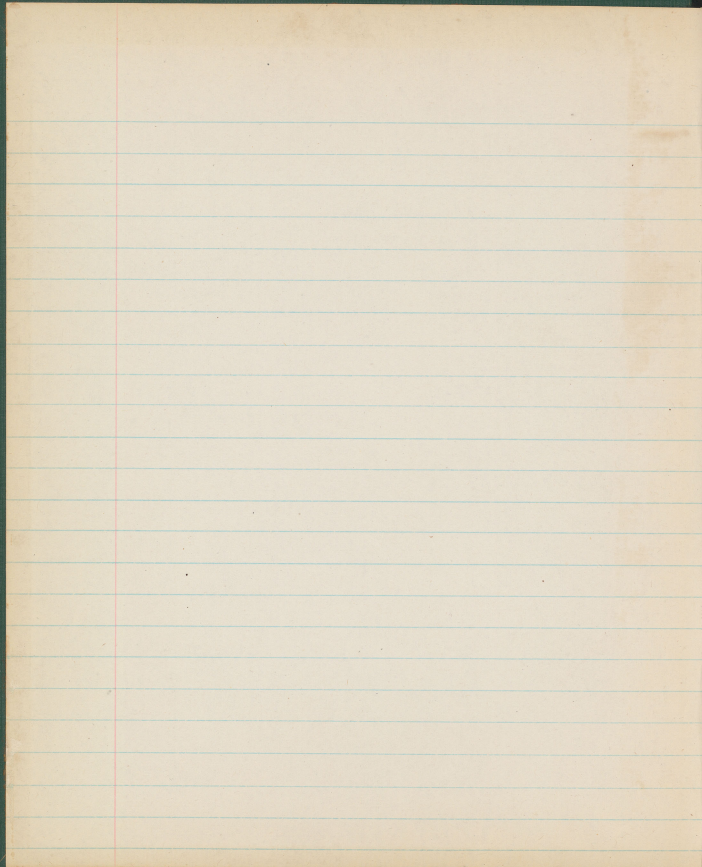


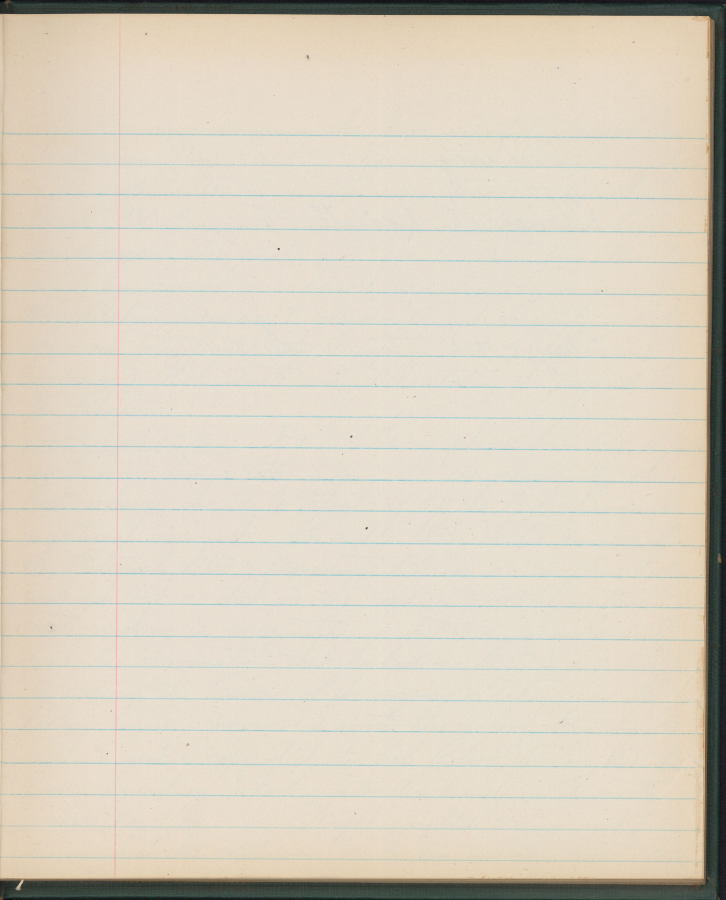
DIARY

MAY 8, 1946 to SEP 7, 1946

RECORDS

No. 442R





Diary.

Thomas H. Raddall II

May 8, 1946. to Sep 7/46

main German armies in the West, signed by General Jodl at Rheims May 8, 1945. There was no celebration anywhere - the world is too busy with rehabilitation - but the British, U.S. Russian & French forces in Berlin are to hold a formal parade this week. In Britain Prime Minister Attlee has brought on a Churchillian storm by announcing that British forces are to abandon Egypt completely under terms of a new treaty with the Egyptian gov't. The Canadian commons & U.S. senate are still debating the proposed loans to Britain.

THURSDAY, MAY 9/46 Dr. D. C. Harvey phoned from Nfx, asked me to write him a letter giving all the reasons why the Perkins house should be taken over by the Parks Bureau as a national monument. He is the Nova Scotia member of the Historical Sites & Monuments Board, an excellent archivist but a stick-in-the-mud in practical matters, totally lacking in imagination or initiative; I could tell from his conversation that he had no faith in his ability to convince the Bureau of the urgency of taking over the Perkins house. However, I wrote him a long letter by air mail & sent a copy of it to Col. Robert Winters M.P. for Queens-Lunenburg, who has interested himself in the matter.

SATURDAY, MAY 11/46. Wright completed 5 days' work today, during which he painted my den & two upstairs closets, ~~two~~

scraped the old wallpaper from dining room, living room, sun porch, lower hall, staircase, upper hall & my bedroom, and washed two ceilings.

News: King Victor Emmanuel has abdicated the Italian throne & is going into exile. He is extremely unpopular due to his ready collaboration with the Mussolini regime, & some think Prince Umberto or Umberto's young son may be given the throne, while others say the days of an Italian monarchy are ended.

In Halifax the last of the wartime service hostels, that of the Salvation Army, closes tonight.

The cost of living still rising sharply.

SUNDAY, May 12/46 This is Mother's Day throughout the U.S. & Canada, a bit of sentiment that has been very thoroughly commercialised. This morning Tommy presented Edith with a pocket handkerchief (bought with his own money). Frances gave her a little glass tumbler full of caramels. I gave her bath salts & powder (Yardley's lavender). I phoned a Hfx. florist yesterday & had some roses delivered to Grandma Raddall, & this afternoon Edith took a gift up to Grandma Freeman. People wore flowers in honor of their mothers also — a white one for the dead, a red one for the living. Rain all day & night.

Grandma Freeman reports her well so high that water forced itself up & out of the pump, a thing never known before.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1946

Drove to Hfa this morning to settle details of the MacMechan collection. Lunch with Mum & Hilda. Hilda still working at Dockyard office. Kibbie turned up a month or so ago, discharged from the R.N., & stayed in Hfa 2 weeks trying to persuade Hilda to go on with their marriage. She refused, is determined not to live with him again. Finally Kibbie went off to Montreal & got a job with a shipping company there. I phoned Mrs. MacMechan & later had tea with her & Mrs. Casey Baldwin in Mrs. M.'s room at the Lord Nelson. Mrs. M. is a small, vivacious old lady. She keeps herself surrounded by pictures of her beloved "Archie" & told me that life had lost its meaning for her when he died. In the lobby Mrs. Baldwin introduced me to "Casey", who is down here to receive an honorary degree at the Technical College closing. Met Jack McKean & Peter Jack, & had a word with Sgt Joseph Bliskholm also. Rain.

THURSDAY, MAY 16/46

Rain all day. Spent the morning shopping, without success, for shirts, pajamas, a rug for my den, etc. Never saw the shops so bare, except for some lines of very shoddy stuff. No rugs at all at Simpsons ("the weavers have been on strike since February") except some things made in India, at terrific prices. Lunched with Mrs. MacMechan at the Lord Nelson & had a long chat afterwards. She

lent me "Archie's" diary for 1927-28, when he was very busy collecting his Nova Scotia sea tales — very good of her, & her own idea, for I did not like to suggest it. A man's diary is too personal a thing to be at the demand of a stranger. She is delighted that I am to select the tales & write the foreword. I only hope that I can do a job that would please "Archie" himself.

This afternoon I spent in Dalhousie library going over "The Porter of Baghdad" & other of M's work not in my shelves at home, & discussing them with C. L. ("Ben") <sup>BENNET</sup> Bennett, who was M's colleague in the chair of English there for ten years & now has charge of it. Had tea with Bennett & Helene at their home on South St. & B. gave me many anecdotes of "Archie" & his ways.

FRIDAY, May 17/46 Pouring rain. What weather! Spent most of the day studying MacMechan's diary — full of revealing incidents. Went down town, ordered some notepaper & envelopes from Frank O'Neill, ducked into the Chronicle office to say how-d'ye-do to Charlie Bowes, & into the Book Room for a yarn with Howard Bendelius; bought a few books. Went into the Provincial Museum in the Tech. college building. Groydis away but his assistant obligingly helped me hunt for the bayonet I left with Piers, the curator in 1922 — no luck. Spent the evening with Don Mackey, who is to do the illustrations for the



MacMechan book. I insisted on this with Mc Clelland & Stewart & they agreed. Archie would turn over in his grave if anyone but a Bluenose did the job. M. & V. didn't plan to have it illustrated at all at first. Foster murmured a little about the expense, & I told him to cut the honorarium they proposed to pay me & allow that much more for art work. Finally John Mc Clelland came through handsomely, agreed to pay Mackay his rather stiff fee, & raised the honorarium to me from the \$150 originally proposed, to \$250. I told Foster truthfully that I would have done it for nothing - for although I never met "Archie" I have always had a high respect for his work.

Talked with Mackay till 1:30 a.m. in his house on South Park St. & came away very pleased. He is anxious to do a good job & he is certainly the man for it.

Saturday, May 18/46. Shopping this morning with Hilda. Phoned Olga Martell to ask how she was getting along - both kids down with measles, what awful luck.

Pouring rain again today. I drove to Windsor in the afternoon for a week-end with the Norval Waddingtons at Kings College School. Waddington is headmaster & had arranged to meet me at 4 p.m. at Curry's corner with the K.C.V. cadet corps, as a mark of honor.

However the rain forced a cancellation of the parade & Waddington met me half a mile outside the town with the three cadet officers in his car - Capt. Laurie Nightingale, Lieut. F. Ferguson & Lieut. Gordon Tufts; tall, fine-looking lads.

The Waddingtons live in what formerly was the residence of the president of King's College, a roomy place with a grand view from the slope of the ridge. They had invited me down for "a quiet week-end" but I found that tonight I am to address the entire student body & teachers of K.C.V., the girls of Edgehill, the graduating class of Windsor Academy, & a number of the townsfolk, in Convocation Hall. We had supper in the dining room of the main <sup>school</sup> residence, an excellent building of brick erected in the early 1930's. There are about 75 boys in the school, about 25 of them Windsor lads & the rest in residence, & their ages range from 9 to about 17 or 18. The dining tables are arranged in four long rows, with a master or prefect at the head of each; & the headmaster, his wife & small daughter Maria (aged 12, a student at Edgehill) & any guests of theirs, sit at a small table at the head of the room. The boys wait upon themselves, that is, elected boys carry the food from the service window of the kitchen to the tables, & bring the dirty dishes back later. A maid waits upon the headmaster's table. The food is plain but very

good & well cooked. When the first course has been served, & before a morsel is eaten, all stand in silence while the headmaster pronounces rapidly "Benedictus Benedict". At the last syllable all the boys sit & fall to, eating & talking with gusto, a great hullabaloo. There are two courses only, the main dish & dessert, & as dessert disappears the headmaster rings his little bell; all stand in silence once more as he pronounces "Tibi laus, Tibi honor, Tibi gloria", & the boys rush out.

At 8 o'clock we walked down to Old Convocation Hall, an ancient stone building badly in need of repair. The heating equipment is in a poor state, & since May is a month when one might reasonably expect a warm night, Waddington had decided not to attempt the operation of the furnace. As luck would have it, the rain continued, & the hall had the atmosphere of a tomb. It was decorated with flags & streamers of paper (to hide the cracks in the walls, Waddington said) which waved gaily in the bitter drafts from outside. There was a large crowd, the girls from Edgely in their dark uniform forming one solid phalanx with their mistresses, & the boys of K.C.S. & their masters another, with town girls & townsfolk seated in front & behind. Waddington presided, & the only other occupant of the stage beside myself was nice old Canon Andrew, who introduced me to the audience.

The Anglican parson of Windsor, Mr. Hares, came upon the platform & added a few words of welcome & withdrew to his seat below. I had asked W. what he thought I should talk about & he said "Your life, your career", so I talked for about an hour, telling something of my somewhat odd career & the various things which led to my decision to write. Awkward to talk to an audience of both sexes ranging in age from 9 to 70-odd without losing some part of them most of the time and most of them some part of the time. However they seemed to like it, especially some tales of old Scabby Lou, which I told to illustrate the humor of the Micmac Indians. I closed with a little homily to the KCS, telling them to stick to their studies, & pointing out that I was well qualified to give them this advice, since I had done what almost every boy longs to do — to leave school at 15 & go to sea.

I closed by quoting the lines called "Noblesse Oblige", which are pasted in the front of my father's little pocket dictionary.

Waddington suggested questions from the audience & one or two people asked questions about my books. All the girls of Edgehill had brought autograph-books, or books of mine, or notebooks or slips of paper for my signature, & they filed up to the platform while I scrawled & scrawled. Mrs. Keddy & Miss Anslow came to the platform's edge for

a little word of greeting. The principal of Edgehill, Miss Roechling, moved a vote of thanks to me, seconded by Mrs. K. Dimock, wife of a dentist in Windsor, & we withdrew, chilled to the bone. In the Waddington residence, W. produced a bottle of rum & he & Mary W. & I sat sipping & talking until 2 a.m. W. is a small pale wiry man of 40 or so, with dark eyes, thinning black hair & a small black moustache. He is a graduate of King's University although he came from Toronto & so does Mrs. W. Mary W. is his second wife, I believe, a pretty woman of 35 with dark bobbed hair & clear grey eyes, good figure, shapely legs. Not much character & rather bored with life at KCS, I gathered, though she is devoted to "Waddy". W. is a pleasant fellow, serious, slow-spoken, worried about the school's lack of funds in these expensive times; not a very keen intellect but apparently a competent administrator.

One of his worries is that many parents, having regard to the discipline of the school, send their sub-normal or abnormal boys there, expecting a miracle. He says 30 to 40% of the boys at KCS are of this type, & present a problem in morals which requires careful watching.

SUNDAY, MAY 19/46 Slept late & missed the morning church parade, when all the boys troop down to service in the Anglican church in Windsor. A misty, muggy day. Went for a good walk before lunch with J. S. Erskine,

who is senior assistant & upper-school housemaster, a shy, brilliant Englishman of 40 or 45. We walked past the School Woods & "Devil's Punch Bowl", crossed some fields to the Haliburton House, thence to the waterfront & the old blockhouse on the hill, & so back to the school.

In the afternoon the Waddingtons held a tea - twenty town people, Ben & Kay Alexander, George Boggs & his wife. Had a long chat with Miss Roechling & her second in command at Edgchill, Miss Murray, both about 60, both retiring this year.

Tonight at supper W. asked the boys to vote on whether they should hold the usual chapel service or go in a body to hear a piano recital at Edgchill. They seemed unable to make up their minds, so W. announced crisply that he thought the school ought to accept the invitation to Edgchill. This was greeted by loud & general groans but W. was adamant.

The auditorium at Edgchill was packed; many people from Windsor, the boys of K.C.S. a solid column at one side, the young ladies of Edgchill at the other (Miss Murray quipped to me about this separation of "the sheep & the goats"; and Norman Blanchard's wife, a former Edgchill student, said that whenever KCS came over to a mixed gathering at Edgchill they were seated on "all the squeaky chairs" - carefully set aside for them - so that their restlessness would be manifest to all. (forming a fine contrast to the sedate behaviour of

Even

Miss Roechling's girls.) The pianist was one Powell, an elderly Englishman sent out by the Royal College of Music to adjudicate some of the music festivals in Canada. A fine-looking man with glowing dark eyes & white hair, a thickset figure, his shoulders moulded into an actual hump by a lifetime of bending over the keys. He played for two hours — Mendelssohn, Brahms, Schumann, Chopin & one or two modern English composers whose names escaped me — he spoke a little about each composer before playing his work. I enjoyed every minute of it although towards the last it got very hot & stuffy in the hall. Miss Roechling, mindful of the chill in Old Convocation Hall last night, had ordered full steam at her show, & every window & door was shut. (Miss Murray told W. "You froze us last night so we're roasting you tonight!")

Afterwards I met Miss Briggs the incoming lady principal of Edgehill, who came to Windsor from the Rodean School with the girls of that school during the war — a tall attractive Englishwoman of 35 or so. She told me she had read "His Majesty's Yankees" in the English edition.

Later W. & Powell & I went to Norman Blanchard's house & sat long over drinks, talking European politics. Blanchard is a young lawyer. He lost an eye in an accident last year & told me that while he lay in hospital in

Halifax in great pain & unable to read to pass the time, Andrew Merkel used to come into the ward & read aloud my Tambour tales. He assured me that Andy's kindly thought "kept me from going crazy & I think Tambour is the best book in the world."

Monday, May 20/46. Weather fine at last. A beautiful morning. Breakfast with the school at 7.45. Morning service in the chapel. The hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy". W. asked me to read the lesson & I did. It was Acts 21, verses 1-17, a good seafaring bit & well suited to my temperament as W. pointed out in his morning remarks to the school. Afterwards W. said many of the boys would like an autograph - the Edgehill girls had stolen a march on them Saturday night - & so I sat in his office signing away while the boys filed up with their autograph albums, scraps of paper, & books - one chap had all four of my books. After this Reid, the Windsor photographer, appeared & took a photo of the three cadet corps officers & me standing by the memorial tablet on the wall of the Hensley chapel, & as I walked back to W.'s house several boys were lying in wait with cameras requesting a picture. I walked through the town to the Masonic Home & had a long chat with old Sam Freeman, of Milton. The matron showed me through the Home, a beautiful place, well equipped & staffed, the best thing of its kind I have seen.



She & Sam pressed me to stay to lunch but I had to be back at W's, & walked back slowly in the hot sunshine. After lunch I presented the W's with an autographed copy of "Fambur", & left an autographed copy of "His Majesty's Yankees" for the library. W. informed me that the cadet corps wished to do me the honor of playing me through the town on my departure, & so at 2:30 we started off - the drum & bugle band, then my car with W. driving, then the corps colors & the color party, & finally the corps itself. The boys wear a smart Highland uniform with bright scarlet jackets, glengarries, sporrans, & green tartan kilt, white gloves, white spatterdashies, & made a fine appearance swinging smartly along with their instructor, Capt. Weathered, a veteran of two wars, bringing up the rear.

We passed the Devil's Punch Bowl & the college woods, & went right along the main street (holding up all the traffic!) & through the town to the Chester road. There we halted & I was asked to address the boys. I thanked them for the compliment they had paid me, & offered some deserved praise for their smart appearance & soldierly bearing, & praised their excellent band. The boys responded with three cheers & a tiger & I said Goodbye, shaking hands with the drum-major, the officers & Weathered. I walked across the road with W. for a word of farewell to Canon Andrew

- whom we found dressed in blue dungarees & an old straw hat, working in his garden. Mrs. Waddington & several members of the school staff had followed the parade in W's car. I chatted a while & said Goodbye to them & drove off to Chester. A hot afternoon for so long a march by the boys & I felt abashed as I left them. The dirt road (35 miles) to Chester very good. Air full of winged ants for miles, the car was crawling with them inside & out. Windsor was on standard time, the south shore towns are on daylight time, so at 6 o'clock D.T. I found myself no farther than Mahone. Had tea at Green Shutters, where Miss Laura Strum (bless her rather pompous soul) told me I was the first guest of the season & served me a fine meal - fruit cup, cold boiled lobsters with boiled potatoes, pickled beets, & a vegetable timbale, & ice cream & coffee. Had a cigarette & a chat with her afterwards, then pushed on, reached home about 8.45.

TUESDAY, MAY 21/46 Old Locke & his son have finished the new hall closet as far as its exterior is concerned, ready for papering. Had it done with gypsum board as plasterers are simply unavailable for small jobs nowadays.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22/46 Allie Wright finished - as far as he can go until the hall closet interior & kitchen work are done - about 3 pm. He has papered my bedroom, the upper hall, staircase,

lower hall, living room, sun porch & dining room, varnished all the woodwork in those places including the low bookcases in the sunporch, whitened all the ceilings, painted inside the clothes closets in my bedroom & Edith's bedroom, & painted the walls & ceiling in my den. He is 71, very steady & painstaking, inclined to be slow.

THURSDAY, MAY 23/46 Bleaning up the house — we are expecting Andrew Merkel for the week-end. I scrubbed the floors in dining room, sun porch, living room, upper & lower hall, stairs, & washed down the woodwork on the stairs. Lovely weather. Noticed a Baltimore oriole in my wild pear tree, which is now a mass of white blossom. A yellow warbler singing in the garden. A pair of robins nesting in the little spruce tree behind the garage. The U. S. is in the throes of another coal strike ordered by the powerful John L. Lewis, & a general railway strike is ~~under~~ in progress.

FRIDAY, MAY 24/46 Empire Day, a fine hot day for the holiday. Tommy went off to Milton with Jack Dunlap, with grub & fishing tackle. He was back in time for supper with 1 small trout caught in Hollow Log Brook. I took off all the lower floor storm windows & stowed them overhead in the garage. Scrubbed kitchen & bathroom floors. Much ado in U. S. over the rail strike. President Truman has given the railwaymen until 5 p.m. tomorrow to get back

to work. The railwaymen are making defiant statements. The complete stoppage of rail transportation is making chaos from coast to coast & newspapers - even those usually friendly to labor - are demanding strong legislation and stiff enforcement to stop this strike & prevent others.

SATURDAY, MAY 25/46 An electrician & helper busy all day shifting wiring in our new closet & putting in new plug outlets in kitchen. I have a wretched sore throat & fever - very little sleep last night. At 6 pm. we turned on the radio to hear President Truman address the Congress on the urgent matter of strikes in general & the railway strike in particular, which he termed a strike against the government & people of the U.S. He said he had made every effort to avert the strike, & that his efforts had been frustrated by two railway union leaders. He now demanded strong legislation to regulate this & other strikes, & particularly he demanded an act drafting all of the personnel of the railways into the armed forces of the U.S.A. When he got to this point there was a dramatic pause - then he announced that he had just received word that the railway union leaders conceded the government's demands. There was tremendous cheering in the house, & more when Truman went on firmly with details of his proposed anti-strike legislation. It looks as if the labor leaders have

overplayed their hands. Jerry Pickerson sent up a dozen lobsters ("tinkers") this afternoon & we had them ~~boiled~~ boiled, & then simmered in a sauce of vinegar, butter & water & served in soup bowls - delicious.

SUNDAY, MAY 26/46. A hot muggy overcast day. My cold at its most wretched stage. This afternoon drove with my family to Sable River. Turned down the east bank intending to cross the river on the wooden bridge 3 or 4 miles below the main highway & come up the other side. But we found the old bridge badly damaged, the middle section gone clean, & had to return up the east bank. A man with a pair of oxen informed us the lower bridge was partly destroyed in an autumn gale & heavy sea about 2 years ago, & the gov't. apparently does not intend to replace it.

Indian pear, choke-cherry & rhodora in full bloom everywhere & we gathered a couple of armfuls for our living-room. The fad for summer cottages at Hunt's Point is still raging - the number of new cottages going up in spite of labor & material costs & shortages is amazing.

MONDAY, MAY 27/46 Overcast, cool. Andrew Merkel drove through from Lower Granville to address the L'pool Kiwanis Club, at their weekly luncheon. I was invited, to introduce him. Andy is no speaker, & read his stuff from a prepared script. He is still on a diet, has lost 50 lbs, looks fairly well but seems vague & crotchety in mind. He & Sully have bought

a house near the "Champlain Habitation" at Lower Granville, call it Browhill cottage. He retired on pension from Canadian Press on May 1st & is full of plans for a tourist-cum-writers'-cum-artists' centre at Lower Granville which he has talked about for 2 years, & which sounds pretty weird to me. He has just brought out "Order of Good Cheer" in a cloth-covered edition, to match "Tallahassee" & talks of writing a prose story of the Payzant massacre & captivity next year. He spent the afternoon at our house smoking, looking over the M.S. of "Pride's Fancy", & looking like a ghost of the Andy Merkel I met 3 years ago. We pressed him to stay the night but after tea he jumped into his car & went off to the Valley.

My cold kept me wretched all last night & today. This evening a young man & woman from Mill Village or Port Medway drove up in a car with a fine 7½ lb. salmon for sale, price \$2.90. They were in a hurry, they said, because they were going to the minister's to be married, so we took it gladly.

TUESDAY, MAY 28/46 Misery all day. Bleak wind & rain from the <sup>east</sup> west all last night, temp. 35°. House like a tomb this morning; I lit furnace & was glad of it. Wonder why I am so subject to these terrific colds; think it is something to do with super-sensitive membranes of nose & throat, hence the hay-fever which used to torture me every June & July until I took successful inoculation treatments from Doc. Wickwire about

ten years ago. This sensitivity is inherited — my poor mother suffers from a sort of perpetual cold, summer & winter, & my sister Hilda has a strong dash of it.

It is the one weakness in my otherwise ox-like constitution & it seems to me a rather silly one.

Trying all day to collect my thoughts on the MacKeehan foreword but accomplished little — eyes & nose streaming steadily for the third straight 24-hours, & head aching violently.

Rain tonight. The kids begged me & Edith to take them to the movies tonight — a slapstick Abbott-and-Costello thing, so we went. I saw the picture through a film of water & had to keep blowing my nose but I got a laugh or two, — & the kids loved it.

THURSDAY, MAY ~~23~~<sup>30</sup>/46 My sister Hilda came down from Rfx by bus this afternoon to spend a week-end with us.

FRIDAY, MAY ~~24~~<sup>31</sup>/46 Empire Day. Ordered 2 cords of hardwood, cut in 4-foot lengths from Allison Aulenbach. The wood is green & must dry all summer before it is fit to burn.

The price, \$10 per cord — the cheapest I have found in a long time. Before the war it was \$7.50; by 1945 it was up to \$12 & \$13 & hard to get at that.

Edith, Hilda & I drove to Lunenburg this morning & had lunch at the new inn there — "Boscawen Manor", a large residence recently converted, very tastefully furnished —

some interesting antiques - a good meal, nicely served, in a basement diningroom panelled in knotty pine. \$1 per plate.

Had a look about the town for Hilda's benefit & drove back via Riverport. Lovely. Stopped in Bridgewater for a bit of shopping. Home at 5.

At 7.30 I went to the curling rink, where the mayor & council were giving a dinner in honor of the war veterans. A big crowd, 200 to 300 veterans present, some with wives, & a few women veterans of the W.A.C. etc.

Veterans of the 1914-18 war were there also, & all the town dignitaries. I proposed the toast to the veterans, Charlie Leopelin responded. Mrs. Robie Millard made a nice little speech. Merrill Lawding proposed the health of the English war-brides present, & a young Englishwoman, wife of a soldier named Macleod, made a pleasant little response. Borsages presented to the wives also the women veterans present. Scrolls bearing the town's arms & a message of appreciation for their war services, tendered to all veterans present. Parents & relatives of 18 town boys who lost lives in the late war were seated at a special table.

An excellent dinner, well served by ladies of the Legion Auxiliary. Warren Keay looked after the catering. High School cadet band played throughout the evening. Home at 11 p.m. At midnight the phone rang



- Al. Vacheresse, saying that old Jim Freeman, Greenfield fishing guide, was in Bridgewater hospital, nearly dead with internal bleeding, & the hospital had phoned L'pool asking urgently for blood donors for a transfusion. Vacheresse has a copy of the old L'pool Red Cross blood-donors' list, had looked it up & found that my blood was the right "type". I agreed & said I would pick up the other donors in my car. We are to be at the hospital tomorrow at 8.30 a.m. - & no breakfast.

SATURDAY, ~~THE~~ JUNE 1/46 Dull, cold, threatening rain.

Picked up Eric Manthorne, Vacheresse & Lorings' Rice & drove to Bridgewater hospital. Some delay while a nervous lab. technician took samples of our blood & examined them under a microscope for "cross-matching" - whatever that is. All proved satisfactory & we were "tapped" separately in a small room by Dr. Frasset - who is in charge of Freeman's case. He told us the old man is "just alive & that's all".

Got through about 10 a.m. The matron, a dark, jolly Miss Walsh, gave us a drink of brandy each - but no one offered us breakfast. The hospital - all hospitals - are suffering from a shortage of nurses & other staff, & the situation is serious. The 150-bed naval hospital at Shelburne, recently taken over by the N.S. govt. to be operated as a civilian hospital, is unable to take in more than a few patients owing to an almost complete absence

Freeman died June 3rd

of staff, & the Bridgewater hospital actually has several Shelburne patients in its wards. As always my arm was sore all day - my blood has a tendency to clot swiftly & the doctors have to keep digging about in the vein. This afternoon Annie Kitchie drove Edith & Hilda to Lockport & to tea at Allendale - "Ragged Harbor Inn". Tonight a bunch of ladies came in for cards & chat. Gold, fireplace & furnace going. I spent evening at "Father" Wilson's parsonage - Bill & John just back from a Boston visit, say inflation in the U.S. is increasing at a terrific rate. Bill visited a Boston yacht club found that 53 yachts from Boston alone intend to visit Nova Scotia this summer.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2/46 Overcast, cool. Drove to Milton this afternoon with Edith & Hilda, left them at Freeman's & walked to Stanoc & back. Talked to young war veteran, Hambro Wentzel, who is a fish warden at the lower Milton dam; he said very few salmon in the river this year so far. Plenty of Kiackis - I could see their back fins breaking surface everywhere at the foot of the fish ladder. Looked in on Aunt Marie Bell & found Dr. Owen Reddy of Windsor there. Saw Hilda aboard the Halifax-bound bus at 5:15.

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1946

Began buck-sawing the 2 cords of hardwood sold by Aulenbach. The unaccustomed labor very hard on certain back muscles & the legs. Quit at noon.

This afternoon mowed the lawns. Drove to "Super Service" station & bought 2 new tires; I now have ~~4~~<sup>4</sup>, intend to wear out my old recapped tires on rear wheels.

Working all evening on foreword to MacMechan book, not much progress. Sunny, cool day. Temp. tonight 40°

TUESDAY, JUNE 4/46.

Sunny, cool. Sawing & splitting wood all morning & part of afternoon. Borrowed Parker's sprayer & gave my roses & trees a good splash of arsenate of lead & black leaf - none too soon.

Washed garden benches. A good hot tub at 7:30.

Most of the news in Canada & U.S. is of strikes & threats of strikes, each of which pushed up the cost of living a little more.

Mr. Campbell, the blind piano-tuner, came today & went over our battered instrument. He has been travelling about the province for 30 years or more at this work & makes an annual visit to Liverpool & Milton. Tommy fell head first into a thicket of poison ivy two or three days ago & has to go about with his right hand swathed in bandages & a mask of white ointment plastered over the lower half of his face.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1946 Dull & cold. Sawing & splitting wood all morning. This afternoon had a visit from five charming American girls, students at a women's college in Northampton, Mass., who have been spending a year at U. of Toronto on some sort of exchange arrangement, & are making a tour of the Maritimes before going home. They had stopped at Merkel's, in Granville, & they phoned an introduction.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6/46 Sawing & splitting wood most of the day. Used to it now & enjoy it. Tonight we went to see & hear a concert by the Liverpool school bands. The senior band in cadet uniform. They have just returned from a tour of the province, receiving high praise everywhere, & are considered by competent judges the best boys' band in Eastern Canada. Great credit due to R. W. Murray, the principal of schools, who trained them himself. Murray is an indifferent teacher, according to his staff, & I found him an indifferent officer in our reserve infantry company in 1942-43, but his ability to teach boys to play band instruments is really brilliant. The junior band played 3 selections extremely well also - our Tommy in blue blazer & white trousers tooting a cornet valiantly in the back row. Hardly any of the juniors knew a note of music until last autumn. I returned home to

find visitors - Dr. Forester of Nanaimo B.C. Dr. J. C. Medcof of the marine biological station at St. Andrews, N.B. & a young chap named Dickie. All are engaged in fisheries research. They had brought along five of my books for autographing. We sat talking over beer & tobacco until midnight.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7/46.

Finished sawing & splitting (& piling) my wood behind the garage this morning. I had to light the furnace when I got up - temp outdoors  $38^{\circ}$  Fohrt, indoors  $55^{\circ}$ . At noon the sun broke through, though the air remained too chilly for comfort.

Advance program of the Canadian Authors Assn. convention has me down for an address on Saturday, the closing day, although I told Kennedy I did not wish to speak & I am planning to leave Toronto on Saturday to avoid being stuck there over the Dominion Day holiday week-end.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8/46

To the Milton florists this p.m. & picked out a basket of £ carnations with a few snapdragons etc. for Edith - our wedding anniversary tomorrow. Weather foggy & cold. Thunderstorm tonight, rumbling for 2 hours, followed by a sudden howling westerly gale the first real wind in many dreary days.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1946.

A lovely warm day with a fresh west wind blowing the fog off to mid-Atlantic I hope. Edith & I parked the kids in Milton & drove to the Valley via Milford & Bear River. Everything fresh & green after the long rains & fogs. Lunch at the Hillsdale in Annapolis - hardly anybody there, a surprise, I had expected to find it jammed with tourists. After lunch drove over to Lower Granville to visit Andy & Sully Merkel in their "new" home - a 200-year-old farmhouse just past the lighthouse at Dixon's Cove. They call it "Brew Hill" & it is a delightful place which Sully's taste has made beautiful as well as comfortable. Both delighted with it. Andy catches trout in the brook on the farm, & has a slot-gun & a bird-dog named Joe. Sully has turned from his woodcarving hobby to pottery - has a potter's wheel contrived from an old foot-tread sewing machine by an ingenious young man named Angers on the neighboring farm; she digs red clay from a bank behind the house, puts it through screens & various waterings, dries it a bit, & puts a lump on the wheel. She has made some ~~exp~~ excellent jars, nicely glazed, & is having fun.

We all drove over the mountain via Deep Hollow to DeLap's Cove & Litchfield, where Andy visited a

crony & came away with two dozen lobsters - which later he put in the back of our car for an "anniversary gift".

Coming back Andy put his car in the ditch but after some sweat a local motorist gave us a pull & all was well. Tea at "Brow Hill", a feast, & then we went over to visit a neighboring farmer named Johnson, a fine talkative old boy with an ailing wife & two healthy pleasant daughters, one of whom is the local school-ma'am.

We left for home at 8:40<sup>(AM)</sup> Andy & Sally urging us to stay the night, to come back with the kids & spend a week, etc. The Basin & Goat Island lovely in the sunset light. Full dark by the time we reached Kempt. The gravel road in fine condition. Home in exactly 2 hours from "Brow Hill".

MONDAY, JUNE 10/46. Sunny, windy. Arranged to reserve rail accommodation to Toronto for the Canadian Authors' convention. I shall have to leave here on the 24<sup>th</sup> to arrive Toronto on the morning of the 26<sup>th</sup>. Wired John McBllelland to reserve a room at the Park Plaza from June 26 to July 1<sup>st</sup>. I had planned originally to stay at Hart House with the others but Bill Deacon wants me to stay over Sunday & the convention people are supposed to leave Hart House on Sunday morning. I wrote Deacon, told him amongst other things that I would not attend the big dinner at the Royal York because

"dinner jackets" are specified & I have never worn a dinner jacket in my life & have no intention of doing so.

I think the committee on arrangements were somewhat overawed by the fact that the Governor General & his lady will be present at the dinner. The widespread criticism of the C.A.A. — that it is not an "authors' association" at all but an association of literary dilettantes — will be sharpened by this kind of thing. None of the working writers I know would be found dead in formal clothes of any kind, nor would I.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12/46 Overcast & muggy. Fishermen complain of an unusual scarcity of fish on the off-shore grounds. Much bustle on our end of the P'pool-Annapolis road, which is to be widened, straightened & paved over a period of 3 or 4 years. This summer's stint is the preparation of the highway from P'pool to the point where the Greenfield road turns off — roughly 12 to 15 miles — & the railway is unloading steam-shovels & bulldozers & men, & a large camp & machine-shop are being erected in the Five Mile Clear.

Noted this tonight when Cath & I drove to Longley Veinot's camp on the <sup>WEST BANK OF</sup> Medway River between Greenfield & Bangs' Falls, for a salmon-planking party. The usual crowd. Plenty to drink. Fun. A lovely mild night inland but returning homeward at 1 a.m. we



found L'pool & Milton wrapped in fog. Saw 3 deer crossing the Greenfield road.

This morning I mailed an article of 1000 words for the Toronto Globe - requested by Deacon.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13/46. Rain, bleak. Lit the house furnace & my office stove. Finished my foreword for the MacMechan book & sent off carbon copies to "Ben" Bennet & Mrs. MacMechan for their comment. I shall take the original to McCalland & Stewart when I go up to Toronto.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/46 Sunny, with a cool west breeze. A fine walk around Western Head this afternoon. Fetched Aunt Marie Bell & Grandma Freeman down for tea with us; Marie Freeman came over from the mill & after tea we all drove to Carter's Beach for an hour or so. Lovely there - Francie & I walked the beach. Tommy off to a birthday party somewhere.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15/46 Fine. This afternoon yarning with Carl Matt, keeper of the Western Head fog alarm, & the young chap in charge of the radio beacon there. Air to seaward very clear - could see the loom of Cape Lahave, & see the whole small hump of Little Hope - usually all you can see from Western Head is the thin pencil stroke of the lighthouse on L.H.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16, 1946

Fine. This is Father's Day, an invention of the people who sell shaving soaps & other man-things — a complement to Mother's Day, which was invented by the florists. My family presented me with gifts — cigars from Edith, cigarettes from Frances, shaving lotion from Tommy. Spent all morning writing H. T. Wheatley, of Queen Elizabeth High School, Hfx., who has apparently taken up poor Jim Martell's school radio work. Wheatley had written asking for suggestions re a program called "This Is Your History". I gave him 5 or 6, listing the various source materials.

This afternoon drove to Lunenburg via Riverport. Dinner at Boscauven Manor — chicken a la Maryland, delicious. Afterwards called on Mrs. Carl Kohler, who told me of her adventure in the first German war, when she was on a sea-honeymoon with her husband, skipper of the Canadian tern schooner "Perci" bound to South America with a load of fish. The "Perci" was overhauled & sunk by the German raider "See Adler", Count Von Luckner commander, & she & her husband spent a number of weeks as prisoners aboard "See Adler". She said that Luckner was a pleasant young man & they were treated handsomely, but the account of the affair given to Lowell Thomas by Luckner & printed in the book "The Sea Devil" was highly

The "Perce" was a tern schooner of about 300 tons, built at the Bristol shipyard, Liverpool N.Y. by Steadman Gardner in 1916.

imaginative. Subsequently she & her husband sailed all about the world in sailing ships, chiefly in the Bluenose-built schooner "Scottish Maiden", in the coconut oil trade between Tahiti & Marseilles. The "Maiden" was lost by fire in the Mediterranean in 1928 or thereabouts. Mrs Kohler is a dark, vivacious woman, short & now rather plump, with some gray in her black hair. She started going to sea at the age of 13 with her father, Capt. Conrad, in a Lüneburg schooner, & still thinks it is the best life in the world. Her husband has been "in steam" for years, commanded freighters on the Atlantic convoy run all through the war, & now has a ship bought (by himself & another) from the Canadian Govt. — the "Dufferin Park", in the West Indies trade.

From there I went to see Willie Anderson's museum. Willie is a short roman-nosed bright-eyed little man, 60-odd, with a terrific "Dutch" accent & a lifelong hobby of collecting curios. He has fitted up two rooms in the lower part of his house as a museum, with proper show cases etc., & has a most remarkable collection.

The best thing is a collection of insects, birds, fish & reptiles, most of them local & gathered by himself. But there are all sorts of things. I was interested in an album of large photographs of Hfs & vicinity in the 1860's —

two of them showing a group of Confederate blockade-runners anchored in the harbor - fine-looking, sleek ships (sleek in spite of paddle wheels) one of them with 3 funnels. Their names were recorded below. Willie also has a chunk of oak timber containing a trenail - both from the American privateer "Young Teazer".

He has a useful amount of printed stuff, mostly in scrapbooks, a number of ancient deeds & other legal documents. Willie was a farmer just outside the town for many years, later a teamster for a shipbuilding concern. Now is custodian of the Lunenburg cemetery & is compiling a record of the oldest tombstones, illustrated with photos, ~~setting~~<sup>copying</sup> down the epitaphs in German, <sup>with</sup> English translations. A delightful man who, with little formal education, has acquired a most remarkable knowledge. Every Xmas he plays Santa Claus in full costume for children in the schools for miles around Lunenburg, & he speaks very seriously of "my Santa Clausin' work". In all of this he is much helped by his wife, a pleasant woman from Tancock Island. Home after midnight.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/46 Rain. With Edith I drove to Chester this afternoon to call on Archibald MacMechan's widow, who now is living there with her daughter Grace &

the daughter's husband, a lately retired permanent-force major named Holloway. I returned the volume of Archie's diary she had lent me. She is delighted with the foreword I have written for Archie's tales & very eager to see the book in print "before I die" as she says pathetically. She gave me a copy of Archie's "Late Harvest", inscribed to me from "Miladi" - Archie's pen name for her in his early essays. The daughter is a pleasant woman of majestic build & Archie's features (& Archie's speech, according to Mrs. MacM.) She served afternoon tea - what a silly rite it is - & Edith & I set off for home via Lunenburg, where we dined at Boscawen Manor.

A very worried letter from Roderick Kennedy, president of C.A.A., apparently Deacon had sent him my letter of June 10d. & K. was hastening to pour oil on what he thought were troubled waters. I assured him today by air mail that I was not at all disgruntled & that I would speak to the gathering as announced, but that I never attended formal-dress dinners.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19/46 Fine but cool - we have not yet had a day when it was really pleasant to sit in shirt-sleeves in the garden. Temp. tonight 42° Fahr.

Tonight I heard a broadcast of the first important boxing match since the war began - the U.S. heavyweight champion Joe Louis versus Billy Conn of Pittsburgh.

It was a "set-up" really - Conn was no match for Louis physically or pugilistically - if there is such a word - & was knocked out in the ~~seventh~~<sup>eight</sup> round. There was a huge crowd at Madison Square Garden & Louis got \$600,000-plus for his victory while Conn got \$300,000-plus for his pains. Louis is a big negro with a strong cross-strain of Indian (he was born in the Carolina Hills), & now is rich & at the height of his fame. The last negro heavy-weight champion, Jack Johnson, a name on everybody's lips when I was in my 'teens, died in poverty & obscurity just two or three days ago, somewhere in the States. And old Sam Langford, the Weymouth N.S. negro who fought his way almost to the championships at the same time, is now living in the Harlem district of New York, blind & dependent on charity.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20/46 Fine with a strong westerly gale.  
Took Tommy fishing this afternoon. All the brooks are pretty dry so it was the river or nothing - & the trout fishing in the river is pretty well past for the season. However it was pleasant to be playing a fly over the water in the sunshine & Tommy (fishing with worms) caught many perch, a hornpout & an eel. Below No 1 dam we made a fire & had tea, then walked up to the lake shore to look for Indian relics; but to my astonishment I found the big lake almost as high as when I saw it a month or more

ago - & that was the highest in its history. Stopped to fish a little below N<sup>o</sup> 2 tailrace & at Rapid Falls on the way home. I let Tommy drive the car (in low gear!) for about a mile along the river road & he got a big "kick" out of it - wants to know if he can have a driver's license when he's 16.

Doubleday Doran advise me that the Literary Guild (one of the many book-of-the-month clubs) has adopted my new novel "Pride's Fancy" as its b. of the m. for November in Canada - about 50,000 copies. A racket, as all these b. of the m. things are. Net return to the author is  $7\frac{1}{2}^c$  per copy, compared with  $30^c$  to  $45^c$  for a book properly sold over the counter. Impossible to refuse, indeed the publishers court the favor of these "clubs", because the resultant publicity boosts over-the-counter sales; & in the case of Doubleday, this particular Literary Guild is a wholly-owned sideshow of their own, so that the profit is all theirs. - no wholesales, no retailer & very little author.

Monday, June 24/46 Left to attend annual convention Can. Authors' Assn., held this year at Toronto. Took train from L'pool, arrived Hfx. 6 p.m. Dined in the grill at Nova Scotian Hotel. Boarded the "Scotian" at 7.10 - it pulled out at 7.30. I had a

lower berth, the upper held by a young merchant marine officer going home to Montreal for a "spell" between ships. He is a wartime product, typical of the present Canadian m.m. — went to sea as a green seaman in 1939, is now second officer in 10,000-ton ships. A handsome fellow, about 28, athletic build, curly brown hair, an "eyebrow" moustache, bold & restless grey eyes; he is single, likes the sea & women — especially women — & says that after widespread & lusty experiment he has decided the women of Venezuela are the finest in the world. Wore a finger-ring bearing the insignia of the Canadian Seamen's Union, says that ships are now run strictly on union rules — same food in cabin & forecabin, double pay for overtime, etc. A common seaman in Canadian ships with an average amount of overtime gets \$200 to \$250 per month.

Darkness fell as we drew past Shubenacadie & I turned in. Very hot in the train despite air-conditioning — the first hot weather of the year, & I slept with the air-vent turned full upon the head of the bed.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25/46 Woke up in Campbellton, N.B. at 7 a.m. Breakfast in the diner, very pleasant looking out upon the Matapedia River, broad, shallow, but with few boulders big enough to stand above water, many bars & riffles, no real rapids in the miles we followed.



All day the train ~~still~~ ran through low rolling arable lands, farmed in strips in French-Canadian fashion. Land rather stony, but the F.-C. farmers rarely build stone fences as in the Maritimes - simply throw the rocks into long heaps down the middle of the narrow fields. The wooden houses are built without art - simply wooden boxes roofed & shingled - & kept without paint! The Loden Monday washlines testified very eloquently to the F.-C. fecundity. Every poor village had a fine big church & a large & well-kept glebe-house in sharp contrast to its surroundings; & larger towns like Rimouski were ~~studied~~ studded with vast nunneries, schools etc., with black-robed priests busting to & fro. Lunched just before reaching Rimouski. Train stopped at Levis for a quarter hour about 5. The rock of Quebec across the river looks very little higher than the citadel at Halifax as seen from Dartmouth. After leaving Levis, more flowing farmland, & then miles & miles of bush - mostly scrub birch & poplar. Dined at 6.30 near St. Leonard's Junction. Reached Drummondville 7.30. Arrived Montreal at 8 pm. & stepped from the train into the atmosphere of a Turkish bath - Montreal is in a heat wave & today is the hottest June 25th. in 70 recorded years.

I'd looked forward to a long walk about the city to stretch my legs but the heat made all movement highly uncomfortable. Sat about the station (Central Station) a vast place swarming with people & clacking with tongues - until 9.15 when the Inter-city train for Toronto was made up. A little cooler on board the train, sipping iced ginger ale in the club car in a gathering of prosperous & well-dressed St. James Street types. A good deal of open bribery of porters for available sleeping berths - glad I made reservations well in advance. Train pulled out 11 pm Montreal time. Turned in at 12. A nice cool sleep thanks to good air-conditioning equipment.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26/46 Arrived Toronto 7:30 a.m. (8:30 Toronto daylight time) George Foster was awaiting me although I had wired McCalland & Stewart not to bother, nor to permit my visit to interfere in any way with holiday plans. His appearance was most fortunate however as we found that the accommodation reserved for me at the Park Plaza would not be ready until noon, & I had stepped off the train blithely looking forward to breakfast, shave & bath at the hotel. Had coffee & toast in the station restaurant, & then drove out to George's charming bungalow in a suburb where I shaved

& had a shower, & Doris Foster fed us strawberries & cream - "Fairfax" strawberries grown on her father's fruit farm outside the city, huge things & delicious. A very hot day, not a cloud in the sky. Went to 215 Victoria St. & met my publishers (Canadian) for the first time - McLelland a slim unsmiling man, 60-ish, frosty blue eyes, hard-headed, precise, the business-director I should say, while George Stewart is the jovial, back-slapping type, large face & frame, gleaming dark eyes, white hair, always laughing, the business-getter & trouble-fixer of the firm. They informed me that they were giving a "little" luncheon in my honor at the Granite Club, & off we went. The club I am told is very exclusive & the property of the very rich - it is certainly luxurious, & the "little" luncheon proved to be 18 people, amongst whom were the poet Carl Birney, the Napier Moores, Rex Frost & wife. George Stewart sat at the head of the table, Mrs. Frost on his left, myself at his right. A good lunch & some light talk.

Frost wanted to do an interview with me on his radio program at Toronto station CFRB so Foster & I went there in a terrific thunderstorm this afternoon. The heat & humidity almost stupefying. Spent most of the afternoon battling out a script & then recording it for broadcast on Friday night. All went smoothly. Since this is

Doris Foster's birthday I asked George & her to have dinner with me on the Plaza roof. Good food, a fine view over the city - which seems buried in trees. Then I went on to Hart House, a labyrinthine building of grey stone in Gothic style, & there after much wandering in dark passages & trying wrong doors I found the executive committee of the C.A.A. half way through their meeting. Roderick Kennedy, a talkative but businesslike man of 55 or 60, blind in right eye & wears a frosted glass in his spectacles on that side. He is the retiring president. His successor, Wm. A. Pearson of the Toronto Globe, also there - a tall man, thick greying hair, large black eyes, glasses, voice & manner brisk to the point of aggressiveness. John Murray Gibson, a fine old man, heavily built, protuberant blue eyes, lower lids drooping like a bloodhound's, speaks in a slow mild voice. Leslie Gordon Barnard a small grey sparrow of a man with a pointed face & pince nez, very earnest & precise. Got away at 11.30; took the wrong turn & after much hot wandering in the girless tree-shadowed streets arrived at the Plaza after midnight. McCalland & Stewart had reserved a suite for me, very spacious & comfortable, on the 8th floor. Had a shower & slept half naked on the bed, not in it, with all the windows (1 in the bedroom, 2 in the sitting room) opened as wide as they would go. Temp. today ranged between 80° & 90° in the shade.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1946

Attending C.A.A. sessions at Hart House all morning. Met Guethalyn Graham, Will Bird, Dorothy Dumbrell, Mary Parlow French, Grace Campbell et al. Guethalyn Graham a tall handsome girl, 30-ish, humorous, direct, a striking personality. Kennedy gave his retiring-presidential address, a resume of the march of Canadian literature since the C.A.A. was formed by Gibbon, Leacock & others in 1921. Lunch in the Great Hall of Hart House, auspices the Periodical Press Association.

Anthony Eden looked in for a minute - everybody stood & clapped, & he laughed & waved. Vincent Massey was with him. Spent the afternoon with George Foster, shopping downtown. Terrific heat. Through George's magic influence I got 2 pairs of Nylon stockings for Edith - scarcer than gold nowadays. A paint box for Frances. Tommy's trumpet was the main concern. Re-conditioned instruments ran all the way from \$75 to \$125. George Stewart solved the problem. He simply phoned a crony of his, Holmes Maddock, who owns a big music business here, told him who I was - & I went down there & got a brand-new Pedler Trumpet for \$89 - retail price is \$145. Gave Maddock an autographed copy of "Tambour". He is to send the trumpet on to Liverpool in two week's time, when a supply of superior carrying-cases is expected.

11 Dinner in the Great Hall at Hart House. I sat with  
Birney. A photographer took a picture — I ups back to  
the camera. All adjourned to another chamber, the  
debating room of Hart House — about 100 to 200 people,  
9 out of 10 of them women, & most of them from Ontario  
& Montreal. Poets E. J. Pratt and Earl Birney spoke  
— Birney very bitter about the diffidence of Canadian  
editors & publishers towards poetry by native bards.  
John Murray Gibbon gave us a delightful hour of  
music — ballads of Canada, written largely by himself &  
set to old tunes, sung by a fine baritone named  
Eric Sheadwell & accompanied by a lone harpist.  
He included a ballad called "In Old Montreal" & for  
equality's sake another called "Fair Toronto", & there was  
a sea chanty, a voyageur song, & one in praise of prairie  
flowers. Mazo de la Roche gave a witty little talk  
about Toronto & Torontonians. She is a slight woman,  
60-ish, wrinkled, glasses, dyed yellow hair in a great bush,  
head shakes continually with some nervous affliction. Her name  
originally was plain Mazo Roche — she added the "de la"  
in her early writing days, (I wonder if the Mazo wasn't  
originally Maisie?) has made a large fortune out of her  
"Jalna" books & lives with her girlhood chum Caroline  
Somebody-or-other & two children whom she adopted in

Capri in the 1930's. Recently she sold the fantastic house she had built out of her first fortune - it was too far out of the city - & now lives in Toronto.

Bill Deacon afterwards introduced me to a girl reporter from the Toronto Globe - a tall Finnish girl named Eva-Lis Wuorio, very blonde, ~~with~~ with a Greta-Garbo accent & the Garbo manner. She wanted to do "personality sketches" of me & George Hardy, a professor at University of Alberta who writes novels & short stories. Kathleen Strange was giving a cocktail party in her room at Whitney Hall & we thought of going over there but Miss Wuorio thought that would be too much of a crowd. She announced that she wanted to walk "under the trees" so we walked down through the park towards the Plaza & went up to my suite there. It was soon apparent that Eva-Lis was rather tight. She had dallied too long at a cocktail party given by Maclean's Mag. in the afternoon. She pulled herself together from time to time & questioned us very seriously, taking notes on a page of blue paper with a thick yellow pencil, the rest of the time she sprawled full length on the settee, demanding that Hardy recite poetry (which he did - everything from Greek verse to Massfield) & for fair exchange she sang us the marching song of

the Finnish soldiers "when they are only 200 & the Russians are 200,000 and they are all going to die and they don't give a good God damn." Her drinking pal in the afternoon had been a Mrs. Skates, who is I gathered a mistress of George McCullough, the dynamic young boss of the Globe. She insisted on phoning McCullough (at midnight!) which I thought unwise, & finding out where the Skates woman was, & then held a long jerky conversation with La Skates. She & ~~Skates~~ Hardy left my room at 1:30 a.m. & he put her into a cab. Very hot all day & all night.

FRIDAY, June 28/46. Again a day of burning heat. Woke late. Breakfast on the roof. Showered, shaved. Miss Wuorio phoned at 10 a.m. to say she had left her notes in my sitting room & was coming up for them. She did not turn up till 12:30, & sat talking, obviously expecting an invitation to lunch. I told her I was expecting 3 men to lunch but she stayed until the first (Colonel Corrigan) arrived & then departed (with her notes) & talking in a business-like way about her newspaper article. An odd creature. George Foster & Bob Nelson arrived & we all went up to the roof restaurant. Very hot, even there. I had lake trout, an inferior fish to my mind, but perhaps my Bluenose mind is prejudiced.



Corrigan is an old friend of my father's — they were severely wounded together near Vimy Ridge in '17 — a well-to-do doctor, now retired. After lunch he took me off to Toronto Island, a beautiful place, full of tree-shaded creeks & canals, & we spent some time in the magnificent Yacht Club, of which he is a member. The club & grounds were full of Toronto types — tall, healthy, well-fed, well-dressed, with an air of moneyed leisure about them that kept me thinking of our poor Nova Scotia. How snug they are, & how ignorant of the Maritimes & the prairies & indeed the whole world outside Ontario except fashionable places like New York, Vancouver, Paris, London!

There was a light breeze off the lake but even that was hot. We returned to town in a temperature of 89° in the shade & Corrigan took me into the Canadian Military Institute to show me the very fine military library, in which he thought I might get much material. We then went into the club bar for a beer. I was wearing a shirt of the sport variety, open at the throat & carrying my jacket on my arm. Since the club is for retired officers, all in civilian clothes, I was much astonished when a sergeant-majorly person appeared before me — I think he came out of the wall — & informed

me that I was "improperly dressed" & that I must button up my throat & put on my jacket or leave the premises.

Corrigan (who is a former president of the Institute & one of its oldest members) came hurrying over, very disturbed, but I laughed, buttoned my shirt, put on my jacket, the proprieties were restored, & the sergeant-major vanished back into the woodwork. All this for Corrigan's sake & my own inclination was to walk out. Corrigan brought over & introduced a Col. McIntyre, the current president, who apologised for the fuss & explained that the rule had been imposed because "the young officers just getting out of the army are inclined to be careless about dress and we can't have that sort of thing." I wondered if this could have happened anywhere in the world but Toronto.

Corrigan delivered me back to the Plaza in his car & what traffic! and what drivers most of the Toronto people are! & I had tea in Murray's with Rod Kennedy. We walked up to Hart House later, where Hugh McLennan read a long & profound lecture on the proper way to write a successful novel. ("There must be a problem, social or some other," etc. What losh!) McLennan is tall, dark, athletic, clever, extremely pleased with himself but with a great air of modesty that sends

the ladies into swoons. I couldn't help thinking of the first time I saw him, in L'pool. in the early 1930's with a tennis team from Dalhousie. He was then rated the second best singles player in the province, & our club matched against him, as a forlorn hope, young Peter Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's son, a drunken young sot then "studying" paper manufacture at the Mersey mill. McLennan took the first set with ease, & had a lofty this-is-really-piffing air that made us all pray for Peter. And Peter (having sweated out his 3 beers in the first set) pulled himself together brilliantly & beat McLennan so soundly that Hugh looked ~~as~~ a tyro. Everyone ~~was~~ surprised - no one more than Hugh, who took his defeat with a rather ill grace. Soon after that Hugh gave up tennis - "put that part (i.e., the athletic part) behind me" as he says. Today he is generally considered (& he considers himself) Canada's leading novelist.

I left before he was finished - I had arranged for George Foster to pick me up outside Hart House at 9.20, & Hugh proved even longer-winded than I had expected. Doris was with George & he had brought along his portable radio & a bottle of "cream of the Barley" whiskey which he has been saving for

two years against the time when I should visit Toronto.  
We went to my suite at the Plaza & sat sipping  
iced drinks & talking. At 10:30 or so George tuned in  
the radio & we heard Rex Frost interviewing Thomas H.  
Raddall "a strongly-built man with keen brown eyes  
and an air of quiet resolution." All good fun. George  
& Doris left at 12. This night very hot & still.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29/46. Got up late, showered, shaved.  
The day was already hot - at 9:30! I find this  
continuous great heat rather stupefying. Today's Globe  
has Miss Wuorio's "personality sketch" of me. I have  
"the square good face of a sailor" & "carried the salt air  
of my Nova Scotia about with me." (I wish to God  
I did, in this weather!) Afternoon session at  
Hark House very slow getting under way, & everybody  
very hot & listless. I confined my scheduled  
"address" to what I hope were humorous remarks,  
about the convention & Toronto, with a final word  
to the younger writers - "Don't listen too much to  
advice. What you accomplish depends on yourself. I  
think there is too much talking about writing in Canada  
- and not enough writing."

A tall bald portrait artist named Stanley  
Moir drew a pencil head-&-shoulders of me as I

Charles Bruce came along with his wife after the afternoon session & had drinks with me in my room. I got C.B. to autograph my copy of his "Gray Ship Moving", a fine piece of work.

spoke, get me to sign it afterwards. Says he proposes to bring out a book of similar portraits calling it "Hunting Big Game". I thought it a joke & laughed, but it seems he was serious.

A number of Dad's old soldiers phoned learning I was in Toronto & I had a long talk with one of them James Shephard, who came up to the hotel. Another, Rawlings, placed himself and car at my disposal but I hadn't time for any more than a phone talk. They were all full of stories about "Uncle Tom", said he was the finest soldier in the old Canadian Corps, & seem to have genuinely loved him. Another, Roy Whitehead, a former lieutenant of the 8th. who was wounded the day Dad was killed, phoned urging me to have dinner with him. I agreed, for I had no desire to attend the big C.A.A. dinner at the Royal York. Whitehead, a big man with greying blond close-cropped hair, called for me in his car & I had dinner with him, his wife & son Philip who by an odd coincidence was wounded in the late war not far from the old battlefield of Amiens. Whitehead is a govt. official, has an office in the Ontario parliament building (a weird edifice which Napier Moore says is in the "late Tibet style") &

has charge of insurance affairs in the province. We had dinner in the flagged courtyard <sup>of his home</sup> well shaded by vines & shrubs & sat about sipping beer & talking until after midnight.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30/46. The heat wave continues. Today all Toronto seems to be streaming out into the country. Attended a lunch at the Royal York given by Bill Deacon to the newly elected (mostly re-elected) executive. Various tables. I sat tete-a-tete with Kathleen Strange, a pretty & vivacious woman with greying hair. She has not missed a C.A.A. convention in 21 years. Told me an amusing story of Sir Chas. G.D. Roberts, that ~~lecherous~~ lecherous man. In the late 1920's the C.A.A. convention was at Calgary. Roberts, then in his 60's, invited her up to his hotel room to see some photographs. She was an English war-bride, less than 10 years in the country, author of a single book & much flattered by the attentions of the great Canadian author. The photographs were of himself in Greek costume & in various poses after the Siodora Duncan pattern. Each successive photo showed more of Roberts & less of the costume until finally he showed her one of himself in the nude in a very appealing pose. He then "pounced", as she said, & there was a

struggle which ended only when she slapped his face with the full swing of her strong right arm. It knocked his glasses off & she fled, leaving him on his knees proclaiming in a passionate voice that all he had asked was that she give him her embrace to inspire him to great works. For five years he would not speak to her. Then at another C.A.A. convention somewhere he passed & told her in a dignified voice, "My dear, I forgive you."

Napier Moore picked me up at the Royal York at 3 p.m. & we drove out to his comfortable home in the suburbs — about 5 or 6 miles from the Royal York I think he said. He has handed over the editorship of Maclean's Mag. to W. A. Irwin & now is in charge of the entire Maclean-Hunter Publications — something like 25 or 30 mags, most of them trade publications. Tea on the small rear terrace with Moore & wife, looking upon a deep ravine full of tall pines.

Moore is a small neat man, glasses, protruding lower jaw & lip, talkative, emphatic, very positive about everything, talks in italics; not a grey hair in his sleekly brushed head, in his 50's but looks 40, has been everywhere & seen everything — mostly at the expense of Maclean's — & talks about them amusingly. Mrs. Moore a heavy-set greying woman, 50-ish, stolid manner. After tea their son came in, a big pale young man just out of the R.C.A.F., & his pretty wife & small

child Wendy. About 8 pm. we drove around to the other side of the ravine & called on Walter Allward, the sculptor whose great work was the Vimy Memorial, on which he spent 14 years. Allward a tall broad-shouldered man, 70-ish, long lined face, glowing dark eyes, white hair, the nose of an Iroquois sachem, long strong face, unsmiling, quiet. Mrs. Allward a small grey vivacious woman 60-ish. Both charming. Allward calls his wife "Girl" whenever he addresses her, she calls him "Walk". Moore told me on the way that Allward is touchy about people seeing his work before finished, never allows anyone but Mrs. Allward to enter his studio & then only when he asks her to come in & give an opinion on something he is doing.

Allward ~~he~~ went off to get whiskey & ice, & "Girl" took us quickly into a room hung with a dozen of his drawings, all inspired by the war, beautiful things, strong nude male & female figures in attitudes of grief, of fear, of resolution, of hope. One especially struck me: three huge cannon form the background, before them stands a man in an attitude of defiance, face to the sky, a violin clasped by the neck in one hand, the bow in the other. Allward came along with a tray & at once exclaimed "Here! Here! What's this?" & Mrs. Moore quickly said that we had demanded to see the drawings & "Girl" had been too polite to refuse. We drifted



Today at 6 pm. Toronto time the widely-touted atomic bomb experiments began at Bikini Island in the Pacific with the dropping of the first bomb. Some nervous people expected a "chain-reaction" that would split the world, but it was rather a fizzle, — only a few of its target ships were sunk, goats left on board were still living, and all its paper trees on Bikini left intact. All this per the Moore's radio.

out to the cool shade of the flagged couch again, looking out upon the broad lawns & the fruit trees full of robins & grackles & song sparrows. The women chatted, Moore ran off with the conversation as usual. Allward & I sat listening for the most part, mum as clams. He barely knew my name, & that I came from Nova Scotia — he asked me one or two questions about fish, the unfailing resource of Torontonians who, out of politeness, wish to include a Nova Scotian visitor in the conversation. Then, out of a silence — even Moore had stopped talking for a minute — he turned to me with a strange glow in his dark eyes & said suddenly

"It seems to me that you are a man who reads and admires Robert Louis Stevenson, and your mind is full of eighteenth century sea characters like Long John Silver."

It was simply weird, for I do greatly admire R. L. S., & for the past year my head has been full of such sea characters in the writing of "Pride's Fancy". I was so astonished that I gaped for a moment. Then Allward turned to Moore & picked up some thread of the former conversation, & I turned to "Gail" & said "That was absolutely true — but how did he know?" She replied in a low voice, "Oh, Walk is psychic sometimes." And she went on to tell me how, when the Vimy Memorial was finished, Allward had several slabs of the Salmation stone

buried deep in the earth on the ridge "in case of future need" — foreseeing the war, & the bombing raids, & possible damage to the great monument, without saying so and perhaps not actually knowing what impulse made him do it. She gave me another instance — how he had been travelling in a Toronto street car, & saw a man walking towards the door with a ray of light about his shoulders, & actually followed the man to the door, doubting the evidence of his own eyes; and how, next day, they read in the newspaper that a dear friend of theirs had been killed by a motorcar while stepping off a street-car at that exact spot.

I was so struck by his remark & its truth that I brought the matter up again with Allward himself, asking him how he knew what was in my mind. He said quietly, "I just knew. It simply came to me very clearly. Do you know, I have often seen in my mind a scene on the coast, a rocky inlet with small white houses, & pole stagings built down the face of the rock to the water. I have described it to certain people who tell me it is the exact picture of my father's birthplace in Newfoundland, though he never described it to me, & I have never been to Newfoundland."

Later he told me that the Vimy Memorial had not been damaged except by one or two willful rifle shots — a hand smashed on one of the figures etc., & he hopes to go to

France soon & repair it. He then said his original idea (& he still thinks it was right) was that the great memorial should stand on a cliff-top facing the St. Lawrence, somewhere east of Quebec, where it could be seen & would form a landmark for every ship coming in or out of the river; and he showed us a drawing of the original design, a magnificent conception, with a great strengthening apron or buttress down the face of the cliff.

Left there about 11 & Moore drove me back to the Plaza. Another hot night, half naked on the bed.

MONDAY, JULY 1/46. Checked out of the Plaza at 9.30 (daylight time) — Mc Clelland & Stewart pay the bill, very nice of them. (I mentioned my gratitude towards M. & V. to George Foster, who said "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but as far as M. & V. are concerned, Thomas H. Raddall is a very valuable property.") Got a taxi to the station, which I found jammed with holiday traffic. Foster had arranged a sleeping-car berth for me from Montreal to Kpx. No chair car on the Toronto-Montreal train — which seems strange to me — so I sat in the crowded day-coach, my seat-mate a Sydney N.S. girl, married to an Ontario naval cook during the war & going home for a holiday. She was a friendly creature, a dreamy sort, loves her husband & hates Ontario, told me the story of her married life as simply & spontaneously as

if I were an old friend, & smoked cigarettes steadily.

Very noisy in the car - babies howling all the way - & very hot & uncomfortable - the thermometer read  $80^{\circ}$  inside in spite of alleged "air-conditioning". (I walked with my seat-mate to the rear platform for a breath of fresh air, but found it much hotter than inside the car.) The single dining car proved inadequate for the long train - it was jammed, & crowds waiting in the corridors, so Mrs. "Sydney" & I bought cheese sandwiches & paper bottles of cold milk-chocolate from the alert Jew news-man on the train & lunched where we sat.

All through the day the train rolled past rich rolling farmlands plentifully studded with elms & other trees, with half-dry rivers & creeks, a lovely but monotonous countryside, with occasional glimpses of Lake Ontario - a strip of pale green water, the distance obscured in heat haze. A miniature tornado blowing near Brockville - dust blowing in great clouds along the right-of-way & the dirt roads, & trees bending dangerously, then terrific thunder & lightning (which frightened Mrs. "Sydney" very much) and sheets of rain. Reached Montreal at 5:45 p.m.

Raining lightly there but no relief from the heat - the rain merely added an oppressive humidity. Bored & cramped after the long day in the train. I had shipped my suitcase straight through from Toronto to Liverpool. Checked

my briefcase, handbag & topcoat in the parcel room in Montreal's Central Station, a huge place swarming with excited holiday-makers jabbering English, French, Hebrew, Syrian - even Chinese. Dined in station restaurant. Spent 1½ hours walking up & down outside the station, dodging showers from time to time, watching the stream of taxis arriving & departing. Wired Mother that I would arrive in Hfx midnight Tuesday. I boarded the "Scotian" about ½ hour before departure - which was at 8 pm. standard time. Amused <sup>here,</sup> as in Toronto station, by the way people fight & shove to get aboard or to leave trains, the look of hostility in every face, the complete self-centredness of city folk. I found my sleeper berth & made the acquaintance of a tall handsome soldier, 35-ish, Captain Billings R.C.B.V., of Kingston & Victoria, a veteran of Hong Kong & now bound for Batterick, England (per "Lady Nelson", sailing from Hfx) to take a course. Turned in with the lower of the air-conditioning system turned full on my face & had a good sleep.

TUESDAY, JULY 2/46 Awoke just beyond Rimouski. Billings & I, & a young ex-medical officer of the West N.S. Regt., & a big tough Westerner made four in the smoker all day. Billings told us the story of the defence of Hong Kong, intensely

interesting. The Westerner had been associated in some way with Bronfman, the king of the prairie bootleggers in the late 1920's and early '30's, & told some interesting yarns of booze-running by motor truck. The doctor had been in Italy with the W.N.R. At Campbellton, walking on the station platform with Billings; no less than 3 young men wearing K pins came up & spoke to him - former soldiers of the Royal Rifles who had known him in China.

At Moncton the dinner was taken off our train for an emergency at Lormentine - a large number of passengers for P.C.I. held up there by a storm & no food in the place. This obliged our own train to stop at Sackville 30 minutes to let us forage for ourselves. The little station restaurant was hopelessly inadequate - jammed in a moment, with at least 200 people crowding outside the door. Billings & I tried a small grubby shop with a "Cafe" sign - found that jammed & hopeless. Tried an even seedier place labelled "Scotia Hotel", deserted except for 4 trainmen in oily overalls playing rummy. They informed us diffidently that "it's no good looking for food here" so we returned to the train. Billings, resourceful man, fished a tin of Kani, from his pack, also a package of cheese, which we divided with my pocket-knife & ate with our fingers. I was able to contribute two chocolate bars for dessert & we washed all down with paper cups of water. Most of the passengers returned hungry & grumbling at the end of the half hour, and

four were left behind. (They made a mad dash in a taxi across the Santramar marsh & caught the train at Amherst.)

As we walked the platform Billings mentioned reading some of the history of this part of the country in a book called "His Majesty's Yankies". I said I wrote it & he stopped & insisted on shaking my hand & saying what a great book it was. He had even planned some time to take a summer holiday with his wife (daughter of a professor at Queen's College), motoring about Nova Scotia & looking up some of the scenes. He is a professional soldier, a pre-war graduate of R.M.C., & a keen student of Canadian military history. I pointed out Fort Cumberland to him as the train passed. Arrived Hfx

1.30 a.m. daylight time. Billings walked part of the way to the station with me, then said Goodbye & went back to look after his baggage. I got a taxi by good luck & found Mother & Hilda sitting up for me. Talked till 2.30.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13/46 Spent this day in Hfx. Did a bit of shopping for Mother, & bought some candy at Moirs for my kids.

Air deliciously cool after the broiling week inland. This evening strolled with Hilda to the Arm Bridge & beyond, exploring the new (to me) built-up area along the shore between the bridge & Melville Cove. Stopped for a yarn with an old schoolmate, Dooks, who made money in confectionery & lunch shops during the war & has a fine new house there.

He sipped ginger ale & ate hot dogs & peanuts at a roadside stall at Melville Cove & then walked slowly home by Quimpool Road. Hilda described a week-end visit by the egotistical Kibbie, who seems finally resigned to the fact that Hilda will not go on with their marriage, & now talks of throwing up his job & going back to England. They have come to some sort of agreement on the division of the furniture, silver, etc. A miserable business all round.

THURSDAY, JULY 4/46 Returned to L'pool by the morning train. Very dull. Only one other person in the chair car, & the train itself half empty - strange after the throngs of wartime. Found Allie Wright busy painting the house & it looks very fresh & fine. Edith & the kids well - the kids looking forward eagerly to their week in camp at Yarmouth.

FRIDAY, JULY 5/46 Went over & saw old Locke, who has made a number of the kitchen cabinets etc, & got him to promise to come next Tuesday & put them in.

SATURDAY, JULY 6/46 A picnic at Carter's Beach this afternoon. Found the Chaplins installed in their summer cottage for ten days & stopped for a chat.

SUNDAY, JULY 7/46 A dark bald young man named Heinz, a Pennsylvanian, came this afternoon. He is staying at White Point, gathering material for an historical novel. Formerly



a teacher of American history at Milton (Mass.) Academy. I took him to the Perkins House, & to White's. He stayed for tea with us. Talked in a vague sort of way, had astonishingly little knowledge of 18th. century manners, customs, speech or fric-a-brac, and even less about a novel. A terrible bore & I offered no objections when, about 8 p.m. he decided to leave.

MONDAY, JULY 8/46 Overcast. Took Francie & little Anna Thompson to the girls' camp at Carleton, Yarmouth County. Edith & Tommy came along. Left home 9 A.M. Lunched in Yarmouth, where we met Clem Crowell & promised to have lunch with the Crowells at Lake Annis a week from today, when we return for our daughter. Camp "Wapomeo" is a mile or two beyond Carleton, beside Lake Fanning, a lovely spot. Seven or eight cabins, each "sleeping" ten, & a central dining hall & office. It is operated by the Y. M. C. A. & is in charge of Nathan Bain & his wife, with a staff of young men & women "councillors". Half a dozen other Liverpool kids have been there for some days, so Francie won't be lonely. Her first real stay away from home - tremendous excitement. Returned home by way of the dirt road through Gavelton & Tusket. Stopped for tea at Allendale - the "Ragged Islands Inn" - a small country house

The proprietress of Red Island Inn, a Miss Arnold, enjoyed her meals greatly in later years, & it became a popular stop on the South Shore road.



now catering to the tourist trade & reputed to serve good meals.

We had soup, small portions of tough beefsteak, mashed potatoes, canned tomatoes, a choice of lemon pie or trifle for dessert, & coffee. All of this after a long wait. The she-bandit who runs the place charged me \$1.25 each for myself & Edith, & 70¢ for Tommy. Arrived home about 8:45, after a round trip of roughly 300 miles.

News: Ottawa announces that henceforth the Canadian dollar will be at parity with the U. S. dollar — and away goes the 10% premium on U. S. funds. This means a cut of 10% in my receipts from U. S. sales — the major source of my income.

TUESDAY, JULY 9/46 Lovely day. Spent the afternoon mowing the lawn, trimming shrubs, etc. — a hot job. Allie Wright finished painting the house exterior & the storm windows. He scraped the "blistered" places first, & painted over one or two bare places, then a final coat over all. The same colors as before — cream, with dark green trim. He also cleaned out the rain gutters, filled the gaping corners with bituminous cement, & then painted them inside with black bituminous compound.

Old Mr. Locke came after dinner with his "stock" & worked all afternoon at the hall closet door & frame. An electrician came to mend the wiring of the overhead light in the kitchen. Edith has had to

abandon her usual strawberry jam-making owing to the terrific price — 47¢ to 50¢ per box, & poor berries at that. Before the war one could buy ~~at~~ a crate at the rate of 15¢ per box.

All commodity prices rising steadily. I hear that Wallace Ogilvie, our Liverpool war profiteer, who made a quick fortune in shipping & then removed to Nassau in the Bahamas, has arrived here for the summer in a very fine yacht.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/46

Rain & fog. Locke & son worked all day in kitchen & on hall closer. Started to prepare my historical short stories for book publication, possibly in 1947.

THURSDAY, JULY 11/46

Locke worked all day in kitchen. I helped him smash & remove the old bathroom waste-pipe which passed down the northwest corner in a wooden casing. A tough job — cast iron, & no room to swing a hammer properly. The old man's legs bother him, so I take him home at noon & at 5 pm. in my car. He chews tobacco & spits in the sink, which disgusts Edith, but he is a painstaking workman — really a cabinet maker — & good workmen are too scarce to question about personal habits. A funny letter from Francis today; she is enjoying the camp although she fell in the lake at ablutions & lost toothbrush, soap, towel etc.

MONDAY, JULY 15/46

Drove to "Camp Wapomeo" at Carleton this morning, taking along young Gordon MacDonald & Jack Dunlap, who are entering the boys' camp at once. Edith & Tommy came along, & sundry suitcases, as the Radfords are invited to spend some days with the Merkels at Lower Granville. Weather threatening all the way & we reached the camp in a smart shower of rain. All a bustle there - bus-loads of little girls departing, & crowds of lively little boys arriving. Picked up Francie Brown as an Indian (she informed us solemnly that her camp name was NO-KO-MIS) and delighted with her week there. Drove on to Lake Annis & had a fine lunch with the Glen Crowells & daughter Barbara at their new summer cottage. Left there at 3 p.m. & went on arriving at "Browhill" about 5.30. There we found Andrew & Tully Merkel & their daughter Peggy (Mrs. Gordon Thompson) & Peggy's small twins David & Diane; plus Helen Beringer, who doubles as Tully's assistant-general in the household & as Andy's secretary; plus Peggy's small brown spaniel bitch Debby, a very small kitten & a large melancholy hound named Joe.

The weather had turned fine again & the sunset on Annapolis Basin was marvellous. Edith & Francie sleep on twin beds in a large front bedroom, Tommy on a cot in the upstairs hall, I on the living-room Chesterfield, which "takes down" &

becomes a very comfortable bed.

TUESDAY, JULY 16/46

A hot sunny day. Breakfast outdoors looking out across the Basin, which was like a mirror, with Supper Wain's big woodworking plant at Sigby sending up a column of dense black smoke like a miniature Vesuvius.

The kids went troutfishing up the brook which flows through Andrew's orchard but the stream is now a trickle & they had no luck.

Andy mightily busy getting his tea-room-cum-souvenir-booth-cum-bookshop ready for business.

He has rented the old schoolhouse just east of the "Hamplian Habitation" & the carpenters & masons are busy building on a kitchen. A booth of timber covered with tarpaulins & brushwood is about ready & there is a flagstaff to put up, etc., & benches & tables to be painted - Andy doing his household crazy in the rush, not to mention the carpenters & masons.

This afternoon I picked up old Horace Johnson & his young daughter Paula, & with Edith & Tommy & Frances drove to Bear River - "cherryin" as Johnson calls it. No luck at the first orchard - one of the biggest at Bear River - where we found most of the trees withered & dying of a mysterious blight, with hardly a cherry to be seen. Black cherries are not yet ripe but the red sweet "White-Heart" cherries are, & at the next place we managed to "buy" a tree of white-hearts as the custom goes.

I paid the owner, an elderly woman, Mrs. Thomas Dugas, for the privilege of picking cherries from a single tree (she charged one dollar, & supplied a ladder). The kids had a fine time - Tommy came down the ladder finally with an old-fashioned bellyache & mighty few cherries in his basket. Old Mr. Johnson - 75 & spry as a cricket - climbed up the tree without benefit of ladders, roaring cheerfully when we protested that he would break his neck - "Why this ain't nothin'! Used to come over here cherryin' in a boat from home an' pick bar'ls and bar'ls!" All but Edith took a turn up the ladder - blonde Paula displaying a pair of fine bare legs & picking merrily at the fruit. In the end, having eaten our fill we carried off about 6 or 8 quarts of cherries for the Merkels. (View of Bear River from the cherry tree on the hillside was most beautiful) After supper at "Browhill" we sat admiring the sunset & about dusk along came Mr. Johnson to say there was a clam bake prepared for us on the beach. Down we went, all of us, & found that Johnson & another neighbor, Prince, had dug a great lot of clams & had a big fire of driftwood blazing on the shore! Mrs. Prince was there, & Paula Johnson & her beau, Alton, & we had a feast together. The clams were baked on the concave side of an old iron furnace-bottom, covered with heaps of wet seaweed - delicious. They are, I must confess, more tender & sweeter

than our south shore clams - a different variety, with an odd flange at the "hinge". The stars were all out, & the moon came up in the warm night haze over Annapolis. To bed about midnight.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17/46.

Another hot day. Breakfast outdoors again. ~~Spent the morning sitting~~  
~~sunbathing~~ At 9 a.m. set off by car for Victoria Beach & a morning's fishing on the pier there - all the Raddalls, the Princes & Johnsons. Reached there at just the right time - the tide low & just on the flow. Fished with codlines & fresh herring bait. The kids made us nervous at first - a straight drop of 30 feet down to the water - but soon all that was forgotten in the excitement, as the pool inside the pier, crystal clear, began to swarm with pollock & big brown-backed flounders coming in on the tide. The flounders were the real prize & I found the cod-hooks we were using much too big for the flounders' small mouths. By noon Tommy was high-liner with 8 small pollock & 3 flounders. I helped Francie catch a flounder - using a trout-hook & small bait. Back to "Browhill" in triumph. I cleaned the fish & helped Lully skin the flounders - a tough job; we started at the tail, the wrong end, we were told later. This afternoon took Edith & the kids to see the Champlain "Habitation" and

Fort Anne museum. Col. Eaton hailed me, wants me to come to Annapolis in September & be made an honorary member of "The Order of Good Beer". This evening I painted the little flagpole which is to stand beside Andy's souvenir-booth. Andy very busy & crotchety. At dark we all drove over to Port Wade & joined a community clam bake on the shore there - 30 or 40 men, women, children, all gathered about a huge fire on the shore at the foot of a steep wooded bank. A lantern, hung in the branches half way down, lighted the efforts of an orchestra - several youths with guitars, an accordion & a mouth organ. The clams were consumed by the time we got there but we had tea, sandwiches & cookies & the moon on the water was beautiful. Sat up late with Andy in his study. Sully came in & they told me interesting (& amusing) anecdotes about Charles G. D. Roberts, Carman, Norwood & others who frequented the Merkel home in Hfx in the 1920's & early 30's.

Roberts undoubtedly was a sexual maniac even in old age, an embarrassing trait to those who undertook to entertain him, yet the Merckels insist he had immense charm & was the best of company. Andy has preserved many letters & documents - amongst other things a bundle of love letters written by Sir Charles to a young married woman of frail instincts who later decided the letters were too hot to hold & turned them



over to Merkel for safekeeping. She is now dead, like her lover,  
& Andy says he has never read the letters.

THURSDAY, JULY 18/46 Another lovely day. Had intended  
to return to L'pool this morning but Andrew asked me  
to stay & "break the flag" over his new enterprise this  
afternoon & say a few words to the people - he had been  
planning on it, hence his great rush to get the place  
ready. I helped to load a truck with his tables etc (poor  
Tully had stayed up half the night to paint them).

Drove to Bridgetown with him & young Albert Angers,  
& had sherry & a yarn with Roy Lawrence & Hicks,  
the local M.L.A., who married Pauline Banks recently.

About 2 pm. went down to Andy's booth, where  
a small crowd of local people (& a little group of American  
tourists, out of curiosity) had assembled. There was an  
unfortunate omen in the "breaking" of the Nova Scotia flag over  
the book-&-souvenir booth. When I tugged on the  
hallyard to break the thread aloft, the wooden "button" on the  
flag slipped out of the hallyard loop, the bundled flag fell  
to earth & left the loop in the block at the mast-head.

However after some careful "fishing" aloft by a man  
with a long stick on a ladder, we got the loop down,  
fastened the flag securely this time (poor Andy was  
furious, & his daughter Peg murmured sotto voce "A

good thing Dad fixed the flag himself the first time - he'll have no one to blame for it!") and on the second attempt all went well, the flag snapping bravely in the breeze amid a little patter of polite applause. Andy called on me to say a few words & I spoke up, saying that the Merkels were to be commended for their enterprise & that I hoped their example would be copied in all parts of the province - for they provided not merely a chance to eat delicious Nova Scotia sea-food but to purchase the works of Nova Scotia poets & authors, which would enable visitors to appreciate the story of the countryside.

I think the American tourists (four ladies & a man) considered us all as mad as hatters but they bought a copy of Andy's "Order of Good Beer" & one of my "His Majesty's Yankees" & drove off. I drove back to "Brownhill" & we packed & made our farewells. Mr. Johnson sent up a bucket of clams & a big haddock to take home, which Lully packed in ice for us & we stowed ~~it~~ in the car trunk, & Lully gave us a lovely bouquet from her garden.

Stopped in Annapolis & bought a brass-mounted fire-screen at Lorgie's. The cross-country road very dusty but fortunately we met little traffic. The road construction gangs & their various machines have now reached the 3-mile. Home & unloaded, & got a late meal at

the Savannah Inn (formerly Mrs. Lawrence's tea room) on Main St. I left a key to the house with old Locke, the carpenter, & hoped <sup>had</sup> to find all finished in the kitchen. But as I should have known (& indeed suspected) nothing further had been done.

FRIDAY, JULY 19/46 Fine weather - extremely hot today. Went over & fetched old Locke in my car & he set to work where he had left off last Saturday. How slow he is! But his work is carefully done & I suppose in these crowding times I'm lucky to be able to hire real skill at all. Tonight his boy came in to help him but the work went no faster - in fact they waste more time on talk & consultation than the extra hand is worth. The Parkers dropped in about 10 pm. & we had steamed clams & beer, & toast & cheese & coffee.

SATURDAY, JULY 20/46 Hot. A strong smell of forest fire & a haze of smoke at evening. Spent the afternoon with Heinz at Broad River, where he has a cabin. The kids enjoyed rowing about in a boat. Heinz & I hunted for signs of an Indian midden where the brook flows into Summerville lagoon, but found nothing. Dinner with Heinz at the Scotia House, Port Mouton - & a fine meal it was. Afterwards we sat on the hotel porch with stout old Mr. Wagner, a Mr. & Mrs. Matheson, ~~with~~ while

Black Tom's fiddle tunes included "The Cooked Hornpipe",  
"The ~~Black~~ <sup>Curry</sup> Potato", "Irish Washerwoman", "Sailor's Hornpipe", "Fishermen's Hornpipe"

"Black Tom" Boyle entertained us with fiddle tunes, mostly Scotch reels & Irish jigs. He informed us that his violin (which had the tip carved as a tortoise head - or as Tom said, a "dragon-head") was stolen by S. W. Poth Mouton wreckers from the ~~English~~ English steamer "River Wye", which ran ashore on Spectacle Island in ~~the~~ 1923 or 1924. At dusk we drove down to the old Wagner farm <sup>to see deer,</sup> saw none, & returned. Heinz impresses me as a dilettante, not a writer, & the novel he talks about will amount to ~~just about~~ nothing.

SUNDAY, JULY 21/46 Worked all morning & evening on maps for the end-sheets of "Pride's Fancy". Doubleday had sent up photostats of two ancient maps in the New York Public Library, one French, the other God's knows what - all the names in Latin & pseudo-Latin, & both very inaccurate and inappropriate. I made tracings of the French one (substituting 18th century English names), also a tracing of the modern Admiralty chart, with all points mentioned in "Pride's Fancy" marked & named, & the track of the privateer from her first appearance in Florida Strait to the place of her destruction off the coast of Haiti. Afternoon in my garden, at its best just now, the elder, deutzia & "thousand-beauties" roses all in full bloom, the honeysuckle a mass of blossom with a most sweet perfume, & the crimson & the pink ramblers just beginning to bloom. The shrubs have now attained heights from five

to twelve feet, making the small rear lawn the secluded & shady lower I envisioned when I planted them 9 years ago. The little clump of wire birch, a sickly thing of 6 feet when old Conrad transplanted it to the back wall in 1936, is now a beautiful cluster 20 or 25 feet high.

MONDAY, JULY 22/46 Another trip to Yarmouth, this time taking Tommy to Camp Wapomeo, together with his chums Charlie Ferguson, Billie Smith, & Jackie Kaye. Left 8<sup>th</sup> pd. at 9 a.m., reached the camp at 1 p.m. — 150 miles — having lost a little time by taking a wrong turn on the dirt road from Tusket to Charlton. Edith came along, & she & I had lunch with Mrs. Bain in her cottage at the lakeside. The Liverpool boys (9 altogether) are in one hut & all apparently delighted with each other.

Fog all the way, after heavy rain last night — the first rain since the shower on the 15<sup>th</sup>. It was badly needed for the crops & the forest-fires. I learn from Ralph Johnson, chief forester of Mersey Paper Co., that the heavy smell & smoke of forest-fires we noticed on the 20<sup>th</sup> was not from fires in Nova Scotia at all, but from huge fires now raging in New Brunswick.

On the way back from Lake Lanning, Edith & I stopped at Tusket for a word with Miss Hunter, whose father, bluff old Charlie Hunter, was my skipper in two

ships - "War Karna" and "Prince George", in 1919; & whose brother Walter was also an old shipmate of mine.

Walt is still a seagoing radio operator - Miss Hunter showed us his latest photograph - & after an exciting wartime experience is back in the Canadian govt. ship "Colborne", in which Edith & I voyaged to Bermuda with him in 1932.

Arrived in L'pool at 8 p.m. - tea at the Savannah - & found ourselves locked out by our cautious carpenter, who had finished his work at last & gone home, setting the old door-catches (which we no longer use, having lost the keys) & leaving the Yale lock unscr. I unscrewed a screen on my den window & got in. Wright, the painter, had evidently followed hard on Lockie's heels & put a priming coat on all the new woodwork.

The new kitchen windows look fine - give much more light & air.

~~Friday, July 23/46~~ ~~Hot~~ Bernard Heinz came in this evening <sup>at 8.15</sup> he is very anxious to see the Gaelic Mod at St. Ann's, of which I had told him, but doesn't care to make the long drive alone - begged me to come with him. I said All Right.

TUESDAY, JULY 23/46. Burning hot day. Heinz picked me up with his car at 8.15 A.M. Stopped at Hfr. to buy a couple of neckties at Simpson's, turned off along Dutch Village

Road. Drove 50-60 m.p.h. most of the way. Lunch at Louro. I drove from Louro to Antigonish, to give Heinz a rest. Stopped at Antigonish long enough to peep into the cathedral. Had two narrow escapes on the dirt road from Port Hastings to Whycocomagh - cars coming the other way, road narrow, right on a bend each time, Heinz driving fast. (The second time we nearly dropped 40 or 50 feet into the lake!) Reached Baddeck about 6 p.m., went right on to "Bute-Arran" to see about accommodation. Found Mrs. McCurdy ill in bed, recovering from an attack of pneumonia, & the cook-maid in charge, a blowsy Newfie-Irish woman of 40. Newfie informed me in a stage-whisper that Mrs. McCurdy was really dying of cancer & that she had orders to turn all visitors away, but on mentioning my name she trotted upstairs & at once asked us to come up. Mrs. McCurdy lay in bed, bright & cheery, told us we could have the yellow room & our breakfasts as long as we liked, recommended the Bras D'Or Hotel for our lunches & dinners. Only others at Bute-Arran are the daughter Allene Harrison & her small blond boy Peter, & a pleasant middle-aged American, Mrs. Wood & her 14-year-old daughter. Heinz & I had dinner at the Bras D'Or. Found Don C. Sinclair sitting on the Bras D'Or veranda dressed in a green tweed jacket & waistcoat, dark greenish kilt, leather sporrans, & lavender stockings, a picture of a Highland gentleman of the

old school — and reading "Pickwick Papers". He is a magistrate at New Glasgow, a stocky rugged-faced man with greying black hair & bristling black eyebrows. I met him first in 1942 when he was a captain in the reserve battalion Pictou Highlanders & attached to our own West Novas as adjutant. Had a yarn with him, then back to Bute-Arran, where Allen Harrison showed him their fine collection of old chinaware etc..

Mr. & Mrs. J. A. D. McCurdy came in. J. A. D. flew Graham Bell's experimental airplane on the ice of Bras D'Or lake in February 1909 — the first man to fly in the British Empire. A lean dark energetic-looking man with neat grey hair, rather positive & assertive — perhaps derived from a drink or two — I could not be sure. Told us amongst other things that he knew Marconi in the days of his early experiments at Glace Bay, that Marconi was then broke & shabby but got the Canadian gov't's interest through a Sydney man, Alex Johnson, a gov't. official now retired & still living at 80-odd; that after Marconi became rich & famous he never once acknowledged his debt to Johnson; & finally that during the early Glace Bay days Marconi fell in love with a Sydney N.S. girl named Nina Something (McEachern?), but that nothing came of it & Nina eventually married a doctor named Parker & removed to Ontario or the States.

All this in a rapid fire of talk. I gathered that J. A. D.



In 1947 J. A. D. McCurdy became  
Lieut. - Governor of Nova Scotia.

& wife live in Montreal but maintain a summer home at Baddeck.  
(Casey Baldwin & J. A. D. McCurdy recently were given honorary  
degrees by N. S. Technical College in recognition of their early efforts  
in aviation.) To bed at 11, very tired, & slept well.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27/46

The sloppy Newfoundland woman  
served us a very fine breakfast - addressing us as "Eez"  
- a gossipy slattern with an obsequious manner, a garrulous  
tongue & a hard & calculating eye. Took Heinz up to the  
the courthouse to see Mr. Charles McCurdy, county clerk,  
who obligingly showed us his curios. Lunch at the Brass  
D'Or where the young man at the desk asked me to  
"bring honor to the house" by signing my name in the register.  
Told me he had read "The Red Pipes of Dipper Creek" and  
"His Majesty's Yankees" while a prisoner in Germany, & added  
that both books were exceedingly popular in the camp.

Drove on to St. Anne's in time for the formal  
opening of the Mod. Blazing hot. Hundreds of people  
standing, squatting or sitting on rows of planks before the  
stage, or strolling up & down, or crouching in every bit of  
shade drinking pop & eating "hot dogs". Again that  
stirring beauty of the blue water & the green hills. The pipe  
band of the Cape Breton Highlanders marched up & down  
playing briskly. (They are encamped, with a squad of cooks &  
other details  $\frac{1}{2}$  in a little cluster of brown bell tents behind

spruce trees to the north of the main field.) On the plank platform sat the venerable Father Rankin, priest (R.C.) at Jona, two United Church parsons, Hon. A. S. MacMillan, Premier Angus L. Macdonald (in Highland costume, his kilt of the Macdonald tartan), Grattan O'Leary the noted Ottawa newspaper correspondent, "Jock" Macdonald (an Ottawa Scot, in a gorgeous sky-blue bonnet, plaid & kilt) & the Hon. Mr. Croxall former federal cabinet minister. Most of the afternoon was taken up in Highland dancing by young girls 9 to 15 years old, all in costume, all very nimble & charming.

There were one or two Gaelic songs in chorus by the youngsters, & then solos — each singing a line of a chosen song.

A young girl from Winnipeg danced a sword-dance in Highland costume & a jig in Irish costume with much grace & energy. A boy of 12 (in trows & glengarry — I got a snapshot of him afterwards playing for a small group on the hillside) played the pipes with great spirit, & received great applause. But the high of the show, as always, was the pipe band, which mounted the platform & played several marches, reels, & a slow measured tune called "The Pride of Scotland".

Premier MacD. withdrew about 4 pm. to accompany his guests back to Keltia Lodge at Ingouish. (I got him to pause for a snapshot.) Henry got bored with the dancing & pipe music so we drove slowly down to Englishtown for a look at the

grave of Angus McAskill the celebrated Cape Breton giant. The grave is marked by a polished brown granite column (leaning away) & surrounded by a simple fence of iron pipe. The cemetery is small & neglected, with a beaten path winding through the grass & wild roses to the McAskill grave, the whole looking out upon the narrow passage (a long spit & a lighthouse on the other side) which is the entrance to St. Anne's harbor. Englishtown itself is a melancholy place, farm after farm deserted, the fields growing up in spruce & fir & alders, the houses tottering & empty, or completely fallen, here & there an unpainted semi-ruin still inhabited, & a decent church. One can see more ruined houses & barns in Cape Breton than anywhere in the Maritimes except P. E. I., & more in the region of St. Anne's than any other part of Cape Breton except Port Hood.

Heavy masses of thundercloud came up from the west & rain was falling on the dusty red road as we turned back to Baddeck at 6 pm. After dinner we sat on the verandah of the Bras D'Or Hotel with Sinclair & witnessed an affair that could happen only in Cape Breton. A piper appeared on the verandah in full costume including a most gorgeous scarlet coat. He left his pipes on a chair & went inside to eat. The verandah was full of people from the Mod, including several of the young girls who had been competing at the Highland dancing, still in costume, of course. And there

were half a dozen young soldiers of the Cape Breton Highlanders on their way to or from a summer training camp, & a number of plain men & women like ourselves, & a tall strongly-built pink-checked man of 25 or 30 in a bus conductor's uniform.

Darkness had fallen, rain was coming down in sheets, & thunder was loud & lightning very bright. Suddenly the bus conductor picked up the bagpipes & began to play tune after tune extremely well. Then, shyly, one of the small girls began to dance a fling, a reel, a strathspey. When she got tired she made a little bow & stepped aside in a patter of applause & another small girl took her place. The piper in the red coat came out of the hotel & onto the verandah wiping his mouth. He showed no surprise at finding another man playing his pipes; but when the bus conductor had got a number of tunes off his chest he stopped & passed the pipes to their owner, who struck up another tune at once. <sup>Red coat</sup> was a solemn, dark, bald man, & played with his face to the hotel wall as if he did not wish to be distracted by the gaze of all these people under the verandah lights. He played & played, & the girls danced. Then one of the young soldiers stepped up & asked for the pipes, & went on to play tune after tune. One of these was "Lord Lovat's Lament", very mournful & wild & slow, & Sinclair muttered "The hotel people mayn't like this bit - playing a lament anywhere but at a funeral is said to bring

bad luck on the house." However nobody seemed to mind. And all this time the rain poured on the street & the parked cars & trucks outside the hotel, & the thunder & lightning went on. Once we thought the house was struck, for all the lights went out; but the piper didn't falter a note, he went on playing in the dark & eventually the lights came on again. Finally about 10 pm. a bus loomed through the rain, halted outside, & away scurried most of the little girls & their mamas & papas, & the pipe-playing conductor man as well. That ended the concert, & Heinz & I returned to Bute-Arran & went to bed.

THURSDAY, JULY 25/46 We had planned an early start but delayed long over breakfast talking with Mrs. & Miss Wood & Allene Harrison, & hearing young Peter Harrison sing "Billy Boy", & taking our leave of Mrs. McCurdy, so that it was 9.30 before we got away from that very pleasant house. Pouring rain with a mist on the water drifting in folds & patches. We drove by way of Marble Mountain for the view along the water & the weather kept opening & shutting, & Heinz got some snapshots here & there. The rain & the bits of mist rolling along the water & about the hills seemed to fit the melancholy story of the countryside — abandoned & ruined homes & farms — Marble Mountain

a ghost town with 3 young men playing ping-pong in a big empty shop lined with bare shelves. Reached Port Hawkesbury at 12.30 & had a sandwich & coffee in a grubby little cafe there. On the ferry (we had to wait a long time while the captain & crew had their dinner ashore - all in nautical uniforms, the captain wearing 4 gold rings on his sleeve) I noticed an Arizona car in which sat 3 Indian women, apparently 3 generations - a fat old grandmotherly squaw sitting solemnly in the back seat amongst the baggage, a girl of 16 or so driving, & her mother (I should say) sitting in the front seat beside her. All well dressed & the car an expensive one. Heinz said some of the Arizona Indians are wealthy.

I drove from Mulgrave to Truro. Again we drove very fast. Went on into Hfx. for dinner at the Lord Nelson, which we reached about 6.15. At 8 left for home, reached L'pool 10.30. I wanted Heinz to stay the night with us but he was anxious to get on to his cottage at Broad River & look at his mail.

FRIDAY, JULY 26/46 Fine & hot. The carpenters & painters finished yesterday & the kitchen looks fine - all in white with small touches of black about the chrome drawerhandles etc, & scarlet along the edges of shelves. The linoleum covering of counters, the chrome moulding & tile flooring must

await supply — probably next year. My New York agent Chambrun, after long delay, got an offer from Kenneth White editor of "Adventure" Magazine for the serial rights to "Pride's Fancy" — \$2,200. This would have involved postponement of book publication till the spring of '41 — a concession I was not prepared to make for so low a figure, & so I wired Chambrun to drop further serial negotiations. (I had already warned him that Doubleday's book catalogue had gone to press with "Pride's Fancy" scheduled for October.) Today I have an irate letter from White complaining that he had wanted the story badly, only to find that Chambrun was offering it without knowing that book publication for October was definitely scheduled. Not my fault. If White had offered a price large enough to make postponement of the book worth while, I could have postponed it, even over Doubleday's objections.

SATURDAY, JULY 27/46 — Lovely day. At 2 p.m. Edith, Francis & I went for a sail with the Wilsons in their yacht "Ripple". Sailed into Port Mouton Bay & anchored just inside Hunter Point about 5 p.m. & had a fine picnic tea on board. Sailed out & tried fishing for pollock off White Point — no luck, although a grampus appeared & made a

rush at the herring John Wilson had playfully put on our hook. Lovely sunset. Back at moorings off Yacht Club about dark. The Wilsons came on to our house & we all had beer & crackers & talked till 11.

SUNDAY, JULY 21/46 Fine & hot. Drove to Port Joli this afternoon & picnicked at the little cove with the Parkers & Douglasses. Had a swim, the water cool but pleasant. Left for home about dusk. A flat tire on Summerville - one of my old re-capped 1940 things burst its side wall. Parker stopped & helped me put on my spare. Home at 10:10. Little Lynn Seldon spent the afternoon with us & is staying the night. Francie lives at Seldon's half the time & Lynn lives with us the rest - they are inseparable.

MONDAY, JULY 22/46 Met the Yermouth train at 2 pm. Most of the L'pool boys were aboard but a card in the mail informs us that Tommy has decided to stay at Camp Napomes another week, & we are to send him amongst other things a "sweet shirt" (sweat-shirt) & some "ritz" crackers. Spent part of the afternoon & all evening mowing & rolling my bits of lawn, putting on the kitchen window screen, etc. Tea on the lawn, attended by the chipmunk who lives in our stone wall. He has been feeding on fruit fallen from the wild pear tree but he now finds sugar biscuits very much to his taste. Bernard Heinz called &



had lunch with us. He is off for Pagwash, still in urgent pursuit of "material".

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31/46

Fine hot weather. Working at my historical short stories each morning & again after 9 p.m. when my den has cooled a bit. Spent part of this afternoon working in the cellar, sorting the debris left by the carpenters & putting it shipshape. Wrote Kenneth White, giving him the plain facts of the contretemps over "Pride's Fancy" — I had worked very hard to finish the novel in April, thus leaving plenty of time for serial arrangements before book publication in October; but Chambrun had submitted the M/S first to the Sat. Eve. Post, then to Colliers, then to Cosmopolitan, & permitted the second to hesitate over it for 5 weeks, & the third for almost a month. Thus the time was frittered away & in the end White's offer came too late. Chambrun seems to have left this exquisite bungling in the hands of a subordinate, so I wrote him also & told him my displeasure. I think this is the last work I shall send Chambrun. Wrote Doubleday advising them that a Danish publisher — Skandinavisk Bøkfølag, Odense, Denmark — has made a translation of "Roger Sudden" & proposes to publish it this autumn. Foreign rights in R.S. are handled by Doubleday's but they

don't seem to work very hard at it.

SATURDAY, Aug. 3/46.

Fine. Brought Grandma Freeman,

Marie Bell, Marie Freeman down for tea, took them & Esteh for a drive to Eagle Head, Port Medway, Charleston in the afternoon.

Mowbray Jones' "Queens' Hospital

Fund" committee has announced modification of its plans due to other hospitals being built or operated in the Queens-Lunenburg-Shellburne area. The size has been reduced to a 30-bed affair, but rising building costs make the original sum of \$125,000 necessary. They have about \$90,000 & are now urging subscribers to increase their donations by one-third to make up the difference.

SUNDAY, AUG. 4/46.

Fine. This afternoon took Esteh, Francie

& her chum Anne-Marie Doucet, also Marie Freeman & young Roger, to Port Joli for a picnic at the little cove. Quite a gathering there - Burke Douglas & family, Paul & Madge King, the Parkers with 3 female cousins & an elderly uncle & aunt, the Dunlaps with Fern, & Jean Conrad & her children. Had a good swim. Fog blew in at 8 p.m.

& we packed up & came home. Swarms of people at Summerville & Hunt's Point. Phoned Hfx. at 10 p.m. & told Mother I would be dropping up there Tuesday morning, & would bring her back with me to stay the month of August.

MONDAY, AUG. 5, 1946

Fine. Tommy arrived home by train after 2 weeks at Camp Napomeo, where he had a wonderful time, greatly improved his swimming, & played third-base on one of the camp's three baseball teams. In the meantime the trumpet I bought in Toronto June 17th. had arrived, a handsome gold-plated affair. He was so delighted that he burst into tears at the sight of it - later adjuring his mother not to mention the episode to anyone.

News: the eternal wrangle of the "peace" makers goes on, with Russia playing the same greedy game, supported by the Polish, Yugoslav & other puppet governments.

In Palestine the outrage in Jerusalem a week or so ago, when the King David Hotel was shattered by a Jewish terrorist's bomb, has at last turned world opinion definitely against the Zionists. The British gov't hints that it may give up its mandate over Palestine if the U.S. persists in President Truman's notion of admitting 100,000 more European Jews into ~~the~~ the country - unless the U.S. is prepared to send troops & help to maintain order. The Arabs meanwhile have been very patient but there are ominous rumblings in the Mahomedan world.

TUESDAY, AUG. 6/46

Fine. Drove to Hfx this morning with my family, lunched with Grandma Raddall & Hilda,

& drove back in the afternoon, bringing Mum along to stay some weeks with us. Returned via Lunenburg & Riverport - all very lovely. Dined at Roscawen Manor, the food as good as ever but the price 50% higher - I paid \$1.50<sup>each</sup> for the adults & \$1.25<sup>each</sup> for the kids - which seemed to me exorbitant. Home at 8.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7/46

Fine but overcast. Pentz phoned this a.m. saying he had a new C.C.M. bike & did I want it? I've been trying to get new bikes for Tommy & Frances since March, so I sent Tommy right down to the store for it. He is delighted. Francie still awaits a "ladies-style" & Pentz has promised me first call. Moved the grass this afternoon & sat long in the garden talking to Mum about old days in the British Army establishments when she & Dad were newly-weds.

To Milton tonight with Mum, Edith, & Tommy & called on the Greemans & Aunt Marie. The lower Milton dam, which was falling into ruin, has been strengthened & re-topped.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9/46

Anniversary of my father's death in battle near Amiens. I felt the need of exercise & hiked to Western Head church, thence along the shore to Gull Islands, in to the main highway & then along the railway to town - 3 hours. A hot overcast morning. Tonight at the invitation of Warren Keay (proprietor of Luna

De Joub

Imm at (Hunt's Point) Edith & I had dinner there with a Dr. Detwitt of Cornell University & his family. D. is a vigorous blond man of about 40, much reddened by the sun; his wife a very dark, soft-voiced woman of Portuguese appearance, & they have 2 tall & lively daughters of 13 & 15, & a boy of 10, all dark like the mother. D. is a Dutchman, born in Holland, but taken as a boy to South Africa where he spent the first 25 years of his life. (His father had fought on the Boer side in that war & was captured at Pretoria, later returning to Holland to marry.) At Cornell his subjects are or have been English, and History. He deplored the way in which the story of the American Revolution had been taught in American schools, & said this teaching was responsible for much of the muddled thinking in the U.S. during the past 30 years of international crisis. I mentioned the similar inter-racial & bi-lingual problems of South Africa & Canada. He said the separatist, isolationist, ~~the~~ movement amongst the Afrikaners was an agitation stirred up & kept alive by a comparatively small group who wield an influence out of all proportion to their numbers; that racial reclusion practiced by the Transvaal & Free State Boers had resulted in a paucity of art - "they have no painting, no sculpture, & no literature, for instance" - adding that the few writers

of Boer blood spring chiefly from the Huguenot, not the Dutch element in the Boer people, & this was true of wine-growing & a number of other things. As for the French-Canadians & the high birth-rate which they boast will make them the dominant race in Canada in another 50 years, he said Quebec was rapidly becoming industrialized & the birth-rate was bound to fall sharply within the next 25 years. Eventually he predicted a situation similar to that in Europe, where the French birthrate had fallen below that of the English. A fine evening, & a snow-boat on the shore below the cottages.

SATURDAY, AUG. 10/76.

Fine & hot. This afternoon I sent off the printer's galley for "Pride's Fancy", duly inspected & corrected. Took my family blueberrying on the Port Medway road - a garden chair tacked into the front bumper for the use of Grandma Radball while we picked berries. The side-road from Port Medway to Eagle Head is undergoing a transformation - an army of men, trucks, bulldozers etc. widening & straightening it, & the blasting gang told us we could not park at the crossroads by the cemetery - our favorite blueberry patch - because they were busy there with dynamite. So we found another patch, much smaller, a little towards Mill Village, where Edith & I picked about 6 quarts. The

crop doesn't seem very good this year. At 5 p.m. we heard the foghorn groaning at Western Head so headed up the river & had a fine picnic - "hot dogs", cinnamon buns & coffee (ginger ale for the kids) on a small point just below Mill Village. The kids went in the water, anxious to show off their swimming prowess acquired at Camp Mapomeo, & Tommy swam across the river (a good 100 yards at this place) & back again very quickly & easily, to the delight & applause of us all.

TUESDAY, AUG. 13/46

Fine & warm. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon; on my return found Napier Moore & "Chip" Chipman chatting with Edith. The Moores & Chipmans are at Chester for a few weeks & the two men are now on a cruise along the coast with Sydney Dobson, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, in the yacht "Eskaioni". They were due back aboard for dinner & refused Edith's invitation to tea, but said they would return this evening with Dobson. This they did, & we chatted over whiskies until 10.30, when Dobson insisted they must go aboard - "because we're sailing for Shelburne at 6 a.m." (Groans from Moore & Chipman, but they complied) I drove them back to Thompson's dock. Dobson is a stocky man with close-cropped grey hair & a square brown face, looks & talks more like a farmer than a bank president. In fact,

when Moore kidded him about walking down to the local dock this afternoon with a bag of potatoes; Dobson said, a little grimly, "it wasn't the first time I've carried a sack of potatoes."

THURSDAY, AUG. 15/46

Some time ago Scott Young, of Maclean's Mag. asked me to do an article on Tancook Island, I agreed, & so today I set off by car to Chester. Went up Haddon Hill for a word with Peter Jack; Mrs. Mueser brought gins & we had a hour's talk. Then down to the village & had lunch with Dr. Woodruffe & wife. W. goes over to Tancook frequently, told me something of the people, & warned that my reception might be indifferent or hostile if they knew I was a writer. Years ago Dr. Frank Parker Day spent a summer or two on nearby Ironbound Island & wrote a book called "Rockbound", setting forth the worst side of the people there. This is well remembered by the folk on the islands & they don't love writers as a consequence.

The ferry is a good sized Diesel craft, completely decked, with a large cabin, & there were quite a few passengers — most of the males in a very jolly state — the Chester Liquor Store lies just above the government wharf. Most interesting passenger was a well-spoken dark-eyed little Englishman named North, about 65, retired & living with his crippled wife on Tancook. Formerly an actor on the English stage he said, & for 30-odd years a resident of a town in Quebec. His



wife, a Scotswoman, formerly a concert pianist, had decided that she wanted to spend her last years by the sea, so in 1945 they rented a house on Tancook. The man was a little drunk, but immensely dignified, & pointed out several young women about the deck as fine samples of Tancook womanhood.

"They have the figures of Junos, ~~but~~ and often charming faces — but they spoil the illusion when they open their mouths — bad teeth & raucous voices." Later on I found this to be true. The ordinary conversational tone of Tancook young people is just this side of a scream. Some girls extremely blond, others intensely dark — between-grades in a distinct minority.

The middle section of the pier on Tancook is torn down for repair, & as the tide was low we had to go ashore in dories rowed by grinning little boys, who charged 5/- or 10/- per head. All this amid loud shouting & hilarity & some astonishing language from all — men, women, children.

Doc. Woodruffe had recommended the postmaster's (Willy Stevens) as the best place to stay. But Willy's daughter informed me coolly that they had no room & she didn't know anybody who would take me in. This seemed a general state of affairs, so I left my baggage on the post office porch overlooking the little anchorage & tramped across the island to "Larty's" (i.e. SOUT(H) EAS(T)) Cove, where Willy is

employed as a boat-builder. Willy confirmed his daughter's gloomy announcement & as the ferry runs but once a day I began to think I should spend the night in a fish shed. The general attitude seemed indifferent rather than hostile - they are indeed "insular" as old North said. However, at a bright idea of Willy's, I tried the home of Ralph Cross on the road just above S.E. Cove, & Mrs. Cross, a large pleasant woman agreed to board & lodge me for a day or two. A rambling grey house with a large barn across the road, a fine flower garden as well as great patches of vegetables, especially of cabbage, with a cabbage-cellar in the offing. The family: - Ralph Cross, farmer-fisherman, age about 50, short, dark, wiry, twinkling grey eyes, roman nose; son Holland ("Hollie") aged 24, lately returned from army service, wounded in Italy, a tall, dark grey eyed boy with a rather grim expression; son Sean, aged 20, blond, easygoing, wears glasses & plays guitar; and daughter Estelle, aged 17, blonde, rather pretty, good figure, the drone of the busy household. Supper consisted of a great dish of boiled potatoes, sliced tomatoes, bread, home-made butter, tea, a small dish of cherry jam. Ma Cross very pious, says grace at meals; walls of house (and the parry) are hung with religious sentiments. A letter in the mail today informed "Hollie" that his English bride, whom he wed

while convalescing in a Canadian army hospital last January, had decided not to come to Canada. This was discussed freely by the whole family (including "Hollie") & my opinion was invited.

There was a community shower "back at Nortwest" (i.e. Northwest Cove, where the gov't wharf, Orange Hall & post office are.) & the young folk all trooped off to it. I talked to Mr & Mrs Cross about the island & its people until about 10.30 when we retired. My bed was a couch in the parlor, through which the 2 boys & Estelle passed on their way to bed some time after midnight.

FRIDAY, AUG. 16/46 Hot day. Awakened at 3 a.m. by Pa Cross calling his boys to "Sit up & let's git out to our nets". The younger lad a reluctant riser, & finally Pa stood in the parlor door roaring up the stairs, "Dean! Dean! DE - AN! Is you comin' - or is you goin' to torture 'round all day agin?" All this with much tramping past my bed. The men get their breakfasts & depart.

At 5 a.m. Ma Cross arises. At 7 she calls me to my breakfast. At 9 she calls Estelle ("EST'L!") to hers. Breakfast - porridge and a boiled egg. I tramped down to S.E. Cove & spent the morning talking to the local Pook Bah, a thickest grey man named Stan Mason, who owns a store & boat shop, made some money during the late war building lifeboats & harbor motorcraft for the

folk, prosperous just now but living frugally & saving every possible cent. The daughter Estelle is engaged to a young Islander now on a swordfishing trip to Cape Breton. Dean is to marry a Little Sancook girl. A busy lot, & happy, all but the brooding young soldier "Hollie".

The ferry boat (which bears the apt name; "T. I. SERVICE") left at 9 am. On board were 2 middle-aged women, Mrs. North's sisters, who had come down from Montreal to persuade Mr. North & wife to return there for the winter. North saw them off & talked to them & to me in his Shakespearean-tragical voice. The distance to Chester wharf is 5 or 6 miles, covered in a half hour. I had left my car at Dr. Woodruff's. Stopped in for a word with him & his wife, then hit the road to L'pool. Home for lunch.

Rain all afternoon. Letter from George Lester says the fore-word I wrote for the MacMechan book & placed so carefully in MacLelland's own hands has been lost in the files somehow. Asks for a copy. This is damned carelessness & annoying, & I have a gentle letter from Mrs. MacMechan asking why no progress has been made on the book.

SUNDAY, AUG. 18/46 Writing letters & typing my Sancook notes & observations most of the day. Weather showery & chill. Had a fire in the living room this evening.

MONDAY, AUG. 19/46

Typing Lancok notes all morning. This afternoon drove to the Port Medway road with Edith & the kids & Grandma Kaddall, & we picked 6 to 8 quarts of blueberries. A fine day with a nice breeze off Port Medway harbor. At 5 drove up the river to our picnic place just below Mill Village. The kids swam in the Medway while I got the coffee made & "hot dogs" boiled. A fine meal & then home.

Discovered that wee Roger Freeman broke his leg this afternoon at the hip. Drove up there & found him in his crib with his leg in a cast and held high in a wooden frame. He was restless so I drove to a drugstore in Liverpool for codeine which Dr. Wickwire prescribed. Aunt Marie Bell came along for the ride, & turned over to me a bundle of documents & a gold watch to be placed in her new bank safety-deposit box tomorrow.

TUESDAY, AUG. 20/46

Fixed up Aunt Marie's deposit box, took documents to Milton for her to sign, got her Victory Bonds from the bank's custody & placed them in her box, N<sup>o</sup> 201, also the documents & watch she gave me yesterday. I am to keep one key, Verna Dunlap the other. Rain all day.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21/46

Halifax Shipyard's baseball team played our "Larrupers" at L'pool this afternoon, & lost 6-5. I went with Tommy to the evening game, in which Hfx won a shut-out 5-0. The "old"

pre-war Larriers are no longer on the local team, except the two Youngs and "Moose" Winters, & the pitcher Laurie Thorburn who is past his best. The new players look promising, play smartly in the field, but are weak at bat.

THURSDAY, AUG. 22/46 Rain again. Took my family, including Grandma Raddall, to the movies - a rare thing for us now, we get out of the habit during the war, & the quality of the pictures does not improve.

The Jews in Palestine have more or less declared open war on the British forces, following a court-martial which condemned 18 young Jews to death for sabotage. Jews in the U.S. are conducting a furious anti-British propoganda. I incline more than ever to the belief that the Jew brings most of his troubles on himself. As Kipling once observed, "Israel abets disorder." In Canada the steel strike continues, with growing violence in Hamilton. Labor leaders continue their loud demands for higher wages & a lower cost of living & apparently see no paradox at all. Prices of all kinds creep up steadily, but there still is no considerable supply of anything, owing to the strikes.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23/46. A fine hot day. Walked to Milton & back. Had a chat with old Arthur "Piano" Wentzel, still working with a pick & shovel at 66. He & his brothers came from Mahone Bay to work in a Milton sawmill in

the year 1900, & married & settled. Today the Wentzel progeny in Milton is quite numerous. Mrs. MacMechan phoned from Chester, says she will return to the Lord Nelson at Hfx for the winter. Her daughter Grace & Grace's husband Col. Holloway are building a home in Chester but it will not be finished till next year. They are calling it "Ultima Thule" after one of "Archie's" books.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24/46 Muggy & overcast. Drove alone to Lumburg this morning. Shopped for chinaware, didn't like what they had. (At home we are down to a few cups, saucers & plates of a cheap mail order breakfast set, waiting to buy some decent stuff since 1940). Lunched at the new Bluenose Inn. A halibut steak with French fried potatoes, chicken soup, apple pie & coffee cost \$1.00. Beefsteak was \$1.50. The place is very ordinary & before the war any restaurant in a town of over 2,000 population served a meal like this for 50 cents. "Mum" Sardinet came in & we had a yarn.

Stopped at Bridgewater in the afternoon & bought an English dinner service for 8, at Ernst's, for \$38.50. It will do until we get some really good stuff.

Much ado in Hfx, where General Montgomery arrives today from England to begin a Canadian tour. The Archbishop of Canterbury is in the same ship ("Mauretania") & is to receive an honorary degree from King's College, while

"Monty" gets one from Dalhousie University. Sent off my  
Lantern article to Maclean's this morning.

SUNDAY, AUG. 25/46

Our radio out of order, for the first time  
since we bought it in 1940 (barring a tube or two that burned  
out) & so we missed the broadcast of Monty's reception, &  
the address of the archbishop. This afternoon I dropped  
Mother & Coluch in Milton & drove to Carter's Beach for  
a yarn with Dr. & Mrs. Partridge, of Hartford, Conn.,  
who are staying at Jack Chaplin's cottage. Dull &  
muggy weather still!

I received lately a portable  
"embosser", ordered some time ago, which stamps my name  
& address very plainly & ineffaceably on paper. One  
purpose for it was the marking of my books, for I  
have no book-plate & for years have simply written my  
name on the fly-leaf, together with the date of purchase in  
many cases. So I spent all morning & evening at my  
books & as usual got interested in something in this book &  
that, & did not get to bed till 2 a.m.

I have  
exactly 514 books in my "library" — scattered all over  
the house for lack of sufficient shelf-room in my den.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26/46

Dull & chilly with east wind.  
A large fire in the parlor each afternoon & evening feels  
very comfortable. Went to B'water alone tonight.  
M.O. Very pleasant. Left at 10. Home at 11.



WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27/46

Dull, showery. Getting rusty for lack of a real good walk. Tuna are swarming all along the N.S. <sup>coast</sup> in unprecedented numbers & as the price at the dockside is 8¢ per lb. the commercial fishermen, as well as anglers, are catching them in great numbers. Biggest landed here by an angler so far weighed over 800 lbs. taken by an American named Klimes. A woman caught one weighing about 800. Amongst these big fish is a smaller run, from 60 lbs to 200, which provide great sport. The salmon run in the Medway this year was very poor & many American & other visitors went away disappointed.

Worry about the winter fuel supply again. Thanks to strikes, & the deliberate "slow-down" as performed in Nova Scotia mines & elsewhere, the shortage this season will be acute — this in spite of the great rush of householders to convert their stoves & furnaces to oil fuel, which remains plentiful. Hector Dunlap tells me Thompson Bros. are manufacturing oil-burning units for furnaces, have a stock of 1500 units on hand which they are unable to complete for lack of electric motors & transformers — due to the strikes in electrical factories. So it goes.

Today I got a bike for Francie at last. Charles Smith, head of Thompson Bros, had a new C.C.M., purchased

for his daughter last Christmas through the firm. The girl is timorous, found the bike "too high" & refused to learn to ride. The thing has stood absolutely unused in Smith's cellar until now, when he managed to acquire a special "low" model of some kind. He sold the BLM to me for the new price \$47<sup>00</sup>, & Francie is delighted after her long wait.

SATURDAY, AUG. 31/46

Still raining — the wettest & most dismal August in years. Joe Inness overhauled & repaired my radio. Cost:-

- New output transformer - \$6.00
- Repairs, volume control assembly - 1.00
- Cleaning tuning condensers - 1.00
- Complete re-alignment of set - 2.50

\$10.50

It now works "as good as new" except that the loud-speaker is worn & inclined to vibrate harshly on certain notes.

Doubleday's Ethel Hulse has sent me a copy of the Literary Guild's review, called "Wings", which will be issued in November, to Canadian subscribers (50,000 or so) proclaiming my "Pride's Fancy" the book-of-the-month. The review includes some very lush & somewhat inaccurate "illustrations" of my story but Miss Hulse says "this was entirely out of our hands." A letter from Don Mackay, who is doing the illustrations for the MacMechan book, says "All the drawings are on the board in pencil & about half

of them are completed in pen & ink." He has gone to much pains in research to get correct detail & as he is a sailor himself this is all to the good. I had this in mind when I insisted to McClelland & Stewart that Mackay should do the work rather than Stanley Turner (who illustrated my own "Lambour"). Turner's work was good but in many ways he lacked the "feel" of the tales & the province, & in nautical matters he was weak.

SUNDAY, SEP. 1/46 A fine hot day, like heaven after the long dull weather. This afternoon drove with Edith, my mother, Grandma & Marie Freeman, & Marie Bell, to Carter's Beach & then on to Sable River & Louis Head. All the countryside fresh & lovely, & the sea a deep rich blue. Goldenrod & wild aster blooming all along the roads, & patches of maple leaves already turning color.

MONDAY, SEP. 2/46. Labor Day - fine & hot. The usual organized-labor parade, with the Legion (Hfx. branch) bagpipe band, & the band of a Hfx. sea-cadet corps (fife & drum - mostly drum), providing the music. Most of the marchers were of the various paper mill unions but there was a considerable group from the recently organized Fish-Handlers' Union. As usual the official dress for the parade was shirt sleeves & small fore-&-aft caps made from newsprint. The parade was followed by several decorated trucks, a group

of local Legion members & Liverpool firemen, & it ended at the school grounds, where the mayor spoke, & one or two labor orators harangued the crowd over a loudspeaker system.

This afternoon Edith & I picked up Jerry & Betty Freeman at Milton & took them for a drive along the shore to Carter's Beach, thence to Wobank & S.W. Port Mouton. Baby Roger's broken hip is mending nicely.

TUESDAY, SEP. 3/46 Drove to Bridgewater this morning for shopping. Got a wedding present for young Arthur White & Eda Bisselli, who asked us to their wedding on the 6th.

Received a parcel of books that I'd sent for, from Borden Clarke of "Old Authors' Farm", Morrisburg, Ont. I noticed in his catalogue that he was selling off the library & m/s. of the late Doctor Charles Morse, who was for many years a friend & correspondent of William Marshall, the poet of Bridgewater. (Clarke had bought the collection from Lady Charles Tupper, only surviving daughter of Dr. Morse.)

For \$12 I bought 6 letters from Marshall to Morse, the original m/s. of Marshall's ode to John Keats, with a drawing of Keats at the head of the sheet, & a copy of Marshall's "Brookfield & Other Verse".

Don Crowl, curator of the N.S. Museum at Halifax, came to see me & stayed to tea. He has great hopes of a decent museum building etc. in the near future, & wants to see a number of historic homes turned into & maintained as local museums in

various parts of the province, following the precedent set with the Haliburton house at Windsor, by the N.S. gov't., & at Liverpool & Wolferville by local historical societies.

This afternoon R. L. Munro, the town's officially-recognized chimney-sweep, came with his son & cleaned both flues of our chimney — the first time the chimney ever has been swept, so far as I know. Burning anthracite & coke, as I do, with an occasional wood fire in the hearth, there is not much soot & I've never had any trouble; but recently a town ordinance required every householder to have his chimneys swept once a year, & I complied. Munro charged \$4.50, a stiff fee for 1½ hours work for himself & boy. The boy climbs on the roof by ladder & drops a rope down the flue to the father in the cellar. The brushes are fastened on & then they simply pull the brushes up & down, removing the <sup>accumulated</sup> soot from the little iron doors at the chimney base.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 4/46 Fine, with a cool breeze. A good walk around Western Head this afternoon.

THURSDAY, SEP. 5/46 I accepted some time back an invitation to attend a convention of the Maritime Association of Professional Engineers & address them on their banquet night; also an invitation to attend a meeting of the Annapolis Royal Historical Association in company with Dr. Clarence Webster & Andrew Merkel. So this morning about 10 a.m. I set off with Edith, leaving

Grandma Raddall to hold the fort. We took the lowland Whites to a camp at Greenfield, since we were going that way. The road, <sup>(part)</sup> construction has not yet reached the 6-mile stone & the rest of the way the road was fairly good, though dusty, with a lot of "washboard" on the Annapolis end. Stopped for lunch at the Hillsdale - saw Don Crowdis there.

Drove on to "Brow Hill" & found Andrew & Lully Merkel going strong, daughter Peg & her husband Gordon Thompson & the twins David & Diane still there. At 4 p.m. drove down to the "Champlain Habitation" with Andy, Lully & Edith. The A. R. Hist. Assoc. held its meeting there in the wood-paneled "Common Room". Nothing but a tea-fight really, mostly women. Col. E. K. Eaton presided; a genial but stupid man in the late 50's, he is official curator of Fort Anne Museum, though he knows very little of the antiquities within. Dr. Webster spoke at some length, telling how he had first pointed out the need of a proper Archives for Nova Scotia; & how E. N. Rhodes, while premier of N. S., had while salmon fishing at a New Brunswick camp with W. H. Chase talked the "apple millionaire" into donating \$200,000 for an Archives building. Merkel & I were also called upon for a few words, & I pointed out the anomaly of the Fort Anne museum, which portrays in much detail the life & times of French & English but shows practically nothing of the first inhabitants - the Indians. I suggested that

the A.R.H. Assocn. concern itself with a collection of Micmac relics & display it at the Habitation if there is no room in the Fort Anne museum. Howard Robinson also spoke a few words. He is a New Brunswicker, 60-ish, white-haired, humorous, a "capitalist" as he says - he is a director of the Royal Bank of Canada, etc. - wants me to come & see his collection of books & manuscripts in St. John. Roy Lawrence & his slim dark clever wife were there & came on to "Brow Hill" with us for supper & talk. Supper was fried chicken à la Maryland & boiled corn - delicious - & we sat late by the fire telling ghost stories & what not. Old Horace Johnson had dug a great sack of clams for "little Frances" & brought them over to put in our car. He told some notable yarns of ghosts & of humorous adventures in little coasting schooners in the Bay of Fundy 40 or 50 years ago. Edith & I slept in a bedroom overlooking the Basin, which was very lovely under a moon just nearing the full.

FRIDAY, SEP. 6/46. A lazy morning in the sunshine. Andrew wants us to return to "Brow Hill" from Digby tomorrow & join him & Sully on a trip to Mount Uniacke. Old Major Jim Uniacke, last of the name in Nova Scotia, is in residence at the old manor-house for a week or two with some nieces & nephews, & as the Merkels know Jim

extremely well it is a rare opportunity to see the place.

We left "Brow Hill" about 3 p.m. & drove around to Digby, found The Pines buzzing with 300 engineers & wives, all very lively. The committee had reserved a room & bath for us on the ground floor - a real privilege, for there are no elevators in the place, strange in an otherwise modern hotel, & ground floor rooms are few & much in demand. Almost the first people I met were Sammy Gray, an N.S. Power Commission engineer whom I knew in 1929 when the Mersey dams were built, & Mackay, who was chief engineer for the construction company on that job. Later on I met John Kaye, whom I had not seen for nearly 30 years - we were at Chelucto School in 1917.

We strolled about the grounds & had a look at the swimming pool. - I regretted leaving my bathing trunks in Liverpool.

After changing for dinner we joined the throng in the cocktail lounge, where in a few moments I found myself talking to Angus C. MacDonald. He said some very nice things about my work & we withdrew to seats in a corner to discuss the history of Nova Scotia & ways & means of making it "alive".

I thought this a good time to bring up my pet notion that the gov't. should take over certain historic homes in the province (I mentioned specifically the Perkins house in Liverpool), not merely to preserve them but to make them available to the public - I reminded him of the tourist trade - and to use



them and their contents to make tangible to school children the inspiring story of the past. I found that he had been turning some such scheme in his own mind & he mentioned the Haliburton house as a good precedent, & said the Perkins house certainly should be preserved, & added Mount Uniacke, & the De Wolfe house in Wolfville as worthy also. He was still talking enthusiastically & quoting Joe Howe - "A wise nation preserves its records ... repairs its great public structures" etc. - when we passed into the banquet room & took our places at the head table, he at the chairman's left hand & I at the right hand. Chairman was a man named Stirling, from Montreal I think. At my right was a pretty woman, Mrs. Currie, head of the engineers' ladies' committee, whose husband has to do with construction & maintenance of hydro developments for the N.S. Tramways & Electric Power people.

Angus L. was called upon for a few words & he gave a twitty little talk, a perfect demonstration of my own subject - "Nova Scotia Humor." He mentioned me, saying I was one of the few really outstanding authors, not merely in Canada, but in the continent. The chairman introduced me, using notes supplied (he told me) by Mowbray Jones. There was a public-address system in the hall, with a microphone. The big room was full - 300 people or more. I spoke for half an hour on the various origins & forms of Bluenose humor.

illustrating them with typical anecdotes. The crowd seemed to be in a good mood & responded nobly. — frequently I had to wait for a minute or more for the laughter to subside. Altogether it was a great success & I was glad I had chosen that subject.

Afterwards we removed to the body of the hall & watched a very good floor-show imported all the way from Chicago by plane — an acrobatic danseuse, a magician, a singing & dancing comedienne, a pair of mouth-organ players who played some remarkable music, including an excellent rendition of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue, & an accordion player who sang in a very good baritone.

By that time it was 1 a.m. & Edith & I adjourned with Moultray & Phyllis Jones & a Mr. & Mrs. McNoe for a whiskey or two in their cottage towards the water.

To bed at 2 a.m.

SATURDAY, SEP. 7/46

Up at 8, breakfast at 9. Had a chat with a young couple named Naish, from Sydney, who informed me they had begun to follow my work in the early Blackwood days.

Arthur & Evelyn Merkel, their small 2-year-old Betty, & 2-months-old baby are at the Pines, looking for motor passage to Windsor. They had phoned "Brown Hill" & Andrew told them to come along with us.

So we started off about 11 am. We were to meet the Merckels Senior at Bridgetown. Got there 12:30. Andy wanted to bring along Otto Strasser, the German refugee, & his beautiful

mistress Marguerite, who are living quietly in Bridgetown.  
(Strasser & his brother were amongst the top men on Hitler's  
slaughter-list in the great purge of 1934. The Nazis shot  
the brother, but Otto escaped to America.) Tully Merkel,  
who has met Strasser, does not like him, thinks he is "nothing  
but a Prussian of the old school, who would put Germany  
back to 1914 if he had his way". She is quite deaf, and  
was having trouble with her acousticon battery, hence did  
not relish having <sup>to strain</sup> to listen to Strasser's heavily accented  
English all the way to Mt. Uniacke. Also the car  
capacities were limited owing to the junior Merkel's baggage;  
& I confessed I was not particularly anxious to meet  
Strasser, so we toolled off about 1 pm. without the  
refugees. Arrived at the American House in Middleton  
for lunch - only to be informed that we could not be fed  
there - the place was jammed. So there was nothing for it  
but a mad dash to Kentville - we got to the Cornwallis  
Arms just before the dining room closed, & in fact got inside  
only by the special favor of the staff. Once inside, Tully  
affronted the waiter by complaining loudly about the quality of  
the Cornwallis Arms' butter; also the child Betty set up a  
terrific howling & was discovered (after 20 minutes' uproar) to  
have a small bean up her nose. This removed, she relaxed.  
The wee baby had been left in the car. A succession of bell

boys & waitresses kept coming in to tell Evelyn that her baby was in distress, but she went on placidly eating her lunch & letting Arthur do the worrying. (She is a pretty blonde, empty-headed & fond of a good time.) At last we got away - this time all the Merkels together in Andy's car, because Arthur had persuaded Andy to take them to Mr. Kniacke & then on to Luro, where Evelyn's home is. We were due at Mr. Kniacke for tea at 3.30, & Don Crowdie was awaiting us at the roadside there by Andy's invitation. Somewhere about Avonport, Andy's radiator began to boil & give off clouds of steam. We had to stop 20 minutes to let it cool, & then Arthur refilled it with water from a nearby ~~water~~ <sup>wells</sup>. A few miles farther along the road it boiled again & we got in to a service station at Windsor to find that a main engine gasket had blown & could not be replaced until Monday. Obviously the car must stay there. After some discussion about ways & means Sully pointed out that she had a ~~vacation~~ house in Windsor (her old home) completely furnished, & Arthur & family could stay there & make their own arrangements about getting to Luro. So I transferred Mr. Johnson's bag of clams, & all the baggage & the junior Merkels to my car again, took them to Sully's house. The neighbors had the key - we got it, went in, & found the electricity & water on. Left the junior Merkels there, went on to the service station, picked up Andy, &

