point & dined with the Raddalls, who spent the weekend in Halifax.

THURSDAY, SEP. 4/75 Cold wet weather since Monday, with the furnace running frequently. Added to the arthritis in my right hip, the cracked rib makes that side an utter misery, & I wake frequently at night when I turn over in sleep. No use going to the doctor, who would only apply sticking

plaster & tell me to take aspirins. Even sitting at my typewriter is painful, so I'm getting no work done.

FRIDAY, SEP. 5, 1975 The first fine warm day this ~~—~~ weekly. I couldn't stay indoors any more, so in spite of pain I mowed my lawns. The recent rains have revived them considerably after the long drought. Tommy Raddall spent the evening with his school chums in town & stayed the night at my house.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/75 Overcast, with rain at evening. Worked on the film script, did my laundry, etc.

SUNDAY, SEP. 7/75 Fine & warm, but owing to pain I didn't go outdoors except to drive to Hunt's Point to dine with the junior Raddalls.

MONDAY, SEP. 8/75 A bad night despite a sleeping pill. At 4 a.m. I was not only awake but hungry, so I got up & had a hearty breakfast of fish chowder donated by Pamela yesterday. Went back to bed at 5, & slept 3 hours. A dark overcast day, with rain at evening. A phone call from somebody named James O'Hagan, speaking for "The Privateer's Warehouse" — the old stone warehouse built by Eros Collins on Water Street, Halifax, in the early 1800's. In recent years it has been renovated, with other historic properties therabouts, & it now houses a ground floor tavern, furnished in the style of the early 1800's, and a very good lounge & dining room on the second floor. O'Hagan said he would like to entertain me there & gave me his phone number, 429-05063. Then he came to his point. In what is called "The Lower Deck" tavern, a singer leads in sea chanties & ballads, & O'Hagan asked my permission to use the come-all-ye verses I wrote as chapter headings for my original little book "Saga of The Rover". I said it would be all right, provided that the authorship was acknowledged, to protect my copyright.

Letter from Jack McClelland replying to mine of Aug. 29. He is having his people prepare a contract for my memoirs, & plans to publish them in September 1976. He says the proposed uniform casebound edition of my fiction works is a good idea, & he will get his staff working on it ⁱⁿ'77, to follow the publication of "In My Time". There may be a financial problem owing to printing & paper costs nowadays,

but feels sure it can be worked out.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11, 1975 Good fall weather, cool at night, sunny & warm by afternoon. I couldn't stay indoors any more, though my cracked rib & bruised side are still painful, and I played golf yesterday & today. Enjoyed the exercise & sun, despite the pain. Flocks of "leach" sandpipers & some semi-palmated ("ringneck") plovers all over the golf course, in migration from the Arctic.

News:- John Turner, the capable & respected Minister of Finance in the Canadian cabinet, has suddenly resigned. It is known that he has been at loggerheads for a long time with fellow members of the cabinet, none of whom have had any real experience with the business world, & whose only idea for combating unemployment is to keep on printing & spending more money, thus adding to the other problem of inflation.

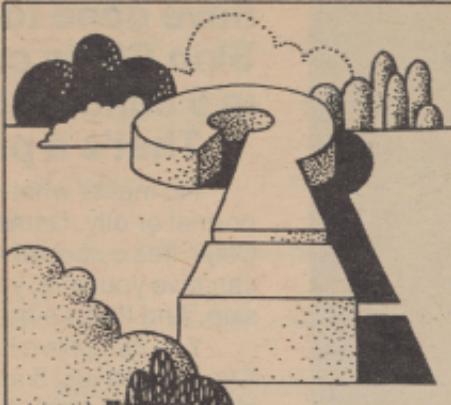
SATURDAY, SEP. 13/75 Rain. Indoors all day. Spent the morning reading another book in typescript sent to me by the Canada Council for an opinion, & the afternoon on the Rover film script. My right side still pains me.

SUNDAY, SEP. 14/75 A heavy shower in the afternoon but mostly sunny & warm. Tom & Pamela had invited the Raddall clan to their house for a get-together & dinner, so my sister Winifred & husband Larry Merlin, sister Kelly Cassidy, & sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer, all of whom now live in the region of Mahone Bay, came to my house at 4 p.m. & took me on to Hunts Point.

We had a lot of pleasant chat, & then a delicious meal. Hilda has cut out all alcoholic drinks, reduced her weight considerably, & looks & feels much better. The Merlins hope to move into their new house towards the end of this month.

TUESDAY, SEP. 16/75 Fine yesterday & today, & I spent both afternoons on the golf course, enjoying every minute despite my aching starboard side.

THURSDAY, SEP. 18/75 Lovely fall weather. My sister Winifred's husband Larry Merlin arrived at 1 p.m. with a meat loaf & an apple pie still warm from the oven. We spent a pleasant afternoon on the golf course. Erik Anderssen came in for a chat this evening.



YOU ASKED US

Why a Cape would change its name

Who suggested eating cake

Q

I recently became the owner of an autographed copy of *Pride's Fancy* by Thomas H. Raddall. Can you tell me about the author?

Connie Elkin, Pikangikum, Ont.

A

Although Thomas Raddall was born in England (on Nov. 13, 1903), his family moved to Halifax when he was 9 and he has considered himself a Bluenose ever since. His books are universally respected for their meticulous retelling of Nova Scotia's past and for their author's regard for truth.

As for formal training, Raddall had none. After the death of his father (a military commander), Raddall left school at the age of 14 to become a wireless operator in the merchant marine. In 1921, he was posted to shore duty on Sable Island, about 100 miles off Nova Scotia.

Thirteen months later, he was transferred to a similar post near Halifax, but he'd become disenchanted with his work and soon resigned. He enrolled at business college and graduated in 1923, trained as an accountant.

Jobs were scarce and he accepted a position with a pulp mill in Queens County, planning to return to Halifax as soon as he found a job there. However, after several hunting and fishing trips along the Mersey River, Raddall changed his mind. In 1927 he married Edith Freeman, a local music teacher, and he has lived in the area ever since.

Shortly thereafter he began to write. About those earliest attempts he has since remarked, "I did not know how to go about it, and I realized how very ignorant I was. I knew the way would be long and very hard. But I knew, too, that

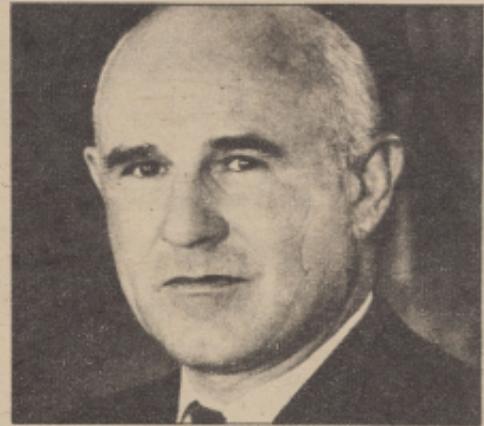
some day I would write the story of the river and the people who came to live there in the time long gone."

His greatest motivation was financial. He wanted to supplement his mill income, which was \$100 per month then. His first piece, *The Three Wise Men*, was set on Sable Island. Raddall sent the short story to *Maclean's*, which promptly bought it, paying 1 cent per word.

After such a promising start, Raddall devoted himself quite seriously to his part-time endeavor. By the mid-'30s he had become a highly disciplined and moderately successful writer.

Then in 1938, he decided to take the final step and quit his mill job to write full-time. It was not an easy decision (he and his wife had two children by then), but it was a decision he never regretted.

The first few years were tough, but by



THOMAS H. RADDALL

1942 Raddall was well established. More and more, though, his interest was turning toward history, and in 1942 his first historical novel, *His Majesty's Yankees*, was published. Its success encouraged him to switch from the short story to the novel permanently. Other books include *Pride's Fancy* (1946), *The Nymph and the Lamp* (published in 1950, and to date selling 760,000 copies in several languages), *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek* (1939), *Halifax, Warden of the North* (1948) and *The Path of Destiny* (1957), the last three winners of the Governor-General's Award.

His life has keyed down considerably over the last few years, especially since the death of his wife last spring. But Raddall still plays golf nearly every day and is writing his memoirs.

their new house
yesterday & today, &
of course, enjoying e-
d side.

fall weather. My
Merlin arrived at
ie still warm from



Summer 1975

photo by Allan McGuire
of Orangerille, Ontario

SUNDAY, SEP. 21, 1975 Dull weather, with heavy showers tonight. Spent yesterday & today working on the film script, a slow job which has to be done literally inch by inch, or frame by frame, showing the visual side in a series of graphics (which have to be described) & the corresponding audio side in narration and in the various voices of the captain, officers & seamen, plus background sounds of sea, creaking of masts & spars, gunfire etc.

Apart from a few pencilled notes, drawn entirely from my own book on the Rover, John Leefe (see July 22) has done nothing. He dropped in briefly the other day & suggested that his share of the proceeds be cut to 20% instead of 40%. I said I stand by any promise I make, & I had said that if the National Film Board approves the script & pays the full \$5,000 for it, he shall have 40%. On the other hand if the NFB decide to drop it & I am merely recompensed for time & labour spent so far, he is not entitled to much. Leefe now admits this. He is a clever & energetic teacher, living above his means with a new house & a new car etc, while supporting a wife & child, & traveling all over eastern Canada at every chance. I still wish to help him, & if the NFB buys the whole Rover script I shall pay him \$1,400 in addition to the \$600 he got from me in July.

MONDAY, SEP. 22/75 A lovely warm day, & after two days indoors I was glad to spend an afternoon on the golf course. Whitman Trecarten of the NFB phoned at noon to ask how I was getting along with the Rover script, & seemed satisfied with my slow progress.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 24/75 Rain yesterday & all of today. After so much time outdoors in the summer I mind the imprisonment.

THURSDAY, SEP. 25/75 The sun came out at noon. I feel unwell, stomach & intestines in turmoil, diarrhea, dizziness. Received a registered air mail letter from Maurice Singet, referring to the option agreement on "The Nymph & The Lamp", & enclosing his cheque for \$2,000, the fee for extension of the option to Sep. 27, 1976.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27, 1975

Melbourne Gardnet, of Brooklyn, is 80 today, & his bustling second wife Muriel invited about 30 friends to a buffet dinner tonight. I went with the Austin Parkers, & enjoyed talks with Mel & other old friends.

The self-styled Department of Atmospheric Environment (for many years just plain Weather Bureau) is a farce nowadays, giving temperatures on the Celsius scale without the Fahrenheit equivalent, rainfall in millimetres, etc., all gibberish to our people. Today it suddenly issued a hurricane warning, with high winds & tremendous rain to begin tonight. Fishermen & yachtsmen all over the province hustled to get their boats up to the best shelter, with heavy moorings, etc. All that happened was a flat calm & a humid mist, & at midnight on radio & TV the hurricane warning was cancelled, with no explanation.

SUNDAY, SEP. 28/75 Damp & overcast. A weekend tournament occupied the golf club (the last of the season, thank God) so again I got no exercise. Dined with the Hunts Point Raddells. In the evening my daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton for a chat. A recent motor accident broke one of her ribs & bruised her side & shoulders, but she is recovering & seemed very cheerful.

A few birch & maple leaves are falling, a melancholy notice of the long winter ahead.

MONDAY, SEP. 29/75 Fine & warm. Played golf for the first time since the 22nd. The CBC (Halifax) have made a radio play from my short story "Before Snow Flies", & will air it next winter. The producer was Elizabeth Fox.

TUESDAY, SEP. 30/75 Another lovely day. Ted & Hilda Bayer, with Nellie Cassidy as passenger, picked me up this morning in their Toyota car, & drove to Cape Sable Island, thence to the Sand Hills provincial park & beach on the east side of Barrington Bay, where we had a picnic lunch. Then on to Baccaro, Port La Tour & Port Clyde, Port Saxon, Northwest Harbour, Ingomar, Round Bay, Roseway, Gunning Cove, & Shelburne town. Home about 4 p.m. I hadn't seen most of these places for years & found it all very pleasant & interesting. Clark's Harbour & all the other fishing villages have grown very much since I saw them last, & all look prosperous, with many smart modern houses & a recent-model

car or pick-up truck parked in every driveway. Indeed I didn't see one "jalopy" on the whole trip. If these are depressed times in the fishery the depression isn't visible at all.

FRIDAY, Oct. 3, 1975 Since Tuesday the weather has been overcast with frequent heavy showers but not much wind, the fringe effect of a terrific hurricane, with winds up to 140 m.p.h. at the centre, passing slowly east of Sable Island. Last night the temp dropped to 40° Fahrt. & the sun came out this morning, but the weather will remain unsettled until the hurricane has gone past Nfld.

Worked on the film script, wrote letters, & spent 2 hours this afternoon mowing my lawns for the first time since Sep. 5. It's much damp weather since the summer drought the lawns have recovered their lush green.

SATURDAY, Oct. 4/75 Temp. 38° last night, up to 60° in sunlight today, with a strong NW wind. Enjoyed 18 holes at White Point.

SUNDAY, Oct. 5/75 Dined at Hunts Point with Pam & the youngsters. Tom & his hunting friends & dogs are in New Brunswick for their annual woodcock shoot.

MONDAY, Oct. 6/75 Sunny & windy. Golf at White Point. Farley Mowat (see July 5/75) failed to turn up here in September, & didn't even acknowledge my letter in reply to his request, so I can only conclude that he wrote in one of his alcoholic spells & forgot all about it. The current issue of Maclean's says that he is about to start on a public appearance tour across Canada to advertise his latest book "The Snow Walker". The magazine adds:- "he will press his kilt, tuck the mandatory bottle of rum under his arm and shed his underwear publicly at least once. The performance is pure Mowat & by now the media & the public expect it of him. Buffoonery helps."

The fellow seems to work hard between drinks. He has now turned out 23 books in 23 years.

THURSDAY, Oct. 9/75 Frosty at night, windy but sunny in the day. Played golf yesterday & today. Had a rather maudlin note from Bill Slater in Toronto. He had heard only recently about Edith's death. His own wife died of cancer last year. They had no children, & only distant relatives in Scotland, so he is lonely indeed. I had a phone call tonight from an announced on the CBC radio staff at Halifax named Orest

Ulan, who came here & taped an interview years ago. Now he & a friend in Hfx. want to consult me about a private project of their own. I agreed to talk to them here next Monday at 4:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, Oct. 10, 1975 A hard frost last night at temp. 30°, but the day was sunny & calm & I enjoyed my afternoon on the golf course. Had a phone call from Clive Parsons, of London, who is in New York on one of his flying trips to California. He wanted to know if Maurice Singer had secured his film option renewal on The Nymph & The Lamp. When I told him Yes he seemed quite crestfallen but said he would get in touch with me when Singer's option runs out on Sep 26, 1976. I said this is Singer's last chance. I shall not renew his option again.

SATURDAY, Oct. 11/75 Heavy rain & wind. Leaves from my ash tree - always the first to shed completely - blowing about the lawn. Tom dropped in for a chat. His party of four guns & dogs got 157 woodcock & 6 partridge in a week's hunting in New Brunswick. Tomorrow morning he & Pamela take off for Newfoundland to attend the wedding of a son of their friend Eleanor ("the late "Mit") Green. Pam's mother, Mrs. Marian White, has come down from Hfx. to keep house while they are gone.

SUNDAY, Oct. 12/75 Dark, windy & wet. Marian White invited me to join her & the junior Raddalls for a dinner of roast turkey etc. A big surf breaking on the shore.

MONDAY, Oct. 13/75 (Thanksgiving holiday) Dark & wet. By appointment this afternoon Crest Ulan came from Hfx. ostensibly to tape an interview with me but mainly to introduce Harold Medjuck, who is I presume a brother of Medjuck the Hfx. real estate operator, who has made millions in the past twenty years. Ulan, originally from western Canada, of Ukrainian descent, has been a C.B.C. radio announcer at Hfx. for years, & he has interviewed me here before. Harold Medjuck is a short man, 35-ish, with a trim black beard & a slight stammer. He is a dealer in rare books, but at present he has a very different bee in his bonnet. He came across some "still" pictures from an ancient (1920) American (Fox) moving picture made of the story of Longfellow's

Evangeline. The original film, of acetate material, disintegrated long ago. Meducks idea is to promote a new moving picture based on the expulsion of the Acadians, & he wants me to write the book. I said I was busy with other things. He was so persistent & enthusiastic that I refrained from telling him I wouldn't touch the subject with a ten-foot pole. The sentimental story of *Evangeline* is so utterly false. I told him it was a big subject & I'd think it over.

TUESDAY, Oct. 14, 1975 Windy & overcast but fairly warm. After three days without exercise I was glad to get out to White Point for golf. Today is my friend Austin Parker's 80th. birthday, & this evening about twenty people gathered at his house to congratulate him & toast his health. He remains a tall (6 ft) unbent man, vigorous in mind & body.

THURSDAY, Oct. 16/75 Golf again yesterday & today in fine warm weather. Great flocks of migrating robins on the golf course, in my garden, in fact everywhere! Received from McClelland & Steerish six complimentary copies of Dudley Witney's book "The Lighthouse", which contains my foreword. It is a fine production & Witney's photographs are magnificent. I note that the retail price is ~~\$10.00~~ \$27.50.

FRIDAY, Oct. 17/75 When Orest Ulan left here on Monday he asked if I listened to CBC's FM radio, of which he is a morning announcer. I said I switched it on as soon as I got up. This morning he played some Chopin "as a salute to Thomas Raddall at Liverpool".

Golf this afternoon. The autumn foliage is now a little past its best, & falling. News:- This week, after calling an ostentatious conference of provincial premiers, Prime Minister Trudeau announced a system of controls for prices and wages - the very thing for which Robert Stanfield campaigned (and lost) in 1974. There is much huffing & puffing by government spokesmen & by labour leaders.

SUNDAY, Oct. 19/75 Rain yesterday. Sunny today but a cold sea wind. Played 9 holes at White Point & then came home - my one good eye watering so that I was just taking blind swipes at the ball. Dined with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, OCT. 20, 1975

Another dreary wet day.

News:- In Canada the endless round of strikes goes on. Now it is the postal workers, & as the federal government must stick to its recent pronouncement, & the postal union is one of the most greedy in Canada, it looks as if the country will be deprived of mails for a long time. Here in N.S. the union of govt. liquor store employees, who have closed up the stores for a month, have got a fat pay increase & are back at work. So are the maintenance employees of the N.S. Power Commission, after a long strike. Already the Commission has announced another big jump in rates for electricity.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22/75 The sun came out at last. My lawns needed mowing, but the grass was covered by a thick fall of leaves, which made my electric mower useless. Erik Andersen lent me his powerful gasoline mower, which not only cuts but blows the grass & leaves into a large detachable sack. I had to empty the sack many times. And there are still a lot of leaves on the trees & shrubs.

Tonight on TV I watched the final baseball game in the World Series, between Cincinnati & Boston Red Sox. Cincinnati won.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23/75 Slept badly, & felt wretched. No appetite for food. Worked all day on the N.F.B. film & finished it in working form. The job of typing clean copy remains. It has been a long & tedious business. Wish I hadn't undertaken it, for I feel the lords of the N.F.B. in Montreal will not make use of it.

FRIDAY, OCT. 24/75 Fine & warm. Played golf at White Point & felt much better for the fresh air & exercise.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25/75 Fine & warm. Duddy Whitney & his wife came this afternoon, & he presented me with a copy of "The Lighthouse" in which he had written "Inscribed for Thomas Raddall with respect and gratitude". They stayed for a long talk. After they left I removed the fly screen from my kitchen window, washed the heavy old wooden storm window, screwed it into place, & caulked it all round with sealing compound. All this with much dangerous

teetering on the top of a stepladder mounted on E's old & crooked laundry platform. Being blind in my left eye I had to lean far over to bring my good eye to bear on screw-holes, etc. All of which made a long & tedious job of something that I used to do with ease & speed.

Bedding the postal strike, someone driving to Liverpool for the week-end brought me a letter from Harold Mednick, in which he repeated with enthusiasm the points of his talk here on Oct. 13.

~~TUESDAY~~, SUNDAY, OCT. 26, 1975 A dark wet day. I started typing clean copy of the film script, making a carbon. A slow & tedious business.

Had a phone call from my sister Hilda Baer at Oakland, again much worried about me being alone & shut-in during the long winter ahead. Her husband Ted has the same eye trouble as myself, & cannot drive his car after dark, so there will be no more trips to dine with each other until the end of next April. I assured her I'm quite used to being alone, I get my own meals & do my laundry quite easily, I have plenty of desk work to occupy me during the winter months, & I have good friends in the neighborhood.

"Daylight time" ended yesterday & all clocks were put back an hour to standard time. This makes it impossible for me to drive to Hunts Point for Sunday dinner & return before dark. Pamela picked me up with the station wagon about 4 p.m., having spent the afternoon on some work at Zion Church. I enjoyed a good roast beef dinner & the lively family talk, & Tom drove me home about 7 p.m. He & Pam insist that they are going to do this through the winter, weather permitting. I don't want to be a nuisance so I protested, but they said Pooh.

TUESDAY, OCT. 28/75 Frosty nights & fine warm days, yesterday & today, & I enjoyed golf both afternoons. Finished caulked the kitchen storm-window & the air vent in the cement foundation of my study. My preparations for winter are now complete except for installing the storm door on my side entrance.

Making steady progress in typing clean copy of the film script, working in the mornings.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29, 1975

A sunny morning, but in the afternoon at White Point a cold sea fog rolled in, & I quit after nine holes. A strike of Canadian paper mills began in B.C. several weeks ago & rolled across the country excepting the two mills in Nova Scotia. Now the Nova Scotian papermakers have decided to strike, & our mill at Liverpool will be closed by strikers for the first time in its history of 45 years.

Dr. John Wickwire, MPP for Queens County, is retiring next year, & the local conservatives are again urging my son Tom to be their candidate.

FRIDAY, Oct. 31/75 A strong northerly gale at temp. 38°. Yester. brought showers of rain & some flurries of snow - the first snow of the season on the South Shore. Indoors all day working at clean copy of the Rover film script. Got it finished, but with the postal service cut off I cannot mail it to Halifax. Tonight is Halloween, & I had a supply of apples, tiny bags of potato chips, & peanuts. My grandsons

Tom and Blair were in town for the evening, & Tom took over the job of passing out the stuff to groups of kids who came in rapid succession from 6:30 to 8 p.m., when by order of the town council they were to be off the streets.

To guard against vandalism the police had been reinforced, & all the schools & shops kept their lights on.

Things went quietly in our neighbourhood. Tom reckoned that about a hundred kids came to the door.

SATURDAY, Nov. 1/75 Sunny with a strong W. wind, temp. 50°. In its usual mysterious way the ash tree behind my garage, having held on to its leaves even through yesterday's storm, suddenly shed them all in less than two hours this morning.

Craving fresh air & exercise after two days indoors I went to White Point & played 9 holes, with my eyes watering in the wind. Far ahead of me, Jim Dumeah the pro. was playing a solitary round. We were the only people on the course.

SUNDAY, Nov. 2/75 A miracle of a day, sunny, mild, & a light SW breeze. Played 16 holes at White Point. At 4:30 Pamela picked me up & took me to Hunts Point for a chat over drinks & then a good dinner of roast beef & vegetables. Tom drove me

home at 7:30. He, Pamela & Debby are driving up to Halifax next Wednesday morning. They will take me along, pick up Pam's mother in Hfx., & go to the Privateer Wharf Restaurant for luncheon.

MONDAY, Nov. 3, 1975 Overcast & mild, threatening rain. This morning at the Royal Bank I subscribed for \$6,000 of the new Canada Savings Loan, fully registered bonds yielding 9.38% interest, paying for them from my bank savings account. I phoned James O'Hagan of Public & Industrial Relations Ltd. at Hfx. (see diary Sep. 8) & said I would have luncheon at the Privateer Wharf restaurant, with four companions, next Wednesday at 12:30. We will pay for our meals, but I asked him to reserve a table for five & to arrange for someone to show us over the place. He asked how my Rover film script was coming along (Sam Grana had told him I was doing it) & I replied that it was finished, but owing to the postal strike it remained here. He said "Bring it along with you on Wednesday & I'll see that Sam gets it."

WEDNESDAY, Nov 5 / 75 Open-&-shut sky, sun & some showers, strong N. wind. Tom & family picked me up at 8:30 a.m. with their station wagon & we arrived in Hfx. about 10:30. Tom & I went to the new Zwicker art gallery on Doyle Street, just off Spring Garden Road, where Tom engaged a bearded young man to come to Hunts Point & appraise his various paintings for insurance purposes. The old Zwicker firm, which had premises on Granville Street for many years, passed out of the family hands a year or two ago.

Tom & I walked from there to Scotia Square & looked at its smart modern shops. A lot of people window-shopping, including a lot of scruffy-looking young men, who obviously find it a fine place for comfortable loitering, but I didn't see many customers in the shops. We walked down to the Privateer Wharf about noon, & sipped ale in the Lower Deck tavern. Pamela was off shopping somewhere with the car & the kids. They joined us at 12:30 & we were greeted by O'Hagan & escorted upstairs to the Upper Deck restaurant, where we found a long table prepared for us and for Ken Giffin, Michel Lindthalet, O'Hagan, & Louis Collins. Giffin is an accountant & secretary-treasurer of Heritage Restaurants Ltd. Lindthalet is an Austrian by birth, a chef by profession, & now manager of Heritage Restaurants. Collins is a teacher in one of the city

schools, ~~and colleges~~. A pleasant, bearded man, he has interested himself for years in the history of Halifax generally, & particularly the preservation & restoration of the fine old brick & stone buildings between Granville Street & the waterfront. Some years ago, in the enthusiasm for demolishing to make way for modern high-rise towers, the city council planned to raze all this. A large group of people formed the Heritage Trust (to which I subscribed) to save these & other historic buildings in Nova Scotia. They secured strong financial backing from the federal government for the Halifax project, & much of the work has been done. In the case of the so-called Privateer Wharf, they have saved the old ironstone & granite buildings formerly used as a bank, office & warehouse by Enos Collins during and long after the Napoleonic wars. The ironstone warehouse now holds on three floors a tavern ("The Lower Deck"), a cocktail lounge ("The Middle Deck") and a restaurant ("The Upper Deck"), all of which are under lease to Lindthales, Giffin, & David Forsyth, who have invested considerable money in the equipment.

I passed an envelope containing my N.F.B. film script to O'Hagan for delivery to Sam Grana, at the same time repeating what I'd said on the phone, that in bringing a party of five I wanted to pay for our meals like any other customer. O'Hagan merely smiled & said it was "on the house" & I couldn't pay for anything.

I was placed at the head of the table, with the Heritage men on either hand so we could talk about the history of the place, & so on. There was a good menu (I chose sea food, which was delicious.) Afterwards Collins conducted us on a tour of these, & the restored buildings between Hollis & Granville streets, many of which are now occupied by small shops of the "boutique" sort. Noticed the schooner Bluenose II tied up at the Privateer Wharf. Workmen were fitting a plastic tent over the entire deck for the winter.

I thanked our hosts, & autographed a copy of my book "The Rover" for Collins, & we departed from Hfx. about 3:30. FRIDAY, Nov. 7, 1975 Busy typing clean copy of my memoirs for McClelland & Stewart. Sold this & yesterday afternoon in mild Indian summer weather.



THOMAS RADDALL, Nova Scotian author whose books have described this province's days of wooden ships and iron men, paid a visit this past week to the reconstruction work being done at the Privateer's Warehouse site on Halifax's waterfront. Shown above are Lou Collins, Dr. Raddall and Michael Lindthaler.

(Wamboldt-Waterfield)

Halifax Herald Nov. 8, 1975

Nov. 7 1975

Brusy Typing clean copy of me

SATURDAY, Nov. 8, 1975.

Another lovely day of our Indian summer. Temp. 70° Fahrenheit, with a light SW breeze. Worked at my desk all morning, & played 18 holes at White Point in the afternoon. I was warm & comfortable, bareheaded & barehanded, wearing thin cotton underwear & a green T-shirt, as if it were summer.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9/75 Again a marvellous day. At golf I was bitten on the arm by a fly. Many players on the course. Pamela took me to Hants Point for dinner, & when Tom brought me back young Tommy came along. He attended a hockey game & spent the night at my house.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12/75 Same weather & golf Monday & Tuesday. Today I spent the afternoon raking leaves & dumping them behind the garden wall. Erik Anderssen came & repaired my porch light, a complicated job because the screws that hold the globe were rusted & immovable, & he had to drill them out.

The Rossignol garage gave my ten-year-old car the annual check-up & installed a new muffler. It has run about 45,000 miles & still goes well. I am typing away at the clean copy of "In My Time" & have about one-fifth of it done.

THURSDAY, Nov. 13/75 Rain. I am 72 today. Apart from a stoop & a limp caused by arthritis, & some eyesight difficulty, I am quite well. Pamela dropped in with a clam chowder & an apple pie - "that will be better than a birthday cake". Congratulatory phone calls from daughter Francie, & my sisters Nellie, Winifred & Hilda. Nellie's talk was a long one, mostly about Hilda's alcoholic problem & her nervous depression.

FRIDAY, Nov. 14/75 Rain. Slugging away at the typewriter all day. At 5.30 attended a cocktail party at the Tozers' house, Fort Point, in honour of Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, who have taken an apartment in Halifax for the winter session of the legislature. It will be John's last. He retires next spring.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15/75 Sunny & warm. Erik & Lou Anderssen drove to Mahone this afternoon & took me along. Spent the afternoon with my sisters Hilda & Nellie, & Hilda's husband Ted Bayes at Oakland, dined with them, & chatted until 8 p.m. when the Andersens picked me up for the drive home.

Hilda looked haggard but talked (when she got a chance) brightly & intelligently. I can see the cause of her trouble. Ted Bayer was always a compulsive talker with a loud voice, but it is a mania with him & his conversational voice is a cheerful ~~short~~ shout. Now & then he paused for breath (he has emphysema) & we others were able to chat. Then he interrupted whoever was talking & shouted away again, always with some story of his own life, utterly meaningless because he wandered up side alleys, just uttering a stream of words. The man is mad, & can only get worse as time goes on. In other respects he is normal, bustles about his chores, drives Hilda & Nellie in his car to Mahone for shopping, etc. Hilda's doctor (Keddy, of Mahone) is an old friend of my daughter Francie's husband Bill Dennis. Last summer he told Bill privately about Hilda's nervous depression & said she can never recover while she lives in the same house with Ted. The house is her own but she has only a small income & couldn't get along financially alone.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18/75 About the NFB "Rovers" project. When Sam Grana came here on Jan. 23 he asked me to write a preliminary précis on Liverpool privates for submission to the film board. (see Jan. 27) I mailed the précis on Feb. 4. It followed the written suggestion of Grana & Trecartin that the story be told by actors in a tavern. They approved my précis & told NFB to pay me \$750 on account. At their request I then worked on a "treatment", setting forth in detail the tavern scene, descriptions of all the cast from Captain Godfrey to Simeon Perkins, detail of every costume, and the entire dialogue. When this was done they approved it, & NFB paid me a second \$750 on account. However when Grana took it to Montreal, some boddling of the NFB said the idea of filming all this in a tavern gave him "claustrophobia", & Sam came back to me with the word on his own lips. I asked what was the alternative. He said, "Graphics - they can do wonders with graphics nowadays. We could show the ships, the battle, & everything else." So I went to work on a new script, a laborious business, describing each drawing, frame by frame, with the corresponding voice-over narration, the voices of officers & men, the ship sounds, sea sounds, gunfire, etc.

In September, Trecartin phoned to learn how I was getting on. I told him exactly what I was doing & he seemed satisfied. Owing to the postal strike I took the finished script to Halifax on Nov. 3, & James O'Hagan delivered it to the Halifax office of the NFB. I presume Grana or Trecartin took it by air to the main NFB office in Montreal, because fifteen days had gone by when Trecartin phoned me this morning. He seemed embarrassed, & after some basting about the bush he said a most unfortunate mistake had been made. Probably he & Sam hadn't explained it to me carefully enough, but the NFB didn't want a film done almost entirely with graphics. They wanted the actors in the tavern combined with graphics. I asked what had become of the "claustrophobia"? There was no mistake on my part. The NFB had changed their minds twice - first with tavern script, & now with the graphics. They could go on doing this indefinitely. I said "To hell with it. The NFB can pay me for the work I've done and then I'm out. I've got other work to do." Trecartin asked if he & Sam could come to Liverpool & talk to me when I'd cooled off - next week, say? I said, "Come if you like, but I might as well tell you I don't change my mind as easily as you people do."

News. - The strikes go on, & spread. The Mersey paper mill remains shut down by a few pickets outside the gates, & something like 500 men are idle, losing about \$500,000 per month, not to mention several hundred full-time woodcutters & about 2,000 farmers & others who work in their own woodlots in the winter & spring. Next to the automobile factory workers, the papermakers have long been the best paid workers in Canada. Their wage & other demands were almost always granted by the management, & consequently they never taxed themselves to raise a strike fund, so they are hurting themselves now.

In Toronto 8,500 school teachers who already get an average of \$21,000 per year have struck for a pay increase of 40%. Television shows their pickets outside the schools, carrying placards & sauntering back & forth in the characteristic mode of strikers everywhere. The teachers' union in N.S. is now formulating big demands & threatens another strike. The policemen's union in N.S., which includes all other than RCMP,

also threatens to strike.

Whynot Services Ltd. refilled my furnace fuel tanks today. The price now is 44.1 cents per gallon. In 1970 it was 20 cents. We are warned that it is going much higher soon.

THURSDAY, Nov. 20, 1975 Yesterday & today were sunny but too cold & windy for golf or a beach walk. Shopped as usual for steak & groceries this morning, otherwise I spent both days indoors typing clean copy of the memoirs.

News:- The dictator of Spain for 36 years, General Franco, died today after a long illness. He was a cruel bigot & no loss to Spain or the world.

SATURDAY, Nov. 22/75 Sunny but cold. I walked around the golf course. Some players out but my eyes watered too much for play.

Dined with Jack & Edith McClearn, & my fellow guests were the Tozers & Mrs. Eleanor Green. Mrs. McClearn is very lame with arthritic hips & they are trying to sell their old colonial house on Main Street, which has two storeys & is too big for them anyhow. They spend the summer & fall in her former home near Digby, & occasionally spend a winter in Australia.

SUNDAY, Nov. 23/75 Same weather, same walk. Tom picked me up at 4:30 & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner & chat.

Monday, Nov. 24/75 A gale of wind & rain from the sea. Walked to the post office, whose staff are back on the job, although only local mails are moving in Queens County. With blockages at all major cities from Halifax to Vancouver the mail pipeline is effectively throttled by the postal union.

John Leife came in this afternoon for the first time in many weeks. He asked how I made out with the Rover script for the N.F.B. & I told him. Talking about his own activities he said he had been busy with half a dozen things, including a correspondence with the McGraw-Hill (U.S.) firm's Canadian branch in Toronto regarding a history of N.Y. for schools. Also he is trying to get a year's sabbatical leave from the Liverpool schools, & has already made application to William & Mary University at Williamsburg, Virginia, & to Carleton University at Ottawa. A year in Virginia would be a pleasant change for himself & his wife & youngsters. On the other hand he has political interests (he has been active in Conservative politics here) & a year in Ottawa would enable him to study the workings of parliament at

first hand. He is clever & ambitious, & I'm told an excellent teacher, but considerably in debt here. His manifold activities & plans remind me unfortunately of Stephen Leacock's horseman who rode off in all directions.

A man from Whynot Services Ltd. came today & gave my furnace the annual cleaning, oiling, & checkup.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 26, 1975 Dark, damp & cold weather. I stay indoors at my typewriter & have got the clean copy to 1944. This afternoon Erik Andersen picked me up in his car & took me to the camp at Path Lake, Port Joli, which I frequently visited many years ago when I was an active gunner for wild ducks & geese. It is an institution started in the 1920's, when about a dozen Liverpool business men bought a rough shack there primarily for goose-shooting. Every Wednesday, when there was a half-holiday in the ~~sp~~ shops, they went to Path Lake in the afternoon, played forty-fives or bridge until supper time, had a hearty meal of lobsters, planked salmon, roast beef or chicken etc., & then settled down for a long evening of poker. Since then the camp has been enlarged & improved, with an electric stove, refrigerator, etc. Nearly all the members of this jolly club are between 60 and 75, & as men die or drop out for any reason, others take their places. They now include a variety of people from local fishermen to Liverpool bank managers. Guests are always welcome, & they ~~do~~ pay \$2.50 for their supper & 40 cents per drink of rum or gin. This evening the fare was salmon, frozen when caught last summer, & now thawed, boiled, & served with egg sauce & vegetables. The cook is Joe Holloway, a semi-retired insurance man & real estate estimator, whose hobby is cooking. I have never eaten a better meal in my life.

FRIDAY, Nov. 28/75 After a stormy night of wind & rain, a dark day with N.W. wind. Had no real exercise since the 23rd. so this afternoon I walked around the golf course.

Although the heads of the postal workers' union (one a heavily accented French Canadian, the other a heavily accented Clydeside Scot) still maintain that they will keep the Canadian postal service shut down until their full demands are granted, more & more of the mail sorters are accepting the government's offer & slipping back to work. Today I received copies of the McClelland & Stewart contract for my memoirs, mailed

in Toronto on October 20. There is a huge amount of mail yet to be sorted, with the Christmas rush not far ahead.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29, 1975 Bright & cold, with strong N. breeze. Worked at my desk all morning. Went around the golf course almost at a trot to keep warm, & did it in 45 minutes. Erik Anderssen dropped in later in the afternoon, & we yawned over drinks till 5.

Note:- The top grade of gasoline in Liverpool now costs 91 cents per gallon, & we are warned by government officials that the price will continue rising for several years yet. In 1971 the price was 51 cents.

Roy Gordon phoned, with a long & doleful tale about his recent month in hospital at Halifax. He had a cataract operation on one eye about a year ago, & told me cheerfully there was nothing to it, he now had 20-20 vision with his eyeglasses, & didn't have to wear a contact lens. (I have the same specialist, Dr. George Sapp, in Hfx. who told me I would have to put a contact lens in my eye every morning, & take it out again every night, when the cataract is removed from my left eye.) This time Gordon had the cataract removed from his other eye, & lay in great pain, & ill for weeks. He still feels very unwell, & cannot see well from either eye.

Blames it all on Sapp, & advises me to go henceforth to specialist Douglas Murray, whom I know well from old Liverpool days. Of course Gordon is in his early 80's & getting senile. He had several visitors while in hospital but can remember none of them.

SUNDAY, Nov. 30/75 Overcast with showers. Tom picked me up & took me to Hunts Point for dinner - fresh lobsters steamed in sea water - delicious! The fishermen are getting fair catches, as they always do at the first of the season, & the present price is \$1.60 per lb.

TUESDAY, Dec. 2/75 Sunny, calm, temp 40°. Enjoyed a walk around the golf course. The only players were Dumeah, Pottie & Pitblado in a gas cart. Pottie's young German shepherd dog was rummaging in the woods near the Lodge road when we heard a shot & a painful yelling from the dog. It had been shot in the left flank by a .22 in the hands of a thickset mulatto man of 40 or 45, who said he was "awful sorry," he thought the dog was a rabbit. The fool simply fired at something because it moved. Pottie rushed the dog off to a vet. at Bridgewater.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2, 1975 (continued) I am typing away steadily at clean copy (with one carbon) of "In My Time" and have about 70% of it ready for the printer.

News:- By a narrow majority of votes, the Canadian postal union has decided to go back to work after a stoppage of 43 days, the longest & costliest postal strike yet. They accepted the wage increase which the government offered them in the first place, so they have got nothing by their strike. The radical heads of the union in Montreal hint darkly at more trouble, meaning presumably that disgruntled employees will "work to rule" & mess up the service in other ways.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4/75 My old enemy insomnia is troubling me again, & once more I have had to take 2 sleeping pills. I awoke this morning to see that winter has come at last, with frigid temperature, a NW wind, & the ground white with snow. The snowfall was only about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch but it had turned to ice as much as snow on roads & sidewalks, & when I walked to the post office in my old black rubber overshoes the footing was slippery & dangerous. I remained indoors the rest of the day working on my memoirs.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5/75 Bright & cold. (18° Fahrt. last night) Started writing Christmas cards. Melancholy, informing distant friends that E. is no longer living. Attended a buffet dinner this evening at my Park St. neighbours' Jerry & Jean Nickerson, in honour of Marion (Mrs. Burke) Douglas' birthday. Could not sleep afterwards despite a second pill. Sat up till 2:30 a.m., drinking.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6/75 Wakened at 9:30, strangely enough without any bit of a hangover & actually feeling much better than yesterday. A mild, moist day. Put a week's laundry including bed linen through the washer & dryer, smoothed it out & put it away. Got the rest of my Christmas cards (about 90 in all) written, sealed & stamped. Attended a cocktail party at Evelyn White's across the street. Just old neighbouring friends.

News:- Although I rarely record the news in my diary I follow it carefully. In Canada the Trudeau government is in deep trouble, not merely with the national problems of inflation and unemployment, but with its role as the national solution to the Anglo-French problem. While the Quebec government has ordained that French must be the only language recognized in business in the province, & that all children of immigrants must be

taught in French & not in English, & so on, the Trudeau government has been busy & persistent in trying to make the rest of Canada learn French. Huge sums are spent on it, with no result except irritation. The latest thing in Nova Scotia is a federal plan to replace one of the two air squadrons at Greenwood with a French-speaking squadron. This in the Annapolis Valley where practically everyone speaks English. The problems this will create in schools, etc. are startling. And would the Trudeau government dare to transfer an English-speaking military unit to (say) Chicoutimi in Quebec?

Apart from all this, the police are discovering huge monetary frauds with federal funds in the expensive new Mirabelle airport outside of Montreal, & in various other things in La Belle Province including the enormous expenditure in Montreal on the site & buildings for the Olympic Games. These frauds lead back to French politicians & federal officials at Ottawa, several of whom already have had to resign.

It points once more to the enormous price the rest of Canada is paying to keep Quebec from becoming officially what it is already in all intents & purposes, a separate republic. There is a rapidly growing feeling that the game isn't worth such an expensive candle, & the sooner we drop it the better. One sign is in the sudden eager contest for the leadership of the Conservative party now that Robert Stanfield, the chronic loser, has resigned. After the great defeats of the last two federal elections nobody envied Stanfield for his job. Now there are ten or fifteen candidates.

Apparently they scent not only Trudeau's downfall but the end of Quebec's powerful Liberal influence at Ottawa for ever.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/75 Dined as usual with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Forgot to mention yesterday that John D. ("Jack") McClean left with me for my personal a small bundle of documents relating to the ill-fated Bank of Acadia, which was founded in Liverpool in December 1872 & failed disastrously less than 4 months later.

Jack's great-grandfather John D. McClean was a shareholder & had much to do with efforts to compromise with the bank's creditors in 1874 & 1875. The documents include a list of the bank's shareholders & the amount of shares held, & a statement of the bank's assets & liabilities.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1975 A wild storm of wind & rain from SE, last night & all day. I didn't venture out. Stayed at my desk typing clean copy of "In My Time". Have got about 80% of it done. My contract for it with McClelland & Stewart, dated Oct. 20 but delayed by the postal strike, calls for delivery of the typescript by Dec. 31. Temp. today 50° Fahr.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12/75 Bright & cold. With the temperature jumping up & down I am still wearing summer underwear, a cotton T-shirt & shorts. This evening the Kiwanis Club held their annual Ladies' Night dinner at Wong's restaurant, & invited me to be present & receive an honorary membership. A lively party, & although I'm not wild about Chinese food I enjoyed it. The Kinsmen Club of Liverpool made me an honorary member some years ago.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13/75 Temp. 14° Fahr. last night. Another cold bright day. This evening I attended a dinner party at the Path Lake camp on the west side of Port Joli, which is now named "London Lodge" because someone found a map on which the little brook from Path Lake was called London Brook. The dinner was given by R. H. Lockward, a regular Wednesday attendant at the lodge, now aged 82. I had much to do with him when I worked for Mersey Paper Co. in the 1930's & he was manager of the Royal Bank of Canada here. After his retirement from the bank he was mayor of Liverpool for some years, & then financial advisor to J. O. Smith, manager of Steel & Engine Products Ltd., who had made a fortune profiteering during the 1939-1945 war. Smith hated paying taxes on his properties in the town, & put Lockward up to organizing loud opposition to our local library association, who were asking the town for a grant of money. I was president of the library association that year, & in the battle I exchanged considerable sarcasm with Lockward. However all that old animosity was buried long ago. Lockward is a lone widower living alone. He arranged for the Chinese restaurant to roast turkeys etc. which the lodge members took to Path Lake & served. Twenty-five or thirty men sat down to the dine. Bill Titus, parson of Zion Church, age about 35, was the only young man there. The rest were in the sixties but & seventies, & two or three in the eighties. After dinner Dr.

John Wickwire made a graceful little thank-you speech, & most of the company settled down to poker & bridge. I am no card player, so after personal thanks to Lockwood I returned to town in the person's car.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14, 1975 Shortly after noon Tom & family picked me up & we went to the Fort Point apartment where the junior Radicals lived for several years after their marriage. It is now the abode of (lawyer) Carol Milford & family, who invited a few other families in for sandwiches etc. Tom told me his property was badly flooded in the Dec. 10 storm. The brook normally seeps through the stony beach to the sea; but the storm raised the sea to the top of the beach, & the brook, swollen by the great rain (5 inches in south Queens) had no outlet. The water poured under the house & flooded the furnace room 4 feet deep. Behind the house it came right up to the tennis court & washed out a lot of the earth fill in which Tom & Pam had planted trees, rosebushes etc.

About an inch of snow fell while we were at Milfords & then turned to freezing rain, making the roads dangerous. I told Tom not to come for me at 5 pm. for the usual Sunday dinner at Hunt's Point, as it would mean another dangerous drive after dark to bring me back. I heated one of my "television dinners" from the freezer.

THURSDAY, DEC. 18/75 Rough weather continues. Today another wild gale & torrents of rain. We were lucky to get rain from here to Shelburne. Everywhere else in N.S., including places as near as Bridgewater & Caledonia, they got 2 to 5 inches of snow & then freezing rain, which tied up the Halifax airport & made a mess of road transport.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19/75 Very cold with strong NW gale. I donned my winter underwear at last. Reluctantly, for I hate being confined in these husks for the next four or five months. My excellent charlady, Mrs. Payzant, made her usual weekly round of my house this morning, & I gave her an extra \$5 as a Christmas present. She is 61 & intends to quit chat-work next ~~soon~~ March, so I must look about for some reliable person to replace her.

Dalhousie Library, under the agreement for my papers, are supposed to make 5 annual payments of \$5,000 on or soon after

Jan. 1 each year. The second payment, owing to some misunderstanding, failed to arrive until I wrote a reminder in March this year. Today I received a cheque for the third \$5,000 dated Dec. 10, well in advance.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21, 1975 Temp. 4° above zero Fahrenheit last night. Another storm was forecast, & snow was falling at 12:30 when I walked to the house of Wallace Clark & wife, who were giving their usual pre-Christmas luncheon party for the older people in the neighborhood. About 25 people, much good food & chat.

I phoned Tom & told him not to come in for me. I'd just eaten a hearty meal & couldn't eat another today, also the snowstorm would make the return trip hazardous.

By dark it was a full blizzard, & the Andersens invited me in for supper.

MONDAY, DEC. 22/75 The storm dumped about 8 inches of snow during the night, & soon after daylight changed to a deluge of rain as the temp. rose to 50° Fahrenheit. I walked to the post office about 10 a.m. The rain had ceased & the streets were bare. The snowplough had piled the usual barrier across my front walk & driveway. In the afternoon I shoveled the slush off my driveway & cleared the barriers.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24/75 Sunny but cold (10° Fahrenheit at noon) At 4:30 p.m. Tom & family arrived with a chowder made from lobsters fresh from the traps this morning, & we had a fine dinner.

They presented me with gifts — a green cardigan, several pairs of socks, a sport shirt, a basket of assorted little delicacies from cheeses to crepes suzette.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25/75 Again sunny & cold. A few patches of snow remain but it is a green Christmas. I typed the final pages of "In My Time". After thawing my car engine with the portable electric heater, I drove to Hunts Point & had a hearty dinner of roast turkey & plum pudding with the junior Raddells. Home at 3:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26/75 Another storm in the familiar pattern, beginning with snow & finally changing to a torrent of rain, with temp. up to 50°. I spent the day checking my typescript for errors & omissions. A phone call last night from my daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis. Family chat. In the course of it Francie dropped a hint that my sister

Hilda Bayer at Mahone is back on alcohol again - Hilda's physician Dr. David Keddy apparently said something to Bill about it on the phone. Consequently I didn't phone Hilda today. My other sisters in the Mahone area, Nellie & Winifred, didn't phone me yesterday or today.

Erik Andersen had left his house key with me, & today I checked his furnace etc.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28, 1975 Bright & cold. At 5 p.m. Tom picked me up, took me to Hunts Point for dinner, & brought me back again.

MONDAY, DEC. 29/75 At last a calm sunny day, moderately cold. (30° Fahrenheit) Drove to White Point for a stroll around the golf course - my first good walk since Dec. 2. Part of the way I walked with the pros, Jim Dumeah, & his St. Bernard dog "Brandy". A few belated Christmas cards in the mail.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30/75 Same weather & again a walk around the golf course. I could see a scud of cloud coming up from the southward, & knew a storm was coming. Dined tonight with the Austin Parkers, the other guests being (Rev.) Bill Titus of Zion Church, his wife Mollie, & their boy & girl; also neighbours Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson, their son David, wife Hilde, & their boy & girl. David has been in the RCAF police & intelligence for many years at home & abroad, & met his wife in Lorraine, near the border of Alsace. She is a very intelligent & vivacious woman, fluent in English, German & of course French. Good food & talk.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31/75 The storm followed the familiar pattern of this month - some snow in the night, & then rain all day. I packed up the first copy of "In My Time" for mailing to Mc Clelland & Stewart on Jan. 2.

This evening at 9 the Johnsons picked up the Parkers & me, & we joined a New Year's Eve party at the Tozers' house on Foot Point. About 20 people, all old friends, cheerful but much more sedate than thirty-odd years ago, when I used to get everybody lined up & hauling on an imaginary "holland" & singing "Way-hey, blow the man down". Tonight we didn't even sing "For Auld Lang Syne" - it would have been a dirge, with so many faces missing.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1976.

I dined alone on roast turkey etc., pre-cooked & frozen. Enjoyed watching on TV the annual parade of the "Tournament of Roses" in Pasadena, California. Had a brisk walk around the golf course.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2/76 Sent the typescript of "In My Time" by registered mail to Jack McLellan. Walked at White Point.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3/76 Walked at White Point under a blue-grey sky & in a sharp SE breeze. Snow began to fall just as I got home, changing to rain in the night. My grandson Tom attended a party in town & slept at my house.

SUNDAY, JAN. 4/76 Open-&-shut sky. Temp. 40°. Little snow remains, & the roads are bare. Put my laundry through washer & dryer, folded it & stowed it away — my own motions now are automatic, like the machines. Pamela picked me up with the small car at 4 p.m. & took me to Hunts Point for dinner with the family. Tom & she came back to town at 7:30, dropped me at home, & went on to play at the curling club.

Forgot to record on Jan. 3 that my sister Nellie Cassidy phoned from Mahone Bay for a chat. She had tried to get me on New Year's Eve, but of course I was away at a party. She said that she & sister Hilda would drive to Liverpool with Ted Baet on Jan. 5 if the roads were fit.

MONDAY, JAN. 5/76 Cold (20°) with NW wind & alternate sunshine & flurries of snow. Received a Christmas card from Phil & Ralph Elliot, posted by surface mail on Oct. 27 — seventy days en route. All mail for Canada was held at English ports during the Canadian post office strike. At noon Ted & Hilda Baet, & Nellie Cassidy, arrived from Mahone with a luncheon of sandwiches and ale, & we had a happy chat together. Ted managed to restrain his conversation, & Hilda showed no sign of the relapse into alcoholism which I had feared. I think that possibly we have been too apprehensive on that score.

Pamela Reddall saw the Baet car outside my house, & dropped in to say hello. My visitors left about 3:30, in good time to make Mahone before dusk.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7/76 Mild again (40° Fahrenheit). Walked at White Point under a black sky. My eyesight is failing. The cataract in my left eye now gives me nothing but a severely

blurred outline of objects in a strong light. The cataract developing in my right eye is beginning to affect its sight. I had to move my lounging chair closer to the TV set a week ago. Today I bought a hand-held reading glass, & find it a great help in reading small print.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1976 Walked at White Point under a black sky. Snow began in thick flakes as I finished.

News:- A great furor continues over a TV interview of Prime Minister a week or so ago, in which he said government control over prices & wages will probably continue, because the old free-enterprise system has failed under new conditions in the world. Capital & organized labour are now so powerful that the ordinary citizen must be protected. Trudeau's statements are being criticized by prominent Liberals, including Premier Regan of N.S. Recently Lieutenant-Governor Gosse of N.S. departed from all precedent by denouncing the Trudeau attitude in an address to a Sydney business-men's club.

Erik Anderssen dropped in this evening, & we chatted over drinks till midnight.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11/76 Snow falling slowly all day. Pamela's curling team had a match this evening, so I dined at home. The snow ceased at dark, about 3 or 4 inches of light powdery stuff, which I shoveled off my walks & driveway. Temp. 20° F. this, dropping to 4° at night.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14/76 After a few days of sharp weather, the temp. rose to 45° F. this in the night, with heavy rain that melted nearly all of the snow. At 3 p.m. Doc Wickwire picked me up in his car, with Hector Dunlap, Austin Parkes, Erik & Michael Anderssen, & drove to "London Lodge" at Path Lake, Port Joli, where we joined the usual male party for cards & dinner. As I don't play cards I enjoyed evening with various fellows who were taking a spell. Eighteen men sat down to dine on a good old-fashioned stew and pumpkin pie. Back in town I had a drink & a yarn with the Anderssens. Michael is a captain of infantry at Camp Oromocto N.B., & he & wife Anna have two children.

News:- The usual murders continue in Northern Ireland and in Lebanon, where Christians & Moslems are at each other's throats & ruining a once prosperous country. In Canada

the usual revelations of graft and waste running into many millions of dollars in the province of Quebec, notably on the site of the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal, & the huge new airport at Mirabel. All of which will come ultimately from the federal taxpayers of Canada.

The latest candidate for leadership of the Conservative party is Paul Hellyer, former Liberal cabinet member who broke away from the Trudeau government a few years ago.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1976 A light fluffy snow falling all day at intervals. About 3 inches at 3 p.m. when the sun came out briefly & I shoveled it off my driveway & front steps & walk.

Letter from David Lunny of Los Angeles, reminding me of his interest in filming "The Nymph & The Lamp," & enclosing two copies of newspaper items about the forthcoming re-make of Ernst Lubitsch's screen comedy "To Be or Not To Be". According to the newspapers David Lunny, Mel Brooks & William Allyn are to be the joint producers for the 20th Century Fox film company.

SATURDAY, JAN. 17/76 The freeze-snow-rain pattern continues. Snow last night changed to rain, & today the ground was bare again. I walked around the golf course in my woods boots. It was sodden, with many pools.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18/76 The pattern changed last night to snow-rain-snow-freeze. This morning the temp. was 4° Fahrenheit, with less than 2 inches of crisp snow. I spent the day checking over the carbon copy of "In My Time" for the umteenth time, & as usual finding a few more typographical errors. Pamela called for me at 4:30 & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner & chat. Tom brought me home.

Nature note:- Two or three times this winter I have noticed a flock of eversing goosanders alighting briefly in the tall ash tree behind the garage, although I haven't put out the seed tray for several winters past. In the past few days it was a flock of 30 or 40 starlings. This morning a sharp-shinned hawk was in one of Anderssen's birch trees for a considerable time, evidently watching for the starlings. By putting the right eye-piece of my binoculars to my right eye I can identify these birds all right.

News:- The depression of business, made worse by labour demands & strikes, is showing effects everywhere. A Canadian institution since the 1880's, the J. Eaton Company of Toronto,

with branches in small towns all over the country, & big depots at central places like Moncton, is closing down its famous mail-order business, leaving its rival Simpson's-Sears alone in the national field. Hundreds of employees will be out of work, having no other trade. Apparently the long postal strike last October-December was the last straw, but the mail order business had been losing money for years. Basic reasons are the drift of rural population into the towns & cities, & the universal motor cars & good roads open all the years round, which enable rural folk to buy in urban shopping centres & "malls".

MONDAY, JAN 19, 1976 Sunny & cold. (10° Fahrenheit) Went to Dr. Frank Bell this afternoon for what is now the annual medical checkup for the motorcar insurance people. His report showed 20/50 sight in my right eye with glasses, hearing good, blood pressure 140 systolic 84 diastolic, heart action "regular rhythm ^{no} murmur", urine sugar "negative", "apparently in good health." My annual bill for car liability insurance, which is compulsory, is now \$101.00. Last year it was \$60.00.

TUESDAY, JAN 20/76 A bright cold morning. Shopped for groceries, rum & ale. Walked at White Point this afternoon. Only an inch or two of snow, but with an icy crust, so I had to go carefully.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 21/76 A miracle of weather. Sunny all day, no wind & temp. up to 42° Fahrenheit. Two or three robins, & a flock of 20 or 30 cedar waxwings came & spent the afternoon in the ash tree behind my garage. The waxwings nibbled occasionally at the ash seeds still hanging from last year, but mostly they & the robins appeared to be just enjoying the sunshine. At 3:30 John Wickwire picked up Rev. William Titus, Austin Parker, Capt. Charles Williams & me, & drove to "London Lodge" at Port Joli. I was delighted to find there my old friend Dewey Nickerson from Clark's Harbour, & we had a long chat reminiscing about visits to Cape Sable & Seal Island 28 years ago. About 24 men dined at 6 p.m.

- a huge meal of roast beef, potato, carrots, parsnips & beans, with lemon pie for dessert. Home at 7:30, & then walked to Zion Church, where the Historical Society now holds its meetings. The annual business, & election of officers took much time. Then John Leef gave a talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on the "habitation" at Port Royal. About 40 members present. The usual refreshments afterwards. Had a letter today from historian George F. G.

Stanley, now living retired at Sackville N.B. He wants me to give a paper to Maritime members of the Royal Society of Canada, who will be meeting next April at St. F.X. University, Antigonish. Sorry, no can do.

SATURDAY, JAN 24, 1976 Still only an inch or so of snow, and that more like ice, as I found in walking around White Point this afternoon.

SUNDAY, JAN 25/76 Slept late, & spent the day reading, except that I put my week's laundry through automatic washer & dryer, folded & smoothed it, & stowed it away. My son Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunts Point for a meal of Chinese food from Wong's restaurant. Pamela is in Sydney, playing in Liverpool Ladies' curling team.

MONDAY, JAN 26/76 Overcast, with temp. 40° Fahr. & a bleak sea breeze. For a change this afternoon I drove to Summerside & walked the beach to Broad River & back.

TUESDAY, JAN 27/76 A dark day, very mild (50° Fahr.) wind S. Walked around the golf course. All of the snow is gone.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28/76 Rain all day & evening. This afternoon Erik Andersen took Parker, Dunlap, Wickwire, Johnson & me to Path Lake, where we joined the usual gathering of men, & dined heartily at 6 p.m. on roast chicken & vegetables & pie.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31/76 A little snow in the night. Letter from Jack McClelland. He & his editors have read "In My Time" and are very enthusiastic. I will be hearing from chief editor Anna Porter soon. "We will be aiming at finished books for early August, so an immediate start will be made on design consideration, and of course some copy-editing. As we discussed it earliest, someone will go to Halifax and the archives to work with you on the selection of illustrative material."

SUNDAY, FEB. 1/76 A light rain removed the snow again. Dined as usual on Sundays with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, FEB. 2/76 A strong southerly gale sprang up in the night, with heavy rain. At 8 a.m. the temp. was over 50° Fahr. The rain ceased about noon, but the gale continued with gusts up to 60 miles an hour, shaking the house & thrashing the trees.

TUESDAY, FEB. 3/76 The gale hauled to the north last evening, & the temp. dropped to 20° Fahr. & brought a little snow. Reports of severe damage in Halifax & Dartmouth, in the Annapolis Valley (where

the Greenwood air base reported one gust of 118 m.p.h.) & in St. John, N.B. Hundreds of power & telephone poles down, windows smashed, roofs torn off, barns & air hangars destroyed, boats sunk. Here in Queens & Lunenburg we got off lightly, except that St. Jerome's R.C. church at Caldonia, built in 1835, caught fire in the night & burned to the ground.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/76 Cold & calm. Spent a vigorous hour this afternoon raking & dumping the litter of branches & twigs on my back lawn, thrown down by Monday's storm. Estimates of the damage in Nova Scotia run as high as \$50,000,000.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6/76 Cold, with a sharp N. breeze. Walked around the golf course. The ground frozen but entirely bare. Noticed several trees blown down in exposed places. Tough old cat-spruce broken off near the butt.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7/76 Same weather, same walk, well protected in my old black Arctic coat with attached parka hood. Letter from Neil Fisher of the N.S. Teachers' College, Truro, who visited me here with a bus-load of teachers last summer. Wants me to read some of my work at a "colloquium" on Atlantic Provinces literature at St. John N.B. next May. Replied "Sorry". Yeah May I shall be consulting my eye specialist in Hfx. & contemplating an operation for removal of cataract. Letter from Orest Ulan of CBC Halifax suggesting a rendezvous in Hfx. with Harold Medpuck & himself re the Acadian film project (see Oct. 13/75). Replied that I cannot travel to Hfx. & in any case I feel that the Acadian story is not for me.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8/76 My grandson Tom played hockey in town last evening, slept at my house, & spent the day with his friends. I walked at White Point in a bleak NE breeze with light specks of snow. At 5 p.m. son Tom picked up Tommy & me for dinner at Hunts Point. It was delicious, woodcock breasts cooked in a wine sauce, small peas & rice. The woodcock were part of Tom's bag in his New Brunswick hunt last Fall.

TUESDAY, FEB. 10/76 Sunny, light W. breeze, temp. 40° Fahrenheit in the shade on the north side of my house, probably 50° in the sun. When I sat in the shelter by No 5 green on the golf course the woodwork where the sun fell was warm to the touch.

I pass the rest of the time indoors, reading & watching TV.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1976 Mild, & a drizzle of rain. Spent afternoon & early evening at "London Lodge", Port Joli. Dennet was roast pork with sauer kraut, potato, apple sauce, & pie for dessert. Enjoyed it despite a painful headache in my right temple.

The employees of Mersey Paper Co. went back to work today, after a strike of three months & a couple of weeks. They got an increase in pay but nothing like their original demand.

Letter from John Bell of Dalhousie Library enclosing a copy of "University News" for Feb. 6. It contains an article by himself about my life & works, illustrated by photographs & snapshots, entitled "A Chronicle of The Chronicler: Seven Decades in The Life of Thomas H. Raddall." He has been working on an inventory of my papers & photographs there, & is, I presume, the husband of Sue Bell, who also works there and did so much to prepare the collection for display in May '74.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13/76 A little snow last night & then enough rain to take it off. Temp. 40°. Fair all day with a strong SW gale. My charlady, Mrs. Payzant, came as usual this morning, & said she could only work one more time. She had said previously that she would make her weekly round until late in March.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15/76 Sunny with a SE breeze. For the past week I have been suffering from a neuralgic ache in the right side of my forehead, over & behind the eye. I am allergic to aspirin so I don't like to use it. This afternoon, well muffled, & with my old green wool toque pulled over my brow, I walked around the golf course. Dined at Hunt's Point. Snow fell all evening but changed to heavy rain in the night.

TUESDAY, FEB. 17/76 Snow all day & evening. About six inches.

THURSDAY, FEB. 19/76 Rain turned the snow to slush, so I shoveled it off my driveway lest it freeze there. This is the only shoveling I've had to do this winter except to clear a little snow from my front steps & walk. News:- The Progressive-Conservatives are holding convention at Ottawa to bid farewell to Stanfield & choose a new leader. The usual hullabaloo, with delegates wearing badges, brandishing signs, etc. in silly imitation of the American style. Tonight on TV I saw & heard John Siebenbaker make a long & sometimes faltering & repetitive speech, mostly attacking the Trudeau government. He received a tremendous ovation, of course, but delegates with any memory

must have known that "Dief the Chief" had never forgiven the eastern Tories for deposing him & electing Stanfield in his place. His manifest pique had created & maintained divisions in Stanfield's caucus that hampered the new leader, especially in the West.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1976 Walked the golfcourse. Two or three inches of crusty snow on about half of it, the rest bare. On TV last night Stanfield made his farewell address to the Tories' 12-ring circus at Ottawa. It was a good speech, with no recriminations, & he divided it half-and-half between English & quite good French. The sole French-Canadian contender for the Tory leadership is Claude Wagner (pronounced "vag-NARE"), a Liberal apostate who turned Tory when Bourassa won the leadership of the Quebec party. It has been revealed that the Tories gave him \$300,000 to take his present course, & of course the Liberals say he was "bought", ignoring the fact that Liberal leaders Louis St. Laurent and Lester Pearson were provided with substantial funds for financial security before they undertook the uncertainty of the job, & "Hil-y Willie" King, with no apparent income but his salary as prime minister, died a millionaire. Wagner is handsome, & fluent in English & French.

Not a few Tories feel it is time for the federal Conservative party to have a leader from Quebec, as the only hope of dislodging Trudeau. Others feel that Trudeau is busy cutting his own political throat, making enemies right & left, and therefore any really capable Tory can lead the party to victory at the next election.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22/76 Heavy rain all day & evening. Temp. 52° Fahrenheit. Pamela came with the little cat & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. Tom sick in bed with 'flu, which is epidemic in many places. Some schools are closed, & hospitals are refusing visitors.

Tonight on TV I watched the Tory circus come to its noisy close. Joe Clark, a dynamic Albertan, 36 years old, won the leadership by a very narrow margin over Wagner. In the last stages John Diefenbaker made an ostentatious march to shake Wagner's hand before the final vote. Stanfield did not reveal his preference but I had an impression that he, too, thought Wagner was the only man who could defeat Trudeau.

Clark, a dark horse in the race, represents the new bustling & prosperous West, expanding rapidly in industry & population, demanding a strong voice in national affairs, & now

getting it.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24, 1976 Overcast. Temp. 32° at noon. Walking around the golf course I found Jim Dumeh cleaning up the debris of the trees felled in the storm of Feb. 2. The ground is all bare of snow. My neuralgic pains have eased, but I get a jab over & behind my right eye now & then to remind me that it's still there. My weight, naked, is 170 lbs.

WEDNESDAY FEB. 25/76 A lovely day. Sunny, temp. 50° Fahrenheit with a very light W. breeze. Erik Andersson came & had beer & chat with me at noon. He offered to drive me out to Port Joli for the afternoon & dinner at London Brook Lodge, but I don't have much appetite & couldn't face one of those big meals. Walked on the golf course, & sat warm in the sun at N°5 green for nearly half an hour. It seems a little eerie that we have got so far through the winter with almost no snow & just a few cold days & nights.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27/76 The most delightful day yet — sunny, with a light westerly air, & temp. up to 60° Fahrenheit at 3 p.m. Had a leisurely walk at White Point & sat nearly half an hour in the sun.

Pamela has not found another charlady for me, & I missed Mrs. Payant working about the house. I remembered to water E's plants, all 20 of them.

TUESDAY, MARCH 2/76 I am still walking every afternoon on the golf course. Temperatures down to 15° Fahrenheit at night keep the ground frozen but it remains bare, although there is some snow in the woods.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3/76 Lovely mild day. On the way to White Point I noticed the railway section gang at their spring chore, burning the dry grass on both sides of the track to prevent fires later when the woods are dry. On the golf course Jim Dumeh was burning wild grass & bushes in the rough. At 4:30 Chester Kapuse, retired manager of the Bank of N.S. here, picked up Erik Andersson & me, & took us to the camp at Port Joli. At 6 o'clock 24 men sat down to a noble meal of beef stew, with parsnips, carrots, turnips, potatoes and ~~doughboys~~ doughboys. Custard pie for dessert.

Tonight on TV from Halifax I watched Peter Gzowski interviewing Farley Mowat & plugging Mowat's latest book "The Snow Walker". Mowat was in his usual public form, clutching & sipping from a glass of rum, tittering at his own jokes, etc.

He said he was living at Port Hope, Ontario, but had a notion of moving to Nova Scotia. Last summer (see entry July 5/75) he wrote me from his (then) home in the Magdalen Islands, saying he wanted to move to N.S. & hinted that he would like to rent a house in or near Liverpool. I replied & invited him & his wife to call on us in September, when he said they would be touring N.S. I got no reply. Since he became a writer he has been increasingly erratic & itinerant. After a few years at various places in Ontario his first wife divorced him. He met his second wife at St. Pierre, off the south coast of Newfoundland, where she was a Canadian student trying to perfect her French. They made their home in Burgeo, Nfld., for some years. Then Morat quarrelled with his neighbours there, & moved to the Magdalens. After several years there apparently the same thing happened, hence the move to Port Hope. In view of this record I don't think I'd want him for a neighbour here.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1976 A light drizzle at 50° Fahr., so instead of my daily walk at White Point I spent the afternoon at house work, vacuum-cleaning, doing the laundry, watering the plants, etc.

SATURDAY, MAR. 6/76 Fine again. My old friend Hector Dunlap called this afternoon, bringing a notebook in which he had jotted down the names of rum-running craft which were fitted or refitted with diesel engines by Thompson Brothers Machinery Company here between 1923 & 1932. He was the company's treasurer-accountant during that time & knew the rum-runners' captains & agents intimately. He lists 41, usually adding the type & horse-power of the engines, the names of the captains, & of the owners' agents. The owners' names were always concealed or false, nearly all of them Americans, & Hector frequently noted them as "New Bedford Jews" or "New Jersey Jews".

My grandson Tom brought his hockey kit, dined with me, spent the evening with his chums after the game, & slept here.

SUNDAY, MAR. 7/76 My afternoon walk at White Point was made in sunshine at first, & then in squalls of snow. Tom has been teaching Debbie to drive the car, & this evening under his watchful eye she drove me to Hunt's Point & back, after the usual Sunday dinner. She drives very well.

TUESDAY, MAR. 8/76 Walked at White Point. There is just enough snow to whiten the ground, none on the paved roads. Dined with my neighbours the Jerry Nickersons, whose other guests were Donald Flick & wife. A native of N.S., Flick went to Ontario as a youth

& spent his working years as a real estate dealer. He retired a couple of years ago & built a home at Port Joli, which is now largely populated by retired people from Ontario & the U.S.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1976

A thin snow fell all afternoon & evening,

amounting to 2 or 3 inches.

FRIDAY, MAR. 12/76 Up early, & shoveled my front steps & walk, & a path to the driveway door. At 9 a.m. Pamela came with my new chat-woman, Mrs. Jessie Whynot, & showed her over the house & told her what to do. She worked 2½ hours & charged \$2.25 per hour.

I gave her \$6.00.

My grandson Tom spent the evening in town with his friends & slept at my house.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13/76 A nasty day. Snow began last night & reached a depth of 4 or 5 inches by noon, then changed to rain, which fell heavily all afternoon & evening, melting most of the snow. I stayed indoors, reading, & in the evening watching TV.

SUNDAY, MAR. 14/76 Walked around the golf course, which was mostly bare & soggy, so I wore my rubber sea-boots. Dined at Uncle's Point.

TUESDAY, MAR. 16/76 A pleasant sunny morning so I walked at White Point to take advantage of it. The weather bureau were warning of a severe storm of wind, snow, rain & snow again. Hector Dunlap came & spent the afternoon with me, going over his notes on the rum-runners, while I sat at the typewriter taking them down.

In the evening my grandson Tommy came to town to play hockey, & slept at my house. The storm began about dusk & roared all night.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17/76 When I awoke this morning there was about 5 inches of soggy snow on the ground, & the gale had hauled around to SW, still blowing at 50 miles an hour, with gusts at 60. Young Tom shoveled the deep slush off my front path & driveway. After he left for home the street plough shored the usual wall of hard packed slush across both. Flurries of snow as the temp. dropped again.

At 5 pm. I hadn't noticed that the temp. had dropped to 22° Fahrenheit, freezing the wall across my driveway. My son Tom, on his way home, stopped and shoveled it away. Later I dug out the street drain & the wall across my front path. It was as hard & heavy as cement. The gale blew all night from NW, with violent gusts that shook the house.

THURSDAY, MAR. 18/76 A cold day with much sunshine. It did not melt the snow. As usual we got off lightly on the south

shore. In Colchester, Cumberland, Cape Breton, & even in N.B. the wind got up to 100 m.p.h., overturning cars, trucks, & mobile homes. At 4 p.m. Jack McClelland phoned from Toronto. He is flying to Nova Scotia on Monday morning to give an address at Saint F.X. in Antigonish. Wants me to meet him at Dalhousie U. on Tuesday afternoon, to select photos & snapshots from the Raddall collection to use as illustrations for my memoirs. Had a visit from William, son of my old friend Clement Crowell. He & his wife teach art in Yarmouth schools, & in summer run an art gallery in Yarmouth, exhibiting & selling paintings, including some of their own. Apparently they are prosperous, & now they are starting a magazine called "Bluenose", dealing with Nova Scotia in general. They expect to print 3,000 copies of the first issue in July. Bill would like to use one of my short stories in the second issue, confessing that he couldn't pay much for it. He said he would get in touch with me later in the summer.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19/76 A bright morning after a cold night, but snow fell all afternoon & evening although the barometer remained as high as a kite. Mrs. Jessie Whynot came promptly at 9 a.m. and had the light-housekeeping chores done by 11.30.

SATURDAY, MAR. 20/76 The sun came out this morning in full strength, & I shoveled 3 inches of slush off my front path & driveway. Thermometer in the shade on the north side of the house reached 58° Fahr. at noon. I heard a bird chirp, & was delighted to see four robins feeding on last year's berries on my hawthorn tree. I walked around White Point in the afternoon. It was half covered with slushy snow & I wore my rubber sea-boots. Temp. was 74° Fahr. in the sun.

SUNDAY, MAR. 21/76 Fog all day, & rain all night. Dined at Hunt's Point. Went to bed at midnight, having taken the usual drinks & the usual single sleeping pill (Seconal) between 11 & 12. However the pill had no effect whatever. I refused the boon of another, & sat up half the night playing Solitaire & sipping sherry & soda water. A real fit of insomnia, of the kind that used to torture me when I was writing my books years ago. Can't understand this one, for I had no worry on my mind.

MONDAY, MAR. 22/76 The rain melted the last of the snow. Jack McClelland phoned this morning & we agreed to meet for lunch at

the Chateau Halifax at 12.30 tomorrow.

TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1976 A fine sunny day for my trip to Halifax. I engaged taxi-man Carl Gerhardt for the day & took off at 10 a.m. Arrived at the Chateau Halifax in Scotia Square at noon. Jack was delayed on his way from Antigonish & turned up at 1.15. We had drinks & a good buffet lunch & then went to the Dalhousie library. John Bell was very helpful, & we went over my albums of photographs & snapshots. Jack wanted a large selection from which his editors could choose, & he took about thirty. A secretary typed a list of them, which Jack signed. I lent him also the charcoal drawing of me, made by Karl Godwin for the Readers' Digest Book Club in 1951. I suggested using this drawing as the frontis-piece, & also on the book jacket, because it is a good profile portrait of me when I was at the height of my career, & Jack said it was a good idea.

Incidentally, Jack said he had telephoned Ken McCormick, head of Doubleday, New York, about releasing the publishing rights in "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach". Through a subsidiary paperback agreement with Popular Library, McCormick has been clinging to these rights, in spite of my remonstrances, for the past four years. I pointed out that all three books were long out of print, but McCormick repeatedly gave me a polite run-around. On the phone Jack told him that M. & S. would this year publish my memoirs, which had some harsh things to say about my experiences with Doubleday and their Canadian branch. He might be able to persuade me to tone this down if Doubleday promptly stopped stalling the release of book rights. McCormick seemed very worried about the effect of my memoirs on Doubleday's Canadian branch, and assured Jack that he would have the rights cleared at once. I will believe that when I see it. McCormick's promises are not worth a damn, in my long experience with him, although I always liked him personally, & I said so in my memoirs.

Gerhardt picked me up at the library at 4.30, & I was back in Liverpool at 6.30. The taxi bill was \$75.00.

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1976 Sunny, with a brisk N. breeze. Had a good walk on the golf course. About 4 p.m. had a phone call from Ronald Weyman, the CBC television director who did the outdoor scenes of "The Wings of Night" here in 1962. Back in 1954 he took an option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" on his own hook, hoping to do a regular motion picture of it, but like all the others who have taken options since, he was unable to get finance for it. He has never lost his interest in the story, & now he has proposed to the CBC that they make a 90-minute TV play of it. I told him about the current option held by Maurice Singer, which expires next September. It is for a price of \$30,000, and the fee for a 12 month option is \$2,000. I said a man connected with Playboy Productions in the U.S. had proposed a feature TV film, & Clive Parsons of London also was very interested. I had promised these people to let them know when the property was open to another option, & they can then make their propositions. Weyman made note of all this, & said the price for a TV production would have to be less than \$30,000. Anyhow, he would keep in touch.

At 6 p.m. I walked to Fort Point & attended a cocktail party given by Douglas & Phyllis Tozer to mark their 25th wedding anniversary. Many old friends there.

SATURDAY, MAR. 27/76 Sunny, temp. 54° Farenh. This afternoon I persuaded Hector Sunlap to walk the golf course with me, picking him up in my car. He is 77 & a bit wheezy, but we took our time, & rested in the shelter at No 5, & he enjoyed every minute of it. Back at his house I had a drink with him, & inspected his latest workshop production, a well made scale model of the "Ada M.", built in Liverpool by J. Headman Gardner in 1929 & designed especially for rum-running. Her captain was Byron Ritcey of Lachine, a daring fellow, & she was caught inside New York harbour at night. However, her owners were New Jersey Jews with powerful influence, so she & her crew were released under bond, & she continued to operate under another name until Prohibition was repealed in the U.S. in 1932. The owners then sold her in Newfoundland for use as a coastal freighter.

SUNDAY, MAR. 28/76 Overcast & dark. Dined with the Raddalls at Hants Point. I find that the cataract in my right eye is

spreading rapidly & dimming my vision alarmingly. Obviously I must have an operation soon. My left eye has been almost completely blind for two years.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1976 Cold drizzle all day. This evening attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society in Zion Church. The speaker was John McCaul, a Toronto advertising executive who retired & bought or built a home at Port Medway two or three years^{ago}. During War Two he served as navigator in an RCAF squadron of Mosquito bombers. He described tonight the famous raid called Operation Jericho, in which he took part in the early spring of 1944. The Germans had rounded up two or three hundred men of the French Resistance Forces, including three important leaders, and held them in a jail at Amiens, where they were being "questioned" before execution. The leaders got word out of the jail, through the French underground network, to the RAF headquarters in Britain, begging them to bomb the jail. In a daring & brilliant operation, Canadian, Australian, & New Zealand airmen, "going in at fifty feet altitude", blew down the outer wall, & then the quarters of the German guards. Some of the prisoners were killed, but between 250 & 275 got out & were spirited away by the Resistance forces.

THURSDAY, APR. 1/76 Wet & bleak. Received the first batch of typescript of "In My Time", copy-edited by Mrs. Jean Craig, who has been given this special assignment by McClelland & Stewart.

FRIDAY, APR. 2/76 Wet & bleak. Working on the edited copy. Mrs. Craig knows her business & is vigilant & thorough. I don't agree with all of her suggested changes but on the whole she is very good.

The Austin Parkers, Hector Dunlop & I dined tonight with Ralph & Hallabelle Johnson. Enjoyed a very good dinner & the cheerful company of old friends. Young Tommy Raddall spent the evening in town & slept at my house.

SATURDAY, APR. 3/76. Wet & bleak. My charlady phoned yesterday morning to say she had a "migraine headache" & wouldn't be able to make her weekly round. So this morning I watered the plants etc. On my walk home from the post office I heard two song sparrows. The average date for spring appearance here is March 25. Probably they have been here for some time but I didn't hear them. Finished correcting the edited copy of the first

few chapters of "In My Time" & packed them up for the mail on Monday.

MONDAY, APRIL 5/76 A little sunshine today at last, but the temp. stayed about 40° Fahr., with a boisterous NW wind, & I wasn't tempted to walk on the golf course. Worked on my income tax papers. Had an apologetic letter from Farley Mowat. Jack McClelland had just told him of his failure to answer my invitation last summer (see entry July 5/75) - I had mentioned it in casual chat with Jack in Halifax - and now he writes from Port Hope, Ontario, saying that he & wife Blair will be touring P.S. in the latter part of May. They will be towing a trailer-van, & will call on me in Liverpool.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8/76 C. died one year ago. Walked around the golf course. Dumech & his groundsmen busy rolling the greens & spreading fertilizer. The ground is still wet in many places & won't be fit for play unless we have a week of fine warm weather - hardly possible in April. News:- Two great Canadians have died. Gratian O'Leary, journalist, and Wilder Penfield, neurologist, & tonight the CBC showed long TV interviews with them, made last year. I met Penfield in Toronto years ago, & in the course of conversation he said ^{he had} read & enjoyed all my books.

FRIDAY, APR. 9/76 Sunny but cold. Put caulking compound on the bottom of my white plastic bird-bath, which was damaged by the demented mulatto boy a couple of years ago. Got a sack of "Lawn Green" fertilizer & tried to put my little two-wheeled spreader in working order, but found it badly corroded after 14 years & beyond repair.

My sister Nellie Cassidy phoned from Mahone tonight. She leaves for England tomorrow to spend two months with her daughter Carol & family. Carol's husband John Paisley U.S.N. makes his headquarters at London & his home at Stoke Poges. After years of active flying service in Vietnam & elsewhere he is now on staff work having to do with U.S. naval air affairs in Europe & the Levant. Nellie is now 75 & says she will not spend another winter in Nova Scotia. Our sister Hilda Bayer is still wrestling with her alcoholic problem & there is little or no communication between them.

SATURDAY, APR. 10/76 Awoke this morning to find about 2 inches of snow on the ground. It vanished in rain during the day. Finished checking the second batch of edited copy from Mrs. Craig. She is going away until the end of this month & will resume work on the typescript

when she returns. Received a letter from H.R. Percy, chairman of the executive committee of the recently formed Writers Federation of Nova Scotia. According to the printed letterhead the WFNS has an office in the student union building at St. Mary's University. Percy is a retired naval officer formerly active in the Canadian Authors Association.

He invites me to attend the first annual gathering of the federation at a dinner in Hfx. on May 8. "The WFNS has decided to honour not more than five of Nova Scotia's most outstanding writers by publicly bestowing upon them honorary memberships in the Writers' Council. It is my privilege & very great pleasure to invite you ... to accept one of these life memberships." "the Federation will gladly arrange and pay for travel and accommodation".

SUNDAY, APR. 11, 1976 Bleak & overcast, with a few snow flurries.

Wrote a few letters, including an acceptance of the WFNS invitation. Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner & brought me back. Next Sunday I should be able to drive my own car there & back by daylight.

MONDAY, APR. 12/76 Cold & windy. Got a new fertilizer spreader from Henderson's Hardware, price \$17.80. A much better machine than my old one, with a revolving fan to winnow the stuff evenly. This afternoon, having typed statements of my various income receipts and professional expenses, I got my friend Austin Parker to figure out the income tax. It is such an intricate & complicated business now that even he has difficulty with it. To me it's like wandering in the Hampton Court maze. Including Maurice Singe's \$2,000 for a further year's option on film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", and \$5,000 advanced by McClelland & Stewart on "In My Time", my professional income in 1975 was \$10,067.95. My Old Age Pension was \$1,495.00 plus Canada Pension Plan payments amounting to \$880.62.

Dividends from investments in Canadian corporations come to \$4,803.06. Interest on bonds = \$1,294.38. Interest on bank deposits = \$536.77. Making a gross income of \$19,077.78, of which \$15,241.66 was taxable, & the tax was \$2,923.40. I had paid \$2,000 on the tax already, so I now owe a bit over \$900.

TUESDAY, APR. 13/76 After a frosty night (18° Fahr.) a sunny but cold & windy day. This afternoon, using the new spreader, I put about 11 lbs. of "Lawn Green" on my grounds.

FRIDAY, APR. 16, 1976

A day like midsummer. Temp. in town up to 80° Fahr. in the sun. Cooler on the shore, where I walked the beach at Summerville & then walked around fire holes of the golf course. Met Sumesh & son practising on the driving tee, & he said the course would be open for play next week.

I inspected C's. grave in the cemetery, & spread some fertilizer on the grass, which had suffered badly in last summer's drought.

SUNDAY, APR. 18/76 Fine & warm. In getting a couple of garden chairs from the overhead rack in the garage, I gave my always-lame back an extra twist, & consequently have to hobble about, bent forward, & with an awkward gait, like the hunchback of Notre Dame. The days are long enough now^{so} that I drove my car to Hunt's Point, had a fine roast turkey dinner with the junior Raddalls, & drove home afterwards.

TUESDAY, APR. 20/76 Yesterday was foggy & bleak, but today was another midsummer day. Temp. up to 85° Fahr. in the sun. Walked around the golf course in shirt-sleeves & bareheaded, perspiring partly from the heat & partly from the pain of my awkward posture & gait. A few players on the course.

FRIDAY, APR. 23/76 Wakened at 5:30 a.m. by a great clap of thunder & a downpour of heavy rain. A slam-bang storm continued until after 1 p.m. with a few brief intervals.

My chum lady Jessie Whynot, who lives at the other end of town, phoned at 8 a.m. to say she couldn't come today "because I have to take my mother to hospital at Halifax". Three weeks ago, on another wet day, she had "a migraine headache". She promises to come next Monday morning.

I mailed the third batch of edited copy for "In My Time" to Mrs. Craig. The publicity manager of M&S, Sandra Martin, wrote asking me for a summary of my life & works, & for photographs etc. Today I sent her a summary, also a copy of John Robert Sorfleet's interview with me in 1973, printed in the Journal of Canadian Fiction. I referred her to Jack McClelland for photographs.

My grandson Tom attended a school dance in town, & stayed the night at my house.

SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1976

Good walks on the golf course, yesterday & today. My back improves, but I dare not swing a club for some time yet. Drove to Hunt's Point to dine with Pamela & the youngsters. Tom is in the woods with Jack Dunlop, trout-fishing in the headwaters of Jordan River.

MONDAY, APR. 26/76 Cold & wet. Jessie Whynot arrived in a taxi this morning & did her chores. I took her home in my car to save her a second taxi fare, & found that she lives in the most remote northerly part of town, on an unpaved lane at the edge of the bush. Phone call this afternoon from Bill Howell of CBC radio, Halifax. He & John Godfrey (a history professor at Dalhousie) and Evelyn Sabory, of Neptune Theatre, are putting together a ^{TV} show about the relations between the N.S. populace & the armed forces. It will include interviews with Bruce Oland, Admiral Boyle & for the historical aspect, me. Expects to be here with equipment on May 25 or 26, but will confirm before that.

Letter from David Lunney, of Allyn/Lunney Productions, Hollywood, reminding me again of his interest in "The Nymph" & "The Lamp". He enclosed photocopies of items in "The Hollywood Review" and "Variety", mentioning his firm's activities.

TUESDAY, APR. 27/76 Since the few days of summer, our weather has reverted to normal Nova Scotia spring - dark, damp & cold. Here in Liverpool the thermometer seems stuck at 40° Fahrenheit, which is usual. Tom got back from the Jordan headwaters with Jack Dunlop. They had a cold & wet time with a little pup-tent for shelter. Impossible to get dry or warm. Running down a rocky stream the canoe's bow became stove-in, & they had to do some remarkable make-shift repairs merely to get back across Jordan Lake. The canoe was ruined. In three days' fishing they caught about 30 trout - five a day for each rod. It reminded me of old adventures with pup-tents etc. at this time of year. I never got a decent catch before the middle of May.

Two years ago in May I renewed my subscription to the Canadian edition of Time Magazine for \$22, at the rate of \$11 a year. Now that the Trudeau government has forced the Canadian edition to close down, I must pay \$30 a year for the American edition. Despite its large concern with internal U.S.

affairs, Time still gives a coverage of world news for which there is no substitute, despite the vociferous claims of Maclean's Magazine in Toronto. Incidentally, as soon as the Canadian edition of Time was killed, Maclean's raised its own subscription rate 20%.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 29, 1976 Overcast. A few showers. Walked at White Pt. At 4:30 Erik Anderssen took me to "London Lodge", Port Joli, where the usual gathering enjoyed a huge & delicious dinner of baked haddock etc. Bill Howell phoned again. He & his crew will come to my house Tuesday morning May 25, & the job will probably take all day. He will write in the meantime, setting forth some of the points he wants me to talk about.

SATURDAY, MAY 1/76 Fine & hot. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns & then spreading another 11 lbs. of lawn green. Erik Anderssen was painting his skiff, in anticipation of some salmon fishing on the Madawey this summer. He joined me for glass of cold ale.

SUNDAY, MAY 2/76 Heavy rain, just right to wash in my lawn fertilizer. Dined at Hunts Point, a fine meal of trout caught by Tom at Jordan Lake.

MONDAY, MAY 3/76 Rain & fog. Late this afternoon a man named Jim Katz phoned from London, England. Said that he was associated with Michael Loughlin in the film business, that they had a very famous movie actor who was very interested in The Nymph & The Lamp, & what was the present position of the film rights? I said Maurice Singer of Beverly Hills had an option which expires next Sept. 27. Singer had persuaded me to renew the option three times, but I shall not renew it again. Several other people were interested, & I had promised to notify them when the film rights are open. Katz gave me his London address & I said I would notify him at the same time.

Back in 1970 Michael Loughlin phoned me from California, said his wife was eager to play the part of Isabel in The Nymph & The Lamp, which she considered "the greatest love story in the world". Nothing came of this. His wife is Leslie Caron, famous French film actress in time gone by, & he is her fourth or fifth husband, not to mention her long list of lovers such as American movie star Warren Beatty. I couldn't imagine a worse bit of mis-casting for the part of Isabel in my book.

TUESDAY, May 4, 1976 Sunny & breezy. Took my car to the service station to have the snow tires removed. Noticed that one of the summer tires was in need of replacement, so bought a new one. Also noticed that rust has eaten into the left rear mudguard enough that the nickel trim was hanging loose. Took the car around to the Rossignol body shop, where a mechanic soon fixed that by boring two holes & putting in screws. At home I took off my storm door, a heavy wooden thing on the driveway entrance to the house, & removed the storm window from the kitchen. Got the fly screen down, washed it, & tried to put it on, standing on the top of a step-ladder perched on the old laundry platform. Reaching overhead to put in the screws I put a new kink in my already bad back, & had to quit. How awful it is to be old, lame, & half blind!

This evening Bill Crowell phoned about the new magazine. (See entry March 18) He would like to use my short story "Blind Mac Fair" in the first or second issue, but cannot afford to pay more than \$200. I said that would be all right.

WEDNESDAY, May 5/76 Sunny & windy. Erik Andersen is having a dispute over the boundary between his property & that of the late Captain Victor Jeans, & wished to measure from my boundary corners on Park Street. After some digging we found my landmarks, ~~two~~^{two} iron stakes about 18" long, driven into the ground full length about 40 years ago, when I borrowed a surveyor's tape and with the assistance of Joe Pushie measured southward from the oldest landmark on Park Street, the low stone wall of the (then) Sterns property at the corner of Park & Church streets. We did the same with the next boundaries, marking my corners again with iron stakes. At that time there was no qualified surveyor in Liverpool & none of the house properties on the west side of Park Street had proper landmarks. Later on, Reginald "Cephas" Rupert, then owner of the present Andersen property, got a qualified provincial land surveyor from South Brookfield, Primrose ("Prim") Smith, to examine my boundaries. Smith found my landmarks exactly right.

Today Erik & I measured the exact distance from the front stakes to the neighboring house foundations, so that we can locate the marks easily in the future. I made a small plan, & gave Erik a copy.

THURSDAY, May 6/76 Sunny & warm, with a strong SW wind. Walked the golf course, where the wind, coming across the cold water of Port Morton

Bay, had a chill that made my eyes water.

My lawn has a rich green now. The shrubs are leafing out, & the forsythias are a blaze of yellow blossom.

Donald Stewart of CBC Toronto phoned. Elizabeth Fox had recommended another running of their (radio) play from my short story "Naval Honours", originally run in 1974. He offered \$300 for this second run, & I agreed.

Last year, with the aid of money granted by the N.S. government, a number of would-be authors formed the Writers' Federation of Nova Scotia, & this year they are holding a series of lectures & discussions at St. Mary's University, & a big dinner & dance at the Holiday Inn.

They have invited Ernest Buckler, Will Bird, Helen Brighton, Watson Kirkconnell & myself to sit at the head table at dinner, when Lieut. Governor Clarence Gosse will present us with certificates of honorary life membership in the WFNS. They offered to provide transportation to Hfx. & back, & accommodation at the hotel.

SATURDAY, May 8, 1976 Alternate fog & pouring rain all day. David Walmark, of Kingsburg, Lun. Co., picked me up this morning & delivered me at the Holiday Inn shortly after noon. I knew practically nobody in Halifax nowadays, & the weather made exploring impossible. The hotel had no magazine or book stand, so I spent a long boring afternoon watching the motor traffic outside.

At 6:30 I went down to an assembly room where the WFNS had set up a bar, & found the place jammed with about 300 men & women. Most of the men had bushes of hair, & many had beards. The women favoured short haircuts & long pant-suits. Among the better-looking people were "Bucky" Killam & wife, both of whom I knew as children in Liverpool, but long resident in Hfx. Neither is a writer. I gathered that many of the gathering had come out of curiosity, & there was the usual large proportion of weird-dos and exhibitionists which I noticed long ago at conventions of the Canadian Authors Association. John Leefe was there from Liverpool. He said most of the "writers" were unpublished amateurs, & about two out of three were school teachers or college professors. He mentioned for example a P.H.D. who taught biology as a profession, & wrote blank verse as a hobby.

Apart from myself I say only two writers who actually make a living by their pens — Harry Bruce (son of my old friend Charles) and Donald Cameron,

who now calls himself "Silver Donald Cameron" in allusion to his immense bush of cream-coloured hair, which is in suspiciously sharp contrast to a very black moustache.

Chief speaker at the dinner was Marion Engels, an Ontario woman who was foremost in founding the Writers' Union of Canada two or three years ago. Thirty-fifth, crop-haired, with a plain face & figure, she has children but no visible husband. In recent years she has turned out three or four novels, all highly acclaimed by the far-out people, although the public seems more choosy. Her latest is "Bear", a story about some human who has a physical love affair with a bear — or so I'm told.

Her speech was loud, with much gesturing of the arms, & its chief point was that libraries should pay the author something for the use of his or her book. She seemed to have had a drink or two. I did not attend the dance after the dinner, but I was told "Ms." Engels went into "a crying jag" in the middle of the dance floor, weeping on the shoulder of a man with a big beard. Perhaps she thought he was a bear.

Several people came up & spoke to me about my works, including Elizabeth Fox of the CBC. Ernest Buckler failed to appear at the dinner, & his honorary membership certificate was accepted by a friend of his, Greg Cook, who teaches in Wolfville. Will Bird, at 85, is as deaf as a post. Kirkconnell at 81, now wears a pepper-and-salt beard. I barely recognized him. Helen Creighton is coy about her age but must be all of 80. What a lot of old crocks we must have seemed to the crowd in the dining room!

John Leefe offered to drive me home tomorrow & I accepted.

SUNDAY, May 9, 1976 A fine warm day. Lunched in the hotel's coffee room with Greg Cook & wife, & Sheena Patterson, editor of Weekend Magazine, who had been attending the writers' conference. I had expected the Leafes to leave for Liverpool in the morning but he informed me later that it wouldn't be until 4 p.m. I took a leisurely stroll. The Public Gardens seemed to be closed, so I sat on a sunny bench in ~~nearby~~ nearby Camp Hill cemetery, where I looked in vain for Joe Howe's monument, the tombstone of Captain John J. Wood of

the "Tallahassie", & that of "Sadie Davenport" (Mrs. Sarah Croker) whose story I wrote in *Footsteps on Old Floors*. In former years I could locate them easily, but my memory seems to be going as fast as my eyesight.

The Leefes picked me up at 4, & at 6:20 I was dining with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, May 10, 1976 Warm, with an open-&-shut sky. In the morning I packed up & mailed to Janet Craig the last batch of edited copy for "In My Time". In the afternoon I went over my lawns thoroughly with the electric mower, & trimmed the edges with the hand mower.

TUESDAY, May 11/76 Clear & warm. This afternoon I took my golf clubs & hand cart to White Point & played 9 holes in a chilly breeze from Port Mouton Bay. My first play since last Nov. 11th, & nine holes was enough. Judy Barss phoned from CBC Halifax. She & a television camera crew would like to spend a day with me, doing an interview for a show called *Heritage* on the national network. We agreed on Wednesday, June 9, & they will arrive at my house at 10 a.m.

Friday, May 14/76 The golf course has been closed since Tuesday on account of heavy rains. This afternoon I played 13 holes, but felt tired on the last four. Tommy Raddall attended a dance at Milton tonight & slept at my house. Erik Andersson came in this evening & we chatted till midnight over drinks. The Anderssons & three other couples in our neighborhood, all retired people, are leaving on Monday for a tour of the West & the B.C. coast, & will be gone about ~~about~~ two weeks.

SATURDAY, May 15/76 Heavy rain in the night. Played 9 holes at White Point in the afternoon, in a strong NW gale, temp. 60° Fahr. My eyes watered so copiously that it was blind-man's-buff & I was tired. This evening the Austin Parkers gave a cocktail & buffet supper party to bid bon voyage to the travelers. Good food & chat.

SUNDAY, May 16/76 Sunny, with a light NW breeze. Played 14 holes at White Point. Violets, blue-ettes, wild strawberry in blossom. Dined at Hunts Point. Pam's mother, Marian White, had driven down from Hfx & we had a good chat. Tom's swimming pool has been excavated & partly lined. He says the workmen are lazy & slow, but that is the pattern of all labour today.

MONDAY, May 17, 1976

I started this entry with my old fountain pen, but it ran dry, and I cannot get ink cartridges any more. The stores sell only ball-point pens nowadays. I have found in the past that the ink-paste in ball-point pens fades badly after a time, especially when exposed to sunlight, whereas old fashioned ink makes a permanent record.

Today was fine, & I mowed my lawn. Played 18 holes at White Rock.

TUESDAY, May 18/76 Rain again. My neighbours, Jerry & Jean Nickerson, got home from a month of rambling in their Cadillac, all the way to Florida, then through the American mid-west to Ontario, then home. All my life I've wanted to take a leisurely voyage around the world, but lack of money, & family responsibilities, forbade it. Now that I have plenty of money, & no responsibilities, I couldn't see the world anyhow. Until my eyesight problem is solved I must live a prisoner in a steadily shrinking landscape here. I envy my friends who retain their sight & mobility.

Pamela brought a jar of lobster chowder, which I enjoyed at my evening meal.

Had a postcard from my sister Nellie in England, where she is enjoying her visit. Her grandson Bob enters the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis this year, & he is over there for a holiday with John & Carol.

WEDNESDAY, May 19/76 Wet & bleak. The Historical Society closed their season of monthly meetings with the now customary dinner in the Anglican parish hall, where the Ladies' Guild of the church provided an excellent buffet spread at \$3.50 each. The speaker was a young professor named Chard, from King's University, Halifax, who has been doing some research on Nova Scotian country merchants in the period roughly 1850 - 1875. The subject was Sylvanus Morton of Milton, Queens County, and his material was drawn mostly from items in the Liverpool Transcript. He barely mentioned the Bank of Liverpool, in which Morton was deeply involved, & whose failure ruined him. Indeed he seemed to think that Morton successfully weathered the storm of 1873. At table I sat with Charles Kelsey & wife, of Port Joli. His (and George Whalley's) bookbinding & repairing firm here (K & W Enterprises Ltd.) is busy again, after a period of doldrums last year caused by the depression of business.

FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1976 The weather cleared at noon & I was happy to play golf again after 3 days of cold rain. My charlady came this morning, after two weeks' absence on account of illness in her family, or so she says. She works well, but is unreliable.

Young Tom Raddall attended a party in L'pool tonight until after midnight, & slept at my house.

SUNDAY, May 23/76 Dark clouds threatening rain, with a few glints of sunshine. I played 9 holes at White Point, in a cold breeze off Port Mouton bay, with my eyes watering badly. As usual on Sundays I dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Elinor Green was there with her daughter Peggy, and her young boy Chris. Young Tom Raddall came back to town with me, spent the evening with his school friends, & slept at my house. The CBC is re-running a television series called "Days before yesterday", made some years ago by Cameron Graham, dealing with Canadian history between 1887 & 1957. It includes a few brief shots of me, talking about Halifax.

MONDAY, May 24/76 Victoria Day, a bank & post office holiday. Same dreary weather. This afternoon I mowed my lawns. Hoped to mow Anderssen's too, but after two hours I was weary & glad to quit. A pair of yellow warblers are building a nest in their usual place, a ¹⁰ ft *geutzia* shrub in the sheltered nook between my little sun porch & the south side of my house.

TUESDAY, May 25/76 Overcast with a bleak sea wind. Got a new pair of golf shoes. At 1 p.m. Bill Howell arrived with a CBC car and truck, together with 4 technicians, a young woman, producer Rolf Blei, & Professor (History) John Godfrey of King's University, who interviewed me for their TV camera in my study. Mostly questions about the military background of the people on the South Shore. Afterwards we went to Fort Point for an introductory camera shot of Godfrey & me, walking toward the old cannons & chatting.

WEDNESDAY, May 26/76 Dark and bleak. This afternoon I mowed my neighbour Erik's lawns. Bird note:- The usual early pair of robins are nesting in a spruce tree behind Erik's garden, & from time to time I see them at my bird bath or foraging on the lawn. But the usual pair of song sparrows have failed to turn up for the first time in many years.

News:- A day or two ago, two of the controversial concorde

aircraft, one British & the other French, landed at a Washington airport, having crossed the Atlantic in slightly less than four hours. This is the first time they have been permitted to land in the United States, although they have been flying from Europe to places as far as Saudi Arabia and Rio de Janeiro. The U.S. objection is mainly the noise they make, & some alarmists say their tremendous output of exhaust is polluting the higher atmosphere permanently. Observers at Washington said the noise was not much worse than the big American 707 jet passenger planes, which fly only half as fast.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1976 A few glints of sunshine but mostly another bleak dark day. I played 11 holes at White Point in a cold wind off the bay.

FRIDAY, MAY 28/76 The same as yesterday. Grandson Tom attended a high school dance & slept at my house.

SATURDAY, MAY 29/76 Suddenly a clear hot day. Temp. 92° in the sun in town, but tempered by the sea breeze at White Point, where I played 16 holes. Bird note: noticed what I thought was a song sparrow at my bird bath, but it turned out to be a Savannah sparrow. The yellow warblers have completed their nest by the sun porch.

SUNDAY, MAY 30/76 Warm, cloudy, strong W. wind. Did my laundry. Played golf in the afternoon. Dined on steamed clams with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point, & their guests George (Halifax lawyer) Cairns, wife Sandra (a daughter of former head of Mersey Paper Co., J. H. Mowbray Jones) & their lively youngsters. The new swimming pool is nearly complete.

MONDAY, MAY 31/76 Sunny & hot. Golf in the afternoon. Lost 5 balls. The house was so hot that for the first time I had to get the big electric fan down from the attic. My lilac is in bloom, & the scent comes pleasantly in my study window.

News note:- Prime minister Trudeau has been spending some days on the B.C. coast, including one day on a naval destroyer on the fishery patrol. In an informal chat on the deck, some of the sailors complained about the monotony of fishery patrol work. Trudeau told them that Canada was not "a big navy country", & if they wanted to see Japan "they had better buy a plane ticket".

TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1976 Showers. The mail brought two more enquiries about film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". One from an obviously shoe-string concern in London, Ontario, calling itself "Creative Services Ltd." The other from Mitchell Browes of Burbank, California, whose partner Robert Lovenheim began inquiries a couple of years ago. My answer to all these enquiries is that Maurice Singer's option expires on Sep. 26 this year, & the property will be open to purchase or option any time after that. My sister Nellie Cassidy phoned from Mahone, just back from seven weeks in England with her daughter Carol & family. She visited several of our Gifford relatives in Kent, & the Elliots outside London, & brought me greetings from them. Tonight my neighbour Jerry Nickerson called on me with an elderly guest named Garrison, who now lives in New Brunswick but was born & educated in Halifax. Garrison's father was manager of the Hfx. branch of Tyneess Withy, the famous old British shipping firm. He, himself, was a young subaltern of artillery, posted in the Citadel, at the time of the Hfx. explosion in 1917. We had an interesting chat, comparing memories.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2/76 Sunny, with a pleasant breeze. Spent afternoon mowing & trimming my lawn, & Anderssen's. Austin Parker stopped by for a chat. He told me the house between his & Anderssen's, formerly owned by Captain Victor Jeans, has been sold to a young man named Kyte, on the paper mill staff.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3/76 Another pleasant day. Golf in the afternoon. Early in the evening Farley Mowat phoned from Brooklyn, where he & wife Claire are staying overnight at a motel, having motored here from Digby this afternoon. They came to my house & stayed till after midnight, chatting over drinks. They are still looking for a permanent home in the Maritime Provinces, & on their way down the St. John valley found a place they liked enough to take a purchase option on it. They leave tomorrow morning for Cape Breton, to look over possible sites there, & then return to the Magdalen Islands for the summer. Farley brought greetings from Jack McClelland, who has now left on a flying tour which will take him to Japan, China & Persia. Claire Mowat is a handsome & intelligent woman, 35-ish. He is 55.

He admits that he makes a mountebank of himself on his public tours because "that's the way to draw public attention", & public attention sells books. Claire says he comes back from the tours utterly exhausted, & three times he has ended up with a serious case of bronchial pneumonia. He told me, "I envy you because after your sea service you put down roots here. I've always been a wanderer, with no real roots anywhere."

Bird note: I noted on May 26 that the usual pair of song sparrows, which have nested behind my back wall for years, had failed to appear. Also missing are the tree swallows which have nested in Anderssen's little wooden bird-house, and (so far) the cat-birds that have nested for years in the shrubbery behind my lawn.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1976 Fine weather. Golf. A Mrs. (or Ms.) Kirk phoned from the McClelland & Stewart office in Toronto. She & Elizabeth Montizambert will be in charge of the M & S booth at the meeting of the Canadian Librarians Association in Halifax. It will be held in the Nova Scotian hotel from 2 to 4 p.m. on June 12, & the cocktail party ~~in my honour~~ will follow from 4 to 6 p.m. They will reserve a room for me at the Nova Scotian, & said that M. & S. will pay my travelling expenses. I said I would have to hire a car & chauffeur, & would plan to arrive at the Nova Scotian about 2:30 p.m.

I note from the Hfx newspaper that about 1,000 librarians from all over Canada are expected to attend the meeting, & that Mordecai Richler will be there to receive the C.L.A.'s English medal for his recent book for children. His Canadian publishers are M & S., so he & I apparently will be the personal exhibits at the book show.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5/76 Fine weather. Golf. Dined with about a dozen others at the home of Munro & Marian (Supper) Gardiner, Milton. All old friends, & I enjoyed the chat.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6/76 Fine weather. Golf. The woods are very dry, & several fires are burning out of control in the eastern part of the province. At 5 p.m. I picked up Hector Dunlap & drove to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pamela were entertaining Hector's son Jack & family. We had drinks & a delicious dinner. The new swimming pool is nearly complete. Pamela plans to attend a reunion at her old school Edgehill, Windsor, on the afternoon of June 12, and she will take me to Hfx. that morning. She will

stay overnight with her mother in Hfx., & pick me up at the Nova Scotian in the morning for the drive home.

Bird note:- Tom says a pair of ospreys hunt for fish every day along his part of the shore, & Jack Dunlop says two pairs are nesting in the woods near the mouth of Broad River. So the fish hawks have recovered from the ailment caused by man-made spraying of the insecticide D.D.T., which has been forbidden for several years now. At home, a lone song sparrow comes to my bird bath occasionally, & sings a trill or two, but obviously it is not nesting nearby. No sign or sound of the cat-birds or the tree swallows. However, a pair of chimney swifts are nesting in the flue of my fireplace, which I never use. They have not nested there for years. Today I saw a handsome male flicker stalking about my back lawn in pursuit of ants.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9/76 The 49th anniversary of my marriage.

The weather continues fine & very hot. This morning, by arrangement, Bill Harper of the CBC arrived with the usual blue truck full of electrical apparatus, & a crew of four men & two young women, plus interviewer Neil Copeland. Copeland & I spent the rest of the morning under the eye of the TV camera at Fort Point, talking about the incident here in 1778, when the Yankee settlers of Liverpool fought their first battle with raiders from New England. We spent the afternoon on my back lawn, talking about my career as a writer. Afterwards the whole party came indoors for drinks & chat. They left about 6 p.m.

I hadn't seen Harper since 1967, when I worked with him on two shows about Halifax. He was then clean-shaven & very much overweight. Today I hardly recognised him, a trim man with a pepper-&-salt beard. The show we did today is for a series called "Heritage", & will be on the TV network probably in October.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12/76 My daughter-in-law Pamela drove to Windsor this morning to attend the closing ceremony of her old school "Edgewell", & she dropped me off in Hfx. at the Nova Scotian hotel at noon. I lunched in the hotel's Sambro Restaurant, & about 2:30 went to the Canadian publishers' show on the mezzanine floor. About 20 firms had set up small booths, displaying current books, photos of their authors, etc. I found Marta Krol & Ellen Montyambert in charge of the M. & S. booth, & they

had a good display of my books. People stopped by for a chat with me; some had books to be autographed. Marta & Ellen invited certain ones to the cocktail party in my honour. (The newspaper report that Richler was attending the show was wrong. He is in Vancouver.) The party was held in a small reception room from 4 to 6. About twenty or thirty people, most of them women librarians, all lively conversationalists, saying pleasant things about my books & looking forward to "In My Time". Orest Ulan of the CBC was there, eager to tell me about the projected film on the expulsion of the Acadians. (see Oct. 13/75 and Feb. 7/76) He & Harold Medruk are still very hopeful about it.

At 8 p.m. the M. & S. ladies took me to dinner at "Fat Freddie's" (or Fat Harry's?) in an old mansion somewhere, with very expensive food & wines, rated the best in Halifax. Marta Kurec (pronounced Kirk) is a small pixie of a woman, 40-ish, with a wild bush of grey hair, a plain face with little or no make-up. Ellen Montigambert is about 35, with neat dark blond hair & a ring on her wedding finger. Both very capable & pleasant. We dined & wine well, & sat long in talk afterwards, so it was getting on towards midnight when we got back to the hotel.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1976 I breakfasted with the two ladies in the Sambo's restaurant, & Orest Ulan, eager for more talk about "Evangeline", joined us there. Afterwards I thanked the ladies for taking such good care of me, & said goodbye.

Pamela picked me up about 10 a.m., having stayed the night with her mother in Hfx. after the ceremonies at Edgehill. She & other "old girls" deplored the state of the school, shabby & dirty, nothing like the trim and well-run institution they remembered. Next year the school becomes co-educational, merging with nearby King's Collegiate School on the Kings campus, & the old Edgehill property will be sold. Home at noon. Did a hamper full of laundry. My erratic charlady, Jessie Whynot, failed to appear last Friday, without even a last-minute telephoned excuse, so I must find someone else.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1976 Continued hot weather. Golf this afternoon with Capt. Charlie Williams. His eyesight is hampered by glaucoma, mine by cataract, so at times it was a comical game of blind-man's-buff. Paul King died yesterday in the Liverpool hospital at 82. He was an ardent golfer & until about 4 years ago played regularly at White Point.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17/76 Overcast & windy, so no golf. Spent the day at household chores & answering correspondence.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18/76 Fine & hot. B.C. Telephone are offering shareholders an issue of convertible preferred stock. I am entitled to buy 306 shares at \$25. I hadn't enough cash in my ordinary savings account at the Royal Bank, so I borrowed \$2,000 for six months, from the bank.

After golf this afternoon I had a pleasant surprise, a visit by ~~Hargrave's~~ Margaret, daughter of Mrs & Mrs. Boardman Freeman of Potanoc, with whom I lodged when I came to work for the old Macleod Pulp & Paper Company in 1923. She was then a schoolgirl of 16. Today she was accompanied by her third husband, a retired employee of the naval dockyard at Halifax. We had a happy chat about old times at Potanoc.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19/76 Fine & hot. The town's mayor Murphy has made what is now the usual warning at this time of a dry season — the Town Lake is getting perilously low. Watering of lawns & gardens is forbidden, & so is the washing of cars. And as usual the ardent gardeners & car-worshippers go on using water as much as they like.

This morning's Chronicle-Herald has a belated photograph of me chatting with some people at the reception in Halifax a week ago. It was in the Nova Scotian hotel. The C-H says it was in the Chateau Halifax, and gave my age as 87. Two wild errors in one short paragraph is about par for the Chronicle-Herald. My friends are quizzing me merrily. Golf this afternoon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20/76 Fine & hot. Golf. Dined at Hunt's Point where I found Tom & family enjoying their new swimming pool. Today is Father's Day, & this evening my daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton & we had a pleasant chat.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22/76 Overcast, temp. 80° with heavy humidity. For the first time this season there was no cool breeze from the sea, & I ended the afternoon golf after 14 holes. My weigela shrubs are blooming, & so are several of my surviving roses.



CANADIAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION members held their 31st annual conference at Halifax earlier this week. Shown at a reception for author Thomas Raddall are Art Forgay, Regina; Susan Walker, Quill and Quire, Toronto; Thomas Raddall, Liverpool, and Percy Junger, Chester.

(Wamboldt-Waterfield photo)

Raddall writes his story

A bit of local color was added to the annual Canadian Library Association's conference during the weekend when McClelland and Stewart publishing company honored Nova Scotia author Thomas Raddall at a reception held at the Chateau Halifax to publicize his latest book: *In My Time*.

The 87-year-old writer has completed a full autobiography which began back in the early 1900s. The book depicts a rich picture of life in twentieth century Nova Scotia, including such highlights as the 1917 Halifax Explosion, the World Wars, politics and people.

Golf. Sined at Hunts Point
enjoying their new swimming
this evening my daughter
oncton & we had a pleasant char
80° with heavy humidity. For the
cool breeze from the sea, & I

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1976

Again a heavy humid day, with a sprinkle of rain — not enough to do any good. I buried myself with house chores. It is now nearly 3 weeks since my charwoman put on an appearance. This afternoon I phoned to the Canada Manpower Office here, & a brisk young woman soon put me in touch with a widow at Eagle Head, a Mrs. Vera Bagley, who comes into town & does light house-cleaning chores. Among other people she "does" for my widower friend Hector Dunlop, so I know she is competent & trustworthy.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24/76 The hottest day yet — 96° in the sun. There was a fresh little breeze at White Point, & I played golf with Capt. Charlie Williams. In town it ^{was} like hell's kitchen & I slept most of the night on the livingroom sofa, with my big fan going & wearing just my pyjama trousers.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/76 Pamela picked me up with the station-wagon at 10:30 a.m. & took me to Hfx for my appointment with Dr. George Sapp. We lunched at her mother's house, & Pam took me to the clinic on Spring Garden Road well in time for the appointed hour, 2 p.m. As usual the waiting room was full of people, & it was getting on for 3 p.m. when Sapp examined my eyes & gave his verdict. He will operate on my left eye at the Halifax Infirmary as soon as he can get me in there, which owing to congestion will be some time in August or September. I will remain in hospital five to seven days. After a period at home to complete recovery, I shall return to the hospital as soon as he can get me in again, & he will then operate on the other eye. On a previous visit he had told me I would have to wear contact lenses after the operation, which would be a terrible nuisance — putting them in every morning & taking them out every night. Now, however, he says that will not be necessary, and he will furnish me with exterior eye-glasses to be worn in the ordinary way. Pamela picked me up at the clinic & delivered me back at my home at exactly 5 p.m. The weather had broken at last, & she drove through heavy rain most of the way.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26/76 Light drizzles of rain, & temp. down to 58° last night & 52° tonight, a dramatic change from ^{the} heat of the past three weeks. I had to close all windows & turn the furnace on.

Tonight the Canadian Legion had a dinner to celebrate the 50d anniversary of the Legion in Canada, & the 45th. anniversary of the Legion branch here. Branch 38 was formed in June 1931 by 85 men, of whom Austin Parker & I are the only ones living in Queens County today. The Legion sent a car for me, & we had drinks & a good dinner & an address by the zone commander at Hfx. A big crowd of veterans & wives. I enjoyed chatting with George & Fred Braine & other old friends.

MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1976 Rain again last night, & dense fog until 2:30pm, when I drove to White Point & played 9 holes. While I was gone, Pamela came in & vacuum-cleaned the floors & dusted the furniture, etc.

I have been expecting a phone call from Maurice Singe, whose movie option on The Nymph & The Lamp runs out on Sep 26. He paid \$2,000 for a one-year option in August 1973, persuaded me to renew it in 1974 & again in 1975, making specious promises of progress, naming big stars (including Richard Burton, Robert Redford, Glenda Jackson etc) who were "definitely interested in the story", & so on.

Tonight he announced, with the usual phony excitement that the film project was definitely under way, & that the Canadian Film Development Board had promised a large subsidy, etc. And of course he wanted another renewal on Sep 26. I said No. If he does not pay in full for the property on Sep 26 he has lost his last chance, & I shall open negotiations with other people who are anxious to obtain the option. He talked on for a time but I ~~had~~ said I'd heard it all before, I had no faith in his promises, & he must put up or shut up. End of conversation.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29/76 Showers & fog. A few months ago Mr. Titus, minister of Zion Church, had a phone call from the minister of a Congregational church in Connecticut, asking if he could bring to Liverpool this summer a church group of youths & young women. They would work at painting or improving the church grounds or anything else that Titus could suggest, in return for shelter. They would bring their own bedding, supply their own food, do their own cooking. Titus said Come! and they are here, 26 lively & intelligent young people, with four chaperones & their minister, himself a young & energetic man. They sleep in the well furnished & carpeted meeting room in the church basement, with screens dividing males & females, & cook their meals in the adjacent kitchen. They have their own sleeping bags & air mattresses. They are tidying

the long neglected churchyard, removing a jungle of scrub trees & bushes, replacing fallen tombstones (in some cases setting them in new cement) cleaning the stones, listing the names, copying the epitaphs. A really fine job. The minister invited me to lunch with them, & to give them a talk on the founding of Liverpool by settlers from New England. They were very attentive, & had some good questions to ask.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1976 The sixth consecutive ~~wet~~ wet day, most of it "nuisance weather" — just enough to prevent outdoor activity but no good to the farmers or the water-supply. In the afternoon my sisters Nellie, & Hilda drove over from Mahone with Ted Bayer, bringing with them Nellie's 14 year old grand-daughter Susan Paisley. They also brought meat loaf, potato salad, etc. & we enjoyed a meal together.

FRIDAY, JULY 2/76 The eighth day of damp dreary weather, with the furnace running frequently. No exercise but the daily walk to the post office. My golden elder shrubs begin to bloom.

SUNDAY, JULY 4/76 The sun came out at last yesterday, very hot after the long dank spell, & I mowed my lawns, clipped the edges, etc. in a temp. of 90° in the sun & God-Knows-what humidity. Today was hot again, & I spent a pleasant afternoon on the golf course, enjoying the cool air off the bay. Summer visitors are here in force, & the course was crowded. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. This evening on TV I watched an hour-long show of the celebrations in the U.S., marking the 200th anniversary of the declaration of independence. Most beautiful was a parade of sailing ships in New York harbour, all kinds from stately square-rigged ships to little brigs & schooners, & from 21 nations. Such an assembly of old-fashioned windjammers may never be seen again.

MONDAY, JULY 5/76 Blazing heat, even on the golf course, where the sea breeze failed. About 4 p.m. a sudden thunderstorm poured heavy rain & lowered the temp. from 90° to 68° in twenty minutes, leaving my eastern windows completely obscured by mist, like a sudden thaw in mid-winter. After the storm passed, the temp. rose to 80° . I sat through the evening in my pyjama trousers, with the big electric fan going full blast.

TUESDAY, JULY 6/76 Fine & hot. My new charlady Mrs. Bagley, came at 8 a.m. and worked till 11:30. She is pleasant, quiet and

efficient. I paid her \$7. She agreed to come next Tuesday and work most of the day.

WEDNESDAY, July 7, 1976 Still fine & hot. Golf every afternoon. Letter from Janet Craig with captions for the illustrations to my book. I found very few changes to make. At 5 p.m. I drove to the "London Brook" camp at Port Joli, & dined with 24 other men on salmon with egg sauce, fresh peas, carrots, mashed potatoes, & Washington pie with whipped cream.

Tonight on TV I watched the reception of Queen Elizabeth & Prince Philip in Philadelphia and in Washington. Huge crowds, & many voices calling out "God save The Queen", a phrase that hasn't been heard in Philadelphia since the redcoats marched away in 1778.

FRIDAY, July 9/76 Overcast & hot. After golf this afternoon I helped Erik Andersen rig a new clothesline. The mail brought McClelland & Stewarts autumn catalogue, with a brief summary of "In My Time". This evening Maurice Singer phoned from California, begging me to give him another year's option on *The Nymph & The Lamp*, for which he would pay \$4,000. I refused.

Young Tom Raddall spent the evening in town & slept at my house.

SATURDAY, July 10/76 Fine & hot. Two days ago Mrs. Craig sent me a list of captions for the illustrations in my book (about 30) & a photo-copy of the designer's layout of the pictures. I have gone over them carefully, made a few changes & corrections, & this morning sent them back to her by registered air mail.

SUNDAY, July 11/76 Fine & hot. Europe reports the hottest & longest drought in well over a century. Even normally damp Newfoundland has forbidden fishing in all its rivers because the waters are so low. I dined with the Raddalls at Hynts Point. They & their friends are thoroughly enjoying the swimming pool in this weather. Tom tells me that Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the doctor's widow who bought my Moose Harbour property a few years ago, intending to build a summer home there, has since married a wealthy Montreal neurologist. He has a summer home in Quebec province, & a winter home in Florida, so it's unlikely that she will

keep the land at Moose Harbour.

I hear that K & W Enterprises has gone bankrupt & is closed. This is the book-binding plant built after War Two by two wounded & paraplegic Canadian veterans. Starting with a small government loan, they employed at first only physically handicapped people like themselves. Eventually they were getting business from all over the Maritime provinces & employed many additional ordinary workers. Two or three years ago Charles Kelsey and George Whalley had to retire owing to continued bouts in hospital. Since then the work force has become slipshod & lazy — the old story — too many hands doing too little work. Basically it is still a viable business, & with the drones cleared out one or two energetic men like K & W could soon restore it.

TUESDAY, July 15, 1976 Fog & showers, yesterday & today. My new charlady, Mrs. Bagley, arrived at 8 a.m. & worked till 3 p.m. with a pause at noon for a sandwich lunch with me. She vacuum-cleaned the floors, dusted the furniture & bric-a-brac, polished the dining-table & my desk — all much better than the previous woman. Then she did what never occurred to them — she polished the two silver presentation trays in my study, washed & polished all of the glassware etc. in the dining room cabinet, & cleaned the Chinese cloisonné vases & dragon-plates above it. For all of this she charged me only ten dollars.

Queen Elizabeth & the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Halifax this morning, after an exhausting round of activities in Philadelphia, Washington & Boston. The royal yacht had rough weather from Boston to Halifax, & the royal pair couldn't have had much rest. I watched the Halifax activities on TV this evening. What an awful bore it must be for them — the inevitable handshakings, the stiff rows of troops to be inspected, the war veterans, the boy scouts, the girl guides, the Brownies, the old ladies in wheelchairs, the bagpipe bands, the sod-turning to begin the new sports complex on the site of the old Moir candy factory, signing the register in city hall, inspection of an oil-drilling rig under construction at the shipyard, & all the rest of it, under a dark & damp sky.

THURSDAY, July 15, 1976 The wet weather ceased last night, & this afternoon under a cloudy sky I mowed & trimmed my lawns. The mail brought the first issue of *Bluenose Magazine*, the hopeful venture of Bill & Frances Crowell, Port Maitland, Yarmouth County. It contains a reprint of my short story, "Blind MacNair". The magazine is a quarterly, & the subscription price is \$3.50.

SATURDAY, July 17/76 Drizzling rain again, yesterday & today. This evening I attended a party at the Mersey Paper Company's lodge up the river, given by Wallace & Eleanor Clark. Drinks & chat, while the younger men amused themselves at skeet shooting by the riverside. A large & tasty buffet supper. Herbert Crosby & wife took me there & back in ~~in~~ their car. Home about 10 p.m., just in time to switch on the TV & watch a replay of the opening ceremonies of the Olympic games in Montreal.

At the last moment several of the black African nations withdrew their teams in a ridiculous protest against the presence of New Zealanders. This was because a New Zealand football team (having nothing to do with the Olympic games) was touring South Africa. Also the Olympic team from Taiwan withdrew because the Canadian government would not permit them to use a sign saying that they represented the republic of China.

None of this made any difference to the Montreal games, & everything went well.

SUNDAY, July 18/76 Fine & hot. Golf. Dined at Hunts Point, where I met Tom's Acadia classmate Donald Caldwell, & his wife & daughter.

MONDAY, July 19/76 Fine & hot. Among the regular summer visitors on the golf course I met & chatted with Dr. Fred Lenerchia & wife Virginia, Bruce & Jean (MacDill) Doherty, & Harvey Crowell. I spent the morning in the Perkins house, being interviewed for the local cable television.

TUESDAY, July 20/76 The hottest day yet, 98° in the sun. Played golf until I ran out of balls. I mark them with my initials clearly in red ink, & our own players & caddies who find them turn them in at the pro. shop. Ordinarily I get back about 4 out of 5, until the tourist season starts. Now I don't get back more than 1 out of six.

My household appliances, after long service, seem to be going all at once like "the wonderful one-horse shay" of Oliver

Last

Wendell Holmes. This week I replaced the little kitchen radio, the kitchen garbage can, & the standing lamp in the living room. This afternoon when Mrs. Bagley was doing her chores, the vacuum cleaner burst into flames.

The Swedish television network have paid the CBC for the right to use their TV play of my story "The Wedding Gift". My share of the fee is \$36.50.

The CBC is giving a relentless show of the Olympic Games, day & night, & so is the CTV network. I find it boring to watch people running, jumping, swimming, diving, wrestling, boxing & so on, hour after hour.

Today a U.S. space craft named Viking, unmanned but full of automatic devices, landed on the planet Mars, & began sending back to earth pictures of its surface, analysis of its atmosphere, etc. Few people on earth paid attention.

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1976 Showers & drizzle. I busied myself with domestic chores. The same boring TV fare, but my new little radio (made in Hong Kong) brings in the CBC's F.M. station much better than the old one, so I have good music all day & evening, with no blather of advertisements.

This is a dull & helpless time for me, with my eyesight fading every day. I have not dared to drive my car far out of Liverpool for a long time, & I can hope for no relief until the cataract operation is done next Fall. Meanwhile I await printers' proofs for my autobiography, which I shall have to check with a magnifying glass. Letters from various people on the sales & publicity staff of McClelland & Stewart want me to come to Toronto in October for TV and newspaper interviews. I have tried to tell them, but they don't realize what my condition is.

FRIDAY, JULY 23/76 Delightful weather, yesterday & today. Hot, but with pleasant sea breeze at White Point. I refuse to sit at home, twiddling my thumbs, at this precious time of year, so I play golf on these fine afternoons, losing many balls, but enjoying the exercise & sunshine. Anxiously I await galley proofs from M. & S. printers.

SATURDAY, JULY 24/76 The galley proofs arrived by mail today, & I worked on them, taking time out to mow my lawns, & continuing again until long after midnight.

SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1976

Worked on the galleys this morning. Not many errors but some bad ones here & there, & of course I must go over the proofs again & again to pick up the errors I've missed on previous readings. Dined with the Raddalls at ~~White~~ Hunt's Point. A few years ago a mysterious German doctor bought Port Mouton Island for \$180,000 & built a house on the mainland between Hunt's Point & Broad River. He imported a flock of black-faced (Suffolk) sheep, turned them loose on the island, built a barn there for sheltering them in winter, & had a motor-barge built at Lunenburg for carrying supplies. His name, according to the telephone directory was Dr. G. A. Cipig. He kept himself & his affairs to himself, & only spent the summers here.

He did not return last spring, & people landing on the island found most of the sheep lying dead of exposure & starvation. A couple of months ago he advertised all his property at Port Mouton in Canada's "Financial Post". The price, \$800,000!

MONDAY, JULY 26/76 Rain yesterday, fine today, & I abjured golf to mow & trim my lawns. This evening my neighbours Jerry & Jean Nickerson gave a buffet dinner party for local friends, including Karen Anderssen, who is visiting her parents, & Douglas & Sheila Parker, who are visiting his parents at their summer home at Port Joli. The chief item of the dinner was Newfoundland salmon, "planked" & cooked by the Nickersons' outdoor fireplace. Delicious.

TUESDAY, JULY 27/76 Fine & warm. My charlady, Mrs. Bagley, came & worked this afternoon while I played golf.

News:- The royal family are back in England, safe & sound, after their visit to the Olympian games in Montreal, & to Kingston, Ontario. This was the first time that the entire royal family have been abroad together. Canadian security measures were very tight, but "the royals" risked themselves deliberately in "walk-abouts", & there were no bad incidents.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28/76 Thunder showers all morning, then hot sunshine. Instead of golf for exercise, I worked this afternoon

trimming the street edge of my front lawn, which has grown out over the asphalt about ten inches on the average. The temperature was 90° Fahrenheit, & after the morning's rain the humidity was that of a tropical rain forest. After 1½ hours I had finished the job, but I was tired & drenched. I got out a couple of garden chairs & invited neighbour Eric to sit with me in the shade of the back lawn, drinking cold ale.

Andre' Renaud of the Canada Council phoned to me from Ottawa, asking me to serve as a judge for the Governor-General's Awards. He mentioned that it would involve reading about fifty novels. I told him I couldn't, owing to my eyesight difficulties, & he expressed concern & wished me well.

Another letter from David Lunney, of Allyn-Lunney Productions, Los Angeles, expressing their urgent interest in movie rights to "The Nymph & The Lamp" when singer's option expires on Sep. 26.

Worked till midnight on a third and final checking of the galley proofs, having to use a magnifying glass in places.

THURSDAY, JULY 29/76 Fine & hot. Packed up & mailed the galleys to Mrs. Craig in Toronto, by special delivery, registered.

In the afternoon I worked again with edging-spade, mattock & shovel, on my front walk & part of the driveway, dumping masses of turf behind the garage.

FRIDAY, JULY 30/76 Played nine holes (in two hours!) at White Point this morning with old friend Harvey Bowell, & lunched at the Lodge with him, his sister & daughter.

SATURDAY, JULY 31/76 Drizzle & fog. Bill & Francie Dennis, with son Jerry & two daughters, arrived from Moncton with the car & trailer. They lunched here & went on to join the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Dr. Fred Lenerchia & wife picked me up with their car at 5 p.m. & took me to their cabin at White Point, where we had drinks & chat with old friends John & Stella Langdon & Mr. & Mrs. Turcotte! Then dinner in the Lodge. The Lenerchias brought me home at 9 p.m. Very kind of them.

SUNDAY, AUG. 1/76 Cleaning this afternoon, when I drove to Hunts Point. The young Raddall-Dennis cousins enjoy each

other, & the tennis court & swimming pool are in constant use. Bill had brought a salmon he'd caught, & we had it for dinner, broiled over Tom's charcoal cooker, with fresh beans, potatoes & peas. I drove home at 8:30 while I could still see the road. Bill & Francie came in about an hour later, bringing all the youngsters, & we watched the closing pageant of the Olympic Games, a spectacular show. They left for Hunts Point at 11 p.m.

MONDAY, AUG. 2, 1976 Sunny with a refreshing breeze. Golf this afternoon. Bill, Francie & their youngsters dropped in this evening for a chat. They are enjoying their holiday at Hunts Pt.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3/76 Another lovely day. This afternoon, while my charlady was at work in the house, I played golf with Bill & Jerry Dennis & young Tom Raddall. The boys, with eyes like hawks, found my ball when it got into the rough, & I found it nicely teed-up for the next shot. Home, for a tub & dry clothes, then out to Hunts Point for drinks & a dinner of broiled steak etc.

This evening a man named Du Pre' phoned from Montreal enquiring urgently about the film rights in *The Nymph & The Lamp*. I told him about Finger's option which expires on Sep. 26. He said he would get in touch then.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4/76 Fine & warm. The Dennis family called this morning for a few minutes to say goodbye. They are on their way to Mahone Bay, where they will stay a couple of days with Dr. Keddy (Bill's medical classmate) & then return to Moncton.

I went to White Point at 12:30 but found the course crowded & the play at a funeral pace. After nine holes I returned to town. Shortly after 4 p.m. Ken Corbett came. (see Aug. 20/75) He talked about ships & "scrimshaw" work for two hours, & left two specimens for the Historical Society. One shows the privateer brig "Rover", the other a full-rigged ship.

THURSDAY, AUG. 5/76 Fine & hot. Spent the morning at laundry & drying chores, shopping for a week's groceries, etc. My sight is so vague that merely driving my car amid the busy traffic on Main Street, & parking among the

care at the store, is a desperate business. I spent the afternoon mowing & trimming my lawns, in a temperature of 90° Fahr. in the sun. Bathed, changed, sipped a cold ale, & cooked my supper of tenderloin steak, with buttered corn, mushrooms, & a dessert of crackers & cheese, with the usual Canadian Sauterne wine.

FRIDAY, AUG. 6, 1976 Fine & hot. In the mail I found a note from Dr. George Sapp's secretary, saying that I would be admitted to the Halifax Infirmary between 8 & 10 a.m. next Monday (Aug. 9, the anniversary of my father's death in War One!) Sapp will operate at 7:45 a.m. on Aug. 10.

The mail also brought a surprise note from Robert Coffman, the airman whose adventure in Greenland I wrote for Maclean's Magazine in December 1943. (Subsequently I turned this into a story called "Resurrection" which I included in my book of short stories entitled "A Master of Arms").

We have exchanged Christmas cards ever since '43. Now he & his wife are flying to St. John N.B. next week & intend to hire a car & make a tour of Nova Scotia, calling on me en route, about August 18.

I sent him a wire, telling him about my cataract operation, & that I hoped to be home by Aug. 18.

Also I wired Mrs. Craig about the operation & asked her to deal with further pointers' proofs herself.

SATURDAY, AUG. 7/76 Overcast, threatening rain. Called on my neighbours the Andersens & Nickersons, telling them I will be away in hospital next week, & left my keys with Erik Andersen, asking him to collect my mail at the post office, & the morning newspaper from my front door. (He will be away himself tomorrow.)

Worked for an hour or so this afternoon, with edging spade, mattock & shovel, trimming the turf beside my driveway. A groping business with my partial sight in one eye, but I got it done. Eventually a light drizzle of rain drove me indoors, where with the aid of my magnifying glass I compiled a list of all the things I must pack tomorrow for my week in hospital. I said nothing about all this to my son Tom & wife, Pamela, who would feel they must take me to Hfx. I shall engage a taxi to take me there, & will tell them this at evening dinner tomorrow.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8, 1976

Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom & family. Probably the last time I shall be able to drive my car for many weeks.

MONDAY, AUG. 9/76 Fifty-eighth anniversary of my father's death in the battle of Amiens. The taxi driver picked me up at 7:30 a.m. & drove through dense fog all the way to Hfx. Arrived at the Infirmary about 9:30 & was assigned Room 741, with a view of the harbor & Georges Island — a view much broken by a freeze of brick smokestacks & the new Maritime Telephone building now rising many stories high on the site of the old Academy of Music (when I was a boy) & later a movie theatre.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10/76 A nurse wakened me at 5 a.m. to take my temperature, pulse, & blood pressure. Another came later for a sample of my blood. I was given no breakfast. About 7 a.m. a nurse jabbed a needle into my rump, an injection that made me slightly drowsy, to relax me for the operation. At 7:45 I was on the operating table. Dr. Sapp, watched by the hospital's optical surgeon & the head nurse of the 7th floor (which is the optical floor), applied local anaesthetic by needle to the under side of the upper & lower eyelids (8 punctures in all), & then gently rubbed the lids over the eyeball until it froze. Then he worked slowly around the aperture of the dry & enlarged pupil. I was conscious of every move but there was no pain. At a guess it took about an hour altogether.

AUG. 11 - AUG. 15 The longest days & nights of my life, lying or sitting, without exercise, & without the boon of a deep sleep — just a series of cat-naps. Beginning at 5:30 A.M. a succession of nurses hustled in & took my temperature, pulse & blood pressure (4 times a day), drew blood samples, put drops in my eyes, washed & massaged my back. Various doctors & interns came with pencil-thin flashlights, examined my left eye, said the operation was a very good job, & vanished. Sapp himself removed the eye-dressing finally on Friday the 13th. I had taken with me my bedroom electric clock, which

showed time in the dark, & my little F.M. radio, which gave me music at all hours. I had also taken two bottles of my favorite Fernandes Vat 19 rum, for my customary night caps.

All of the staff were cheerful & intelligent people, going about their business efficiently. When it became known that I was Thomas Raddall the author, the nurses were very interested, & several brought books of mine for my autographing.

MONDAY, AUG 16, 1976 Last Friday, after Sapp had removed the dressing from my eye, an optical firm sent up a pair of temporary spectacles on loan, together with a bill for \$25 for the loan. They stated that the lenses were prescribed by Dr. Sapp, but when I put them on I soon perceived that they were not only useless but actually dangerous. The magnification was so huge that a chair that appeared to be right in front of me was actually six feet away. Had I attempted to sit on it I would have fallen to the floor. Had I attempted to descend my staircase at home I would have pitched headlong down to the hall floor & probably broken my neck. This blunder was typical of the summer weekend syndrome in modern city life, when nothing is done efficiently — if it is done at all.

I wrote a note to the head nurse (who had gone to the country) setting forth the faults of the "loaner" lenses & stating that they were not only unsuited to my eyes but downright dangerous to use. I merely wanted to get the lenses corrected before I went home, but the effect was that of a bomb, when the head nurse got back to the Infirmary early on Monday morning. I had not realized how sensitive the doctors and hospitals have become (especially in the U.S.) to lawsuits for malpractice.

First the head nurse hurried into my room with apologies & explanations. Then the chief optical doctor came, saying that I need not wear the "loaners" but should continue to wear my old glasses to afford some protection to the left eye. At 9 a.m. Sapp himself arrived, with a bland smile & a soothing manner. He carefully avoided any mention of the "loaners", gave me an appointment

to see him in his office on August 30, & assured me that I would have good vision in my left eye — "you'll be playing golf in the low seventies." So the matter ~~dropped~~ dropped. Probably the fault was not his but his secretary's or the optician's, getting two prescriptions mixed.

When Pamela arrived with young Blair at 11:45 I said "Literally & figuratively you're a sight for sore eyes." Drove home in mist & light rain, stopping for a snack in Bridgewater. Dined at Hunt's Point. Tom, much worried about the "loaner" bungle at Halifax, phoned Bob Wile, the Liverpool optometrist, who prescribed the set of glasses which I am still wearing, & set up an appointment for me tomorrow morning. I think Tom is more worried about my temper than the glasses, & fears I might write a rumpus.

TUESDAY, AUG. 17, 1976 Sunny & cool. This morning I went to the drug store & got two kinds of eye-drops on prescription from the hospital. Wile gave my eyes a thorough testing. As I suspected, his theme was that all's well with the optical world, that I mustn't expect too much too soon, etc. I was amused at this concern over a brief scribble to a nurse in the hospital. The power of the pen!

Mrs. Bagley came at 1 p.m. & house-cleaned until 2:30, for which I paid her \$7.00. I am forbidden any sort of physical effort, so although my ~~long~~ lawns need mowing I had to confine my efforts to walking to the shops & back, & learning to apply the drops to my eye. One kind ("elephamide") must be dropped 3 times a day; the other ("atropine") one drop before bedtime. Unable to read, except slowly & painfully with the aid of a magnifying glass, & with the TV programs the usual summer patchwork, this makes a boring life. I can only look forward to Aug. 30, when Lapp ~~will~~ will prescribe a new set of glasses and I should be able to see clearly with my left eye & resume my normal life.

News:- The earth's bowels are stirring. Within the past two or three weeks a terrific earthquake near Pekin destroyed the industrial city of Tangshan (?) with an enormous number

of people, & the inhabitants of Pekin have been living in the open, fearing other shock! Then came a violent earthquake & tidal wave in the Philippines, & a lesser one in Japan. Now in the French West Indies, the old volcano called La Souffrière on Guadeloupe has been stirring, & French experts predict an enormous explosion. About 70,000 people there have fled from their homes.

Local news:- The recent census shows the population of Liverpool as 3,284, down almost 10% from the 3,654 registered in the census of 1971. No one can understand it, because the town seems as crowded & busy as ever,

Fishy note:- The great swarm of squid, which appeared in Port Mouton Bay several weeks ago, is still-there, but fisherman aren't jigging them any more. The Port Mouton cold storage plant was glutted with this excellent bait weeks ago, & will buy no more.

~~THURSDAY, AUG. 17~~

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18, 1976 This evening about ten o'clock Hugh MacLennan phoned me from his home near Montreal. At first I could hardly understand what he was saying. The words were slurred as if he were a bit tipsy. Apparently McBellandy & Stewart had sent him a ~~free~~ copy of my typescript for "In My Time", asking for comment and of course hoping for comment they could use in the promotion of the book. He had just finished reading it. "My God, Tom, this is a masterpiece. What a man! What a man! I couldn't have written anything to approach it. Never! It's magnificent. Wonderful human document."

And so on, over & over again, for half an hour. At last he said he would write me a letter & rang off.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19/76 Fine & cool. Bob Coffman & wife Helen arrived early this afternoon, having flown from Natchez, Mississippi to St. John N.B., her old home town, & hired a car there. Bob has put on flesh since I saw him in the Royal Victoria hospital in 1943, but I recognised him at once. He speaks with the same slow drawl, & the same reluctance to talk about that grim adventure in Greenland. Helena is his second wife, & met him first when she was a nurse at the Royal Vic. The plane's navigator, Ted

Greenaway, is now a prosperous building contractor in Saskatoon, & spends every winter in Hawaii. The plane's wireless operator, Ron Snow, formerly of Digby N.S., is now in the interior decorating supply business in Ancaster, Ontario.

After the war Coffman was a pilot with TWA & later with an oil company. He retired from flying several years ago and now runs a farm at Natchez, inherited from his father, & raises cattle & soy beans. I phoned White Point Lodge & got them a room facing on the sea, & we dined together there. My son Tom joined us there after dinner, & brought a copy of "A Muster of Arms". Coffman autographed the story called "Resurrection" for him.

This afternoon, while the Coffmans were at my house, David Lurmeny phoned from California, again expressing his interest in the film rights to *The Nymph & The Lamp*.

FRIDAY, AUG. 20/76

Blazing heat & no breeze. As I cannot see well enough to drive my car, Erik Andersen took me to the supermarket for groceries. For exercise I walked up & down my back lawn, but after 20 minutes the heat was too much for me, & I spent the rest of the afternoon in the shade, in a garden chair, chatting with Erik & with Ralph Johnson.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21/76 Slept part of last night on the cot in my study, naked, with my big fan going. The temp. there was 85° Fahzh. God knows what it was upstairs. The mail brought a letter from Hugh MacLennan dated Aug. 17 but obviously written on the morning of the 19th. It explained much that was unintelligible in his phone talk of the night before.

Peter Such, of Books in Canada (with a circulation of 40,000) intends to feature "In My Time" in his October issue. He sent MacLennan a set of galley proofs & asked him to write a review. Hugh is enthusiastic:- "This book creates a great, rounded character in depth and a variety enormous and massively human" etc. He says further in his letter to me: "We wrote in a tremendous age of transition, and your autobiography implicitly reveals it on page

IN MY TIME

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after page." He ends his letter with:— "My thanks for a wonderful reading experience and congratulations on a superb piece of writing."

SUNDAY, AUG. 22, 1976 Again great heat & calm air.

Tom came for me shortly after noon & took me to Hunts Point, where life was a little more comfortable with a chair in the shade but without a cool stir of air from the sea. Tom said the town was deserted, & the beaches at Hunts Point & Summersville were jammed with people. Pamela got back from a few days' holiday at Shediac with her youngsters & her mother. As the lobster season is open there, she brought back some, & we dined on delicious lobster salad.

MONDAY, AUG. 23/76 Hot again. Wrote Hugh MacLennan.

Tom picked me up at 4 p.m. & at Hunts Point I found the Raddalls & several visitors enjoying the swimming pool. I dined there & Pam brought me back to town about 8:30. Soon afterwards a thunderstorm brought rain & some cooler air.

TUESDAY, AUG. 24/76 Sunny but much cooler. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 2:30, making the house spic-&-span, & washing shelves & chinaware in the kitchen cupboards. Had a pleasant phone call from Mrs. Shirley Chaplin, widow of my old friend, John Chaplin of Hartford, Conn. C. & I met them first during War Two, at their summer cottage, Carter's Beach, near S.W. Port Mouton. For many summers, they entertained us there. (I tried to lease this cottage for Thago de la Roche for a few weeks after the war, but the Chaplins politely refused.) Shirley now lives alone in Danvers, Mass. at the age of 78.

Local news:— G. Cecil Day died in hospital here yesterday at 78. Born in Wales, he came with his parents to P.C.I., & at the age of 13, & was crippled in his legs by polio. He learned the trade of printing with the old Charlottetown Guardian, worked on various small-town newspapers until 1930, when he came to work for the moribund weekly Liverpool Advance. Recognizing the prosperity bound to come by the newly-built Mersey paper

industry, he borrowed money & bought the Advance printing business. Working day & night, year after year, he built up the business & made the Advance one of the most acclaimed Canadian weeklies. In 1968 he sold out for a rumoured \$250,000, built a swank modern home facing on Liverpool Bay, & spent the winters in Arizona. Besides his widow he leaves a son & daughter, both married & living in Ontario.

Next week a twice-weekly "bookmobile" service will begin the rounds of Queens — the last county in N.S. to acquire it. Hitherto the only public library in Queens County has been the small De Wolf Memorial Library in Liverpool, which suffered from inadequate finance and consequently a small choice of books.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25, 1976 Fine & hot. Spent part of the afternoon walking up & down my back lawn, which Erik Andersen mowed for me yesterday. This is a dreary life — unable to exercise properly, unable to drive my car, unable to read news print or book print without the aid of a magnifying glass, which is tedious & rocking to the nerves.

THURSDAY, AUG. 26/76 The same as yesterday, except that Erik dropped in this evening & we chatted over drinks until midnight.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27/76 The same ^{wetter}. Erik brought a much more powerful magnifying glass than the one I have been using, which is a help. I long for the time when I can see clearly again, if only from one eye. Young Tom Riddall attended a party in Milton & slept at my house.

News:- The "anything for easy money" syndrome that now pervades our whole world has popped up in some unexpected quarters lately. A few weeks ago a former prime minister of Japan was indicted for taking a huge bribe from an American aircraft manufacturing firm, the Lockheed Corporation, in connection with the purchase of war planes. Now Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the consort of Queen Juliana, & Inspector-General of the Dutch armed forces, has been condemned by his own government for similar venality.

He has resigned all his posts & admitted that he had been "indecisive". Juliana promptly notified her government that she would abdicate the throne if Bernhard were prosecuted. So her loyal government has decided not to prosecute. A top official of Lockheed has revealed that Bernhard was so bold as to send a hand-written note demanding \$4,000,000, but he settled for \$1,100,000. All this is more surprising because the Dutch royal family is well known to be very wealthy.

A few months ago the Canadian government abruptly broke off negotiations for a large purchase of Lockheed warcraft, evidently seeing the coming storm. So far, no Canadian officials have been accused or even suspected of bribery. The irony of it all is that the Lockheed planes are very good. & the Canadian armed forces, especially the naval branch, are very anxious to get them to replace their present obsolete equipment.

SATURDAY, AUG 28, 1976 Drizzle & showers. Another long & tedious day. I cannot read much, even with the aid of Erik's magnifying glass. No real exercise outdoors since August 4th. I have no appetite for food, & I restrict my alcoholic intake as I have for many years — a glass of ale at noon, two drinks of rum before the evening meal, & 3 or 4 between 11 p.m. & 12.30, when after watching TV's late news etc. I take a second pill & go to bed. Except for two spells of pneumonia in the long ago, this has been the longest and dreariest month of my life. The sad part is being tied to one spot, forbidden to do anything strenuous, unable to drive my car to Summerville for a walk on the beach, during this long summer weather. By the time I can see well enough to drive my car or do anything else, the cold weather will be upon us, & then I must face the confinement of the long winter & our long & dreary spring.

SUNDAY, AUG 29/76 Overcast & humid. Dined at White Point Lodge with Tom & family. The Tenerchias & other sunny friends have gone, & the dining room was half empty. Motel & resort owners in Canada all report a great

shrinkage in the American tourist trade, this year.

MONDAY, AUG. 30, 1976 Overcast, clearing in the afternoon. Walked for a time on the back lawn. This evening I attended a large party at the summer home of Halifax lawyer Frank Goyet & wife Molly, on the shore at Glants Point. Cocktails & a delicious buffet dinner. Hal & Marian Dyer were kind enough to take me there & back in their car.

TUESDAY, AUG. 31/76 Sunny & cool. At 9 a.m. taximan Harry McKnight (son of my old friend Archie, the Milton blacksmith) picked me up & took me to Hfx for my appointment with Dr. Sapp. Sapp examined my left eye, tested it with various lenses, & said I would have twenty-twenty vision in it, but it is still somewhat inflamed & swollen, & it would be wrong to prescribe a lens for it now. I must continue with the eye-drops for another 3 weeks, & see him again on Sep. 21. Harry & I lunched lightly (hot dogs & cold milk) in the Little snack bar in the Public Gardens, & then returned home. I am disappointed, but this eye business cannot be hurried. The taxi fare was \$4.50 & I gave Harry a #5 tip.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 1/76 Sunny & cool. This afternoon I walked to Fork Point & had a chat with Hector Dunlop showing me his collection of pistols & revolvers. "I've read so much in the newspapers about old men, known to be living alone, who are attacked & often beaten to death in their homes, that every night I keep a loaded revolver under my pillow." He is such a cheerful & easy-going man that I was surprised. But it occurred to me that I am in the same situation & that perhaps I should at least keep a loaded pistol in my bedroom. A thief could easily break into my house by the side door, & my neighbors are all old people, none too keen of hearing.

THURSDAY, SEP. 2/76 Overcast & drizzle. Erik took me in his car to shop for meat & groceries, & a supply of rum & wine. Archdeacon John Davies & wife Frances, old friends from those days at Trinity church here, called this afternoon. Their son

Peter is employed by the local cable T.V.

FRIDAY, SEP. 3, 1976 Open-&-shut sky. My taxi-man Harry Mc Knight called this morning with a box of ripe tomatoes from his garden.

SATURDAY, SEP. 4/76 Temp. (Fahr.) dropped to 42° last night, & rose to 70° in the sun today. As yesterday I spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours outdoors in the afternoon, alternately pacing up & down my back lawn, & sunning myself in a chair. Letter from Mitchell Brower, on the letterhead of "Vatigola Films", Burbank, California. With Robert Lovenheim he has long been interested in a TV film of "The Nymph & The Lamp". He says that in the Sep. 1 issue of "Daily Variety", the Hollywood trade paper, Maurice Singer announces that he is planning to make a movie of "The Nymph & The Nymph" next spring. Brower adds that Singer has just resigned as an executive at Columbia Pictures.

On July 9 I told Singer that I would not renew his option after Sep. 26 this year. Under the existing agreement, of course, he can purchase the movie rights at any time until midnight of Sep. 26/76, for a price of \$35,000 less the three option payments of \$2,000 each = a net payment of \$29,000.

SUNDAY, SEP. 5/76 Sunny & warm. Had the usual exercise on the back lawn. Tom picked me up at 4:30 & took me to Flinto Point for drinks & dinner.

Bird note: - Yesterday Tom saw a small flight of Canada geese, flying over Port Mouton bay towards Port Joli. Does this mean any early winter?

MONDAY ("LABOUR DAY") SEP. 6/76 Sunny & cool. The post office remains closed for the holiday, so no mail. Spent part of the afternoon on the back lawn. Erik came over & mowed my lawns, & afterwards we had chat & drinks in my house. Fifteen more interminable days & nights before I get my new glasses & can resume normal life again.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 8/76 The dreary days crawl past. Mrs. Bagley came at 1 p.m. & did the light cleaning chores. My little F/M radio is my ~~the~~ only comfort. I turn it

on as soon as I get up, & have good music most of the day & evening without the yammer of advertising, for it is tuned to the CBC station at Halifax.

THURSDAY, SEP. 9, 1976 Overcast & chilly. Austin & Edwin Parker, & Erik Anderssen have gone to Eagle Lake to remove some windfalls from the trail, ready for the hunt next month. Low Anderssen kindly took me in their car to shop for a week's meat & groceries.

News:- Mao Tse Tung died today aged 82. A dedicated Marxist, he spent much of his life fighting the forces of Chiang Kai Chek, & finally drove them out. As ruthless as Stalin, he brought about the death of an estimated 800,000 landlords, & large & small capitalists, & never hesitated to execute his own officers if they showed signs of dissent. Nevertheless he united the Chinese people, raised their standards of living & education, & gave the Chinese name a new respect throughout the world.

~~FRIDAY, SEP. 10/76~~ Sunny & cool. I spent most of the afternoon sitting or walking up & down my back lawn, like Lord Nelson pacing his quarterdeck, but much more blind than he.

At 5.30 I joined a supper party at Jerry Nickerson's, & had a pleasant talk with old friends & a delicious meal. The main dish was planked salmon, cooked beside Jerry's outdoor fireplace.

Young Tom Radford spent the evening in town & slept at my house.

SUNDAY, SEP. 12/76 Open-&-shut sky. Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner, & afterwards to Summersville, where we walked the beach to Broad River & back - my first good leg-stretch in many weeks. My daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton this evening for a chat. Her oldest son Gregory entered Acadia U. this month & intends to be a doctor.

MONDAY, SEP. 13/76 Sunny, with a refreshing breeze. I paced my green quarterdeck for 1½ hours this afternoon. A man named George Gamester, of the Toronto

Stay, phoned this afternoon for a brief interview. What was I writing now? Plans for the future? Etc. He turned out to be a native of Bridgewater N.S., a nephew of Herbert Gamester, my sister Hilda's second husband.

TUESDAY, SEP. 14, 1976 Fine & warm. ~~Overcast~~ (see Aug. 3) phoned again today. He says he has been in touch with Maurice Singer, & they have entered into an agreement about film production of *The Nymph & The Lamp*. They expect to get money from the Canadian Film Development Board, but will need an extension of Singer's option. Before I could say No he said he would fly to Hfx. from Montreal on Thursday morning & would hire a car & drive to Liverpool for a talk with me in the afternoon.

If he thinks he can talk me into another extension of Singer's option he is wasting time & money.

Pamela took me to Summerside this afternoon for a walk on the beach with her & the dog. It was hot, even by the water, with a south wind, & the air full of flying ants, but I enjoyed it.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 15/76 Fine & warm. The historical society holds its first meeting of the season tonight at Port Medway. John Leefe called, & I turned over to him the two " scrimshaw " whale teeth which Ken Corbett left with me for presentation to the Pecking house museum.

News:- A recent Gallup poll in Canada showed that public belief in the Liberal govt. has shrunk below 30%, while belief in the Conservatives has risen to more than 47%. Obviously in view of this, Prime Minister Trudeau has now re-shuffled his cabinet. Sharp & Mackay are out. Several new men & two women have been brought in. News commentators interpret all this as a move towards the right, in order to encourage investors and boost new construction & employment.

THURSDAY, SEP. 16/76 Overcast. Suprey came this afternoon & talked for more than two hours, urging me to extend the option, if only for a few months, but I was obdurate. He claimed that he & his Montreal associates were

the producers of the film, made from Mordecai Richler's "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz", which received much acclaim. He admitted that they had great difficulty in selling it to theatres in the U.S.

Duprey is from Manitoba, presumably of metis stock, partly bald, portly, with a bushy black beard. Very fluent in English - a former schoolmaster. He & his associates are former employees of the National Film Board who now operate their own film business, mostly documentaries for school use, etc.

FRIDAY, SEP. 17/76 Overcast & very hot & humid. Erik took me in his car this morning to buy wine & meat & groceries. Spent two hours of the afternoon on my back lawn, alternately pacing up & down like a caged bear, & sitting & sweating in a garden chair. This evening joined a buffet dinner party at the home of Ralph Johnson & wife. About a dozen people, all old friends, chatting about amusing things & characters in the past, as old people do.

SATURDAY, SEP. 18/76 Same weather. A heavy shower cut short my afternoon walk on the back lawn.

The mail brought the profile pencil drawing of me, made by Karl Soplurin in 1951, & now returned by McClelland & Stewart. The other illustrations for "In My Time", all photography, are to be returned to Dalhousie Library.

Erik came in this evening & we watched a good TV play, & then chatted over drinks till after midnight.

SUNDAY, SEP. 19/76, A brief thunderstorm this morning, then overcast & humid. Tom called for me at 4 p.m., with Debby driving the car, & we went first to Symmerville for a walk on the beach, then to Hunter's Point for dinner. The main dish was trout, caught by Jack Dunlop on a flying trip to Labrador a month or two ago.

MONDAY, SEP. 20/76 Sunny & hot, despite a W. breeze. For a change this afternoon I sauntered to the railway station & back, a round trip of about 2 miles.

Phone call tonight from David Lunney, of Allyn Lunney Productions, Los Angeles, enquiring again about The Nymph.

TUESDAY, SEP. 21, 1976

Pamela drove me to Hx. this morning for my appointment with Dr. Sapp. After 42 days without being able to read a book or a newspaper I was eager to get the new eyeglasses. Sapp examined my left eye & then went back to his original suggestion, that I use a contact lens. I repeated my old objections — that I have bad & rapidly worsening sight in my other eye, & that my fingers are large & stiffened by rheumatism. He said that contact lenses have been much improved, & it might not be necessary to put the lens in my eye every morning & take it out every night. I agreed to try it, & he made an appointment for me to see Dr. J. H. Quigley tomorrow afternoon at 2:30.

Pam's mother put us up for the night.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 22/76 I found the Quigley offices in one of the old swank houses on the west side of Oxford Street. First a young woman in a green uniform gave my eyes the routine tests. Then a short dark-haired man, forty-ish, took me into an inner office, made a great variety of new tests, which went on for about an hour, & finally slipped a contact lens into my left eye. With it I could see clearly. Then he disappeared and a young woman in a white nurse's uniform took me into still another room. First she showed a movie film of a woman putting a lens in her eye & taking it out. Then she brought out an elaborate outfit — electric sterilizer, carrying case for lenses, a bottle of steam-distilled water, a bottle of saline tablets, & a long list of instructions for their use. I soon discovered that Sapp was wrong about the putting-in & taking out. For the first few days it had to be taken out every 3 hours, soaked in saline solution for 1 hour & put in for another 3 hours. The "in" times gradually increased until the lens could be left in the eye as long as 1/4 hours, although it should never be left in the eye all night. The nurse then

demonstrated with one of the next soft & fleamly lenses, putting it in her own eye & taking it out. With her slim & expert fingers she had no difficulty. Then she ordered me to ~~not~~ take the lens out of my own eye & put it back again. I tried very hard but couldn't get the damned thing in ~~in~~ or out. Several times I prodded & squeezed the eyeball painfully. After an hour I gave up. My nerves were silently screaming, & my eye was more sore than it had been after the operation last month. I said if I had to go through every remaining day of my life in this way, then life was not worth living.

Pamela picked me up at the Quigley office at 5 p.m. & we returned to Liverpool.

THURSDAY, SEP. 23/76 A very bad night

Wakened at 3 a.m. with nerves screaming. Came down stairs & sipped rum & orange juice for an hour, & spent the rest of the night dozing uneasily on the living-room couch. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. to do the house-cleaning chores. I phoned Sapp & told him what happened yesterday. He said cheerfully, "Well, it was worth a try." He will phone a prescription for eyeglasses to our Liverpool optometrist, Bob Wile. The lens over my left eye will be of thick glass glass, giving me 20-20 vision there. The lens over my right eye will be misted, to shut off all view there & thus to prevent double-vision distortion by the remaining vision in that eye. I am to see him again Oct. 12. Next year the right eye cataract will be "mature" & he will remove it. I write this slowly & painfully with a magnifying glass in my left hand.

FRIDAY, SEP. 24/76 Dull & humid. Based myself with laundry & other household tasks. Erik took me to the market for meat & groceries. At 3:30 pm. a man named GARY MEHL MAN phoned from Los Angeles. Like several others he knew that "The Nymph & The Lamp" will be open for option after Sep. 26. Said he

will pay \$5,000 for a 12 month option at Singer's price of \$35,000 "or any offer you may get above that, within reason." I said I must hear from the others whom I had promised a chance to bid, but I will keep him well in mind."

Young Tom Raddall spent the evening with his friends in town, & slept at my house.

SATURDAY, SEP. 25, 1976 Bright & cool. This afternoon I walked to the seaward end of Waterloo Street, then around three sides of a square to Fort Point, where I had a chat with Hector Dunlop & his daughter Betty & her husband. Sat on the back lawn for a while.

Vera Parkeg told me that her husband Austin, who is 81, went to Eagle Lake alone today.

SUNDAY, SEP. 26/76 Sunny & cool. Walked my green quarterdeck & sat in the sun for a time. At 4 p.m. Tom & Debby took me to Summersville for a brisk walk on the beach, & then dinner at Hunt's Point.

Maurice Singer's option on the movie rights in The Nymph & The Lamp expired at midnight tonight. SEP. 27/76 Rain. Phoned Wile this morning & found that he'd heard nothing from Lapp. He promised to phone Lapp himself if he'd heard nothing by noon.

GARRY MEHLMAN phoned from Los Angeles about "The Nymph". When I asked what he had done and was doing in the motion picture business, he said he worked for a motion picture corporation, which he could not name, & that he did production on his own for various other corporations. He mentioned for instance a film called "Yellow Jersey" for Kirk Douglas production. Alleg he would be co-producing a film in Toronto called "The Pit", which will have support "from the Canadian government". When I asked for financial references he said I could check with the Bank of America, Beverly Hills branch. I said I would consider his proposition, with others that are being made to me. He said he would phone again on Thursday. At 6 p.m. my phone rang again. This

time it was DAVID LYNNEY, of Alleyn/Lynney Productions, who has written & phoned me at various times in the past two years. He asked if "The Nymph" was now open to option, & when I said Yes he turned the phone over to a man named LAWRENCE MOROFF.

MOROFF soon proved to be one of the Hollywood slickers with whom I am now so sickeningly familiar.

He began by reminding me the "The Nymph" was "an old property" — it had "been around" for years going back to the days of John Rich. I said bluntly, "Get down to brass tacks. What are your people prepared to pay for the rights?" — and what will you pay for a 12 month option?"

After some inconsequential patter he said \$35,000 & they would pay \$500 for a 6 months option. I said that was peanuts for an option, & a confession that his conferees had nothing behind them but a bag of peanuts. I said "I won't talk with such people" & was about to hang up the receiver when he said hastily, "What would you consider a fair price for the property, & a fair option fee?" I decided to scratch him. "I want \$50,000 for the property, & an option fee of \$5,000 for 12 months." He said that was a lot of money, & I said "Right!" and hung up.

TUESDAY, SEP. 28, 1976 Rain. Wife phoned this morning & asked me to come to his office. He measured my eyes for new frames. He had got the prescription for my glasses from Dr. Tapp by phone. The left lens would have to be ground specially by a firm in Moncton, who would also provide the tinted right lens & the plastic frames. He phoned to Moncton, & the firm thought they could send the complete frame & glasses "in ten to fourteen days".

So I must resign myself to another long wait, & brace myself for another of the cruel & stupid delays which seem to be my fate.

TUESDAY, SEP. 28, 1976 Showers, clearing in afternoon, when I walked in my purblind way through town to the

railway bridge & back, a round trip of two miles which took me an hour. Got home drenched with sweat. Bathed & changed.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 29, 1976 Another long dreary day & evening. Walked to the railway station & back. No word from M & S about my book.

THURSDAY, SEP. 30/76 Fine & warm. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 2:30, with a brief stop for lunch. She has now completed the fall house-cleaning upstairs & will start on the first floor next week.

In the afternoon I walked to the railway bridge & back. About 3:30 GARRY MEHLMAN phoned again from Los Angeles. I said I had not made up my mind about The Nymph & told him to call me again a week from now.

FRIDAY, OCT. 1/76 Overcast & cool. This afternoon I spent 1½ hours mowing my lawns. In my grubblind way it must have been a ragged job, for I couldn't see where I had moved & where I had not, but anyhow it was some good physical exercise. A woman who called herself TRICIA DERRICK, employed by Reader's Digest, phoned from their office in Montreal, asking questions about the privateer "Rover". She said the R.D. was preparing a history of Canada, & needed information, especially illustrations, for the nautical chapters. A young woman visited Liverpool during the past summer, looking about for material regarding the privateers. She phoned me for information & said she was on the staff of R.D. Both said they had my book on the "Rover" privateer, which is the prime object of their quest. Obviously they will use the material in my book but don't intend to pay me anything for what I know.

Young Tom Riddall slept at my house.

SATURDAY, OCT. 2/76 Worked for half an hour trimming my lawns with hand-pushed mower & clippers. Then rain drove me indoors. My son Tom & his bird-dog "Sandy" left today with four other gunners & their dogs for their annual woodcock shoot in New Brunswick.

SUNDAY, Oct. 3, 1976 Fine & warm. Wrote a cheque for \$350, my annual contribution to Zion United Church.

Pamela came with her car at 3:30 p.m. & took me to Summerville for a walk on the beach, then to Hunt's Point for drinks & chat & dinner.

At 11 p.m. my daughter Frances phoned from Moncton in great concern. Tom had evidently stopped there on the way to the New Brunswick woods, & told her that I was in a dangerously depressed state. She told me she would come & stay with me for a time, but I told her to stay with her family. The best thing she can do for me is to get husband Bill to contact the optical firm in Moncton which is grinding a lens & preparing new glasses for me. The sooner I get them, the better.

MONDAY, Oct. 4/76 Sunny & cool. Pamela took me to Summerville again & we walked the beach.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5/76 A sunny & pleasant day after a night's frost. John Bush & his partner ("The Speedy Cleaners") came at 1 pm. & worked till 4:30, taking off my old wooden storm windows, washing them & the ordinary house windows, & putting them back in place. They also washed the ^{front} aluminum windows, removed the fly screen from my kitchen window, replaced it with the storm window, & installed the storm door on my side entrance. Pamela took me to Summerville for a walk on the beach.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6/76 Fine & warm. Huntley & Cosh ("The Speedy Cleaners") finished their job this morning by cleaning the aluminum windows upstairs. Their bill was \$61.00, which I paid to Huntley in cash. They did a similar job for me in 1970 & charged \$31.35. I did not complain, however. They work hard & efficiently.

Pam, again took me to Summerville & we walked the beach. Every time we pass White Point I wonder if I shall ever play golf again.

THURSDAY, OCT. 7/76

Still fine weather. Pamela took me to Summerville, & then to the supermarket where I bought a week's groceries & the usual tenderloin steak.

In the evening I joined a supper party given by Edwin & Mira Parker at their home on Waterloo Street. Drinks & buffet food & chat with old friends.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8/76

Overcast, calm & mild. Walked the beach with Pamela. At 3.30, GARRY MEHLMAN phoned from Los Angeles. He had tried to reach me last night but of course I was out. He repeated his offer of \$5,000 for a 12 month option on The Nymph. The price to be \$35,000, and if purchase is concluded in twelve months the \$5,000 option payment will apply on the purchase price. The option may be renewed for another 12 months on payment of another \$5,000, but this second option fee will not apply on the purchase price. I agreed, & he asked me to send him a telex message confirming the terms, adding that he was looking forward eagerly to a good production of the story. I sent the telex through the CN/CP TELE-COMMUNICATIONS agent in Liverpool, phong No. 354-3111.

All this done with great difficulty owing to my wretched eyesight, using a hand-held magnifying glass.

Mehlman seems to be sincere in his belief that he can produce the picture & do it well. Certainly he is willing to "put his money where his mouth is" in the matter of the option fee! None of the other applicants for the "property" were willing or able to do this.

SATURDAY, OCT. 9/76 Showers & fog. Young Tom stayed last night at my house, had breakfast & lunch with me, & left for home at 4 p.m. A long dreary day indoors, longing to be able to read. It is now sixty days since the operation on my left eye, & the growing cataract in my right eye obscures more & more of my blurred vision, every day, and still I await the new glasses which will give me vision in the left.

SUNDAY, OCT. 10/76 The sky cleared today with a strong W. wind, the fringe of a storm of wind &

rain that blasted New York a day or so ago. Dined at Hunts Point. Tom & his fellow gunners got home on Saturday evening. The weather was too warm for the best of bird-hunting, but in six days they got 85 woodcock & 12 partridge, with four guns. Tom's young setter bitch "Landy", on her first hunt, performed very well.

Monday, Oct. 11, 1976 (Thanksgiving Day) Cloudy, with a cold NW wind, so I didn't venture outdoors because my eyes would water & blind me altogether. For my Thanksgiving dinner I had a piece of tenderloin steak with (canned) corn & mushrooms.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12/76 Sunny & cool. Walked to the railway bridge, thence along Main Street to Look Point, & thence home. About 2 miles in a little over an hour.

News: - Parliament met in Ottawa today, after the summer recess, & the speech from the throne contained little that was new. The now very unpopular government of Prime Minister Trudeau is floundering in its difficulties. Both organized capital & organized labour are bitterly attacking the AIB (Anti-inflation Board) & undoubtedly they will get their way, at the cost of the unorganized & defenceless majority of Canadians.

Wednesday, Oct. 13/76 Sunny & cool. This morning Wile phoned me that he had received my new glasses, & I went to his office for the fitting. To my vast joy I can now see to read with my left eye. It will take a long time to get used to moving about with these glasses, because nothing is quite where it seems to be, & I get a dizzy sensation. As Wile puts it, I shall have to learn to walk all over again, almost like a child.

Wearing my old glasses I walked about the town for an hour this afternoon. Wearing the new ones, I had a good look at my face in the bathroom mirror, for the first time since my right eye began to fade so rapidly last winter. I was startled to see how much I have aged in less than a year - really aged, by the deprivations of the past summer & fall, no golf, no excursions by car, no books or magazines or papers.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15, 1976 Sunny, with a NW gale. Walked about the town streets for an hour. Workmen are drilling post-holes in sidewalks at the corners of Main & Market streets, preparing for car & pedestrian traffic lights - something that should have been done years ago. In this work they have dug up & removed the old muzzle-loading cannon which has stood breech-upward on the corner opposite the present post office since the end of the War of 1812. When I first saw Liverpool 53 years ago about a dozen of these old cannon marked various corners on Main Street. None remain.

Grandson Tom attended a dance in Milton & slept at my house. Nova Scotian writer Evelyn Richardson died in a Yarmouth hospital today aged 74. Her husband was the lightkeeper on Bon Portage island near Cape Sable for many years, & she wrote several books about her life there. The first & best, "We Keep a Light", won her a Governor-General's Award. I met her several times.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16/76 Another sunny, windy, day. In the afternoon I watched on TV the first game of baseball in the World Series. The Cincinnati "Reds" won from the New York Yankees by a lopsided score of 5-1. I should have gone out for a walk.

SUNDAY, OCT. 17/76 Sunny, calm, cool. Tom came for me at 5 p.m. & I dined with his family at Hunt's Point.

My daughter Frances phoned from Moncton this evening to ask how I was getting along with my new glasses. She revealed that after phoning the optical glass companies in Moncton, she found that my new glasses were actually being ground & framed in Toronto, & knowing the state of my mind & nerves, did not dare to tell me. I said I was at the end of my endurance when the glasses finally came, ready to end my life. What had I got to live for? Only a further long torture next year, when the cataract in my right eye must be cut out, with the attendant inability to read for many weeks. After all, my life's work is done.

However, I feel quite cheerful now that I can read again, & she mustn't worry about me.

MONDAY, OCT. 18/76 Drizzling rain all day. The Conservatives won two federal by-elections today - a safe Tory seat

in St. John's Nfld., & a formerly safe Liberal seat in Ottawa, both by large majorities. The Ottawa seat was formerly held by John Turner, one of the ablest men in the Trudeau cabinet, who resigned his post & his seat some time ago.

TUESDAY, Oct. 19/76 Sunny, but with a cold NW wind. Walked to the railway bridge. I find that my weight, naked, is 169. With so little exercise outdoors since August 4, my "pot" amidships has increased a bit, but my face seems withered & drawn, with none of the healthy tan that I always had after a fine summer & fall.

On TV tonight Cincinnati beat New York 6-2, their third straight win.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 20/76 Sunny & cool. This morning, for the first time, I walked to the post office & back wearing my new glasses, tottering along like a child, feeling carefully with one foot for each kerb edge, etc. At a distance of twenty feet everybody I met seemed 6 or 7 feet tall.

In the afternoon (still wearing the glasses) I pruned my few remaining roses for the winter. Also I removed the piece of fly-screen from the air vent under my study, & replaced it for the winter with a sponge-rubber plug and a piece of tat-paper caulked with grey compound. This last & least little chore completes the "winterizing" of my house.

Maurice Jollimore came & repaired the light fixture in my upper hall, adjusted my refrigerator to eliminate a periodical vibrating hum, & installed outside my lower hall window a new thermometer that shows both Celsius and Fahrenheit scales. Mechanics from the repair & maintenance department of Rossignol Sales Ltd. came & got my car going (the battery had died during the idly time since Aug. 4), & took it away for the annual check-up required by the Motor Vehicle Dept.

THURSDAY, Oct. 21/76 A strong wet sea-gale began in the night & continued all day. I didn't venture out. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 2.30. In addition to ordinary chores she cleaned my study very thoroughly, washed the window curtains, etc. At 2 p.m. Charles Cormier, archivist of Dalhousie Library, came with an assistant, at

my request, to remove more of my papers to safekeeping. I gave them all of my diaries from 1919 to 1969, with the provision that they are to remain closed until 25 years after my death. The diaries from 1969 to the present day I retain for reference purposes until my death. I gave them also:-

- (2) Typed copies of my articles written for magazines & papers.
- (3) " " public addresses.
- (4) Miscellaneous photographs of Liverpool streets etc. prior to the year 1900.
- (5) A selection of books on nautical subjects, including a rare book of old British naval prints; the logbook of the Spanish brig "El Encrues", captured by Capt. Francis Kempton of Milton, N.Y. in 1795; etc.
- (6) The muster book of the Queens County Regiment, Nova Scotia Militia, from the 1830's to the late 1840's. Also a book of drill instructions, printed in Halifax in 1808 on the order of Sir George Prevost for the N.Y. Militia. This copy was issued to Nathan Tupper of Milton N.Y., & contains a flyleaf note by Nathan's descendant Francis F. Tupper.
- (7) Photographs of various actors & scenes in the television (CBC) play of "The Wings of Night".
- (8) The working (original) copy of my book "In My Time" on yellow letter-copy paper, with pencilled deletions & insertions.
- (9) The wireless telegraph "coherer" which I found in the forepeak of the cableship "Mackay-Bennett" in 1921, & which according to the boatswain was part of the original apparatus installed on the "Mackay-Bennett" by Guglielmo Marconi in New York in 1899. This was on the occasion of the international yacht races, in which Sir Thomas Lipton's first "Shamrock" tried to regain the "America's Cup", & was defeated by "Columbia".

The Rossignol garage checked my car, installed a new battery, & delivered it back to me. My neighbour Erik put it in the garage for me, & we had drinks & a chat.

FRIDAY, Oct 22, 1976 Windy, with alternate sunshine & showers at temp. 47° Fahrenheit, so I couldn't walk today. Erik took me in his car to get the mail & shop for wine & groceries.

SATURDAY, Oct. 23, 1976 Windy, with patches of sunshine & black squalls of rain & hail. Bused myself with domestic chores & looking over books stored on shelves in the attic. Young Tom slept at my house.

SUNDAY, Oct. 24/76 Sunny & cool. Walked, or rather tottered, to the railway bridge & back. Dined at Hunts Point.

The hardwood leaves are now falling fast, after the best display of autumn colour in many years, according to my friends. Naturally I wasn't able to see it.

MONDAY, Oct. 25/76 Rain. Received a letter and a cheque for \$5,000 from Gary Mehlman, dated Oct. 18 — ten days after he promised on the phone to "put a cheque in the mail to you tomorrow". The cheque is drawn on the Bank of America, Beverly Hills branch, but it is not certified by the bank. Mehlman says his attorney is drawing up the option agreement & the papers "should be out to you within a few days." He asks me to hold the cheque "in escrow" until the agreement is "formally exercised".

News:- The closing feature of the bicentennial year in the United States is the election of a president. It is a contest of mediocrities. Gerald Ford, who stepped into the shoes of the noxious Nixon, is a bumbling stumbler with his tongue & with his feet. "Jimmy" Carter, the Democratic candidate, is a peanut farmer from the South. He is younger & more deft than Ford, but seems a shallow type. One wonders what Thomas Jefferson or George Washington would think of such successors to the leadership of the nation they created.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 27/76 Bright & chilly. In the afternoon I spent an hour stumbling about the back lawn, raking up leaves & dumping them in the shrubbery behind the wall. That was all my poor old back would stand, & the constant switch of my gaze through the lower & then the upper lens of the new bifocals made me dizzy.

At 5.30 the John Wickwires picked me up & took me to a dinner party at the home of Charles & Marion Kelsey, Port Joli. The house had amusing Halloween decorations, & we had drinks & a long & leisurely dinner, with much

lively conversation. My fellow guests were the Wickwires, the Ralph Johnsons, the George Whalleys, the Max Hardings, the Eric Hazeldines, & Ann Jones.

Ann's husband Ken, for many years MLA for Queens County, & a member of the Stanfield cabinet, fell into disgrace, & Ann divorced him several years ago. He now lives in Port Mouton, with a middle-aged blonde who works in a Liverpool supermarket at the check-out counter.

Several friends in Toronto have sent me a clipping from the Toronto Star, October 23rd, the result of George Gamester's telephone interview. No word whatever from McClelland & Stewart about the publication of "In My Time".

THURSDAY, Oct. 28, 1976 Last night's temp. was 30° Fahr. This afternoon in pallid sunshine & temp. 42° I walked in my sheepskin coat to the railway bridge, & stopped on my way back to shop for groceries. A woman, whose name I didn't catch, phoned saying she was in Hfx. as sales representative of McClelland & Stewart, & wanted me to come up there to do some advance publicity for my book. The publication date is now set for Nov. 13. (My 73rd birthday!) I told her that the condition of my eyes, & my stooped back & lame hip, make public appearances impossible.

FRIDAY, Oct. 29/76 Cloudy & cool. Had a surprise visit this morning from my daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis, making a quick motor tour of western N.S., staying overnight with friends at Mahone, & Yarmouth, & calling on me at Liverpool & son Gregory at Acadia U.

In the afternoon I walked to the railway bridge & back.

SATURDAY, Oct. 30/76 Fine & mild. This afternoon I raked up fallen leaves & sticks, & dumped them behind the garden wall. After a time Erik came over with his powerful motor-mower & large catch-all bag, & with that acting as a vacuum-cleaner I got it done. Two hours' hard work, & I was tired.

Authorities have declared tonight to be Hallowe'en, so I laid in a stock of apples, candy & peanuts. The usual stream of kids, disguised & carrying pillow cases

for the loot. Pamela & Tommy came in about 6:30 & took over the job of sitting by the front door & doing out the stuff. By 8:30 it was all over, Pam & Tommy returned to Hants Point & I turned off my porch light.

The RCMP have taken a strong & efficient hand since the riotous affair on Halloween a few years ago, when our inept local police force did nothing to quell it.

SUNDAY, Oct. 31/76 Overcast, with heavy rain at night.

Dined at Hants Point on some of Tom's woodcock, which Pamela cooked & served deliciously with rice, peas, carrots & sweet potato, and piquant sauce for the bird-meat invented by her bird-hunting father years ago.

MONDAY, Nov. 1/76 Mild, with open-&-shut sky. Spent an hour pruning my shrubs & hauling the branches away. A tiring & exasperating job because of my weird eyesight - nothing is where it seems to be.

TUESDAY, Nov. 2/76 Cold, with a few specks of snow about sundown, the first of the season. Received from McClelland & Stewart the usual six complimentary copies of my new book, & I spent the rest of the day & evening going over it. I like the whole production - good paper, good print, & a good binding in grey cloth. It contains 30 photos & snapshots, well chosen. The jacket has a photo of me taken by Frances Darro some years ago. The retail price is \$14.95.

News:- After a long & tiresome campaign the U.S. voters chose "Jimmy" Carter for their president today by a short majority in the electoral college. Gerald Ford, who was chosen by retiring president Nixon to succeed him, is thus the only president of the United States who was never elected by the people, a dubious distinction. Carter is the first man from the South to become president since the Civil War.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5/76 The third rainy day in a row. Erik took me in his car to get a week's supply of meat & groceries. Letter from Jack McClelland. "About half our books are a month late due to difficulties with our suppliers . . . I think your book is going to do extremely well, even though it is late. It should establish itself as a Canadian classic in the field".

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This Week

Nearly everyone who works at *The Canadian* gets put in place sometime by Earl McRae's pencil. He comes in from his rural home, writes all through the night and then proceeds to work out the remainder of his madness with a flurry of caricatures. Noses grow hideously, hairlines vanish and stomachs blot — yet his drawings tell a devastating truth about people's personality.

It's only fair, then, that readers get to see Earl the way he sees himself. What isn't shown here about this funny man — who, incidentally, jogs but still looks like a beer Stein — is his serious side, for few take the craft of good writing as seriously. A renowned newspaper investigative reporter before joining us in 1972, Earl today stands as one of the finest magazine writers anywhere. His profile two years ago of former NHLer Reggie Fleming remains a classic; his story on shortstop Bob Bailor (Page 16) also demonstrates all that is superb about Earl's style. As for the drawing, it represents all that is absurd about the man — and in the end so likable.



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The Annual Seal Test

The questions are multiple-choice

BY HARRY BRUCE

In the annual hysteria over killing seals, only the committed act with conviction. Only the seal-hunters and the seal-saviors behave as though second thoughts were a sign of weakness. Each side has its clubs and, after all, no one swings a club contemplatively. Between the hunters and the hunt-haters, however, there are millions of us wafflers. We have our fashionable worries. We care about food additives, insecticides, spray deodorants, non-returnable pop bottles. We seek a defensible position on the seal-hunt fight, but whose bark can we trust? Are harp seals an endangered species, or are they not?

Yes, says Canadian zoologist David Lavigne in *National Geographic*, they are. They may be reduced to "precarious levels" before 1999. No, says the Canadian government, they are not. Yes they are, says the International Fund for Animal Welfare. The federal fisheries minister and "a wealthy sealing industry" are getting ready to slaughter "the last baby seal." Nope, says government scientist Paul Brodie, harp seals are not an endangered species. Brodie has been so bold as to argue that, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there may soon be *too many* seals. Too many for their own good, and too many for the good of the fishing industry. If there are two sides to most stories, there are four or five sides to every seal-hunt story. Take, for instance, the little matter of brutality.

The government says "a firm single blow to the paper-thin skull of the seal pup provides a painless and instantaneous death.... Also, newborn seals do not show signs of distress when they are approached by hunters." But the International Fund for Animal Welfare says "thousands of baby white coats... are being brutally butchered.... The air is full of their frightened cries. 'Me-me-me,' they cry to their mothers. Sealers move among the newborn pups, crushing their tiny skulls with wooden clubs and stripping them of their pelts.... Whosh, whosh, whosh — three blows of the club and the skin of the infant is a bloody pulp...."

It may have been such prose that inspired Joe Clark to tell Vancouver high-school kids that a Tory government, though it would not ban seal-hunting, would search for more "humane" killing methods. That is pat. There may never be a quicker way to kill a seal than a couple of good whacks on the skullbone. Thomas H. Raddall, the fine

bluenose novelist, recalls in *In My Time* (McClelland and Stewart, 1976) that, "I fired all six of my bullets into the body of a large seal, which snarled at every impact but kept on going into the sea and swam away. The dense fog closed over each bullet so that there was no hole.... [Later] we snatched up heavy oak staves, and killed a big one with two blows on the forehead. It was really dead, too." Raddall dismisses the furor about the brutality of Canadian seal-hunters as "nonsense."

Henry C. Rowsell, the veterinary pathologist who's executive director of the Canadian Council on Animal Care, has also witnessed seal hunts, and he says, "The death of any living creature cannot be made palatable for those visiting this type of operation, any more than can the death of domestic animals in the slaughterhouse, where the public is forbidden." By comparison with what a hog suffers on its way through an abattoir,

what the "brutally butchered" seal gets is euthanasia. This is why the St. John's *Evening Telegram* denounces "publicity-seeking misfits who ignore the savage killing of other species of mammal and pick only on the most controlled and humane harvesting in the world, the seal fishery."

"Humane" is not a word I'd apply to any kind of killing but, nevertheless, the *Evening Telegram* has a point. I ask you, all you pig-eaters, devotees of French goose liver, lustful worshippers of bloodied sirloin, drooling lobster-lovers with your bubbling pots, and you fish gourmets who know that trout tastes best if it's still flapping when it hits the boiling *court bouillon*. I ask you now. Isn't it simply dreadful the way those brutal Newfies skull all those itty, bitty, wittle seals?

SUNDAY, Nov. 7, 1976 The sun came out today in a thin now-you-see-me-now-you-don't fashion, after four wet days, & I walked to the railway bridge & back. Dined at Hunts Point. It is my grand-daughter Debby's 17th birthday, & two of her girl friends were there for the party.

MONDAY, Nov. 8/76 A sunny morning & an overcast afternoon gave way to the first snowfall of the season tonight.

Received by mail a large package of documents compiled by a Beverly Hills law firm, in quadruplicate, covering option & purchase of movie rights in The Nymph & The Lamp. I soon found the nigger in this woodpile — a clause saying that \$20,000 of the purchase price was payable "upon commencement of principal photography of the photoplay." This was, of course, the old Kathleen MacQuarrie lyric — "It may be for years & it may be forever". Gary Mehlman, on the phone to me, had declared he was ready to pay \$35,000 within two years at most, including the \$5,000 option fee. After my long experience with Hollywood film sharks I expected a trick somewhere, & now here it is. I'm amused, really. Their reasoning is always so obvious. Anyone living "up in Canada" must have no more common sense than a tree stump.

TUESDAY, Nov. 9/76 Wrote Mehlman's lawyers saying that I would not sign their documents, and why, pointing out that Mehlman on the phone had promised to pay \$35,000 within two years of the option date. I will deal only with a bona fide purchaser.

My sister Nellie phoned from Mahone to say au revoir. She leaves on Thursday to spend the winter with old friends in Alabama.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10/76 Cold, & snowing at intervals. This evening I switched on my TV about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through the weekly half hour show called "Heritage", & found myself talking to Neil Copeland at Fort Point. It was the show that Bill Harper & his crew filmed here last June 9th. I had not been advised of this beforehand & so missed most of it. After the show finished my phone was busy with friends calling to say they had enjoyed it. One was from Mike Walsh, now living retired at North Sydney after a lifetime in the Canadian radio-telegraph service, ashore & afloat. Mike was

chief operator at Sable Island when I was there in 1921-1922. He reminded me cheerfully of my fight with operator Simpson on the beach one cold morning in January, & other matters of our island life. His wife also talked to me, saying "But how you've changed! Tommy, I wouldn't have known you!"

I was eighteen when she saw me last. Another caller was Bill Harper, who said the show had been aired prematurely. He had planned to "mix" in it some of photographs in my memoirs, a copy of which had just come to his hands. Still another caller was David Stevens of Second Peninsula, Lunenburg County, who designs, builds, & sails the best yachts in Nova Scotia. He said he would come here for a chat about wooden shipbuilding at the first chance.

THURSDAY, Nov. 11, 1976 Remembrance Day, with snow falling slowly all day. CBC TV began its Remembrance coverage at 10 a.m. with interviews of various men. The show included several long shots of me talking to Bill Howell here last May 25.

FRIDAY, Nov. 12/76 Hemeon, who has a small book department in his drug store, received a shipment of "In My Time" yesterday, & this morning on my post office walk I dropped in and autographed 200 copies. Booksellers in Halifax want me to autograph books for them early in December, & I shall try to arrange for it.

SUNDAY, Nov. 14/76 The weather turned a bit milder, for the first time since the sudden descent of winter on Nov. 8. Yesterday was my 73rd birthday, & today at 1:30 Tom & Pamela gave a cocktail & sandwich party in honour of the event. About 40 friends, old & young, & I enjoyed it.

MONDAY, Nov. 15/76 Overcast & cool. Most of the snow has gone. A few migrating robins forage about my lawns. John Leefe brought me a copy of the latest issue of "Books in Canada" which contains an enthusiastic review of my book by Hugh McLennan. Today's election in P.Q. put the Parti Quebecois firmly in power. Their leader René Lévesque played down his avowed purpose of separating from the Canadian federation, saying it would be done only after a referendum of all citizens. He played up the corruption & ineptitude of the Liberal government of Robert Bourassa, which were apparent to everybody, including "les anglais". Bourassa went down to

OCTOBER
1976

82-year-old operator plans retirement soon

MONTREAL (CP) — When Michael Walsh first went to sea, he was a youth of 18. The second time he went to sea he was a 66-year-old pensioner.

Most of the years between he served as a radio operator at Marconi coastal stations.

Now nearing 82, he is the oldest known active ship radio operator.

The native of Plate Cove East on Bonavista Bay in Newfoundland talked about his life when his ship, the bulk carrier Cape Breton Miner, put in here.

His pay when he served as a deckhand on his father's coastal schooner was \$24 a month. When he retired after 44 years of Marconi service, his pension was just \$76 a month, not enough to support him and his wife Catherine in their North Sydney, N.S., home.

So he went back to sea and now he plans to retire this year.

"This is my last trip," he told a reporter. "I'll be home in about a month and from then on I'm not going to go any further than my daughter's house three miles away."

When at sea, he has been working two hours on and two hours off from 8 a.m. to 10

p.m. When in port he takes it easy, but he also does a lot of telephoning to his wife.

"Last month the bill was \$175," he said. "But you know I'm not home to take her out or anything, so I make up for it by calling from whenever I am."

He met his wife in her home town of Fogo, Nfld., where she was a telegraph operator.

A few weeks before their planned wedding, he was transferred to a station on Sable Island off Nova Scotia with a posting for a year.

"I had to telegraph her and ask her if we could delay things for a year. She telegraphed back that it was OK."

It was Walsh who sent out the news of one of the early transatlantic flights. That was in 1928 when the German flyers Gunther von Hunefeld and Herman Koehl and the Irishman James Fitzmaurice landed on Greenley Island off the Labrador coast, after a flight from Dublin.

He can still transmit at the speedy rate of 20 code words a minute or 25 in plain language.

"I still get the odd young guy asking me to please repeat because I'm too fast for them," he said.

to defeat in his own riding of Montreal, & ten of his ministers went down with him.

TUESDAY, Nov. 16, 1976 Cool but sunny & calm. Spent most of the afternoon removing fallen leaves from my lawns, using Erik's gas mower with its big catch-bag. About 5:30 p.m. had a phone call from Ralph Ellis, a native of Milton who has been working for CBC TV in Ontario for many years as a producer & director. He wants a TV option on my short story "Blind Mac Hair" & will write me a detailed offer.

THURSDAY, Nov. 18/76 Rain. Letter from Mehlman's lawyers with an enclosure amending their option to conform with my letter of Nov. 9. Letter from Jack McClelland: - "I have just reread the book in its final bound form There is nothing in Canadian letters that touches this. So anyone even remotely connected with what has happened in Canada in the last half century it has to be a moving experience."

This evening I attended a dinner party given by Douglas & Phyllis Toyer at their Fort Point home. About 30 people, all old friends.

SUNDAY, Nov. 21/76 Cold & windy eye-watering weather, so no walking (except to the post office) in the past few days. Dined as usual on Sundays at Hunts Point, with son Tom driving me back & forth.

MONDAY, Nov. 22/76 Same weather. I completed inspection of the bulky documents for Mehlman's movie option. They now seem straightforward. Mailed to Little Brown & McClelland & Stewart forms in quadruplicate for the formal "publisher's release" of the movie rights, although they gave up these rights long ago. Also got son Tom to sign quadruplicate copies of the "Assignment of renewal copyright", which must be signed by my heirs, & then mailed them on to daughter Frances. Those Hollywood lawyers cover every possible angle.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24/76 A cold bright day. Taxi driver Harold McKnight picked me up at 9:30 & took me to Halifax well in time for my appointment with Dr. George Lapp at noon. Lapp found my left eye in satisfactory condition. The cataract in my right eye is now advancing rapidly, & he will arrange to operate on it next April. I didn't bother with lunch, but

went down to the Book Room on Granville Street, where I was welcomed by manager Charles Burchell & my old friend Harvey Crowell, who wanted to take me out to lunch. I had told my taximan to pick me up there at 2 p.m., so there was not time. I autographed copies of my book right up to the last minute. Burchell made a phone call & brought me a pleasant surprise, an Australian lady named Wendy Roberts now living in Halifax. She is a friend of George Smith, an old chum of my schoolboy days in Hythe, where his father & mine were instructors at the army school of musketry. George & I met again in London in 1920, when my ship was loading telegraph cable at Woolwich. We spent a last evening together at a theatre, & parted at midnight in Trafalgar Square. After that he went to Australia, worked his way up to foreman of a big cattle ranch in Queensland, & eventually bought a hotel-pub. He is now retired in his wife's home in the town of Toowoomba, Queensland, & has turned author, writing his own memoirs. His book "Once A Green Jackaroo", published 1975, takes his life up to the time of his marriage, & was a smash hit in Australia. Mrs. Roberts lent me her copy to read, & is sending a copy of "In My Time" autographed "To my old chum George Smith" back to George in Australia.

This motor journey to Hfa. was my first over the stretch of new highway by-passing the town of Bridgewater. Halifax is now an easy journey of two hours from Liverpool.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/76 Cold & clear. An increasing number of fan letters in the mail. Dinner tonight at Austin & Vera Parker's house, with the John Wickwines & Jack McCleams.

SUNDAY, Nov. 28/76 An Indian Summer day, sunny, calm, temp. up to 60° Fahr. Enjoyed a walk, for the first time in many days. Dined at Hunts Point.

TUESDAY, Nov. 30/76 Cold & windy. The Simpsons-Sears repair man came to check my TV set, in which the picture has gone off-colour & rather blurred during the past week or two. He found a faulty picture tube. When I bought the set new from Simpsons-Sears in September 1973 the tube was guaranteed for five years. The repair man will order a new tube, but as I had three years' good use of the original tube I shall have to pay a considerable sum. Mrs. Bagley came this afternoon & did the house-cleaning chores.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 1976 A bright cold day. Tom & Pam picked me up at 8:45 a.m. & took me to Halifax. They wanted to do some shopping, & I had agreed to autograph some of my books for the waterfront shop in Historic Properties (which calls itself "A Pair of Trinities") & the Readmore Store in the Bayers Road Shopping Centre, both of which are run by avant garde young women but deal in a general run of books. We lunched at Marian White's house, & then went our separate ways. I spent an hour at each book store, & Tom & Pam joined me at the Readmore Store. We left the outskirts of Halifax at 3:30 & made a fast run to Liverpool, arriving at my house at 4:45.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3/76 A fierce NW gale at temp. 18° Fahrenheit forced me to don my winter underwear. Walked to the post office well muffled, & mailed the copy of George Smith's book back to Wendy Roberts in Halifax. The book is well written, with a lively sense of humor, and is a smash hit in Australia. Gary Mehlman phoned from Beverly Hills, concerned about the delay in receiving the signed documents for the option. I said the only thing that is holding them up now is the required quit-claim from publishers Little Brown in the U.S. and McClelland & Stewart in Canada. I don't expect much delay in getting the quit-claim from M+S, but Little Brown have been dilatory in similar matters in the past. I told Mehlman I would wait another two or three days for the Little Brown quit-claim, which is the important one, since they were the original publishers. Failing that, I will forward the documents together with a Xerox copy of a letter to me from Little Brown in 1972, in which they stated that they had given up all rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". Mehlman said that would be satisfactory, & seemed very relieved.

I spent this afternoon writing Christmas cards

SATURDAY, DEC 4/76 Bright & cold (32° Fahrenheit) with a light breeze from the north. Enjoyed a walk to the railway bridge. Finished writing my Christmas cards. About sixty altogether. The list of my old friends is shrinking noticeably every year, but really it is remarkable that so many survive.

Tommy Roddall played hockey in town this evening, & slept at my house.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5/76 Same weather & walk.

MONDAY, DEC 6, 1976 Bright & cold. Today is the 59th anniversary of the Halifax explosion, & Andy Barry of radio station CJAD, Montreal, phoned me for a 15 minute question-&-answer talk on my memories of that affair, which went "live" on the air. In the afternoon John McCaul of Mill Village dropped in for a chat. He will be president of the Queens County Historical Society next year. Wants to liven up the meetings with a series of short plays about Simon Perkins & his contemporaries, & wants me to write the plays. Something to think about.

I went to the Steadman Store & got 6 Xerox copies of John Joseph Consolino's letter to me dated Oct. 25, 1973, & 6 copies of the certificate of U.S. copyright made in my name by Little Brown in 1950.

TUESDAY, DEC 7/76 Overcast. Spent most of the morning going over the "Nymph" movie option papers — four sets of them, & then signing them in the presence of Yorke Tutty, notary, who put his seal on them. Sent them off by air mail, registered. Also enclosed was a letter to Mehlman's lawyers & 4 Xerox copies of Joseph Consolino's letter.

THURSDAY, DEC 9/76 A furious NW gale at temp. 10° Fahr., with patches of sunshine & squalls of snow. I walked well muffled to the post office in the morning, & to the supermarket in the afternoon, but it was a struggle. Christmas cards are arriving. As usual the head of the Postal Union in Canada, a virulent & belligerent Clydeside Scot, is making appearances on TV and threatening a strike that will tie up the Christmas mails.

SATURDAY, DEC 11/76 Tom & Pam drove to Hfx. today with Debby & Blair & me. I went along to autograph some more books for Burchell at the Book Room, but we stopped first at the big Jordalene store of Simpson's-Years; & while we were there Tom insisted that I needed a new suit. (The excellent one I was wearing I got just 3 years ago.) Anyhow I had myself measured for a light grey suit, & bought two new hats, shirt, tie etc. One of the hats, which Tom insisted was just the thing for me, is an English tweed with a turned-down brim all round, which I told Tom will make me look like the Squire of Basen Acres.

At the Book Room, Burchell told me that Popular Library (Doubleday's paperback subsidiary in New York) had apparently turned out new editions of "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach" — just in time to keep their grip on the copyright. These books have been out of print for the past two or three years, & I have written several times to Ken McCormick, head of Doubleday, New York, demanding formal release of the copyright. McClelland & Stewart

are anxious to include these titles in their paperback New Canadian Library, but cannot do so as long as Popular Library hangs on to their copyright in the U.S. and Canada.

Burchell mentioned something else. A single copy of my little old "Saga of the Rover" was sold in Halifax recently for \$125.00.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12, 1976 Drizzle of rain all day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam & family.

MONDAY, DEC. 13/76 A wild NW gale at 10° Fahrenheit all day, with frequent snow flurries. Received the signed "Publishers Release" forms from McClelland & Stewart, & sent them on to Gary Mehlman Productions by registered air mail. Mehlman himself phoned about 5 p.m. worrying because he hadn't received the signed option contract forms. I told him I'd air-mailed them to his lawyers in Beverly Hills on Dec. 7 & they should be in California shortly. He was satisfied, & wished me compliments of the season.

TUESDAY, DEC. 14/76 Again very cold, but less wind. Shortly after 1 p.m. I heard, on CBC radio from Lfa, a good review of "In My Time" by Ann Jacobs.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15/76 Sunny & quite mild. Enjoyed a walk to the railway bridge. I received a cheque from Dalhousie University for \$5,000, the fourth payment on my papers. There will be one more to complete the purchase for \$25,000.

This cutting from Maclean's Magazine deals with the rush of movie entrepreneurs in the U.S. & Canada to get options on Canadian stories, which I have experienced with "The Nymph & The Lamp". The magazine article refers to Italian actress Sophia Loren, one of the richest & highest paid movie stars in the world, who worked lately on a picture in Montreal.

The fact is Canadians will have to get used to international stars in their midst. The Canadian tax setup for moviemaking allows investors a 100% write-off of costs for movies that are "certified" Canadian by the Department of the Secretary of State. It is an attractive tax shelter. Furthermore, last May the department stated that non-certified Canadian movies shot in Canada would have their cost write-off dropped from 60% to 30%, making it almost vital that producers do certified Canadian movies.

Zev Braun, *Angela's* producer, enthuses about the potential for moviemaking in Canada. "Canada could become an international centre for movie production," he says. "Every producer, big and small, is looking at this country." Braun's enthusiasm, however welcome, is a familiar refrain to Canadian film people, who have heard the dawn-of-a-new-movie-age announced for Canada many times before. The optimism begins when the stars arrive and the magic of movies makes everything possible—only to die when the sets are dismantled and the cameras shut down. Alas, the stars always leave. Just as Sophia has just abandoned the icy streets of Old Montreal for the Christmas splendors of Paris.

HARTLEY STEWART

Maclean's Magazine
Dec. 13, 1976

FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1976 Heavy rain in the night, then a slowly dropping temperature that brought freezing rain, sleet, & then a few inches of snow, with a wild NW gale. Elsewhere in N.S. these conditions plus a heavy fall of snow tied up the airports and road traffic.

My grandson Tom spent the evening with friends in Milton & slept at my house. When he came in at 11 p.m. I noticed a strong scent of burnt grass or something like that. He was entirely lucid but he had obviously spent the evening with somebody or bodies who were smoking marijuana. When I made a casual reference to the stuff he gave me a detailed description of it. It is sold to regional high school students at \$1.00 per "joint" — i.e. per cigarette. Tom had also seen "hash" (hashish) and described it to me, the price of it, and the methods of imbibing it. He said the RCMP have a special officer who travels the Annapolis Valley and the South Shore, spending a week or two in each town, & hunting the people who peddle "grass" and "hash" to school students. He is very sharp at it. The peddlers are mostly young men from other parts, but some is sold by students themselves. According to Tom, some students who come in by bus from Port Mouton are actually growing marijuana in old abandoned farm lots. He gave me an exact description of the plant, and how it is harvested and prepared for smoking.

SUNDAY, DEC. 19/76 Sunny, cold & calm. Wish I could have taken a long walk, but the footing was too icy. As it was, I just walked around the corner to the home of Wallace Clarke & wife, on Church Street, where they were giving their annual luncheon party for old folk in the neighbourhood. He has been general manager of the Bowaters paper mill here for several years, & leaves in February to take charge of the bigger mill at Corner Brook, Nfld.

MONDAY, DEC. 20/76 Same weather, but in the evening the temp. rose rapidly. Heavy rain began with a tremendous thunderclap about 10:30, & lightning knocked out our local CBC television relay station on Great Hill. This afternoon I had a pleasant visit by my sisters Winifred & Hilda, with their husbands Larry Merlin & Ted Bayer. All looked very well. Hilda had a recent medical examination, & says the doctor pronounced her "perfectly well and strong as a horse." They brought casseroles of cooked food, a pie, a chocolate cake, & a bottle of port wine.

A note from Charles Burchell regarding the Popular Library (New York) editions of "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach". He says the firm of H.H. Marshall, the

Halifax book wholesalers, had a phone call from Popular Library earlier this month, soliciting an order for a new American best-seller. Marshall seized the opportunity to ask about copies of my three books, which they had been unable to obtain from Popular Library for the past two years. Popular Library said they had them in stock & would fill the orders. Promptly the paperbacks came, all of the old 1969 printing at the old price of 95 cents. This confirms what I have long realized, that Popular Library keep a certain supply of these three books in order to hang on to the copyright, claiming to have them "in print" but making no effort to sell them.

TUESDAY, DEC. 21, 1976 Drizzle of rain, temp. nearly 50° Fahrenheit. All the snow & ice has gone from the streets. Today I paid the loan of \$2,000 from the Royal Bank, with accrued interest \$114.66. I borrowed this last June 18, when I purchased some B.C. Telephone stock.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22/76 Our yo-yo climate again plunged into a temp. of 18° Fahrenheit, with a bitter NW wind. At 4 p.m. Jack McClearn picked me up & took me to the "London Brook" camp at Port Joli, where I watched 18 men playing cards & then tucked in with them for a delicious dinner of boiled salmon & vegetables, & a large slice of banana pie with cream topping. The price, \$2.50

The service man from Simpsons - Sears came & took away my TV set for overhauling in his workshop. The picture tube has given faulty colour lately & must be replaced, & possibly one or two of the minor gadgets. I bought the set from S-S in September 1973, & the picture tube was guaranteed for 5 years. S-S will replace it but will charge me for the 3 years of good operation I got from it.

FRIDAY, DEC 24/76 Yesterday's snow washed away in rain during the evening. Weather bright & breezy today & I enjoyed a brisk walk to the railway bridge - my first long walk in nearly a fortnight.

At 5 p.m. the Hunts Point Raddalls, plus Grandma Marion White, arrived with the Christmas Eve feast (traditional in my wife's family) of lobster chowder, with buttered rolls, barley bread, cake & cookies.

Young Tommy had his right arm cracked in a hockey game yesterday.

The lobster catch has been poor this year, & the fishermen naturally have raised the price, especially for the Xmas season. They are charging nearly \$4.00 a pound for lobsters in the shell, which means a huge price for the actual meat. However, we enjoyed our feast & the family chat. At 9 p.m. the visitors left

for Hunts Point, & for the rest of the evening I watched Christmas shows on my newly restored television.

SATURDAY, DEC 25, 1976 I awoke to a sunny morning & a green Christmas, had breakfast, & opened various parcels from my children & grandchildren — a sweater, pyjamas, socks, a desk pen with a plastic box of desk notes, a big wicker tray of cheeses, jellies, etc., & a dozen golf balls. News: — Table Island reports that a large school of blackfish, 130 in all, have stranded themselves and are dying. It is impossible to drag them off, as these huge dolphins measure from 20 to nearly 30 feet in length. For lack of water support they crush themselves with their own weight. When I was on Table Island in 1921-1922 a school of about 30 blackfish perished in the same way. They do this in various places in the Atlantic & Pacific oceans, from time to time, & nobody knows why. It does not seem to diminish the species.

Tom picked me up at noon & took me to Hunts Point. At 2 p.m. we all sat down to a huge feast of roast turkey & vegetables, mince pie & plum pudding. Home again towards dark, & I spent the evening enjoying the shows on my rehabilitated TV.

SUNDAY, DEC 26/76 Showers all day, culminating in a wild sea gale with heavy rain all evening. Austin Parker dropped in for a brief chat, bringing one of Vera's pies. My daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton with Christmas greetings. She had tried to phone last evening but as usual on Christmas Day the wires were jammed & she couldn't get through.

MONDAY, DEC 27/76 Sunny, 42° Fshot, with a N. breeze. Walked to the railway bridge. Reading manuscript sent me by the Canada Council for an opinion. A book of short historical stories by Nancy Doyle, who asks financial assistance for publication by a firm in Montreal. The tales show some historical research but most of them are pointless, with faceless characters & stilted dialogue. It seems to me that some of these minor publishing firms will print anything as long as they can get a fat grant from the Council. My verdict is No.

A veteran of the West N.S. Regiment named Hopkins, secretary of the West Novas Association in Halifax-Dartmouth, came today & purchased 19 copies of my history of the regiment for \$6 apiece. Of these 16 lack the sheet bearing my autograph and the book's number, & 3 had been stained by damp. I retain 6 copies undamaged and complete.

TUESDAY, DEC 28/76 Bright & cold, with a sharp N. breeze. My neighbour Erik dropped in for a chat this afternoon, & adjusted the living-room curtain pulls, which had been sticking. The post office is still closed for the Christmas



T.H.R. and Prof. (History) John Godfrey,
at Fort Point, Liverpool, N.S.

May 25, ~~June~~ 1976

Photo taken during a CBC television
interview.

In 1977 Godfrey became
President of Kings University at Halifax

holiday, much to everyone's disgust. After my bath tonight I weighed myself on the bathroom scales — exactly 170 lbs.

THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1976 A wild NW gale with flurries of snow, just enough to whiten the ground. In the Valley, & everywhere east & north of Bridgewater, the storm dumped a lot of snow & snarled up the road traffic.

FRIDAY, DEC. 31/76 Bright & cold, with a sharp NW breeze. In the afternoon I walked to the railroad bridge. Felt tired when I got home, but soon recovered. Dined on tenderloin steak with mushrooms & buttoned corn, cheese & crackers, & a half-bottle of Chateaubey du Pape. With that under my belt I was quite content to spend New Year's Eve in my favourite armchair, watching the shows on television. Park Street was very quiet. I heard a few fireworks at midnight. All the news commentators admit that 1976 was a very bad year, with industry & trade depressed all over the world, and fanatics murdering each other in Ulster, Lebanon, Africa & South America. For me personally it was a wretched year owing to my failing sight & the eye operation & the long & dreadful weeks of being unable to read or to go anywhere by myself.

SATURDAY, JAN. 1/77 An open-&-shut sky, & a keen NW wind. Indoors all day till 5 p.m., when Tom took me to Hants Point for a dinner of fried scallops & vegetables. They are having their real New Year dinner tomorrow.

SUNDAY, JAN. 2/77 Bright & frosty. Walked to & from the railway bridge. Dined at Hants Point on roast turkey, plum pudding, etc.

MONDAY, JAN. 3/77 The morning mail brought a "Notice of Assessment" for the town of Liverpool. Mine is just about doubled, from \$16,225 to \$33,800. A footnote says "All assessments have been increased to about market value. It is anticipated that the tax rate will be reduced to compensate for the increased level of assessment." This is the old song. Tax rate reductions in the past have never compensated for increased assessment. Real estate in Liverpool has a stagnant market nowadays. One sees "For sale" signs all over the place, & if I were compelled to sell my house tomorrow I couldn't get anything like \$33,800 for it. Actually the house belongs to Edith's estate. I have the occupancy as long as I live, & consequently I pay all taxes, insurance, & maintenance.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4/77 Overcast & mild, 49° Fahrenheit. Whynot service man came this morning, cleaned my furnace, oiled the motors, & replaced the air filters. This should have been done last Fall, & wouldn't have been done at all if I hadn't phoned Whynot yesterday & threatened to give my business to another oil company. Walked to the railway bridge & back.

News:- On Jan. 1st Canada's 200-mile limit for foreign fishing

fleets went into effect, after several years of governmental huffing & puffing. The French & Portuguese will continue to fish on the Banks by ancient right, but the new regulation should keep off the huge Russian fishing fleet which has been gobbling up Canadian bank-fish stocks for the past twenty years, as well as the East German, Cuban & the occasional Bulgarian & Japanese trollers which have turned up in Canadian waters in recent years.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5/77 Mild. The snow is all gone. Jack McClearn picked up John Wickwire, Austin Parker, Erik Anderssen & me at 4 p.m. & drove to Port Joli, where we joined the rest of the old fellows at London Lodge for cards & a dinner of fried chicken & vegetables, & custard cream pie, all cooked on the premises by Joe Holloway & Jerry Nickerson. When I got home about 8 p.m. I found a pencilled card at the front door. Jack Gray had called on his way from his cottage at Stonehurst to spend the next six months in Florida. The mail brought a very pleasant note from Alice, widow of former Lieut. Governor Harry MacKeen, expressing her appreciation of the mention of them in my book.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8/77 A snowstorm last night dumped about ten inches & continued lightly through the day, giving me the first real shoveling job of the winter, & the town's snow ploughs their first work-out.

SUNDAY, JAN. 9/77 A bright winter day, 18° Fahr. Wrote some letters. Did some more snow-shoveling. Dined at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, JAN. 10/77 A terrific storm of wind & snow began about noon, with blasts that shook the house. It changed to rain in the night, but not enough to melt the snow. This was just the edge of a great storm that started in Kentucky & swept up across the northeastern states & eastern Canada, stopping all traffic by air, rail & road.

TUESDAY, JAN. 11/77 Sunshine & snow flakes. Busy answering letters from readers of my book. This afternoon I addressed Grades 8 & 9 in the Regional High School. Their teachers had asked me to give a talk about activities in Liverpool & vicinity during War Two.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 12/77 Bright & cold & calm - a good crisp winter day. The footing is rather treacherous, so I walked only to the post office & shops. Deposited the Dalhousie cheque, which brought my ordinary savings account in the Royal Bank to more than \$10,000, so I transferred \$7,000 to a fixed term (5 year) deposit which will yield a bit over 8%.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13/77 The coldest night this winter. Temp. 5° Fahr. at 8:30 a.m. A bright crisp day. I rarely see a bird in winter nowadays, but this morning a male & female red crossbill came & sunned themselves on the southerly slope of my garage roof. This afternoon a tall blond young man

named Stephen Hall came to see me. He wants to tape a series of interviews for radio broadcasting from Halifax, & will phone me next week for the first appointment.

FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1977 Another bright cold day. I risked the icy footing to walk to the Parade & back. Letter from the Reader's Digest (N.Y.) agreeing to pay me \$1,000 for the right to use my short story "The Wedding Gift" in an anthology tentatively entitled "Reader's Digest Fireside Reader," for world wide distribution in English. Payable on publication in 1978.

My grandson Tom asked the usual permission to sleep at my house tonight, promising to be in "early". He apparently spent the evening with his marijuana-smoking friends in Milton, who delivered him here at 12:30 A.M., reeking of the stuff. I had to stay up to let him in, & told him this was the last time he could stay at my house. His parents think he spends these Friday evenings with his friends watching hockey games in the Liverpool rink, or basketball in the high school gymnasium.

SUNDAY, JAN. 16/77 Walked for half an hour this afternoon despite the bad footing. Dined at Hunts Point. Enjoying "The Diaries of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, 1915-1938" (first published 1973), which came in a parcel of books from Marlboro's a couple of days ago. Much detail of Beaverbrook & his hand in British politics. Frequent mention of Mike Wardell, who came to New Brunswick & set up a publishing business after War & Tax, financed by The Beaver, although this book ends at 1938.

MONDAY, JAN. 17/77 A furious blizzard in the night & all morning dumped 2 to 3 feet of snow on my front steps & walk. Sun came out about 1 p.m. but gusts of ~~snow~~ wind continued drifting the stuff. I shoveled off my steps & dug a path from there to the street & to my side door. My left forearm began to pain then & I quit.

TUESDAY, JAN. 18/77 Snowing again at intervals, with a gusty wind. I shoveled snow for half an hour this afternoon - like Dame Portington & her mop. Severe cold reported everywhere in eastern North America, right down to Florida, where orange growers are using oil stoves to ward off frost. Here in Liverpool the people are still digging out or ploughing paths & driveways, & the street crews are busy trucking snow from the main streets & dumping it in the river.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19/77 Overcast, cold, & still snowing at intervals. I spent 3/4 hour shoveling snow this afternoon, just for exercise.

The great cold spell has caused shortage of fuel oil, natural gas, & electricity in the eastern & middle western States. Snow has fallen in such

places as Miami, Daytona Beach, & Tampa, for the first time in history. The upper Mississippi has frozen, stopping all barge traffic.

I had my fuel tanks refilled today. The price, for cash or cheque, is 47 cents per gallon. The night temperature here for the past week or two has averaged about 15° above zero (Fahr.). Last night it was 4°.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20/77 Same weather. In the afternoon Erik Andersson picked me up with his car for a trip to the supermarket for a week's supply of groceries & meat. On TV I watched the inauguration of James Carter as president of the U.S. He prefers to call himself "Jimmy"; and in taking the oath of office he began, "I, Jimmy Carter".

SATURDAY, JAN. 22/77 Same weather. The usual January thaw is about due, & yesterday I dug the street drain out of the snowbank outside my house. Tom & Pamela & their curling teams are having a session at the rink tomorrow afternoon, so instead of the usual Sunday dinner at White Point they took me to the Saturday dinner at the rink. Italian food, which I enjoyed, & it was pleasant chatting with so many friends.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23/77 A grey day with temp. up to 42° Fahr., & water dripping & trickling. At 5:30 ^{3rd} Ted & Madeline Keay took me to Port Joli to dine with Charles & Marion Kelsay. An old-fashioned English roast beef dinner with Yorkshire pudding, & potatoes baked in foil in the fireplace, etc., with bread-pudding for dessert — just such a dinner as my mother used to serve on Sundays. The talk ranged all the way from books to birds, & I enjoyed the whole evening.

MONDAY, JAN. 24/77 Same weather, with the walking slippery & tedious. My sister Winifred & husband Larry Merlin drove here this afternoon from their home near Lunenburg for a brief visit & chat. They are making a three-week trip to Florida next month.

TUESDAY, JAN. 25/77 The customary "January thaw", which began on Sunday, turned on a downpour of rain all day today. At 40° Fahr. it did not reduce the snowbanks much but it removed the last ice from asphalt streets. Mrs. Bagley came as usual at 1 p.m. & worked till 2:30, for which I paid her \$5.00. At 1:30 I switched on the TV & saw again the interview of myself by Neil Copeland, made at Fort Point by the CBC last summer. This must be the fourth time they have shown it — once on prime evening time last Fall, & the rest on afternoon re-runs. I am getting some interesting & usually nostalgic letters from readers of my memoirs. Today a pleasant note from Mrs. Yvonne (Freeman) Hendry, now living in Aberdeen, Scotland. She is a grand-daughter of Ingram Freeman, Milton,

whose death by drowning I described in my memoirs, & she was staying with her grandparents at the time. Tonight on TV I watched & ~~Winnipeg~~ ~~Jan 26, 1977~~ heard Premier Lévesque of Quebec make a carefully contrived & well delivered address in New York to the prestigious Economics Club, which had gathered about 1,500 bankers, financiers & business men to hear him. There was none of the fanatical oratory with which he addresses the Quebecois. The voice was calm, even, without his customary grimaces & gestures. He began by likening the Separation movement in Quebec to the American movement for independence in 1776, but assured his audience that Quebec would get its independence without violence "by the democratic process" — he repeated this phrase several times in his speech. Quebec would do nothing to impede the existing free passage of mails, goods, & travelers across its territory. It would not confiscate industries owned outside of Quebec. On the contrary American capital would be encouraged. Quebec wished simply to live as an independent and friendly neighbour to Canada & the United States.

All this, of course, was to reassure American finance about his government's intentions & aims. Quebec must be able to borrow heavily in the U.S. merely to keep its economy going. According to reporters, some of his audience believed what he said, but most adopted a wait-and-see attitude.

THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1977 A bright morning, then overcast & some snow. Stephen Hall (see Jan. 13) came this afternoon with a tape recorder & interviewed me for an hour. He works for ^{CBCN} CBC (radio) but this is a sort of side-project which he apparently hopes to sell to CBC.

As he left, a high school boy named Peter Samuels arrived for an interview, for the school paper.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28/77 A bright & pleasant day. Temp. 30° Fahr. Erik took me in his car to shop at the liquor store & the supermarket in the afternoon, & we yearned over drinks afterward.

News:- Newspapers & radio & TV commentators across Canada are still rumbling over Lévesque's speech in New York. He is undoubtedly an honest fanatic, highly intelligent, a born orator — but so was Louis Joseph Papineau, & in the course of time & hard truth, what became of Papineau & his "Patriotes"?

SATURDAY, JAN. 29/77 A March-like day with a blustering NW gale & alternate sunshine & snow flurries. The mail brought six copies of "His Majesty's Yankees", newly published in paperback by McClelland

& Stewart as one of their New Canadian Library. There is a foreword by Professor James Gray of Dalhousie University. I have long urged M&S to print a new Canadian edition, despite the Popular Library claim (according to Doubleday, New York) that they retained copyright because they still had their edition "in print".

Spent most of the afternoon answering letters from friends & "fans".

SUNDAY, JAN. 30, 1977 Sunny & cold. Dined at Hants Point. Tom showed me eleven copies of "The Markland Sagas", which Wallace Clark had given him. This leaves fifteen copies in the Mercury Paper Company's vault - all that is left of the original 300 copies printed & bound in 1934. The company's 250 copies of "Saga of the Rover", printed and bound in 1931, were distributed long ago.

News:- The unprecedented cold in the U.S. middle west & north east, has created a fuel crisis, especially in natural gas, on ~~the~~ which 30% of U.S. industry depends for energy. To supply the great demands for homes, a vast number of schools & factories have been closed, & by next week about 2½ million people will be out of work. In Pennsylvania, New York, Ontario & Quebec, the cold has been accompanied by a series of blizzards, tying up all traffic. Canada has helped the hard-hit Americans by supplies of oil, natural gas, & electricity, & President Carter has thanked the Canadian government. The strange thing about the great cold is that Alaska is having the mildest winter ever, & ski resorts in the Rocky Mountains are complaining of a lack of snow.

TUESDAY, FEB. 1/77 A bright morning, light snow in the afternoon, yesterday & today. I got some exercise in the afternoons by scraping at the peeling paint on inside walls of the cellar, & cleaning up the mess.

News:- Premier Regan has returned from a conference of provincial premiers at Ottawa regarding ownership of offshore oil & other mineral deposits. The wrangling has been going on for years, with the Trudeau government insisting that all such rights offshore belong to the federal govt.

Now Ottawa has conceded that Nova Scotia owns Sable Island, and 100% of mineral deposits within 5 miles of it, and of the N.S. coast. Ottawa has also conceded that Nova Scotia & Newfoundland own 75% of mineral deposits to a distance of 200 miles offshore.

The jubilant Regan told newsmen that he considers this "the greatest achievement of my political career."

A few years ago, when drillers on Sable Island struck a very small pocket of oil, Regan went before the TV cameras, holding up a small bottle of the stuff, & declaring in effect that Nova Scotia

had found El Dorado & was on the verge of a golden age. Much drilling has been done since, on Table Island & on the surrounding Banks, but according to the oil companies nothing significant has yet been found.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2, 1977 The steady cold continues. Temp 10° above zero today this morning, with a keen northerly wind. Bright sunshine today enabled the groundhog to see his shadow, thus prophesying six more weeks of cold weather. As it happens, this agrees with the weather experts in the U.S. & Canada.

In the mail this morning I found a pleasant note from Mrs. H. R. Martell, mother of my short-lived and lamented friend James Martell, of the N.S. Archives staff many years ago. She is 92, & living in a modern apartment building in Halifax. Thanked me for my references to Jim in "In My Time".

THURSDAY, FEB. 3/77 The weather turned a bit milder this afternoon, & I walked to the supermarket. Lucie brought my favourite easy-chair, recently re-upholstered in dark green. His bill was a little over \$84, of which \$45 was for labour. News:- An animal trapped by a man at Country Harbour has been identified by experts as a coyote, & I saw it on TV. For years the coyote has been appearing more & more to the east of its old habitat in the west & mid-west of North America, & we have had rumors of sheep-killing by coyote methods in Pictou County during the past year or two.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5/77 Same weather. Some snow falls almost every night & I get an hour's exercise each afternoon, shoveling it off my walks & my driveway - even though I can't use the car. McClelland & Stewart sent a few more reviews of my book. All the reviews so far have been favourable, indeed enthusiastic. None at all from newspapers west of Ontario, where obviously M & S did not advertise the book at all.

One good review (from Ontario) concluded by saying that unfortunately the book's price was too high for most of the buying public, & I daresay that is so.

Today's mail also brought a long letter from Hastings Wainwright, who was a teller in the Royal Bank branch here during my early years with Mercury Paper Co. Later he studied theology at Kings & became an Anglican clergyman. I met him years later when I addressed the historical society at Annapolis. He knew the Merkels & various other people (and events) mentioned in my book & his letter was full of nostalgic reminiscences. He is now the rector of an Anglican church at Herring Cove (Halifax County) &

also preaches in the little church at Portuguese Cove, where I served a few months at station VCS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 6, 1977 Overcast, with temp. 30° Fahrt. Snow in the night gave me 40 minutes of brick shoveling. Tom & Pamela are away today with their curling teams, so I dined at home.

News:- A radio broadcast from CBC (F.M.) this morning stated that at 4 A.M. Premier René Lévesque, driving his car along the Côte des Neiges road outside Montreal, in a 30 M.P.H. zone, struck & killed a man. The body was dragged 120 feet. Evidently Lévesque's friends got to work quickly & efficiently, for an afternoon broadcast from CBC said that Lévesque's car had struck a man lying on the road, that the man may have been dead before this collision, & that the police would lay no charges.

MONDAY, FEB. 7/77 Further news of the Lévesque escapade. He has been estranged from his wife for years. He says that he had been at "a coffee party with friends" when he left for home. This was about 4 a.m. & he left with his secretary, Corinne Côté, in her car. He was driving the car himself, at 25 m.p.h., when he struck a body lying in the road. The dead man has been identified as a man of known alcoholic tendencies. A news reporter says the road was wet but not icy, & that the body was dragged 140 feet. The police did not ask Lévesque to take the "breathalyzer" test for alcohol, & would not permit a press photographer to take a picture of him sitting in the car at the scene.

TUESDAY, FEB. 8/77 Overcast. Temp. 30° Fahrt. Stephen Hall taped an interview with Austin Parker, about me, this morning. In the afternoon he came to my house & taped another long interview with me.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10/77 Temp. up to 40° Fahrt! Water trickling everywhere, making icy sidewalks more dangerous than ever. Pools of brown & oily slush water at the sides of bare streets, & cars whizzing along & spraying pedestrians. Erik took me to the supermarket & I got my weekly supply.

Letter from the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. They are making a study of the Indian crooked-knife, & plan a small exhibition & publication. I replied telling them what I knew. I have three of these knives.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12/77 Same weather. I took mattock & shovel to remove ice on my front & side-door walks, where I have slipped & nearly fallen several times. Stephen Hall came this afternoon & spent two hours recording another interview. Letters include one from the widow of Geoffrey Bush, who was wireless operator of S.S. Waskmark when I

worked for Mercury Paper Co. She had read my memoirs & was full of reminiscences. Now lives in Ottawa & spends winters with son who teaches in a Mississippi university.

SUNDAY, FEB. 15, 1977. A light snowstorm began this afternoon.

Tom picked me up at 4 p.m. & took me to Hunt's Point, where I had a delicious roast beef dinner at 5:30. Tom & Pam had an engagement in town at 6:30 & brought me home shortly before. The snow changed to rain about 11 p.m., just enough to make a mess of the streets without melting much of the snow.

MONDAY, FEB. 16/77 I spent an hour shoveling soggy snow to clear my walks & the street drain after the snow plough came around this morning. The wind hauled to NW & the sun came out. Through the windows of my study the sun's warmth brought the temp. up to 70° Fahrenheit, with electric radiators switched off.

THURSDAY, FEB. 17/77 The days go by with a dull sameness. Sunny & frosty mornings, overcast in the afternoon, two or three inches of snow in the evening, usually turning to freezing rain in the night, leaving a sodden & crusty mess to be shoveled away in the morning. I read, write letters, watch TV.

This evening I dined with Otto ("Del") & ~~Kay~~^{BOJE} Daley & her mother Molly (Hunt) Daley in the charming old McPherson house on McPherson Street. ~~Frank~~^{BOJE} is a big pleasant Dane who came to N.S. some years ago & married ~~Frank~~^{Kay}. A few years ago they purchased the Farley Nursing home, adjoining the Liverpool hospital. Molly is the daughter of my old friend Lincoln ("Link") Hunt, of Greenfield. She has a home at Rockland, across the bay from Ragged Islands, Lockport, but spends part of the winter here with the ~~Daleys~~^{BOJES}. My fellow guests were Frank Forbes (manager of the Royal Bank here) & daughter Kathy. Forbes, a widower, is about to retire in Liverpool. A delicious meal of roast wild goose, with wild rice, broccoli, roasted potato, etc. The goose was shot at Rockland a few days ago.

SATURDAY, FEB. 19/77 Sunny & calm, temp. 42° Fahrenheit. I walked about an hour. The streets are bare & dry, but the snowbanks remain, & there are icy patches on the sidewalks out of the sun. The mail includes a letter from the West Pictou District High School, inviting me to address the school & parents at the graduation in June — "a competent friend has a four-seater Cessna, and has agreed to fly you both ways." Unfortunately, I shall be slowly recovering from my eye operation & unable to go, otherwise it sounds like fun.

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SUNDAY, FEB. 20, 1977 Temp. up to 42°, turning the nightly inch or two of snow to slush, which I shoveled off my walk & driveway. Tom is in Truro with his cycling team, so Pam & Debby picked me up & took me to Hantz Point for dinner. Heavy rain was falling as they returned me to Park Street. At 10 p.m. my daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton for a chat. She & husband Bill leave on Tuesday for a holiday in Barbados.

MONDAY, FEB. 21/77 The night's rain at 42° Fahrenheit did not shrink the old snowbanks very much because they are now almost ice. I spent half an hour with a mattock, chopping through almost solid ice between my front walk & driveway, to drain off about 3 or 4 inches of water lying on the walk.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22/77 Lovely morning, sunny & calm, temp. 32° Fahrenheit. A gang of six young men, out of work & financed by a federal govt "lip" grant (Local Initiative Project), are removing various old trees about the streets that are dying, or interfering with telephone or light wires. I was sorry to see them cutting down a fine old silver maple (*ACER SACCHARINUM*) which has stood for many years on the tennis court grounds at the corner of Park and Church streets. Silver maple, although common in New Brunswick & New England, is comparatively rare in Nova Scotia. This one was perfectly healthy but somebody decided that it was in the way of the street wires.

Tonight the electric supply on my part of Park Street went off suddenly & stayed off for more than an hour. I lit the little brass cabin lamp which I keep furnished with kerosene & wick, & sat reading with difficulty, while with a dead furnace, the house became colder & colder. These incidents remind one of the dependence we all have nowadays on electricity.

The power was restored in time for me to watch a TV repeat of Prime Minister Trudeau's address to the U.S. Congress today in Washington. (He is the first Canadian prime minister ever to do so.) His speech was eloquent & well composed, declaring that Canada would remain one nation, accepting its part in the defence of North America, & in the aid to foreign countries which it has maintained along with the United States. The Congress received the speech with great applause.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25/77 A storm of freezing rain in the night loaded trees & wires with ice, & when I came downstairs I noticed my birch trees bent under the weight. The tip of one was only a few feet from my study window. Fortunately the downpour changed to plain rain just in time. The old snow shrank a bit more but much remains.

SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1977

Sunny, with a cold NW wind. Walked about the streets for 40 minutes. So far this winter we have had only one big snowstorm (on Jan. 17) & temperatures between 5° and 45° Fahrenheit. This is only on the South Shore. Elsewhere it continues to be a topsy-turvy winter, with deep snows in the U.S. middle west & New England, & frosts reaching into Florida & Mississippi, while the Pacific region is having the mildest & driest winter ever known, reaching over the Rockies into Alberta & Idaho. Predictions of great drought & bad crops all through that region next spring & summer, due to lack of rain & snow now. Predictions of great floods when the heavy snows melt in the mid-West. Meanwhile the price of keeping warm & moving about is going up again with the price of fuel oil, gas, & gasoline. On March 1st gasoline in the Maritimes will be \$1.00 a gallon.

I continue to get letters from readers of my memoirs, some of them old acquaintances whom I haven't seen in many years. I answer them all.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27, 1977 A beautiful spring-like day, sunny & calm, temp. up to 58° Fahrenheit in the sun. I enjoyed my afternoon walk to Union Street & then to Fort Point. Tom & family are dining at Ponhook Lake today, so I cooked supper at home — tenderloin steak, buttered corn, & mushrooms.

MONDAY, FEB. 28/77 Light rain last night & this morning. Temp. 56° Fahrenheit at noon. Spent an hour this afternoon with mattock & shovel removing the heap of old snow between my front walk & the driveway. It was mostly ice & the work was hard, but I enjoyed it.

This morning's newspaper has the obituary of my old acquaintance Watson Kirkconnell, dead at 81. In 1948 he came from Ontario (McMaster University) to become president of Acadia University, & he retired in Wolfville in 1964. A man of persistent industry, with an obsession for seeing his name & works in print, he wrote 40 books & 130 brochures of various kinds, few of which were of much note, except to a few academics. Years ago Fulton Anderson, head of the dept. of philosophy at the University of Toronto, gave me his opinion of Kirkconnell in a few terse words — "The man's clever, you know, but a pip squeak — a pip squeak!"

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2/77 Sunny days & frosty nights. The L.I.P. gang are still working on Park Street, cutting down & removing old elms that are dying. Today I got them to remove the hawthorn tree near the entrance to my garage. It was a messy thing, continually dropping old berries on the driveway, & whenever there was freezing rain its branches

bent under the weight of ice & chafed against the electric wires from the house to the garage.

FRIDAY, MAR. 4, 1977 Sunny. Temp. up to 48° Fahrt. Enjoyed my usual walk to Union Street & then to Port Point. Afternoon tea with the Austin Parkers & their visitors Mr. & Mrs. Russell Dimmick, retired people who have a home at Port Joli.

SATURDAY, MAR. 5/77 Snow in the night, then rain & fog. Indoors all day. Stephen Hall came at 3 p.m. to make a final recorded chat, but his tape machine refused to work. We chatted over drinks until 5:30 & then drove to the Horseshoe Tavern on Legion Street, & dined on steaks & ale. I had never been there before. It opened about 3 or 4 years ago, & is well furnished & efficiently run. The customers at that hour were nearly all young men of the hairy & whiskery type, wearing the uniform of the type, faded & patched blue jeans, well frayed at the lower ends, & sport shirts open at the throat. Plenty of beer had made them a bit loud in talk & laughter, but they were quite orderly. Hall is a big fellow, about 6'3" or 6'4", thirty-ish, with a big appetite. The steaks were a bit tough, but he ate two while my old jaws were chomping their way through one. He has sold his series of fifteen-minute interviews with me to the CBC, who will air them through Halifax station CBH on their Sunday morning show "Maritime Magazine," which runs from 9 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY, MAR. 6/77 Overcast with gleams of hazy sunshine. Temp. 42° Fahrt. Listened to the first of Hall's interviews on "Maritime Magazine" this morning.

It included some comment on me by Dr. John Wickwire, who narrated the incident on the night of young Tom's birth, when he told me about his adventure in Hudson Strait, which subsequently I made into a short story for Blackwood's Magazine. About myself he said I took long solitary walks, & usually played golf alone, in short I was inclined to be a "loner", but I was well liked & very highly respected.

Debby Raddall, driving the old small car, picked me up at 4 p.m. & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. Tom brought me back.

MONDAY, MAR. 7/77 Overcast. Temp. 42° Fahrt. An hour's walk in the afternoon. I continue to get, & answer, variegated letters. A high school student in Cape Breton is doing a paper on my life & works, & wants detail. Some ladies at Maplewood, Lun. Co. are starting a small museum, & want some detail about the Micmac Indians & their relics. The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia is planning an exhibit of Micmac crooked-knives with

carved & ornamented handles, & what do I know about them? A man at Chester is preparing a history of St. Stephen's church there, & what do I know about its first pastor, John Leescombe? And so on.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1977 Overcast. Temp. 42° Fahr. About half of my back lawn is now bare, & the streets & sidewalks are mostly bare & dry.

Had my usual afternoon walk while Mrs. Bagley did her usual house-cleaning job. Austin Parker dropped in & suggested that I write the mayor & council about the former militia armories property adjoining the Perkins house. The land was originally parts of Perkins' grounds, on which his son-in-law Joshua Newton built a mansion after Perkins' death. The house came to be called "Elmwood," & when I came here in 1923 it was a small genteel hotel. During the war 1939-45 the Navy bought it to house seamen whose ships were refitting here & whose living quarters aboard the ships were undergoing repairs & changes. After the war the navy turned it over to the army, who tore down the old house & built several small wooden buildings for the newly formed militia unit here, a battery of field artillery. Eventually that was disbanded, & the army turned the property over to the town of Liverpool. Since then one or two of the buildings have been used as a "Youth centre" under the sponsorship of the ^{KINSMEN} ~~Queens~~ Club. Last year the ~~Queens~~ Club acquired the former Fire Hall on Main Street, a two-story brick building containing on its second floor an auditorium, with good kitchen facilities. This will make a much better gathering place for the town's teenagers. Now the Queens County Historical Society wants to have the old armories site as a place for a good fire-proof museum, as an adjunct to the ^{home} ~~Queens~~ Perkins. They are opposed by various people (including some councillors) who want to use it for a home for old folks, financed by government money, but remaining on the town's tax roll, whereas a museum, as part of the Perkins property, would be tax-exempt. My son Tom & others have written to the Liverpool Advance, advocating the museum concept. Today I wrote my plea direct to the mayor & council.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 9/77 Delightful sunny day, temp. up to 56° Fahr. at 2 p.m. Walked 1 1/4 hrs. between Fort Point & Shipyard Point.

THURSDAY, MAR. 10/77 Another delightful day & a good walk. Temp. 52° in the shade, & when the sun reached my outdoor thermometer on the north side of the house, in the late afternoon, it climbed to 74° Fahr.

I am working on my income tax papers for 1976, so that Austin Parker can check them next week. He & wife Vera leave on March 17 for a holiday with son Jim in Tennessee.

A phone call from W. H. ("Punk") Tidmarsh, mayor of Liverpool. He is a retired official of Mersey Paper Co., & an old friend of mine. He thanked me for my letter, & said it was just what he needed to persuade some town councillors.

FRIDAY, MAR. 11, 1977 A day of absolute summer. Temp. nearly 70° Fahrenheit in the shade, & when the sun got around to my outdoor thermometer it rose to 95° . According to the weather bureau ("Environment Canada") in Gta. the temp. was only 13° Celsius = 45° Fahrenheit, but a lot of their coastal weather posts are on points in the sea, where they can be tended by lighthouse men, & consequently their temperatures are much lower than places even a few miles inland. The post here is on Western Head, right out in the cold sea & exposed to every wind.

Here in town the last of the snow vanished from my lawns, & I spent a hot hour with rake, broom & shovel, clearing up the winter's accumulation of branches & twigs, & the litter on the street front. Finally I had to quit, drenched with sweat & aching in my back.

News:- Rival groups of militant American blacks, who profess to be "Muslims" of one sort or another, are constantly at secret war with each other. Two or three years ago in Washington there was a gang murder of men, women & a child. Yesterday a gang of blacks who allegedly sought "justice", burst into three Washington buildings (one in sight of the White House) & seized 105 hostages, some of them blacks but mostly whites. They killed one man, wounded & battered several others, before representatives from truly Moslem countries talked them into surrendering themselves to police.

Here in Canada our prime minister Trudeau, harassed by political troubles, isn't getting any help from his increasingly erratic wife Margaret. She has been under treatment by psychiatrists at various times. A few days ago she went to Toronto to attend concerts by "The Rolling Stones", a famous "rock" music troupe headed by "Mick" Jagger, notorious for womanizing & drug addiction. She stayed two days, in the same Toronto hotel with the troupe, then followed them in the same plane to New York. She cancelled various public engagements in Canada (one in Halifax) & told a Toronto Star reporter that she was "abdicate" from all public responsibilities.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1977 Again sunny but cooler. I worked another hour raking tree-trash off the back lawn, hampered by my weird eye-sight & an aching back.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13/77 We are back to normal March weather - overcast, with a bleak east wind, & a slow rain at evening. I finished the clean-up chore on my lawns. Dined at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAR. 14/77 Easterly wind & rain. Took my typed statements & schedules of income etc. to Austin Parker & got him to calculate the tax. My gross income for 1976 was \$22,166.84. After deduction of various allowances, business costs, etc., my taxable income was \$17,666.84, & the total federal & provincial tax was \$3,620.23. I had paid \$3,000 in 1976, so I owe \$620.23.

John McBaul, current president of the Queens County Historical Society, phoned me joyfully this evening. The mayor & council had just passed a motion agreeing with my letter. The town will lease the old armouries property to the Q.C. Historical Society for 3 years at a nominal rent of \$1 a year, with a further extension of 2 years if by that time the Society has a definite arrangement for the proposed museum. Lindon Martin, head of the N.S. Museum, which administers the Perkins House, had written a letter stating that N.S. Museum was ready to purchase the Armouries site from the town, & to assist in the design & structure of a museum there. The town specifies that the Historical Society must remove the small one-story wooden buildings now standing on the site, before June 1978.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 16/77 Cloudy & raw. On the book-rack in Hemeon's drug store I found that he had recently received paperback copies of "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach" printed in Canada by "Popular Library, Toronto". The original edition was printed in New York by Popular Library, in 1969, by arrangement with Doubleday. By doing out a few copies of this edition to the firm of H. H. Marshall in Halifax, year by year, Popular Library has clung to the copyright, claiming that they had these novels of mine "in print". The royalty returns to me, paid through Doubleday, New York, very derisory, amounting to 5 or at most \$10 a year. My protests to Ken McCormick of Doubleday, New York, got a bland run-around. Now they have sold out the last token copies of the original N.Y. edition, & arranged a new printing by the newly created firm of "Popular Library, Toronto". The new edition is undated.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1977 Typical March weather, patches of sunshine, of fine sleet, & flurries. Mrs. Doris Velleman came this afternoon for a talk. She & husband Leo have had a long experience with puppet theatre in the U.S. They now make their home in Chester, intending a complete retirement, but got bored with doing nothing. They have bought the old Chester theatre & made it over to stage puppet plays. They have renamed the theatre The Leading Wind, after an old sailing ship at Cape Cod, & are preparing their first play. Velleman makes the puppets & the sets, etc. She writes the scripts & directs the plays. She showed me the script of their first play, an amusingly exaggerated take-off on Victorian melodrama, supposedly staged somewhere on the Nova Scotia coast, in the 1830's or 1840's. She checked with me on some nautical & other points. They plan to stage the play next July, and she offered to take me there to see it. Towards the end of this interview she mentioned casually that she & her husband had other theatrical experience & interests, that Velleman had long been interested in "The Nymph & The Lamp" (which she confessed she had not read yet) & they were both interested in some of my short stories, notably "The Wedding Gift". I told her that "The Nymph" is currently under option to a Hollywood group, & that the CBC had made a good television play from "The Wedding Gift". She expressed disappointment, but asked if she could have another talk with me in the latter part of May, when I should be recovered from my forthcoming eye operation. I agreed.

FRIDAY, MAR. 18/77 Overcast & chilly. Walked for an hour. A note from Dr. George Sapp's office. I am to enter the Halifax Infirmary on Wednesday morning, April 6, & the operation will begin at 9 a.m. April 7.

SATURDAY, MAR. 19/77 A snowstorm began last evening & roared all night. It turned to a certain amount of freezing rain towards morning, & I awoke to find about 18" of soggy & crusty snow on the ground, & a waist-high wall of stuff like concrete, compressed & shoved aside by the snow plough, right across the street front. Worked 1½ hours shoveling out my front walk, & a side path to the garage, where I keep my garbage cans. That was all that my back would stand. After a rest, I walked to the post office for my mail. By that time the gale had howled around to N.W. & blew with hard cold gusts, & some intervals of sunshine.

SUNDAY, MAR. 20/77 Sunny. Temp. 42° in the shade. Worked over an hour clearing the snow (now turned to semi-ice by last night's freeze) from my driveway etc., just for some good exercise. Tom & family are in Hfx for the weekend. Chet Legrow phoned me at 1:30. He was walking past Tom's house & noticed the

front door wide open. There were no tracks in the snow, so he went in & phoned me. There was no sign of anything wrong, although the furnace must have been running continuously (& expensively) ever since they left on Friday. Presumably Tom or one of the kids had failed to shut the door properly, & the storm that night blew it open.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1977 Bright & warm for the first day of spring, but snow still covers the ground, & sidewalks are icy & dangerous.

A man named Bruce Armstrong came from Halifax by appointment to make a tape-recorded interview about Sable Island. In 1968 he was employed by the CBC to make a documentary TV film on Sable Island. Now Doubleday Canada has made a contract with him for a book on the island. Thus he is doing what Doubleday wanted me to do at the time I broke off my connection with them in 1969. Armstrong had studied my file & photographs on Sable Island in Dalhousie library. This interview lasted 2½ hours. Finally he asked if I would write a foreword to his book. I agreed, saying that my relations with Doubleday Canada had been good. My dissatisfaction was with the main company in New York.

TUESDAY, MAR. 22/77 Another bright warm day. This afternoon Stephen Hall came with his tape-recorder for another interview, this time about my memories of Sable Island. I told him that Bruce Armstrong had taped a long interview on that subject yesterday, but that didn't seem to bother him.

Last summer & fall I had phone calls from Reader's Digest people in Montreal, inquiring details of costumes etc. in connection with the privateer "Rover". Today I received from them a copy of their latest book "Great Canadian Adventures", well printed, & bound in hard covers. It contains an abbreviated version of my book "The Rover", by arrangement with MacMillan (Canada) Ltd., who paid me \$5,000 for all rights in the book in 1958.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 23/77 A violent blizzard began last evening & blew all night & all morning — the second in less than five days. As before, it left about a foot of soggy snow, deeper in the drifts. For the sake of my back (& heart!) I limit myself to an hour of shoveling. Got my paths cleared to the street & the garage.

THURSDAY, MAR. 24/77 Miserable weather, no wind, but a thin snow falling & melting on the asphalt. Hired a taxi to pick up parcels at Simpsons-Sears, wine at the liquor store, & a week's meat & groceries at the supermarket. Wrote letters, & filled out a form sent by the P.E.I. Information

I am enjoying my new stereo record player, a portable machine that I got from Simpson's - Sears. My old machine gave up the ghost two or three years ago, & it was impossible to get new parts or repairs. The console was an excellent piece of cabinet work, so I placed the new player on its top. For a time I was satisfied with the CBC's FM station at Halifax, which played good music most of the day. Then the CBC's rulers decided that there ought to be a lot more talk on their FM programs, & I got tired of the yack-yack-yack. Now I can have my own choice of Dvorak, Grieg, Mendelssohn, Rachmaninoff, etc., with a nostalgic mixture of light opera like "South Pacific", "My Fair Lady", etc.

SUNDAY, MAR. 27/77 A bright day, but as the woods are still full of snow the northerly breeze was chilly. Dined with the Raddells at Hants Point. Tom said he saw a woodcock probing unsuccessfully for worms in a bare patch under the alders beside his brook. This is the first report of a spring bird that I have heard.

MONDAY, MAR. 28/77 Sunny & warm. Walked for an hour in my light golf jacket, including a journey up College Hill to see E's grave. Much of the ground is still covered with snow, but the stuff is thin & rotten.

Another batch of newspaper reviews of "In My Time", ranging all the way from St. John's Nfld. to Nanaimo B.C. Most of them subscribe to the Canadian Press, & simply reprinted the review that Jack Tracy wrote for the C.P.

TUESDAY, MAR. 29/77 Drizzling rain all day at 45° Fahr. News of a terrible accident at Teneriffe, Canary Islands. Taking off in fog, a Dutch (KLM) air-liner crashed into an American (Pan.Am.) air-liner that was stationary on the runway, both filled with passengers, 575 people killed.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 30/77 Sunny & hot (72° Fahr.) in the shade at noon. Had a pleasant hour's walk in the afternoon, & then got out one of my garden chairs & sat in the sun. During my walk I heard several fox sparrows in full song, but with my wretched eyesight could not see them.

THURSDAY, MAR. 31/77 Foggy & mild. A sudden burst of thunder & lightning about 4 p.m., with a deluge of rain mixed with hailstones as big as pears. Charles Burchell, manager of The Book Room in Halifax, called to see me this afternoon, on a business tour of western N.S. We dined together at the Chinese cafe, & spent the evening in chat at my house. The Book Room has sold over 500 copies of "In My Time".

During the past week a crew of workmen from the N.S. Power Corp. have replaced the poles on Park Street with much taller ones, & fitted

them with new accessories, including the street lights. The new lights are much more effective, & they turn themselves on & off automatically with the coming of darkness, & daylight, a great saving of electricity.

In that connection the government-owned Power Corp. has just announced an increase of 47% in its rates, due to increasing costs, mainly the cost of fuel oil.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1977 Sunny & calm, temp. 72°. Sat'd. in the sun. This afternoon I put 11 lbs. of Lawn Green fertilizer on my lawns, using the hand-pushed spreader with its winnowing fan.

SUNDAY, APR. 3/77 Rain all night & morning. Sunny & warm by 4 p.m. Dined at Hunt's Point. Debbie drove me there & back.

TUESDAY, APR. 5/77 Another cold wet sea-gale. Made a list of things to take with me to hospital tomorrow morning.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 13/77 Pamela brought me home after the week in hospital (the Halifax Infirmary). It was a very bad week. I had applied for a private room, for which I paid in advance, but I was ushered into a small room containing 4 beds, & 3 other men. My bed was right alongside that of an utter lunatic named Gallego, from Springhill. This poor creature had undergone an operation for removal of a cataract from his left eye, which consequently was covered with a bandage & plastic shield. He could barely see out of the other - just enough to get himself (& the rest of us) in trouble. With the aid of a walking stick, in daytime, he would make his way to the toilet which served all four of us, bumping into some things & ~~knocking~~, knocking others over. When his stick assured him that he was in the toilet doorway, he proceeded to urinate all over the toilet seat & floor. At night he would fumble for the tall urn-like metal urinal, perched high on his bedside cabinet for easy reach. Invariably he knocked it over, & it fell with the seeming "Bong!" of a cathedral bell on the tiled floor about a foot from my head. At other times he would knock over any cups or glasses that were on the cabinet, & they went smash on the floor. Apart from these matters he could emit more noise, in more ways, than anyone I ever encountered in my life. The days & nights were punctuated by sudden yells, long conversations conducted at the top of his voice (utterly incomprehensible because he had a speech impediment), long paroxysms of violent coughing, & tremendous farts.

Dr. George Sapp began the operation on my right eye at 9 a.m. April 7, & I was on the table 1 hour & 20 minutes. The preliminary anaesthesia was much more elaborate than in my previous operation, with deep needle punctures as far down as the bottom of the cheekbone. Back in my bed, with the madman alongside now amusing himself by banging an empty tobacco pipe on a large aluminum ashtray in a endless anvil alone, I was aware of a tremendous ache in the whole right side of my head as the anaesthetic wore off. Also a horrible feeling of malaise. A nurse soon discovered that my blood pressure (with which I never had any trouble before) had shot up to an alarming point & was still climbing. She fetched a house doctor named C. Reid in a hurry. Another aftermath of the operation was ~~a~~ in my vocal chords. For 3 ~~or~~ days I could barely speak above a whisper. Thus I whispered to Reid, "If you want to get my blood pressure down, get me out of this room, or get that madman out — I don't care which. I have had no sleep or proper rest for the past 48 hours." On Friday at noon I was transferred to a private room, & what with some good sleep & special pills my blood pressure became, as Reid said, "like a schoolboy's".

Nevertheless I retain a severe headache in the right side of my head, the usual pain in the eyeball from the operation, & some loss of speech. I weigh 162 lbs — 8 lbs less than when I entered the hospital a week ago. I have to put 2 kinds of drops in my right eye 3 times a day, & twice daily swallow a pill to keep down blood pressure.

FRIDAY, APR. 15, 1977 Sunny, with bitter NW wind. Walked to post office, & later to the supermarket to order meat & groceries to be sent up to my house. Still very weak & shaky. I have enjoyed long night's sleep since I got home, making up for a week's insomnia in Hfx.

SATURDAY, APR. 16/77 Sunny & cold. Dragged myself to the post office & back. Otherwise sat or lay indoors, feeling ill, dry-mouthed, alternately reading or dozing.

SUNDAY, APR. 17/77 Same weather. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Other guests, Eleanor (widow of "Mih") & youngest son Chris. Piece de resistance was fresh boiled lobsters, which Tom got from a fisherman at S.W. Port Mouton.

MONDAY, APR. 18, 1977 Sunny & cold. My morning walk to the post office was tiring & I did not venture out again. Still much pain in my right eye & temple. Eye watering copiously. Thick nasal discharge as if from a bad catarrhal cold. Wrote letters, catching up with correspondence.

Tended off phoned requests that I address & public meetings.

This evening my sisters Nellie & Hilda phoned from Malone — Nellie just back from her winter in Alabama.

TUESDAY, APR. 19/77 Another day of pain & general misery indoors. Unable to use my right eye at all. Just keep it shut. Wrote one or two letters. Did some perfunctory dusting. The house has not been cleaned since Mrs. Bagley was here on her weekly close on March 31, before I went to hospital, & she cannot begin my spring house-cleaning until Apr. 26.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 20/77 Indoors all day, & my eye improved a bit, & the pain eased considerably. I think that exposing my eye to the cold sea breeze on walks to the post office did the new damage, so I must stay indoors as much as possible.

Note from today's Advance that Bestram J. Waters had died in Florida at 86. A young American engineer, just graduated from this State University, he entered Canada during War One & got a job with a paper mill at Sault Ste. Marie. From there he came to N.S. with Col. G.H.L. Jones when the Mervay Paper Co. was formed in 1928. He was the Col's favourite Yes-man, & was general manager during the time I worked for Mervay 1929-1938. He & his wife kept aloof from town affairs, but did themselves well, & piled up a fortune by the time he retired. They boasted that they had disposed of the fortune in such a way or ways that the Canadian tax authorities wouldn't get a cent of it. All of it went to their two daughters, one of whom has a small family in Wisconsin. The other daughter, Jane, is the wife of Hugh Joyce, one-time employee of Mervay Paper Co., & now head of the Bowater paper interests in North America, with headquarters at Greenwich, Connecticut.

THURSDAY, APR. 21/77 Sunny & very hot. (75° Fahr. in the shade at noon.) I opened windows to let a good clean breeze blow through the house for the first time since last October. Dragged my weak carcass downtown to order groceries to be delivered, & to get a couple of bottles of wine. Got home drenched & exhausted. Right eye still painful & watering, so I keep it closed most of the time.

FRIDAY, APR. 22, 1977

Again a day of unseasonable & uncomfortable heat. No relief outdoors because there is no shade. Temp. in my study by noon was 80° Fahr. despite open window & venetian blinds drawn. My sole activity, after the morning letter to the post office, was to put a large batch of laundry through the washer & electric dryer, & to fold it & put it away. My right eye remains painful & useless, & I have to suck candy or apple juice all day to alleviate the horrible dryness of mouth which has afflicted me ever since the operation on April 17.

Spent most of the day & evening in my livingroom, stripped to a thin pair of trousers & a sleeveless cotton shirt, reading with my left eye, & draining the water from the closed right one, & the continual flow of thin mucus from my right nostril. At the right intervals I put the required medical drops in the eye, & I swallow the anti-blood-pressure pills. None of which does any good.

SATURDAY, APR. 23/77 Light rain last night & this morning. Much cooler.

Walked to the post office. Letter from Jack McClelland quoting a pleasant review of "In My Time" in the widely read American Library Journal.

SUNDAY, APR. 24/77 Snowing slowly all day. Remained indoors, feeling ill.

MONDAY, APR. 25/77 Heavy rain in the night, & a bleak damp day. My charfady, Mrs. Bagley, phoned. She is entering hospital & does not know if or when she will be able to work for me again.

TUESDAY, APR. 26/77 Pamela drove me into Halifax this morning, & we lunched with her mother on Edward Street. She had shopping to do, & I had an appointment with Dr. Lapp at 1:30. My right eye remains painful & bloodshot, so he prescribed stronger drops to be put in the eye four times a day, & an ointment to be applied to the eyeball every night before going to bed.

FRIDAY, APR. 29/77 Sunny, but an icy northerly wind. Erik Andersson took me in his car to shop for meat, groceries & wine. Now that I am allowed to stoop & exert myself after the eye operation, I vacuum-cleaned all the upstairs floors. Wrote answers to fan letters.

SATURDAY, APR. 30/77 A cold night with snow squalls. Sunny but cold today. This afternoon I vacuum-cleaned the first floor thoroughly, moving all the furniture, as poor Mrs. Bagley never attempted to do. In my own condition it was hard & hot work, & I was exhausted by 5:30, but I was glad to have the exercise, which I need badly.

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1977 Sunny & cool. Took an hour's stroll, including a visit to C's grave on College Hill. Debby picked me up in the little car & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Tommy had been playing golf, & said the pros, Jim Dumeah, asked him, "When is your grandfather going to play again? He should be out here now."

MONDAY, MAY 2/77 Sunny & cool. Walked to the post office & barker's shop. Otherwise spent my small supply of energy indoors, washing the kitchen & bathroom floors; washing, drying, & storing away a large batch of laundry, etc. John McCaig dropped in to tell me the Historical Society's efforts towards a new museum are going well. Wants me to attend a dinner of the Society on May 18. Lynn Martin, curator of the N.S. Museum, Mayor Wendell Tidmarsh of Liverpool, Eric Ruff, curator of the Yarmouth museum, will be there. Martin is enthusiastic about a new Queens County museum, & will be instrumental in obtaining provincial & federal money.

TUESDAY, MAY 3/77 Sunny & windy. Loosened the earth about my five remaining roses, & worked in a trowel full of Vigoro fertilizer around each. My shrubs are breaking into leaf, & the forsythias are in full bloom. In the afternoon, wearing my light golf jacket, I walked to the railway station, thence to the Parade, & home by way of Waterloo Street — one hour ten minutes. My footing improves with practice, but I'm still shaky.

Early this evening I had a phone call from W. F. Allen of the University of Alberta, asking if I would accept their Literary Medal, for which I had been nominated. The medal will be presented at the Banff ^{Lecture} School of Fine Arts in July. I said I was honoured by the nomination, but I explained my eyesight difficulties & said I couldn't travel under these conditions. He suggested that my eyesight might improve considerably by July, & in the meantime the matter of acceptance in person could be held in abeyance. The University will send me a formal letter about the offer, & in the meantime I am to send them a brief dossier of my life & works, from which they can compile a statement to the press.

THURSDAY, MAY 5/77 The seventh consecutive day of sunshine with a chilly & boisterous N. wind. I had an appointment at Dr. Frank Bell's office at 11:15 a.m., to check my blood pressure, & I was there at 11:10. As usual his little waiting room was jammed with people,

mostly young mothers of the ignorant class, with sneezing or barking kids.
 (There is a flu epidemic.) With free medicare, these people flock to the doctors' offices whenever they have a headache or the child has a sneeze. After half an hour of waiting beyond my appointment, in that small room full of microbes, I decided I'd rather die of blood pressure than flu, which at my age would be sure to develop into pneumonia, as it has twice before. I went home.

Walked about the town this afternoon for 45 minutes. The sun was hot in sheltered places but was offset by the wind anywhere else.

SATURDAY, May 7, 1977 A little rain yesterday, but today was again sunny with the cool northerly breeze. Walked about ~~to~~ an hour & a half. Letter from McClelland & Stewart asking me to indicate any corrections in the text of *In My Time* "in view of the probability that we will be reprinting in the very near future". Received the Spring '77 volume of "Writers' News", a 78-page mimeograph bound with staples, put out by The Writers' Federation of Nova Scotia, which is financed mainly by a grant from the (N.S.) Department of Recreation, Member the Hon. Garret Brown. Among other things it lists the names & addresses of the Federation members, a total of 431, about half men & half women, including myself & 3 others who were appointed honorary members a year or so ago. The majority are teachers in schools or colleges, who dabble in poetry or avant garde fiction which they hope to get published in little magazines. Others are non-entities who like to call themselves writers, such as a Liverpool postal clerk who writes letters to our weekly paper. About 30 might be considered writers in a real sense, like "Silver" Donald Cameron, who had some acid remarks in the last issue, & quoted my quip to the Halifax branch of the C.A.A. many years ago - "There is too much talk about writing and not enough writing."

One good thing I notice in this issue. The Federation has set up a literary award trust fund in memory of Evelyn Richardson, author of "We keep a light" & other books. She died of cancer a few months ago. I am sending a cheque for \$350.00.

SUNDAY, MAY 8/77 Sunny with the same chill N. breeze. Did my laundry, etc. At 4:30 Debby picked me up with the Raddells' new or nearly new second car, a smart little Monza, & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. (Partridge & woodcock, with cauliflower, peas & rice, with glasses of Chateau Neuf du Pape, & apple pie.) Tom thinks I ought to go to Banff in July for the University of Alberta medal. Pamela

Barrymore, who once advised:
"The way to fight a woman is
with your hat. Grab it and run."

What ever became of....

Thomas H. Raddall hardly seemed destined for world fame and literary honors back in the era of World War I when he quit school at age 14, joined the merchant marine, and wound up as a wireless operator on Sable Island, a lonely sandspit 175 miles off the coast of Nova Scotia.

But while he was on that island he resolved to do something more with his life — a decision that led him to improve his education, try his hand at writing, and sell his first short story (set on Sable Is-

land) to Maclean's magazine for 1 cent a word.

From there, though it took him years to achieve financial independence as a writer, Raddall never looked back, turning



out a succession of high quality historical novels such as His Majesty's Yankees, The Nymph and the Lamp, The Path of Destiny and Pride's Fancy

that made him one of Canada's most popular authors.

Working slowly and meticulously to insure that every detail in his books were historically accurate, Raddall managed to produce 16 major novels be-

tween 1942 and 1968 that were translated into several foreign languages and won him the Governor-General's Award for literature three times before he wound down his writing activities in the 1970s.

These days, after undergoing an operation for cataracts and completing his soon-to-be-published memoirs, the 72-year-old widower is living in quiet prosperity in his Liverpool, N.S., home, where he still golfs regularly and enjoys outdoors hobbies.

Why doesn't he keep writing?

"I made up my mind a long time ago that I would retire before I began to slip," he says. "We've all seen writers who go from good to mediocre to terrible when they try to hang on too long. I resolved never to do that." —GEORGE GAMESTER

would go with me. I object to making a sorry spectacle of the man who wrote my books, now very old, lame & stooped by arthritis, half blind, & deaf in my right ear. Like old soldiers, old authors should simply fade away.

Monday, May 9, 1977 Sunny, but with the same icy wind. Walked about the town about 1½ hours, with a light sweater under my golf jacket. Erik Andersen dropped in, just back from a week in Bermuda. Received the formal letter from the University of Alberta making me the 1977 recipient of their National Award in Letters. This, & similar medals for Music, and Painting & Related Arts, were first awarded in 1951. Among the recipients in Letters were Margy de la Roche, S. J. Pratt, Hugh MacLennan, Bruce Hutchison, W. G. Hardy.

Thursday, May 12/77 Sunny & actually warm at last. Royalty returns from McClelland & Stewart, for the six months ending Dec. 31/76, show sales of 3,225 copies of "In My Time", which was published in October.

Friday, May 13/77 A cold rainy day. Sixty-four years ago my family arrived at Halifax in s/s Carthaginian.

Tom, Pamela & son Tommy picked me up with their station wagon at 9 a.m. & drove to Hfx for some shopping & for my appointment with Dr. George Sapp. We lunched in the excellent Private restaurant on the waterfront - the old Collins warehouse. At 1:30 Sapp examined my right eye, found most of the inflammation gone, & tested its vision with various lenses. I am to continue with the prescribed eye-drops & come back in 3 weeks' time (June 3). He said, "I can promise that you will be able to drive your car this summer, & even play golf." After all the pains & dreary delays of the past 9 months I will believe that only when or if it comes true. Home at 4:30 p.m.

Investment note:- In 1963, on the recommendation of the late W. J. White, I bought 300 shares of West Pacific Products & Crude Oil Pipelines for \$5,627.50. In 1971 this company merged with Westcoast Petroleum Ltd., & I received in exchange 240 shares of convertible preferred in W.P.L. It paid a small dividend until this year, when the dividend abruptly ceased. My son Tom's broker in Hfx, John Oyley of Burns Fry Ltd, told me on the phone that I should sell the stock at once, for whatever I could get for it. Today I got a mailed slip from Burns Fry, showing that they'd managed to sell it for \$3,734.25 after brokerage. They re-invested the proceeds in 75 common shares of Bell Telephone. If I'd invested the original \$5,627 in Bell in 1963 it would have a good capital gain today, plus dividends.

SUNDAY, May 15, 1977 Sunny & cool. Walked for an hour, & spent some time digging dandelions out of my lawn. Dined at Hants Point.

My old friend Harvey Crowell died at his home in Halifax today, after a long illness, aged 88. He served in the Nova Scotia Highlanders (85th Bn) in War One, was wounded at Vimy Ridge, & was second-in-command at the war's end. After the war he & a comrade in arms, Roy Balcom, set up a partnership as chartered accountants in Hfx. One of their first clients was the old Macleod Pulp & Paper Company on the Mersey River, & I met them first when I went to work for that company in 1923. Eventually they built up a big business, & after War Two Crowell was a valuable financial advisor to Acadia University during its postwar years of expansion. Every summer he spent a holiday at White Point, & we played golf together. A good & patriotic man during his whole life, he was liked & respected wherever he went.

MONDAY, MAY 16/77 Borrowed Ralph Johnson's roller, filled it with water, & went over my back lawn up-&-down & across. Heavy going, as the lawn hasn't rolled for several years, & it is full of bumps & hollows.

Jack McClelland has sent me a copy of the "Canadian Reader" for February '77. It is the publication of the Readers' Club of Canada, Toronto. It sets forth "In My Time" as a club selection, with review by Toronto journalist Robert Fulford. He calls it my "eccentric but lovable book" — "this surprising & altogether welcome book" — & speaks of my "bitterness" & "pride" & "the salty arrogance".

In his accompanying note Jack says, "Please don't rush out & buy a yacht or anything like that. You will get your regular royalty but it doesn't amount to a lot of copies."

TUESDAY, May 17/77 Sunny & very hot. My charlady Mrs. Bagley is ill with flu & could not come today. In the afternoon I worked 2 hours rolling my lawns, front, side & back. At midnight when I went to bed, with every possible window open, the temp. in my living room was 85° Fahr.

WEDNESDAY, May 18/77 A slam-bang thunderstorm wakened me at 3 a.m. & continued until 5:30. Unable to resume sleep I got up at 6, had my usual breakfast of toast & coffee, & then dozed for about an hour. Another sunny day but much cooler & delightful. Took off the wooden storm-door on the side entrance. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns with the electric machine, & trimming the edges with the hand-pushed mower.

At 6 p.m. I attended a buffet dinner of the Queens County

Teasers

Books titled *Fruits of the Earth* and *The Nymph and the Lamp* were among a list of textbooks approved by the Carleton board of education Monday for use at Cairine Wilson secondary school.

When the list came up for discussion several trustees jokingly referred to the titles as "interesting."

In reference to an attempt by some Ottawa board of education trustees to ban a particular book, one CBE trustee remarked that the Carleton board doesn't act as censors.

"The administration is able and capable of acting our behalf," the trustee joked.

Although none of the trustees or staff spoken to following the meeting had read *The Nymph and the Lamp*, they believe the word nymph was in reference to the wood nymph of classical mythology.

Historical Society, held in Trinity Parish Hall. President John McCaul was in the chair at head table, & the guests there were Wendell Tidmarsh (mayor of Liverpool), J. L. Martin (curator & director of the N. S. Museum), Eric Ruff (curator of Yarmouth museum), & Teesy Henry Ross, of Yarmouth Historical Society.

Following the dinner, Tidmarsh explained the situation about the former Armoury property adjoining the Perkins house. He & the town council were unanimous in supporting the Q.B.H. Society's application for the purchase of the property. However, in process of town law, this must be confirmed by a public meeting of town taxpayers, & he suggested that the Society & its friends among the taxpayers should be there. Martin spoke of the deep interest of the N. S. Museum, which administers various museums throughout the province, and historic properties including the Perkins House. He can get funds to buy the Armoury land, & to fill in & make presentable the small cellars under some of the Armoury buildings, which are now being demolished & removed. The Queens Historical Society must make a vigorous effort to raise funds towards the building of a museum, & when that has been done, much larger provincial & federal funds will be available. The museum must be fireproof, & tastefully designed to fit its presence near the Perkins house. Ruff & Ross spoke on the Yarmouth museum, now acknowledged the best in N.S. outside of Hfx., all developed from small beginnings.

At McCaul's request I made a vote of thanks to the speakers. The hall was full, & I was happy to see the interest & enthusiasm of the society in the new project.

FRIDAY, May 20, 1977 Sunny & pleasant. Yesterday, perchng a step-ladder on the laundry platform, I tried to remove the old wooden storm window on the kitchen window. I slackened up all the screws but it stuck at the top, & with my difficult eyesight I couldn't see what was holding it. My handyman neighbour Erik is away, so I left it as it was. Probably it was just some stickiness of the paint from the recent hot sunshine. Anyhow it let go during the night & ~~fell~~ on the platform. The glass panes went to smithereens & the old frame broke as well. This morning I cleared away the mess & installed the fly screen in its place.

Bird note:- For years a pair of yellow warblers have nested in the shrubs on the west side of my sun porch. They make their

first appearance between May 16 & May 26, & the average date is May 22. Today I noticed a female examining the shrubs there, which are *Deutzias*, not yet in full leaf. Today I bought a new white plastic bird bath & pedestal, & installed it to replace the old one, which was cracked by the little mulatto rascal a few years ago. It has leaked ever since, in spite of many attempts to caulk & seal it.

SATURDAY, May 21, 1977 Sunny, with a cool E. breeze. Spent most of the afternoon pruning dead branches from shrubs, hand-clipping grass on the edges of my lawns, etc. Lovely to hear every day now the yellow warblers' song. A cock robin forages for worms on my back lawn every day, carrying them chopped in pieces to a spruce tree behind Anderssen's garden, where his mate must be hatching eggs.

SUNDAY, May 22/77 Fine & very hot. My back lawn still has much evidence of winter-kill, the worst I can remember. The fertilizer I applied to it on April 2nd. does not seem to have done much good, so this afternoon I spread about 10 lbs of the white fertilizer. dug up dandelions etc. At 3:30 Debby picked me up & drove to ^{HUNT'S} Point, where I enjoyed drinks & chat with the family of the Milton Green, who had dropped in for a call. Dined on charcoal-broiled steak, baked potato, broccoli, & apple pie. On the way home at 7:30 Debby drove past the golf course & I noted that the parking lot was jammed with cars. Tomorrow is a holiday (Victoria Day) & in this fine weather a lot of people have come down the South Shore for the long weekend.

MONDAY, May 23/77 Stifling heat. My outdoor ~~thermostatic~~ thermometer, in the afternoon sun, registered 110° Fahrn. I pottered about my lawns for half an hour, & spent the rest of the day & evening in an easy chair, reading, with my big electric fan about five feet away. The temp. indoors was 88° & I wore nothing but my pyjama trousers.

I am reading the voluminous report of the Mackenzie Valley pipeline inquiry, compiled by Mr. Justice J. R. Berger after long & careful investigation in the Mackenzie valley & in the Yukon territory. Considering the various native peoples, whose simple way of life would be ravaged by the influx of white workers, & by the roads, air flights, & other disturbing things that would come with them, Berger flatly recommends that no gas or oil pipelines be permitted for the next ten years. In that time the Canadian government should come to adequate compensation terms with the indigenous peoples, not merely in money, but in housing etc. ^{and} in unspoiled hunting & fishing grounds.

Berger says that gas or oil from the Mackenzie delta & the

Beaufort Sea should be transported via the just-completed Alaska pipeline, all in American territory. He adds in detail, from many experts, a dire warning about oil spills or "blow-outs" in the ice-ridden Beaufort Sea, which could never be cleaned up, & which could destroy most of the marine life along our Arctic coast, & with it the life of the Eskimo & Indian people who depend on it.

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1977 Again very hot. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m., lunched with me, & worked again till 2 p.m. Met Austin Parker, who told me about his fishing trip. With brother Edwin & Erik Anderssen they went to the Morsey Co.'s, Camp One, on the shore of Lake Rossignol, at the mouth of Shelburne River. Using that as a base they traveled over the paper company's excellent road system from Friday to Monday evening, fishing in various streams & lakes. They got exactly one trout each, by trolling in Jordan Lake.

For many years the Morsey Company maintained a gate & a watchman at their Keweenaw River bridge, & thereby reserved the fishing & hunting west of the river for their own (several hundred) employees, & of course the guests & friends of the company officials.

In those times I used to fish there with Austin Parker, Brent Smith, & Ray Gordon. In the 1950's some people made an outcry to the provincial government, & the company was ordered to admit the general public to its private roads. Since then the streams & forests west of Keweenaw River & Lake Rossignol have swarmed with hunters & fishermen, many of them from Halifax, & the streams have been "fished empty", & the deer reduced to a fraction of a once numerous herd.

News:- Six (federal) by-elections were held today. Five were in the province of Quebec, & Prime Minister Trudeau & Conservative leader Joe Clark campaigned vigorously there. The Liberals managed to retain quite easily the four seats they held in Quebec. The other, René Lévesque's old Social Credit stronghold of Temiskaming, was retaken for the S.C. by his son. The only surprise was the sixth seat, Malpeque in P.E.I., which has been held by Conservatives for 25 years. This time it went Liberal.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25/77 Fine & a little cooler. Mowed my lawns. Erik Anderssen, sipping ale on my lawn, told me about his fishing trip. My entry yesterday was not quite correct. The Morsey Company still

maintains a gate & watchman at the bridge over Kojimkujik River. Theoretically the gate is opened only for people with passes from the Company; but so many passes have been issued to the hundreds of Company employees & their friends, & numerous other people whom the Company wants to please, that in effect the woodlands west of Lake Rossignol swarm with anglers from April 1st., & deer hunters in October & November.

FRIDAY, May 27, 1977 After several days of very hot weather, the thermometer dropped last night to 42° Fahrenheit, and as I had turned off my furnace I awoke this morning to find the house as cold as a tomb. The wind blew a gale from NNW all day, & I wore a turtle-neck sweater under my jacket for my morning walk to the post office & my afternoon walk to the supermarket.

Letter from Willard Allen of the University of Alberta, enclosing copy of a statement they will release to Canadian Press & other news media early in June. It gives a précis of my life & works, & states that I will receive the medal "at the opening concert of the Banff centre Summer School on July 12".

SATURDAY, May 28/77 Open-&-shut sky, somewhat warmer, despite the strong NNW wind. Walked about the town 1½ hours this afternoon.

News:- In an official statement to the press yesterday Prime Minister Trudeau announced that, at his wife's wish, they will now lead separate lives. The 3 children, all boys, will remain with their father, but Margaret will have easy access to them. She is in New York & intends to pursue a career as a press photographer. Both Pierre & she are Roman Catholics, & there has been no mention of a divorce. Canadians were astonished when, at 21, she married a man 27 years older. Now she declares, to a New York reporter, that she married for love & was disappointed to find that Pierre was too busy running Canada to give enough attention to herself. Now 28, she is obviously a psycho-neurotic, in fact a year or two ago she spent some time in the Montreal Neurological Institute.

SUNDAY, May 29/77 Same weather & same walk. God, how I long to be able to drive my car again, & get out to the golf course or to walk on the beach at Summersville, or merely to drive about the coast or the countryside, as I did before this creeping blindness began to make itself manifest three or four years ago.

Dined on fresh salmon, boiled, with egg sauce - at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, May 30, 1977

Fine & warm. Enjoyed my walk.

News:- Last Friday the RCMP seized a small yacht, ketch-rigged, anchored off a small cove near Chester. She is registered in Glasgow, Scotland, under the name "Delia", and had on board more than six tons of hashish from Colombia, South America. Police say it is of the highest quality, known in the trade as "Colombian gold", & worth about fourteen million dollars "on the street" — the biggest seizure of illicit drugs ever made in Canada. Four Americans & two Canadians have been arrested.

I am reading "The Canadian Establishment", Volume One, first published in 1975 & reprinted in '76. Tremendously interesting, especially when I recall Isaak Walton Killam, Jack MacKeen, Ralph Bell, & other Nova Scotian members of the Establishment nearly half a century ago. The book is by Peter Newman, a long-time observer of Canadian politicians & financiers. The book deals mostly with the present day Establishment — "the 1,000 men who really run Canada — invisible, inbred, secretive, puritanical & tough-minded." Newman calls them "this country's non-elected government", & goes into scathing detail of their lives & methods. The most prominent Nova Scotian among them nowadays is Frank M. Covert, corporation lawyer at Halifax (Stewart, MacKeen & Covert is the firm's name but Stewart & MacKeen are long dead) who is a director of 29 Canadian companies, including the Royal Bank of Canada, & the Bowaters Mersey Paper Company. He has a home at Hunt's Point where he & his wife spend every summer & every possible weekend during the rest of the year. I have often chatted with them on the White Point golf course, & found them quiet & pleasant & reserved people who do not show their wealth in any way.

TUESDAY, May 31/77 Fine & hot. Mowed my lawns in the afternoon. As I finished, Jerry Nickerson called me over for a drink & a chat with the Donald Flick couple, of Port Joli, who were visiting. My charlady Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked until 2 p.m., with time out for lunch with me.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1/77 Fine & warm. Potted about the lawns, hand-clipping the edges, etc. Received eight books I ordered from Marlboro — memoirs of Malcolm Muggeridge, film writer Michael Pertwee (whose father Roland was writing occasional short stories for the

Saturday Evening Post when I was), film director Garson Kanin, Nigel Nicolson's "Portrait of a Marriage", etc.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1977 Dennis Gross, taximan, took me to Hfx. this morning, for my appointment with Dr. Sapp. Fog & a flood of rain all the way there & back. Sapp examined my eyes, said the right eye had recovered completely from the post-operative inflammation, & gave me a prescription for the new lens. This, like the one for my left eye last Fall, will be made by an optical firm in Toronto, & will be fitted by Wile, my optometrist here.

Bill Allyn phoned from New York at 5:30. He is partner of David Lunny ("Allyn-Lunny Productions") who has written me before about "The Rynph & The Lamp". Allyn wanted to know the situation about moving picture rights. I told him that Gary Mehlman Productions had paid me \$5,000 for a 12-month option at \$35,000. When this option expires next Sep. 26, Mehlman has the right to extend it for another 12 months on payment of a further option fee of \$5,000. Allyn seemed very excited, said Allyn-Lunny Productions were ready to out-bid anybody else ("any price you name"), & asked me to let him or Lunny know, by phone or telex, if Mehlman failed to renew on Sep. 26. The address of A-L Productions is 8611 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles. (See entry Sep 27/76).

My friend Parker miscalculated the tax on my 1976 income, & today's mail brought a federal govt. cheque for \$83.30 "refund of overpayment".

SATURDAY, JUNE 4/77 Mostly overcast & threatening rain. Bill Percy phoned asking me to attend the convention of the N.S. Writers' Federation this month. The Federation would provide transportation & hotel accommodation. I told him about my eyeglass difficulty & said I couldn't come.

My lilacs are in full bloom, & scent the evening air.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5/77 Damp, overcast, cold. The furnace runs frequently, day & night. Walked this afternoon. At 4:30 Eleanor Clark & son Chris picked me up & we had drinks & chat & dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

Bird note:- The hen yellow warbler is hatching a brood in the little nest by the sun porch. Tragedy has befallen the pair of robins that nested behind Anderssen's garden; a lone adult with a lone half-grown bird forage together on my lawn. The shrubbery that runs along the

back of our Park Street properties is infested with prowling cats from Waterloo Street. The pair of song sparrows that nested behind my property for many years have not appeared there for three or four summers, & the pair of cat-birds that also nested there for years have not appeared this summer.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7/77 East wind & cold rain. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has the news release of the University of Alberta about the forthcoming award, neatly tucked away in a corner of the last page after the classified advertisements. The C-H management has, never forgiven me for my caustic reference to it in "Halifax, Warden of the North".

The mail brought an invitation to a reception at Government House, Halifax, on June 22, by Governor-General and Madame Jules Léger, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Order of Canada. I wrote my deep regrets at being unable to attend. I doubt if I shall have my new glasses by then, & optometrist Wile warns me that there will be a period of adjustment after they do come.

This is a great day in Britain, the 25th anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, & the royal family marked it by a formal procession to St. Paul's for a thanksgiving service, & then a luncheon at the Mansion House, attended by heads of the Commonwealth now meeting in London. After the service in St. Paul's, the Queen & Prince Philip walked a quarter-mile to the Mansion House, pausing to chat here & there with people in the wildly cheering crowd along the way. The return from the Mansion House to Buckingham Palace was made in open carriages, again through tremendous crowds. I watched the whole show on TV. It was all done with the best British pageantry — the famous "golden coach" with its six handsome dappled-grey horses, the riders & footmen, etc. The streets were lined on both sides by soldiers, sailors & London police, with no visible weapons, but the crowds were immense, & people were on the rooftops & leaning out of every window along the way. In these times of murderous fanatics, of so many nationalities & political stripes, one admired not only the show but the sheer courage of the royal family, deliberately exposing themselves with smiling calm in the midst of all this. I found my eyes filling with tears as I watched.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1977

Fine & warm, after many cold, grey, & often rainy days. This is the 50th anniversary of my wedding to Edith Freeman, in Milton, on just such a day. This morning & afternoon I mowed my lawns with the electric machine, trimming the edges with the hand-mower & the clippers.

About 5 p.m. someone at the University of Alberta (I didn't catch his name) phoned to ask if I could make it to Banff on July 8. I said I had recovered from the eye operation but would not have my new lenses until the end of this month, & there would have to be a period of trial with them before I could walk about with any confidence. After some discussion of possibilities he said it would be best to be sure, & in that case the medal would be conferred on me in absentia. However, the University would like to entertain me at the Banff festival next year, as many people would like to meet me. I said I'd be delighted to come then. He said he would so inform Willard Allen, & they would look forward to my presence at the festival in 1978.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10/78 The weather reverted to its pattern so far this month, a cold & drenching rain all day & evening. I had a pleasant visit this evening from by George T. G. Stanley & his wife, of Sackville, N.B. I first met him at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada in London, Ontario. He was then a professor of history at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Eventually he retired to Sackville, where he gave lectures on Canadian history to students at Mount Allison University. He is the author of several good books on Canadian military history, & (1963) an excellent & revealing biography of Louis Riel, written before books & plays about Riel had become a flood & developed into the present cult.

The Stanleys are making a brief motor tour of western N.S., which they had never seen, & stopped at a Liverpool motel over night. They will return for a more leisurely tour next Fall, & promised to call on me again.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12/77 No rain today, but a grey sky & bleak breeze. Walked about the town. At 4.45 Debby picked me up with the small car & took me to Hunts Point for dinner.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14/77 Overcast but warm for a change. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns. My spirea shrubs in full white bloom.

Raddall will be honored

Nova Scotia author Thomas Raddall will receive the University of Alberta's National Award in Letters at the opening concert of the Banff Centre Summer School on July 12.

Mr. Raddall, 74, has written eight novels, five volumes of short stories, four volumes of Canadian history and an autobiography, *In My Time*, during his 40 years of writing.

His books have sold more than two and a half million copies and one novel, *Roger Sudden*, was dramatized as the first serial play on Canadian television in 1953.

The university award, in the form of an engraved gold medal, will be presented by Dr. Walter Johns, professor emeritus of classics at the University of Alberta.

Mr. Raddall was born in Hythe, Kent, England in 1903, and came to Canada with his parents in 1913. He attended Chebucto School in Halifax.

He has received honorary degrees from Dalhousie University, the University of King's College, Saint Mary's University and Saint Francis Xavier University.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1977 The cold rainy weather persists. We get one or two fine warm days a week but never on a weekend. My furnace runs frequently in the daytime & regularly at night, as if it were winter. Dined at Hunt's Point. Pam's mother, Marion White, had driven down for the week end, & she dropped me off in Liverpool on her way back to Halifax.

MONDAY, JUNE 20/77 Overcast but no rain, so I had a walk this afternoon. News:- Today, oil started to flow across Alaska from Prudhoe Bay to the port of Valdez, where huge tankers will take it past the British Columbia coast to a huge new refinery in Puget Sound. The pipeline is over 800 miles long, crossing rivers and mountains. It was begun four years ago & cost 7.7 billion dollars. Like the oil field under the North Sea, which is just beginning to produce, the Alaska supply will not solve the oil problems of the so-called western nations. As they come to full production they will merely replace old U.S., Canadian, & Mexican fields now running out, & cannot cope with the ever-increasing demand.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22/77 Wet again, yesterday & today. Farmers & gardeners say their spring plantings are rotting in the ground, & many will have to replant.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23/77 The sun emerged this afternoon for the first time since June 9th. An especially fine day in my life, too, because this morning wife fitted the new lens over the right eye in my glasses. As with the left lens, it will take a lot of getting used to. My distant vision is much improved, but in attempting to read through the lower lens of these bi-focals I find a sort of double vision, with the right eye considerably blurred.

Bird note:- The yellow warblers nesting by my sun porch have now brought their brood to the point where they are fledged & ready to flop to the ground.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24/77 Fine & warm. The warblers have gone from their nest. This afternoon I mowed my lawns, with a little assistance from two boys of the neighborhood, aged about 12, who were eager for some work. They clipped around the edges for a scant half-hour, & charged me \$1.00 each.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25/77 Grey sky again. This afternoon I pruned

the shrubs on the south side of the house, & began an attack on the small jungle of wild shrubbery & sapling ash trees which are now crowding & leaning over my back fence.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1977 Overcast, with heavy rain at evening. Dined at Hunts Point. Steamed clams the piece de resistance, dug by Tom & Pam at The Dike, Port Merton, this morning.

MONDAY, JUNE 27/77 I got my car out of the garage, had it washed at a service station, & drove to White Point, for the first time since August 8 last year. Hurrah! Backing-up is my great difficulty, because (not being an owl) I cannot turn my head around 90° to see behind me, & (since the cataract operations) a side glance is impossible. However, I got along very well. At White Point I borrowed a putter & a couple of balls from the pro., & practised a bit on the putting green. Then I took a stroll around the course. What a joy to walk on turf after all those months of the town sidewalks. The weather was overcast & humid, & the daily rain began just after I got home, when I was vacuum-cleaning the car floor. I managed to get the car back into the garage without hitting anything on one side or the other — no easy trick because the garage is small, with lawn mowers, wheelbarrow, lawn chairs etc. stowed along the sides, & the approach is awkward owing to the stupidity of the builder many years ago.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28/77 Fine & very hot. Drove to White Point & tried my new glasses at golf. Terribly awkward. It took two hours to play 6 holes, dubbing nearly every shot. That was enough for the day.

Erik came in to ask how I'd got along, & we chatted over cold ale till 5.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29/77 Fine, but with more cloud & not so hot. Played 9 holes at White Point in less than 2 hours, dubbing most of the way, but hitting a fairly good shot now & then. The ground & the ball are never where they seem to be, & it's a matter of trial & error & dogged persistence. Apart from all that there is the supreme pleasure of good exercise in pleasant surroundings, & the feeling of resurrection after the hell I have endured for the past year.

Rain again this evening. Our summers are so brief, alas, & here is the month of June gone, mainly in cold rain & drizzle.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30/77 Fine & warm. Heavy motor traffic — people getting out of Hfx. for the holiday weekend. I knew the golf course

would be crowded - no place for a half-blind duffer like me, so I stayed at home doing laundry & other household chores, shopping for meat & groceries etc. Some fireworks tonight at the riverside near the Legion building, a preliminary opening of the holiday still variously known as Dominion Day & Canada Day. Great celebrations are planned right across the country, excepting Quebec, of course.

Vice-admiral Douglas Boyle retired today, after 37 years' service, four of them as head of Maritime Command. His outspoken differences with Ottawa, & his peppery discipline in the navy, got him the nickname of "Festering Boyle", but he was respected for his dedication to the service. He is retiring to Mill Village, where he has bought the house & estate developed years ago by my old acquaintance James Donley. It is an expensive place to keep up, & it has changed hands several times since Donley died.

FRIDAY, July 1, 1977 Fine & hot. I spent most of the morning spraying weed-killer over my lawns ("Kleen") I did this on June 9th. but we had nearly two weeks of wet weather immediately afterwards, & the stuff was washed out. This afternoon I pruned the wild shrubbery behind my property, a hot job. I could hear the band playing for the march of the war veterans, air cadets & boy scouts. A light airplane did some acrobatics, & a big four-engined sea-patrol plane from Greenwood flew low over the town. Ladies in costume served tea, sandwiches & cake on the grounds of the Perkins house.

From 9 p.m. to midnight I watched the CBC television coverage of Canada's 110th birthday celebrations, all the way from St. John's Nfld. to Victoria B.C. The weather was good everywhere but in Ottawa, where a thunderstorm & drenching rain held up the outdoor show for an hour.

SUNDAY, July 3/77 Fine & hot. Mowed the lawns yesterday. The fertilizer I spread on them last April had mostly washed away in the rainy weather that followed, so today I spread another 11 lb. sack of "Lawn Green". Had ale & a chat with the Anderssons on their lawn. The junior Raddalls are visiting in Great Village with friends George & Sandra Caines. At 5 o'clock I drove to ^{Dorsetville} Hunts Point at the "Captain's House", a small summer restaurant set up two or three years ago in an old house facing the cove. The menu is small but good. What I miss most in my present diet is fresh fish, so I enjoyed a sea-food meal, a large bowl of chowder followed by fillet of haddock cooked in wine.

MONDAY, JULY 4, 1977

Overcast but very hot. Played 11 holes at White Point in the afternoon, dubbing every shot, & losing 6 balls. I quitted in despair, but I want this exercise in beautiful surroundings, & I shall keep on doggedly. My right eye used to be the better of the two. Now my vision in the right eye is far inferior to the left, & Dr. Happs' prescription has given me a much more powerful lens, which gives me a grotesque appearance. When I look at myself in a mirror — & when anyone looks at me — my right eye looks twice as large as my left. This deficiency in my formerly good right eye I attribute to a blunder in Happs' operation, which resulted in the long & painful inflammation that followed it. To see reasonably well, & especially to read print, I have to close my right eye & look entirely with my left.

TUESDAY, JULY 5/77 Fine & hot with a strong W. wind. Played 13 holes at White Point, dubbing my way from hole to hole, but occasionally hitting a fairly good shot or making a good putt — purely by accident.

Douglas How has sent me an inscribed copy of his biography of J. W. Killam & his wife Dorothy, entitled "A Very Private Person", printed for the Killam estate for distribution to holders of the various Killam scholarships. The book quotes me on Killam in two or three places.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6/77 Overcast & cool. Played 15 holes at White Point, dubbing almost every shot, using the (shorter) ladies' tees, & lifting my ball out of sand traps & (when I could find it) out of the rough. A travesty of the game, but I enjoy the exercise & fresh air in sight of the sea. Forgot to mention yesterday a visit by Armand Wigglesworth & his (second) wife. He is a native of Liverpool, served during War Two as an electrical technician on ground duty with the RCAF in Canada. Spent several years after the war as electrical engineer for the town of Liverpool, a good and energetic man. His hobby was the militia. He commanded the Liverpool artillery battery (a part of the Yarmouth artillery regiment) for years, brought it to a high efficiency, & eventually became colonel of the whole regiment. Then he got a federal government post at Ottawa in connection with Civil Defence — i.e. plans & practices to protect the population in the event of attack by (presumably Russian) atomic bombs. Nobody puts much attention to that in

Canada nowadays, & "Wiggy" will be happy to retire in Queens County in five years' time. He got me to autograph several of my books in his possession. He has a complete collection including rare items such as my original "Saga of the Rover".

THURSDAY, JULY 7/77 Fine, & warm. Golf all afternoon. My weigelia in full scarlet bloom, & the golden elders begin to blossom.

FRIDAY, JULY 8/77 Fine & warm. On the golf course I met Tom Dorchest & Kitty-Rose (MacDill) Barrow, who are here for their usual summer holidays, staying at Mrs. Marilla MacDill's summer home in Mill Village.

SATURDAY, JULY 9/77 Drizzle of rain all day.

SUNDAY, JULY 10/77 Fine & hot. Played 9 holes at White Point this afternoon, & went on to dine with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. The last time I was able to drive there in my own car was on August 8, 1976, & then I was more than half blind & unfit to be driving at all.

MONDAY, JULY 11/77 Fine & very hot. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns.

TUESDAY, JULY 12/77 Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon. My game does not improve. The CBC at Hfx. phoned & asked me to talk half an hour on their morning radio show on July 18, the day on which Halifax (incorrectly) celebrates its birth. They offered to take me there & bring me back, & would pay me \$100. The radio show starts at 7 a.m. This would require me to get up at 4 a.m., so I said Sorry, No.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13/77 Damp, overcast & muggy. Received another package of books from Marlboro. I pay 10% Canadian customs duty on them. There is no comparable Canadian book firm with frequent catalogues for mail orders.

THURSDAY, JULY 14/77 Overcast & muggy. Dr. Frank Bell gave me a physical check-up, & filled out the form for my automobile insurance company. Main points:- Vision with glasses, 20/25. Blood pressure systolic 140 diastolic 84. Urinalysis, normal. No evidence of disease or neurological or cardiovascular disorder. Neil Copeland of the CBC called on me this evening. He said the "Heritage" TV series last year has been well received across Canada, & producer-director Bill Harper expects a renewed series with a much bigger budget.

At present Copeland is lining up a series of radio interviews with

old seamen on the South Shore who had served in sailing vessels, & asked if I knew any hereabouts. The veterans of square rig died years ago, but there are a few who served in schooners. After a phone check with my friend Hector Macleod I gave him the names of Orrin Conrad and James Morton in Liverpool, Fred Kaiser in Brooklyn, & Joe Letson, Port Medway.

News: - A severe lightning storm knocked out the electrical supply of the city of New York last night & left it in utter darkness for many hours. Before long the street criminals, mostly in the negro slum districts, went on the rampage, looting shops, "mugging" pedestrians, raping women etc. Police have arrested more than 3,000, mostly youths. More than 70 policemen were injured. The mayor of New York has proclaimed a state of emergency, ordered all shops & businesses to remain closed, & people to stay off the streets.

SUNDAY, JULY 17/77 Very hot weather. Golf every afternoon. My game has improved a little but I lose a lot of balls. The Hunts Point Raddalls were away today, & they invited me to dinner tomorrow. On the golf course I have met old friends Fred & Virginia Lenochia, Mrs D.P. Dunford, Harold Shea who is now chief editor of the Hfx Chronicle Herald. Others give me a hail when passing at a distance, but I can't recognize them & can only hail back.

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1977 Still fine & very hot. A cool sea breeze at White Point, where I played golf for 3 hours this afternoon. Mrs. Bagley came as usual on Tuesdays at 8 a.m., house-cleaned all morning, & had lunch with me. Chatting about superstitions, of which she has plenty, she mentioned one, of which I'd never heard - "A whole two-dollar bill is bad luck". As I usually include a two-dollar bill in her pay, I asked what she did about that. She giggled & said, "I always tear off a small corner."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20/77 The heat continues, & it is general all over eastern North America - terrific temperatures in some of the States & in Ontario. I played golf but was tired on the second round & quitted at the 16th hole. My spirea & golden elder shrubs in full bloom. So is the honeysuckle on the back fence, which has not bloomed in several years. After an absence of two or three years, the leaf-miner grubs are busy in my birch trees, & every breeze brings a downward flutter of dead leaves. I spent the evening reading & occasionally watching TV, wearing nothing but thin pyjama trousers,

with my big electric fan perched on a chair four feet away. At midnight the temp. downstairs was 80° Fahr. & it must have well over 90° upstairs. I went to sleep on the livingroom couch.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1977 The hottest day yet. I played nine holes at White Point & that was enough. Met Marilla MacDill's daughter Jean there, with husband Bruce Doherty. Erik Andersen took me downtown in his car to shop for groceries & ale.

Tonight again I slept on the living-room couch, wearing nothing but pyjama trousers. This evening Halifax had a freak storm of thunder & lightning, with an inch of rain & a bombardment of hailstones an inch in diameter.

FRIDAY, JULY 22/77 A shower of rain in the night cooled the air delightfully. Overcast all day, & probably fog at White Point, which would make my kind of golf hopeless, so I stayed at home. In the afternoon I made 2 gallons of "Killer" mixture, & went over my lawns carefully, spraying the dandelion, buttercup, & plantain weeds.

SATURDAY, JULY 23/77 Sun & cloud, with a cool northerly breeze. Golf in the afternoon.

SUNDAY, JULY 24/77 As yesterday, except that I dined with the Raddells at Hunts Point, & found them enjoying their swimming pool, all as brown as Indians.

MONDAY, JULY 25/77 Overcast, with something strange in summer, a cold S.W. wind. As I played golf this afternoon, rain began at the 14th. hole, & I returned home. The rain continued steadily all night - a good thing, for the earth was getting parched after so much hot weather, & ominous brown patches were appearing in lawns & on the golf course.

The post brought a registered package containing the gold medal of the University of Alberta, & neatly bound copies of the certificate & of the citation by Dr. George Baldwin, Dean of Arts of the university, together with a letter from David Leighton, director of the Banff Centre of Fine Arts.

TUESDAY, JULY 26/77 Fine, with a brisk NW wind. Mrs. Bagley came as usual at 8 a.m. on Tuesdays, worked till noon, & had lunch with me. I played golf (very badly) in the afternoon. Wrote my appreciation to Baldwin & Leighton, & accepted their invitation to attend the Banff Festival on July 7, 1978.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27/77 Fine & cool. Golf. At 5 p.m. I drove

to Mill Village to attend a small cocktail party at the summer home of old friend Mrs. Marilla MacDill, whom I have not seen for several years. Now "pushing eighty" as she says, she has been having eye trouble (glaucoma), but she is as bright & pleasant as ever. Her daughter Kitty-Rose & husband Tom Barrow, & daughter Jean & husband Bruce Docherty were there, with two grown-up Dochertys. Also Miss Isabel MacNeil, John McCaul & wife, Admiral Boyle who recently retired to Mill Village. I enjoyed chatting with them, after my secluded life nowadays. Miss Mac Neil told me I hadn't missed anything by my inability to attend the party given by Governor-General & Madame Leger, at Government House, Halifax, supposedly for the 27 Nova Scotians who are members of the Order of Canada. In fact it was a general bash attended by 300 or so Halifaxian husbands & wives, of political or other importance, & Miss Mac Neil was glad to get away.

Thursday, July 28, 1977 Sunny & pleasant. About 10 a.m. of a huge truck & trailer of Mack Transport Ltd., laden with a very long & high cargo of oil tanks from Steel & Engine Products Co., came down Park Street & broke my telephone wire. My neighbour Pushie heard the wire snap & saw it fall. The impact also tore out & broke the insulators on the house end. The truck went on without stopping. I phoned the telephone company from Pushie's house, & they promised to send a repair crew.

Played 9 holes at White Point, very badly, & that was enough. Ventured downtown with my car, for the first time in more than a year, & shopped for meat, groceries, wine, ale & rum.

Dined tonight with my Andersen neighbors, & their guests Bernard Keefer & wife from Calgary. Many years ago Keefer, a native Nova Scotian, taught French in Liverpool, & held a night-class in conversational French at the Tozers' house here, which I attended. Good food & talk. On sabbatical leaves Keefer & wife have spent several years in France & elsewhere in Europe, a good intellectual couple.

Friday, July 29/77 Sunny & pleasant. This morning a man with a telephone company van came & replaced my line & insulators. I played golf in the afternoon. Miss Isabel Mac Neil invited me to join some of the Mill Village people for supper at her house on Sunday evening. I had to beg off, because I can't venture to drive my car at

any time after dusk, owing to the blinding headlights of oncoming cars.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1977 Played 7 holes at White Point. The course was crowded & play very slow. At 5:30, Dr. Fred & Mrs. Senerchia took me to dine with them at White Point. Drinks & chat in their cabin with the John Langdons, the Des Jardins & other friends who come to White Point every summer. After dinner the weather broke in a sudden flood of rain. The Senerchias drove me home about 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 31/77 Potted about the house, doing a big batch of laundry, etc. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, AUG 1/77 The summer is half gone, always a sad fact about this date. Sunny & hot. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns with the electric machine, & then trimming with the hand-pushed one. The bloom has gone from my shrubs & honeysuckle, & my two surviving roses are now past their best. The mail brought a letter from Mrs. Elda McKinnon, now living with her son in B.C. She & her husband Bill gave me bed & board when he was caretaker of the small museum at Louisbourg, & I was doing research for "Rogers Sudden" there in the summer of 1943. She had seen my reference to this in a borrowed copy of "In My Time".

TUESDAY, AUG 2/77 Flowers & patches of sunshine. Very hot & humid. Mrs. Bagley came as usual & tidied the house, polished all the silverware, etc. I mailed an inscribed copy of "In My Time" to Mrs. Elda McKinnon. Wrote letters.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 3/77 Mrs. Verda Stewart came at 10 a.m. by appointment. She is a school teacher in Halifax who wants to do a series of recorded interviews with me, for a small but well regarded little magazine called "Axiom", published in Hfx. We had a light lunch together in the Metropolitan Store, before she returned to Hfx. & I departed to the golf course. A very young-looking grandmother with a trim figure, henna hair, & fluent speech.

THURSDAY, AUG 4/77 Fine & hot. Played 9 holes at White Point in dense fog, with the humidity of a steam bath. I feel more confidence in driving my car, & shopped for meat, groceries, & all in the dense traffic downtown. The lower lenses of my bifocals still give a double image when I am reading print with both eyes. When I want to read or write clearly I simply close one eye.

FRIDAY, AUG. 5, 1977 Fine & very hot. No golf, as I had a dental appointment with son Tom in mid-afternoon. Gordon Archibald, late president of the Maritime Telephone & Telegraph Company, now head of its board of directors, an ardent collector of my books, phoned to ask if he could buy from me a copy of "West Novas". I said he couldn't buy one, but I would send him one. I met him first on a salmon fishing trip to Newfoundland some years ago. Letter from Mrs. Peggy Scott of Hfx. enclosing two recent photos of Chebucto School. She was the daughter of Guildford ("Old Fander") Marshall, principal of the school in 1917, & a classmate of mine at the time of the explosion disaster in December of that year. Chebucto has ceased to be a common school, but is having a continued existence as the music teaching centre for the city school system.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6/77 Overcast & warm. Played 16 holes at White Point.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7/77 Sunny & hot in town. At noon I went to the golf course, which was in fog, with the atmosphere of a steam bath. Play was very slow, & it took 2 hours to play nine holes. Returned to town drenched with sweat. Bathed & changed. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m., found it fogged-in. Tom's mother, Marion White, had driven down for the week-end. It was my grandson Tom's 16th birthday, which I had forgotten. Already he stands 6 feet, is a clever & assiduous student, & at the same time an ardent athlete, good at golf, basketball & ice hockey. We had a delicious dinner of charcoal-broiled steak, with fresh beet-grans & new potatoes, with ~~apple pie~~ birthday cake & ice cream for dessert.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9/77 Fine hot weather, with golf every afternoon. This is the 59th anniversary of my father's death in battle at Amiens, a date I never forget.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10/77 Fine & hot. Mrs. Bagley came today instead of Tuesday. In addition to her usual chores she began sorting out & washing the extra bed sheets & pillowcases which poor C. had stored higgledy-piggledy in the bathroom & a cupboard in Francie's old room. They were getting yellow from lack of use.

A slim Brunette, 30-ish, named MacLennan, employed apparently by Hfx. radio station ~~CBC~~^{CENT}, came by appointment this afternoon to tape a few comments on my long-ago friendship with Bill Deacon, literary critic of Toronto's *Globe & Mail*. After half an

hours of questions & answers, she discovered that her tape-recorder was not recording a word. She took it downtown to get it fixed, but eventually had to take it back to Hfx. This is by no means the first time my own time has been wasted by a faulty machine of this kind. I spent the rest of a hot afternoon mowing my lawns.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11/77 Dripping rain all day. Jack McClelland's daughter Anne called this afternoon with two other girls, on their way to Yarmouth. They are on a motor-camping tour of Nova Scotia & New England, & we had a long & pleasant chat.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12/77 Overcast & calm. Played 11 holes at White Point in fog. A man came with a book to autograph.

The MacKinnon lady phoned for a new appointment next Monday. Letter from H.R. Percy, of the Writers' Federation of N.S., thanking me for my "Very generous" donation to the Evelyn Richardson Award fund. I watch the few TV shows that interest me, seeing clearly with both eyes; but when I turn to read, with the lower lenses of my new bi-focals, I have to shut one eye or the other to avoid double vision. So the days go by.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13/77 Again overcast sky & dead calm air, with fog just offshore. The golf course was crowded with visitors, most of them ignorant of golf & its rules & etiquette. I played 9 holes in two hours & came home.

News:- The common problem of the western world - inflation of the cost of living with, at the same time, a huge unemployed section of the populace demanding more & more relief in cash - is still with us in Canada, where the cost of food has made another alarming jump.

SUNDAY, AUG. 14/77 Same weather. Played nine holes at White Point with Pitblado & a former (1947) officer of the West Novas, now a Canadian trade commissioner at Nairobi. Dinner with the Raddells at Hunts Point - charcoal-broiled steak, with fresh potatoes, peas & carrots, & for dessert a dish of blueberries & raspberries. This is the brief time of the Nova Scotian year when we can enjoy our native products at their best.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18/77 Yesterday was rainy but today the weather cleared again. The golf course was crowded with visitors, all leisurely in their play, & I played a slow nine holes, very badly. My left eye has developed a slight watery discharge.

I have written to St. Lapp asking for an appointment next month.

FRIDAY, AUG. 19/77 Fine & hot. Spent the afternoon mowing my lawns & cleaning up the edges. Molly (Hank) Daly had invited me to an evening dinner party at her summer home near Rockland, & at 5 p.m. her son-in-law Otto Bojer & daughter Lois picked me up & took me there. It is a small house, built by a sea captain many years ago, on the east side of Lockeport harbour, looking across towards Allendale. The party included a young man named Eric Biddle, employed by the Dupont Company in Ontario, Molly's brother Colin Hunt & wife, and two expatriate Czech-Slovakian couples who live in Montreal & have summer homes in Nova Scotia. The talk was lively, although I found the Czech people a little difficult to understand. We ate at tables outdoors, & the piece-de-resistance was planked salmon, cooked in the good Greenfield fashion before a glowing fire of hardwood coals. There were salads & other side dishes & condiments, altogether a very fine meal. The Bojers were staying for the week-end with their two little boys, so I returned to Liverpool with the Colin Hunts. Home at 11 p.m.

SATURDAY, AUG. 20/77 Fine & warm, after a chilly night. This morning I had a brief visit from Chief Justice Ian McKeigan, & wife, who have spent their summers at White Point for years. He had called to deliver a gift from Gordon Archibald at Hfx., a quart of Johnnie Walker, black label, with a card expressing thanks for the book I sent him.

At golf I fell in with two French-Canadian visitors, father & son, Walter & Guy Lévesque. In chat while waiting on the tees I learned that Walter is a merchant in Gaspe, & Guy works for a chemical company in Montreal. When they inquired my occupation I said I was a writer, retired. They'd never heard of me, so I told them to call at my house & I'd give them an autographed copy of the French edition of *The Nymph & The Lamp*. They came this evening with Madame Walter, & Guy had for my autograph half a dozen of my books in paperback, which he had found on sale at the desk in White Point Lodge, where they are staying.

SUNDAY, AUG. 21/77 Fine, with a pleasant SW breeze. Golf in the afternoon, & dinner with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Tom said he had phoned sister Frances, about a week ago to ask if she was coming here this summer. She thought not.

MONDAY, AUG. 22, 1977 Fine & warm, with a fresh SW breeze.
 All afternoon on the golf course. My latest parcel of books from Marlboro includes a volume of discussions of movies by American critic Rex Reed, over the past 10 ten years; a sharp investigation of the Peary - Cooke controversy over that "march" to the north pole in 1909 (I remember the fuss when I was 6 years old); Derek Jarrett's "Pitt the Younger".

TUESDAY, AUG. 23/77 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 A.M. & worked till 10 a.m. She has completed the summer house-cleaning, which occupied her into the afternoon, & told me honestly that two hours each morning henceforth would be enough for her weekly chore. I paid her \$10.00.

Golf all afternoon with John Pittblado. I played very badly compared with yesterday, & quit at the 16th hole, feeling tired. Cooked a supper of tenderloin steak, with (canned) corn, green beans, & sugar peas. Apple pie dessert.

A man from Simpsons - Sears came & measured my kitchen window for an aluminum outer window, combining a fly screen for summer & a sliding glass window for winter. At 10.30 p.m. my daughter Frances phoned from Moncton, saying she & husband Bill will drive here, arriving late Friday night, staying with me through Saturday, & driving home on Sunday morning. She asked me to notify Tom & Pam so we can get together.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24/77 Sunny in town but foggy at White Point, where I played golf with Claude Bishop, son of a bygone druggist here, & for many years a well-paid employee of the federal govt. at Ottawa. Bulldozers are busy on part of the old Walsh property on Waterloo Street, across from the head of Park Street, where a home for elderly citizens is to be built this Fall & winter. The ultimate cost will be about \$375,000, of which the federal govt. will pay 75%, & the provincial govt. 25%.

It will be a two-storey wooden building, containing 15 bedrooms, a lounge, laundry facilities, & car-parking space.

FRIDAY, AUG. 26/77 Sunny with a fresh NW breeze. Golf as usual in the afternoon. At 6 p.m. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived from Moncton by car, with a huge carton of live lobsters from Shubie. Tom & Pamela had come in from Blunts Point, & after drinks we had a feast of steamed lobsters, with wine (Sauterne) and

raisin pie. Sat up till after midnight chatting of old times & acquaintances. Bill & Francie slept at my house.

SATURDAY, AUG 27, 1977 Sunny & warm. Had a pleasant visit this morning from Avery Claridge, who was sergeant in B Company in 1942 when I commanded a rifle platoon. He spent the post-war years in a prosperous hardware business at Barrington Passage, & is now retired there.

Francie spent the day visiting & chatting with old friends. Bill & I spent the afternoon on the golf course, both playing badly. He used to be a first-rate golfer, but his clinic keeps him busy, & what time he can get for recreation he prefers to spend in salmon fishing. He noticed a sort of mole above my right lip, which appeared about a year ago. I nicked it several times while shaving, & each time it grew bigger. Bill advised me to have it removed & examined. I took Bill & Francie to dinner at White Point Lodge & invited Tom & Pamela to ~~decorates~~ join us. We had a couple of drinks in the bar, & then a good sea-food meal, with white wine. The total bill for bar & meals, plus tips, came to about \$85.00.

I returned to town, & Bill & Francie went on to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pam had invited a lot of school & college friends for drinks & chat. The party was a tremendous success — some of them hadn't seen each other for as long as eighteen years — & Bill & Francie didn't get home until 1:30 a.m.

SUNDAY, AUG 28/77 We all slept late, & breakfasted about 9:30. Bill & Francie then left for Moncton. I played golf, & dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, AUG 29/77 Terrific heat & humidity. I played golf, hoping to find cooler air at White Point, but there was no sea breeze, & I quitted after 12 holes.

TUESDAY, AUG 30/77 Again very hot, with no breeze. Having several errands about town, I didn't attempt golf. Mrs Bagley came & worked two hours, for which I paid her ten dollars, despite her protest that it was too much.

WEDNESDAY, AUG 31/77 Sunny, with a cool breeze. Mowed & trimmed my lawns.

THURSDAY, SEP 1/77 Same weather. Played 18 holes at White Point, the first nine with Maurice Russell & Victor Sutton, whom I

knew long ago when he was a young paper-tester in the Mervier Company's laboratory. He went on to better jobs in other paper mills, & for years he has been general manager of Bowater's huge paper mill in Tennessee. At 4 p.m. Dr. Fred Senerchia & wife Virginia dropped in to say goodbye, after spending the summer at White Point Lodge, as they have done for many years. At 7 p.m. I had a phone call from William Allyn, of Allyn-Lunn Productions, Los Angeles. (see entries Sep. 27/76, and June 3/77.) He says that Gary Mehlman Productions is just a "front" for Maurice Singer, the former holder of film option on *The Nymph & The Lamp*, with whom I had refused to do further business when his option expired last September. He adds that Singer is openly proclaiming himself holder of the film rights & trying to sell them for \$150,000. He says, "We are anxious to have the film rights, but we are not prepared to pay a price like that." I told him that Mehlman Productions hold an option on *The Nymph* which expires next Oct. 11. On payment of another \$5,000 option fee that they can get an extension for another 12 months, under the terms of the original option agreement. Allyn talked for a long time, saying that his firm have adequate financing lined up for a film production, together with well known director, script writer, & actors who are eager to play the leading parts. I could only say that I would let him know if Mehlman fails to renew the option on Oct. 11.

FRIDAY, SEP. 2, 1977 This morning Tom replaced a filling in another of my crumbling molars, this one in the lower left jaw. Golf in the afternoon with Vic Sutton & Jim Bowie.

SATURDAY, SEP. 3/77 Fine & hot. At noon I drove to "The Old House", Miss Isabel MacNeill's charming old place of retirement just below Mill Village. The luncheon party included three retired admirals of the Canadian navy (Piers, Pullen & Boyle), all with homes on the South Shore now. At present "Debby" Piers is in charge of the Nova Scotian office in London, "between the Zoo & Regent's Park" & is doing a good job there. His wife, a sister of Miss MacNeill, was first married to Peter Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's younger son, whom I knew 40-odd years ago when

he spent some time in Liverpool, supposedly studying the making of paper. He had a daughter by him, & at the party today I was introduced to a tall grandson of herself & Cullen, named Baker. Also present were Miss Mac Neill's other sister Edith & husband Rene Girouard, now living at Kingston, Ontario, where they are much involved in the new marine museum. They spend the winters in Florida, & told me that most of my books are in the public library at Palm Beach. Another guest was a Mrs. Alexander Carter, 35-ish, who teaches art at Mount Allison University. She presented me with a copy of publication N° 25, 1975, of The National Gallery of Canada, which contains an interesting article by herself on the water-colours of Westcott W. Lyttleton, a British army officer who married a grand-daughter of Peter Mc Nab & lived for a time on Mc Nab's Island. Her article included a brief quotation from my book on Halifax.

Mrs. Piers urged me to visit London, where she & "Debbie" would be delighted to give a reception for me, but I said I was afraid that my travelling days are over. They are, of course, maintaining their home at Chester N.Y.
SUNDAY, SEP. 4, 1977 Fine & warm after a chilly night. Golf with Warren Ackerman & wife, a pleasant middle-aged American couple who built a house near the golf course, facing on Port Mouton Bay, some years ago. Tom & family are away for the weekend. I thought of dining at White Point Lodge, where S. & I used to dine every summer Sunday; but I hate dressing up to dine alone, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, LABOUR DAY SEP. 5, 1977 Fine & warm. Golf with Vic Sutton, Pitblado, & D'Entremont. Dined at Hunts Point with the Raddalls. Squid are schooling in great numbers in Port Mouton Bay, & we watched a grampus having a fine time & giving a roll on the surface now & then, close to Tom's place. At the golf club Jim Sumeah told me he had seen several flocks of wild geese heading southwest.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6/77 Light rain this morning. In the afternoon I was interviewed for television by the local cable firm ("Able Cable Limited"), which operates with a staff of four in the wooden building where Tom has his dental offices. They are

gradually increasing their number of clients but I don't think they are making a profit. Apart from a few local interviews they show programs relayed from Bangor or some other town in Maine. In the evening Bert Wile picked me up in his car & took me to the annual dinner party at Mersey Lodge, given by Bowaters Mersey Ltd. to about twenty people of the Liverpool community. Drinks & chat, & the usual delicious food. Home at 11 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 7, 1977 Sunny with a fresh breeze. Mrs. Bagley came & worked for two hours this morning. My neighbour Erik installed for me a new outdoor thermometer, with the Celsius & Fahrenheit temperatures both clearly shown, which I can view from indoors through my hall window. Spent the afternoon on the golf course. Now that the summer crowd has passed, there were barely 20 people on the course, & I enjoyed plain sailing.

Bird note: - a flock of young robins, with breasts still speckled, at my bird-bath & foraging on my lawn. Obviously in migration from the north.

THURSDAY, SEP. 8/77 Shopped for a week's meat & groceries. Golf all afternoon. Got home pleasantly tired but with little appetite for food, although I continue my regime of one slice of buttered toast for breakfast, & at noon a tomato & a slice of bread thickly covered with (canned) meat paste. After a couple of naps I ate a (pre-cooked & frozen) dinner of fried chicken & vegetables, plus a generous slice of blueberry pie.

Lately I have had some difficulty in getting to sleep at my regular bed time (midnight) despite the usual drinks after 11 p.m. & a second pill. It may be that I'm getting over-tired with the daily golf.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9/77 Temp. at night now drops below 50° Fahrenheit, & the furnace is running regularly for the first time in three months. Sunny & cool today. Instead of the daily golf I mowed & trimmed my lawns.

Letter from Langille Hopkins of Halifax, secretary of the West Nova Scotia Regiment Memory Club. The West Nova veterans held their 28th annual reunion on Sep 3 & 4, this time at Kentville. About 400 were present. He enclosed a souvenir copy of the Kentville Advertiser, devoted to the reunion.

SATURDAY, SEP 10, 1977 Drizzling rain. The most interesting TV show this week has been "Washington: Behind Closed Doors", an American production screened in Canada on the CTV network. Actor Jason Robards plays the part of President Richard Nixon, thinly disguised as "Richard Monckton", & it all purports to show the last years of the Nixon regime, the ruthless power politics, the scheming & back-biting, & something of the social & sex life of Washington in those days. It is all based on the book called "The Company" by John Ehrlichman, one of the leading figures in the Watergate scandal, who should know what its all about.

SUNDAY, SEP 11/77 Sunny & pleasant. Golf in the afternoon. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. Tom is an avid baseball fan, & so are the boys. He is taking the whole family, to Boston on Wednesday, to see their favourite professional team, the "Red Sox", play in Fenwick Park. Tommy Jr. is now 15 & in Grade 11. He is a first-rate athlete (he stands 6 feet already) & is a brilliant student, especially in mathematics & science. He has no interest in literature or history but takes them as a necessary chore. Thinks he may go in for dentistry, having seen the good life attained by his father, & wanting only that. He may change his mind as he matures.

Deborah at 17 is now in Grade 12, a slim, tall girl, withdrawn, interested only in poetry & history. She will go on next year to King's College, Halifax, which is introducing a course in journalism, perhaps her best venture in self-support, & in self fulfillment. I find it very interesting to study these intelligent young people & to watch their development, remembering my own vague & dreamy ambitions, & my own long drift to what I really wanted to do.

MONDAY, SEP 12/77 Sunny, but a chilly north wind, & I had to wear a jacket when I played golf this afternoon. On my return I had some trouble in getting the car started.

TUESDAY, SEP 13/77 Drizzling rain all day. Mrs. Begley came at 8 a.m., worked till noon & lunched with me. I found that she would have to wait until 5 to catch a ride to Beach Meadows, so I drove her home at 2 p.m. A mechanic from Rossignol Sales garage had found the trouble in my car, a simple thing, a deposit of non-conducting material had formed on

the battery posts. He scraped the posts & the metal clamps, and Presto! Letter from St. Mary's University inviting me to give a public address there, also to give a lecture to their English literature students on "Literature in Atlantic Canada".

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 14, 1917 Sid Pottie & I have appointments in the noon hour with Dr. George Sapp, so we hired taximan Douglas Wolfe & set off at 10.15. As so often on my journeys there was a terrific rainstorm that continued all day.

After careful examination ^{said} Sapp, there was nothing wrong with my eyes or the prescription. It was simply that during the two or three years when cataract was gradually obscuring the sight of my left eye, I was seeing mainly with my right eye, & consequently the right eye had grown accustomed to this. Then a cataract had developed very rapidly in my right eye, which he cleared with the operation last April. Now I must patiently use both eyes for reading as much as possible, so that the left eye will adjust to its share of the work. Eventually I should see a single line of print with both eyes, instead of the double line (one strong, one faint) which I see now. Home at 2.30 p.m. Wolfe's fee for the round trip was \$45. He paid him \$25 each.

I am to make an appointment next spring, for a further checkup by Dr. Sapp.

Wrote to Saint Mary's regretting that owing to the condition of my eyes, I cannot undertake a public lecture.

THURSDAY, SEP. 15/77 Sunny, after a cold night. In backing my car out of the garage I swung too soon, & scraped my left mudguard badly against the steel support of my garage door. Hitherto all the scrapes have been on the right-hand side.

Shopped for groceries & meat this morning. Played golf very badly in a strong & chilly N. wind this afternoon.

FRIDAY, SEP. 16/77 Sunny with a pleasant ^{breeze}. Golf with Vera Joudrey.

SATURDAY, SEP. 17/77 " Jim Marshall.

SUNDAY, SEP. 18/77 Drizzling rain. Drove to Hants Point at 5 p.m. & dined with Tom & family. They reported a rough trip across Fundy in the Yarmouth-Portland ferry ship "Carib" last Wednesday. Most of the passengers seasick. They saw some good theatre shows but no baseball (the Red Sox were playing somewhere else, a disappointment.)

MONDAY, SEP 19, 1977 Fine & warm. Golf. Had a pair of callers named Morrow, who spend their summers touring New England & Nova Scotia, but make their home at English Harbour, Antigua. They have lately bought a small 18th century house at Port Latour, N.S. Last winter at Antigua they met actor Austin Willis, who was there with a film company. Austin is the brother of my late friend Frank Willis of the CBC, & apparently Frank had told him about the sea-pass signed by Nelson when he was cruising off Boston Bay in 1782. The sea-pass, given to Nathaniel Barrett of the schooner Harmony, Plymouth Mass., came into the possession of the Gideon White family of Shelburne, N.S. & so came into the hands of my late neighbour Howland White. I borrowed it to show Frank Willis on one of his summer visits here years ago. The Morgans had a badly garbled account of the sea-pass, as told by Austin Willis, & I was able to set them straight.

TUESDAY, SEP 20/77 Overcast & chilly, like late October. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & finished the house work at noon. After lunch I took her home to Beach Meadows & then mowed my lawns.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 21/77 Rain. For the second time in a week my car refused to start in a parking lot downtown, & I had to get the Rossignol people to send a mechanic. This time they replaced old & faulty battery-connection wires.

My life has become one damned thing after another. The old molars that Tom refilled on Sep. 2 collapsed two or three days ago & became terribly painful. This afternoon he found that it had split right down ^{into} the jawbone & was surrounded with pus. He applied local anaesthetic by needle, but even so the extraction was difficult & painful. This is the first tooth I have lost in many years. Next I must have surgery to remove the strange mole or growth which has developed on the right side of my upper lip during the past year.

THURSDAY, SEP 22/77 Overcast, with occasional drizzle. Called on my old friend Hector Macleod & had a pleasant & interesting chat about history hereabouts. Phone call from Currie, of St. J. U. University, inviting me to lecture or, if I preferred, simply to chat with students of English literature next month. I had to say sorry. With my

various ailments I can't undertake anything of that sort.

FRIDAY, SEP. 23, 1977 Overcast & cool. Played 9 holes at White Point. At 3 p.m. went to Dr. Frank Bell's office, by appointment. He examined the mole or growth on my upper lip which Bill Dennis had noticed Aug. 27, & confirmed Bill's diagnosis, that it was a suspicious growth that should be removed. He made an appointment with the new surgeon here, Dr. Lenco, who will operate on my lip at the Liverpool hospital, 11 a.m. Tuesday, Sep. 27.

SATURDAY, SEP. 24/77 Fine & cool. Golf with Merrill Rawding & Albert Lapp. Shirley, widow of my old American friend John Chaplin, phoned from their summer cottage at Carter's Beach, Port Mouton, which she has not used for many years. She is now 78, & on a sudden whim she had come up here with her somewhat younger sister Mrs. Shelley, also a widow, about a week ago. She invited me to drop in for a drink & chat tomorrow afternoon.

SUNDAY, SEP. 25/77 After a cold night, sunny but windy & cool. In the afternoon I drove to Carter's Beach & had a pleasant couple of hours chatting with the two old ladies. Shirley expects to stay another week or two, & asked me to come again for auld lang syne. I then drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom & family. A delicious meal - boiled salmon with egg sauce, & fresh vegetables out of their own garden. Home at 7:30 p.m., while there is still daylight enough. Soon (owing to my inability to drive at night) we shall be back to the long winter-&-spring routine, with Tom or Pam or daughter Debbie taking me in one or other of their cars out to Hunts Point for Sunday dinner, & returning me after dark.

MONDAY, SEP. 26/77 Sunny but cool, with a strong SE breeze. Golf this afternoon, part of the way with John McBaul & a friend of his. How I love these pleasant hours of exercise outdoors, in that beautiful scene, knowing that the long dreary winter & spring is fast approaching, & that in any case I cannot enjoy this many more years.

TUESDAY, SEP 27/77 Rain & wind last night & this morning. Mrs. Bagley came & did the usual weekly chores. Went to the hospital at 11 a.m., but an emergency requiring immediate surgery had turned up, & Dr. Lenco was busy. So I went home, had lunch, & returned.

About 1:30 p.m. I was on the operating table, & I told Lenco that while he was at it he might as well remove the much bigger & older mole in my left cheek, which began as a thing the size of a pencil dot about 50 years ago, & has grown larger with every razor nick since. He applied local anaesthetic by needle, made elliptical incisions to remove the moles, & then stitched the skin over the sites. No bandage or plaster was required afterward, & I returned home in my car & drove Mrs. Bagley to Beach Meadows. My mirror shows a vertical scar about an inch long in my left cheek, & the other about $\frac{3}{4}$ " long in my right upper lip. There is some pain but it is quite bearable. Lenco will remove the stitches at the hospital about 1 p.m. Monday, Oct. 3.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28, 1977 Sunny & warm, like a mid-summer day. Golf in the afternoon. I have fun explaining to friends that I have not been in a fight & got the worst of it, with the two swollen red scars.

THURSDAY, SEP. 29/77 Rain & strong E. wind. Got my monthly parcel of books from Marlboro's — biographies of George Canning & Cecil Rhodes, "Causes of the War of 1812" by Horsman, "A rebel war clerk's diary" (American Civil War), & two or three lighter things.

FRIDAY, SEP. 30/77 Sunny with a cool W. breeze. Golf. The red scars on my face, each surrounded by a bristle of white hairs (because I can't shave close to them) give me a weird appearance. The fruit on my elderberry shrubs, now purple & ripe, hangs untouched. Usually a swarm of starlings & migrating robins devours them. Officially on N.S. highways the speed limits change from miles to kilometers on Oct. 4th, but today I noticed that the roadside signs already have been painted over to kilometers. As the speedometers in every car & truck now in use are calibrated in miles per hour, this is going to cause a lot of confusion to motorists & the police.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1/77 Filled out the application form for renewal of my 1950 copyright of "The Nymph & The Lamp", for mailing to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington. Under the U.S. law, the original copyright expires in December 1978, but application for renewal must be made a year before expiry. The book was published Oct. 20, 1950.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2, 1977 A wet sea gale all night & day. Drove to Hunts Point for dinner with Pamela & family. Tom with dogs & companions left on Saturday for their annual woodcock hunting in New Brunswick. I learned some local news. Robin, son & partner of Douglas Hemeon, druggist, has bought the big old (1929) house at Fort Point formerly owned by Mrs. L. G. Shipman, whose long-deceased husband was an office employee of Mersey Paper Co. during my time there. The Hemeons, like all druggists nowadays, have been making money hand-over-fist. The local Bank of Nova Scotia is planning to expand & has bought the next-door premises of an old established hardware firm, Henderson & Inness, lately owned & operated by a son of wealthy contractor Murray Mosher. Louis Bain, son of my old fishing companion Irving Bain, has filed a petition in bankruptcy — his third failure since taking over his father's motor agency in 1946.

Martin Haase (pronounced HAH-zee), owner of a yacht-building yard at Chester, phoned me tonight about the old lighthouse on Seal Island. Following its inexorable policy for the past 20 years, the federal government is about to remove the lantern room & replace it with an automatic electric light. This will eliminate the jobs of the lightkeeper & his assistant, one of whom is a son-in-law of Mrs. Hamilton, owner & oldest inhabitant of the island. Haase was very excited, & wanted me to write a letter of protest to the government, but I demurred, seeing no point in it. The matter has been referred to Miss Coline Campbell, M.P. for the Yarmouth-Digby constituency, who can make the most effective protest.

MONDAY, OCT. 3/77 Overcast & mild. Went to the hospital at 1:30, & Dr. Lenco removed the stitches from the incisions in my cheek & lip. He says that analysis showed the lump on my lip to be a small carcinoma (cancer) which may possibly recur & require another operation. He did not regard it as dangerous. The lump on my left cheek was simply a large wart, & I should have no more trouble with it. Rain all afternoon & night.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4/77 Overcast & windy. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m., finished at 10:30, & I drove her home. Went out to the golf course & walked around for some exercise & fresh air after three days indoors. Expected to find the course too soggy for play, but it wasn't, & several players were out.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5, 1977 Open-&-shut sky, 65° Fahrenheit. Played 9 holes at White Point, where John McCaul told me that one of the Liverpool service clubs (the Lions?) had pledged \$6,000 to the new museum. Today I sent the Receiver General for Canada a cheque for \$3,000, interim payment on my 1977 income tax. Also sent \$400 to Zion United Church, my contribution for 1977.

THURSDAY, Oct. 6/77 Sunny with a strong southerly wind. Cut back my few remaining rose bushes, & dug up the two below my study windows, which have failed to bloom during the past two summers. Golf this afternoon. The Sears Company delivered the aluminum storm-&-screen window that I ordered in August. Owing to unusual dimensions it had to be made specially. Now I must find a carpenter to instal it in place of the old wooden one.

FRIDAY, Oct. 7/77 Rain in the night. Today mostly sunny, with a light northerly. This afternoon played 16 holes at White Point. The damp weather, with spells of warm sunshine, has brought forth a full hatch of midges or small blackflies, & I was bitten twice. Reading a substantial booklet called "Sea, Salt & Sweat", a history of the sea-fishing industry in N.S., just published by the N.S. Dept. of Fisheries, price \$2.00. No author's name given, but obviously written by somebody or bodies with a good knowledge, although there are some glaring errors here & there, such as the statement (on page 52) that "over half of the settlers of Liverpool" were from Connecticut. The illustrative drawings are excellent.

SATURDAY, Oct. 8/77 Sunny & cool. At golf this afternoon I heard a partridge drumming in the woods. The Book Room, Halifax, sent a copy of "In My Time", asking me to inscribe it for an old fan of mine, Dr. Norman ("Larry") Mackenzie. Mackenzie fought as an infantryman in War One, graduated at Dalhousie, & went on to a distinguished career in Canadian colleges, notably as president of the University of British Columbia. He lives now retired in Vancouver. Mrs. Mary Archibald, Shelburne, invited me to address the Shelburne Historical Society in November, when they celebrate the 30th anniversary of their founding. I was the guest speaker on that occasion, but I must refuse this invitation owing to my inability to travel at night.

SATURDAY, Oct. 8, 1977 (continued)

My tall grand-daughter Deborah Riddall came to borrow some printed matter on the prehistoric Indians of Nova Scotia, also a few sample arrow-heads, stone tools, & shards of pottery from my collection. These for a high school project.

Officially the golf season is closed & the members are asked to remove their clubs & carts from the storage room, which will not be open after Oct. 9, so I brought mine home. The course remains open for play, but members must take their clubs back & forth.

SUNDAY, Oct. 9/77 Overcast, with a slow rain beginning in the evening & continuing all night. The weather bureau predicted a violent storm of wind & rain, so I phoned to Pamela at 4 p.m. to say I would dine at home. As the days shorten, it will soon be impossible for me to dine at Hunt's Point & drive back to Liverpool before dark. Occupied myself with household chores, washing & drying a week's laundry, etc.

MONDAY, Oct. 10/77 Thanksgiving holiday. The predicted storm did not occur, & this afternoon the sun broke through the overcast. Leaving my clubs at home, I strolled about the golf course for an hour, enjoying the mild air & the surf on the shore.

About 7 p.m. Bill Allyn, of Allyn-Lunney Productions, phoned from Los Angeles, wanting to know if Mehlman or Singit had taken steps to renew their option on *The Nymph* & *The Lamp*. I said I had not heard a word from either of them. The Mehlman option expires at midnight tomorrow, & his only chance for a 12-month renewal of the option is to have a certified cheque for \$5,000 in my hands by that time. Allyn said he would phone me again on Wednesday.

I have seen no migrating birds on the golf course or on my back lawn, where the ripe fruit of the elderberry shrub remains uneaten.

TUESDAY, Oct. 11/77 A cool but pleasant day, with sunshine & cloud. Played 16 holes at White Point. Tom looked in at 5 p.m. reporting a successful hunting trip in N.B. despite heavy rains & drenched woods. With 5 guns in, 5 days his party got 135 woodcock. No word from Gary Mehlman, whose movie option expired at midnight tonight.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12, 1977

Rain, after a cold night. Mrs.

Bagley came this morning & I took her home at 11 a.m. About 10:30 a.m. I received by phone from Halifax a long Telex message from Schiff, Hirsch & Schreiber, the law firm in Beverly Hills. It stated that "our client" had exercised the option to ~~recess~~ extend the date for final purchase to October 11, 1978. "A notice was sent to you on October 6, 1977, along with a cheque for \$5,000." I replied by Telex (via Halifax) that the option expired at midnight October 11th, "at which time I had received no communication whatever from your client or clients. Consequently I reject any further attempt at renewal of option & will return any letter or documents received henceforth."

Tonight on TV I watched the second game of the so-called World Series, played in New York between the Los Angeles "Dodgers" & the New York "Yankees". The Yankees won the first game last night. Tonight the Yankee pitchers threw several pitches straight across the plate, & the Dodgers knocked most of them out of the park, winning 6-1.

The stadium had over 56,000 spectators, representing a lot of money.

At midnight my phone rang. It was the Telex office at Halifax with a long blustering message from Mehlman's lawyer, saying that "the appropriate notice & payment were made in a timely manner", etc.

Earlier in the day Bill Alleyn phoned, & I told him the Mehlman options had expired. Immediately he wanted me to ^{give him} an option for 6 months, fee \$2,500, & for a renewal for a further 6 months, fee \$2,500. The price to be \$35,000 if a major film is developed, but considerably less if it is produced as a television show. I refused to commit myself to any of this, as I want to consider other interests in the property. Told him to call me back in a week's time. (see June 27/76 and June 3/77)

THURSDAY, OCT. 13/77 Dark & bleak, with the leaves falling fast. This morning I shopped for a week's groceries. About noon I was seized with one of the fits of giddiness that occur at (fortunately) long intervals. Almost fell several times, & had to spend the rest of the day & evening in a chair, feeling ill.

FRIDAY, OCT. 14, 1977

Windy & bleak.

Feel considerably better today, although some twinges of giddiness remain. A letter in an envelope of Mehlman's lawyers (Schiff, Hersh & Schreiber) came in this morning's mail. I returned it, unopened. This afternoon a wild storm of wind & rain began & continued all night, the tail end of a hurricane passing up the coast.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16/77 The weather cleared, & I walked about the golf course in bright sunshine for an hour. The giddiness is gone, but after five ~~days~~ shuh in by weather my knees were shaky. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 pm & dined with the junior Raddalls, my first hearty meal in several days.

This evening on TV I watched the Queen & Prince Philip at various Ottawa functions marking her Jubilee year on the throne. At a dinner in Rideau Hall she read an address in English & French, pleading for Canadian unity. Elsewhere she met & chatted with the premiers of all the Canadian provinces. Lévesque of Quebec had been persuaded to come. One close camera shot showed the Queen chatting with him & Premier Lougheed of Alberta. Lévesque stood there with a face of stone, hardly uttering a word, & taking occasional puffs on a cigarette brought up to his lips from behind his back, & blowing the smoke out through his nostrils, a deliberate display of bad manners.

This evening, shortly after my return from Hunt's Point, another storm of wind & rain began, & continued all night.

MONDAY, OCT. 17/77 Another dreary day of rain, spent reading old favourites like Tomlinson's "The Sea & The Jungle", & Conrad's "Youth", & occasionally glancing up to watch the dreary TV shows.

This is a dull existence. My immediate neighbours, the Pushies & Anderssons have been away on tours for weeks. On walks to the post office I meet occasionally my oldest friend & neighbour Austin Parker, but I never get an invitation to the Parker house, or the Anderssen house, or to the Ralph Johnson house. We are just a lot of old crocks, well over the scriptural 3-score & 10, who now live inward lives.

TUESDAY, OCT. 18/77 Had a brisk walk on the golf course in a cool & gusty N. wind, under dark clouds with occasional shafts of sunlight. On my back lawn some oddly mixed birds appeared today, a little flock of starlings, several migrating robins,

& a few evening grosbeaks. The grosbeaks foraged briefly about the pedestal of the bird bath, where until a few years ago I used to put sunflower seeds on a big wooden tray in the winter season. On the golf course I have seen no ~~more~~ birds except gulls, but there were many Monarch butterflies in migration.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 19, 1971 I got two carpenters from the Nauss firm to assemble & instal the new aluminum storm-&-screen window on my kitchen. It took them an hour yesterday & about 1½ hours this morning, mostly because its construction puzzled them. The Rossignol car service people took my car to their place for the compulsory annual check-up, & returned it late in the afternoon.

I put on my walking shoes & golf jacket, & strolled to the railway station, back along Bristol Avenue, thence through the town parking lot & along the riverside drive to the old "parade", & thence home. In the evening I walked to Zion Church, where the Historical Society were holding their first meeting of the season, with president John McCaul in the chair. About 30 people. McCaul set forth the progress in the new museum project. Although a campaign for local donations will not be organized until after the New Year, the Lions Club has already pledged \$6,000, & the Kiwanis Club \$1,000. The town council has donated the ground, appraised at a value of \$15,000, for the nominal sum of \$1.

For entertainment Mrs. Norman Reid of Port Medway, wife of Col. Reid, U.S.A.F., retired, gave a sprightly talk on Japan as she knew it 20 years ago, & exhibited traditional costumes, footwear, & household gadgets.

THURSDAY, Oct. 20/71 Rain again. The robins & ~~go~~ starlings are busy feasting on my elderberries. I still feel unwell, although the giddiness has gone.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21/71 The weather cleared enough that I drove to Carter's Beach for a chat with Shirley Chaplin, & with her visitors the Hardys, whom I knew. One of Shirley's neighbours had presented her a plump partridge, which she cooked in a little casserole with sliced potato & condiments & gave to me as I left. I had it for my supper at home & it was delicious.

SATURDAY, Oct. 22/71 A sunny, mild day. Walked around the golf course, & purchased from Dumeah (price \$17.50) a light soft-leather golf bag. Henceforth I can carry three or four clubs & a putter in it,

much easier than pushing the cart with its heavy bag. The course is sodden after the almost continuous wet weather, & as the tractor would bog down it has been impossible to mow the fairways for the past two weeks.

Letter from Dr. Howard Gotlieb, of Boston University, asking about the disposition of my papers, which he has long wanted for the library of Boston U. Replied that Dalhousie had them.

SUNDAY, Oct. 23, 1977 Cloud & sunshine & a cold wind. Hoped to walk this afternoon, but visitors came. First a young professor from St. Mary's University with a big bundle of first editions of my books, which he asked me to autograph.

Then two men whose hobby is scuba diving on wrecks about the coast from Cape North to Cape Sable, hoping to find something like the rich "Chameau" wreck off Louisburg. For some weeks they have been looking for the wreck of the French frigate "Duc de Choiseul", which was sunk in 1778 on Neal's ledge, roughly half way between Brooklyn & Coffin Island. They found some bits of ancient earthenware & a couple of broken 18th century bottles off Forbes Point, otherwise nothing. They had studied my account of the "Duc de Choiseul" in "Footsteps on Old Floors", & now decided to ask my own theory. (These treasure-hunters always work in great secrecy.)

I have long thought about it. Perkins' diary does not mention the wreck after June 1778. (She sank in April, & Perkins & others salvaged much of her cargo of military stores during April, May & June.)

My theory is that some time in late June or early July a combination of high ("spring") tide & a strong SE gale, which always causes a strong undertow, dragged the wreck off the bottom & carried it in towards Sandy Cove or York Point, disintegrating as it went. The cannon, the ingots of tin, & other heavy metal objects would therefore sink to the bottom in that area.

Dined this evening at Hunts Point, a delicious meal of woodcock breasts, cooked in a wine sauce, & served with rice, small peas & cauliflower.

MONDAY, Oct. 24/77 The temperature last night went down to zero on the Celsius scale (32° Fahrenheit), the first freeze of the season, & I plugged in my electric blanket. Drove to White Point this afternoon. After last night's freeze, the groundman was able to drive the tractor over the fairways, & he was busy mowing. Temp. was up to 50° Fahrenheit, with a hazy sun & a cold west breeze, so I left my golf clubs at home. Had a brisk walk around the course, rested for a while in the

pro's shop, in chat with Jim Simeah, & then walked around the course again. Noticed several large flocks of migrating robins, foraging on the fairways.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1977 Sunny & calm. Lunched & spent the afternoon at the Carter's Beach cottage with Mrs. Chaplin & her son Jack. I had not seen him since he was a boy. Now aged 56, he served in the U.S. Navy during War Two, & since then has been in the real estate business in Hartford, Conn. They leave for home on Thursday. This evening I had another long threatening Telex message from Beverly Hills concerning my refusal to extend the Mehlman option on "The Nymph & The Lamp".

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26/77 Overcast & mild. Played nine holes at White Point. Still feel unwell & have no appetite for food. Another telex from Beverly Hills, this time declaring that Gary Mehlman Productions were exercising their right to extend the option until October 11, 1978, & that the extension fee of \$5,000 had been deposited "in our client's trust account & shall be held in said account until you direct us to make said payment to you."

In other words they are presenting me with a fait accompli. Technically I am in the right in that the written notice & payment of \$5,000 were not made "prior to Oct. 11, 1977" as set forth in the contract. Also the option was obtained under false pretences by using the name of Gary Mehlman as a front for Maurice Singer, holder of previous options, with whom I had refused to do any more business. However, as my son Tom says, why get into an expensive lawsuit just because I've ^{been} tricked into the option? Based on the performance of Singer during several years past, he will have no more success in selling the movie rights in the next 12 months, & this extension of the option will end finally & irrevocably on Oct. 11, 1978.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27/77 A lovely fine warm day. I longed to be on the golf course, but a group of Lunenburg high school students had made an appointment for an interview with me, & they arrived at 2 p.m., accompanied by the teacher of the English department, Paul Brison. At his suggestion they had been reading "Roger Hadden", & their questions were mostly about that book & its background. They were polite & attentive, & I enjoyed the session. After their departure I spent about 3/4 hour raking & removing fallen leaves from my back lawn.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27, 1977 (Continued) The Lunenburg students came in three station-wagon cars. One of the drivers was Pamela, wife of Dr. Trevor Kent. She said she & her husband knew my daughter France & husband Bill Dennis from various medical gatherings. This evening John Wickwire came for a chat. He had promised to give an address at the Remembrance Day banquet of the Canadian Legion branch at Baddeck, & asked for some suggestions about the content & tenor of his speech.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28/77 A dark & dull morning & a sunny afternoon.

I played 9 holes at White Point, the lone golfer on the course. Found it tiring in a strong northerly wind; & as all of the benches have been stowed away for the winter there is no place to sit for a rest.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29/77 Sunny & mild after a cold night. Played 11 holes at White Point. The Canada Council sent me a thick bunch of typescript for my opinion. The author asks for a grant of \$1800 to finish a novel "now about half completed", which he says is "a romance type of novel, purely imaginary, about people in the region of Cornwall, Ontario, in the 1890's. Instead of sending the "half completed" novel for judgement by the Council, however, he sent the entire typescript of a previous work called "Rapids Away", a dull & tedious recital of the woes of Cornwall farmers whose lands were taken (& well paid for) by the St. Lawrence Seaway. I could only return the stuff to the Council saying it was not worthy of a grant.

SUNDAY, Oct. 30/77 Last night ended "daylight time" for the season, & we set our clocks back one hour. A bright day with a sharp easterly breeze. Golf this afternoon. The shortening days, & last night's change of time, make it impossible for me to drive at Hants Point & return home in my own car before darkness brings the blinding glare of oncoming headlights, so Tom took me there in his own car. After drinks & chat, & an excellent dinner (boiled salmon) he brought me home at 8 p.m. Later in the evening Erik Anderssen dropped in, & we chatted until midnight.

MONDAY, Oct. 31/77 After a cold night a cool sunny day. Spent about 1½ hours on the golf, playing very badly. By that time I was tired & disgusted & came home. This is Halloween. I had bought a stock of apples, small candies & peanuts, & Pamela kindly came in & attended the constant flock of kids at the door from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., so

I wouldn't have to stand in the intermittent draft of the open door - it was another cold night. After she left for Hunt's Town at 8 p.m. I switched off my porch light & ignored the occasional subsequent hammers at the door. Not many after 8 p.m. & altogether Pam dealt out goodies to about 75 kids, far less than the 120 or more we used to get.

Bill, Allyn, phoned again to ask about the option on The Nymph & The Lamp. I told him the state of affairs, & said my policy was to wait & see if Singer (alias Mehlman) does sell the option for a large sum. I can then sue.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1/77 Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till 10:30, when I took her home. A lovely warm & calm day - a bit of Indian Summer. Played golf 1½ hours. Hated to quit but I was tired.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2/77 Fine & warm. Golf. Re-reading Hugh McLeman's "Barometer Rising", published in 1941. It contains a dramatic account of the Halifax explosion of 1917. At the time of the explosion Hugh was a boy of 10, living in the south end of Halifax about 3 miles from the spot where the "Mont Blanc" blew up. I was then 14, living about 1½ miles from the spot, & my school became the general morgue for the bodies. Consequently my memories of the affair are much more clear & accurate. "Barometer Rising" has a lot of errors, as Hugh no doubt has discovered since. Some careful research in 1941, when many knowledgeable survivors of the explosion were still living, would have avoided them.

News:- Premier René Lévesque is making an official visit to France, with a pilgrimage to the tomb of General De Gaulle, an address to the National Assembly, etc. In their typical sly way the top French officials are receiving him as if he were the head of an independent French state, but avoiding any direct confrontation with Canada's federal government. On TV tonight I saw & heard Lévesque making his address, etc. Newsmen in Paris, French & foreign, say that the man-in-the-street in France knows little & cares nothing about Quebec, or Canada as a whole for that matter.

THURSDAY, Nov. 3/77 Another lovely day of Indian Summer. Played 9 holes at White Point. Finished preparing my house for winter, installing & sealing the plug in the air vent under my study, & installing the wooden storm door over my side entrance.

Tom spent Tuesday & Wednesday with several companions & dogs,

hunting pheasants in the Canning area. Most of the Valley farmers post "No shooting" signs on their lands nowadays, & prosecute any hunters they catch. One has to get their permission first, a matter of diplomacy & convincing the farmer that you are a responsible person (with details of who you are & where your home is) who does not shoot in the close vicinity of farm buildings, orchards, etc. At Canning, one owner of a 1500 acre spread of fields & woods, turned out to be a collector of my books (he was now re-reading "Hangman's Beach") & an obdurate "No" became a cheerful permission. Tom's setter bitch Sandy had never hunted pheasant before but she adapted quickly, & Tom got five cock pheasant & several partridge.

The Copyright Office of the Library of Congress, in a letter received today, inform me that my application for a renewal of copyright on "The Nymph & the Lamp" was filed too early (i.e. before Oct. 20/77) & therefore is disqualified. I must file again. They enclosed another form. Red tape with a vengeance.

Friday, Nov. 4, 1977 A day to remember during the winter, sunny, calm, warm (70° Fahr.). I played golf in summer rig, 14 holes, (very badly), & perspiring as if it were August. Received my parcel of books, which I order from Marlboro every month. The autobiography of Nicholas Monsarrat ("Breaking in, Breaking out") which I began to read at once. A biography of American writer John O'Hara (very successful in my day) by Tunis Tart. Biography of Louis XIV by Erlanger. "The War at Sea" (British navy in War Two) by John Winston, with introduction by Earl Mountbatten. "The First Casualty" (Truth, of course) in wars from the Crimea to Vietnam, by Philip Knightley. "Book of the year 1877" by Dr. H. C. Priestley. (Purchased because 1877 was the year of the great depression in North America, with painful results especially in Nova Scotia.) And for light reading, "Edward the Rake" (subtitled "An unwholesome biography of King Edward VII") by John Pearson.

Phone call from Harold Shea, chief editor of the Hfx. Chronicle-Herald, asking information about the badge of the West N.S. Regiment, & the private soldier who designed it, "Skip" McCarthy.

Saturday, Nov. 5/77 Sunny but cooler. Played 9 holes at White Point. In their now usual belated fashion, McClelland & Stewart have sent the royalty returns on my various books for the 6 months ending June 30/77.

This includes paperback editions of "The Nymph & The Lamp," "His Majesty's Yankees," "Pride's Fancy," "Roger Sudden," "Halifax, Warden of the North," & the casebound "In My Time." To the end of June 30/77, "In My Time" had sold 4,180 copies, with total royalties \$5,635.26. Against this M & V have paid me \$2,320.48, plus \$5,000 in advance of publication, so that I still owe them \$1,685.22 on this book. The sales have been disappointing, I suppose on account of the price, & of my refusal to tour the country making personal ballyhoo on T.V., etc. I know from correspondence that the book is being well read, but the tendency is to borrow it from libraries or to pass a purchased copy from hand to hand. The cheque for royalties on my other books to June 30/77 amounted to \$759.26. The royalty rate on these paperbacks is only 3% of list price in two cases, 6% in three others, & 10% in the case of "Halifax, Warden of the North".

The Popular Library (paperback) edition of "The Governor's Lady" is still in the clutches of Doubleday, who made annual token payments of \$30 in 1974, \$15 in 1975, & nothing since. On "Hangman's Beach" they made token payments of \$1.90 for the 6 months ending Apr. 30/74, \$1.90 for 6 months ending Oct. 31/74, & \$1.90 for 6 months ending April 30/75, & nothing since. On "The Governor's Lady" they made token payments of \$5 on Feb. 12/75, \$10 on Aug. 11/75, & nothing since. The pretence of keeping them in print, & thus to hold the copyright, has been maintained by selling a few copies through the firm of H. H. Marshall, wholesale book-dealers in Halifax, N.S., but nowhere else in the U.S. or Canada. I have written repeatedly to Ken McCormick, head of Doubleday, New York, asking for the yielding of copyright. When he answered at all, it was to say that Popular Library had the books in print. Jack McClellan has long wanted to add these titles to his New Canadian Library, but he says he can do nothing while Doubleday-Popular Library maintain this pretence.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6, 1977 Fine & calm. Temp 50° Fahrenheit at 3 p.m. Played nine holes at White Point. Dined sumptuously at Hunt's Point — roast pheasant, roast partridge, with a wine sauce, rice, broccoli, etc.

During the past several weeks my old enemy insomnia has returned to haunt me, despite plenty of outdoor exercise. I rigidly limit myself to one Seconal capsule each night, but as I have been taking Seconal for many years my body has built up resistance to its effects, & the nightly pill is no better than a placebo. So I sit up later & later, sipping rum-&-soda, sometimes until 2 a.m.

MONDAY, Nov. 7, 1977 Sunny, but a bleak sea wind. Played a travesty of golf, hampered by watering eyes in addition to my lens difficulties, & painful arthritis in my left hand; but it is better than sitting in a chair at home. Only six other players on the course.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8/77 Overcast, with the wind still in the east. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m., worked till 10:30, & I drove her home. On the way back I stopped at the Rossignol service station for a lubrication job, a change to winter oil, & a check on the tires, etc.

In the afternoon, for a change of physical exercise, I raked & removed some of the fallen leaves on my back lawn - a huge mass, with more to come. Erik saw me at it, & brought over his gasoline-motor mower, which sweeps grass (& leaves) into a big catch-bag. However, the motor refused duty after a few minutes, & I resumed raking & lugging the leaves away in a galvanized garbage can. At 3:15 my back refused further duty, like the motor-mower, & I left the job half done.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 9/77 A slow rain all day, increasing to a flood by evening. At 7:30 Rev. Bill Titus picked me up & drove to John McCaul's house in Mill Village for an informal conference about plans for the new museum. Others present were Robert Kirkpatrick & son Murray, John Leefe, Norman Reed. McCaul wanted names to head various committees, after we had discussed ideas for the interior layout. This is always difficult, because energetic & public-spirited people are always involved in other things. I said I would gladly serve on any committee, but my inability to drive my car at night tied me to my home, at the very time when the head of a committee should be calling on useful people, with persuasive talks. (It is so easy for anyone to say No on the telephone.) We got a few things set out in a tentative way.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10/77 Overcast & mild. By previous arrangement, another group of about 16 Lunenburg high school students came to my house at 10 a.m. for an interview about my life as a writer & about "Rogers Sudden" (which they had been studying) in particular. They were attentive & seemed genuinely interested, & thanked me before leaving for home at 11:30.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11/77 Mild, with a drizzle of rain. At 7:30 p.m. I attended the Remembrance Day dinner of the Canadian Legion, in their building on the waterfront. Besides the veterans of Wars One & Two, & the Korean War, with their wives, there were grown-up sons, daughters, & in some cases grandsons & grand-daughters, plus men now

serving in the forces & the merchant marine, so the place was packed, & I didn't know more than a dozen. Miss Isabel MacNeill introduced the principal speaker, Vice-admiral Douglas Boyle, R.C.N., (retired). He spoke well, stressing the need for Canadian unity in the face of danger from abroad, & the need for building up our forces. As he has done before, elsewhere, he flatly predicted another world war by 1980.

SATURDAY, Nov. 12, 1977 Overcast & mild. Spent part of the afternoon raking leaves, soggy now & heavy, & lugging them in my big galvanized can to my leaf-&-grass dump behind the garden wall. Letters include one from Dr. Norman ("Larry") Mackenzie in Vancouver, thanking me for my inscription in his copy of "In My Time". He had noted my references to my father's death in the battle of Amiens, & enclosed Xerox copies of his own memoirs of the Amiens battle & the fighting pursuit to Cambrai, in which he fought as a sergeant in the 85th. R.S. Highlanders.

SUNDAY, Nov. 13/77 Rain all last night & at intervals today. My 74th. birthday. I feel well, excepting the now familiar arthritis in my back, right leg, & left hand, which I have learned to live with. Debby came with the small car at 4:30 & took me to Hunts Point for drinks & talk & a good roast beef dinner. For dessert Pam had a cake with chocolate icing & a lone candle, which I dutifully blew out. I have at home an iced cake, with a squeezed tube inscription "Happy birthday, Tom" from the Canadian Legion, delivered yesterday. I never eat cake, complying with my careful diet (although I indulge myself with frozen apple, cherry, & blueberry pies, prepared raw & baked in my oven at home) so I shall give the Legion cake to Pam, which her youngsters will enjoy.

MONDAY, Nov. 14/77 Tackled my leaf-raking again this afternoon, but showers of cold rain drove me indoors within an hour. My daughter Frances Dennis phoned tonight with a belated birthday greeting. She & Bill had just got back from Montreal, driving through snow all the way.

TUESDAY, Nov. 15/77 Temp. down to 30° Fahrenheit. Last night, & today was sunny & cool. Erik got his motor-mower going this afternoon, & with it I cleaned up the rest of the leaves, mowing the grass at the same time.

Late in the afternoon I had a long phone call from Gary Mehlman, his first communication with me since he persuaded me to sell him an option on The Nymph & The Lamp in October 1976. He said he had been

away, & only now had learned about the contumacy over the 12-month renewal, to begin on Oct. 11, 1977. What was the trouble? I said bluntly that I had two reasons: - (1) That the option dated Oct. 11/76 had been obtained under false pretences, by Mehlman declaring himself to be an independent producer, when actually he was acting as a front for Maurice Singer, the previous holder of the option, with whom I had refused to do any further business. (2) The notice of renewal of the option had not been "timely and prior to Oct. 11/77" as required in the contract. It had been clearly postmarked in Beverly Hills on Oct. 11/77, & consequently did not reach the Liverpool post office until the morning of Oct. 14, when the former option had been dead for 3 days. I had received blustering telex messages from Mehlman's lawyer, James Mulholland, threatening me with dire legal penalties, to which I paid no attention.

Mehlman now admitted that Mulholland had plenty of time to give notice of renewal prior to Oct. 11/77, & said he was "very angry" with Mulholland for his mishandling of the whole affair. But why did I say the Mehlman option was made under false pretences? I answered, "Because during the whole 12 months of the Oct 11/76 option, Maurice Singer had continued to profess himself the owner of the option, & offering to sell it for sums up to \$150,000. I have good informants in California and I prefer to believe them rather than you or Singer, who has proved himself a blatant liar in all my dealings with him."

Mehlman now changed his tune, admitting that he & Singer were mutually interested in my book. "But I implore you to believe that we have definite financial prospects for production, including an important agreement with the Canadian Film Development Board. Mr. Singer has spent \$20,000 for a screen play of The Nymph & The Lamp, & for proof I can send you a copy of the play. We are certainly not trying to sell the rights."

I said, "I've had nothing but deceit & false promises in this matter, so I'm standing pat. Your option expired on Oct. 11/77."

He said, "May I send you a copy of the screenplay & ask for your deep consideration?"

I said, "Very well, but I promise nothing."

End of conversation.

This evening I attended a testimonial dinner to Dr. John

Wickwire, arranged by the Lions Club, & attended by people from every part of Queens County. It was held in the new Firemen's Hall at the Parade, with seats for about 400 people. They paid \$10 each, & the proceeds will provide the Queens General Hospital here with a special heart monitor.

As one of John's oldest friends I was seated next to him at the head table & asked to make a few remarks. I first met John & Dorothy Wickwire when E. & I moved from Milton in the spring of 1930, & took over a flat in a quaint wooden house called Chestnut Hall, which the Wickwires were vacating. The leader of the N.S. Conservative Party, John Buchanan, and various other dignitaries & club leaders made pleasant remarks at the microphone before I did my stuff, & then John spoke for himself. Altogether it was a warm ~~and~~ and tremendous expression of respect & affection. John is now retiring from his seat in the legislature, as he retired from general practice years ago to specialize in ailments of the heart. He will continue as a heart consultant to the hospitals here & in Bridgewater, & to a few private patients.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16, 1977 Dark & damp & mild. A few robins forage for worms on my lawn since I cleared it of fallen leaves. This evening I walked to the basement room of Zion Church, where the Historical Society met. About 30 people. John McCaul was in the chair. He explained the progress on planning the museum. Miss Isobel MacNeill has agreed to ~~be~~ be director of the museum, and Harley Walker, of Milton, will head the committee on planning the interior layout & the materials to be exhibited. Robert Kirkpatrick read a paper on temperance societies in Queens County during the 19th century — about as dull a subject as I could imagine, although Bob managed to inject some of his own humour.

THURSDAY, Nov. 17/77 Same damp weather. This afternoon Maurice Singer phoned from California. He admitted that he was associated with Gary Neklman in the option on *The Nymph & The Lamp*, & that he provided Neklman with the option money. He talked for a long time about his love for the books, denied that he had ever attempted to sell the option rights, declared that he was solely interested in a good film production. I heard all this with a stony silence. When at last he asked what I felt about all this, I said "On your past track record with me I don't believe a damned word you say." End of conversation.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18, 1977 Sunny, temp. 50° Fahrenheit, cool west wind. Had a good walk around the golf course. Busy with correspondence — mostly fans who have read "In My Time", but including old-time wireless telegraphers with reminiscences.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19/77 Rain in the night. Sunny, with black clouds massed in the north, with occasional rain spatters. Walked around the golf course. Noticed deer tracks, usual at this time of year, & droppings of bear dung, very unusual. Bears have been increasing in the past ten years, as there is no bounty on them, & they have discovered the delight of eating edible garbage in the edge of towns & villages. Saw no birds except a few sea gulls & a solitary sandpiper.

Unable to sleep, I sat up watching the late movie show, which begins at midnight. A silly thing with Clark Gable & Jean Harlow & Mary Astor, all in black-&-white, & at least 40 years old. Seeing & hearing them was like an encounter with ghosts.

SUNDAY, Nov. 20/77 A dark bleak day (40° Fahrenheit) with a cold breeze, so I didn't attempt a walk. Dined at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, Nov. 21/77 Sent off by air mail a Christmas card to my old chum George Smith, in Australia, also a card to Ralph & (my cousin) Phyllis Elliott in England. Walked the golf course. The grass has continued growing, & I found the pros running a motor-mower over the greens & tees. In the fairways many buttercups & dandelions still bloom.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22/77 Mrs. Bagley came at 7:45 a.m. & I took her back to Eagle Head at 10:15. Paid her the usual \$12.00. Received by mail the screenplay of "The Nymph & The Lamp", sent by Singer. A wretched thing by somebody named Rudy Wurlitzer. Even the title had been changed to an utterly meaningless "Northlight". Little or none of my dialogue, & only the bones of my story. A crew of Russians are shipwrecked on the island, apparently, to stage Cossack dances. All the characters are constantly drinking booze, & even "Isabel" joins in from time to time. (There was none on "Manina") Naked & explicit sexual couplings of "Carney" and "Isabel", "Shane" and "Isabel", and even the young operator "Sargent" and "Sara", who had no affair in my story. Wurlitzer had missed the whole point of my story & substituted a stereotyped mishmash of Hollywood creatures carousing & fornicating on a desert island, instead of the San Francisco waterfront.

FRIDAY, Nov. 25, 1977

The weather continues in its pattern — sunny mornings, cloudy afternoons, rain or alternately a frost at night. I walk around the golf course when I can, & write letters, read, & watch television.

SATURDAY, Nov. 26/77 A wet sea gale. Discovered a bad leak in my garage roof. The shingles (synthetic) are as old as the garage (1934) & have worn thin. I have been putting off re-shingling because the little building really needs a complete overhaul. The beam under the door-sill is getting rotten, & to replace it the carpenters must dig a working space underneath. Also the garage was built at a crooked angle to the street, so that I have to make a quarter-turn after backing out or before driving in. It should be jacked up & slewed about two feet, to face straight towards the street.

A young woman came, by ~~an~~ appointment, this afternoon, for an interview about my life & work. She is a student at the Teacher's College in Trois-Rivières, & came with the usual list of questions and portable tape recorder.

The Grey Cup football finals are being played in Montreal this weekend, & the city is thronged with people from all over Canada. Naturally the Montreal street transport workers chose this time to go on strike. This afternoon the Grey Cup parade was shown on TV — marching bands, teams of strutting majorettes, elaborate floats, etc. The parade took two hours to pass the TV camera stand, with snow falling thickly all the time. Nevertheless they all went through the performance with verve, watched by good-natured crowds.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27/77 The first snow of the season ^{here,} falling in big flakes & melting on the ground. I don't understand the fine points of U.S. & Canadian football & it bores me to watch a lot of grotesquely padded & helmeted figures huddling together, scattering, & then falling in heaps. I watched the Grey Cup game on TV for a while this afternoon. In the bitter cold the huge robots breathed out through their protruding face-guards like dragons emitting smoke, & the artificial turf was so icy that whenever they fell they slid three or four feet. Most of the players are imported from the U.S. & some of the best are blacks. The Montreal "Alouettes" defeated the Edmonton "Eskimos" by something like 46 to 7.

This evening John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Mariel (widow of Melbourne) Gardner, gave a dinner party in honour of

the Austin Parkers, who are leaving soon to spend a month in England. It was held in the roomy Gardnes house in Brooklyn, & I was one of the 25 or 30 guests. The main dish was a delicious lobster-&-scallops chowder. I enjoyed chatting with so many old friends whom I seldom see nowadays.

MONDAY, Nov. 28, 1977 Snow falling slowly all day. Finished writing Christmas cards. Notified Simpsons-Sears Ltd. to have my TV set repaired or adjusted. Bill Connally, building contractor, came to look at my garage. Said he cannot undertake it until next spring, having too much work on hand, but would send a man soon to stop the leak in the roof temporarily.

TUESDAY, Nov. 29/77 The sun came out enough to melt the snow, & I had a brisk walk around the golf course. Mrs. Bagley came as usual. Two camera-men from the local cable TV company (Channel Four) came to get a brief shot of me making a plea for Bonnie Lea Farm in Lanenburg County, a school for retarded children.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 30/77 Hazy sun. Temp. 40° F. Walked around the golf course. No birds except crows & 2 or 3 ravens. Saw a squirrel running across N° 8 fairway, & fresh deer track on N° 9.

Sears' service man came to inspect my TV set. The trouble is caused by two gadgets that have got out of order, & owing to danger of short circuit & fire, the set should not be used. The new parts will have to come from Hfx. or possibly Toronto, a matter of two weeks to a month. To give me something to look at during this time, he fetched from the store a portable black-&-white set with 10" x 8" screen.

The mail brought at last the renewal of my copyright in "The Nymph & The Lamp" from the Library of Congress, Washington. The original copyright lasted 28 years from the year of publication (1950) & consequently would expire in 1978. A law passed in 1976 extended copyright to a term of 75 years from date of original copyright. Hence my renewal will be valid until the year 2025.

Bill Harper of CBC Halifax phoned to remind me that Dec. 6 is the 60th anniversary of the Hfx. explosion disaster, & to tell me that he has put together two half-hour TV films to be shown on his regular ("Heritage") program on Wednesday nights at 7:30 p.m.

The films include interviews with survivors of the disaster, including some bits with me, originally done for his TV film "A City's Story" in 1967. Tonight's show included sound-&-picture film of me telling about my adventures in Chebucto school & at home, & my "voice-over" narration as the film showed a succession of graphic drawings of the two ships as they entered the Narrows from opposite ends.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1977 As yesterday I walked about the golf course in the thin sunshine of this time of year, wind W., temp. 50° Fahrenheit. Removed my electric mower from the garage & stowed it in the cellar for the winter.

SUNDAY, DEC. 4/77 Walked the golf course in a few shafts of sunshine, much dark cloud, & a flurry of snow. The pro. & another chap were playing a few holes. Tom & Pam had some social thing this evening, so I dined at home. Weighed myself when I changed to pyjamas tonight. Naked weight is 168 lbs.

TUESDAY, DEC. 6/77 The first snowstorm of the winter began last evening & continued all night, just as the first snowstorm did on the night of the Halifax explosion 60 years ago; but this morning the snowfall changed to light drizzle, leaving about 6 inches of white slush. Mrs. Bagley got here from Eagle Head, but I couldn't drive her home in these conditions, so she lunched with me & spent the afternoon until 5 p.m., when she got a drive home. I shoveled out my driveway excepting the hard-packed ridge left by the street plough. As usual the South Shore got off lightly, with merely the fringe of a great & prolonged storm that has dumped snow & tied up land & air traffic in New England, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick & northern Nova Scotia.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8/77 Temp. 24° Fahrenheit last night, the lowest so far this winter. A cold sunny morning, cloudy with specks of snow in the afternoon. Cleared my driveway entrance & shopped for a week's meat & groceries with my car.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9/77 Cold, with specks of snow all morning. Weather bureau at Hfx. warns another snowstorm, with strong winds, will hit this evening. The mail brought an air mail letter from Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia, posted 2 p.m. Dec. 1. Toowoomba is about 100 miles from the international airport at Brisbane, just as Liverpool is about 100 miles from Hfx. airport. It was from my boyhood chum George Smith, in reply to the card I air-mailed on Nov. 21.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1977 (continued) George says he had a stroke 9 years ago & has been confined to a wheel chair ever since. The second volume of his autobiography, "Riding High", is being printed in Hong Kong & will soon be published in Australia. He will send me a copy. It deals with his years as a "station" (i.e. ranch) manager. He & his wife now live in a village called Middle Ridge, about 9 miles from her home town of Toowoomba. She is the senior saleswoman in a swank dress shop there, & drives in & out every day. They have two sons, aged 46 & 43, both with lucrative jobs elsewhere.

The predicted blizzard turned out to be heavy rain, with little wind. Jack & Edith McClearn had invited me to dine with them, in the charming old 18th century house at the eastern corner of School & Main streets, so I donned a raincoat & rubber overshoes & walked there at 6:30 p.m. The other guests were Bob & Heather Weary (he is boss of Bowaters' Mersey Paper Company) & Miss Isobel MacNeill of Mill Village. Drinks, chat, & a very good meal. The Wearys took me home in their car.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10/77 Bitter cold (12° Fahrenheit) with a N.W. gale. I walked to the post office & back, & spent the rest of the day indoors.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11/77 Same weather. At 1 p.m. I walked around the corner to Robert Weary's house on Church Street, to attend the annual luncheon given by the head of Mersey Company to about a dozen retired Mersey officials & their wives, who live in Liverpool. Very pleasant chatting with old friends whom I rarely see nowadays.

MONDAY, DEC. 12/77 Temp. 8° Fahrenheit this morning. All across Canada we hear reports of low temperatures & heavy snows, unusually severe so early in the winter. The current issue of Maclean's Magazine has an amusing & informing article by Canadian author Walter Stewart, about what he calls "The great semi-annual book-flog" - the now general practice of authors - "trying to sell more books, on the notion that any writer, if he or she appears on enough TV talk shows, batters-up enough reviewers, signs enough autographs, and survives enough open-line radio performances, will somehow become a best seller."

He goes on: - "It is one thing to write a book, another to flog it. The talents required are not the same. This national pastime boasts a few super-floggers - Pierre Berton, Farley Mowat, Charles Templeton - who are top-selling writers. We have a great many (like) Margaret Atwood, Dan George, Roloff Beny, whose public appearances are

sometimes triumphant and sometimes a brush."

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14, 1977 This afternoon the Sears service man came & removed my colour TV set to their workshop, where the replacement parts are to be installed. In the morning, Connally sent up a man to daub some asphalt compound on the leaky part of my garage roof, just in time, because snow began to fall about noon. After about 4 inches had fallen, the temp. rose to 32° Fahr., & the stuff changed to freezing rain, & about midnight just plain rain.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15/77 A slow rain all day, with temp. up to 50° Fahr., & snow melting. Shoveled out my walk & driveway, lest the slush freeze there. My first bout of shoveling (on Dec. 6) brought on an attack of "tennis elbow" in my left arm, & it is still sore.

SATURDAY, DEC. 17/77 Yesterday & today cold (30° Fahr.) with a keen NW, so no walk except to the post office. A note in my sister Nellie Cassidy's card tells me that her daughter Carol, & husband John Paisley, have leased a house at Indian Point for the winter, & they are having a house built on the land that John bought at Indian Point a few years ago. After many years in the U.S. naval air force, during which he served three sessions in Viet Nam, John ended his career as officer in charge of U.S. naval air maintenance in Europe, with H.Q. in London. With the Paisleys only 3 miles away from Mahone, Nellie has good company & is staying the winter in her snug little house at Oakland, instead of in Alabama as she has done for the past few years. The Paisleys are accustomed to warm or mild climates, & may find a winter (& the long dreary spring) on the N.S. coast a bit too much. Also John is still a comparatively young & active man, & there is nowhere in N.S. that he can occupy himself, especially with his excellent knowledge of modern air warfare. Time will tell.

SUNDAY, DEC. 18/77 Sun & cloud. Temp. 40° Fahr. Earl Whynot & a workman came this morning & gave my furnace & chimney pipes a thorough cleaning & check-up. In addition to removal of soot with a big vacuum cleaner, they are now able to burn off the hard-baked soot that clings to the sides of the firebox and smoke-emission tubes. This is done by dropping into the firebox one or two plastic tubes of a chemical mixture called SOOT-A-MAGIC, & turning the thermostat up to 80° Fahr. I had got my breakfast at 9:30, so did not bother with lunch. Drove to White Point & enjoyed a brisk forty minute walk around the golf course, my first good walk since Dec. 3rd.

At 3 p.m. John & Dorothy Wickwire picked me up & took me to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pamela were giving a

cocktail party for twenty or thirty of their friends. Enjoyed chatting with many of them. Home at 5 p.m., & dined on (pre-cooked & frozen) slices of roast turkey, with gravy, stuffing, & vegetables, & cherry pie.

I noted that the new home for old folk, under construction on Waterloo Street, facing the head of Park Street, is up in frame & closed in, so that the elaborate interior work can be done during the winter months. This is good planning, & I've no doubt that the architects have planned the interior equally well. But the exterior is absolutely ugly — like two big rectangular barns placed not quite end-to-end, & joined. Why not just one big barn? And this monstrosity is set back far from the street, with a curtain of intervening trees. As John Wickwire remarked, "When my own mother was old, & we placed her in a comfortable house behind ours on Main Street, she complained that she couldn't see the street, & that old folk liked to see people passing by."

TUESDAY, DEC 20, 1977 Took my car to the Rossignol garage & had my snow tires installed on the rear wheels. Mrs. Bagley came as usual on Tuesday mornings & did the clearing chores. She brought me a cherry pie and a Christmas gift, boxed & ribboned, & I took her home at 10:30. I won't be able to do this when the snow comes to stay & the roads are icy.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 21/77 Like the past 3 days, a dark sky & a bleak wind from the east, but after 3 days without a good walk I drove to White Point & tramped briskly about the golf course, swinging my arms like a drill sergeant to restore the blood circulation. This being the first day of winter according to the calendar I donned my "double-barreled" underwear, in place of my summer cotton shorts & T-shirts, which I have clung to, despite the cold winds whistling up my legs, bare from ankle to thigh.

THURSDAY, DEC 22/77 My shift to (synthetic) woolen underwear, as I might have expected in our yo-yo climate on the seaboard, produced a sudden shift of temperature & weather. Rain began in the night, & continued in heavy showers all this day, with temp. up to 52° F abt. while in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, northern N.S., & Nfld. they got a terrific blizzard of snow. In Nfld. winds of hurricane force blew down hundreds of electric power & telephone lines.

My monthly parcel of books from Marlboro, to which I look forward eagerly, arrives today, so I shall have a feast of reading over Christmas.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1977 Sunny, with a light SW breeze, temp. at noon 50° Fahr. Spent an hour strolling at White Point in my light golf jacket. About 2:15 p.m., while sitting in the little wooden rail-shelter at N° 5 gun, I heard four explosions, the last one heavy enough to cause a tremor in the ground. They sounded from the eastward, towards Halifax, like depth charges; but when the navy is at depth charge practice the bumps go on at intervals over a period of two or three hours. These came in quick succession & then stopped. (^{Similar "explosions" were subsequently heard &} reported from people at Cape Sable.)

I have received about 60 Christmas cards. Perched on the mantelpiece & tables etc. They give my living room a festive appearance. I haven't set up a Christmas tree since G. died. She always liked to have one.

At 5:30 the Raddalls arrived from Hunt's Point with the customary Christmas Eve dinner — lobster chowder, rolls, butter, cake & cookies. Pamela & Debby served it & washed the dishes afterward. All I provided was the pre-prandial drinks & the (Lanters) wine.

They left about 9 p.m. to make some other Christmas Eve calls. I read, & alternately watched TV. Went to bed at midnight but couldn't sleep, so I got up & watched the "late-late" movie, a good English comedy, sipping sherry, until 3 a.m., when I felt sleepy at last & tumbled into bed.

SUNDAY, Christmas Day Woke at 9 a.m., got a cup of coffee, & opened my presents from the Raddalls — socks, a sweater, a shirt, a basket of assorted foreign cheeses & condiments, a suit of pyjamas. In their care, too, came a heavy carton from "the Dennis clan" at Moncton, containing half a dozen bottles of assorted drinks — a large one of Lemon Hart rum, & various imported wines. My charlady, Mrs. Bagley, had left me a ^{package} ~~case~~ of English biscuits, & my neighbour Mrs. Howland White sent one of her grand-daughters to present a small jar of home-made quince jelly, a specialty in the White family since colonial times.

Drove my car to Hunt's Point at 1 p.m. Temp. 50° Fahr., & fog so dense that all cars had their lights on. Dined with the Raddalls on roast turkey & plum pudding, all of us wearing paper crowns from pull-crackers in the customary way. Home at 3 p.m. Phone call from Molly (Hunt) Daley, inviting me to a dinner party at Rockland on Jan. 6. Her daughter & son-in-law Otto Boje will take me there & back.

MONDAY, DEC. 26/77 A grey day, calm, temp. 40° Fahr. Walked about the golf course. On my back lawn I was astonished to see

a pair of male blue grosbeaks, feeding on fallen ash seeds. According to my bird books, their habitat is in the U.S., & Tufts gives only 4 sightings in Nova Scotia, all in the spring or summer months. I phoned Ralph Johnson, who says blue grosbeaks have been seen & identified in winter during the past 2 or 3 years by several people in Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28, 1977 Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & I took her home at 10:30. Walked the golf course in a bleak NE breeze, temp. 32° Fahr., with some specks of snow. I am enjoying my Marlboro books. Just now I am well into Harry Moore's "D.H. Lawrence: his life & works."

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1977 Did my usual shopping for a week's groceries & meat this morning. In the afternoon walked about the golf course in alternate sunshine & thick squalls of snow. Temp. 30° Fahr. & a stiff NW breeze. Noticed a lone coot swimming just off the shore at N° 3 green, & two or three herring gulls hovering over the surf on White Point beach.

Charles Chaplin, famous comic movie originator, died at his home on Christmas Day, aged 88. For many years he had lived in Switzerland. Last night the C.B.C. television ran the black-&-white film of his "Modern Times", as a tribute, & I found myself chuckling with as much delight as when I saw his first films as a boy.

Some days ago I received a form letter from Governor-General Jules Léger, saying: - "The Order of Canada is ten years old. It is significant that this anniversary should have arisen in the year 1977, coinciding with the celebrations of Her Majesty's Jubilee, & the Jubilee of the appointment of the first Canadian born Governor General. To commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Order, a souvenir medallion is being presented to all the members."

Today I received the medallion by registered mail from Rideau Hall. It is of gold or gold plated, and on its face it bears in relief the (side view) heads of the Governor-General & his wife, both wearing glasses & looking exactly alike. The reverse shows in relief an owl in flight over a tiny crown & maple leaf.

FRIDAY, Dec. 30, 1977 Clear sunshine, 30° Fahr., light W. breeze.

Spent an hour walking about the golf course. My shadow at 2 p.m. about twelve feet long.

SATURDAY, DEC 31, 1977 A slow rain all day, changing to snow by evening, & temp. dropping to 20° Fahrenheit. I walked to the post office & then stayed indoors, reading & watching TV. The street was very quiet, & very little motor traffic. The New Year's Eve parties must have found the going slippery & dangerous.

SUNDAY, JAN 1, 1978 Snow falling slowly all day. The road was slippery when Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner, & worse when he brought me back.

MONDAY, JAN 2/78 The snow ceased about noon. I took down my Christmas cards, re-read the personal notes, & dropped them in the wastebasket. Worked over an hour shoveling snow from my front steps & walk, & from the driveway. My left forearm still pains from the hard shoveling on December 8. Watched the Rose Bowl parade of floats and bands at Pasadena, California, always a colourful show on TV. CBC Halifax phoned to tell me that the taped interviews, which Stephen Hall made here last January & February, have been divided into ten parts, & will be broadcast on Tuesdays at 1:30 p.m., beginning tomorrow. This will be radio, from Halifax station C-BH.

Jack Gray phoned to say that he & his wife will be leaving Stonhurst for their winter home in Florida on Wednesday, & will call here on the way.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 4/78 Sunny but cold, with a keen NW wind. Mrs. Bagley worked from 8 to 10:30, & I drove home home. Patches of snow pressed to icy texture on the road to Eagle Head, but I made it there & back without trouble. At 1:30 Jack & wife Lorraine ("Rainie") & their little boy came for a chat on their way to Yarmouth. They had several copies of "In My Time" for my autograph, to give to friends in Florida. They spend the first six months of their year in their Florida home & in cruising about the West Indies in their motor yacht. In July they return to their Nova Scotia home at Stonhurst in Lunenburg County, where they stay until the ^{new} year. Jack still does most of his painting at night, & has a large & wealthy clientele in the U.S.

FRIDAY, JAN 6/78 Sunny, temp. 28° Fahrenheit, slushy walking. Received cheque from Dalhousie University for \$5,000, the fifth & final payment on the purchase of my papers in 1970.

Letter from Jack McClelland. "Good news. I now have the reversion of the two titles (The Governor's Lady and Hangman's Beach) from Doubleday.

I enclose the documents for your file. We will plan to do both these titles in paper." I note that the documents are signed by Doubleday Canada Ltd., not by Doubleday, New York, which made the original contract for paperback editions with their U.S. subsidiary, Popular Library.

At 6 p.m. Otto & Kay Bojer, with their two little blond boys, picked me up in the big & comfortable Dodge station wagon, & took me to Rockport. There Kay's mother, Molly (Humb) Daley greeted us, & after drinks we sat down to a sumptuous candle-lit dinner. (Fish chowder, roast wild duck with all kinds of vegetables, condiments, salads & wines, coffee & plum pudding). Other guests were Leo Fourdraine, who teaches French at the Rockport high school, & his pretty German-Dutch wife; Ben Pooley, who owns & lives in what used to be the Ragged Islands Inn at Allendale; and Hans Boggild & wife. Boggild & wife are Danes, who came to Nova Scotia in the 1920's. & raised a family of four boys. Boggild worked first for Ralph Bell's Cedar Lake Lumber Company in Yarmouth County. When Bell began to acquire small fish plants in N.S. in the 1930's, & put them together in what became a giant concern (National Fish Products Company) he placed Boggild in charge of the Rockport plant, which he operated successfully until his retirement some years ago.

After the other guests had gone home, we sat talking & sipping drinks till after 1 a.m. I had a comfortable bed in one of the guest rooms, but as usual, like a cat in a strange garret, I couldn't get to sleep until nearly 3 a.m.

SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1978 Weather still clear & cold. Molly is a gifted cook with no concern about calories. Breakfasted on broiled Kippers, slices of buttered toast, & coffee. Lunched on old-fashioned rabbit-&-vegetable pie, of the deep dish, pastry covered sort that Edith used to make many years ago when I hunted the rabbits myself. And salad, & cake & coffee.

Early in the afternoon Molly took me & one of the boys in her car, & drove to Louis Head, where we had a brisk walk along the beach in a keen N. wind. Then, at the Boggilds' insistence, we all drove to Rockport, where Hans & wife have a big & comfortable home overlooking the harbour. Here they entertained

us in the old-fashioned Danish way, with a great spread of cakes & other confectionery, served on their finest porcelain, with wine & coffee. The house is one built about 1846, for Jacob Locke, a descendant of the first settler there, & is well preserved.

Returned to Rockland, bade thanks & farewell to Molly, & reached Liverpool about 7.30. The paved roads are bare & dry, but the narrow side roads to Rockland, Louis Head, etc. are covered with hard-packed snow, icy in places.

MONDAY, JAN. 9/78 The traditional January thaw began last night & continued all day with a light drizzle & temp up to Fahrt 50°. Noticed a pair of robins in the tree beside my garage. About sun-down a wild SE gale began, with heavy gusts of rain. About 11 p.m. the wind hauled to NW & blew just as hard, & the temp at midnight was 30° Fahrt. Reports of great damage from Bridgewater to Halifax — trees down, electric lines down, shop windows smashed, road & air traffic halted.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10/78 Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & I took her home at 10.30. The town streets & main highway had been salted, but the narrow road through the woods to Beach Meadows had a thin coat of ice snow & I had to drive there slowly.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11/78 Temp. 10° Fahrt last night. This afternoon it was up to 20°, with a brisk W. breeze, & alternating patches of sunlight & dark cloud, with snow flurries. I got out the parka hood of ^{my} old "arctic" coat, unused since last winter, & zipped it into place, & with a heavy turtle-neck sweater underneath, drove to White Point & tramped around the golf course. A rabbit's track along the edge of the bushes by N° 2 tee. Three or four herring gulls on the sea off N° 6. No other sign of life.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12/78 Same weather, but more sunshine — offset by a stronger wind. Made my walk around the golfcourse safely until almost the end, when I slipped & fell heavily on my left knee. No apparent damage. What I thought were gulls in the sea off N° 6 tee yesterday were still there today, in a chummy little group, & I now perceived them to be old-squaws, which the fishermen call "cockawees".

FRIDAY, JAN. 13/78 Temp. 10° Fahrt last night, 20° at noon. Had another good walk around the golf course. Wind east, pebbly sky. Saw rabbit tracks at the edge of the woods around N° 8 green & N° 9 tee.

SATURDAY, JAN. 14/78 Another swift change in our see-saw weather. About 4 inches of snow fell in the night, then freezing rain, then plain rain. When I got up, the street plough had pushed the usual barrier

across the front of my property & sealed the street drain. Rain was still falling, & the water from Waterloo Street was rushing down Park Street. I shoveled out the street drain, which took care of some of the flood, & cleared off my front porch & steps. Very heavy work, & painful to my left forearm, which has not recovered from the first shoveling job of the winter on Dec. 6. I did not venture outdoors again. Temp. got up to nearly 50° Fahr. & the downpour went on all day & night.

Bird note: - 30 or 40 evening grosbeaks perched & fluttered about the trees behind my garden wall. Also I noticed a pair of robins, probably those I saw before.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15, 1978 Drizzle of rain all day. Excepting a few shrunken lumps left by the street plough, the snow has vanished. Tom picked me up at 5:30 & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Tommy (Jr.) has a bad cut over his right eye, closed by seven stitches, the result of an accidental blow from a hockey stick two or three days ago. Nevertheless he was with the Liverpool high school team, playing in Bridgewater this afternoon. The heavy rain yesterday flooded the brook that flows past the Raddall house, & Tom & Pam were up until 4 o'clock this morning, stuffing dishcloths etc. around the door that opens into the oil furnace room under their house.

Floods are reported all over the province, & were especially bad at Truro & on the Lahave river around Pinehurst.

MONDAY, JAN 16/78 Glints of sunlight between flurries of big snowflakes. In Feb. 1967 I bought Canada Govt. bonds, issue of 1953, interest at $3\frac{3}{4}\%$, face value \$6,000. A slick bond salesman (Williamson) told me they were a bargain at \$5,141. Since then, interest rates have climbed to an average 9%, so I have lost much interest in the meantime. Today the bonds matured, & the government (through the Royal Bank) pays me \$6,000 - in dollars worth less than 50% of those I paid for the bonds.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17/78 A cold bright morning, temp. 20° Fahr., clouding in the afternoon, when I enjoyed an hour's brisk walk at White Point.

WEDNESDAY, JAN 18/78 A snowstorm began early this morning, & then (on the exact pattern of the storm of Jan. 14th.) changed to a flood of rain that washed away nearly all of the snow. Violent thunder & lightning most of the afternoon. Sometimes the house shook as if an artillery shell had exploded nearby. I stayed indoors, reading & pottering about at small household tasks.

~~THURSDAY~~, JAN. 19, 1978 A crisp (30° Fahrt) sunny day, with light N. breeze. Another good walk around the golf course. On Jan. 9 I wrote to Jack McClelland re. the Doubleday reversion of rights in *The Governor's Lady* and *Hangman's Beach*, noting that the documents were signed by Doubleday Canada Ltd., & asking "Does this mean that Doubleday New York still hope to keep their sticky fingers on the U.S. rights?" A letter from Jack today says, "I am satisfied completely that it is a reversion of all rights."

FRIDAY, JAN. 20/78 Cold (20° Fahrt) with a raw east wind & a weather warning of a storm of snow, followed by rain, as before, so I walked no further than the post office. The snow began about 2 p.m.

Letter from Bob Coffman, the (now retired) American airman whose 1943 adventure off the east coast of Greenland I described in detail in my short story "Resurrection". He & his wife visited me here in the summer of 1976. I found an extra copy of my book "A Muster of Arms", which contains this story, & sent it to Bob last Fall.

Now he writes, "Your account of my experience is so factual that it brought back memories of details long since forgotten. My wife was so taken with the short stories that she phoned the library here, and we were amazed to learn that they had six of your books. We are reading two of them currently." They live in Natchez, Miss.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21/78 The storm raged all night, snow first, then freezing rain, then just enough rain to sop into the snow & make it heavy, then a temperature drop to freezing point. It is the third storm in eight days, & is part of a huge blizzard that has paralysed all traffic in north-eastern America, from Washington to St. John's Nfld., & extending west as far as Kentucky. Here on the south shore of N.S. we got off lightly with about 6 inches.

That was bad enough, heavy & icy, as I found when I shoveled paths to the street from my front & side doors. In places the stuff had drifted higher than my knees. In the afternoon I worked hard for an hour or so, shoveling ^{heavy} snow off my driveway from the garage towards the street. A big drift outside my side door. When I got to the barrier thrown up by the street plough, my back was screaming & I quit. As usual when I get over-tired I could not sleep when midnight came, & sat up till 2 a.m. watching an old & silly English movie on T.V.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22/78 Sunny & calm, temp. 30° Fahrt. I spent an hour this morning, & an hour in the afternoon, breaking up the street barrier with a mattock, & then shoveling it away. The stuff was like

concrete. A young woman student from Halifax came to interview me, by appointment, about my books & writing methods, & spent about an hour. She was intelligent & had done her home work.

MONDAY, JAN. 23/78 Sunny, cold & calm. This afternoon I labored with mattock & shovel to widen the entrance to my driveway & to dig out the street drain, buried under 2 to 3 feet of snow & ice.

My charlady, Mrs. Bagley, is laid up with an infected ear, & cannot work this week. Letter from my grand-daughter Stephanie Dennis, thanking me for my Christmas gift. Each Christmas I send each of my seven grandchildren a cheque for \$25, & Stephanie is the only one to thank me or acknowledge receipt of it.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25/78 Another thaw as before, with rain beginning in the afternoon. Bused myself indoors with laundry & other household chores.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26/78 Rain & fog, with temp. up to 50° Fahr. Much of the snow melted, excepting the heaps piled by the street plough & my shovel. The asphalt streets are bare, & I had no difficulty driving my car downtown for my weekly supply of meat & groceries. A pair of robins forage about my back wall, & now & then I see a little flock of chickadees.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27/78 Temp. 34° Fahr. Snow flurries all day. This afternoon Tom & Pamela, & their friends Chris Clarke & wife, drove to Hfx. to do some shopping tomorrow, see ~~the~~ one or two theatre shows, & enjoy some gourmet meals. They expect to return on Sunday afternoon.

On TV tonight I saw pictures of the terrific snowstorm which blasted the American mid-west & the province of Ontario on Wednesday - Thursday, the fourth & worst in the past two weeks. President Carter has declared Indiana & Ohio ~~as~~ "disaster areas" & moved troops, helicopters, heavy road equipment, etc. to help. Prime Minister Trudeau has offered similar help to Ontario if required.

SATURDAY, JAN. 28/78 Snowflakes falling slowly all day, melting on asphalt, sticking to the remaining snow on the ground. Two days ago the Rev. Bill Titus called, & sold me a ticket to "an East Indian dinner" in the basement of Zion church, to be followed by an exhibition of "classical Indian dancing" by a professional young East Indian woman. The food would be provided by the East Indians in our community as a gesture of goodwill. So this evening I went. The food was supposed to be served at 6 p.m., but at once it was apparent that the service was far too slow, & that the Rev. Bill & his assistants had sold far too

many tickets. A long queue of customers formed right out to the front door of the church, & more came ~~into~~ in every minute. My right hip is painful enough when I am walking, but standing still it becomes excruciating. By 6:30 I slipped away, picked up a fried chicken dinner at the new "Colonel Sanders" place, & dined at home.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29, 1978 Same weather. No exercise since the 23rd. Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. They had enjoyed a Neptune Theatre show & some gourmet meals. Knowing my deep-seated scorn of politics & politicians, they did not mention attendance at the Conservative convention held in Hfx. this weekend, attended by several hundred delegates from all over N.S., & addressed by former leader Stanfield & present federal leader Joe Clark. However, Tom was well steeped in Tory oratory & gave me a half-hour lecture on the iniquities of the Liberal government. There will be a federal election this year, probably in June, & at this meeting in Hfx. Joe Clark fired what is obviously the opening gun of the Tory campaign.

MONDAY, JAN. 30/78 Same weather. Although the sidewalks are icy & dangerous to old people here & there, I walked about the town for an hour or so this afternoon, & felt much better for it.

I pass the days & evenings in re-reading books in my library, & historical studies, interspersed with interesting or amusing shows on television. I follow the news on radio & TV, & in newspapers & magazines, although I seldom write it here. No point in cluttering a diary nowadays with all that.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31/78 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came this morning, after a week's absence. When I took her home at 10:30 I ran into a thick squall of snow, & it continued all day, in thick soft flakes that melted on the streets.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1/78 Same steady weather. Cold (14° Fahrenheit) at night, temp. up to 28° at noon, intervals of thick snow flurries, with patches of sunshine, just enough to clear the snow off asphalt. This afternoon I made my familiar winter walk to Fort Point, to the railway station, to the Parade via the riverside parking lot, & thence home via Waterloo Street. About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, & it takes about 75 minutes, walking briskly.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2/78 Sunny & cold. Again a good afternoon walk. The legendary groundhog certainly saw his shadow today, foretelling six more weeks of winter, a safe prediction pretty well anywhere in Canada east of the Rockies. It reminds me of an expression of the Mersey river loggers fifty years ago, when they depended on plenty

of frost & snow for hauling their logs out of the woods — Well, here's February. It's only a short month but we'll get six weeks' sledding in March."

Craig Anderson came in tonight for the first time in several weeks, & we sat yarning over drinks till 11:30.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1978 Sunny & cold. (20° Fahrt at noon) Again a good walk in my old black Arctic coat. I enjoy this steady winter weather, with bare roads & good footing, knowing that any time now we shall have deep snow & bad footing.

Letter from Edith Fouke, Canadian folklorist. "I consider your story of "Blind MacNair" the best example of the direct use of folklore in Canadian literature." She is preparing a paper on it for the Folklore Studies Association, & would like to publish a report on it in the Canadian Folk Music Journal. Asks permission to print a letter of mine (in 1975) about the chanties & songs in "Blind MacNair".

SATURDAY, FEB. 4/78 Sunny & cold (18° Fahrt. at noon) with a keen northerly wind, so I cut my afternoon walk to 45 minutes. Wrote permission to Edith Fouke.

SUNDAY, FEB. 5/78 Sunny & calm, temp. 21° Fahrt, & I enjoyed my walk, the full 3½ miles. Tom & Pamela are visiting friends at Greenfield, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, FEB. 6/78 Sunny, but with a raw breeze from the sea, a warning of snow. Nevertheless I had my walk. The radio had been giving warning of a violent storm, which had already paralyzed New York & the New England states. The local fishing craft had fled to harbour, & were tied up two & three abreast at the Government Wharf, Bristol, which is used exclusively by Mersey Sea Foods Ltd., a small but very busy plant. Apart from two draggers hauled out high & dry on the Steel & Engine Products Co. slip for hull repairs, & another completing a refit at the Stenpro wharf, I counted seven draggers and thirteen small "Cape Island" type motor boats at the Government Wharf.

The storm began about 10 p.m. with a sudden onset of wind from SE, which tore at my house all night with terrific gusts. The snow began towards morning.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7/78 The storm continued all day. One gust tore one of ornamental shutters off the house, beside my bedroom window, & hurled it into my driveway. About 10 p.m., just for some exercise, I shoveled a path from my front door to the street. The next round

of the street plough blocked it again.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 8, 1978 The snowfall petered out in the night, but the wind continued strongly, having shifted from SE to NW, drifting the snow on the ground. Mrs Bagley phoned, saying that she was still snowed-in, & couldn't get to town. She hopes to make it tomorrow morning. I shoveled out my front walk again. The barrier thrown up by the plough was shoulder high. Then I shovelled a path to my garage, where I keep my garbage cans, & got them out for the weekly collection, in case the truck was able to make the round. The snow appears to be about 2 feet deep on the level, but of course the terrific winds left some places bare & others 4 feet deep. One drift in my driveway is a good 4 feet at its peak.

THURSDAY, FEB 9/78 A bright calm day, temp 30° Fahr. Mrs Bagley came & did the house-cleaning & laundry. I got my good neighbour Erik to drive me to the supermarket for meat & groceries. In the afternoon I shoveled out my driveway, a long hard job, especially the plough barrier. Hard to find a place to put the stuff, so I filled in the space occupied by my front walk. I rarely use the front walk anyway.

FRIDAY, FEB 10/78 Another cold bright day. I found the footing icy & dangerous on my walk to the post office, so this afternoon I worked about 25 minutes with my snow shovel, trimming yesterday's job, just for the exercise. The service man from Simpsons-Sears came to fix my refrigerator, which has been operating badly in the past few days. He found that the fan motor had cooked out beyond repair, & replaced it. Cost of motor & service, \$40.39. I bought the "fridge" in 1966, & the original motor ran until 1975, when it cooked out after 9 years' service. The 1975 replacement motor lasted not quite 3 years. This is typical of every kind of motor, etc. nowadays. They are not made to last.

SATURDAY, FEB 11/78 Temp down to zero, Fahr. last night, the lowest this winter. Again a bright cold day & no walking except to the post office. The Canada Council have sent me another application for a grant, for my opinion. The applicant is Jerome Laje, a native of Sierra Leone who (according to himself) has studied in London & Paris, travelled widely in Africa & Europe, became a Canadian citizen in December 1976, & now lives with his family in Toronto. All this must have required a considerable income. Yet he gives his sole occupation as "author", & sends a copy of his only published book, a novel about

Senegalese people during the Dakar affair in 1940. It is a slight thing with stock African characters & stilted dialogue, printed in Toronto by one of those small firms that will print anything if the author or somebody else puts up the money beforehand.

Now the author wants the Council to grant him \$1,000, of which \$200 is "for the purchase of an electric typewriter," & \$500 "for typing and collating" his second novel, on which he says he is now working. Like his first, it is about West Africa. What any of this has to do with the avowed purpose of the Canada Council — the advancement of Canadian culture — I cannot see. However, I gave an honest appraisal of the Dakar book & mailed it to the Council.

SUNDAY, FEB 12, 1978 Sunny, with temp. up to 30° Fahrenheit. Tom & family are spending the day skiing at Greenfield. In the afternoon I got my car out, drove to White Point, & trudged about the golf course. The ground had been swept bare in many places by last Tuesday's storm, but in the hollows the snow was deep & the going was hard.

MONDAY, FEB 13/78 Sunny, with a cold NW wind. Walked about the town for an hour. Received the monthly parcel of books from Marlboro, which I selected from their monthly catalogue nearly six weeks ago.

Letter from V. G. Roscoe, an operator in the present Halifax marine radio station. He is gathering material for a history of marine telegraphy at Hfx., beginning with the Duke of Kent's visual system, & of course including the later wireless stations at Camperdown & Chebucto Head. Has been in touch with my fellow-brasspounder at Camperdown, Elwyn ("Champ") Champion, now retired at Charlottetown, who told him to contact me.

TUESDAY, FEB 14/78 Temp rose above 32° Fahrenheit, with a cloudy sky & a light drizzle freezing on the road. Mrs. Bagley came & did her chores, & I drove her home to Eagle Head in a mixture of drizzle & light snow, which made the going very slippery. I drove cautiously & got back safely.

WEDNESDAY, FEB 15/78 Overcast. Temp. 35° Fahrenheit. In spite of icy sidewalks I tramped to Zion Church this evening, where the Historical Society held their monthly meeting in the basement. President John McCaul reported progress with the financial negotiations, provincial & federal, for the new museum. A committee headed by Dr. John Wickwire will seek local donations shortly. It is important that our people here in Queens should donate generously as a manifest of our own sincerity, before

formal application is made to the provincial & federal govt's.

For entertainment, Harley Walken showed lantern slides of old photographs taken in Queens County from 1880 to 1920, & everyone had fun recognizing or trying to identify various streets, houses, wooden ships, & people.

THURSDAY, FEB 16, 1978 Overcast. Got my car out & shopped for groceries, wine, & rum. A Trinidad rum called "Fernandes, Vat 19" has been my favourite for years. Yielding to financial pressure by federal & provincial taxes, the Fernandes firm, like many others, has now set up a distillery in Canada where the stuff is ~~now~~ manufactured & bottled with the old label. It has nothing like the West Indian body & flavour. So I switched to a rum made by Acadian Distillers Ltd. in Bridgetown, N.S., which tastes no better but is less expensive. Temp. got up to 40° Fahrenheit today, & the snow began to melt a bit. It is still deeply banked by the plough around the streets, & it took me an hour this afternoon to dig out the street drain in front of my property.

SATURDAY, FEB 18/78 Overcast. Temp. 40°. Enjoyed long walks about the town, yesterday & today. Wrote to Roscoe, telling him where to look in my papers & photographs at Dalhousie U. Library, & giving permission to use these materials in his book, providing that he makes due acknowledgement to me & to Dalhousie Library.

SUNDAY, FEB 19/78 Temp. 36° Fahrenheit. Snowflakes falling slowly & melting on the asphalt, so no walk. Enjoying the books from Markro. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point for the first time since Jan. 29. The whole family leave on Friday by air for a holiday in Florida.

TUESDAY, FEB 21/78 Cold nights, temp. up to 30° by noon. Good walks about the town yesterday & today. Mrs. Bagley did the usual cleaning chores. The town's street workmen are still working to dig away the snowbanks piled at the street sides by the storm of Feb. 7, using a bulldozer, a self-propelled power scoop, & trucks to haul it away & dump it in the river. Today they cleared the east side of Park Street, where the sidewalk is. The west side (mine) was left untouched.

FRIDAY, FEB 24/78 Good steady weather, sunny, temp. up to 30° Fahrenheit in the daytime, down to about 20° at night. Asphalt bare & dry. Good walking every day. At 4:30 Tom & family left Hunt's Point by car for the Halifax airport, where they boarded a plane for Florida. They will be back in a week's time.

News:- The U.S. dollar has been falling in value for a year or more, in terms of the strongest foreign currencies, notably the Swiss &

German marks & the Japanese yen. By apparently deliberate policy the U.S. government is making no effort to sustain it. This policy will help U.S. exports & crimp U.S. imports. It will also crimp the huge outflow of U.S. dollars by tourists & by wealthy people dodging taxes by putting money in tax-free havens abroad. In the same way the Canadian dollar has fallen in value to 89.7 cents U.S., the lowest it has been since the great trade depression of the 1930's.

Unemployed people in Canada now number nearly one million, with more mines & factories closing every month. Conservative leader Joe Clark & (most vociferously) the Socialist (N.D.P.) leader Ed Broadbent are blaming it all on the Trudeau government; but the average man & woman knows that the trade depression extends now to every nation in the world, except the oil-producing countries, & of course Russia & China, which have their regimented populations busy all the time.

To compare this depression with that of the 1930's is ridiculous. There are no "soup lines", no ragged & hungry people, no throngs of able-bodied beggars "riding the rails" about the country. Government money, by direct payments or "make-work" subsidies of so many different kinds, has done away with all that, not to mention "medicare", "pharmacare", increasingly generous old age pensions, etc. I pass a busy tavern every morning & afternoon on my walks. Nearly all of the customers are able-bodied men who drive there in good cars, obviously unemployed, but warmly dressed & well nourished. How many of them are actually looking for work is an interesting question.

MONDAY, FEB. 27, 1978 The long spell of clear weather broke this morning with a fall of soft fluffy snow that continued all day. However, the temp. got up to 40° Fahrenheit in the afternoon, & I spent about an hour shoveling about 2" of the stuff off my driveway, lest it freeze to ice in the night. Sears' service man came to repair my TV set again.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28/78 A cold night. Sunny today, temp. 40° Fahrenheit. Mrs. Bagley did her weekly chores this morning & I drove her home as usual. Douglas Lucier came at noon with four huge packages of carpet samples. I have decided to throw away all of the old & badly worn carpets downstairs, on the stairs & the upper hall, & in my small bedchamber, & replace them with new & better stuff.



