

AUG 15, 1947 - May 28, 1948

From AUG 3/47 - May 28/48

RECORDS

No. 442-B

65
 diary.

Thomas H. Raddeball Aug 3/47 to May 28/48

Aug. 3 to Aug 25, 1947

No entries in this period because I had filled my last diary book & was too busy to get another. All this time working very hard on the WNSR history. Dry hot weather, golf almost every afternoon, working soon after daylight each morning until noon, & from 7 pm. to midnight or 1 a.m., after working one or two hours in the afternoon. By mid-August the pace was telling - I was getting along famously with my history but my nerves (& my golf game) had gone to hell, as they always do at this stage of a book. Out to dinner at the shore several times. Tommy arrived home after 3 weeks at Camp Naponee, reported a wonderful time, & promptly departed for Summerville, where he & young Gordon MacDonald proposed to spend (& did spend) the next week or ten days in an old blackened & torn tent of Gordon's. One day Mr. & Mrs. Napier Moore, Murray Chipman & a Mrs. Solloway dropped in & we all had drinks & went off to lunch at White Point. Later we came into Liverpool & Evelyn White showed the visitors her family silver, pewter, china etc. On the 22nd. we took the kids on the Yacht Club picnic excursion to Coffin's Island - going & coming in

in motor launches. The kids bathed & dug clams & rowed dories in the little island harbor. I walked across the island to the lighthouse, which is a plain thing of grey-white cement, 60 feet high. The light is a simple single gas-mantle affair, about which revolves the steel disc with its three occulting projections. The disc is turned by a spring, which must be wound every 4 hours by inserting a crank below the disc.

Just seaward of the present lighthouse is the stone foundation of the old one, built in 1811. (Old Simon Perkins "laid" the first stone on July 24, 1811.) This was a sturdy thing with a base of granite blocks rough-hewn on the spot by stone-masons & all gathered from the beach. Apparently the stone base was 6 or 8 feet high and was circular with a gross diameter of 30 feet. The upper portion was of timber, stoutly braced in special grooves chiseled in the foundation stones. Probably the first (1811) light was a fixed oil lantern. This lighthouse was struck by lightning & burned in 1912 after 101 years of use. The present structure was then built. The granite stub of the old one remained apparently until the 1930's, when a gov't. contractor built a ~~stone~~ breakwater to prevent further sea-erosion of the lighthouse point. The cribwork of this breakwater contains the heun blocks of

the original lighthouse foundation tumbled in with other stones. The lighthouse keeper, Leaman, & I dug in the old lighthouse foundation, uncovered bits of charred timber from the fire of 1912, several hand-made spikes & nails, & finally an iron box about 18" x 10" x 10" open at one end & filled with chunks of old blacksmith iron. The box had an iron sling handle across the open end & evidently was one of the weights by which the first revolving lantern was turned (like the weights in a grandfather clock).

Returned to the picnic where we boiled & ate corn, clams etc - the kids were actually provided with more soda pop than they could drink - & returned ^{to town} in a warm dusk. The crops are parched, wells are dry, forest fires burning, especially about the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton.

News from abroad chiefly concerns Britain & its financial crisis, which is being met by still more rigid rationing of all imported & exported goods - to keep imports down & exports up. On Aug. 15 the solemn reading of a proclamation in Delhi by Lord Mountbatten ended the long British rule of India & substituted two independent states, one largely Hindu & one ("Pakistan"), largely Moslem, just what Gandhi, Nehru & the other babus have been yelling for. Hindus &

Moslems at once began to persecute, rob & in many cases massacre the minorities within their own states, just as Mr. Churchill & others predicted. The babus are not fit to rule & soon will not have the power. They have requested many officers & men of the British Raj to stay & help preserve order.

MONDAY, AUG 25/47 Letter from Doubleday & Co enclosing a cheque for \$528.05, purporting to be final settlement of my royalty account. They owe me at least \$3200, & their written statements are obviously false. I wrote a blunt letter setting forth my reckoning & demanding full payment.

FRIDAY, AUG 29/47 Finished my history of the West Nova Scotia Regt this morning, after long & hard labor. (I even gave up golf for the past twelve fine afternoons!) Tonight feeling the need I left home in my car about 11:30 & "wandered lonely as a cloud" through the streets down to the Yacht Club & finally to Greenfield & the Medway River where it was very wonderful & rather eerie in the full moonlight & the mist rising in tall wisps from the water. Parked a long time by the river, somewhere near Gloden Falls, I think. I had no hat or coat & the night was cold but a drink of "Trade Wind" from time

to time kept the blood warm & left the mind free for enjoyment. All was very still & I could ^{hear} a deer moving in the woods across the river & all the little sounds of the night, & these & the moonlight & the mist very lovely & exciting as when I first spent a night in the Mersy woods 24 years ago, & very soothing to the mind & to the heart bowed down with weight of "whoa!". I wanted to stay all night but about 2 A.M. came away via Mill Village & drove home feeling absurdly young, & driving fast & wishing to God I really was young again and knowing what I wanted this time & not just drifting into things.

SATURDAY, AUG. 30/47

At the invitation of the Wilsons I & my family went sailing this afternoon in "Ripple". A heavy sea running outside the harbor heads so we kept inside Coffin's Island. Towards 5 pm. the wind died altogether & we ran into Brooklyn cove with the engine & anchored there & had tea. Home at 7.30.

SUNDAY, AUG. 31/47

Helen Brighton dropped in this afternoon with a fellow hunter for folklore - a young American named Raben who searches especially for country dances & dance music. They had spent a day or two in north Queens, chiefly about West Caledonia & Westfield but

were disappointed in finding no ballad-singers, although Raben was enthusiastic about the expert square-dancing they had witnessed in a hall at Kempt. They are going on towards Shelburne trying various places along the shore. Another visitor was a stuttering little man named Bell, who had served as a private in my father's regiment & was wounded at Amiens (where Dad was killed.) He stayed to tea & related many anecdotes of Dad & the Winnipeg Rifles in '17 and '18.

MONDAY, SEP 14 A beautiful fine day after ~~the~~ the thunderclouds of Sunday. Still no appreciable fall of rain & the countryside is parched. Spent the morning wrapping & tying the various maps & documents lent to me for the writing of the WNSR history. Tried golf this afternoon but found I am still too jittery - lost 6 or 7 balls & quit at the 9th hole. This evening Edith & I attended a party at the Vinot's cabin near Greenfield, to celebrate the 20th wedding anniversary of Hector & Marion Dunlap. About 15 or 16 there. We all had a buffet supper & played cards etc. Gifts of china were abundant & I made a little presentation speech.

TUESDAY, SEP. 2, 1947

Fine & warm. Took my mother back to Halifax this morning. Edith & Francis came along but Tommy, just convalescing after a touch of "strep" throat, decided to stay at home & keep bachelor's hall with Paul Chandler & others of his friends. Arrived in the city about 1 p.m. & had lunch at Mother's flat. Then took Edith & Francis down town & left them shopping. Went up to H.Q. Eastern Command, which is now housed in some of the wood-&-tarpaper buildings erected beside the old Garrison sports ground during the late war. Here I found Capt. D. A. Campbell M.C., to whom I turned over the West N.S. Regt war diary for the period Aug. 24/39 to July 31/45, the 3rd Brigade war diary for the period Oct. 1/43 to Apr. 30/44, & a box of Canadian Army Training Manuals covering the Italian period - all lent to me for the purpose of writing the history. I took along the carbon copy of my history M/S for perusal by Major R. G. Thexton, Capt. F. A. Embree, C. F. Whynacht & Campbell, all West Nova veterans now on the Eastern Command staff. Had a pleasant chat & Thexton took me in to meet Brigadier J. G. Gibson, who commanded 3rd Bde. for a time in Italy & since the war has commanded the Halifax military district. (He told me he has been transferred

to Fredericton & leaves soon.) For a time early in the war, he commanded my father's old regiment, the Winnipeg Rifles. Left the city about 4 p.m., had delicious lobster sandwiches & coffee at a small wayside canteen at Hubbards, home about 7.30.

THURSDAY, SEP. 4/47

Smitten by la grippe or some other form of influenza this morning & went to bed soon after lunch feeling awful. Wretched night - sneezing, blowing, weeping, aching in every bone & with a sharp & persistent pain all across the breastbone so that I could not lie on either side with ease, only on my back.

FRIDAY, SEP. 5/47

Got up this afternoon - couldn't stick it in bed any longer - although I'm still feverish, sneezing, blowing.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6/47

Fine hot weather continues. Mowed the lawn this afternoon though I felt like a wet rag.

SUNDAY, SEP. 7/47

Played 18 holes of very bad golf this afternoon but enjoyed the air & sunshine while it lasted.

Ominous pain returned to upper part of my chest in evening, felt exhausted, went to bed early & lay feverish all night.

MONDAY, SEP. 8/47

Visited the Perkins house this afternoon to make sure all was right there. Old lawyer John Bameron, to whom I entrusted the preparation of the deed to the government, has been all summer at it - lying to me blandly whenever I phoned an enquiry - "Oh yes, that's now

well in hand" etc. A week or two ago I pressed him hard about it & discovered that absolutely nothing had been done - I told him his delays & deceptions have prevented any work being done on the house this summer, for the govt will not drive a nail until the deed is in their hands; & as the season for such work in an unheated house is pretty well past it means that the govt's 1947 appropriation of \$5,000 for this work will go by the board. He apologised in a smiling poker-faced manner, but when I suggested getting someone else to do the job he got busy at it. One of the strange things about Liverpool is the fact that for years all the local legal business has been in the hands of two lawyers - old, thin, stuttering avaricious Cameron, & tall, pale, smiling, unscrupulous Byrne. A former provincial magistrate on this circuit once remarked to a close friend that he was positive of collusion between these two men in all sorts of cases coming before the court, especially in the administration of estates. Yet in the past 15 or 20 years several young men have come to town & tried to set up a law business - & failed.

TUESDAY, SEP 9/47

Am now busy on my Halifax book again - after a "four-months' hoist" in favor of the WNSR history. This afternoon golf again. My left wrist still

~~to London & leaves soon.~~

weak & at times given to faint "pins-&-needles" sensations. As a result my golf is still awful. Went around 18 holes in about 125 or 130 & lost 5 balls. Until my left wrist comes back to normal I cannot use the wood clubs at all. Despite the poor play I enjoyed the round - very lovely at White Point, a cool breeze, a cloudless sky, the best time of the year.

News:- Organized Jewry (chiefly in the U.S.) is howling its head off about its latest test case - a shipload of Jewish immigrants from central Europe, financed & encouraged by Zionist organizations in America & elsewhere, which attempted to enter Palestine illegally in 1947 last spring. The ship, called "Exodus of 1947", was stopped by British warships & the violent cargo of Jews was transferred to British merchant ships & taken back to Marseilles, ~~from~~ whence by the smug connivance of French officialdom the "exodus" had embarked in the first place. However, the Jews refused to go ashore there. So the brutal British have taken them back to Germany where most of them came from & taken them ashore by force & housed them in a D.P. camp there.

In the meantime India (evacuated by the brutal British after 300 years of misrule) is free

& aflame, with Moslems & Hindus destroying each other in thousands in all the larger towns & cities without let or hindrance from the native troops & police. All trade is at a halt; all law & order vanished.

THURSDAY, SEP. 11/47

The unbroken fine weather is now actually monotonous. Today was a scorcher & the schools were closed at noon. Went golfing played very badly but at least the air was cooler than in town. All the golf course, even the greens are dried up & burnt brown.

Edith was with me & we went on to dinner at Luna Inn, Hunt's Point. The place was almost deserted.

(White Point Lodge closes for the season on the 13th.) Strange to find all the summer visitors gone, & the weather still burning hot & the sea bathing at its best.

Almost forgot to mention I spent the morning showing Commander Little (of the unfortunate destroyer "Micmac"), his petite blonde vivacious White-Russian wife, & a Miss Cookson from Ottawa, the points of interest about the town, & we all had lunch together at Mrs Eleanor Millard's.

Tonight, to finish a day off, Edith & I went to the movies. While there an usher came down the aisle "paging" me & I found a man from the Legion rooms across the street with an urgent message. I went to the Legion rooms & phoned Terence

Freeman in Milton, found that Edith's mother had suffered a severe heart attack. Walked home for my car & drove with Edith to Milton, where we found Mrs. Freeman quite ill, Doctors Bird & Wickwire, & Verna Dunlap in attendance. The doctors looked grave & said "coronary". Edith decided to stay all night so I came back to town.

FRIDAY, SEP. 12/41 Another "scorchet". The weather bureau says there hasn't been heat like this in September since the year 1906. As for this never-to-be-forgotten summer someone else says "nothing like it since 1868"!

The Seldons have adopted our daughter during the present emergency. I don't seem to have done anything all day except to buy a store of groceries, set out three camp-style meals for Tommy & myself, & wash & sweep up afterwards. Made 3 round trips by car to Milton & had a long wait in the doctors' crowded (& sweating!) waiting-room while a bottle of something or other was prepared for Mrs. Freeman. No change in her condition today.

SATURDAY, SEP. 13/41 A warm westerly gale last night but again it was too hot to sleep well. I got no work done all day - a succession of knocks at the door (usually kids enquiring the whereabouts of Tommy & Frances) and phone

calls from people enquiring about Mrs. Freeman. I drove to Milton in the afternoon. No change in Mrs. Freeman's condition but the girls seem to think the doctors have given her up.

Called on my friend Archie McKnight the blacksmith & found a gasoline-run electric welding outfit in full blast. He has rented it but is getting an all-electric outfit for himself. Pointed out that the electric welder now in his employ can ~~make~~ (for instance) put caulks on half a dozen horseshoes while McKnight is doing one by the fire-&-anvil method. Three quarters of his business now is in ironwork for motor-truck bodies etc. The old village smithy looks the same from the outside but it has vastly changed in the past ten years. Strange to see an ox being shod in the old wooden stall & the violet glare of the electric welder flashing only ten feet away.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 16/47 Received from lawyer Cameron (after four months!) the deed conveying the old Perkins home to the N.Y. govt. Wrote a letter, enclosing the deed, to Hon. Harold Connolly, minister of industry & publicity, whose department has been given charge of this property. I pester at my writing but get little done. Edith is still in Milton with her mother, whose condition remains unchanged, & I go up each afternoon or evening with

medicines, etc. The neighbours have been kind, & the kids & I have had some meals with the Johnsons & Whites. For the rest, I am cook & dishwasher — and phone-answering. Weather overcast, with hot, moist, motionless air, very depressing. News: Ottawa announces the removal of price restrictions on a long list of necessities including bread. It means another big jump in the cost of living but will, I suppose, result in a certain reduction of income tax now that the govt is no longer paying huge subsidies to the millers & the rest. One immediate result is another howl from labour — the employes of the Canadian meat industry have gone on strike for another big jump in wages, & our kind friends the coal miners want another dollar or so per day. Ultimately this means another jump in wages all round & another upward whiff in living costs. Everyone now is convinced that things can't go on like this & we are in for a terrific slump before the labour unions come to their senses — just as in 1921. Outside of North America the post war slump is in effect already, all over the world & far worse than in 1921. Britain is especially hard hit. Today the Alfis finally concluded the peace treaty with Italy — and

there are strikes & demonstrations all over Italy against the terms - which include the making of Trieste into a "free port" largely under the domination of Yugoslavia. Murder & pillage continue in India, civil war in China, & the Jews of the world (including Canada) are achieving new heights of vituperation against the British for their efforts to preserve the status quo in Palestine. Regarding the Jews, one hears more & more frequently the muttered "Hitler was right." Yesterday I found myself saying it. It seems to me that the Jew is his own worst enemy, & he is bound to make trouble for himself wherever he goes.

THURSDAY, SEP. 18/47.

This afternoon the Rossignol Sales people installed a new Saucett oil stove in my study, much smaller & neater than the old one, which had served me faithfully for 9 years. Edith still staying with her mother. She comes down each morning by bus, cooks dinner for us & I take her back in the afternoon. The other two meals we get ourselves. Golf this afternoon & did better - made the first ~~to~~ 9 holes ~~with Ward~~ (Bank of N.S.) alone in 52; joined by Ward (of the Bank of N.S.) for the second 9, which I did in 56. Lost one ball only - a miracle. A fine sunny day.

FRIDAY, SEP. 19, 1947

A bleak wet day. Still trying to collect the rest of my royalties from Doubleday & Co. They are a tricky lot & I may have to take legal action. Edith's mother seems to be recovering slowly. The village of Milton is agog over an astonishing & romantic episode. Mrs. Gertrude Newcombe, a short plump cleric & energetic woman, principal of the Milton school for 20 years, parted from her husband by mutual consent 25 years ago. Nobody heard of him in all that time; but last week he turned up in Milton, is staying at her house, & the marriage apparently has been resumed. He has been a druggist in the West for many years, & recently sold his business & retired. She herself is due to retire on a School Board pension in 3 more years.

SATURDAY, SEP. 20/47

Last night was cold, the first really chilly night of the season. Temp. 35° at 8 a.m. & I burned my oil stove all morning, leaving my study door open so that the heat could pass into the rest of the house. This was sufficient to make it habitable downstairs by 10 a.m.

A sunny but cool day. Spent the afternoon mowing grass, trimming shrubs, raking & cleaning about the house & garden. Edith came down by bus this morning, cooked dinner for us & swept & made beds - I took her back at 4.30. Her mother's condition still improving.

Feminine circles in North America are all agog over the latest decree of the fashion designers — who recently got together, decided it was time to change the dress of female America & thus oblige every woman in the continent to buy a new wardrobe. As far as I can see "The New Look" so-called by the designers, is nothing but the old 1912 look — high-necked, baggy hipped dresses & costumes reaching down to the bottom of the calf, with weird sashes & bustles, a god-awful recrudescence of female taste at its worst.

SUNDAY, SEP. 21/47

Went to Eagle Lake this morning with Smith, Parker & Dunlap. We spent the day making preparations for our annual hunting trip — putting a new curb-box on the well, bailing out the well itself (75 buckets!) & hacking & sawing a channel through the beaver-felled logs towards the dam, so we can boat our firewood up to the camp when the water gets a bit higher. Later in the afternoon Parker & Dunlap took the boat to the head of Eagle Lake & each picked a gallon of cranberries on Haunted Bog. Smith saw a fine buck & doe on the trail to Hampton Lake, & from the car we saw a big doe beside the river road. The only excitement was a hornet's nest on the trail to camp, right in the path — Smith was stung, the rest escaped.

MONDAY, SEP. 22, 1947

Dull, rainy, stiff wind at first southerly & tonight NW - the tail end of a hurricane which did much damage in the Gulf of Mexico & the Bahamas, & whose progress we have followed by radio for several days.

All summer I have tried to get a pair of golfing shoes. Those sold here cost \$17.00 per pair, & none would fit my broad feet. It did not occur to me until a few days ago to take a pair of my walking shoes well "broken in", to Curtis Dexter the Milton cobbler. Dexter, a former rivet-driver, fitted them with a set of driver's calks, made one or two repairs - & I have golfing shoes as good or better than those sold in the shops.

Randolph Day came in tonight with Lt.-Col. J. M. Powers, the present C/O. of the West Nova Scotia Regiment, & we had a long discussion of the history & the prospects of financing publication.

WEDNESDAY, SEP. 24/47.

Temp. 30° at 8 A.M. I lit the furnace for the first time of the season, having spent most of yesterday afternoon cleaning it. The day proved sunny, windy, cool. I played 18 holes of golf this afternoon - played very badly, my left hand & wrist still half-crippled with arthritis, writer's cramp, or whatever it is. Lost 6 or 7 balls.

SATURDAY, SEP. 27/47

Fine, cool. Played 18 holes of quasi-golf yesterday in 134. This afternoon played

18 holes with Smith & Dunlap, who usually go around in the low 100's & have played in the 90's. By the force of my example they went to pieces. My score 126 - very good for me in my present arthritic state. Smith had 127, Dunlap, 121. I lost 5 balls.

SUNDAY, SEP. 28/47 Sunny but a strong gusty north wind made the day. Golfing this morning with Brent & Smith - my score for 18 holes - 132. Lost 4 balls. Smith & I spent the afternoon at Indian Gardens, looking for Indian relics on the edge of the flowage. Not much luck.

MONDAY, SEP. 29/47. Cool Windy. For the past 23 nights the temp has dropped to 30°. Furnace going steadily. Golf this afternoon. 18 holes - 121. Lost 4 balls.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2/47 Weather continues cold - an unpleasant surprise to have these early frosts (specks of snow yesterday) after the longest & warmest summer in memory.

Letter from my New York agent Jacques Chambrun says the publishers Little Brown & Co are unwilling to contract for my next novel if it is to have a modern theme. Angus Cameron of Little Brown suggested that I stick to historical themes along the lines of my past successes - but this is precisely what I want to break away from.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1947

Bought my hunting license this morning & after lunch set off with Austin & Jim Parker, Brent Smith & Hector Dunlap for a weekend at Eagle Lake. Lovely day. The maples in full colour. The outboard motor refused to go & we had to paddle the flat-boat all the way up N^o 1 pond to the landing. I carried a mattress up the trail to replace the old one on my bed, ~~with~~ which had been badly damaged by mice. At camp we found Roy Gordon with his foolish dog "Laddie". Gordon had a tale. He had fired at a big buck near the old dam & wounded it, but neither he nor the dog could find the thing. Parker & Dunlap went over with him & looked, found much blood on a maple trunk before which the deer had been standing, but no trail to follow.

Austin, Jim & Hector went on down the lake in a canoe to hunt about the Haunted Bog & the brook from Long Lake. Brent hunted the hardwood ridge west of Eagle Lake. I hunted a bit between camp & the river - started a deer ~~between~~ in the thick woods just above the burn but could not get sight of it. The others equally unsuccessful. Gordon & dog went back to town. A mild night with one or two light showers.

SUNDAY, OCT. 5, 1947

A fine warm day, which we spent laboriously, boating our firewood up to camp from the knoll by the dam where we cut it last winter. Finished about 3 p.m. & it makes a fine big pile, enough to last a year or more. Gordon came up again to look for his deer. He brought his dog again & the cut yapped & barked all day, scaring the deer out of the neighborhood for at least a mile. Packed up the camp & headed for home at 6 p.m. — just after sunset & the dusk falling in the big woods. The Evnroude ran well after some struggles & we had a quick trip down the pond. Home at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8/47

The fifth consecutive day of fine, calm, warm weather, & since it comes after the first snow (specks fell here Oct. 2, & at Caledonia Exhibition the same day there were actual squalls of snow) it must be Indian Summer. I drove with Edith to Lunenburg for lunch at the Bluerose Inn. The autumn leaves are at their best in years because this year we have escaped the usual equinoctial gales & the trees are in full foliage. After lunch drove slowly to Mahone, stopping to explore the dirt road to Sunnybrook & Herman's Island, then up the Cahave via Bridgewater, turned off at New Germany

✓ came through Simpson's corner & the "witchcraft belt". All through Lunenburg County the cabbages & turnips remain green in the fields - always last to be harvested.

At North Brookfield turned off to look again at the site of John McPherson's grave & the view he loved - Little Lake Tupper surrounded now by hardwoods in bright color emphasized by the pine clumps. Stopped for a word with Mrs. Silver. This long-neglected section of the old Liverpool-Nictaux highway has been widened & ditched as far as the Silver farm this past summer, & I noticed new poles of the govt. rural electrification gangs set up all along the road.

Home at 5 p.m. Another calm airless night, too warm to sleep properly.

SATURDAY, OCT. 11/47

Fine & warm. To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Brent Smith & young Jim McMaster. Took the canoe canoe there - Brent & Jim landed at Half Way Cove to hunt deer on the west ridge - I paddled on to the Long Lake brook & walked up through the waist-deep wild grass in the meadow to my look-out rock. Kept right there till dark. No deer. Paddled back to camp picking up Brent & Jim on the way. They had no luck either.

SUNDAY, OCT. 12/47

Again fine & warm. We awoke

late, got a leisurely breakfast & went off to Long Lake
brook in the canoe with crosscut saw & axes. Spent
several hours clearing windfalls from the brook, &
patching up the lower beaver dam with brush & bits
of deadwood. Since Jim Buchanan & the Indians
killed most of the beaver hereabouts the old dams have
gone down & the reduced water level makes it
awkward to navigate the brook (even in a canoe)
after a dry summer. Back to camp about 3
p.m. & got a belated dinner. Then went down
Eagle Brook & cleared stones & built them
across the stream to create pools for trout
ascending this steep & usually rushing water.
Also chopped out several poles in the log sluice of
the old wooden dam, to enable trout to get up
into the lake. I salvaged an oak crosspiece
from the old water-gate & sawed out a piece
for a souvenir. The dam was first built probably
in the 1850's or 1860's when the virgin pine was
being cut. A later generation of loggers came along
(Barlow & Kempton) about 1908, & built a more
elaborate dam further up - on the present site.
Minard & Brown repaired this dam when they cut
pulpwood at Eagle Lake in 1915-18

MONDAY, OCT. 13, 1947 (Thanksgiving Day). We packed up a lunch, tea pail, etc. after breakfast, & set out for Long Lake in the canoe. Jim & I hunted through the hemlock woods at the N.E. end of Long Lake — plenty of deer tracks but saw no deer. Afterwards searched several of the islands in Long Lake & cruised along the rugged west shore (wind SW) but no luck. Lunched in a small cove at the N.W. end of the lake, where we found traces of an ancient bivouac (Indians, moose-hunting, probably) in the shelter of a huge split boulder. Headed for home about 3:30. Many hunters along the river road. Had a fine roast chicken dinner at home with my family, whom I found nursing a kitten badly bitten by a dog. Afterwards we all went to the movies, & topped off the evening listening to a radio broadcast from Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto — Maple Leaves versus All Stars. All Stars won 4-3.

TUESDAY, OCT. 14/47 The fine weather which has made this the most wonderful summer & fall in memory, is still with us. Golfing this afternoon — played better than my usual form during the past month. My New York agent, Chambrun, is closing an agreement with the John C. Winston Co, publishers.

of Philadelphia, for an edition of "His Majesty's Yankees" in a slightly watered-down form which they expect to sell in large quantities to juvenile readers in the U. S., also to schools libraries etc. as extra-curricular reading. (A Passaic teacher once wrote me that H. M. Y. "should be required reading in every school in the United States"!)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15/47

Fine & warm. Golf this afternoon. Still bothered by arthritis in my left arm & fingers. Lovely at White Point, the sea very blue & smooth, the hardwood leaves whirling bits of color over the scene the course still very green & well clipped.

Forgot to record about 2 weeks ago that Peter Jack died at last, having been engaged in drinking himself into to coffin for the past five years. He made a few small bequests but left the bulk of his estate to his mistress, an artful but unlovely woman of 60 or so with whom he had lived at Chester for the past 15 years or so. He had lost most of his old friends, & the boozing companions of his later years did not trouble to attend the funeral, which I'm told was a very small & drab affair.

Much newspaper talk for several weeks over the negotiations for inclusion of Newfoundland in the dominion of Canada. A Nfld. delegation in Ottawa

for nearly a month. Nfld. papers seem to think Canada very anxious to "swallow" her, & the generous financial offers made by Ottawa seem to bear this out. Why, I cannot see. I still remember the poverty of the island & the corruption of its politics, & everyone remembers how Nfld. became bankrupt 15 years or so ago & begged Britain to step in & run the country (with British money, of course) - which things were done.

The international scene is still dominated by Russia, whose representatives at the United Nations conference continue to veto every really democratic proposal & to shout insults at the other nations. Canada much concerned over the decline of British buying power (for instance, no apples from the Annapolis Valley are to go to Britain this year) on one hand, & her own enormously adverse trade balance with the U.S. on the other.

In Liverpool a few days ago the mayor laid the cornerstone of the new fire hall - somewhat belatedly for the structure is half built. For the first time signs bearing the names of the town streets now appear on the corner phone-posts. The highway contractors are making great changes in widening & straightening the L'pool-Annapolis road where it passes through

the village of Milton — ancient & towering trees cut down, lawns & hedges swallowed, buildings moved, etc.

Andrew Merkel & his son-in-law Charles Lynch flew in & had lunch with us the other day. Lynch was a front-line correspondent with the Canadians during the late war, & has since been in charge of Reuters agency at Rio Janeiro. Lynch thinks South America one vast comic opera, says the only really sound & well run organization in Brazil is the huge Canadian electrical company, Brazilian Traction, which has been there 40 years or so.

SATURDAY, OCT. 18 — SATURDAY, OCT. 25/47 Spent this week deer-hunting at Eagle Lake with Parker & Dunlap. Maynard Colp, retired squadron-leader RCAF, came in for 3 days. Weather fine & hot all week with stiff northerly winds which covered the forest floor with dry rustling leaves & made hunting a failure. The winds also made hunting by canoe along the lake shores impossible, as the water is low, rocks everywhere, & in many places it was impossible to get within 150 yards of the shore, especially in Long Lake. Nevertheless we hunted diligently on foot & covered all the country about Eagle Lake. On one warm day Colp & I set off in the morning from the camp, hunted along Eagle Lake eastern shore to the old

logging camp at S.E. Cove, thence swinging up N.E. through the woods to Big Falls, thence northerly between the river & the Big Falls - Eagle Lake trail (zigzagging through the hemlocks all the way), thence across Eagle Brook & along the edge of the old burn, across Kempton Brook & up to within $\frac{3}{4}$ mile of Indian Gardens before turning back. In all this distance we "started" two deer - heard them run off but could not get sight of them - reached camp in late afternoon very tired.

On Thursday we noticed smoke of forest fires to the S.E. & during Friday these spread until the whole horizon from N. to S. through E. was thick with it. Our little radio informed us that the prolonged drought had produced a dangerous condition in the woods all over eastern North America - 21 fires burning in New Brunswick alone; & the state of Maine badly ravaged, thirty million dollars damage, 13 dead, 2500 homeless etc.

Closer to us a fire was burning near Bangs Falls but the worst one started in Freeman Supper's woodland near Berriman's Hill at Melton & swept down to Liverpool on a high wind, threatening the "pre-fab" suburb and the shack dwellers on "Lown Hill". Fortunately a shift of wind turned it more to the

west. The fires were running briskly in the deep mat of fallen leaves, usually wet & sodden at this time of year.

We had a "hunter's moon" all week, getting fatter each night & lovely on the lake water, & a bloody orange color towards the latter part of the week when the smoke of the New Brunswick fires clouded the whole sky. (The captain of the liner "Aquitania", arriving at Hfx on the 25th, reported the air thick with smoke of burning brushwood 60 miles off the coast).

During our week's hunting Parker got the only deer - a young doe he encountered in the trail going down to the rivet. I didn't even get my eyes on a deer in the whole time - my only game was a solitary partridge which I shot with my rifle. But it was wonderful weather to be outdoors - even the blackflies were biting as if it were June! - & we enjoyed our exercise, game or none.

MONDAY, OCT. 27/47

The forest fires are now under control, due chiefly to the mighty dews & a dead calm, although a hundred men are still at work "trenching" the edges of the burn near Milton. On the high winds of last Thursday & Friday the fires ran through the thick carpet of dry fallen leaves, often without even shrivelling the leaves which remained on the branches, but here &

there it got into the soil, which is like tobacco after the long drought. In Maine they are attempting to induce a rainfall by the new technique of the rainmaker - scattering quantities of "dry ice" in the clouds by airplane. This afternoon I played (a very bad) game of golf at White Point with Hector Dunlap, the weather fine & warm & all the players in short-sleeves.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29/47 Still fine & warm each day, with soft moonlit nights & all the young people strolling as if it were summer. Rivers are getting very low & there are serious difficulties in hydro-electric supply all over New England & the Maritimes. I spent this afternoon with Brent Smith at Indian Gardens, seeking Indian relics in the flowage left bare by the receding water in the big storage dam. Found a few things but as usual the ground had been pretty well combed by souvenir-hunting lumberjacks & others.

Scott Young, of Maclean's Magazine, phoned from Hfx today asking for short stories, also for an option on serial rights in my next novel. Provincial Govt notified me that I have been appointed a member of the newly created Historic

Sites Advisory Council of N.S., whose duties include "the care & preservation of historical structures & buildings".

SUNDAY, NOV. 2/43.

A few showers a day or two ago, enough to put out the last of the forest fires, otherwise the calm sunny weather continued — the longest spell of fine weather & the most severe drought in recorded Nova Scotia history. This weather has been experienced all over eastern North America & in Europe but on the British Columbia coast there have been unprecedented rains.

The rivers are very low & this afternoon Smith & I went up the east bank of the Medway to the Shoal Grounds, just below the Cliff Pool, where boys of the Croft family some years ago found a number of Indian celts & other stone tools. One of the Croft young men came with us & showed us the site, a series of gravel bars partly exposed by the receding waters of the river. Two stone V's in the river — one at the head, the other at the foot of this reach — remain to show where the Indians had their fish weirs. We found nothing, however. The Crofts sold their relics to Col. C. H. P. Jones ten or twelve years ago. They gave me one rough celt they had found recently.

Tonight Ottawa announced, by the C.B.C. news broadcast, that tomorrow the rationing of sugar will end. (Sugar has

been rationed in Canada since July 1942.) As meat was taken off the ration list some weeks ago, sugar was the last survivor of the wartime rationing system in Canada, although the U.S. removed sugar from their ration list long ago. And now, as the radio announces gleefully put it - "Housewives - you can tear up those ration books at last"!

The widening of the Liverpool-Annapolis highway through Milton is now in full swing - buildings being moved back, fine old trees cut down, hedges removed, landmarks torn away - changing the whole appearance of the village.

Rumour says that the stretch from L'pool to Middlefield (all that has been prepared so far) will be paved next year. No one seems to have any idea when the rest of the long stretch to Annapolis will be done. At the present rate of progress it will take 8 more years!

TUESDAY, Nov. 4/47

Lovely day. We "boarded out" the kids for lunch - Tommy to the Dunlaps, Frances to the Heltons, & drove to Annapolis. Picked up a ~~good~~ big nail in a rear tire near South Brookfield & had an hour's delay after the tire ^{went} ~~went~~ flat about half way between that place & Caledonia. Got to Annapolis shortly after 1 p.m. & had lunch at the Golden Anchor. Edith played safe & ordered ^{meat} chicken etc, but I had a huge & delicious

chicken chop suey, made with the proper bamboo shoots etc —
unobtainable for years. With the summer visitors gone,
& the wartime hurlyburly created by nearby Cornwallis now
a memory, Annapolis looks its old staid, beautiful &
rather dull pre-war self. We strolled about the
ramparts of Fort Anne in the warm sunshine, Edith
in a light suit & I in jacket & flannels, precisely
as if it were June. Most of the colour is gone from
the North Mountain but the poplars are now a golden
fire & the oaks cling to their leaves & make a fine
show from red to russet. Somewhere near Round
Hill we stopped at a wayside apple-stall of the
"help yourself" variety — the prices are marked, you
take what you want & leave the money in a bowl —
all under the distant eye of a farmhouse back amongst
the trees but very trustful nevertheless. Turned
off the main valley highway at Laurencetown & drove
along the crest of the south mountain ridge by a quite
good dirt road, getting some unusual views of the
valley. Finally turned away to New Germany by the
Middleton — Bridgewater highway & had a lovely drive
down the LaHave to Bridgewater, & thence home at
5 p.m. My poor old car, now ending its 12th year, has
gone 56,000 miles & shows & feels its age & adventures
like the owner.

SATURDAY, Nov. 8, 1947

Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Smith, Dunlap & Gordon. The hunting is still poor because the woods remain tinder-dry with all the dead leaves rustling & crackling underfoot. Parker & I took a canoe to the S.E. cove of Eagle Lake & spent the rest of the daylight hunting carefully amongst the hemlocks for a big buck whose stamping ground is there — no luck. Passed the evening in yarns & cribbage — I don't play cribbage, indeed I have not played cards in many years, although at one time I liked bridge & enjoyed a slam-bang game of forty-five. About 1935 it struck me that cards were an awful waste of time, & ~~that~~ it was fantastic that intelligent human beings should find life such a bore that they had to while the hours away in contemplation of 52 pieces of pasteboard. I still feel that way, & so I talk, & listen sometimes to the camp radio.

The news is much the same. Russia's obstructive & abusive ~~envoy~~ envoys — Vishinsky et al — still dominate the United Nations conference. Britain's "austerity" program grows more & more austere, & there seems to be a popular reaction against the Labour govt, judging from the results of the recent municipal elections in England & Scotland. British troops have withdrawn from Iraq & are getting out of Burma. Burma has refused to become a "dominion" in the Empire like India & Pakistan,

& is to be an independent republic. Churchill says bitterly, "The British empire is melting away almost as fast as the American loan." The British govt has announced its intention of withdrawing its troops from Palestine within the next six months or so, regardless of the decision made by the U. N. conference regarding Jewish & Arab claims.

The disturbances in India & Pakistan continue, although the troops of the new dominion of India seem to be restoring order in their own territory & in the state of Kashmir.

SUNDAY, Nov. 9/47.

High SE wind & heavy rain all night - the first real rain in months, putting an end to the forest fires at last. The fires in N. S. have been under control for the past 2 or 3 weeks, but the situation was still dangerous, & in N. B. several bad fires were still burning yesterday. The rain eased off about noon & some of us went a-hunting despite the law which says you mustn't carry a rifle on Sunday. Parker & Dunlap went to the SW end of the lake by canoe & hunted between Long Lake & Eagle Lake. Dunlap saw a buck & a doe but couldn't get a shot. Parker saw nothing. I hunted down the east side of Eagle Lake, crossed the south end by way of Haunted Bog & joined the others at the brook about dark, without seeing a single deer. Home about 8 p.m.

THURSDAY Nov. 13, 1947.

My 44th birthday. Edith & the kids had gifts beside my plate at tea-time — hand-knitted socks, shaving lotion, cigarettes — & following the family custom the kids brought in a fine white iced cake with lit candles — a little forest fire of pink candles — chanting "Happy birthday to you."

Publication by Mc Clelland & Stewart of my third collection of short stories "The Wedding Gift" has been seriously delayed by the dilatory artist, C. W. Jefferys, now an old man & ailing. However, as I recommended that Jefferys be engaged to illustrate the book, I can't blame M. & S.

Tonight I presided at the first winter meeting of the Hist. Society. Few there.

SATURDAY, Nov. 15, 47

Parker, Smith, Dunlap & I went to Eagle Lake this afternoon for a final deer-hunt. Left our flat-boat at Big Falls & walked to the camp. Parker & I took a canoe up Eagle Lake & thence up the brook to Long Lake for a hunt in the hemlocks. Saw many tracks & Parker started a small doe but didn't shoot. Coming down the brook towards dusk we came upon a deer standing about 20 feet from the bank in tall grass — invisible as we sat in the canoe. We heard it crack a couple of strokes & I jumped out of the canoe just in time to see a white tail disappearing into the hackmatacks on the fringe of the meadow. I followed quietly, rifle at the ready, but

the deer galloped straight back into the timber, snorting its alarm at every jump. Nearly dark, so no use attempting to follow. Back to camp, crest-fallen, a cold paddle down Eagle Lake in a bleak northerly wind.

SUNDAY, Nov. 16/47.

P. & I went ~~down~~ up the lake by canoe about 10 A.M. & separated at the brook mouth, he to hunt the timber along the south edge of the brook meadow, I to prowls up the meadow itself. I was perched on my favorite big rock a few hundred yards up the meadow, when a doe came ^{out} of the woods at my back, so quietly that I didn't see her until she saw me. Away she went, but stopped in the edge of the woods, snorting once or twice. I suspected a buck with her, & as there is a favorite "stomping-place" under a spruce tree near my rock I had a hunch that he would come out to see what startled his doe & to investigate the possibility of a rival buck at the stomping-ground. He did exactly that, after a ten-minute wait, stepping out of the bushes about 50 feet from me & taking a quick sniff at the trampled earth under the spruce. As I was slipping the safety-catch of my rifle he saw me & at once leaped towards the brook. I fired a shot & missed. Then he set off down the brook at great speed, weaving amongst the ~~swamp~~ swamp maples, leaping over windfalls, disappearing sometimes in

The tall grass, re-appearing — always on the leap. I fired two more shots, one of which hit him but not vitally, finally I got a clear view through the trees & dropped him with my fourth shot. Had a hunt to find him in the grass but I had him opened & cleaned pretty well by the time Parker came along. A ten-point buck of average size. P. had heard me shoot. He came out on the meadow farther up, near the first beaver dam, & there had a good chance to shoot another buck, which stood at the brook-side like a statue for several minutes. However P. let it go, figuring that if I'd dropped one it would be job enough to get it out before dark. We dragged the dead buck to the canoe & paddled back to camp. Smith had dinner ready — it was after 3 pm. & we'd eaten nothing since breakfast. After a meal, Smith & Dunlap walked out to Big Falls & paddled the flatboat up to Eagle Brook, while P. & I got the deer down to the river. The buck, cleaned & beheaded, weighed about 150 or 160 lbs at a guess. We thrust the hind legs through the slit sinews of the fore-legs, to make a compact load for carrying & off we went, each carrying the thing about a quarter-mile at a titch, while the other carried the two rifles & packs. It is roughly a mile to the river & we were sweating in our shirts when we reached the boat landing.

despite the cold north wind. It was just dusk. D. & I. came along with the boat & we paddled it down to N^o 3 dam in the dark. As we are not likely to be back before freeze-up we hauled the boat out & turned it over. P. & I. lugged the deer down to the car, & away we went to town. Hung the carcass in D's garage, where he has installed pulleys & ropes & meat-hooks for such purposes.

Home about 8 p.m.

MONDAY, Nov. 17/47

Page proofs of "The Wedding Gift" came from McClelland & Stewart today, & Hugh Kane phoned from Toronto asking me to wire the corrections, to save time. Sat up proof-reading till after midnight.

TUESDAY, Nov. 18/47

Up at 5:30 A.M. & finished checking the proofs about 9 A.M. when I went down to the telegraph office & wired the corrections to Kane. Tonight Parker & Sunlap & I - mostly Parker - cut up my buck in D's garage. We refreshed ourselves with Demerara from time to time & the evening passed quickly.

On examination of the skinned carcass I found that my final shot struck the butt of the neck & emerged through the top of the fore-shoulder on the other side, breaking the neck en route.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19/47

Spent the afternoon wrapping parcels of venison & delivering them to friends in Liverpool & Milton. Inflation is now rampant in the U.S. & & to an

almost equal extent in Canada. (For instance yesterday I paid \$1.20 for a square of window glass 26" x 26" which sold for 40¢ in 1939.) Ottawa has become alarmed & last night Finance Minister Alboth announced new taxes up to 25% on such luxuries as cars, refrigerators etc, & many U.S. importations forbidden altogether.

Amongst other things this means that the new sedan car I hope to buy next year will cost about \$2,000 compared with \$1200 before the war. The labor unions in the motor industry have demanded & gained enormous wage increases since 1939, & this & the extra cost of materials had already pushed the price up to about \$1700 when the govt. slapped on this extra tax. Building costs are now so high that ordinary folk are having to content themselves with little shoddy bungalows & shacks; only the war profiteers can afford to build a decent two-storey home. Everybody feels that it cannot last & that the North American continent is due for a terrific slump within the next year or two.

THURSDAY, NOV. 20/47

Up at 6 a.m. & listened to the broadcast (from London) of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth & Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, which began with the departure from Buckingham Palace about 7¹⁵ a.m. our time & ended with the return there at 9 a.m. Despite the original plans for an

"austerity" wedding in tune with the Labour gov'ts. economy program, the affair was conducted with all the old-time British pageantry & colour, & the streets were filled with enormous crowds. In Westminster Abbey the bride's responses were made in a small clear voice - she sounded like a little girl - but the groom's tones were firm & strong.

It seems to be a genuine love match & the showers of costly wedding gifts from all over the world show that the British royal house is still held in very ^{real} esteem everywhere. Everywhere except Russia, anyhow. Alone amongst the nations, Russia sent no gift, not even a telegram of congratulation, & the marriage was not mentioned in the Russian newspapers.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22/47

Overcast & bleak temp. 30° all day except for two or three hours in the middle. Parker & I played 18 holes of golf at White Point. Four other golfers out. Pleasant exercise but no place to loaf. I played the first 9 holes in 65, the second in 53 - my best score for 9 holes this year. P. had 53 & 56. He usually plays in the 40's, minded the cold today.

MONDAY, NOV. 24/47

Drove to Hfx this morning to do a little research at the Archives for my Hfs book.

TUESDAY, NOV. 25/47

Dinner tonight with Lt. Col. Bullock & Capt. C.A. Smith, (veterans of the West N.S. Regt) & Dr. Hancock,

a professor of law at Dalhousie — at the Lord Nelson hotel. Afterwards we went to Smith's room at King's College & went over the photographs & other material for the Regiment's history. The manuscript itself has been going the rounds of the ex-officers for inspection & comment, & is now in the hands of a former C.O., Lt. Col. Waterman, in Vancouver. Afterwards I drove Bullock down to the Dartmouth ferry — he has resumed the clerical collar & is priest of an Anglican church in Dartmouth. A big burly man, he seldom if ever wears a hat or overcoat, even in winter weather, likes a cigar & a tot of whiskey, & looks more the soldier than the parson.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 26/47.

Morning at the Archives. Poor Harvey much broken over the sudden death of his youngest daughter a month or two ago. Shopping in town this afternoon. Went into the provincial govt offices on Hollis Street to have a show-down about the Perkins House in Liverpool. Our local historical society turned the house over to the govt last September & so far the govt has not even arranged for a caretaker. Found (what I had suspected) that as usual the various govt officials concerned were busy dodging the responsibility, but finally S. J. Courtney, head of the Dept of Information & Publicity, acknowledged that care of the house was his business, although repairs to the exterior

of the house come under the Dept. of Public Works. He said he would put the proper wheels in motion. In the ante-room I met Will Bird, an employee of the Dept. of I. & P., very pleased with his job, which enables him to write a stream of novels & short stories & to travel about addressing clubs & gatherings at govt. expense. I have known him for years. He is rather a boaster, always talking about the money he makes, & declaring flatly that all talk of craftsmanship in writing is a lot of unprofitable bosh - "slap it out & get the money, never mind the art." He assured me that his new novel "Judgement Glen" is selling like hot cakes & he expects some handsome royalties.

I walked up to the Book Room for a chat with Howard Bendeliet. He tells me the book market has fallen heavily since war days & he has cut his stock to a minimum, operating on a hand-to-mouth basis. He pulled a long face at my news that "The Wedding Gift" will not be on the market until Dec. 18th. - too late for the main Christmas trade. He had ordered 500 copies; now he expects to sell no more than 250.

Tonight I took a long walk through the town - Curard Street, Gottingen, Cogswell, Jacob, Barrington, Spring Garden Road & thence back to my mother's flat. The streets garish now with Neon signs but not many

people about - indeed they looked deserted after the turmoil of the war days.

THURSDAY, Nov. 28/47

At the Archives all day, consulting old Hfx newspapers in the basement & typing notes.

FRIDAY, Nov. 28/47

Archives all morning. After lunch bought a \$2.00 bouquet of chrysanthemums at a flower shop for Edith, some candy for the kids, & left for Liverpool. Picked up a couple of navy lads from the Stadacona barracks thumbing a ride to Mahone, & on the other side of Mahone a sailor from the aircraft carrier "Warrior" thumbing a ride to Lpool. Home about 5:30.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29/47

Cold, overcast, snow flying. I still have about 25 & 30 lbs. of venison, which has kept well in my garage; but it froze hard last night & thawed today, & the meat has the slimy feel which is the first warning of decay, so we decided to corn it at once.

Got a good firkin in a new shop on Water Street & a recipe from Burke Douglas involving salt, cayenne pepper, brown sugar & saltpetre. Put the meat in a preliminary pickle tonight to soak the blood out of it.

The United Nations assembly, after long deliberation, has decided on the partition of Palestine into Jewish & Arab states, under the strong urging of two very strange bedfellows -

Russia & the United States. Jews are jubilant. Arabs say there will be bloody warfare. The vote was rushed through so that (as the U.S. newspapers unblushingly pointed out) the partition will take place while British troops are still in the country. Thus the British, not the wily Russians and Yanks, will have to preserve order during the process.

MONDAY, DEC. 8/47 Sharp weather for several days, snow flying, skating on the smaller ponds. Mc Clelland & Stewart have published at last (after a delay of 18 months!) the book of MacMechan sea tales which I selected & Don Mackay illustrated. I only hope the ghost of "Archie" will approve my selection & foreword. Mackay's drawings are excellent & the make-up of the book is quite good, although as usual with M. & S. the proof-reading had slipped here & there; & for some reason they saw fit to jumble the order of the stories — I had arranged them in chronological order from the 18th century to the 20th, the obvious & logical sequence. Edith & I to dinner tonight at the parsonage. The Jason breeds there. "Father John" is a gourmet, does much of the cooking for occasions like this, & we had a delicious four-course meal with two excellent wines. Afterwards we played "Oklahoma" —

a card game new to me but apparently old familiar to the Wilsons. Raining & icy as we went home, the car skidding all the way.

TUESDAY, DEC. 9/47. Mild, muddy, no walk today. Edith's mother is recovering steadily, is now permitted to sit up. Letter from Col. Jones says he has been asked to renew his honorary colonelcy of the West Nova Scotia Reg't, & in spite of his ill health has decided to do so. I had written reminding him that he had offered to assist with publication of the West Nova history, & that the manuscript was ready. On this subject he was cautious, as always in matters that involve his own money. So I wrote back today suggesting that J. W. Killam (a native of Yarmouth, N.S. & the multi-millionaire head of Royal Securities & a hundred other corporations) who is Jones's boss, really, ought to be willing to back the publication financially. I pointed out that I want nothing for my work & am happy to pay my own expenses. Colin Smith, head of the veteran officers' history committee, has spent about \$200 & should be reimbursed, for he is a law student at Kings & can't afford to lose it. Otherwise there will be no expense at this end.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1947

Overcast & cold. An hour at the dentist's this morning getting a new filling in one of my lower molars. I still have all my teeth but two, which were replaced with a small bridge in 1936, but the front ones are "eroding" & beginning to stain badly from my continual cigarettes.

When I was in Hfx. two weeks ago my mother gave me Dad's medals. Bill Wilson made me a wall-case with a glass front & I spent most of this afternoon installing them. His service medals are five: - Distinguished Service Order, Long Service Medal, General War Service 1914-18 Medal, the 1914-15 Star with two oak-leaf garlands on the ribbon each representing a mention in Field-Marshal Haig's despatches, and the Victory Medal. There are five medals for marksmanship, won in the period 1904-1911 when he went to Bisley every year as a member of the "Army Eight" rifle team. And there is his Competitor badge for the Olympic Games held in London in 1908, when he was on the British rifle team.

A wire from McClelland & Stewart announces that "The Wedding Gift" should reach Hfx bookstores on Dec. 12th. Six copies are on the way to me by air & express

FRIDAY, DEC. 12/47.

Overcast & cold. My copies of "The Wedding Gift" arrived today. Jefferys' drawings a bit out-of-drawing

here and there but good on the whole, & the book is the best bit of printing & binding that McClelland & Stewart have yet turned out for me. Pearson McCurdy of the Hfx Chronicle, who operate radio broadcast station CJCH, wired asking me to speak over the air. I wired back that I would be in Hfx Tuesday & Wednesday & would phone him there.

We have had no lobsters so far this season & this afternoon I drove out to the little fishing harbor at Mersey Point & bought 12 lbs of fine squirming lobsters just out of the traps. I paid the market price, 36¢ per lb, less than last year but still expensive considering that so much of the weight is shell. However we had a fine feast for supper. For many years the local lobster-fishing season has opened on Dec. 1st, so that a feast of lobsters has become fixed as a sort of pre-Christmas feature.

My Christmas greeting from the Inspector of Income Tax is a bill for a further \$145.15 on my 1946 income & a curt note reminding me that an author's entire income from book royalties is "unearned" according to the Act, & therefore subject to super-tax.

SATURDAY, DEC. 13/47 To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, Smith & Dunlap. Overcast with snow flying, temp. 30° at noon dropping to 12° at night. Two to three inches

of ice on the lake, with fresh tracks of a mink in the sprinkle of snow on it opposite the camp, & tracks of a wild-cat. Everything in the camp frozen hard, including the water in the bucket & a mouse which apparently had fallen in & drowned before the freeze-up. About midnight we heard a great honking of wild geese flying south - rather late in the season.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14/47 After a fine sleep in our eiderdown bags (with the camp door wide open, as usual) a stout breakfast & a busy day. Parker & Dunlap went to hunt rabbits at the south end of the lake. Smith & I armed with axes, went over the hunting trail from Half Way Cove to Kempton Brook, cutting out windfalls, clearing brush & renewing the old blazes. Hard & hot work in spite of the cold. Back to camp at 2 p.m. very hungry. Dinner at 3. The hunters got no rabbits - Parker saw none at all, Dunlap only one. Left for home at sundown, the lake ice very lovely in the last flat rays of the sun - pink, mauve & bands of cold sea green.

TUESDAY, DEC. 16/47 A sudden rain after the long steady cold put a skim of ice on the road this morning & spoiled my plan of motoring to Hfx. Took the train instead - the same 5 hour trip, but improved by re-furnished rolling stock - comfortable seats, each with a spotless white head-rest of

tovelling, the upholstery blue or green plush with a chrome frame, air conditioning, a smoking compartment in each car exactly like the rest of it, etc. Dinner at Mother's. Phoned Lindsay Bennett & Don Mackay. Took a long walk in the late evening, when I thought the weather had cleared - & got caught in a furious downpour of rain near Dalhousie University.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17/47 Cold & blowing a gale this morning but I walked into town & enjoyed, passing over Citadel Hill by the new extension of Duke Street. Autographed a number of books for Bendisiet & Connolly's, called at the Chronicle office & had a chat with Pearson McCurdy & Gordon Studd, also "Carlie" Bowles. The editor, Bertson Robinson told me in confidence that he plans to retire from the "Chronicle" in a year or two & go back to school teaching in the country - he wants time to write a novel.

Called at the College of Art for Don Mackay & carried him off to lunch at the "Sea Horse". Got him to autograph a copy of "Tales of the Sea" for me. Shopping all afternoon, walked back to 166 Chabueto Road. Dinner with Mother & Hilda. At 7:30 CJCH sent a car for me. They still have the old CHNS studio, three or four poky rooms in the top of the Lord Nelson, for which they pay a rental of \$5,000 a year; but P. McCurdy told me they are negotiating for purchase of the Y.M.C.A. building

on Barrington Street, which should make better & much more imposing quarters. The broadcast consisted of an interview by Dr. Walker, president of King's College, who conducts a weekly book review of over this station.

Walker is a Yorkshireman, brilliant, talkative, with a sharp face & a long pointed nose. He is cynical about book reviewing - "I try to treat the stuff kindly but a lot of it is awful tosh". He was kind to me, too, but did not reveal his inner thoughts on my "stuff".

One of my old school teachers Miss Sheakston, heard the broadcast & phoned Mother to say how delighted she was. On the way home met Major John Cameron & wife - he was 2 ipc of the West Nova Regt. for a long time in Italy, likes my history & will forward the M/S with notes very soon.

THURSDAY, DEC. 18/47 Returned to L'pool by rail this morning. The lone passenger car on the train filled with college students homeward bound for Xmas - callow youths all smoking pipes as if their lives depended on forced draft, & young ladies looking sleepy & rather bored, for which I could not blame them much.

FRIDAY, DEC. 19/47 Steady cold weather. Edith away at daylight for a day's shopping in Rfx. with the Paul Kings. I took the kids to the movies tonight. The

main picture was a melodramatic ham-acted thing called "Adventure Island", based on Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" — & all through the piece I seemed to hear R. L. S. turning over in his grave. The interesting part of the show was a movie of the recent boxing match between the heavyweight champion Joe Lewis & a second-rate former sparring partner of Lewis — Joe Walcott.

Both men are well over 30 (Walcott is the father of six children!) & both are negroes, although Lewis has an admixture of white & Indian blood & looks pale alongside the coal-black Walcott. Lewis, the champion for years, was knocked down three times by Walcott (who looked very surprised) but won on points. A poor show for "topnotch" boxers & one wonders how many of Lewis' previous opponents were really first-rate challengers.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20/47. Autographed some copies of "The Wedding Gift" for Macleod this morning. Mailed my local Christmas cards, making about 90 cards this year — the total grows each season somehow. Got a case of ginger ale & another of Coca-cola. This afternoon with my whole family & young Paul Chandler I drove up the river road (very icy) & got a Christmas tree & some boughs of white and Norway

pine for our Yuletide decorations.

Our friends who have installed oil-burning furnaces are looking grave these days - there is a severe shortage of fuel oil caused by the North American rush to change from coal to oil during the past year. The shortage is caused by insufficient transport facilities & will eventually pass away.

Meanwhile the N.S. coal miners, blind to the trend, are demanding another \$1.10 per day - their annual raid on the public pocket-book.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 24/47

Four young men from Whynot Town, lost in the woods west of Port Mouton for six days, turned up yesterday at Table River. The RCMP & while the district forest ranger had organized search parties of local guides & others, & the RCAF sent over a helicopter plane for two or three days. The helicopter landed on the marsh behind Bartling's house in town, on its way back to Greenwood yesterday, & everyone flocked to see it - the first ever seen here.

Today we have a fierce easterly blizzard, the first heavy snowfall of the winter, & the strongest wind, very bad for the Christmas Eve shoppers. I took my family to the movies, lured by "Newsreel photos of the royal wedding" - which turned out to be a few routine shots of crowds, passing glimpses of the royal carriages, & little or nothing of the ceremony in the Abbey.

We waded home through the snow, helped the kids decorate the Christmas tree. After they'd gone to bed Edith & I went up to the Parkers & had drinks & talk with the Hubert Mac Donalds & Johnsons, then down to the Hector Dunlap's & finally to Capt. Charlie Williams house at Fort Point. A large & merry crowd there, & ended about 1 a.m. in the kitchen eating fresh-boiled lobsters. Home & to bed at 2 a.m.; the storm over & the whole town plastered with snow, very beautiful in the moonlight, an old-fashioned Christmas-card come to life.

Christmas Day, 1947

The kids were up rummaging in their presents at daylight. I slept till 9.30. A huge dinner of turkey, pudding & so on - just our family group - the old tribal gatherings of the Freemans & Dunlaps are a thing of the past - the families simply grew too numerous for that sort of thing & the annual parties became an ordeal for all. Tommy & I spent the afternoon shovelling the drifted snow from my driveway - a hard & long job. I have no proper snow-chains for my car wheels but strapped on three clip-on chains & drove off triumphantly to Milton. Found Grandma Freeman looking extremely well - she was able to sit at table & had enjoyed her Christmas dinner with the rest. Dropped in to see

Aunt Marie Bell & the Verence Freemans. Drove home successfully at 5 pm. having lost all three chains (the straps broke) while struggling to get started in the snow.

Quiet evening at home. The Johnsons & Dunlaps dropped in. I sat up late reading one of my gifts, "Defeat in the West" by a young Canadian officer named Shulman - the story of German defeat in western Europe compiled from German army records and from interviews with the top German generals; enormously interesting because it reveals so many things that puzzled us during the war, & throws a strong light on the inefficiency & chaos within Hitler's own command from 1942 onwards.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30/47

The snowiest & roughest Christmas season in many years. About 30 inches of snow have fallen since Dec. 23rd, & between snowfalls there has been a succession of bitter N.W. gales, with temperatures ranging between 10° & 20° above zero. Sleigh bells jingle through the streets & cars ride along on the hard-packed snow, well above normal street level. Up late each night, sleep until 9 or 10 each morning, get a little exercise walking in the afternoons, write letters & read - fascinated now with Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason" an account of the trials of Joyce, Amery, & the other British traitors of the late war. Festivity of some sort almost every evening - tonight a

big of card party at the Anglican rectory.

WEDNESDAY ~~FRI~~ DEC. 31/47

A fine cold night. The Parkers called for us about 9 p.m. & we began the New Year's Eve round with a call on the Copelins. Copelin has been down with flu but was up tonight in fine fettle. Drinks & talk there, then on to Longley Veinots, where we found the Dumlaps, Sheiss's, Johnsons, the "Rah" Murrays & others. At 11 p.m. all went back across the river to Park Street, & George MacDonald's house where the main party was held. The Parkers & ourselves had promised a call on the Hubert MacDonalds so about 1 a.m. we left the party & slipped down there for about an hour. "Mac" playing sea chanties on his phonograph & insisting that "Shenandoah" was never a popular chanty in Bluenose ^{ships}, his all wrong of course. Back to George MacDonald's where we found the party increased by the John Wickwires, Don Smiths, Ross Pickersons, Merrill Rawdings, Edith & Roger Luppel & Roger's blonde English wife Sue. Luppel beastly drunk - has hardly drawn a sober breath since he got out of the Air Force two years ago. Otherwise the party was lively but much more decorous than for many years. I got Rawding in a corner & asked what were his plans for

the Perkins house — the restoration & the repair of the old house come under his (Public Works) department. He seemed vague but agreed to my urgent suggestion that a competent architect be employed to survey the house before a tap of work is done.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1948.

Fine, cold. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon with Brent Smith & brought him in to dinner with us, & a quiet evening yarning & playing "Oklahoma".

The heavy snowstorms of the Xmas-New Year season have been general all over the eastern seaboard — New York got 2 feet of snow in one storm, traffic tied up completely, the worst blizzard there since 1885.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7/48

Cold, snowing lightly all day.

The post-war inflation is now running unchecked, prices climbing at a great rate & the big labor unions announce they will make further large wage demands this year.

Current food prices in Liverpool: — butter 78¢ lb — bread 13¢ loaf — potatoes 70¢ peck — white flour \$1.25 per 24-lb bag — coffee 67¢ lb — sugar 10¢ lb — milk 17¢ quart — bacon 70¢ lb — beefsteak 55¢ lb — chicken 50¢ lb — codfish fillets 30¢ lb — halibut 45¢ lb — eggs 60¢ dozen.

I have given up the notion of

buying a new car & decided to have my ^{eleven} ~~ten~~-year-old Chevrolet re-painted & fitted with ~~two~~ new shock absorbers & "knee-action" bars, radius rods etc. — estimated to cost about \$200. Another notion — of installing an oil furnace & a new pipe-&-radiator heating system, estimated to cost \$2,000 — I have put aside also. The spiral of inflation has now reached a point where the inevitable slump cannot be far away, & I'd better conserve my cash.

THURSDAY, JAN. 8/48 Letter from John McClelland says the "Narrator Book Club" wants to adopt "The Wedding Gift" as its book-of-the-month, asks my consent.

A flock of these small book clubs, imitating the "Literary Guild" & the "Book of the Month Club" (enormous American concerns which have made vast profits) has sprung up in the last two or three years. Their offers to buy in quantity always tempt a publisher to sell at their price — which means that the author's royalty becomes a bagatelle. However I consented.

Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Traffic has churned the snow to a coarse-salt consistency, very hard walking. Saw an all-too-common accident, near the railway bridge — a man named Roy, driving a decrepit Chevrolet car, tried to beat the oncoming

Shelburne - Bridgewater freight train to the crossing just above
Fore Street. The train engine struck the car amidships &
dragged it about 60 feet, a complete wreck, but Roy
jumped out unhurt except for a cut over one eye.

Some of us helped the train crew to disentangle the wreck
& roll it clear of the track, & away went the train.

My New York agent, Jacques Chambrun,
sent contracts for my next book & a re-issue in the
U.S.A. of "His Majesty's Yankees" - both to be done
by the John C. Winston Co. of Philadelphia.

When I left Doubleday (very largely at the
urgent representations of McClelland & Stewart) I was
assured by M. & S. that Angus Cameron of
the Little, Brown Co. would be very glad to have
my books. This was true; but Little, Brown &
other publishers all wanted me as an established
"historical novelist" - i.e. a writer of costume pieces -
& when I said that my next novel would be a
20th. century piece they shook their heads. Then,
last summer, Chambrun flew up from New York
with the Winston proposition in June. He said
Winston's were prepared to advance \$5,000. I said
I would think it over, & later agreed. Winston's
are a big firm well-known in the non-fiction field

and according to Chambrun were anxious to launch heavily into the fiction field with a list of established writers. However when it came to business, the prospective advance of \$5,000 ("proof", said Chambrun, "of their belief in your work & their intention to promote it vigorously") dwindled to \$3,000. And on studying the contracts I find that the actual cash advance is \$1,500 (\$1,000 against the new novel, & \$500 against H.M.G.) with a further \$1,000 "payable on delivery of the M/S" in the case of the new novel, & \$500 payable on publication" in the case of H.M.G.

Also I am to pay half the cost of adapting H.M.G. to juveniles (no small job!) by an appointee of Winston's.

I wrote to Chambrun today calling off the deal & asking him "why should I sign with a firm comparatively unknown in the fiction field, for such a petty inducement, when I can deal with firms of better standing when the M/S is finished?"

SATURDAY, JAN. 10/48 Overcast & cold. Temp. 6° above zero most of the day. At 1:30 p.m. Parker, Dunlap, Smith & I set off for Eagle Lake. River road has been snow-ploughed & we reached N^o 3 dam without difficulty. Climbed the dam, put on our snowshoes & hiked up the trail to the camp. Heavy going

in some places where the first freezing snow had bowed the huckleberry bushes into arches, followed by successive falls of lighter stuff — one dropped through, snowshoe & all, a distance of two feet, & all of us fell several times. The young conifers were bent over the trail by the weight of snow upon them, frozen in great white masses & we had a lot of scrambling to get under or around them. The woods extremely beautiful however. Seemed to be about 2 feet of snow on the level & of course more wherever it had drifted, as at the edge of swamps. Covered the $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to camp in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, each taking turn at breaking trail. The shack was like an ice-box but we soon had a hot fire in the stove & a stiff rum under our belts. Spent the evening talking, playing cards, & listening on the radio to the Toronto-Chicago hockey game. Turned in at 11 p.m. with the camp door wide open & our sleeping bags well buttoned.

SUNDAY, JAN. 11/48. Cold day with N.W. wind, overcast with scattered glimpses of brilliant sunshine. We were up at daylight & cooked a large & leisurely breakfast. Dunlap decided to stay in camp & loaf. The rest of us set off down the lake on snowshoes (about 3 to 9 inches

of snow on the ice) — Parker & Smith to hunt for rabbits in the edge of the old fire-barren, & I to walk up the brook meadow to Long Lake. I found the brook entirely open from Eagle Lake to Long Lake, which surprised me a little. When I reached Long Lake the wind off the ice was bitter & I lingered only to take a couple of snapshots. Good snowshoeing all the way along the brook meadows & very lovely, the deep snow heaped & twisted into fantastic little "cliffs" along the brookside & every branch, every windfall with its white burden. Temp. not much above zero & all the hard-frozen swamp-maples creaking & groaning in the wind & cracking sometimes like rifle-shots. Many deer tracks — caught a glimpse of one fleeting rear-end. Returning to Eagle Lake I found Parker & Smith on the ice & they hadn't seen a rabbit — & we headed back to camp on the ice, hugging the western shore for a bit of shelter from the N.W. wind, which was sweeping particles of fine snow like a stinging mist down the length of the lake & flinging them up in fantastic "snow devils" against the woods at the foot of it. Heard a single shot as we approached the camp — Dunlap had discovered a weasel feeding on the head of the buck I shot last Fall. But he missed it.

Hiked out about 3 p.m., after a good dinner. Very easy going on the beaten trail. I took one or two more snapshots & kicked myself for not bringing more film.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13 & 14/48

An old-fashioned January thaw, steady rain for two days, cellar flooded, streets turned to rivers. Badly needed elsewhere in the province, where the steady dry cold after the summer & autumn drought had shrunk the rivers & caused serious hydro-electric power shortage. Halifax & many other places in the Maritimes are under voluntary "dim-out" reminiscent of war time — all outdoor electric advertising signs unlit, & so on.

There remains almost a foot of snow, packed to the consistency of ice, & the streets & roads now are iron-bound in this stuff.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15/48

Hard weather again. A good hike to Milton, a yarn in the blacksmith's shop, & back again, this afternoon. Working hard morning & evening, day in day out, on the Halifax book. Temp. below zero tonight.

FRIDAY, JAN. 16/48

After my futile search for MicMac relics on the Medway last November (see entry Nov. 2/47) I wrote Col. Jones, offering to buy from him the relics he obtained there in the 1930's. He had lost track of them, & the relics were about to be thrown away as worthless "bits of stone" by a servant when my letter arrived. Jonesie handsomely made me a gift of them,

and young Rev. Jones brought them to me in a shoe-box this evening — six stone celts, roughly made; one piece of a stone gouge; one slate-stone awl $6\frac{1}{2}$ " long; one cutting stone, of slate, hatchet-shaped; one slate object, rectangular, broken & part missing, the rest about $5" \times \frac{1}{2}" \times \frac{1}{2}"$ with an incised groove apparently for a thong at one end; one slate object 7" long, probably a tomahawk, about 2" wide at the edge (which is broken) & narrowing to an arrow-shaped point.

Now that all prices including those of butter & meat, have shot to the skies, Ottawa blandly announces that a price ceiling on butter & meat has been imposed — another case of stable fock and stolen horse.

In the U.S. President Truman has started his election campaign. The former vice-president Henry Wallace, an honest crackpot with anti-British and pro-Russian views, has split the Democratic party by forming a party of his own, with himself as its presidential candidate; but he isn't expected to "cut much ice". As yet the Republicans haven't selected their man.

SUNDAY, JAN. 18/48 Mild — rain this afternoon, making the icy streets very slippery. Went to C. of E. service this morning, my first at Trinity Church in several years. But I am not much of a church-goer. Last Sunday morning I went with Edith & the kids to the United

Church service, for the second time in their lives - must do it more often. This afternoon Edith & I went to an afternoon tea at the Jack McCleanns' - forty-odd people there, some good conversation. I don't care for tea-fights as a rule, attend one or two a year out of social politeness & thank God when I get away. Forgot to record yesterday that Tommy proudly received a cheque from the Dept. of Lands & Forests for his services in fighting the bush fires outside Liverpool last Fall. The amount, \$1.60. I told him he should frame it.

MONDAY, JAN. 19/48

A long conciliatory letter from Albert Morehead of the John C. Winston Company. Apparently Chamberlain had shown him my letter. Morehead is very anxious to publish my books, now offers \$3,000 advance against the new novel, payments to be spread over the writing period; and \$1,000 against the juvenile edition of *The Majestys Yankees*. Guarantees energetic promotion of my books & hopes for a "long, happy & profitable relationship."

TUESDAY, JAN. 20/48

Cold, sunshine & snow squalls. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Kids skating all over the river above Birch Point. Letter from Colin Smith re the West Nova history - suggests a foreword by Col. J. P. Keston or General Chris Vokes. Wrote Morehead agreeing to sign contracts with certain changes, & sent the old

contracts back to Chamberlain to arrange.

THURSDAY, JAN. 22/48

Mr. McKenzie ^{King} has announced his retirement from public life, with no date set but apparently this year. The Liberal party is to call a national convention to select a new leader.

SATURDAY, JAN. 24/48

Cold grey day. Temp close to zero. Went rabbit hunting at 18 Mile this afternoon with Parker, Smith & Burke Douglas. Got the lashing too tight on my left snowshoe, stopped circulation in my big toe, didn't notice it for an hour. Took off snowshoe & moccasin & spent the next $\frac{3}{4}$ hour massaging my toes. Finally got circulation back into my big toe - agonizing for a time - & fobbed off after the rabbits again. Saw two for fleeting moments but didn't get a shot.

By 5 p.m. Parker had two, Douglas one, Smith & I none. Rabbits get more scarce each year; in wide areas they have vanished altogether. The hunting has become so poor that until today I had not gone gunning this winter.

FRIDAY, JAN. 30/48

Bitter cold weather with high winds. Suffering intensely from neuralgia in the face particularly in the lower jaw. Yesterday a carpenter finished four days work laying "Kentiles" on the kitchen floor & installing linoleum covers & aluminium mouldings on the counters & table. Cost of labour & material about \$75.00 - say \$30 before the war. News: Mahatma Gandhi, the strange skinny

Hindu leader & apostle of "non-violence" was shot dead today by a Hindu fanatic. He had lived long enough to see the fulfilment of his dream, the departure of British rule, but not long enough to see if the Babus could do any better.

THURSDAY, FEB. 5/48

Went to Hfx for final research on my book & to attend meetings of the N.S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board and of the proposed Naval Museum board. On the way up the smoking compartment was pretty well filled with merchant seamen, apparently just paid off after a voyage, each with a bottle of rum & all very merry. One character, with a shock of greying black hair and a queer twisted face (nose, mouth & chin all pushed to one side as if by a terrific right-hook at some stage in his career) became noisy and obscene, the fat & elderly train conductor made one or two feeble remonstrances, & finally threatened to have him put off at Chester. His shipmates then quieted him down by the simple process of giving him several long sucks at a rum bottle so that he "passed out" & all was serene.

FRIDAY, FEB. 6/48

Archives this morning. Meeting of newly constituted N.S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board in Province House this afternoon. (Set up by order-in-council on recommendation of Premier Macdonald Oct. 14/47. Chairman is Will R. Bird, of the N.S. Dept. of Industry & Publicity;

other members are — Prof. W. J. Belliveau of St. Ann College; C. Bruce Ferguson, assistant archivist of N.S.; Prof. R. V. Longley of Acadia University; Miss Katharine McLennan, hon. curator of the Louisburg Museum; J. H. R.; & Prof. D. C. Harvey, archivist of N.S.)

All present except Longley Bird, who had given the matter no thought whatever since the Board was set up, suddenly realized that the House was about to sit & that he was supposed to report an initial meeting of the N.S. H.S. & M.B. before the session. Hence we were all summoned by hasty telegrams. Practically the whole afternoon was taken up in discussion of the size & variety of market plates to be used by the Board.

Bird brought up the subject of historic buildings, mentioning specifically the Perkins house in L'pool, & the Board were agreed that the Perkins house should be preserved & maintained by govt. (Bird did not mention, & I remained mum on the fact that the govt. actually had taken over the house last summer but had done nothing about it.)

Other historic buildings will be considered on their merits & recommended for govt. ownership & maintenance if necessary.

"Mount Uniacke" was discussed, but Harvey had made some enquiries of the Uniacke heirs & reported they wanted a fat price for the property. The De Wolf house in Kentville also discussed a little — Harvey thought the house had no

particular historical significance. Meeting adjourned at 5 p.m. Bird to call another in May.

Tonight I went to a presentation of "Dear Ruth", the successful New York comedy, by the Dalhousie Glee & Dramatic Society, in the Studley gymnasium. Met Mrs. Kerr, wife of Dalhousie's president, whom I had first seen some years ago at one of Merkel's poetry circles. She asked me to tea on Sunday afternoon.

SATURDAY, FEB. 7/48. A bitter cold spell, temp. below zero each night. Archives this morning. Capitol Theatre tonight.

SUNDAY, FEB. 8/48. Tea at Dr. Kerr's residence, a roomy mansion on Oxford St. just south of Colberg Road. Met their tall son & two young daughters, a charming family. Other guests, Judge MacQuarrie & his handsome wife, Prof. H. P. Stewart & spouse, Gustaf of the C.B.C., & the Kerr's house-guest, a Miss Houlson(?) of Winnipeg, who had a good soprano voice & sang several songs for us to Mrs. Kerr's piano accompaniment. Stewart, as much of a bore as ever, launched into one of his typical broadcasts on "the international situation", but Dr. Kerr rescued me, & poor MacQuarrie was left to bear the brunt of it. When I left, Mrs. Kerr gave me a message & a box of sweet cakes for my mother, very kind of her.

MONDAY, FEB. 9/48 to THURSDAY, FEB. 12/48. Bitter weather
— temp. 16° below zero Monday night. Research in
Archives each morning & afternoon, walking back & forth,
enjoying the brisk air. Interesting chat with Capt.
Dwyer, who gave me some information on Confederate
soldiers & sailors buried in Hfx 1861-65. In the
evenings took in several shows, including the "Ice Cycles"
a well-staged skating extravaganza at the Forum
with beautiful costume & lighting effects.

On Wednesday morning I attended a meeting of
naval officers at the Dockyard — Capt. H. F. Pullen,
O.B.E. (of H.M.C.S. "Nootka"), Cdr. A. G. Boulton, D.V.C., Cdr. James
Plomer, D.S.C. & bat, Lieut. R. W. Simbell D.S.C., & Lieut. R. C. Hayden,
Staff Information Officer. Hayden had written me in January
saying they proposed to start a Canadian naval and
merchant-marine museum, & asking me to ~~act~~ act as a
"consultant". They have a building available & we talked
about the materials that should go into it. I pointed out
that such an institution should have been started a century
ago because many valuable relics of the R.N. days at Hfx
have been lost or destroyed. We had a lively discussion
— they are all keen on the museum & full of energy.

I suggested that they get Dr. Harvey on their committee,
also Don Crowdis, curator of the N.S. Museum, & they

agreed. Lunch aboard "Nootka", one of the new destroyers, with Pullen & Hayden. Pullen a Nelson enthusiast - has a portrait of Nelson on his cabin wall, Mahan in his book rack, & showed me with pride a medal struck in London to commemorate the victory at the Nile, & bearing the name of Nelson's friend Alexander Stevenson.

Took leave of Pullen about 2:30 - he sailed at 5 or 6 for winter exercises in the West Indies. Saw poor "MacMac" moored at the jetty with her crumpled bow covered with canvas. Went on to the office of the Halifax Harbour Commission for an interview with Ralph Hendry, the port manager, a native of Liverpool, N.S., who was very helpful, & later in the evening brought up to Mum's flat a portfolio full of additional data.

Tried to arrange (with a secretary) an interview with "See" Ahern, the peripatetic mayor of 1872, but he was busy preparing for a trip to New York. Talked on phone to Mc Manus, city assessor, who promised to send me a list of old military properties recently turned over to the city, with description.

On the morning of FRIDAY, FEB. 13/48 had a long interview at City Hall with Philip Sumaresq (pronounced "Demerrick") the young architect-engineer engaged by the city to watch over its much-discussed "master plan". He showed

the plans & the report of the Civic Improvement Committee. Also had a phone talk with Ira Macnab, chairman of the C. I. Committee. If the "master plan" is followed through, Kfx. can be a well-laid-out & beautiful city in twenty years or so. Caught the afternoon train, which leaves Kfx at 3:45 p.m. & gets in to L'pool at 9:15, a weary drag.

SATURDAY, FEB. 14/48. Dinner with the Wilsons at the Parsonage. Pouring rain, streets all ice & water, so left my car in the garage & got a taxi. Returned to find Clem Crowell on the doorstep. He came in & we chatted till midnight. The L'pool schools have been overcrowded ever since 1940 - there are now 1,001 children in attendance - & recently the town fathers discovered that no less than 25% of these were from outside the town limits & really an educational responsibility of the Municipality of Queens. There has been a sharp wrangle between the two authorities, with Clem playing the part of peacemaker, & the town has agreed to continue educating these children but with a substantial grant from the Municipality. Clem thinks a consolidated school for South Queens, should be built in L'pool, preferably adjoining the L'pool High School, & using the field behind my property as a playground.

This would ruin my working peace & quiet but I suppose I should not complain.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21/48 Freezing after another thaw after another freeze. On the whole since early December we have had an old-fashioned winter with real cold & lots of snow & ice. It has taken a ton of fuel ($\frac{1}{2}$ ton anthracite mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ ton coke) every two weeks to keep my house warm - cost, \$22.50 - plus 22 gallons of fuel oil for my den - cost \$5.28. (Coal & oil cost rose a week after this.)

Working day & night on the Halifax book - a long drag. I started it about a year ago but set it aside late in May & spent the summer writing the West N.S. Regiment's history, which put me sadly behind in my work. The M/S of the WNSR history has been going the rounds of ex-officers all over Canada for inspection & suggestions or corrections, ever since I finished it last September. All this is about finished & soon I must set my work schedule aside again in order to prepare final copy of the history for the printers.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27/48

Took a day off & went to Hfx. with Dr. Wickwire, who was taking a patient to hospital by car. Fine sunny but cold day, plenty of ice & snow, but main road worn bare along the middle. The patient is Lt. Capt.

George Macleod, one of our few surviving square-rigger captains and in his day a holy terror, now a thin, ailing, slight man with thin grey hair & very pale blue eyes, very mild of speech. Has arterio-sclerosis & probably will suffer amputation of the right leg. We had lunch together at the Lord Nelson - the captain trying to walk nimbly with a newly acquired pair of crutches, & then eating a big plate of curried chicken with gusto. Delivered him at the Infirmary on Queen St. where I sat for 1 1/2 hours in the crypt-like foyer, watching what seemed to me an endless procession of busy nuns in black & nursing sisters in white, all crackling with starch & all apparently engaged on important errands. Wickwire pointed out (he was an interne here in his student days) that most of these Catholic nursing sisters are very capable - some have had 20 or 30 years' experience, an unusual thing in Protestant hospitals where the nurses usually depart for marriage or private nursing after a few years.

I got to Mother's flat about 4 p.m. & did some phoning to Harvey, L.C. Batho, Borrett & John Moore of Phinney's, getting information for my book. Had tea with Mother. Wickwire turned up at 7 p.m. & we left Hfx at 8. Passing through Bridgewater at 10 p.m. discovered a hockey game in progress in the rink - went in, found Navy (Halifax naval base) playing Chester Basin, & stayed to the finish. (C.B. won 6-4) Home at 11.30. (Forgot

to mention that while in the Lord Nelson dining room met & had a few words with the Jason Breeds, Mrs. Lynch of Digby (former owner of the Perkins house) - also Olga Martell & old Mrs. Martell, Mrs. Frank Nicks & old Mrs. Nicks, who were lunching together.)

MONDAY, MARCH 1/48

Steady cold, temp. ranging from zero up to 20° above. Seven women & their children, the last of the British girls who married Canadian soldiers & other Canadian service men during the late war, arrived in Halifax today. Altogether ^{wives & children} 64,000 ~~Canadians~~ ^{have come to Canada} ~~married overseas~~, nearly all of them ^{from} ~~in~~ Britain.

TUESDAY, MAR. 2/48

Tonight at 7 p.m. a condensed version of my novel "Roger Sudden" was broadcast in the form of a radio play all over the U.S. (Columbia Broadcasting System) and Canada (C.B.C.), lasting half an hour.

This was also the night of Tommy's debut in a school play, which we went to see - & enjoyed.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 3/48

Our hard old-fashioned winter continues without let-up. A blizzard raging all day & night. My manuscript for the West N.S. Regiment history has been going the rounds of various former officers from Halifax to Vancouver ever since last August. They point out some errors & recommend more detail here & there, a task which will take me several days & for which I must again put aside work on my Halifax book.

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1948. Snow ploughs busy. Tommy & I dug out the walk & driveway. Deep drifts. Sharp cold again tonight. Edith's mother has suffered another stroke, is now partly paralyzed.

SUNDAY, MAR. 7/48 Still steady cold. Terence Freeman phoned at 2:30 a.m. saying his mother was sinking. Got a taxi for Edith, who went up to Milton at once. I got the meals for the kids today.

TUESDAY, MAR. 9/48 Mrs. Freeman died early this morning. Edith still in Milton. The neighbours are apparently doubtful of my cookery - the kids & I had lunch at the Parkers' & dinner at the Johnsons'. Weather still very cold - snow & then freezing sleet yesterday, all the trees & shrubs very beautiful.

THURSDAY, MAR. 11/48 Weather turned soft, slush deep & awkward for cars without tire chains - I have none & there are none to be had. Got up to Milton all right for Mrs. Freeman's funeral, which was held at the house at 2:30 p.m. A typical village funeral, the coffin & flowers in the parlor, at one end, & the rest of the room filled with stony-faced women sitting on chairs; the dining room & kitchen filled with men in Sunday clothes, standing about solemnly; & the family & immediate relatives withdrawn in the downstairs bedroom listening

to the funeral service through an open door leading into the parlor. The little grey Baptist parson, Barber, had charge of the service. Two hymns, "Abide With Me" and "Peace, Perfect Peace". The two daughters, Edith & Marie, much broken up - they were devoted to their mother, as she was to them & Larence. Mrs. Freeman was one of those old-fashioned widows who simply retired from the world on her husband's death in 1922. For almost 26 years she had never set foot outside her house except to tend her small flower garden in summer, to walk across the bridge on Sunday morning to the Baptist church, & to accompany Edith & me & our kids on occasional motor drives - when we could persuade her to come. She had never seen the graves of her husband & son in Milton cemetery a few hundred yards beyond the Baptist church - indeed had set her mind against it. She was born in 1873; a tall slender woman, dark, gaunt, very reserved, a village gentlewoman of the old school once numerous in Milton in the days of its lumber prosperity, now gone. The slush was bad & the going difficult on the Moore Hill road which leads to the cemetery, so only two cars followed the hearse - the pallbearers in one, Hector Dunlap, Larence & myself in the other. Roy Gordon & Wilson Kempton walked up. A path had been shovelled in the snow to the burial lot on the east slope of the cemetery, & I couldn't help thinking how we buried poor Ralph there in a snowstorm

~~two~~ ^{eight} years before. True to form a snowstorm began about dusk today & when I drove up to Milton after the Historical Society meeting tonight it was a thick blizzard, very bad going — I got stuck while trying to turn the car at Schoolhouse Hill corner, & had to turn out Curtis Kempton, the cobbler who lives nearby, to help push the car back into the road. Edith returned to L'pool. with me, after an absence of five days.

At the Hist. Soc. meeting in Town Hall tonight I was re-elected president for 1948 much against my wish. Our former secretary, Miss Ann Hendry, was badly hurt in a car accident last Fall, & as I have been unable to get another secretary there have been no meetings since last November. Fortunately Mrs. Randolph Day, who works as a typist at the Mercury Paper office, has offered to do the work & we are able to resume.

SATURDAY, MAR. 13/48 Zero temperatures night & morning. My car a solid block of frozen snow & slush since Thursday night, immovable. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, sunny but cold. River still covered with ice & the ground with snow. Sailors report a belt of slab ice thirty miles wide extending along the N.S. coast from H'x. to Cape Breton. This continued severe weather very unusual in western N.S. where usually by this time the winter

has broken, the ice ^{has} gone out of the river & very little snow is left. My fuel bills this winter the heaviest I can remember - partly due to the quantity consumed, partly to the price.

In my furnace (hot-air) I burn a half-and-half mixture of anthracite & coke. In 1939 this mixture cost \$15.50 per ton & was of such quality that 1 ton lasted 3 weeks. Oil for my den stove then cost 14¢ per gallon. Thus each winter month I spent \$20.66 for coal and \$4.50 for oil; a total of \$25.16.

In Jan. Feb & March 1948 I found that 1 ton of the coal mixture lasted only two weeks and cost \$23. Stove oil was up to 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ per gal, & I burned 40 gals per month. Thus I spent \$46 per month for coal and \$8.10 for oil; a total of \$54.10. Amongst other things this shows how powerful a factor in the increased cost of living is the deterioration of quality in goods of all kinds since 1939; & this factor is never included in the gov't. index of prices. At the present time the Dominion Bureau of Statistics tells us that prices have just reached the dizzy peak of post-war inflation in 1920 - and that the spiral of wages & costs has followed exactly the pattern of 1918-1920.

News: much excitement this week in ~~Czechoslovakia~~ Europe (and the U.S.) over the communist coup in Prague. Obviously engineered by the Russians, it brought the Reds

into power in Czecho-Slovakia by an "inside job" that reminds everyone uncomfortably of Hitler's "Sudeten" Germans in that country in 1938. In 10 years the wheel has come full cycle with Stalin in Hitler's place.

In Canada most of the excitement seems to centre about Barbara Ann Scott, the pretty Ottawa girl who has just flown home after winning the Olympic and the European women's skating championships. Toronto today held a triumphal procession when she came to town.

Prime Minister Attlee has informed the British people (with an eye on Washington of course) that unless Britain receives substantial U.S. financial aid this year she will be bankrupt - despite the "austerity" scale of British living & despite the great increase in British exports since war was ended. Washington is now debating the Marshall Plan for U.S. aid to Europe (including Britain) and to China.

Here in Liverpool things roll along quietly. The Mersey Paper Co., which has been steadily increasing the speed & capacity of its machines over the years, made a record run of 400 tons of newsprint in 24 hours this week. In 1930, when the mill ran its first full year, the average capacity of these machines was 250 tons per day of 24 hours. The Thompson firm seems to have

come to the end of its ship-repair contracts and the staff has been sharply reduced, but this was long expected.

Milton, at one time almost entirely Protestant (except for the Indians) now has a considerable number of Roman Catholics, most of whom have moved in since the Mercury Paper mill was built in 1929. (This is also the case in Brooklyn & in Liverpool, where before 1929 there was not even a resident priest.) The charming little church of St. Gregory in L'pool is now much too small for the increased Catholic population of south Queens &

I suppose soon there will be a much larger church here. I am told that for the past year Father Delaney has been holding religious observances at Milton in the home of William Mills (formerly the old Ford house) each Saturday morning. These observances are attended by Catholics from the whole Milton district. Mills himself came of a pious Protestant (Baptist) Milton family, but his wife was a Carver girl, a Catholic from West Caledonia.

TUESDAY, MAR. 16/48

A break in the cold weather at last - a SW gale & floods of rain. Got myself a new tubular-steel fishing rod - #17-75

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 17/48

Dull & showering all day, snow & ice going fast. Couldn't get my car going, had to have it towed

to the Rossignol garage, where the distributor was "dried out" & a new cap installed. Later I took Edith, Betty Freeman & her kids, for a run to Port Mouton. By radio I heard President Truman's speech to the joint houses of assembly in Washington, in which he declared that Russia had blocked every effort to make a just peace settlement with Germany, that she was engaged in a steady aggrandisement in central & eastern Europe, that the United States viewed all this with alarm. One of the precautionary measures he demanded is compulsory military training in the U.S.

Liverpool full of cars & strangers in Scotch bonnets today — a bonspiel at the Curling Rink. The rental of the rink to the govt. as a Reserve Army depot during the war left the local club in a fairly prosperous condition & early this winter they installed an artificial-ice plant which enables them to play every night whether the weather thaws or freezes.

Spent this evening with Hubert Macdonald, late Lt-Commander in frigates & corvettes, RCNR. — getting sidelights on naval history in Hfx during the late war.

THURSDAY, MAR. 18/48 Sunny, cool breeze, snow all but gone from open spaces about the town, but plenty hangs on in the shadow. The paved surface of Main Street

& Bristol Avenue - our only paved streets - badly heaved & broken by the frost & thaw. Put on my hunting boots, old brown trousers, tweed jacket, brown hat, & walked to Milton up one side the river & down the other. Lovely in the sunshine, chill in the shade, plenty of ice still in the river, mud deep & nasty all the way & I got liberally splashed.

Today I received from Lt. Col. Nestitt (Montreal) the last batch of notes & corrections on the West Nova history M.S.

FRIDAY, MAR. 19/48 Sunny, cold. Drove to Lunenburg this afternoon with Edith - the first long drive in more than three months. The paved highway has a number of "frost-bumps" but is bare & good going otherwise. Plenty of snow in the woods; all lakes & the LaHave river still covered with thick ice.

Forgot to record 3 or 4 days ago that Jack McLelland phoned from Hfx & said he had arranged for Don Mackay to make a number of drawings for my Halifax book & to supervise the plate-copies of old prints & photographs to be included as well.

I suggested this to his father in a letter a week before.

SATURDAY, MAR. 20/48

Lovely warm sunny day - our first spring day - in spite of gloomy predictions from the Dominion

meteorological service, who broadcast warnings yesterday of a southerly gale with heavy rain & winds reaching hurricane force.

Paula King's wedding in the United Church this afternoon.

A charming show, the bridesmaids all in white, a pretty bride.

A reception in the Mersey Hotel afterwards - a huge crowd.

I have known the bride's parents since they were themselves bride & groom 25 years ago, & they asked me to give the toast to the bride. The groom is a young dentist from New Glasgow, named MacIntosh, who started a practice in Liverpool a year or two ago. Tommy there, very dressed

up, enjoying the whole show, especially the sandwiches and cake.

Later (because it seemed a good time to do it, while he was dressed-up) he took Miss Freda Murray to the movies & indulged her in a Coca-Cola afterwards. He is beginning to pay much attention to his hair, neckties & socks, not to mention Freda.

SUNDAY, MAR. 21/48. Warm sunny day. Parker & I walked around Western Head this afternoon, the road quite good, mud bad on the Liverpool end, nowhere else. Everybody out enjoying the sunshine.

MONDAY, MAR. 22/48 Overcast, mild, drizzling, after a night's rain. Yesterday not a bird to be heard. This morning a whole chorus of song sparrows (or possibly fox sparrows) in the birches behind my house - the first of the year, and a

pleasant music they make after this long cold winter. This morning I sent off to Capt. Colin Smith the M/S of the WNS Regiment history, corrected and amplified according to the suggestions of the various C/O's & other veteran officers who have been examining it since last August. It must now go to Col. Tommy Powers, present C/O of the WNSR, who in turn must forward it to the Historical Section, General Staff, Army HQ, Ottawa, for inspection & approval before the book may be printed.

Further nature note: - the first robin arrived on our lawn towards evening, & we all ran to the window to watch him pecking at a bit of old bread Francie had thrown out weeks ago for the winter birds.

Dr. Burns Martin of King's College is raising a small endowment fund, as a memorial to Jim Martell, the income to be used for the purchase of books. Sent him a cheque for fifty dollars today.

TUESDAY, MAR. 23/48

Sunny but cold. Waded to Milton & back this afternoon - deep mud all the way. Buses & heavy trucks are not permitted on the dirt roads until frost is out & the ground fairly dry. Wire from Jack Brayley, Canadian Press, Mx., says Eva Lis Muoris is in the city for a few days & am I coming up? This is the clever Finnish woman, now a writer on the staff of Maclean's Magazine.

whom I met in Toronto in June '46. I wired ~~her~~ inviting her to visit us at Liverpool.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 24/48 Overcast, mild. The increased unemployment in Liverpool & vicinity is manifest in the number of young men loafing about Main Street with an eye on the unemployment insurance office opposite the post office. Most of them appear to be the chronic loafers of pre-war days grown older, & with young companions who seem to be of the same type. There is still work of some sort for those who are willing, but the attitude seems to be - "I want war-time wages or nothing."

Letters from John McClelland and from Dr. W. Kaye Lamb, who is president of the Canadian Library Association, both asking me to attend the C.L.A. convention in Ottawa next June & address the gathering. They are willing to pay my expenses between them, & I'm sure I would enjoy meeting the C.L.A. Unfortunately their convention practically coincides with that of the Canadian Authors' Association at Ottawa - which is anxious to saddle me with some of the burden of the '49 convention, at Halifax - & which I am anxious to avoid.

FRIDAY, MAR. 26/48 Fine walks to Milton yesterday & today. Cool wind but sunny, roads still muddy. This afternoon

Ralph Hendry, port manager at Halifax, drove down with Eva-Lis Nuoris. He went on to visit his mother & sister here & Eva-Lis stayed for tea with us. She is a tall, well-made woman of 30, a Finnish blonde, speaks English fluently & idiomatically but with a strong Finnish ^{accent}. She's doing an article on Halifax for Maclean's & wants some help.

At 8 p.m. Hendry called with his car & off they went back to the city. I returned him the files I borrowed on my last trip to Halifax.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27/48

Howling southerly gale & sheets of rain all day & night. News: much ado over the growing tension between the western democracies & Russia. The Russian attitude remains truculent & the public utterances of Soviet ambassadors & representatives are more boorish than ever. The coming elections in Italy, where communists are very numerous, are being closely watched by both sides.

EASTER SUNDAY, MAR. 28/48

Overcast, bleak. Not much Easter finery abroad & none worth looking at anywhere. The so-called "New Look" with its skirts bunched at the hips, & tight & long about the legs, with its bizarre jackets & blouses, & awful hats, is a pain to the eye, as the women are first to admit. In the Holy Land fighting between Jews & Arabs, after a brief truce on Good Friday, broke out more violently than ever.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence two small sealing ships, (one called the "Leazer", with an American skipper and American owners, but with a Magdalen Islands crew) - the other manned & owned by Newfoundlanders - have been sunk by ice-pressure amongst the pack. The crews made their way safely to St. Paul Island over the floes. Other small sealing vessels are in danger, & the RCAF is busy looking for them. The former Newfoundland sealing fleet was composed largely of old Dundee whalers, built to stand ice pressure, but they are all gone now - the last of them during the recent war.

The Canadian army & air force are conducting a vigorous recruiting campaign, with much exhortation by newspapers, magazine & radio. Stress is laid on the service as a career - & indeed with modern pay, allowances and conditions it has much to offer, especially now that the employment boom has fallen off to some extent.

Here in Liverpool the local (reserve) artillery unit under young Capt. Lockwood continues to recruit & to drill in the buildings erected by the navy during the recent war on grounds of the Elmwood Hotel. The old wooden hotel, once the mansion of Newton (Samson Perkins' son-in-law) is advertised for sale by the government - "to be torn down & removed from the site" - and

it is expected that a brick armoury will be built in its place, containing a drill hall, arms store, offices & recreation rooms. At the present time Lockwood & his NCO's use one of the ex-navy buildings for a recreation room. It has a small bar at which reserve soldiers can buy beer.

Thus the neighborhood has two semi-military "pubs", for the Canadian Legion has conducted a beer canteen for its members (in Dr. Lord's cellar) for the past year or more.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 31/48

Drove to Hfx. this afternoon with Edith & the two kids. After tea at "Grandma" Raddalls we all went to see the movies at the Casino Theatre. I then took "Grandma" home & went on with my family to the Lions Club Luncheon in the Armouries. A large number of wheels-of-fortune, crown-&-anchor & similar games, & of course a big Bings ring. Three or four industrial exhibits & (for no reason that I could see) a Sherman tank belonging to the Halifax Rifles. The kids had a fine time & we all enjoyed the acrobats, a man & four girls who did an amazing balancing act & some thrills on a flying trapeze & rope. Met Don Crowdis, curator of the Provincial Museum, running about with a purple-and-orange glengarry on his red curls & looking nothing like a museum curator. He

is president of the Lions. Back to Mother's flat very tired & chilled at 11:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, APR 1/48 Took my family ~~to~~ shopping, first at Simpson's then down-town, stopping en route for a view from the top of the Citadel. All Fools Day - & I felt a part of it, for I don't get enough city driving to familiarize myself with the many traffic rules - violated them three times and got harsh remarks from two policemen, all in five minutes.

While Edith & France toured the women's shops, Tommy & I bought fishing tackle at Eaton's. I went into the police station, & got some reluctant information about the Hx riots of 1918 & 1945 from the Deputy Chief. (The Chief, Fox, was ill.)

Answering questions of a writer of any sort, policemen & many other public servants have an abject fear of giving information that might prove harmful in print, & they take refuge in a sort of dogged half-wittedness, unable to remember anything that happened the day before yesterday, & protesting a dire ignorance of the working of their organization that gives them the guilty & truculent air of criminals.

At noon we drove west & picked up Mother at her flat, then down to the Lord Nelson for lunch. Met

Andrew Merkel on the sidewalk outside the hotel & dragged him in to lunch with us. He showed me with pride a contract he had just signed with Ryerson Press, for a book about the schooner "Bluenose", to be illustrated by W. L. McAskill's photographs of the old races.

Olga Martell, Mrs. Kay Nicks & Mrs. Cyril Robinson there, lunching together & we went over & had a chat. Bumped into L. C. Beach in the lobby.

Returned Mother to her flat, took our leave, & went on to Liverpool, arriving about 5 pm.

SATURDAY, APR. 3/48 Overcast snow flurries howling north wind. Spent part of the afternoon raking up twigs, & trash of all sorts scattered over my small domain by my neighbours' infants during the winter, an amazing collection.

News:- The Zionist Jews, whose influence was powerful enough to make President Truman demand, first, admission of 100,000 Jews into Palestine, & then partition of the country into Jew & Arab states - which demand forced Britain to give up her mandate - have now suffered a sharp defeat in Truman's reversal of American policy. Upon cautious consideration the U.S. authorities have seen the folly of partition & now ask for an Arab-Jew truce and a trusteeship by the United Nations. The American magazine "Life" this week

goes further & urges the U.S. gov't. to persuade Britain to keep her forces in Palestine & stamp out Jew-Arab disorders. Meanwhile the Russo-American relations get worse & worse. In Berlin, the Russians now refuse to pass British & American trains, trucks & barges through their zone, & the Americans have retorted by surrounding the Russian railway offices (which are in the American zone) with armed military police, refusing admittance to all Russians from general to private. American troops in the isolated zone of Berlin are being supplied by air — "It's good practice," says American general Lucius Clay.

U.S. aircraft, ^{including} troop carriers are reported flocking north to Alaska, & several U.S. manufacturers of sleeping-bags & other cold-weather equipment declare they have received orders from Washington to prepare for big army contracts on 24-hours' notice.

MONDAY, APR. 5/48 Spent the afternoon raking up & piling behind my garage the litter of broken twigs & leaves — a great mess due to the heavy snow & ice storms of last winter. A letter from my agent Chambrun advises that the Winston firm has decided to go no further with their new fiction list, confining their ^{main} field to non-fiction as before. This would leave me the only novelist being

published under their imprint & Chambrun advises me to cancel the contract for my new novel. Winston is going ahead with the adaptation of "His Majesty's Yankees" for juvenile readers & is to advance \$1,000 on it at once.

TUESDAY, APR. 6/48.

Wrote the last word of my Halifax book at 1:30 A.M. Very tired. It has been a long job with much tedious checking & research.

Lovely warm day. This afternoon I drove with Edith to Lower Great Brook & lay for a blissful hour in the sunshine by the river while she picked mayflowers.

This is the only part of the river unchanged by power developments & the sight of it brings back my younger days when I had so much fun fishing & hunting here. Now the fishing is practically ruined, rabbits and partridge are scarce & the moose all but gone. Only the deer seem to flourish in this age of motor roads.

I never was very blood-thirsty but it was a pleasure to go out & get fish or game for the pot whenever I had the chance.

This evening I started to type clean copy of my book M/S for the printers, putting in corrections & matters discovered since first writing - probably a month's work.

THURSDAY, APR. 8, 1948. Historical Society meeting tonight - the last of the season. I am still writing Kawding urgent letters with regard to the Perkins House - we want something done this year.

FRIDAY, APR. 9/48 Wet & bleak. Much hampered in my typing by the (presumably arthritic) weakness which developed in my left hand last summer. At that time I spent long hours typing the M/S of my West Nova history, & thought the increasing clumsiness of my left fingers was due to over-work - a sort of "writer's cramp", 20 century model. It ruined my golf but I thought it would improve with a winter's comparative rest. However now that I am engaged in hours of steady typing the old trouble is back, makes the work slow & painful.

SATURDAY, APR. 10/48 Spoke to the Liverpool school children in the high school auditorium this afternoon at the request of the teachers, on the subject of wild-life & its preservation. Jimmy's teachers, Misses Paterson, Allen & Hall, came in to tea & spent the evening in chat.

SATURDAY, APR. 10/48 Open & shut weather, cold northerly gale. Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Dunlap, Smith & Parker. Stopped at Big Falls to paint the bottom of the flat-boat & launch & moor it ready

for the season. Still some ice & snow in shady nooks in the woods but none in the lakes. Found Eagle Lake & brook very high. Lazy evening listening to the radio & yarning with Smith while the others played cribbage.

SUNDAY, APR. 11/48 Sunny but freezing weather. I alone had ambition enough to take fishing gear & try the lower pools of Eagle Brook for trout. Didn't get a bite. Back to camp about 12:30, found Roy Gordon & dog Laddie had joined the party. A long & leisurely dinner of fried steak & potatoes. Swept out the camp, jined sleeping bags & beds. Left for home towards five.

Smith told me of a furious row in Brooklyn between a school-teacher named Seales & the school board. This is none other than the leggy Miss Nelson who came to teach in Milton twenty-odd years ago & nourished a secret ambition to do interpretive dancing in the Isadora Duncan manner, wearing a diaphanous robe. She performed several times for her pupils, somewhat to the scandal of the parents, & eventually persuaded my brother-in-law Ralph Freeman to let her appear on the stage of the Liverpool Opera House between the movie reels. However she lost her courage at the

last moment & L'pool was spared the sight of a tall, plain spinster of 28-01-20 making a she-ass of herself. Apparently during the long years since, she contracted an unhappy marriage with one Scales & has since been teaching school in various places. She has been in Brooklyn for the past year or more, & appears to have developed into some sort of sex-repressive maniac, teaching her pupils that "all men are beasts" & so on. The parents got up in arms, the school principal tried to curb the lady's extra-curricular teachings, she hurled a book in his face — & hence the Brooklyn grow. The school board has dismissed her.

The Liverpool hospital is to be built this year — at least tenders have been called for. "Father John" Wilson, our wealthy Anglican parson, is having a fine residence built on Fort Point on a strip of land lying north of the lighthouse lane. Sorry to see this as the park is very small & I had hopes that some day the town could acquire this piece & extend the park to the full width of the point.

SUNDAY, APR. 25/48 Working very hard the past two weeks, without taking time out to answer mail, exercise or even enter this diary. Terribly hampered by my lame left hand, much of the time I can only use the right.

which makes the work go slowly & is very hard on the nerves. On the verge of a breakdown sometimes, a wretched feeling of pressure inside my skull as if someone were pumping it up with a tire-pump, but I always succeed in pulling myself together. This morning I woke at 5 feeling awful. Got up at 7, moving quietly not to disturb my family, & had breakfast. Later phoned Brent Smith & suggested a hike to Eagle Lake. We set off in my car with fishing tackle & worms, but on reaching the camp found Roy Gordon there with an empty creel after a whole morning on the brook. I wanted more exercise than fishing (anyway — so did Smith, for there was a bitter N. wind. — and after dinner we each took a double-bit ax & worked down the east side of Eagle Lake, chopping the winter's windfalls out of the hunting trail. Got back to camp very hot & exhausted at 6 p.m. & had a drink & supper. Left camp about 7.30. Reached Big Falls about dusk & saw there Bert Anderson, superintendent of the N. S. Power Commission's plants on the Mersey River. I asked him about the "growth of cement" in Mersey dams, reported in the Legislature a week or two ago. He said, "Come with me!" & we drove up to No. 2 dam (Lake Falls). Bert unlocked

the powerhouse door & switched on the lights, & we went down some steps to the grim cement chambers below the turbines, with water dripping & the general atmosphere of a Sumas prison. Here he pointed out long ^{horizontal} cracks in the foundations, with the upper portion protruding bodily over the lower as much as $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. In one place we could see a pair of the steel reinforcing rods, 1" thick, snapped clean off by the movement & pressure. This was not due to the pressure of water in the dam, for the worst movement seemed to be lateral; Bert showed us two bolts driven into the rear face of the concrete core of the dam a year ago, for a test. Careful measurements taken monthly ever since reveal that the bolts are now 1" farther apart i. e. the concrete has "grown" that much in 12 months. It was first noticed about 1941, when the turbines were found to be getting out of alignment at N° 2; since then the symptoms have been observed at N° 1 & N° 3 but N° 2 remains the worst example. Samples of the concrete (including several diamond-drill "cores" of the dam structure) have been sent away to various laboratories & universities for study & analysis. Theory is that the local whinestone ("bluestone") used in the concrete is reacting chemically with the alkali or some

other ingredient of the cement. Sample chunks of the aggregate show a queer black hard substance on the surface of the rock, like a fungus, "grown" since the cement was poured. Bert says "Now & again we hear one or more of the reinforcing rods snap inside the main dam structure. Inside the power house it sounds like a cannon going off. It makes you wonder what's going to happen here in another six or seven years if this goes on."

Reached home between 9 & 10 p.m., very tired physically but much better in mind.

Not much to report in the past fortnight in the way of news except the Italian elections, a great struggle between Gaspari's party & the communists. The government party won with a vote of about 2 to ^{over} 1 for the communists. (Gaspari had the powerful backing of the church throughout the campaign.)

Last ~~Monday~~ ^{STURDAY} (Apr. 17) Capt. Tom Jellicoe & his wife came & spent an evening with us. Jellicoe is skipper of the "Wellington Kent", a 1600 ton freighter which has been converted from a naval frigate of the "castle" class by Thompson Bros., for Canadian National Steamships.

His wife Iva, much younger, had been married before to a wireless operator & had spent some months on cable

Island with him about 1934 - twelve years after my time there. She sent me a number of snapshots showing the wireless station, lifesaving station, ponies, etc., all as I remember them.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5/48 Sent off the finished typescript of my Halifax book to McClelland & Stewart by insured parcel post this morning, after 12 months of arduous labour quite apart from 3 months (last summer) when instead of taking a vacation I worked on the West Nova Scotia Regiment history. The Halifax book will have to be indexed when the page proofs come in. I must go to Halifax soon & see Don Mackay about the illustrations.

THURSDAY, MAY 6/48 Made what I hope are the final corrections in the WNSR history script - these at the suggestion of Col. Stacey, Director of Historical Section, General Staff, Ottawa. These were mostly minor things, spelling of place names etc. I could not agree with some of his suggestions - for instance that the slightest reference to "scrounging" (a polite word for looting) by Canadian troops be omitted. To omit these altogether would be to tell a half-truth, for officers & men I consulted all agreed that "scrounging", especially in Italy (an enemy country) was widely prevalent amongst the Allied troops, even amongst the officers - and they assured

me that the practice should be mentioned & described as an integral part of the campaign. Stacy said he was afraid that the Russians might seize upon such items in a semi-official history & use them for propaganda - presumably in Italy. I replied that whether Canadian regimental records mentioned looting or not, the Italian people knew very well what took place between 1943-45 in this country, & were well able to compare the comparatively mild scrounging of Allied troops with that of the Germans, which they saw at first hand, and with the looting by Russian troops in the neighboring countries of Austria & Hungary.

Tonight I wrote Col. C. H. L. Jones giving him the latest figures on publishing costs for the history. 1,000 copies delivered at Halifax will cost \$2,867.45, 2000 copies will cost \$4,287.09.

SATURDAY, MAY 8/48

Bleak east winds & rain for 48 hours ended about noon today in sunshine & the first really balmy air of this cold spring. This afternoon I attended the funeral of old Dr. J. W. Smith. The church (United) was full - he was the last survivor of the old-style family doctors & everyone in the county knew him & liked him.

MONDAY, MAY 10/48

Drove to Hfx this afternoon in drizzling rain. Dinner with Mother, then to Donald Mackay's house on South Park St. where I spent the evening going over the proposed illustrations of my Hfx book with him. At my

suggestion McClelland & Stewart have engaged Mackay to do half a dozen pen- & wash drawings & to superintend the preparation of plates for 6 or 7 old prints of the town.

We decided on the subjects for the drawings tonight & will choose the prints at the Archives tomorrow.

TUESDAY, MAY 11/48

Downtown all morning. Left Etith's

fur coat at Maritime Furriers, her watch at Johnson's. Had a chat with Bendeliet & at his suggestion went to see Leonard Fraser, the lawyer who is in charge of the Halifax bicentennial celebration. It appears that young Jack McClelland had an idea of getting out a special edition (he suggested 10,000 copies!) of my Nfx book, to be purchased by Fraser's committee & distributed gratis to visitors. Nonsense, of course, but Jack had made this proposition to Fraser & I thought I'd better put my oar in. Fraser is a charming fellow (former leader of the Conservative party in N.S.) & we had a pleasant chat about books in general before discussing this one in particular. I intimated carefully that the notion of having thousands of copies of my book practically hurled at the heads of visitors was distasteful to me even if the committee were willing to carry out Jack's suggestion. Fraser agreed that it was not the thing to do, said he would like to get a number of copies specially bound as a gift to distinguished guests. We left it at

that. All afternoon at the Archives looking over old prints etc. with Mackay, finally decided on six - he is to pick the seventh later. I rather wanted a photo or two of Halifax in latter days but Mackay (nothing if not an artist) thought photographs would upset the "unity" of the book & talked me out of it.

About 4.30 his wife Molly came along & we all went over to Shirreff Hall & joined the throng at Dalhousie's "convocation tea". Had a pleasant ^{word} ~~got~~ two with Dr & Mrs. Kerr & shook hands with professors Bennet, Mowat & Burns Martin; but in the swarm it was impossible to hold much conversation. Found one of my former school-teachers, Mrs. Pond (Miss Nicoll) amongst the ladies presiding over the tea-pots & had a chat.

(Should have mentioned before this that towards the end of my busy morning I called at the Archives, had a word or two with Harvey, & got from him the Semion Perkins diary, which has been on loan from the town of Liverpool for the past three years or more. Then went on to N° 70 Morris Street to call on dear old Major J. W. Logan - we chatted an hour about the old Halifax Academy and the cadet excursions to Bedford & McNeil's Island. Then I went on to the Lord Nelson to

have lunch with John Martin, principal of St. Patrick's high school on Brunswick Street, whom I have known many years. (He is retiring next year.)

Tonight I spent an hour or two with Lt. Col. "Tommy" Powers & his wife, at their house on Henry Street. The West N.S. Regt (which Powers now commands) is having an officers' party & dance at the mess at Aldershot on May 28th. & they are very anxious to have Edith & me there. I said we would try to make it. Had a conversation with Will Bird today, & he has set May 28th as the date of the next meeting of the Historic Sites & Monuments Board of N.S.

WEDNESDAY, May 12/48 Drove back to L'pool this afternoon, bringing with me the Perkins diary in its tin box.

THURSDAY, May 13/48. This afternoon I turned the Perkins Diary over to Bob McCleann, the town clerk, after its long sojourn in the Archives at Halifax. I took it to L'p more than two years ago at the request of the Champlain Society, who wished to have a copy made. They dabbled a long time but finally Prof. Harold Innes copied portions of it last summer, & I understand the Society is publishing his selections soon.

SUNDAY, May 16/48 A rare fine day after a succession of wet easterly gales. Up at 5:30 a.m. & set off with Jerry Nickerson in my car for a visit to Seal Island, near

Cape Sable, which I have long wished to visit. Jerry, now 61, well-to-do senior partner in Nickerson Bros. Fish firm in Liverpool, got his start as a lobster fisherman at Seal Island, which he left 32 years ago. His health is failing, his blood pressure getting very high, & for some time past he has been urging me to accompany him there — "I want to see the place once again before I die."

We drove to Barrington Passage, crossed the water in the little diesel ferry "Joseph Howe". (The government has begun to build a stone causeway to Cape Sable Island, but it will not be finished for a year or two.) Reached Clark's Harbour about 10 A.M. Found Jerry's kinsman, Dewey Nickerson, at the public wharf, a brown, muscular, active, voluble man of fifty. It was a joyful reunion for Jerry, for Dewey rushed about rounding up his old lobster-fishing cronies, & there was pumping of hands & joyful reminiscences. We went on to the little Seaview Hotel & had dinner, later to Dewey's home & met his wife & his two tall silent sons. About 2 pm. we went down the long wharf & embarked in Dewey's lean 50-foot Cape Island boat, with its typical canvas "whaleback" screening the bow. The cargo included a week's supplies for Dewey's crew of seven men (who use this & two similar boats) & 3 gunny-sacks

full of rotten & evil-smelling small herring for lobster bait. The boat's powerful automobile engine, pushed it along at close to 10 knots & we had a fine trip. Seal Island is about 18 miles westward of Cape Sable & in about two hours we rounded the north point of it (Race Point) & entered West (Crowell's) Cove, tying up inside the breakwater. The island is $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles long, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, covered with a dense growth of scrub spruce except for a strip of sand hedged between steep cobblestone beaches at the island's "waist", where the East, & West coves made deep bights in the general contour. Only permanent inhabitants are the light-keeper (Gallant) & his family, and Burns the radio beacon operator, who are quartered at the south tip, and Mrs. Winnie (Crowell) Hamilton, the owner of the island, who lives alone in a house in the woods near East Cove. During the lobster season (Dec. 1 to May 31) about 30 fishermen from Cape Island, with a few wives to do the cooking, & a handful of children (43 in all, this year) live in a number of shacks about the two coves. Jerry & I stayed in an ancient wooden dwelling with Dewey, his son Orville, Orville's wife & two little girls Bobbie & Marie, an unmarried son, a plump young girl from The Hawk who assisted Mrs. Orville in the kitchen, and five lobstermen. The

lobstermen slept in bunks in a long barrack-room upstairs, where Jerry had the same bunk he used 32 years ago. I had the spare bunk in a small ~~room~~^{room} adjoining, the abode of a pleasant, huge, silent man named Robbie Blades.

After supper, there still being plenty of light, Jerry & I walked ~~along part of~~^{along part of} the north ~~part~~^{shore} of the island, following the sheep-paths at the edge of the bank. Meanwhile the young men went off "gunning" to neighbouring Mud Island & came back at dusk with six "sea ducks" (eiderducks) - a favourite Cape Island dish. After supper we sat about the long table spinning yarns, while Dewey put the lamp on the floor & gutted and prepared the ducks, talking all the while, & pausing from time to time to wave a pair of huge bloody hands (one clutching a butcher knife) for emphasis. All hands to bed, after a "mug-up", at 10 p.m. Slept well.

Monday, May 17/48

The fishermen were up at 3 a.m. getting "first breakfast" in order to make their first hauls at the right stage. All their operations are governed by the terrific ebb & flow of Fundy, which sets up strong rips in certain places & at full tide submerges their trap buoys altogether. Jerry & I got up about 7, & joined the fishermen for "second breakfast" between 8 & 9 a.m.

This morning Jerry & I walked around the north half of the island. Found many half-wild sheep in small clearings between the woods & the shore, & I observed the bones or carcasses of 20 to 30 others, picked clean or partly devoured by crows & ravens. A big dinner of "sea duck" stewed with potatoes, turnips & parsnips. In the afternoon Jerry, Dewey & I walked to East Cove & visited several fishermen there, including old Nathaniel ("Shan") Penny, Jerry's first fishing partner. Then we called on Winnie Hamilton, the most interesting character on the island. She is 59, with not a grey hair in her gleaming brown head, of good figure, grey eyes, good colour, slim but calloused ^{h^ou} (she chops down & saws her own firewood). The daughter & widow of Seal Island lightkeepers, she loves the island & hates the thought of leaving it, although she knows she must, now that she is growing old. She showed us her collection of stuffed birds, various relics found about the island including 18th century bottles & some old queer French clay pipes, probably 17th century. She pulled on a pair of rubber boots & came with us; at East Cove showed us the site of Richard Dickens' house, the church & the lone grave of a drowned woman beside it; then on to the south point by a road through the woods. Went up in the lighthouse, had a yarn with the lightkeeper & his family. He presented Winnie with the thigh-bone

of a skeleton found on the beach, polished like glass by sea & sand, & she sat in a chair talking quietly, dandling the bone & stroking its smooth surface with her rough fingers - all quite unconsciously.) Visited the foghorn & radio station - both in one building at the shore. Radio operator a chap named Burns, still wearing his ship uniform. Went on along the shore to "the Bar" and "Mother Owen's Rock". Many wrecks have occurred here, & in a small clearing just above the shore are the graves of 3 women washed ashore from one of them. Winnie has planted daffodils on each grave (they were in bloom & very lovely) & keeps the epitaphs on the wooden markers carefully painted. I took pictures of her at this spot. Back to West Cove for supper & another evening yarning about the lamp in the kitchen.

TUESDAY, MAY 18/48. Another easterly gale blew up today with sheets of rain & although West Cove is on the lee side the fishermen hauled up all their boats in case the wind shifted to the west. Got some snapshots of this. Indoors most of the day, or visiting "Charlie X" & other characters at West Cove. Towards evening the rain ceased, although the gale & scud still blew strong, & Jerry, Duway & I walked down the west side to "Ship Pond Point" and back.

Lobster supper tonight - huge enamelware bowls of lobster served "wet and dry". ("Wet" is boiled with a gravy composed chiefly of butter & "tomalley"; "dry" is fried in butter; both delicious.)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 48 Fine, the sea moderating fast & the wind cool at west. We decided to return to the mainland while the sea held moderate. Said Goodbye to our Seal Island friends & set off in a lobster smack, a big motor-tub, about 9:30 A.M. The tub bounced about in a lively fashion, especially in the "Hospital Rip" but we had a good trip. Lunch in the Seaview Hotel, where we found a dentist from Barrington Passage holding his weekly one-man clinic, with the lower hall full of solemn sufferers. I had locked my car & left it at the cold storage plant, with the keys in charge of Bob Manson, the young manager. We found he had gone to Yarmouth for the day, with my keys in his pocket, so Jerry & I put in the afternoon yarning with fishermen, caulkers, carpenters, painters, & the crew of a kelp-packing plant, down by the harbour. A friendly soul presented us with a box of "tinker" lobsters & when Manson turned up about 4:30 we stowed the "tinkers" in the car trunk & set off for home. Stopped at Shelburne about

7 p.m. for dinner in a cafe. Home about 8.30.

SUNDAY, MAY 23/48.

The first fine day since the 19th. Edith & I attended morning service at the United Church, evening service at Trinity, then on to the Parish Hall, where Trinity congregation were holding a little tea-fight to celebrate Father John's 35th year in the priesthood. They presented him with a silver card-tray suitably inscribed, he made a little speech & all was very pleasant. Father John is too worldly to make an ideal priest - he likes good food, good wine, luxuries of every sort which his wife's wealth provides. He & his wife have been very nice to me, even though I disapproved of his high-church practices & withdrew my children from Trinity & sent them to the United Church at the time of Bishop Hackinley's amazing speech to the Trinity congregation.

MONDAY, MAY 24/48.

It is now about 9 months since I finished (or thought I had finished) the history of the West N.S. Regiment which the veteran 1939-45 officers asked me to write. Since then the typescript has travelled up & down the Dominion for reading by various other ex-officers by the General Staff (Historical Section) & by Army Intelligence, all of whom had suggestions, additions & corrections to be incorporated in the text.

For funds to publish the book the officers' committee, headed by Capt. Colin Smith, relied upon Lt. Col. Aird Nesbitt, a wealthy financier of Montreal who commanded the regiment in Holland for a time, & Col. C. H. L. Jones, honorary colonel of the regiment. Both of these well-to-do gentlemen had promised to see that funds were provided. However Nesbitt became very vague when confronted by Smith with the financial problem a month or two ago, & "passed the buck" to Jones. Jones, as I had suspected, proved equally reluctant to part with his shekels when the fatal moment came. To print & deliver 2,000 copies at Halifax will cost \$4,300; 1,000 copies will cost \$2,800. I think we can sell 1,000 copies with some certainty, & 2,000 with a bit of advertising.

The majority of the ex-officers are college students or civil servants or fledgeling lawyers & doctors, none of them with any money except the small remains of their army gratuities. So it appears that ~~that~~ I must put up the money & take the risk myself if I want to see the book published. Otherwise my months of gratuitous labour on the history will have been utterly wasted.

I wired Smith in Regina today that I would order 1,000 copies on my own financial responsibility. Also wrote Col. Keefler, of the Canadian Military Journal,

who has offered to get the printing & binding done at a reasonable figure for us.

TUESDAY, May 25/48 Bleak, wet weather again. Furnace going. (This has been the longest & stormiest winter & spring within living memory. Nevertheless I took off my storm windows yesterday & set out the garden chairs).

Sent off to Keefer by registered parcel post today the typescript of the WNSR history & told him I would place a formal order for the book before May 31st.

He has undertaken to have the books delivered at Hqs by Aug. 1 if ordered before the end of May.

WEDNESDAY, May 26/48

Pouring rain. This afternoon drove to the Habitation at Lower Granville to address a meeting of the Annapolis Historical Society, of which my old acquaintance, the Rev. Hastings Wainwright, is president. Spoke on "the Indians of western Nova Scotia", using part of my collection of Micmac relics, to illustrate the talk. Tea & sandwiches, then the Merkels claimed me & we went off to "Brow Hill" to wash up, & then to Annapolis in my car to attend a "ladies' night" dinner of the Order of Good Cheer. A good meal (fresh lobster) & a good show; some of the young men attendants dressed in 17th century French costume. An address by Brigadier Darrell Raing, on the need of preparing for war

if peace is to be assured. Sat at a table with a wealthy young couple named Tickers. Met Roy Smith & his wife; a pretty Mrs. Morfee, wife of a former RCAF C/O at Halifax. Then Roy Lawrence appeared, with lively Henry Hicks of Bridgetown, & Boyd Bartaux & wife, & we all adjourned to Roy's house for drinks & talk until half-past midnight. Drove back to "Brow Hill" with Andrew & Lully. Andrew more crotchety than ever. He lost so much money on his tea room in the old schoolhouse that it will not be re-opened this summer. He writes a good deal, in an erratic fashion, is now preparing text for a book of MacAskill's photographs of the "Bluenose", to be published by Ryerson's next year.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, '48 Drove back to Pool this morning. The incessant rains of this month (officially said to be the dullest & coldest May in 79 years) have made the gravel roads very bad, & the stretch from Middlefield, under construction, is awful. Noticed road construction machinery being assembled near South Brookfield - apparently the Highways Board intends to prepare another stretch this summer, while the part from Liverpool to the County Poorhouse (something significant in that) is being paved. After lunch the sun came out for the first time in many days.

This afternoon it was actually hot, & for the first time I was able to sit in my garden & read the paper.

Wrote Keefer, of the Canadian Military Journal, placing a firm order for 1,000 copies of the WNSR history & enclosing a certified cheque for \$1,000 as advance payment. Also wrote "The regionary" placing an advertisement in the July & August issues.

FRIDAY, MAY 28/48 Drove up to Hfx with Edith this morning. Lunch in Simpson's "Seaview Room", a bit of shopping, there, then on to Mother's flat. Found her well & cheerful.

The proposed increase in pensions generally (25%) will raise her monthly cheque from \$104.00 to \$130.00. As the pensions of First War widows & veterans have never been adjusted since they were set 30 years ago, there has been much hardship following the post-war inflation of 1945-48. She pays \$55.00 per month rent & at present has somewhat less than \$50 per month for food, fuel, clothing & all the rest.

At 3 p.m. took a taxi downtown, deposited Edith at Wood's, & went on to attend a meeting of the N.S. Historic Sites & Monuments Board in Province House. Will Bird is permanent chairman, but Dr. D.C. Harvey through his long familiarity with the routine of the national board, is the one who really guides the proceedings. Present beside these two & myself were.

