JUNE 7, 1980

TO

SEP. 19, 1985

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Diary of Thomas H. Kaddall Sr.

June 7, 1980

to

~~Sep.~~ 19, 1985

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1980 Sunny & cool. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns. A pair of robins are building a nest in the golden elder shrub right outside my south sunporch window, only 4 ft off the ground. With the yellow warbler now hatching her eggs outside the west sunporch window I now have two nests in close view.

SUNDAY, JUNE 8/80 Rain again, easing off to fog in the afternoon. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point, & Tom informed me that my friend & near neighbour Jerry Nickerson died in the local hospital last night. He was 73. I had known him when he owned & operated a very small fish plant at Port Joli. From there he went to North Sydney & took over a much larger but decrepit fish plant & founded a firm under his father's name H. B. Nickerson & Sons. Over the years, & especially in the recent 10 years, the firm has grown & multiplied into a multi-million dollar complex with international extensions.

MONDAY, JUNE 9/80 Sunny, with a SW wind blowing half a gale. Played 9 holes at White Point, in the cold hard wind. Only four other players out. Edith & I were married 53 years ago, on a much warmer day.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10/80 A bleak day for Jerry Nickerson's funeral, a black sky, spitting rain now & then, & a cold NW wind. The house furnace running steadily, as if in winter.

The funeral service was in Zion Church, to begin at 2 p.m., so I walked there early, as I thought (1.30), & found the church crowded already, except for some rows reserved for special mourners & the family. The special mourners included a file of obviously legal & financial men from Halifax, including Frank Covert.

The Nickersons are a prolific clan, & when they came in, all the way from Cape Sable to North Sydney, they filled & overflowed all the remaining seats. By this time I had been standing still for half an hour, & my hip was screaming. So I slipped out, signed the visitors' book downstairs, & limped home.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11/80 Sunny with a roaring westerly gale, too rough for golf. Mrs Bagley came at 8 a.m. & worked till noon, painting the walls of Tom's old bedroom, omitted in her painting last year. Tom phoned, saying young Tom had phoned home from Boston, giving an enthusiastic account of the great "sail-past". He found that he had a good pair of sea legs (like his father & grandfather in younger days) & is rapidly picking up a seaman's skill in a sailing ship. Crowds of visitors in Boston, including famous movie actress Lee Remick, & famous

American TV news commentator Walter Cronkite, who came out for a sail in "Bluenose II". From Boston the ship sails to Portland, Maine, & thence back to Nova Scotia for a busy season with the tourists.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1980 Sun & cloud, with the cold sea wind at White Point, where I played nine holes. My petunias, planted a month or more ago, are barely holding their own; no sign of burgeoning forth & spreading, as the others did last year.

My grand-daughter Debbie finds her cabin at White Point Lodge very chilly, especially in the mornings. This afternoon she came in the smaller Kaddall car to borrow my portable electric heater, which delivers plenty of heat, with a built-in fan to blow it forth.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13/80 At last a fine hot day, & for once the sea wind at White Point was refreshing & not bone-chilling.

Rev. Bill Titus dropped in this morning, & wants me to be one of the Historical Society's reception committee on July 1st, when the Duke of Grafton will visit our town for an hour or two. Grafton is chairman of Britain's National Trust, & he has accepted an invitation to open the 1980 Nova Scotia Tattoo in Halifax. While here he will tour the Annapolis Valley & part of the South Shore, inspecting restorations of historic sites & buildings. Joe Dexter came & picked up the fragment of diary or logbook of Capt. Sam Kempton, which he had lent me to read. It covers two years or so in the 1880's, when Kempton was running a little packet schooner between Liverpool & Halifax.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14/80 Fine & warm, with a refreshing breeze. Spend all afternoon mowing & trimming my lawns, applying weed-killer etc. The Lawn Green that I applied to the back half of my back lawn on May 26 has changed it from a scrawny growth, showing a lot of moss, to a rich grassy carpet. Now I must do the same to the front half, which formerly looked the better half. The sky clouded about 5 p.m., & by 8 p.m. it was raining hard & steadily.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15/80 The rain paused about noon, & I was able to spread a good lot of Lawn Green on the front half of my lawn before rain began again. Air very calm & mild & humid. Spells of rain & sunshine continued all day. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Debby is busy & happy with her job at White Point Lodge. Grandson Tom is back in Hfx. with the "Bluenose II", already a practised seaman, including duty at the helm, & enjoying the whole thing. Today for the first time this season Tom & Pam were able to enjoy their swimming pool.

MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1980 Rain again. Daughter Frances phoned tonight with a belated Father's Day greeting — she & husband Bill had spent the weekend fishing on the Miramichi. Bill caught four salmon, one of them a 14-pounder. Her daughter Stephanie, having taken a secretarial course, is trying to find a job. As she does not know French well there is almost no chance in Moncton, where bilingual capacity is a must. She thinks of trying in Alberta, where everything is booming & nobody cares a hoot about French.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17/80 Sunny with a fresh breeze — too fresh for comfort at White Point, where the wind was off the sea & icy, but I played anyhow.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19/80 Golf yesterday & today — 3 days in succession, a miracle in this cold wet season.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20/80 Sunny, with a fresh W breeze. Mowed my lawns.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21/80 Same weather, although there was rain in the night. I knew there would be a mob on the golf course, so I stayed at home. Applied Lawn Green to my front lawn, & re-seeded some patches of the back lawn where the Killex had killed chickweed. The yellow warblers have hatched their brood, & are busy feeding them from morn to night.

Letter from Alan R. Young, a professor in the Dept. of English, Acadia University. He has a contract from the Boston firm of G.K. Hall to do a volume on me in their Twayne World Authors series. (I never heard of them.) It is to be published in the early fall of 1981, & he has been doing a lot of reading & research, including 3 weeks studying my papers in Dalhousie University archives. Wants to interview me here about August 10.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22/80 Sun & cloud. Very warm. At 2 p.m. I went to the Chandler Funeral Home on Union St. & joined the Legion group for the funeral of Eric Millard, 71. He served with the Canadian army in France Belgium & Holland in War Two, practised the profession of land surveyor, & was an active member of the Historical Society.

MONDAY, JUNE 23/80 At last a day both clear & hot (80° Fahr.) At White Point I played golf for the first time without undershirt or jacket, & the sea breeze was welcome. When I got back to town the heat was almost stifling, & I fetched my big electric fan from the attic.

Shortly afterward I had a visitor, George, son of my old Halifax friend James Martell, a child of six or so at the time of his father's death in 1946. George is now a tall slim man with blond hair & spectacles, looking much younger than 40. He is a professor at York University, Toronto, where he has been for 20 years. He hardly knew his

father, & he was full of questions about him, his mental attitudes, his health, his view of politics, etc. (George is a Socialist, like his father). From that he went on to talk about present-day Nova Scotia, which he finds surprisingly busy & prosperous, despite all the Ontario talk about Nova Scotian poverty. After three hours he left for Halifax. His mother Olga is still living in Hfx., & so is his grandmother Martell, a spry old lady of 92.

I got a belated supper & had hardly got the dishes washed & dried when another visitor arrived, Orest Ulan, CBC announcer, with his 14 year old son, on his way back to Hfx. from Yarmouth. A prairie man, of Ukrainian forbears, he has lived & worked in Hfx. for many years & loves Nova Scotia like a native son. After a pleasant chat about provincial & national affairs, he & the boy left about 10 p.m.

My spirea shrubs in full white bloom, & the weigelias begin to break bud into scarlet blossom. The yellow warblers & their young left the nest a day or so ago. The hen robin is still hatching, & regards me with a bright & watchful eye whenever I appear at the sun porch window.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1980 Another very hot day. Mrs. Bagley came this morning & did her routine cleaning chores. I played golf in the afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25/80 The heat wave continues. Mrs. Bagley came this morning & cleaned & polished everything in my study, a considerable chore. Golf in the afternoon. This evening the heat was really oppressive. I slept the first part of the night on the couch in the living room, where the temp. was 82° Fahr't at midnight. By 2 a.m. the upstairs rooms had cooled a bit, & I spent the rest of the night dozing uneasily on my bed, sans clothes.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26/80 Again very hot. Golf at White Point, very leisurely in a delicious sea breeze. At 4 p.m. Bill Copeland came in from his cottage at White Point, bringing with him his guest Hugh P. MacMillan, who wanted to meet me. MacMillan is Archives Liaison Officer in the Archives of Ontario, & we had an interesting chat.

At 9 p.m. a town street workman came to the door & advised me that the water supply on Park Street will be shut off at 8 a.m. tomorrow, & may remain off all day. So I drew off about 4 gallons in a plastic container for kitchen use, & filled the bathtub half full for toilet use. Tonight a shower or two cooled the air, & I was able to sleep comfortably in my bed.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1980 Overcast & calm in town, & very hot; but at White Pt. in the afternoon I found an icy fog blowing in from the sea, & I was glad I had brought my golf jacket.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28/80 Sunny & hot, but with a refreshing W. breeze. Spent most of the afternoon mowing my lawns. Today is the start of Liverpool's "Privateer Week", which will include the celebration of Canada Day next Tuesday. As I worked on the lawns I could hear the Mersey Paper band playing marches at the head of the parade of floats, & the sirens of fire apparatus & ambulances which always form part of the show, & then the roar of aircraft from the Liverpool (Greenfield) air field flying low back & forth, to the great alarm of the birds.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29/80 Fine & warm, with a pleasant breeze. Spent the afternoon on the Anderssens' lawn, chatting with them & their guest Porter Scobey. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 & dined with the junior Raddalls (sans Tommy & Debby) & their guests Halifax lawyer George Caines & wife Sandra (née Jones) & their two little girls.

MONDAY, JUNE 30/80 Cold rain all day. The furnace running steadily.

TUESDAY, JULY 1/80 Overcast & clearing slowly. The Duke of Grafton, having toured the Valley yesterday, came to Liverpool by helicopter, & a large black limousine (both furnished by the N.S. govt) brought him to the Perkins House, where he was greeted by John Leefe MPP, John McCaul, museum curator Gary Hartlen, Rev. Wm. Titus, & myself. I showed him through the Perkins house, told him briefly the story of Perkins & the town. He inspected the new museum, still unfinished & empty. Then the limousine took him to Fort Point, & I pointed out various 18th & early 19th century houses on the way. A tall erect man of about 70, he served in the Guards & was A.D.C. to General Wavell in Egypt & later in India. Our talk of the Liverpool privateers he found "a bit confusing", & I discovered that (like nearly all Englishmen) he had never heard of the American war of 1812. He was very affable, & asked a good many questions about the various buildings & our plans for preservation. Finally we all went to the home of Douglas Hemeon on Main Street, built in the 1790's & well restored. Mr. & Mrs. Hemeon served coffee & fruit. The Duke & his official guide, Grant Fraser of Grande Pré, then left for Bridgewater & Halifax, where Grafton will officially open the big military tattoo tonight.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2/80 Overcast & cold. I went around 9 holes at White Point almost at a trot shivering in the sea breeze despite my jacket, & the damned rain began falling again just as I finished the 9th.

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1980 Hazy & very warm in town, but at White Point I played golf in a thick & cool sea fog. Neighbour Erik sharpened the knife of my electric mower on his emery wheel, & later I sat chatting with him & Lou on their patio.

FRIDAY, JULY 4/80 Hazy & very hot. Spent 2½ hours mowing the lawns in a temperature of 90° Fahr't.

SATURDAY, JULY 5/80 Mostly overcast but pleasant. At noon I went to White Point & got in nine holes of golf between the morning & afternoon crowds. Showers in the night.

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1980 Sunny, but with a chilly NW gale strewing my lawn with leaves & twigs. While we have been enduring wet and cool weather for the past two months, with brief intervals of heat, the West has had huge forest fires extending from the Rockies to N.W. Ontario, & drought in the plains. In the south & south-western States there continues to be drought & terrific heat, with many people dying from heat-stroke.

MONDAY, JULY 7/80 Temp. down to 52° Fahr't last night & little higher during the day, which was like late October, with a black sky & a NW gale ripping leaves & twigs off the trees. The furnace was running at intervals all night & day, & I wore a pullover sweater.

TUESDAY, JULY 8/80 A delightful day for a change, sunny & warm, with a fresh W. breeze. Played a leisurely 9 holes at White Point, pausing for a while on the benches at every tee, especially those facing the sea. As I approach my 77th. birthday I wonder how much longer I can enjoy these happy scenes & memories, with the sound & smell of the sea thrown in for good measure. I have just finished reading André Maurois book on D'Israeli, & noted his remarks at my age — "solitude, books, memories, devotion to his home".

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9/80 Rain last night & most of today. Maybe we will have a fine Fall.

THURSDAY, JULY 10/80 Sunny & warm, with a cool breeze. Golf in the afternoon. I note from today's Chronicle-Herald that Senator Donald Smith, of Liverpool, is retiring from the Senate at age 75. He was a dentist, & took no part in politics or town affairs until 1949, when Robert Winters, MP for Lunenburg, suggested that he run as a Liberal candidate in the dual constituency of Queens-Shelburne. They knew that the seat would be abolished in a few years, when Shelburne would be linked with Yarmouth County, & Queens with Lunenburg. The inducement was that Smith would then be appointed to the Senate. This happened in 1953, when Smith was 48.

FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1980 Foggy & chilly. Mrs. Bagley cleaned & polished everything in the dining room, & took down all the window drapes there & in the ~~dining~~ living room. She hung the drapes on the outdoor line to air, & then couldn't remember which went where, or how to fasten them on the traveling rod-eyes. I don't know, either, so tonight I sat reading or watching TV under the full gaze of people passing on the street.

~~SATURDAY, JULY 12/80~~ The weather forecast is for rain tomorrow, & my lawns badly need mowing, so this afternoon I spent nearly 3 hours with the electric mower. A tedious & slow job, because the grass was wet with the fog & the cuttings had to be scraped off the knife-drum every five minutes. So far this season I haven't been able to mow dry grass once.

SATURDAY, JULY 12/80 I got overtired yesterday, & insomnia kept me up till about 2 a.m. Wakened by thunder at 7, & it kept up all day at intervals, with floods of rain. In the afternoon I got Erik to come in & hang the window drapes. They were in a complete mess, some with hooks gone or out of place, & it took him two hours to get them hung properly. They are very old & badly faded, impossible to wash, & should be replaced.

SUNDAY, JULY 13/80 Overcast & threatening rain, so indoors all day. Tom & Pam are in Hfx. attending some sort of dentists' conference, so I dined at home. The scarlet blossoms begin to fall from my weigelia shrubs, after making their annual 3-week show.

On CBC radio I heard an hour's discussion by Canadian publishers (including Jack McClelland) and their editors & sales managers. All agreed that the only way to sell a book nowadays is by relentless "plugging", especially by carefully arranged public tours by the author. However, they admit that this means scores of authors appearing on TV talk shows etc. right across the country, almost tumbling over each other. I was amused at the discussion over authors who do not speak well or look well on TV, etc. One sales manager actually suggested that professional actors be hired to represent them. As long as there is no photo of the actual author on the jacket of the book, the public would never know the difference, & might not even be interested in the difference. Nobody mentioned the literary merit of a book. The whole thing is to churn out something aimed at the current popular taste, & then turn on the ballyhoo.

MONDAY, JULY 14/80 Last night the temp. was about 55° Fahr. Today it shot up to 80°. Enjoyed nine holes at White Point, in the sea breeze. Received by mail from Time-Life Records five discs of Mozart concertos, & played them this evening. They are made by excellent European orchestras.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1980 Sunny with a cool breeze. Mrs. Bagley came as usual at 8 a.m. & left at 10. I played 9 holes at White Point. My game is rather ludicrous now — my average wood shot is 125 yards, & I often take 4 putts on the greens, but it's much better than sitting at home. My spirea shrubs are now in bloom, & so is the honeysuckle. My petunia bed (wrong variety) makes a poor show, but the yellow rose is in full bloom. The young robins have left the nest in the golden elder outside my sunporch, & the brood of chimney swallows have left my fireplace flue. After golf today I drove around Western Head. On the inner road, where only ten years ago there was a scatter of hovels owned by poor or merely feckless whites & blacks, there are now smart modern bungalows with trim lawns. Not so much change on the shore road except on the edge of the town, where the RCMP are building a new & large headquarters. Their old one, an ugly red-brick structure built shortly after War Two by the late "Father John" Wilson, Anglican parson, as a residence, will soon be up for sale. Only one thing can be said for it — the site on Fort Point, facing the little park & the sea, is one of the best in town.

THURSDAY, JULY 17/80 Overcast, very hot & humid. Received by mail from Time-Life Records 4 records (8 sides) of Chopin's works, played by the Philadelphia orchestra with Van Cliburn pianist. Splendid.

Mowed the lawns in the afternoon. Phew! Note in this week's Advance that the old Freeman Hotel at Greenfield, closed for many years, is in a dilapidated condition, & is to be torn down. It stands on the site of the first frame house built by Simeon Hunt, Greenfield's first settler, with a fine view over the river. The hotel was open in spring, summer & fall, catering especially to anglers fishing for salmon in the Medway, & to moose & deer hunters. I knew the last proprietor, Earl Freeman, very well, & sometimes fished with him.

Letter from Derek Wells, chairman of the board, Canadian Puppet Festivals Society, who operate the Leading Wind Theatre, Chester N.S., inviting me to become an honorary patron. It is a non-profit organization, founded a few years ago by Leo & Dora Velleman, who called on me here. Answer, yes.

FRIDAY, JULY 18/80 A fine warm day. Mrs. Bagley completed the "spring" cleaning (one extra morning for the past 6 weeks). Golf in the afternoon with Mrs. D. P. Dumford. She & husband have been coming to White Point for many summers, & about ten years ago they bought the Spinney house near N° 3 green, looking out on Port Mouton Bay.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1980 Today the temp. got up to 98° Fahrt., the hottest yet. It was even very hot at White Point, despite a little breeze from the sea. Met several familiar visitors on the course, including Mrs. Barbara Comstock, long resident in Ontario, & daughter of my old friends Captain & Florence Williams. She was a childhood companion of my daughter Frances. At midnight the temperature upstairs was unbearable, & I slept for a few hours lying on the cot in my study, where the temp. was a mere 80°.

The news media continue to report dreadful heat in the south & south-western States, where more than 1500 people have died of it.

SUNDAY, JULY 20/80 Fine & hot. Towards noon Larry & Bertie Seldon picked me up & took me to Ponhook on the Medway River, where Paul & Anne Thomsen were giving a luncheon party for elderly friends. American visitor Mrs. Marilla McDill was there, looking frail – she is now over 80. Drinks & good food & talk, looking out past tall pines to the narrow end of the lake. Florence Williams told me that Captain Charlie is having a bad bout with glaucoma, & was unable to come. Also absent were Dr. John Wickwire, in hospital with pneumonia, & his wife Dorothy, also in hospital with a cracked pelvis, suffered in a fall. I learned also that John McCaul, who has worked so hard to promote the new museum, is in hospital with an embolism of some sort.

Home at 3:30. At 5 pm. I drove to Hunts Point for drinks & chat & dinner with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom & Pam attended a dentists' convention in Halifax last weekend, & one day a party of them went for a sail in the "Bluenose", with sailor Tommy at the helm. The crew, nearly all college students, are now well practised seamen under the eye of Captain Barrs.

MONDAY, JULY 21/80 Overcast & very hot. Played my usual nine holes at White Point, where I was joined by an American visitor at White Point Lodge named Gibson. An American named Harlow called at my house, wanting genealogical information about the Queens County family of Harlow. I showed him references in Perkins' diary, & suggested that he consult the genealogical files compiled by the late J. Brenton Smith, which are now in the N.S. Public Archives.

TUESDAY, JULY 22/80 A dull wet day, with a slam-bang thunderstorm in the middle of it. Passed the time with reading & music.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1980 Very warm & overcast, with SW wind blowing half a gale, very moist & sticky. Golf in the afternoon. Letter from Bruce Armstrong in Gaspe, en route to consult Doubleday in Toronto about his book on Sable Island. Says he has revised & "pulled it together". Wants to visit me around August 4th.

THURSDAY, JULY 24/80 Overcast, calm, & sultry. Did my meat & grocery shopping for a week. Spent two hours mowing my lawns in a temp. of 80° Fahrt. & finished very wet outside & dry inside.

My oldest friend in Halifax (and the last of them) Dr. Charles Lindsay ("Ben") Bennet, died in hospital there yesterday. A native of New Zealand, he was seriously wounded in France in 1917, while serving with the Anzac corps. On recovery in England he studied at Cambridge U. for a M.A., & in 1921 was offered the post of assistant to Dr. Archie MacMechan, head of the English dept. at Dalhousie. There he met & married Helene Sandford, a friend of my sister Nellie. On MacMechan's death he became head of the department, & a good friend of mine.

FRIDAY, JULY 25/80 Fine & very hot. Wrote a note to Helene Bennet, & answered a couple of fan letters. Golf in the afternoon at White Point, where the land wind & sea wind were battling. At one moment you were in an oven-hot current from the west, & next in a cool draft off the sea. At home my spirea blossoms are shattering & the weigelia blossoms are gone, but the honeysuckle on my back fence is in full bloom, much enjoyed by bees & humming-birds. Another pair of robins are raising a family in a shrub behind my garage.

SATURDAY, JULY 26/80 Fine & hot — glorious weather. At White Point the sea breeze made things pleasant. Back in town I spent the evening reading & watching TV, wearing nothing but a pair of thin trousers, with my big electric fan perched on a chair four feet away.

SUNDAY, JULY 27/80 Sunny & sultry in town, a thick humid sea fog at White Point. Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & dined with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, JULY 29/80 A drizzling fog all night, clearing off about noon. A slim tall blond man of 55, Alexander Hope, called to see me by appointment at 10 a.m. & stayed, talking almost continually, till nearly 2 p.m. A young Scottish seamen of 17, he was one of the crew of British steamship "Empire Seal", torpedoed off the coast in February 1942. He & 15 others, including Captain Kyle, were in a lifeboat many hours by day & night, before being picked up by the old Liverpool schooner "Awenishe" under fish merchant Jerry V. Nickerson. After that he had an amazing career in the British merchant marine, eventually getting his master's ticket

& branching off into a shore job with the Canadian government in connection with Arctic affairs. Now lives in Ottawa, & is preparing a book on his experiences. Would like my help.

THURSDAY, JULY 31/80 Sunny & very hot. (90° Fahr't). After yesterday's rain the humidity was terrific. Bill & Francie Dennis are due here tomorrow & will stay the weekend, so I shopped this morning for extra meat & groceries. Mowed my lawns from 1 p.m. to 3:30, pausing now & then to rest a bit in the shade & stop the flutter of my heart.

FRIDAY, AUG. 1/80 Fine & hot. My daughter Frances & husband Bill arrived in their motor van from Moncton about 10:30 a.m. Also their son Jerry, who had driven from Moncton in his firm's refrigerator truck to pick up a load of fresh fish at Port Medway. Also the Rev. Wm. Wilson & wife, from Marblehead, Mass., where he has a small Episcopalian parish. He stayed for an hour, chatting about our adventures together in the family sloop "Ripple" when his father ("Father John") was rector of Trinity Church here in the 1940's. Then came Alexander Hope again, with a list of questions. Over the phone I introduced him to George Kyle, now retired on Park Street, who was marine superintendent at the Mersey mill at the time of the submarine war in 1942.

Bill Dennis had brought some fine big lobsters, & we took them out to the Raddalls' place at Hunts Point, where we all dined on them. Home about 10:30, & sat up talking untill 1 a.m.

SATURDAY, AUG. 2/80 Rain all morning. Francie visited her old friends the Doucets & Feldons. The rain stopped about noon, & Bill & Francie spent the afternoon touring around White Point, Carter's Beach, & other old summer haunts. They dined here with me, & about 8 p.m. left for Hunts Point, where Tom & Sam gave a huge cocktail & supper party for them, including many old friends & acquaintances resident or making a summer visit.

SUNDAY, AUG. 3/80 Rain this morning. Bill & Francie spent the morning & part of the afternoon calling on old friends. They left for Moncton towards 3 p.m. It was pleasant having their company & I wish they could have stayed longer.

MONDAY, AUG. 4/80 Overcast & very hot. Played 9 holes at White Point.

TUESDAY, AUG. 5/80 Same weather & golf. The temp. in the sun, 96° Fahr't. When I get home from White Point I strip off my sodden clothes, towel myself, & put on nothing but a pair of old thin trousers. Then, with a

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1980

Dr. Charles L. Bennet dies in Halifax hospital

Dr. Charles Lindsay Bennet, 85, died Wednesday in Camp Hill Hospital.

Funeral service will be held at 2 p.m. Saturday in King's College Chapel, Dr. John B. Hibbett officiating. Burial will be in Hillcrest Memorial Gardens where a graveside service will be held for members of the immediate family.

Born in New Zealand, he was the son of the late Charles and Jane Bennet.

He received his early education at Southland Boy's School and at the University of New Zealand. He served with the A.N.Z.A.C. Forces in France and Belgium during the First World War and was wounded at Messines Ridge, France.

Following the Armistice Dr. Bennet attended the Jesus College of Cambridge University where he studied under Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and graduated with a Masters of Arts degree.

He came to Halifax after graduation in 1921 and taught, first, at the University of Kings College and shortly after he joined the faculty of Dalhousie University.

Professor Bennet also attended Harvard University where he received an additional MA degree.

During his early years at Dalhousie, Prof. Bennet worked under the emminent scholar, Archibald MacMechan, and succeeded him as the George Munro Professor of English and head of the department.

Dr. Bennet served in many capacities at various times during his tenure at Dalhousie, including that of registrar, veterans advisor, dean of graduate studies, secretary of the senate and editor of the Dalhousie Review.

He was the first person to be appointed to the position of vice-president of Dalhousie in 1958 and acted as protocol director at many regular and special convocations.

He was editor of The Canada Books of Prose and Verse which were adopted and used for more than 20 years by Nova Scotian and other school systems, and he acted as editor of several other school and university texts. He was coauther of the Face of Canada (Harrap 1959), and was in great demand as an adjudicator, critic and advisor.

At Dalhousie his special fields were Shakespeare, Milton and Carlyle. For many years his English II class was mandatory for all undergraduates.

His English IX class is remembered, by many Dalhousie graduates, for the evenings of dramatic readings that were staged in the living room of his home on Dalhousie Street.

He was a strong supporter of professional theatre and was a life director of Neptune Theatre, Halifax.

In 1964, Prof. Bennet was awarded honorary degrees by both the University of King's College, a DCL, and Dalhousie University, an LLD.

At the time of his death he was on the Dalhousie faculty list as Professor Emiritus.

Dr. Bennet is survived by his wife, the former Helene Sandford, one son, James L.; two daughters, Jane (Mrs. D. Douglas) and Caroline (Mrs. Kenneth Hubbard) and eight grandchildren all of Halifax; and one sister, Mary, Christchurch, New Zealand.

In lieu of flowers donations may be made to the research fund of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children or to the Nova Scotia Heart Foundation.

glass of cold lager at my elbow, & my big electric fan whirling on a chair five feet away, I relax & read in comfort.

Captain Charlie Williams invited me to his place at Fort Point for drinks & a fish chowder supper. His wife Florence was there, & their two married daughters; & we sat on a terrace at the back of the house in a refreshing breeze blowing down the river, looking over a long lawn to the river mouth & the trees on the other side. Charlie made the lawn from a stretch of old swamp, & part of the land of the long bygone marine slip, where the 3,000 ton wooden steamship "War Halifax" was built in 1918. I remember going on board that ship to look at the wireless set. The authorities had rushed her to join a convoy at Halifax, & there were chips & shavings still lying in odd corners.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 6, 1980 Again overcast & very hot. Golf.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7/80 Fog in the night & one or two showers this a.m. Then very hot & humid, without a breath of wind. My lawns needed mowing again, so I worked hard for 2 hours this afternoon, streaming sweat. Then a cool bath, & lounging almost naked in the full play of the electric fan. Dined on cold broiled chicken, which I got from the supermarket this morning, plus lettuce & a good dessert (rare treat) of apple pie. Watched TV, mostly old re-runs through the evening. Tried to sleep on the sofa, naked, under the full blast of the fan, but got only an uneasy doze until 2 a.m., at which time I got myself another drink of rum & wrote this. In my lawn mowing I discovered a pair of robins nesting in the weigelia bush at the SW corner of my study. This makes 2 pairs of robins & 1 pair of yellow warblers nesting this year on the south side of my house, plus at least 1 pair of swallows in my chimney, 1 pair of robins & the usual pair of cat-birds in the shrubbery behind my garage. My secluded & quiet property, with a bird-bath which I keep filled with fresh water, makes an ideal home for them, much to my delight.

FRIDAY, AUG. 8/80 Overcast & very hot. Shortly after noon I went to White Point for golf. At the 3rd. & 4 holes there was a stir of cool air off the bay otherwise it was hell-hot, & I quit at the 7th. Probably I was still tired from my exertions in the heat yesterday.

SATURDAY, AUG. 9/80 Thunder & heavy showers all morning, clearing & very hot in the afternoon. At 11 a.m., by appointment, Bruce Armstrong came, bringing with him Zoe Lucas, the young woman who has spent her summers on Sable Island for the past ten years, studying the ecology. I went over Armstrong's typescript with him, pointing out

errors & other points that needed clarification. I then gave him the foreword I had written for his book. Miss Lucas is about 32, a petite person with attractive features & brownish-yellow hair. Plainly dressed. No makeup. Intelligent & well spoken. Discussing the disaster to the wild horses last winter, when unusual amounts of snow fell & remained on Sable, covering the marram grass, she said that out of an estimated 350, no less than 179 died of hardship & starvation. She thinks that this has probably occurred before, & the herd recovered. The herd last summer numbered about 350, too many for the available forage in any case, & she suggests that the herd should not number more than 225 at any time.

After they had gone, Erik Andersen came over for a chat, & we sat on my back lawn sipping cold ale. While there I noticed catbirds flitting in and out of a deutzia shrub, & found a new nest in it. This must be the catbird pair which previously nested in the wild shrubbery behind my back wall, now raising another brood.

Today is the 62nd. anniversary of my father's death in the battle of Amiens, the second day of the battle, fought on a very hot day like today.

SUNDAY, AUG. 10, 1980 Sunny & warm. Professor Alan Young, of the department of English, Acadia University, came at 1.30 by appointment & spent most of the afternoon discussing his book on my life & works. He has been engaged on it for the past year, mostly among my papers in Dalhousie Library. The book will be printed by the American firm of Chapman, which produces a series on U.S., British, & other authors to be used as textbooks in schools & colleges. His research is very thorough. He is an Englishman, tall, dark & bearded, about 40 or 45, a graduate of Leeds University, & a considerable experience in teaching, in Britain & Canada. Has been at Acadia for several years.

I dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair. They are revelling in their swimming pool in this hot weather. Grandson Tom in the "Bluenose" is now en route to Cape Breton & Quebec.

MONDAY, AUG. 11/80 Sunny with fresh W. breeze. Golf. At 4 p.m. I had a young woman visitor with a hiker's pack on her back & a haversack slung from one shoulder. Small, slim & 20-ish, she told me her name was ~~Yolanda~~ MARLENE Dyck, & she is a college student from Ontario, staying overnight at the local youth hostel, on a tour of Nova Scotia. She had studied some of my work, particularly "The Nymph & The Lamp",

& came this way to meet the author.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12, 1980 Rain, at times heavy but mostly drizzle. Except for a brief trip to the post office, indoors all day, reading & enjoying music from my stereo machine.

THURSDAY, AUG. 14/80 Warm & overcast, yesterday & today. Golf both afternoons. John McCaul informed me that the new museum will be opened with ceremony on Friday Sep 19. The Premier & other dignitaries will be present, & I shall be called upon to make a few remarks. McCaul & the board of directors want the "Special Research" room to be labelled the Thomas Raddall Research Room, & asked my permission. I said all right.

On TV tonight I saw & heard an interview with Admiral Boyle RCN (retired) repeating what he has been saying for the past several years — that a third world war, with Russia the aggressor, is inevitable, & he flatly predicts that it will begin in 1983.

SATURDAY, AUG. 16/80 Sunny with a pleasant W. breeze. Mowed my lawns & applied a strong solution of Killex to the weeds. Enjoyed watching the Canadian open tennis tournament on TV, especially the singles play between the Swedish marvel Bjorn Borg & American Sandy Mayer. Borg is only 24, & for the past 4 or 5 years he has won at Wimbledon & every other tournament of importance in the U.S. & in Europe. He makes at least a million dollars a year, & lives in Monaco to escape the heavy Swedish income tax.

SUNDAY, AUG. 17/80 Sunny with a fresh W. wind. Did laundry chores. Spread 10 kg. (22 lbs) of Lawn Green on my lawns, front, side, & back. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. The "Bluenose" is back in Halifax after a trip to Sydney, & had a rough passage, with winds over 60 M.P.H & the decks awash. Later this month she is coming to Lunenburg, & grandson Tom expects to leave her there on the Labour Day weekend. At 11.30 p.m. I had a phone call from daughter Frances in Moncton, advising me that her son Gregory & girl friend will call on me tomorrow afternoon, & will I put them up overnight? Okay.

MONDAY, AUG. 18/80 Fine & hot. Golf. Gregory arrived with his friend about 5 p.m. She is Sue Edgett, whose parents are friends & neighbours of the Dennis's, a pleasant blonde girl, graduate of King's University, with an office job in Halifax. I got supper for them, & afterwards they drove to Hunts Point & spent the evening with Tom & Pamela.

TUESDAY, AUG. 19/80 The young people slept late. I dished up bacon, eggs, toast & coffee at 10 a.m. & then they took off for Carter's Beach, where they spent the day. At 5.30 we drove to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pam had invited us to

dine, & stayed there till about 11 p.m. A fine hot day.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20, 1980 Hazy & warm. Gregory & Sue left for Halifax about 10 a.m. I played nine holes at White Point. Wilfrid Eggleston has sent me a copy of his reminiscences, "Literary Friends", published in paperback by Borealis Press, Ottawa, with the aid of grants from the Canada Council & the Ontario Arts Council. He quotes a 1945 letter from me about current Canadian writing, but the book is almost entirely about his long friendships with Lloyd Roberts (son of Charles G.D.) and Frederick Phillip Grove.

THURSDAY, AUG. 21/80 Mostly overcast, with a brisk sea wind, but very hot whenever the sun came through. Golf. Watered my roses & petunias with a solution of RX 15.

FRIDAY, AUG. 22/80 Our brief summer is flitting by, alas, but in a blaze of good weather after the wet disappointments of June & July. Golf this afternoon. Wrote to Wilfrid Eggleston.

This week's Time magazine is full of the presidential campaign. The two main opponents are the incredibly naive Jimmie Carter, in private life a wholesale dealer in peanuts in his native Georgia, & for the past 3½ years the blundering President of the U.S.; and Ronald Reagan, a second or third rate movie actor who turned to politics when his movie career came to an end, & became Governor of California. A poor choice either way.

SATURDAY, AUG. 23/80 Again warm after a chilly (52° Fahr.) night. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. The back lawn is burning up in this steady hot weather, so this evening I turned on the hose & sprinkler for 4 hours, the first watering this summer.

SUNDAY, AUG. 24/80 Sunny & very hot, even on the seaward end of the golf course, where a light air off the sea did nothing to stop the flow of sweat. The Hunts Point Raddalls spent the day on Fort Mouton Island with the Jack Dunlops & their motorboat, so I dined at home. The young robins in the nest in the weigelia shrub, at the SW corner of my study are about ready to fly, & so are the catbirds in the deutzia shrub near the bird bath.

MONDAY, AUG. 25/80 Open-& -shuh sky, but still hot. Golf was pleasant & leisurely. Not many players. I dislike eating alone in a public place, so I haven't eaten a meal at White Point Lodge this summer. In the past few days I have met several old American friends from the Lodge, coming to the golf clubhouse to say Goodbye till next season.

Received 5 records of Mozart's later symphonies. Time-Life Records send me a parcel of such music every month, & I enjoy them.

TUESDAY, AUG. 26, 1980 Overcast & showery, so no golf. Bob Comer dropped in from Port Joli with some clams, & stopped for a chat. Phone call from Vic James (?) of the Canadian Press, asking detail about a soldier named Kilroy on page 73 of my book on Halifax – "which I have enjoyed immensely". Phone call from Mayor Tidmarsh of Liverpool, about the proposed exhibition of the Simeon Perkins diary in the new museum on opening day. (The diary belongs to the town & is kept in a vault of the Royal Bank.) I said it should be exhibited under glass & secure from human touch or pillage.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27/80 Hazy & very hot, even on the golf course in a light air off the sea. For the past several weeks I have noticed a dim spot in the centre of my left eye's vision, & I fear a new cataract is forming there. Dr. Tapp removed the cataract in that eye in August 1976.

THURSDAY, AUG 28/80 Clear & hot sunshine, but with a fresh N. breeze. Golf was slow, due to a duffer foursome setting the pace for the afternoon play, but I enjoyed nine holes for all that.

Received 5 records of Beethoven's stage music, & 5 of Haydn's symphonies, all excellent & a joy to hear.

Pam invited me to dine at Hunts Point instead of Sunday, when she & Tom will be spending the day at Greenfield. Grandson Tom was home, having thumbed his way from Halifax, & having two days' leave from the "Bluenose". She sails to Lunenburg this weekend, & will be there during the Lunenburg Exhibition; after which Tom will resume his college studies.

SATURDAY, AUG 30/80 Very hot, with little breeze. Mowed my lawns, & afterwards soaked the back lawn for 4 hours with the sprinkler. My two rose bushes, one yellow, one deep crimson, are coming to the end of their second blooming. Golden elder begins to blossom – the last of my flowering shrubs, & a sure mark of Fall.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/80 The end of summer, a hot & sticky day with a dark sky & only a breath of air stirring. I knew the golf course would be crammed with the Labour Day weekend crowd, so stayed at home with my books & music. Recently I have been re-reading "Tom Jones" & as before finding it a good story bogged down in Fielding's boring and wordy divergences, impossible to finish. Years ago a British film company made an excellent colour movie from it, cutting out all the padding & sticking to the tale. "Fielding without the waffle" as one British reviewer put it. It was a world-wide success.

MONDAY, SEP. 1, 1980 Labour Day. Very hot & humid. I did some weeding & edge-trimming about my lawns but had to quit after 40 minutes, drenched with sweat. Spent the rest of the afternoon & evening reading & watching TV in the full blast of my big fan. Slept the first part of the night on the chesterfield, then went upstairs & lay on top of my bed, dozing uneasily until 7 a.m.

TUESDAY, SEP. 2/80 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came as usual at 8 a.m. & did the cleaning & dusting in two hours. I pay her $12 for these weekly chores. At $6 an hour she is worth it. Watered the back lawn for 4 hours.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 3/80 Again very hot, but with a clear sky & a brisk westerly wind. Enjoyed a leisurely (two hours) round of golf. Much of the course is brown after the continuous heat, but Dumeah keeps the greens well watered.

THORSDAY, SEP. 4/80 Same weather & golf. I got a new supply of ink cartridges for my fountain pen, after being unable to obtain them for a long time. ~~After a cool night (52° Tokyo) a fine hot day.~~

FRIDAY, SEP. 5/80 After a cool night, a fine hot day. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. Austin & Vera Parker are home, after spending most of the summer at their Port Joli cottage. Neighbour Erik's wife is away for a few days, so this evening the Parkers invited us in for an old-fashioned dinner of corned beef & cabbage, blueberry pie, & coffee. Austin is 83, Vera about 80, Erik 80, & I 77 — all of us still hale & hearty.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/80 Overcast & threatening rain — but no rain, which is needed badly. The birds begin to gather & migrate south. Six robins, of this year's crop, but fully grown, are busy foraging on my back lawn & dunking themselves in the bath.

SUNDAY, SEP. 7/80 Sunny & hot. Watered back lawn with the sprinkler for 6 hours. Dined at Hunts Point with the junior Raddalls. Tommy & Debby leave tomorrow to resume studies at Kings & Dalhousie. This will be Debby's 3rd. & final year in the journalism course at Kings, but she's not sure yet who exactly she wants to do for a living. As dining-room hostess for 2 months at White Point Lodge she got $2,100 including tips. Tommy got much less than that for his hard summer's work as a sailor on the "Bluenose", but he enjoyed it thoroughly & will probably do it again next summer.

MONDAY, SEP. 8/80 Sunny with a fresh W. breeze. At 11:30 A.M. I attended a small gathering of Mersey Paper & Historical Society people in the new museum, to witness the formal transfer of the Hector

Macleod marine collection from Mersey Paper to the museum, where actually the collection is already in place. About 20 people. Afterwards we moved to Bob Weary's residence nearby on Church St. & lunched on sandwiches & coffee. Chris Clark, head of Mersey's labour & public relations dept., told me that the idea of Mersey buying the Macleod collection for the new museum came from me. I had told my son Tom about the collection, & said it should be preserved in Queens. One day, when Tom & Chris were hunting for woodcock & partridge on the Medway River, Tom told Chris about it & suggested that Mersey Paper Co. buy the collection & present it to the museum. Chris passed the idea along to Bob Weary, & so it was done.

TUESDAY, SEP. 9, 1980 Temp. went down to 42° Fahr. last night, the coldest so far this fall; but the day was sunny & warm. The golf course is reserved for a ladies' tournament, so in the afternoon I walked the beach at Summerville, something I haven't done in a long time. It was almost deserted after the summer throngs, & in Broad River the water is very low.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 10/80 Rain at last, quite heavy all morning, with some thunder & lightning. Clearing late in the afternoon.

Back in 1976, after long & violent agitation by the owners of Maclean's Magazine, the Canadian govt. forced "Time" magazine to cease publishing a special Canadian edition, which was the American issue plus 6 or 7 pages of Canadian news & comment. Maclean's announced that it would produce a weekly magazine covering Canadian as well as world news from a Canadian viewpoint. Like many others I soon found that to get good world coverage I had to subscribe to the American magazine (at 3 times the cost of "Time Canada"), even though it contains a huge amount of U.S. politics — especially in a presidential election year. I also subscribe to Maclean's, which promptly jumped its price after "Time Canada" vanished from the scene. Even the Canadian coverage is spotty but heavily Toronto-accented, & Peter Newman's editorials are often drivel. Toronto's "Saturday Night", a much better reporter on the Canadian scene, has in this week's issue a caustic article on Maclean's headed "Breach of Promise", setting forth its deficiencies.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11/80 Sun & cloud, with a strong SW wind, so I wore my golf jacket when I played at White Point. The course crowded by a convention of insurance salesmen from Hfx., an annual visitation to White Point, which will continue through the week-end. I note

a real estate agent's "For sale" sign on the old Pushie house next door. Young Crosbie & his wife bought it only a year or so ago.

FRIDAY, SEP. 12, 1980 Sunny, with a cool W. wind. Took my car to the Rossignol Sales service station & had an oil change, grease job, battery & tire check. The old car has run a little over 55,000 miles & still runs well, although the body begins to show rust around the ~~rear~~ rear wheels. Mowed my lawns this afternoon. At 7 pm. attended a reception at the home of old Park Street friends Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Macdonald, celebrating their 50th. wedding anniversary. A great crowd, jamming the house, a surprising number of old people still in apparent good health.

SATURDAY, SEP. 13/80 Hazy sunshine & cool N. breeze. Walked the beach at Summerville. It was deserted except for a few herring gulls & the usual flock of sandpipers.

SUNDAY, SEP. 14/80 Rain. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunt's Point. (Blair was in town for soccer practise, & of course the others are in Halifax.) News: the latest conference of Mr. Trudeau with the provincial premiers has broken up in discord like all the others. It has been covered ad nauseam by the radio & television networks, & the only man to emerge satisfied was Levesque, grinning all over his clever & fanatical face. I think of Joe Howe touring Lower & Upper Canada in 1841 — "lingering at the Falls of Niagara for a couple of days till the mighty cataract had roared down the discordant voices of the Canadian politicians", & coming back deeply impressed in spite of them — "You feel at every step that Canada must become a great nation."

MONDAY, SEP. 15/80 Rain. Indoors all day enjoying books & music.

TUESDAY, SEP. 16/80 A sparkling sunny day with a cool sea wind. Played 9 holes at White Point. My lame back & hip much more painful than usual, & I was tired when I finished. On return I went to the cemetery for a look at E's grave. The grass I have planted & fostered so carefully is still growing in a sparse sort of way. Went on around Western Head for the sea view. Long letter from Miss Isabel MacNeill in Halifax. She had a violent heart attack ~~last December~~ in JULY (1979), & after open-heart surgery she was very long in recovery. She moved to an apartment on Coburg Road because she has to be near the hospitals. Now she wants to sell her property near Mill Village. The old colonial house was built about 1783 & was later the home of E. D. Davison,

founder of a prosperous timber firm in Mill Village & Bridgewater. She spent a lot of money on the house, built a modern apartment, & cultivated a beautiful garden. The land measures 12 acres, includes a small lake, & has 600 feet of frontage on the Medway River. She had it evaluated by the Royal Trust Co. who put the present value at $155,000, & she wants to sell it for that. She says she's had offers from various Americans, & a wealthy German is coming to look at it in October, but she would rather sell it to the Canadian govt. for "a museum and arboretum in honour of the woodsmen of South-West Nova Scotia". Wants me to write John Roberts, Minister of Environment in the federal govt. re the historic significance of this property". I shall do so, of course, as best I can, for there is nothing of real historic interest. Also the federal govt. has contributed $175,000 to the new museum in Liverpool, which will contain artifacts & papers of the timber industry among other things. And the federal govt. recently announced an expenditure of $500,000, to be spread over 5 years, on the forest & lake preserve at Kejimkujik Park, which takes care of the arboretum idea.

It seems to me that Miss Macneill bought the place 10 or 15 years ago, when it was in a delapidated state, & real estate was much cheaper than it is now.

THURSDAY, SEP. 18, 1980 Drizzling rain. Phone call from someone who called himself Peter Waldman, asking for a movie option on "His Majesty's Yankees", offering a purchase price of $25,000. Option fee for 1 year, $500, renewable for a further year for a further $500. I agreed on the purchase price, but wanted $1,000 for each year's option. He said he would consult his partner & call me again tomorrow. Sounded to me like another shoe-string operator.

FRIDAY, SEP. 19/80 Overcast & a little cool, but fair weather for the official opening of the new Simeon Perkins museum. The ceremony began at 2:30 p.m. on the patio & lawn in front of the museum. About 200 citizens, an orchestra of boys & girls from the high school, a colour party of the Canadian Legion, a scarlet-coated Mountie, Premier John Buchanan, John Leefe MPP for Queens, Charles Taylor from the National Museum, Ottawa, Miss Phyllis ~~Blakely~~ Blakely Blakely for the Public Archives, Hfx. Rev. Bill Titus, president of the Q.C. Historical Society, was deft & cheerful as master of ceremonies, which opened with a prayer by a Baptist clergyman from Caledonia, & closed with another by the R.C. priest at Liverpool. Buchanan & Taylor made brief but

good addresses, & I was called upon for a few words. Afterwards many people shook my hand & congratulated me on "the realization of your dream". All very pleasant and a good day in my life. Had a long & interesting chat with Miss Blakeley, an old friend from the days when I did so much research in the P.A.N.S.; also with Charles Taylor.

This evening another phone call from Peter Waldmann of Toronto, agreeing with my terms for TV & movie rights in "His Majesty's Yankees". He says he is a third-year law student in Toronto, has had some experience as a director of plays, & is ambitious to get into television. He will forward a contract for me to sign, together with a certified cheque for the first option fee of $1,000, in about 2 weeks' time. Assures me that he & two or three associates are doing this on their own, & that they have no connection with professional TV or movie companies. It all sounds a bit naive to me, but we shall see.

SATURDAY, SEP. 20, 1980 Sunny & cool. Mowed my lawns, which now look fine & green since the drought ended. Letter from Alan Young, Acadia, with a long list of further queries about minor publications, the exact site of the house I called "Pride's Fancy," etc.

SUNDAY, SEP. 21/80 Damp & mild, with some sunshine in afternoon. Phone call from artist Jack Gray in his summer home at Stonehurst, Lunenburg County, just to exchange greetings. He leaves for his winter home in Florida tomorrow, by air from Halifax.

MONDAY, SEP. 22/80 Overcast, with thunder-showers. Wrote Miss Macneill, Alan Young, & the Hon. John Roberts.

I note from a recent issue of "Atlantic Insight" that Robert Lovenheim, Hollywood film producer, is in Newfoundland making a movie based on Farley Mowat's book "A Whale For The Killing"; and that Mowat, having sold Lovenheim the rights, now says the film is a travesty of his book. Lovenheim & his partner Mitchell Brower wrote me several times in 1973 & 1974, eager to get the film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", but Maurice Singer had the option & he hung on to it.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 24/80 A bright crisp fall day. Golf at White Point for the first time since the 16th. Played very badly but enjoyed the exercise & sunshine. The U.S. firm from which for years I have purchased selections from publishers' remainders went out of business last spring. Now I have a catalogue from a new firm in New Jersey, operating on the same lines, & today I sent for five. Phone calls from Richard

HFX. CHRONICLE-HERALD SEP 20, 1980

Perkins Museum opens in Liverpool

By MIKE FLEMMING
South Shore Bureau

LIVERPOOL — Nova Scotia's newest museum, named after Liverpool's most notable historian Simeon Perkins, joins "the best provincial system in the entire country."

The Simeon Perkins Museum was opened officially here Friday.

"There is no question that Nova Scotia's 20-institution museum system makes up the best provincial system in the entire country," Dr. William Taylor, a director of the national museum system told the gathering.

The $350,000 facility is located on the southwest corner of the Simeon Perkins property where the former American colonist, famous diarist and author of "Connecticut Yankee" once lived.

The building blends in architecturally with the well-known Perkins House, a popular spot for visitors since it restored by the provincial historical society in the 1950s.

The new museum will serve as an exhibit centre and headquarters for the Queens County Historical Society which spearheaded the project.

The opening display is the Hector MacLeod marine collections of early Liverpool shipbuilding days, partial texts of the Perkins' diaries and a travelling exhibit from the Nova Scotia Museum.

The museum is a "dream come true" for noted Liverpool author Tom Raddall. Mr. Raddall has based several best-selling books upon the diaries of Perkins' days in Liverpool from 1766 to 1812.

At 27, Dr. Raddall was a founding member of the Queens [illegible] Historical Society and 50 years ago proposed construction of a facility like the one opened Friday.

Premier John Buchanan who officiated at the ceremonies said Nova Scotia is the "cradle of Canada" and over the years museums such as the Simeon Perkins Museum have shown the country that "we cherish our rich heritage."

Much of the credit for realization of the museum was given to chairman of the museum board of directors John McCaul who, over the past three years, led the drive to construct the museum.

Mr. McCaul in turn praised the financial support from the museum assistance program, the provincial government and Nova Scotia Museum, municipality of Queens, Town of Liverpool, various service clubs, businesses, industry and individuals who made contributions to the building fund.

The museum will be a year-round facility, curator Gary Hartlen said.

Storage space at the facility makes up the majority of area and will be used to catalogue and maintain historical items.

As Dr. Raddall concluded in the ceremonies,, "this facility has been needed for a long time here. In the past 50 years, I have witnessed too many artifacts leaving this area. This facility should reverse that trend."

MONDAY, SEP. 22/80 Overcast wri
Macneill, Alan Young, & the Hon
I note from a recent issue
Lovenheim, Hollywood film prod
movie based on Farley Mowat's
that Mowat, having sold Loven
is a travesty of his book. Lo
wrote me several times in 1973 &
"The Nymph & The Lamp", but

Swain of Reader's Digest Magazine, Montreal. Their editorial board are considering using my short story "Winter's Tale," in whole or in part. Was this a personal experience? Yes. Very well, one of their research staff will probably get in touch.

THURSDAY, SEP. 25, 1980 Cloud & sunshine, with cool sea breeze. Golf in the afternoon. My old favourite "lumberjack" stance is now impossible because it required looking to the left, & the deterioration of my left eye is such that the club hits the ground as much as six inches behind the ball. So I have gone back to the orthodox stance & swing, in which I look straight down at the ball. Even with this adjustment my game is a weird travesty, but it's better than twiddling my thumbs at home.

FRIDAY, SEP. 26/80 Rain & fog. Phone call this morning from Shirley Chaplin inviting me to lunch at her cottage, Carter's Beach, S.W. Port Mouton. She is the 80-year-old widow of my old American friend John Chaplin, whom C. & I met shortly after he bought the property in 1940 or '41. She has visited the place only rarely in the past few years; has been there about two weeks, & goes back about Oct. 6.

I found her hobbling about quite spryly, despite arthritis, & she served a delicious meal of fried swordfish with lemon sauce, etc.

She intends to sell the Wobamkek Beach portion of her property, containing about 100 acres of beach, dunes, and a few dilapidated little cottages built by the late Major Willis when he owned it in the 1930's. She will keep the Carter's Beach cottage & the strip of wooded shore on which it stands, although I doubt if she will ever return again, at her age, & semi-crippled as she is. Home at 4:30.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27/80 Overcast, with a chill sea breeze. Mowed my lawns. My birches, afflicted with leaf-miner grubs for the first time in several years, have been shedding their leaves for the past 3 weeks. Yesterday my neighbour Crosbie's basswood trees began shedding their large leaves, many of them on my back lawn.

SUNDAY, SEP. 28/80 Sunny & cool. Tom & Pamela are spending the week-end in Boston with their Halifax lawyer friend George Caines & wife, seeing one or two stage plays etc. I began to get my house ready for winter. Sealed the air vent in the cement foundation under my study. Worked with great difficulty, (owing to my sight & the peculiarity of my glasses, not to mention arthritis) on top of a ladder, trying to seal the edges of the aluminum storm window of the kitchen. It was a complicated thing, having three sliding panes & fly-screen, badly designed & installed; & as it faces NW, the quarter of the strong & bitter winter winds, I have to seal it with a

plastic compound as best I can, because I can't get at the really vital places. Last night the temp. was 36° Fahr't, so I rooted up & dumped my petunias. The proverbial last rose of summer is the lone yellow-rose bush by the garage door, still blooming valiantly. Swept out the summer's accumulation of blown leaves, grass cuttings etc. from the garage, & stowed the aluminum garden chairs overhead.

MONDAY, SEP. 29, 1980 Temp 32° Fahr't. Last night, the first freeze of the season. The day was sunny but cool, & I did not pause to rest on the benches when I played golf in the afternoon.

TUESDAY, SEP. 30/80 Another night's frost, followed by somewhat hazy sunshine. This morning I took my model of a Norse longship to Hector Dunlop, who will try to repair it during the fall & winter. It was made by a craftsman in New York in 1933, for Col. Jones, who had got me to write "The Markland Sagas" that year. As time went by the Jones boys played with it & wrecked it, & the wreck was given to me. I got old Joe Wentzel, at Fort Point, to repair it, & exhibited it in my study for many years. Some time in the 1960's a careless housemaid wrecked it again, & it has lain in my attic ever since. If Hector can repair it, I shall present it to the Perkins Museum for their nautical collection.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1/80 Same weather. At noon I drove to Baxters Beach & lunched with Mrs. Shirley Chaplin. Spent the afternoon in chat with her & another visitor, Mrs. Brooks of Portland, Maine. Home at 5 p.m.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2/80 Light rain. Phone call at 7 p.m. from Peter Waldman re movie rights in "His Majesty's Yankees", asking several questions about copyright of my book in the U.K. & Canada, etc. He also wanted the right to extend the option for a third year. I refused. He said Very Well.

FRIDAY, OCT. 3/80 Drizzle & fog. Wrote to McClelland & Stewart for the number & date of their registration of "H.M.Y." in the copyright office at Ottawa. Also wrote to the Library of Congress for a renewal of U.S. copyright, although I have misgivings about it. At the time of U.S. publication in 1942 Doubleday registered the copyright in my name, & in my ignorance I assumed that the copyright was for the ~~durant~~ duration of my life. Actually it was valid for 28 years, & could then be renewed for 47 years more. I didn't know this until 1977, when I just "got in under the wire" with an application for copyright renewal on "The Nymph & The Lamp",

which was published in the U.S. in 1950. As "H.M.Y." was copyrighted in the U.S. when the book was first published there in 1942, the 28 year period ended in 1970.

SUNDAY, OCT. 5, 1980 Still dark & damp. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Their jaunt to Boston with the Baines last weekend had an unexpected finish. When they arrived at the Boston airport for the flight home they found that a wild-cat strike by Canadian air traffic controllers had stopped all flights there. Hasty phone calls to the Nova Scotia sea ferries at Bar Harbour & Portland proved abortive. Finally they had to hire a Hertz agency car at the airport & drive all the way home around the Bay of Fundy, which cost them $500. Being a lawyer, George Baines is making a claim on Air Canada for this amount, & feels sure he can get it. To make everything perfect on the way home they were stopped & fined in New Hampshire for breaking the speed limit!

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8/80 A sunny day at last. The hardwoods are now in full colour. Lunch at Carter's Beach with Shirley Chaplin. About 6 p.m. a woman with a French accent phoned from Montreal, said she was a researcher for Reader's Digest. Regarding my short story "Winter's Tale", which the Digest will use in its December issue, she asked some questions — the exact location of Chebucto School, the real name & battalion number of my father's regiment, etc.

THURSDAY, OCT. 9/80 Sunny & mild. Mowed my lawns. Not many leaves have fallen, but probably this is the last time this season I can mow with the electric mower. All the summer birds have gone, but there will be flocks of robins migrating from more northerly areas later this month. Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto. In addition to details of U.S. & Canadian copyrights he now wants a list of the various publishers of "His Majesties Yankees" in Canada, the U.S. & Britain, over the past 38 years. I told him the copyright search will probably take a long time, & he will not hear from me for several weeks. I am convinced that all this will end in nothing, but I'll go through with it.

FRIDAY, OCT. 10/80 Hard frost last night. Sunny & cool today. Washed my ground floor windows, a weird business with my arthritic limbs & erratic sight, climbing up & down a ladder. Tonight John Paisley phoned from Wahone to inform me that my sister Nellie suffered a heart attack today. John & Carol rushed her to the nearest hospital (Lunenburg) where she seems to be recovering. He will phone if she takes a turn for the worse. If I don't hear from him it will mean she is coming along well. Nellie is 79.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1980 Same weather. Golf this afternoon for the first time since Sep. 29. All the benches have been stowed away for the winter, so when I wanted to sit, I sat on the ground. Needless to add, I sat very little. In today's Chronicle-Herald an announcement that Bowater Mersey Paper Co. has donated #150,000 towards a projected youth recreation centre for South Queens, which will include a swimming pool etc.

SUNDAY, OCT. 12/80 Rain & occasional thunder. Did my weekly laundry chores. Dined at Hunt's Point with Pamela, Tom Jr. & Deborah. Blair was in Liverpool for soccer practise, & Tom Sr. in New Brunswick with 3 companions, guns & dogs, for the annual woodcock hunt.

MONDAY, OCT. 13/80 Thanksgiving Day. Lunched at Carter's Beach with Mrs. Shirley Chaplin & her guest Stanley Bankus. They leave for Massachusetts towards the end of the week.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15/80 Sunny & cool, with N. breze. Played 9 holes at White Point. This evening I attended a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society, the first of the winter season & our first in the new museum. President (Rev.) Wm. Titus in the chair. The business was to set up committees to administer the museum in all its aspects from acquisition of materials to finance. The treasurer announced that contributions to the museum fund amount to about #46,000, all raised here. This includes contributions from Bowater Mersey Paper Co. (#12,000, of which #5,000 was used to buy the Hector Macleod marine collection) the Lions' Club (#5,000), & the rest from private donors.

The federal & provincial govts. will furnish 50% of the costs of operation of the museum. The rest must be provided each year by the Queens County Historical Society.

THURSDAY, OCT. 16/80 A lovely sunny day after another hard night's frost. At 11 a.m. a woman named Bonnie —? of Reader's Digest phoned from Montreal asking about copyright on my short story "Winter's Tale". I said the copyright is entirely mine. Jack McClelland agreed on this when I gave him permission to use this & other stories in the New Canadian Library paperback called "At the Tide's Turn & Other Stories. Played golf.

FRIDAY, OCT. 17/80 Same weather & golf. Peter Waldman phoned again, although I had warned him it would take some time to get a reply from the Library of Congress. Now, too, he wanted to know where he could get information about 18th. century costumes! He sounds more naive every time he phones — & I feel more & more skeptical about his project. In the October issue of "Atlantic Insight" there

by Harry Flemming entitled "The decline & gall of the Halifax Herald", an extract from a forthcoming book called "Canadian Newspapers: The Inside Story". Flemming was on the editorial staff of the Herald for several years before he quitted like so many other Herald writers. His article is a scathing account of the mismanagement of the Herald ever since it swallowed the old Morning Chronicle on New Year's Day 1949, & particularly the sinister rule of Halifax corporation lawyer Gordon M. Daley, & the stupid heir of the Dennis family, Graham Dennis. I pointed out the evil of the merger in the second edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North", years ago, & once received a hysterical phone call from Graham Dennis.

SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1980 A dark rainy day, & it was pleasant to sit indoors this afternoon watching on TV the 6th. game of the current "World Series" baseball game in Kansas City. The first two, both night games, were played in Philadelphia & won by the "Phillies". K.C. won the 3rd. & 4th. I don't follow the games through the long season, but I enjoy watching the finalists, both crack teams.

This evening a man named Newell, from Port Morton, came with a motor-cart peddling fresh fish. He promises to come every Friday. I got a large fillet of haddock, fried it for dinner, & enjoyed every bite. How strange it is, that in a town with a busy fish plant, one cannot buy an ounce of fresh fish except from an outside peddler. The fish plants, busy shipping wholesale lots, won't bother with retail.

SUNDAY, OCT. 19/80 Rain. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair. Tom just back from a week's woodcock shooting in N.B. He & 4 companions got 167 birds. I heard from Pam that my old (83) friend Austin Parker is going to the V.G. hospital in Hfx. tomorrow, apparently for a prostate operation.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21/80 Sunny & cool. Mowed my lawns with some difficulty owing to fallen leaves. Most of the leaves are still on the trees but dropping fast. Received from Reader's Digest, Montreal, a formal document for me to sign. In it I grant permission to condense & publish in Reader's Digest my short story "Winter's Tale," & I warrant that I own the copyright. I signed & mailed it. Received from McClelland & Stewart a Xerox copy of the certificate of copyright on their New Canadian Library edition of "His Majesty's Yankees", issued March 7, 1977 by the Copyright Office at Hull, Quebec. I still await a ℗ reply from the Library of Congress copyright office.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22, 1980 Golf this afternoon under a ceiling of blue-black clouds with some warm glints of sunshine. Phone call from Charles Cushing, Caledonia, inviting me to give the address at the Armistice (Nov. 11) dinner of the local Canadian Legion. Answer, sorry, Charlie, I can't make it. Reading "Montgomery of Alamein," by Lord Alun Chalfont, who was a British regular officer from 1939 to 1961, & Minister of State for Foreign Affairs between 1964 & 1970. He reveals "Monty's" deficiencies as much as his virtues, & writes extremely well about both.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23/80 Bright but cold, with a keen N. wind, so apart from my weekly shopping for groceries I stayed at home.

FRIDAY, OCT. 24/80 Same weather. Tom replaced a massive filling in one of my right upper molars. This happens every six months or so, & each time the drilling has to go deeper for a fresh hold. It was painful & I had a severe ache in my right temple for the rest of the day & night.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25/80 This morning I went to Hector Dunlop's house & picked up the model of the Norse long-ship, which he has repaired very well. Stayed till noon sipping rum & yarning about old adventures at Eagle Lake. As Austin Parker is in hospital the annual visit will not take place, for the first time since the Eagle Lake camp was built in 1931.

At 1 p.m. I drove to White Point & played 9 holes under a low canopy of grey clouds & in a bleak east wind. A few other players out, well wrapped. Saw two or three migrating robins, & a flock of at least 200 herring gulls roosting on the beach. Fresh deer tracks on No 7 & 8 fairways — as usual at this time of year. The golf-cart storage room attached to the pro. shop will be closed for the season tomorrow, so I took my cart & clubs home. I hope to play a few more times before the snow comes, & I will then use my light shoulder bag with just a few clubs.

Tonight all the clocks go back one hour, as we revert to standard time for the winter. Another ominous sign — last night was bitter cold, & I had to plug in my electric blanket for the first time since last spring.

SUNDAY, OCT. 26/80 A gale of wind & rain sprang up last evening & blew all night, the first real storm of the Fall. As usual on Sundays I did my laundry chores for the week — 7 sets of socks, underpants, under-shirts, shirts, plus towels & sundry handkerchiefs, etc. A bit too much for one load of the washer, so I do it in two.

Noticed two migratory robins foraging on my back lawn among the fallen leaves. The storm petered out this afternoon in fitful gusts &

spatters of rain. This afternoon I phoned to my niece Carol Paisley to find out how Nellie is coming along (see Oct. 10.) Carol put Nellie herself on the phone & we had a pleasant chat. The heart attack was not damaging & she was soon released from Lunenburg hospital, but she has been ordered to rest, & she is staying with John & Carol. Only the youngest Paisley boy, Tom, is now at home, & studying at Bridgewater high school. Bob & Susan at Dalhousie U., & oldest boy (Jim?) at Acadia.

With the change of clocktime I can no longer drive to Hunt's Point, dine with the junior Raddalls, & get back before dark, so son Tom picked me up about 5 p.m. & took me there & back. The storm, combined with a high tide, poured water over their small front lawn & splashed salt on the big picture window, but there was no damage.

We dined on products of Tom's hunting, roast woodcock & partridge, with Pam's special wine sauce, & served with rice, petit pois, sweet potato & squash — a feast for a gourmet.

Monday, Oct. 27, 1980 Sunny & cool, with a NW gale blowing dead leaves about the streets, so I contented myself with a walk to the post office. Letter from Philip Backman, for many years head of his own advertising & insurance firm, & co-author with son Brian of a book about the famous old schooner "Bluenose." Years ago, when he had the account of Oland's brewery, he called on me here & asked me to write a ~~serious~~ series of historical anecdotes about Nova Scotia & the sea, to be used in Oland's "Schooner" beer advertisements. I declined politely, saying it was my policy not to let my name be used in advertising anything but my own books. He reminds me of this cheerfully in his letter, & goes on to say he had just finished reading "In My Time" — "a plain pure joy for me."

TUESDAY, Oct. 28/80 Cold, wet & windy. In the current issue of Reader's Digest (Canada) is the first instalment (condensed) of Pierre Berton's history of the War of 1812, published by McClelland & Stewart, & as usual much touted by Berton on TV & in cross-country tours. Historian C. P. Stacey made a slashing attack on it as soon as it appeared, but apparently that has not affected the sales. I find it a ~~bad~~ lot of badly digested material dug up by Berton's women researchers & slung together by the master. No style or flair. In fact, damned dull.

What I call "Berton's Book Machine" turns out such gems every two years or so, & he is said to make about $250,000 a year from them.

Tonight the CBC & CTV television stations were much taken up with (a) Ottawa & Finance Minister Mc Eachen's budget speech, & (b) the

long heralded TV debate between U.S. President Jimmy Carter & Republican party candidate Ronald Reagan. The Canadian show was long & boring, including the usual post mortem opinions of party men & of press wiseacres. What it boiled down to was that personal income tax will not be increased, whereas oil & gas companies will be taxed much more. As a sop to the angry oil & gas titans of Alberta & Saskatchewan, they will be allowed to raise their prices steeply every year for the next ten. The ~~gas~~ gas & oil people will pass on the new taxes to the consumers — the personal taxpayers.

The U.S. debate was just as dull, both candidates accusing each other of being money-wasters & war-mongers. U.S. press men seemed to think that Reagan came off best. I still consider them mediocre, both.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1980 A dark cold day, with a NW gale, so no outdoor exercise ~~except~~ except a walk to the bank & post office. Whynot came & refilled my furnace oil tanks. The bill for 330 gallons was $288.48. A similar amount last April cost $250.58.

THURSDAY, OCT. 30/80 The wind moderated but still bleak, under an open-&-shut sky. Did my usual weekly shopping for meat & groceries. The wind was eye-watering, so golf was impossible, & I walked around the course, a brisk forty minutes.

FRIDAY, OCT. 31/80 ~~Same~~ same weather. This afternoon I completed my getting-ready-for-winter chores by getting the heavy wooden storm door out of the garage & installing it on my side entrance. It turned out to be a long job, as I had to line the NW (i.e. the windy) side of the door frame with foam-rubber insulation, & in turn this involved filing the door catch.

The Hallowe'en trick-or-treaters began to arrive before 6 p.m. By 7 p.m. over thirty, & by 8 p.m., when I turned off the porch light the number had run to 85 or 90. I had laid in a good supply of various candies & bubble gum but it was barely enough.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1/80 ~~Same~~ same weather. Threatening rain at times. Spent some time clipping the forsythia shrubs & cutting back the roses. The yellow rose by the garage actually had several buds nearly mature, the third crop this year, & apparently undamaged by the frosts.

~~SATUR~~ SUNDAY, NOV. 2/80 A cold windy day of occasional sunrays but mostly black ~~cuds~~ cloud. About 11:30 a.m. a long squall of snow, first in specks & then in big flakes, the first of another winter, melting where it fell. A few robins foraging among the fallen leaves on my lawn, on their way south.

Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. The pheasant season opened yesterday & Tom & his bird dog Sandy went to Kentville on Friday & stayed the night. They were hunting at daylight in the

farmlands & wild meadows towards Canning & by 8 a.m. had three fine birds. Tom quitted (the daily limit is two) & came home. He saw many more birds.

TUESDAY, NOV. 4, 1980 After a sharp night's frost the weather turned mild & cloudy, & rain began in late afternoon & fell all night. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores. This was election day in the U.S., after a year of increasingly bitter campaigning. By 9 p.m. (our time) it was obvious that Reagan will be the next president of the U.S. By midnight the returns showed that Reagan had received about 50% of the popular vote, Carter 41%; but by the operation of the electoral college system Reagan won by an enormous majority.

When he takes office next January he will be in his 70th. year — the oldest president ever elected. Carter seems to have been an honest & well-meaning man, too naive for these times; but he was also plagued by widespread & increasing unemployment & inflation at home, & by the sharply falling prestige abroad of the United States, once so all-powerful. There is also the fact that California is now the most populous state, & the western states in general are having a heady surge of wealth & power vis-a-vis the "effete" East — precisely what we are experiencing in Canada.

THURSDAY, NOV. 6/80 The sun came out today, with a brisk NNW wind, too eye-watering for golf, so I had a brisk walk around the course. Temp 42° Fahr't. Two hardy golfers out. A few belated robins.

Received cheque & statement from McClelland & Stewart for royalties on my immortal works for the six months ending June 30/80.

	COPIES	$
Ah the Tide's Turn & other stories ↘		
" " " " "	65	5·75
The Governor's Lady	57	31·69
Halifax, Warden of the North	617	552·82
Hangman's Beach	88	48·93
His Majesty's Yankees	115	27·26
The Nymph & The Lamp	370	43·85
Pride's Fancy	71	16·83
Roger Sudden	70	16·59
In My Time	13	19·41
	1,466	$ 763·13

Excepting "In My Time" all are paperbacks selling at prices from $2.95 to $8.95. After the drastic "remaindering" & warehouse clearance in the autumn of 1979, apparently McClelland & Stewart are still keeping

some of my books in stock & on sale — undoubtedly in order to hang on to their copyright.

FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1980 Rain again. Had a visit this morning from Lewis J. Poteet, folklorist, also professor of English at Concordia University, Montreal. He & his wife, & a party of students, called on me here two or three years ago. He is now engaged in a study of folk terms & expressions on the south-west shore of N.S., making his headquarters at Port Latour, Shelburne County.

This evening my oil furnace stopped running. I phoned Whynot, who came promptly. After some fiddling with the electric motor which runs the fuel-injection system he got it going, but said I needed a new motor. I told him to instal one tomorrow. The old one was repaired last in 1974.

SATURDAY, NOV. 8/80 A sunny & mild morning turned overcast, & when I went to White Point for a walk I was driven back to my car within ten minutes by rain. Met lawyer Frank Covert just finishing a lone round of golf, & asked him to have his accountant send me a bill for legal services to the end of 1980, as I would need it for my income tax statement. When I got home I found Whynot's men busy at the furnace. In two hours they installed a new motor, also a new jet nozzle; and they cleaned the soot from the furnace interior, from the smoke-pipe & from the chimney flue. So I should have no worry about house warmth this winter.

SUNDAY, NOV. 9/80 Hazy sun. Temp. 40° Fahr. Light NW. breze. Enjoyed a walk around the golf course wearing my old black "Arctic" coat. Numbers of robins still foraging on the fairways. Also a flock of about 20 snow buntings, the first I have seen this year.

Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair. They were in Halifax on Friday to celebrate Debbie's 21st. birthday, & took in a play at Neptune Theatre, "Much Ado About Nothing", played in modern dress.

MONDAY, NOV. 10/80 Rain all day. Ordered a new automatic electric washing machine from Sears. My old one, bought in 1963, had begun to falter in the important spin-dry cycle, & I cannot get parts or service for it.

TUESDAY, NOV. 11/80 Cold drizzle all day. I had thought of attending the Legion's Remembrance Day dinner, but stayed indoors reading.

THURSDAY, NOV. 13/80 The sky cleared today with a strong NW wind, temp. 48° Fahr. Walked around the golf course. Noticed a flock

of herring gulls diving & feeding on a school of small fish, about 200 yards off White Point beach. A few robins on the fairways.

This is my 77th birthday, & the mail brought three cards. One was ostensibly signed "Debby & Tom", but obviously mailed in Liverpool by their mother. The others were from book-fans of mine, one in Vancouver, the other in Dartmouth, N.S. — so I still have readers from sea to sea!

This evening a member of the ladies' auxiliary, Canadian Legion, brought me an iced cake with its top inscribed "Happy Birthday Thomas". They remember the oldtimers every year in this way.

About 10:30 daughter Frances Dennis phoned with greetings from Moncton.

FRIDAY, Nov. 14, 1980 Dark & cold, threatening rain. Sears' men came & installed the new electric washer, & took the old one away to the town dump. Cost #410.38 plus installing & service guarantee #24.00 = #434.38. The old one cost #250 & ran 17 years without a falter.

Another birthday card from a reader of my books, this one a woman in New Brunswick. Virginia Miller, now on a sabbatical at U.B.C., has sent me a copy of her paper on the Micmacs, in which she quotes me for identification of the 1746 epidemic as typhus.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15/80 Sunny & cold. Most of the hardwood leaves have now fallen, & as they are fairly dry today I made a start on raking up & removing them. Got the front & side lawns pretty well done. By then my lame back was screaming & I had to quit.

SUNDAY, Nov. 16/80 Sunny & cold, with a NW gale. Had another go at the leaves but the wind defeated me. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Last night I re-read D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" for the first time in many years. Nowadays, when sex is discussed & portrayed on almost every movie & TV screen & in the pages of the most respectable magazines, with the famous four-letter words, one wonders at the fuss over Lawrence all those years ago. Today I re-read Emily Hahn's "Lorenzo", published in 1975, in which she set forth the opinions about Lawrence by his many women, using their own words. What a neurotic the man was! And what a selfish snob in so many ways. If he brought out "Lady Chatterley" today the book would hardly be noticed, & nor would he.

MONDAY, Nov. 17/80 Sunny & cold. Worked a bit at the leaves. At 4 I walked to Dr. Frank Bell's office for my now annual physical check-up, required by the car insurance company. He found no disorders of (a) metabolic condition, or (b.) neurological, (c) cardio-vascular, (d) psychiatric condition, etc. Eyesight with glasses 20/20. Osteo-arthritis

in lumbar region & right hip, but nothing to impair driving ability. Decreased hearing in right ear. Left ear, good.

TUESDAY, NOV. 18, 1980 A thin rain all day. Towards dark this turned into a violent sea gale with rain in torrents. When I went to bed at 12:30 the temp. had dropped to 30° Fahrt. & obviously snow would follow.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19/80 When I awoke this morning the gale had hauled to NW & was blowing great guns from that cold quarter. Ground & streets were covered with a dangerous mess of frozen slush, about ½ inch deep. All this was the fringe of an enormous storm that dumped many inches of snow from Texas to Cape Breton. Here on our south-west shore of N.S. the fall was mostly rain & we got off lightly. The Valley & eastern N.S. were hard hit, nearly all traffic stopped, & hundreds of electric power poles down.

I dusted off my winter boots & overshoes, & exchanged my old "double-barreled" underwear for a new lot. I have worn white underwear all my life, so just for the fun of it I bought several suits of bright blue. No one else will ever see, unless I'm run over by a truck, but somehow I feel better.

The historical society met tonight in the new museum, but I dared not venture forth, with my faulty night vision, & patches of ice here & there. Spent the evening composing a letter to a Halifax teacher, whose school is close to the site of Princes' Lodge. The upper grades are composing a play involving Prince Edward, Madame Julie St. Laurent, Sir John & Lady Frances Wentworth. Their problem is a search for "conflict". I suggested the conflict of personalities & reputations between the two ladies, & gave some detail.

THURSDAY, NOV. 20/80 Bright, cold & windy. A letter from Frank Covert enclosing his firm's bill for services re the movie option on "The Nymph & The Lamp" up to the end of this year, which I had requested. The amount is modest, $350. I had expected 10% of the $15,000 collected. Frank, I'm sure, is doing this out of personal friendship.

The mail also brought 5 presentation copies of "The Canadian Novel: Beginnings", a critical anthology edited by John Moss, Queens University, who is also editor of the Canadian Journal of Fiction. Two or three years ago he asked me to contribute to the Journal a brief essay on the work of Thomas Haliburton. At another time he got Northrop Frye to do the same. Now in the present anthology my essay is titled "Haliburton: A Lasting Impression". Frye's is "Haliburton: Mask and Ego"

FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1980 After the now usual nightly freeze, the temp. got up to 42° Fahr't, with some sunshine, taking nearly all of the snow off the ground. Had a brisk hobble around the golf course, the first since Nov. 13th. Noticed at least 7 robins & a pair of white-throat sparrows foraging behind my garage, busily turning over the fallen leaves in search of worms & grubs.

Received a reply from the Library of Congress regarding my request of Oct. 3. They return my letter with a pencilled scrawl saying, "If your work was registered in 1942 a renewal should have been made in 1970. Since it appears that no renewal was made then, the work is now public domain." And they enclose a bundle of printed circulars about copyrights. In short, they won't bother to look back ten years themselves.

Digging into my Doubleday files I find a letter dated Oct 21, 1968, from their copyright department, saying that copyright on "His Majesty's Yankees" is due for renewal "now or during next year". "If you will sign this letter, we will submit renewal applications on your behalf for all your writings sponsored by this Company."

I signed it, & then received a letter dated July 28, 1970 stating "we have renewed copyright on His Majesty's Yankees. In the next year or two we plan to renew copyright on Roger Sudden."

Until this time I had assumed that copyrights would be valid for my lifetime. In reality the U.S. 28-year rule on my first three novels, all published & copyrighted in my name by Doubleday, worked out like this:-

	YEAR PUBLISHED	COPYRIGHT EXPIRED
"His Majesty's Yankees"	1942	1970
Roger Sudden	1944	1972
Pride's Fancy	1946	1974.

All of this was complicated by my withdrawal from Doubleday in 1970, of which I had notified them by letter dated August 28, 1969. Thus they had renewed my copyright on "His Majesty's Yankees on July 28/70, but naturally did nothing further. After quitting Doubleday I was entirely absorbed in writing "The Nymph & The Lamp", which was published by Little Brown in 1950. I had no thought about the old copyrights on "Roger Sudden" and "Pride's Fancy", which expired in 1972 & 1974, and therefore are now in public domain in the U.S.A. This is sad, but there is nothing I can do about that now. I did renew copyright on "The Nymph & The Lamp" (published in U.S.A. in 1950) in 1978, thus extending it to the year 2016. The original copyright on "The Wings of Night", published 1958 in the U.S.A. will expire in 1986.

SATURDAY, Nov. 22, 1980 A wild storm of wind & rain sprang up in the night & blew all day. About 11 a.m. it changed to snow in big flakes, which melted on the ground & streets. Reading the Nov. 24 issue of Time magazine I noted "A million dollar sale of cowboy art in Phoenix, Arizona". Among other items it mentions, "Tonight John Clymer, an old Saturday Evening Post cover artist, has a painting priced at $80,000. To Clymer, who spends his summers traveling about the Northwest doing research, this is simply a matter of honoring the past."

I have one of Clymer's, signed by him in ~~1938~~ 1939, when Napier Moore engaged him to paint an illustration for my story "Tit for Tat". It is an oil, 40" x 30", showing the old Indian, "Scabby Lou" confronting the owner of the sawmill at Potanoc. At that time I was just beginning to write as a whole time professional, & John Clymer beginning as a magazine illustrator. As my painting shows an Indian but no cowboys it wouldn't qualify as "cowboy art", but it is certainly a good piece of Nova Scotiana.

Phone call from Peter Waldmann in Toronto, asking again about copyrights on "His Majesty's Yankees" in Canada & U.S.A.. Told him I would send him Xerox copies of the Doubleday letter saying they had renewed the copyright in ~~1948~~ 1970, & of the McClelland & Stewart registration of copyright for their paperback edition in 1977. Added that these satisfied me & I was not inclined to hire a professional copyright researcher in Washington or Ottawa to trace the copyright all the way through from 1942.

SUNDAY, Nov. 23/80 A lovely Indian Summer day, sunny, calm, with temp. up to 50° Fahr't. Walked around the golf course, & found a few golfers out. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. A beautiful surf still running after Saturday's storm.

MONDAY, Nov. 24/80 Overcast & mild. Raked fallen leaves, most of them off my neighbour Hugh Crosbie's trees, which the NE gales had soaked & rammed hard under the shrubs. Then borrowed Erik's gasoline-motor mower & collection sack. Got a lot done but had to quit after two hours, exhausted. Received cheque from Reader Digest (Canada) for the use of my short story "Winter's Tale", originally published in Blackwood's Magazine in January 1936, & in various anthologies since. The Digest condensed the story somewhat, & changed the title to "Cable to Colonel Gordon". They paid me $1,200.00. In 1936 Blackwood paid $136.00!

TUESDAY, NOV. 25, 1980 I got my friends in the Mersey mill office to make Xerox copies of (1) Doubleday's formal notification, dated July 1970, that they had renewed my U.S. copyright on "His Majesty's Yankees".

(2) Certificate of copyright at Ottawa for M. & S. paperback edition of "H.M.Y." — "as written by Thomas H. Raddall", with foreword by James Gray, dated 1977

Mailed these, & a covering letter setting forth the publishing history of H.M.Y., to Peter Waldmann in Toronto.

SATURDAY, NOV. 29/80 Continuous cold wet gales since the little spell of Indian summer around Nov. 24. Letter from John Bell of Dalhousie Library. He is an associate of Lesley Choyce in "Pottersfield Press", one of the small publishing enterprises now springing up all over Canada under the aegis of the ~~Canada~~ Canada Council. The address of this one is Choyce's home at Porter's Lake, near Dartmouth. They are bringing out an anthology of Nova Scotian stories of the supernatural & expect to publish it in 1981 under the tentative title "Atlantic Visions". They would like to include my short story "The Amulet", originally published in Blackwood's Magazine in 1939, & included in various anthologies and schoolbooks since, & they offer a nominal fee of $25.00. I signed the agreement.

Wrote most of my Christmas cards, about 60. The list is sadly shrunken in the last few years. So many old friends have died or gone away without leaving an address.

SUNDAY, NOV. 30/80 Dark & wet. Noticed a blue grosbeak eating seeds from the ash tree lying on the back lawn. These birds are very rare visitors. Two robins continue to forage among the dead leaves.

Wrote a cheque for $500.00 to Zion Church, my annual gift.

Dined with Tom, Pamela & Blair at Hunt's Point. Fresh boiled lobsters, absolutely delicious.

MONDAY, DEC. 1/80 Dark & wet. On this day Bartalk Productions must advise me whether or not they intend to exercise their option on "The Nymph & The Lamp", which expires Jan. 2/81. About 3.30 p.m. a man who gave his name as Robert Lax telephoned, said he was speaking for them, & asked me if I was "amenable" to another year's extension of the option. Angrily I said, "No! I told Burns long ago that I would not extend this option." After a short silence Lax then said, "In that case we shall exercise the option to purchase on January 2nd." I said "Very well. Notify my lawyers, Stewart, Mackeen & Covert, to that effect." Lax said "We will do so". End of conversation.

TUESDAY, DEC. 2/80 A dull day after a night's hard frost. Took my car to Rossignol Garage & had my snow tires installed on the rear wheels

Noticed half a dozen blue grosbeaks eating ash seeds on my lawn. Two robins still foraging among the fallen leaves. Ralph Johnson tells me he has seen a cardinal at his feeding trays. Surely these exotics must be strays blown far north of their natural habitat by the whirling storms of November, & I fear they are doomed here.

Ralph brought a typescript copy of the history of forestry in Nova Scotia he has been working on for the past several years. Wants me to check it for errors of historical fact, etc.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 3, 1980 Another wild sea gale, with lashings of rain, began in the night & continued all day. I stayed indoors except to put out the garbage cans for the weekly collection. Wrote cheque for $200.00, one year's premium on my house insurance, which expires on Dec 14. It was $166 last year. Owing to inflation the company automatically raises the coverage every year. The new policy covers the house & garage for $48,400, & the contents for $24,200.

Wrote Christmas gift cheques for Pamela & her 3 young people, & Frances & her 4, fifty dollars each, a total of $450.

About 9.30 p.m. a phone call from "Silver" Donald Cameron, a former professor at U.N.B. who lives now near Arichat, making what must be a rather precarious living as a free-lance writer. In 1973 he interviewed me here for a book entitled "Conversations with Canadian novelists" & published by MacMillan. He gave himself the nickname "Silver" because there were many Donald Camerons, & he has a shock of white hair.

Tonight he said he had been talking with the editor of "Atlantic Insight" magazine about possible subjects for articles, & the editor suggested an up-to-date interview with me. Could he do this on Friday? I said Yes, any time after 1 p.m.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4/80 Alternate glints of sunshine & dustings of snow. Letter from Frank Covert re "The Nymph & The Lamp". He says that my original option agreement with Bartalk and Tel-Pro was transferred to Paragon Motion Pictures Inc., who have advised him by telex that they are exercising the option to purchase the film rights, & they will remit a second payment of $15,000 on or before Jan. 2, 1981. They will make the final payment of $20,000 on or before Jan. 2, 1982.

The telex was signed Robert Sax, Secretary, Paragon Motion Pictures Inc.

FRIDAY, DEC. 5/80 Same weather. Donald Cameron came about 1.30 with his (second) wife & a lively little boy named Patrick, aged 4 or 5. When he first called on me in the 1960's he was just back in Canada

after getting a Ph. D. from the University of London, & accompanied by his first, a plump & placid blonde, plus two children of their own & an adopted Negro child. Apparently he parted from this brood about 10 years ago, when he left his post at U.N.B. & went to the little out-of-the way Acadian village of Descousse, on Ile Madame, to make his living as a free lance writer. The second wife is about 25, an intelligent person, very proud of son Patrick. Cameron is now 43 but looks much older, a gaunt sallow man with a black moustache and a huge shock of supposedly white hair, which is at present a sort soiled yellow, possibly the result of an unfortunate experiment with dye.

He presented me with an autographed copy of his latest venture, a dramatic novel of international mystery entitled "Dragon Lady".

We talked until 4, when they took off for Halifax.

SATURDAY, DEC. 6/80 Dark & damp. Temp. 40° Fahr't. Had another go at raking leaves & carrying them in a bushel-size metal bucket around the back fence to a dumping place among the bushes. The leaves are sodden & packed, hard to rake & heavy to lug, & after half an hour I had to quit. It's not only my lame back & hip, but I seem to have no endurance any more. Three robins & a blue-jay were foraging among the leaves, & on a bush by the back fence several blue grosbeaks were so tame that they let me approach almost within a hand's touch.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7/80 Same weather. Dined with the Hunt's Point Raddalls. Roast pheasant, with Pam's own wine sauce, rice & green beans.

MONDAY, DEC. 8/80 Calm. 40° Fahr't. Thin sunshine. From my sun-porch window I noticed a male & female pine grosbeak eating embryo buds on one of Erik's forsythia shrubs. Another rare visitation, like that of the blue grosbeaks. They must be very hungry. I rummaged & found a small package of sunflower seeds, & spread some on a tray on the back lawn. Within half an hour the tray was a mass of greedy, squabbling yellow grosbeaks, who cleaned up the lot in jig time. The unfortunate & shy pines & blues got none.

Had another go at the fallen leaves, & now have only to clean up the narrow strip between my garage & Crosbie's property, which is deep in Crosbie's leaves.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9/80 Dark & wet. Erik Anderssen came in this evening to wish me a merry Christmas. He & wife Louise leave tomorrow for Vancouver, where they will spend the next month with their daughter & her husband. Last year they spent this period with their son & family, at a Canadian military post in Germany.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10/80 A sharp turn to cold, 20° Fahr't, with a keen N. wind. I put sunflower seeds on the tray but they remained untouched all day. I suspected a hawk in the vicinity, & about 4 p.m. I happened to

be in my study & saw a number of small birds fleeing wildly, pursued by a hawk. The hawk gave up the chase & perched in my ash tree, hiding as best it could in the angle between trunk & branch, & watching the seed tray. After a time it gave up & flew away eastward. From past experience I know that hawks (especially the sharp-shinned variety) keep a watch on bird-feeding trays, so this is nothing unusual.

Christmas cards are arriving.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1980 Awoke at 7 to find an apparent snow-storm just starting. Dressed in haste, & put the portable electric heater on my car engine. This enabled me to get down to the I.G.A. supermarket at 9 a.m., the opening time, while there were good parking places & before the snowstorm got any worse. However, the snow petered out, leaving about an inch on the ground. I put out more seeds for the birds but except for a lone bluejay it remained deserted all day. The hawk, no doubt.

FRIDAY, DEC. 12/80 Last night the temp. dropped to 8° above zero (Fahrh.) the coldest yet, & for my morning walk to the post office I wore my old green woolen pullover cap, which E. made for me years ago. A bright calm day, & I enjoyed the walk.

At 5:30 I walked to the Tozers' house at Fort Point & joined the annual cocktail party given jointly by Douglas & Phyllis Tozer, Capt. Charles Copelin, & Mrs. Bernadette Ratchford. About 30 people, all old friends & acquaintances. Drinks & hors d'oeuvres & chat. Very pleasant. The Larry Feldons drove me home.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13/80 An inch of snow fell in the night, turning to slush as the temp. rose to 40° Fahrh, with glints of sunshine. The cold snap brought a variety of visitors to my bird tray today — white-throat sparrows, chickadees, yellow grosbeaks, a purple finch, blue jays & a grackle. A pair of blue grosbeaks ate fallen ash seeds under the tree; they never attempt to eat the sunflower seeds on the tray.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14/80 A bright cold day with a little snow falling at intervals, just enough to make the walking treacherous. I simply walked around the corner of Park & Church streets, at 12:45 p.m., to attend the annual pre-Christmas luncheon party given by Robert & Heather Weary for retired ex-Mersey Paper staffers & wives in this vicinity. Drinks & chat, & then a leisurely & excellent meal served by deft white-jacketed waiters from the company's Mersey Lodge. Oysters on the half shell, boiled lobsters with salad & side dishes, apple mousse, coffee. About two dozen people. Frank Covert was there, & in private chat he told me the latest development in the

film deal for "The Nymph & The Lamp". The original option was taken by two Toronto movie lawyers named Greisdorf & Freeman, who incorporated themselves as Bartalk Productions Ltd., and with a cable-television firm called Tel-Pro Productions. Then Tel-Pro got in financial difficulty, & Bartalk bought their rights in the option.

Now Bartalk have merged with Paragon Motion Pictures Inc., a Toronto firm which has produced five movies & has some solid financial backing. So they phoned Covert & asked for a completely new contract between Paragon & myself. Covert said they could send along the proposed new agreement for his perusal, & warned them that I would not agree to any change in the financial arrangements — "my client is a stubborn man". So we must now await the new contract.

MONDAY, DEC. 15, 1980 A bright cold day, 10° above zero Fahrh., with a keen N. wind. Wearing my fleece-lined snow boots, my Bulgarian sheepskin coat & my green wool cap, I walked downtown in the morning for the mail, & in the afternoon to pick up a parcel at Simpsons-Sears. Put out sunflower seeds for the birds, & a flock of evening grosbeaks soon cleaned it off.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16/80 A snowstorm began about 10 a.m. & blew hard all day, dropping about 6" on the level & drifting it. Towards evening the temp rose from 20° to about 40° Fahrh. & a freezing drizzle soaked the top 3" of snow, turning it to ice as the temp. dropped again. About 9 p.m. I went out to shovel a path before it froze hard. The snow had drifted waist deep against my side door, & I had a struggle to open it enough to squeeze my way outdoors. Shoveling was heavy work & I had to quit after half an hour, but I had made a good start.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17/80 Calm & cold morning, with some fine snow still falling. This is garbage collection day for our district, & as I keep my garbage cans in the garage I had to shovel a path there, & then complete my path to the street through the heavy barrier thrown up by the street plough.

THURSDAY, DEC. 18/80 Temp. 5° Fahrh. last night, rising to 38° today. In the morning I walked downtown to the supermarket, bought a week's meat & groceries, & paid to have them delivered. In the afternoon went by taxi to the liquor store & got a dozen bottles of "999" Australian port, & two bottles of Tia Maria liqueur. Worked half an hour with a shovel at the ice-encrusted snow in the driveway by the garage. All that my back & hip would stand, but I enjoyed the exercise.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1980 A dreary day. A light drizzle in the morning. After my walk to the post office I worked half an hour with my shovel in the driveway. I hoped to do another bit in the afternoon, but the drizzle changed to rain, & then to fine snow, a complete mess. The sodden snow will freeze, & I shall never get the rest of my driveway cleared this winter. I returned the typescript copy of Ralph Johnson's book on the Nova Scotia forest industry. I pointed out two bad errors of fact, but the poor chap is so proud of his handiwork that I did not tell him that it is too long & too badly organized. He tells me that the N.S. Dept. of Lands & Forests will probably print it. Some chapters about the history of logging in N.S. contain a lot of useful information, & I fancy that the Dept. may print these in a booklet of some kind, but they will have to delete a lot of extraneous matter & pull the rest together.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20/80 Hard weather. Temp. 5° Fahr. last night, & it got up to 10° at noon. The town street workmen have not attempted to clear the frozen snow off the sidewalks except in the shopping district, & everyone has to walk in the roadways, which are dangerous with glare ice. I crept down to the post office.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21/80 Temp. 2° Fahr last night, rising to 18° in the afternoon. At 12:20 the Austin Parkers picked me up, then the John Wickwires, & drove to Hunts Point, where Tom & Pamela were holding their usual pre-Christmas cocktail & sandwich party. About 60 people. Deborah, Tom & Blair acted as bar-tenders — Tom with a fringe of black beard which I suppose is de rigueur at university these days.

Home at 3 p.m. In conversation with Frank Covert, he said he would not recommend my signing the new agreements drawn up by Paragon Motion Pictures, & he had told them so. He will send me the documents for my perusal.

MONDAY, DEC. 22/80 Awoke about 6 A.M. warm under my electric blanket but very cold about my exposed head. The furnace had shut off some time in the night. The temp. outdoors was 2° below zero Fahr., & the house was like an icebox. I flicked the little red gadget on the timer, on the furnace door, & the flame came on again. Running steadily now, it took until 11 A.M. to get the house to a comfortable temperature. Crept down to the post office, & stayed indoors the rest of the day, doing the laundry, reading, listening to my stereo music.

About 7 p.m. Peter Waldman phoned from Toronto. He is going to Ottawa to find out the original Canadian copyright number etc. on "His Majesty's Yankees", & is having similar research done in Washington.

DEC. 22, 1980 (continued) He expects to send me a contract in "3 or 4 weeks' time.

TUESDAY, DEC. 23/80 Temp. 4° Fahr. last night, & again the furnace relay stopped some time in the early hours. I arose at 7 a.m. & got it going again. Mrs. Bagley came & did the weekly chores. She had baked a mince pie at home for me, & had a Christmas gift besides. I gave her $20.

Phoned Whynot Services about the furnace. Whynot said they were hard driven — so many furnaces had conked out in the sudden cold snap. — but he would try to instal a new relay this evening.

Walked downtown for the mail & a hair-cut. Snow was falling, & the footing dangerous. In spite of this I trudged down to the supermarket in the afternoon, to avoid tomorrow's rush. The temp. had crept up to 32° Fahr. Whynot's oil truck came & filled my furnace tanks. At 7 p.m. his mechanic turned up & installed a new relay. (The old one was installed in October 1974 & has run well until last week.)

At midnight, just as I was preparing for bed, the furnace shut off again. I went down & pushed the re-set button, which set it going again. By this time the temp. outdoors was up to 40° Fahrenheit & rain was pouring down.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24/80 Awoke this morning to find the house like an icebox — the furnace had quit again. Phoned Whynot. The footing outdoors is now terrible. I had great difficulty getting my garbage barrels from the garage & placing them on the snowbank at the side of the street. Crept down to the bank, the post office, & a haberdasher's store, where I bought a brown velour fedora, my first new hat in several years. The temp. remained at 40° Fahr. with water trickling on the icy pavement. Managed to hack away some of the ice in my path to the front door. Whynot's mechanic came in the afternoon & worked about 2 hours installing a new oil pump, saying "Maybe that's what was wrong." It wasn't. After he left the furnace ran for about half an hour & quit, as before.

At 5 p.m. the Hunts Point Raddalls arrived with Marion White, Pam's mother, bringing a big pot of lobster chowder, rolls, butter, & jelly-roll cake, to celebrate the Freeman-Raddall tradition of a lobster feast on ~~New~~ Christmas Eve. They also brought gifts — an electric mower designed for cutting in odd corners & edges of a lawn. An array of exotic cheeses. A box of Pam's own pickles & relishes. All very pleasant. They left for home about 7:30. Spent the evening reading & watching TV, & popping into the basement every hour or so to push the little red button which starts the furnace into one more cycle. When the temperature in

my living room gets up to 70° Fahr't. The thermostat cuts out in the usual fashion, but as the temp. drops the furnace does not cut in again ~~again~~ until I push the button. With "the perversity of inanimate things" all this would happen just at Christmas time.

THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1980 Awoke to find the house frigid again. Went down, pushed the button, & crawled back into the warmth of my electric blanket until things had warmed up.

A mocking-bird alighted on the bare shrub outside my sun-porch window & stood there for some time apparently looking in at me, actually gazing at its own reflection on the glass. Probably the same mocker that has been flitting about Ralph Johnson's feeding tray.

Son Tom picked me up about 11:45. The going on the streets was icy & dangerous, but the main shore road had been well salted & the throng of traffic was going at full speed. The temp. was -2° Fahr't, & wisps of vapour arose from Port Mouton Bay, the sea being warmer than this Arctic air. At 1 p.m. we all sat down to a fine Christmas dinner — shrimp cocktail, roast turkey, mashed potato, petit pois, cole slaw, & for dessert plum pudding. Phew! Grandson Tom was eager to see his girl in Port Medway, & he dropped me off on Park Street about 3:30. The house was frigid of course, but when I pushed the relay button the furnace flashed on, & after about two hours the indoor temp. was up to a comfortable 70°. I was able to repeat this until about 9 p.m., when the furnace quit altogether. Phoned Whynot, who came with his mechanic Doug. Smith. After a lot of poking about they discovered that the new relay installed on Dec. 23 was defective. They installed another & by 10:30 they left, & the furnace was running steadily. It took until midnight to get the temp. up to 70°. All this time I had to wear the thick grey wool sweater ~~sent~~ which the Dennis's had sent me for a Christmas gift, with gloves on my hands & a woolen cap on my bald head. The temp. outdoors had dropped to -5° Fahr't. All of eastern Canada is experiencing bitter weather. Montreal reports the coldest Christmas Day in one hundred years.

FRIDAY, DEC. 26/80 -4° Fahr't when I got up this morning. The furnace had run well all night, & until about 10 a.m. Then it failed. I phoned Whynot, & he came with Smith this afternoon. This time they installed a new thermostat in my living room, & behold! — the furnace ran well & continued running well. The furnace began to give trouble on Nov. 7, when Whynot decided that it needed a new motor. He installed it next day, also a new fuel-jet nozzle. Since the trouble began again on Dec. 23 he has installed a

new oil pump & two different electric relays, none of which solved the problem. Finally, after trying everything else, he changed the thermostat. It seems to me he should have tested that in the first place, for even I had begun to suspect the old one by Christmas Eve. However, he has been very good in trying, so I say nothing.

Francie phoned from Moncton this evening with Christmas greetings. She had tried yesterday but the phones were clogged with long distance calls. All her family are at home for a few days, all well & happy.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1980 Temp. got up to 32° Fahr., & there were showers of big snowflakes through the day. I crept down to the post office, & in the afternoon had another go at the frozen snowbank on my driveway, just for the exercise. The furnace continues to run well, & now I can look back with no regret on the coldest Christmastide I ever spent. I lunch every noon de luxe on lobster chowder & rolls, left over from the family feast on Xmas Eve.

SUNDAY, DEC. 28/80 Somewhat milder. I put out sunflower seeds for the birds but none came to the tray except a pair of chickadees, fearful of hawks, making quick darts from the shrubbery, & carrying off a seed to be opened & eaten in security. I fear the little flock of blue grosbeaks, strangers in this climate, must have perished.

Dined at Hunts Point with the Raddall family. Home at 7:30

MONDAY, DEC. 29/80 A sudden thaw. Temp. up to 50° Fahr. at noon, water trickling everywhere. Letter from Frank Covert enclosing the proposed new agreement with Paragon Productions, which he advises me not to sign. Also a copy of his letter to Paragon, telling them why.

Town trucks & a power shovel removed much of the snow banks on both sides of Park Street today, just in time, for by night rain was pouring down.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30/80 Temp. 42°. The rain ceased about noon, & I was able to shovel away the last of the snow drift on my driveway. By 4 p.m. the air was freezing again.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31/80 Bright & cold. My car has been sitting in the garage, in freezing temperatures, for the past 3 weeks, so I didn't bother to thaw it for a run down to the grocery stores. I have enough grub for some days, so I limited my journeys to the post office & back.

At 9 p.m. I joined a small party of old friends at the home of Austin & Vera Parker. The John Wickwires, the Tozers, Paul & Anne (Jones) Thomsen, Hector Dunlop, Ralph Johnson & myself. We had drinks & amused ourselves with talk about old times & old town characters. Home soon after midnight to make an unwelcome discovery — the furnace acting badly

again. Since Whynot installed a new thermostat on Dec. 26 it has run well, day & night. Now here is the same mysterious trouble.

JAN. 1, 1981 An uneasy night. I had to get up at 3:30 A.M & again at 6 A.M. to re-start the furnace, & each time the house was frigid. I had to repeat this twice until towards noon, when the furnace began to run steadily & continued to do so. I did not enjoy my New Year's dinner (roast turkey slices, stuffing, gravy, mashed potato, green peas, all pre-cooked & frozen) I suppose because of so much worry over the furnace all through this bitter weather. I am reading Barbara Christie's book "The Horses of Sable Island". An experienced horse-breeder herself, she has done a good job of research — a bit too much when she indulges her fancy for equine breeds in England, France, Belgium & Holland. She thinks the Sable breed began with Acadian horses taken there in the 17th & 18th centuries. She is not so good at proof-reading; a lot of typographical errors, & she seems to think that "wreck" is spelled "wreak".

FRIDAY, JAN. 2/81 A cold grey day, threatening snow. In the morning I walked to the supermarket, collected a week's meat & groceries, & had them sent up. The delivery charge is only $1, so there is no point in thawing out my car. Snow began to fall steadily at evening. No wind. Temp. 15° Fahr.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3/81 Thin sunshine, strong NW wind, temp. 10° Fahr. The snow amounted to about 3 inches. I shoveled it off my front steps & the footpath from the side door to the street. Then a quick walk to the post office in my green wool cap & old black arctic coat. Letter from Frank Covert's secretary, enclosing copy of a telex dated Dec. 30/80, from Paragon Motion Pictures. "We are depositing in trust with you the sum of $15,000. We agree to obtain written evidence of assignment from Bartalk and from Tel-Pro and provide same to you by Feb. 20/81. We trust that we will be able to satisfy the requirements and look forward to producing a first class motion picture based on Dr. Raddall's beautifully written book".

SUNDAY, JAN. 4/81 Same sharp weather. Another 3" of snow fell in the night. I scraped it off my front steps & path to the garage. Cleared it off my bird tray & put out a fresh supply of seeds, but no birds came.

Tom & Pam drove to Halifax today, taking Tom Jr. & Debby back to college. Later Tom picked me up & took me to Hunts Point for dinner. The roads are a bit tricky, as salt does not have much effect in these low temperatures. Temp. 4° below zero Fahr. The coldest yet.

THE TIMES, LONDON, JAN. 8, 1981

By George, she was a lady

Jan 8 The Times

Leslie Gardiner bids a fond farewell to Blackwood's Magazine

"There", said Mr William Blackwood to his wife Janet, "there's ma mahgazine." The bookshop apprentices picked up his lowland burr, and *Blackwood's Magazine* was "*Maga*" for evermore.

It was launched in April, 1817, at No 17 Princes Street, the heart of the literary hotbed that was Edinburgh. But its aims were more political than literary: Blackwood wanted to lead the high Tory opposition to the Whigs, taking on the *Edinburgh Review* and his neighbour Archibald Constable who published it (along with the *Waverley* novels and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) and giants like Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey and Henry Brougham the future Lord Chancellor who wrote for it; not to mention the new Whig propaganda sheet, the *Scotsman* newspaper.

Blackwood was a David with hardly a stone to his sling. After only three months he wrote to his London agents:

"I am sorry to inform you that I have been obliged to resolve upon stopping the Magazine at the sixth number. I have been much disappointed in my editors, who have done little in the way of writing or procuring contributions . . . it is most vexatious."

Maga did not disappear. The two inept editors disappeared instead, to be replaced by John Gibson Lockhart and John Wilson ("Christopher North"). They gathered a clique around them—James Hogg, Thomas de Quincey, William Maginn—and circulation improved. *Maga* struggled on for another 2,000 monthly numbers, near enough, and finally closed down at the end of December, 1980.

Under Lockhart, Wilson and Co, satire and reckless abuse achieved the *succès de scandale* which got *Maga* talked about. They "discovered" an ancient Chaldean manuscript which, if you could penetrate the Old Testament language, was a series of libels on the Whigs. They went for the darlings of the English literary establishment—"a virulent and uncalled-for attack on Coleridge", says the magazine's first historian, Margaret Oliphant, ". . . a most false, malignant and infamous aspersion on the character of Mr Leigh Hunt".

George Eliot: a slight misunderstanding

They branded Wordsworth a poet of boundless vanity and mediocre talent and called Keats a drivelling idiot, in withering condemnation which, together with another piece on the same lines in the *Quarterly Review*, are supposed to have thrown the consumptive Keats into a paroxysm which killed him.

A few libel actions and horse-whippings, and William Blackwood decided enough was enough: "*Maga* has been much injured by the coarse and reckless vein in which many things have been written . . . this is perfect destruction to *Maga*. . . . With regard to Lord John Russell's book, you will review it as it should be reviewed. Though a Whig and a prig, he is an English gentleman and should be treated accordingly."

The first editor had Scott, Charles Lamb, John Galt, Bulwer Lytton and de Quincey among his contributors; the last-named a thorn in his flesh for idleness and for being perpetually hard up.

Maga's palmy days were post-Crimea and pre-Boer War. The way the third editor nursed George Eliot and encouraged and supported Joseph Conrad are well known.

Both writers got their first chance with the magazine, and both got double profts from a device the first editor invented, running a serial through the magazine and then publishing it. John Blackwood was horrified to learn that his "Dear George", to whom he had "used some easy expressions" was actually a woman. (Seventy years on, someone had to break it to his grandson that E. M. Forster, whom he called "Dear Madam", was a man.)

With the brilliant exception of George Eliot, *Maga* attracted no great woman writer, though Charlotte Brontë aged 13, had thought it "the ablest periodical there is" and had put James Hogg in her diary as "a most extraordinary man of genius . . . a Scottish shepherd".

Editors were uncomfortable with women. John Blackwood told Georgina Keats that he had shown faith in her by accepting the story, but she must remember to do her very best. To Caroline Bowles, wife of Robert Southey, he wrote: "Your manuscript did not contain more than the usual number of grammatical slips which ought to be expected from a female pen." When he was putting Charles Reade's *The Woman Hater* (about admitting girls to medical schools) through the magazine, it emerged that he really thought lady doctors quite unnecessary.

With great explorers like Speke and Burton, and with its naval and military contributors, *Maga* was always at home. Blackwood and his friend, Delane, editor of *The Times*, had men of intellect and literary ability sending back dispatches from the wars—Kinglake in the Crimea, Baden-Powell in South Africa; frequently a senior officer on the spot, writing anonymously.

A newspaper ridiculed *Maga's* exclusive account of the Red River expedition, saying the author obviously knew nothing about the subject. The author was Sir Garnet Wolseley, who commanded the expedition and quashed the rebellion. Lord Roberts of Kandahar was advised that in his own interests, the anti-War Office stuff he was sending in had better not be published. Field Marshal Lord Wavell told the editor that acceptance by *Maga* (of a little tale about a pony, called *Micky*) fulfilled his last ambition—prophetic words, for the Field Marshal died the day it was published.

The Blackwood correspondence books are a catalogue of grand names, Thackeray and Shaw were turned down. Conan Doyle, tired of waiting for a decision on a short story, withdrew it. H. G. Wells demanded more than the editor would pay. Axel Munthe accepted charity but sold his best-seller, *The Story of San Michele*, elsewhere. John Buchan wrote *The Thirty-Nine Steps* for *Maga*, and the royalties are still pouring in. Galsworthy contributed a prototype Forsyte Saga story. Thomas Hardy was so upset by *Maga's* contempt for *Jude the Obscure* that he vowed never to write another novel. And he never did.

Glittering names stud the annals, but the magazine's strength came from generations of minor writers and nonentities, from sailors, soldiers and diplomats with a story to tell, perhaps for the first and last time in their lives. Reactionary, woefully misleading on music, the arts, *avant-garde* literature and current affairs, the magazine became the prisoner of its pompous, irritable and aging readership.

For 150 years it changed neither its cover, its style nor its price (half a crown, 12½p). It was a solid chunk of reading matter which, as blood-stained copies in the archives testify, stopped bullets and sword-cuts when carried in breast-pocket or solar helmet.

It had no pictures, no editorial chat, scarcely an advertisements. It never thrust itself forward and was rarely seen on the bookstalls. Controlled by 10 Blackwood editors, all in direct descent from the founder, it lived to be nearly 164 years old—the longest-survived of all the quality periodicals.

Yet, except in time of war when it always did well, *Maga* never exceeded a circulation of about 6,000, and latterly it was down to 1,000. Only one person sued it successfully—Winston Churchill—and he got a half-penny damages. With its last half-century in mind, we might borrow a Churchillian epitaph for *Maga*: "It would not stoop; therefore it did not conquer."

Blackwood's Magazine, after 164 years, ceases publication

By GLEN HANCOCK

A few years ago when I was exploring the crowded shelves of a used bookshop in the basement of a side-street building in Edinburgh — appropriately called the "Book Cellar" — I came across a copy of Blackwood's Magazine, dated July, 1937.

The issue was of special interest because it contained a story called "The Courtship of Jupe M'Quayle," by the Nova Scotia writer, Thomas H. Raddall. It was published a year before the famous novelist started to write on a full time basis, and it was the first, or one of the first, stories he had done for the respected Scottish journal, then 120 years old.

Raddall was an accountant for a paper mill in Liverpool in 1937, and George Blackwood, then editor of the magazine, was impressed by the Nova Scotian's material and style, and encouraged further contributions. It was the beginning of one of the most successful careers in Canadian literary history. In 1939 John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) wrote the introduction to Raddall's first collection of short stories, "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek," and titles like "His Majesty's Yankees" and "The Nymph and the Lamp" and now high on the list of best known Canadian novels.

But it was Blackwood's that provided Raddall with his first important market, and the issue I chanced upon and purchased for 10-pence was something of a prize.

It is especially so now, as Blackwood's has ceased publication. It won't be missed, of course, by the masses who never read it, but members of masculine sanctuaries like the Halifax Club, where its impeccable reputation was renewed as each monthly issue reached the reading room, will gradually become aware that the December edition was Blackwood's last.

Aspiring writers will miss the magazine as well — not because of the extent of its readership (circulation was never more the 24,000 in all its 163 years), or for its art work (for most its life it was printed on pulp paper and it never used photo illustrations).

Blackwood's was a temple to which the great writers came to pay homage — and to be seen through their finest work in fiction, adventure, travel, history, poetry, biography and personal experiences. It was at Blackwood's that the lions of literature shared type space with the unknowns, whose greatest profit was the association.

King George III, in whose reign the American colonies were lost, was still on the throne when William Blackwood, an antiquarian bookseller, started his magazine in 1817. In its early days it was a snappy Tory vehicle for biting satire. Among the staff were John Gibson Lockhart (called the "Scorpion" for his invective), who married a daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and James Hogg, whom Scott had discovered. The Bard of the North was himself a contributor to Blackwood's. Another was Thomas De Quincey, who started to eat opium at Oxford and became famous for writing "Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

Blackwood's first staff were youthful critics of Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, and anything that was "progressive." The editor condoned often enough what they wrote, with a certain reservation that established the character of the magazine throughout its long life. In reference to a book by John Russell, Blackwood instructed his staff: "I hope you will review it as it should be reviewed. Though a Whig and a Prig, he is an English gentleman and should be treated accordingly."

For a century and a half, the magazine kept its original price — half a crown. Even when the drab front cover was eventually replaced by a coloured one on coated stock, the sombre engraving of the head of George Buchanan, Scotland's greatest humanist, remained. There was never any special reason for displaying the divine's countenance, except that an old printing cut happened to be handy when the printers were making up the first edition.

The Blackwoods have remained with the magazine to the end. The custodian at the time of demise was Michael Blackwood, a Royal Navy veteran and great-great-great grandson of the founder.

The July, 1937, issue contained an hilarious story about naming crossings of a new railway in the Iraqi desert, an article about the Great Siege of Gibraltar (1779-83), fiction an remembrances by servants of the Empire, a story by Shalimar, Raddall's piece, and an intriguing tale of an antique table by Mary Grant Bruce. (In the magazine's early days there was hardly mention made of the weaker sex, although the third publisher, John Blackwood, inadvertedly accepted a story by George Eliot and was devastated when Charles Dickens told him the author was a woman.)

Blackwood's days of glory have passed, along with George Buchanan's head. But the writing profession is richer for having aspired towards its pages, and generations of readers are wiser and more understanding for having known its brilliance. Why cannot the good things go on forever?

When the answer comes, Blackwood's, too, will be lost among the ghosts of other British periodicals — like Chambers Journal, The Cornhill, The Strand, Tatler and Sketch — that have found the costs of habit to be beyond them.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald, April 4, 1981

MONDAY, JAN. 5, 1981 Temp. rose to 18° Fahr't. A bright winter day, the kind of day that 30 years ago I would have spent happily in the woods on snowshoes. I confined myself to the post office walk, & later shoveling snow from my driveway.

TUESDAY, JAN. 6/81 Sunny. Temp. 28° Fahr't. The sun through my study windows was actually warm enough that I sat quite comfortably writing cheques to pay my year-end bills, etc. With this relaxation of winter's icy grip the birds returned from the shelter of the woods to forage about the town, & at my seed tray I noticed a pine siskin, two juncos, 3 or 4 goldfinches, several chickadees, & flocks of evening grosbeaks & black cowbirds.

News:- All the predictions for 1981 declare that it will be a bad year, with sharply increasing inflation & unemployment. But they have been saying that every year for the past ten.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7/81 Temp. 40° Fahr't. A drizzle of rain gradually became a torrent by evening. At that temp. it did not melt the packed ice on the sides of the street. When I went to bed at 12:30 the wind had hauled to the west & the temp. dropped fast.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8/81 Temp. 20° Fahr't this morning. Amid thick squalls of snow I walked to the supermarket to order a week's meat & groceries, to be delivered. Footing very slippery but fortunately the town's salt trucks had been around the streets, & I walked mostly in the street.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9/81 A cold bright day. No birds fed at my tray until just before sundown, when a little flock of juncos arrived.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10/81 Beginning in mid-morning, snow fell continuously in large fluffy flakes that clung in masses to every twig and wire, & piled up on the ground. Temp. just 32° Fahr't. About dark the temp. rose slightly & the snow turned to rain. Knowing the pattern of these storms, everybody rushed out to shovel off driveways & front walks before the inevitable shift to freezing. I got a path dug from side door to street, & cleared off my front steps, in a torrent of rain. The snow amounted to at least 14 inches on the level, & the drifts against my side door & the garage door were thigh deep. By midnight the temp had dropped to 20°.

Letter from "W. A. Deacon Project", York University, which is being conducted by professors John Lennox & Clara Thomas. I had given them permission to quote from one or two of my letters to Deacon; now they want to quote more. They sent Xerox copies of the letters they want to use, & a permission form for me to sign.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11, 1981 Alternate sunshine & snow flurries. About noon Robbie Levy, a tall 16-year-old lad who lives three doors away, came & asked for the job of shoveling my driveway. It took him 1½ hours, & I paid him $10.

Son Tom picked me up at 5 p.m. & I dined with him, Pamela & Blair at Hunts Point. Roast pheasant, vegetables, apple pie, white wine. The roads are covered with packed snow & somewhat icy, but the traffic moved along at a good pace.

I spent the day & evening reading my diaries from 1968 to 1975, the worst period of my life. I noted the first definite sign of insanity in poor Edith in 1968, spasmodic at first, with long intervals of lucidity, & then increasing in '71, '72 & 73, to her death '75.

At the same time in '68 I began to notice increasing misteness in my left eye. Wile, the optometrist here, prescribed stronger lenses for my left eye until '73, when he realised that the trouble was cataract. Dr. Bell confirmed this. Then began the long series of visits to Dr. Lapp's eye clinic in Halifax. The discovery that a new cataract was forming in my hitherto good right eye, & developing with alarming rapidity. Then the miserable spells in hospital, first for an operation on the left eye & eight months later on the right eye. The long & horrible waiting for new eyeglasses, the wrong prescriptions, the post-operative complications. E's sudden death in April 1975, & the difficulties of a nearly blind man learning to live alone.

MONDAY, JAN. 12/81 A cold but bright day. Shoveled a path to my bird-tray in the middle of the back lawn. The snow on it was like a rectangular iced cake 14 inches high. I cleared it off & spread seeds, & soon had hungry flocks of juncos, pine siskins, chickadees, followed by evening grosbeaks & black cowbirds.

Received a note from Frank Covert enclosing copy of a letter dated Jan. 6 which he had written to Michael Prupas, senior member of Prupas, Engels & Mantz, Montreal. They are the lawyers for Paragon Motion Pictures Inc. In his letter Covert protests sharply against Paragon's proposal to delay payment of the $15,000, due to me on or before Jan. 2/81, until "perhaps as late as Feb. 20, 1981". He notes the significant clauses of the original agreement with Bartalk and Tel-Pro, & adds:- "Dr. Raddall is beginning to think that this is another stall ..... If you are not acting in good faith, then he wants to be rid of it all and start over again. He has other chances to sell."

TUESDAY, JAN. 13, 1981 Another snowfall started last night & continued steadily today. Mrs. Bagley phoned to say she could not come in from Eagle Head but would try tomorrow morning. About noon the storm petered out. Not so much as the last lot, & all soft stuff. I had just stepped outdoors with my shovel when Robbie Levy & another lad came & asked for the job. They got it done in an hour & I paid them $4 apiece.

The Maritimes have suffered from 5 snowstorms in the past 6 weeks, each stopping motor, rail & air traffic. Undoubtedly there will be more to come — and where shall we shovel any more snow? The banks along the street sides are more than waist high now.

Brief letter from Ann Soderstrom of Henniker, New Hampshire, enclosing a composite print of 3 snapshots she took of me on my front steps a year or two ago.

When I went to bed at 12:30 tonight a town diesel shovel & trucks were working up Park Street, removing the snowbank on the east side (opposite my house) & hauling it away to the river.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16/81 Snow again in the night. This time the storm passed Sable Island & we got only the fringe, 3 or 4 inches, which I shoveled off my front steps & driveway

Phone call from Peter Waldmann. His researches had confirmed the extension of my original U.S. copyright on "His Majesty's Yankees", & got the Library of Congress registration number. However, in Ottawa he found that "His Majesty's Yankees" had never been registered by Doubleday or by McClelland & Stewart. He suggested that I register it now. To speed things up, he could apply for registration in my name. I agreed with that. He said he would have his lawyer prepare a contract with me for the performing rights. It should be in my hands by late February, together with a cheque for ~~the purchase price (i.e. one half of $25,000). The remaining $12,500 to be paid within 6 months. I agreed.~~

~~SATURDAY, JAN. 17/81 Another snowstorm began this morning, predicted to be a severe one.~~

FRIDAY, JAN 16/81 (continued) together with a cheque for the first year option. If and when purchase is completed, he would prefer to pay the price of $25,000 in two instalments, six months apart. I agreed.

SATURDAY, JAN. 17/81

Another snowstorm began this morning, predicted to be a severe one. I went by Bob Cross's taxi to the liquor store & got a supply of Canadian Sauterne & Australian port. I have not been able to use

my car since Dec. 11th & it is obvious that we are in for a long winter of deep snow. When I went to bed at 12:30 the new storm was in full fury.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18, 1981 Up at 7:30 a.m. to find the storm still going strong, snowing & drifting. The weather bureau predicts a fall of 25 centimetres (10 inches) for the South Shore, & already there are fantastic drifts. My bird tray, standing 3 feet high in the middle of the back lawn, is buried without trace. Snow eddying behind the house has piled on the roof of my study high enough to cover nearly the whole lower sash of Francie's bedroom window. I never saw that before. Towards noon the storm ended & a few glints of sunshine appeared. I dug a footpath from the street to my garage, where I keep my garbage cans, & linked it with a path to my front steps.

Tom picked me up at 5 for dinner at Hunts Point. He & Pam & Blair had worked for hours to dig out their steep driveway to the main road. The total snowfall in the Liverpool region yesterday & today was 40 cm = 16 inches. Eaves of all buildings are fringed with icicles, some of them huge.

TUESDAY, JAN. 20/81 Steady cold weather, with a NW wind drifting the snow. Each morning I walk (or flounder) to the post office & back, ordinarily a brisk 10 minute walk. Now it takes half an hour, & I am tired & glad to drop into my armchair. This afternoon I worked half an hour shoveling away at the big drift in front of my garage. On TV watched the ceremony in Washington as Ronald Reagan was inaugurated the 40th president of the United States. His speech repeated his campaign promises to cut taxes & reduce government spending, & at the same time to strengthen the armed might of the U.S. — the usual paradox. One thing is clear now, he has the support of a Republican majority in the Senate & a sense of goodwill in the House of Representatives, which Carter lacked.

By neat timing the Iranian government finally released the 52 American hostages, mostly staff of the U.S. embassy in Teheran, who have been held captive for 444 days. The Iranians have played cat-&-mouse with them all this time, hinting at release & then threatening trial & execution as "spies". As a quid-pro-quo the U.S. has released several billion dollars' worth of Iranian gold & securities held in U.S. banks. The Iranians (& Russians) are playing this up as a U.S. ransom & conscience-money payment

for their support of the late Shah. The captives ~~and~~ were held in planes at Teheran airport until exactly 30 minutes after President Reagan took office, when they were flown to Algeria & then to a U.S. army air base near Frankfurt. TV cameras awaited them there, & the rest was an anticlimax after all the hullabaloo about ill-treatment, for the captives all appeared to be well fed & well cared for. The U.S. has held an ace card in this game ever since Iraqi troops invaded Iran last year. The Iranian air force under the Shah had been well equipped with U.S. planes, & in this war with Iraq the Iranians desperately need spare parts & replacements.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 21, 1981 Sunny & cold. Worked half an hour at the big drift in front of my garage. The snow of the last big storm is settling under its own weight, & the grotesquely swollen & burdened bird tray begins to emerge from the white sea around it like the bloated corpse of a drowned man.

Mrs. Jean Chambers, the first woman to be president of our South Queens branch of the Canadian Legion, came with a number of old newspaper clippings & asked me to compile a history of the branch, which will celebrate its 50th. anniversary next summer. Of the 21 men who founded it in 1931, Austin Parker & I are the only survivors. This evening the president of the Saint George's Society phoned from Halifax, inviting me to attend their annual dinner next April, & to give the toast to Saint George. I declined, politely.

THURSDAY, JAN. 22/81 Still very cold, some glints of sunshine, mostly overcast. In the morning I trudged & slithered precariously to the supermarket, ordered a week's meat & groceries to be delivered, collected my mail, & so home. Letter from my cousin Phyllis Elliott in England, enclosing a clipping from the Times, an article on the demise of Blackwood's Magazine, which closed down Dec. 31, 1980. I'm sorry to read it, having in mind my own connection with "Maga" in the 1930's, which led to a career.

FRIDAY, JAN. 23/81 Another snowfall began in the night, without wind, & continued till noon; large wet flakes, with temp. getting up to nearly 40° Fahr. The result is about 4" of semi-slush on top of the old hard-frozen snow. I shoveled it off my front steps & made a path from the side door to the street, before it could freeze.

So our hard winter continues along the Atlantic littoral right down to Florida, where the TV shows orange groves dripping with icicles.

The Canadian prairies & the whole U.S. midwest are complaining of a lack of snow, endangering their winter wheat plantings & causing a dire lack of moisture. The Mississipi River is so low that freight barges are aground in many places. Ski resorts in the American Rockies are dead, except for those that can make artificial snow.

Letter from Frank Covert enclosing a telex from Paragon Motion Pictures & a cheque for $15,000 – the payment that should have been made on Jan. 2. The telex affirms that Paragon has taken up their option, & this $15,000 is thus the second payment on the purchase price of $50,000. The final $20,000 must be made on Jan. 2, 1982.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1981 Overcast, 32° Fahrt. Trudged & slithered to the post office, & in the afternoon I worked for half an hour shoveling 3 or 4 inches of frozen slush off my driveway in front of the garage, difficult because the piled snow on either hand is already shoulder-high. Snow fell again later, making it a labour of Sisyphus.

Acknowledged Covert's letter & enclosed a formal receipt.

SUNDAY, JAN. 25/81 Overcast. Wrote Phyl. Elliott & sent her a copy of "In My Time", which can tell her a lot more about my connection with Blackwood's Magazine. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point, & learned that Pam's mother, Marian White, is in hospital at Halifax with a circulatory stoppage in her right leg. The doctors think they may not have to amputate, but she will never recover full use of the leg & foot. She has always been a healthy & energetic woman, fond of walking & of driving her car.

MONDAY, JAN. 26/81 Overcast. Temp. up to 40° Fahrt. All the icicles dripping. The town & county tax assessments are being raised again. The assessment on my Park Street property has risen steadily & enormously in the past 16 years:– 1965 – $6,550: 1969 – $6,425: 1970 – $20,000 – 1976 – $33,800: 1981 – $40,000

I have kept the house & garage in repair, but I have not added to them in any way since 1965.

TUESDAY, JAN. 27/81 Still overcast & mild, & the snowbanks shrank a lot. Water trickling everywhere. Gary Hartlen, curator of the Perkins Museum, came in for a talk about museum affairs. Whynot's furnace man came & restored my relay & oil pump, replaced unnecessarily in the Xmas difficulties. Also installed a new thermostat in place of the temporary one installed at that time.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28, 1981 Third day of our January thaw, temp. 42° Fahr. & a hazy sunshine. Worked for a time this afternoon shoveling the hard packed snow thrown up by the snow plough across the entrance to my driveway. Hard going, because I have to hurl it over the shoulder-high rampart along my house front. A flock of grosbeaks, pine siskins, juncos, goldfinches & chickadees fed at my tray.

One of my fixed term deposits at the Royal Bank, with interest at 9 7/8%, matured a day or two ago, & I renewed it for 59 days @ 14 1/2%. Also I deposited the $15,000 movie money for 59 days @ 14 1/2%. This on the advice of son Tom, whose brokers say the stock market, now in a decline, will drop still more in the next two months, & then will be the time to invest in good common stocks.

FRIDAY, JAN. 30/81 The thaw ended Wednesday, with a hard freeze ever since, turning the softened snow to concrete. Each day I spend half an hour hacking away at the barrier across my driveway entrance. The rest of the driveway is now clear. At 9 a.m. my grandson Terry Dennis & helper arrived with their fish truck, stopped for a brief chat, & presented me with three fine lobsters. They left Moncton at 11:30 last night & drove along the Annapolis Valley to Yarmouth. They were delayed by engine trouble but picked up a shipment of live lobsters & drove along the South Shore to top off their load with fresh fish at Port Medway, stopping to see me enroute. All this without proper sleep, simply spelling each other at the wheel. I offered food & coffee but they had breakfasted at a snack bar somewhere & were anxious to get on the road.

SATURDAY, JAN. 31/81 My furnace has been running pretty well, with only an occasional stoppage. Last night it stopped apparently soon after I went to bed. My electric blanket keeps my body warm, but about 6 A.M. I wakened, feel very cold about the head. Went downstairs & found the furnace stopped & the indoor temperature down to 55° Fahr. Outdoors it was 10° Fahr. Turned the furnace on by pushing the red button on the furnace door. It ran steadily till 9 a.m. & then quit, with the indoor temp. at 65°. I pushed the button again & it ran till 10:30, & quit again. Pushed the button again & it ran till the temp. indoors was a comfortable 70°

Don't like to bother Whynot's man, because Saturday is his day off, & he worked hard on Christmas Eve & Christmas Day at my furnace.

SUNDAY, FEB. 1/81 Sunny after a cold night. Temp. up to 40° in the sun. The furnace ran well all night & until noon, when I had to push the button again. Worked half an hour with mattock & shovel at the driveway entrance, & now have it wide enough to take my car out if I so desire. Tom & Pam spent the day & evening at Greenfield, ski-ing, with supper in a cottage there, so I

dined at home.

MONDAY, FEB. 2, 1981 "Ground-hog" (wood-chuck) Day". A few glints of hazy sunshine this morning. So he could see his shadow, & according to the old superstition we shall have 6 more weeks of winter. We are bound to have 6, if not 8 more weeks of winter anyway, according to all the experience of the past. The rest of the day was overcast & mild, 42° Fahr't.

TUESDAY, FEB. 3/81 A light rain in the night, & today the thaw continued with sunshine & temp. 40° Fahr't. The snowbanks are much shrunken, & the roofs are bare. After 2 hours preliminary warming of the engine with the portable electric heater I got my car out & drove to Summerville to charge the battery. It has been sitting in the garage, more or less frozen, since Dec. 11th.

Rhynold's mechanic installed a new furnace relay in place of my old one. Letter from Alan Young, Acadia, reporting progress on his book, & asking more questions about my books. Very cold tonight

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/81 Still very cold. Snow began falling in the night & amounted to 2 or 3 inches when I trudged to the supermarket to order a week's supplies. A sickly sunshine came through in the afternoon, & I spent a diligent half hour shoveling the snow off my front steps & driveway. As soon as I finished, the sun vanished & another inch of snow fell. The prolonged cold is getting to my bones — severe pains in my shoulder joints & hands, as well as the familiar pains in back & right hip.

The new furnace relay is as erratic as the old one. I had to re-start it twice today. Temp. tonight 5° Fahr't.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6/81 The furnace ran all night, but balked again at 11:30 a.m. A bright cold day. Michael Burns, of Bantalk, phoned this morning, asking if I had received the $15,000 payment from Paragon Motion Pictures. I said "Yes, after 3 weeks' delay." I said I had noted from copies of documents sent by Paragon that Michael Burns had agreed to pay Maurice Singer $50,000 to waive any rights he may claim to "The Nymph & The Lamp". I told Burns that this revealed that "that scoundrel Singer" still had his slimy hands on my property, & it looked to me as if Singer had set up Bantalk in Toronto because I had refused to do business any more with people in California. Burns denied this & talked in circles for about ten minutes. Finally I said so, & added, "I have received the second $15,000 on movie rights in The Nymph & The Lamp", & I shall expect prompt payment of the final $20,000 on Jan. 2, 1982." End of conversation.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1981 Another inch or two of snow in the night. The furnace quit duty & I woke this morning in a frigid house. After that the thing ran all day & all night perfectly.

Reading Isak Dinesen's book "Out of Africa". I first read some of these tales in her first book "Seven Gothic Tales" in 1934. She died in 1962. A remarkable woman with an enchanting style. I ~~[illegible]~~ dined with my neighbours Erik & Lou Andersen & their guests Jean Nickerson & a Cape Breton couple named Murphy. Murphy was an associate of Erik's in the N.S. Power Commission many years ago.

SUNDAY, FEB 8/81 A torrent of rain. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point, & just after Pam returned me home I slipped on the wet ice outside my door & broke my left ankle. Heard the bone crack. Managed to crawl up the steps & open the door. Phoned Dr. Frank Bell, who came at once, summoned an ambulance, & put me in Queens General Hospital, a short way away.

~~TUESDAY~~, FEB. 12/81 Surgeon Bill ~~[illegible]~~ LENCO prepared to operate on my foot today, but anaesthetist Bird detected a sudden drop in heart pressure, very alarming, & it was decided that no operation could be attempted until an artificial heart-pacemaker had been installed. On Feb. 24 I was taken by ambulance to the V.G. Hospital, Hfx. On the next day I underwent two operations, one for the installation of a "temporarary" pacemaker, beginning in the big vein in my crotch, under local anaesthetic, & lasting a hour. A few hours later I was returned to the operations room for the installation of a permanent pacemaker near my left shoulder — "so it wont interfere with your golf swing". This was done under complete anaesthetic & took about an hour. When after this long & gruelling day I was returned to my room I was more dead than alive, & frankly wished I was dead.

On the next day, Feb. 26, I was operated on by Dr. Jabsley ABSLEY who specializes in pedal surgery.

All this time I was placed in a ward with 9 other men, mostly big hearty fellows from the lumber woods of Colchester County, recovering from arm & leg injuries, & playing poker etc. far into the night. One night, as the result of a motor accident, a young man of about 19 was brought into our ward, & he yelled, yowled and hollered almost 48 hours without cease. It was impossible for anyone else to sleep, or even eat, let alone recover from one's own painful operation. I wired Tom to get me transferred back to the Liverpool hospital by ambulance, & this was done. In parting, Dr. Jabsley asked me to autograph one of my books for him. He added that I must expect my foot to remain

swollen for a long time, & that I would always have a lame & sometimes painful left foot. I arrived back at the Liverpool hospital on March 6, & three days later Tom & Pam removed me in their station-wagon to their home at Hunts Point, where I ate very little but slept most of the time. This was largely due to the number & kinds ~~of~~ of pain-killing & sleeping pills which had been prescribed by various doctors along the way. Dr Bell cut them down to two of a particular kind every night; & although my head continued to be stupid & forgetful for some time, Tom & Pam were able to take me home about March 16. They had engaged Mrs. Betty Clarkin to cook my lunches & dinners, & generally look after me.

Meanwhile things had been happening on the movie front, where with Frank Covert's guidance a new outfit calling itself Jon Slan Enterprises had taken over the tangled affairs of Bartalk, Tel-Pro, Michael Burns, et al. Slan paid the $15,000 due on the original option to Bartalk, & suggested that his principals might pay off the remaining $20,000 within this year.

At the same time, under Covert's guidance, a Toronto group calling itself Bomphray, Segal & Waldman, had undertaken to pay $1,000 for an option, & $25,000 in principal, for the movie rights in "His Majesty's Yankees".

SUNDAY, APL. 5/81 I got my own "brunch" at 11 a.m., & Tom took me to dine with Pamela & Blair at Hunts Point. My old appetite is returning & I ate a good meal.

MONDAY, APL. 6/81 Keith Gill of CBC Toronto phoned for permission to make a serialised reading (radio) of "Wings of Night". It would be done in 15 or 20 parts & produced by Elizabeth Fox at Halifax. He offered $300 but agreed on $500.

TUESDAY, APL. 7/81 ~~Sunny & cool.~~ Mrs. Bagley came & worked ~~from 8 a.m. to 1:30, with time out for lunch.~~ This afternoon I got my 1980 income tax papers in order at last, ready for ~~Stafford~~ to work out & assess. The swelling in my left foot has subsided a bit, & the operation scar does not feel as hot as it did, but every step is painful & the foot aches even when resting on a stool.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 8/81 ~~Sunny & warm.~~ This morning Betty took me in her car to the supermarket for meat & groceries. Afterwards she drove to Milton so I could see the ~~new~~ new road by-pass, which has cut the old "Indian Rock" (wild cat) in half & is making other great changes in the old familiar scene. ~~She was Betty Holland, about the age of my own daughter, & grew up on Park St. Her husband, Joe Clarkin, died a~~

FRIDAY, APL. 10, 1981 Sunny, with a strong NW gale. Betty Clarkin ~~Larkin~~ comes each morning at 11 & each afternoon at 4 p.m. to prepare my meals, & each fine morning she takes me in her car for a short drive to Western Head, etc. Yesterday I failed to put on the elastic bandage provided at the hospital "to be worn every day for support," also their sponge rubber slipper. The result was remarkable. Much of the residual pain has gone from my foot, the foot is no longer hot, & much of the swelling has gone down. I have difficulty going upstairs but none coming down, & I can even walk a few steps without the aid of the stick. After long sitting I have to make an effort to arise, with the stick, & stand still for a few moments to get orientated. Bothered with short fits of vertigo now & then, especially when I look towards the ceiling. Eat well, & am starting exercises for the upper half of my ~~body~~ best I get fat.

Erik dropped in. He had got 20 lbs of "Lawn Green" fertilizer from the florist for me, & will spread it on my lawns at the first chance.

SUNDAY, APL. 12, 1981 Sunny but cold. Tom & Pam are in Halifax so I spent the day at home.

MONDAY, APL. 13/81 Same weather. This afternoon my good neighbour Erik spread 10 lbs of Lawn Green on my lawns, got down three lawn chairs from overhead storage in my garage, & placed my bird bath. Dr. John Wickwire dropped in & we spent a pleasant hour of drinks & chat. This evening Ken Veinot, barber, came & clipped away the wild straggle of white hair which has sprouted from the sides & back of my head in the past two months.

TUESDAY, APL. 14/81 Bright & cold. This afternoon on TV I watched the latest U.S. "space ship" (named Columbia) make a perfect landing on Edwards Air Base, in the California desert, after circling the earth for 54½ hours in "space". It was manned by two men.

News:- yesterday's provincial election in Quebec returned the P.Q. party to power, a personal triumph for Rene Levesque. After his defeat in the referendum on Canada versus Quebec as a sovereign nation last year some thought he was finished, forgetting what André Siegfried said of all Frenchmen long ago — "the French carry their heart on the left & their wallet on the right".

THURSDAY, APL. 16/81 Ice froze on puddles etc in the night, & again the day was sunny but with a bitter cold wind. Noticed a robin foraging on my back lawn, for the first time this season. I spend little time in my study, which is

unheated, so there must have been others before this.

FRIDAY, APL. 17/1981 Daughter Francie phoned that she & a married couple, friends of hers, are coming to visit me on Sunday, staying overnight. She is bringing a 12-lb. salmon & a batch of fiddle-heads, & told me to invite the Hunts Point Raddalls to join in the feast on Sunday evening. Her friends are picking up a setter pup here.

SATURDAY, APL. 18/81 Bruce Armstrong came this afternoon with Joe Lucas's mother. His Sable Island book is being published in the U.S. & Canada, & he is sending me a copy.

SUNDAY (EASTER) APL. 19/81 Overcast & showery. Daughter Francie arrived about 2 p.m. with her friends Mr & Mrs. Earl Wise & their 16-year-old son, in the Dennis station wagon. I had laboriously made all preparations for their dining here, together with the Raddalls from Hunts Point, as indicated by Francie on the phone; but instead we dined at Hunts Point. Returning home, we sat over drinks & chat, & retired at 11 p.m. Wise is a keen & pleasant man with greying black hair, an air traffic controller at Moncton airport, about which he talked with keen interest.

MONDAY, APL. 20/81 A sunny morning, then overcast. I was up at 7, making preparations for breakfast, but my visitors slept till nearly 9. About 10:30 they got away, first to pick up the dog (a blood relation of Tom's "Sandy") & then off to Moncton. This afternoon I noticed six robins foraging on my lawn, & a song sparrow enjoying the bird bath. A few days ago, descending the stairs with over-confidence & hurry, I gave my left knee a bad wrench. The knee has been arthritic for several years, & the combination is very painful, an unfortunate set-back.

TUESDAY, APL. 21/81 Very cold, with snow squalls all morning. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & stayed till 1:30. Mrs. Clarkin had to drive a friend to hospital in Halifax & was gone all day. I got my own meals & did very well.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 22/81 Sunny, but with a violent & chilly NW gale. Frank Covert has sent me a copy of a telex received from the Montreal lawyers representing JON SLAN ENTERPRISES LTD, saying they will forward a cheque for $20,000, the final payment on the film rights in The Nymph the Lamp, within a few days. They seem to be in a hurry to get firm ownership of the rights. According to my original agreement with Bartalk Productions the final $20,000 was not due until Jan. 2, 1982. And how they change their names! The

deal that began with Bartalk soon became Bartalk & Tel-Pro Productions. Then in a mysterious jump it became Paragon Productions. Now it is Jon Alan Enterprises. I wonder who or what is really behind all this? All I know is that, from these various people, I have received $30,000, & within a few days will have the final $20,000 of my price of $50,000.

THURSDAY, APL. 23, 1981 A lovely day, sunny & warm, with a light W. breeze. In the afternoon I managed to get my left foot into a knee-length rubber boot, sallied forth, dug up with a hoe my little garden bed under the study windows, & sat for an hour in a garden chair enjoying the sun on my face for the first time since last October. Lou & Erik, working in their own garden, came over for a chat.

FRIDAY, APL. 24/81 A cold rain all day. I have at last discarded the walking stick, & get about unaided, albeit with a grotesquely lame & still painful gait. I have now been at home five weeks or so, longing to be out & about, getting more & more fidgetty, & suffering from my old enemy insomnia. I have some left-over sleeping pills but refuse to use them.

SATURDAY, APL. 25/81 Showery & cold. Betty presented me with a cold boiled lobster for my "brunch" tomorrow. I find that with loose lacing & a thin sock I can get an ordinary shoe on my left foot. The swelling at the ankle has gone down considerably, but of course it remains very stiff, & pains at every step. Tonight at midnight all the clocks were put ahead one hour to "daylight time".

SUNDAY, APL. 26/81 Overcast & mild. Dined at Hunts Point with the Raddalls. Grandson Tom home briefly from college. Tomorrow he starts his summer's work as a seaman on the "Bluenose". When son Tom brought me back to town he stopped at his dental office & put a new filling in one of my old molars. I got up & down the long staircase there unassisted, but with a firm clutch on the hand-rail. I walked without a stick & with an ordinary shoe on my left foot, but with a very ricketty gait.

I have received a copy of Bruce Armstrong's book "Sable Island", published by Doubleday, a very good job all round. Some minor errors. (The caption under a snapshot of me, taken outside the watch room at Sable Island, says "Thomas Raddall, age 20." I was 18.) Armstrong had autographed the book with a gracious little note of thanks for my foreword.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 29/81 Cold & showery. This morning I had the Rossignol service station send over a man to get my car & prepare it for summer.

This involved changing the snow tires to summer ones, changing oil to summer type, cleaning the car inside & out, putting on the 1981 license stickers, etc.

THURSDAY, APL. 30, 1981 Overcast. This afternoon I walked up the street for a chat with Austin Parker. He has recovered from the cataract operation but gets double vision unless he shuts one eye. I had the same difficulty after my own cataract operations until the doctor changed the lens on my right eye.

SATURDAY, MAY 2/81 Pouring cold rain all day. Yesterday I hobbled as far as the tennis courts, my longest walk yet unaided by a stick. Several times in the past month Pamela phoned the local hospital, trying to get a therapy session for me. Each time she was told that the therapist had a busy schedule, & that the hospital would notify me when one was available. Now at last I have an appointment, Monday at 9.15 a.m.

SUNDAY, MAY 3/81 Again (or still) the bleak rain. I dined at Hunts Point with the Kaddalls. Tom & Pam had just got back from a few days' holiday in Boston, where they saw some good plays.

MONDAY, MAY 4/81 Raining still. This morning I had an hour of therapy at the hospital, driving there & back in my own car — my first venture on wheels since the brief run on Feb. 3, & that was the first time I had used the car since Dec. 11/80. The therapist, a very slim & utterly impersonal young woman, first gave my foot a thorough dunking in a small bath of warm wax. When the foot was thoroughly coated with wax she wrapped it in a towel & left me for half an hour. Then, when the wax was removed, she gave me half an hour of lessons in exercising the foot.

Letter from Frank Covert enclosing copy of agreement signed by Jon Slan Enterprises, together with a cheque for $20,000 — final payment on the $50,000 purchase price of movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". Actually this $20,000 was not due until Jan. 2, 1982, but the Slan people (whoever they are) seem to be in a hurry to get the rights securely in their hands.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6/81 Showers yesterday, thick fog today. The last sunny day was Apl. 23. This morning I went to the hospital for half an hour of therapy, mostly with the foot ~~~~ immersed in a hot whirlpool bath, & then some exercise on a balancing board.

FRIDAY, MAY 8/81 Two weeks of wet weather ended in a frosty night, & today was fine & warm for my trip to Halifax for a check up on my foot. I arose at 5 a.m., got breakfast, & dressed in my light grey suit with blue shirt & sandhurst necktie.

Left Liverpool with Tom & Pam at 6.45- & arrived at the V.G. outpatient clinic exactly on time at 8:30. The place was crowded even at that hour. First I had to walk a long & labarythine way into the main hospital for X-rays, then back to the clinic where, after a half-hour wait in a separate cubicle, Dr. Reg Yabsley, who did the operation on my foot, now examined it. He was pleased with its general progress, warned me again that I must expect to be lame permanently, with some pain in walking. The swelling will probably take a year to subside entirely. Meanwhile I must continue with exercises & therapy. I should return for another checkup on July 10. On departure I presented him with a copy of "In My Time", suitably inscribed, & he seemed very pleased. We lunched at Pam's mother's house on Edward Street - delicious lobster chowder. Marion White looked haggard after her long ordeal in hospital. She has to wear a strong metal brace & special shoe on her left leg, & gets about with the aid of a walking stick. Left Hfx. about 2 pm., home about 4

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1981 Sunny, but a little hazy, with a cool draft from the sea. I spent about an hour outdoors, walked up & down Park Street, pottered about my lawn removing fallen twigs etc., & sat in a garden chair to soak up some of the sunshine.

SUNDAY, MAY 10/81 Fine & warm. R.O. ("Dick") Allen of Toronto arrived this noon by bus from Hfx. where he is staying with friends. Capt. Charles Copelin, who had met him in Toronto, brought him to my house & then on to his bungalow at Hunts Point, where he provided lunch. Allen was a naval wireless operator posted on Sable Island in 1918, & we spent a pleasant afternoon yarning about the place. He gave me some snapshots taken on the island and at Point Rich, Labrador, where he served under James Hood, the prototype from whom I built the (much changed) figure of Matthew Carney in "The Nymph & The Lamp".

Son Tom picked me up at Copelin's place at 5 pm., when Copelin took Allen into Liverpool to catch a bus for Halifax

Dined with the Hunts Point Raddalls, & afterwards Tom & Blair came in to Liverpool with me, & worked till dark mowing my lawns, trimming shrubs etc.

TUESDAY, MAY 12/81 A cold rain, yesterday & today. Tom & Pamela picked me up with their car at 2 p.m. & drove to Hfx. to attend Encaenia at King's University tomorrow. The modern hotels in Hfx were full, so we stayed at the Nova Scotian, down by the waterfront. When the CNR built it 50 years ago it was the pride of the city, but it is considerably run-down

now, & the CNR has lately sold it to private interests. We called on Mrs. Marion White, Pam's mother, picked up Deborah, & dined together at "The Five Fishermen", one of the best restaurants in the city, small & expensive, with marvellous food. Debby's friend Rob came along, & afterwards they dropped me off at the hotel & went off to dance at a night club. I was fast asleep when Tom & Pam got back to their room at 2 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1981 Tom, Pam & Debby attended the baccalaureate service in King's College chapel this morning. I begged off, & spent the morning reading & chatting at Mrs. White's house, where we all lunched together. At 2 p.m. we drove to King's for the convocation ceremonies, held in the gymnasium. They were rather long, (2½ hours) & what with a weak public address system, & my own defective hearing, I couldn't hear much of the addresses. It was a great pleasure to see Deborah being capped for her B.A. degree. She is a beautiful young woman, tall & slim & intelligent, & she is working as a waitress in restaurant-lounge while she looks about for a better job. I gave her a cheque for $500.00 as a graduation gift, & a small anchor to windward.

We attended the reception in the college dining room afterwards, then drove to Argyle Street again, this time to dine in "The News Room", another good restaurant, part of the premises of the old Carleton Hotel. Delivered Debby to her apartment, left Hfx. about 7 p.m. & were home at 9. I paid Tom $100.00 for my part in the expenses of the trip. Altogether a happy occasion & a most enjoyable outing for me.

THURSDAY, MAY 14/81 Fine & warm. Walked up & down Park Street, & afterwards sunned myself in a garden chair. The June edition of "Insight" magazine contains an article by "Silver" Donald Cameron called "Raddall in Retirement", based on his interview with me last Fall.

FRIDAY, MAY 15/81 Fine & hot. Temp. in the sun 84° Fahr. Had about an hour's therapy at the hospital. Betty took me in her car to Cosby's Garden Centre, where I bought 18 petunia plants of the "cascade" type. Planted them this afternoon, & applied a solution of RX 15. Sunned myself for an hour. I thought I heard, two or three times, the song of a yellow warbler. For many years a pair of yellow warblers have nested in a deutzia shrub by my sun porch, & the average date of their first appearance is May 22.

Letter from Van Nostrand Reinhold Ltd., Toronto publishers. They agree to my fee of $400.00 for the use of "The Wedding Gift" in a Canadian literature anthology. Their original offer was $250.00. Letter from English

professor Alan R. Young of Acadia U. He will soon complete his book on my work, which is compiled for university students in the U.K. and Canada. It will be one of the "World Authors" series, published by a division of G.K. Hall Corp., Boston, & their edition will run between 1,000 & 1,500 copies, priced at about $11.00.

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1981 Overcast & mild. Drove to Hunt's Point at 5 p.m. in my own car & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. A very good dinner — roast woodcock & partridge breasts, with wine sauce, rice, peas, etc. The last products of Tom's hunting last Fall. Blair came with me on my return, & gave my lawns a once-over with my electric mower. I gave him five dollars.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20/81 Sunny, with a fresh NW breeze. Had an hour's therapy at the hospital this morning. In the afternoon I walked the length of Park Street, & then sunned myself on a garden chair in the lee of my garage. While I was sitting there a male yellow warbler came & sipped water from the bird bath, only 10 feet from me. Average date of their appearance on my property is May 22. Their nest in a deutzia shrub by my sun porch was demolished by last winter's storms, & at present this shrub's leaves are barely out of the bud, offering no concealment. They may decide to build elsewhere.

FRIDAY, MAY 22/81 Rain, cold & bleak. Had an hour of therapy at the hospital — wax bath, teetering board, bicycle. It seems to do no good, indeed today's session left my foot more stiff, more painful, & the ankle more swollen.

SUNDAY, MAY 24/81 Same weather. The rain held up about noon, & about 4 p.m. Tom & Blair came & mowed my lawns. I drove to Hunt's Point in my own car to dine with them, & the cold rain was falling again.

MONDAY, MAY 25/81 Sunny & warm. Had an hour of therapy at the hospital this morning. Eric came & dismantled the storm-cum-screen window in the kitchen. I cleaned the glass & he re-assembled it, ready for summer. To do this he had to stand in and on the kitchen sink, a feat impossible for me, even if I understood the complicated workings of the patent aluminium sashes & screen.

In the afternoon I walked (hobbled) to the bank, post office, & barber shop, for the first time since my accident. Every step was painful but I have to accept. The return journey, all up-hill, tired my game leg, but I made it all right, & sat long in a garden chair enjoying the sun. (82° Fahr in the sun.)

Betty Clarkin took a day off & drove a woman friend to a Hfx. hospital. She does this quite frequently & I presume gets paid well for it. From long experience in the past 6 years I got my meals & made out OK.

TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1981 Overcast & muggy. Walked to the post office this morning. Mrs. Bagley came, & in addition to her usual chores, cleaned & polished all the pictures & knick-knacks in my study, washed the window drapes, etc.

This afternoon I saw a pair of catbirds on the lawn, close to the shrub in which they nested last year. This is the average date of their appearance.

Also exactly on time, the swifts are building in my fireplace chimney.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27/81 Overcast & very hot. Therapy at the hospital this morning. Walked to the post office & back. In the afternoon I spread 15 lbs. of "Feed-and-Weed" on the lawns. It is a mixture of grass fertilizer & weed killer. There is so much chickweed in the lawns that I shall have unsightly brown patches for weeks, but no matter.

SATURDAY, MAY 30/81 Rain at morning, mild & muggy in the afternoon. Frank Beals, carpenter-handyman, replaced the rotten bottom step of my front steps, which was getting dangerous. His bill for labour & materials was $22.50. Two screw-bolts, which fasten the footing of the hand rail, cost 60 cents apiece! I have had slight spells of dizziness at long intervals for years. Lately they have become frequent, whenever I stoop forward, never when I am upright.

SUNDAY, MAY 31/81 Tom brought Blair in to mow my lawns this afternoon, & then took me to his office, where he repaired once more the filling in my hollow right upper molar. Afterwards I took Blair back to Hunts Point & dined there. Heavy cold rain began about sundown. Mrs. Shirley Sawyer, White Point Estates, left a typed short story of hers for my comment. She had entered it in a competition of the N.S. Writers Federation but it was rejected.

MONDAY, June 1/81 Sunny & warm. Had an hour of therapy at the hospital this morning. In the afternoon I drove to White Point & walked for an hour or so, resting on the tee benches. The soft turf makes much easier footing than the town sidewalks, & I enjoyed it.

TUESDAY, June 2/81 Warm in town but a chilly sea breeze at White Point, where I walked for an hour. Bird note:- although most of my shrubs are now in full leaf, the deutzia by my sun porch, where the yellow warblers have nested for years, has not leafed out enough to conceal a nest, & I presume they are nesting elsewhere.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3/81 Finished my brief address to the Legion on Saturday & typed clean copy. Had an hour of therapy at the hospital. In the afternoon I applied a solution of RX 15 to the roses & petunias, & sat for an hour in the sun.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5/81 Sunny & humid. Therapy again, & again a session in the sun, with my left foot bare to the sun's warmth.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1981 Cool, with a sea fog creeping. My son Tom & Blair came this morning to mow & trim my lawns. The weed killer I spread on them last month has left large patches of withered chickweed. The mail brought a pleasant note from Dr. Reg Ilsley, who did the operation on my foot, thanking me again for the inscribed copy of my book. Cheque for $500 from the CBC, for the serialized reading of "The Wings of Night" on their AM and FM radio network.

This is the night of the Legion's 50th. anniversary dinner, held in their own hall on the river bank. Betty Clarkin came with her car & took the Austin Parkers & me to the hall at 6 p.m. A great throng in the lounge & about the bar. About 300 at a guess. At 7 the head table guests lined up & marched in, led by a piper. Mrs. Jean Chambers, the first woman president of Branch 38, was in the chair. The dinner was roast beef & vegetables, lemon meringue pie, & coffee. Afterwards I gave my little talk about the foundation of Branch 38, & a sketch of the years between 1931 & 1946, when we old-timers handed it over to the new veterans as a going concern, with a tidy sum in the bank. I lightened it with some of our humorous experiences & adventures. John Leefe MLA & other worthies spoke, & then I was presented with a 50 year medal.
Enjoyed chatting with old freinds, including Mildred Whynot, who worked for Edith & me as housemaid when the kids were small.
The dinner was followed by a dance, so Betty took us home to Park Street. Pouring rain.

SUNDAY, JUNE 7/81 Rain, with some lightning & gusts of wind, clearing in the afternoon. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Last evening Tom & Pam were dinner guests of Bowater Mersey, with about ten others, at the Mersey Lodge upriver. (I had been invited, but couldn't accept because of the Legion affair.) Guest of honour was President Mackay of Dalhousie University. Frank Covert was there, & Tom & he had a chat with Mackay about the disposition of rights in my written work, published & unpublished, which my will bequeaths to Dalhousie to augment the Library funds. Covert said, & Mackay agreed, that I should be more specific, granting all cash proceeds from the rights to a particular library purpose. Otherwise they will disappear in the general library funds. Dr. Mackay said he would ask Malcolm Ross, head of the English department, to make suggestions.

MONDAY, JUNE 8/81 Beautiful day, warm, with a refreshing NW wind. An hour's therapy at the hospital, & then walked to the post office & back

In the afternoon I drove to White Point & enjoyed an hour's walk on the golf course, resting here & there on the benches.

In the evening Hugh MacMillan & son Ian came & chatted over drinks till midnight. Hugh is employed by the Dept. of Public Records & Archives, Province of Ontario, a roving commission, hunting for documents, photographs, etc. pertaining to Ontario history. Son Ian, a student of the Norse voyages to North America, was much interested in my little book "The Markland Sagas".

TUESDAY, JUNE 9, 1981 Heavy rain all day — my wedding anniversary.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10/81 A day like October, with a black sky, & a NW gale tearing leaves & twigs off the trees. An hour's therapy at the hospital.

Today I totted up my financial status, using current market values for the stocks & bonds. Before 1981 income tax, found to be heavy.

ROYAL BANK: FIXED TERM DEPOSITS	#85,000
BONDS: CANADA GOV'T and COMMERCIAL	43,000
COMMON STOCKS	154,762
	#282,762

THURSDAY, JUNE 11/81 Fine & warm. An hour's hobble on the golf course.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12/81 Warm, with an open-&-shut sky. Mrs. John Watts, interior decorator, came this afternoon with drapery samples, & took measurements to replace the old worn drapes & curtains in my living-room, dining room, & study. She will give me an estimate.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13/81 Hazy & cold, with a sea fog hanging in the harbour mouth. Received a bill from Stewart MacKeen & Covert for legal services re movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp", and "His Majesty's Yankees". Total #813.83.

~~SATURDAY~~ SUNDAY, JUNE 14/81 Mostly sunny with a cool air from the sea. Sunned myself on the back lawn for an hour or so. Noticed a pair of yellow warblers exploring the shrubs on the south side of the lawn, evidently looking for a nesting site. Dined at Hunts Pt. ~~TUESDAY~~, JUNE 15/81 where I found the junior Raddalls all at home. Grandson Tom, home on short leave from the "Bluenose", which has just returned from a trip up the St. Lawrence to Toronto, was full of lively tales of the voyage. Debbie has given up her quest for a job in Halifax, & thinks now she will try Calgary.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16/81 Again the cold showers & fog. Mrs. Bagley came & did the cleaning chores as usual, otherwise I am on my own this week, as Mrs. Betty Clarkin is away on a trip to P.E.I.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1981

The annual weather phenomenon — after the chill rains & fogs of May & early June, with the furnace running busily every night, this afternoon the sun blazed in a still humid air, & set me opening every possible window & getting the big electric fan down from the attic. By 4 pm. the temp. was 98° (Fahrit) in the sun. Indoors it was over 80°. I slept the early part of the night on the living room couch, & removed upstairs about 2 a.m.

Mrs. John Watts ("Interiors by Bea") brought her estimate for the new window curtains, $1,030.00 installed. Much more than I expected. However I agreed, & paid her a deposit of $258.00.

A phone talk with Bob Stafford, accountant, who does my income tax papers, about the money I have received for the film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp." The preliminary option fees for 1979 & 1980, amounting to $15,000, had been entered as capital gains. Now I must cancel these, & show the whole $50,000 as part of my ordinary income for 1981. This would shove my 1981 income up to about $75,000 & into a very high tax rate, which would in effect take $30,000 in tax. There is only one way to get a lower taxation — to purchase a $50,000 annuity extending over at least 5 years. He will arrange a meeting later with insurance agent John Murray to talk this over.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18/81 Again hot but not so humid. This morning I drove my car to the supermarket & liquor store, & made out very well. Spent most of the afternoon on the back lawn, chatting with Erik.

SATURDAY, June 20/81 Overcast & humid. Spirea shrubs a mass of white blossom. Weigelias just beginning to bloom. None of the weigelias have the showy mass of colour that made such a blaze of scarlet up till a few years ago. I suppose they are just getting old & decrepit, like the owner. Letter from Major John Himmelman, Windsor. He is O/C of B. Company, West Nova Scotia Regiment. The Dept of Defence is building a $2,000,000 structure at Windsor, apparently as the headquarters of the regiment, & he requests a copy of "West Novas" for the library. Wants me to attend the formal opening next Fall.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21/81 Heavy rain in the night & at intervals all day. Did my laundry for the first time since March 16, when Betty Clarkin began to work for me. She has been away since Monday & I get along quite well. She returns tomorrow, but I think I shall dispense with her services before the end of the month. Dined at Hunts Point on fresh boiled salmon

with egg sauce, new potatoes, & fiddlehead greens. Debby was there, & I wished her Good Luck. Since graduation from King's in May she has been working as a waitress in Halifax while trying to find a decent job. Now, like so many of our Nova Scotian young people, she is off to Calgary, hoping to find something there. I'm afraid she will find only that a B.A. counts for nothing in the commercial world, & she will have to take a course in stenography or acquire some other practical skill.

Daughter phoned tonight to wish me a happy Father's Day. She expects to make the usual brief visit here in August.

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1981 Fine & hot, with a fresh sea breeze at White Point, where I amused myself with some balls & a putter on the practice green, & then walked around seven holes. Had an afternoon visit by Ken & Amber Wickwire, who brought some of my books for autographs. He is a son of my old friend Laurence Wickwire, & is an engineer employed in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia. This evening I had a visit by Stanley Spicer & his wife. He is a grandson of Captain George Spicer, who began his long career on the sea as cabin boy of the "Amazon" better known as "Mary Celeste".

TUESDAY, JUNE 23/81 Showers & fog. Betty Clarkin tells me she has been promised a steady job as a nurse's aid in the new special-care-for-elderly-~~infirm~~ invalids home off Waterloo St., & she will be leaving my employ at the end of next week. Which solves my little problem neatly.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26/81 I skipped the therapy session at the hospital today. Twice a week is enough, especially with the iron weights on my foot, which leave the ankle extremely painful.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28/81 Fine & very hot. Spent most of the afternoon on my back lawn chatting with Erik. At 4 p.m. drove to White Point for some practice on the putting green. Barely enough breeze to stir the bunting on the flagstaff, & the blackflies swarmed & finally drove me off to Hunts Point. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair.

Tom is much disturbed about the finances of the Perkins Museum. John McCaul persuaded him to be chairman of the board, without revealing the financial mess it is in. Although the Historical Society blithely undertook a large part of the operational expenses, its 200 members have done nothing to raise money this year, & the expenses are being paid out of the capital fund amounting to $40,000 which we raised last year. (I gave $5,000) Already $10,000 is gone. The electrical bill alone is about $1,000 per month, including light, heat,

& air conditioning.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1981 Very hot. This afternoon I went over the front lawn with the electric mower, & found that I can limp along with it fairly well. At that point grandson Blair came along & finished the side & back lawns. News:- the Canadian postal workers' union is on strike again. The last one, two years or so ago, lasted 43 days.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1/81 Canada Day, with celebrations right across the country except in Quebec. Very hot & humid.

THURSDAY, JULY 2/81 John Murray (insurance agent) & Bob Stafford (public accountant) came by appointment this morning to talk over details of the deferred annuity. The Income Tax Dept. permits me to buy a 7 year annuity for about $42,000, thus spreading most of my "movie" money over that period for tax purposes. I am to pay that amount to the insurance company at the end of this month (July) but monthly payments of the annuity are not to begin until Jan. 1/82. Stafford took away my copy of the movie contract to make a photostat copy for the Income Tax Dept. I phoned the Royal Bank & told them not to renew the $50,000 fixed term deposits which will mature this month, but to place this sum in my ordinary savings account #1561.

FRIDAY, JULY 3/81 Overcast & very hot. Mrs. Betty Clarkin came today for the last time. She has got a job as a nurse's aid at the new 60-bed hospital for elderly invalids at Waterloo Place, & starts work there on Monday. I shall miss her cheerful voice & efficient bustle, but now that my foot is much improved I should be getting my own meals & doing the household ~~chores~~ chores, instead of just sitting in a chair. I paid her $60 for the past 5 days & she went away happily.

This afternoon I had an hour's therapy at the hospital & then drove to the golf course. Practised a little on the putting green, & then limped down to No 4 tee & sat in the fresh breeze off Port Moulton Bay.

SUNDAY, JULY 5/81 Overcast, calm, uncomfortably hot & humid. In late afternoon rain began to fall heavily, cooling the air remarkably. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point & drove home in thick fog.

MONDAY, JULY 6/81 Again humid & overcast. An hour's therapy at the hospital this morning, & then walked to the bank & back.

TUESDAY, JULY 7/81 Sunny & very hot. In the afternoon I drove to White Point, walked to the bench on No 4, & sat for an hour or so. Even there the heat came in waves from the land, battling with the cooler air off the bay. At 7 p.m. Tom & son Blair came to town, mowed my lawns & trimmed the shrubs, refusing any help from me.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1981 Fine & very hot weather continues. Son Tom picked me up at 6:45 a.m. & took me to Hfx. for another check-up at the V.G. Hospital. The usual slow business of X-ray photos etc. Dr. Yabsley examined the photos & my foot, which is coming along as well as he expected. No need for further checkups unless more pain developes. As for therapy at the local hospital, I can discontinue the hot-wax baths (which I never had much faith in) & carry on with the other exercises as little or as much as I wish. My daily walks on the golf course are really all the therapy I need.

Called on Marion White for a few minutes & headed for home. Lunched in Bridgewater at a new restaurant, The News Room, in one of the shopping malls. Met Larry Merlin in the mall. He & my sister Winifred are well & hearty. He plans to come to Liverpool some day soon, & will take me over to Mahone Bay for a visit with all my sisters there. Home about 2 p.m. Changed clothes & drove to White Point for a walk in the sun.

SUNDAY, JULY 12/81 Fine & hot. Dined at Hunts Point with the Raddalls & their weekend guests George & Sandra Baines & their two little girls.

MONDAY, JULY 13/81 Showers & much cooler. Went to the hospital this morning & told Mrs. Kelly Atkins, chief therapist, the result of my checkup at the V.G. As long as I can take frequent walks on the golf course there is no need of further indoor therapy. I said I would like to keep an option on it when winter & slippery footing will confine me to my house. I thanked her & her assistant for all they had done for me.

John Murray, agent for Mutual Life, came with a statement covering the proposed annuity. For $41,089.49 I can purchase an annuity of $643.38 per month, starting next January. This income is guaranteed for 7 years or as long as I live. At present interest rates this would yield $54,000 in 7 years, but of course interest rates may drop in that time. I gave him a cheque on the Royal Bank dated Aug 1/81, in the amount of $41,089.49, in favour of Mutual Life.

THURSDAY, JULY 16/81 Sunny & hot, after days of cool damp weather. Spent two hours on the golf course, mostly on the bench at No 4 tee, chatting with old golfing acquaintances as they came by

FRIDAY, JULY 17/81 Mostly sunny but cooler. This morning I spread 10 lbs. of Lawn Green on my lawns, front, side & back, having first gone

gone over the front lawn with my old push-mower. Blair came on Tuesday & cut the lawns with my electric machine; but he does them only once-over, lengthwise, & the grass pressed down by the wheels springs up again.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1981 Fine & warm after a foggy night. Blair came this morning & went over the side & back lawns with the electric mower. At 11 a.m. Larry Merlin picked me up in a brand new Plymouth station wagon & took me to Mahone for a reunion with my sister Winifred (his wife), my sister Hilda & husband Ted Bayer, and my widowed sister Nellie.

We went to the Merlins' fine modern home near Fauxburg, on the road from Lunenburg to Blockhouse, & dined there on boiled salmon with egg sauce, new potatoes beans & peas, & cole slaw. Strawberries & cream for dessert. A noble feast. Later in the afternoon we were joined by my elder sister's daughter & husband John Paisley, their daughter Sue, & three tall sons Bill, Bob & Tom. One of the boys is a student at Acadia, the others at Dalhousie, & Sue goes to the Halifax Infirmary this fall to train as a nurse. I asked John if he ever gets the urge to fly, & he grinned & said "Only about once a day now." It is about 5 years since he retired from the U.S. naval air service. Larry & Winifred brought me home at 9 p.m. after a very pleasant day.

SUNDAY, JULY 19/81 Rain & drizzle. Dined at Hants Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair.

TUESDAY, JULY 21/81 Heavy rain all day. Owing to the postal strike, we are instructed to pay our electric & telephone bills at local banks.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22/81 After a dull morning the sky cleared & the temp. shot up to 88° Fahr in the sun, with terrific humidity after yesterday's rain. Blair came & mowed my lawns. I spent most of the day & evening sitting indoors, with my big electric fan five feet away. Phew!

SATURDAY, JULY 25/81 Blair gave my lawns another quick once-over this morning. Another wonderful day, fine & hot (90° Fahr) & as for the past 3 days. I have spent part of the afternoon walking slowly about the golf course, pausing to rest on the benches, chatting with passing golfers.

SUNDAY, JULY 26/81 Fine & hot. Walked on the golf course. Dined at Hants Point. Good & then bad news from my grand-daughter Deborah. She went to Calgary to get away from an unhappy love affair in Halifax. She got a fine job as an office receptionist with a big oil company at $12,000 a year. But the former lover kept phoning her & begging her to come back, so she is now on her way. She intends to take a course in typing & stenography at a Hfx. business school.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1981 After a fine hot day yesterday, cold rain all day today. I get occasional visitors with books to be autographed. Today it was a man from Toronto with half a dozen. By profession a private detective! He left me his card. By evening the temp. outdoors was only 55° Fahr., & I had to close my windows & switch on the furnace.

From 9 p.m. to 11 I watched on TV the wedding ceremonies of Prince Charles & Lady Diana. A great show & magnificent photography. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

FRIDAY, JULY 31/81 Fine & hot. Good walks on the golf course yesterday & today. At 5:30 Tom & Pam picked me up to join a cocktail party at the paper company's Mersey Lodge, up the river. About 50 people. It was in honour of Lowell Culbertson & his wife Doris, who are holidaying there. He is vice-president of the main Bowater organization, with headquarters at Greenwich, Connecticut. I had a pleasant chat with them, & with various old friends & acquaintances whom I rarely see nowadays. Home at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 2/81 Fine & hot. This afternoon Mrs. Alice Cheska, a professor at the University of Illinois, came by appointment to tape an interview with me. She has a summer home at Barrington, & is making a study of social amusements in Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens & Lunenburg counties in the period 1870–1940. I told her what I knew, & she was very pleased.

The Hunts Point Raddalls & the Jack Dunlops spent the afternoon on Port Mouton Island across the bay, & had a picnic supper there, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, AUG. 3/81 Fine & hot. Walked on the golf course. Dined at Lane's restaurant with a Mrs. North, from Vancouver. She is a collector of books, & has first editions of most of mine. Afterwards she came home with me & was very interested in my study, with its pictures & souvenirs. She stayed overnight at Lane's motel & leaves for Hfx. in the morning.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 5/81 Very hot & humid. Yesterday a woman named Carol Shaw phoned from Halifax, said she was an avid reader of my books, & asked for the real names of the places in "Tidefall". I told her & she thanked me. This morning the Milton florist delivered a large & deep tray, covered with cellophane, & with a card attached "Thank you for speaking with me — Carol Shaw". Inside was a selection of beautifully fresh fruit — four varieties of apples, two of grapes, plus pears, peaches, plums & oranges. I shared them with young

Blair Raddall, who mowed my lawns this afternoon.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1981 Rain all day. Today the federal government & the militant post office union came to an agreement, after a strike lasting 39 days. The terms have not been made public, but it seems that the union won most of its demands. I have sadly missed the mail, & the daily walk to the post office.

SUNDAY, AUG. 9/81 Rain, clearing in the afternoon. Dr. John Wickwire picked me up at noon, & we joined a luncheon party at Mrs. Marilla MacDill's place at Mill Village. About 30 people, all old acquaintances, including Bruce & Jean (MacDill) Docherty & son, Tom & Kitty (MacDill) Barrow, & Junior ("Jumy") Beebe & wife, whom I had not seen for many years. The Beebes came all the way from Florida in a small motor yacht, with just themselves for crew. Marilla now about 86, bright & hospitable as ever, nevertheless looked very frail. I had not seen her for some years. Home about 4 p.m. At 5 I drove to Hunts Point & dined with the local Raddalls. Tom & Pamela had a fine time at the class reunions at Acadia. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis were there. They will come here on Friday & stay with me till Sunday morning, when they return to Moncton.

TUESDAY, AUG. 11/81 Warm but foggy. Blair mowed my lawns. The postal workers' union yesterday voted (83%) to return to work in accordance with the agreement reached last Friday. It will take some days to clear up the mails that were stopped in transit.

Bob Comer dropped in, from his long-time summer home at Port Joli, with 3 books of mine to autograph. He has a fairly good collection of my books but lacks a few. Lately he found a copy of "Footsteps on Old Floors" in an old curiosity shop in Yarmouth, but the owner wanted $7.00 for it, & wouldn't take less.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14/81 Rain for the past two days, clearing this morning. My daughter Frances & husband Bill Dennis arrived this afternoon for their annual flying visit - they will be leaving on Sunday. Bill had a fine batch of Shediac lobsters, & we all went to Tom's place at Hunts Point & had a good old-fashioned lobster feast at 7 p.m. Grandson Tom Raddall was there on a brief leave from the provincial schooner "Bluenose". Home about 10 p.m. I sat up late in chat with Frances. Her son Gregory, who had a good job with the Halifax Herald, was fired for a silly prank & is now at home. Her younger son Terry is giving up his job with a Moncton fish firm, & will enter U.N.B. next month to take a course in business administration. Francie fell & dislocated her right shoulder recently, & has to carry her right arm in a sling.

SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1981 Fine & warm. The mail is slowly moving along the postal pipeline. Today I received copies of two anthologies containing work of mine. One, published by Pottersfield Press, of Dartmouth N.S., edited by John Bell & Lesley Choyce, entitled "Visions from The Edge". It has my short story "The Amulet". The other, published by Borealis Press, Ottawa, edited by Douglas Daymond & Leslie Monkman of the University of Guelph, entitled "Canadian Novelists & The Novel". It has my paper "The Literary Art", originally delivered as the Samuel Robertson Memorial lecture, Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I. on March 16, 1954, & printed in the Dalhousie Review, summer 1954.

After lunch Bill & Frances went to Tom's place at Hunts Point & spent the afternoon with Pamela. Tom, his sons Tom & Blair left at 5 a.m. for Halifax, boarded the Bluenose at 7 a.m. with other guests of the government, & proceeded under full sail out of the harbour for a brief cruise. They were back at Hunt's Point by mid-afternoon. Bill & Frances dined with me, another feast of lobsters. At 8 p.m. they went to Hunts Point & joined the annual party given by Tom & Pamela in their honour, about 30 guests including several girlhood friends of Frances who are vacationing in the vicinity. They got home at 1 a.m. just as I was retiring.

SUNDAY, AUG. 16/81 Overcast. Bill & Francie had brunch in mid-morning & left for home about 11 a.m. I don't see much of them on these brief summer visits but I enjoy their talk & their company. At 5 p.m. drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pamela, Tommy & Blair, & their guests Mrs. & Mrs. Garnet. Garnet is a man from B.C., employed as a geologist by the N.S. Dept of Mines. When the talk drifted to politics Tom predicted that a provincial election will be held next Oct. 6th., & that the Conservatives will win, hands down. The province has never been so prosperous as now. Next year, ~~when~~ the federal & provincial govts. will have to crack down on expenditures & raise their income taxes, a sure way to become unpopular.

MONDAY, AUG. 17/81 Fine & warm. Walked to the post office in the morning, & walked around the golf course in the afternoon — something I've missed for many days, due to rains, visitors etc. My hands are having a sharp attack of rheumatism, making writing difficult.

My neighbour Stanley Pentz, a retired plumbing contractor, died this morning aged 90. He has been more or less a vegetable for 30 years.

TUESDAY, AUG. 18, 1981 Cool, with mostly cloudy sky. Mrs. Bagley came as usual this morning & worked two hours, dusting & cleaning. Blair mowed the lawns. I spent some time afterwards, hosing & scrubbing the knife-chamber of the mower, which was caked with mashed grass (Blair never bothers to do this) & sharpening the blades. Walked to the post office in the morning. Very little mail coming through. To the Bank of N.S. to clip some bond coupons, & to the Royal Bank to make a deposit & get some cash. My passbook ~~shows~~ shows that my cheque for $1,089.44 in favour of Mutual Life of Canada, for the purpose of an annuity, (see July 13) was cashed here on August 8, but I have not received the policy. Stuck in the mails, I suppose. ~~Last November~~ On 12th December 1979 the Saint Anne's Point Press, Harry Bagley publisher, made a contract with me for a new edition of "West Novas", & I sent him a copy of the book, also the brass die of the regimental badge which was used to stamps the covers of the original (1947) edition. On June 22 '81 I wrote Bagley & asked him to return the book & the die. They came in yesterday's mail with an apologetic note from Bagley, this time on a letterhead of "Artician Books", Fredericton. As I had suspected, his notion came to nothing — "present economic conditions have put Saint Annes Press in a difficult position."

This evening I sprayed my roses & petunias with a solution of RX 15.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20/81 Fine & warm, after a cool night. The mail had a batch of English newspapers, held up for a month. Also a copy of "Pioneer Settlement in Canada — A Canadiana Scrapbook", which contains nine brief excerpts from "Halifax, Warden of the North". It is one of a series edited by Donald M. Santor & published by Prentice-Hall Canada Ltd. This one has 64 pages, well printed on good paper & profusely illustrated. The quotes from my book were authorized by McClelland & Stewart.

This is the third wonderfully-fine day in a row, & I have spent most of each afternoon limping slowly around the golf course, resting on the benches, & trying to absorb as much sunshine & sea air as I can. I hate the thought of winter.

SUNDAY, AUG. 23/81 Mild & overcast. Walked on the golf course for the 6th. consecutive afternoon, a miracle in this wet-&-dry summer. The Hunts Point Raddalls & the Jack Dunlops spent the day on Port Mouton Island, so I dined at home.

Bird note: Saw a pair of what I take to be Savannah sparrows foraging on my back lawn. Several times this summer I have caught glimpses of these birds, & I suspect that they nested in one of my shrubs. They are rare in Nova Scotia.

TUESDAY, AUG. 25, 1981 Fine weather continues, & so do my walks on the golf course. Today there was a rather chilly east wind, & I wore my golf jacket for the first time since last Fall. Wild geese have been seen flying towards Port Joli from the north.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27/81 Still fine, with walks at White Point. Today a tall bearded man named McGarvey, a librarian from Dartmouth N.S., brought his collection of my books for autographing. He has most of them.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28/81

Bob Paisley, a son of my niece at Mahone, is to be married next month to a Halifax girl, & I am invited to the wedding. Today I sent my regrets, & a note to Bob enclosing a cheque for $200.00.

Another superfine day & another good sunning on the golf course. Rev. Bill Titus came at 5 p.m. for a brief chat about the Perkins Museum & its prospects. I said the members of the Historical Society will have to wake up & work hard to raise money to meet the annual operation cost, which they have not done so far. The Society's membership is large & increasing since the new Museum affords a spacious & comfortable meeting place, but it is too much of a tea-sandwiches-&-cake affair, with entertainment in the form of interesting addresses with movies or lantern slides.

News: Premier Buchanan today announced what everybody has expected, a provincial election on Oct. 6th. His government has another year to run within the usual 4 year period, but his strategy is obvious. What with general prosperity & lavish government expenditures Nova Scotia has never been so prosperous, & soon the gov't. will have to cut back on public works of all kinds. Another pleasant afternoon on the golf course.

Dined at Hunt's Point, & found all the junior Raddalls together. Debby had returned from her two months stay in Calgary, & Tommy was home on a weekend leave from the "Bluenose". Debby intends to take a course in typing, stenography, & general secretarial work in Hfx. which will end next June. She hopes then to get a job in Hfx. Tommy will leave the "Bluenose" at the end of next week, to resume his studies at Dalhousie. My son Tom, an ardent Conservative, & leader of the Tory strategy group in Queens County, says the sitting member for Queens, John Leefe, will be an easy winner again.

I asked Tom where he got the predicted date of the election (see

entry Aug. 16.) He said Premier Buchanan's secretary told him in confidence last spring. Discussing federal politics he said that Trudeau will retire at the end of the current term & hopes to become president of the United Nations parliament at New York. He & his government at Ottawa, floundering in difficulties, are bound to be defeated in the next federal election. As for the Conservatives, they will get rid of Joe Clark as their leader very soon. To take his place, Tom's information is that one Blakeney, a fluently bi-lingual Montreal lawyer, will be the party's choice.

SUNDAY, AUG. 30, 1981 Sunny & hot, with a fresh sea breeze at White Point, where I spent the best part of the afternoon. Cecil & Frances Dennis, parents of Francie's husband, made a brief call on their way from Yarmouth to their home in Brookfield, Hants County. The Hunts Point Raddalls & the Jack Dunlops spent the day at the secluded sand beach on Port Mouton Island, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, AUG. 31/81 Another perfect day. On the golf course I met an unusual foursome:- Lieut. Governor Schaffner, President Beveridge of Acadia University, * Bill Parker, chief public relations man for Acadia, & Bob Neary, head of Mersey Paper Co. Parker was a classmate of my son Tom at Acadia, & he was a weekend guest of ours, & played golf with Tom & me, about 27 years ago. Neary introduced me to Schaffner & Beveridge, whom I had never met, & we chatted for a few minutes. I noticed that they were well practised golfers.

This evening Bea Watt, interior decorator, came with her handy-man Carver & installed the new window drapes, which had been delayed in the mail by the postal strike. A great improvement over the old ones, which were badly faded & worn. She will come again on Wednesday for a final check-up.

I turned on my lawn sprinkler for this first time this summer, & left it on all night. The turf on the back lawn had begun to turn a withered brown.

TUESDAY, SEP. 1/81 Fine again. My daily walks at White Point have definitely improved the muscles of my legs, after that long time in bed or sitting in a chair; & my walking has improved; but the fractured bones are now set, & nothing can improve that. I realize that I can never play golf or even take a long walk again. I am lucky to be alive & reasonably well in spite of arthritis, eyesight impairment, & a lame foot.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 2, 1981 Fine again. Outside the post office this morning I met Esmond Home of Vancouver, whom I met first during War Two, when he was a naval lieutenant & his ship was refitting here. He married Margaret, daughter of Rolfe & Muriel Seaborne, & I wrote some cheerful doggerel for their wedding shower. After the war he finished a medical course at U.B.C. & had a prosperous practice in Vancouver. Margaret died at about age 50, & he married again, but I guess the second marriage didn't last. He is now retired, & is spending a month with Paul & Ann Thomsen (Margaret's sister.)

On the golf course I met "Bud" Inness & his American wife Pat, who are spending a holiday with his mother here. I saw them last on the bank of the Serpentine River in Newfoundland about 5 years ago. He has been on the Bowater sales & service staff for many years, with his base in Texas.

THURSDAY, SEP. 3/81 Overcast, with a cool east wind, so I omitted my afternoon walk at White Point & puttered about my back lawn.

I was sorry to see in today's Chronicle-Herald the obituary of my artist friend Jack Gray. After a long illness (presumably cancer) he died in a Florida hospital, aged 54. The C-H had a eulogy on its editorial page. I knew his parents, Sam & Mary Gray, when Sam was an engineer on the Mersey hydro-electric dams in 1928-29. Jack did the pen drawings for my book of short stories "A Muster of Arms", as well as the oil painting for the jacket. During several summers after that we got together at his summer home near Blue Rocks, & explored Tanner's Pass & other interesting creeks & islands, of which he made sketches to be worked up into oil paintings. Eventually he made his home in Florida & cruised the Caribbean in his motor yacht. I greatly admired his work but he got such big sums for it in the States that I couldn't afford to buy any of it. My son Tom has one of Gray's. Oland, the wealthy Halifax brewer, has a good collection.

FRIDAY, SEP. 4/81 Overcast, with the wind still east & now blowing half a gale. Walked at White Point, where the wind had kicked up a big surf.

SATURDAY, SEP. 5/81 Same weather. A sudden attack of rheumatism in my right knee forbade the usual afternoon walk. Tom & Pam invited me to dine, as they will be away tomorrow. The main dish was swordfish, broiled over a charcoal fire, & delicious.

Jack Gray: sea's interpreter

Jack Gray was four years old when he ran away from home. The police soon returned him to his parents but the years never allowed him to forget the discipline meted out on that occasion. In those days, the youngster lived in Halifax and the destination of that first excursion was the waterfront.

So began a life-long love affair with the sea. As he grew older, Jack Gray studied art and cultivated the remarkably fine talents which were his. The sea became the chief motif of his work and he still was a comparatively young man when he achieved recognition as one of the world's leading marine artists.

Because he lived closely in tune with the sea, his interpretations of it were authentic in detail and in colour. He captured the elusive hues of restless waters to such an extent that a viewer of his work easily could imagine himself in the midst of the scene.

The action of those who go down to the sea in ships also is well interpreted on Gray canvasses. A frequent theme of his centred on the men who fish for a living and some of his most popular paintings depict the ordinary chores in all their realism and excitement. The sea has had no finer interpreter.

Much of his more recent work has been done in New York. Earlier, he worked in Halifax and in Chester where, over extended periods, he lived aboard a ship in order that the sights, sounds and inspiration of the sea never would be far from him.

As always it does, the art world responded to superior work. His paintings commanded increasingly higher prices until they reached the point at which an owner could point with pride to the fact that he possessed a "Jack Gray".

It is with great regret that the news has been received of the death of Jack Gray. He was still in his fifties, and we are left with the feeling that the world has been deprived of further expressions of his abilities. Nevertheless, he has left a veritable treasure not only of art but also of inspiration. His life story surely should be an encouragement to all young Nova Scotians to make the very most of the talents and the opportunities which are theirs.

It is with a sadness tempered by pride that Nova Scotians will receive the news of the passing of Jack Gray, one of the best of the world's marine artists.

Halifax Chronicle-Herald Sept 3, 1981

SUNDAY, SEP. 6, 1981 A light rain all day — the first in a long time. & much needed. Some good tennis on TV, the American Open, including such players as Bjorn Borg. The evening programs included the final episode of "Prince Regent", in which he ascends the throne as George the Fourth; a splendid production by the BBC, which I have followed with great pleasure. Otherwise the evening TV was the usual desert, & I occupied myself with reading.

THURSDAY, SEP. 10/81 A good walk on the golf course. A man from Sears adjusted my TV set today. The colours seem to be faded, & he told me the set (purchased in 1973) is getting old & will soon need a lot of new parts.

FRIDAY, SEP. 11/81 A slow rain all day. My grand-daughter Stephanie Dennis stopped for an hour's chat. She has a secretarial job in Moncton & is making a brief tour of N.S. in her car, accompanied by her "boy-friend", a tall bearded young man whose name I did not catch.

SUNDAY, SEP. 13/81 Thunder & heavy rain last night. Bright & hot today. Busied myself with the week's laundry & other little chores. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam. They leave next weekend for a brief holiday in Boston with their friends George Caine & wife.

MONDAY, SEP. 14/81 Sunny & very humid. This morning I spread half a sack of "Weed-&-Feed" on my back lawn, where the chick-weed is spreading again. Walked on the golf course in the afternoon. By evening the air was still & hell-hot. Impossible to sleep. I sat naked on my bed until some time between 3 & 4 a.m. when I got to sleep at last.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 16/81 Rain all day & evening. Had a visit late this afternoon by Peter Seely & his (second) wife. He is 92, spare & spry, about 5'7". She is 60-ish. He claims to have served in War One as a captain in the Coldstream Guards; but the Guards regiments have always been very snobbish & choosy. The men have to be tall, & the officers have to come from the upper-upper class in Britain, preferably with a title in the nobility in the immediate background & Seely has not a trace of British accent, & his name is quite a common one in Nova Scotia & New Brunswick. When I first heard of him, he kept a small shop dealing in antiques on Barrington Street, Halifax, nearly opposite the foot of Spring Garden Road. This was in the 1930's, & probably he was there in the 1920's. His antiques were expensive but good. Still, I don't see how he could have made a fortune out of them, & he is said to be worth more than half a million dollars. A few years ago he bought a pleasant modern home at Hunts Point, & he & his

wife spend the summers there & the winters in Florida. They have made the acquaintance of the more affluent people at Hunts Point, including my son Tom. I don't fall into that class but today's visit was undoubtedly to introduce themselves to me, as a Canadian author of some prominence. Seely hinted that he had read my first stories in Blackwood's Magazine.

FRIDAY, SEP. 18, 1981 A hazy sun & little wind. Had a walk on the golf course for the first time in many days. The summer robins, sparrows, etc. have all disappeared. Migrants from the north will soon be passing through.

Mrs. Beatrice Watts, interior decorator, ("Interiors by Bea") brought her bill & I paid it, a total of $1,114. This covers new window drapes for living room, dining room, & study, with a matching cover for the couch in my study.

SATURDAY, SEP. 19/81 A slow rain all day, & except for a trudge to the post office I stayed indoors reading. The TV on both of the available networks was devoted to baseball, football, horse races, car races, swimming & diving, etc., nearly all of which bore me. I enjoy watching good tennis, golf, boxing, & an occasional baseball game. We rarely see soccer, which I enjoy because it is fast, the ball is visible all the time, & the men are dressed in simple jerseys & shorts. Canadian & American style football to me is a huge bore, with the players heavily padded, armoured & helmeted, running a bit & then falling in heaps, like a lot of robots whose clockwork goes wrong every two minutes.

SUNDAY, SEP. 20/81 Open-&-shut sky but a nice day. The Perkins Museum held a little ceremony today, with refreshments. A large cake with icing representing the famous brig Rover, coffee & tea. I was asked to cut the cake, & then to switch on the lights of the research room, which has been named for me. About 30 people. I walked there & back. Blair Raddall came & mowed my lawns. Tom & Pamela are on their way back from Boston, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, SEP. 21/81 Sunny & cool. John Murray delivered the annuity policy of Mutual Life Assurance Co, for which I paid $41,089.44 last August. He also gave me a refund cheque for $861.00, making my net payment $40,228.44. The annuity payment will be $717.63, commencing Jan. 4, 1982, & payable monthly until my death or until 84 monthly payments have been made. For income tax purposes this is an "Income Averaging Annuity".

SATURDAY, SEP. 26, 1981

Sunny, after several boring days of rain. Enjoyed a walk at White Point. I find my morning hobble to the post office, on the hard pavement, painful & tiring, especially the return, which is all up-grade. Obviously when there is snow on the ground this will be impossible, & I shall be a prisoner in my house for most of the winter months. I hate the very thought of it.

The provincial election campaign is now in full cry, after a slow start. The ~~Conservatives~~ Liberals propaganda in newspapers & television is bold & clever, whereas the Conservative stuff is dull & low key. The NDP leader, Mrs Alexa McDonough, is an attractive & well spoken person, but most of the NDP candidates are nonentities, & so are most of the Liberals.

SUNDAY, SEP. 27/81 Blair came & mowed my lawns. I dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam. Wrote some letters.

MONDAY, SEP. 28/81 Wet again. My old enemy, insomnia, bothers me badly at times, & I have abjured sleeping pills. After the late TV shows I have no way of passing time but to sit on my bed with a pack of cards playing solitaire, with an occasional sip of rum & soda, until sleep is ready to take over. Last night I was able to sleep about 1 A.M., but I awoke at 3:30 & lay there until 6. Instead of counting sheep I found myself thinking deeply of my childhood in England, memories of my father & mother, my schoolmasters & school chums, & various little scenes & episodes coming to the surface of my mind like odd bits of driftwood emerging from the dark depths of the sea. Many of them I had long forgotten.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 30/81 Open-&-shut sky, & a cold N.W. wind. In the afternoon I spent an hour hacking at the jungle of branches from the shrubs on each side of the strip of lawn between my house & Andersen's. Many had stems an inch thick. Cutting, & then dragging them away, was exhausting, especially with my lame foot & bad back, but the exercise felt good.

FRIDAY, OCT. 2/81 Rain yesterday & today. Except for a couple of weeks in August, this has been a soggy summer & fall.

My accountant, Robert Stafford, is out of town, & I have heard nothing from him about the adjustment of my income taxes for 1979 & 1980, caused by the movie sale. Or how much I should pay now as an instalment on my 1981 tax. So today I mailed a cheque for $5,000.00 to the Receiver General's taxation office. Owing to the curious ways of "de-centralization" at Ottawa, the office for the Atlantic provinces

is now in a fine new building at St. John's, Newfoundland. Similarly, the office for Veterans' Affairs, including pensions, is now at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3/81 Rain at intervals, but I walked to the post office. For lack of exercise my weight, naked, has crept up to 180 lbs.

The provincial election campaign will end on polling day, Oct. 6, thank God. I was amused this evening when two boys, traveling amiably together, came along the street dropping election "flyers" in every door, one for the Liberals & the other for the Conservatives. Each boy took one side of the street.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4/81 Overcast & chilly. Blair came this afternoon & mowed my lawns. I dined with his parents at Hunt's Point. Tom said that yesterday he & Chris Clarke, with their hunting dogs, went to the old Molega mine road in North Queens, & shot 10 woodcock & 4 partridge. The partridge were plentiful — Tom alone saw about 30 — but scurrying away at the mere approach of a dog.

MONDAY, OCT. 5/81 Sunny with a light & cool west wind. Enjoyed a hobble on the golf course, the first since Sep. 29. No birds except sea gulls foraging for worms & caterpillars, or sunning themselves on the deserted beach. A few butterflies. The maples along the road are just coming into Fall colour. At home my elderberry shrubs are now dangling bunches of purple fruit, & for the past few days I've noticed a lone catbird eating them.

TUESDAY, OCT. 6/81 A fine day, like summer. On my journey to the post office I detoured to the Kinsmen's building at the head of Gorham Street, the election booth for my district, & voted for John Leefe, the Conservative candidate. Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course, walking slowly, resting on the benches, watching the players.

All evening both of the TV networks in N.S. were given over to the election returns. The Conservatives won easily, getting 37 seats. The Liberals won 13 seats, the NDP (socialists) only 1, but their 1 was Mrs. Alexa Macdonough, the personable & intelligent leader of the party. Running for the first time, she won a seat in Halifax. In general the Conservatives got about the same number of votes as in the last election, but the NDP got about 20%, at the expense of the Liberals. In Queens County, John Leefe got nearly 4,000 votes, the Liberal 1507, NDP 687. The only poling district in Queens that gave a Liberal majority was South-West Port Mouton.

FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1981 Overcast, NW wind & cold. Gordon Archibald & wife Marian came this afternoon with two cartons of my books for autographs. Mostly they were from the library of their daughter-in-law. Gordon himself has a collection complete except for "Saga of The Rover" and "The Markland Sagas", which he is anxious to obtain. I saw the Archibalds last about 5 years ago, when we were fishing on the Serpentine River in Newfoundland. He is in very active retirement from his long time post as general manager of Maritime Telegraph & Telephone Company, remains as chairman of the board, & still has an office in their tall building at the foot of Spring Garden Road in Halifax. On the side he is busy promoting a pipeline to distribute western natural gas when it reaches Nova Scotia, & he operates a farm at Kentville where he keeps a couple of riding horses. A busy & likeable man.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10/81 Cold & showery, after a night temperature of 38° Fahr't. I got my electric blanket out of storage & put it on my bed. Tom & his companions & dogs left this morning for a week of woodcock shooting in New Brunswick. Deborah & Tom Jr. are home from college for the weekend, & as Pamela will drive them back tomorrow she invited me to dine this evening.

SUNDAY, OCT. 11/81 Cloudy, with a few glints of sunshine & a chilly NE breeze. I drove to White Point & hobbled briskly around the course. No temptation to sit more than a minute in that wind.

MONDAY, OCT. 12/81 Same weather, same walk. Noticed flocks of robins on the golf course, in migration from the north. Also other smaller birds which with my defective eyesight I could not identify.

TUESDAY, OCT. 13/81 Temp. 30° Fahr't. last night, the first frost of the season. The day became fairly warm, with a light S. breeze, & I enjoyed an hour's stroll at White Point.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14/81 Frost again last night, under a full moon. Again a warm afternoon, & a pleasant walk around the golf (course). The grounds crew were gathering up the benches for winter storage, so I shall not have a dry place to rest henceforth. Now that White Point Lodge is closed, the herring gulls sun themselves on the sands at low tide, & about 200 were so doing in one big bunch. Opposite No. 4 tee I noticed 8 small ducks swimming along the shore. The sunshine on Port Mouton bay made it hard to identify them, but I think they were cockawees ("old squaws") down from the north for the winter. The post brought 1 copy of "Story and Structure", a collection of short stories (Canadian edition) edited by Laurence Perrine of Southern Methodist University; Canadian selections by Theresa Ford, of Edmonton Catholic

School System. It contains my "Winter's Tale", & I suppose its inclusion was arranged by McClelland & Stewart.

This is my friend Austin Parker's 86th. birthday, & he & Vera invited a few old friends in to celebrate this evening. He stands a good six feet, as straight as post, without a trace of rheumatics, far more active than Hector Dunlop or Erik Andersen (both in the early 80's & both troubled with emphysema) and me, the youngish at 78. He said, "I'd like to make a trip to Eagle Lake, but I can't get anyone to go with me."

THURSDAY, Oct. 15, 1981 Another pleasant day. Shopped for a week's meat & groceries in the morning, walked on the golf course in the afternoon. The maples along the White Point road are lovely in Fall colour, & already the red maples have begun to shed leaves.

FRIDAY, Oct. 16/81 Rain. The post brought a thank-you note from honeymooning Bob & Janet Paisley. "We have already put it to good use and bought a much needed bed. We are travelling about the province quite a bit with various (theatrical) companies."

Jack Kyte, of Bowater Mersey Co., dropped in this afternoon to ask me, on behalf of boss Bob Weary, to give a brief address on Nov. 5th to a group of about 30 representatives of the N.S. news media — newspaper, radio & TV. The company is concerned about the lack of understanding between the news media & the paper mills, & in the course of the day these people will be shown exactly what this mill is doing in general, & in particular what it is doing & intends to do in the forest. Weary would like me to talk about the history of the Mersey mill & its impact on the people of Queens County.

Tonight I enjoyed watching a baseball game in Montreal, the (Montreal) Expos vs. Los Angeles Dodgers. Montreal won 4-1. One more, & they will enter the play-off of the so-called World Series; and if they do, it will be the first time a Canadian team has done so. But the "Canadian" team is composed largely of Americans, white & black. It was comical to see a black man from Porto Rico waving a Canadian flag triumphantly at the game's end.

SATURDAY, Oct. 17/81 Damp & overcast. This morning old friend Molly Daley (née Hunt of Greenfield) phoned an invitation to "a belated Thanksgiving dinner" at her new home at Rockland, Shelburn County. Since I saw her last she has married again — a man named Frank Wilson, a widower from Ontario. Also her original house at Rockland, an old & charming but very inconvient one, was

destroyed by fire last spring, & they now have a fine new one.

Molly's daughter Kay & her husband Otto Boye picked me up at 4 p.m. & took me there. Wilson is a tall man, 70-ish, with a tuft of white beard & twinkling blue-grey eyes, looking exactly like a cartoon of Uncle Sam. He is proud of the new house, showed me over every inch of it, & talked about it most of the evening. After long dealings with appraisers, they got $46,000 from the insurance company, & invested it in the new one on the old site, overlooking an arm of the sea & facing towards Allendale on the farther side. Like my sister Winifred Merlin's new home in Lunenburg County, it is well designed for modern living, thoroughly insulated, all pre-fabricated by the Kent firm at Buctouche, N.B., one of K. C. Irving's many enterprises.

The Wilsons made many trips to Buctouche, & the house has several improvements of their own, including a greenhouse for Molly's plants at one end. The roast turkey dinner was excellent, with many varieties of vegetables & condiments. Altogether a very pleasant occasion. Home at 10:30.

SUNDAY, OCT. 18, 1981 Overcast & cool. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Tom was home after a week's woodcock hunting in N.B. His party had fine weather but thin hunting, about 50 birds, a poor show for 4 men & 4 dogs in that time. Last year they got 167. Odd note: In hunting for a number in the Halifax phone directory, Pamela discovered a "Raddall Avenue" somewhere in the suburbs. As no one of that name, so spelled, has lived in Halifax since my son Tom was a student at Dalhousie, I presume it was named after me.

TUESDAY, OCT. 20/81 Cool, after heavy rain yesterday. This afternoon, by appointment, about 15 Lunenburg high school students came in a bus with their teacher, Mr. Brison. My novel "Roger Sudden" is studied as part of their Canadian literature course, & they had read several of my other books. All bright & intelligent young men & women, they had many points to discuss, & I enjoyed their visit.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21/81 Fine & mild. One of my "fixed term" deposits in the Royal Bank comes due Oct. 26, amount $10,000. Today I told the bank to use this to purchase for me $10,000 of the new Canada Savings Bonds issue, which bears interest at nearly 20% for the first year.

In the afternoon I cut back my roses, stripped the petunia bed, stowed the bird bath in the garage, shut off the outdoor water tap, & in general prepared my little estate for winter. The Rossignol people took my car to their garage for the annual check of lights, brakes, etc. required

by law. They also cleaned it thoroughly, inside & out, for the first time in many months.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1981 Sunny & mild. Had a pleasant walk on the golf course. In the evening on TV I watched a re-run (not a remake) of the American Civil War film "Gone With The Wind," which set us all agog back in 1942, when we had a real & unromantic war on our hands. But now the plot seems trite, the acting bad, & the dialogue downright silly. I found myself laughing again & again. Curiously, I recall War One in Halifax, about 1916, when another Civil War melodrama, "Birth of a Nation", in silent black-& white pictures, drew crowds to the theatre.

This evening Gordon Archibald phoned from Hfx. to thank me for a copy of "The Markland Sagas", which Pamela delivered at his house a day or two ago. It was a spare copy that son Tom had. Archibald insisted on paying for it, so I suggested that he make a contribution to the Perkins Museum committee, of which my son is chairman. Archibald's collection of my first editions is now complete except for "Saga of the Rover".

FRIDAY, OCT. 23/81 Hazy & mild. Walked on the golf course. The birch & red maple trees are bare, & the other trees are shedding fast.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24/81 Rain, very heavy at times. For some days past I have caught glimpses of a strange bird eating the purple fruit on the elderberry shrub outside my sun porch. Today I had a good look, for it stood on a branch, apparently staring at me through the glass. It is a mocking bird. I have seen one or two before, but they are rare visitors.

My daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton tonight to see how I'm getting along. She & Bill leave tomorrow for a week's deer hunting in central New Brunswick. They intend to come to Liverpool for a brief visit in November.

Tonight the clocks were set back one hour to standard time. This will bring darkness an hour earlier, & I shall be unable to drive my car to Hunts Point for Sunday dinner & get home in daylight.

SUNDAY, OCT. 25/81 Temp. down to 28° Fahr. last night, & I woke to find the furnace dead & the house frigid. After last winter's fiasco with Whynot Services & their incompetent mechanic I wanted someone better, so I phoned Gregory Thorbourne, who has been doing furnace servicing for Imperial Oil here for several years. He & two partners recently set up a firm called T.J.F. Services, with a good stock of parts & a guarantee of 24 hour services. For this I signed an

agreement under which I pay $60 per year. I understand that many householders in Liverpool, Milton & Brooklyn are doing the same. Thorbourne & partner came promptly, found the cause (a broken bolt & a loose motor coupling) & fixed it. They promised to come back "in a week or so" to give my furnace a thorough check-up & cleaning etc.

Blair came to town this afternoon with the station-wagon, mowed my lawns, & & took me back to Hunts Point for dinner. Debby was home for the weekend, & after dinner she set out for Halifax in the station-wagon, & dropped me off at my house en route.

MONDAY, Oct. 26, 1981 Rain. Today I acquired two pairs of "creepers" for safety in winter walking, which I had ordered through the local shoe store. Each consists of a rectangular steel plate with the corners turned up for spikes, & with two slots for the strap, which is fastened by a buckle on the top of the foot opposite the instep. As a boy I saw people wearing these, made in exactly the same way, in icy footing. Indeed I saw them, made in the same way, in the little museum on the site of Louisbourg fortress in 1943. They were found in large numbers in the ruins of the old citadel, & were evidently an army issue.

TUESDAY, Oct. 27/81 Overcast & threatening rain. Very mild. Mrs. Bagley is laid up with a bad cold, but the house is remarkably clean, & I can get along till next week. Phone call this morning from Los Angeles. The usual thing, a suave man who greatly admired "The Nymph & The Lamp" & wanted to make a motion picture. He gave some long & incomprehensible name. I said I ~~had~~ had sold the movie rights to a Toronto group called Jon Slan Enterprises. He asked for their address. I said I didn't know because I'd had no direct communication with them; all the negotiations had been made through a Montreal law firm & my own lawyer. He wanted the name & address of the Montreal firm, & I told him. End of conversation.

THURSDAY, Oct. 29/81 Sunny, after a wet week. Walked on the golf course carrying a small foam rubber cushion in a waterproof canvas case, which I can throw anywhere for a rest.

FRIDAY, Oct. 30/81 A hard frost last night. Awoke about 6 a.m., feeling chilled, & found that the furnace had quit running in the night. Phoned Thorbourne, who came about 8 & got it going in about an hour. Just 5 days ago the same thing happened. The thing seems bewitched, after 30 years of faithful service with only occasional breakdowns.

Letter from W. Hal Stewart, of Little, Brown & Co., asking me to confirm my address, as he wishes to renew my copyright on "Tidefall"

FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1981 (continued) Had a pleasant walk at White Point. Noticed a pair of Old Squaw ducks close inshore by No 4 tee, also 4 small dark ducks which I took to be black ducks of this year's brood. Deer tracks on the fairway near No 6 green, the usual Fall visitors nibbling seaweed for the salty taste, & sheltering in the woods between the golf course & the salt lake. The migrating robins have all gone.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31/81 Sunny, with a chilly sea breeze. Walked at White Point. The Halloween kids began to knock on my door at 6 p.m. I had bought a carton of 75 Annapolis Valley apples, & a stock of candies. By 8 p.m., when I turned off my porch light & closed shop, no less than 105 had been served. As usual, many of the later ones were not children at all, but youths & scruffy girls 15 to 20 years old, with little attempt at fancy dress. These were not from my neighbourhood but from the north end of the town (known as "Whynot Town" from the large number of people with that surname) & probably some from Milton, Port Mouton, etc. These travel in groups, usually in a pick-up truck, into which they empty their loot.

Today's mail included a letter from the Ontario Ministry of Education, asking permission to use my short story "The Wedding Gift" in a correspondence course (English E 250). I wrote my agreement, stipulating a nominal fee for the record.

SUNDAY, NOV. 1/81 Dark & mild, with some sprinkles of rain. Blair picked me up with the Audi car at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Partridge & woodcock, served with Pam's special wine sauce, wild rice, turnip & green beans. Blueberry pie for dessert.

The pheasant season opens in the Annapolis Valley tomorrow, and at 7:30 Tom set off for Kentville in the Audi, with his bird-dog Sandy, & dropped me off in Liverpool on the way.

MONDAY, NOV. 2/81 Mild, with a hazy sun & a SW breeze. Thorburn's man came this morning & spent two hours cleaning & adjusting the furnace, removing soot from chimney, etc. He replaced the drive belt on the blower motor.

Had a pleasant stroll at White Point. The black ducks & Old Squaws had vanished. The usual big flock of herring gulls sunning themselves on the beach. Noticed a (rough-legged?) hawk looking them over, & caught a glimpse of what I took to be a bald eagle.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5/81 Cold nights & sunny days this week so far, & good walks at White Point. Would like to have walked there this afternoon, but I had promised Bob Weary to address a small group of newspaper men & women whom Bowater Mersey is entertaining this week, & so I attended a luncheon at Lane's restaurant, & it stretched into the afternoon. I talked

for about 20 minutes on the forest industry in Queens County, & made some comparisons between the pulp mills & their people in 1923, when I first encountered them, & the paper mill & its people today. About 25 people there, including representatives from the Halifax Chronicle-Herald, & various weekly papers.

Jack Kyte told me that Bowater Mersey is cultivating good relations with the provincial press, especially with regard to their forest policy, as they are strongly advocating aerial spraying to curb the spruce budworm.

FRIDAY, NOV. 6, 1981 Rain, reaching flood proportions tonight, with the street drains plugged with fallen leaves. Very mild.

SATURDAY, NOV. 7/81 Mild, with a hazy sun. Walked at White Point. My lawyer friend Frank Covert still plays golf every morning, alone, on his weekends at home. Letter from Major John Kimmelman, OC 'B' Company, West Nova Scotia Regiment. Says their new armoury at Windsor is nearing completion enough for occupancy. They will hold a formal opening in the spring of '82. Asks me to attend. The Regiment will send a vehicle to take me there & bring me back.

SUNDAY, NOV. 8/81 Drizzling rain. At 5 p.m. Blair picked me up & took me to Hunts Point. Tom & friend Chris Clarke got 6 pheasants each at Kentville yesterday, & at dinner tonight we had roast pheasant with Pam's excellent wine sauce. A big surf running on the shore.

MONDAY, NOV. 9/81 Sunny & mild, with a strong SW breeze. Walked on the golf course. Bruce Armstrong phoned from Halifax. His book on Sable Island seems to be doing fairly well in eastern Canada & to some extent in the States. He had been talking to Zoe Lucas, who spends the summers on Sable Island. She said a film company had applied for permission to bring 70 people to the island last summer, but the Department had refused to allow so many. Presumably this was the mysterious Jon Klan Enterprises Ltd., who bought "The Nymph & The Lamp."

TUESDAY, NOV. 10/81 Overcast, 40° Fahr't. Received from McClelland & Stewart a statement of sales for the 6 months ending June 30/81. Total books sold = 1,524, all paperback. The books include "At The Tide's Turn", "The Governor's Lady", "Halifax, Warden of The North", "Hangman's Beach", "His Majesty's Yankees", "In My Time", "The Nymph & The Lamp", "Pride's Fancy", & "Roger Sudden".

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11/81 Remembrance Day. Drizzle of rain at 40° Fahr't. I did not attend the parade or the Legion dinner this evening, owing to my disabilities. Received a birthday day card from a woman in Vancouver whom I've never met, although she never forgets. Yesterday I bought 60 Christmas cards. A poor selection in the stores because so many people have cut out the custom owing to the high postage rates.

A man named Tupper came this afternoon to ask what I knew about

the Tupper family of Milton, particularly Francis & Freeman Tupper, both of whom I knew. Told him what I could, & showed him my typed monograph on Francis. He is one of the Annapolis Valley Tuppers, & is preparing a genealogy. With him was a tall young man named Peter Davidson, who had been a fellow student at Kings with Tom and Debby Raddall.

FRIDAY, Nov. 13, 1981 My 78th birthday, & on a Friday, as it was when I was born. A sunny day & calm, temp. 43° Fahr't. Enjoyed a walk on the golf course. Shirley Chaplin phoned from her home in Massachusetts to give me birthday greetings. Birthday cards from Debby & Tommy in Halifax; no others. No word from daughter Frances Dennis, who usually phones on my birthday. The Canadian Legion delivered their usual fine cake with chocolate icing, & in white iced script "Happy birthday, Tom."

At 78 I feel very well in general, despite a lame left foot, & arthritis in my lower back, right hip, & right shoulder, all of which I have learned to live with. I eat & drink moderately. No rum or any other spirits for the past months, just a few glasses of port wine. I take no drugs of any kind, not even aspirin, which I don't need anyway, not being subject to headaches.

SATURDAY, Nov. 14/81 Overcast with pewter clouds, & a pale glint of sunshine now & then. Walked on the golf course in a bleak east wind. Several players out. All of the hardwoods (except the oaks) have shed their leaves, but some of my shrubs hang on.

Letter from a high school librarian in Moncton, inviting me to address the Can. Lit. class there next spring. Sorry, no can do. Letters from high school students in Lunenburg & Yarmouth, with questions for a thesis on my work. I answer these.

SUNDAY, Nov. 15/81 Rain. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Roast pheasant & woodcock.

MONDAY, Nov. 16/81 Rain. Charles Armour, archivist at Dalhousie University Library, has sent me photo-copies of the code used in the Duke of Kent's visual telegraph system in 1797-1803. When I wrote my monograph "Nova Scotia's First Telegraph System" for the Dalhousie Review in 1947, I felt sure that a copy of the code used must exist somewhere, but apparently these papers were hidden in a wrong file at the Archives at that time.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 18/81 Still raining lightly. This afternoon I went with son Tom to examine & measure three old muzzle-loading cannon now lying in the yard of the town works department at Shipyard Point. These are all badly corroded, without any insignia or marks on the

barrel or trunnions. Measurements show that two of them are the guns which stood, muzzle-down & buried up to the trunnions at opposite corners of Main & School streets for many generations. In the spring of 1972 they were removed to the old army property next to the Perkins house, where I inspected them & took rough measurements. At that time the teacher of industrial arts at Liverpool regional high school was an American draft-dodger named Gary Jonah, who said his students would remove the rust, & build carriages for them. So they were removed to the high school grounds in 1973. Soon after this Jonah eloped to Europe with someone else's woman, & nothing was done about the guns except to remove them to Shipyard Point.

The third gun may be the one that stood on the corner of Main & Market streets, outside the Holloway building. In October 1976 this gun was removed to make way for traffic lights at this corner.

Tom thinks that Steel & Engine Co. could remove the rust by sand-blasting, & then new wooden carriages could be made for them.

At 5 p.m. I had visitors, James Kinley of Lunenburg & his sister Mary Russell of Ottawa, both pleasant people 60-ish. Their father was a well-to-do druggist, a Liberal stalwart, rewarded by a seat in the Senate until his death. James is head of the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Co., & I believe is now expecting the Senate seat vacated by Liverpool's Donald Smith last year. He & his sister brought a number of my books for autograph.

THURSDAY, Nov. 19/81 The long rains petered out in a fine drizzle this morning. A man named Hope (see July 29/80) called on me for a chat. He was one of a British crew torpedoed off here in 1942, & for many years has been in Canadian government employ in the shipping business, much of it in the Arctic. He hopes to write a futuristic novel about oil tankers in Arctic waters.

I had a dizzy spell this morning, brief but severe, barely saved myself from falling. The first in a long time!

FRIDAY, Nov. 20/81 Overcast & cool. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has a review of a book called "The Wild Horses of Sable Island" by Joe Lucas, illustrated by photographs taken by herself during the several summers she has spent on the island.

My old friend Ellwin "Champ" Champion of Charlottetown is dead at 84, according to a note from his daughter in Moncton. He & I were operators in the old Marconi wireless station at Camperdown in the summer of 1922. I had just come ashore from Sable Island, & he was shortly to go there with his wife. Their first child, a son, was born on the island, & was killed in action with the RCAF in War Two. After that the Champions were

transferred to Nottingham Island in Hudson Strait, & we lost contact until many years later when I went to Charlottetown to give the Samuel Robertson Memorial lecture at Prince of Wales College. By that time "Champ" was chief radio operator at the Charlottetown airport, & I had pleasant visit at his house. A very pleasant companion & a faithful worker at his profession. I must now be the last of the old-fashioned operators ("brass-pounders") who worked for the Marconi Company on the east coast of Canada.

SUNDAY, Nov. 22, 1981 Still raining at intervals. Wrote Mrs. Champion. Dined at Hunt's Point. My son Tom's 47th. birthday, & there was a small cake & candles. November is the chief birthday month for the Raddalls. My father & his sister Jessie were both born in November. So was I & my sisters Winifred & Hilda. So was my son Tom & his son Blair. Tom tells me that my old acquaintance Esmond Horne (see Sep. 2/81) has moved to Liverpool from B.C., & has bought the old house off Waterloo Street which in my younger years was the home of a retired school teacher, Miss Janet Mullins. She told me much of Liverpool history, & I described her as "Miss Letty Larrabee" in my tales of "Oldport", written for Blackwood's Magazine.

MONDAY, Nov. 23/81 A long week's rain finally petered out today, but the sky remains overcast. My fresh fish merchants came today for the first time in two weeks. The inshore fishermen, on whom they depend, have been unable to get out owing to rough weather. The merchants are two middle-aged women, one very tall & burly, the other short & roly-poly, & their fish is always fresh & good.

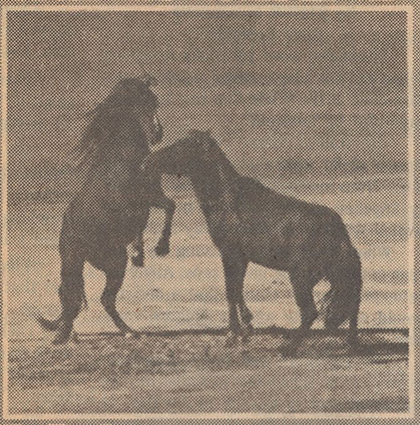
This afternoon I began to rake up the fallen leaves on my lawns, & dump them in the bushes behind the back fence. With my lame left foot, & my painful back & right hip, I can only work for thirty or forty minutes, & then I've had it for the day.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25/81 Frosty nights & dark bleak days. Worked 3/4 hour yesterday & today, & have the worst of the leaves cleared away, but there is still a lot to be done.

FRIDAY, Nov. 27/81 A hard NW gale began last night & continued all day. During the night a large ship loaded with grain from Montreal, bound for the Black Sea, struck on the NE bar of Sable Island. Canadian navy helicopters rescued the crew of 26 in midnight darkness at the height of the storm. They are Jugoslavs, & the ship is registered in Liberia, a "flag of convenience". Her name is "Euro-Princess". As the storm progressed she came adrift & endangered a Mobil Oil drilling rig, but she is now anchored & in charge of tugs.

An OWL True Adventure Book

WILD HORSES OF SABLE ISLAND



By Zoe Lucas

A year in the life of a Sable Island pony

The latest in the series of OWL True Adventure Books for young readers is of special interest in Nova Scotia.

The Wild Horses of Sable Island, by environmental consultant Zoe Lucas, is a stunning photographic essay about the fabled ponies.

The author was able to observe and photograph these ponies over a period of time and the result is this story of a young stallion, Seafire.

The story begins with Seafire, having spent a carefree youth, beginning to assemble a herd of his own.

The author follows the herd's progress throughout the summer during which time another stallion, Northwind, challenges Seafire for control of his herd of females.

But soon the golden summer is over and the herd must cope with the harsh realities of life on this slender windswept strip of sand, so at the mercy of the elements and the sea.

Their shaggy winter coats and the shelter of dunes their only protection against winter's storms; food scarce and poor in quality, only the hardiest ponies endure the winter.

When spring comes, Seafire and his mares are tired and thin but the sun and the fresh spring grass bring new life to the herd.

Again, Seafire must defend his mares from the attentions of other stallions which lost their herds during the winter.

There is satisfaction, however, in the birth of a foal to one of Seafire's mares.

While the text states simply the challenges and hazards facing the ponies on the island, it is the author's superb colour photographs which will help any young reader (ages 6 to 10), even one who has never seen horses or ponies to any extent, to understand the fragile nature of existence for these unique and wonderful animals.

The 32-page hardcover book was prepared by the talented people who bring you Owl and Chickadee magazines and published by Greey de Pencier Books. A large portion of Seafire's story was reproduced in the Hallowe'en issue of Chickadee.

(Nelson Canada - $5.95)

They expect to tow her to Halifax when the weather moderates. She is the first ship to strike Sable Island in 34 years, & how she came to be there, in spite the islands radio beacon & other safeguards is a question. These "flag of convenience" ships are notoriously poorly maintained & inefficiently manned.

A light flurry of snowflakes this afternoon, the first of the winter. Elsewhere for the past two weeks there have been heavy snowfalls on the prairies & in the American west & middle west. And frosts as far south as Florida.

Christmas card & note from my cousin Phyllis & husband Ralph Elliott in England. They have been unable to sell their house "Little Hendra" (quite big, actually) owing to the current depression in England; so they haven't moved into the small cottage on "Hendra" grounds which they had prepared for their old age.

SUNDAY, Nov. 29, 1981 Overcast & cold. Re-reading Thackeray's works now, beginning with "Barry Lyndon". His meandering & prolix style is maddening nowadays, but still the stories are worth reading.

Dined at Hunt's Point, & Pamela brought me home, on her way to Halifax with Debby, who was home for the weekend. Tom gave me a cutting from the Financial Post, Nov. 21, dealing with one aspect of the new Canadian budget, the sharp reduction of capital cost allowance on Canadian feature films. "Since 95% of films lose money anyway, the whole attraction of a film investment was the whole-year capital cost write-off."

Jon Klan of Paragon Motion Pictures says, "This will severely curtail my film-making activities." (Jon Klan Enterprises Ltd. completed purchase of film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" last May, and I have heard nothing from them since.)

MONDAY, Nov. 30/81 The sun came out today but with a bitter NW wind, & I wore my sheepskin coat to the post office & back. Bob Weary sent me a pleasant letter thanking me for my address on Nov. 5. Enclosed was a gift certificate of Birks, the Halifax firm, for $250.00.

Started writing Christmas cards.

TUESDAY, DEC. 1/81 Sunny & cold. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has the obituary of Arthur, son of my old departed friend Andrew Merkel of Halifax. I knew "Art" when he was a sub-lieutenant in the Canadian Navy during War Two. For a time, while his ship was refitting here, he & his handsome blonde wife Evelyn, lived in Liverpool. After the war he worked for some years with the Canadian Press, & then became a public relations man for the C.P.R. in Toronto & later in Calgary, where he retired. Burial in Alberta. He was 66.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2, 1981 Another sea storm of wind & rain began about noon & continued all night, with temp. up to 50° Fahr't.

Erik came in this evening & chatted about his recent bus trip to Tennessee.

THURSDAY, DEC. 3/81 Still raining. Paid my insurance on house & property for the year beginning Dec. 14/81, ending Dec. 14/82 They have increased my house coverage to $53,700. Contents to $26,900. Premium $229.

Had several spasms of dizziness yesterday & today. Brief but alarming, as I had to catch at something for support, or I would have fallen. Seems to occur when I stoop or bend forward to do something like tying my shoes, or when I bend back & look upward. Perhaps it's a pinching of a nerve or vein at the back of my neck. I've had these spells at long intervals for years, but lately they are more frequent.

FRIDAY, DEC. 4/81 Mild, with a little pallid sunshine. Finished raking & disposing of leaves from back lawn.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5/81 A lovely bright morning, temp 45° Fahr't, & calm. Oh, for a good long walk after all this imprisonment by rains! But I had to content myself with a hobble to the post office. In the afternoon I drove my car to Summerville, & then around Western Head, to charge the battery. The weather bureau was forecasting another violent sea gale, & at Western Head I could see an ominous scud coming up the sky from SE.

~~SATURDAY~~ SUNDAY, DEC. 6/81 A drizzle of rain, after a stormy night. A big surf thundering on the shore at Hunt's Point, when Tom took me there at 5 p.m. Dinner was a feast of boiled lobsters, followed by pecan pie. The present storm must have damaged the lobster pots very badly.

TUESDAY, DEC. 8/81 Still wet & mild. Whynot refilled my furnace tanks, 325 gallons, cost $415.00. Ten years ago the same quantity cost $80.00

SUNDAY, DEC. 13/81 The long & almost unbroken wet spell was broken today with sunshine & frost. At 12:30 I joined a luncheon party at Bob & Heather Neary's house on Church St. Their customary pre-Christmas party for old people, mostly retired Mersey Paper staff, in the neighborhood, about 25 altogether.

Enjoyed chatting with old friends. Learned among other things that Austin & Vera Parker, Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Jack & Edith McClearn, intend to spend the cold months together in Sarasota, Florida. Average age about the same as mine. Parker the oldest at 85. The luncheon was a feast of sea food

with entrees of oysters on the half shell, sliced smoked salmon with lettuce salad, & the main dish boiled lobsters. White wine. Strawberry shortcake. Coffee. Liqueurs. The party went on until 3.30. After I got home Pamela phoned to see if I wanted to dine with them, & I said I couldn't possibly eat another morsel today. She understood.

MONDAY, DEC. 14, 1981 Calm & cold, with some pallid sunshine. In the afternoon I drove my car to the town's artesian well, on the west Milton road, & refilled my drinking-water containes. Kept on to Potanoc, crossed the river, & came back on the other side. In West Milton, almost opposite my old house, I noticed what used to be old Jimmy Nickerson's cobbling shop in ruins, gutted by fire. I'm told that it had been used as a residence by some scruffy family until about 3 months ago, when the daughters entertained some male freinds at a drinking party. About 4 o'clock in the morning it caught fire, & that was the end of another old landmark. James Nickerson was the village cobbler & he was still mending shoes in his 90's, when I lived across the street. He used to rent the shop for a polling booth at election time, & about 1928 I had my first experience as a polling officer there.

TUESDAY, DEC. 15/61 After a night's hard frost, again a flood of rain all day, with temp. up to 52° Fahr't. At 7 p.m. Tom & Pam picked me up & took me to the town theatre, where a troupe from Halifax, who call themselves "Stage East", put on an abbreviated version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" entitled "Scrooge — you Scrooge". The part of Scrooge was taken by English actor Noel Harrison, who has made his home base in the Annapolis Valley for the past ten years or so. The rest of the troupe consisted of 3 young men & three young women, all graduates in drama from Dalhousie. Each of these played two parts. Among them were my sister Nellie's grandson Bob Paisley & his recent bride Janet, who both played their parts well. The costumes & props were excellent, & so was the movable staging. A large crowd gave them enthusiastic applause.

Watching Noel Harrison I couldn't help thinking of his father Rex, whom I saw playing "My Fair Lady" in New York in 1957.

I had some notion of going back-stage after the show for a word with Bob & Janet; but the troupe were obviously packing up for a quick return to Halifax, so I desisted. Tom & Pam took me home for & dropped in for a drink & chat.

THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1981 A cold & blustering NW gale. Mary White, a grand-daughter of my old neighbour Evelyn White, came to visit me this afternoon with her father Douglas White, who lives in Halifax. A short fair & cheerful girl of about 17, Mary is doing a high school project on my life & works. She came armed with a tape recorder & a long list of questions, the usual thing.

SATURDAY, DEC. 19/81 The weather bureau had predicted a snow-storm but again on the South Shore we got rain. Noticed a lone pine siskin foraging on my back lawn. Tomorrow Tom & Pamela are having their annual pre-Christmas cocktail & luncheon party, forty or fifty people. They invited me, but I begged off, pleading a stomach upset. Actually I find such affairs uncomfortable, especially now with a lame foot compelling me to sit when everybody else is standing up. My hearing is now getting impaired, so that in the uproar of a big party I cannot understand what anybody is saying, even when they are addressing me.

SUNDAY, DEC. 20/81 Awoke to find the ground white with snow, the first real fall since last winter, although it only amounted to about an inch, & soon melted off the asphalt street when the sun came out in the afternoon. A nice day for the Raddall party. I puttered comfortably about my house, did the week's laundry, read a book, enjoyed the music of my record player. At 4 p.m. son Tom phoned to ask how I was. He said the party was a great success in all ways. About 80 people!

MONDAY, DEC. 21/81 Sunny & cold. Walked to the post office, keeping to the asphalt roadway, which is bare. I have received altogether 35 Christmas cards.

THURSDAY, DEC. 24/81 A light rain yesterday wiped off the snow, & today was overcast & mild, so it's a green Christmas on the South Shore. In the family custom, Tom, Pamela, Debby, Tom Jr. & Blair arrived about 4:30 with a large pot of lobster chowder, buttered rolls, cake & nuts, & after drinks & chat we sat down to a feast. All I supplied was white wine (Sauterne); & Tom & Debby washed up the dishes & put them away. Always a pleasant occasion, I enjoyed every bit of it.

FRIDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY Overcast, calm, temp. a few degrees above freezing point. Opened my Xmas packages. From the Dennis family a brown sweater, a package of candy, two books. From Tom & Pam a large basket of domestic & foreign cheeses, a jar of shelled almonds, a jar of Pam's pickled home-grown beets. From Mrs. Bagley a box of candy.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1981 (continued). As the roads were clear & dry, I drove my own car to Hunts Point at 11:30 A.M., & joined the Raddall family for drinks & a huge dinner – roast turkey, cranberry sauce, cole slaw, baked potatoes, mashed turnip, petit pois. All this with a white wine. For dessert plum pudding with candy sauce, nuts, cake. As always I enjoyed the eager & laughing talk about school & college affairs, although I couldn't understand much of it. At 2:30 Debby set off in the Audi car for the Halifax airport, where she would meet & bring home for the weekend a young man she met in Calgary. Tomorrow Blair (whose voice is now distinctly bass) sets off with his school curling team to play a match in New Glasgow. I drove myself home about 4 p.m., & spent the evening reading, & watching some of the TV shows.

SATURDAY, DEC. 26/81 Snow began early this morning & continued in big flakes all day. No wind. Francie phoned for a Christmas chat.

SUNDAY, DEC. 27/81 Still snowing. I told Pamela on the phone not to come in for me, as the snow is now quite deep & sticky. Spent the day reading a book, one of Francie's gifts – "A Thousand Shall Fall" by Murray Peden, the reminiscences of a Winnipeg boy who served as a bomber pilot in the RCAF during War Two, & went on to a distinguished career as a lawyer in his home city. Well written & well worth reading.

About this time, at this time of year, I find the TV shows a bit boring, with the constant repetition of the same carols & plays for the past two or three weeks. Even Scrooge becomes deadly. So I was delighted tonight when the CBC played "H.M.S. Pinafore" & did it very well.

MONDAY, DEC. 28/81 The snow continued thinly until noon, when the temp. crept up to 38° Fahr. & set the eaves dripping. The snow is over a foot deep in places. This morning I noticed a burly young man digging out the Pentz driveway across the street. When he finished I asked him to dig out my front walk & steps, where the street plough had thrown the usual hard-packed barrier. It took him less than 30 minutes & he asked for $2. I gave him $5, & he promised to do this through the winter.

In the afternoon I shoveled a path from my side door along the edge of the driveway to a point where I could link it with the front walk. I had finished & taken off my jacket & boots when the street plow came along again, widening the cut, & hurled another mass of heavy snow into the front walk. I had to do it all over again, so my $5 was wasted.

THURSDAY, DEC. 31/81 Sunny & cold. This morning I walked to the supermarket for meat & groceries, & paid to have them delivered. In all probability I won't be able to use my car again until spring, so

there's no point in paying to have my driveway shoveled or ploughed.

This being New Year's Eve, my old friends & neighbours the Austin Parkers, in their custom, invited several of us to join them in seeing the new year in:- the Jack McCleams, the John Wickwires, Mrs. Dot Hutchison & her sister, Ralph Johnson & myself. Good chat about old times, chiefly the all-night New Year's Eve parties we used to have when we were all much younger & more frivolous. Home at 1 a.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1982 The temp. got up to 40° Fahr., & a drizzle of rain fell all day, shrinking the snow on the ground.

On TV the annual "Rose Bowl" parade in Pasadena, California, which I always enjoy, was rather a disappointment owing to rain. Good colour on TV depends on bright light, & so the colours were poor.

Today the Canadian postal rate for ordinary letters jumps from 17 cents to 30 cents, & in a corresponding degree to parcels, etc. Past sad experience shows that the increased rate will not improve the postal service one bit. The greedy & apparently all-powerful postal workers' unions will simply gobble up the new revenue with increased wage demands.

SATURDAY, JAN. 2/82 The wind hauled to NW this morning & blew hard, with some snow flurries. John Murray, local agent for Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada, came & delivered personally a cheque for $717.63, their first payment on the annuity which I bought from them last August. Under the policy these payments are to continue for 7 years (84 months) Henceforth, at my request, the payments will be sent electronically to the Royal Bank of Canada here, thus cutting out any future postal delays.

Maurice Russell dropped in with three of my books for autographs. Tonight I had a phone call from Ontario, in a strange slurred voice that I did not recognise at first. It was Richard O. ("Dick") Allen, with whom I chatted at Charlie Copelin's place last May. Allen had been a navy wireless operator at Sable Island in 1918, & we had a long talk about the life there. Last July he suffered a stroke & he is now in a nursing home outside Toronto. At age 92 he must be near death, I suppose, hence this quirk to talk to me again & to enquire about the health of Copelin & myself.

The gale blew & roared all night with only a few snow squalls, here

on the south shore; but the rest of N.S., N.B., & P.E.I. got a great fall of snow & icy rain, with power & telephone lines down, radio & TV transmissions knocked out, thousands of people without light or heat.

SUNDAY, JAN. 3, 1982 Cold, with some sunshine, which took off the asphalt roads yesterday's light snow. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. I hear that my neighbour across the street, the widow of Stanley Pentz, has sold her big house at last & is going to live with her son Maurice Westhaver at Hunt's Point. She has been trying to sell the house for years, but wanted too much money for it. The purchaser is a young dentist named Conrad, who has been practising here four or five years. His wife works as a nurse in the local hospital, so this location will be handy for both of them.

TUESDAY, JAN. 5/82 After heavy rain all night, the sun came out this morning, temp. up to 49° Fahr., a delightful spring-like day. Except for a few withered lumps left at the roadsides by the street plows all of the snow has vanished. I made my morning walk to the post office. At 1 p.m. I got my car out & drove around Western Head, & then to Summerville Beach, to see the big surf, & to charge the car battery. By the time I got back the sky was covering with black clouds. I cleaned up the mess of fallen branches & twigs left on my back lawn by the winter's storms. The turf is still quite green. After I got indoors there were squalls of rain, driven by strong gusts of wind.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6/82 Cold & clear. When I made my last revision of "Halifax, Warden of the North" in 1971, the new system of "container" freight was working well, & promised a busy future for the port. Indeed, the success of the Halifax experiment had drawn the notice of port authorities in Montreal & New York, as well as St. John N.B.

In the 10 years since I brought my book up to date, the rival ports have built container-freight wharves & facilities, & pursued aggressive sales campaigns in Europe. The result was well set forth in an hour-long TV commentary on CBC tonight. Halifax has lost some of the biggest container-freight lines, mostly to Quebec, where federal funds have built & are extending elaborate container-freight terminals near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Other freight lines are leaving Halifax for St. John & direct to New York. I suppose this was bound to happen in the constant rivalry of the ports; but as the TV commentators pointed out, the Halifax port authorities have spent little money or effort to advertise and sell their

facilities abroad. Instead they have persuaded the federal govt. to spend several million dollars in building large additional container-freight facilities in Fairview Cove, Bedford Basin. This expensive job is sitting idle & already useless.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1982 Mild & damp. Roads bare. Took my car to the supermarket for a week's supply of meat & groceries. About 10 A.M., following a previous appointment, I had a visit by a tall young man named Hinz & a young woman from Sackville High School near Bedford. They had prepared a long & elaborate interview, accompanied by the usual tape-recorder & camera, & they had a copy of "In My Time" for guidance. I supplied doughnuts & coffee.

SATURDAY, JAN. 9/82 Very cold & windy yesterday, with alternate sunshine & squalls of snow, so I stayed indoors. When I got up this morning the temp. outdoors was 10° Fahrenheit, with a light dust of snow falling, but no wind, so I limped to the post office & back.

Bird note:- From time a little flock of chickadees visit the golden elder shrub outside my sun porch, probing into the hollow stems that I cut off last Fall, where moths have laid their eggs.

SUNDAY, Jan. 10/82 Very cold. The Lake states & New England are in the grip of the coldest temperatures since records began, & the heaviest snows, & we are on the edge of this Arctic air mass. Snow began last night & fell most of today, but rather lightly, with no wind. Gary Dickie came & shoveled out my front walk & steps, & a path to my side door. I paid him $5.00. When Tom came to take me to Hunts Point for dinner, more snow had fallen, & he shoveled it off.

Bird note:- about half a dozen blue jays visited my golden elder shrub today, probably having seen the chickadees feeding there, but they did not stay long.

Radio news reports of a sharp little earthquake in the woods of central New Brunswick yesterday, said to have been felt as far away as Newfoundland & Boston. I noticed nothing here.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12/82 Still very cold, with temperatures ranging from 4° below zero at night to 20° above zero (Fahr'h) at noon. Bright sunshine. At noon Austin & Vera Parker took me in their new car to a small luncheon party at Bill Copeland's house, east of the boat harbour at Hunts Point. Bill was away attending a conference of amateur photographers at Keltic Lodge, Cape Breton. His wife Ruth presided over the luncheon, & the other guests were my old friend Capt. Charles Copelin, & Mrs. K. M. Nicholson, widow of a retired Royal Navy officer, who lives at Port Joli. A delicious meal & good chat. The

Bill Copelands & the Nicholsons were among the many retired English-speaking people, long resident in Quebec, who could not abide there in the increasingly hostile atmosphere created by the Parti Quebecois. The drive to Hunt's Point & back was lovely, with the sun shining on trees laden with fluffy white snow.

Reports by radio & TV continue to show effects of the great cold in North America & Europe, & the blocking of roads by heavy snowstorms, even in southern England. The citrus orchards of Florida ruined by frosts, etc. As so often in the past, the strip of Nova Scotia coast from the Lahave Islands to Cape Sable is getting off lightly in comparison.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1982 Snow fell heavily during the night & continued till about noon, when the temp. got up to 40° Fahr. & the downfall changed to a flood of rain. The street drain outside my house is plugged with snow thrown aside by the town plough, & the flood from Waterloo Street poured down Park Street. Gary Oickle came at 6 p.m. & shoveled out my front & side-door walks, leaving a ridge of ploughed snow to fend off the flood. It did not serve, however, & water gathered on my driveway & penetrated into my cellar on the north side, something I have never seen before. My son Tom came by this evening & shoveled the soggy remains of the street ridge, which would turn to ice as soon as the temp. drops to freezing point.

He is much concerned about his dog Sandy, now in the hands of a veterinary surgeon at Bridgewater. She has a large abcess in her lower bowel & the vet. suggested "putting her down". Tom naturally refused, & the vet. then operated to remove the abcess & a section of bowel. She seems to be recovering a bit, but is still in danger.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15/82 Still raining hard this morning at temp. 35° Fahr. I wanted to get my weekly supply of meat & groceries, & prepared to sally forth with my newly acquired "creepers" & spiked walking stick, but the walk to the store is a long trudge for me nowadays, even in the best conditions, & I decided to stay indoors. (The supermarkets operate on a cash-only basis & do not accept phone orders.) I have a reserve of tinned food on which I can get along. My neighbour Ralph Johnson got my mail for me. The rain turned to snow flurries this afternoon, & by evening the temp. dropped to 25° Fahr.

Elsewhere in N.S., N.B., & P.E.I. the new storm was entirely snow, piling on top of the previous snowfall, & again tying up all traffic.

SUNDAY, JAN. 17/82 Bitter cold with a NW gale & flurries of snow. Temp. 4° below zero Fahr. last night. Salt on the roads has no effect in these

temperatures, & Tom had to drive very carefully when he took me to Hunts Point for dinner. I was delighted to find the dog Sandy back at home & apparently recovering well.

TUESDAY, JAN. 19, 1982 The cold snap continues & I remain indoors. The weather bureau says this is the coldest weather in the Maritime Provinces since records began in 1871. All schools & many of the shops are closed, & the police advise everyone to stay off the roads. Here on the South Shore we have had zero temperatures before, but I cannot recall any lasting more than 48 hours, usually followed by a thaw & floods of rain.

I note in this morning's Chronicle-Herald the obituary of my old friend Mrs. Winifred Hamilton, on Seal Island, aged 92.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20/82 Today the fierce winds died at last, & the thermometer crept up to 28° Fahrt. The streets & sidewalks remain icy & dangerous; but I was running low on food & I longed for a bit of exercise in fresh air, so I strapped on my new "creepers" & tramped to the supermarket. The "creepers" worked perfectly in the worst possible footing. I paid the store to deliver my groceries, & walked along to the post office for my mail before turning home.

Letter from old friend Pauline Barrett, widow of Raiffe Barrett, whom I met during War Two when he was a naval officer. A brilliant linguist, she also wrote good poetry. She has recently married again & removed to England, where her husband is a newspaper executive. They are living in Hastings, Sussex.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21/82 Sunny but very cold & windy yesterday & today. Both days I put on my "creepers" & trudged to bank & post office. Temp. down to zero Fahrt. at night, & up to 10° at noon. The great cold continues all over North America & Europe. Television shows amazing depths of snow in many places, even several inches in Alabama & Georgia, & within a few miles of Los Angeles.

SUNDAY, JAN. 24/82 A snow storm began last evening & turned to rain this morning, with temp. up to 42° Fahrt. Gary Dickie came about 1 p.m. & shoveled out my walks. As usual in these conditions a torrent poured down Park Street & into my driveway before Gary cleared the street drain outside my sun porch. Tom took me to Hunts Point for dinner. When we returned to Liverpool in the evening the temp. had dropped to 28° & was turning the water on the roads to ice.

MONDAY, JAN. 25/82 Very cold, with gusts of snow & spots of sunshine. I stayed indoors. Joe Lucas has sent me an inscribed copy of her

HALIFAX CHRONICLE-HERALD
JAN. 19, 1982

Winnifred B. Hamilton dies

SEAL ISLAND, Yarmouth County — Winnifred Beatrice Hamilton, 92, of Seal Island died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mary Nickerson.

Born in Barrington Passage, she was a daughter of the late John Corning and Caroline (Thomas) Crowell.

She was a lifelong resident of Seal Island, which was mostly owned by her family for generations, and she was an authority on the island's history and its shipwreck reputation.

She resided with her daughter, Mary, with whom she tended a flock of 300 sheep and several dogs for many years.

Until mid-1975, Mrs. Hamilton, who was known to many as "the Dame of Seal Island," chopped her own firewood to heat her home, which did not get electricity until May of that year.

A group of Americans, summertime visitors to the island for years, laid cables and installed a transformer to feed electricity to her home.

Mrs. Hamilton was still involved in the activities of the island until she became ill two years ago.

She is survived by two daughters, Mary Bernice Nickerson, Seal Island, and Minnie Hamilton-Medina, Dartmouth; three grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

Besides her parents, she was predeceased by her husband, Anthony Ellsworth Hamilton, who died in 1941; a son, John Alexander Maxwell; a sister Mary Bernice, and a brother, Charles Leslie.

The body is in Kenney's Funeral Home, Barrington, where the funeral will be 2 p.m. Wednesday, conducted by President Moses of the Yarmouth branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

little book entitled "Wild Horses of Sable Island", published by a firm in Toronto. There is a slight text, written for children; but the colour photos of the horses, taken in all seasons of the year, by Zoé herself, are the best feature.

THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1982 Steady cold weather. Owing to two brief thaws, & continued escape from the heavy snowfalls which have bothered road & air traffic in the rest of the country, we have only about 6 inches on the level, banked at roadsides by the ploughs.

My Port Mouton fish-women came today in their motor-van, & I bought a pound of haddock for $2.50. It was caught yesterday by a boat-fisherman at Port L'Hebert. I "creepered" to the J.G.A. store, ordered a week's meat & groceries, & picked up my mail. Got home exhausted after being on my feet for two hours. The sidewalks remain dangerous with hubbly ice. My oil man, Whynot, came & refilled my furnace tanks, 322.8 gallons, for $412.54. Heating my house (with 3 bedrooms closed off) now costs between $8 & $9 per day.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30/82 Bright & cold morning. The streets are now bare of ice & snow, so today, greatly daring, I left the creepers at home & walked to the post office in ordinary rubber-soled ~~boots~~ boots. Took my spiked walking stick for the only icy patches, the path in front of my house, & the sidewalk in front of the post office.

Snow began falling in the afternoon, changing to a cold rain towards evening. Getting books from my attic library has been difficult & dangerous, owing to my lame left foot & my arthritic right hip, & to the steepness of the folding ladder. I have been taking the chance of a fall every time I went up & down the ladder carrying books. Lately I obtained a light canvas carrier with two handles, rather like a woman's knitting bag, which holds 6 books, enough for a week's reading. With this the passage is much more simple, although it is still chancy.

SUNDAY, ~~FEB.~~ JAN. 31/82 Misty & mild. Tom & Pam dined with friends at Greenfield, so I stayed indoors.

MONDAY, FEB. 1/82 Temp. up to 48° Fahr. & a heavy gale of wind & rain. Again a flood of rain & snow-melt pouring down Park Street from the higher land above, & again the street drains clogged, & water pouring into my cellar. This was the edge of a huge snowstorm moving from Ontario & the middle-western States, so again on the South Shore we got off lightly.

TUESDAY, FEB. 2/82 A delightful morning, sunny & calm, temp. 25° Fahr. This is the traditional "Ground-hog Day", when the ground-hog or

wood-chuck, emerges from his burrow to take a look around. If he sees his shadow he figures on another six weeks of winter & goes back into hibernation. (In this latitude on Feb. 2, sun or no sun, a really smart beast would know that he was in for another six weeks of winter anyway, & probably a lot more.)

The asphalt roadways are bare, & I limped to the post office without benefit of "creepers" or walking stick, longing for a good pair of legs on which to take a long walk in the sunshine.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1982 The thaw continues. Rain all night & tapering off this morning, at temp. 50° Fahr't. I walked to the supermarket & then to the post office, wearing a light khaki trench-coat, & got home wet with sweat. My lawns are bare for the most part, & still showing a hint of green.

SUNDAY, FEB. 7/82 Rain again yesterday. The snow is gone except for a few soiled crusts where the street plough pushed it. Sunny & moderately cold today. I was tempted to take a drive in my car, which I did last on Jan. 7, but I found the left rear tire flat from a slow leak.

Reading "Tallahassee Skipper" by Arthur Thurston, a retired school teacher at Yarmouth. Financed by the N.S. gov't. & printed by Lescarbot Press, Yarmouth. Price $18.65 post paid It is an extensive biography of John Taylor Wood, who commanded the Confederate cruiser "Tallahassee" in 1864. Thurston quotes from my book "Halifax, Warden of the North" in two or three places. He has obviously done a lot of research into the American Civil War, & the Wood family; but he states many inferences as facts, & devotes a whole chapter to his wild surmise that Robert Louis Stevenson got the ideas for his "Treasure Island" and "Kidnaped" from Capt'n Wood's account of his escape with part of the "treasure" of the Confederate goverment after it collapsed in 1865. That is on a par with his statement that he "wore out five typewriters" in the course of writing this book. I never wore out a typewriter in my life, although from time to time I discarded or traded-in one for something more up-to-date.

Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. His son Tom has applied for admission to Dalhousie Dental School when he gets his B. Sc. this year. There are many applicants, & he is anxious. If all goes well he will join his father in practice here in 4 years' time. At the present time there are 3 dentists here. The senior, Mackintosh, is

now spending 3 months in California, & will undoubtedly retire by the time young Tom gets his dental certificate. At present his father is handling much of Mackintosh's practice in addition to his own, lunching hastily on a sandwich — too much of a burden. Among other interesting things, he tells me that the "fluoridation" of the town water, so violently opposed by G.C. Day of the Liverpool Advance as long as he lived, is now showing its result in the teeth of school children, who have far fewer cavities than adults.

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items. By 5 p.m. they had made a good start. The curator, Hartlen, hovered about uncertainly. As Tom observed to me, "He isn't very well organized."

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Professional income	$52,811
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Interest on bonds	4,411
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Old age pension	2,540
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Less professional expenses	-1,759
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Of this, $40,000 was used to purchase an income averaging annuity spreading over 7 years.

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My latest weekly batch of books from the attic contains Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady". At various times in my life I have tried to read James & enjoy him, without success, & during the past week I tried again. Literary pundits still regard him highly. Well, I still don't. He chose his words with great care & taste, but he strung them out in such long & convoluted sentences, and in pages & pages of such inconsequential dialogue, that they bore me.

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I should say they used to bore me. Nowadays they set my old head to nodding, & the book falls out of my hand. And his expatriate Americans are incredible nowadays. Did anybody ever act or talk like that?

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pamela & Blair. Debby leaves tomorrow for Calgary, for a brief preliminary look-around with her friends there. She intends going there to stay when her secretarial course ends in June – providing that she can get a job.

Rain began at evening & continued all night, at 50° Fahr't.

MONDAY, MARCH 8, 1982 When I got up this morning the air was still damp, mild & misty. All of the snow gone except a few soiled lumps, more ice than snow, the last remnants of the winter's stock ploughing. We shall get more snow, but it's nice to see all the old stuff gone.

The Rossignol garage man came, pumped up my flat tire, & drove the car over to their service station. They found & fixed the leak, put in a new valve, & brought it back. All of which they should have done on Feb. 22. Took my income statements to Stafford.

TUESDAY, MARCH 9/82 Sunny & moderately cold.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 10/82 " " " Took my car out, for the first time since Jan. 7, for the pleasure of a run, & to charge the battery. Drove to Summerville Beach, & then around Western Head. All parts ran well, including the radio, which I have used rarely since I bought the car in 1966. But rust is showing everywhere about the body. Think I shall buy a new car this summer.

Two trimly & soberly dressed young men, the latest Mormon missionaries in Liverpool, called on me. As always I warned them that I was a complete agnostic, & as always they asked for just 15 minutes of my time, & as always I invited them inside & gave ~~them~~ a polite attention. First one & then the other went into their well-drilled spiel, about the history of the Mormon faith, illustrating each point by phrases written on a piece of paper, childish little drawings of churches (steeples included) etc. At one point they said "But you do believe in Adam & Eve, don't you?" I couldn't resist quoting the Anglican divine who said, "Adam was a cad. Eve was no better than she should have been. And I have long considered the ~~Dev~~ serpent to have been the most respectable of a very disreputable trio." The young men remained poker-faced, & one said blankly, "I never heard that one." At the end of 15 minutes they arose, thanked me for listening, left a pamphlet for my further edification, & departed.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1982 Mild (50° Fahr) & misty. Went to see Bob Wile, optician, & ordered a new pair of glasses (actually plastic) using the same prescription but with larger lenses & bows. He will order them from Toronto, & it may take some time.

SUNDAY, MAR. 14/82 Open-&-shut sky. Still mild. (50° Fahr) Swept up & removed the winter's litter from the gutter in front of my house. Removed fallen twigs & branches from the back lawn. Took the bird bath & pedestal out of the garage & put it in place, ready for the first robin.

Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point, & Blair drove me home in a light mixture of sleet & snow.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17/82 The past two days have been sunny but cold, with a NW gale roaring in the trees & chimneys; dead leaves whirling; ice in my hopeful bird bath. Today the wind was down to a chilly breeze but the sun was bright, & in the afternoon I drove to the White Point boathouse where poor C. loved to hunt for early mayflowers at this time of year. I hoped to find a few to put on her grave, but I found no more than half a dozen plants & these bearing only rudimentary buds. Drove on to Broad River, where the rocks are still coated with ice. Back home I dug up the ~~pet~~ petunia bed with my mattock, & removed the dead rose bush by the bird bath. There is still frost in the ground at a depth of 6 inches. At 5:30 a phone call from Reader's Digest, Montreal, wanting to know if they could use another of my short stories from "Tidefall & Other Stories". (They used "Winter's Tale" in 1980.) They will write me a letter of intent.

THURSDAY, MAR. 18/82 After another frosty night, a lovely spring day, with temp. up to 50° Fahr. I told Mrs. Bagley on Tuesday that I intended to sell my TV set, & to purchase the latest & best to be had. I bought the set in 1973, & replaced the picture tube in 1976. It cost $631.00. This afternoon three ladies called, looked at the set in operation, & offered me $100 for it. I accepted, on condition that the set remain in my use until my new set comes.

I called the Sears store here, & ordered one of their best sets, with a 26" screen, remote control, & all sorts of modern improvements. They will order it from the Halifax warehouse & it should be here within a week.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19/82 Got my new glasses from Wile. This evening I discovered that the "reading" lens on the right side is incorrect, making ordinary print fuzzy & fine print unreadable.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1982

Overcast & bleak. Frank Covert phoned this morning. Someone named Fisher had phoned his office & asked about the film rights in "His Majesty's Yankees". I said that Peter Waldmann et al. had exercised their right to extend their option for another year by payment of another $1,000. under the terms of the original contract. Wrote Frank a formal letter setting this forth.

The mail brought a long statement from McClelland & Stewart. Jack McClelland announces that Linda McKnight has been made President & Publisher of the firm. Jack remains Chairman of the Board. McKnight went to M & S from Copp Clark as an editor in 1969. She became successively Managing Editor, Director of Publishing, & Vice President. I first met Jack in 1946, when he entered the firm after naval service in War Two. He was then 24. He became sole head of the firm in 1959, somewhat erratic in his views & enthusiasms, but a hard worker always. I had cordial relations with him, although I have not heard from him since he published my memoirs & I retired.

The sun came out briefly this afternoon, so I drove my car to Brooklyn & took the shore route to Beach Meadows & Eagle Head, then across to Port Medway & home via Mill Village. The shore pastures were black where the people had been burning off last year's dead grass. No visible snow but ice still on most of the ponds.

A brief flutter of snowflakes this evening, & again a frosty night.

SUNDAY, MARCH 21/82 The first day of official spring. Sunny but cold, & as the Hunt's Point Raddalls were dining out I stayed home all day. No snow more than a few flurries since March 2. The weather reverted to type this evening, when a snowstorm began about dark & continued all night.

MONDAY, MAR. 22/82 Wakened at 6:30 a.m. by large hailstones rattling on my bedroom storm-window, & then a single thunderclap. Snow continued to fall heavily until about noon when it eased off to a few flakes. Gary Dickle came this evening & dug out my paths.

Somebody phoned from Toronto asking if film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" had been sold, & if so to whom. I told him.

Gordon Archibald phoned from Halifax. His collection of my books has been complete except for "Saga of the Rover". Senator Henry Hicks (late president of Dalhousie University) had asked the librarians of Dal. to seek a copy for sale, & they had located one priced at $150.00.

Archibald was jubilant.

TUESDAY, MARCH. 23, 1982 Snow still falling when I got up at 6 A.M. Judging from the round wedding-cake on my frozen bird bath the fall so far is at least 8 inches. It petered out about sundown, after falling almost continuously for 48 hours. A hard freeze tonight.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/82 Up early, & from my study window at 7:30 A.M. I saw the first robins, at least a dozen, perched in the bare saplings & trees between my back wall & the school. With their feathers fluffed out against the cold they looked fat but forlorn.

Took my new eye-glasses back to Wile, who admitted his mistake & will send for a new lens.

Worked in two half-hour spells this afternoon to shovel away the snow-plough barrier across my driveway, quitting each time when my heart pacemaker began to make little electrical prickles. The temp. was about 45° Fahr & the snow was heavy.

THURSDAY, MAR. 25/82 Walked in a drizzle of cold rain this morning to the supermarket & the posh office. When the rain ceased in the afternoon I finished shoveling my driveway enough that I can get my car out if I wish. The little flock of robins visited my trees again this morning briefly. Poor creatures, they can only eat worms, & the ground remains covered with snow.

FRIDAY, MAR. 26/82 Fog & drizzle. The Simpsons-Sears people brought my new television set, & their technician tuned it. It has a swivel base, so that one can turn it to any angle. I can switch from one channel to another, raise or lower the sound, etc., by a small electonic device, while sitting in my chair. Cost $1,536.00, including sales tax.

SATURDAY, MAR. 27/82 Sunshine & cloud, with a chilly NW gale. A man & woman from Port Medway paid me $100 & took away my old TV set this afternoon. A 1973 model, the picture tube was replaced in 1976 & is probably near the end of its life.

SUNDAY, MAR. 28/82 Very cold, with a light fall of snow in the night. Patches of sun melted it off the asphalt but the ground remains covered. Alas for the early robins! Dined at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAR. 29/82 Met Austin Parker on my walk back from the post office. He & his wife have just returned from a three weeks' holiday at Sarasota, Florida. It was spoiled by an onset of "red tide", a multitude of tiny red organisms that literally poisoned the sea & littered the beaches with dead fish. Bathing was impossible, indeed the stench drove everybody inland.

TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1982 At last a sunny day with no wind, temp. up to 60° Fahr't. in the sun. Four young men playing tennis, despite some lumps of snow still at the roadsides. Got my new glasses from Wile, this time with the correct lenses. In the afternoon took a leisurely car drive to Greenfield, where I crossed the Medway on the new bridge, wider & much better than the old one. Quite a lot of snow in the evergreen woods. The ice has gone from Ten Mile Lake.

What memories! The lake where so often we picnicked when the kids were small. Merry adult dinner parties at the old Freeman hotel. Salmon fishing with old Earl Freeman himself. "Link" Hunt & the Maple Leaf hotel. Seeking Edith's erratic brother Ralph on his first disappearance, late at night on the Greenfield road, with Molly Hunt for my guide. The all-but-vanished clearing at Eight Mile where the American madman lived with his tight-mouthed woman. The short road from the highway to Ten Mile Lake, where Commander Finch-Noyes was found with secret naval codes, suffering from overwork & amnesia, soon after the outbreak of war in September 1939. The other short logging road to Seven Mile Lake, where Brent Smith & Hector Dunlop & I used to explore & hunt for deer by canoe.

All gone now except Molly & Dunlop.

FRIDAY, APL. 2/82 Sunny but a cold E breeze. Thought I heard a song sparrow on my walk to the post office. Got a 40-lb. bag of Lawn Green fertilizer from Cosby's in Sandy Cove ($17), oiled my little cart-spreader, & applied about 30 lbs. to front, side, & back lawns.

SATURDAY, APL. 3/82 Sunny & cold. This afternoon I began to cut back the forsythia shrub between the Andersen lawn & mine, which had grown to a huge tangle; some of the overhanging stems 1½" thick. Hard work, including lugging the debris away, & 40 minutes exhausted me, with the job less than half done.

SUNDAY, APL. 4/82 Drizzling rain. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam, who had just got back from a weekend in Halifax. Daughter Frances phoned this evening. She & Bill are coming for a brief visit, arriving Friday afternoon & leaving Sunday afternoon.

TUESDAY, APL. 6/82 A violent blizzard began about sundown, changed to heavy squalls of rain about midnight, & then back to snow. The wind roared in the chimneys, hissed at the windows, & sometimes shook the house. I thought of the night when I finished writing "The Nymph & The Lamp", in just such an April snowstorm, just 32 years ago.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 7, 1982 The snow continued slowly all day, & I did not go outdoors except to put out my garbage bags. The snow looks to be about 5" on the ground, but with drifts – one in my driveway up to my knees, heavy & slushy stuff. As usual we got off lightly on our part of the South Shore, just the fringe of an enormous storm which began with many destructive tornados in Texas & then swept north & east. It is still dumping masses of snow in the U.S. middle west, & the northeastern states from New Jersey to Maine, also Ontario, Quebec, & the Maritimes. My snow-shoveler, Gary Oickle, failed to come this evening to clear out my paths, & the temperature dropped below freezing point & turned the slush to a hard cake.

THURSDAY, APL. 8/82 Oickle came & hacked out my paths this morning before I was up. The day was bitter cold with a blustering NW gale. I would have stayed indoors, but with visitors this weekend I needed food supplis, & I struggled to the supermarket. The sidewalks were a glare of ice, & I had to wear my "creepers" & use the ~~p~~ spike on my walking stick.

A man named Keith (Gill ~~somebody~~) of the CBC phoned from Toronto about their 20 minute TV play made of "The Wedding Gift" a few years ago. An American cable-TV company wanted to use it, but they were only offering $500, which would have to be divided among everybody concerned, including actors, actresses, musicians etc., with the author probably coming last. I told him the offer was ridiculous & my answer was No.

FRIDAY, APL. 9/82 Sunny, but with a bitter NW wind. Oickle had only shoveled my driveway as far as the side door, so I shoveled from there to my garage. Bill & Francie arrived in their car-wagon at 3.30, both looking very well. They had stopped overnight in Halifax, & had an easy run down here. I had laid in extra food, but they brought dinner with them, & Francie prepared & served it. They drove to Hunt's Point in the evening & spent a couple of hours with the Raddalls.

SATURDAY, APL. 10/82 Same weather. Bill & Francie spent the afternoon touring around & calling on old friends of hers. At 5 p.m we drove to Hunt's Point & dined with Tom, Pamela, Blair, Tom Jr. & Debby. A real Easter feast.

SUNDAY, APL. 11/82 Overcast & a bit milder. Bill & Francie had a light lunch & left about noon for Moncton. Next July they intend to drive all the way to the Yukon, where Bill will take over a local doctor's practice for 3 months.

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1982 Damp & bleak. The weather bureau had forecast a snowstorm. Edith Fowke has sent me an inscribed copy of her latest book, "Sea Songs & Ballads from Nineteenth Century Nova Scotia". It is devoted to the collections of Wm. H. Smith, & Fenwick Hatt, which I discovered long ago & used in my short story "Blind Mac Nair". She thanks me in the foreword for drawing them to her attention. Her book is published by Folklorica, of New York & Philadelphia.

TUESDAY, APL. 13/82 Beautiful sunny morning. I took a run to Summerville in my car in the afternoon, but the sky clouded over, threatening rain, & I did not enjoy. Still much snow in the woods & ice in the sea to the east, giving a bite to the air.

Letter from a man in Germany asking for my autograph. He addressed his letter meticulously thus:- Mr. Thomas Head, S.R. Raddall, Legion Home and Office 44 Park Street, Liverpool N.S. B0T 1K0 Canada.

Phone call from Earl Mackenzie, of Legion Branch N° 38 here. The Branch wish to present me with a plaque for my long service, & will send a car for me tomorrow at 7 p.m.

Phone call from Major Himmelman of the West N.S. Regt. reminding me of my promise to attend the formal opening of their new armoury at Windsor N.S. on May 1st. They will arrange transportation. Rain all night.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 14/82 Overcast, temp. 50° Fahrt., but the NW strong & cold. My lawns are bare again, with a lone robin foraging for worms. Robert Russell, a professor at University of Toronto, phoned about a book he is compiling on T.C. Haliburton's work. Some of Sam Slick's expressions puzzled him. I was able to help him a bit.

At 7 p.m. Earl Mackenzie picked me up & took me to the Legion hall on the waterfront. It was a regular business meeting, & as a preliminary I was presented with a handsome bronze plaque, mounted on wood, stating that I was a life member of Branch 38.

On the way home Mackenzie told me that he had worked as a carpenter on my house when it was built for Captain Corkum in 1929-1930.

THURSDAY, APL. 15/82 At last a fine warm day. Temp up to 60° Fahrt. in the sun. I spent an hour hacking at the jungle of forsythia, lugging the stuff away, & alternately resting in the sun.

I learn that my old acquaintance Roy Gordon is dead at 93. For the past several years he had lain in hospital here, utterly mad,

a sad end. I knew him first as manager of the old Macleod Pulp & Paper Co when I came to work there in 1923, & later as an office worker with Mersey Paper Co. An ardent hunter & angler, he was one of our little group at the Eagle Lake camp for many years.

FRIDAY, APL. 16, 1982 Cloudy & mild. Worked an hour at the forsythia jungle. Queen Elizabeth is in Ottawa for the formal "patriation" of the Canadian constitution — something that should have been done long ago. Down through the years "patriation" was blocked by the perpetual squabbles among the individual provinces. Even today the "Reguiste" government refuses to agree, despite the fact that in the referendum a year or two ago the Quebecois voted roughly 60-40 in favour of remaining part of Canada. Tonight on TV I enjoyed a variety show staged in Ottawa for the royal couple, a really splendid performance.

SATURDAY, APL. 17/82 Overcast & warm, temp up to 70° Fahr't, like summer, & for the first time since last Fall I was able to open my study window wide & let the west wind blow into the house.

Erik offered to drive me to Roy Gordon's funeral this afternoon, but I declined on account of my painful legs. I knew there would be a great crowd, with standing room only, & didn't want to risk having to hobble out of the church in mid-service, as I did at Jerry Nickerson's funeral in June 1980.

On TV I watched the ceremonies at Ottawa, as the Queen formally signed the "patriation" document. The "Reguists" staged a protest parade in Montreal, with Levesque smirking at their head.

SUNDAY, APL. 18/82 Rain. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. They will take me to Halifax for Tom Jr's. graduation on May 12-13.

TUESDAY, APL. 19/82 Overcast & mild. Received cheque for $31,940.00 from TMA Western Resources Ltd, full payment for my 1,597 shares of Inland Natural Gas @ $20. I bought the ING shares in 1967 at a little over $11 per share.

Worked an hour this afternoon at the forsythia jungle. Had to sit down to ease my back & right hip every 10 minutes or so. Lovely day. Temp. in the sun 68° Fahr't. Erik came in this evening & we chatted over drinks till midnight.

THURSDAY, APL. 22/82 After a frosty night a typical April day, a little sun, a lot of black clouds, & occasional squalls of snow.

APRIL 16, 1982

J. Roy Gordon

LIVERPOOL — J. Roy Gordon, 93, of Milton, Queens County, died Wednesday in Queens Manor here.

Born in Milford Station, Hants County, he was a son of the late George F. and Helen (Annand) Gordon.

He came to Milton in 1910 as stenographer at the MacLeod Pulp and Paper Co. and later became manager of the mill. In 1929 he was employed by the Mersey Paper Co. of Brooklyn as administrative assistant to the woodlands manager, a position he held until his retirement in 1958. For a number of years following his retirement, he was a stipendary magistrate.

He served as councillor for the Municipality of Queens and took a leading part in Milton community life. He was active in Milton Church of Christ Disciples.

He is survived by a son, Rev. Fred Gordon, Milton; a sister Winnifred (Mrs. Frank Hart), Halifax; four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

He was predeceased by his wife, the former Vera Marie Harlow, and a brother Harry.

The body is in Chandler's Funeral Home, Liverpool. Funeral will be Saturday at 3 p.m. in Church of Christ Disciples, Milton, with burial in Milton Cemetery.

dropped in on old friend Hector Dunlop for a chat about the Norwegian whalers that were refitted & armed as minesweepers here in 1940-41. I had promised to write something about them for the Rev. Bill Titus in his proposed commemoration ceremony next month.

FRIDAY, APL. 23, 1982 Cool with a hazy sun. Spent 1½ hours on the back lawn, & got the forsythia jungle finished.

SATURDAY, APL. 24/82 Sunny & warm. Spent 2 hours on the lawn, & cut away most of the golden elder adjoining the forsythia. It had stems 3 or 4" thick & had grown very tall & ugly. Erik gave me a hand, & we chatted in the sun. Tonight at midnight all clocks were put ahead for an hour to summer "daylight time". Among other things it enables me to get to Hunt's Point for evening dinner on Sundays, returning in full daylight.

SUNDAY, APL. 25/82 Hazy sun but pleasant. Spent 2 hours pottering about my back lawn, preparing the petunia bed, removing the plug from the air vent under my study, etc. At 5 I drove to Hunt's Point, dined with the junior Raddalls, & returned under my own steam for the first time since last October.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 28/82 Heavy rain yesterday & today. My lawns show the effect of the fertilizer I spread on April 2nd, the grass coming up thick & green. Gordon Romkey phoned. He will pick me up on Saturday morning & take me to the West Nova affair at Windsor. A veteran of the fighting in Italy, I saw him last 36 years ago at his home in Petite Riviere, where he was recovering from his wounds, & I was collecting information for my book "West Novas".

THURSDAY, APL. 29/82 A very nasty day — dark, cold & windy, with squalls of rain & snow. Shopped with my car for a week's meat & groceries. Having had no exercise since Sunday I then hobbled to the post office & back, despite the weather.

SATURDAY, MAY 1/82 Romkey & his wife picked me up with their car & we had a pleasant drive to Windsor. The sky darkened, & a light rain began to fall — typical army parade weather, as we both remarked. Metal chairs had been set out beside the parade ground for invited guests, & we sat cheerfully through the drizzle while "B" Company performed its ritual & its formal march past. (I thought of "B" Company at Liverpool in '42) The regimental band was there, about 30 including several women. The company itself turned out 50 strong, all well set up young men, wearing the dark green

dress uniform of the Canadian forces, & very smart & precise in all their movements. There were brief addresses by the C.O. of the Western N.S. militia district, Col. D.P. Henderson, & by the C.O. of the whole Atlantic militia area, Brigadier General J.J. Grant. The main address was by the Honorable Gerald Regan, Secretary of State, who had come from Ottawa for the occasion. (He is a native of Windsor.) All of this might be termed a lot of fuss for a small occasion, but I think it was to emphasize the changing attitude of the Trudeau government, which has neglected the armed forces for so long. The new militia armoury at Windsor, roomy & well designed, is hopefully the first of many.

After the formalities there were drinks in the officers mess (I took coffee) & then a delicious & various buffet luncheon. A young private (Conrad Houghton, of Falmouth, a student at Acadia U.) had been assigned to assist me in every way, & he was very courteous & helpful, & a good conversationalist. I chatted with Hon. Col. Walter Garber & his wife, & various other officers & their ladies, including Col. Henderson & Brigadier Grant. All seemed well acquainted with my books, especially of course my history of the West Novas, which has been studied with care by all of the young officers & many of the rank & file.

Garber told me he is urging the re-establishment of one company to represent the South Shore, & thinks it will be done, probably at Bridgewater. (In pre-1939 days the regiment had a company at Lunenburg, another at Wahone, & HQ at Bridgewater.)

All very pleasant & interesting. On the way home Romkey drove around the grounds of Kings Collegiate School, at which he was a student long ago. In Liverpool we chatted over drinks, & I presented an inscribed copy of my memoirs. After recovering from his wounds, Romkey served many years in federal employ in a civilian capacity, & is now retired & living on the ancient Romkey farm near Crescent Beach.

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1982 A dark & chilly day, so I stayed indoors. Wrote a note of appreciation to young Houghton, & sent also an inscribed copy of my memoirs. Tom & Pamela are just returning from a weekend holiday in Boston, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, MAY 3/82 Overcast, threatening rain. Planted a "Swarthmore" hybrid tea rose by the bird bath, to replace the one that died last year.

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1982 Dark & damp. My lawn grows apace, all my shrubs are leafing out of the bud, & the yellow bloom begins to show on the forsythia. Too early yet to plant petunias.

Although I seldom mention the news here, I follow it with keen interest, especially now the shooting squabble between Britain & Argentina over the Falkland Islands, a nasty storm in a teacup.

Canadian industry, with that of the U.S. & practically every other manufacturing nation except Japan, continues to slump badly after the boom times of the past 20 years. According to most economists a salutary shake-out, long overdue.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5/82 Sunny & mild. Another phone call from Keith Somebody/Gill, of CBC Toronto. (See April 8) The American cable TV outfit are still interested in the CBC's TV play of "The Wedding Gift". He now suggests that the proffered $500 for a 2-shot use might be paid to me entirely, & not merely shared among the cast, crew & author. Again I said No. He then asked what I would take for my consent. I said $1,000. He said he would work on it.

This afternoon I got my lawn mower out, touched up the knives with a file, & mowed the front & side lawns, length-ways & then cross-ways. By that time my legs & back were screaming & I had to quit. Fertilizer applied just at the right time, before the April rains, has brought the grass up thickly, especially on the front lawn.

Letter from McClelland & Stewart enclosing copy of an application for the use of "The Nymph & The Lamp" in "audio-tape". Applicant is a newly organized group in Calgary who expect to sell audio-tapes of various Canadian novels in Canada, the U.S., & Britain. They offer a royalty of 10% on gross sales. A shoe-string outfit by every sign, so I say No. In any case my sale of all rights, other than printing rights, to Jon Glan Enterprises, including "phonograph and commercial exploitation rights" puts this sort of thing out of my hands as far as I can see.

THURSDAY, MAY 6/82 Sunny, warm, calm. Spent the whole afternoon outdoors, mowing my back lawn, & alternately soaking up the sunshine in a chair.

FRIDAY, MAY 7/82 A summer day, calm, sunny, temp. up to 78° Fahr. in the sun. Walked to the post office this morning, & spent the whole afternoon outdoors, doing little garden chores — re-seeding some bald patches in front & back lawns, spreading bone meal on the old petunia bed, & around the roses, & hoeing it in. Painted a broad band of "Cygon" on the trunks of my birch trees to discourage the leaf-mining worms.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1982

Another summer day, & again I spent the afternoon outdoors on garden chores. Spread "Lawn Green" on the forsythia site & raked it in. After some rain it will be ready for grass seed. Mixed a solution of RX 15 & sprayed it on my small rose beds, including the rambler at the back wall, & on the former petunia bed. Using the old push-mower, cut the patches of grass on the north side of the house. Mixed a solution of "Killex" & sprayed it on lawn weeds. Had to wear a cap because my bald scalp got thoroughly sunburned yesterday, & will probably peel.

After my years of difficulty with my eyes & broken bones, I'm happy to find that I can do things again, & I feel so much better.

SUNDAY, MAY 9/82 Overcast & warm. Puttered about my lawns etc. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Grandson Tom is working on the "Bluenose", which will cruise to Boston, New York & Philadelphia this summer. Son Tom thinks he will buy the old Andrews mansion on the quiet end of Main St. a short distance west of the Perkins museum. It is a big square wooden house built by a prosperous merchant or sea captain back in the days of sail. If he buys, he will convert the lower storey into dental offices for himself & (hopefully) his son Tom, who has yet to learn of his admission to Dalhousie dental school.

His present quarters are inconvenient, over Hemeon's drug store, with long steep stairs to climb.

MONDAY, MAY 10/82 Sunny & pleasant. Received from McClelland & Stewart their bi-annual statement of sales & royalties. In the six months ending Dec. 31, 1981 they sold 1,717 of my books, & my royalties were $872.17. The following titles are still in print, all in paperback except a few copies of "In My Time": —

"At the Tide's Turn", "The Governor's Lady", "Halifax, Warden of the North", "Hangman's Beach", "His Majesty's Yankees", "The Nymph & The Lamp" "Pride's Fancy", "Roger Sudden". "The Nymph" sold 641 copies, & it is now 31 years since its first publication.

In the afternoon a man named C. Harry Starr came in for a chat. He was a wireless operator with the Hudson Strait survey in 1927, & knew Dr. John Wickwire there. Showed me an album of photographs. In the early evening Jim Kinley & son dropped. He had two copies of "His Majesty's Yankees" for my autograph. He is presenting one, a first edition, to the U.S. ambassador to

Canada, whom he met recently.

TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1982 Overcast & cool. Tom & Pam picked me up at 2 p.m. with their fast & comfortable Audi car, & by 3:30 we were registering at the Chateau Halifax. My room overlooked the harbour, indeed I could look right down on the site of the old Commercial Cable Co. dock & wharf, where my old ship "Mackay-Bennett" used to tie up. The dock has been filled in & the old storage warehouse demolished, & contractors are now dumping fill to extend the new wide jetty there.

Tom took me up to Birks, on Barrington Street, where I bought an "analogue quartz" wristwatch for $190. My first battery-operated watch. (The battery has to be replaced every 2 years.)

Pam took the car & fetched Debby & Tom for drinks & chat. I gave young Tom a cheque for $500, & he presented me with a framed photograph of himself in graduation gown. We all had a long & leisurely dinner in the hotel's "Night watch" dining room, which looks down on the harbour. Good restaurants have proliferated in Halifax, especially in recent years, & now suddenly they are all feeling the pinch of hard times. The popular Chateau Halifax's "Night Watch" had barely 20 customers this evening; & glancing down from the window I could see that the "Clipper Bay" on the waterfront, one of the most popular (& expensive) eating places in Hfx., had less than 15 cars in its parking lot. The younger Raddalls all went off to a night club somewhere. I was tired & well-fed & lazy, so I retired to my room, changed to pyjamas, & sat sipping rum & watching TV until it was time to turn in. Outside, rain was falling heavily.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12/82 The younger Raddalls attended the baccalaureate service in King's chapel this morning. I skipped that (& breakfast as usual) & joined them for luncheon at Mrs. Marion White's place. Marion has to wear a metal brace on her left ankle but she gets about remarkably well, drives her car all over the city, & swims for an hour three times a week at a health spa — "mostly old biddies like me".

At 2 o'clock we went to the assembly hall of King's U. & were greeted by President John Godfrey — "Ah! The two Doctors Raddall! Do you know that your young man's degree is made out to Thomas Head Raddall the Third?" He chatted with me about our first meeting, years ago, when he interviewed me for CBC television, the beginning of their long "Heritage" series, which

is still running.

It was pleasant to see young Tom get his B. Sc. He is already working as a seaman on the "Bluenose", which is refitting at Lunenburg. & sails for a round of visits as far as Philadelphia on May 25. On that day he expects to learn whether or not he will be admitted to Dalhousie dental school.

I was glad to see Lynton Martin get an honorary degree. Since 1965 he has been Director of the Nova Scotia Museum, which now has 20 branches in the province, & he has been a particularly good friend of the Queens County Historical Society & of the Perkins Museum.

The only part of the afternoon that irked me (& everybody else, I'm sure) was the convocation address by George H. Williams, an American (Harvard) theologue who advocates the reunion of the Anglican & R.C. churches. It was not what he said, so much as the deadly dull language he used, & the time he took to use it. The only pithy thing was a brief plug for his recent book on the present Pope.

We attended the reception afterwards in the dining hall & chatted with various pleasant people. Left Hfx. about 6 p.m. & got home about 7:30.

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1982 A cold grey day. Mowed & trimmed my front & side lawns, about 1½ hours' work, & enjoyed the exercise.

FRIDAY, MAY 14/82 Cold & wet. Typed an account of the Norwegian whalers who came here & were refitted as minesweepers 1940-41. This for the Rev. Bill Titus, who is arranging a commemoration exhibit in the Perkins Museum on June 15. Wrote a note of congratulation to my grandson Gregory Dennis, who is graduating (B.A.) from Dalhousie. Enclosed a cheque for $500.00.

Sunday, May 16/82 Still dark & damp. Dined at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAY 17/82 The sun emerged this afternoon at last, & I spent all of it mowing my back lawn. It had grown so long in the wet spell that I had to rake up the first mowing & then go over it again.

TUESDAY, MAY 18/82 Sunny but a chill NE breeze. Mowed & trimmed my front & side lawns. This evening, just before dusk, a female yellow warbler appeared in a shrub by the sun porch. Over many years they have nested there, & the average date of first appearance is May 22. They build their nest between May 25 & 31.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1982 Fine & warm, with a pleasant W. breeze. Got a dozen petunias from Cosby's nursery, & planted them in the bed under my study windows. Noticed a king bird on Erik's clothes line. Found a robin's egg, whole, near my back wall, presumably stolen by a chipmunk or squirrel, from the nest in a spruce tree behind Erik's garden. The pair of yellow warblers are busily flitting about, sometimes playing a swift game of chase-me-Charlie as if in the courting mood. Their usual nesting place, a deutzia shrub by the sun porch, has not yet developed its leaves enough to hide a nest.

THURSDAY, MAY 20/82 A grey damp day. This evening noticed a pair of catbirds in the bush honeysuckle shrub outside my dining room window. Average date of their first appearance is May 26.

FRIDAY, MAY 21/82 Sunny, 68° Fahrh., with a fresh breeze. As usual limped to the post office in the morning. In the afternoon sunned myself on the back lawn, & did a little pottering.

SATURDAY, MAY 22/82 Sunny with fresh breeze. Mowed the back lawn. Watered the petunias, the roses, & the (grass-seeded) site of the forsythia jungle. Forgot that I cannot pivot on my lame left foot, tried to do so several times without thinking, & twisted the ankle painfully, but I finished the job.

SUNDAY, MAY 23/82 After a cold night, another sunny day. Mowed & trimmed the edges of my front & side lawns. While resting on the back lawn, noticed a male Baltimore oriole enjoying the bird bath. A pair of these beautiful birds have nested in our vicinity for years, but I have not seen them in the past two.

Dined at Hunts Point, & found all the junior Kaddalls at home. The "Bluenose" has completed her refit & Tom Jr. sails in her from Lunenburg to Hfx. tomorrow. On Wednesday she sails on a tour of U.S. ports from Portland to Philadelphia.

Home at 7:30. Jim Harding, retired Mersey fish warden, phoned to advise me that 3 Milton young men (he named them) had lately broken into the camp at Eagle Lake, breaking the padlock with an axe. Apparently on a fishing trip, they stayed a day or two. Harding asked me not to mention his name. Austin Parker is at Port Joli, beyond phone reach.

MONDAY, MAY 24/82 Almost a frost last night but sunny & warm today. Puttered about the lawns & shrubs in the afternoon. Phoned Parker about the break-in at Eagle Lake. He advised the RCMP. This is the 5th time the camp has been broken into, & the first time we have had names of the culprits.

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1982 Rain all day. Frank & Molly (née Hunt) Wilson dropped in. He is still trying to wangle $70,000 out of the insurance company & the propane gas company for the loss of Molly's house at Rockland about 2 years ago. I have known Molly, daughter of my old Greenfield friend "Link" Hunt, since she was a girl. A widow for many years, she married Wilson about 4 years ago. A man from Ontario, without a background, he impresses me as a sharper. Deposited in my bank account today a cheque for $1,650 from Reader's Digest (Canada) payment for the use of a condensed version of my short story "The Wedding Gift" in their June issue.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26/82 Summer arrived with a bang. The temp. got up to 90° Fahr't. in the sun, with a light W. breeze. I had planned some digging around the weigelia shrubs, but gave that up. Shucked my winter underwear for cotton shorts & singlet, & sat in a garden chair. The ash & birch trees are barely breaking the bud, so no shade. Took car to Whynot's service station & had it washed for the first time since last summer.

The yellow warblers, robins, catbirds & orioles continue to flit about my shrubs & use the bird bath, but I miss the song sparrows which nested here for so many years.

THURSDAY, MAY 27/82 Sunny but much cooler. Began to dig away the old turf that has formed over the years around my weigelia shrubs; creating a wide disc of loose loam that I can fertilize. Got some new lawn ~~seed~~ seed from Cosby's & replanted the site of the forsythia. By 7 pm. the temp. had dropped to 43° Fahr't. & I had to shut all the windows that I had thrown open yesterday, while the furnace resumed its winter tempo. (Over a foot of snow fell in Calgary yesterday!)

FRIDAY, MAY 28/82 Sunny with a pleasant breeze. Worked outdoors all afternoon, mowing the back lawn, etc. My weight is 182 lbs. Last October it was 180. My proper weight, which I maintained for many years, was around 175.

SATURDAY, MAY 29/82 Hazy & warm. Mowed front & side lawns.

SUNDAY, MAY 30/82 Dark & clammy, with dense fog on the shore. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Boiled salmon with egg sauce, boiled new potatoes, fiddle-head greens, a gourmet's dream.

Bad news for young Tom, now aboard "Bluenose" en route to Portland, Maine. The Dalhousie dental school has rejected his application

& so has the Dalhousie medical school. He had good examination marks (B) but there were too many other applicants with B+ and A. His father thinks he should put in another application next year. On the local scene Tom & medical doctor Garry Morash have bought the Douglas White property at an auction by the Bank of Montreal. It is a big & well built old mansion on Main Street adjoining the Perkins Museum grounds, & they got it for $46,000, a bargain. They plan to rent an apartment upstairs & convert the first floor into offices for themselves — much more convenient than their present locations.

MONDAY, MAY 31, 1982 Fog & drizzle. Phone call from a man named Richardson in Ottawa. He is doing research on Marconi for the CBC, had heard that I knew something about Marconi's first experiment in America at the New York yacht races in 1899. I told him what I had learned about that when I was a Marconi Company operator aboard the "Mackay-Bennett" in 1920-21. He asked if I would give a TV interview when a CBC comes to N.S. in July, & I agreed. Bird note: The pair of yellow warblers are very busy checking over the deutzia shrub in the west nook of the sun porch, in which they or their predecessors nested for many years. Evidently they got past the courting to the mating stage. The deutzia leaves are only half developed, not enough to hide a nest.

Gordon Romkey phoned, asking me to give the chief address at the annual reunion of West Nova veterans, next September. I said I must refuse, because I cannot stand so long without great pain. Then he invited me to visit with him at Crescent Beach for a day or two, during which he will take me to an informal gathering of old West Novas & their wives at Bridgewater, just for a social chat. He will pick me up here on June 16.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1/82 Fog until 4 p.m., when the sun took over. The warblers, working constantly, have their nest half built already.

The current issue of Maclean's Magazine (May 31) has a review of "William Arthur Deacon", by Clara Thomas & John Lennox. They asked & got permission from me to include some of my letters to him, mostly about my dealings with McClelland & Stewart. The review mentions that "Deacon offered valuable criticism, advice & encouragement to such writers as Hugh MacLennan, E. J. Pratt, Gabrielle Roy, & Thomas Raddall."

My son Tom borrowed my model of a Norse long-ship for a display of ship models & nautical bric-à-brac, mostly relating to Queens County, in the Perkins Museum.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1982

Rain yesterday. Fine & hot today. Drove to the grocery store & post office this morning. In backing my car out I touched a Mercury '74 parked across the street directly opposite my driveway. I was going carefully & thought it was just a touch, so I went on my errands. There was no damage whatever to my car. In the afternoon, when I was working on my lawn, a RCMP car arrived, & the young Mountie informed me that I had dented the Mercury. I admitted my fault & notified my car insurance firm.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5/82 Open & shut sky, & much cooler. Mowed front & side lawns. Erik joined me in drinks & a chat afterwards. The hen warbler has begun to lay, & I tried not to alarm her with my mowing. Some fluttering in the flue of my fireplace (which I never use) tells me that the chimney swifts are back from Peru & rebuilding their nests.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6/82 Cold & wet. Wrote text for a pamphlet that Tom wants to distribute at the Sea Heritage exhibit in the Perkins Museum. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8/82 Same wretched weather. Furnace running frequently. The warblers seem to have abandoned their nest. I suspect the attentions of a large white cat, which discovered their activities & has been watching them. Years ago a cat made the same discovery, watched patiently, & finally killed the fledgelings one by one as they dropped from the nest.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9/82 Overcast, windy & damp. My 55th. wedding anniversary. The petunias are coming along well, but the new rose by the bird bath looks sickly. Had a pleasant visit this evening by Mrs. Audrey McConnell & Anne Crawford who rents a room in her house. Miss Crawford is a lawyer, young & pretty, who came to Liverpool last year to work with Gerald Freeman Q.C. An enthusiastic reader of my books.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10/82 Sunny, with a cool NE breeze. Mowed back lawn, & afterwards chatted over ale with Erik.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11/82 A dark day & chilly with a NE breeze. Sun came out in the afternoon but it was still too cool to sit outdoors. Mowed front & side lawns, & watered the plants.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13/82 Still dark & bleak. While the South Shore has been suffering so much damp & chilly sea air, everybody inland (e.g. Caledonia, the Annapolis Valley) was enjoying sunshine, & as a result the rivers

Kind uncle to a young literature

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON
By Clara Thomas and John Lennox
(University of Toronto Press, $24.95)

No one is forgotten so quickly as a dead critic. William Arthur Deacon spent almost 40 years as a literary editor, first of the magazine *Saturday Night* (1922-'28), then of two Toronto newspapers, *The Mail and Empire* (1928-'36) and *The Globe and Mail* (1936-'60). By the time of his retirement, it would have been difficult to find anyone more firmly entrenched in the cultural establishment of Canada. But a mere five years after his death, Deacon is a fading name.

His biographers, Clara Thomas and John Lennox, have worked valiantly to resurrect his struggles and achievements. But what remains in the mind by the end of the biography is an eccentric bundle of contradictions: the Manitoba lawyer with no formal literary training who became the country's only professional book reviewer; the quirky individualist who looked forward to state control over daily life; the rational Methodist who converted to Theosophy; and the loving son who wrote long, detailed letters to his widowed mother but only saw her twice during the last 25 years of her life.

His eccentricity is a gift to his biographers. Thomas and Lennox show no desire, however, to probe too deeply into Deacon's personal life. They usually write with a sober meticulous austerity which at times borders on self-censorship. The young Deacon caused a scandal by fleeing Winnipeg (and his wife, Gladys) in the midst of an affair with Sally Townsend Syme. We are told only in a footnote that Sally was already the mother of three children. In 1922, this

OVER

must have magnified the scandal enormously (he married her as soon as possible). But although Sally was an articulate and sensitive woman, she appears only a handful of times in the book.

Indeed, the main theme of *William Arthur Deacon* is not so much the behavior of its principal character as the gradual development of a Canadian literary culture. A prolific correspondent, he also enjoyed the committee work that many writers shun and worked in dozens of practical ways to improve the literature, from the establishment of the Leacock Medal for Humour to a long battle against censorship. As well, Deacon offered valuable criticism, advice and encouragement to such writers as Hugh MacLennan, E.J. Pratt, Gabrielle Roy and Thomas Raddall.

When he began his career, Deacon had expected to take his place in the forefront of Canadian writers. But constant pressure of work combined with recurrent financial worries and an overdose of literary politicking drained much of the wit out of him. After the struggle of the Depression, his sense of adventure died away. Despite the authors' sympathy for their subject, *William Arthur Deacon* can easily be read as a cautionary tale: anybody who reviews almost 1,300 books in a single five-year stretch can't help but lose his dreams. The wonder is that Deacon retained any zest and love of literature at all. Nevertheless, even in the most hectic hours of a frantic career, Bill Deacon never forgot the true basis of all his work: "The influence of books has been ennobling. On books our whole civilization rests."

—MARK ABLEY

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are running low. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Owing to the chilly weather they have not been able to use their swimming pool this season.

MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1982 Rain all day. Dick Barker, CBC, phoned from Montreal re the one-hour TV film they are doing on Marconi's early experiments in North America. (See entry May 31) Wants me to come to Glace Bay next month to be interviewed on the site of Marconi's trans-Atlantic station. Told him I'm 79 & very lame, so cannot travel about. Sorry.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16/82 Wet again. Gordon Romkey picked me up about 2:30 & took me to his house near Crescent Beach, the home of his ancestors, beautifully restored & furnished. His wife served a delicious dinner at 6 o'clock, & later we joined a meeting of West Nova veterans in the Canadian Legion hall at Bridgewater. About 20 men & their ladies, a cheerful gathering. About an hour of business, & then I was introduced by lawyer Cyril G. Coughlan, a fellow officer with me in the 2nd. Battalion forty years ago, & invited to address the meeting. I spoke for about 20 minutes, mostly about the regimental history which I published in 1947. Chatted afterwards with Col. John Hebb & others until about 10 p.m. Then back to Crescent Beach for the night. Slept well.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17/82 Drizzle & fog. After breakfast we drove along the back of Crescent Beach to Bush Island, & looked into several small fishing coves. Then a leisurely drive back to Liverpool, where I invited them to lunch with me at Wong's Cafe, which serves much better meals than the usual Chinese restaurant. Home about 2 p.m. A pleasant little break in my routine.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18/82 Replaced the batteries in my TM control. Dark sky & great humidity, temp. up to 80° Fahr. Mowed front & side lawns, a sweaty business.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19/82 Hazy sun & cool breeze. Mowed the back lawn. Father's Day card from daughter Francie. Neighbour Erik informed me that Burke Douglas, of Milton, died in hospital at Halifax yesterday. A heart attack. Austin Parker's brother-in-law, a native of Caledonia. I went moose hunting with him & a Yarmouth chap named Carter at Lake Rossignol about 55 years ago.

This evening I hobbled down to the Perkins Museum, where I found a great crowd admiring the nautical exhibits in the "Our Floating Heritage" show, a fine collection of ships models, paintings & photographs,

& various artifacts ranging from an ancient sextant to a wooden bust of Capt Samuel Kempton carved by Crouse, the local figurehead maker, about 1865. A good exhibit of the Mersey Paper Co. fleet, which operated busily from 1929 to 1954, & many former crewmen were there to see it & to chat with old shipmates.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1982 Very heavy rain last night. When I drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m., Tom's picturesque brook was flooding his small furnace-cellar & had been over his back lawn. While I was there grandson Tom phoned from Philadelphia, where the papers had commended the smart handling of "Bluenose", coming in to the dock under full sail & dousing all her canvas quickly & neatly for an easy stop.

Tom said their Boston & Portland visits were spoiled by cold & continuous rains, but Philadelphia has been a triumph — "must have had half a million visitors so far".

MONDAY, JUNE 21/82 Sunny & warm, turning cloudy towards evening. Went to Milton this afternoon with Erik & Lou Anderssen for the funeral service of Burke Douglas. The Baptist church, much smaller & more attractive than the old one on this site, in which I was married. British union jack over the coffin. No Legionaries, although he was a member of the Legion. Church full.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23/82 Showers & fog. This morning I phoned John Oyler, of Burns Fry Ltd., Halifax, & placed an order to buy 3,100 shares of Royal Bank at $20 or less. This on son Tom's advice, as I have about $67,000 cash on fixed term deposits in the Royal Bank here. The market has been falling with the sad state of our economy, & this seems a good time to buy.

Oyler phoned about 4:30, to say that I have bought 2200 shares at a fraction under $20, & 900 at $20. Thinks it was a good move at the right time.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24/82 Overcast & cool. My weight is 176 lbs., down 6 lbs since last winter. My sparse diet is taking effect.

At 1:30 CBC radio, Halifax, interviewed me by telephone about Mc Nab's Island & its proposed use as a public Park. The interview went straight on to the air.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25/82 Open-&-shut sky. Very hot when the sun was out. Mowed front & side lawns. Bird note: Since the yellow warblers abandoned their newly built nest about June 7 I have not seen or heard them. Two or three days ago another pair came along & investigated it. They decided not to use the nest but to remove it, bit by bit, to another site elsewhere. They began yesterday afternoon, & today about 9:30 a.m. I

I saw the female removing the last bit of it.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1982 Walked to the post office, as usual, in the morning. Planned to mow my back lawn in the afternoon, but a drizzle of rain began about noon & continued all day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27/82 At last, a fine hot day. (82° Fahr. in the sun) Mowed my back lawn, lengthwise & crosswise. Phew!

Dined at Hunt's Point. Debby was home for the weekend. She is happy with her new secretarial job in Halifax. Tom Jr. is back in Halifax with the "Bluenose", which now begins her routine cruises out of Hfx. harbour.

Soon after dinner, Tom & Pam left to drive Debby back to Hfx. & I returned to Town.

MONDAY, JUNE 28/82 About 9 am. son Tom came with very bad news. Returning from Hfx. last night, with Pam driving, somewhere near Mill Village, they came upon an apparently dead porcupine in the road. Just as they were about to pass it, the animal began to run in the direction of the front wheels. Pam, startled, made a swerve to avoid it, went off the road, & hit a big rock or something solid. The car was a complete wreck. Pam has a broken knee & other injuries, & is now in the V.G. hospital in Hfx. Tom was bruised all over & badly shaken up, but has no broken bones or deep injuries. He was now on his way back to Hfx. in their second car. Hopes to get Dr. Reg. Yabsley (who did the operation on my ankle) to operate on Pam's knee.

At 6:30 Tom phoned from Hfx. Pam is in a private room at the V.G., & Dr. Yabsley will operate tomorrow. Her knee is badly smashed, & we can only hope. She has a broken collar-bone & some cuts on the legs, but these are minor. Tom himself is bruised from head to foot & badly shaken; intends to stay in Hfx. for a few days resting quietly. "We are both lucky to be alive".

TUESDAY, JUNE 29/82 Fog & drizzle. Furnace running. Mailed cheque to Burns Fry Ltd. for $62,725.17, covering purchase of 3,100 shares of Royal Bank common stock. (Market cost $61,925.00, commission $800.17) This works out at $20.23 per share.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30/82 Heavy rain all night & morning. June is gone & only a glimpse or two of summer. No further word of Pamela.

A great fall on the Toronto stock exchange, which has been sinking slowly for the past year. This follows Finance Minister Mc Eachen's latest budget, which raises taxes, limits civil servants' pay increases for the next two years, etc., & provides for a tremendous deficit of twenty billions. A great uproar from labour unions.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1982 Fine & warm, with a fresh breeze. Mowed front & side lawns. The lilac blooms have gone. Spireas now in full white blossom. Weigelias begin to bloom. Tom phoned from Hunts Point. Dr. Yabsley told Pamela that she will have her leg in a cast of one sort or another until September, & then she will be able to move about with a crutch or a stick. She will never play tennis again. He hinted that if things go well he may be able to improve the knee a bit with another operation. How sad for poor Pam!

Debbie & young Tom come & see her every day, & Tom himself returns to Hfx for the weekend.

FRIDAY, JULY 2/82 Another lovely day. Drove to White Point this afternoon & hobbled slowly around seven holes, enjoying the sea air & the familiar scene. I note from the Chronicle-Herald that my friend Frank Covert is to be made an Officer of the Order of Canada, a well deserved honour.

SATURDAY, JULY 3/82 Fine, with a fresh breeze. The golf course would be crowded today & tomorrow, so I stayed at home, sunning myself on the back lawn. Last winter's hard frosts killed the honeysuckle vines which I planted fifty or so years ago, & most of the deutzia shrubs.

SUNDAY, JULY 4/82 Fine & hot. Mowed the back lawn in the afternoon. On TV enjoyed the international tennis matches at Wimbledon. Dined at home. I shall miss the Sunday dinners at Hunts Point this summer. Apart from Pamela's delicious meals there was always the conversation of herself & Tom & the young people, all in close touch with the local world to which I am lost.

TUESDAY, JULY 6/82 Still fine & hot. Walked on the golf course yesterday & today, with the added pleasure of chatting with old friends & acquaintances. My petunias, planted May 19, are in full bloom at last, a nice little show of deep purple & red. Weigelia shrubs blooming scarlet. Got the big electric fan down from the attic, a matter of some contrivance owing to my difficult footing on the steep & narrow steps.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7/82 The hottest day yet — 90° Fahr. in the sun. Walked & sat on the golf course in a small but cool breeze off the bay. Too hot to sleep tonight until 2 a.m., when I finally dropped off.

THURSDAY, JULY 8/82 Very hot again. Walked on the golf course. Among the usual birds I noticed a Kingbird & what I took to be

a Savannah sparrow. At 5.30 I joined about a dozen old friends on the Anderssens' patio for drinks, sandwiches & cake in honour of Erik's 81st. birthday. About 10 p.m. my daughter Francie phoned from Moncton. She & Bill leave tomorrow by car for the Yukon, a journey of about two weeks if all goes well.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1982 Hot again, despite a good W. breeze. Mowed my front & side lawns, & finished drenched with sweat. Spent the rest of the afternoon & evening sitting close by my big electric fan, wearing nothing but a pair of dry ~~tt~~ trousers, reading or watching T.V.

My grandson Gregory Dennis has not answered the congratulatory letter I sent him on May 13 — but he cashed the cheque.

SATURDAY, JULY 10/82 Again a very hot day, delightful in the light sea breeze at White Point. From there I went on to Hunts Point, & found Pamela in a chaise longue with her right leg in a cast from hip to foot, quite cheerful & indomitable. She can get about with crutches, & expects to have the cast off in another month.

~~SAT~~SUNDAY, JULY 11/82 Sunny but much cooler, with a somewhat chilly sea breeze. Walked on the golf course & went on to dine at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair, also grandson Tom & his woman friend Diane from Halifax, who came down from Halifax in a hired car for the weekend, tenting at Wolfville Beach.

Home news from abroad:- My sister Nellie, at Mahone Bay, heard about the motor accident & phoned my son Tom for details. In course of chat she revealed that her daughter Carol, & husband John Paisley, have decided to remove to his home in Alabama, after several years' residence at Indian Point. They are offering their beautiful house & grounds for sale. My sister Nellie will probably do the same. Most of her married life was spent in Alabama, & she has been going there for the winter for the past several years. She suffered a heart attack two years ago, & she is now 81. When I spent a day with my sisters at the Merlin house last July I had a feeling that this was the last time we would all be together.

MONDAY, JULY 12/82 Overcast, cool, threatening rain, after eleven straight days of fine weather. Mowed the back lawn.

TUESDAY, JULY 13/82 Sea fog last night, cold & dank, & my furnace was running when I got up. By noon the temp. was 80° Fahr., sky overcast, no air stirring, humidity terific. I spread "Lawn Green" over my lawns, front, side & back, using my little push-cart with its winnowing fan. Mixed a solution of RX 15 & applied it to the roses & petunias. This evening I

set out my garden hose & sprinkler on the back lawn, & left it on all night.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1982 Clear sky, little breeze, very hot. Mrs. Bagley came & finished the "spring" cleaning. She is in great demand, & apart from her regular Tuesday morning chores she can only give me a day now & then for seasonal cleaning.

Soon after noon I fled to the golf course & enjoyed the cool breeze off Port Mouton bay, & chatting with players as they came by.

THURSDAY, JULY 15/82 Sunny & a bit cooler. At White Point the sea was calm enough for a canoe. As the players come by my favourite bench at No 4 tee, I'm surprised by the number of players, male & female, who recognise me & stop to tell me that they have read my books.

FRIDAY, JULY 16/82 Clear & hot. Again enjoyed the sun & sea air at White Point. Met Claud Bishop, a native of L'pool, for many years a civil servant at Ottawa. I hear that attendance at White Point Lodge is very low, another symptom of the economic slump which is now prevalent throughout the western world. Canada is hard hit. Every day the news tells of more industrial plants closing or laying off workers.

SATURDAY, JULY 17/82 Overcast, threatening rain. Mowed front & side lawns this morning while the air was cool. The fog horn at Western Head was trumpeting all day, so I didn't venture to the golf course. Mrs. Cheska phoned from her summer home at Lebim Beach, near Barrington, asking for an interview tomorrow. She is a professor at the University of Illinois, gathering folk games & amusements in Shelburne & Queens counties, & she taped an interview with me last August. (DR. ALYCE CHESKA) Outside the post office I met David Johnson, adopted son of my neighbour Ralph Johnson, & for many years an intelligence officer in the RCAF. He is now posted at Shearwater air base, Dartmouth, & expects to be there until retirement.

SUNDAY, JULY 18/82 Overcast, humid, no air stirring. Mrs. Cheska came at 2 p.m. & taped a two-hour interview about Queens County folklore. Regarding the legends of Indian Gardens on the Mersey river I lent her, with permission to copy, my paper entitled "Groundwork & Guesswork", which I wrote for the Liverpool Regional High School years ago.

Dined at Hunts Point. Pamela gets about quite nimbly on her crutches now. Thick sea fog on the shore.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 1982 Very hot & humid, with a hazy sun. Pleasant in the light sea breeze at White Point. My roses are recovering from whatever ailed them (too much fertilizer, perhaps) & begin to bud.

As part of its summer fare the CBC TV is running in serial form the BBC's much vaunted version of "Sons and Lovers". I never cared much for D. H. Lawrence in print, & this is a dreary play about dreary people saying dreary things in a thick & sometimes incomprehensible Nottinghamshire dialect.

TUESDAY, JULY 20/82 Awakened at 4 a.m. by a thunderstorm to the eastward. We were on the edge of it & got only one or two heavy showers of badly needed rain. This afternoon in a temp. of 80° Fahr't. & terrific humidity I mowed the back lawn. Phew!

Although two pairs of robins have nested on or around my property I have not seen a single young robin. This is due to two predatory cats brought into our vicinity by new neighbours. I spotted one, the other day, trying to climb the big golden elder outside my sun porch, in an endeavour to reach the robins that are now nesting in the rain gutter there. The other one frightened the yellow warblers into removing elsewhere.

Sent sympathy cards to old friend Dewey Nickerson at Clark's Harbour, whose wife Genevieve died yesterday; and to Phyllis Tozer, whose long ailing husband Douglas died on Sunday.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21/82 Rain & drizzle all day. Received by mail the certificate for 3100 Royal Bank shares purchased in June.

FRIDAY, JULY 23/82 The rain petered out last night, & today was overcast & humid. Mowed front & side lawns.

SATURDAY, JULY 24/82 Sunny & very hot. Cut away more of the shrubbery between my boundary & Erik's. Mixed a strong solution of Killex & sprayed the weeds on the borders of my lawns.

Mrs. Cheska dropped in to return my paper on "Groundwork and Guesswork".

SUNDAY, JULY 25/82 Sunny & warm. Chatted with Erik on the lawn. Dined at Hunt's Point. Pamela is counting the days — two more weeks & the cast comes off her leg. She & Tom confirm rumours about the health of Vera, wife of my oldest friend Austin Parker. She had a cancerous breast removed some years ago. Recently she had symptoms of cancer of the spine. She gets about with a cane, but her family say she cannot live more than a year. She is about my age. Austin is about 86, still tall & straight & healthy.

MONDAY, JULY 26, 1982 Fine & hot. Mowed the back lawn.
TUESDAY, JULY 27/82 " " ". Walked on the golf cours. Very few players, mostly local. American tourists seem to be scarce this year, in spite of a fat premium on their dollar. Even local people who spend their summer holidays abroad are staying home now.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 28/82 Overcast, threatening rain. On the golf course I found the breeze off the bay actually chilly, & I didn't sit long. In addition to her ordinary chores yesterday, Mrs. Bagley came today & finished the particular house-cleaning — my study, taking out the drapes & airing them, taking down the pictures & other bric-à-brac on the walls including my guns, & polishing all the metal in sight.

A man named Daley phoned from Amherst, wanting ~~to~~ me to address some sort of group or gathering. Sorry, No.
THURSDAY, JULY 29/82 Heavy rain in the night, leaving pools on the golf course. Walked there under low grey clouds with strong W. wind, like a Fall afternoon. Again very few players, among them Bill Copeland, with his wife keeping score.

Ralph Johnson brought me a box of raspberries from his garden.
FRIDAY, JULY 30/82 Clear & very hot, even on my favourite seat at White Point. Had an invitation to a barbecue up the river at Mersey Lodge this evening, but I dined more comfortably at home.

I'm told that a large school or pod of whales went into Port Mouton this morning, presumably in pursuit of mackerel.
SATURDAY, JULY 31/82 Half the summer has slipped by — melancholy thought. Hot today again. Mowed front & side lawns, & sprinkled RX 15 solution on petunias & roses. Today I received from Ottawa a receipt for the instalment of 1982 income tax which I mailed to their (new last year) Atlantic office in St. John's Nfld. on July 7. A total of 24 days! The receipt was mailed in Ottawa on July 27. Bureaucratic efficiency!
SUNDAY, AUG. 1/82 Overcast & sultry. Noticed a male & female redstart at my bird bath, handsome creatures. Dined at Hunt's Point, & found all the Raddall family at home for the weekend. Tom Jr's. ship "Bluenose" is in Lunenburg for engine repairs, & he hitch-hiked.
MONDAY, AUG. 2/82 Overcast & mild. Foggy on the shore, so no walk at White Point. Did my weekly laundry chores, & had some dental repairs from son Tom. Workmen are finishing the front approaches to Town Hall, where the street sidewalk has been widened & paved with tiles, & so have the twin approaches to the front steps, which curve past the war memorial, a great improvement.

TUESDAY, AUG. 3, 1982 Overcast, threatening rain. Mowed the back lawn. My roses are blooming at last.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 4/82 Overcast & cool. Drove to White Point but found it deep in clammy fog, so no walk. About mid-afternoon the sun came out in town but the fog horn at Western Head continued to blow, so I passed the time with reading & music.

THURSDAY, AUG. 5/82 Another wretched day, damp & dark. Drove to White Point, determined on a walk, fog or no fog. Found the course jammed with people, & a drizzle of rain falling. A tournament of some kind. So I came home & passed the time with music & TV. Finished reading George Woodcock's "The Canadians", published 1979 for $19.95 & now remaindered at half price. A "coffee table" book, (meaning that it won't fit in an ordinary book shelf) well illustrated, printed & bound. Purports to cover everything about every part of Canada — history, geography, geology, anthropology, art, architecture & literature. He gives very little space to the Maritime provinces, & I found at least 4 bad errors of fact in that. Born in Canada, educated in England, he returned to western Canada about 30 years ago, & since then has turned out about 50 books about Canada & Canadians, the islands of the Pacific, etc. with special attention to the native tribes of B.C. & the North. The fellow is undoubtedly a genius, spouting forth books & pamphlets with the bland air of a stage magician plucking flowers out of a hat, & pontificating about them in a continual patter; but I doubt if all this is really worth a damn when there is nothing left but the hat.

FRIDAY, AUG. 6/82 Same weather — six days since we saw the sun — & this is "summer"!

SATURDAY, AUG. 7/82 Sunny at last, with a cool SW breeze. Mowed the front & side lawns. Eric Manthorn & wife brought a visitor this evening, a tall schoolmaam-ish person from London, Ontario, with Manthorn family connections. Seventy-ish. Belongs to a genealogical society & has spent several years digging up material for a book on her family. One of a swarm of such hobbyists nowadays. Like so many who come this way she declared she had read my books & assumed that I must be an expert on local genealogy. Gently I explained that in my historical research I was interested in what people did, rather than who they were.

SUNDAY, AUG. 8/82 Overcast, threatening rain, & very cool. Furnace running at intervals, as it has most of this "summer". Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Had another lady visitor, Joan Turner, a grand-daughter

of Liverpool merchant Longley Veinot, who died many years ago. A slim brunette, 30-ish, glasses, well spoken. Divorced, but still uses husband's name, lives in P.E.I. Has had some experience in historical research for CBC radio. Intends to write a series of historical novels about P.E.I. & has begun to write the first. Wants advice, especially about period dress. Showed her my own reference books & she made note of them. I refrained from telling her that I had studied the 18th. century for years before I attempted a book about it.

MONDAY, AUG. 9, 1982 Anniversary of my father's death in battle. A grey day threatening rain, so again no walk at White Point. Letter from daughter Francie in Dawson City, dated July 29. She & Bill got there with no difficulty & a lot of enjoyment. They found the long drive across the prairies boring but were pleased with the Rockies & the Alaska highway. "Dawson is a dying town, I'm afraid. Hovels & a lot of drunken Indians & Innuits. Poverty everywhere."

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11/82 Yesterday was dull & damp, but today was very hot - 85° Fahr. in the shade, with alternate sunshine & cloud, & terrific humidity after so much wet weather. I spent two hours mowing the back lawn & dripping sweat. While at it I heard the bell of Trinity Church tolling for the funeral of an old acquaintance, Fred Hearty, 81. He was chief mechanic at the Mersey paper mill when he retired, a small spry cheerful man, & he played golf at White Point only a few days before his death.

FRIDAY, AUG. 13/82 Drizzling rain yesterday & today, horribly depressing as the summer drips away. July had 22 fine hot days & that was it. Only 7 fine days in June. The news is as gloomy as the weather. More & more terrorist outrages in European cities. Jews, using every modern device for air, land & sea warfare, deliberately murdering & injuring innocent Lebanese in their vendetta with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Iraq & Iran at bloody war. World trade & business falling into a depression as bad as that of the 1930s. Vast & increasing unemployment in the western industrial countries.

To cap these gloomy views today, I had a sad phone call tonight from my older sister Nellie Cassidy at Oakland, Mahone Bay. She is leaving shortly for Birmingham, Alabama, where she lived for many years & where her husband & son are buried, & she will not return to Nova Scotia. She is nearly 82 & had a bad heart attack last year. Her son-in-law John Paisley & daughter

Carol are also returning to Birmingham, & are trying to sell their beautiful home at Indian Point, a few miles beyond Oakland. Their sudden removal is due to the death of John's father a few months ago in Alabama, leaving his widow, a senile mental case, in need of care. Nellie's voice broke as she said Goodbye to me, for it is obvious that we shall never meet again. When we were all together at Winifred's home last July I had a dismal notion that this was the last time. And so it was.

SATURDAY, AUG. 14, 1982 The rain ceased this morning & the sun peeped through the clouds all day, very hot at times. For the first time in two weeks I was able to walk & sit for two hours on the golf course, which was still very wet in spots. A great crowd of players.

SUNDAY, AUG. 15/82 Same weather & same walk, very pleasant, although the bank of sea fog was touching White Point & the sea breeze chill at times. Tom, Pam, & the Jack Dunlops spent the afternoon on a picnic at Port Mouton Island, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, AUG. 16/82 Fine & very hot. Did my weekly laundry chores. Mowed front & side lawns.

TUESDAY, AUG. 17/82 A cool night, & again very hot. Walked on the golf course, & again the fog bank was close to White Point, & a stiff S.W. breeze from it actually made the bench at No 4 too cool for comfort. Outside the clubhouse met old friends Fred & Virginia Senerchia, of New Jersey, who have spent August at White Point Lodge for many years, but have been absent for the past three.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 18/82 Overcast & very hot in town, chilly at White Point in the sea fog. Dr. & Mrs. Senerchia came in for a chat this afternoon. They leave shortly for New Jersey. Dined on charcoal-broiled swordfish steaks at Hunts Point. Fellow guests were Paul Chandler, Tom's boyhood & college chum, & his wife Joan, daughter of Dr. John Wickwire. They have been in Toronto for many years but spend the summer holidays here. Pamela's leg is very much swollen & stiff, & she is obviously disappointed, having thought that when the cast came off she would be able to use it. As it is, she has to use the crutches & keep the right foot off the ground. She has a therapy session at the local hospital every day, & does regular exercises at home, including swimming in the pool.

Pouring rain as I drove home.

THURSDAY, AUG. 19/82 When I awoke this morning the furnace was running & the outdoor temp. was 55° Fahrenheit. By noon it was up to 80°. Spent a pleasant two hours on the golf course, mostly sitting on the bench at No 4 tee. Some kind of tournament was in progress,

mostly stockily built middle-aged ladies from various parts of U.S.

FRIDAY, AUG. 20, 1982 Overcast & humid. A light shower of rain while I was mowing the back lawn. Towards the end of the job the mower began to clatter & scream, & I found that something had gone wrong in the gear box which drives the knife. Bought the mower from Sears in 1974. Doubt if I can get parts for it now. A sudden surge of buyers on the N.Y. stock exchange has affected our always imitative Canadian exchanges & sent values upward. As a result I have a paper profit of $4,000 on my Royal Bank stock. Economists still predict that the slump of business in Canada has not hit bottom yet, so this flurry of confidence cannot last long.

SATURDAY, AUG. 21/82 After a cold night the fog burned off about noon & gave a delightful day, warm sun, flitting shadows of fat cirrus cloud, fresh SW breeze. Enjoyed two hours or so on the golf course.

SUNDAY, AUG. 22/82 Another lovely day & another pleasant afternoon on the golf course, where among others I met Mary Harris, widow of Goodwin Harris, wealthy Torontonian. They used to spend their summers at White Point Lodge 40 years or so ago. The Hunts Point Raddalls & the Jack Dunlops went to Port Mouton Island for an afternoon & a picnic supper, so I dined at home. Tonight the temp. sank below 50° Fahr't. & the weather bureau warned "risk of frost in low-lying places." The furnace running continually.

MONDAY, AUG. 23/82 Cool & dark, threatening rain. My good neighbour Erik took my mower apart, even the electric motor, & found nothing worn out or broken. Simply an accumulation of dirt, mostly grass ~~particles~~ particles, over 7 or 8 years, had penetrated everything, even the interior of the electric motor. I wonder that the machine ran at all. Erik worked for 3 hours, taking it apart, scraping & scrubbing every bit of it, & putting it together, an intricate business.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 25/82 Rain yesterday, threatening today. Had a visit from Mrs. Perlee (Eaton) Hume, a daughter of the late Cyrus Eaton, American financier. Tall, 65-ish, grizzled reddish grey hair. Lived in Greece for years, & more recently in N.S. at Mahone Bay & Broad Cove. Knows my sister Nellie & the Paisleys. Like them she is selling her house & moving back to the States. Had a copy of "The Nymph & The Lamp" for my autograph. "My favourite of your books. Oddly enough it came to me in Greece, as a gift".

Mowed the front & side lawns. The mower now runs perfectly — indeed it is like new.

FRIDAY, AUG. 27, 1982 Rain yesterday. Mostly overcast today & very humid. Mowed the back lawn.

SATURDAY, AUG. 28/82 Cloudy till noon, & then a perfect day, clear sky, warm sun & a fresh W. breeze. The Anderssens offered me a ride to Oakland, & I phoned Nell's place to see if she was still there, but no answer, so presume she is on her way to Alabama.

Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course, looking over the sea, & ruminating on the strange course of my life since Nell & I were tots, hand in hand, on the way to & from school in England. Wondering, too, how many more days like this I can enjoy, here & now.

SUNDAY, AUG. 29/82 Another fine day. Many players on the golf course. One was Arnold Patterson of Dartmouth, owner of Dartmouth's newspaper & radio station. Some years ago at White Point we played golf with Edmund Rothschild, & found him pleasant & unassuming, not at all the enormously wealthy business tycoon of fiction. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pamela. Poor Pam looks a bit downcast, realizing now that she is crippled for life but going on determinedly with exercises at the hospital & at home. ("Now I know what you went through")

A phone call from a daughter of the late James Reside, of Hebron, with whom I collaborated in supervising the restoration of the Simeon Perkins house in 1949. His widow died a week or two ago, & in clearing out the contents of the Reside house his daughter found a bundle of papers, photos & diagrams referring to the Simeon Perkins house. So I asked her to send them to me, & I would pass them on to the Queens County Historical Society.

Mrs. Margaret Konig

MONDAY, AUG. 30/82 Mostly sunny, but a chill S.E. breeze at White Point, where I did not linger long. Someone said a flight of wild geese passed over the golf course yesterday, heading for Port Joli.

I have not received the dividend on my Royal Bank stock, due on Aug. 25, so I phoned the Burns Fry office in Halifax. They will enquire. Pleasant note from Harro Garmsen, now director of the CBC station at Regina. I knew him as a camera man here back in the 1960's. "I carried one of your books as an official gift from the mayor of Halifax to his counterpart in Flensburg, Germany, during a production assignment there in 1965. Your name as a Canadian author was well known overseas."

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 1/82 Went to the hospital this morning, & surgeon Bill Lenco excised a lesion from the skin of my right temple, about

1" x ¼". It began as a dark spot years ago & gradually extended & turned brown. Son Tom told me last week that it was an incipient cancer, & made the hospital appointment. Lenco was doubtful but to make sure he cut the thing out. He will remove the stitches in ten days' time.

Walked on the golf course. It was overcast & chilly, with a spit of rain on the windshield as I drove home.

Phone call from John Ozler, of Burns Fry Ltd, my stock brokers. He had just got back from his summer holidays & found my complaint of Aug. 30. He said according to their records I am entitled to the dividend on Royal Bank stock purchased June 28, & he will check with the bank's registry office in Toronto. "It will take some time, as they are inclined to be slow." The dividend amounts to over $1,500, so it is no bagatelle.

FRIDAY, SEP. 3, 1982 Rain yesterday & today. In these dull days I read almost continuously, as I do in winter, with intervals of watching TV. I am now re-reading Parkman's histories, for I suppose the 12th. time at least. I bought the complete set in Hfx. at second hand, forty-odd years ago. The set was published by Little, Brown & Co. in Boston in 1909, with board covers bound in half leather, & I got them in good condition. Since then I have read & consulted them so often that the covers have come off.

I worry sometimes about all this strain on my eyes, but I can't sit & twiddle my thumbs in my solitude, & can only hope that my sight will last as long as my heart beats.

Norman Reid came in this evening with two of my books for autographs. He is gathering a collection of my books, & I gave him a copy of "West Novas", which is rare nowadays. (I have only half a dozen left.) He is a retired colonel of the USAF, one of three who came & settled in Port Medway some years ago. With their wives they joined heartily in local activities, including the Historical Society, where I first met them. All very fine people.

SATURDAY, SEP. 4/82 Fine & warm, with a fresh W. breeze. Mowed front & side lawns. Although the temp. here has not dropped to freezing point so far as I know, my petunias, which have been a mass of colour all summer, are suddenly withered. Roses shattering.

SUNDAY, SEP. 5/82 Sunny, with a cool sea breeze. Walked on the golf course. The Hunts Point Raddalls spent the afternoon & evening with friends at Ponhook Lake, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, SEP. 6/82 Hazy & warm in town, but overcast at White Point with a chilly sea breeze. Had to don my golf jacket & zip it up to

the throat. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

TUESDAY, SEP. 7, 1982 Overcast & chilly until afternoon, when the sun came out. Letter from Mayor Roy McIsaac of Bridgetown, inviting me to attend a reception at Mountain Lea Lodge next Saturday afternoon, in honour of writer Ernest Buckler. I wrote back at once to say that I cannot travel, owing to various disabilities, otherwise I would be happy to come. I have long enjoyed & admired Buckler's work.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 8/82 Same weather, but overcast all afternoon, with a cold E. wind, at White Point, where I did not linger long on the benches. Mrs. Bagley came at 8 a.m. & stayed till 1 p.m., washing & drying my chinaware etc. I paid her $20. Mrs. Burke Douglas phoned from Milton, asking me to attend the probate of her late husband's will on Friday. I was one of the witnesses.

THURSDAY, SEP. 9/82 Sunny but cool, with NW breeze. Mowed the back lawn.

FRIDAY, SEP. 10/82 Sunny & warm. Gary Hartlen, curator of the Perkins Museum, came this morning & borrowed the original typescript of my paper on Tarleton's Legion, originally read before the N.S. Historical Society in 1947. Also photostat copies of Sergeant Neil Campbell's discharge certificate, & of six land grant tickets at "Guysborough" (Port Mouton) now in the possession of Kimball Leslie, Milton.

Also:- (a) a minute book of the Queens County Historical Society, & sundry letters & documents relating to the purchase & restoration of the Perkins House. These were turned over to my custody a few years ago by Hector Macleod, former secretary-treasurer of the Q.C.H.S.

(b) a carton of odds & ends from the house of James Buchanan, Bristol, turned over to my custody by his daughter, when she sold the house & contents a few years ago. It contains a few broken Indian stone tools, an iron tomahawk or hatchet, & a number of medical documents & books handed down by Buchanan's father in law, Dr. Smith, who practised at Mill Village many years ago.

Douglas Aulenbach, plumber, came with a helper and removed the old lead drain pipes from my kitchen sink, which had become badly corroded & plugged, & replaced them with modern plastic pipes.

This afternoon Austin Parker picked me up with his car & took me to the home of the late Burke Douglas, West Milton, where Borden Conrad, Bridgewater lawyer, was awaiting us. Conrad represents the Montreal Trust Company, who have charge of Douglas' estate. Parker was there as an executor, & I as a witness to the will. There were some documents for us to sign. Douglas' widow Marian, somewhat confused mentally, poor woman, but keeping her house well. Conrad, Parker & I

then went to the municipal registry of deeds, in the former De Wolfe house, next to Town Hall on Main Street. There we signed more documents, for probate of the will.

Afterwards I had a long chat with Parker, the first opportunity in many months. The word "cancer" was not mentioned but he said his wife Vera was failing fast. She gets up from time to time but spends whole days & nights in bed. Parker has my own reluctance to have a live-in housekeeper, & he is doing all the cooking & household chores. He is in his 87th year, still tall & straight & keen of mind. Vera is about my own age, 79

Regarding the break-in at Eagle Lake camp (see entry May 23) he had notified the RCMP, who called on a Milton young man, Stephen Cole, who admitted entering the camp with two companions, & staying there two days. However, he claimed that they were victims of bad weather, in need of shelter, & that they had not stolen anything.

This seemed true, & the police did not push the matter. The right of anyone to break into a camp when in dire need of shelter & food, is an old backwoods custom. Of course, this creates a plausible excuse for any camp burglar. However, Austin is convinced that Cole & his companions were not guilty of the original break into the Eagle Lake camp, some years ago, when two sleeping bags (mine & his) were stolen, together with half a dozen beaver traps, etc.

A phone call from my daughter Frances Dennis. She & Bill got back from their trip to the Yukon about a week ago, & now are off again, this time for a fishing trip to the South West Miramichi, where the salmon run is reported to be the best in years.

SATURDAY, SEP. 11, 1982 Fine & warm. Whynot put 301.7 gallons of fuel oil in my furnace tanks. Cost $442.90. Five years ago it would have cost less than $145; ten years ago less than $76. Yet we hear & read much talk about a world "glut" of oil!

Walked at White Point. Temp. 88° Fahr. in the sun, eased a bit by a N. breeze, but the breeze was blowing over many miles of dry forest.

SUNDAY, SEP. 12/82 Fine & warm. Walked at White Point. Dined at Hunts Point — boiled fresh salmon, egg sauce, beans, carrots, potatoes, blueberry pie — the salmon caught in a herring net yesterday, the rest, including the blueberries, all from Tom's own property. Pamela hopes to be using a cane, & touching her foot to the floor, within another week, but the knee remains stiff & unbending.

MONDAY, SEP. 13, 1982 Fine & warm in town, but sea-fogged & chilly at White Point, where I was glad to have my old golf jacket. John Oyler phoned about the missing Royal Bank dividend. Apparently the Royal Bank's registry office in Toronto confused me with Tom Jr., who has an arrangement with them for re-investment of his dividends. I must take a look at the new certificate issued to me (3100 shares) & see if it is in the name of Sr. or Jr.

TUESDAY, SEP. 14/82 Same weather & same walk. Got my certificate for the bank shares from the safety deposit box & mailed it to Oyler by registered mail. It is made out correctly to "Sr.".

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 15/82 Sunny & hot in town, but again I had a foggy walk at White Point. Gary Hartlen, curator of the Perkins Museum, picked me up with his car at 7:30 & took me to a meeting of the Queens County Historical Society at the museum, where I had promised to give a lecture on Indian artifacts. About 40 people, including some old friends & many strangers, as I've been unable to attend a meeting for a long time, owing to my difficulty of vision after dark. Present also were two young archeologists & the woman who has charge of the Indian section of the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax. The Society had a brief business meeting, the chief item being a change in the name of the museum. Strictly speaking, it has nothing to do with Simeon Perkins except its proximity to the Perkins house, & visitors find this confusing. On a majority vote the name will become the Queens County Museum.

I talked for about half an hour about the artifacts I and my friends had found, principally at the Indian Gardens site on the Mersey River between the years 1923 and 1933. A keenly interested audience, & many questions afterward. One woman had driven all the way from Malega in order to hear me.

I turned over to the Society the James Reside papers & photos. (See entry Aug. 29)

SATURDAY, SEP. 18/82 After two boring days & nights of fog & drizzle, a fine day. On my walk to the post office this morning I was overtaken by son Tom in his car. He had bad news. Yesterday he took Pam to Hfx. for a check-up on her knee, which is not improving despite therapy. Dr. Yabsley, who did the original operation (and said at the time that the knee might need "further correction later on") is not at all satisfied with its present state, so Pam goes back to the V.G. hospital tomorrow for another operation. She had kept her hopes high, & is now cast down, poor girl. This afternoon I mowed the front & side lawns.

SUNDAY, SEP. 19, 1982 Sunny, with a cool breeze. Mowed the back lawn. Dined at home. A solitary day. I shall miss the weekly get-together at Hunts Point.

TUESDAY, SEP. 21/82 Rain. Phoned Tom in his new premises & asked about Pam. He said Dr. ~~Yabsley~~ Yabsley had decided against a second operation but rather to conduct continuous manipulation of the knee joint, using ice to reduce the swelling. John Oyler phoned to say that Montreal Trust Co. in Toronto, as registrar for Royal Bank shares, have acknowledged their error, & will be sending me a cheque for $1550.00.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 22/82 Rain again, a dark beginning of autumn, which starts officially today. A woman phoned inviting me to attend a gathering of writers at Acadia University in November, when the writers would "meet the public", read aloud from their works, & autograph their works. I detest that kind of thing, & told her truthfully that I am too old & lame to travel anywhere.

THURSDAY, SEP. 23/82 Rain. This morning's paper has an obituary of George Raine, aged 83, at Sydney Mines. He & I were operators at the North Sydney wireless station, briefly, in January 1920. We roomed together at the local hotel. Then I was sent to join the "Hochelaga" at Louisburg. He was a permanent shore station operator, & I never saw him again.

FRIDAY, SEP. 24/82 Fine & warm with fresh W. breeze. Enjoyed a walk on the golf course. Except a few gulls, not a bird to be seen, not even a crow.

SATURDAY, SEP. 25/82 A perfect Fall day – warm with hazy sun, & calm. This morning Albert Whynot, a trucker & handyman, cut down & hauled to the town incinerator three dead or dying shrubs that I planted about 50 years ago – 1 weigelia, 2 deutzia. He also hauled to the town dump my old hot water tank, heavy with its stoneware lining, which had laid in my cellar ever since the plumber put in a new one while I was in hospital last year. His charge was $25.00.

Son Tom checked my teeth & replaced old fillings in three. He is now in his new premises on Main Street with much new apparatus. Pamela is much encouraged about her leg. Continual manipulation has greatly reduced the stiffness in her knee, & this treatment will continue until she is able to sit with both ~~feet~~ feet flat on the floor. Dr. Yabsley warns her to forget about tennis, curling, ski-ing, etc. & concentrate her hopes on being able to walk again.

I spent the afternoon happily on the golf course. Many players.

Among them Bob Weary, head of Mersey Paper Co., playing with one Canadian & two American newspapermen. They stopped for introductions & a brief chat. Then Harold Shea came along. He is managing editor of the Hfx. Chronicle-Head, & his wife is a Liverpool woman. Home at 4 p.m.

SUNDAY, SEP. 26, 1982 Overcast & threatening rain, so I stayed at home, cleaning up the mess of twigs & leaves left by Rhynots shrub removal. Also cut back the big golden elder at the east corner of my sun porch, which had grown up to the second story window. This involved teetering on a stepladder, a crazy thing to do I suppose, but all went well. The front lawn needs mowing but I had no energy left.

MONDAY, SEP. 27/82 Drizzling rain. Did my weekly laundry chore. Got a haircut. Got a month's supply of rum & wine. Phoned Doncaster Medical Supply, Halifax, & ordered 3 rubber tips to fit my aluminum walking stick. The old one had worn through, exposing the metal, which is dangerous. Phoned Dr. Lenco's office about the stitches in my right temple, which should have been removed a week or more ago. His secretary gave me an appointment for 3:20 p.m. tomorrow.

Erik Andersen came in this evening for a chat. He & Lou have just returned from a motor trip to Gaspé with friends.

TUESDAY, SEP. 28/82 Drizzle again. Went to Lenco's office this afternoon, & found at least 6 people ahead of me, with previous appointments, while he was off on a motor-cycle jaunt to Bridgewater. So I got his receptionist to make a new appointment for tomorrow. As I drove home I saw him arrive, yellow helmet & all, two hours late for his appointments. Lenco is a good surgeon, but there is not enough surgery at the local hospital to satisfy him, so he engages in general practice, with office in a rear annex to his home. It is the charming old house at Fort Point, built in the 18th. century by Liverpool pioneer Bartlet Bradford.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 29/82 Overcast & cool. This afternoon Dr. Lenco removed the stitches from his incision. He said the biopsy showed no trace of carcinoma. The lesion was something with a long latin name meaning "old skin", common in people over 70. Letter from Public Archives of N.S. asking about my interview of James D. Gillis on CBC radio in 1945. Was it recorded? I replied that the CBC furnished me with 3 discs of the interview, which I still have; but the disc material was very poor, & after a few playings the voices become almost unintelligible.

THURSDAY, SEP. 30/82 Sunny & cool. Mowed front & side lawns. The mower is very noisy & seems to have a piece of metal or some other obstruction in

its electrical innards, despite Erik's cleaning job.

FRIDAY, Oct. 1, 1982 A dark mild day after showers in the night. Tom tells me that Pam's mother is driving down from Hfx. in her car, bringing Pam home from the hospital. Constant manipulation of her leg has produced 70% articulation of the knee, compared with 30% before. The doctor has told her that she will not be able to walk well for at least a year, & she must continue therapy all that time.

SATURDAY, Oct. 2/82 Erik took my mower apart & found that the main ball-bearing had worn out & collapsed. I bought it from Sears a little over 8 years ago, & doubt if they still stock parts for it.

SUNDAY, Oct. 3/82 At last a fine Fall day, sunny & calm. Had a good walk on the golf course. Many players. At 5 drove to Hunt's Point, where I found Pamela walking about the house, although with a stiff limp. Like me she will need a walking cane for a long time yet. After drinks & dinner & chat I drove back to L'pool. just in time, for the traffic was beginning to switch on headlights.

Gary Hartlen came & returned my monograph on Tarleton's Legion. He had made a photo-copy for the museum. A small group of Heritage Trust people from Hfx. are coming to L'pool. on the 16th. to look at one or two old buildings, including Zion Church. The Queens Co. Historical Society are giving them a buffet luncheon in the church basement, & Hartlen wants me to give them a brief talk on the history of the town.

MONDAY, Oct. 4/82 Borrowed Erik's gasoline machine & mowed the back lawn. He is still tinkering with mine, & thinks he may be able to get a bearing from Mersey Paper or the Power Corporation machine shop at Milton.

TUESDAY, Oct. 5/82 Sun a bit hazy & breeze SE. I was bitten by a mosquito as I limped around the golf course.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6/82 A fine Fall day — hazy sun, calm, the air soft & warm. On the golf course I noticed three small boats with outboard engines at rest off White Point. Merrill Rawding said they were Cape (Sable) Islanders gunning for eider ducks. They have a shack on Bell's Point, Port Mouton, & come here every Fall between the fishing & the lobster seasons. "Those Cape Islanders are death on ducks, & they've got them pretty well shot out at home. So they range all up the shore. I've heard of some as far east as Musquodoboit!"

THURSDAY, Oct. 7/82 Had a return of the vertigo which attacks me from time to time, always when my head is bent low or

when it is tipped back. This morning, while stooping over the kitchen garbage can, putting in a new bag, a sudden swoon sent me down to the floor on hands & knees. As usual, it cleared up when I got my head upright. Hector Dunlop, 83, has the same affliction from time to time.

FRIDAY, Oct. 8, 1982 Drizzling rain. Jack McClelland has sent me a "preview edition" of Pierre Berton's latest effusion, "Why We Act Like Canadians", which takes the form of long letters addressed to Uncle Sam, or rather just plain "Sam". Witty in spots, it is the kind of thing that Berton can knock off at the drop of a publisher's suggestion. He hires women to do all his research for him, throws their stuff together, & then gets out his drum & trumpet to tout the thing up & down Canada with personal tours & with blatant puffery on the CBC's most popular TV show, "Front Page Challenge", in which he is a regular performer. He is a millionaire & busily in pursuit of more. All done in Canada, too, for his books don't sell anywhere else. I have to chuckle over his impudence, & I suppose he has done a lot of good in getting so many Canadians to read a smattering of their history, however poorly written & no matter the flaws in his ladies' research.

SUNDAY, Oct. 10/82 Temp. down to 39° Fahrh. last night. One yellow rose still blooming valiantly by the garage. Son Tom & dog & companions left yesterday for their annual woodcock shoot in New Brunswick. Drove to Hunts Point at 4 p.m. & found Debby & Grandson Tom home for the Thanksgiving weekend. Pamela is able to walk without a stick, but with a heavy limp. A huge dinner of roast turkey etc. Grandson Tom has been busy with application forms for entry into dental schools next year, which have to be in by Dec. 1. He hopes for the Dalhousie school, in which his girl friend Diane was accepted last year; but he is applying to all the chief dental schools in Canada just in case Dalhousie fails him again. Along the highway the hardwood leaves are now in colour, but not brightly as in some autumns. The red maples are shedding already.

TUESDAY, Oct. 12/82 Cold nights & sunny days. Borrowed Erik's machine & mowed front & side lawns. Austin Parker tells me that he & Bill Copeland went to Eagle Lake last week & found the old camp undisturbed except that the latest intruders had stolen a small pocket radio. Indeed there is nothing left in the camp worth stealing now.

My old car is due for the annual N.S. safety inspection, so I had

mechanic Nauss, of Rossignol Sales, take it over there for a general overhaul. He found (a) that I must have a new windshield. The small crack in the lower left hand corner, which has been growing slowly for years, has now reached a point where it could affect the driving vision. And (b) the torque bar in the front wheel suspension is badly corroded & needs an extensive welding job. The car will enter its ~~18~~ 17th. year next January. General Motors stopped making Corvairs in 1968 or '69, so the only source of a windshield will be the junk car dealers. I have hung on to the old car because it still runs well & I use it very little. It seems silly to spend $10,000 on a new one when I may not live or be able to drive much longer.

Colin Gray, a tall young man of Bridgewater, came this afternoon with 14 copies of my books in hard covers & asked me to autograph them. He is a forestry student at U.N.B. & has spent the past two summers as a guide at Kejimkujik Park.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13/82. ~~Sunny~~ & mild. Except for a walk to the post office I spent the day indoors, still bothered with dizziness & feeling unwell.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15/82 Keith ~~Somebody~~ GILL, of CBC Toronto, phoned again about the use of their film of "The Wedding Gift" by an American cable TV company. Their previous offer to the author was $500, which I rejected. Now they have offered $1,000. The CBC man says it is not one of the big cable TV companies & he thinks $1,000 is a fair price. I agreed. (see April 8/82) The Rossignol chief mechanic informs me that they hope to obtain a windshield "within a week", so I had them return the car to me until it comes. Drove to White Point & enjoyed an hour's walk on the golf course. The benches have been stored for the winter, but I was able to rest a bit in the rain shelters at Nº 3 & Nº 5. After last night's heavy rain the day was sunny & mild, with strong S.W. wind.

SATURDAY, OCT. 16/82 Rain. ~~Still~~ bothered with vertigo, but learning to get along with it, avoiding stooped positions or throwing my head back. Today 50 or 60 men & women of the Heritage Trust, at the invitation of the Queens Co. Historical Society, came by bus from Halifax to look at the Perkins house & other well preserved colonial & Victorian buildings, including Zion Church. Gary Hatfield asked me to give them a summary of the town's history, which I did at a luncheon in the parish hall of Trinity Church. Afterwards chatted with various pleasant people, one of whom was "~~Peggy~~ HELENA (Miller) Reid, whom I knew briefly in 1923-24, when she was teaching in the Milton school. She

is the widow of Horace Reid, for many years head of Dalhousie Law School. Hartlen took me there in his car & brought me back.

TUESDAY, OCT. 19, 1982 Sunny, with a cool W. wind blowing a few cirrus clouds out to sea. An hour's walk on the golf course. Now that the summer bathers have gone, a flock of 200 to 300 herring gulls sun themselves on White Point sands every sunny afternoon.

At the Heritage luncheon the other day Louis Collins asked me to write reminiscences of Harry Piers, for many years curator of the Nova Scotia Museum, & my mentor on Indian relics & other matters. I did this & posted the letter to Collins today.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20/82 Another pleasant day, & another good walk at White Point. Tom Jr., working on his "off duty" afternoon at the museum, returned my model Norse long-ship, which I lent to the museum as part of their nautical exhibit last summer. This evening I attended the annual dinner of the historical society, a potluck supper in the basement hall of Zion Church. I was seated at the head table. About 50 people. Afterwards we were addressed by a Mrs. Bower, a personable & well spoken young woman dressed in colonial costume, & her theme was the Loyalist celebration at Shelburne next year, marking the 200th. anniversary of the settlement of the Loyalists there. As a Loyalist corps (Tarleton's Legion) settled in Queens County, our society has agreed to take part in the celebration & will erect a monument to the Tarleton people at Port Mouton. Mrs. Bower illustrated her talk with a short film showing photos of Shelburne, graphics of the Loyalists landing there, etc.

Gary Hartlen & wife Janet called for me with their car & took me there & back.

THURSDAY, OCT. 21/82 Mild & overcast. My rheumatic right knee got a knock when I fell in the kitchen a couple of weeks ago, & has become increasingly painful, so no walk today except to the post office. At 5 p.m. I drove my car to Phyllis Jozer's house on Fort Point, where Capt. Charles Copelin & Bernadette Ratchford were giving a small cocktail-&-sandwiches party. Just a few old friends. Drove home about 7:30 in the dark. Fortunately there is little traffic at that end of town, so there were no blinding headlights.

FRIDAY, OCT. 22/82. Same weather. The Rossignol mechanics came & got my car at 8 a.m. They have obtained a windshield. This afternoon I did the last outdoor chores of the season:- stripped the petunia bed, cut back the roses, put the bird bath in the garage, & plugged the air vent in the foundation under my study. The mechanics brought my car home at 5 p.m. They had replaced the windshield, welded the torque bar in the front wheel suspension,

lubricated & changed to winter oil, checked brakes, lights, battery & tires, & cleaned the car thoroughly, inside & out.

Got a parcel of books ordered from Hfx., among them "The Other Mrs. Diefenbaker" by Emma Holt, a biography of his first wife, which also reveals the other side of John G., not a pleasant picture.

SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 1982 The temp. dropped to 30° Fahr't. last night, giving our first frost of the season. Today was bright & cold, with a N. breeze, & I wished for a walk at White Point, but gave it up. In such a breeze my eyes would water & make walking impossible. In the afternoon three young women came seeking information for a history of Cherry Hill & vicinity. I had none, & advised them to enquire in that region for some old person who knew some of story, & then go on to tombstone inscriptions, church records, etc.

SUNDAY, OCT. 24, 1982 After another frosty night a very pleasant day, sunny with a few clouds, calm, temp. 45° Fahr't. An hour's walk on the golf course. Saw a flock of belated robins by № 7 tee, and some smaller birds that I couldn't see well enough to identify.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27/82 A delightful day, sunny & calm. Walked & sat at White Point. Sunday's robins had vanished southward.

FRIDAY, OCT. 29/82 The mild weather continues, & so do the pleasant walks at White Point. All the pundits are predicting for North America a severely cold winter, like the last one, but worse.

Postal note:- On Oct. 5 I mailed a cheque to the Income Tax receiving centre for the Atlantic provinces, at St. John's, Nfld. Today I got a receipt mailed in Ottawa on Oct. 19th.

SATURDAY, OCT. 30/82 Overcast, calm, threatening showers, so no walk at White Point. The Halloween kids began to arrive early. (Two from Brooklyn at 6 o'clock.) From then until 8:30, when I turned off my hall light, there were 70 or 80, & my stock of candy & gum was running low. James Kinley came with a mint copy of "His Majesty's Yankees", which he had obtained through the Book Room in Halifax. Asked me to inscribe the flyleaf to his son Peter. He is president of the old-established & prosperous Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Co., which also operates the former shipyard & marine slip long operated by Smith & Rhuland. He always pauses to inspect the painting over my mantelpiece, done 50 years ago by Donald Mackay, showing the S. & M. shipyard in operation. "I wish I had that!"

SUNDAY, OCT. 31/82 Mild, overcast, with just enough filtered sunlight to cast a shadow. Walked at White Point. My son Tom is in the Valley with his three hunting companions, gunning for pheasant. Pamela

can now drive a car again, & at 4:30 she took me to Hunts Point for dinner, driving their new Audi car, an exact replica of the other.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6, 1982 All this week has been wet & warm, with temps. ranging between 50° & 70° Fahr't., amazing for this time of year. In Hfx. yesterday it was actually warmer than Miami! Today the temp. was down to 42° & there was much sunshine & some cloud. Enjoyed a walk at White Point for the first time since last Sunday. A fine big surf on the shore. Several golfers.

SUNDAY, Nov. 7/82 A dark day, threatening rain. Returning from a weekend in Halifax, Tom & Pam picked me up at 4:30, & we dined on roast pheasant, shot in the Kentville - Canning area. While eating, I noticed a metal object between my teeth & thought it was bird-shot, but it was a filling from one of my lower molars. So when Tom returned me home he stopped at his office & refilled the tooth. His appointment book is filled up weeks ahead.

My daughter Francie phoned from Moncton. She & Bill & their older son Gregory are coming down on Friday to spend the weekend with me & to mark my birthday.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10/82 Dark & bleak. (40° Fahr't.) A light squall of snow, the first of the season, for a few minutes about 1 p.m.

FRIDAY, Nov. 12/82 Overcast & mild. A student from U.N.B. named Danny Holt came early this afternoon for an interview about my life & works. About 3 p.m. Bill & Francie Dennis arrived to spend the weekend with me & to celebrate my birthday. They brought lobsters for supper tonight, & a big salmon for the general supper at Hunts Point tomorrow. Francie & I sat up talking till 2 a.m.

SATURDAY, Nov. 13/82 Another dark & very mild day, turning into a S.E. gale with heavy rain at evening. We drove to Hunts Point in the afternoon, & Bill superintended the broiling of the salmon & made his own special dressing for it. Blair & Debby Raddall were there, & Gregory Dennis had come down for the day with his girl Sue Edgett. My son Tom had just got back from another pheasant hunt in the Valley, so we made lively party of nine at table. The salmon was delicious, & Pamela had baked a birthday cake with eight candles, so we had a fine feast. Home at 11 p.m.

TUESDAY, Nov. 16/82 Cold, grey, & windy. A Mrs. Rosemary Bauchman of Halifax came this afternoon for an interview. A large woman, 60-ish, with a pleasant manner. She is English, & has been in Nova Scotia for

40 years. Active in the N.S. Writers Federation. Is now preparing a book on Nova Scotian writers & hopes to get it published in paperback by one of the N.S. printing firms. She had the usual portable recorder, & stayed about two hours.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17, 1982 Overcast & mild. Borrowed Erik's machine & mowed the front & side lawns, at the same time sweeping the fallen leaves into the catch-bag, & dumping them behind my back fence. Made a start on the back lawn, where the leaves are thick, but had to quit. After an hour & a half of such labour my back, right hip, & left ankle become too painful.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18/82 A bright day, mild & pleasant after a night's hard frost. The blower motor in my furnace has been making noises at irregular intervals, varying from a whine to a howl. One of the warm-air ducts in my living room is right beside my TV set, & at first I thought the TV was at fault. This morning a man from T.J.F. Services came to adjust the blower motor, & while here he gave the furnace its annual cleaning etc.

Worked two hours this afternoon with Erik's machine & got most of the back lawn mowed & cleared of leaves.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19/82 A cool grey day. Finished my mowing & leaf removal. John Leefe dropped in & presented me with a copy of the "History of Early Nova Scotia" (1604-1783) written by Peter McCreath & himself. It contains 320 pages & numerous illustrations. The fly-leaf of my copy is inscribed "For Thomas H. Raddall, whose life work has given us such inspiration", & signed by the authors. The book was financed by the Nova Scotia Dept. of Culture, Recreation & Fitness, & printed in Halifax. It was written for high school & other students & teachers, & I presume will be adopted by the N.S. Dept. of Education.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20/82 Overcast & cool. The mail contained a contract from CBC for my signature. They agree to pay $1,000 for my consent to the use of their TV play "The Wedding Gift" by English Channel Cable Television in the United States. (see Apl. 8/82 & Oct. 15/82)

SUNDAY, NOV. 21/82 A jewel of a day, bright sun, calm air & Temp. over 50° Fahr. Had a leisurely walk at White Point. Several players on the course. Dined with Tom, Pamela & Blair at Hunt's Point. The main dish was roast pheasant with Pamela's own wine sauce. As this was my son Tom's 48th. birthday there was an iced cake with candles. Home at 8 p.m.

Phone call from Charles H. Foss, St. John N.B. He is chairman

of a literary committee planning part of New Brunswick's bi-centennial celebration next year. It is a short story contest. Twenty-five readers will go over the entries & pick out the best 8. There will be 4 cash prizes. Would I act as chief judge & choose 4 of the best 8? I agreed. The judging will be done next summer.

MONDAY, Nov. 22, 1982 Another wonderful Indian Summer day. Calm, sunny, temp. up to 58° Fahr't. At White Point a fog had lain on the golf course, drenching the grass, & was quickly disappearing. The fog horn at Western Head was still blowing, although at 4 miles I could see the lighthouse & horn-house clearly. A fine surf breaking on the beach.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24/82 Light rain yesterday, ending this morning, & today was mild & overcast. Walked to the post office in the morning, & downtown again in the afternoon to get some fried chicken for supper. Owing to the dry Fall the country people complain of wells nearly empty, & Liverpool town's lake is so low that people are warned to conserve water. Weighed myself naked, & the scales showed 174 lbs., my average weight for many years.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25/82 Frost this morning, & a cold windy day. Wore my Bulgarian sheepskin coat for my walk to the post office. Began writing Christmas cards.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26/82 Overcast & cold. Walked to Dr. Bell's office for my annual medical checkup, for car insurance purposes. He & his new assistant, a young woman doctor, checked me over thoroughly - lungs, heart, blood pressure, eyesight, urinalysis, etc. Also they checked the pace-maker, which was installed February 1981. The result? Yes, I am "physically & mentally fit to operate an automobile."

SATURDAY, Nov. 27/82 Cold, with alternate thin sunshine & thick squalls of snow, melting on the asphalt & staying on the grass. Except for a single light squall on Nov. 10. this is the first snow of the winter.

On TV this afternoon I watched the Grey Cup (football) parade in Toronto. Two hours of colourful floats, bands, etc. The game itself (to be played tomorrow) is a huge bore, which I never watch; but I enjoy the parade. I noticed that it was very cold in Toronto; everybody except the marchers well muffled; but the ground was bare & the grass still green.

SUNDAY, Nov. 28/82 Very cold & overcast. Dined at Hunts Point. Son Tom subscribes to the Toronto Globe & Mail, & in the latest issue he pointed out the literary article by William French. It had to do with the Canadian Classics Committee, a group of academics headed by Malcolm

Ross, former head of the English Dept. at Dalhousie, & now taking a sabbatical to teach Canadian literature at Edinburgh University. The committee has chosen 30 books as Canadian classics, ranging from Haliburton's "Sam Slick" to Richler's "Duddy Kravitz". My "The Nymph & The Lamp" is one of them.

Tom tells me that Bowater Paper Co., like all industries today, is cutting costs sharply. The Mersey mill is shutting down "Mersey Lodge" on the Mersey River "for at least two years" & probably for ever. For the past 52 years Mersey has entertained newspaper executives & other VIPs at the Lodge, with a first rate chef & staff, & lavish food & drink. The original lodge was much enlarged & improved in Sir Eric Bowater's day, & the costs have mounted hugely during the recent inflation of money. By shutting it down Mersey will save about $250,000 per year. Similarly at Cornerbrook Nfld. the Bowater company has got rid of the elaborate mansion built by Sir Eric for the entertainment of VIPs, also the salmon fishing camps on the Serpentine River, where I was a guest several years ago.

THURSDAY, DEC. 2/82 The weather continues mild for this time of year. Gordon Archibald phoned from Hfx. His collection of my books is now complete except for the Mersey history. Where can he get one? I said I would give him a copy. Also a hardback copy of "Hangman's Beach" for his daughter-in-law's collection.

SATURDAY, DEC. 4/82 Drizzling rain & very mild (58° Fahrh) This weather obtains all over eastern Canada to Lake Superior. Christmas cards begin to arrive.

SUNDAY, DEC. 5/82 Sunny & mild. Had a pleasant walk on the golf course. Three men playing. No birds to be seen, not even a gull or a crow. Dined on Lobsters at Tom's house, a feast. The season opened on Dec. 1 & so far the fishermen have good catches. They are getting $3 per pound.

MONDAY, DEC. 6/82 Wet gale from SE & very mild. Received cheque for $1,000.00 from C.B.C. for my consent to sale of TV film "The Wedding Gift" in the U.S.A. (see April 8 and Oct. 15)

Paid my fire insurance on property 44 Park Street for 1 year ending Dec. 14/83, to Co-Operative Fire & Casualty Co.

Buildings on Lot 44 Park Street —	$56,100
Contents " " " —	28,100
Personal Liability " " " —	100,000

Academic committee labels 30 Canadian books 'classics'

A literary classic, according to one definition, is a book that's not quite popular enough to become a bestseller but not quite bad enough to fade into obscurity. That's too glib, of course, but the precise definition is elusive. Ability to stand the test of time is obviously an important element; a classic doesn't necessarily need to be immortal, but it should have sufficient durability to survive the whims and fads of at least three generations. If a book is still read voluntarily then by a significant number of people, as opposed to enforced reading in school, it is well on the way to becoming a classic. Most of the classics of world literature that come to mind are from the nineteenth century — Madame Bovary, Moby Dick, War And Peace, The Red Badge Of Courage, A Christmas Carol and so on.

So how come, as of last week, we've suddenly got 30 certified, official classics of Canadian literature? They were announced by something called the Canadian Classics Committee, a group of academics whose communiqué arrived in an envelope bearing the McClelland and Stewart name. After sombre deliberation, they wrestled 30 Canadian works of fiction to the ground and stamped them Grade A Classic, like sides of beef.

Only in Canada could it happen. In other countries, they *know* what their classics are. Here, in classic Canadian fashion, we appoint a committee to tell us.

And who are these arbiters of classicism? The foreman of the jury was Prof. Malcolm Ross, longtime general editor of McClelland and Stewart's New Canadian Library paperback series. His aides were Prof. Douglas Lochhead of Mount Allison University, Prof. John Moss of the University of Ottawa, Prof. John Stevens of the Faculty of Education, University of Toronto, Theresa Ford of the Edmonton Catholic School District, and Prof. David Stouck of Simon Fraser University. The absence of any representative from Quebec should alert us to the fact that the selection is not quite what it seems; only French-language novels that have been translated into English are on the list. It's worth noting too in passing that two-thirds of the works chosen are available in the New Canadian Library series, which confirms Prof. Ross's perspicacity.

One of the committee's criteria was that a book chosen as a classic had to be at least 10 years old. That ruled out the fly-by-night successes. Another was that it had to be indispensable to

William French

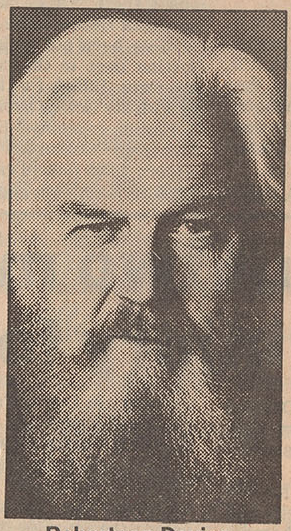
the appreciation of Canadian literature, whatever that means. Prudently, the committee stopped short of recommending that bumper stickers or lapel buttons reading I Am A Classic Writer be awarded to the lucky authors, most of whom are still with us.

The committee apparently considered hundreds of novels before choosing the classic 30, and ranged over our whole literary history. Their final list contains 21 men and nine women, an imbalance which does not reflect the current literary scene but which will undoubtedly be rectified in future as more classics are produced by women.

For the record and posterity, here is the list of classics, in alphabetical order by author: Hubert Aquin, Prochain Episode; Margaret Atwood, Surfacing; Marie-Claire Blais, A Season In The Life Of Emmanuel; Fred Bodsworth, The Last Of The Curlews; Ernest Buckler, The Mountain And The Valley; Morley Callaghan, Such Is My Beloved; Robertson Davies, Fifth Business;

F. P. Grove, Settlers Of The Marsh; Thomas Haliburton, The Clockmaker; Charles Yale Harrison, Generals Die In Bed; Louis Hemon, Maria Chapdelaine; A. M. Klein, The Second Scroll; Robert Kroetsch, The Studhorse Man; Margaret Laurence, The Stone Angel; Stephen Leacock, Sunshine Sketches Of A Little Town; Roger Lemelin, The

Alice Munro



Robertson Davies

Plouffe Family; Malcolm Lowry, Under The Volcano; Hugh MacLennan, Barometer Rising; W. O. Mitchell, Who Has Seen The Wind;

Brian Moore, The Luck Of Ginger Coffey; Alice Munro, Lives Of Girls And Women; Thomas Raddall, The Nymph And The Lamp; Mordecai Richler, The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz; Ringuet, Thirty Acres; Sinclair Ross, As For Me And My House; Gabrielle Roy, The Tin Flute; Elizabeth Smart, By Grand Central Station I Sat Down And Wept; Sheila Watson, The Double Hook; Ethel Wilson, Swamp Angel; and Adele Wiseman, The Sacrifice.

Most of the choices are predictable and safe, but there's enough quirkiness (Charles Yale Harrison? MacLennan's Barometer Rising instead of The Watch That Ends The Night? Where's Mavis Gallant?) to stir up some debate. Yet to argue with the choices is to give them legitimacy.

Just to confuse things further, another publisher, General, has inaugurated a new series of paperbacks in its New Press division called Canadian Classics. Not one of its first six titles is on the other list — Matt Cohen's The Expatriate, Mavis Gallant's My Heart Is Broken, Anne Hebert's Kamouraska, David Helwig's Jennifer, Robert Kroetsch's Badlands, Brian Moore's An Answer From Limbo and Michael Ondaatje's Coming Through Slaughter.

Classics, clearly, are where you find them. Perhaps we should wait a while before inventing a mythology about our literature.

TUESDAY, DEC. 7, 1982 Sunny & mild, after a night of heavy rain. Sent a cheque for $500 to the Killam Hospital for Children.

THURSDAY, DEC. 9/82 A frosty night & then a sudden lift to 58° Fahrt. & rain. Got my weekly meat-&-grocery shopping done this morning. About noon the thermometer dropped nearly 30 degrees, & the rain changed to thick flakes of snow, the first snowstorm of the season.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10/82 The snow did not amount to much, but the temp. sank to 8° Fahrt. last night, & didn't get above 20° today.

Outside the post office I met Dr. John Wickwire's wife, who told me Vera Parker died a few minutes ago. She had been ill with cancer for the past year or more, & about a week ago her husband Austin summoned their daughter from Halifax & the two sons from the U.S.A.

The Parkers were my oldest & best friends. I met them first in the old pulp mill office at Milton in May 1923, when I came to take over Austin's job (he was leaving for a better one in New York) & Vera (his fiancée) was the office stenographer. She died at home at the age of 80.

SUNDAY, DEC. 12/82 Awoke this morning to find an unpredicted snowstorm in progress — a storm that enveloped the north-east part of the continent as far south as Carolina. My neighbours Erik Anderssen & Ralph Johnson & I hired a taxi to take us to & from Zion United Church for Vera Parker's funeral service at 2 p.m. Owing to the storm the church was only about half full. Attended a reception afterwards at Parker's house, where I talked briefly with his family & others whom I hadn't seen for many years. When I got home I found Gary Oickle shoveling out my front & side paths. Paid him $5.00. The storm was still in progress, & when the street plough came along it obliterated Oickle's work & placed the familiar barrier along the street front of my house. The temp. was 12° Fahrt. I had a bad night, unable to sleep until about 3:30 a.m.

MONDAY, DEC. 13/82 Awoke at 10:30 a.m. feeling awful. However, I did my weekly laundry chores, shoveled a path from my side door to the street, plodded to the post office, mostly in the street because the sidewalks hadn't cleared. Everybody busy digging out.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15/82 Yesterday morning the temp. was 2° below zero Fahrt. This morning it was up to 44°, & all the eaves dripping. Capt Charles Williams picked me up on my walk home from the post office. His wife was in the car with him, completely loony in a vague smiling way. Both about my age. In the afternoon, for a bit of exercise, I shoveled a path to my garage.

FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1982 The [illegible] with fog [illegible] I had no [illegible] across my [illegible] & rain [illegible]

SATURDAY, DE[illegible] violent sno[illegible] had droppe[illegible] office, well [illegible] Christmas [illegible] grand-chil[illegible]

SUNDAY, [illegible] Christmas [illegible] had told [illegible] cocktail-[illegible] meals in one afternoon. [illegible] about 3 p.m. a freezing r[illegible] I had only three hundre[illegible] Church Street but I shuff[illegible] stick & made it safely. [illegible] about 24 retired Mersey [illegible] feast of oysters on the half[illegible] big breach of my frugal [illegible] & streets were simply awfu[illegible] slithering on the ice all

MONDAY, DEC. 20/82 Overca[illegible] our see-saw climate, which [illegible] been salted & yesterday's s[illegible] to the barber's shop & then

For some days past my [illegible] suppose a burst blood vessel

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 22/82 Got m[illegible] a case of port wine & a je[illegible] well on the west Milton ro[illegible] for my supper. A little s[illegible] but the streets & sidewalks

FRIDAY, DEC. 24/82 After [illegible] quickly turned to rain. Abo[illegible] with Pam's mother, Marion [illegible]

Sackville. CHRONICLE — DEC.

Mrs. J. Austin [illegible]

LIVERPOOL — Mrs. Parker, of Park Street, Liv[illegible] Friday at home.

Born in Caledonia, Que[illegible] she was the former Vera [illegible] daughter of the late William [illegible] (Cole) Douglas.

She was a member of [illegible] Church, Liverpool, and was [illegible] the United Church Women's

She was a member of the [illegible] IODE.

Besides her husband, s[illegible] vived by a daughter Ann (Mr[illegible] Smith), Halifax; two sons [illegible] Waverley, Tenn.; Douglas, [illegible] Conn.; eight grandchildren.

She was predeceased by [illegible] W. Burke Douglas.

The body is in Chandler' [illegible] Home, Liverpool. Funeral w[illegible] p.m. Sunday in Zion United [illegible] Liverpool, Rev. William Titus [illegible] ing, with burial in the churc[illegible] tery.

Donations may be made [illegible] United Church or any charity

Sackville.

CHRONICLE-HERALD
DEC. 10, 1982

Mrs. J. Austin Parker

LIVERPOOL — Mrs. J. Austin Parker, of Park Street, Liverpool, died Friday at home.

Born in Caledonia, Queens County, she was the former Vera Douglas, a daughter of the late William and Edna (Cole) Douglas.

She was a member of Zion United Church, Liverpool, and was active in the United Church Women's Group.

She was a member of the Liverpool IODE.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter Ann (Mrs. Richard Smith), Halifax; two sons James, Waverley, Tenn.; Douglas, Trumbull, Conn.; eight grandchildren.

She was predeceased by a brother, W. Burke Douglas.

The body is in Chandler's Funeral Home, Liverpool. Funeral will be 2 p.m. Sunday in Zion United Church, Liverpool, Rev. William Titus officiating, with burial in the church cemetery.

Donations may be made to Zion United Church or any charity.

& hampered by a nearly useless foot, requiring a metal brace, had driven 100 miles from Halifax yesterday, in her own car. Fortunately yesterday the sun was out & the road was dry. Pamela had prepared & brought the dinner, traditional on Christmas Eve in the Freeman & Raddall families, a huge boiler of lobster chowder, with buttered rolls, & cake for dessert. I provided the drinks beforehand, & the table wine. A fine feast. It was pleasant to see them together again & to hear their chat. Tommy has done well in mid-terms examinations & is hopeful about admission to the Dalhousie dental school next term. Debby is happy in her secretarial job. Blair expects to enter King's College next term.

SATURDAY, Christmas Day, 1982 Drizzle & dense fog. Up at 8 a.m & opened my gift parcels from the Raddalls & Dennis's — two sweaters, an Ascot tie, a shirt, a basket of assorted European cheeses, boxes of sweet biscuits & candies. At 12 noon Tommy arrived in the Audi car & took me to Hunts Point. After drinks & chat we sat down to the old-fashioned dinner of roast turkey & vegetables, cranberry sauce etc, & plum pudding for dessert. My son Tom took me home at 4 p.m when cars already were using their headlights — blinding to me.

So I passed another Christmas very nicely. I wonder how many more?

SUNDAY, DEC. 26/82 Like a day in mid-April, temp. 55° Fahr., mostly overcast with occasional light showers & shafts of sunshine. This afternoon I drove in my car around Western Head, looked in at Moose Harbour, then up the east side of the river to Port Joli, crossed the bridge there, & returned home by the west side. The snow is gone, & with a strong off-shore wind there was little surf at the Head.

Tonight my daughter Frances phoned from Moncton for a chat. Among other things I told her that if I'm alive next May I intend to get a new car. Her son Gregory last Fall asked for the first bid on my old one if I sold it. I agreed. Tonight I told Frances he can have it for nothing.

TUESDAY, DEC. 28/82 Yesterday & last night were cold. Today the thermometer got up to 47° Fahr & rain drizzled. I cleared away the debris of Christmas including 49 cards, mostly from old friends at home & abroad, but several from readers of my books.

THURSDAY, DEC. 30/82 Mostly overcast & mild. Had a visitor, George Coombs, a native of Liverpool, & grandson of my old friend Seward Coombs, a famous logger & sawmiller on the Mersey river. George is about 35, 6'2", & strongly built like all the Coombs men. He is

working in British Columbia, & is a collector of my books.

FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1982 Rain again this afternoon & all evening. I had a visitor, Peter Carnahan, of Philadelphia, whom Gordon Archibald had introduced to me over the phone from Halifax two days ago. A slightly built man, balding, 50-ish, he represents a magazine & is up here to get material for an article on something Nova Scotian. It seemed a strange time of year for that. We talked about Nova Scotian history in a general way for a while, but then he seemed more interested in me & my life. He stayed about an hour, taking notes with pencil & pad, & then left for Halifax.

I spent the evening at home, reading, & watching the New Year's Eve shows on T.V.

SUNDAY, JAN. 1, 1983 Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Roast pheasant, etc. A few specks of snow.

Casting up my annual account of assets I find that my financial standing at the end of 1982 was:-

Negotiable stocks at current market prices	$ 221,397.00
" commercial bonds	17,000.00
Canada government bonds	46,000.00
Cash in bank deposits	12,662.00
Mutual Life Insurance annuity fund	34,000.00
	$ 331,059.00

This includes income tax, & I have no debts.

The astonishing increase is due entirely to fortunate investments, made with the ~~advice~~ advice of son Tom's broker, John Oxley, (of Burns, Fry & Co) who collects first editions of my books.

When I decided to retire in 1968 I had roughly $100,000 in sound investments, enough to keep my wife & self for the rest of our days. The two books I wrote after that (the history of Mersey Paper Co., & my autobiography) were not intended to make much money, & in fact did not. A slump in the stock market in 1970 reduced the value of my holdings to $83,000.

Since then I have received some windfalls, notably the Dalhousie purchase of my papers for $25,000 & the sale of movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp" for $50,000. The royalties on my books dwindled as the years went by. However my investments improved in value, & by the end of 1980 they amounted to $236,000. In the

year 1982 they increased sharply. In the spring, on Oyler's advice, I sold my Inland Gas shares at a big profit. With this money, & a lot that I had on fixed-term deposits at the bank, I increased my holding of Royal Bank stock to 4,000 shares. That was last June, & the cost averaged $20 per share. Today the Royal Bank stock is worth 28½. My total investments are worth $330,000. The irony of all this is that since I retired, on the hard-earned savings of a lifetime, my professional income has shrunk almost to nothing; but the savings have ballooned, now that I am too old & decrepit to enjoy this wealth.

When I retired in 1968 my health in general was excellent except for an arthritic right hip. But in that year my eyesight began to fail, & so began the long & miserable battle with blindness (cataracts) which was not solved until the late autumn of 1976.

Also in 1968 my poor wife showed the first definite sign of madness, which had killed her older brother & sister before her. From then on, until her death in 1975, she sank more & more into melancholia, punctuated by spells of cheerful sanity, and spells of wild hallucination. Like her brother & sister, she could & did pull herself together briefly in the presence of other people, & I don't think anybody suspected lunacy in her except son Tom, whom I told in 1968.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8, 1983 A fine day, mainly sunny, with temp. up to 47° Fahr. Like a day in spring. The ground is bare, & some green still shows in the lawns.

12 THE CHRONICLE-HERALD THE MAIL-STAR Saturday, January 8, 1983

Bibliography lists Raddall's novels and other works

By SUE COX

WOLFVILLE — A complete list of Thomas H. Raddall's works and reviews has been compiled in a new book, Thomas Head Raddall: A Bibliography, by Alan R. Young, department of English at Acadia University, which has been published recently by Loyal Colonies Press, Kingston, Ont.

The book consists of 800 entries of Raddall's novels, histories, short stories, articles and reviews, along with criticism and reviews of his works.

Sections on manuscript material, radio and television broadcasts and bibliographical material, ending with a list of Raddall's prizes, awards and honours, are included.

Thomas Raddall has achieved worldwide popularity for such books as The Nymph and the Lamp, His Majesty's Yankees, Roger Sudden and Halifax Warden of the North.

In a second book, which will be published in the fall, Young will provide the first critical monograph on the Nova Scotian author.

Today's Chronicle-Herald has the above item, & the mail brought me an autographed copy. ~~Dave~~ ~~Ed~~ Alan Young, an Englishman in the Dept. of English at Acadia U., has been working on the monograph for the past 3 years. The bibliography, he tells me in

an accompanying letter, "is a side-product of my study of your writings which is to appear in the Fall."

The publisher is the Loyal Colonies Press, Kingston, Ontario. I note that the bibliography is a paperback of 71 pages, and a front flyleaf states that mine is "Number 6 of 200 copies."

Young says in his letter, "My bibliography is preliminary. I'm sure it is not completely accurate, and it is not complete."

SUNDAY, JAN. 9, 1983 Sunny & moderately cold. Walked about the streets for ¾ hour in the afternoon. Dined at Hunt's Point. Rev. Bill Titus of Zion Church wants me to write a sketch of William Black, "the father of Methodism in Nova Scotia", who first preached at Liverpool in 1783. He plans to mark the 200th. anniversary.

MONDAY, JAN. 10/83 Overcast & mild. This evening I addressed the Port Mouton group of the Loyalist Bicentennial Society, recently formed in connection with the very much larger Shelburne society, who are planning a big celebration this summer to mark the 200th. anniversary of the coming of the Loyalists. The Port Mouton group consists of about 15 ladies & 5 men, & we met in a classroom of the Port Mouton school. My subject was, of course, Tarleton's Legion, the celebrated Loyalist regiment whose survivors settled at Port Mouton in the late autumn of 1783. The group's object is to erect a cairn or monument, with a suitable plaque, possibly in the yard of the long abandoned Port Mouton railway station, which lies just off the main highway, with plenty of car parking space.

Gary Hartlen took me there & back.

TUESDAY, JAN. 11/83 A wet southerly gale, with temp. up to 50° Fahr. I learn that an old Park Street acquaintance, George Kyle, died yesterday of a heart seizure. A marine engineer in the employ of Mersey Paper Co. for many years. After retirement he & his wife spent several winters in Florida. She has been insane for the past five years or so, & is now in the new hospital for special care here. He was 80.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13/83 Still windy & wet, but much cooler. Attended Kyle's funeral in the Anglican church this morning, & sat with Capt. Charles Copelin & other old friends. Kyle's two sons were there with their wives. A good turnout of people, mostly former Mersey Shipping Co. employees & wives. One of these was Murray Osborne, a big cheerful man whom I knew as a marine engineer. He started his career as an apprentice in the old Halifax Shipyard at 21 cents per hour, sailed all over the world as a marine engineer, got experience as a superintendant

Mersey Shipping, & Irving Oil. Eventually bought a moribund shipyard at Port Hawkesbury, & by sheer drive built up a busy & prosperous business, building steel ships of all kinds & repairing them. He dropped in my house this afternoon & we had a lively talk about ships in general.

SUNDAY, JAN. 16, 1983 Woke in the night to find a strong sea gale slashing rain against the easterly windows. Temp. up to 47° Fahr. It petered out in the afternoon. A great surf leaping on the shore at Hunt's Point, where I dined with Tom, Pam, & Blair. The sea had destroyed the small boat-slip which Tom built 2 or 3 years ago, & washed bits of seaweed onto his front lawn. The rain fell on Nova Scotia & Newfoundland. All over the north-eastern U. S. & New Brunswick it took the form of snow in record amounts

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19/83 Very cold, but little wind, weak sunshine, & no snow on the ground. Some of the younger people speak of this as a tremendous phenomenon, but I can recall several Januarys when we had no snow until late in the month, & I actually played golf at White Point. I am going over Simeon Perkins' diary to get material for the sketch of William Black. I note that Perkins observed on Jan. 18, 1802:- "Pleasant winter weather. No snow or ice. The river open, and even the coves and about the wharves, and shores are all clear, which is a circumstance scarcely ever known at this season."

THURSDAY, JAN. 20/83 Sunny but very cold, with a sharp N. breeze. I walked to the supermarket for a week's supplies, & had them sent up to my house. From there I walked along to the post office & picked up my mail. Worked on the William Black monograph the rest of the day.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21/83 Calm, sunny, cold but pleasant. Wish I could walk ten miles. The "Advance" sent a young man to my house to take a photo of me. They are printing something about Young's bibliography in next week's issue.

SUNDAY, JAN. 23/83 The cold began to moderate. Tom & Pam were busy at the curling club, so I dined at home. Heavy rain tonight.

MONDAY, JAN. 24/83 The rain petered out this morning & for a while we had sunshine, with temp. up to an amazing 54° Fahr. In the afternoon, to charge up my car battery & enjoy this spring-like scene, I drove to Port Morien, but found the shore muffled in dense fog. Finished typing clean copy of the William Black monograph. Did my weekly laundry chores.

TUESDAY, JAN. 25, 1983 A bit cooler but still mild, sunny in the morning, foggy in the afternoon. A man named Latimer phoned from Dartmouth this evening. A former radio operator in the merchant marine, he had just read "The Nymph & The Lamp" for the first time and wanted to tell me right away how much he enjoyed it. "A wonderful book by a wonderful man". Hopes to call on me some day next summer.

THURSDAY, JAN. 27/83 A pleasant day after a cold night. Sunny, with temp up to 28° Fahr. This morning I walked to the supermarket & ordered meat & groceries, to be delivered. Then along to the post office for the mail, & home. In the afternoon I found that my kitchen wall clock had quit after something like 20 years, so I walked downtown again & bought another. The long-delayed snows will descend upon us any day now, & then all outdoor excursions will be difficult.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28/83 Another cold night, easing up to 30° Fahr. today. The sky was grey, & about mid-afternoon snow was falling thickly. The weather bureau had forecast a sunny day!

Bill Titus came in this morning & read my little monograph on William Black & his work in Liverpool. He wanted a lot cut out & changed, & I told him pleasantly that he'd better do that himself. The snowfall petered out & left less than an inch on the ground.

SATURDAY, JAN. 29/83. Again a frosty night & a comparatively mild day, mostly sunny. The roads are bare & only a trace of snow remains on the lawns & fields. This is the 80th. birthday of my old friend Capt. Charles Williams, & his daughter Barbara Comstock came from Ontario to arrange a cocktail party (4-6 p.m.) to mark the event. Many old friends of his & mine, plus a grandson, & two grand-daughters with their spouses. All very pleasant. I drove my car there, & left at 5:15, while I could get home by daylight. Charlie goes to a Halifax hospital in a few more days to have another eye operation for cataract.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30/83 Overcast. Temp. 34° Fahr. Dined at Hunt's Point. Tom tells me that his gross income, from his practice & from investments, was about $150,000 in 1982. Income tax will reduce this to about $65,000, out of which he has paid the salary of his woman secretary-assistant, cost of his new offices, dental materials etc. He is paying the keep & expenses of Tommy at Dalhousie, & next Fall Blair will be going there also. In 21 years he has built up a very busy & lucrative practice, with clients coming from as far inland as Kempt, & along the shore between Shelburne & Port

Medway, as well as the prosperous Liverpool, Milton, Brooklyn area. If grandson Tommy gets into the Dal. dental school next ~~January~~ Fall, it will be another 3 years before he can join his father in practice here. However, that is problematical. His lady friend is also a dental student at Dal. & they will probably want to set up a joint practice of their own somewhere.

TUESDAY, ~~JAN. 31~~ FEB. 1, 1983 A slow rain all day & evening. Here on the South Shore we have enjoyed an open month of January, although in the Valley & everywhere to the north & east of us there is a lot of snow on the ground. So far we have had only one snowstorm, on Dec. 12, & that snow melted away in a few days. Since then a few light flurries, which soon vanished. My charlady, Mrs. Bagley, is sick with 'flu, for the second week, so I'm "making do".

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2/83 Mild & overcast. The legendary groundhog couldn't see his shadow.

THURSDAY, FEB. 3/83 Strong S. wind, overcast, damp, temp. 50° Fahr't. The 'flu epidemic in eastern Canada reached here two or three weeks ago & is now rampant. The hospital is full, & closed to visitors.

FRIDAY, FEB. 4/83 Heavy rain in the night. A wonderful morning, sunny in spots, 50° Fahr't, everybody walking about without topcoats. In the bank I overheard a woman saying that she & her family were going to eat luncheon on their patio.

SATURDAY, FEB. 5/83 Winter came back today. Temp. dropping to 22° Fahr't & snow falling lightly, enough to whiten the ground but melting on the asphalt. I walked to the post office.

SUNDAY, FEB. 6/83 Very cold but sunny, the sun actually warm through windows facing S & W, & I was able to work at income tax papers in my study without turning on the electric radiators. Dined at Hunts Point.

The banshee howl from my furnace, which I first noticed last Oct. 18, & which the maintenance men apparently cured by installing a new fan motor, has begun again.

MONDAY, FEB. 7/83 Clear & cold. Walked to the post office. About sundown a wild snowstorm began, & howled about the house all night.

TUESDAY, FEB. 8/83 The storm turned to rain in the night, leaving about 6 inches of soggy snow, & the street plough threw the usual barrier across the entrance to my driveway & front walk. Lest it freeze there I shovelled out my usual paths, & the street drain. Walked to the post office. My furnace fan motor stopped howling.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1983

Sunny but very cold (20° Fahr. in the sun) & a sharp NW wind. Walked to the post office, then along Main Street to the supermarket, selected a week's meat & groceries to be delivered, & thence home.

This evening my daughter Frances Dennis phoned from Moncton. Husband Bill is still enjoying his "sabbatical" year, which began last year. Tomorrow they leave for a week's ski-ing in Vermont. Then they go to California for a month. Then to Las Vegas for a few days. Then on to Louisiana, where Bill will attend a medical conference. Then to Florida, & thence home. They expect to be away for 5 or 6 weeks.

SATURDAY, FEB. 12/83 A great snowstorm began in the hills of North Carolina two days ago & travelled north-eastward, gathering force as it went. It paralyzed Washington, Philadelphia, & New York & Boston - "the worst blizzard in forty years." It reached us in Liverpool about 8 A.M., blowing hard & whirling the snow at a temp. of 20° Fahr. It ceased in the night.

SUNDAY, FEB. 13/83 Sunny & cold. The plough had thrown a barrier waist-high along my street frontage. Gary Oikle came along about 10 A.M. & dug out my paths. Tom & Pamela went to Hfx. on Friday to attend a gathering of his old Dalhousie fraternity (Phi Kappa Pi?) & their wives, about 300 people. Much festivity. They returned this morning & found the main highway well ploughed & salted. At 5 p.m. Tom picked me up & I dined at Hunts Point. The highway from Liverpool to Hunts Point was completely bare & dry.

MONDAY, FEB. 14/83 Sunny most of the day, with temp. up to 40° Fahr., & the asphalt streets wet but bare of snow. Walked to the post office.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15/83 Delightful sunny day, temp. 44° Fahr. in the sun. Walked to the post office. In the afternoon, for some more exercise, I shovelled a path from the side door to the garage. Cold tonight.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16/83 Another sunny day, but only 31° Fahr. Walked to the post office & bank in the morning, & to the Kentucky fried chicken shop in the afternoon, keeping to the street for good footing, as the sidewalks have icy patches here & there.

THURSDAY, FEB. 17/83 A cold grey day. Walked to the post office & supermarket. At 8 p.m. Peter Waldman phoned about the option on "His Majesty's Yankees", which expires March 9. He wants to renew it for 6 months, for a fee of $500. Says he & his associates have a tentative agreement with the pay-television company called First Choice, which is well financed & well to the fore in Canada

in the present rush for pay-TV installations. The extension would expire on Sep. 9, 1983. I had determined not to grant any further extension of the option, but if First Choice is interested the sale may go through, so I agreed to go along with it. He will send me a contract for the renewal with a cheque for $500, & a copy of the contract to Frank Covert.

FRIDAY, FEB. 18, 1983 Went to bed about 1:15 a.m., my usual hour, & dozed uneasily for a time, my mind going over the Waldmann business. Got up at 2 a.m., came downstairs, & drafted a letter to Covert. To bed about 3 a.m. with a stiff slug of rum, & slept till 8:30. Found the temp. up to 40° Fahr'h. & rain falling steadily. Typed the letter to Covert & mailed it at 11 a.m.

DIED. S. (for Selwyn) **Kip Farrington,** 78, gentleman sportsman who wrote about his hobbies of deep-sea fishing, amateur hockey and railroading in 24 books and as *Field and Stream's* salt-water-fishing editor for 35 years; in Southampton, N.Y.

This clipping came from this week's Time magazine.

In the summer of 1936 Farrington & his wife "Chizzie" (Chisholm) came to Liverpool to angle for big tuna. Learning that I was a contributor to Britain's famous Blackwood's Magazine he invited me to accompany him on some of his expeditions outside the harbour. He was a hound for publicity, by no means the "gentleman sportsman". Eventually I did write a story for Blackwoods based on one of these expeditions. It was published in Maga & later in my book "The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek". It was by no means complimentary, but I don't think he ever saw it. The story's title was "Lady Lands Leviathan".

SATURDAY, FEB. 19/83 A grey day with E. breeze, temp. 39° Fahr't. This afternoon I shoveled the snow off my driveway from the garage to the ~~back~~ side door, just for the exercise.

SUNDAY, FEB. 20/83 Overcast & cold. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Grandson Tom & his lady friend Diane had come down from Hfx. on Friday & returned this afternoon.

MONDAY, FEB. 21/83 Sunny & cold. For a bit of exercise this afternoon I began to hack away at the barrier across my driveway thrown up by the street plough on Feb. 8th. It is now more ice than snow, hard work, & I prudently limited it to 20 minutes; but it is a start.

TUESDAY, FEB. 22/83 Sunny, with temp. up to 38°. Had another go at the snow-ice, with mattock & shovel, for half an hour.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23/83 Sunny morning, then overcast & a bleak SE wind, forecasting snow. At 1:30 p.m. son Tom gave me an envelope delivered to him this morning by mistake. It contained 4 copies of the option-extension by Peter Waldmann et al, & Waldmann's cheque for $500.00

for speed he had sent the package by Purolator, the motor courier service, which is so much ~~~~ more reliable than the post office.

The predicted snowstorm began about 5 p.m. Not much wind. The snow like white dust.

THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1983 About 6 inches of snow fell in the night. When I got up this morning it was raining hard at 34° Fahr't, creating a mess of slush, with a river flowing down the street after the plough had passed. My street drain, & my laboriously dug-out front entrance, both plugged by the plough. I stayed indoors all day. At 5:30 Gary Dickle came & shoveled out my walks.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25/83 Overcast, 31° Fahr't. Walked to the post office & supermarket. The sidewalks icy in patches but I did not wear my creepers — have not worn them so far this winter.

SATURDAY, FEB. 26/83 A thin snow falling when I got up. It hid the icy places & I had to walk with great care to the post office. About 3 p.m. a sea gale sprang up & boomed in the chimney all evening, but no great amount of snow. Worked on my income tax statements, & typed them ready for Stafford.

SUNDAY, FEB. 27/83 Hazy sun. Temp. 31° Fahr't. Indoors all day until 4:30, when son Tom picked up Austin Parker & me, & took us to Hants Point for dinner & chat. Home about 8 p.m.

MONDAY, FEB. 28/83 Hazy sun. Temp. got up to 48° Fahr't. Saw at least 8 robins flitting about the bare shrubs between my back fence & the high school property. I noticed some there a week or two ago but not well enough to identify. These must be some of the so-called Labrador robins, which come this far south & winter here. This afternoon Bob Cross, taxi driver, got me a case of Fernandez rum & a case of Australian port wine. I took my shovel, cleared some of Wednesday's ice & snow from my front walk, & dug a path to the garage door, to let the sun work on the asphalt.

TUESDAY, MAR. 1/83 March came in like a lamb — calm, hazy sun, 40° Fahr't. Worked with mattock & shovel at the old rampart thrown up by the snow plough, much of it more like ice than snow.

Letter from Frank Covert in Halifax, dated Feb. 25, acknowledging mine of Feb. 18, & saying that so far he had not received the copy of Waldmann's new option agreement.

About 7 p.m. Waldmann phoned from Toronto. I told him the situation. He had sent the agreement to me by the Purolator (motor courier) service, but sent Covert's copy by ordinary post. a

day or two later," which accounts for the delay. Waldmann wants me to send the signed copies of the renewed option by Purolator as soon as I get Covert's okay. I said Purolator has no agency here. He said he would give me the phone number of their Halifax agency tomorrow, & he will also contact Covert.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 2, 1983 Pouring rain all day at 40° Fahr. Frank Covert phoned from Hfx about 1 p.m. & said the option-extension document is OK. Waldmann is very anxious to get three signed copies as soon as possible, so I phoned the Purolator office in Bridgewater. They noted particulars & said their pick-up van would come "this afternoon." At 4 p.m. I phoned again. This time they said the van would arrive in Liverpool "about 5:30", but there might be some delay if there were difficulties on the road. I waited all evening — but no van. The roads are clear of ice & snow, & rain continued to pour.

THURSDAY, MAR. 3/83 Rain again (or still) At 9 a.m. I phoned the Purolator office in Bridgewater, who said their van was on its way to Liverpool & should arrive about 10:15. It arrived at my house at 11:10. I asked the courier why he didn't come yesterday, & he said blandly "Because I didn't know where Park Street was." Anyhow he wrote a receipt form for the Waldmann envelope & went on his way. Purolator & claims to be the leading courier service in Canada. On this showing it is worse than the post office.

The rain petered out soon after noon & the temp. began to drop. At the same time a violent N. gale sprang up, with small ice-pellets & sleet. About 2:30 p.m. I struggled to the supermarket & selected a week's meat & groceries, to be delivered. On my way home I picked up a package of fried chicken at the Kentucky shop, & got home wind-blown & tired. Letter from a high school girl in Metairie, Louisiana, saying she had been given a term paper to write on my life & work, & requesting information.

FRIDAY, MAR. 4/83 The gale roared in the chimney & the trees all last night & all today, with temp. at freezing point. When I got up this morning there was a thin layer of ice & new snow, but the sun soon took that off. I mailed a copy of "In My Time", inscribed, to the student in Louisiana. Waldmann phoned, still anxious about the option papers. I said they were on the way & should be in Toronto tonight, adding that I had dated my signatures March 2nd. Cold night.

SATURDAY, MAR. 5/83 The gale blew itself out in the night. Sunny today with temp. at freezing point. Letter from Frank Covert confirming telephone

conversation of March 2nd. A hard freeze tonight.

SUNDAY, MAR. 6, 1983 Sunny all day, with temp. up to 48° Fahr't. Hacked away some more of the old snow barrier across my driveway entrance — like cement. One more day like this & I can get my car out. Tom & Pam spent the week-end in Hfx. with their friends George & Sandra Caines, returning this afternoon. Pam picked me up at 5 pm. & I dined with them at Hunts Point. Another cold night.

MONDAY, MAR. 7/83 Temp. about freezing point all day. A hazy glimpse of the sun. Spent half an hour hacking & shoveling at the street barrier. I can squeeze my car out now. Waldmann phoned again from Toronto, worried because he has not received the documents. I gave him the number of the Purolator man's receipt, so he can have it traced. He told me to cash his cheque, which I have been holding.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 9/83 Overcast, with a bleak SE breeze. Got my car out & drove to Summerville to charge the battery a bit. Rosemary Bauchman (see Nov. 16/82) has sent me a draft of her interview with me, asking me to check it for errors. The mail also brought a note from a woman in Sehnde, West Germany, asking for a signed photograph for her collection. She enclosed a self-addressed envelope & an international coupon to cover air mail postage. I get such requests from West Germany from time to time. Murray Osborne has sent me a large print in colour of the proposed full-rigged sailing ship "Confederation", which he hopes to build in his shipyard at Port Hawkesbury. The promoters are trying to raise the necessary $10 or $12 million, & the idea is to use the ship to represent Canada in the annual "Tall Ship" gathering in U.S. & other ports.

Phone call this afternoon from someone named Betty Taylor, who said she was agent for an actor named Robert Duval (~~or De Waal~~ DUVALL ?). He had heard that a movie was to be made from "The Nymph & The Lamp" & was eager to play in it. I referred her to Jon Slan, to whom I had sold the performing rights. (ROBERT DUVALL, star of film "Tender Mercies".)

THURSDAY, MAR. 10/83 Overcast, bleak E. wind; & a cold rain began in mid-afternoon. Letter from grandson Gregory Dennis, thanking me for the proferred gift of my Corvair car next May. Hopes the Raddalls will attend his graduation at King's in that month.

The rain poured all evening & night, but as the temp. was only 1° above freezing point it did not melt the old snowbanks much.

SATURDAY, MAR. 12/83 Fog yesterday, rain today at 39° Fahr't. The old snowbanks, speckled with oil soot, are shrinking away.

TENDER MERCIES
Directed by Bruce Beresford
Screenplay by Horton Foote

"Hey, mister," asks the fat lady on the dusty Texas sidewalk, "were you really Mac Sledge?" Mac (Robert Duvall) squints and says, "Yes, I guess I was." A successful country songwriter is what he was, and the husband of a high-octane singer named Dixie (Betty Buckley), till a nasty temper and too much liquor drove him out of Dixie's limelight. Now he is trying to find a modest parcel of dignity for himself, his new wife Rosa Lee (Tess Harper) and her boy Sonny (Allan Hubbard). But it's hard: "I'm missin' the music. I may not be any good any more, but that doesn't keep me from missin' it."

Horton Foote's lovely screenplay finds its pace and meaning in the slow, plaintive tempo of rural Texas life. Mac teaches Sonny a few guitar chords; he sashays through a honkytonk dance with Rosa Lee; he gets dunked in the christening tub at the local Baptist church; he tries to make peace with his rebellious daughter (Ellen Barkin); he visits Dixie's Tara-size mansion to say an elegy over a dead marriage; he tosses a football around with Sonny. Attuned to the movie's rhythm, the viewer will see wounds heal, friendships ripen, a bond sealed between the film makers and the audience.

Bruce Beresford, the Australian director making his American film debut, is no subtle stylist. His tendency is to run like hell with a single visual strategy: flossy soft focus in *The Getting of Wisdom,* low-angled shots for the heroes and villains of *Breaker Morant,* hyperactive camerabatics to catch the footballers in *The Club,* and, to emphasize the lonely helplessness of Mac and his kind, a series of long-shot landscapes that dwarf the actors. But with his jeweler's eye for casting and a fond patience with his actors, he allows every performance in *Tender Mercies* to shine through the visual clichés like the home truth in a country ballad.

Robert Duvall

He is especially lucky to have Duvall as his star. Duvall's aging face, a road map of dead ends and dry gulches, can accommodate rage or innocence or any ironic shade in between. As Mac he avoids both melodrama and condescension, finding climaxes in each small step toward rehabilitation, each new responsibility shouldered. With a lot of help from his friends, Duvall makes *Tender Mercies* the best American movie of the new year.

—**By Richard Corliss**

SUNDAY, MAR. 13, 1983 Drizzle all day. Temp 46° Fahr. Dined at Hunt's Point. Son Tom tells me that the CBC phoned him from Halifax two or three days ago asking about me. They want to mark my 80th. birthday next November with a radio interview in their Hfx. studio, but hesitated to approach because they had heard that I refused public appearances of any kind. Tom said he would speak to me, & they said they would phone again next week.

I don't see why they want to interview an old crock like me, lame & myopic, a physical caricature of my former self. Old authors, like the old soldier in the song, should simply fade away. However, Tom urges me to go, & I consented.

Tom also tells me he intends to have a sailing sloop built. He has already ordered a fibre-glass hull, cost $4,500, from the Atkinson shop at Clark's Harbour.

TUESDAY, MAR. 15/83 Still overcast, with some light drizzle. Drove the car to Port Mouton to put some more charge in the battery. Went to Tom's office for repairs to my ancient teeth.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 16/83 Overcast, with a bleak E. wind, temp. 35° Fahr. On my morning walk to the post office I heard the sweet notes of a fox sparrow, although I couldn't see it. Over many years I have noted March 23 as the median date for its first appearance.

THURSDAY, MAR. 17/83 Same weather. Fred Gordon dropped in to borrow my copy of Francis Jupper's "Historic Liverpool". Now 65 & retired from the Baptist ministry, he busies himself with affairs in the incorporated village of Milton, including a history of the place.

FRIDAY, MAR. 18/83 The sun made a few hazy peeps through the grey roof, for the first time since March 7. I cleaned up the winter's trash along my street front, using broom, rake, shovel & trash can; also removed the worst of the litter on the back lawn — branches & twigs mostly. Temp. 40°

SATURDAY, MAR. 19/83 Showers & drizzle all day & evening. Temp. 40°

SUNDAY, MAR. 20/83 Same weather. Dined at Hunt's Point. Tom has seen several flights of geese from Port Joli, heading north.

MONDAY, MAR. 21/83 First day of spring, & the sun shone in a hazy way that sent the temp. up to 52° Fahr. In the afternoon got my car out & took a leisurely drive to Brooklyn, Beach Meadows, Port Medway, then over the new highway to the Milton exit, on to Milton & Potanoc, & thence home. Got my bird bath out of the garage & set it up in its place in the centre of the back lawn.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 23, 1983 Rain & fog yesterday. Mostly sunny today, but cool, with a strong NW wind. Had lunch today with my old friend & neighbour Ralph Johnson & wife Hallabelle, both in their seventies. She, poor woman, has long been afflicted with Parkinson's disease, a mere wisp of her former buxom self, sitting in a wheel-chair & mumbling. Ralph, having finished his history of forestry in Nova Scotia (still with no publisher) has begun his autobiography, dealing mainly with his experiences as a timber cruiser in South Carolina, Quebec & Nova Scotia, between 1922 & 1962.

THURSDAY, MAR. 24/83 I got up this morning to find a few snow-flakes drifting down, & ice in the bird bath. A cold dark day, with one or two glints of sunshine. Drove my car to the supermarket. Walked to the post office. Very cold tonight, 18° Fahr't. TV news reports another heavy ~~st~~ snowstorm in Alabama, Georgia & the Carolinas. My sister Nellie would have been more comfortable in her home at Mahone Bay.

FRIDAY, MAR. 25/83 A wild northerly gale began about sunset, & blew all night. Temp. 20° Fahr't. Here on the South Shore we just got the wind; but further inland & everywhere east & north of Hfx the gale brought freezing rain & snow, tying up all traffic. Hfx was in a great mess, with cars & buses unable to get up the grades & slithering into one another all over the place.

SUNDAY, MAR. 27/83 Yesterday was cold & windy. Today the sun got through & the wind dropped. Temp. got up to 40° Fahr't. Picked up a new litter of fallen branches & twigs from the back lawn, & some from my street front, including a rum bottle from a passing car. The young oafs who live on the inner road to Western Head always return via Park Street after an evening in town, & hurl their bottles, beer cans, cigarette packages, & the remains of fried chicken repasts on to our lawns as they pass.

MONDAY, MAR. 28/83 Shortly after my walk to the post office this morning a sea gale with cold rain set in, & continued all day & evening. A week or so ago the CBC, Toronto, asked my permission to re-broadcast a radio reading of "The Wings of Night" over their stations in the Maritime region. They offered $200. I said $300. The contract came today.

THURSDAY, MAR. 31/83 The sun came out, but it was cold, with a sharp NW breeze. I found that the bowl of my bird bath, of thin white plastic, had become badly cracked during the winter, & will not hold water; so while I had my car downtown for the week's groceries, I bought a new one, & installed it this afternoon.

FRIDAY, APL. 1, 1983 The water in my new bird bath froze solid in the night. Today was cold & grey, with a sinking barometer, & about 4 p.m. snow began to fall on a rising wind.

SATURDAY, APL. 2/83 The snowfall changed to a cold rain in the night, & this morning I looked out on mess of cold slush, about 3 inches deep. Drizzle all day, taking the stuff off the streets. This afternoon Dorothy Oliver came from Hfx. with a set of my books & some magazines containing my short stories, plus a set of George T. Bates's maps of colonial Nova Scotia, all donated to the Queens County Museum by my old acquaintance May Reside. Miss Reside, 85-ish, is now very ill in a Halifax hospital. Miss Oliver, 60-ish, is the daughter of Tommy Oliver, one of the first papermakers at the Mersey mill.

SUNDAY, APL. 3/83 Sunny & calm. Temp up to 50°. The new snow melting fast. Did the weekly laundry, folded & put it away. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 6/83 Sun came out this afternoon, after bleak rain & drizzle since Sunday. Spent the afternoon at the museum with son Tom, putting together a collage representing an Indian kitchen midden at Port Joli, seen in section, with shells, ashes, bones, pottery shards, stone arrowheads, etc.

Received a circular letter from McClelland & Stewart, addressed to authors & book shops. They are again in a financial bind & are putting on a special sale this month, selling warehouse stocks at half price or less. They estimate that only 10% of the titles they have in stock are actually on display in bookshops, & they must clear this warehouse.

THURSDAY, APL. 7/83 Sunny, calm, 50° Fahr. Got my fertilizer-spreader out of the garage, wire-brushed the winter's rust from the moving parts, & oiled them. Then spread about 5 KM of "Lawn Green" on front, side, & back lawns. ‖ APL. 8 ‖ Rain again tonight. The N.S. Historical Society came from Hfx. & held their meeting this evening in the ~~Forks~~ museum. Gary Hartlen offered to take me there, but all this wet weather has got into my joints from fingers to toes, & I had to beg off.

SATURDAY, APL. 9/83 Fine & warm. Temp. up to 68° Fahr. I opened windows at front & back, & let a breeze blow through the house for the first time since last Fall. Colin Gray (see Oct. 12/82) came over from Bridgewater with some more of my first editions for autographs. Mrs. Joyce (Killam) Barkhouse came by appointment & interviewed me for an hour. A widow, 60-ish, very intelligent, she now lives near Kentville. Has written for various magazines, & a few years ago published a biography of George Dawson, Canadian geologist, for whom Dawson City was named. The publishers,

Clarke Irwin of Toronto, suggested recently that she write a concise biography of me, about 20,000 words, for book publication. She must first submit a précis for their decision.

Fresh fish for supper, the first in 3 weeks. The weather at sea has been too rough & cold for the small boat fishermen, & the sea-going draggers work only for the fish plants, which won't bother with small retail business.

SUNDAY, APL. 10, 1983 Fine & warm. Did my weekly laundry chores. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point — roast pheasant & partridge, the last of Tom's hunting last Fall.

MONDAY, APL. 11/83 Awoke to another sea gale & heavy rain. A lone robin foraging on my back lawn, the first of the season.

TUESDAY, APL. 12/83 Open-&-shut sky. Mild. Ann Crawford, who practises law here in association with Gerald Freeman, asked me to address a meeting of the Western Counties Bar Association at White Point next June 4th. I could sit while speaking, & the group would not be large, 20 or 30. She suggested that I speak about the Indians of western N.S. past & present. Reluctantly I agreed.

THURSDAY, APL. 14/83 A frosty night & a cold grey day with a distinct feel of ice in the east wind, probably ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence which has now drifted to the vicinity of Sable Island. I took my 1982 income statements to Stafford for completion of the forms & calculation of the tax.

FRIDAY, APL. 15/83 A flutter of snowflakes this morning. The Sears firm delivered my new electric lawn mower. Price $220.00. It is an improved model of the old one, which cost $95.00 in 1974, but not improved enough to account for the huge difference in price. Another example of the inflation of costs in the past decade.

Tom, Pam, & Blair left this morning for a brief holiday in Boston, & expect to be home again on Sunday afternoon.

SUNDAY, APL. 17/83 Rain & fog. The Raddalls' plane from Boston just managed to get down at the Yarmouth airport & that's all. (They had left their car there) Dined with them at Hunts Point. Tom had attended a day's lectures on the latest dentistry at Tufts College.

TUESDAY, APL. 19/83 The sun made a brief appearance, & the temp. got up to 60° Fahr't. I dug up & discarded the rose bush I had planted by the bird bath last year. It was a sickly thing, I don't know why. Also dug up the flower bed under my study windows, removed the winter seal from the air vent under my study & replaced it with fly netting. The Queens Adult Services, Milton, sent a car to pick up my

telephone desk & chair for stripping & refinishing. They have a lot of orders on hand, & it will take 2 or 3 weeks.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 20, 1983 Open & shut sky, mild & pleasant. Mrs. Bagley finished spring-cleaning the second floor. Son Tom re-filled another of my crumbling old teeth. Got my income (1982) tax return from Smith, Stafford & Raymond. A full year's annuity (Mutual Life) added much to my income. Capital gains tax on the Inland Gas shares, which I sold last spring, added to the routine income tax. Total tax $9,661, of which I had paid $7,000 in instalments during the year. Net $2,661.

THURSDAY, APL. 21/83 Hazy sun, cool breeze. Drove to Summerville Beach & back. Looked in at the golf club, & found the ground crew just getting the tee benches out, newly painted. Official opening May 1st.

FRIDAY, APL. 22/83 Mild, with a hazy sun. Worked for 3/4 hour, raking the petunia bed, hoeing around the roses, & breaking up the pile of sods, now well rotted & useful, which I piled under the ash tree last June. Noticed robins busy foraging & apparently exploring for a nest site.

Letter from Alan Ruffman, president of Geomarine Associates Ltd. at Halifax. Apparently they are advisors to the big Mobiloil Company, which is drilling for oil off Sable Island. He wants to know if my account of an ice pack, piling up on the island's west bar, is correct, & if so the date & any other details I may have. "I certainly think your reference is of real value and I would appreciate a chance to learn more."

Letter from the girl in Louisiana (see March 3) thanking me for my book — "it will be a great help in writing my term paper."

SATURDAY, APL. 23/83 Same weather. Wrote Ruffman with detail of the ice pack at Sable Island in April 1922 & suggested that he look up my photo album in Dalhousie Library, containing a snapshot of Walsh & me on one of the stranded floes. In the afternoon I drove to White Point & limped around the first seven holes. The sun pleasant but a cold breeze off Port Mouton bay. Quite a number of golfers out. It was good to feel soft turf underfoot instead of concrete, & much less jar to my painful right hip. On TV tonight an hour of Farley Mowat, produced by the National Film Board; mostly Mowat talking about himself. There was one momentary shot of his mother smiling & saying "Farley always exaggerated".

I remember Dr. Harrison Lewis coming to my house for a chat after his retirement from many years of service around Hudson Bay in the Dept. of Northern Affairs. He was Farley's boss during the fitful two years that Mowat spent around the Bay. He liked Farley & said so. Then, with a smile, "When Farley talks about the animal world he is excellent, because he is a born naturalist & a well trained zoologist — and a very good

writer. But when Farley talks about himself you have to reach for the salt." I thought of that when Farley & his second wife Claire came to see me several years ago, & came to the same conclusion.

SUNDAY, APL. 24, 1983 Put my clocks & watch ahead for "daylight saving time." Walked around the golf course under a low grey sky threatening rain. At 5 p.m. drove my car to Hunts Point for dinner, for the first time since last Fall. As I arrived, grandson Tom & grand-daughter Debby were leaving to catch a bus to Halifax, after a weekend at home. Debby had a shopping bag full of mayflowers & pussy-willows. Rain began to fall heavily soon after I got home.

MONDAY, APL. 25/83 S.E. gale with heavy rain all day, & I did not venture outdoors. Noticed a Savanna sparrow foraging on my lawn. Rev. Fred Gordon came in for some information about the Loyalist settlement at Port Mouton in 1783. He has been asked to give a sermon at a memorial service there next June.

TUESDAY, APL. 26/83 The sun emerged about noon & today was pleasantly warm. Phoned the Rossignol service station, & they sent a man to drive my car there for a grease job, change to summer oil, cleaning inside & out, etc. Sat in a garden chair on my lawn for an hour or more, enjoying the sunshine, & neighbour Erik came over for a chat. He is still weak, bothered with emphysema, at 83.

My spireas, golden elder, & lilac shrubs begin to burst out of their buds, & the lawn grass begins to flourish. Rain again tonight.

THURSDAY, APL. 28/83 Open-&-shut sky, temp. up to 70° in the sun. Walked around the golf course. Sky there overcast & the sea breeze cold. Many robins in little flocks, evidently just arrived from the South.

FRIDAY, APL. 29/83 Hazy sun, cool sea ~~air~~ air. Could hear the fog horn at Western Head blowing continually. Planted a "Miranda" rose beside the bird bath. Spread bone meal on the petunia bed & raked it in.

SATURDAY, APL. 30/83 Calm, heavy overcast, & warm in town. Walked on the golf course, where there was a cold breeze off Port Mouton Bay. Foghorn blowing at Western Head. Met old friend Austin Parker in town. His mission to the U.S. was a peculiar part-family part-business affair. His older son Jim, now 55, has long held a good job as woods manager for a pulp & paper firm near Waverley, Tennessee. Now he is determined to buy a big lumber mill which has fallen on hard times. With the U.S. beginning to recover its economy he reckons that now is the time to buy. Purchase price, & improvements which he plans to instal, will take about $1,500,000. He can borrow a lot of this from U.S. govt. & local banks, but he wanted his father's advice & (I imagine) some of his father's money. Austin is a millionaire, but a very canny man financially. It will be interesting to see how it comes out.

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1983 Hazy sun. Warm in town but chilly at White Pt. where there was the familiar stiff breeze off the cold water of the Bay. Robins everywhere on the golf course. My forsythia shrubs popped into yellow bloom overnight. Dined at Hunt's Point.

My grandson Tom is seeking a summer job in Halifax, where he lives with his friend Diane. She is a clever person, studying in the dental school at Dalhousie, which young Tom hopes to enter next Fall. If he succeeds, & eventually graduates, they will undoubtedly set up a joint dental practice in the Hfx-Dartmouth area. So my son Tom's hopes of sharing his practice here with my grandson begin to fade.

MONDAY, MAY 2/83 Rain again. At 1:30 p.m. a phone call from somebody named Saul Cooper in Los Angeles, wanting to know the present status of film rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp". He understood that Jon Slan Enterprises of Toronto were involved. Did they have an option to purchase or was it an outright sale? I said it was an outright sale of the performing rights, & gave him the address of Slan's lawyers in Montreal. He said he & his associates would like to purchase the rights from Slan, as they were hoping to make a movie. If they are successful in getting the rights, he would like to come here & have a talk with me about the story. I said he could come any time.

Slan made the final payment ($20,000) on the rights in May 1981, although it was not due until May '82. I suppose the hurry was because the Canadian cable-pay entrepreneurs at that time thought they were opening an immediate gold mine, & they had better secure some genuine Canadian classics right away. Since then more competitors have appeared, & the pay TV business is changing almost every day. In the meantime Slan has made no attempt to film "The Nymph & The Lamp", & the money he paid for it, $50,000 altogether, has been idle.

TUESDAY, MAY 3/83 Another sea gale with rain & mist. These continual rains all over North America have set rivers in flood everywhere.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4/83 Same wretched weather. My old acquaintance Rear Admiral Hugh Pullen, RCN (retd.) died yesterday at the home of his sister in England, where he had spent the winter. He was 77. His wife died two years ago. After his retirement he made his home on Chester Basin, & frequently called here for a chat with me. Sometimes he & Mrs. Pullen lunched with us & sometimes we lunched with them at "Big Hill". A capable & zealous officer, he was a worshipper of Nelson & always had a portrait of him in his cabin or office.

THURSDAY, MAY 5/83 The sun emerged this afternoon. My lawn grass is now long & rank, too wet for mowing. I hope to make a start tomorrow. Phone call

from Gregory Dennis. He has passed the final exams, & is very anxious for me to attend the graduation ceremony on May 11th. If necessary his father & mother will drive down here to pick me up. I told him I plan to buy a new car about May 15, & he can take away my old one any time after that. He said he is going to Toronto after graduation for a couple of weeks' holiday, returning about May 25, & he will pick up the car then.

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1983 A fine day at last. Mowed my front & side lawns. The new mower works very well, despite the length & dampness of the grass. Daughter Frances phoned from Moncton, following up Greg's call, & said I am not to come to Hfx. unless I feel up to it. I said I would like to come if I can get there. She will phone again Sunday night about the times & arrangements.

SATURDAY, MAY 7/83 Sunny with a cool sea breeze. Started to mow my back lawn with the electric mower, but the grass was too long & heavy for it, & I had to borrow Erik's powerful gasoline machine. My young neighbours, the Crosbies, held a "yard sale" on their property today — all sorts of clothing, books, household utensils, etc., & did a great business. They put a "Yard Sale" sign at the street entrance & it drew customers in cars & trucks. One man, whose wife was busy examining the stuff, wandered over on my lawn to chat with Erik & me. "My wife can't go by a Yard Sale sign any more'n a dawg can go by a fire hydrant."

SUNDAY, MAY 8/83 Overcast & chilly. Dined at Hunt's Point. Tom & Pam elated because their son Tom has been accepted by Dalhousie Dental School, one year late. After phoning back & forth to Moncton my trip to Hfx. is arranged. Tom & Pam will pick me up at 8:30 a.m. on Wednesday & take me to Hfx, where Tom has to attend a professional meeting. Bill, Francie, Gregory & I will lunch together at the Dresden Arms hotel. The graduation ceremony at King's begins at 2:30. Afterwards Bill & Francie will drive on to Liverpool, stay the night with me, & return to Moncton on Thursday.

Tonight on TV I watched the movie "Apocalypse Now", in which Robert Duvall had a secondary part. Pretentiously it was an expose' of American military misdemeanors in Viet Nam, but the central theme was a bare-faced theft from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," even to the villain's name (Kurtz) & Kurtz's voice reciting "The horror! The horror!" at the end. Duvall played the part of a flamboyant infantry colonel who wore a Civil War hat & a cowboy revolver. He also wore dark glasses, so I couldn't see much of the man who wants to play Matthew in "The Nymph & The Lamp".

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1983 Rain last night. Fine & cool today. Letter from Nancy Johnson, president of Lockwood Films, London, Ontario, asking the present status of "The Nymph & The Lamp". Answered that Jon Slan had bought the performing rights two years ago.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11/83 Tom & Pam picked me up at 8:15 a.m. & we had a quick run to Hfx, arriving at the Arm rotary at 9:40. Tom let Pam out at her mother's house, picked up Bill & Francie Dennis & their daughter Tracy at the Dresden Arms, & took us for a tour of the waterfront from the new Maritime Museum to the edge of Point Pleasant Park. In the Museum I was pleased to see & recognise one of the old Sable Island lifesaving boats, & one of the shallow surfboats in which we landed stores. Also the brass Lyle gun used for shooting a lifeline aboard a wreck, & about half a dozen "name boards" from wrecked ships, all that is left of dozens which in my time adorned the interior walls of the lifeboat shed.

Back at the Dresden Arms, Tom bade us adieu & we joined up with Greg Dennis & his fiancée Sue Edgett, her parents Tom Edgett & wife, Bill's father & mother Cecil & Frances Dennis, & lunched together at the Arms. Then on to Kings University gymnasium for the degree-conferring ceremonies, which went on from 2:30 to past 5 — the biggest class yet graduated from King's. At the reception afterwards the flamboyant President of King's greeted me, & turning to Greg "Mr. Dennis, this is the famous Thomas Raddall". Greg said, smiling, "I've met him — he's my grandfather". President Godfrey laughed that off, & told me, "You're getting to be quite an institution at King's" (Including Greg, three of my grandchildren have graduated there within the past two years.) The convocation address was given by Robert MacNeil, a native of Halifax, & today one of the most famous TV interviewers in the U.S.A.

Afterwards Bill & Francie took me home in their car, turning off the through-way to dine at the Wade House in Bridgewater, which used to be the place to dine well. We found the food mediocre & the service wretched. (Bridgewater has more modern & much better restaurants in the new shopping plazas.) Home about 9:30.

THURSDAY, MAY 12/83 Cloudy & cool. After breakfast Bill mowed my lawns, & then left with Francie for Moncton. At evening the clouds were pouring rain again. Ugh!

FRIDAY, MAY 13/83 Unlucky date. Cold & damp. McClelland & Stewart have sent a cheque for $401.29, royalties on my books for the six months ending Dec. 31/82. Apart from a few cloth-bound copies of "In My Time", they amounted to 905 copies in paper-back.

Friday, May 13, 1983 (continued)

Roger Sudden	-	93 copies
Pride's Fancy	-	79 "
His Majesty's Yankees	-	100 "
As The Tide's Turn (etc)	-	101 "
The Nymph & The Lamp	-	269 "

The marvel is that any of my books sell at all, after all this time since they were first published, & in the light of modern book-selling ("hyping" by the authors) methods.

Phoned Ralph Minard, chief car salesman for Rossignol Sales Ltd., & told him I want to buy a car as like my old Corvair in size etc. as possible. He said he would bring a car for driving demonstration next Monday.

SUNDAY, MAY 15/83 Cold & wet, yesterday & today. Dined at Hunts Point. Tom & Pam will be flying to Bermuda this week for a holiday in sunshine, so I shall not see them for a couple of weeks.

MONDAY, MAY 16/83 Overcast but warmer. This morning Minard brought a Chevalier Cadet car for my inspection. It is a four-door sedan, 4 cylinder engine, power brakes & steering, front-& rear window de-frosters, FM & AM radio, bucket seats, colour cream. I drove it around Western Head & was pleased with it, although I will need practice in backing-up. It has been driven about 3,000 miles for demonstrations. The price is:-

Original price	$ 9,663.00
Tax	830.00
Transfer fee	5.00
	$ 10,498.00
Less	1,363.00
	$ 9135.00

I told Minard I would let him know my decision within a week.

Raining hard again tonight.

TUESDAY, MAY 17/83 Wet & cold. (40° Fahr.). Snow fell in N.B., P.E.I. & northern N.S. Blizzards in Sask. & Alberta. Temp. here 38° Fahr. tonight.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18/83 Sunshine & cloud today. I mowed the front & side lawns.

THURSDAY, MAY 19/83 Sunny, with a fresh W. breeze. The first really warm day. I changed from winter underwear to cotton T-shirt & shorts, & spent 2 hours mowing my back lawn, with spells of rest in a garden chair. A fluttering in my

fireplace chimney tells me that the chimney swifts are back from Peru.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1983 Rain all night. Overcast & warm today. I note in the paper that the Toronto publishing firm of Clark, Irwin Co. has declared bankruptcy, so Joyce Barkhouse's proposed biography of me must be a dead issue. (see Apl. 9) I have heard nothing more of Rosemary Bauchman's proposed book on Nova Scotia authors.

SUNDAY, MAY 22/83 Rain again in the night, a few glints of sun today. The golden elder shrub at the east corner of my sun porch, planted with the other shrubs in May 1937, is in decay at last, although a few stems have green shoots. This afternoon I cut away the dead stems, one of them 3 inches thick. Also I dug up the yellow rose by the garage, planted about 30 years ago, & now in decay.

Monday, May 23/83 The weather forecast says more rain, so I mowed my front & side lawns this morning. Saw a catbird in one of the shrubs beside the back lawn, their usual nesting place. My median date for the catbirds' first appearance is May 26. This afternoon I planted a Rocky Mountain red rose by the garage, & 9 red petunias (cascade) in the bed outside my study. Rain was beginning to fall, so it was a good time.

Grandson Tom dropped in for a chat. He & Debby are home for the weekend, doing their own cooking in their parents' absence. Tom has got a summer's job as assistant to one of the scientists aboard the new marine biological survey ship "Kiedler", attached to the Bedford institute. They will spend most of the summer at sea over the Scotia shelf, including Sable Island.

TUESDAY, MAY 24/83 Wet & cold, with a gusty sea wind. Phone call from my neice Carol (Cassidy) Paisley. She & husband John are at their Indian Point home for a holiday, & they will drive over for a visit with me tomorrow morning.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25/83 Wet & cold. John & Carol came about 11:30 a.m. & I took them to lunch at the Chinese cafe, a substantial & leisurely meal, the food & wine very good. Afterwards John drove up to Potanos so I could point out Edith's old home, the first home of our married life, the site of Cowies' Falls pulp mill, etc. Then a long & pleasant chat at my house. My sister Nellie is well & active. The Paisleys' oldest son & wife are still working in a small theatrical troupe at Hfx. Tom, the second son, has graduated from Acadia in Phys. Ed. but cannot find a job in N.S. & will go to Alabama. Sue, the only daughter, is studying art at the U. of Alabama. They left at 5 p.m., promising to see me again next summer.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1983 Dark, damp & chilly. Noticed a chipping-sparrow examining the golden elder outside my sun porch. No sign of the yellow warblers, who removed their nest last year when they were discovered by a cat.

FRIDAY, MAY 27/83 Overcast, threatening rain, with a chill SE wind. Mowed the back lawn thoroughly.

SATURDAY, MAY 28/83 A cold rain all night & morning. Then overcast, & the sun got through about 4:30. Enjoyed some good tennis on T.V. Wrote Montreal Trust about my will. My estate has increased a lot since my last will was made, & I want to increase the bequests & add others. Asked them how much would be left to bequeath after payment of federal & provincial estate taxes.

SUNDAY, MAY 29/83 Overcast & cool. Dined at Hants Point with Tom & Pam, happy & refreshed by their week in Bermuda. Told Tom about the Chevalier car that Minard wants to sell me, & he phoned his friend King Cochrane, who has the Pontiac agency here. Cochrane said he could offer a better deal in a new Pontiac, & he will phone me tomorrow.

Cochrane has sold 57 new cars this ~~spring~~ month. In the same ~~period~~ month last year he sold 6. Things are picking up hereabouts, despite the fact that Bowaters-Mersey are laying off 80 men due to shrinkage of market. Noticed a pair of song sparrows on my back lawn.

MONDAY, MAY 30/83 Overcast & mild. Cochrane came this morning with an illustrated folder of the 1983 Pontiacs. By paying #734 more than Minard's net price on the 1982 Chev. I can get a new 1983 Pontiac equipped with all the latest features. The retail price is #9,700 plus tax. He is offering it to me for:-

	#8,968
tax	896
transfer fee	5
	#9,869

I decided to take it. The two cars are identical in size, power, & operation.

TUESDAY, MAY 31/83 Drizzle of rain all morning, then overcast with the sun peeping through, very hot & humid. Saw a yellow warbler in the bush honeysuckle outside my dining room windows. They usually appear about May 22.

WEDNESDAY, June 1/83 Drizzling again. Cochrane brought my new car, & I drove it around Western Head. It is a "Pontiac 2000", dark blue, 4-door sedan, with front-wheel drive, power steering & brakes, A.M. & F.M. radio, etc. I learned that floor carpeting costs an extra #50, so I paid altogether #9,919.30. According to Cochrane the car will do as much as 35 miles per gallon on long straight runs, but of course my drives will be about town.

JUNE 2, 1983 Rain all day. In backing my new car out of the garage this morning I grazed the laundry platform. The platform showed no damage, but it left a 12-inch scar on my left rear mudguard, not deep but marked by flakes of the platform paint. Ever since my eye operations, & the necessity of wearing thick bi-focals, I have had difficulty in backing my car, not being able to stick my head out & glance sideways, & having to depend entirely on the rear-view mirror. This is aggravated by my side doorstep, which juts out nearly two feet into the driveway.

Forgot to note yesterday that grandson Blair Raddall drove my old Corvair to his home at Hunts Point, where grandson Gregory Dennis can pick it up at his leisure. I didn't like to leave it on the street, as one of the front door-locks doesn't work.

I'm delighted to see the yellow warblers building a nest on the old site, the deutzia shrub close by my sun porch.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3/83 Sunny & warm this morning, with a good W. breeze — our weekly fine day. Clouding again in the afternoon. Mowed my front & side lawns. Planted a new red rose by the garage, replacing the one I planted May 23, which appears to be dead. While I was doing this a Baltimore oreole perched in the nearby forsythia shrub & gave a little song for me. Ann Crawford phoned to say that someone will pick me up at 6.30 p.m. tomorrow & take me to White Point Lodge, where I had promised to address the dinner of the Western N.S. Bar Association. They will also take me home.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4/83 A glimpse of sun, then overcast, & the eternal rain falling again. My bush honeysuckle & lilac shrubs begin to blossom. The warblers, working in their frantic way from daylight to dark, have completed their nest, despite the weather, & apparently without stopping to eat.

At 6.30 Anne Crawford came in her car & took me to White Point Lodge for dinner with the Western Counties Barristers Society, including wives, 20 or 30 people. Drinks & a very good dinner. One of the people at the head table was Richard, son of Cyril Coughlan, whom I knew during War Two, when we were lieutenants in the West Novas reserve battalion. Father & son are now practising law together in Bridgewater. Miss Crawford introduced me as the speaker, & I talked about the Indians of western N.S., & the claims advanced by some to be the only legitimate owners of the land. Afterwards I had a pleasant chat with Howard Elliot, manager of the White Point business, & his charming wife. Home about 10 p.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5/83 Overcast & damp. Noticed a white cat prowling about my lawn yesterday. It must have discovered the activities of the warblers & frightened them, for they spent all of this day pulling their nest to bits & flying off with their materials

to the shrubbery ~~behind my back lawn~~ at the side of my study — exactly what they did last year when the white cat frightened them. Noticed a humming bird flitting about the bush honeysuckle. Tom & Pam dined out this evening, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1983 Fine & warm. Mowed the back lawn, & afterwards Erik came over & joined me in a glass or two of ale. Gregory Dennis phoned to say he expects to get a ride down here shortly, & will take the old Corvair to Moncton.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8/83 Drizzle & fog yesterday & today. Letter from Montreal Trust, Hfx., advising me that the federal & provincial estate taxes were abolished, apparently when the capital gains tax was instituted in 1972.

My spirea shrubs begin to bloom.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9/83 Fine & warm. Mowed front & side lawns. Sprayed a strong solution of Killex on patches of chickweed etc.

E. & I were married 56 years ago.

Miss Williams came & interviewed me for an article to be published in the autumn Mersey Quarterly. A pretty & intelligent brunette, she is in Bowater Mersey's public relations department.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10/83 Dark & chilly. Mowed the back lawn. Rev. Fred Gordon returned my copy of Francis Jupper's tales of old Milton & Liverpool. Rain began again about 4 p.m. The weather bureau reports that rainfall in N.S. during the month of May was 80% more than normal.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11/83 Fine & hot all day. Not a cloud. Temp. at 4 p.m. was 84° Fahrh. in the sun. Spent most of the afternoon sitting in a lawn chair, chatting with Erik. Discovered that small green caterpillars have suddenly attacked my new roses & petunias, destroying leaves & buds. Sprayed the plants against them today. Impossible before, as the almost daily or nightly showers would have washed the stuff off. All yesterday & today both Canadian T V networks were obsessed with the Conservative convention at Toronto, called to choose a party leader who will almost certainly become Prime Minister at the next federal election. The chief candidates were Joe Clark of Alberta, Brian Mulroney of Quebec, & John Crosbie of Newfoundland. What with party delegates, great claques of noisy supporters, bagpipe & other bands, about 10,000 people crowded into a huge rink in a temperature of 92° Fahrh, wearing ridiculous hats, badges & ribbons, shouting, singing, chanting, bobbing placards up & dom before the T V cameras — all in sedulous imitation of American political practice on such occasions, to be seen nowhere else in the world. Mulroney, native of Quebec & fluent in French & English, won on the 4th. ballot.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12/83 Pleasant day, though more cloud than sun. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Owing to the chilly

nights their pool remains too cold for bathing.

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1983 Sunny morning, dark & cool afternoon. Gregory Dennis arrived about 5:30, having thumbed rides from Moncton. I gave him supper, & then we drove in ~~Phantom~~ my car to Hunts Point to pick up the Corvair. I gave him a formal bill of sale to show the N.B. registrars, & then drove home before the cars began to turn on their lights. He was most grateful, & plans to restore the car to its original state — a show piece.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14/83 Sunny in the morning but overcast in the afternoon when I drove to White Point & walked about the golf course for an hour. A chilly SE breeze forced me to don my jacket, & I did not linger on the benches. Much excitement in Hfx. where the Prince & Princess of Wales arrived by air to begin a whirlwind 18 day tour of Canada. The royal yacht awaited them at Hfx. & will take them to Shelburne tomorrow night for Thursday's Loyalist celebration.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15/83 Wretched weather again, thick fog & drizzle last night & all day. Letter from Robert Weary, president & general manager of Bowater Mersey Paper Co., mentioning that the company had given a copy of one of my novels to each of 106 high school students who applied for a scholarship which the company awards every three years.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16/83 Fog & drizzle. Watched on TV the royal visit to Shelburne this morning. The local historical society had done a great job, turning out people in 18th century clothes (or a passable imitation thereof). After an hour of hand-shaking & chatting among the throng, the royal pair left by helicopter for more of it at Bridgewater. Nobody at Shelburne apparently knew that the Loyalist settlers there included some men of the Prince of Wales American Volunteers, a Loyalist regiment, or they surely would have mentioned it. Also, in his brief address, Prince Charles said that he was the first member of the royal family to visit Shelburne. He wasn't. Shortly after its foundation Shelburne was visited by Prince William (much later King William III) of the Royal Navy. According to a story passed down in the family of Loyalist Gideon White, the rollicking Billy had an amorous adventure there, a comical affair (he had to jump out of a window). Gideon's descendant Thomas H. White related it to me 45 or 50 years ago. As head of the Queens County Museum committee Tom (& wife) were invited to the official luncheon for the royal pair in Bridgewater.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17/83 Walked to son Tom's office at 8:30 a.m. for some dentistry. He described the Bridgwater affair. "The protocol people from Halifax evidently mistook my name for yours, & Pam & I were ushered to

a small table next to the one where the royals sat. Our companions were the Baron & Baroness de Rothschild, who had come to Nova Scotia to attend the royal inspection of the new tidal power plant at Annapolis, which was cancelled yesterday because the Shearwater air field was fogged in. The main dish was boiled lobster, served Nova Scotia style complete with bibs. The prince wore his bib, & the princess laid hers across her lap. The Rothschilds had never eaten lobster with their hands before, so we gave them some hints, & they followed our demonstration."

Some years ago I played golf with Rothschild & Arnold Paterson at White Point, where R. was staying for a week.

The drizzle ceased about noon, & the sun peered through the clouds occasionally in the afternoon. In these humid conditions I mowed the front & side lawns. As usual the grass was long & sopping wet.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18/83 Fine & hot, 84° in the sun when I mowed the back lawn this afternoon. Afterwards Erik came over & we chatted over cold lager in the shade. I applied a solution of RX 15 on the roses & petunias.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19/83 Mostly overcast & very still & hot. (80° Fahr.). Spent an hour or two in a lawn chair but found it more comfortable indoors watching Wimbledon tennis on TV. Dined at Hunt's Point. Grandson Blair is now engaged in term-end exams for Grade Twelve. Next September he enters King's University, & Tom & Pamela feel a bit sad — the last of their little brood leaving home. I remember when I took son Tom to Acadia, I was delighted that he was having a chance in life that wasn't given to me. But Edith wept.

Daughter Frances Dennis phoned this evening with greetings for Father's Day. Her family are all well. Gregory is delighted with the Corvair car, & he has a summer's job as substitute announcer in a Moncton FM radio station. Terence will not return to UNB next Fall. The math. was too much for him. He has resumed his former job with a Moncton fish company.

MONDAY, JUNE 20/83 Again very hot, despite a strong NW breeze. Did my weekly laundry in the morning. Drove to White Point in the afternoon, & spent two hours limping slowly about the course & resting on the benches. Owing to the offshore wind there was no cool air from the sea, but I enjoyed every minute. Mrs. Bea Watts & her workman came this evening to look at my living-room window curtains, which have not been working properly. After some fiddling they removed the curtain rod with its attachments & installed a new & different rod, which did the trick.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1983 Again fine & very hot. Walked about the golf course, resting on the benches, & today the breeze was off the bay & refreshingly cool. Met Bill Copeland, who told me that he & Austin Parker visited the old log camp at Eagle Lake a week or two ago. No sign of human intrusion, probably because the various thieves in the past had stolen everything worth lugging away. What they did find was 300 or 400 bats, & a heap of bat-dung two feet deep on the floor. Apparently the bats had entered by crevices between the logs on the east end. Parker & Bill made a smudge fire & drove them out, but they will return.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22/83 Terrific heat, 92° Fahr't in the sun. Spent 2 hours on the golf course this afternoon, & enjoyed the exercise as usual; but there was no relief from the heat, no sea breeze or any other, & the black-flies were a plague. One of the players who stopped by my seat at N° 4 tee for a brief chat was Dr. Granville Nickerson, son of my old Liverpool friend Hubert, & for many years a highly successful doctor in Montreal.

My spirea shrubs have a wonderful bloom this year, each looking like a snowbank. The weigelias are now coming into scarlet bloom. The lilacs have bloomed & gone.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23/83 Another day of tremendous heat. Records in N.S. & N.B. are being broken everywhere. Walked & sat on the golf course for 2 hours, but the wind was off the land & hot, & it prevented any air from the cold sea. At home the temp. was 98° Fahr't in the sun, 88° in my living room, with every possible window open, & my big electric fan going full blast 4 feet from my chair. Scratching an itch on the calf of my right leg this evening I discovered a tick firmly attached & swollen to the size of a blueberry. I did not try to remove it, & some time in the night it dropped off. This is the second I have picked up from the grass at the edge of the golf course. Owing to the heat I stayed up till 1:30 a.m. & then slept on my living room couch until 4:30. By that time the bedroom had cooled a bit, & I slept there till 7.30.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24/83 Very hot again. A Miss (or Mrs) Turner phoned from St. John about the short story contest, part of the N.B. bicentennial celebration. There are many entries, which have been sorted out by a committee of readers, & the top dozen will be sent on to me for final judgement. (Mr. Charles Foss of St. John phoned me last December, & I consented.)

At the request of Gary Hartlen, curator of the Queens County Museum, I went there at 1 p.m. to be photographed by a (Hfx) Chronicle-Herald woman — advance publicity for a little affair on July 1. The museum has reprinted "Ogomkegea", a pamphlet I wrote originally in 1934, describing historic houses & spots in Liverpool. These will be on sale for the benefit

of museum funds, & I am to be there July 1 from noon to 2 p.m. to autograph them. Drove to the golf course & spent 2 hours. A strong NW breeze that hauled W in fitful gusts, bringing a refreshing breath of cool air from Port Mouton bay.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1983 Sunny again, this time with a refreshing breeze off the broad Atlantic. Mowed my front & side lawns this morning. Walked on the golf course in the afternoon. Capt. Charlie Williams invited Hector Dunlop & me to drop in for drinks & supper, so I drove there at 5:30. Charlie's wife Florence greeted us in her amiable vague way. The eye surgeons at Halifax have installed some kind of permanent lens in Charlie's "starboard eye", so that he can see quite well with it; but the other eye is useless. We had drinks & chat on the back terrace looking over a broad green lawn to the river, & Charlie's neighbour Judge Lester Clements saw us there & joined us for a time. Supper was the captain's specialty, the most delicious fish chowder, topped off with blueberry pie.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26/83 Overcast & warm, but with a fresh breeze. Mowed the back lawn this morning. My few plants are recovering from the attack by canker worms. There are healthy buds on the roses, & several of the petunias are in bloom. Drove to White Point at 3:30 & walked around the course. The sun came through & it was hot. Then on to Hunts Point, where I found the whole family gathered — Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & her male friend from ~~Greenfield~~ Middlefield, Tom III & his apparently permanent companion Diane. Blair had spent the afternoon "tubing" (floating on the inner tubes of car tires) on the Medway River, floating from Charleston bridge to Mill Village; about 100 people in various combinations of "tubes" & rafts, with plenty of beer etc. Seven consequetive days of hot weather have dwindled the flow of all the rivers & streams, but apparently these people had fun.

MONDAY, JUNE 27/83 Open-&-shut sky, pleasant breeze, very hot when the sun came through. Busy with the weekly laundry chores, getting my hair trimmed etc. Took my car to King Cochrane's garage, & had the scratch painted over, & my new number plates installed. Letter from Jack McClelland. He & his wife will be touring N.S. next month, & he would like to have lunch with me on or about July 14. "I understand this is your 80th. year. That seems incredible to me. & look forward to seeing you."

TUESDAY, JUNE 28/83 Overcast & warm. On the golf course there was not enough breeze to keep off the blackflies, so I did not linger on the benches. Wrote Jack & suggested luncheon at White Point Lodge.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1983 Again fine & very hot. Continuous hot weather since June 17 has dried up the small brooks & shrunk the rivers. Had a pleasant saunter at White Point.

FRIDAY, JULY 1/83 Canada Day, officially, by act of parliament. Fine & hot, with a brisk W. breeze. At the request of the museum I sat there from noon to 2 p.m., chatting with visitors & signing copies of "Ogomkegea", lately reprinted by the museum & selling for $1.25 per copy. Afterwards a Moncton school librarian named Crossman & his daughter called at my house. He is an enthusiastic fan of my work, making his first visit to the south shore of N.S.

SUNDAY, JULY 3/83 Hot weather continues. Overcast today, with fog lying close to the shore, & the air on the golf course was that of a Turkish bath. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair.

MONDAY, JULY 4/83 Sunny & hot in town. I found it a bit chilly at the west end of the golf course, because the sea fog had moved right in on the land. Phyllis Tozer came in this evening with a copy of "In My Time" to be autographed for her grandson Gregor Byrne.

TUESDAY, JULY 5/83 Hazy & very hot. Another session in Tom's dental chair, patching up an old molar. For a change of exercise this afternoon I washed my car, something I hadn't done myself in years. In a temperature of 84° Fahr't it was hot work. Letter from Doubleday, New York, reminding me that their copyright dep't had renewed my U.S. copyright on "Pride's Fancy" some time ago. "In the next year or two we plan to renew copyrights on "The Path of Destiny" and "The Wings of Night". They ask me to confirm my legal address.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6/83 Warm & overcast. Alan Kelso came to see me this afternoon. Born in Liverpool, son of S.C.K. who was purchasing agent at the Mersey paper mill during my time. Now 50-ish he has been 30 years with a firm of engineering consultants at Niagara Falls, & is now compiling a history of the firm. Asked some advice on how to go about it.

Rain began about 3 p.m. & continued with some heavy showers till night. In today's "Advance" the town authorities request citizens not to water lawns or wash cars, as the Town Lake is dangerously low.

THURSDAY, JULY 7/83 Overcast, pleasantly warm. This morning a young man & woman came & recorded a talk with me about the lumber & pulp industries at Milton. They are traveling about Queens County on a government grant, recording "oral history" with old inhabitants. The woman, well dressed & well spoken, is a Micmac Indian, a grand-daughter of my old friend Sam Glode.

From 5:30 to 7:30 I attended a cocktail party given by Paul and Anne (nee Seaborne) Thomsen at the old Seaborne residence at Fort Point. Mostly old

friends, among them Mrs. Marilla MacDill, 90-ish, of Boston, now at her old summer home at Mill Village with her son-in-law Bruce Docherty & daughter Jean.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1983 Sunny & very hot. Mowed front & side lawns this afternoon in a temp. of 82° Fahr't. Received typescript of ten short stories submitted to the St. John Bicentennial short story competition. Altogether there were 73 entries, & the reading committee has selected these ten for my judgement. I am to pick the best four. According to the terms of reference the competition was open to anybody, & the stories must reflect in some way "the spirit, character or history of St. John or other loyalist area". But they seem to have been written by high school students. If so their efforts are naive but commendible, showing that they know how to put words together. None of them seem to know what a story plot is, indeed most of their efforts are not stories at all.

SATURDAY, JULY 9/83 A slow rain all day, badly needed. Read the St. John compositions carefully & selected the best four. Put them all aside for a further assessment later on.

SUNDAY, JULY 10/83 Sun & cirrus clouds, fresh NW breeze. Walked on the golf course. A crowd of players, including some Americans. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair.

MONDAY, JULY 11/83 Sun & cloud. Mowed my back lawn in a temp. of 82° Fahr't. No word from Jack McClelland about the proposed lunch here on the 14th. In my reply to his letter I proposed lunch at White Point Lodge, & to this end I invited Tom & Pam to join us. Bowaters Mersey Co. have sent me a copy of the summer issue of their house organ The Mersey Quarterly. It contains the article on me by Miss Robin Williams, with her own photographs, the occasion being my 80th year, & the 45th anniversary of my departure from Mersey employ to become a free lance writer.

TUESDAY, JULY 12/83 Sunny & hot, with a NW breeze. Walked at White Point. Letter from Jack McClelland, postponing his trip until September — "I'll certainly do it then." Tonight was very hot, & one of my bad ones. Went to bed as usual a little after 1 a.m but could not sleep. Got up at 2 a.m. & watched the end of the late TV show, sipping rum & soda. Eventually got to sleep about 4:30

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13/83 Awoke at 8:30, none the worse. A warm day, calm & overcast. Drizzling lightly at White Point, so I did not linger on the benches. The bloom on my weigelia shrubs begins to shatter, & now the golden elders are in white blossom. My roses & petunias thrive.

THURSDAY, JULY 14/83 A drenching thunderstorm last night. Today warm, overcast & very humid. This afternoon I spread about half a sack of Weed-and-Feed on the back, side & front lawns. Erik came in this evening &

we chatted over drinks till midnight.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1983 Overcast & warm. Walked the golf course. Rain at evening. This being St. Swithin's Day, according to the old superstition it will rain for 40 days. The weather bureau, more cautious, predicts damp weather for the next 4.

SATURDAY, JULY 16/83 Muggy & damp. Two oddly different letters in the mail. One was from John Hawkins MLA, hand-written on House of Assembly paper, after hearing the current CBC radio production of "The Wings of Night." It reminded him of his first reading of the book when he was a student at UNB. "It is still as entertaining & alive" ... "I want to thank you for your kind help with my thesis "Raddall, his life & works" ... "my own meagre output has been greatly influenced in style at least by that experience."

His thesis was published in the Queens Quarterly in 1968, an inadequate thing with several wrong assumptions, as he confessed to me afterwards. He intended to re-write it for publication somewhere else, but never did. In it he wrote, "The Wings of Night is one of Raddall's weaker novels."!

The other letter was from a young woman teacher in Bangladesh, a graduate of Dhaka University, begging money to enable her to get to Canada "to avail myself of the scholarships and grants-in-aid." The letter addresses me as "Dear Uncle" & is typed in highly overblown English. "I studied civilization of your country and well acquainted with your culture which surely can enable me to become homogeneous there." I have had begging letters before, mostly from Europe. This one was sent air mail with a great splatter of Bangladesh stamps, & the envelope bore a rubber-stamped return address & telephone number. My name & street address were given correctly, probably from the nominal roll of the Order of Canada, & almost certainly this is one of many she sends out.

SUNDAY, JULY 17/83 Fine & very hot. Found a note tucked in my front screen door, from Mrs. Alyce Cheska. She had knocked earlier this morning but I was probably upstairs shaving. She wants to record another interview with me, as she has during the past two or three summers.

My walk at White Point was a hot one, as the breeze was off the land, permitting no cool air from the sea. Dined de luxe with Sem, Pam & Blair. Fresh boiled lobster, & strawberries & cream. The inshore lobster fishery ends May 31 on the South Shore, but these were from the offshore banks, weighing about 3 lbs each, landed at Macleod's fish wharf, Port Mouton. Ordinarily they are trucked away to Boston at once, but Blair works there on weekends & got these for home consumption.

MONDAY, JULY 18/83 Fine & hot, despite a strong W. breeze. Busy this morning with my weekly laundry chores. Wrote Jack Hawkins, Mrs. Cheska, & Murray

Osborne. Walked at White Point in the afternoon. Watered my roses & petunias with RX 15 solution.

TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1983 Fine & very hot. Hector Dunlop invited me to luncheon. He had cooked a fine oldfashioned corned beef & cabbage meal, & his son Jack joined us. Chief forester for the Bowater Mersey paper mill, Jack told us that his company's system of forest roads west of Lake Rossignol will extend to the Long Lake – Eagle Lake area in another year or two. This will mean logging the familiar woods which we enjoyed so many years from our camp at Eagle Lake. They were last logged for pulp wood about the year 1915.

In the afternoon I mowed my back lawn. The temp. in the sun was 94° Fahr't. The mail brought a package from Peter Waldmann, spokesman for Legal, Bomphray & Waldmann, whose movie option on "His Mgesty's Yankees" expires in September. It contained an elaborate 51-page "treatment" of the proposed TV film, complete with drawings & other illustrations. It would be filmed in ten episodes, & is of course aimed chiefly at the U.S. market. The original story has been stretched to take in the whole of the northern campaigns of the American Revolution, & so my Nova Scotian hero David Strang joins the American army & makes the acquaintance of George Washington, Benedict Arnold, the U.S. Congress, etc. All sorts of blood & thunder, sexual romps, floggings, tar-and-featherings, sea episodes with privateers, etc. The "treatment" begins & ends at Liverpool, & that is just about the only resemblance to my story, as far as I can see. The package included a long letter from Waldmann. He knew that I would not renew the option again, after 2½ years. His proposition now is to take up the option in September with a payment of $5,000. The previous option fees amount to $2,500, so this would make a total payment of $7,500 on the $25,000 purchase price. The remaining $17,500 would be paid on "the first day of principal photography of the production." The latter clause, which I have encountered before in film negotiations, is what I call "the Kathleen Mavourneen clause – it may be for years & it may be for ever". He is sending a copy to my lawyer. So I shall wait to see what Covert thinks of it.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20/83 Overcast & sultry. Sent the St. John stories, with a letter choosing the best four, by registered mail. Sent a copy of Mersey quarterly, with prints of the two photos of me, to Charles Armour, archivist of Dalhousie University Library, for inclusion in the Raddall collection. Wrote to Frank Covert asking his opinion of the Waldmann proposition.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1983 Very hot in town but pleasant on the golf course, where a S.E. breeze brought cool air from the sea. A thick fog rolled into the town after dark. Letter from Bob Weary, head of Bowater Mersey Ltd., congratulating me on the 45th. anniversary of my debut as a professional author. "To honour your long friendship with the Company, we at Mersey would like to recognize this important anniversary in a more lasting fashion. With your approval, we would like to establish a T. H. Raddall Prize to be given annually to a high school student in Queens County ... an essay competition dealing with some aspect of Queens County history. We envision a suitably engraved plaque, on which you would be pictured, and a $500 scholarship to be used to further the student's career."

FRIDAY, JULY 22/83 Rain all day — badly needed. David Andrews came by appointment this morning. He is a teacher of history in a Halifax school, making a study of water-power industries in N.S. during the period 1850-1950, & he had many questions about the old pulp mills on the Mersey & Medway rivers.

Wrote my appreciation to Bob Weary.

SUNDAY, JULY 24/83 Fine & very hot this morning. The weather bureau says rain tonight & tomorrow, so I mowed my front & side lawns while the grass was dry. Pamela & Debby are visiting Pam's mother this weekend at her summer cottage at Boule, N.B.; & Tom & Blair are "batching", hence I dined at home.

MONDAY, JULY 25/83 Rain in the night, & off-&-on all day. After the long dry spell, the return of wet weather brings sharp pain whenever I bend my left knee, to add to my other aches & pains. Very awkward on the stairs especially.

TUESDAY, JULY 26/83 Fine & hot, with good W. breez. On the golf course I met old friends Dr. Fred Senerchia & wife Virginia, from New Jersey, who have been summering at White Point for many years. Mrs. Cheska phoned to confirm an engagement for 1 p.m. next Sunday. Daughter Francie phoned to say that she & Bill will arrive here Saturday afternoon, leaving Monday morning. They will spend Sunday with Tom, Pam, & the Jack Dunlops, on a motorboat expedition to Port Mouton Island.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27/83 Fine & hot, but a good breze on the golf course. Letter from Covert. He doesn't like Waldmann's proposition any more than I do. Instead he suggests a payment of $7,500 on Sep. 9/83. The remaining $15,000 to be paid "on the first day of principal photography" OR on Sep. 9, 1984, whichever event comes first. I wrote to Waldmann setting this forth.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1983 Fine & hot. Spent a delightful two hours on the golf course, enjoying the sea breeze. Traffic very heavy on the roads now that summer holidays are in full swing.

FRIDAY, JULY 29/83 Overcast & hot. Walked at White Point. Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto at noon, anxious to know about the proposition, & not having received my letter. When I outlined Coverts counter proposal he was very upset, telling me that he & his associates couldn't raise that much money in September 1984. They had received $10,000 from First Choice pay TV, but this had all been spent in preparing various scripts and treatments, & submitting them to prospective film companies. First Choice was now in financial difficulties, & they had to turn elsewhere. (According to today's paper, First Choice has lost $21,500,000 since Jan. 1, 1983, & does not expect to make a profit until 1985.)

After a lot of this poor-mouthing he said he would consult his associates & make another proposition.

SATURDAY, JULY 30/83 Overcast. Bill & Frances Dennis arrived about 1:30, having stayed overnight with friends at Mahone. Tom phoned from Hunts Point, invited us to join a family party there for dinner - he had got a 10 lb. salmon from Lahave. Drove there about 4:30, & found all the junior Raddalls there - Tom & companion Diane, Debby & man friend from Greenfield, & Blair. Drinks, chat, & a fine meal, salmon with egg sauce, etc. & blueberry pie. Rain fell heavily during the evening. Home about 8 p.m. Bill & Francie changed clothes & left for Hunts Point again at 9 p.m., returning shortly after midnight. Letter from Joyce Barkhouse, saying that the Clarke Irwin publishing company, Toronto, which went bankrupt a couple of months ago, has been revived under the title Clarke Irwin (1983) Inc. They expect to go on with old firm's "Contemporary Canadian Biographies" for high school use, and added that they were "delighted that you have decided to go ahead with your biography of Thomas Raddall."

SUNDAY, JULY 31/83 Fine & hot. Up at 7 a.m. preparing breakfast for my guests. However, they didn't get up till 9, & at 10 departed for Port Mouton, where they joined the Jack Dunlops, Tom, Pamela & others for a day-long picnic on Port Mouton Island. Mrs. Cheska came at 1 p.m. & made recordings of my talk about local folk lore until 2:30. She brought a presentation copy of "The South Shore Phrase Book," just out, by Lewis J. Poteet, who has conferred with me in time past about odd turns of speech hereabouts. He inscribed the fly leaf "For Thomas Raddall, with much thanks for your inspiration and help." It is a paperback, published by the Lancelot Press, Hantsport, N.S.

Bill & Francie arrived home about 10 p.m., sunburned & sleepy, but they'd had a wonderful day on the sand beach at Port Mouton Island. These annual outings

started about 10 years ago, when Jack Dunlop took his family & the Hunts Point Raddalls to the island in his motorboat. Each year a few more people joined. Last year there were about 30. This year there were 60 or 70, mostly from Liverpool, & they came in rowboats, boats with outboard motors, full sized motorboats, & several sailing sloops. Dunlop organizes the whole thing, & they bring their own portable charcoal grills, plus plenty of food & drink, & entertain themselves with games, singsongs, etc.

MONDAY, AUG. 1, 1983 Calm, overcast & muggy. Bill mowed my lawns this A.M. before he & Francie departed for home. The post office was locked & the staff were absent this morning. It is not a statutory holiday & there was no notice. A number of angry citizens tried to get in. Presumably this is another gesture of public defiance by the powerful postal workers' union, operated from Montreal. The postal employees here are diligent & obliging people, but they are forced to obey the orders from on high.

Noticed a yellow-breasted chat, & a pair of black-&-white warblers, in the shrubs outside my sun porch.

Alexander "Alec" Hope came at 2 p.m. He was a young Scots seaman aboard the "Empire Seal" when she was torpedoed off Little Hope in February 1942. This was before we organized our emergency hospital in the high school, & he & some others in the crew were treated for low body temperatures in Mrs. MacNeill's little nursing home on King Street. He has since visited Liverpool (& me) once or twice. Has a very good job supervising research into radar etc., & is moving to Ottawa. A rabid Scots nationalist, he expects to retire in 3 years' time & will retire near Ottawa, spending 3 months a year in Scotland working for the nationalist cause. I took him to see Harry Paterson, who was superintendent of our emergency hospital in 1942.

TUESDAY, AUG. 2/83 Sea fog last night & a shower this morning. Then increasing sunshine with great humidity. Temp. up to 95° Fahr't. No mail in the post office boxes again today. Much congestion of motor traffic in and through the town, aggravated by long strings of American motor-homes, of silver-painted aluminium. Wrote Joyce Barkhouse.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 3/83 Fine & very hot. Owing to various afternoon visitors & occupations I was able to walk at White Point for the first time since last Friday.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4/83 Same weather & walk. 95° Fahr't. My roses are blooming nicely, & at last so are the petunias. Work on the new ball park is going on rapidly, although it will not be ready for play until next spring, when the old ball park near the railway station will be the site of a new supermarket. The new one is on an area of waste land within the

town limits on the White Point road.

SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1983 Fine & hot, but a fresh breeze off the bay at White Point yesterday & today. Watered my flowers this evening. About 10 p.m. a slow rain began & continued into the night.

SUNDAY, AUG. 7/83 Fine & very hot. Walked at White Point. Drove to Hunts Point at 5, & dined with Tom, Pam & Blair. Charcoal-broild steaks of swordfish, delicious.

MONDAY, AUG. 8/83 Fine & hot. Mowed my front & side lawns, which are flourishing now, due to the fertilizer I spread on July 14th.

TUESDAY, AUG. 9/83 Anniversary of my father's death in battle, 1918. Overcast & cool, with dense fog on the shore. Spent the afternoon at Carter's Beach with old friend Shirley Chaplin, her sister Elizabeth, & their Massachusetts neighbour Stanley. After an absence of 3 or 4 years they are staying at the old Chaplin cottage for 2 or 3 weeks. After a supper of fish chowder & jelly roll I returned home at 7:30 while the daylight was still good.

A small thunder-shower in the evening.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11/83 Fine & hot. Dr. Fred Henrechia & wife Virginia picked me up with their car at 11:30 a.m., with (Lawyer) Frank Covert & wife Mollie as my fellow guests. We drove along the shore road through Broad Cove, Fogler's Cove, Petite Riviere, up the west bank of the Lahave to Bridgewater, then down the east bank to Lunenburg. Had a fine lunch at the Boscawen Inn, a tour around the town & thence back to Liverpool, home at 4:30.

A very pleasant afternoon in very pleasant company.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12/83 A sea gale began in the night & blew all day, with torrents of rain — badly needed. Temp. dropped to 54° Fahr't & the furnace is running for the first time since early June.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13/83 The storm ceased in the night. It was one of a chain of storms that deluged the northeastern states as well as the Maritimes. Floods in some places in N.S. Today mostly overcast, cool, & threatening rain.

Letter from Suzanne (Michel) Spence, a classmate of mine at Chebucto School & now a widow of 81 residing in Montreal. Her father was an electrician aboard the French battleship "Edouard Jeramec", stationed at Dartmouth N.S. during & for some time after War One.

Tonight the temp. is down to 49° Fahr't & the furnace is running steadily. It looks as if our wonderful summer is about done, & after last winter's mild temps. & little snow we must expect a hard one. My friend Austin Parker & several other owners of old two-story houses on this street are having them insulated, an expensive process. The former process of cutting holes in the outer frame & shingles, & pumping loose insulating material into the space within, has been proven worthless. Present method is to tear off the whole

shell of the house, & then to fasten sheets of aluminum, & then pads of insulating material, to the inner posts & frame. With the present high cost of fuel it is probably a good investment in the long run. In my own case the carpenters would have to tear off a double shell, because in 1964 the Nauss crew nailed the new asbestos shingles over the old clapboards. At my age I can't see the use of doing all this now. The cost would buy a lot of oil.

SUNDAY, AUG 14, 1983 Fine & warm, with a pleasant sea breeze. Walked at White Point for the first time since last Sunday. Dined with Tom, Pam, & Blair at Hunts Point. Broiled swordfish & home grown vegetables. Blair has been working at the Macleod fish plant, Port Mouton, all summer, & on weekends like this he gets full overtime. Averaging about $1,000 per month - a useful store of pocket money when he begins at college next fall.

MONDAY, AUG. 15/83 A drizzle of rain all day. This evening I joined about a dozen old friends in a quiet party at Ralph Johnson's house, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Ralph's marriage to his second wife. She was in a wheel chair, almost speechless with Parkinson's disease. We presented them with a pair of Portuguese goblets, & there were refreshments.

My entry about insulating old houses here was not quite correct. It seems that a few years ago a federal govt. department recommended insulating by pumping some artificial stuff with a fancy name through holes cut in the outer shell. Later it was found that the stuff gave off fumes which were dangerous to human health, & the govt. offered to subsidize the process of removing the bad material & substituting battens or pads of fibre glass. This is what Parker & others are doing.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17/83 Fine & very hot. Mowed my back lawn this p.m. despite the heat, because it hasn't been mowed since Aug. 1 & the forecast is for rain again tomorrow. The grass had become so long that my electric machine could barely manage it. In the evenings I have been re-reading Shakespear's plays. Tonight Flecker's poems, always a delight.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18/83 Overcast & warm. Lunched & spent the afternoon with Mrs. Shirley Chaplin, her sister Mrs. Elizabeth Jelly, & their handyman Stanley, at Carter's Beach. Mrs. Chaplin, now 83 & badly afflicted with arthritis, has consulted lawyer Frank Covert about her large holdings of shore property here, including Carter's Beach, Wolamkek Beach, & Louis Head Beach, all bought cheaply forty-odd years ago by her husband John, an American industrialist. Always eccentric, she is now definitely balmy, insisting that the Wolamkek property alone is worth "a million dollars". Her sister, humorous & lively, is much more sensible.

Home at 5 pm.

FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1983 Overcast & very hot. Mowed the front & side lawns.
SATURDAY, AUG. 20/83 Sunny & hot. (90° Fahr. in the sun) Walked at White Point, & again met some old acquaintances. My roses are putting forth buds for a second crop.
SUNDAY, AUG. 21/83 Sunny, with a roaring NNW gale, tearing leaves & twigs from my trees & shrubs, & strewing them over my back lawn. Walked at White Point, where the golfers were having a wild struggle in the wind. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Fresh (George's Bank) lobsters & blueberry pie — the lobsters obtained by Blair at the Port Mouton fish plant. He leaves next week for King's University, where he has secured brother Tom's former room in the residence. Thinks now that he will go in for medicine.
MONDAY, AUG. 22/83 Sunny & a fresh breeze. Drove to Carter's Beach & said Goodbye to Shirley Chaplin, Mrs. Jelly, & Stanley, who leave for Massachusetts tomorrow. A great gathering of their other local friends to bid them farewell.
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24/83 Same weather. Mowed my back lawn. Donald Williams, window-cleaner, who lives at Western Head, began to work on mine at 9:30 a.m. He is to remove the wooden storm windows, wash them & the house panes, replace & calk them. He worked till 12 noon, returned at 1:30, & worked again till 6 p.m. He had great difficulty with the aluminum windows, installed in 1955, & of a primitive design. He had to remove them bodily & take them to the ground, where he could get them apart for cleaning, & he found that the original caulking around the frames had deteriorated to a stuff like chalk, which he had to scrape away.

Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto at 7 p.m. re the film rights in "His Majesty's Yankees". He now wants to pay $5,000 for a 12-month extension of the option. I said he'd already had 2½ years on options, & advised him to admit defeat & stop throwing good money after bad. He said he would phone again in a week's time.
THURSDAY, AUG. 25/83 Sunny with a pleasant SE breeze. Williams came at 9:45 a.m., worked till 12, & from 1:30 to 5. I walked at White Point, & saw only a few players, mostly local. The Lodge people, who play all summer, have flitted home.
FRIDAY, AUG. 26/83 Fine again. Williams worked from 9:45 to 12:30, & from 1:30 to 3 p.m. In addition to cleaning & caulking 28 windows, he installed a rubber-sealed threshold on my front doorstep to augment the aluminum storm door, which leaks cold air at the bottom in winter weather. His bill was $175.00.

At White Point I saw & heard a small gaggle of wild geese, about 6 or 7. They circled low over White Point pond 3 times, & then headed away into the

stiff SW breeze toward Port Joli. The swifts who nest in my fireplace chimney have ceased their fluttering there, another sign of winter on the way. They are now on their way to Peru.

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1983 Overcast, with a thunder-shower at 1 p.m. Then the sun came out, very hot. Some days ago Stanley Redman of Midland Ont. sent me a copy of his book "Open Gangway", which deals with the V.E. Day riots in Halifax in May 1945. He has a sympathetic view of the much-maligned people of Halifax at that time, & blames Admiral Murray for a lack of decision until the damage was done. Today I sent him an autographed copy of "In My Time", with a letter of appreciation.

SUNDAY, AUG. 28/83 Very hot & humid, even at White Point, with the fog lying just offshore. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point. Fresh salmon (from the Lahave) & garden vegetables.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30/83 A drizzle of rain yesterday & today, clearing this evening. Peter Waldmann phoned at 7 p.m. He & his colleagues have decided to meet the terms set forth in my letter of July 28/83. That is, they will pay $7,500 into my bank account here on or before Sep. 9/83, & they will pay the balance ($15,000.00) on or before Sep. 9, 1984. He is sending a letter of agreement to me, & a copy to Frank Covert.

~~FRIDAY~~, THURSDAY, SEP. 1/83 The finest summer in years has slipped past. Rain ever since Sunday. Spent the afternoon revising my last will, made in May 1978, because my estate has increased a lot since then.

SATURDAY, SEP. 3/83 Fine & very hot, yesterday & today. This afternoon I mowed the front & side lawns, which had grown long in the rains. The mail brought 2 copies of an amended agreement for the performing rights in "His Majesty's Yankees", drawn on the lines of my letter dated July 28/83, & signed by Legal, Bomphray & Waldmann. They agree to pay $7,500.00 into my bank account here, on or before Sep 9/83, & the remaining $15,000.00 on or before Sep. 9, 1984. Previously paid option fees, amounting to $2,500.00, will make up the total of $25,000.00. Waldmann has sent a copy to Frank Covert Q.C.

Also in the mail was a parcel of new books, including "The Last Lion", William Manchester's splendid biography of Winston Churchill from birth to 1932. And Joseph Goulden's "Korea, the unknown story of the war", "Bismark" by David Crankshaw, "The Hotel New Hampshire" by John Irving, & the Oxford Book of Short Stories, selected by V. S. Pritchett.

SUNDAY, SEP. 4/83 Again fine & hot, although there was a fresh sea breeze at White Point when I walked there. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pamela, Blair, & Deborah, who is home for a week's vacation. Blair departs to King's

University on Wednesday, so we will see him rarely henceforth.

Despite the good walk at White Point I had one of my bad nights, unable to sleep until between 3 & 4 a.m., & awake again at 7.

MONDAY, SEP. 5, 1983 Labour Day. Same weather. Very few people on the golf course this afternoon, although there was a fresh sea breeze.

TUESDAY, SEP. 6/83 Hot & hazy, with a faint brownish tint to the overcast, which the Hfx. weather bureau says is from the factory chimneys of New England. At White Point the sea fog lay just offshore, & I could hear the foghorn blowing at Western Head.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 7/83 Same weather. Phoned Frank Covert's office this morning re the Waldmann document, but he was out. His secretary said the document was there, & Mr. Covert would examine it tomorrow. He will phone me.

Mowed my back lawn this afternoon in terrific heat & humidity. (85° Fahrh in the sun.) Afterwards relaxed on the lawn in the shade, sipping cold ale with neighbour Erik.

THURSDAY, SEP. 8/83 Frank Covert phoned at 10:30 a.m. He had just got back to his office, & read over the Waldman document. It is okay, & I can execute it. A clear hot day with a strong NW wind. I had just got back from my White Point walk when Waldmann phoned from Toronto, about 3:30 p.m. He, Segal & Bomphray are just concluding arrangements with BALMUR LTD. (business agents for wealthy singer Anne Murray) by which Balmur will acquire a 25% share in the performing rights to "His Majesty's Yankees", in return for money already advanced & to be advanced later. Balmur's lawyers demand a statement of my consent, and permission to examine publishing contracts for H.M.Y. between me & McClelland & Stewart, also a more specific grant-of-rights clause in the literary purchase agreement. He asked me to telegraph my agreement to these matters as he is conferring with Balmur's Toronto lawyers this afternoon.

He had talked this over with my lawyer (Covert) earlier this afternoon, & Covert had agreed with it. So I promptly sent the message by C.N. Telecommunications in Halifax. Anne Murray is a Nova Scotian singer who began her career with Bill Langstroth's musical CBC television show in Hfx. Later she married Langstroth & rocketed to world fame & fortune, beginning with a catchy little P.E.I. song called "Snow bird". She still visits Nova Scotia every summer.

FRIDAY, SEP. 9/83. Again a pleasant walk at White Point, & chats with the players. When I got home at 3:30 the Royal Bank phoned that Peter Waldman's $7,500.00, due today, had been sent by wire to my account here.

SATURDAY, SEP. 10, 1983 The weather bureau forecast showers tomorrow, so I mowed my front & side lawns in great heat this afternoon. The Miranda rose, which I planted beside the bird bath on April 29, is now in full bloom for the second time, huge deep-red flowers, 3 feet high. My petunias also make a good show. I am reading Edward Cranshaw's latest book, a life of Bismarck, huge, scholarly, & with the exception of a few bright spots, deadly dull.

SUNDAY, SEP. 11/83 Overcast & warm but no rain. Dined with Pam & Tom at Hunts Point. Blair reports by phone every night, mostly that he is homesick already. Natural until he makes new acquaintances & is occupied with study.

MONDAY, SEP. 12/83 Clear & very hot despite a W. breeze. Did my weekly laundry chores, the usual two batches. Walked at White Point. Only 3 players on the course — the heat probably. Patches of brown dead grass spreading ominously on the fairways. This evening I watered my roses & petunias with a solution of RX 15, for the last time this season.

TUESDAY, SEP. 13/83 Showers this A.M. The sun peeped through a few times in the afternoon. Wrote Montreal Trust Co., Halifax, to revoke my will made in May 1978, as my estate has increased a great deal since then. Asked them to draw up a new will, with bequests as follows:- Zion Church (Liverpool) building fund — $10,000. Queens County Museum (Liverpool) Endowment Fund — $10,000. Victorian Order of Nurses (Liverpool) — $5,000. My daughter Frances Dennis — $40,000. To each of my 7 grandchildren — $10,000. All of the residue to my son Thomas Head Raddall 2nd.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 14/83 Overcast & calm. Walked at White Point. Noticed 15 or 20 small dark ducks swimming & diving some distance off No 4 tee, but could not see well enough to identify.

THURSDAY, SEP. 15/83 The weather bureau last night forecast a sea gale with rain. Instead today was fine, the sky open-&-shut with sun & cirrus clouds, & a cool N. breeze. At White Point, regarding the small bight of shingle beach below No 4 tee, I noticed the ducks again, this time a raft of 30 or 40, diving close inshore. They are definitely surf scoters, which the fishermen erroneously call "coots". Along with a flock of herring gulls, they were apparently feeding on small schools of the small fish known as "shiners".

FRIDAY, SEP. 16/83 A perfect day, clear & warm, with a fresh sea breeze. Many golfers at White Point. Last spring Elizabeth Fox of the C.B.C. Halifax, phoned son Tom about the possibility of getting me to Halifax

in the Fall for a radio interview to mark my 80th. birthday. Tom said he would see that I got there. A few days ago she phoned again to confirm it, & tomorrow we go. I have met Miss Fox a few times in years past. It was she who suggested that CBC make a TV serial from my novel "The Wings of Night" in 1962. They ran it on the national network in '63, & it turned out to be their most successful teleplay up to that date.

SATURDAY, SEP. 17, 1983 Tom & Pam picked me up about 9:15 A.M. with their Audi car & we had a pleasant drive to Halifax, about 1½ hours from my home to the outskirt of the city. Highway 103 runs most of the way through scrubby woods of spruce, fir & hemlock, rocky & monotonous, but the waysides were bright with goldenrod, aster, etc.; & the occasional lakes were like mirrors inviting the stem of a canoe. I thought of past ventures on such water at this time of year.

We stopped at Pam's home on Edward Street, & she went off with the car & fetched Blair & Deborah. Blair was glum & unhappy, longing to be back in his own home & his old life at Hunts Point, & he actually wept to his parents, but not in my presence. He will be 19 next spring, & he has been away from home just ten days. At 10:30 Tom drove me to the old CBC radio building on Sackville Street, where I made broadcasts many times in the past. Miss Fox was waiting at the door, a little pixie in mannish nickerbockers & shirt, 60-ish, with iron grey hair cut in a tight little Dutch bob. In the hall I chatted for a minute with CBC announcer Don Tremaine, another old acquaintance, & in the recording room still another was awaiting me — interviewer & announcer Jim Bennet, now aged 52, a son of my long-time friend Lindsay Bennet, for many years head of the English department at Dalhousie. Miss Fox explained that the present show is one of a series the CBC (radio) is doing on Canadian personalities. (Last spring they did one on Morley Callaghan, who also is 80 this year.) The recording took about an hour & a half, much of which will necessarily be cut. Bennet's carefully prepared questions were general rather than particular, each leading to a reading from my own biography by another man. Fox informed me that the whole thing will be broadcast on the national radio network, at 11:10 p.m. Atlantic time, November 12th.

I took a taxi back to Edward Street, where Pam's mother Marian White gave me a whisky & soda, followed by tea & a lunch of delicious chicken & lobster sandwiches. Tom, Pam, Blair & Debby were off down-

town shopping & lunching at a restaurant. Tom, Pam, & I left for home a little after 4 p.m., Pam driving, & arrived home about 5:45. Rain began to spatter on the windshield somewhere near St. Margarets Bay, & it fell heavily all night.

SUNDAY, SEP. 18, 1983 Fine & warm. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela.

MONDAY, SEP. 19/83 The mail brought a ponderous package from Waldmann, 4 copies of a new & very detailed agreement in which Balmur Ltd. becomes a fourth (25%) owner of the performing rights in "His Majesty's Yankees". I had been holding the previous batch, sent on Sep. 9, assuming that they were to be superseded by the new agreement. I was wrong. So this afternoon I sent Waldmann 3 executed copies of the agreement I described in this diary on Sep. 3/83, & in a covering letter I also acknowledged receipt of the $7,500.00 paid into my bank account here on Sep. 9/83. I added that I would forward executed copies of the new Balmur agreement as soon as Frank Covert approves them.

TUESDAY, SEP. 20/83 Fine & hot. Mowed front & side lawns.

WEDNESDAY, SEP 21/83 " " back "

THURSDAY, SEP. 22/83 Overcast, threatening rain. No word from Covert, so I phoned his office this afternoon & found that he was at his home at Hunts Point. Phoned him there, & found that before leaving the office he had dictated a letter which I should get tomorrow. Anyhow he said it would be okay to sign the Balmur agreement.

Major project for Dartmouth

By DIANE BOWER
Dartmouth Bureau

A $6 million industrial mall and commercial office complex will be constructed next year in Dartmouth's Burnside Industrial Park by an international construction and property development company.

An official announcement outlining project details will be made by the developer and Dartmouth city officials later today.

Opron Incorporated, a Montreal-based firm involved in offshore and onshore projects related to the oil and gas industry, expects to begin construction of the four-building complex in early spring.

Three multi-tenant industrial buildings and one three-storey office structure will be housed on the 6.5-acre site, located in phase six of the industrial park.

The complex will front on Burnside Drive and back on a yet-to-be built street, Raddall Avenue.

See MAJOR page 2

HALIFAX CHRONICLE-HERALD SEP. 22, 1983

FRIDAY, SEP. 23/83 Signed the Balmur documents & sent them off to Waldmann by registered mail this morning with a covering letter. Also wrote to Jack McClelland asking him to let Waldmann see proof that his firm hold the exclusive printing rights to "His Majesty's Yankees".

The day was sunny with cirrus clouds & a brisk W. wind. Enjoyed a walk around the golf course.

SATURDAY, SEP. 24, 1983 Glorious weather continues. On the golf course this afternoon Arnold Patterson came to me full of excitement. He had just read "In My Time" for the first time — "a wonderful book, absolutely the most interesting I've read in years," etc. He is (among other things) proprietor of the Dartmouth radio station CFDR (?), & he suggested making a tape of me reciting from "In My Time". It would be done in Dartmouth & he would arrange transportation back & forth, etc. I said I was willing but I pointed out that I had done a long interview on somewhat similar lines last week, with Jim Bennet of the CBC. He said he would like to come here & talk to me anyhow, & soon, & I agreed. I then asked him about Raddall Avenue in Dartmouth's Burnside Industrial Park. Who named it, & why. He promised to find out.

SUNDAY, SEP. 25/83 The same cool nights & sunny days, & the walk on the golf course. Dined at Hunts Point. Debby & Blair had been home for the weekend & caught the afternoon bus for Halifax. Blair still longing for his familiar life at Hunts Point, but beginning to face the new life as an inescapable fact.

MONDAY, SEP. 26/83 Same weather & walk. Letter from A/S Bookman, a literary agency in Copenhagen, wanting to handle new publication of "The Nymph & The Lamp" in the Scandinavian countries. Wrote to Frank Covert acknowledging his letter of Sep. 22, & enclosing a copy of my letter to Waldmann dated Sep. 23.

TUESDAY, SEP. 27/83 Same weather. The ladies of the golf club were having the final match of the season, so my walk was rather slow. Noticed a young mink foraging on the shore ~~between~~ beside No. 4 fairway. I've seen them there before, but usually in winter. Wrote to A/S Bookman agreeing to let them handle Scandinavian printing rights in The Nymph, & stipulating the customary 10% commission fee.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 28/83 Same weather. Old friend Hector Dunlop invited Austin Parker & I to join him in an oldfashioned dinner of corned beef & cabbage, & cream coconut pie, all cooked by himself. Delicious, & a very pleasant get-together, the first time we three have had our knees under one table in a very long period. The talk naturally was all of old adventures at Eagle Lake & elsewhere in the woods. Dunlop is 83. Parker will be 87 next month. At 8.15 Peter Waldmann phoned to say that I had signed one of the Balmur documents in the wrong place, understandably, as they were voluminous & complicated. He is returning it by messenger service, which should reach me in a day or two, & asks me to return it by the same messenger.

CBC Toronto phoned about the taped interview which will be aired on

the national radio network on Nov. 12. They want to repeat it on the Atlantic regional network on Nov. 19, & will pay me #150 for this secondary use. I agreed.

THURSDAY, SEP. 29/1983 The same marvellous weather. This afternoon I mowed the front & side lawns. My petunias are still flourishing.

FRIDAY, SEP. 30/83 Very hot & calm. When I walked around the golf course there was a faint sea air at N° 6 tee, no more. The summer birds have vanished weeks ago. Nothing but herring gulls waddling about the fairways, foraging for the caterpillars to be found at this time of year.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1/83 Overcast & cool. Stayed at home all day expecting Waldmann's courier to arrive with the documents, but none came. This courier service goes by the odd name of "Purolator", & is much used in Canada in preference to the notorious inefficiency of the Post Office. However they bungled a similar mission to me from Waldmann to me last spring. Bird note: outside my sun porch in the golden elder shrub I noticed again the Savannah sparrow which has been visiting there for the past few weeks, possibly checking on the berries, which are now ripe.

A pair of robins at the bird bath, obviously migrants.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2/83 Rain. Tom & Pam went to Boston on Wednesday, leaving their car at Yarmouth airport, & got back this afternoon. When I drove out to dine with them I found the missing Waldman documents. The "Purolator" courier hadn't looked at the address, & dropped them off at Tom's office.

MONDAY, OCT. 3/83 Sunny & extremely hot. Signed the Waldman papers & put them in the registered mail, with a covering letter, this morning. Walked around the golf course. Noticed some kids bathing happily at White Point Beach. Maples begin to show colour.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4/83 Again very hot & humid. Sea fog lay just off White Point, making a steam bath atmosphere. Many golfers out. Mailed cheque & application for renewal of my driver's license, due Nov. 13th. Got a new grey tweed jacket from Sears, #115.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6/83 Yesterday's drizzle & fog cleared off in a brisk SW breeze, & I enjoyed a walk on the golf course. Letter from Jack McClelland's secretary. "He has asked that I let you know that everything is under control. Our contract department has been in touch with Mr. Waldman and will co-operate to the fullest with him." Gerry Haslam spoke to me about the memorial to Sylvanus Cobb, a granite monolith weighing several tons & bearing a bronze plaque with an inscription. The concrete at the base of it is in very bad condition, & the town manager wants the Historical Society to repair it.

The memorial is on Fox Street at the corner of Wolfe Street, & it was

erected about 50 years ago. I was present at the unveiling. I was then in the employ of Col. C.H.C. Jones's Mersey Paper Co., & it was his idea. I made most of the arrangements & wrote the inscription, but the work was done by the Mersey Paper Co's. engineering department. The Col's son J.H.M. Jones was head of that department, & I suggested that Haslam get in touch with him.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7, 1983 Pleasant day. Sun & cirrus. Temp. 65° Fahr't. Mowed the back lawn. The yellow rose by the garage is putting forth new buds.

SATURDAY, OCT. 8/83 Same lovely weather. Mowed front & side lawns.

SUNDAY, OCT. 9/83 Much cloud, little sun, cool sea breeze. Many players on the golf course, mostly strangers, here for the Thanksgiving weekend, & I presume staying at White Point Lodge. (The Lodge hitherto has been a summer resort. Recently it announced that it would operate all-year round, for the first time since it opened in 1929.)

Drove to Hunts Point at 5 p.m. & found all the Raddalls at home for the weekend. Blair seems to be settling down at King's.

When I drove home at 7:30 all the cars had their headlights on, but there was still some daylight, reducing the glare, & I made it safely home.

MONDAY, OCT. 10/83 Thanksgiving holiday. Bright sun, but a chilly E. wind at White Point, so I did not linger long on the benches.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11/83 Overcast & chilly, so no walk at White Point. This evening on TV I watched the opening game of the baseball world series. Philadelphia won over the betting-favoured Baltimore Orioles 2-1.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12/83 Mild, hazy, stiff sea breeze at White Point.

SATURDAY, OCT. 15/83 Walked at White Point, after two days shut in by rain & drizzle — a great bore. This was season-closing day at the golf club & the course was crowded. Merrill Rawding told me that 400 or 500 eider ducks have been just off the tip of White Point for the past several days. He added that one day last month, sailing with Allan Moreton in Moreton's sloop, they noticed flocks of eiders amounting to several thousand between Little Hope Island & Cadden Bay. "I've never seen so many". He says the eiders are obviously increasing prodigiously, & wonders if it is because the Eskimos no longer gather wild duck eggs for food. Eiders nest in Baffin Island & elsewhere in the North, & winter on the SW coast of N.S.

SUNDAY, OCT. 16/83 Walked at White Point under a grey sky, with a chill sea breeze. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Tom's pointer "Sandy" has a badly cut front paw. Tom sutured it but she is still very lame, & won't be able to go with him on his annual woodcock hunt in N.B. next week.

TUESDAY, Oct. 18, 1983 Overcast with light spits of rain. Spent most of the afternoon in the museum, where they have a new display of old photographs, taken about Liverpool & Halifax in the period 1870-1920, highly interesting.

THURSDAY, Oct. 20/83 A hard frost last night — the first of the season & a warning that the long warm summer & fall is at an end. Before making my early-Thursday-morning trip to the supermarket I had to switch on the heater & the window-defrosting equipment, which worked perfectly. The sun came out about noon & the temp. got up to 60° Fahr'h. in the sun. I pulled up the petunias, cut back the roses, stored the bird bath in the garage, plugged the air vent in the foundation of my study, & removed from garage to cellar the various liquid & other fertilizers, sprays, etc. which could be damaged or deteriorate in the prolonged frost of winter. All reports from the North indicate a very long & cold winter.

Mailed a cheque for $8,000 to the Income Tax Dept. in St. John's Nfld., bringing my total payments on 1983 income to $11,000. Also mailed cheque to Zion Church for $1,000.00, to be applied to current expenses. They are having some difficulty with finances & have asked people like me to make larger contributions. Being a devout agnostic I never go to church except for an occasional funeral, but I realize the need for some such institution to preach the golden rule, & so I support Zion.

About 7.30 Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto. The copyright department of McClelland & Stewart have been unable to find a contract with me for "His Majesty's Yankees," despite Jack's airy assurance of Oct. 6th. Waldmann wants me to look for a copy in my records, but I have already done that. So much of my business with Jack was done by telephone, of which there is no record, & it all happened so long ago, that I cannot recollect anything about it. However, I will have another look in my safety deposit boxes in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

FRIDAY, Oct. 21/83 Again a frosty night. This morning I went through the contracts, which I keep in a safety deposit box in the Bank of N.S. vault. Found my original contract with M&S for "His Majesty's Yankees" dated March 29, 1945, but no contract for their renewed (paperback) edition of 1977. Went to the Advance printing office & they made a photo-copy of the original M&S contract, which I mailed with a covering letter to Waldmann.

SATURDAY, Oct. 22/83 Again a frosty night. Son Tom left yesterday for his annual woodcock hunt in New Brunswick, & Pamela is dining in Halifax tomorrow evening, so she invited me to dine this afternoon.

Blair & Debby were home for the weekend. He seems to be more adjusted to college life. I enjoy hearing the young people talk. Apart from a chat with Mrs. Bagley before she goes about her Tuesday morning chores I hear nothing but radio & TV voices. Indeed I would lose my own voice if I did not practice reading & talking aloud to exercise the vocal cords.

SUNDAY, OCT. 23, 1983 Sunny & cool. Had a pleasant limp around the golf course. Many golfers, mostly young men. Noticed 3 eider ducks near No 4 tee. Otherwise nothing flying but a few belated butterflies.

MONDAY, OCT. 24/83 Rain all day & night. Bruce Armstrong dropped in this evening for a brief chat. He makes his living as a magician, performing at schools & parties all over the Maritimes, & he is here to entertain 200 retired employees of the Mersey paper mill, in the auditorium of the Liverpool firemen's hall. He would like to make his living as an author, but his book on Sable Island (for which at his request I wrote a foreword) has sold only 6,000 copies since it was published in 1981. He blames his publishers, Doubleday Canada, for lack of promotion; but the subject is not one of wide interest to bookbuyers, & in the past few years at least four on Sable Island & its wild fauna have been published in Nova Scotia.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25/83. Clearing, with a chill & strong N.W. wind, so no walk. Mrs. Bagley came as usual & did her 1 ¾ hours cleaning chore. I raised her pay from $12 to $15. Noticed a mocking bird feeding on the golden elder berries outside my sun porch. It was close to the window, so I got a good look.

A man named Arthur Mackenzie came with a copy of "West Novas" for me to autograph. I thought I had signed the whole edition when it was published in 1947, but evidently missed this one. The book had been purchased at an auction sale in Pictou by a New Glasgow ~~man~~ man, Jack Cunningham, a collector of my books. He had to bid against three other collectors, & finally got it for $165.00.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26/83 Open-&-shut sky, calm & cool. Mowed front & side lawns. Reading & enjoying Charlie Lynch's autobiography "You Can't Print That!", mostly humorous but with some tart anecdotes of the politicians & others he has known as a journalist. I met him first in the late 1940's when Andrew Merkel brought him to my house. (His wife was Merkel's daughter Mary-Elizabeth.) Two brief references in his book indicate that his long-time marriage broke up a few years ago, & he is now living with another woman. Some of his anecdotes have obviously been transfigured to make a good story. His account of

the visit of James D. Gillis to Halifax in 1945 is a mix-up of the facts as related to him afterwards by Merkel. Lynch was a war correspondent in Germany at the time. The photo on the book jacket shows Lynch playing a mouth-organ, which seems to sum up the contents.

FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1983 Hazy sun, strong & cool W. breeze. Walked on the golf course. All the benches have been stowed away, but I was able to sit in the rain shelters at Nº 3 & Nº 5 for a bit of rest. Four young men playing. Jim Dumeah & his groundsmen busy spreading fertilizer on the greens, where it can leach into the ground during the winter.

Had a brief chat with neighbour Erik Andersen. He & wife Lou are just back from a 3 or 4 weeks' stay in Vancouver with their daughter & husband, & in a few more days they fly to Miami for a cruise in the Caribbean. A long chat with Georgie, wife of my doctor Frank Bell, who brought a gift of cookies from the United Church women's auxiliary. At 5 p.m. Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto. Now he wants photo-copies of all the various publishers' contracts for "His Majesty's Yankees," right back to the original contract with Doubleday in 1942. Awful nuisance. Wish I'd said No to his request for an option in the first place.

Gerry Haslam, of the Historical Society, phoned to say that Miss Alina Morton, formerly of Milton, is 105 years old this month, & the local ~~paper~~ weekly wants to run a piece about her. Asked me to write it because I knew the old lady well. She is a descendant of Sylvanus Morton, a Liverpool pioneer, & the last of a family prominent in lumbering, shipbuilding, & Queens County affairs in general. She sold the Morton mansion in Milton years ago & retired to a de luxe home for aged people in the Fairview suburb of Halifax.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29/83 Mild, with sunshine & showers. My new will, drawn up by Montreal Trust Co. came today in duplicate for my signature.

This week's issue of "Saturday Night" has a long article on Jack McClelland, with his photograph on the cover. It is well written, frank & revealing about his plunging nature, scorn of business procedures, his drinking & womanizing; but it points up the tremendous lift he has given to Canadian literature, especially with his New Canadian Library under the guidance of Malcolm Ross. The article mentions me favorably once or twice. In today's mail I received from McClelland & Stewart a long list of their books offered for quick sale at 60% discount. It includes all of Pierre Berton's, Farley Mowat's, & other top-shelf authors. Two of mine – "Governor's Lady" & "Hangman's Beach." So Jack is

still trying to lower his huge inventory & turn it into cash. This sale is obviously timed for Christmas business, & the other publishers will hate Jack more than ever.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30, 1983 Overcast & cold. Got my neighbours the Crosbys to come in & witness my signature on the new will: Tom came to take me to Hunts Point for dinner. (The clocks went back one hour to winter time last night.) I showed him the new will, & other documents pertaining to my death, safety deposit box keys, etc. At 80, with my heart ailment, I may go at any time & I want to leave everything tidy.

Noticed the mocking bird again, feeding on the golden elder fruit.

MONDAY, OCT. 31/83 Sunny & mild. Had a visit this morning by Roy Tidman & his wife Sydney (that's the way she spells it). Of English birth, Tidman came to Halifax during War Two, working as a free lance photographer, & I saw him last about 1946, when he took some pictures of me for a magazine interview. Shortly after that he left for Vancouver in a sailboat with his first wife & kids, sold the boat in the West Indies, & went on to B.C. by air. He is now touring N.S. on the way to Florida.

In the afternoon I went to the Bank of N.S., got the old Doubleday contracts out of my safety deposit box, hobbled along to the Advance office — & found the staff too busy to bother with making photo-copies. As they have the only photo-copying service in town I had to come home frustrated. Tonight was Halloween, & 80 or 90 kids & teenagers came to the door for handouts. The air was frosty & in the cold draft from the doorway I got a case of sniffles.

TUESDAY, NOV. 1/83 Another sunny day with Fahr't. temp. 60°. This morning I got my photo-copies from the Advance people. In the afternoon I walked around the golf course, returned to town, & drove around Milton. The new highway bridge seems complete, but men & machines are still working on the west abutment & the approaches from the west Milton road.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2/83 Again a lovely mild day & a walk on the golf course. Noticed a flock of robins foraging on the fairway in front of No 6 tee, surely the last of the Fall migration. Sent off to Walman by registered mail photo-copies of all the various Doubleday contracts & documents, with a covering letter. Also mailed to Montreal Trust Co, Halifax, their copy of my new will, duly signed & witnessed.

THURSDAY, NOV. 3/83 Hazy & mild, 60° Fahr't. Walked at White Point. Note from today's "Advance" that a West German group has bought the old Mersey hotel at the corner of Main & Court streets. It was converted into an apartment house several years ago, & the new owners do not intend

to make immediate changes. This is the same German group that bought 800 acres around Stewart's Lake, at Port Mouton, a years or two ago.

Noticed the mocking bird again today.

FRIDAY, Nov. 4, 1983 Overcast, threatening rain. My sister Hilda Bayer drove here from Mahone this morning, with sister Winifred Merlin, & brought sandwiches for lunch. I provided port wine & we had a pleasant chat. Waldman phoned again, still fussing over legal questions about Doubleday's former rights in "His Majesty's Yankees."

I wrote Jack McClelland again, requesting him to tidy this up by getting a formal release of rights from Doubleday.

Bought $10,000 of the new Canada bond issue from the Royal Bank.

Haslam came & picked up my little piece about Alina Morton.

Exposure in a cold doorway on Halloween gave me a cold which has settled in the right side of my head, with aching pain & a thick sinus discharge which seem to get worse every day.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5/83 A wet sea gale all day. Rosemary Bauchman has sent me an inscribed copy of her book "Acadia Story Tellers," a slim paperback printed by Lancelot Press, Hantsport N.S. It contains sketches of 21 N.S. authors of various kinds and worth, including one of me, all based on personal interviews. She enclosed a birthday card.

SUNDAY, Nov. 6/83 Rain. Yesterday, to celebrate Debby's birthday, Tom & Pam drove to Hfx. & took her, Tom 3rd., & Blair, to luncheon at the Chateau Halifax. Tom 3rd. is studying hard & enjoying the dental school. Tom 2nd. is losing patience with Blair, who continues to be homesick, longing to be at home & stay eighteen for ever. I dined with Tom & Pam at Hunt's Point.

MONDAY, Nov. 7/83 Mostly overcast & chilly. Sent to Jack McClelland photo-copies of (1) the 1956 contract with Doubleday Canada, (2) Letter from Doubleday, New York, dated Feb. 12, 1968, asking permission to arrange a paperback edition with Popular Library. It has my endorsement. (3) Report of Doubleday Canada dated Oct. 31, 1962, on sales & royalties on my books for the period ending on that date. It shows His Majesty's Yankees to be "Out of Print".

Phone call from Mrs. Wm. Spence of Liverpool. She & Spence had recently returned from a visit to Greece. At a hotel in Athens they had met Andrew Merkel's daughter Mary-Elizabeth, wife of newsman Charles Lynch. Mary-Elizabeth was traveling with another woman, & asked the Spences to give me her regards.

TUESDAY, Nov. 8/83 Sunny & mild. Sent Waldman a photo-copy of the Doubleday Canada report dated Oct. 31, 1962. Birthday card from Bonnie

Clarke, Vancouver. Letter from Ronald Caplan of Wreck Cove, C.B., proprietor & chief editor of "Cape Breton's Magazine", together with a copy of the magazine. Has been running a series of talks with army veterans of War One, wants to include a Micmac Indian. He found my typewritten memoirs of Sam Slick in the Dalhousie Archives. Says they have given him permission to publish them, & wants to know if it's all right with me.

This afternoon I drove to Greenfield, thence down the Medway River road to Mill Village, & thence home. In Liverpool most of the hardwood leaves remain on the trees, but once you pass from the influence of salt water at Milton all the hardwoods are bare except the oaks, which as usual cling to their leaves & make splash of colour here & there. Lovely along the Medway despite the pot-holes in the old gravel road.

THURSDAY, NOV. 10/83 Sunny & mild. Miss Robin Williams, of Bowater Mersey's public relations staff, came at 10 a.m. with a photographer, who took pictures of me in various poses. (see July 21) Then Mrs Helen Lee came for a chat & to ask me to autograph copies of "Jambour" & "His Majesty's Yankees", which she had picked up in second-hand book stores in Halifax for $10 & $15. So I passed by my usual light brunch in mid-morning. The weather bureau forecasts a storm, so at noon I drove to White Point while the sunshine held. Had a good walk around the golf course. Noticed a deer track on No 7 fairway close to the strip of woods between the golf course & the White Point lagoon. Every Fall a couple of deer make their way past the motor highway to nibble seaweed for the taste of salt. A man from Sears came & adjusted my TV set. The colour had gone off completely — nothing but black & white. I suppose Mrs. Bagley, in dusting, must have pushed various electric buttons & thrown it out of kilter.

Wrote Robert Caplan saying that if he has Dalhousie's permission he can go ahead with publication of my memoir on Sam Slick, but pointing out that some Sam's private adventures were never meant for the public eye.

About 4 p.m. a phone call from British United Press, Toronto. Where was I on the day President Kennedy was shot? Doing what? And what was my reaction? I said I was on the golf course at White Point. (In November? Yes!) I had just finished a round alone, & the pro. ran out of the clubhouse shouting that President Kennedy had been shot & killed. I didn't believe him, but I followed him into the clubhouse & heard the radio repeating it. My reaction? Absolute shock. I had a high regard for Kennedy.

FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1983

A wet sea gale last night & this morning. It tore most of the leaves off the hardwoods, plugging the street drains, & this morning I had to hustle out & clear the drain in front of house before the flood from College Hill poured down Park Street & into my driveway. On TV I watched the Remembrance Day ceremonies in Ottawa & Halifax, both in a downpour. When Last Post sounded I found tears running down my face.

SATURDAY, NOV. 12/83 Occasional showers. Bill & Frances Dennis arrived from Moncton about 2 p.m., in their car, followed shortly by Stephanie Dennis & boy friend Bill, & Tracy Dennis, all in Steffie's car. I received about a dozen birthday cards. A woman from the Canadian Legion brought a fine big basket of assorted fruit. A congratulatory Telex from Alan Young, Acadia professor whose study of my work & me will be published shortly.

At 4 o'clock we all drove to join the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. (The two Dennis grandsons were held at their jobs in Moncton.) Tom 3rd, Deborah & Blair had come from Halifax for the occasion, so it was quite a party, & very pleasant for me, chatting with these tall & slim & goodlooking young people. After drinks Pam & Francie served a delicious sea-food meal, buffet style, & then an iced cake with eight candles. At nine o'clock the young people changed from Sunday suits & dresses into dungarees, & went off to a dance in the old fire hall at Liverpool. They are all staying the night at Tom's house. At 10.30 I returned home with Bill & Francie, who stayed the night here. At 11.10 p.m. we picked up the CBC radio broadcast of my (previously taped) interview by Jim Bennet, with another voice readings excerpts from "In My Time".

SUNDAY, NOV. 13/83 The sun got through the overcast in pallid shafts this afternoon, when the Moncton delegation left for home. Dr. Bill gave me some penicillin capsules to combat a sinus infection in my right cheek.

Austin Parker invited Hector Dunlop & me to drop in for drinks & chat, & an oldfashioned beef stew. All very pleasant. Home at 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOV. 15/83 Sun & cloud & cold. Mrs. Helen Lee came & borrowed the framed photograph of H.M.S. Narcissus, the cruiser in which my father spent the years 1896-1900 on the Far Eastern station. Mrs. Lee's parents were missioneries at Seoul at that time & her father's diary records seeing the Far Eastern squadron. She will have the photo copied, to go along with his papers when she presents them to the N.S. Archives.

THURSDAY, NOV. 17/83 A wet sea gale yesterday & night. Clearing today & very mild. Mrs. Lee returned the "Narcissus" photo. John Wickwire

phoned. He & wife Dorothy had heard my radio interview in Vancouver, where they were visiting his brother Lawrence. While there John walked into a second-hand book store, found a first edition (Doubleday) of "His Majesty's Yankees". The clerk had no idea of its value & sold it to him for $2.00

FRIDAY, Nov. 18, 1983 Overcast & bleak, with some spits of rain. Worked half an hour (all my back & legs would stand) raking leaves from my front lawn, sodden & heavy, & lugging them behind my back fence. Letter from Jack McClelland in answer to mine of Nov. 4th. — "You are probably right in that it is wise to have all contractual details relating to His Majesty's Yankees completely tidied up. I shall go into it immediately and see what can be done." He adds "Sorry I was forced to cancel my Maritime trip this Fall. I have every intention of re-scheduling that trip - probably in the New Year."

Ironically, in the same mail I received a cheque from McClelland & Stewart for a little over $1,000.00, royalties accrued in the six months ending June 30, 1983. The sales amounted to about 2,500 copies, most of which were sold in the great bargain sale of warehouse stocks in Toronto last April. The authors got 10% of the net price. I presume M & S retained a certain number of the books, so they can insist that they are keeping them "in print" if anyone should challenge their copyright.

SUNDAY, Nov. 20/83 Sunny, cold, calm. Worked an hour raking leaves from side & back lawn, & dumping them. Dined at Hunts Point. Tom & Pam much concerned about Blair. He seems to study well, & plays soccer for exercise, but his melancholia persists. In off hours he sits in his room or walks about the streets, always alone, makes long phone calls twice a day to Tom or Pamela, & writes maudlin letters. His sister Debby & brother Tom have given up trying to cheer him. I fear a psychiatric problem.

On TV tonight I watched the first of three segments on the late President John Kennedy, each 3 hours long & highly interesting. ~~Tuesday~~ Tuesday is the anniversary of his assassination.

MONDAY, Nov. 21/83 Another wet sea gale. Phone call from Waldeman. Now he is worrying about "Son of the Hawk", a revised (for teenage readers) version of "His Majesty's Yankees", published in Philadelphia in 1950 by the John C. Winston Company. The Winston Co. got into financial trouble a few years later & was absorbed by another publishing firm, by that time "Son of the "Hawk" had gone out of print. In 1963 Doubleday Canada got a clearance from Winston's successor & published a small Canadian edition.

I learn that my old friend Charles Copelin has died at the

home of his son Gregory in Burlington, Ontario, where he had gone for the winter. He was 86, a naval veteran of War One & War Two, & captain of Mersey Paper Co. ship "Markland" when I first knew him. Burial is to be at Burlington.

TUESDAY, Nov. 22, 1983 Overcast & bleak. Got the Doubleday Canada Ltd. contract for "Son of The Hawk" out of my safety deposit box at the bank, took it along to the Advance office & had two photo-copies made.

Autographed some copies of "In My Time" for Hemeon's store.

In the afternoon Ferguson, of the local cable television ("Able Cablevision") came & installed their TV cable. With it one has a choice of the chief U.S. networks in addition to CBC & ATV, which so often are deadly dull. Gave him a cheque for $96.46, covering installation $20.00, & 6 months rental or service at $12.75, plus tax. Able Cablevision now has about 2400 subscribers in the Liverpool - Brooklyn - Milton - Port Mouton area.

THURSDAY, Nov. 24/83 Overcast, 40° Fahr't. Finished raking & dumping the leaves, about 2 hours' painful work. Erik came in & chatted over ale about his Caribbean voyage. I wrote Doubleday Canada asking for a formal release of rights in "Son of The Hawk". Also wrote Doubleday & Co Inc., New York, asking a similar release for the Popular Library edition of "Son of the Hawk".

This evening I was smitten with some sort of intestinal influenza - running at the nose, & violent diarrhoea. To add to the fun my tricky left knee gave agonising pain whenever I bent it sharply, as in going up or down stairs.

FRIDAY, Nov. 25/83 Rain, a drizzle at first, then a downpour, followed by a short but violent gale which tore dead branches from my ash & birch trees, one of which missed my car by only a few feet. All this was the edge of a great storm in the northeastern states, dumping snow in the hills & flooding the rivers. A good day to be indoors, & I rested from yesterday's painful labour. The riot in my abdomen subsided, & so did most of the cold symptoms.

SATURDAY, Nov. 26/83 The wind hauled to the N.W. & blew with great violence all day, which was sunny & cold. Great damage in N.B. Trees down everywhere, taking phone & power lines with them. My left knee still painful. The mocking bird paid my golden elder shrub another visit, trying to get the last elusive berries. On TV watched the Grey Cup parade in Vancouver. Pouring rain, umbrellas everywhere, & the marching bands drenched.

SUNDAY, Nov. 27/83 The NW gale continued all day. Some sunshine, mostly cloud. In the afternoon I removed the ~~twig~~ litter of fallen branches & twigs from the back lawn. Pamela is in Halifax for some Christmas shopping, so I dined at home.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29, 1983 Heavy rain all day. It washed off some of the salt deposited on our windows by the violent sea gales of the 17th. & 21st. Phone call from Ian Porter of CBC radio, Hfx. They want to mark the 66th. anniversary of the great explosion on Dec. 6, 1917, & they propose to have someone reciting from my own account in "In My Time". I agreed. It will be broadcast at 8:20 a.m. Dec. 6 on a radio program called "Information Morning."

Waldman phoned from Toronto. The usual nag. The man's a nuisance.

At 7 p.m. John & Dorothy Wickwire came with their car & picked up Austin Parker, Ralph Johnsen & me, to attend a memorial mass for Charles Copelin in the R.C. church. Pouring rain. Only about 30 people, of whom about half were not Catholic. The last time I was in this church (St. Gregory's) was at the funeral of Tom Ratchford many years ago, when the priest wore a huge & heavy cope, stood with his back to the congregation most of the time, gabbling rapidly in Latin, & with an altar boy ringing a bell at what seemed the end of every sentence. What a change now! The priest wore a simple white surplice, faced the congregation, & recited the whole service in plain English. No bell-ringing. And the three hymns were all familiar to Protestants.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1/83 Last night the rain turned to snow, the first of the winter here on the South Shore, & this morning I had a job scraping ice & snow from my car windows. The temp. got above freezing point & there were glints of sunshine between squalls of snow. It was all gone by 4 p.m. Wrote Waldmann & enclosed photo-copy of my contract with Doubleday Canada for "Son of the Hawk". Finished writing Xmas cards. About 1:45 p.m. CBC radio (Halifax) phoned & taped a brief interview with me to introduce the reading from my memoirs on Dec. 6

FRIDAY, DEC. 2/83 Overcast & moderately cold, ground bare, an occasional snowflake wandering down. Alan Young, professor in the Dept. of English at Acadia U., has sent me an inscribed copy of his "Thomas H. Raddall", just out. A critical study of my work in 151 pages, it is one of Twayne's World Authors Series, Canadian Literature, edited by Robert Lecker of McGill. The series is published by Twayne Publishers, a division of G.K. Hall & Co., Boston. The sole illustration, the frontispiece, is a head-&-shoulders photo taken by Sherman Hines two or three years ago.

Letter from Jack McClelland – "our people are on top of the His Majesty's Yankees situation .... have written to Doubleday to get a formal letter of reversion of rights from them."

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1983 Overcast, calm & cold. I have read & re-read Young's book with deep interest. Like other academic critics he sees carefully woven & interwoven plots in my novels, as if I had worked it all out beforehand, whereas I never made a hard & fast plot but brought my characters and story forward as I went along, writing almost entirely by instinct. A lot of Young's deductions & opinions are highly flattering without any intention of flattery — the man is highly objective — but naturally I disagree with some of his conclusions. Now at the age of 41, he has spent his entire ~~life~~ adult life in schools & colleges, & this has given him a loophole view, or at best a classroom window view of the active world outside. Thus in my novel "Tidefall" he finds Hazby Nolan unbelievable. As I pointed out in my memoirs I modeled Nolan on a real man (he was really Captain Wallace Ogilvie of Liverpool) whose career in sea knavery was such that I actually had to tone it down to make "Nolan" credible. Young has obviously worked long & hard in his research among my papers at Dalhousie, & on the whole it's a good book. His own writing style is didactic, with sentences often drawn out so long that they make awkward reading, & what seems at times to be an avoidance of plain limpid English — a fault I have noticed before in academic people. Apparently it goes with the trade, & they can't help it.

SUNDAY, DEC. 4/83 Overcast & cold. Tom & Pam invited Austin Parker to join me at supper, so he picked me up & drove to Hunts Point. at 5 p.m. The main dish was fresh boiled lobsters, a marvellous feast. Home at 9 p.m.. During the evening I happened to tune my TV to a Toronto symposium of writers & publishers, including Morley Callaghan & Jack McClelland. Callaghan was in his usual form, seizing every opportunity to boast about his books & their big sales — "right now I'm big in China & Russia!". Mention was made of Canadian lady authors & their current vogue, especially the two Margarets — Laurence & Atwood. McClelland was asked how many Canadian male authors had been able to live entirely by their pens. He said "Well, there's Morley. And for many years Thomas Raddall lived entirely by his pen. But they are very few."

TUESDAY, DEC. 6/83 Another violent sea gale, with rain. I missed the CBC radio broadcast, tuned apparently to the wrong station.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8/83 The storm hauled to NW & blew hard yesterday & today. Fortunately no snow. The States got it in the form of snow, three blizzards in quick succession from the Rockies to up-state Vermont.

Erik came in for a chat this evening.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, 1983 Overcast with a few whirls of snow. Had a visit by Captain Mackay, master of the Dept. of Transport ship "Chebucto," which is undergoing a refit at the Steel & Engine Co. wharf. An enthusiastic reader of my books, he brought five for me to autograph.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11/83 Sunny but very cold. Dined with Tom, Pam & Blair, who is home for the Christmas holidays. He thinks he did fairly well in the mid-term exams, & seems more interested in college life.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13/83 Overcast, temp. up to 58° Fahr. Drove my car to Port Mouton to charge up the battery & to have a look at the men, machines & trucks finishing the Broad River end of the new Liverpool by-pass. It is just about done. I returned to Harry Paterson the Hope notes on the ship torpedoed off Liverpool in Jan. 1942. Col. Norman Reed (retd) of Port Medway dropped in with 2 copies of "Roride's Fancy" for me to autograph, & to lend me a magazine article on the Penobscot loyalists.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14/83 Wet & very mild. The "Purolator" (courier mail service) van delivered a fat package of documents from Waldman; 5 copies of an amendment to our original agreement, to cover film & television rights in "Son of the Hawk"; for registration purposes in Washington & Ottawa, 2 short-form assignments for "His Majesty's Yankees" & "Son of the Hawk" amended to include Balmuir Ltd. Later in the afternoon Waldmann phoned to say that Clinton Bomphray (one of the partners in the purchase of film rights) will be in Halifax on Friday. Would it be all right if Bomphray came to Liverpool to pick up these documents when signed? I said Yes, of course.

Bomphray is to phone me from Hfx. before starting on Friday morning.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15/83 Rainy & mild. At 5:30 Mrs. Jean Nickerson picked up old neighbours Austin Parker & myself, & drove us to Fort Point, where John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Mrs. Phyllis Joyce, were holding a pre-Christmas party at the Joyce house for 20 or 30 old timers. Drinks, food & chat, all very pleasant.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16/83 Overcast & mild. In the mail a letter from Doubleday, New York, saying "According to our records rights (in His Majesty's Yankees) reverted from Popular Library on October 21, 1974."

Clinton Bomphray arrived in a hired car from Halifax about 3 p.m. A tall good looking man, 30-ish, clean shaven, curly hair, grey-blue eyes, casually dressed. Part of his mission to N.S. was a call on the N.S. Tourist minister, outlining plans to film "H.M.Y." partly in N.S., employing many

local people. Waldmann et al ask for financial help from N.S. government. The official was non-committal but promised to look into it. Bomphray went with me to Fort Point, but with the paper mill in the background he saw no possibility of photography. Instead they plan to film the Liverpool sequences at Shelburne, where this year's Loyalist celebration provided so many men, women & children with authentic 18th. century costumes.

I signed the Waldmann documents in Bomphay's presence, & he took them with him, also a photo-copy of the Doubleday letter, when he left at 4 p.m. to catch a plane for Toronto.

SUNDAY, DEC. 18, 1983 Sunny, moderately cold. A fine day for Tom & Pam's annual pre-Christmas party, from 12:30 to 3:30. A big crowd, 92 people in all, & I enjoyed the whole thing.

MONDAY, DEC. 19/83 Awoke to find that nearly 2 inches of snow had fallen in the night, & the temp. down to 20° Fahr't. Drove my car as usual to the little parking lot behind the Royal Bank, but even the short walk to the post office from there was icy & dangerous. After I got home I belatedly fastened the retractable spike on my walking stick.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20/83 Sunny but very cold, 4° above zero Fahr't. Winter has come upon us like a wolf from Hudson Bay. Mrs. Bagley came as usual on Tuesdays. I am now paying her $20 for the morning's work, & I gave her an extra $20 for a Christmas present. Mrs. Ralph Johnson sent over a nice platter of home-cooked candies & cookies.

In the morning I walked to the post office in my fleece-lined snow boots, sheepskin coat, & the thick green wool toque that E. knitted for me years ago.

At 5:30, dressed up but with the same exterior garments, I walked to Bob Weary's house on Church Street, where he & wife Heather were giving their annual supper party for 20 or 25 retired Mersey Paper people living hereabouts. Drinks, chat, & a feast — smoked salmon salad, boiled lobster, compote, & with white wine, liqueur, coffee. Austin Parker had his car there & drove me home, after some difficulty in starting the car in this frigid weather. Arctic temperatures & snowstorms prevail all over the northern half of North America east of the Rockies.

THURSDAY, DEC. 22/83 Very cold. (5° above zero Fahr't. when I got up.) My car started obediently at 8:30, when I drove to the supermarket for a week's meat & groceries, & then to the town's artesian well to get a supply of drinking water.

Since the accident with my brand new car on June 2 (backing it out of my garage) I have parked it near my side door. However, I can't leave it there all winter, & the weather bureau predicts another snowfall tonight, followed by freezing rain, so I put it in the garage. Walked to the post office, keeping to the street, which is bare & dry. The snow began soon after dark,

light stuff, no wind. Weather reports show that the freezing rain is falling all over the eastern U.S. & as far south as Texas, where 3 inches of ice has formed on Dallas airport.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1983 As predicted, the snow turned to a light rain in the night, not freezing but leaving about an inch of slush. Temp. 40° Fahr'h when I got up. Towards 10 a.m. the temp. began to drop rapidly, so I hustled out & shoveled the slush off my front steps & walk. Otherwise I did not venture outdoors. The footing was too risky. The weather bureau warns about a big snowstorm now moving into the New England states & due to hit us tomorrow. Very cold tonight.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24/83 Snow was falling lightly but steadily when I got up. Son Tom came at 9 a.m. with gifts from the Raddalls & from the Bill Dennis's, which had been sent in his care. If the snow becomes a bad storm he will not be able to get here for the family-traditional lobster chowder supper on Christmas Eve, so Pam sent a generous portion of chowder for me just in case. Tom also got my mail. Some belated Xmas cards, & a nice Xmas gift, a letter from McClelland & Stewart enclosing a formal letter from Doubleday Canada Ltd, releasing all rights in "His Majesty's Yankees" & "Son of the Hawk". This should settle the matter of rights with Waldmann et al.

The snow continued steadily all day, but no wind. Tom & family arrived about 5 p.m., & we sat down, six in all, about 6 p.m. Pam's lobster chowder was delicious (I had two big bowls full) & she provided hot buttered rolls. I furnished the wine. (Sauterne) A fine feast. Afterward Pam & Debby washed the dishes & glasses, & put them away, so I didn't have a thing to do. The snow was getting deeper, so they left for Hunt's Point at 9 p.m.

SUNDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1983 When I got up this morning the snow had ceased, & the street plough had pushed the usual hard-packed barrier across my driveway & front walk. Gary Dickie came promptly at 8:30 & shoveled out the street drain, the front walk, & a connecting path to my side door. I paid him $7.00. Opened my presents, a fine thick wool jacket from Bill & Francie, a record of Handel's music from Stephanie, a basket of exotic cheeses, smoked oysters etc. from Tom & Pam, also a tray of Pam's cookies, roasted almonds, etc. Socks from Debby, Tom & Blair. A large tin of Danish biscuits from Mrs. Bagley. A jar of home-made orange marmalade from Mrs. Evelyn White.

Son Tom picked me up at noon & drove to Hunt's Point; the road was slippery with hard-packed snow but passable. After drinks & chat we sat down at 1:30 to a feast — shrimp cocktail, roast turkey

with potato, turnip, petit pois, cole slaw, cranberry, finally pudding with candy sauce. Home at 4 o'clock, sat in my easy chair, & dozed for an hour.

TUESDAY, DEC. 27, 1983 Temp. got up to 32° Fahr. today, with a light SW breeze. I strapped on my "creepers" & with my spiked stick made my way to the post office. The creepers slipped off again & again, & after my difficult & dangerous journey I found the post office still closed for the holidays. Meteorologists agree that North America is experiencing the coldest weather in 50 years. Citrus crops in Florida are ruined. A TV news shot last night showed a few people walking on Miami beach, muffled up as if they were walking on Cape Cod. Even the west coast is caught in it, with snowstorms in B.C., Oregon & Washington.

Among the new books I have been reading is "Storm Signals" by Charles Ritchie, the Halifax man who became a Canadian diplomat in London & Washington. It is the fourth volume of his autobiography, in which he mentions frequently his long amatory liaison with English (or rather Irish) novelist Elizabeth Bowen. As late as 1968 he was visiting her at her cottage in Hythe, Kent, & naturally I found these references very interesting. What his wife thought about this he does not say. Of the Bowen woman's books I agree with Noel Coward — "vivid but inconclusive. Fine writing but irritatingly oversensitive. ..... barmy". Apparently Ritchie found her quite conclusive in bed.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28/83 Overcast & moderately cold. Journeyed to the post office, & this time the "creepers" worked well.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29/83 Woke to find a light rain falling, & temp. up to a miraculous 50° Fahr. Walked to the supermarket & ordered a week's meat & groceries to be delivered, then on to the post office. The streets & sidewalks are bare. My driveway is still barred by the heap thrown up by the street plough & by Dickie's shovel, much shrunken by the warm rain, so this afternoon I shovelled it away. Got my car out & drove to Broad River by the shore road, to charge the battery a bit; thence homeward by the newly opened stretch of Highway 103, which by-passes Liverpool. Crossed over the new Mersey River bridge, & turned off to town. This by-pass will make a huge difference in the traffic of cars & trucks along our narrow & twisting main streets.

Heavy rain all evening, changing to light snow after midnight.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31/83 Crisp & cold since Thursday night. Streets & sidewalks with icy patches, so I wore my creepers & took my spiked stick to the post office. Temp. crept up to 32° Fahr., & the sun through my study windows was actually warm enough that I sat comfortably at my desk without turning on the electric radiators. As always at

the year's end, after my old book-keeper's habit, I made a list of my assets, which are almost entirely good negotiable Canadian stocks & bonds. The improving market has boosted their value considerably:-

Common shares		$280,641
Bonds		73,000
Bank deposits		13,454
Mutual Life annuity fund		24,624
Cash & cheques on hand		643
		392,362
Less reserve for income tax		5,000
		387,362
Pontiac car, after depreciation	$7,975	
Household furniture etc. after depreciation	3,000	
Odds & ends	580	11,555
		$398,917

Tonight I enjoyed the various TV shows, especially the variety show at the Theatre Royal in London, attended by the Queen.

At midnight I heard fireworks, a few faint pops, towards Fort Point, but not another sound. How different from the old days, when the paper mill & other plants blew their steam whistles, every ship in the harbour blew its own steam whistle, church bells rang, the fire siren sounded, & men & boys fired shot guns into the air!

SUNDAY, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1984 Crisp & cold, some sunshine. At 6 p.m. Tom & Pam picked me up & took me to Hunt's Point for drinks & dinner. Blair was at home, but Tom & Debby left this morning for Halifax: Last evening son Tom & Pam attended a dinner-dance at White Point Lodge, 55 couples. Cocktails, a fine meal of several courses, wines, etc., inclusive price $100 per couple. Something new for Liverpool!

A belated card from my sister Nellie, giving her new address, which I had mislaid. In her 83rd. year she is reasonably well. "Did you ever dream that you would live so long?"

MONDAY, JAN. 2/84 Cold, a little pallid sunshine. Did the week's laundry. No temptation to go out. There is only about an inch of snow, but there is ice under it except in the roadway. As always it was a pleasure to watch the "Cotton Bowl" parade at Dallas, & then the much more beautiful Rose Bowl parade at Pasadena.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1984 A thaw began last night, temp. up to 42° Fahr. My niece Carol Paisley phoned this evening from Mahone Bay, to say that she & daughter Sue leave for Alabama tomorrow. Husband John could not come, due to a sudden illness of his mother. So she & Sue drove over 3,000 miles to spend the Christmas & New Year season with the 3 Paisley sons, all of whom are now living in N.S. By driving hard Carol & Sue expect to be back in Alabama in three days. Phew!

FRIDAY, JAN. 6/84 Still mild & raining slowly. The streets & lawns are bare. Having grown accustomed to the front wheel drive, the power steering, etc. I have no difficulty in backing my car out of the garage & into the street, but being unable to glance backward I have to do it carefully.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8/84 Still dark, damp & mild, & this weather extends right across the continent, after the coldest December in half a century. At 5:30 Austin Parker picked me up & drove to Tom's place, where we were joined by Bob & Heather Weary. Drinks, chat & a fine dinner of roast pheasant & partridge (shot by Tom last Fall) with Pamela's special wine-~~gr~~ sauce, rice & vegetables. Afterwards we sat about yarning; Tom & Bob drawing out Austin & me for tales of the Mersey valley 60-odd years ago, & especially tales of McCurdy, Bamjum & other characters in connection with the wood pulp mills on the Mersey. Home at 10 p.m. with occasional whirls of snow as the temperature slowly went down.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10/84 After a cold night the temp. crept up to 40° Fahr & a light snow began falling, with a bureau promise of freezing rain & dangerous driving conditions. So I got my car out & drove to the liquor store for a supply of wine while the going was good.

FRIDAY, JAN. 13/84 Yesterday & today mostly sunny but very cold, with just enough snow flurries to whiten the ground. I walked to the post office wearing the warm woolen jacket that Bill & Francie gave me for Christmas, & was perfectly comfortable.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15/84 Overcast & moderately cold. About an inch of snow on the ground. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela.

MONDAY, JAN. 16/84 Light snow falling all day. Gary Oickle came at 5:30 & cleared off my driveway, also the street drain, the front walk & steps. Paid him $10.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17/84 Open-&-shut sky, moderately cold. My fixed term deposit in Royal Bank Mortgage Co. ("Roymor") came due yesterday. $8,000.00. This morning I walked to the Bank of N.S., got the certificate out of my safety

deposit box, took it along to the Royal, & arranged to have the money placed in my savings account. When I got home I phoned John Oyler of Burns Fry Ltd. & placed an order for 400 common shares of Royal Bank, at the market, which is a fraction above $35 at present. Within two hours Oyler phoned that he had purchased my bank shares at 35 1/8.

Mrs. Helen Lee came in the afternoon with another book of mine for autograph, & with a request that I permit "taping" of some of my publications for the benefit of the blind, to which I agreed of course. She will write to the Canadian Institute for the Blind. I lent her my copy of Alan Young's book on my work.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1984. Same weather. Walked to the post office in the morning. At 7:45 p.m. Gary Hartlen, curator of the Queens Museum, took me there for a meeting of the historical society. The weather bureau had predicted a snowstorm, turning to freezing rain, so the attendance was small, about 20 women & 10 men, but all of them keen on the society's work. Gerry Haslam, president, asked me to say something about the society's original aims & objects. Lynton Martin was the chief speaker, followed by Gary Hartlen, both talking about the present & future aims of the museum. The meeting then adjourned, & everybody chatted over cheese & wine. All very pleasant & interesting. Home about 10 p.m. Snow was falling fast.

THURSDAY, JAN. 19/84. Snow falling lightly all day, amounting to about 4 inches on top of the inch already there. Gary Oickle came at 5:30 & cleared my driveway, etc. Paid him $10.

FRIDAY, JAN. 20/84. Sunny & cold. Took my car to the supermarket for a week's supply, then for a bit of exercise walked to the post office. Mail included the latest assessment on my house property, up $5,000 to $45,000. Mrs. Lee returned my copy of Alan Young's book.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22/84. Awoke about 8 a.m. to find that the furnace had quit, leaving the indoor temp. at 50°, while outside it was exactly zero Fahr. — the coldest night of the winter so far. Hurried to the cellar & pushed the red re-start button on the furnace timer. It came on, & took 3 hours to get the temp. up to 70°. Meanwhile the sun came out & the outdoor temp. crept up to 20°. The sun's warmth on the south side of the house melted snow on the eaves, & the drip coated the bare shrubs there with ice, like a miniature silver thaw. Grandsons Tom & Blair, & Debby, were home for the weekend, & Pam drove them back to Halifax this afternoon, so I stayed indoors & dined alone.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24/84. The traditional "January thaw" set in today with temp. (Fahr.) rising above 40° & then rain. Former generations

thought this thaw to be a more-or-less Nova Scotia phenomenon, but nowadays the TV meteorological maps show it to be a stream of warm Pacific air flowing right across the continent in the latitude of the U. S. – Canadian border.

I phoned the furnace service people with whom I have a contract, pointed out that my furnace has not been serviced for 15 months. Their chief mechanic Frank Jack came this afternoon & worked for two hours, cleaning, oiling & generally checking, installing a new elbow in the smoke pipe, etc.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1984 The thaw continued through yesterday, with temp. close to 50° Fahr., & the snow has vanished except for the soiled lumps left by shovels & ploughs. Sunny today & moderately cold, with strong NW wind. The furnace relay, installed by Whynot in Dec. 1980, is still balking. I called Jack, who came this afternoon & worked an hour. He seems reluctant to put in a new one, but in my long experience the relay-timer (or whatever it's called) has to be replaced when it begins to balk – a sure sign that it is worn out.

Received by mail a copy of the current issue of Cape Breton's Magazine, with a thank you card from editor Robert Caplan. It contains an article called "Sam Slade: Travels of a Mic Mac", from my papers in Dalhousie Library, reprinted (less the gamy bits) with the permission of Dalhousie archivist Charles Armour.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27/84 Pleasant morning, bright & calm, temp. 32° F. Walked to the post office. Took the car for a spin to charge the battery. To Broad River by the shore – longed to be able to walk on the beach at Summerville – then home by the new stretch of Highway 103. By that time a scud of high cloud had covered the sun & the temp. was up to 40°. Forecast rain.

One of my bad nights, unable to sleep. Sat up watching old movies. When I went to bed finally at 3 a.m. it was pouring rain.

SUNDAY, JAN. 29/84 Overcast, moderately cold. Indoors all day. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. Snow was falling briskly when he took me home, making the road slippery & hazardous; but it ceased soon after, leaving about two inches on the ground. Another bad night, no sleep till 3 a.m. I have had a recurrence of the dizzy spells lately, & wonder if the insomnia & vertigo are in some way connected.

MONDAY, JAN. 30/84 Woke at 9 a.m. Bright sunny morning, temp. up to 32° F. & the snow on the roadway turning to slush in the sun. Passing cars & trucks scattered the slush in all directions, so I didn't venture out.

The morning paper announces the death of my old acquaintance

Will R. Bird at age 93. He had been senile in a nursing home at Sackville N.B. for several years. A prolific writer of books & articles but never able to support himself fully by his pen, he took the job with the N.S. government which I was offered (& turned down) in November 1938, writing or editing gov't. literature, writing speeches for gov't. officials, speaking at minor luncheons or dinners himself, etc. For many years he had a lone office in the old Chronicle building on Prince Street, & there he wrote most of his books & short stories on gov't. time, retiring eventually on pension. He was a pleasant fellow, well liked.

TUESDAY, JAN. 31, 1984 Weather bureau predicts a great storm of wind & snow, with intervals of rain. The first rain began to fall at 9 a.m.

Bill Connolly, building contractor, came this morning to examine my kitchen, which needs new floor tiles, new arborite surface on the counters, & new coat of varnish on the cupboards. As the old arborite is impossible to remove, the whole thing, woodwork & all, will have to be replaced. He will get an expert from Bridgwater to take measurements & make the new counter tops. Thinks his men can do the work about mid-February.

The rain dwindled to a drizzle at about 11 p.m. Then suddenly the wind sprang around to N.W., turning the drizzle to fine snow, & the barometer began to rise. Again I was unable to sleep until 3 a.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1/84 Up at 8:30, to find no more snow than a light dusting, just enough to fill the cracks in the asphalt street. Heavy snow elsewhere in N.S. & N.B. The day was lovely, sunny, calm, temp. in the sun about 34° F., so in the afternoon I took the car out for a leisurely drive around Western Head, then over to Brooklyn & along the shore road to Beach Meadows. Noticed several Liverpool ladies walking on the Western Head road, just what I would have ~~being~~ been doing 20 or 30 years ago. At the Head I passed a shriveled old woman, well wrapped, being pushed along in a wheel-chair, out for an airing.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2/84 Another sunny & calm day. Temp 40°. It seems unreal. Not one heavy snowstorm so far this winter, & not this touch of false spring. We shall pay up for it later. This is Groundhog Day.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3/84 Overcast & calm. Temp. 40° Worked this afternoon on my grounds, picking up & removing the litter of twigs & branches thrown down by the gales since mid-November. Molly (Hunt) Daley, of East side Ragged Harbour, called & left me a cranberry pie, one of her culinary specialties. She was on her way to Hfx. airport, to pick up her 2nd. husband Frank (Wilson) who has been to Toronto for medical treatment.

SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1984 Our false spring continues with torrents of rain & temp. up to 50° F. Noticed two flies buzzing or crawling about the house. I am enjoying the cable TV, with so much to choose from. Instead of the boring football, basketball & hockey, the usual Saturday fare on Canadian networks, I was pleased to watch good tournament tennis & golf in the afternoon, & good movies this evening, especially "On Golden Pond" starring Henry Fonda as an old buffer of 80, Katherine Hepburn as his wife, & Fonda's real life daughter Jane playing his daughter. Last evening there was a splendid British production of "The Master of Ballantrae".

SUNDAY, FEB. 5/84 Same weather. On their way home from Hfx, Jim & Pam picked me up at 5 p.m. & took me to Hunt's Point for dinner. A big sea running on the shore.

MONDAY, FEB. 6/84 Overcast with some glints of sunshine. Strong & gusty W. wind. Did my laundry chores & walked to the post office.

I am reading Michael Grant's "Jesus: an historian's view of the gospels", published by Scribner's in 1977. Grant is well qualified, & it is interesting to see his attempts to make some connected sense out of the gospels, especially against the background of Roman rule.

Our false spring, which began Jan. 24, came to an end tonight when the temp. dropped below freezing point. By 11 p.m. snow was falling fast, but with little wind.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7/84 Awoke to see about 5" of snow on the ground, & more falling. Mrs. Bagley got here at 8 a.m. & did her weekly chores. In the afternoon I shovelled a narrow path from my side door to the street. The snow plough had thrown up the usual hard-packed barrier. Gary Oickle came at 6:30 & cleared off my driveway & front walk. Paid him $10. Cold night.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8/84 Sunny & cold. Bill Connolly came this morning & took measurements of my kitchen floor. I selected samples of the tile I want, as he is going to Hfx. & will get them there.

THURSDAY, FEB. 9/84 A bright winter day, temp. 10° F. This morning I sharpened the spike in my walking stick & went to the supermarket, selected a week's meat & groceries, ordered them to be delivered, picked up my mail, & thence home. I was tired when I got home but I enjoyed the crisp air.

Letter from something called Ragweed Press, Charlottetown, addressed to "Thomas Raddall, writer, Lunenburg", & forwarded from there. They say they "will be publishing this year the first volume of "The Atlantic Anthology," edited & with an introduction by Fred Cogswell". This volume will consist of 25 prose selections; the second will contain poetry & drama. Cogswell

wants to include my short story "The Wedding Gift". He is the former U.N.B. professor who wrote the introduction to McClelland & Stewart's paperback edition of "Pride's Fancy" in 1974. I signed the permission form & returned it.

FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1984 Very cold night, temp. exactly 0° F. Today sunny, calm, cold. Walked to the post office on the asphalt roadways, which are bare. In the afternoon I shoveled away a big heap of snow which Oickle had left ~~behind~~ between the driveway & the front walk. Now I can back my car out with a clear view up-street.

SATURDAY, FEB. 11/84 Following the cold snap, the inevitable thaw. Temp. up to 47° F. & rain all day & all tonight. Continual crashing of icicles, some of them 4' long & as thick as my arm, falling from the S and W eaves.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12/84 The rain petered out about noon, & at 3:30 the sun came out. Temp. still 47° F. Many people out walking. I dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam. The snow has all but vanished from the open spaces, leaving only the old shrunken lumps at the waysides.

MONDAY, FEB. 13/84 Sunny, calm, temp. 50° F. in the shade, like a day in early May. Did my laundry chores & walked to the post office in the morning. In the afternoon took my car for a leisurely drive along the shore road to Broad River, then by Highway 103 to the Port Medway turn-off, thence by the shore road through Beach Meadows & Brooklyn, & so home. Perfectly delightful. Twenty years ago I would have played golf. Today I saw nobody on the golf course, playing or merely walking. And nobody walking on Summerville Beach.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15/84 Dark & damp, very mild. Bill Connolly came this morning with a Bridgewater man named Gerry Robart, whose specialty is making kitchen counters. Robert took measurements & will make new arborite counters & instal them, probably in two weeks' time.

Rev. Bill Titus dropped in to return my copy of "The Neutral Yankees of Nova Scotia," & stayed for a chat.

THURSDAY, FEB. 16/84 Overcast & damp. Erik came in this evening & we chatted over drinks till midnight. He & wife Lou have been ailing since Christmas, when they both had bad attacks of 'flu. He will be 83 this summer. This afternoon Miss Robin Williams, (public relations, Bowater Mersey Co.) sent me a tentative news release about the J. R. Raddall Prize, to be awarded annually to high school students in Western Nova Scotia, beginning this year. It requires a 2,000 to 2,500 word essay, or short story or research paper, dealing with some aspect of their

own County history. The winner will receive $500 in cash, and an inscribed bronze plaque. "Western N.S." will comprise all of the peninsula west of a line drawn from Windsor to Halifax.

FRIDAY, FEB. 17, 1984 A slow cold rain all day. Robin Williams came, & we talked over the draft for Bowater's news release. The board of judges will be headed by President Perkins of Acadia U. & will include representatives of the western counties.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18/84 Calm, overcast with a few peeps of sun, temp 40° F. Drove to Milton, thence west along the new stretch of Highway 103, to Broad River, thence by the shore road home. Noticed a man burning off the dead grass in front of his house.

SUNDAY, FEB. 19/84 Dark & damp. Temp. just above freezing. Dined at Hunt's Point with a full house of Raddalls — Tom, Pam, Debby, Blair, Tom 3rd. & his companion Diane.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22/84 Same weather, not pleasant but better than ice & snow. Noted in the obituary column of the Chronicle-Herald the death of Douglas Pettipas, aged 88, in Halifax. A native of Portuguese Cove, Halifax Co., he was our cook at Table Island radio station in the spring & early summer of 1922.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23/84 A wonderful day, sunny & calm, temp. 55° F. Shopped for meat & groceries in the morning. Walked to the post office. In the afternoon I took a leisurely drive to Shelburne, something I have not done for many years. The town & people looked busy & prosperous. Many smart cars & pick-up trucks. A shopping mall — something we haven't got in Liverpool — people busy with house repairs & extensions, as if it were summer. Fine modern schools & town hall, motels, etc. All a marked contrast to the sleepy & moribund town I knew in the 1930's. Home about 4 p.m. refreshed by this interesting venture in mid-winter.

SATURDAY, FEB. 25/84 Yesterday a wet sea gale, today damp & overcast. My excursion on Thursday included a bit of unpaved road which plastered my car with mud, so today I had it washed for the first time since I bought it last June. Today I received from Holloway Insurance Ltd. a bill & certificate for car liability insurance for the year ending Jan. 16, 1985. No explanation of the delay since my old policy expired on Jan. 16/84, but I notice that the premium has practically ~~doubled~~ jumped from $86 to $137 — I suppose because I passed the age of 80 last Fall.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1984 Overcast, with a nip in the air. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28/84 A bright morning with a light NW breze. Walked to the post office. Weather bureau reports a huge snowstorm now hitting the N.E. states, Ontario, Quebec, & northern N.B. It predicts freezing rain & then plain rain on the South Shore of N.S. The sky clouded this afternoon, & about sundown a wild wet sea gale began. When I went to bed about 2 a.m. the freezing rain had broken off a main branch of one of my old birches at the back of my property.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 29/84 (Leap year) The storm petered out in the night & today was calm, dark & mild (48°F). Walked to the post office. Letter from Nelson Greenleaf's wife tells me that he died last year of cancer, after a long illness. An Ontario man, he came here as secretary to Col. C.H.L. Jones in 1928 – a job that I had been promised by Seth Bartling, head of the Conservative party in Queens. (Bartling was in good faith, Jones was not.) After I joined the Mersey Paper staff as a cashier, Greenleaf & I became good friends, having much to do with Jones' idiosyncrasies in matters of publicity.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1/84 Alternate sunshine & snow squalls. Temp about freezing point. Spent the afternoon casting up my accounts for 1983 income & expenditures, for income tax purposes.

FRIDAY, MAR. 2/84 Same weather. The ground remains bare. Pierre Trudeau announced on Wednesday his retirement as head of the Liberal party. He will continue as Prime Minister presumably for the rest of the current term, thus completing 16 years in that post. Now begins the scramble of Liberal aspirants to take his place at this summer's convention of the Liberal party, with all the preliminary ballyhoo on the news media. Unfortunately this is a presidential election year in the United States, with all the ballyhoo that goes with it. So there will be no relief from the yammer of politicians on either side of the border for the rest of this year.

SATURDAY, MAR. 3/84 Sunny & moderately cold. This afternoon I cleared away the tangled branches of the birch top which fell in the ice storm on Feb. 28, & sawed the thing into stove lengths with my little Swede hand-saw. Hard work for an old cripple. Of the original clump of five, two of these birches have gone down in ice storms. The remaining three have been dying at the top for the past 5 years, & should be removed.

SUNDAY, MAR. 4/84 Same weather, sharp cold every night, temp. rising to about freezing point during the day, with snow squalls & patches of sunshine. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. Ernest Buckler died today

in hospital at Middleton today, aged 75, after a long illness. His first book, "The Mountain and The Valley", published in 1952, was a remarkable novel about a boy growing up on a poor little farm on the South Mountain. Absolutely true to life, it was his best, & made him famous. He wrote numerous short stories & radio plays & sketches, & Jack McClelland published 3 or 4 more books by him, none of which approached his first. Jack usually called on him on his rare visits to Nova Scotia, & they had prodigious boozing bouts, after which Jack would come across country to see me with a red eye & a humorous account. A bachelor, he is survived by three sisters & several nephews. Burial will be in All Saints parish cemetery, Gibson's Lake, on the West Dalhousie road over the South Mountain.

MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1984 Sunny all day & moderately cold. Made my slow & painful walk to the post office, longing to be able to make a real hike on such a lovely day. The Library Services Branch, Govt. of British Columbia, request permission to make audio tape of "His Majesty's Yankees" for the sole use of visually and physically handicapped persons. I signed the form & mailed it.

TUESDAY, MAR. 6/84 Yesterday's fine day was a "weather-breeder". Several inches of snow fell in the night, followed by drizzling rain all day, with temp. up to 45° F. I shoveled paths from my front & side doors through the slushy barrier thrown up by the street plough, before it could freeze again.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/84 Sunny & cold. Ron Connolly & helper came at 8 a.m. & worked all day, ripping out the old kitchen counters & replacing them with modern & much better stuff. Also they made a start on ripping up the old worn floor tiles. Miss Robin Williams of Bowater Mersey came this afternoon with a photographer, & a man from Lunenburg Foundry exhibiting the heavy round brass plaque for the Raddall Memorial scholarships. Photographs in my study, with Miss Williams & the immensely tall Lunenburg chap, a difficult group to pose in any natural fashion. All this for Bowater's press release about the scholarships. The face on the plaque in half-relief shows a grim old party supposed to be me.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8/84 Sunny & very cold. Wearing my old green toque pulled down over my ears, & my old black Arctic coat (much lighter than my Bulgarian sheepskin, & just as warm) I walked to the supermarket & bought a week's meat & groceries, to be delivered; thence to the post office & home.

Connolly & helper finished tearing up the old floor tiles, a tedious job, & nailed a covering of ¼" plywood to make a smooth base for the new tiles.

FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1984 Very cold night & morning. Walked to the post office. Connolly & helper finished the floor tiling this morning. This & the new counters make a fine job. Connolly's painter, Leslie, is to come soon about re-painting the cupboard doors, etc.

Phone call from someone named Jim Lorimer, who says he is head of "Formac Publishing", Halifax. Wants to reprint "Footsteps on Old Floors", published by Doubleday, New York in 1968 & out of print since 1971, when Doubleday gave me a formal reversion of the rights. They printed a single edition of 10,000 copies in 1968, of which they sold 3,500 in the U.S. & the rest in Canada. Lorimer also asked about "The Governor's Lady" & "In My Time", but I told him that McClelland & Stewart still have them in print.

Weather bureau predicts a heavy snowstorm this evening, & the snow actually began about 1:30, with a rising NE gale.

SATURDAY, MAR. 10/84 Awoke to a very cold but sunny morning. Snow about 6" on the level but in drifts here & there. Deickle came promptly at 8:30 & shoveled off my front path & the driveway. This leaves a lump about 2' high between them. Paid him $10.00

This afternoon I shoveled away the heap between front walk & driveway, thus permitting a car to come alongside the walk. Otherwise I stayed indoors, doing various clean-up chores in kitchen.

The flood of Arctic air now envelopes the whole mid-west & north-east of North America, producing snowstorms & low temperatures of record levels for this time of year. Tonight my outdoor thermometer dropped to 8° F.

SUNDAY, MAR. 11/84 Squalls of snow & glints of sun. Denied at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam. Snowing hard when Tom brought me home.

MONDAY, MAR. 12/84 About an inch of snow fell in the night & blew about this morning in a wild NW gale. Sunny but very cold in the afternoon, so I did not venture outdoors. Busied myself with the weekly laundry chores, & gave my refrigerator a thorough cleaning. Ralph Johnson dropped in to enquire about book royalty rates, etc. His history of the forest industry in Nova Scotia is now being edited & shortened by the N.S. Dept. of lands & forests, prior to printing next year or possibly later.

TUESDAY, MAR. 13/84 Sunny & cold. Leslie the painter came to look over my kitchen job. Thinks he & his men can get around to it in about 2 weeks' time. ~~Betty~~ Ronnie Ross (?) of Reader's Digest phoned from Montreal. They want to use another of my short stories from "At the Tide's Turn & other stories", & will mail a contract. They publish in French as

well as English, & she wanted to know if McClelland & Stewart had published a French edition. I said Not to my knowledge.

My cable TV has been very poor for the past several days. This afternoon one of their technicians came & found a faulty connection at the pole across the street. It will require a special part, & he says he can have it installed on Thursday morning.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14, 1984 A wild storm sprang up in the night, more wind than snow, changing to wind & rain in the afternoon. The cable TV man came & made a new connection at the street pole, & the reception is somewhat improved but far from perfect. I phoned the Sears firm, from whom I purchased the TV on March 26/82, & they promised to send a man to check over the set.

THURSDAY, MAR. 15/84 A slow rain all day. Most of the snow is gone. Here on the Atlantic strip of N.S. we got the wet edge of a great storm that dumped snow heavily all over the U.S midwest, New England, New Brunswick, P.E.I., & eastern N.S. Leslie & helper came in this afternoon & painted the kitchen doors & cupboards, also the side door, thus completing the renovation. Sears' service man came & checked over my TV set thoroughly. He made some adjustments, but I still cannot get the Columbia Broadcasting System with any clarity, & it is obvious that the cable connection is at fault. So I phoned the local cable company (Able Cable) & was answered by Keith Wyes, its chief, who said this problem was general, & they are seeking a remedy. He was a bit snappish. I suppose he's been getting a torrent of complaints. The Columbia Broadcasting System, which comes to Canada through a Detroit station, has the best variety of evening shows, especially.

FRIDAY, MAR. 16/84 Damp & mild. Temp. over 50° F. This morning's Chronicle-Herald has an announcement of the literary prize established by Bowater Mersey in my honour. The sun got through in a hazy way this afternoon & the temp. went up over 60° F.

Returned to Reader's Digest, Montreal, a signed contract for the condensed use of my short story "The Trumpeter", together with a corrected copy of the material they propose to use. They are to pay $200 per magazine page.

SATURDAY, MAR. 17/84 Foggy & mild. Gordon Archibald & wife drove down from Halifax this afternoon with more of my books to be autographed. I gave him copies of "The Mersey Story" & "Hangman's Beach" for his collection, & he presented me with a bottle of Chivas Regal whiskey in a gift carton. We had a pleasant chat before they set off for Hfx.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1984 Rain & a rising sea gale. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam, just back from Halifax, where last night at the Chateau Halifax they had a wedding anniversary dinner with Tom 3rd, Blair & Debby. A big surf beating on Hunts Point, & off Port Mouton Island the seas breaking on the rocks called The Bull, The Cow, and all four of The Calves — in fact the whole barnyard.

I am reading & enjoying "Willie" a hilarious travesty of the private life of W. L. MacKenzie King, full of clever witticisms & almost uncanny details of Ottawa social life in the 1900–1918 era. James Lorimer (whose Toronto branch published the book) sent it to me. It is written by a free lance writer named Heather Robertson. In a covering letter Lorimer writes:- "I was remembering conversations I had with Heather Robertson about how inspired she had been by your novels. It is her sixth or seventh book, and I'm sure you'll see how she has learned from your approach to fiction." However, I cannot see any trace of my style or approach in "Willie". It is obviously modeled on Joyce's "Ulysses," but mainly original Robertson with all of the naughty words, phrases & physical details so commonplace with Margaret Atwood & other popular women writers nowadays.

MONDAY, MAR. 19/84 The gale roared & rained all last night & all today. Erik came in this evening for a chat. Austin Parker is in Tennessee for 2 or 3 weeks, staying with son Jim.

TUESDAY, MAR. 20/84 Still the wind & rain. At noon I drove to Western Head for a look at the tremendous seas. In one place the road was 2" deep in yellow foam, blown off the surf.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 21/84 The gale blew itself out in the night, & today was just dull, overcast, calm, damp, temp. 40° F. The first day of spring, & for me the average date for sighting the first robin on my back lawn. The violent E. winds of the past few days would prevent such promptness. Nevertheless I watched hopefully.

SATURDAY, MAR. 24/84 The wet weather let up today & there is sunshine. Temp 40° F. I have had to cease my walks to the post office. The return journey, mostly uphill, had become too tiring & painful. Instead I drive my car to the little parking lot behind the Royal Bank, & limp around the corner. No robins yet.

SUNDAY, MAR. 25/84 Sunny but cold. Dined with Tom & Pamela.

MONDAY, MAR. 26, 1984 Sunny & cold. Albert Weynot came to look at the three birches. Agreed to cut them down & remove the debris for $100, next Saturday.

TUESDAY, MAR. 27/84 Sunny & cold. Daughter Frances phoned from Moncton. Her son Terry & fiancée Karen will be motoring down the south shore on Saturday & will visit me for a night if that is convenient. I said sure. They will arrive about 3 or 4 p.m. Their marriage takes place in Moncton in May.

THURSDAY, MAR. 29/84 Winter returned violently with a tremendous gale & snow, beginning about 4 p.m. It boomed & screamed all night, & shook the house with gusts up to 95 KM. per hour.

FRIDAY, MAR. 30/84 The storm continued but abated during the day. Temp. got up to 34° F., so that we have about 10" of slushy snow. It was still blowing thickly on a diminished wind at 4 p.m. when Dickie came & shoveled clear my front walk & driveway.

SATURDAY, MAR. 31/84 March goes out like a lion, still blowing from NE with light flurries of snow. The storm has lasted 48 hours. Great damage all over the northeast states, from South Carolina, where it took the form of tornadoes, to New England, where it dumped several feet of snow. My grandson Terence Dennis & fiancée Karen Wells arrived about 3 p.m. from Moncton, reporting very icy roads between Amherst & Truro. Otherwise the asphalt was bare all the way, having been ploughed & salted. I took my guests to dine at White Point Lodge, & found the dining room a busy place. The food was good, a smorgasbord of many varieties of fish, flesh & fowl, & the service was excellent. Including preliminary drinks, & a bottle of Beaujolais with the meal, the bill was $79.00, & I left the waitress a $10.00 tip. Karen is a charming little girl, has been a stenographer in the Moncton branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

The young people retired to their rooms about 10 p.m. I sat up late as usual, watching an excellent movie filmed on an island on the Great Barrier Reef, Australia.

~~SATURDAY~~ SUNDAY, APL. 1/84 The sun came out this morning & the temp. got up to 45° F. The young folk had a late breakfast & set off for home at 10 a.m.

TUESDAY, APL. 3/84 Sunny & warm. Saw the first robin this morning on Conrad's lawn across the street, which is bare for worm hunting. My lawns are still covered with snow, though it is melting fast.

Took my income statements to Bob Stafford, accountant.

Drove to the golf course & hobbled on 1 & 7 fairways for half hour.

Had a chat with Dumeah, the pro. The course is mostly bare, with no frost in the ground, but there are many patches of snow in the folds. Dumeah expects to have the tee benches placed in another week or two, which will give me a chance to take longer walks with frequent rests.

I am enjoying the new Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature, edited by William Toye, published late last Fall. It replaces the 1967 Oxford Companion edited by Norah Story, & is much better written and compiled. Story's account of me & my work amounted to 5½ inches of single column type, & it contained 8 errors of fact. The new Companion has three times the length & has only one error. Especially interesting are the accounts of all the new writers who have come along since my heyday, a veritable explosion of talent from coast to coast, & especially from the West.

The Gale Research Co., New York, on behalf of a publication called "Contemporary Authors" have sent me a proof of my listing in C.A., evidently copied from an old edition of Canadian Who's Who, & asked me to bring it up to date. Did so & mailed it.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 4, 1984 Mrs. Bagley came & began "spring cleaning", as distinct from her regular Tuesday morning sessions with vacuum cleaner & dust cloth. She worked from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., with time out for dinner, & I paid her $30.00. Jim Dumeah phoned about 10 a.m. from the golf clubhouse — "Tom, I've got the tee benches all placed for you." Drove there at 1.30 & enjoyed a leisurely walk around the fairways 1 to 7, resting on each tee. Bright sunshine but a chilly air from the sea. Had to tramp through snow here & there. No birds except a few crows & herring gulls. In town the temp. in the sun was 58° F.

The solitary mocking bird, which has fed at Ralph Johnson's tray every winter for the past 5 years, has visited my shrubs several times lately, probably to eat the forsythia buds for a change of diet.

FRIDAY, APL. 6/84 A wet sea gale all day. Still enjoying the Oxford Companion. I note among many things that Lovat Dickson wrote the article on Archie Belaney ("Grey Owl"). He makes no mention of my revelations in "Footsteps on Old Floors", of which he once wrote to me "I think you have done the piece on Grey Owl very well indeed. The Army bit, which I didn't know about, is extremely interesting and clinches your reading of his character. This should remain the final word on this very odd bird." Dickson changed his mind on that a few years later when he brought out an elaborate biography called "Wilderness Man", full of praise for the very

odd bird. It was Dickson's first step towards a fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada & finally to a membership in the Order of Canada, for "distinguished service to Canadian Literature."

SATURDAY, APL. 7, 1984 Fine & warm in town, sunny with a cold sea breeze at White Point, where I walked in the afternoon. A flying glimpse of a lone robin there, no other birds, not even a crow. On my return home I found Erik working on his patio, & joined him in chat & a glass of beer.

SUNDAY, APL. 8/84 Mild, with occasional showers. A ~~lone~~ lone robin busily hunting worms on my back lawn all afternoon, the first I have seen on my ground this year. E. died 9 years ago today.

MONDAY, APL. 9/84 Winter back with a vengeance. A bleak NE wind blowing thin snow all day, but not "making" on the ground until sundown, when the temp. dropped below freezing point. Wynot came & refilled my oil fuel tanks.

TUESDAY, APL. 10/84 Still snowing thinly this morning when Mrs. Bagley came to do her chores. About noon the temp. rose to 40° F. & changed the stiff to a thin rain. Drove my car downtown to get my mail & my income tax papers, made up by Stafford. He finds that my instalments in 1983 overpaid the tax by about $7,000, for which I can expect a refund. The streets are a slushy mess.

The mocking bird paid me a brief visit, peering at the sun porch window. This is sad weather for the poor robins, unable to eat anything but worms.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 11/84 Temp. up to 40° F., but there is still much snow & the wind still blows from east. Last March 23 the Halifax Chronicle-Herald had a small editorial piece praising the Bowater award for N.S. history & literature, without mentioning my name. It took some ingenuity & I chuckled. The "Chronically Horrible" (as it is known to the irreverent) has never forgiven me for my scathing description of it in "Halifax, Warden of the North".

Today's 6-H contains in its correspondence column a letter from my friend Norman Reed, retired U.S. air force colonel, long resident at Port Medway, pointing out the discrepancy. The 6-H editor headed it with a sceptical "Kudos for Raddall?"

I wrote an appreciative note to Norman.

A female with a very English accent phoned this morning, giving her name as Joyce Galloway & asking if she might call on me at 10 a.m. tomorrow. She said she was speaking for a retired "General Morrison" at Chester, who wants her to arrange an interview with me.

Albert Whynot failed to turn up, so I conclude that he did not like the job of cutting down & removing my three old birch trees. I spent a painful hour this afternoon removing the debris of the one that snapped off & fell on my back lawn a few weeks ago.

THURSDAY, APL. 12, 1984 I awoke to find a new thin layer of snow on the ground. Most of it melted during the day, but the bleak E. wind & the dark sky persist.

Mrs. ~~Jones~~ Joyce Galloway came by appointment to see me this morning at 10 a.m. A slim pretty woman with honey blonde hair, a well-preserved 45, she is the mother of three grown daughters, two in Toronto & one in England. I gathered that she is in the business of house restoring & interior decorating, spends her winters in Chester & the summers in an old cottage on Tancook Island, which she restored herself. (She knows the Ralph Cross family, with whom I stayed on my visit to Tancook in 1946.) She knows G.P. Morrison of Chester, aged about 90, a retired Canadian army brigadier, who lives alone there, & would like to bring him here some time soon for a chat with me. Agreed.

Mrs. ~~Jones~~ HELEN LEE ~~Leigh~~ came in this afternoon & chatted about the biography she is preparing on her missionary parents in Korea long ago.

FRIDAY APL. 13/84 Some snow & rain in the night, a few glints of sunshine today. This storm, slowly rotating off the N.S. coast, has its snow centre about Moncton, where it has been snowing for the past 4 or 5 days. Worked about an hour this afternoon, raking up twigs, cutting deadwood from shrubs outside my dining room windows. Very painful, arthritis screaming in every joint from shoulder to toe. Letter from a 12th. grade student in Dartmouth, wants to write a paper on me & my work, & suggests an interview. Letter from a high school student in Lunenburg, wants to come (with 20 others) for an interview. Replied okay.

SATURDAY, APL. 14/84 Sunny & warm in town. Cooler in the sea breeze at White Point. The golf course is clear although very soggy in places, & there is still much snow in the woods alongside. Saw no birds but crows & gulls.

SUNDAY, APL. 15/84 Overcast. Walked at White Point. Saw large flocks of robins on adjoining fairways 2 & 5, not foraging, just resting after a long flight. Dined with Jem, Pamela & Blair.

MONDAY, APL. 17/84 A sea gale, with torrents of rain, temp. 40° F., all day & night.

Kudos for Raddall?

To The Editor:

Sir, — A recent editorial (March 23 issue) very cogently described the establishment of a prize to encourage students of history and literature. A description of the plaque and cash award followed with glowing kudos to the Bowater Mersey Paper Company for sponsoring such an award.

It is certainly not intended to detract one whit from the complimentary aspects of the editorial, as they applied to the sponsoring organization, but I could not help but think that one of our more illustrious writers might be in need of a publicity chairman or committee to assure that he gets well deserved equal time.

If the editorial had been a little more complete, representing possibly a bit more research, the writer would have found that a key to this award is the honoring of a fine gentleman and noted writer of Liverpool, to wit, Tom Raddall. Our local Liverpool Advance was quite specific about equal praise to Bowater and Tom Raddall, which might smack a bit of being parochial in the matter, but to me, was a reflection of more complete and accurate reporting.

I would hope you would and could find some way to expand a little on that editorial and give total credit to both Bowater for establishing the award and to Tom Raddall, the individual whose writing inspired this award.

NORMAN F. REED
Box 78
Port Medway, N.S.

Chronicle-Herald. April 11, 1984

Bowater Mersey Paper Company Ltd. has established a literary prize in honor of Nova Scotia author Thomas H. Raddall. Looking at the bronze plaque specially designed for the historical essay competition for grade 11 and 12 students in western Nova Scotia are, from left, Richard Benvie, Bowater Mersey artist; Robin Williams, assistant manager, public relations, Bowater Mersey; and Mr. Raddall.

Thomas Raddall honored by Bowater Mersey Paper Ltd.

Bowater Mersey Paper Company Ltd. will honor Thomas H. Raddall, world renowned author and long-time resident of Liverpool, through the establishment of a literary prize.

The T. H. Raddall prize in history will be awarded annually in an essay competition to a student from one of the high schools in western Nova Scotia.

Entries of 2,000-2,500 words on some aspect of history in each student's county will be reviewed by a panel of five judges. The winner will receive a $500 cash prize and a plaque created in bronze by artist Richard Benvie.

Mr. Raddall was cashier at Bowater Mersey Paper Company Ltd. from its start up in 1929 until 1938 when he left his position to become a full-time writer.

Judges for this year include Louis Comeau, president and chief executive officer, Nova Scotia Power Corporation; Margaret Hennigar, publisher and secretary, Lighthouse Publishing Ltd.; John Leefe, minister of fisheries; James Perkin, president, Acadia University; and Robert Weary, president and general manager, Bowater Mersey Paper Company Ltd.

Information on the T. H. Raddall prize will be available from high schools in western Nova Scotia and Bowater Mersey. Entries for the competition must be submitted by May 1 and the prize will be awarded in June.

TUESDAY, APL. 17, 1984 The gale died & the rain ceased towards noon, when the sun got through & the temp. shot up to 60° F. The rain made a small lake on my back lawn, something rare.

THURSDAY, APL. 19/84 Cold & wet again, yesterday & today. In spite of the wretched weather the buds are leafing out on the shrubs on the south side of the house.

FRIDAY, APL. 20/84 Open-&-shut sky, warm in the sunny spells. My son Tom & grandson Blair came at 10 a.m. with rope & gasoline saw, & felled the three dead birches, cut them into firewood lengths & removed the brush. In the afternoon they came back, borrowed Erik's powerful gasoline lawn mower with its big catch-all bag, & went over the back lawn thoroughly, cutting up & removing the grass killed last winter. They also trimmed my shrubs. I gave Blair $120.00. Tom will take the firewood to Hunt's Point.

While this was going on I had a visitor, Watson Peck of Bear River, veteran sportsmen's guide, now aged 63. A many of many parts, he is now planning to write a book of animal stories for children (he has 23 grand-children) & wanted to know details of publishing contracts. Nature note: the felled birches had some sap in them, which apparently was sweet, for a number of small hornets appeared from nowhere & drank from the chips.

Tom & Pam are having their Easter dinner this evening, as Debby will return to Hfx. tomorrow, & they invited Austin Parker & me to join them. I took Austin there & back in my car. Pam served the dinner early so that I could return to Liverpool before full dark.

SATURDAY, APL. 21/84 Overcast & mild. Worked about an hour on the back lawn, hoeing the petunia bed & the two single rose beds. Removed the winter seals from the air vent under my study & installed fly screen in their place. Took the bird bath out of the garage, set it up & filled it. Rain began towards dark, & suddenly the wind got up from the east, & the temp. dropped to 32° F. turning the rain to snow. When I went to bed at 1:30 a.m. there was about an inch on the ground, so we have a white Easter. My thoughts went back to Easter in 1917, when the Canadians attacked Vimy Ridge in a storm of sleet & snow, & my father pencilled in his little pocket diary "Got into the midst of the battle and had a glorious time."

SUNDAY, APL. 22/84 Temp. rose to 40° F. & the snow had gone by noon. I did not venture out this grey & bleak day. Did my weekly laundry chores. Wrote grandson Terence Dennis regretting that I cannot

travel to Moncton for his marriage next month, wishing him every happiness with Karen, & enclosing a cheque for $1,000.00.

MONDAY, APL. 23, 1984 Fine & warm, strong W. wind. Walked at White Point.

TUESDAY, APL. 24/84 Another wild sea gale, with torrents of cold rain. Evelyn, widow of Howland White, and my neighbour for many years, died in the local hospital tonight, aged 86.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 25/84 Overcast & bleak. Noticed two evening grosbeaks foraging for seeds fallen from the ash tree behind my garage.

At 1:30 p.m. 20 high school students & 2 teachers came from Lunenburg by appointment to meet the author of "Roger Sudden", which is part of their Can. Lit. study. Very pleasant & attentive. They left about 3 p.m.

THURSDAY, APL. 26/84 A dark day with an icy wind from the N.E. Attended Evelyn White's funeral this afternoon. Austin Parker, Erik Andersen, Ralph Johnson & I were honorary pallbearers. Anglican church. At the graveside I shook hands with her daughter & two sons. With few exceptions the mourners were all elderly people, mostly women.

FRIDAY, APL. 27/84 Another dark day, not quite so cold. This afternoon I cleaned & oiled my little fertilizer spreader, & spread about 12 lbs of "Lawn Green" on front, side & back lawns. Also spread bone meal on the petunia & rose beds, & worked it in with the hoe. Had to sit down twice, to ease the pain in back & hip. Now I'm all set for planting new roses & petunias next month.

SATURDAY, APL. 28/84 The sun got through in a patchy way this afternoon. I walked for an hour on the golf course, keeping to the inland side because the wind was east & coming right off the icefields now drifting out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Tonight at midnight the clocks jump ahead one hour for so-called Summer Time.

SUNDAY, APL. 29/84 Mostly overcast, with the wind still in the east, but warm in the sunny spells. Drove to Hunt's Point at 4:30, after a good walk on the golf course. Tom, Pam & Debby had just got back from a three-day holiday in Boston, which they spent in shopping & sightseeing, taking theatres, a ball game, etc.

Blair had managed to get 13 lbs of lobsters from a Port Mouton fisherman, his whole day's catch from 100 traps, & we dined on them. I returned to town at 7 p.m., & Pam & Debby left for Halifax. What busy people! Blair has obtained a job at Keyinkujik, one of 40 students engaged to check acid in the rainfall over the next four months.

MONDAY, APL. 30, 1984 Fine & warm in town, but I could hear the fog horn at Western Head, & there was an occasional cold whiff of the stuff. Got two rose plants from Cosby's garden shop on the Brooklyn road, & planted a red one by the bird bath, & a yellow one by the garage door, replacing those killed last winter.

Local news: Two bad accidents on Lake Rossignol last Friday. Two men, father & son, from Lunenburg County, were drowned when their small aluminum boat was swamped at Lowe's Landing, at the north tip of Rossignol. On the west side, in the vicinity of what used to be the run from Fifth Lake into Caduska Lake, four men from Liverpool were in a small aluminum boat with an outboard motor, towing two canoes laden with provisions & gear. The wind was strong, gusty & cold from the NE, creating steep waves & a dangerous lop on the west side, where they were. The canoes filled & foundered in the lop, pulling down the overloaded boat. Two men managed to swim to a small island, where they were found by chance today. The others are missing.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2/84 Weather continues dark & cold. Helicopters are searching the west shore of Rossignol, & surface parties of RCMP & volunteers are trying to drag for bodies; a hopeless task because the lake bottom there is old "flowage", littered with tree stumps, naked roots, & sunken forest debris. This afternoon the CBC (radio section) phoned me from Hfx. asking me for a brief telephone interview re the Rossignol area tomorrow morning, to be broadcast "live". I agreed. I know that area well, & have had trouble there myself, in canoes in gusty weather.

THURSDAY, MAY 3/84 Sunny, after a cold night, & the weather bureau forecasts more rain tomorrow. At 7:30 a.m. I did my CBC bit. An hour later, in the supermarket, a man accosted me in surprise. "Hello! I heard you on the radio & thought you were in Halifax!" Phone call from Robin Williams, at the paper mill. The Bowaters firm will be giving a luncheon on June 1st. for the first group of students whose essays are being chosen for the Raddall bursary. Dr. Mackay, president of Dalhousie U. will address the students. I am invited to present the medallions. Okay.

Phone call from Rev. Bill Titus, for the historical society. On July 1st. a meeting of citizens will be held in Zion Church to commemorate the 225th. anniversary of the pioneer settlement of Liverpool. Not a religious service, so no sermon; but will I make a brief address to the gathering? Okay. In the afternoon I

enjoyed a walk on the golf course, despite a chilly breeze off the Bay.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1984 Another cold sea gale with torrents of rain. At 5:30 I attended a cocktail party at Mrs. Phyllis Tozer's house, Fort Point. About 25 people, all old friends, many of them (including Phyl) just back from Florida. Had a long chat with Dr. John Wickwire. While in Miami he looked up Wallace Ogilvie in the phone book, phoned him, & received an invitation to luncheon for himself & wife. Now 91, Ogilvie & wife live in a comfortable but unpretentious house in a Miami suburb. One son is in the printing business in Calgary, another in the house construction business in Miami. The daughter is married for the second time & living in Miami. Ogilvie himself is quite the happy & well-to-do patriarch, & no one would ever guess the various rascalities by which he made his money.

He was the prototype of "Captain Saxby Nolan" in my novel "Tidefall", the character whom Professor Allan Young finds "unbelievable".

SATURDAY, MAY 5/84 A bleak grey day. Nevertheless I oiled the bearings & sharpened the knife on my electric lawn mower, ready for the next fine day. The grass on front & side lawns did not suffer frost-kill like the back lawn, & is already long enough to mow. Gerald Freeman, lawyer, phoned this afternoon. He is one of the proprietors of a prosperous beer-and-sandwich place on Legion Street. They are now about to build an adjoining restaurant with a wine-&-spirits license, & Freeman is seeking a catchy & locally appropriate name for it. He had seen in Moore's history of Queens County a mention of one of Simeon Perkins' small ships called "Bouncing Polly", & asked if I knew anything about it. I looked it up in my Champlain Society edition of Perkins' diary. It refers to various craft called "Polly" — a popular name for shallops, sloops & schooners at the time — but no bouncers. I suggested that he name the new place The Sloop, which actually stood on the site of Freeman's ~~home~~ old home on Main St., next door to Simeon Perkins. (Freeman did not know this) It was a small tavern run by a widow named Snow, & "countenanced" by Perkins & other merchants.

Freeman seemed to prefer Bouncing Polly, but said I was entitled to a free drink when it opened. The West Germans who bought the old Mersey Hotel last year are about to open a restaurant there, presumably with a wine-&-spirit license. And White Point Lodge is now serving first class meals all through

the year. For a long time the Chinese restaurant ("Wong's") was the only place to eat a decent meal in Liverpool. Suddenly we shall have four. My forsythia shrubs are in full bloom.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 1984 Fine & warm. This afternoon I mowed the front & side lawns, & rested & sunned myself in a chair on the back lawn. Not much grass on side & back lawns after the frost-kill of the winter, but they begin to show the effect of fertilizer I spread on Apl. 27th.

TUESDAY, MAY 8/84 Sunny morning, clouding in afternoon, heavy rain at night. Mowed the back lawn.

THURSDAY, MAY 10/84 Open-&-shut sky, warm in the sun. Walked on the golf course. A few young men playing, but pools of rain water remain. Heard (but did not see) a yellow-hammer.

Letter from a daughter (now 60-ish) of George Raine at North Sydney. Raine & I were operators on the old North Sydney wireless station in January 1920. He remained there & died two years ago. She has read all of my books, & wonders if the man Keane in "The Nymph & the Lamp" was modeled in some way on her father. Absolutely not! I didn't even know Raine played the piano.

FRIDAY, MAY 11/84 Fine & warm in town, much cooler on the golf course, where the SW wind blew over Port Mouton bay. Many tree swallows. A rabbit. Bear-dropping on No 4 fairway. Had my car washed by the automatic machine at Whynot's service station.

SUNDAY, MAY 13/84 Heavy rain all night. Sunny today. Dined at Huntis Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. My grandson Tom is coming home in June & will spend the summer here, working at the paper mill. He has spent the past 4 summers working in Hfx. or as a seaman on the "Bluenose", so his parents are pleased.

Grandson Blair has commenced his duties at Kejimkujik Park, checking the rainfall for acid fallout, & using his mother's car to get back & forth.

MONDAY, MAY 14/84 Cold & heavy rain all day. I made a fire in my livingroom hearth for the first time in many years (The chimney swifts which nest there will not be back from Peru for another week or two.) My oil furnace heats the house adequately, & I had almost forgotten how pleasant the sight & sound of a good wood fire can be in dreary weather like this.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16/84 Open-&-shut sky. Mowed front & side lawns in alternate sunshine & rain spatters.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1984 About 10 a.m. I noticed a male yellow warbler examining their old nesting site in a shrub outside my sun porch. So they are back from Mexico or central America! Over many years I have noted the first sighting, the average date May 22. At present the shrubs have not leafed out enough to hide a nest, so they will not begin to build for another week or two.

Phone call from my niece Carol Paisley. She & John arrived at their Mahone Bay house from Alabama at 7 a.m. They will call on me next week.

Today was sunny but the breeze was off the sea with a touch of ice. Mowed my back lawn.

I learn that Halla Belle, wife of my old friend & neighbor Ralph Johnson, died in the local hospital yesterday, after a long illness (Parkinson's disease). She was a pleasant woman, a native of Kentucky, twice widowed before her marriage to Ralph.

FRIDAY, MAY 18/84 Cold & wet. A young German woman named ELKE WILLMANN came this afternoon by appointment. She has lived some time in Canada & is fluent in English, at present employed by KATIMAVIK (an Innuit word). I have read a little of their activities. The idea is to make young Canadians from coast to coast acquainted with each other's history, geography, cultural activity, & work. Miss Willmann's group will arrive here in June, & will stay 9 months. She offered to pay me a fee for teaching the history of Queens County, but I said I do that all the time for nothing. She made an appointment for a first meeting at my house on the afternoon of Tuesday June 16th. I gave her a copy of "In My Time".

The mail brought a letter from the Writers' Union of Canada, an association of professional writers who "joined together in 1972 to protect our rights & improve our working conditions". At their annual general meeting, recently held in Ottawa, they voted to offer me an honorary membership, & hope I will be pleased to accept.

Tom & Pamela drove this afternoon to Moncton, where they will attend the Dennis-Bell wedding tomorrow & spend the weekend. They invited me to go with them but I did not feel up to it.

SATURDAY, MAY 19/84 A dull sky with moments of sunshine & spits of rain. A memorial service for Halla Belle Johnson in Zion Church this afternoon. The mail brought a cheque for $1,100.00

from Reader's Digest, Montreal, for the use of a condensed version of "The Trumpeter" in their June issue.

I have not noticed the yellow warbler since its brief appearance on May 17. Today, late in the afternoon, I saw a small bird investigating the same nesting site. It appeared to be a female finch of the so-called "purple" variety.

SUNDAY, MAY 20, 1984 The sun came through about 1 p.m. Did the weekly laundry; sprayed a solution of Killex on buttercup & other weeds in the back lawn; sprayed a solution of RX15 on my two small rosebeds, the bed under my study window where I shall plant petunias in another week, & around the weigelia by the garage; & sunned myself in a garden chair.

Dined with Tom, Pamela & Blair at Hunt's Point. Tom & Pam gave good accounts of the Dennis-Bell wedding & reception. About 250 people. My daughter Frances looking splendid, having taken off much excess weight. Jerry's great-grandmother Sutherland was there, an amazing old lady aged 93, just back from a flying trip to Seattle.

MONDAY, MAY 21/84 Victoria Day. Sunny & warm in the morning, overcast & threatening rain in the afternoon, when I walked on the golf course in a chilly breeze off the bay. The course is still sodden, with many pools, but a number of young men were gamely playing. Violets, white & blue, are in bloom; also wild strawberry, blue-eyed grass, etc. This evening a flutter of wings in the flue of my fireplace announced that the chimney swifts are back from Peru. Last year they arrived on May 19.

TUESDAY, MAY 22/84 Fine & warm, with cool air now & then from the sea — I could hear the foghorn at Western Head. Mowed front & side lawns, & then rested in a garden chair. My new roses appear to be thriving. Saw & heard a song sparrow for the first time this year. Caught a glimpse of a yellow warbler at the back fence. The shrubs are still only in half-leaf, not enough to screen a nest.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23/84 Overcast & cool; threatening rain. Mowed my back lawns thoroughly.

THURSDAY, MAY 24/84 Changed to summer underwear, cotton shorts & singlet, a great relief from "long johns" — & went to the supermarket in a cold drenching rain this morning. A few glints of sunshine & a very humid air this afternoon, when I planted petunias in the little bed under my study window. Blackflies a torment.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1984 Fine & warm in town, but when I walked at White Point this afternoon it was chilly in the wind off the bay. Noticed a pair of Baltimore orioles playing chase-me-Charlie in the shrubs outside my sunporch, & had a flying glimpse of what I took to be a king bird. Every day the little yellow warbler examines their old nesting place with restless activity, obviously impatient for the leaves to grow enough to hide a nest.

SATURDAY, MAY 26/84 Overcast, threatening rain. Drove to White Point at 1 p.m. for a walk, but found the golf club packed with cars & players for the long delayed official opening — no place for an ancient pedestrian limping on a stick. Drove on to Broad River & returned to town by the new highway.

SUNDAY, MAY 27/84 Overcast & warm. Noticed a catbird on my back lawn. For years they have nested in the thick shrubbery behind it. (Average date of arrival is May 26.) They winter around the Gulf of Mexico. Also saw a pair of goldfinches playing chase-me-Charlie; also the oriole. The yellow warbler continues to examine the old nesting site.

This afternoon by appointment I was visited by a Dartmouth high school student named Seema Rathee, of Pakistani origin but long resident in this country. She made a tape recording of her interview with me. She was accompanied by two sisters, one of whom is a dental school classmate of my grandson Tom.

MONDAY, MAY 28/84 Fine & warm. Cheque from McClelland & Stewart for $774.03, royalties for the six months ending Dec. 31/83. It shows sales of 1,582 books. Still in print & selling:- Hfx. Warden of the North, In My Time, Governor's Lady, Hangman's Beach, Rogue Sudden, Pride's Fancy, Her Majesty's Yankees, At the Tide's Turn, & The Nymph & the Lamp. All paperbacks except a few copies of In My Time.

Phone call from a singer of ballads & folk songs named Ed. McCurdy, age 62, American with a Canadian wife. Has performed all over North America, now settled at Halifax, where he will perform in the welcome to the "Tall Ships" — sailing vessels from all over the world which will be in Hfx for some days next month.

He will include in his program the ballad of Barrack Street, published by folklorist Helen Creighton & quoted in my history of Halifax. Wanted to know the story of Barrack Street. I told him.

Walked on the golf course under a grey sky threatening rain, which began to fall about 7 p.m. The temp. dropped to 44° F., & I was glad to draw my curtains & watch TV beside a good fire.

Wednesday, May 30, 1984 Overcast & damp. The cloud cover prevented seeing a partial eclipse of the sun between 12 noon & 2 p.m. Miss Williams brought 2 ~~cp~~ dozen copies of "The Mersey Story" for autographing. Also the first engraved plaque for the winner of the Raddall award. It is mounted on a remarkably good imitation of sand-worn driftwood from Sable Island. The banquet is to be held on Friday evening in the Legion hall. Dr. Mackay of Dalhousie will give the address, & I am asked to make a few appropriate remarks in presenting the award. About 160 people will attend, nearly all of them high school students, picked by their teachers, from various parts of western Nova Scotia.

THURSDAY, MAY 31/84 Rain again. I had hoped to ~~mow~~ mow some of the lawns today, as the grass is already a bit too long for effective mowing with my electrical machine. My lilacs & bush honeysuckle begin to bloom.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1/84 The wretched rains continue. Postcard from Terry & Karen Dennis, honeymooning in sunny Florida. At 6.15 the Bowater limousine took me to the Legion hall, where I was seated at the head table with Dr. Mackay on my right & Mrs. Weary on my left. Dr. Mackay's address was a heart-warming eulogy of me, and of painter Alex Colville and financier ~~Alan Bell~~ H.W. Killam — "Three West Nova Scotians whose works are known all over North America and beyond the seas." Then came my pleasant task of presenting the Raddall Award. The winner was a young woman from Pubnico, & the runner-up a young woman from Caledonia, both handsome & intelligent girls. Their essays were well researched & very well written, & the board of judges must have found it a difficult choice. Group photographs afterwards, in various arrangements.

Then about twenty of us removed to the Weary house for drinks & chat. Altogether a happy occasion for me & I hope for all of us.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2/84 Overcast & showers. The Anderssens returned from 3 weeks with their daughter & husband in B.C. I went over for a chat.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3/84 Open-&-shut sky but warmer & no rain. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom came back to town & worked hard for two hours, mowing the lank grass on my lawns. Cold tonight, 40° F.

MONDAY, JUNE 4/84 Overcast & chilly. There was a snowfall on the north tip of Cape Breton today. Took my car to the Rossignol

service station for the mandatory (gov't) annual checkup of brakes, lights etc., & for a grease job, oil change, & a thorough cleaning, inside & out.

I have had the car a little over a year. (June 1/83)

TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1984 Cloudy. Chilly at White Point in the sea breeze - my first walk in a week. Shortly after I got home there was a cloudburst lasting half an hour. Then the sun came out.

Rev. Bill Titus dropped in to tell me that he had arranged with the Advance to print my July 1 address in pamphlet form for distribution to the audience.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6/84 At last a fine hot day. In town it was 82° F. in the sun, cooler but pleasant at White Point, where I enjoyed a walk. Hardly any players on the golf course. My new petunias & roses are flourishing.

THURSDAY, June 7/84 Rain again, in cold showers. The official assessor for Queens-Shelburne came today & made a thorough inspection inside & outside the house, taking measurements, etc. These occasional inspections always precede a jump in the assessment, so I suppose we must expect it.

Erik came in this evening & we spent the time until midnight, chatting over drinks beside the fire.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8/84 57th. anniversary of my marriage to Edith. Summer arrived with bang, as it usually does after the cold east winds & rains of May & early June. Worked all morning on the address for July 1st. Tedious & slow because all of my research papers are in Dalhousie, & I have to check every item by memory & what references I can find here. Mowed front & side lawns this afternoon in a temp. of 86° F. in the shade, & with God knows what humidity.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9/84 Fine & very hot again. This morning I mowed the back lawn thoroughly (crosswise & lengthwise). Erik came over & joined me in sipping cold lager in the shade. In the afternoon I bathed, put on dry clothes, & sat watching championship tennis & golf on TV, with my big electric fan whirling five feet away.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10/84 These dates are muddled. My wedding day was June 9/27. Again a hot day. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd, Blair, & Chris & Peggy Clarke. The entree was a big plate of mussels, gathered this morning at Port Mouton, then charcoal-broiled steak with fresh vegetables & salad, dessert was fruit. Two wines. All delicious, & a break in my stride

dy. Chilly at White Point in the sea

The Writers' Union of Canada

NEWSLETTER

JUNE 1984 NUMBER 91

TOM RADDALL — HONORARY MEMBER

BRUCE ARMSTRONG

Tom Raddall, the Nova Scotia author known round the world today, spent a year in 1920 on myth-ridden Sable Island as a youthful "brass pounder" and immortalized the island in his novel, *The Nymph and the Lamp*. Many consider this novel to be one of his finest. A writer of short stories, historic novels, and history, he has been described as one of "the most consistently successful writers" in the country -- his many books have sold almost three million copies.

He is three time winner of the Governor-General's Award: *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek*, for fiction, 1944; *Halifax: Warden of the North*, for Creative Non-fiction, 1948; *The Path of Destiny*, for History, 1958. Tom has also been the recipient of the Lorne Pierce Medal by the Royal Society of Canada, "for distinguished service to Canadian literature".

Tom has received honorary doctorates from Dalhousie University, St. Mary's University, St. Francis Xavier University, and King's College -- all in Nova Scotia. His novel, *The Governor's Lady*, was awarded the $10,000 Doubleday Canadian Novel Prize in 1960. He has been elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada and made Officer of the Order of Canada.

Throughout his career Tom has proved himself not only to be an accomplished story-teller of the first rank, but a dedicated and meticulous historian. One writer described his talents this way:

> "...Raddall transcends mere historical narrative...he manages to recreate the historical moment which, through devices of fiction, we are allowed to experience with an immediacy that the historian is incapable of providing..."

Tom is one of the pioneers of historic fiction in this country and in the late 1930s, when he took that courageous step to quit his regular job and write, he may have been one of the few Canadians who wrote solely for a living. Now in his mid-seventies and living in Liverpool, N.S., Tom is still a lively, agreeable and handsome man who can keep anyone on the varnish of their chair for hours with impressions, stories, and anecdotes, all presented in the engaging style of an easy reconteur. It's a great honour to have this eloquent and distinguished writer as an honorary member of The Writers' Union of Canada.

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One copy of the READING AGREEMENT is enclosed with this newsletter. For additional copies, members can either request them from the office or photo-copy the Agreement.

Members should send out the Agreement -- in duplicate -- when contacted to do a reading/s. One copy should be retained by the host who should send back a signed copy to the author. The Agreement not only provides protection regarding fees, but also outlines responsibilities pertaining to meals, accommodations, travel, etc.

During the next year, members are requested to send in comments about the Agreement and make any suggestions for changes in the content of format.

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OUR BOOKS IN THE CURRICULUM

KARLEEN BRADFORD, Curriculum Chair

Enclosed with this Newsletter is a survey form entitled, OUR BOOKS IN THE CURRICULUM. Please complete a separate form for each of your own

LINKS WITH OUR ANCESTORS

EUGENE BENSON

In 1983 The Writers' Union of Canada decided to canvas Canadian universities to determine the extent to which one or more courses in Canadian literature were required for students in under-graduate and graduate programs in Canadian Studies, English Literature and North American Literature. The results published here are based upon responses from 49 universities or colleges in Canada; we are grateful to them for their co-operation.

We were astounded -- and shocked -- to discover that students could graduate from these programs in the majority of Canadian universities without being required to take a single course in the literature of their own country.

We are shocked because we believe that our writers play a very significant part in identifying and shaping our nationhood and in celebrating our history. As Margaret Laurence has written:

> "We stand in need of our Gods, and we need links with our ancestors, partly in order to determine who or what we are, to decide what we hope to become, and to know what sort of society we will try to form."

It is ironic that in many countries -- in the U.S., Australia and Europe -- there are flourishing Canadian Studies centres where foreign students study our literature with profit and delight. We issue this document* on the requirements for the study of Canadian Literature in various degree programs in Canadian universities in the hope that Canadian universities will take more seriously their grave responsibility to foster Canadian literature and will make one or more courses mandatory for students taking

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references I can find here.
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then charcoal-broiled steak with fresh vegetables & salad, dessert

routine. Tom 3rd., now sporting a black moustache, begins work with the paper mill next week.

MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1984 Fine & hot, but not so uncomfortably humid, & with refreshing little breeze. Did my laundry chores, got a haircut, & worked on the July 1 paper. Watered the petunias & roses with a solution of RX15.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13/84 Still fine & hot. Walked on the golf course & had a chat with John McCaul of London, Ontario, who lived for a few years at Mill Village & worked very hard for our historical society. He became president & was instrumental in getting the new museum. Halifax is all agog over a four-day visit by "The Tall Ships" — more than 50 sailing vessels of all sizes & rigs from Europe & the Americas, on their way from Bermuda to Quebec. Wish I could have been in Hfx to see them but my disabilities made it impossible. There was good coverage on TV & I had to be content with that.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14/84 Light rain all day, cooling things down rapidly. By evening I was shivering & shutting all the windows. Finished the address, which I have entitled "Casting Back". To add to my difficulties the right-hand lens of my glasses fell out of the frame & I have to use another pair that does not suit my eyes. I took the other pair to "Dr. Malek", a ~~Lebanese~~ Pakistani young woman who took over the optometric business on Market Street long operated by Robert Wile. After she & another young woman had fiddled with the glasses for some time she said she would have to send them to Halifax for repair. — a screw broken in the frame. Couldn't help feeling that Bob Wile could have fixed them in five minutes. ~~Tonight~~

FRIDAY, JUNE 15/84 Overcast with a chilly wind. Bill Titus called to pick up my address. Temp. tonight 42° F. Our June heat wave is definitely over.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16/84 Sunny & pleasant. Mowed front & side lawns, & at sundown watered the plants. For three days now the main Canadian TV networks (CBC & ATV) have shown, hour after hour, the Liberal convention at Toronto, where rival candidates have harangued a mob of delegates for the leadership, now that Trudeau is stepping down. All with the ape-imitation of U.S. political conventions — the bands, the shouting, the photographs pumping up & down on sticks, the silly hats & buttons. Does anybody but an idiot watch & listen to all this on a summer

day & evening? There is no relief from U.S. T.V. stations, for there the Democrats are in full blast, trying to select a candidate to oppose President Reagan next November.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1984 Fine & hot with a fresh W. breeze. Mowed the back lawns thoroughly. I rest at intervals, but I notice when I bathe after this work that the skin on my lame left ankle (the site of the operation) has turned a peculiar mottled brown with bluish edges. After an hour or two it is back to normal.

Dined at Hunt's Point with the whole family — Tom, Pamela, Tom 3rd., Blair, Debby & her boy friend. Tom 3rd. is working at the paper mill with the stevedores loading ships. Blair drives daily to & from his acid-rain checking job at Kejimkujik.

MONDAY, JUNE 18/84 Lovely day, sunny, fresh breeze, much dried air. Did my weekly laundry chores. Walked at White Point.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19/84 A slow cold rain all day & night. Francie phoned from Moncton with a belated greeting for Father's Day. She & Bill are coming here next month to attend a reunion of Liverpool High School students.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20/84 Mostly cloudy, hot & humid. This afternoon I pottered about the back lawn in a temp. of 85° F, weeding, clipping, etc. Noticed a catbird at the bird bath, & a song sparrow foraging on the lawn. The spirea shrubs are in full white blossom & the weigelias begin to open their buds. Lilacs are past their bloom.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21/84 Officially the first day of summer, & a good one it was, fine & hot, with a light breeze off the sea. I spent most of the afternoon on the golf course, mostly on my favourite seat at No. 4 tee, chatting with the players as they came along.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23/84 Open-&-shut sky, with a somewhat chilly NE wind. Mowed front & side lawns. Beer & chat with Erik on the back lawn.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24/84 Fine & warm, with gusts of cool air from the sea. Mowed my back lawns. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd. & Blair. The latter two had spent the afternoon on the Medway River, drifting down from Charleston to Mill Village on the inner tubes of car tires — "tubing". Distance about 2½ miles. With a stiff head wind it took all afternoon. An annual event. About 100 participants, male & female, mostly male.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26/84 A wet sea gale all day. The KATIMAVIK group arrived in a van at 2 p.m. per arrangement, a dozen young men & women between the ages of 18 & 22. One from B.C., one from Alberta, one from Manitoba, four from Ontario, four from Quebec. One of the Quebec girls could not speak

English, & a Montreal young man interpreted for her. I talked about the history & racial origin of Queens County people, pausing at intervals for the French interpreter. They were all very attentive & interested.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1984 Cloudy & cool. A woman from Ontario came with three of my books for autograph, & brought me some freshly dug clams from Bob Comer at Port Joli.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28/84 Fine & hot. Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course, in the fresh sea breeze. My weigelia shrubs are now in full scarlet blossom.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29/84 As yesterday. Liverpool's "Privateer Week", now an institution, opened tonight with a firework display on the river front opposite the town parking lot.

SUNDAY, JULY 1/84 Sunny & very hot for Canada Day. Son Tom & family picked me up at 10 a.m. & took me to Zion church for the service to mark Canada Day as well as the 225th anniversary of Liverpool's pioneers. The church was filled, with many standing. The town crier (appointed for Privateer Week, & in a costume borrowed from Halifax) rang his bell outside the church & read a proclamation. Then a Canadian Legion colour party marched in with their flags, followed by two ladies of the I.O.D.E. with theirs, then a colour party of the Air Cadets. The flags were placed in sockets in a half circle about the altar. The service followed, with two or three hymns, singing by the choir, readings from the scriptures by a lady member of the Canadian Legion & by John Leefe MPP. I made my way up to the rostrum with care (steps up & steps down are my greatest difficulty) & delivered my address, which I had timed for exactly 15 minutes.

At the close of the service the colour parties filed out with their flags, followed by the congregation. Many people came to shake my hand & congratulate me, among them a young man from Annapolis, who said he had driven over this morning to hear me. As I was going down the outside steps of the church I stumbled & nearly fell, but son Tom & others caught me neatly. I understand from Rev. Bill Titus that the full text of my address will be printed in the next issue of the Advance. Tom & family had affairs of their own this evening, so I dined at home. Ordinarily I would have driven to White Point to escape the heat, but the golf course is too crowded on summer weekends, so I stayed at home with every possible window open & my big electric fan six feet away.

MONDAY, JULY 2/84 Fine & very hot. Tom 2nd., Tom 3rd & Blair arrived at noon with their own electric mower, which Blair used to mow

my front & side lawns, while Tom 3rd. used my machine to mow the back lawn. Tom 2nd clipped shrubs & dumped the rubbish behind the back fence. Wearing nothing but bathing trunks, in a temperature about 90° F. in the shade, they worked like tigers & got the whole thing done in a little over an hour. Then after a quick beer & chat they departed cheerfully for the swimming pool at home, & I left for the golf course & the cool sea breeze.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1984 The heat wave continues. Each afternoon I spend two hours on the golf course. The sea fog lies just offshore, & the sea breeze is so chilly at my favourite spot (№ 4 tee) that I have to put on my old golf jacket & zip it up to the neck. Many visitors are playing now, & from time to time someone recognizes me & assures me that they have enjoyed my books. In town the temp. hovers about 80° F. in the daytime, cooling off at night. With the daily exercise & fresh air I feel remarkably well despite my aches & pains.

FRIDAY, JULY 6/84 A light drizzle last night & through this morning. No walk. What with the summer closure of the regional high school, & people away at their summer cottages or on vacation, our usually busy Park Street is comparatively quiet. Noticed at the bird bath a male goldfinch & a male oriole.

SATURDAY, JULY 7/84 Overcast, warm, drizzling now & then. At evening I joined a small party at the Anderssens' next door, to celebrate Erik's 83 rd. birthday. All old friends. Drinks, chat, & food. All very pleasant. Erik is bothered with asthma but is otherwise well, mows his own lawns, etc.

SUNDAY, JULY 8/84 Open-&-shut sky. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & the two boys. Tom 3rd. passed his exams. He was 12th. in a class of 40-odd.

TUESDAY, JULY 10/84 Dental session with son Tom at 1 p.m., then away to White Point & a slow walk around the golf course. After supper I had a visit by Arthur Baker, a boyhood neighbour of mine on Chebucto Road, Hfx, & a classmate at Chebucto School. I had not seen him since 1919. A bookkeeper in Hfx all his working life, he retired to West Dublin, Lun. Co., years ago

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11/84 Yesterday Mrs. Bagley did her usual weekly cleaning chores. Today she came at 8 a.m. & worked till noon, "house-cleaning" (started in May) my bedroom & the bathroom, hanging all my clothes outdoors to air in the sunshine, etc. Sunny & hot in town, very cool at White Point, where the sea fog lay against the point, & I had to wear my old golf jacket zipped up to the throat.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1984 A blazing hot day. Bill & Francie arrived from Moncton early this afternoon & will stay the weekend with me. The Liverpool regional high school is holding a reunion of students who were here in the 1940's & 1950's. — over 300 have registered, some from the U.S. as far away as Texas.

SATURDAY, JULY 14/84 Another scorcher. Bill mowed my lawns this morning. He & Francie went to Hunts Point this afternoon visiting several school friends of Francie who have taken two cottages there. I spent most of the afternoon on the golf course in the sea breeze, where I chatted with Arnold Patterson, of radio station CFDR, Dartmouth. In the evening Bill & Francie went to the Canadian Legion hall, where they joined the 300-odd Regional High School people for dinner & a dance. I read & watched TV, clad only in my pyjama trousers, with my big fan perched on a chair six feet away, until 1:30 a.m., when I retired to lie on my bed, sleepless in the heat. Bill & Francie got home at 2 a.m., & when they were settled I came downstairs, poured myself a stiff drink, & sipped it till 3 a.m., when I felt more like sleep.

SUNDAY, JULY 15/84 Another scorcher. This morning & afternoon Bill & Francie spent calling on various old friends. I walked on the golf course, where there was only a faint sea air. On my return Bill & Francie were packed up to return to Moncton, to organize the wedding of their daughter Stephanie ("Steffie") on July 28th. I had hardly seen them except at breakfast & lunch, but they had a busy & happy time with old school friends.

I dined at Hunts Point with Tom 2nd., Pam, Tom 3rd. & Blair.

MONDAY, JULY 16/84 Overcast with some showers.

TUESDAY, JULY 17/84 Sunny & very hot. Walked at White Point. Tom 3rd. came in for my golf cart & clubs, which I have given him. Mrs. Kitty Rose Barrow (nee MacDill) phoned from Mill Village inviting me to lunch on Friday. Her mother (Marilla) is there, now aged about 90.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18/84 Mailed a note to grand-daughter Stephanie Dennis, wishing her every happiness, & enclosing cheque for $1,000.00.

THURSDAY, JULY 19/84 A shower last night, thick fog on the shore, so stayed at home. My roses, including the old ramblers on the back fence, are flourishing, & so are the petunias.

FRIDAY, JULY 20/84 Clear & very hot. At 12:30 John & Dorothy Wickwire picked me up & took me to MacDill's house at Mill Village, where our fellow guests at luncheon were Miss Isabel MacNeil, "Nonie"

Bebe (I didn't catch her married name) whom I met years ago, & of course Tom & Kitty Rose Barrow. I had a long & pleasant chat with Marilla especially. A delicious lunch. All very pleasant. Home at 3 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1984 Fine & hot. This morning I mowed the front & side lawns thoroughly, & watered the roses & petunias. I am reading "Journeys" by Jan Morris, & a re-issue of Evelyn Waugh's travel essays in the 1930's, both writers with flair & wit.

SUNDAY, JULY 22/84 Again hot, but with a fresh W. breeze. In the morning I mowed the back lawns. All my lawns begin to show patches of brown from the lack of rain. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tom's well is low, for the first time ever.

TUESDAY, JULY 24/84 A few light showers yesterday, not enough to do any good. Today was overcast, hot & humid. I walked at White Point in the air of a steam bath. About 4 p.m. a fresh NW breeze sprang up & cleared the sky, but the temp. remained at 84° F., & it was a hot night & I slept only fitfully.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25/84 A delightful day. Brisk wind from NW cleared away all the fog & humidity, & at White Point one could see clear to the horizon for the first time in weeks.

THURSDAY, JULY 26/84 Same weather. Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course enjoying the cool sea breeze. Many players, including some who assured me they had read all my books. At home I watered the petunias & all my roses with a generous RX 15 solution. At 7 p.m. I got out my hose & turned on the sprinkler on the back lawn, which is burned brown. Left it on all night.

Bird note: the yellow warblers, which have nested by my sun porch for so many years, deserted their old stand this year & nested somewhere in the shrubbery behind my back fence. This evening I was delighted to see the new family, 4 immatures, enjoying the spray from my garden hose.

FRIDAY, JULY 27/84 Overcast & humid. Walked at White Point, where the sea was flat calm, & not enough breeze to stir the flags.

Tom, Pamela & Blair left for Hfx., where they will pick up Debby & go on to Moncton for the wedding tomorrow.

A light rain began about dusk & continued most of the night. Not enough to do much good.

SATURDAY, JULY 28/84 Drizzle this morning, clearing & very hot in the afternoon. Mrs. Helen Lee came in about 3 p.m. with her guest Miss Frances MacLennan, sister of novelist Hugh MacLennan. (She wore a wedding ring & diamond ring on the third finger of her right hand, so I

presume there was a divorce & she goes by her maiden name.) She is 82, very bright & talkative. Mrs Lee also brought the first five chapters of the book she is writing on her missionary parents. Asked me to read & criticize it "without mercy". The ladies left at 5, & I whipped up a cold supper.

SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1984 Sunny with a fresh sea breeze. Walked at White Point. Dined with Tom 2, Tom 3, Blair & Pamela. They report a fine time at the Moncton wedding. My grandson Gregory Dennis has moved from Moncton to Chatham N.B. where he has got a better job with Atlantic T.V., photographing & reporting in the Miramichi area.

MONDAY, JULY 30/84 Fine & hot. Busy all morning with my weekly laundry chores, & in the afternoon with banking & shopping.

What with political campaigns in the U.S. & Canada, & the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, the television is a desert nowadays for anyone who does not like political jawing, or the repetitious spectacle of people running, jumping, swemming, etc. The TV networks go mad over these things, but how many people watch & listen to this stuff, especially in hot summer weather?

TUESDAY, JULY 31/84 Fine & hot. Walked at White Point, where I met grandson Tom playing with my clubs & cart. He has taken up the game with enthusiasm, after some lessons from the pro.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 1/84 Again fine & hot, & the pleasant walk at White Point, chatting with the passing players. The course is parched & turning brown in many places (like my lawns at home) for lack of rain.

THURSDAY, AUG. 2/84 Same weather & walk. Hardly a breath of air stirring. Watered my petunias & roses. I weigh 176 lbs naked.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3/84 The hottest day yet, but a fresh cool breeze for my walk at White Point. Miss MacLennan phoned, conveying greetings from brother Hugh, with whom she had been talking on the phone last night. "I have always had a great admiration for Tom, as a writer and as a man." Mrs. Lee dropped in to pick up her typescript with my suggestions, & to chat about the prospects of getting it published. I cautioned her about that, pointing out that while it would have great interest for people like me, it could have no wide appeal to the general public, & publishers are interested only in books that will sell in large numbers. This applies especially to my own publishers (M&S), who are in financial difficulties.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1984

The hottest day yet. Enjoyed my usual two hours at White Point. Very few players in the afternoon heat. The CNR are busy removing the ties & rails from their abandoned line between Liverpool & Yarmouth, & I could hear the locomotive horn of a work train somewhere about Port Mouton — the last time that sound will ever be heard hereabouts.

Phone call this evening from my sister Nellie at her summer place in Oakland — a surprise. She came, all alone, by air via Montreal & Halifax a week or so ago. She & sisters Winifred & Hilda are coming to see me on Aug. ~~27~~ 17, bringing luncheon with them.

SUNDAY, AUG. 5/84 Hotter every day. Today the temp. in the sun was 98° F, & I found little relief at White Point, where the small airs across the bay were alternately cool & hot. Tom & family are joining in the annual day-long picnic on Port Mouton island with their friends, so I dined at home.

TUESDAY, AUG. 7/84 Yesterday the same. Today more comfortable, due to the sea fog moving in. Walked at White Point, but did not linger by the water. Saw a catbird at my bird bath.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8/84 Some light showers this morning, not enough to do any good. A man from the Kingston "Whig Standard" called in today. His name escapes me but I have had correspondence with him years ago about the origin of ice hockey in Halifax. He is writing a book on the history of ice hockey in Canada.

Pamela invited me to supper. She had a fresh salmon, caught by her brother Bill White in the Upsalquitch River, N.B. Debby, Tom & Blair were there, & we enjoyed the salmon, boiled, with egg sauce & fresh vegetables. Dense fog. I drove home at 7:30 with my car headlights full on, & had to go slowly in places at that.

THURSDAY, AUG. 9/84 Fog & occasional light showers. Anniversary of my father's death in 1918.

Saturday, AUG. 11/84 Same weather, humid & sticky, no exercise. I find myself yawning frequently through the day & evening, not because I'm sleepy but because I'm bored.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12/84 Light but steady rain all day. Warm & sticky. Dined at Hunts Point with the whole Raddall family. Afterwards Pam left with Debby for Hfx, & I returned home while the daylight was still good. Thick fog on the shore.

MONDAY, AUG. 13/84 Rain all morning. Then the sun got through & the temp. was 98° in the sun by noon. With the ground well soaked, the

humidity was terrific. I did my weekly laundry chores & sat the rest of the day & evening wearing nothing but cotton under-shorts & socks, in the breeze from my big fan, re-reading Jerry Allen's life of Joseph Conrad.

TUESDAY, AUG. 14, 1984 Same weather, breathless, humid, showers in the morning, sun breaking through in late afternoon with terrific heat. Weather bureau calls it "a stagnant mass of unstable air which will persist for some days yet, with dense fog on the coast."

Ralph Johnson called my attention to the wooden gutter on the S.E. corner of my house. It has rotted & parted from the house frame. I have suspected these old gutters for some time, & I suspect that the rot extends to the frame.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15/84 Same uncomfortable weather. Mrs. Alyce Cheska called to say Hello. She is on her way to join a painting class at Stonehurst — the late Jack Grey's old stamping (or painting) ground.

My lawns have recovered considerably from the drought, & son Tom came this afternoon & mowed them. They haven't been mowed since July 22.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16/84 Same weather. In the afternoon, in the hope of some relief, & because I was bored with sitting over books in front of the fan, I drove to Summerville; but there was the same unmoving mass of steamy clouds overhead & the same steam-bath atmosphere.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17/84 Another day in the tropical swamp. My sisters Nellie (83) Winifred (79) & Hilda (70) arrived at noon in Hilda's car, bringing with them sandwiches for lunch. Considering our age & various infirmities we all look remarkably well, & we enjoyed an old-fashioned family chat. They left for Malone in a thunder-shower about 3 p.m.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18/84 Sun & cloud, warm but not so humid. Bill Connolly, contractor, came & looked at the rotten gutters. His carpenters are very busy, but he will try to have one here during the last week of this month.

Enjoyed a walk at White Point after many days without exercise in the horribly humid weather. The sun was hot but the sea breeze was delightful, & the steamy fog had vanished over the horizon.

SUNDAY, AUG. 19/84 Pleasant day. Open-&-shut sky. Cirrus clouds. Hot in the sun. Fresh sea breeze. Walked at White Point. Dined at Hunt's Point. Bird note: Tom saw a small flock of wild geese today, heading for Port Joli. The swifts which nest in my fireplace chimney have ceased fluttering, & presumably have departed for their winter resort in Peru.

MONDAY, AUG. 20, 1984 Rain all day. Busied myself with laundry & other household chores & did not leave the house.

TUESDAY, AUG. 21/84 A delightful day, sunny & warm, with a fresh NW wind. Had a visitor this morning, Lawrence Wickwire, younger brother of Dr. John, whom I had not seen for at least 40 years. We both worked for Mersey Paper Co. in the 1930's, he as a draftsman in the engineering office, the only job he could get in those hard times, although he was a recent graduate of N.S. Tech with a certificate in mechanical engineering. He joined the RCAF in 1939, served overseas. Then he served as chief engineer in paper mills in Quebec & Newfoundland, & then on various well paid jobs in Iraq, Rhodesia, Singapore, etc. Now retired in Vancouver.

Mrs. Helen Lee phoned. She had visited the Dalhousie archives, & obtained photo-copies of the picture of my father with two or three other young marines in the compound of the British consulate at Seoul, circa 1896. Asked permission to include it in her book. Granted.

Spent most of the afternoon on the golf course

Bird note: the solitary robin which has foraged on my back lawn for several weeks has been joined by two migrant robins, apparently stopping over on their way south.

Book note: Hemeon's drug store keeps a complete stock of my books that are still in print. I looked in there today & found that M&S have issued reprints this year of their New Library (paperback) editions of "At the Tide's Turn" & "The Nymph & The Lamp", with new cover designs. Also this year they have reprinted "Halifax, Warden of the North".

Arthritis in my fingers gets worse all the time, & I write with difficulty & pain.

FRIDAY, AUG. 24/84 Showers last night & today, sometimes heavy. A man named Johnson from New Glasgow, a collector of my books, came today by appointment with a large cartoon of them for autographing.

Letter from Atlantis Films Ltd., Toronto, enquiring about the film & TV rights in my short story "The Trumpeter", & offering $3,000 for them. They specialize in half-hour plays made from Canadian short stories, & have done stories by Mordecai Richler, Earl Birney, Margaret Laurence etc. with considerable success.

SATURDAY, AUG. 25/84 Fine & warm. This afternoon Frank & Molly Covert celebrated their 50th. wedding anniversary with a cocktail party at their Hunts Point home. I attended with Tom & Pam. About 30 people including their own sons & daughter. All very pleasant. Home about 6 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 26, 1984 Sunny & warm, with just the right sea breeze. Spent most of the afternoon at White Point. Many players. Noticed a small group of wild geese heading for Port Joli.

Wrote the Atlantis Film Co. saying that my price is $5,000.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. The dish was fine big scallops gathered at Port Joli this afternoon by Blair & his scuba-diving chum. All the vegetables from Tom's garden. Delicious.

Tom tells me that Frank Covert is gradually retiring, but keeps his office in Halifax. The famous old law firm of Stewart, MacKeen & Covert is now headed by a man named Mingo, I think a son of Col. Mingo, whom I knew in Hfx. forty-odd years ago.

MONDAY, AUG. 27/84 Fine & hot, after a cool night. Worked at my weekly laundry chores etc. this morning. Mowed front & side lawns in the afternoon, drenched with sweat. A busy day.

TUESDAY, AUG. 28/84 Same lovely weather. Connolly brought 2 carpenters at 8 a.m. They erected metal scaffolding on the house front to the upper eaves, & worked all day removing the old wooden gutters on the first & second stories.

I walked at White Point.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29/84 Overcast & humid. Walked at White Point. The two carpenters worked all day & are getting on well with the job. So far they have found no rot in the "flashing" behind the old wooden gutters except for one 9-foot section, & I am much relieved. I had expected a lot of it.

THURSDAY, AUG. 30/84 Lovely day. Walked at White Point. Carpenters did not work today, as Connolly had placed them on an emergency job somewhere else. They will be back tomorrow.

FRIDAY, AUG. 31/84 Overcast, very humid, fog on the shore, so I stayed at home. The two carpenters worked all day, & pretty well finished installing the new plastic gutters & downspouts. They are to build a new laundry platform, as the old one had become rickety & dangerous.

SATURDAY, SEP. 1/84 A shower in the night. The sky cleared in the afternoon, hot sun, brisk NW breeze. The carpenters did not work today. I walked at White Point & dined at Hunt's Point, as the Raddalls are dining at Greenfield tomorrow. On Monday Blair leaves for Acadia & Tom 3rd. leaves for Dalhousie, so the house at Hunt's Point will be very quiet after the summer's activity.

SUNDAY, SEP. 2, 1984 The wonderful weather continues. At White Point today there was a stiff NW wind making trouble for the golfers.

At last the yammer of politics has ceased in Canada — the election is on Tuesday. All the sampling polls give the P.C.'s a clear majority, even in Quebec.

MONDAY, SEP. 3/84 A low ceiling of grey cloud, with a light SE air. Walked at White Point.

TUESDAY, SEP. 4/84 Overcast & cool. Connolly's men came this morning & finished their job, including the new laundry platform. By 1 p.m. they had cleaned up the mess & departed with the rubbish. I received a letter from Atlantis Films agreeing to pay $5,000 cash for the film & TV rights in "The Trumpeter".

This is election day, & this morning I voted for Lloyd Crouse, the long-time member for Lunenburg-Queens; & of course for a new PC government. When the returns began to come in, the PC's had all 9 seats in mainland N.S., the Liberals had 2 in Cape Breton. The trend was the same in Nfld. & N.B.; & on the Atlantic returns alone the CBC predicted a landslide for the PC's right across Canada. It was correct. The Mulroney victory is even greater than Diefenbaker's in 1958 — an unwieldy majority containing many opposed or uncompromising elements.

THURSDAY, SEP. 6/84 Showers yesterday, overcast & cool today. This afternoon Eric Mullin, Caledonia, interviewed me with a tape recorder for a book he is writing for the Bowater Mersey Paper Co. It will contain the story (rather than the history) of Mersey's logging operations from the beginning in 1929.

At 7 p.m. Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto. Under our contract for the performing rights in "His Majesty's Yankees" he & his partners are to pay me $15,000 on Sep. 9, thus making the final payment on the property. He now says they cannot make the payment until later in the week Sep. 9 - Sep. 15. I said I would go along with that. But I have a strong hunch that he will want another postponement for six months or a year. This affair has been dragging on for over three years.

FRIDAY, SEP. 7/84 Sunny after a very cool night. This afternoon I went over the lawns close to the house, picking up nails, splinters & chunks of rotten wood missed by the carpenters in their cleanup. Very painful to my back & hip in this stooping posture. Then I mowed the back lawn, pausing to rest at intervals.

SATURDAY, SEP. 8, 1984 After a cool night a lovely sunny day. Walked at White Point. A great crowd of golfers. Home at 3 p.m., in time to watch the semi-finals of the U.S. open ~~golf~~ tennis championship. They went on steadily until past midnight, as one TV announcer put it, "The best display of tennis ever seen in the United States". First there was a long & brilliant battle between the impassive Czech named Lendl & a temperamental young Australian named Cash, won by ~~the~~ Lendl. Then another long bout between the Czech woman ~~Navra~~ MARTINA NAVRATILOVA & American Chris Evert Lloyd, old rivals, won by the Czech, who looks & plays like a man. Finally a long bout between old rivals John McEnroe & Jimmy Connolly, won by McEnroe.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 12/84 ~~Showers~~. Letter from Waldmann purporting to confirm our phone talk on ~~Sep.~~ 6. He writes that I agreed to a delay of "two weeks", & adds that he hopes to make the final payment of $15,000 "when we receive these funds". I wrote a stiff reply pointing out his error, & adding that if there is any further delay in payment I shall hold him to the Literary Purchase Agreement which specified final payment on or before Sep. 9, 1984.

THURSDAY, SEP. 13/84 Lovely day, warm sun, light sea breeze, a few mares' tails in the high sky. Mrs. Helen Lee came this morning & presented me with a hand-wrought silver card-case made in 1908 for her missionary parents Rev. & Mrs. D.M. MacRae by a Korean silversmith. With it was a card thanking me "for the pleasure you have given through your books, and for your patience in allowing me to call on you for advice." She goes to Ottawa this weekend to attend a ceremony at the Korean embassy, where she will be honoured for her own services in Korea, & for the collection of Korean art & artifacts which she has presented to the Canadian National Museum.

Had a pleasant walk on the golf course. Very few players.

The Pope arrives in Halifax tonight on his flying tour of Canada. He will sleep there, take part in ceremonies all day Friday, & leave for Ontario on Friday night. Tremendous preparations everywhere, costing millions of dollars, mostly Canadian federal & provincial taxpayers' money. About 45% of all Canadians are Catholics, but nowadays only 30%, ~~&~~ (50% in Quebec) attend church regularly, & there is much opposition to the Pontiff's rigid views on birth control & the place of women in the Roman church.

FRIDAY, SEP. 14, 1984

Light rain all day. Invitation to give a reading of my work at Harbourfront, the federal govts. 92 acre arts & recreation park on the lake front at Toronto. Their brochure calls it "the premier showcase of writing talent in Canada", & they offer to pay my travel expenses there & back, plus hotel accommodation, plus a $500 fee.

I replied with my regrets owing to age & physical disabilities.

SATURDAY, SEP. 15/84 Light rain all day, heavy tonight, the fringe effect of a hurricane called Diana, which has ravaged the coast of North Carolina & is now petering out over the ocean to the south of us. After the fine summer & the almost daily walks at White Point, I find confinement to house boring to the extreme, especially with the TV absorbed in the Pope's tour, American politics, baseball & football etc.

SUNDAY, SEP. 16/84 Fine & warm. Walked at White Point. Dined with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, SEP. 17/84 Lovely day. Walked at White Point. Saw a lone surf scoter just off No 4 tee.

TUESDAY, SEP. 18/84 Fine, after a cold night. (Mrs. Bagley installed my electric blanket this morning.) Peter Waldmann phoned from Toronto about 11 a.m., said he had just got my letter. (It was written on Sep 12.) Sorry about the misunderstanding. He now hopes to have the money "the week after next". I said "That is the old Kathleen Mavourneen proposition – it may be for years & it may be forever." He went on repeating, as usual. I said "For the record, I do not approve any of this", and hung up.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 19/84 Fine & warm. ~~Peter Waldmann~~ Mowed my front & side lawns for the first time since Aug. 27. The turf is full of brown patches, caused by a minute bug that eats the grass roots.

Austin Parker dropped in. Years ago, in his second-hand Gypsy Rover, he took Hector Dunlop & me over new & old logging roads to the so-called "Indian Lookout", where Annapolis, Digby & Queens counties almost come together. With its tall wheels the Rover carried us over rocks & stumps with ease. Lately he & Hector have been talking about doing it again, & I was willing. However, Hector's son Jack, woodlands manager for Bowater Mersey, took a dim view of three very old men in the remote backwoods in a very old Rover. He proposes that we make the journey in a Bowater truck, with a knowledgable driver, some time in October. Also Jack hinted that he might be able to arrange a trip by helicopter to our old camp at Eagle Lake. We are delighted.

THURSDAY, SEP. 20, 1984

Sunny & warm, with a fresh E. breeze. Mowed my back lawn, afterwards chatted with Erik over ale on the lawn.

FRIDAY, SEP. 21/84 Sunny with cool NW breeze. Walked at White Point. Bought a jar of DIAZINON to spray on my lawns in an effort to kill the "chinch bugs" which are eating the grass roots.

SATURDAY, SEP. 22/84 Same fine weather & walk at White Point. Letter from Terry Dennis' bride Karen, thanking me for the wedding gift, & enclosing news clippings etc of the wedding last May. They plan to visit me on the occasion of my birthday in November.

SUNDAY, SEP. 23/84 Overcast & mild. Dined with Tom & Pam, just back from a flying trip to Boston & Cape Cod.

MONDAY, SEP. 24/84 Sunny & mild. Erik brought his power sprayer & went over my back lawn inch by inch, using a mixture of 4½ ounces Diazinon to 5 gallons water, first soaking the lawn with my water hose. It took about 3 hours.

TUESDAY, SEP. 25/84 Sunny & very warm. This afternoon Erik did the side & front lawns. I could do little to help except to provide the Diazinon, & I bought enough to do his lawn as well. It costs about $14.00 per quart.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 26/84 Overcast & mild, foggy on the shore, so no walk. At 1:30 p.m. Waldmann phoned to say that he & his partners have raised the $15,000 for final payment, & will wire it to my bank here this afternoon.

THURSDAY, SEP. 27/84 Overcast & cool. Joyce Barkhouse has sent me a copy of the typescript of her biography of my life, written for teenagers. After long delay caused by financial difficulties of the original Clark Irwin firm, she now has a firm contract with the new Irwin Publishing Inc., Toronto.

Necessarily brief & incomplete (as she admits) it runs to about 80 typewritten pages & will contain about a dozen illustrations. I made several corrections. The style is a bit gushy here & there, but let that go.

This afternoon the Royal Bank reported that Waldmann's $15,000.00 had been ~~placed~~ deposited in my savings account there.

News:- The Ontario gov't. has lent McClelland & Stewart 2½ million dollars to bail them out of their long continued financial difficulties. This in addition to previous loans. However, the gov't. says this is the last.

FRIDAY, SEP. 28/84 Sunny but cool. Feel very unwell, with severe pain in the left side of my lower back, & dizziness. Nevertheless I drove downtown & posted a letter of receipt to Waldmann. I think my ailment is an old one, a "floating kidney", which has bothered me at intervals for years. Eventually it drifts back into place.

SATURDAY, SEP. 29, 1984 Overcast & cool. The pain in my left loin has subsided considerably but there are sharp twinges now & then. Mailed Joyce Barkhouse's script with corrections.

SUNDAY, SEP. 30/84 Mostly sunny, cool E. breze. My kidney ailment has improved, & this afternoon I able to walk at White Point for the first time in more than a week. At 4 p.m. I had a phone call from Ron Wallace, mayor of Halifax. The city council is setting up an honorary post to be called Honorary Town Major, to be awarded annually to persons who have given distinguished service to the city in one way or another, particularly with regard to its history. They would like me to be the first recipient. He will write me details. I agreed. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, OCT. 1/84 Drizzling rain. Wrote Frank Covert advising him that I have received from Waldmann the final payment on H.M.Y.

News:- Nova Scotia is to have a provincial election on Nov. 6. Premier Buchanan has been in office only three years but he has decided to ride the Tory tide following the federals. So we are to have another yammer of politicians. The presidential campaign in the U.S. is waxing noisily also.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3/84 Same weather. I note in this weeks "Advance" that an Ontario newsman recently visited Liverpool, which he had not seen since 1940. He told the Advance that the "Welcome to Liverpool" signs at the east & west approaches should have "Home of Thomas H. Raddall" painted on it, as an attraction to tourists & a tribute to me. A tribute perhaps, but tourists, no!

THURSDAY, OCT. 4/84 The fourth consecutive day of Aprilish weather — drizzle, showers, glints of sunshine, gusty winds. Today I sent a cheque for $1,000.00 to Zion church, my annual contribution. And a cheque for $1,000.00 to the Queens Branch, Victorian Order of Nurses, who do much good work among the poor, & are in need of funds.

FRIDAY, OCT. 5/84 Sun & cloud, & a roaring NW gale, temp 45° F. at noon. I pulled up the petunias (some still in bloom) so I could get at the air vent under my study window, removing the insect screen & sealing it for the winter. Stowed the bird bath in the garage. Removed the litter of dead ash twigs thrown down by the gale so far. Shut off the outdoor water tap.

SUNDAY, OCT. 7/84 A frost last night, the first of the season. Snow fell yesterday on the Cape Breton highlands. Today the temp. here rose to 60°, with bright sunshine & a light W. breze. Walked on the golf course for the first time since Sep. 30. The autumn colours, especially the maples, are now at their best. Dined at Hunts Point with the whole Raddall family, home for Thanksgiving. Daughter Frances phoned to wish me a happy holiday.

MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1984

Sunny & warm, wind SW. Busy all morning with laundry & other household chores. Walked on the golf course in the afternoon.

TUESDAY, OCT. 9/84 Open-&-shut sky, warm, light NE breeze. Walked at White Point. The fall swarm of small blackflies & midges were a nuisance, not biting but crawling into one's ears, eyes & nostrils.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10/84 Sunny, cool, light SE breeze. At White Point saw a lone wild goose flying towards Port Joli. Some deer tracks on No 7 fairway. Gerald Freeman phoned again regarding the "Bouncing Polly", said to have been captured by an American privateer in 1776. She was owned in part or in whole by Simeon Perkins. He & associates in the new tavern off Legion Street are naming their taproom The Bouncing Polly, & are having a marine artist do a large oil painting. What sort of rig? Sails? Guns? Hull? Crew? & so on. Told him what I could.

This evening Austin Parker came in for a chat about the proposed trip to Indian Lookout, which we should make before the deer season starts, & while the hardwoods are in full colour. He tells me he will be 89 next week. Still a straight 6 feet tall. Almost blind in one eye with cataract. He wants to have it removed, but his doctor keeps putting him off.

FRIDAY, OCT. 12/84 Same lovely weather, yesterday & today, with walks on the course at White Point. There today I met Bruce & Jean Docherty who were unable to get here last summer, but have come for a few days at Mill Village, bringing with them her mother, my old friend Marilla MacDill. A notice in this week's Advance warns townspeople that Town Lake is dangerously low, & water rationing may be imposed if we fail to get heavy rains within a week or two.

SUNDAY, OCT. 14/84 Overcast with a chilly E. wind, so no walk. Dined at Hunts Point with Pamela. Tom & dog Sandy are in N.B. on the annual woodcock hunt.

MONDAY, OCT. 15/84 Same weather. Had a malaise all day, wretched dizziness, nose bleeding. Nevertheless I went downtown, got a haircut & my mail.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17/84 Sunny, with a cool NW breeze. At 9 a.m. Austin Parker & I were picked up by R.K. Mackinnon in a Bowaters Mersey van. R.K. is assistant to Jack Dunlop, woodlands manager for Bowaters, who laid on the trip. Hector, Jack's father, was also in the van. We drove to Caledonia, thence over good gravel roads through West Caledonia & Whitburn to the Kejimkujik River, which we crossed on the Bowaters Bridge. Thence by increasingly rough roads up the east side of the

Shelburne River past Sand Lake & Dunn Lake to the so-called Indian Lookout, where you can stand on a massive granite outcrop & look over pie-like segments of Digby, Annapolis & Queens counties. To the north you can see Siskech Lake & beyond it Irving Lake. To the S.E. a glimpse of Lake Rossignol. Dunlop, Parker & I had visited the Lookout in 1966 but never since. Visitors have each added a stone to the cairn made by surveyors long ago, & we found the sea-polished stone from Ballast Cove in Liverpool which Dunlop brought there, incised with his name & the date, 18 years ago. I had some difficulty in scrambling up the rock, but made it, & we stood together for photographs. I had on my reversible green-scarlet hunting coat (which I have not worn in at least 20 years) but even so I found the NW wind very cold in that exposed spot.

Then we drove S.E., crossed over Jobsatie Brook, & on to the "new" Camp One, a much smaller & well equipped building on the site of the original, which I know so well in the years 1931-1951. Waiting for us was Bowater's boss of Rossignol operations, a tall auburn haired man named Brian Purdy, who had read all my books & proved it by discussing them. (Being a Mersey woodsman, naturally his favourite is "The Wings of Night.") He & R.K. served us drinks, & then a huge meal of delicious beef stew, with mashed potatoes, pumpkin, etc., & apple pie. As I had eaten nothing since yesterday's dinner at 5 p.m. I was ready for it. Afterwards we sat spinning yarns for an hour or so. Then we set off again in the van, crossing ~~Kelburne~~ Shelburne River at the familiar Pollard's Falls. The Bowater Company, & the provincial Dept. of Lands & Forests, have created a maze of gravel roads ("access roads") for fire protection etc. in the beautiful woods west of Lake Rossignol, & we made our way past the so-called Caduesky (really Kedooske) Lake, & Keith Lake, the north tip of Kempton Lake, crossing over Kempton Brook to No 2 dam on the Mersey River, down the Mersey River road, & then home about 4 p.m.

Although the red maples are bare, we passed much beautiful foliage. All the streams very low after the long drought, & Lake Rossignol much shrunken & revealing a wide rim of exposed flowage with its old stumps like rotten teeth.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19/84 Sunny & cool yesterday & today. This afternoon I walked around the golf course. A fine surf breaking on White Point beach. The tee benches have been stowed away for the winter, but I rested in the rain shelters at No 3 & No 5 greens. Soon, alas, my walks will be over for the next six months.

Lake Rossignol, & we made our way past the

At Indian Lookout, Queens County, Oct. 17, 1984

left to right: Hector Dunlop, Tom Raddall, Austen Parker
age 85 age 81 age 89

camera faces north, looking over the junction of
Queens, Digby and Annapolis counties

Hickock Lake in left background

SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1984

Overcast & mild. This afternoon Albert Whynot's son came & cut back the shrubs along the south wall of my house & along the south wall of the back lawn. Some had grown 10 to 12 feet tall. He cut them back to about 5 feet, & trucked the debris away to the municipal incinerator at Western Head. Fee $40.00

SUNDAY, OCT. 21/84 Sunny, mild & calm. Had a good walk on the golf course. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Roast partridge & woodcock with wine sauce — the product of Tom's hunting in N.B. last week. He & his party (5 guns) got a dozen partridge & about 100 woodcock.

TUESDAY, OCT. 23/84 Light rain all day. George Coombs came in for a chat & to get my autograph on half a dozen of my books, all first editions. Born & raised in Milton, a nephew of my old friend Seward Coombs, he has worked many years in B.C. Tall & broadshouldered like all the Coombs men, he flies here from time to time to visit his parents, Gerald Coombs & wife.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24/84 The sun came out of the clouds this afternoon & the temp. was mild, a lovely day for a walk, but the golf course is drenched & I had to content myself with some puttering about my back lawn. I have not heard from Atlantis Films since Sep. 4, & presume they have changed their minds about paying $5,000 for the film & TV rights to "The Trumpeter".

THURSDAY, OCT. 25/84 Sunny & mild. Walked at White Point. McClelland & Stewart are repeating their Fall bargain sale, to reduce warehouse stocks in time for the Christmas trade. They have sent me a list which includes "The Governor's Lady" and "Hangman's Beach," both reduced from $7.95 to $2.98. I note that all of Pierre Berton's numerous books are offered at similar reductions, several of Farley Mowat's, several of Margaret Atwood's, two of Margaret Laurence's, two of Mordecai Richler's.

SATURDAY, OCT. 27/84 Sun & cloud. I awoke feeling wretched. In addition to the usual morning dizziness, a sudden attack of diarrhoea. I drove downtown for the mail but stayed indoors the rest of the day.

SUNDAY, OCT. 28/84 Dark, moist, mild. Put my clocks back one hour to standard time. This makes it impossible for me to dine at Hunts Point & get back under my own steam before dark, so son Tom picked me up & brought me back.

TUESDAY, OCT. 30/84 Rain all day yesterday, so I stayed indoors suffering wretched spells of dizziness until evening. Today was sunny & mild.

Again the dizzy spells, but I had an hour's walk on the golf course.

At 2:30 I phoned John Oyler, of Burns, Fry & Co, Halifax, & told him to buy 600 shares of Royal Bank common stock. This will bring my holding of R.B.C. to an even 5,000 shares.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1984 Sunny, mild, calm. Walked at White Pt. CBC Toronto want to re-run their TV play of "The Wedding Gift", originally shown in 1981 & again in 1983. They will pay $500 for a one-shot showing on the national network in December. Wrote agreement.

This is Hallowe'en. Between 6 & 8 o'clock, when I shut off my porch light & locked the door, I had about 120 visitors.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1/84 Cloudy with sunny patches & a cold breeze from the sea. For my walk at White Point I wore my old winter-walk coat. It is black, wind & rain proof, lined with artificial fur from shoulders to waist, & reaches to just below the knees. Six people playing golf, three men & their wives.

FRIDAY, NOV. 2/84 More cloud than sun, but very mild, & when I walked at White Point my old light golf jacket was actually a bit too warm. Saw a small flock of what I took to be sanderlings, flitting along the shore near No 6 tee.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4/84 Mild, but a chilly sea breeze, so no walk. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam — roast pheasant, with Pam's wine sauce.

On his pheasant hunt with Sherman Hines, Chris Clark & King Cochrane, last week, Tom got 7 birds. Altogether they got 21, ranging about the Annapolis Valley.

TUESDAY, NOV. 6/84 Light rain yesterday & today. Today is election day in the U.S. & here in Nova Scotia, ending the ~~petited~~ political balderdash, on TV especially but also in the newspapers, which has been going on for so many weeks. I voted for John Leefe, the P.C. member for Queens. Long before midnight it was clear that the P.C.'s had a huge majority, the Liberals elected only 6, NDP's 3, Labour 1. President Reagan's Republicans had a landslide in the U.S.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7/84 Cold & dark. A belated letter from Atlantis Films, dated Oct. 23, but the envelope postmarked in Toronto on Nov. 2. It said that 3 copies of the agreement re. "The Trumpeter" were enclosed, but there was only 1. I shall await the other 2. I hope their film work is better than their office work.

THURSDAY, NOV. 8/84 Sunny, windy. No walk since Nov. 2. Already I'm bored with sitting indoors, & the winter has barely begun!

Noticed a male woodpecker of the so-called "hairy" type, searching the rugged bark of my golden elders for moth cocoons.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10, 1984 A light drizzle, not enough to halt the dwindling of Town Lake, now dangerously low. I note from Maclean's Magazine the death of Hugh Kane, who worked many years with McClelland & Stewart, & later with MacMillan Canada. When I made my first & last public appearance tour in November 1946, Hugh made all the arrangements & accompanied me on the tour.

SUNDAY, Nov. 11/84 Dark & drizzly. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Debbie.

SUNDAY, Nov. 18/84 Nothing to report for the past week. Mostly mild, dark & damp weather but some frosty nights. Today I dined with Tom & Pam, a real gourmet meal — roast pheasant & wild duck with delicious wine sauce, broccoli, mashed pumpkin, with blueberry pie for dessert.

My arthritic right hip, which I first noticed about 30 years ago as an intermittent twinge, has gradually got worse, & now in walking I can hardly swing the right foot above the pavement, even with the aid of my stick. This is osteo-arthritis, of course. I now have the rheumatic kind in all my joints, including the fingers.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21/84 The first snow of the winter here in L'pool, although North Queens had snow two weeks ago. The stuff was in big soft flakes & fell all morning. Then the sun came through & melted it.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22/84 After a frosty night a sunny day, temp. 40° F. Jim Whynot, middleaged labourer, came at 8.15 a.m. & worked till noon, raking the fallen leaves from my lawns & dumping them behind the back fence. Paid him $25.00. In the afternoon I spread about 7 lbs. of Lawn Green on the lawns, to leach in during the winter. Owing to the long drought I could not do this in midsummer, so the lawns have not been fertilized since last April. Also I spread bone meal on the petunia bed & raked it in.

Atlantis Films have sent two copies of the amended agreement for "The Trumpeter" & asked me to return one. I did this, & requested payment on Jan. 15, 1985. Bought a grey cloth English cap for $31.50, as my old one was getting shabby.

SUNDAY, Nov. 25/84 Sunny & calm. Temp 40° F. This afternoon for a change, & to charge my car battery, I drove to Beach Meadows, Port Medway by the shore road, thence by Highway 103 to Broad River, & back to L'pool by the old (shore) road.

FRIDAY, Nov. 30/84 Open-&-shut sky. Calm. Mild. This evening I went to Port Joli with neighbour Ralph Johnson (who at 86 can still drive at night) & dined with Charles & Marion Kelsey.

An excellent meal with wine & cordial, & good chat afterwards. Charlie at 60 begins to look worn & frail, but still gets about vigorously in his wheelchair. Among other things he showed us two Matabele javelins, which were given to one of his British ancestors by King Lobengula himself, about the year 1890.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1984 Mild & drizzly. Tom & Pam will be dining in Greenfield tomorrow, so they invited me to dine with them at home this evening. Debby was there with her boy friend.

MONDAY, DEC. 3/84 Sunny & calm, 40° F. Received from McClelland & Stewart a belated cheque for royalties earned in the 6 months ending June 30/84. They sold 2,309 copies of 9 books still in print, including 575 copies of "Halifax Warden of the North" and 778 copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp". "Halifax" was first printed 36 years ago, & "The Nymph" 34 years ago.

I'm told that the CBC ran their TV play of "The ~~Nymph~~ Wedding Gift" on the national network yesterday afternoon. They agreed to pay $500 for this. They paid $500 for its first use in Sep '71, and $375 for its second use in 1973.

Snow last night, just enough to whiten the ground, & it remained despite bright sunshine all day. Keen NW wind. I wrote 46 Xmas cards, & enclosed a $100 bank note in those for Pamela, Tom 3rd, Blair, Debby, Francis, Greg, Terry, Tracy & Stephanie.

THURSDAY, DEC. 6/84 Anniversary of the 1917 explosion at Hfx., which I have good cause to remember. Today a blustering sea gale, with heavy rain all day, the first good rain in several months. Unfortunately it ceased at evening, the wind hauled NW & brought snow flurries.

FRIDAY, DEC 7/84 Clear & cold. In its mysterious way the osteo-arthritis in my right hip has moved over to the left hip, with the familiar stiffness & intense pain, leaving the right hip comparatively free. It does this from time to time. At 6 p.m. my son Tom took Austin Parker & me to Hunts Point for dinner, in which Frank & Molly Covert joined us. Drinks & chat, then shrimp cocktails, roast pheasant with Pam's wine sauce, etc. The wine was "new" Beaujolais". All very pleasant. Home at 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, DEC. 8/84 After a cold night I took my car to the post office. On the way home the engine quitted, right in the middle of Court Street. I hobbled home & phoned the Pontiac dealer, Cochrane, who came promptly & managed to get the car home. It needs an adjustment of the carburetor for cold weather, which his mechanics will do on Monday morning.

SUNDAY, DEC. 9, 1984 Clear & calm, temp. 32°. The footing was good, so at 5 p.m. I walked to the home of Bob & Heather Weary, where they were giving the annual pre-Christmas supper party for old friends, about 30 people. Drinks & chat. Then the usual fine meal — for entrees smoked salmon salad & oysters on the half shell, & the main dish boiled lobsters; apple pie & ice cream for dessert.

I sat at a table with Bob & Heather, Frank Covert, Mayor Wendell Tidmarsh. Had a good chat with Tidmarsh about the town water problem. At present the Bowater Mersey Co. are supplying the Bristol section from their Herring Cove Lake by means of a temporary pipeline laid along the old railway track to Bristol. This part of town, on the east side of the river, includes the fish plant, which uses a very large amount.

The town will also instal water meters, purchased cheaply at second hand from the city of Halifax. The long term solution is to lay a pipeline to the Mersey River above Potanoc, or to the Bon Mature Lake, which flows into the west side of the Mersey well above the settlements. This would involve an expenditure of at least $5,000,000.

MONDAY, DEC. 10/84 Cochrane's men checked my car today, replaced two spark plugs & adjusted the carburetor.

TUESDAY, DEC. 11/84 Rain & drizzle. Maurice Jollimore, electrician, came & did some small jobs, including moving the furnace rheostat to a lower level in the living room.

THURSDAY, DEC. 13/84 A bad day. When I got out of bed this morning & turned towards the bathroom I had a terrific pain, like a sword stab, in the small of my back near the left ~~side~~ hip. I had to support myself by grasping the washstand, feeling faint & bathed with sweat. I managed to get back to bed & lay there till about 8:30, when I forced myself to creep downstairs. Tried to phone Dr. Frank Bell but got no response. Phoned Hunts Point hoping to catch Tom before he left, but he had gone. Pam answered. Told her I was in great pain & needed a doctor. She came at once in her little car, phoned Bell & got him. He came & pressed the region of my kidneys etc. Any trouble with urination? No. Any trace of blood in urine? No. After some hesitation he diagnosed it tentatively as a severe wrench of the muscles attached to the hip. Prescribed two kinds of tablets, one to relax the hip muscles, the other to counteract pain. Took a sample of my urine. Said there was no need of X-ray. Pam bustled about in her quick efficient way, got the tablets from the drug store, bought an electric heating pad, got my mail, etc. I spent the rest of the day in my pyjamas, with the heating pad at my back, left side. All these

measures brought relief from the severity of the pain, & I was able to prepare & eat my supper, though I had no appetite.

Friday, Dec. 14, 1984 When I got out of bed this morning I was more cautious, even so the excruciating stab came again, & I had to return to bed for a while. Finally I got downstairs, swallowed the muscle-relaxing pill but not the pain-killer. (I don't want another drugged session like the one I experienced at Tom's place when I got back from my ankle operation in Halifax) I would much rather bear the pain so long as it is ~~boring~~ bearable. After a long session with the heating pad I was able to get about the house in a slow fashion. Pam brought my mail.

SATURDAY, DEC. 15/84 Very cold. ~~Some~~ snow fell. Again a day of pain, worst at first, when I get out of bed. The heating pad helps. Tom brought my mail.

SUNDAY, DEC. 16/84 Weather mild, taking off the snow. Tom looked in at 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, DEC. 18/84 This afternoon I was able to dress myself for the first time since last Wednesday. The pain is still severe in the mornings, relaxing about noon to what has been my normal pain level for the past several years. Drove my car downtown & got some money at the bank, & got my mail. Later drove to the Kentucky shop & got some fried chicken, chips, & cole slaw, for supper.

FRIDAY, DEC. 21/84 This afternoon the constant pain relaxed quite a bit, & I was foolish enough to fetch a stepladder up two flights of stairs from the cellar & replace the overhead light bulb in the upper ~~hand~~ hall. This brought a relapse. Tom looked in.

SATURDAY, DEC. 22/84 Snow, then a drizzle of rain took it off. In great pain all day. I have been unable to dress myself since the 18th. Tom looked in.

SUNDAY, DEC. 23/84 Sunny & calm. Tom & Pam invited me to their annual pre-Christmas party (65 people) but I didn't feel up to it & stayed at home in my pyjamas, reading & watching TV. Austin Parker came in for a drink & a chat.

MONDAY, DEC. 24/84. Overcast & mild. Managed to struggle into clothes. At 5 p.m., bringing the usual Christmas Eve. lobster chowder, rolls, cake etc. Tom & Pam arrived, together with Blair, Debby, Tom 3rd, & Pam's mother Marian White. Also a lot of gifts. A fine feast

TUESDAY/84 Sunny & cold, with a strong NW wind. At 12 noon ~~Sup~~. I drove my car to Hunts Point & had a fine Christmas dinner with the Raddalls & Marion White. Came home at 4 p.m. & opened my parcels — no less than 3 sweaters, a basket of cheeses, honey, jam etc., & all sorts of confections.

~~FRID~~ THURSDAY, DEC. 27/1984 Very cold (10° F) with a cutting NW wind. In spite of which I got my car going, went to the bank & post office, & shopped for meat & groceries. The pain in my left hip is easing, partly because I have learned how to move my left leg with great caution. Letter from Mayor Ron Wallace of Halifax regarding the ceremony of appointing me "Town Major". A scroll & a small lapel medal have been made by Parks Canada, & he will advise me of final arrangements early in the new year.

SATURDAY, DEC. 29/84 Snow began ~~yesterday~~ afternoon & continued till morning, when the temp. rose to 40° F & a drizzle began. Ralph Johnson got my mail for me.

SUNDAY, DEC. 30/84 The snow has gone. I attribute my painful "Charlie Horse" to a wrench sustained in getting from a sitting position to a hands-&-knees position in the bath on Dec. 12 ult. Owing to my stiff left ankle I cannot do this in the ordinary way. So this morning I performed my ablutions standing up in the bath. The pain has almost gone from my left hip, but I get a warning twinge there from time to time.

MONDAY, DEC. 31/84 Calm, sunny, not a cloud in the sky. To charge my car battery & to get out of the house this afternoon I drove to Summerville by the new highway. A few people walking on the beach. Massacre, Jackeh, & the east tip of Port Mouton island floating in air by the mirage. Back to L'pool by the old shore road. Then out around Western Head. Wish I could have joined the people walking. Spent the evening reading & alternately watching New Year shows on TV. Tom & Pam, & many of their friends dined & danced this evening at White Point Lodge.

A clear frosty night. At midnight a few fireworks in town — none of the oldfashioned blowing of the paper mill whistle, & the sirens of all ships that happen to be in port, ringing of church bells etc. To bed at 1:30 a.m.

NEW YEARS DAY, 1985 Snowing lightly all day. On TV I enjoyed watching the colourful Rose Parade at Pasadena, California, a three hour spectacle.

FRIDAY, ~~FEB~~ JAN. 4/85 Cold, with a little sunshine. Mrs. Helen Lee brought several chapters of her book, re-typed, for my perusal & opinion. Letter from Mrs. ~~Rosemary~~ Joyce Barkhouse with some editorial queries on her biography of me. Apparently Ryerson plans to publish it this year.

This evening Phyllis (Jones) Tozer gave her annual party for old friends. Drinks, chat, & good food. Austin Parker was in Hfx. & expected

to make it, but didn't, so we sat down 13 in all. John & Dorothy Wickwire took me there & back. All very pleasant.

~~SUNDAY~~, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1985 A snowstorm began early this morning & continued all day. Gary Dikle came in the late afternoon & dug out my driveway & front path. Paid him $10.

SUNDAY, JAN. 6/85 Mixed sunshine & snow squalls. Very cold. The street plough this morning threw the usual barrier across my driveway & walk. Son Tom came at 5 p.m., shovelled that away, & took me to Hunts Point for dinner with Pam & himself. Returned at 7:30, a clear moonlit night & very cold (10° F.) Unable to sleep, sat up till nearly 4 a.m. watching old movies on TV & sipping rum-&-water.

TUESDAY, JAN. 8/85 Still very cold (6° F. tonight.) A mass of Arctic air has rolled down over the whole northern hemisphere. Snow & ice in London & Rome, record low temperatures elsewhere. I have not moved out of the house since Friday, except by car to Hunts Point on Sunday.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9/85 Still very cold, with a blasting NW wind. Got Bob Cross, taximan, to take me to the bank & post office, & then to the liquor store for a supply of Sauterne & Australian port. The sidewalks were icy & he gave me a hand to the doorways. Paid him $10.00.

Made up my annual statement of assets as of Dec. 31/84.

Commercial bonds	$ 17,000	
Can. govt. bonds	50,000	
Common stocks at market values	298,558	
Royal Bank savings account	21,800	
	387,358	
Less reserve for income tax ($10,000 already paid)	5,000	$ 382,358
Accounts receivable	$ 6,500	
Mutual Life (48 payments to come)	34,446	40,946
		$ 423,304
Misc. assets		
Household furniture (insured for $31,400)	$ 3,000	
Pontiac car, after 2 years' depreciation	6,779	9,779
		$ 433,083

The house & garage, 44 Park Street, belong to Edith's estate. I have them insured in my name for $62,800. The household furniture & other moveable contents belong to my estate. I have them insured for $31,400.

I have no outstanding debts or liabilities.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1985 Continuing very cold. Got Bob Cross to take me to the post office, & then to the supermarket for a week's supply of meat & groceries.

SATURDAY, JAN. 12/85 Continuing cold, with some sunshine. Son Tom took me to his office at 12:30 & put new fillings in the ruins of two molars, one in the upper right jaw, the other in the lower right jaw: He has been doing this for years. Letter from James Kow, erstwhile a parliamentary assistant at Ottawa, & now free-lance writer based at Annapolis. Wants me to address a joint meeting of local historical groups there on Feb. 21. "We very much need a lustrous image to do justice to the occasion".

In short he asks me to make a round journey of 140 miles, including two trips over the South Mountain, in the depth of a hard winter, & at my age & condition. Sorry, No.

SUNDAY, JAN. 13/85 A cold but sunny day. Tom took me to Hunt's Point for dinner with Pam. Roast pheasant with wine sauce, mashed squash, French petit-pois, white wine, pecan pie. The main roads are bare and dry.

MONDAY, JAN. 14/85 Calm sunny morning, clouding in the afternoon. Temp. up to 40° F., the first break in the cold snap which began ten days ago. Did my weekly laundry chores.

TUESDAY, JAN. 15/85 A furious northerly gale began in the night & continued all day at freezing temperature, part of a huge storm dumping snow all over New England, the Maritimes, & Newfoundland. Here on our strip of the South Shore we escaped the snow but not the wind. Noticed a lone blue jay foraging about my back fence.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16/85 The gale roared on all day & petered out in the night. Local news: Mayor Tidmarsh has announced that the Town's water department has added 250 acres to the previously owned watershed of Town Lake, & found several new springs & an underground brook, which are now flowing into the lake by a newly dug ditch.

This, with the certainty of the "January Thaw" after all this hard weather, removes the emergency, & obviates the proposed tapping of the Mersey River at a cost of $250,000. Nevertheless the long term solution of the town's water supply must still be faced.

THURSDAY, JAN. 17/85 Cold but the wind down to a mere breeze, & some sunshine. Got Bob Cross to take me to the bank & post office, & then to the supermarket for meat & groceries.

SUNDAY, JAN. 20/85 Sunny morning, cold & calm. Austin Parker picked up the Lamy Seldons & me, & took us to a luncheon party given by Bev & Helen Jones at Hunts Point. All old people, about a

dozen. Drinks & chat & a delicious meal. Home about 3 p.m. The weather bureau had broadcast warning of a severe storm of wind & snow, & about 4 p.m. the snow began & continued through the night, without much wind. The severe weather continues all over the northern hemisphere. The TV has shown people ski-ing in the streets of Rome, & a Texan ski-ing in front of the Alamo. In Washington President Reagen's inaugural was performed today indoors, & the traditional inaugural parade, on which millions of dollars have been spent, has been cancelled owing to the cold, for the first time in American history.

MONDAY, JAN. 21, 1985 Gary Oickle came & dug out driveway & paths this morning although the snow was still falling. About 6 or 7 inches so far, but little wind. Schools are closed, public meetings etc. are cancelled, not only here but all over the Maritimes.

TUESDAY, JAN. 22/85 Snow flurries & glints of sunshine, bitter cold. Everybody busy digging out. Two snowstorms in five days!

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23/85 Sunny, with a sharp NW wind. Today the town's street gang, using two power scoops & several trucks, removed the piled snow on the east side of Park Street & hauled it away to the river.

As I now have about $23,000 lying idle in my bank account I phoned John Oyler, of Burns Fry Ltd, Hfx., for some advice on investing it. On his recommendation I ordered 1,000 shares of Consumer Gas Co.

THURSDAY, JAN. 24/85 Overcast. Temp. got up to 40°. Jaxied to bank, post office, & grocery store. The furnace-service man came this afternoon & did the annual cleaning, oiling & checkup.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25/85 Calm sunny morning. The long icicles on my sun porch eaves were all adrip in the sun. They look to me like the bars of my winter cage. The sky clouded in the afternoon, & snow began to fall about 11 p.m. & continued all night.

SATURDAY, JAN. 26/85 The snowfall ceased about noon. Gary came promptly & shoveled the drive & walk. He is to look in tomorrow after the street plough has been round, & clear out the entrance. Paid him $10.00

Austin Parker came in this evening for a chat. I learn that he must undergo another eye operation soon. My next door neighbour Erik Andersen is laid up with a painful attack of shingles. Old friend & woods companion Hector Dunlop, in the V.G. hospital, Hfx. has had operations on a swollen prostate gland, & on a non-malignant bowel obstruction, & hopes to be home in two more weeks.

SUNDAY, JAN. 27, 1985 Bright & cold. Son Tom brought my mail. Pamela is busy with a buffet dinner at the curling club, so I dined at home.

MONDAY, JAN. 28/85 Steady weather. Temp. up to 24° F. in the sun at noon, down to 10° F. at night. Wrote to Michael MacMillan of Atlantis Films, Toronto, stating that as he had failed to pay the full fee on Jan. 15/85, as specified, the agreement for purchase of TV and movie rights in "Trumpeter" is now void.

THURSDAY, JAN. 31/85 Same weather. Despite the cold, the afternoon sun warms my study comfortably without using the electric radiator. This morning Bob Cross took me to the post office & then to the store for meat & groceries.

FRIDAY, FEB. 1/85 Overcast, with temp. up to 34° F. MacMillan phoned from Toronto, apologized profusely for failure to remit the promised $5,000, said he was sending cheque by special courier service, which should reach me on Tuesday at the latest.

SATURDAY, FEB. 2/85 A light rain all day at 34° F., not enough to melt the snow but creating a lot of slush, which froze when the temp. dropped at nightfall. Then snow began falling & continued all night, a thorough mess.

SUNDAY, FEB. 3/85 The snow ceased at noon, & I shoveled off my front steps & dug a path from side door to street, so I could get out when Tom comes. About that time Gary Oickle came along & dug out the driveway etc. Paid him $10.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. Tonight the temp. sank to 2° F., the coldest yet.

TUESDAY, FEB. 5/85 Sunny & cold. Mrs. Bagley came & did the weekly chore. About 3 p.m. one of Thompson's freight vans from Halifax brought an express letter via air express from Toronto to Hfx. airport. It contained the cheque for $5,000.00 drawn by Atlantis Films, with a covering letter from MacMillan. An hour later MacMillan phoned from Toronto. I said I had received the cheque, & therefore the purchase agreement is valid. He promised to keep me advised on the progress of the project.

THURSDAY, FEB. 7/85 Same weather. Bob Cross took me to the bank & various shops, including the supermarket for meat & groceries.

SATURDAY, FEB. 9/85 The frigid weather eased this morning. Temp. crept up to 40° F. with a few glints of pallid sunshine, & there was sound of icicles falling. Ralph Johnson brought my mail.

SUNDAY, FEB. 10/85 The temp. remained above freezing point all night, & this morning was sunny & the temp. 40° in the shade & probably 50° in the sun. I swept the coarse salt off my front steps & walk because callers were tramping it into the house. Soon afterwards there was a tremendous fall of

ice from the second story eaves, a lot of it landing on the front walk where I had been standing a few minutes before. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom & Pam. Bird note: On the first day of the thaw (Saturday) I noticed a lot of birds flitting about the trees behind my back fence. My eye-glasses prevent use of binoculars & I couldn't see them well enough to identify, but they were the size of robins & flew like robins, & in fact they were robins. At least 20 & possibly 30 or more. They were very nervous, as if a hawk or hawks were near, & kept flitting about. Today I learned that a similar flock had been seen on the Old Falls Road (possibly the same flock) & another near Vogler's Cove. We usually see a few "winter robins", wretchedly thin; but these birds were plump & lively, as if they had just come from the South. What are they doing up here, in the midst of the hardest winter for many years?

MONDAY, FEB. 11/85 Another lovely sunny day, calm, temp 42° on the shady (north side of my house). Ice still falling from eaves. About a dozen of the robins returned, sunning themselves on the southward slope of my garage & sipping water from the melting snow. They are getting something to eat (hawthorn berries, wild rose haws, etc.) for they left plenty of droppings. I did my laundry chores & longed to be walking outdoors.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13/85 Yesterday was dark & damp. Today brought a sea gale with heavy rain. About 1 p.m. the wind hauled to W. & the rain ceased. Some of the robins flit about the trees behind my lawn. I fear the hawks have been feasting on them.

Re-reading "Mutiny on the Bounty" by Nordhoff & Hall, and "The Caine Mutiny" by Wouk, noting once more how cleverly Wouk drew his parallel between Captains Bligh & Queeg.

THURSDAY, FEB. 14/85 Overcast & mild, with some glints of sunshine. Temp. 48° F. The snowbanks are slowly shrinking, & now the soot of a winter's oil fires makes them filthy. Bob Cross took me to the post office & grocery store. Norman Reed (Lt. Col. USAF, retd) called in to present me with a mimeographed history of Port Medway by Ola Miss Marguerite Letson, who died yesterday.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16/85 The winter interlude continues, with the temp. freezing at night & getting up to 40° F. or so in the daytime. Asphalt roads & driveways are bare & dry. Rev. Bill Titus came in for a chat. He & some other Canadian clergymen are flying to Russia this spring, with the permission of the Soviet government, to visit Greek Orthodox congregations in Moscow & in a town in Georgia.

SUNDAY, FEB. 17, 1985 Same weather. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela.

TUESDAY, FEB. 19/85 The ninth day of interlude in our hard winter, all pretty much of a pattern — a hard freeze at night, a sunny morning with temp. getting up to 40° F., clouding in the afternoon. Today Bob Cross took me downtown for a visit to bank & post office, & the barber shop for a badly needed hair trim, the first in many weeks.

FRIDAY, FEB. 22/85 The now usual frosty night & sunny morning, but the usual cloudy afternoon turned to a slow rain at temp. 40°F. Cross took me to the post office, liquor store, & supermarket.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23/85 A lovely spring-like day, calm & mostly sunny, with temp. up to 55° F. in the shade. For a change of scene, & to give an hour's charge to the battery, I got my car out (after sitting in the frigid air of my garage since Dec. 31) & drove to Summerville by the new highway, thence back to L'pool. by the shore road, thence around Western Head. Several people walking on Summerville beach. John Leefe dropped in for a chat, & to present me with a copy of the new cloth-bound edition of "A History of Early Nova Scotia", by Peter McCreath & himself, originally published in soft covers in 1982.

SUNDAY, FEB. 24/85 Mild, dense fog. The snowbanks shrink slowly but steadily. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3, & Blair. The talk naturally was all about university affairs. Tom 3 expects to graduate from Dal. dental school in May '87, & is impatient for the day when he can start work as his father's partner.

MONDAY, FEB. 25/85 Sunny morning, temp. 48° F. Towards noon a N.W gale sprang up, blowing the fog off the coast, but bringing a canopy of dark cloud, with intervals of sunshine. My charlady Mrs. Bagley phoned that she is going into hospital for some days owing to an alarming increase in her blood pressure. She is a short & very fat woman who loves to eat, despite a blood pressure problem.

TUESDAY, FEB. 26/85 After a cold night a sunny day, but the temp. did not get above freezing point. Went to the bank & post office in my own car for the first time in many weeks, & found the parking lot behind the Royal Bank pretty well free of snow.

The flock of robins has disappeared as mysteriously as it came.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27/85 Overcast, damp, very mild. The old snow is "decaying", as Simeon Perkins used to note in his diary.

THURSDAY, FEB. 28/85 During the night a NW gale brought temp. down to 20° F, with a light dusting of snow. Today cool but bright, & the sun

through my study windows was almost uncomfortably warm. I went to the supermarket & post office in my own car.

FRIDAY, MAR. 1, 1985 It came in like a lion — roaring NW gale, temp. 40° F., a few glints of sunshine.

SATURDAY, MAR. 2/85 A dark day, mild (50° F.) wind SW. Except for the shrunken heaps of shoveled snow beside my front walk my front & side lawns are bare, & about one-third of the back lawn.

SUNDAY, MAR. 3/85 Sunny but cold, with a NW gale roaring all day & far into the night. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pamela. They had visited Halifax yesterday & today, & came back with news. Their daughter Deborah plans to marry her friend ~~Gary~~ CLARY Kempton next August. He is a native of Queens Co. with a B. Com. from St. Mary's University, at present selling real estate in Halifax for Montreal Trust. The tentative date is August 3rd.

TUESDAY, MAR. 5/85 Sunday's return of winter persisted yesterday. As a further proof a snowstorm began last night, & about 9 a.m. turned to freezing rain, making a thorough mess. Gary Oickle shoveled out my front walk & driveway, & spread salt on the icy front steps. Paid him $10. Mrs. Bagley came & did her weekly chores. The storm is the seaward edge of a blizzard that has paralyzed the Dakotas, the Lake States, Ontario, New England & the Atlantic provinces.

THURSDAY, MAR. 7/85 Yesterday & today were bright & cold, with no melting of the new snow. I got Bob Cross to take me to the post office, liquor store, & supermarket. Paid him $7.50.

SATURDAY, MAR. 9/85 A lovely day. Mostly sunny & calm, temp. 42° F. in the shade, melting much of the new snow. Drove my car downtown for the mail.

SUNDAY, MAR. 10/85 Overcast, calm & mild. Dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point. They were in Hfx. yesterday, discussing with Debby their plans for the wedding; reception at White Point Lodge, etc.

My daughter Frances Dennis phoned for a chat this evening. Her son Gregory is being transferred to Fredericton from his former beat along the N.B. coast from Moncton to Campbellton.

MONDAY, MAR. 11/85 Pleasant day, calm, hazy sun, temp. 44° F. Did my laundry chores. In the afternoon drove to Fork Point & had a chat with Hector Dunlop, now at home recovering from prostate & bowel operations. He is thin but cheerful after all these vicissitudes at age 85.

TUESDAY, MAR. 12/85 In the afternoon a wild southerly gale began to roar about the house, with torrents of rain at 40° F. & continued all night.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1985 Lovely day after the storm. Calm, hazy sun, temp. up to 50° F. Most of the snow has vanished here on the coast. This afternoon I drove to Broad River by the new highway & then back by the ~~old~~ shore road, also around Western Head. Magnificent surf. All the streams running bank-full.

FRIDAY, MAR. 15/85 Sun & cloud, westerly gale, temp 45° F. Finished my income Tax statements for 1984, ready for the accountant.

SUNDAY, MAR. 17/85 This morning the wind ceased to roar, & the sun was warm, taking the last vestige of old snow from my property except in the lee of the back stone wall. Dined with Tom & Pam. The weather bureau warned of a great storm of wind & ~~rain~~ snow, to begin in late afternoon. A light rain began instead & no wind at all.

MONDAY, MAR. 18/85 Dark & bleak. Mrs. Beatrice Watts, interior decorator, ("Interiors by Bea") came this morning with samples of material & took measurements to replace my sunporch curtains & rods, which are now in bad shape. Estimates the cost installed at about $900. I paid her a deposit of $200. She thinks the curtains can be made & installed about April 15. About 3 p.m. the cold breeze swung east & fetched a strong gust of sulphur from the paper mill, & then a thick torrent of snowflakes; but the snow did not amount to an inch.

TUESDAY, MAR. 19/85 Overcast, with a bitter cold NE wind. Drove my car downtown for the mail, & in the afternoon to get a fried chicken take-out supper from the Kentucky place. Bea Watts & her technician came this evening & installed the new curtain rods in my sun ~~porch~~ porch. They put the old curtains on them, for use until the new ones arrive next month.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 20/85 Pleasant day, light W breeze, partly sunny, temp. 42° F. Most of the "new" snow has gone from open spaces, but there is a lot, old & new, in the woods. Jerry Mullins called on me for some further information on working & social conditions in Queens Co. in the 1920's. Expects to have his book ready for printing in another month or so.

THURSDAY, MAR. 21/85 The first day of spring. Typical March weather, a NW gale, bitter cold, with alternate spots of sunshine & flurries of snow. Pamela called in to tell me that she & my daughter Frances had a phone chat last night, & Frances & Bill are coming down here for a brief visit. They will arrive at my place tomorrow evening. Mrs Helen Lee came & left several more ~~typed~~ typed chapters of her book for my perusal. She has been unable to interest a publisher in it, & is having several photo-copies of the typescript made for her family.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1985

A real spring day. Mostly sunny, wind west, ~~temp~~ temp. 45° F. Bill & Francis arrived at 5:30, to stay until Sunday.

SATURDAY, MAR. 23/85 Sunny & warm. Temp. up to 52° F. in the shade. My grandson Terry Dennis & wife Karen arrived in the forenoon, & the whole party spent the afternoon visiting Francis's old friends in town & at Hunts Point, White Point & Summerville. We all dined together at the town's latest restaurant, the "Bouncing Polly", on Legion Street. It is named after one of Simeon Perkins' small schooners, which was captured by Yankee privateers during the American Revolution, hence the décor is very nautical. The menu was varied & the food very good. Afterwards Terry & wife went to the Raddall house at Hunts Point, where they spent the night. Bill & Francis slept here.

SUNDAY, MAR. 24/85 Fine & warm. The visitors departed for Moncton at 10 a.m. This afternoon I spent half an hour (all that my back would stand) picking & disposing of the winter's litter of branches, twigs, etc. on the back lawn. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam & Blair, & made the acquaintance of their lately acquired English setter puppy, which Tom intends to train for bird hunting. His English setter bitch "Sandy", now getting too old for hunting, will remain a household pet.

My daughter Frances told me that her son Gregory has fixed up my old (1966) Corvair beautifully, even to re-painting it the same robin's-egg blue. The body design was far in advance of its time & remains noteworthy in modern traffic.

MONDAY, MAR. 25/84 Open-&-shut sky, & a bleak east breeze. The NW gales of the past weeks have shoved the usual mass of ice out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where it forms a hook extending from Cape Breton to Sable Island. Consequently from now till far on in April every east wind will come over the ice & chill our shore.

This morning I took my 1984 income statements & vouchers to Robert Stafford, chartered accountant, who makes up my tax papers.

TUESDAY, MAR. 26/85 A grey bleak day with some flurries of snow & the usual hard frost at night. Mrs. Bagley came & did her weekly cleaning chores.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 27/85 Sunny, cold, with NW wind. A man named Graham Metson & technician came by appointment at 1 p.m. & stayed till 4, recording an interview with me about my observations and

HFX. CHRONICLE – HERALD MARCH 29, 1985

Mason

An exhibition of oil paintings by the late Earl Bailly, Lunenburg, was officially opened at Queens County Museum by Dr. Tom Raddall, Jr., left. With him is the artist's brother, Don Bailly. The exhibition, a first in Queens County for a collection of Bailly paintings, continues until mid-April. Born in Lunenburg in 1903, the late artist was confined to a wheelchair after contacting polio at three years of age. He began painting as a child by holding a brush with his teeth and produced hundreds of art works before his death in 1977.

impressions of civilian life in Halifax & elsewhere in N.S. during War Two. Metsen is an Englishman, slim, 40-ish, author of a book called "An East Coast Port: Halifax at war 1939-1945" published by McGraw Hill Ryerson in 1981. (He presented me with an autographed copy.) A good production, profusely illustrated with photographs. Now he has found the excellent color-movies made by the late Tom Courtney during the war & is using them & other films to make a documentary, presumably sponsored by the Canadian National Film Board. Wants to use bits of today's interview as "voice-overs". He seems to think the Courtney films a personal discovery, never used before; but Bill Harper of CBC Halifax showed them in full to me when we were making "A City's Story" there in 1967, & we used part of them.

FRIDAY, MAR. 29/85 Fine & warm (50° F. in the shade) This afternoon I drove to Lumenville Beach & sat in the car for a time enjoying the sea air. While returning I heard the first two notes of a song sparrow's (or possibly a fox sparrow's) call. The median date of the fox sparrow's arrival here is March 23. Of the song sparrow March 25.

I have been reading "The Canadians" by Andrew Malcolm, who was chief of the Toronto bureau of the N.Y. Times for 4 years in recent times. He apparently spent no time in the Atlantic provinces & very little in Quebec or B.C., concentrating on Ontario, the prairie provinces (mostly Alberta) & the far North, with which he is fascinated. The main revelation to me was the extent of Canadian investments in U.S. nowadays, & the huge north-south flow of trade. Otherwise the book is lopsided & very badly organized.

SUNDAY, MAR. 31/85 Sunny but cold & windy. Noticed some young men playing tennis. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom & Pam.

MONDAY, APL. 1/85 Winter came back with a bang. Snow began falling early this morning & continued all day & evening. There was a lull about 6 p.m. & Gary Oickle came & dug out my driveway etc., but then the snowfall went on, in hard freezing temperature.

TUESDAY, APL. 2/85 The snowfall ~~ceased~~ eased about 9 a.m., & Oickle came & ~~cleaning~~ cleaned my driveway & front walk. Saw a fat robin perched on the electric wire in front of my house, & others in the distance. Flurries of fine snow continued all day.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 3/85 Dreary weather, overcast, temp. 40° F., dustings of snow melting on the asphalt. Robins fluttering about, forlorn in the snow. Weighed myself after bath this evening, 174 lb.

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1985 Same dreary weather, fine drizzle mixed with sleet, but it is gradually melting the snow left on my lawns.

SATURDAY, APL. 6/85 Overcast but temp. suddenly went up to 65° F., the warmest day this year so far. Pam invited me to dine at Hunts Point, as the young people will be leaving for Hfx. & Wolfville tomorrow. I enjoyed their chatter, mostly college talk & incomprehensible but a pleasant change from radio, TV, & stereo which is my daily & nightly fare. Home at 7.30. About 9 p.m. a clap or two of thunder brought a torrent of rain which continued far into the night.

SUNDAY, APL. 7/85 Clear & warm, with a strong SW gale. In the afternoon I took a two hour drive — Summerville, Western Head, Port Medway. Looked in at the golf course. No sign of activity except a lone man on the driving practice tee. The snow has gone from all the open spaces. Altogether a lovely day.

MONDAY, APL. 8/85 Winter came back this morning with showers of snow, sleet & rain. My wife Edith died ten years ago.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 10/85 Same miserable weather. Clyde Martin, plumber, came this afternoon, fixed new gaskets in my bath taps, but was unable to find the leak in my hot water tank in the cellar. Tonight I switched off the electric water-heater & used up some of the hot water in the tank by taking my usual bath. I have a hunch that the leak is caused by the inrush of very cold water when a large quantity of hot water is drawn off by laundry, bathing etc. This temporarily shrinks the outlet pipe & makes it leak. When hot water refills the tank the leak ceases.

THURSDAY, APL. 11/85 A gray day, temp. 40° F., with a bleak NW wind. This morning after shaving I ran off the remaining warm water in the tank, so that it was filled with cold; & sure enough the pipe at the bottom (intended for draining it if necessary) leaked steadily onto the cellar floor. When Martin came he simply tightened the screw plug & the leak ceased.

FRIDAY, APL. 12/85 Windy & cold but sunny. To break the monotony of sitting in the house I took a leisurely drive to Port Mouton along the shore road. Looked in at the golf course. No sign of activity there, & the fairways still look winter-brown, like my lawns. Had a letter today mailed in Toronto 15 days ago. Canada Post!

SUNDAY, APL. 14/85 Again a roaring gale but suddenly mild, with a dark sky threatening rain. Dined with Tom & Pam. Tom had found some mayflowers in bloom & placed them on E.'s grave.

MONDAY, APL. 15, 1985 Same weather. I'm told that the woods are still deep in snow & the lakes remain frozen.

Got my income tax papers from Stafford. My taxable income for 1984 was roughly $54,000. I had paid $10,000 during the year, & the balance due is $1,090.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 17/85 Winter came back this morning with thick snow squalls. Then a NW gale cleared the sky & blew with great violence all day, bitter cold in spite of the sunshine. American TV describes this as "a gargantuan gale" with some gusts over 60 m.p.h., extending from the head of the Great Lakes to New England & the Atlantic provinces of Canada, & they show pictures of trees blown across roads, disrupting telephone & power lines.

THURSDAY, APL. 18/85 The great gale continued through the night & today, with freezing temperatures. The winter & "spring" of 1984-85 will be remembered as the longest, coldest, & roughest in many years. About 1 p.m. the wind slackened & the temp. rose to 48° F.

Bored with reading, this afternoon I cleaned & oiled my rifle, shotgun & revolver, something I have neglected for years. I used to take such prideful care of them!

FRIDAY, APL. 19/85 Mild & showery this morning. Sun-&-cloud in afternoon when I spent an hour removing twigs blown onto the back lawn in the recent gales, but mostly sunning my face in a garden chair & enjoying fresh air in temp. 55° F.

SATURDAY, APL. 20/85 Sunny, temp. up to ~~70°~~ 70° F., light E. breeze. Raked the winter's trash from my front lawn, set out & filled the bird bath, & sunned myself for about an hour. Erik came over for a chat - our first for many weeks. He has been laid up with shingles & emphysema, at age 84.

SUNDAY, APL. 21/85 Another lovely day. I removed the winter plug from the air vent under my study & replaced it with fly netting. Dug up the two dead rose bushes. Dug up & applied bone meal to petunia & rose beds. Sat for a long time in the sun. Noted a pair of tree sparrows foraging around the back lawn. For the first time since last Fall I drove my car to Hunt's Point for supper, returning in good daylight about 7:30 p.m.

MONDAY, APL. 22/85 Again sunny. Bought a sack of Lawn Green at Thorne's ($17) & spread 2/3 of it on front, side & back lawns. Mrs. Crosby came over for a chat in the sunshine. Letter from Colin Smith, ex-captain WNSR) He & some other veterans of the West Novas are going to Holland next month to take part in Dutch celebrations of their liberation 40 years ago. They are presenting the lady burgomeister of Voorburg with a copy of my "West Novas", & ask me to write a letter to the lady, to be affixed

to the fly-leaf. Letter from McClelland & Stewart passing on an inquiry by Rawifilms about movie rights in "The Nymph & The Lamp."

TUESDAY, APL. 23, 1985 Sun & cloud, with a raw E. wind right off the sea ice between Cape Breton & Sable Island. Wrote M. & S. to say that Jon Slan Enterprises had acquired the rights in 1981. Wrote the Lady Burgomeister of Voorburg & enclosed the letter in a note to Smith.

I find myself stiff & sore from over-exertion yesterday, after so many months without exercise. So I was content to spend the afternoon reading over the latest chapters of Mrs. Lee's book, which she left with me yesterday with a request for corrections & suggestions.

WEDNESDAY, APL. 24/85 Same weather. The Pontiac garage today prepared my car for summer — washing the exterior, cleaning the interior, changing oil, grease job, rotating the tires, checking the ignition.

THURSDAY, APL. 25/85 Sunny, with a strong W. wind. Had my first walk at White Point since Nov. 2, & found the groundsmen actually watering the greens — the weather has been so windy & dry. A flock of about 2 dozen robins foraging busily on Nº 5 fairway — obviously new arrivals. Got home tired but happy to have ended my long imprisonment, for one more summer season anyhow.

FRIDAY, APL. 26/85 Mostly overcast & warm, 70° F. in the shade. To replace the dead roses I planted a red (Karl Herbst) by the bird bath, & a yellow (Kings Ransom) by the garage corner.

SATURDAY, APL. 27/85 Hazy sun, cold S. breeze, so stayed indoors. A caller named Don Dagley, from Guelph Ontario, came with a copy of "In My Time" to be autographed. He has all of my books. A native of these parts.

Tonight the clocks go ahead 1 hour to Daylight Saving Time.

SUNDAY, APL. 28/85 Overcast. Drizzling rain this evening. Drove to Hunts Point & dined with Tom, Pam, & Blair.

TUESDAY, APL. 30/85 Fine & warm, with a stiff NNW wind. Had a good walk (or limp) at White Point, the first 7 holes, resting on every tee, about 1½ hours. A few players on the course.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1/85 Again the strong NNW wind, but a hazy sun. Martin sent a plumber this morning to fix the leak in my bathroom wash-stand tap. This afternoon I limped around the golf course again. Quite a number of players.

THURSDAY, MAY 2/85 Again a sun hazy behind a ceiling of high cirrus, but the wind had hauled to SSE, cold off the sea, & on my White Point walk I did not linger long on the benches.

This evening Bob Comet dropped in for a chat, bearing as a gift a huge (at least 5 lb) lobster all alive-o in a plastic bag. He had

it in Lunenburg, ~~from~~ presumably from one of the draggers which operate on the Banks. He is an Ontario man who owns a small cottage at Port Joli, & for several years has had a Lunenburg law shark pressing his claim for trespass by the bankrupt fish plant there.

Local news: Today, in a formal ceremony at White Point Lodge, John Leefe MLA transferred the "Woods property" at & around Cadden Bay to the federal government, as an adjunct to Kejimkujik National Park. Precisely what I urged upon Senator Donald Smith years ago. This expanse of unspoilt beaches, dunes & scrub woods, taking in many miles of shore line, was originally known as "The old Kinney property", acquired by a mystery man of that name prior to War One. My short story "Parker's Folly" was based on him & the house he built there about 1908.

FRIDAY, MAY 3/85 Heavy rain all day, badly needed. The past three afternoons in the sun have given my face & bald head a quick tan. All the shrubs breaking into leaf. Forsythia in full bloom. Lawns begin to flourish.

SATURDAY, MAY 4/85 Open & shut sky, occasional drops of rain, cold NNE wind. A terrific blizzard in northern N.B & P.E.I. has stopped all traffic, blown down telephone & electric poles, etc.

SUNDAY, MAY 5/85 Overcast & cool. I oiled my lawn mower & sharpened the blade. I shall have to hire someone to push the mower from now on, as I am now too lame & feeble.

Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam & Blair. As I returned to town a cold rain began, & continued through the evening.

MONDAY, MAY 6/85 Dark & damp. Frank McLaughlin, of CBC radio, Halifax, phoned me this evening & taped a five minute interview about the V.E. Day riots there in 1945. They will use it on May 8, anniversary of the riots, which I investigated thoroughly at the time for my prospective book on Halifax.

Senator Donald Smith died in the local hospital tonight, after a long illness aged 79. His wife Elizabeth ("Beth"), who has been quietly insane for many years, is now in hospital herself. She was a classmate of my wife at Acadia Ladies' Seminary long ago. He practiced dentistry in Liverpool for some years (I was one of his clients) & then went into Liberal politics as a candidate in the federal constituency of Queens-Shelburne. He won by a narrow margin, mostly in Shelburne, & occupied the seat at Ottawa for a little over one term. Then in a shuffle of the Nova Scotia seats Shelburne was

combined with Yarmouth, & Queens with Lunenburg, thus eliminating Smith's seat. The sitting member for Lunenburg was his close friend Robert Winters, who promptly got Smith a seat in the Senate, which he held until the age limit forced him to retire a few years ago. He was a tall, handsome, well-spoken man, but never well liked in Queens County, where he & his wife maintained an aloof social life in their house on School Street. Their only child Donald now lives in the Yukon.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1985 Miserable weather. Heavy squalls of rain, drizzle, sleet, a few flakes of snow, temp. 38° F. Veterans of the WNSR, together with a rifle platoon of present-day regiment, held a parade today in Bridgewater to unveil a memorial to the Regiment in Memorial Park. I watched it on TV. It took place in a persistent snowfall, with an inch or two on the ground — typical army parade weather — it always rains or snows!

MAY 9/85 Walked on the golf course this afternoon in bright sunshine & a cold NW wind. I wore my old black "Arctic" coat. Noticed a patch of bluettes in bloom.

FRIDAY, MAY 10/85 Drizzling rain all day & evening. Daughter Francie & tall handsome grand-daughter Tracy Dennis arrived from Moncton this afternoon, to attend the reception & dinner at Mersey Lodge in my honour this evening. Bowater Mersey had invited also their senior officials & the following members of the J. H. Haddall Prize committee — Dr. James Perkin (& wife) President of Acadia U. & chairman of the committee: Frank Covert Q.C. (& wife) Ralph Hennigar (& wife) publisher of the Lunenburg "Progress Enterprise" and the Bridgewater "Bulletin". And of course my son Tom & Pamela.

After a session of drinks & chat we had a fine dinner (boiled lobster the main dish) My dinner partner was Mrs. Perkin, a pleasant Englishwoman. Afterwards Dr. Perkin made a pleasant little speech & presented me with one of the award plaques, a heavy bronze showing a grim-looking old man purporting to be me, & an inscription, mounted on a large piece of (artificial) driftwood. I made a pleasant response, & because Bob Weary had asked me to say something more I recited the little article called "The Old House", which I wrote 40 years ago for the shortlived (one issue) Maritime Quarterly Review. All very cheerful & well received. Home in Tom's car about 11 p.m.

SATURDAY, MAY 12/85 Suddenly a glimpse of mid-summer, with temp. up to 90° F. in the sun. I phoned the federal labour office

to get someone to mow my lawns, but found that they don't work on Saturdays. So I mowed the front & side lawns myself. Very hard going, the ground full of humps & hollows after the frosts & thaws, & the grass quite long. By the time I had washed out the mower & put the hose away I was utterly exhausted, & suffered pain in my lame ankle all evening. Letter from Diana Austin, an assistant professor of English at UNB. Wants to interview me some time this summer for one of a new series called Studies in Canadian Literature. "I have enjoyed your books very much, & I have found myself particularly moved by the sense of Canada they seem to show."

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1985 Overcast & cool, with a brief thunder-shower at midnight. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunts Point.

MONDAY, MAY 13/85 Same weather. With my consent two young women (Jane Dunlop & Cathy Crosby) came this morning, checked my door & window locks, marked with an electric drill identification numbers on the back of my TV set, stereo machine & typewriter, & listed each item of my silverware. All this under a "Senior Awareness Program" sponsored by the local Lions Club, with the cooperation of the RCMP. It is for old people living alone.

Halifax, the Valley, & eastern N.S. got an inch or two of snow today, while the South Shore had a cold rain, & New Brunswick basked in warm sunshine, a reversal of the usual distribution.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15/85 Yesterday was dark, damp & cold. The sun came through this morning & the temp. got up to 68°F in the sun by afternoon. Grandson Blair came in & mowed all my lawns. Paid him $30. I walked on the golf course, wearing my new tan walking jacket. It is made of nylon with a zip closure, very light & comfortable.

THURSDAY, MAY 16/85 Cold (38°F) night, warm day. Blair came this a.m. & went over the front, side, & back lawns thoroughly with Ralph Johnson's roller. I mixed a solution of RX 15 & applied it to my rose plants, the petunia bed, & the weigelia shrub by the garage.

FRIDAY, MAY 17/85 Overcast & mild. Washed & sharpened the lawn mower (Blair had hit a rock) & hoed the petunia bed ready for planting next week.

Letter from Roger Lewis, a professor of English at Acadia, inviting me to read some of my work there next Fall before a conference of the Canadian Association for Commonwealth Literature & Language Studies ("CACLALS")

Sorry, No. Too old & decrepit.

SATURDAY, MAY 18/85 Bright & warm most of the day. Puttered about my lawns, removing dandelions, spraying Killex on other weeds, & simply sunning myself. Noticed a pair of Baltimore orioles, who show up every year about this

time & nest in a tall old maple on Austin Parker's place. Rain at evening.

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1985 Again a warm day with rain at evening. Dined on boiled lobsters at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & her fiancee Gary Kempton. Tom, who subscribes to the Toronto Globe & Mail, showed me recent articles on "the tottering McClelland & Stewart firm". It appears that Jack McClelland is again in financial trouble & at odds with his staff, several of whom are quitting. Several of Jack's rich authors, including Pierre Burton, Farley Mowat, Margaret Atwood, Margaret Laurence & Peter Newman, invested considerable amounts in M & S stock a few years ago, & now they are all perturbed. Jack still owns 52% of the stock & pursues his own erratic way.

MONDAY, MAY 20/85 Victoria Day, bank & post office holiday. Sunny & warm in town. Did my weekly laundry chores in the morning. Walked in the afternoon at White Point, where the wind off the sea was icy. I was glad to have my new walking jacket zipped up to the throat. Noticed in the edge of the fairways violets, bluettes, wild strawberry, all in bloom. Saw swallows darting about after insects, but I can't imagine what insects would be flying in that cold wind.

A flutter of wings in my fireplace flue this evening told me that the swifts are back from Peru & nesting again. Last year it was May 21 & the year before that on May 19.

Reading Philip Ziegler's voluminous biography of Lord Louis Mountbatten, just published. An amazing man. His strange marriage, in which his wife Edwina was notorious for her amourous affairs, notably that with Nehru; and he had his own amorous affairs, tho' less notorious, including his almost incestuous love for his daughter Patricia; and yet the marriage held together, both parties working together & professing great love for each other. The book also reveals the inter-service jealousies & bickerings in the British forces, even when the war was at its worst. Only a Churchill could have managed them all with success.

TUESDAY, MAY 21/85 Overcast & warm. Got some petunia plants from Cosby's garden store & planted them in the little bed under my study windows. While at it I saw a male yellow warbler alight in one of the forsythia bushes. (Average date of first appearance is May 22) After an unconcionable delay since the promised date (April 15) Bea Watts & man came & installed the new drapes on my sunporch windows. Total cost $723.00

THURSDAY, MAY 23/85 Sunny & warm. Shopped for a week's meat & groceries this morning. Sears' man came & adjusted the tuning of my TV.

In the afternoon Mrs. Bagley came & spent 2 hours "spring" cleaning the main bedroom, washing all the bedding etc. Paid her $20.00

I basked in the sun on the back lawn, chatting with Erik.

At 7 p.m. Blair came & mowed my lawns. I owed him for rolling the lawns on May 16, so paid him $40. He did not want to take it but I insisted.

When I turned on my TV this evening I found that Sears' man, obviously unskilled, had upset the whole tuning. Their skilled TV man has to cover Lunenburg, Queens & Lunenburg counties, & will not be here till next Thursday. And this is the service for which Sears charges $45 per year!

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1985 Mostly sunny & hot in town, but when I walked at White Point this afternoon the sky was obscured by grey-bellied cirrus clouds, & the wind off the bay was chilly. On my return I cleaned & sharpened the lawn mower — Blair never thinks of this.

SUNDAY, MAY 26/85 Yesterday & today mostly overcast, with an occasional chilly waft from the sea, so I stayed at home puttering about the back lawn, trimming shrubs etc. Dined with the Raddalls at Hunt's Point. On Saturday Tom & Pam leave for Bermuda, a 2 hour flight from Halifax. They will holiday there for a week.

TUESDAY, MAY 28/85 Still dark & damp. Letter from Colin Smith, full of enthusiasm about his re-visit to Holland with Canadian veterans of the liberation in 1945. His copy of "West Novas" is now in the Burgomeister's office in Voorburg — "they were delighted to receive it, and deeply appreciated your most appropriate remarks."

Letter from Joyce Barkhouse about her short book on my life, which she has entitled "A Name For Himself". After long delays the Irwin Publishing Co., Toronto, have it scheduled for publication in September this year, beginning a series called "Contemporary Canadians", aimed at junior high schools and "the trade". The book will contain 18 or 20 photographs, among them a picture of the painting of Scabby Cove at the sawmill.

Letter from Diana Austin, an assistant professor of English at U.N.B. Would like to interview me here on the weekend July 5-7.

Blair came & mowed my lawns this morning. Paid him $20.00.

At noon I went to son Tom's office, & after local anaesthic he extracted the old molar in my right lower jaw which he has been patching for years with increasingly large & intricate fillings. Wrote letters to Barkhouse & Austin. Bird note: I am delighted to discover the yellow warblers completing a nest on the old site, the deutzia shrub in the

sheltered corner of my sun porch. In the past two summers they began a nest there & then removed elsewhere.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1985 At last a fine warm day, after a cold night (38° F.). The Sears man came & re-checked my TV set. Mrs. Bagley came & worked two hours this afternoon "spring cleaning" Francie's little bedroom, washing bedding, curtains etc. Paid her $20.00. I walked at White Point for the first time since the 24 th. As before the cold breeze off the sea compelled me to zip my walking jacket but the clear sunshine was wonderful.

Today's Chronicle-Herald contains (on the back page) a copy of the Bowater news release about the honour paid me at Mersey Lodge last week, together with a photograph of the principals.

FRIDAY, MAY 31/85 Sunny with a cool sea breeze. Applied RX 15 to the roses & petunias, & then washed it in with the hose spray. Mostly just sunned myself & watched the birds. I hear a song sparrow now & then at a distance but they do not nest behind my wall, as they did for many years. Nor do the catbirds. Too many house cats on our street nowadays.

At 6:20 p.m. the Bowater limousine picked me up & delivered me at the Legion Hall, where the paper company held its annual dinner for the top high school students in Western N.S. The Bowater scholarship cheques were awarded, also the J. H. Raddall award & plaque, which I presented to this year's winner, a young woman. I was seated next to the speaker Miss Margaret Fulton, president of Mount St. Vincent university, a dedicated feminist who gave an address along those lines but with a pleasant breezy manner. Chatting with her at the table I found that she was from Manitoba & mentioned that my father had commanded the Winnipeg Rifles in War One. She said, "What a coincidence! My brother served with the Winnipeg Rifles in War Two, & ended the war as their colonel!"

Afterwards the usual posing for photographs, etc. Home at 9.30.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1/85 Rain & fog. I must have picked up a strong microbe at the Legion hall, for today I had a malaise, with trips to the toilet every half hour or so, merely to emit a small amount of urine. Spent the day indoors feeling utterly wretched. Mrs. Lee called, with a great number of faded snapshots taken by her family in North Korea in the period 1890-1910. They included a photo of an educated Korean, Dr. Lee, whom she married. I tried to manifest a deep interest, but it was difficult.

Mason

Dr. Thomas H. Raddall well known Nova Scotian author was honored at a special dinner hosted by the Bowater Mersey Paper Company at the Mersey Lodge. Dr. Raddall was presented with a copy of the plaque given each year to the winner of the T. H. Raddall Prize. Shown from left to right are: Robert F. Weary, president and general manager, Bowater Mersey Paper Company Limited, Margaret Hennigar, publisher, Lighthouse Publishing Limited; Dr. Raddall and Dr. James Perkin, president and vice-chancellor of Acadia University and chairman of the judging committee.

Raddall honored

By LINDA MASON

Liverpool — Dr. Thomas H. Raddall, one of Canada's leading writers of historical fiction, was recently honored at a dinner hosted by Bowater Mersey Paper Company Limited.

Dr. Raddall, who began his writing career full-time in 1937 after working eight years as a cashier with the Mersey Paper Company, has published eight novels, five volumes of short stories and four volumes of Canadian history.

His association with Bowater Mersey has continued during this time and in 1979 he was commissioned to write "The Mersey Story", a history of the company to commemorate 50 years of operations in western Nova Scotia.

Bowater Mersey, in 1984, established the T. H. Raddall Prize literary award, in his honor. The award was established to promote historical research and literary excellence among high school students, and is offered in high schools across western Nova Scotia.

Students' dedication to historic research and creativity shown in presentation of their story receive equal emphasis during final judging.

The first winner of the prize was Jean Eldridge, a grade 12 student at Ste. Anne du Ruisseau High School in Yarmouth County, for a short story entitled "The Followers of the Wind", telling the story of a young Micmac boy in the 1300s. The 1985 winner of the prize will be announced at the Bowater Mersey Queens County Students' Banquet, to be held in Liverpool Friday.

Among those honoring Dr. Raddall were three of the judges for the T.H. Raddall Prize, Dr. J. R. C. Perkin, president of Acadia University, chairman of the judging committee; Mrs. Margaret I. Hennigar, publisher, Lighthouse Publishing Limited; and Robert F. Weary, president and general manager, Bowater Mersey. Two judges, Louis R. Comeau, president of the Nova Scotia Power Corporation, and John G. Leefe, minister of fisheries were unable to attend the event.

Dr. Raddall was presented with a copy of the plaque presented to the T.H. Raddall Prize winner each year by Dr. Perkin, chairman of the judging committee. The plaque features a likeness of Dr. Raddall, cast in bronze and designed by Bowater Mersey Mill artist, Richard Benvie.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1985 Fine & very hot. (I thought of Tom & Pam in Bermuda.) I sat on the back lawn in the afternoon but eventually the heat drove me indoors to the draft from my big electric fan.

Still suffering from the strange malaise. No appetite for food or drink. Scrambling to the toilet every half hour or so. Headache & lassitude.

MONDAY, JUNE 3/85 I begin to recover from my sudden malady. Walked at White Point, where the air was icy in the sea breeze, although hot in town. Ate a substantial supper. Circular letter from Jack McClelland addressed to M&S authors, refuting recent attacks on the firm (said to be "tottering") by the Globe & Mail.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4/85 Hazy sunshine, cooler, with fog on the shore, so did not attempt the White Point walk. Blair came & mowed my lawns. Paid him $20. Phone call from John Bell, of Ottawa, formerly with the Dalhousie archives, where he worked on my papers when Dalhousie acquired them. He is preparing a paper to be read before the John Buchan society in Britain, & wants to quote from Buchan's letters & my autobiography about Buchan's early interest in my Blackwood tales. I agreed heartily.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5/85 Overcast & calm. Walked at White Point where, in the absence of the cold sea breeze, the blackflies were busy. Sea dead calm. Many golfers. I am still recovering slowly from my internal malady.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6/85 Very heavy rain in the night & most of today. (The Hfx. weather bureau had predicted three fine days for Thurs. Fri & Sat.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 8/85 At last a clear hot day. Hopefully I drove out to the golf course at 1 p.m., but found it jammed with people, a provincial tournament. No place for a limping old man! Returned to town & sat on my back lawn, chatting with Erik. I am reading the Oxford Illustrated History of Britain, edited by Kenneth Morgan, & just published. Avoiding wars as much as possible, it is an account of the various peoples who came to Britain, with their various cultures, & the blending which produced the present British race — from Romans to "Beatles".

SUNDAY, JUNE 9/85 The 58th. anniversary of my marriage. Overcast & warm. Sitting on my back lawn & watching for birds I have had quick glimpses of what I take to be a pair of myrtle warblers, obviously nesting in the wild shrubbery behind my wall.

At 5 p.m. drove to Hunt's Point & dined with the Raddalls. Tom & Pam well tanned after a fine week's holiday in Bermuda, sea bathing every morning & afternoon, & touring the main island; just 2 hours flight from Hfx. Tom Jr. home for the weekend. Has passed his Terms exams. &

looks forward eagerly to May 1987, when he can join his father as a fully qualified partner in dentistry.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1985 Fine & hot, with strong W. wind. Walked at White Point. Mrs. Bagley came at 8:15 & worked till 1:30, with time out for lunch. Paid her $40. She has got the "spring" cleaning done upstairs. Blair came & mowed the lawns. Paid him $20.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14/85 The past two days have been dark, damp & chilly. Today was fine, with a stiff W. breeze to keep off the blackflies. I walked at White Point, my pace very slow & painful now, as the stiffness increases in my right hip joint. Bird note: the yellow warblers outside my sun porch have hatched their brood & are now busy from morn to night feeding them. I think the chimny swifts in my fireplace flue must be hatching, as I hear only an occasional flutter there now.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15/85 Open-&-shut sky, cirrus & sunshine. I walked at White Point.

SUNDAY, JUNE 16/85 Overcast, rain began about 4 p.m. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Tom 3rd., & Blair. Heavy rain all night.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18/85 Dull & damp yesterday. Sunny today until 2 p.m. when showers began again. Before the rain Blair Mowed my lawns. Paid him $20. Mrs Bagley worked from 8:15 to 2:30, with time out for lunch. Paid her $40.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19/85 Again dark, wet & dreary. Someone in the office of Mayor Wallace, Halifax, phoned to ask if I would be in Hfx. any time this month. He had in mind the proposed ceremony to make me "Honorary Town Major". (See my entry Dec. 27/84) I said I cannot journey so far, being badly crippled & bent. I added that Mr. Wallace had better cancel the whole idea.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20/85 At last a fine hot day. I hoped to get a walk at White Point but Mrs. Lee came in with three more (typed) chapters of her proposed book for discussion. At 6 p.m. I attended an informal dinner party given by Mrs. Phyllis Jozer at her Fort Point home, about a dozen old friends including Capt. Charles Williams & Austin Parker, both nearly blind & awaiting optical operations. Good food & pleasant chatting despite our various disabilities. Home at 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21/85 Officially the first day of summer, & it was very hot in town this morning. But when I walked at White Point this p.m. the sky was overcast with low dark-bellied cirrus, with a chilly breeze from the sea, & as I finished my round there was a shower of large

drops. All the brooks are high after the almost continual rains, & on the golf course there some pools & many soggy places. Wild iris ("blue flag") in full bloom. My spirea bushes are a mass of white bloom, the bush honeysuckle a little past its best, the weigelias about to blossom.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1985 Overcast, dead calm, very hot in town. My lame left ankle extremely painful after yesterday's hobble about the golf course, so I stayed at home nursing aches & pains, reading Mrs. Lee's narrative, & watching international tennis & golf contests on TV. Applied a solution of RX 15 to the roses & petunias. Showers tonight.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23/85 Fog & drizzle. Furnace running day & night. Tom & Pam dined out today, so I stayed indoors.

MONDAY, JUNE 24/85 Dull & damp. Bad news. My sister Winifred phoned about 10 a.m. to tell me that sister Hilda died last night, in her home at Oakland, Mahone Bay. The youngest of us, she would have been 71 next November. She had been a chronic alcoholic for years, & we have seen little of each other in the past ten. An atheist, she wished her remains to go to Dalhousie medical school. Winifred is notifying sister Nellie's daughter Carol Parsley in Alabama, & will give me details later.

Mrs. Lee came in to pick up the latest three chapters of her book, & to discuss her hopes for publication. As I had warned her before, no commercial publisher would undertake it nowadays. However, I showed her how to calculate the words per page of the typescript (printer's measure) & thus to estimate the length of the book, how to write a resumé for submission to publishers, etc. She is leaving for a month with relatives in Ontario.

During the afternoon I mused on Hilda, the baby of the family, whom I called "Mugsie" or "Mugs" for short, big-brother-fashion. She was always my favourite, & as she grew up I tried to help her with advice. In the whirl of War Two, then in her 20's, she married a young English naval officer against my strong advice. He turned out to be a liar & a thief. After their divorce she married a young civilian named Gamester, the love of her life. At age 40 or so he developed a brain tumour & died on the operating table. From then on she was desolate & took to drink. Her third marriage, to Theodore Bayer, years later, was one of convenience for both of them, & she remained utterly unhappy until her death.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25/85 Damp & chilly. Erik & Lou Andersen came in to offer their sympathy. This evening sister Winifred phoned with a little

more information. As the Dalhousie medical school must have a body within 24 hours of death, Hilda's is there now. Presumably they will conduct an autopsy & then embalm it for dissection at some later time, as the students have begun their summer holidays. Hilda's will, drawn up some time ago, stated clearly that there was to be no religious service of any kind. Carol Paisley had undertaken to break the news to her mother.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1985 A strong sea gale with torrents of rain began this afternoon & continued all night. Mrs. Bagley came & worked till 2 p.m. with time out for lunch, cleaning the kitchen cupboards, washing all the chinaware, etc. Paid her $40.

Nearly blind as he is, Austin Parker made his way to my house through the storm this evening. He had just heard of Hilda's death. We talked till late.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27/85 Did my grocery shipping & picked up my mail. The storm went on all day & night, with lulls & then sudden gusts that shook the house & boomed like thunder, with floods of rain. In this cold wet atmosphere my furnace runs night & day, as in winter time, & I wear a sweater. Erik came in to fix the curtain rods in the little bedroom that was Francie's.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28/85 The storm petered out this morning & by afternoon there were a few glints of sunshine. Blair mowed my lawns. Paid him $20. A light rain tonight.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29/85 Glints of sun & heavy showers all day & evening, winding up the wettest, coldest, & stormiest June in anybody's recollection. My weigelia shrubs are in bloom.

Last summer I was able to mow my lawns, & to walk the golf course several afternoons in the week according to weather. Now I cannot mow at all, & a walk at White Point has become a slow & painful affair. This is not entirely due to arthritis. I realize ~~not~~ now that my increasing stoop is due to a deterioration of the lower spine.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30/85 Drizzle this morning, hot sunshine later. I sunned myself on the back lawn. At 5 I joined a large family dinner party at Hunts Point — Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & fiancé Gary Kempton; Tom 3rd. & his latest flame, a pretty blonde stewardess with Air Canada; lawyer George Caines & wife Sandra. Dinner was a gourmet affair. Entrée mussel soup, prepared with various condiments by Tom 2nd. & Caines, who had gathered the mussels at Port Mouton this morning. Main dish boiled salmon with egg sauce & vegetables. Dessert, apple pie & cheese. Home at 8 p.m. before the sea fog moved in.

CHRONICLE - HERALD JUNE 25, 1985

Mrs. Hilda K. Bayer

OAKLAND — Mrs. Hilda K. Bayer, 70, of Oakland, Lunenburg County, died Monday at home.

Born in Halifax, she was the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. T. H. and Ellen Raddall.

She is survived by her husband, Theodore; a step-daughter, Joanne (Mrs. Rex Rowsell), Ottawa; two step-sons, Donald, Dartmouth; James, Wolfville; two sisters, Mrs. P.M. Cassidy, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. L. J. Merlin, Fauxburg; a brother, Dr. T.H. Raddall, Liverpool; and several step-grandchildren.

The body has been donated to medical science.

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MONDAY, JULY 1, 1985 At last a real fine day. Very hot in town, & I brought out my big electric fan. Drove to White Point in the afternoon, parked my car on the dirt road leading to the cemetery, & walked to my favourite bench on No 4 tee. The breeze off the sea was cold & I had to zip up my jacket to the throat. In town there was a big parade, fireworks etc. to celebrate Canada Day.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3/85 Fog on the shore yesterday & today, so no walk at White Point. This morning I had a visit from A. D. ("Av") Johnson, 78 years old, who attended Chebucto School when I did but in younger grades. Later we were neighbours on Duncan Street when I was studying at the business college. His father then operated a milk distributing business with horses & carts. This he built up to modern standards & equipment, which "Av" enlarged when he took over the business. Now rich & retired in Hfx. he is a widower like myself.

THURSDAY, JULY 4/85 Very hot & calm in town. Blair mowed my lawns. Mrs. Bagley thoroughly house-cleaned my study, polished various brass knick-nacks, aired & sunned curtains etc. I had a short walk at White Point, where there was a somewhat chilly sea breeze. My left ankle still painful. ~~Miss~~ MRS. Diana Austin of U.N.B. phoned to confirm the interview. She has booked a room at Lane's Privateer Inn, where she will arrive on Friday evening, & will come to my house at 1 p.m. Saturday. Bird note:- the yellow warblers & Baltimore orioles have hatched their broods & gone. Apparently so have the chimney swifts, for I hear no more fluttering in my fireplace flue.

FRIDAY, JULY 5/85 Again very hot & calm in town, very cool in the sea breeze at White Point, where I made the short walk in the afternoon.

SATURDAY, JULY 6/85 Same weather. ~~Miss~~ (or Mrs?) Diana Austin came promptly at 1 p.m. with a tape recorder & a large sheaf of notes, & interviewed me until nearly 6. She is a brunette of about 35, ~~short~~ bobbed hair, no makeup, a vivacious manner & an acute & perceptive mind. She had made a real study of all my work, & could quote accurately from my novels & short stories. In many ways she reminded me of Mary Salmen, whose husband Stanley published "The Nymph & The Lamp". She is from a small town in northern New Brunswick, a graduate of McGill, Queens, & Oxford where she got an M.A. In England she married an English lawyer & stayed for several years. Came to UNB two or three years ago to renew her roots & is an assistant professor in the English dept. She plans to write several articles on my work & will send me transcripts next Fall, for my perusal before publication.

SUNDAY, JULY 7, 1985 Heavy rain this morning. Overcast the rest of the day, & foggy on the shore when I dined at Hunts Point. Tom 3rd. is working with the stevedores at the paper mill, as he did last year. On Sundays, when the pay is doubled, he gets $20 an hour. Blair is still hoping for a job with one of the governments student employment set-ups.

TUESDAY, JULY 9/85 Fine & warm. Mrs. Bagley tells me she has qualified in age for the (provincial) widow's pension, & henceforth she will cease her chores except for Hector Dunlap & myself, her oldest customers.

I spent an hour at White Point enjoying the sea breeze.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10/85 Fine & very hot in town. I found White Point blanketed with sea fog, so returned home & puttered about my lawns & shrubs, weeding etc. My weigelias begin to drop their fine red blossoms — they only last about two weeks. The deutzias & spireas are in full bloom.

Blair came at 7 & mowed the lawns.

FRIDAY, JULY 12/85 Rain yesterday. Fine & very hot today. Took the short route to my favourite bench at No 4, where I didn't need a jacket — just a light pleasant air off the sea. Bird note:— for a week past I have noted a bird in the golden elder outside my sun porch, flitting back & forth to what I presume is a nest somewhere near. Today I got a good look at it & a surprise. It is a female purple finch, much more plain than its rosy mate. Very late for these birds to be nesting but perhaps this one is raising a second brood. No sign of the male.

SATURDAY, JULY 13/85 Fine & hot in town, pleasant on the golf course, where I spent an hour.

SUNDAY, JULY 14/85 Hot in town, foggy on the shore. At 1 p.m. a woman named Cynthia Wine came by appointment to interview me. Hitherto she has written one or two cookbooks etc, but now she has a contract with Doubleday Canada to write a book on the notorious Stafford murder case which was prosecuted here last year. A degenerate named Billy Stafford was found shot dead on the Medway River road between Charleston & Bang's Falls. His common law wife, a creature of low intelligence, confessed that she killed him after years of beatings & disgusting sexual abuse. Popular belief here is that her son did the shooting, & she took the blame because she believed (correctly) that no jury would convict her. The case drew newspaper reporters, TV crews, etc. & the courthouse was crammed with prurient spectators, largely women. Wine questioned me about the ethnic origins of Queens County people, detail about Bangs Falls &

JULY 15, 1985 (continued) the Medway River generally. She took pencil notes & seemed very familiar with Liverpool. Later on, dining at Hunts Point, my son Tom told me why. Wine is a clever Jewess, divorced but with some money, who rented a house at Beach Meadows some years ago. She entered into local affairs, especially the amateur theatrical group who call themselves "The Winds of Change". There she met young lawyer Ford Clements, a partner of his father Lester (now a judge), a married man with two children. Eventually she went back to Toronto, taking Ford with her. Ford's wife divorced him & he now lives with Wine & is trying to make a living as a lawyer in Toronto, where the competition is terrific.

Dinner at Hunts Point consisted of steamed mussels (huge things) for entrée, & then baked scallops with rice & fresh greens. The mussels & scallops were obtained by Blair, scuba-diving at Carter's Beach & Port L'Hebert. I left an envelope addressed to Debby, with a note of good wishes for her approaching marriage, & a cheque for $5,000.00.

TUESDAY, JULY 16/85 Rain all day, & air very humid. Mrs. Bagley hurried through her chores in order to get to the Employment Office by 10 a.m., when she makes her application for the widows' allowance.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17/85 A thunderstorm & a flood of rain in the night. The rain poured down my chimney, & the furnace flue leaked on my cellar floor, a pool as black as ink. This never happened before.

The day continued very warm & humid, with sudden drenching showers. There was a lull towards evening, & Blair came & mowed my lawns.

THURSDAY, JULY 18/85 Like yesterday, living in a steam bath. I find myself terribly bored & depressed, shut in as if it were winter.

FRIDAY, JULY 19/85 Sunshine at last. A Mrs. Nancie Erhard drove here from Hfx. by appointment this morning with several of my books for autographing. A native of St. Louis, Missouri, now living in Hfx, she is enthusiastic about all my work.

Phoned the golf club with a walk in view, but found that the course is very wet & the fog still hanging on the shore. Very hot in town. Sat in the shade on the back lawn, & pottered about, spraying weeds etc. The rambler on the back fence, the only survivor of the various roses I planted many years ago, is still in good health & putting forth many buds. The lone surviving shoot of honeysuckle is putting forth a few blossoms.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1985 Showers in the night, clearing off this a.m. to a very hot day (90° F in the sun) Drove along the shore road to Summerville, back to town by the new highway, then around Western Head for a good breath of cool sea air. In the evening Debby & her bridegroom-to-be Clary Kempton came in for a chat & to thank me for my gift. They brought a sheet of the (Hfx) Daily News for July 13. The headline was "New commercial Trade Centre for Raddall Avenue", & the text & map showed a building development now under construction "off Raddall Avenue in Burnside Mall". It will have 15 units, each with a large store-front window, show-room space, storage space, & office space. "Raddall Avenue was chosen because the site is highly visible to the public."

This month has been so wet that many guests have left beach resorts like White Point Lodge to seek the sun inland. Annapolis Valley farmers say their spring plantings have been ruined by the continuous wet. Prairie farmers complain of drought. In B.C. hundreds of forest fires are burning, & there are bad bush fires in California. To coin a phrase, it isn't the weather, it's the distribution.

SUNDAY, JULY 21/85 Sunny & very hot in town. Sat on the lawn for a while, but found it more comfortable indoors, naked to the waist, in the breeze from my big fan. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Clary & Debbie. Much cooler there.

TUESDAY, JULY 23/85 Again very hot in town. Mrs. Bagley came & did her weekly cleaning chores. In the afternoon I drove to White Point, took the short route to No 4 tee. Overcast there with a light W. breeze. Spent about an hour. The bloom is gone from my weigelia shrubs, & just beginning on the golden elders. The two roses I planted in April were sickly for a long time, but they are flourishing now, & about to bloom.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24/85 Temp. 90° F. in the sun this afternoon, but at White Point the breeze was ESE, right off the fogbank, too chilly for my old bones, & I did not linger more than half an hour.

Had my car washed.

THURSDAY, JULY 25/85 Hot in town, pleasant at White Point, where the wind was W. In the evening Blair mowed my lawns.

A Bowater-Mersey van brought a package with a note from Bob Weary. It contained photos, framed & ready for hanging, taken at Mersey Lodge on May 10. One shows a family group — Tom, Pam, Francis & Tracy standing about me. The other shows me with Weary

Mrs. Margaret Kennigar, & Dr. James Perkin of Acadia.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1985 Mostly overcast & very hot, despite a strong W. wind. Forecast rain, so I stayed at home, puttering about the back lawn. Gary Hartlen returned my files on the Bank of Liverpool & the Bank of Acadia. Hemeon, druggist, asked me to drop in & autograph some copies of "In My Time" which he had obtained from The Book Room, Hfx. It appears that Book Room bought all the copies that McClelland & Stewart had left last Fall, when they were offering various "remainders" at bargain prices.

M. & S. printed & bound 5,000 copies in 1976. By the end of 1984 they had sold to stores 4,467 copies. I bought 200, most of which are in my attic. My son Tom also bought 200.

SUNDAY, JULY 28/85 Beautiful day. Hot in town, pleasant at White Point. Many players on the golf course, mostly strangers. Dined at Hunts Point with son Tom, Pam, Blair, Clary & Debby, grandson Tom & a chum of his whose name escaped me. Main dish was fine big & tender scallops, provided by Blair scuba-diving at Port L'Hebert. New potatoes, broccoli & young carrots from Tom's garden.

All thoughts are on the wedding next Saturday. There will be 160 invited guests at the church & the reception at White Point Lodge. Phew!

MONDAY, JULY 29/85 Same weather. Did my laundry chores. Spent two hours at White Point. By that time a high white scud was rapidly climbing up the sky from SE, promising showers tonight or tomorrow.

TUESDAY, JULY 30/85 Same weather. Mrs. Bagley came & worked at the annual housecleaning, washing curtains etc., from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., with time out for lunch. Paid her $40. Spent two pleasant hours at White Point. Renewed my supply of wine (Sauterne & Port.)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31/85 Same weather. A man named Duncan Harper came to consult me this morning about a book he has compiled on Port Medway. Native of B.C., 35-ish, blond. After a lot of beating about the bush he asked me to write a boosh for the book & send it to the Halifax newspapers. I declined politely, pointing out that I had been living in retirement for 17 years & had no standing whatever with the Hfx newspapers. He gave me a copy of the book.

At 6 p.m. Mrs. Marion Kelsie picked me up in their car & took me to their little house at Port Joli for dinner & an evening's chat. Her husband Charles was there, & his sister from Montreal, and a spinster daughter of the late Eric Millard of Liverpool & later Truro. A delicious dinner & much lively & intelligent talk. Home at 11 p.m.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1985 Yesterday was wet, a sea gale with floods of rain, so no walk today — I knew the golf course would be a swamp. Pottered about my back lawn this afternoon. It was cloudy with sunny spells.

In the evening my grandson Gregory Dennis dropped in, on his way to White Point Lodge, where all the family wedding-guests are staying. He showed me with pride his car (my old 1966 Corvair) completely renovated & repainted the same colour (robin's egg blue). As if it had just come from the factory. My daughter Frances phoned from White Point. She & Bill will pick me up about 1 p.m. tomorrow & take me to the church for the wedding ceremony at 2. Then on to White Point Lodge for the reception.

SATURDAY, AUG. 3/85 The sky cleared & provided a sunny day for the wedding. Greg picked me up at 1.30 in the Corvair & I joined Bill, Francie, & the Dennis girls at the church. The place was full. Beautiful bride, handsome groom, four handsome young ushers (including Tom 3rd.) in white jackets & black trousers. After the ceremony a smart white Rolls-Royce limousine, complete with chauffeur in a white uniform, (hired from Halifax) took the happy couple to White Point, & we guests followed. The reception was in the big dining room of the Lodge, looking on the sea. Plenty of refreshments. I sat by a window, being unable to stand long, & many people came to chat with me. All very pleasant. At 4.30 most of the guests went on to the Randall house at Hunts Point, but I got Blair to drive me home.

SUNDAY, AUG. 4/85 Fine & hot. Had a pleasant session on the bench at White Point, chatting with various players. Dined at Hunts Point with Pam, Francie, Bill & Greg Dennis, Blair, Toms 2 & 3, Tom 3's girl Bonnie. The bride & groom came in to say so-long, & left for Hfx., where tonight they will catch a plane for a honeymoon in England. I drove home at 8 p.m. while the daylight was good.

MONDAY, AUG. 5/85 Hottest day yet. (90° in the sun as late as 8 p.m.) Enjoyed an hour or so in the sea breeze at White Point. Bill & Francie called in on their way back to Moncton — a five hour drive in this stifling heat, & facing the sun much of the way.

TUESDAY, AUG. 6/85 Ditto weather. At White Point the narrow stone beaches of Port Mouton Island rose & shimmered in the mirage like the white cliffs of Dover.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 7/85 Ditto weather & White Point. This is the 24th. birthday of Tom 3rd., & Pam invited me to dine at Hunts Point. Tom is working hard in the wood plank at the paper mill & earning much money. Blair has a monotonous job at a local soft-drink bottling plant.

& gets only a tenth of Tom's pay, as he grumbles.
THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1985 Sunny morning, clouding over at noon. Very hot in town, but at White Point I found a stiff ESE breeze rather chilly & I did not linger long. Letter from my sister Nellie in Alabama, our first communication since Hilda's death, which stunned both of us. She had planned to spend the summer months in her cottage at Oakland, but now thinks she may come for a brief stay with John & Carol at Indian Point, when they come to their place in September. Letter from St. James publishers, London England, who are planning a revised edition of their reference book Contemporary Novelists in 1986. They enclose a copy of my dossier as it appeared in the 1981 edition, & ask for corrections & additions. Rain began at evening.
FRIDAY, AUG. 9/85 The 67th. anniversary of my father's death in battle, which I never forget. After a night's rain a hot day. I knew the golf course would be wet so stayed at home. Wrote to Nellie & the St. James people. My beautiful big roses took up last night's rain like sponges & today are drooping & almost broken. Did some shopping & sat on the back lawn for a time in the shade. This evening Douglas & Evelyn Haskins, Chester Basin, stopped for a few minutes on their way home from Connecticut.
SATURDAY, AUG. 10/85 Overcast & very hot. Pleasant at White Point, the sea calm, with just enough easterly air to stir the golf flags.
SUNDAY, AUG. 11/85 Overcast most of the day, clearing & hot late in the afternoon, good weather for Tom & friends in the annual picnic on Port Mouton Island. I had my usual spell at White Point.
MONDAY, AUG. 12/85 Fog & thunder showers. I gave one of my few remaining copies of "West Nova" to Earl Gerhardt, local taximan, who served with the regiment all through the Italian campaign as a rifleman, & had never seen the book.
TUESDAY, AUG. 13/85 A delightful day, sunny & warm but with dry air & a refreshing breeze. Enjoyed a session at White Point, chatting with the various players as they came along.
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14/85 Overcast, hot in town with no wind, but a bit chilly at White Point in the sea breeze, so I did not linger long. Bill Harlow came in for a brief chat. A native of Liverpool, he is now retired at Fort Erie, Ontario, with a winter residence in Arizona. Now holidaying at White Point Lodge & looking up old friends in Liverpool.
THURSDAY, AUG. 15/85 Hottest day yet. Even at White Point there was only a light air, & Port Mouton Island & the farther shore were mere

shadows in the haze. Despite the heat, Blair mowed my lawns.

My roses are falling in coloured rags, a sad sign of passing summer.

FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1985 This morning I was visited by a retired U.S. naval officer & his wife, pleasant people from California, traveling with a huge motor-home, towing a small motorcar, with a bicycle on top. They had met my sister Winifred somewhere & she gave them my address. Today was again very hot, & I enjoyed my now usual hour on the bench at White Point. The golf course has been crowded ever since the July monsoon dried up. Very few players today — the visitors from central Canada & the U.K. are flitting homeward.

SUNDAY, AUG. 18/85 Still fine & hot in town, pleasant in the sea breeze at White Point. Dined at Hunts Point with Tom, Pam, Blair, Debby & husband Clary. The young couple report an interesting holiday in England. From here they go to spend a few days with Pam's mother in her summer cottage at Bruelé on Northumberland Strait.

MONDAY, AUG. 19/85 Overcast, threatening rain. Austin Parker came in for a chat. At Halifax the surgeon removed the cataract from his left eye & sewed in a permanent lens, so that he can now see with that eye. His right eye will remain completely blind until a permanent lens can be installed. Rain at evening.

TUESDAY, AUG. 20/85 Drizzle & fog, very humid. This morning J. A. Wainwright, associate professor of English at Dalhousie U. came by appointment to interview me. A tall blond man, 35-ish, he is on sabbatical leave to write a critical biography of my old friend Charles Bruce. Has done a lot of research already. Borrowed my Bruce correspondence file, with my permission to copy.

Phone call from Professor Hubert Morgan (? not sure) of Dalhousie U. Is preparing a series of articles on my contemporary (as distinct from historical) novels, with special attention to "The Nymph & The Lamp." Would like to interview me on afternoon of Monday Aug. 26. Okay.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21/85 Overcast & pleasantly warm. Mrs. Lee dropped in with a hard-cover copy of "Roger Sudden" for my autograph. She had found it in a second hand shop in Toronto. I enjoyed my usual hour at White Point, where there was some surf, for the first time in weeks. Had a chat there with grandson Tom, who is on the graveyard shift at the mill this week & so can play in the afternoons. He uses the bag, cart, & clubs which I gave him a few years ago, & he plays very well. Blair mowed my lawns.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23, 1985 Professor Wainwright returned by mail today my Bruce correspondence, together with a copy of "The Mulgrave Road", selected poems by Bruce, edited by Wainwright & Lesley Choyce, & published this year by the Pottersfield Press, Porter's Lake, N.S.

At White Point I saw a small flight of wild geese heading towards their winter haven at Port Joli — the first I have seen this season. Another sign of summer's end.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24/85

Letter from Lesley Choyce, who teaches in the English dept. of Dalhousie, writes prose & poetry himself, & on the side operates Pottersfield Press at ~~Eder~~ Porter's Lake. "We are a small, literary press with limited means, but have managed to find a national audience for our books."

He wants permission to assemble a collection of my uncollected short stories.

I spent a pleasant hour or so at White Point. At 4:30 Tom & Pam picked me up at home & took me up the river to Mersey Lodge, where 160 guests were enjoying a "garden party" given by Bowater Mersey manager Bob Neary & his wife. A six piece orchestra. Drinks & light food refreshments. Chatted with many old friends. Jack Dunlop said he is arranging another trip to Indian Lookout for his father, Austin Parker & me next October, followed by a similar tour of the woodlands. Armand Wigglesworth said the local branch of the Canadian Legion is planning a dinner in October at which Austin Parker & I, the only surviving charter members, will be the honored guests. The weather was sunny & warm with a breeze along the river, perfect for the occasion. Home at 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, AUG. 25/85 Overcast, threatening rain, which began about 7 p.m. Dined at Hunt's Point with Tom, Pam, & Blair.

MONDAY, AUG. 26/85 Dark & damp & muggy. Another Dalhousie professor of English, Hubert Morgan, visited me by appointment this afternoon. Sandy hair, moustache, side whiskers & chin beard clipped. 45-ish, very diffident manner, almost inarticulate at times (I had to ask him to speak up, & louder). His specialty is George Eliot, & he gave me a copy of a paper he had written, drawing analogies between characters in my novels & Eliot's chief characters. I had read, or attempted to read "The Mill on the Floss" & "Adam Bede" many years ago. They bored me stiff & I was never able to finish them. Hence most of Morgan's talk to me, uttered in that mumbling voice, was incomprehensible. I wondered how his students could make anything out of it. He had a copy of Alan Young's book on me & my work, & agreed with me that it was a poor thing on the

whole. He is endeavouring to sell his own paper to "a journal published in Fredericton" — presumably a U.N.B. publication.

Letter from Reader's Digest, New York, re their anthology of short stories "The Fireside Reader" published in 1978. I had agreed to let them use "The Wedding Gift" for 7 years. They now ask for a 7-year renewal, & will pay me $1,000 (U.S.) for it. Okay.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 28, 1985 Rain yesterday. Today the weather cleared with brisk W. wind, & I spent a pleasant hour-and-half at White Point. Watered the roses & petunias with a solution of RX 15.

Blair mowed my lawns.

THURSDAY, AUG. 29/85 Sunny with a fresh W. wind. A collector of my books named McGarvey, a school librarian in Dartmouth, came by appointment this afternoon with two cartons of them, for my autograph. Irwin Publishing Inc., Toronto, have sent me a copy of Mrs. Joyce Barkhouse's typescript of "A Name For Himself", for checking & suggestions. It will be one of their series Contemporary Canadian Biographies. The author's style is somewhat gushing, & imaginative in spots, but it is substantially correct.

FRIDAY, AUG. 30/85 Hazy sun, light SE breeze. Sat for an hour at White Point & had a brief chat with grandson Tom, who leaves soon for Hfx to resume his studies. Made a few corrections & deletions in the Barkhouse typescript & mailed it to Irwin Publishing Co.

SATURDAY, AUG. 31/85 Our brief summer passed out in a roaring sea gale, which began last night & went on with torrents of rain all day. A great surf at Hunts Point, where I joined Tom II, Tom III, Pamela, Clary, Debby, & Blair in a feast of big lobsters, caught on the Banks by one of the Macleod trawlers from Port Mouton.

Tom III has rented the (Dalhousie-owned) apartment in which his father & mother lived while Tom II was at Dal. dental school, & he is busy getting furnishings.

TUESDAY, SEP. 3/85 The storm petered out slowly on Monday, but the weather continues dark & damp. Robert Newcombe called in for a chat this afternoon, a former neighbour of my family in Hfx. Spent most of his working life in uranium mining in Ontario. His wife is a grand-daughter of Capt. J.L. Publicover, & they now live in his unique house (built mostly of beach stones) at Dublin Shore.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 4/85 Still raining. This afternoon by appointment Jerauld Wright's wife Elizabeth came with a tape machine & recorded six or seven 5-minute interviews with me for broadcasting on the radio station of the University of Ottawa. She is a bright Scotswoman, 60-ish, who presumably

met Jerauld when he was serving with the RCAF in War Two. They live in Ottawa & spend summers in a cottage at the old Knight place on MacPherson Street.

SATURDAY, SEP. 7, 1985 After 7 days of dark skies, rainy or merely ~~damp~~, strange for this month, the sun came out & I had a pleasant hour at White Point. Grandson Blair returned to Acadia U. today, so son Tom came & mowed my lawns.

SUNDAY, SEP. 8/85 Fine & hot. Spent a pleasant two hours at White Point, & later dined with Tom & Pam at Hunts Point, the first time they have been alone since last April.

Tom tells me that the new bar & restaurant in the old Money Hotel opened yesterday, after two years of expensive repairs & changes by the mysterious West German owners. There was a huge crowd, & the staff were overwhelmed, so there was much complaint.

MONDAY, SEP. 9/85 Another lovely day. Many players at White Point, where I sat & chatted briefly with passing people.

THURSDAY, SEP. 12/85 Rain yesterday, followed by a cold night (40°F) Sunny & cool today, & I had a pleasant hour at White Point. Some vandals upset several tombstones in the little White Point cemetery last night. It is just off No 5 fairway.

FRIDAY, SEP. 13/85 Overcast. Rain at evening. Wrote Choyce (Aug. 24) saying I was agreeable, although the uncollected stories seem to me a heterogeneous lot.

SATURDAY, SEP. 14/85 Sun-&-cloud. Cool but pleasant. Enjoyed an hour at White Point although a wild golfball made a small dent in my car.

SUNDAY, SEP. 15/85 Same weather. An hour at White Point, & dinner with Tom & Pam. After dinner Tom came in & mowed my lawns.

MONDAY, SEP. 16/85 Same weather. Spent the morning at the weekly laundry chores, hampered by recurring dizziness, so I did not venture to White Point.

I learn that my neighbours the Erik Anderssens, are detained in Vancouver by the serious illness of their daughter Karen.

TUESDAY, SEP. 17/85 Sunny with a light offshore breeze. Had a pleasant hour at White Point. Several flocks of wild geese passed over, heading for Port Joli.

THURSDAY, SEP. 19/85 Fine weather continues. Very hot today. Each afternoon I spend an hour or more in the sea breeze at White Point. Austin Parker dropped in this evening for a chat. His eye specialist in Hfx decided not to put an implant in his right eye but instead put in a new kind of contact lens which does not have to be removed & cleaned daily. Even so, his vision is still impaired. He tells me that our old friend Capt. Charles Williams has deeded his property

Average furnace oil consumption for 15 years (1951 – 1965 incl.)

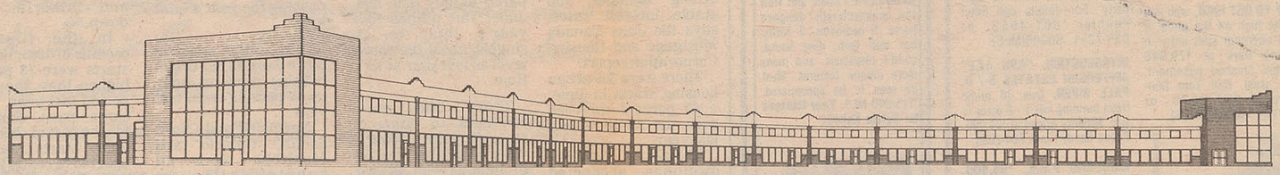
= 1157 gallons

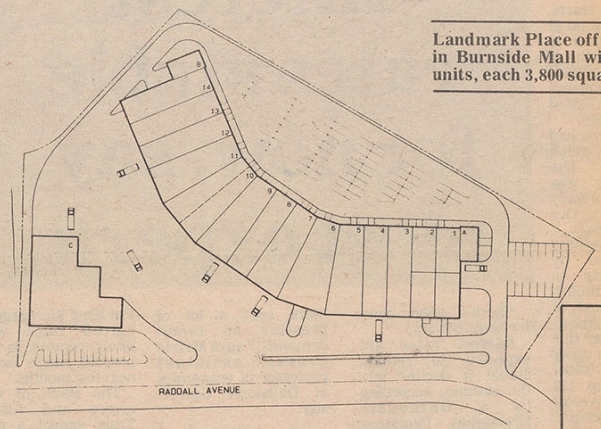
The Daily News
REAL ESTATE GUIDE

The safe way to use your ladder

Like any tool, ladders can help you get the job done quickly and easily, but ladder safety is essential. To help you avoid an accident, here's a list of tips.

- Read the safety labels on ladders before buying one. The labels should tell you how much weight the ladder can support. Make sure you choose the right ladder.
- Avoid working around power lines.
- Always wear slip resistant shoes when working on a ladder.
- Carefully inspect the condition of your ladder each time before you use it.
- Choose an extension ladder that is high enough so you don't have to stand above the fourth rung from the top.
- Climb only as high as the second rung from the top of a stepladder and never stand on top of the ladder.
- Select a ladder that will take you to the highest point you have to reach. If you want to go up to the roof, your ladder should extend three feet beyond the eaves.
- Never stand on the bucket shelf of your stepladder.
- Lean your ladder against the house at the correct angle — about 75 degrees, by setting the base away from the wall a distance equal to a fourth of the ladder's total length.
- Try to keep your body centred between the rails of the ladder. Leaning way over could make the ladder tip.
- Always face the ladder when you're going up or down on it.
- Don't take chances on a ladder that has been damaged or weakened. Throw it out.
- When the ladder is not in use, store it where it won't get damaged and where nobody can trip over it.





Site plan

Landmark Place off Raddall Ave in Burnside Mall will contain 15 units, each 3,800 square feet.

Industrial park overview

New commercial trade centre for Raddall Ave.

Joe Croft, foreman of B.D. Stevens Ltd. and Don Hale of B.H. Fancy Construction Ltd. are working on the Landmark Place site.

WHAT looks like a lunar landscape now, off Raddall Ave. in Burnside Mall, will become a $4 million, 75,000 sq. ft. multi-tenant commercial center by this fall.

It will have 15 units, each of a flexible design with a large storefront window, showroom space at the front, storage space at the back and office space in the center, says Roger O'Neil of Kingsway Developments Ltd.

The 3,800 sq. ft. units will be leased at $5.50 net per sq. ft.

Having only just begun its marketing program, the centre doesn't have any tenants yet, but it is amining at retail and semi-retail services for the general public and the commercial market in Burnside Park, O'Neil says.

Raddall Ave. was chosen because the site is highly visible to the public.

Excavations have begun on Landmark Place which will be ready for occupancy this autumn.

PAT KING Real Estate
THE HOME OF REAL ESTATE

CHEAP HEAT with a high quality airtight woodstove in the family room. This 3 bedroom bungalow on Riverside Drive, Sackville, is a steal at $74,900. Tom Donnahee 1-857-9570 or 835-7251. W092R(MLS).

BEAVERBANK $79,500. Owners are moving and must sell this 3-4 bedroom split entry just minutes from Downsview Mall. Fireplace in living room, extra large deck, family room down with outside entrance. Owner may consider offers from the right party. For details call Ellen Poehler 861-4653 or 835-7251. S090B(MLS).

WANT TO GET HIGH, well you can get high on the price of this 4 bedroom split entry in Highland Park at $79,900 with full finished basement. It's a steal. Call Tom Donnahee 1-857-9570 or 835-7251. W085P(MLS).

INTRODUCTION "ASH LEE" JEFFERSON ESTATES S / D, FALL RIVER. Over 30 prime treed building lots 1 - 2 acres in size. Majority priced at $21,000. Phone Sandy Hines 864-2084.

$106,500, OWNERS ARE MOVING & must sell this immaculate 4-level split located just mins. from Sackville Downs. Features include attached garage, F / P, landscaped lot & more. For details call Belinda Farrell 861-4273.

HIGHLAND PARK, $96,900. Lovely 4 level split on a nice large lot. Features include pine kitchen, built-in dishwasher, cathedral ceiling in living room and much more. Call Cathy Bassett 835-1742 or 835-7251. W083S(MLS).

BEDFORD $53,500 this cozy bungalow set area close to SOLD Call Cathy Bassett 835-1742.

Belinda Farrell	861-4273
Tom Donnahee	1-857-9570 (collect)
Brenda McClary	865-3188
Sandy Hines	864-2084
Bruce Holm	835-1606
Bette Locke	835-9416
Ellen Poehler	861-4653
Peg Eagles	865-1729
Tracey Gillis	865-7610
Cathy Bassett	835-1742
Ron Pierce, Manager	835-5314

Today, another family will find a home with Pat King.

THE PERMANENT

Let Your Future Unfold With Us

Downsview Mall
Lower Sackville, N.S.
865-6020

$29,900. MOBILE

Over one acre lot, 35 minutes from town, large barn, nice area of new homes. Great Buy.

EXTRA LARGE SPLIT ENTRY

Fully finished, bright, sunny deck, eat in kitchen, dining room, many extras.

$74,900. SARATOGA DRIVE, SACKVILLE

Large bungalow completely landscaped, 2 fireplaces, spotless, dishwasher, just move in.

THREE BDRM MOBILE, A MUST TO SEE!

Spotless, clean, in a nice park. A 1982 70 x 14 with large livingroom, eat in kitchen, electric heat and lovely lot. $34,500. Call today for appointment.

$7,000 LOT PORTER'S LAKE

Walk to Lake, perk tested, area of fine homes. What a buy.

LOREEN HUBLEY	865-1478
DELPHIS ROY	865-8686
SYLVIA CHURNEY	865-6507
AL DOW	835-7393
DIANE ROBERTSON	865-2544
FARRIS MacPHERSON	865-4123
JANET O'HANLON	823-3072
MARILYN HOLM	865-0824
DEBBIE DEVEAU	865-1312
ELIZABETH WAMBOLT	865-7254
CONNIE BRAUER	798-4274
TERRY HOLLAND	865-5813

MACDONALD REAL ESTATE
Brooklyn
Hants County
757-3331

OPEN HOUSE DAY
July 14, 1985
from 2 p.m.
to 4:30 p.m.

BROOKLYN - Come and view this architecturally designed home. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, box stall barn, dove house, child's playhouse, and many more unique features. Must be seen to be appreciated. $115,000 MLS. **Your Hostess Is: Sylvia Kehoe.**

BROOKLYN - Newly constructed Cape Cod. This home is a must to see! 4 bedrooms, child's playroom, Colonial trim throughout, loads of cabinets, and much more to be seen! All on 2.35 acres. $95,000. MLS. **Your Hostess Is: Pat Swimeamer.**

HANTSPORT - Come and view this 3 bedroom back split located on quiet road. Close to all amentities. Some features of this home include basement garage, workshop, nicely landscaped lot, and garden area. Priced to sell at $53,000. MLS. **Your Hostess Is: Andrea Kerr.**

ELLERSHOUSE - Enjoy those hot summer days in your own in-ground swimming pool. This 3 bedroom bungalow situated on double lot has ample water supply. Mom will love the counter top range and wall oven. There are many more features of this home so why not give us a call and view this one. $69,900.

CURRY'S CORNER, WINDSOR - County taxes with town services. 1½ storey, 3 bedrooms, lovely living room, wall oven, counter top range, inground swimming pool. A must to see! $69,900 MLS.

ELLERSHOUSE - 1 ½ storey, 3 bedrooms, built-in china cabinets, built-in gun closet, patio on back of house, loads of cabinets, built-in dishwasher. All for the low price of $51,900. MLS.

NEW CHEVERIE ROAD - 20 acre woodlot. $9,900. MLS.

FALMOUTH - 100 acres of prime dykeland. $60,000 MLS.

Pat Swineamer	757-3013
Andrea Kerr	757-2511
Sylvia Kehoe	798-2473

Other offices to serve you:

Wolfville	542-2133
New Minas	678-2300
Kentville	678-2114
Middleton	825-4831

The Daily News REAL ESTATE GUIDE

HOUSING STARTS UP

The residential construction industry in Nova Scotia, continues to respond to strong demand and stable interest rates, says the June Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation report.

There were 595 urban housing starts in June, a 60 percent increase over the same month last year.

Single family dwellings accounted for 309 units, up 34 percent from last year. Multiples were up 101 percent at 286 units.

Total housing starts, at 2218 units, are up 61 percent, compared to the first six months of 1984. This is the largest number of housing starts in the first half of any year since 1976.

The Halifax area had 423 starts, 201 of which were singles. The singles activity was spread evenly throughout the Metropolitan Area.

Multiple unit activity was dominated by apartment starts in Bedford, Dartmouth and Halifax, most of which were condominiums. So far this year, singles are up 19 percent over 1984. Multiples are up 122 percent, for an overall increase of 65 percent.

Construction activity was down in industrial Cape Breton. There were 32 singles started, compared to 54 in June last year.

Two non-profit housing projects started construction as well, giving eight units in Sydney Mines and eight more in North Sydney. This year's starts are 33 percent ahead of last year at 220 units.

In the New Glasgow area there were 16 singles started compared to only nine last June. This pushed this year's total to 41 singles, about the same level as last year at this time.

Truro and area continues to enjoy a strong year. There were 44 singles started in June as well as two apartment projects totalling 48 units.

Kentville had 16 singles started in June, pushing the year's total to 47.

Across the country, there were 13,967 urban housing starts in June, up 17 percent from last year.

Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Ontario and Manitoba were all substantially up compared to last June, while Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Saskatchewan and Alberta were down.

In the first six months of 1985, housing starts were 13 percent higher than the same period last year. If the same pace continues for the rest of this year, total starts can be epected to reach 152,000 units.

Interest rates stable for now, say most experts

There's good news for home buyers.

Interest rates are expected to remain stable or decline into the autumn, according to a Dalhousie Economics Professor and local bankers and trust company officials, surveyed this week by the Daily News.

"I think interest rates are going to stay the same, because the Canadian and American economies are not likely to grow rapidly in the next three or four months. Without strong growth, there isn't a lot of pressure on credit demands," says Melvin Cross, assistant professor of economics at Dalhousie University.

He adds that the American and Canadian governments are reluctant to make policies that will cause interest rates to rise.

Among financial institutions surveyed, spokesmen for the Bank of Montreal, National Bank, Permanent Trust, Co-op Trust, Evangeline Trust, London Life, League Savings and Pat King Mortgages all agreed rates would likely remain in their present range for the next few months.

The Bank of Commerce and Atlantic Trust expect a slight reduction.

Current rates for residential mortgages range from 10 to 13 per cent, depending on term.

While local sales have remained relatively strong, some house buyers appear hesitant to make a commitment, anticipating further longer-term declines in rates.

As a result, lending institutions have a surplus of funds available for mortgages. Both here and nationally, they have attempted to stimulate demand by offering a variety of innovative mortgage packages.

Mortgage rates normally track changes in the Bank of Canada rate. It declined marginally this week, falling below 9.5 per cent for the second time this year. Despite this, Canada still has what is the second highest real central bank rate in the Western industrial world, with Italy being first and the United States being third. (The real rate is determined by subtracting inflation, currently 3.9 per cent.)

Canada's prime business lending rate, set by the chartered banks, is 10.5 percent compared to 9.5 percent in the United States.

HOUSING SALES EXPECTED TO RISE

Residential housing sales in the Halifax and Dartmouth area are expected to increase 12 per cent over 1984 to about 3,100 units by the end of this year, according to the latest Royal LePage residential market survey.

Selling prices have dropped by three per cent, from $75,980 in 1984 to $73,840 in 1985. This reflects increasing sales of lower price homes, rather than a drop in actual house values.

Uncertainties over interest rates appear to have delayed the sales of properties in the over $125,000 range.

The impact of the latest budget on the Atlantic provinces's economy is not yet discernable, the survey says.

Tax implications may spur more activity in oil and gas exploration, fisheries and lumber and pulp, which could have a positive effect on residential real estate, the report says.