

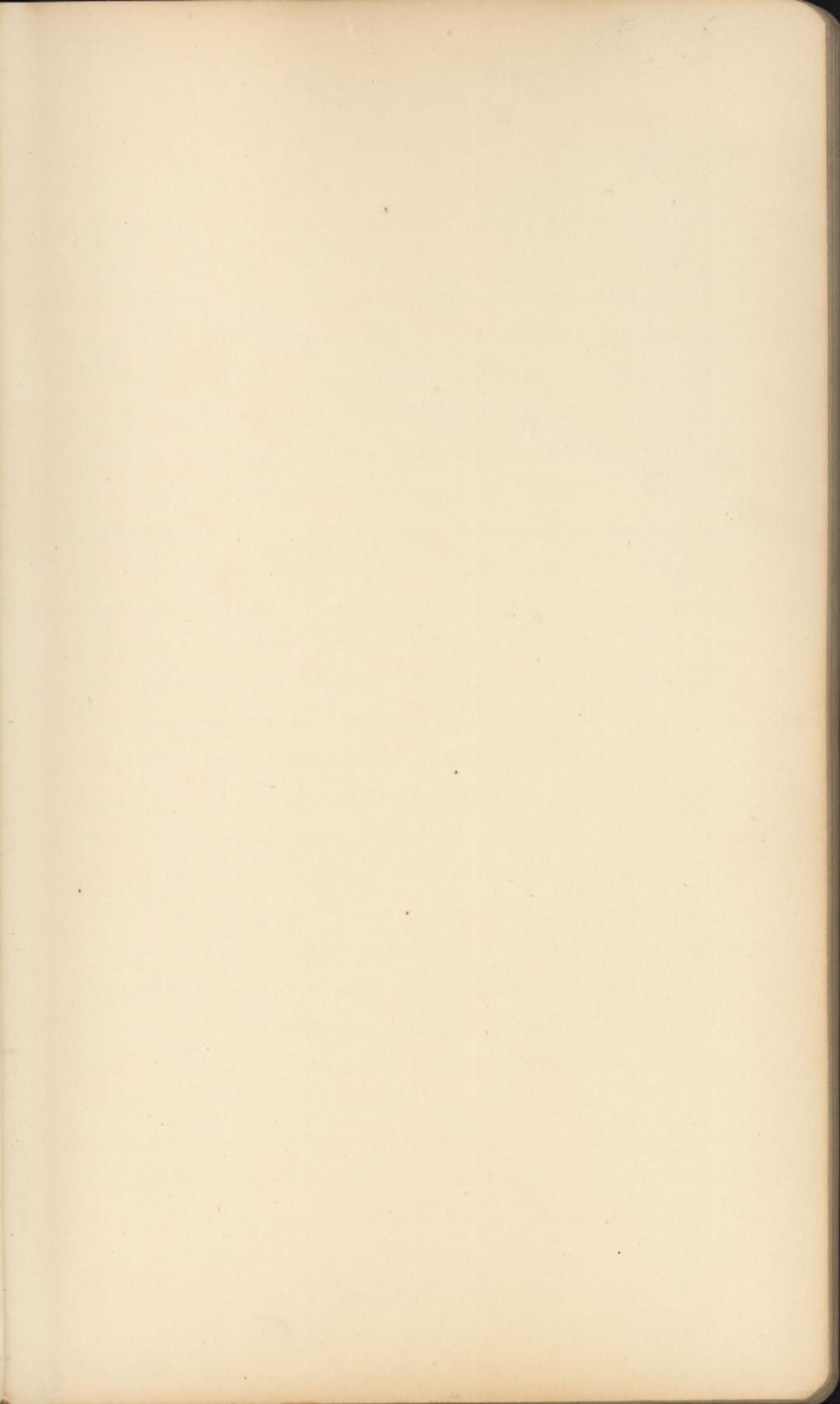
DEC 22, 1949 — AUG. 4, 1951

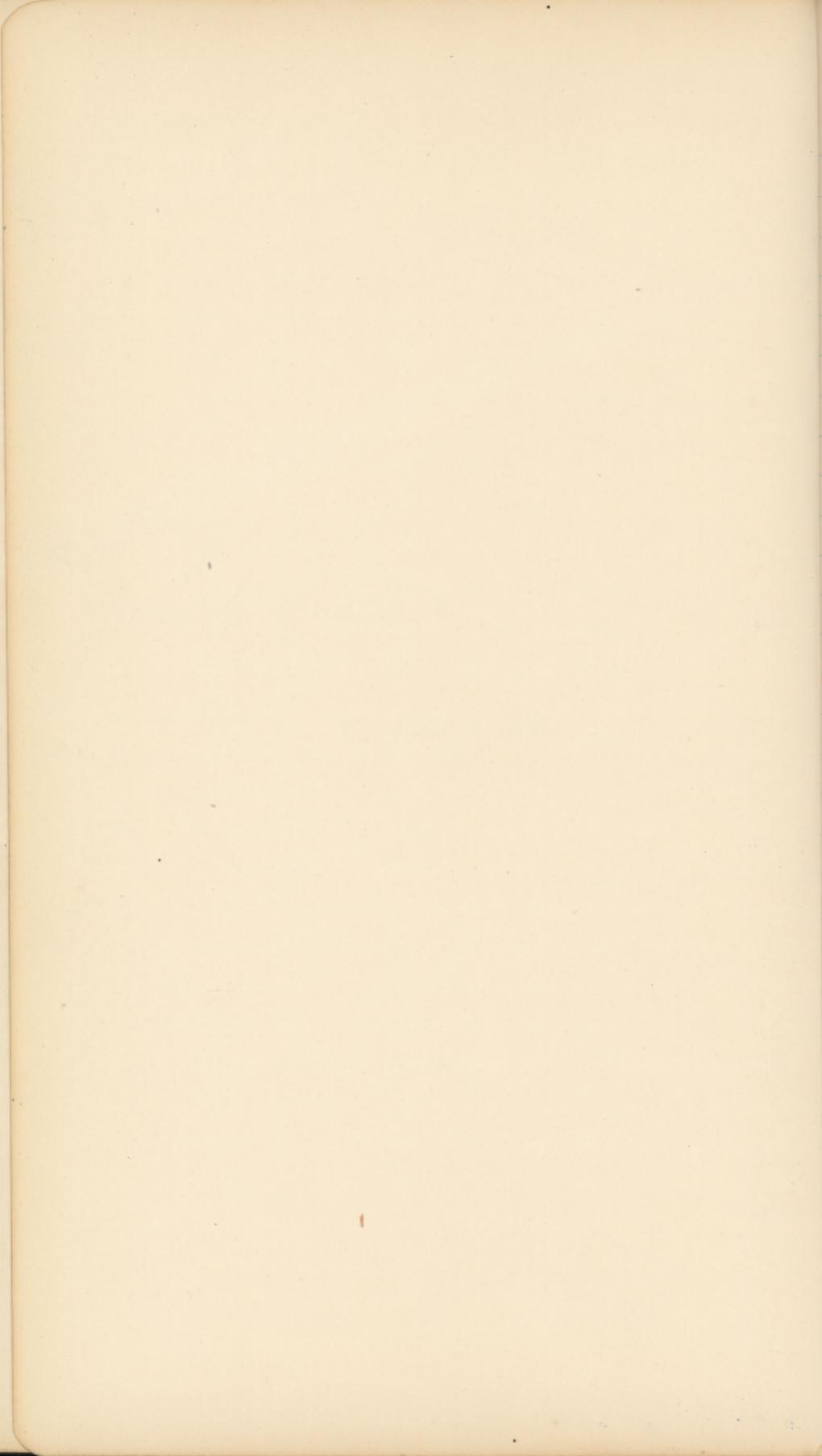
# RECORD

No. 530

Diary  
Thomas H. Kaddall II

Dec. 22, 1949 to Aug. 4, 1951





Dec. 22, 1949 Extraordinarily mild. Each afternoon I walk to Milton & back in my house rig plus a light nylon golf jacket, & return sweating. Temp. at midnight 50° Fahrenheit. Picked up old Bob Butler in my car & gave him two  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. packages of tobacco. He is a negro aged close to 80, one of the last survivors of the Liverpool square-rigged ships. He enlisted in a Construction Battalion, Canadian Army, in the First German War, & served 3 years overseas. Bob has been sergeant-at-arms of the local branch, Canadian Legion, since it was formed in 1929.

Dec. 23/49. FRIDAY Temp. here this afternoon was in the high 50's (Greenwood Airport in the Valley reports 65°!) with alternate drizzle & warm sunshine — the mildest pre-Xmas weather since 1906. Down to the waterfront this afternoon & had a yarn with Frank Sturm & the Nickerson brothers. Sturm is home for the winter, having spent the spring, summer & autumn in charge of a small motor vessel belonging to the federal Dept. of Fisheries, & engaged in tracing the movements of herring in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Says everybody about the Gulf is excited over the new iron-mining developments in the interior of Labrador. Next spring, the construction of a port at Seven Islands (on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Matane) will begin. This is to be the ocean terminus of a railway running 200 miles north to the mines. The whole thing will cost many millions; and it will relieve the unemployment ~~now~~ now acute in Newfoundland & beginning to pinch in the other Maritime provinces.

Refusal of Britain to buy pit-props, eggs, apples (all Maritime staples) and sharp reductions in British orders for lumber, cheese, paper, etc., are beginning to have their effect. Already the price of eggs in

Canada has fallen sharply, & others must follow. The farmers are howling for government subsidies or a floor price. So far Ottawa has given them little encouragement. The truth is that food prices in Canada are exorbitant; for 10 years the farmers have been charging all that the traffic would bear, & reaping fat profits on which they have paid very little income tax.

Marie Freeman came to tea tonight, & spent the evening with Edith & Francie decorating the Christmas tree. Our furnace went out yesterday morning & was not re-lit, yet the house remains comfortable, & a small fire in the hearth tonight was cheerful but not necessary.

SATURDAY DEC 24/39      Sunny mild day with a light west breeze. Hector Dunlap & I played 18 holes of golf at White Point this afternoon, without gloves. I had not played for 5 or 6 weeks, & Dunlap for 2 months, so we were very wild here & there, & ended with scores of 109 for Dunlap, 110 for me. The fairways spongy but not unduly wet, & the greens surprisingly good. No sign of other golfers, in fact the only tracks we saw were of deer; one big deer had walked through a patch of mud near N°5 tee, & a smaller one near N°5 green, both heading towards the point.

Quiet evening. The Dunlaps, Anne Ritchie, the Parkers & the Hubert McDonalds dropped in, & we had drinks, & later went up to Parkers' to hear their fine new combination radio & record player. Dorothy Wickwire came in there with John's sister, Mrs. Currie of Bridgewater. Home at 1 a.m.

SUNDAY CHRISTMAS DAY      Sunny but cold. Heard the usual round-the-world British Commonwealth broadcast this morning but missed the King's speech, as I had to drive to Milton for Aunt Marie Bell. She had dinner with us & afterwards there was the usual fun of

unwrapping gifts. Mine included a pocket book, shaving kit, 2 pocket pencils, cigarettes, books, socks, etc. I gave Edith the matching necklace, bracelet & ear rings I bought in Boston last month. Afterwards I took Aunt Marie on to the Dunlaps for tea. I dropped in on Capt. Charlie Williams, whose "Markland" got in from Richmond, Virginia, this morning, & had a drink & a yarn. Betty Williams & her bridegroom there: both were students at Acadia & made a runaway marriage a week or two ago. Nice kids.

Back to my house, & found Jerry & Betty Freeman & their lively youngsters, & Marie Freeman, all of whom had tea & stayed the evening with us. A pleasant Christmas for us all. Late in the evening I took my family in the car & drove about Liverpool, Milton & Brooklyn, looking at the outdoor decorations & lights. Never saw so many homes decorated, some of them very elaborately; even the Indians at Loo-Wile Hill had a show, & the house of young <sup>Joe</sup> Francis ("Little Chief") sported an array of colored electric lights & a sign saying "Merry Christmas", with an automatic device flicking them on & off. The big illuminated Christmas tree at Brooklyn, stands on the hill by Sam Forbes' house, & can be seen from Liverpool. One lone farmhouse far up on Great Hill had its whole facade picked out in colored lights & could be seen for miles. So could the big electric star on the top of the Mersey paper Mill. The catchy Christmas song about "Rudolf the red-nosed reindeer" is all the rage, and many decoration schemes involved a "reindeer" with a real light bulb in his nose. The big tree at Milton, standing beside the "Kiack Brook", shone prettily across the River.

MONDAY, DEC. 26, 1949 Overcast & windy but not cold. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. This evening Eddy & I went down to the Donald Macdonald's house, & found there our friends the Parkers, Leabornes & Hubert Macdonalds, all in merry mood. Sybil Macd. (a native of Carbonear, Nfld.) presented me with a (to me) new ballad of her native land, "The Loss of the Emma Jane." (Pronounced "Da Lossada Hemmerjane" in recitation, of course.) Finished the evening at Parker's house.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28/49 Still mild after yesterday's continuous rain. This afternoon I took Tommy and his chums Jack Dunlap & Hugh Bryn to Eagle Lake. The river road surprisingly good after the recent soft weather. A terrific N.W. gale sprang up & blew furiously all afternoon & night. We slept with the camp door wide open; the lake very wild under the strong wind, in the bright starlight & the light of a first-quarter moon.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29/49 Spent most of the day with the boys in the woods, hunting rabbits without success, & shooting at tins & bottles set adrift in the lake & bobbing along at a great rate in the prevailing gale. Out at Big Falls by dark, home at 6 p.m.

Hervey Allen died in Miami, Florida, yesterday at the age of 60. His huge, sprawling, but well written novel "Anthony Adverse", finished in 1933, was a sensational success in North America; nothing that he wrote before or afterwards achieved much note, but to my mind "A.A." is still the best historical novel written by an American in my time.

Party at the Hubert Macdonalds' tonight; a good crowd, lively talk, delicious food. Wind still howling & beating at doors & windows all through the ~~night~~.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1949

Two or three weeks ago I had a letter from John McCurdy (Lieut. Governor of N.S.) asking me as a favour, to send 2 autographed copies of "Halifax, Warden of the North" to his friend John Stevenson of Ottawa; he explained that S. was an admirer of my work from Blackwood days, & a friend of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, & that S. was anxious to have an autographed book for himself, & to send the other to Lady J. as a Christmas gift. I sent off the books, & in due course had a letter of acknowledgement from Stevenson, very pleasant but conveying an odd suggestion of surprise.

Today I had an embarrassed note from McCurdy enclosing an amusing letter from Leonard W. Brockington, the eminent Ottawa lawyer. It appears that it was Brockington who requested the books; he had in fact promised to send an autographed copy to Lady J. His Honour (who drinks his share of whiskey) had returned from a visit to Ottawa somewhat confused, & asked me to send the books to the wrong man. In the meantime Brockington had met Stevenson at a luncheon, & S. had told him of receiving a delightful surprise in the shape of 2 copies of "Halifax", one inscribed to himself & the other to Lady J., to whom he had of course sent it. Brockington now wants a copy for himself, & one for H. M. Tomlinson, the English writer, to whom he had mentioned my work. I sent them off today, & can't help reflecting that as I have to pay the wholesale price of the books (\$4 per copy) His Honour's little gesture has cost me \$16 plus postage.

Tonight we ushered in the New Year with eclat. Edith & I joined a buffet dinner party at the Austin Parkers', & then played hosts to a large and convivial gathering at our own house. The party went on merrily all night, with dancing & group singing - including the chanting of "Shenandoah", and "Blow

*Charles Coplin,*

"the Man Down" by the old sea-dogs ~~Edith & I~~, Hubert Macdonald, Charlie Williams & myself. The last guests (including some utter strangers who had drifted in on the New Year tide) departed at 5 A.M. Edith & I then proceeded to clean up the house & wash an enormous array of soiled glasses & dishes, & finally got to bed at 6:30 A.M. All good fun, & a lovely frosty moonlit night.

SUNDAY, JAN. 1, 1950 Up at 10 A.M., bathed & shaved. This is Edith's birthday, & the kids & I gave her our presents & wished her many happy returns. She is 46, & confesses that after the night's festivity she feels 146. In the afternoon I drove to Milton & brought Aunt Marie Bell down to have dinner with us. A simple but hearty meal of roast chicken & plum pudding, nuts & sweets. Amongst yesterday's mail was Vol. 28, Collections of the N.S. Historical Society just published. It contains the paper on Tarleton's Legion which I read before the Society in the spring of '47.

MONDAY, JAN. 2/50 Still fine & cold, with no snow. Tommy & Frances were skating on McLean's ice-pond this afternoon, a popular spot. Marie Freeman has decided to rent the old family home at Milton until she retires from the Mersey Paper Company's service 11 years hence. She is storing most of the furniture & bric-a-brac. The living-room furniture is beautiful old mahogany, the only things saved when Samuel Freeman & Sons went bankrupt in 1876 & lost their timberlands, sawmills, shipyard & pretty well everything else. Marie let us have two of the chairs, & I brought them down from Milton in my car this afternoon, & left them with Wesley to be re-upholstered.

Hubert Macdonald sent over this morning three dozen fine Chesapeake oysters, which we had for tea

tonight - delicious!

TUESDAY JAN. 3/50 Rain. Drove to the Goose Hills on the west side of Port Joli, this morning, to spend a day or two with Irving Bain, Larry Seldon, Ross Nickerson, Hubert Nickerson & Bruce Chandler, who have rented the old Hunt camp there for the last week of the wild-goose season. Spent a wet afternoon with Harry, in the downpours of rain on the top of the ridge, but no birds were flying. There is a large flock of wild geese in Port Joli harbour, I should say about 5,000, although some estimate the number at closer to 50,000. They float together like a long dark shadow on the water over the eel-grass flats, talking & honking.

WEDNESDAY JAN. 4/50 Very mild. Temp 58° at noon. Spent the morning with Harry about the mouth of Path Brook & along the shore about ~~Scouts~~ MEADOW POINT. We were hopeful for a shot at black duck but none were feeding inshore. Some distance to the east of Path Brook and several hundred yards from the shore I came upon an Indian shell-mound, partly exposed by a break in the turf which had grown over it. Harry & I dug in it with sticks to make sure, & the heap seemed to be at least two feet deep; very old, the shells reduced to fragments & mixed with black mud. In the afternoon the "Stumble-in" gang arrived from town & set about their usual Wednesday poker session which goes on for many hours. I spent the afternoon with Larry Seldon & Frank Sturm on the hills but did not get a shot. Back to camp for supper (sauerkraut & pork ribs, & cold boiled lobsters). The poker fiends now included Jack McClearn, Victor Scobey, Roger Inness, O.M. Shankel, Harvey Doggett, Jim Donley; much rum in evidence, & the camp a solid fog of tobacco smoke. It was obvious that there would be no sleep in

the camp until far on into next morning, so Seldor, Sturm & I spent most of the night on the ridge. I didn't take my gun, because night shooting is illegal & because a bird shot at night is seldom found unless it happens to drop at the gunner's feet. Nevertheless I had an interesting time. It was a wild night & rather weird, with a great wind blowing over the ridge from the west, & a thin low scud sailing at a great rate over the face of a full moon. The wind was not cold, but rather humid, & one could stand or walk about & be perfectly comfortable without mufflers or gloves. In the misty moonlight the ridge slope was eerie, covered as it is with tall skeletons of fire-killed trees, & thickets of naked poplar & wire birch, & great granite boulders.

Up the slope, flying low, & making slow headway against the wind, came the geese, in small squadrons of a dozen or so, heading for Port L'Hebert or perhaps Sable River. There was very little honking, & they appeared suddenly at intervals of 20 minutes or half an hour, a string of moving black bird-shapes silhouetted sharply against the moonlit scud overhead. The light was deceptive, & the gleaming gun-barrels against the light sky lost all shape & substance towards the muzzles, so that it was impossible to aim properly; & I was amused to watch Harry & Frank banging away without touching a feather on a bird. Some of the geese actually sprang into view at little more than tree-top level, & the shot had little chance to spread. At the crack of the guns, & the streams of fire leaping up at them, the geese swerved & set up a great honking, as if in derision, & went off into the eye of the gale, keeping perfect formation. As they got over towards Port L'Hebert I could hear guns on the wind — every gunner over

there seemed to be awake & shooting. Sturm, a fat & excitable sailor from Lunenburg, provided the comedy element in our own little show. Once, swerving sharply to fire at some geese coming right over the tops of the wire birches, he pulled both triggers of his old N° 10 shotgun at once, & the double "kick" caught him off balance & knocked him down on his backside in the road, with his gun-muzzles stuck in the mud a foot or two away.

At 3 a.m. we returned to camp & found the card players getting ready to go home, after a steady session of 12 hours. I set up my folding canvas cot on the kitchen floor & we turned in at 4 a.m., with the camp door wide open, & the night so mild that I had to leave my sleeping bag unbuttoned from top to bottom.

THURSDAY JAN. 5/50 Up at 8 a.m., & Bain served up a huge breakfast — porridge, bacon-&-eggs, flapjacks with corn syrup, toast & coffee. I went up on the ridge & found Elmet Cauldrett, of Moose Hill, watching for geese beside my favorite perch, a huge granite boulder. Spent the morning there with him. Not a goose flew off the harbor. A few duck, mostly whistlers, but too high to shoot. Back to camp for a cheerful dinner with the chaps, & then back to Liverpool.

Dinner tonight at the Ralph Johnsons', with the Hubert Macdonalds & Charles Williams as fellow guests. Ralph had shot a fine goose at Table River & we made a fine meal of it, with roast wild-duck for seconds. Later in the evening we drove out to River Head & got a couple of dozen lobsters from Shad Mailman, & ate some of these before departing at midnight. Phew!

This has been a terrific Yule-tide season; I can't remember when I've eaten so much & slept so little as in the past fortnight.

SUNDAY, JAN. 8, 1950 The first real snowstorm of this winter began yesterday morning, with a brisk east wind, & the temperature dropped sharply. It was actually too cold to snow heavily, & a thin snow continued all today, with the thermometer falling to 7° below zero by 11 p.m.

I also have my first cold since last May, & stayed indoors writing letters & blowing my nose.

Madame Chiang Kai Shek, who has spent the past year in the U.S., left today to join her husband in Formosa, where his Nationalist forces have taken refuge. In a parting speech Madame was regretful over President Truman's recent refusal to provide any more munitions for the Nationalist forces, & she called Britain a "moral weakling" for recognizing the Communist regime in China a week or so ago. The truth is that Chiang's own regime was corrupt & reactionary, & the Chinese people had lost all faith in it. One after another Chiang's armies have gone over to the Communists & taken their American arms & equipment with them.

MONDAY, JAN. 9/50 Indoors all day stoking the furnace, sneezing & blowing.

TUESDAY, JAN. 10/50 Walked down to get the mail today & made my cold worse. Up most of the night sneezing & blowing. Weather softened this evening, rain most of the night.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11/50 Glad to get out this afternoon. Capt. Ralph Williams phoned inviting me to a farewell party aboard his steamer "Vineland", which leaves for New Zealand, tomorrow with a full cargo of newsprint. I walked to Brooklyn. Road icy, & snow squalls blowing. Lively party in the saloon aboard "Vineland". Mostly members of Mersey Paper staff. Plenty to eat & drink. Williams is a character, 50-ish, bald, fleshy, pale, strong as a bull, started at sea as a boy, in sail. Amongst many other accomplishments, he knows all the tricks of rough-and-

tumble fighting, & at the height of the party he demonstrated some of them for us. I left a parcel of books for the ship's small library. Returned to town in Parker's car.

THURSDAY, JAN. 12/50 Sunny, but cold, with a strong wind down the river. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Stopped for a yarn on the waterfront with Jerry Nickerson & Frank Strom. Our postmaster, Jack Mc Gorrin or McCorry, has been dismissed for incompetence. Inspectors have been investigating here at various times in the past few years, each time found accounts poorly kept & a deficit in the cash. (Only 2 or 3 years ago one of his assistants, Thorburn, went to penitentiary for stealing from the mails.) McCorry's appointment was political (he was a meat-cutter in a local grocery store at the time) & he simply hadn't the brains or the training for such a job.

SATURDAY, JAN. 14/50 Rain all last night & today ended our "little winter" — six days of very sharp weather.

The British election date has been set — Feb. 23, and Winston Churchill has packed up his paint-box at Madeira & returned to England for the fray, announcing that it is time to throw the Socialists out of office and restore British prestige abroad — and to restore "a British empire on which the sun never sets". The last seems a vain cry — the old empire is as dead as Kipling. The conference of Commonwealth representatives, meeting <sup>at</sup> Ceylon, has just broken up & gone home, having agreed on little & accomplished nothing. Ireland, Egypt, Pakistan, India, South Africa, Burma, have a strong anti-British complex & are very suspicious of any suggestions from London. Canada has lately proclaimed itself no longer a "dominion", abolished appeals to the Privy Council in England; Australia, after its experience in the war with Japan, looks now to the U.S. as "big brother" rather than to Britain.

All of these components of the old Empire are now fiercely independent politically, and can function as a Commonwealth only by ties of trade.

SUNDAY, JAN. 15/50      The fire siren blew long & loudly at 1 a.m. & awakened the town. However it was to call the engine crew together for a run to Bridgewater, where a bad fire had broken out on the river front of the main street & was spreading rapidly in the westerly gale. Other fire apparatus had been summoned from Lunenburg, Mahone & Lahave.

Today proved mild & sunny, with all the ice gone from the paved roads, although there is still skating on the smaller lakes & mill-ponds. Went to (United) church this morning with Edith & Tommy. This afternoon drove to Bridgewater with Edith, Tracie, Tommy, Paul Chandler & Hugh Byrne. The motor traffic on the road was like that of a holiday in summer, & Bridgewater was jammed with cars from every part of Queens & Lunenburg, & with more arriving every minute, an amazing sight at this season of the year. The fire had destroyed three large wooden buildings - a large flour-&-feed store, & two buildings occupied by the Hebb Motors company. Loss estimated at \$150,000, including eighteen 1950-model cars, brand-new. Drove on to Lunenburg & Mahone, very pleasant in the sunshine (Edith wished she had packed a picnic basket!) and returned to Liverpool by the main highway at 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, JAN. 17/50      Bitter N.W. gale but still no snow. The lumbermen are having a tough time getting out their logs. Historical Society tonight. All the old officers re-elected for 1950, including myself as President - my fifth consecutive term since the war. I gave a talk on the colonial restorations at Williamsburg & Starbridge.

SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1950

Steady cold weather, occasional snow flurries but ground (in the coastal strip at any rate) remains practically bare. Temp. exactly zero last night. Had a job getting my car started at 8 a.m., when I took Tommy & four other boys to Lunenburg. (Tommy has just been made captain of the <sup>basketball</sup> junior team, L'pool High School.) L'pool junior boys were playing Lunenburg ditto, & the L'pool junior girls were playing Lunenburg ditto. The games were played in the Drill Hall where, in spite of two small stoves, the atmosphere was Arctic. The Lunenburg boys were well coached (and playing on their home ground) & Tommys team lost, 13-36. The girls' teams were more evenly matched, but Lunenburg won 13-11. It was my first view of junior school sports, & I was amused to see & hear the organized war-chants & cries of the girls, led by prancing, shrieking girls in sweaters & shorts, quite in the American college manner.

The Drill Hall is H.Q. for the Lunenburg unit of the Reserve Army, a field squadron of the R.C. Engineers. Equipment consists mainly of two army trucks & a certain amount of rifles & signal equipment, stored in the Hall; and the complete parts of a Bailey bridge, rusting badly under a torn canvas cover outside. Caretaker told me that the C/O is one Bourque, managing editor of the local newspaper, a man with no real military experience, & the enlisted strength is only 30 men. (It should be over 100).

Between games I walked along the waterfront, looking at the fishing schooners, all stump-rigged & equipped with Diesels. Most prominent was a big tern schooner, "City of New York", which once formed part of Admiral Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic. She is refitting for a resumption of the West Indian trade in which she has been engaged for several years, & shows Honduras as her port of registry, under the name on her stern. Her

owner-skippers is one Kennedy, an American, who lives with his wife at Conquerall Bank when the ship is at Lunenburg. Ship is fitted with a powerful Diesel, but is rigged with jibs, foresail, mainsail & a mizzen staysail. (No topmasts, & no boom or gaff on the mizzen.) Honduran registry is to avoid expensive Canadian marine taxes & regulations, seamen's union difficulties, etc. Actually captain & crew regard Lunenburg as their home port.

SUNDAY, JAN. 22/50 A light snow fell all day, changing to rain tonight. Drove up to Milton in afternoon & had a chat with Aunt Marie Bell, showing her a diary of Capt. Samuel Kempton, kept in 1881-1882, when he was mate in various schooners in the West Indies trade, & in the packet service between Liverpool & Halifax. It contains many references to Milton people living when she was a girl, & gives a good picture of a pious & steady-going seaman of the old school. Diary now belongs to C. Randolph Day.

Today Sir Joseph Blighholm died in hospital at Hfx after a long illness. He had been Chief Justice of N.S. for the past 19 years, & a judge of the Supreme Court for the past 34. I knew him well, a kindly, cultured, unassuming old gentleman who lived at the Lord Nelson hotel & usually travelled to the courthouse by street car. Not long ago he sent word to me, saying how much he had enjoyed reading my book on Halifax while lying in hospital.

MORNING, JAN. 23/50 Mild, overcast. Tonight I spoke to the Home & School Association of Brooklyn, in the school. A business session first, with lively & intelligent discussion. Mostly women, but about a dozen men, all Munsie Paper employees. I talked about the history of lumber & ship-building<sup>in Queens</sup>, & the ruin of both in the great slumps of the 1870's. Pointed out that now Queens County again has all its eggs in one basket - the paper industry - & that our people

should not become complacent about it but should take an intelligent interest in forest conservation & everything else that bears directly on the future of the industry.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26/50 Very mild. Temp. 55° at noon with a strong warm S.W. gale blowing ~ like a day in March. My novel goes slowly but steadily. Hon. J. L. Illsley, who has been a judge of the supreme court of N.S. ever since Sir Joseph Chisholm fell ill nearly a year ago, today was appointed chief justice. It is obviously a reward for his long public service as Minister of Finance, Minister of Justice, etc, in the Federal cabinet. He is honest & able, should make a first-rate C.J.

Here in Liverpool there is a quaint comedy in civic politics. Edgar Wright, the undertaker, has been mayor for a good many years. He likes the local importance it gives him & nobody else wants the job. For the coming election, however, he is being opposed by one Harold Winters, a local character, 50-ish, small, wizened, with an upper lip made grotesquely short & rather horrible by an operation for lip-cancer years ago. He is a seedy individual with no known trade or profession, although he has worked at times ~ but never for long ~ as a clerk; and for years he has hung about the streets talking Socialism to anyone who would listen. At first I thought his ambition to be mayor rather a joke, but I'm told that a great number of people in the seedy half of Liverpool are going to vote for him "just for the hell of it".

SATURDAY, JAN. 28/50 Bright, cold, still no snow in the open & very little in the woods, but there <sup>is</sup> skating on the ponds. Drove Tommy, Hugh Byrne, Jack Dunlap to the Gull Islands road with their guns. They hunted along the shore in quest of partridge & ducks, & I picked them up at Western Head schoolhouse at 5 p.m. Tommy shot his first partridge.

Apropos of diary entry, Dec 31/49. Leonard Brockington ~~said~~ sent me a cheque for \$24 (4 copies of "Halifax" at the full retail price) some days ago, saying that he felt responsible for the mix-up. I returned it, saying the books were a gift. He replied with a cheque for \$12 (for his two) & urged me to accept it, saying he knew that authors are constantly besieged with requests of that sort. I said no more.

SUNDAY JAN 29/50 A gale of wind & rain all day. Up to Milton in the car this afternoon with Edith, calling on Aunt Marie Bell & the Terence Freemans. Jerry, who bought an English car (an Austin) two years ago, is fed up with it. Like a good many others who have bought English cars since the war he has found that it does not stand up under the Canadian climate; there are break-downs, and spare parts are expensive & difficult to obtain. At the present time his car has been laid-up for several days for lack of a new gear-box. The local Austin dealer has no spare parts at all; the dealers at Bridgewater & Chester had a ~~few~~ few major parts but no gear-boxes; the Halifax dealer said there had been rather an epidemic of broken gear-boxes & his stock was cleaned out. He said he would wire Montreal. So far Jerry has not heard from Montreal. This, he says, is typical. The English car manufacturers have concentrated everything on selling their cars, & there is only an inefficient organization for service to the users. Once for once their cars are far more expensive than the Canadian cars; for although the overall price is lower, the British car is very much smaller, the materials are more flimsy, & the engine is like a toy.

MONDAY JAN 30/50 Misty, mild, with sunshine appearing in afternoon. I drove to Bridgewater, took Tommy's radio to be repaired there; (there is not a single reliable radio mechanic in Liverpool, although

five or six set up repair shops in the year or two following the war.) Also went to see C. W. Greene, the tobacconist, who paid me for eight copies of "West Novas" he had sold. I took the remaining four off his hands. Since November 1948, when I placed 25 copies in his shop, he has sold only 21; and this in the town which was H.Q. of the W.N.S. Regiment for years, & in which it was mobilized in 1939! Greene said many chaps came in to look at the books (the surviving 4 copies had been well thumbed!) & to say what a fine history it was; but not more than one in ten was prepared to pay \$4 for it. (I have now raised the price to \$5).

Ottawa says today that 323,000 men are now unemployed in Canada — a little over 6% of the total labor force. Minister of Labor, Mitchell, says much of this is "seasonal". Someone else optimistically inclined says it is merely the final stage of post-war re-adjustment. But organised labor is very much alarmed.

TUESDAY JAN. 31/50 Snowstorm all day — just fine stuff blowing about, at 15° Fahr. President Truman today instructed U.S. military scientists to make the much-discussed "hydrogen bomb", which according to theory will be one hundred times more powerful than the atom bomb made from uranium. Wesley, the upholsterer, brought back my den chair tonight. It is a simple, comfortable thing of maple-wood that I bought new in 1938 for \$8.50. His bill for re-gluing the chair & re-upholstering it = \$15.62!

FRIDAY FEB. 3/50 Cold & gusty, after a night's snow. Tonight is the event of the school year, the Cadet Ball. Tommy has invited his "steady" girl, Joan Wickwire; & Francie is going (in her first long evening dress, a lovely pink affair) with David ("Sam") Johnson. What with alterations & adjustments in the dress, & transferring Tommy's badges, stripes & other marks of distinction from his old uniform to a new one lately

wangled from his quartermaster, Edith has been busy for a week. (France, still at the awkward age, put her foot through one of the net panels of her dress within ten minutes of arriving at the ball, making a great tear. Fortunately it did not trouble her or the least.)

SUNDAY, FEB. 5/50 Bitter cold, temp. zero, with a high wind. Edith & I went to morning service at the United Church, walking half-way, & riding the rest of the way with the kick-wires. Dewey Pickerson blew in from Cape Island this afternoon on his way to Bridgewater, & presented us with half a dozen fine lobsters. Wearing a luxurious fur-lined parka over his Sunday clothes, drinking whiskey neat, & blowing out cigarette smoke in furious gusts, he sat in a chair & entertained us with all the latest gossip from Cape Sable & Seal Island, & then shot away for Bridgewater.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7/50 Fine, very cold. Municipal election day, all over N.S. Here in Liverpool the candidacy of Harold Winters, the scabious & unclean grumbler of the street corners, turned out to be much more than a joke. "The great unwashed" poured down from Town Hill to vote for him, & the better half (who pay practically all of the taxes) had to bestir themselves to the polls. The final figures were 883 for Edgar Wright, 410 for Winters. An interesting lesson for us all, for although Mayor Wright won by a handsome majority, the vote for Winters shows the strength of the seedy and their willingness to vote for any sort of crackpot offering "pie in the sky".

Historical Society tonight. We had Roy Gordon's paper on the history of the pulp & paper industry in Queens County. A surprisingly good turnout in spite of the cold. The temp. was zero, the streets very slippery, & a bleak wind blowing.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8, 1950 10° below zero at 7 a.m. — our coldest night this winter. (It was 16° below at Big Falls) A scientist named Fuchs has been arrested in Britain on a charge of conveying state secrets to the Russians. He was a refugee German in Britain during the first year of the late war, & with a good many others was sent to Canada for internment. Later he was released to work on the atomic bomb project, where he had access to the innermost secrets of the American A-bomb factory at Oak Ridge. The Americans are very much alarmed; indeed there seems no end to treachery. Only a week or so ago, after a long & complicated trial, Alger Hiss (brilliant young American political expert, who was one of Roosevelt's aides at the famous Yalta meeting with Stalin) was convicted of perjury in a matter involving transfer of U.S. state secrets to Russian agents. His accuser, Chambers, formerly a senior editor of the influential magazine "Time", confessed that he had acted as a go-between for Hiss & the Russians.

THURSDAY, FEB. 9/50 Pouring rain all day. Estith & I were guests of the Baptist Men's Brotherhood this evening — it was Ladies' Night, & I was guest speaker. The men cooked & served a very good dinner in the church basement, & I gave a talk on my favorite subject, "Nova Scotia Humour".

FRIDAY, FEB. 10/50 The world's climate, like everything else about it, seems topsy-turvy. British Columbia (the Vancouver - Victoria area) which boasts of its Riviera winters, has had a succession of blizzards & deep-freeze temperatures. The Holy Land has had severe frosts, the banana crop in the Jordan valley has been ruined, & snow is lying on the shores of the Dead Sea — momentarily anyhow — for the first time in modern history. Yet this afternoon, in bright sunshine & a temperature of 55°, I drove to

Bridgewater (to get Tommy's radio) over roads bare of ice or snow. The air & the landscape were like April.

My eyesight is fading steadily. I can still read well without glasses, though I use glasses to prevent eye-strain when reading for long periods; but my effective "range" on objects at a moderate distance (such as a movie screen) has fallen off sharply since while the optometrist supplied me with a pair of bi-focals in April 1948. I had him test my sight again today & find that I must have a stronger pair.

SUNDAY, FEB. 12/50 Overcast, mild. To church (United) this morning with my family. Drove to Milton for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell this afternoon, & at 4:30 attended a tea given by Dorothy Wickwire for 30 husbands & wives. Ordinarily husbands are spared this sort of thing. Edith tells me that the social-entertainment bee has been buzzing very loudly in the local matrons' bonnets this winter — a continual round of lunches, teas, dinners, games of bridge or of "Canasta" — the latest card craze from South America — and as this leaves the mornings rather dull, one group of matrons indulges in "breakfasts" — gathering at the home of one or another ~~starting~~ at 10 a.m. & chatting over toast & coffee. Too many of these women (who include the younger married set) have few or no children, and because they have cook-maids to look after household matters their lives are one long effort to keep from being bored.

TUESDAY, FEB. 14/50 Cool & sunny. Walked to Milton yesterday & today. Working nine hours a day on my novel but it still goes slowly, every sentence literally wrenched from my mind, & then mulled over carefully. Today I received from Winston's 6 copies of "Son of the Hawk", the juvenile version of "His Majesty's Yankees". It has suffered considerably from the cutting & editing but

should prove good reading for boys 10 to 15 years old,  
& it will teach both Canadians & Americans something  
new about the Revolution & the beginnings of Canada.

The American price is \$2.50 retail.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18/50 Working 8 to 10 hours a day on the  
novel — and thinking about the next chapter as I take my  
afternoon walks to Milton. Seldom to bed before midnight,  
sometimes at it till 1:30. Got my new glasses from  
Wile today. I had a duplicate pair of lenses fitted in  
the old frame for use in the woods, on walks, etc. Total  
cost \$35. The new ones are large shell-rimmed bi-focals.  
I can (do) read newspapers & magazines without glasses but  
find that the ~~top~~ lower half of the bi-focals eases eyestrain  
when reading for long periods. It is objects at a distance  
that are difficult to see without glasses now. I can't read  
the hymn numbers in church unless we take a pew "a bit  
forward of 'midships'; & without glasses I can't enjoy a  
movie at all.

TUESDAY, FEB. 21/50 Bitter cold — zero & a high west wind.  
N.S. govt. announces that building of the bridge across  
the Straits of Canso will begin within two months.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22/50 Zero weather, but calm. ~~Cloudy~~ ~~73°~~  
This morning a section of the new power dam at Deep  
Brook (just above Rapid Falls) washed out, & gave  
the village of Milton a fine scare. The dam appears  
to be built entirely of gravel & clay, with no hard core  
of cement or anything else. The clay was supposed to  
be impervious to water, & the dam had been built  
up to a great height & length with thousands of  
truck loads of the stuff, all brought from a  
specially selected clay pit at Middlefield. The power  
equipment is not yet ready, & fortunately the Mersey  
River is still excluded from the Deep Brook basin by

gates in a sluice where the river road crosses the canal. However the water of Deep Brook itself had partly filled the dam in the course of the winter, & the "impervious" clay began to leak in one or two places some time ago. This morning the dam gave way, & the great rush of water tore out a section ~~100~~<sup>100</sup> feet long. The dam at Lewis Falls held, but of course its pond was full, & the sudden torrent of water & thousands of tons of clay spilled over it & went surging through Milton. At Milton the water flooded the lower floor of the woodworking factory & reached almost to the back of the blacksmith's shop and Aunt Marie Bell's house. It ripped loose the log booms strong in the mill pond & carried them over Milton dam; some jammed against the piers of the highway bridge & the rest went on down. The rush of water reached the top of the timber piers of the highway bridge. Below the bridge the torrent flooded the lumber yard & Upper Island, & carried a mess of logs, lumber & broken bushes & twigs down as far as the railway bridge ripping up the thick ice on the ~~hard~~ lower stretch of the river & tossing it on the banks like a flung pack of cards.

How many tons of gravel & clay washed out of this tall dam nobody knows (the N.S. Power Commission stopped all travel on the river road above Rapid Falls) but when I walked to Milton & back this afternoon the river was still flowing thick and dirty-yellow (like a rich pea-soup) all the way down to Fort Point.

Sherman Anderson, of the power staff at Big Falls, warned the people of Milton by phone soon after it happened, & the R.C.M.P. detachment rushed up there to make sure.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1950 Snowstorm all day, turning to sleet at night, & then freezing hard. Had a charming note from Lady Susan Tweedsmuir, widow of my old friend, thanking me for inscribing to her the copy of "Halifax" that Leonard Brockington sent. This is election day in Britain, after the most lively campaign, & something like 85% of the eligible voters turned out - a record. At midnight they were still counting the votes, but Labor seemed to be leading by a fair margin.

The impounded water at Deep ~~Water~~<sup>BROOK</sup> has now run off, having taken out about 100 feet of the clay dam, & turned the river yellow for two days. N.Y. Power Commission says repairs will take "several months" and the cost may run "up to a million dollars". An expensive error for Steve Fultz, their chief engineer, who presumably is responsible. (The "cost" was <sup>about</sup> \$100,000 more, the really engaging parts were quickly discharged a few minutes later.)

FRIDAY, FEB. 24/50 Sunny & cold. Despite icy roads our children left us for the day & night - Francie with the Seldons to see the "Ice Cycles" show at Halifax, & Tommy with his basketball team, to play the final game at Lunenburg. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, stopping for a yarn with Archie McKnight, Willard Freeman & others in the forge at the corner. Latest figures on the British election: - Labour - 314 seats

Conservative and Cons-Lib. - 289 "

Liberal - 8 "

Not yet determined - 13 "

Not a single Communist was elected. (There were <sup>only</sup> ~~two~~ in the last parliament, but they ran a lot of candidates yesterday & lost something like \$36,000 in deposits.)

SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1950 Zero weather. Walked to church this morning with Edith. We had tea & spent the evening at the Harry Seldon's house. Jack & Edith McLean there.

MONDAY, FEB. 27/50 Sunny but very cold. Streets & sidewalks a mass of ice. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. This evening while chopping wood in the cellar I struck my left hand with the ax and gave the forefinger a nasty cut. Fortunately the blade was dull or I'd have lost the finger. Edith says she's running a hospital & Sonny's been in bed two days with a feverish cold & sore throat, & this afternoon Francie came home from school feeling very sick & went to bed.

TUESDAY, FEB. 28/50 February goes out as it came in, very cold. The prolonged coal strike in the U.S. has now created serious conditions there & is sharply felt in Ontario, which uses so much American coal.

In Britain, Mr. Attlee announces that his govt. (with a majority of only 8 seats) will carry on. Newsman there predict another general election this year, probably in the autumn.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2/50 Still bitter cold. After a brief trial in London the infamous Dr. Fuchs (pronounced Fooks) has been sentenced to 14 years in prison. He is the German scientist who fled to England from the Nazi terror, & later joined the body of scientists who worked out the process of making the atom bomb at Oak Ridge, U.S.A. He then transferred to England & joined the atomic-research staff at the British government's secret laboratories. Last autumn the British secret service became aware that information was going straight to Russia from this plant. Fuchs was accused & he then confessed that he had been a communist for many years, & that he had delivered highly secret formulae to Russian agents all the time he was working

in the U.S. and Britain. Other scientists have done this & have been caught & imprisoned, but Tuchs escaped detection for so long that there is no doubt he made possible the Russian manufacture of an atomic bomb last year.

~~Wednesday~~ MAR. 3/50 Still zero weather. An odd situation at Halifax illustrates the tremendous export drive from Britain. More than 2,000 British motorcars, for sale in Canada, have arrived at Hfa in various ships in the past week or so. The cars are uncrated & "serviced" at Hfa & then loaded on railway cars for the interior; but owing to the great decline in Canadian exports to Britain there aren't enough "empties" available at Hfa for the movement. The railways are sending "empties" all the way from Ontario to handle the flood of motorcars, & in the meantime every available space about the Hfa docks is full of them.

Saturday, MAR. 4/50 Zero at morning, 30° in the sun at noon, zero again tonight. I never saw the temperature so consistent day after day. The great coal strike in the U.S. seems over. The U.S. govt was about to take over the mines & so the owners gave in to the union's demands. A U.S. miner's daily wage is now \$14.75, ~~plus~~ and the owners must pay 35¢ per ton into the miners' welfare fund. All over the U.S. industries have been closing down, schools have been closed in many cities, railway services sharply curtailed, etc.

John L. Lewis remains the most powerful man in the U.S., & presumably next summer he will begin the usual slow-down tactics (last year his miners were ordered to work only 3 days a week all summer, autumn, & early winter; then they quit the pits altogether) to bring about an acute coal shortage in the depth of winter, & so obtain the annual increase of wages & benefits.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1950 Still very cold weather with strong gales from W and NW. Historical Society tonight. Our "program committee" as usual had nothing to offer (the chairwoman has not attended a meeting all winter) and again I had to fill the bill — a talk on "Naval Occasions," describing my trip in a minesweeper on a routine patrol outside Gfx. in '43, & the surrender of the first German submarine in Canadian waters, which I witnessed off Shelburne in the spring of '45.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8/50 The first break in several weeks of severe cold & rough weather came today, when we had full day of warm sunshine & no more wind than a southerly breeze. The sun is now quite high, & the ice on the streets (several inches thick in some places) began to melt away quite fast. As the gutters are full of ice too there was water everywhere — I have my driveway flooded. Walked to Milton & back.

Ice on the river still very thick, & I noticed some young men trying to spear eels through the ice at the mouth of the wide cove above Shipyards Point.

This evening the Legion, at their monthly meeting, conferred a life membership on old Bob Butler, the hale & hearty negro man who was sergeant-at-arms of the local Branch for so many years. He was well over 40 when he enlisted in the army for the 1914-18 war & is now nearly 80. Larry Wickwire, president of the branch, asked me to come down & make the presentation, which I was glad to do. It was the first time I had been in the Legion's new establishment! They bought the old Inness jty & warehouse & (chiefly with volunteer labor) converted it into a clubhouse within the past 2 years. It is still only roughly finished inside & the big hewn beams & posts are exposed. It was built in colonial

times & the Legion carpenters found the ancient "fish scow" (used for pressing salt fish into puncheons for shipment to the West Indies) still in place. There are framed pictures of leading commanders of the late war, a big stove in the center of the meetingroom (which is on the ground floor), with tables & chairs at one end of the room for the president & officers while conducting meetings, & a bar at the other end at which beer is dispensed under license from the N.S. Liquor Commission.

The local branch got into difficulties within two years after we "old-timers" more or less turned it over to them in 1945. At that time we had something like \$3,000 in cash, & Victory bonds, mostly for our "Poppy" (charity) Fund. The new veterans elected Eugene Ford president & the money was wasted right & left. They ran a beer canteen (under license from N.S.L.C.) in a small wooden building next to the Mersey Hotel until the thing became a nuisance & they had to remove it to Dr. Ford's cellar. The canteen was supposed to make money for Branch funds but actually it ran up a big deficit, & finally Dr. Ford & son Eugene removed to Shelburne & the Legion found itself badly in the hole. They had been paying monthly deficits out of the charity fund until they owed the fund something like \$1700.00. Brent Smith stepped in & straightened out their books & accounts, & under Larry Wickwire they have been slowly recovering. The canteen is strictly run & a great many of the hangers-on of Ford's day have disappeared. Nevertheless the Legion has an ill repute amongst the townsfolk which will take a long time to live down.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11/50      Fine & cold. Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Smith, Parker & Dunlap. Stopped at Deep Brook to look at the 100-foot hole in the dam. A power-shovel has begun to dig the masses of clay out of

the tailrace. (We found a wooden bar across the road at Deep Brook & a watchman installed with a stove in a shack beside it. We convinced him that we were bound for Eagle Lake & passed on. Evidently the Power Commission doesn't want the public eye on the damage to its dam.)

Four or five inches of snow in the woods with a strong icy crust - easy walking - & Eagle Lake is covered with heavy ice right down to the camp. We spent what remained of the daylight in loading, boating & unloading the firewood we cut in the winter of 1948-49, from the dam to camp. Smith had brought his skates & went for a turn up the lake & back, saying later that he wanted to be able to bring, when he was old, that he had gone all the way to Eagle Lake to enjoy the skating, at the age of 56. After supper we played bridge till nearly midnight. As usual I had rotten luck.

SUNNY, MARCH 12/50 Weather turned mild in the night & all morning a drizzle of rain prevented us from cutting a new batch of firewood as we had planned. Wind shifted to N.W. in afternoon & we walked out to Big Falls dry. Shaved, bathed & changed, then went with Edith to dinner with the Harold Doggetts, in company with the Dunlaps & Parkers. Delicious and huge meal - cocktails, grapefruit, roast wild goose, roast chicken, raisin stuffing, mashed potatoes, turnip, fresh green beans, peas, cranberry sauce, pickles, pumpkin pie with ice cream, & coffee. Bridge afterwards; my luck as low as usual, & I won the booby prize, which turned out to be a very useful little whisk-broom.

A very bad airplane wreck in Britain - 83 Welshmen returning from a football match in Ireland. The plane crashed on landing, & 80 were killed. Canada is testing its first jet air-liner.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1950 A snowstorm yesterday, ceasing about 9 p.m., gave me plenty of shovelling today. The winds are always kind to my lazy neighbour, Jessie; they sweep his driveway clean of snow & ~~then~~ pile it all on mine. Church this morning with my family. I have been reading lately "Merchantman Reomed", by Sir David Bone, and "Eastern Approaches", by Fitzroy Maclean, both sent to me by Leonard Brockington. Working hard at my own book 8 to 10 hours a day, & manage to get in a walk each fine afternoon.

WEDNESDAY, MAR 22/50 Third successive day of clear sky & warm sunshine, with the snow vanishing fast. Drove to Summerville this afternoon with Edith & walked the length of the beach to Broad River, & back along the railway. Later called on Aunt Marie Bell in Milton.

SATURDAY, MAR 25/50 Sunny but cool. Tommy's basketball team played a junior team in the Bridgewater drill hall tonight & I took a car load down there. He said I was the Jonah on their defeat in Lunenburg, so this time I stayed away from the hall, roaming about the streets. All Lunenburg County seemed to be on Main Street, nearly all the men in very loud mackinaw caps, shirts & coats. Interesting to study the various types. A cheerful, frugal, good-natured people as a whole, content with simple pleasures, the simplest & best being this weekly wandering up & down the street in Bridgewater on Saturday night, hailing each other in loud voices & stopping to gossip.

SUNDAY, MAR 26/50 Fine & warm. Church this morning, wearing my new hat, which has an upturned brim fore & aft. For many years all my hats have had snap brims turned down in front. Edith says this looks sedate. It nearly blew away several times, which is not the way for a sedate hat to behave on Sunday morning. This afternoon drove out the

paved road to 12 Mile & then home. The road surface is free of ice & snow but the gutters are still drifted deep, & there seems to be plenty of snow in the woods & thick ice on the lakes. Called on Aunt Marie Bell in Milton.

Monday, MAR. 27/50 Overcast with a bleak N wind, & specks of snow flying towards evening. McBaul came today with his son Sherman & took measurements for my new oil heating system. The estimate:-

(Forced hot air)	Furnace	\$ 571.00
	Twin oil tanks	90.00
	Ducts for hot & cold air	297.00
	Piping	23.00
	Labor, installing	75.00
		\$ 1056.00

He is to order the furnace & ducts at once, from Montreal, & installation to be made within a month.

TUESDAY, MAR. 28/50 Rain all day & night. In the Commons today Winston Churchill boldly advocated the arming of German soldiers to "aid in the defence of their own country and of western Europe." And he said he ~~saw~~ no reason why "British, American, French and German soldiers should not stand in the line together on honorable terms of comradeship as part of a combined system of defence." But he added that a new world war is neither imminent nor inevitable.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29/50 Our first spring day - almost a summer day with a hot sun, cloudless sky, & hardly a breath of air stirring. Walked to Milton in the afternoon in my light nylon jacket & sweated in a temp. of 73°. Saw & heard the first song sparrow on the west side of the river near Whynot's store. Still much ice & snow in the woods. A few small ice cakes drifting down the river but the stream itself is clear.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1950 The weather man April-fooled us with a snowstorm last night & this morning, and a hard freeze tonight which plunges us right back into February.

I worked all day, & towards five in the afternoon wrote the last word of my novel, which I began in ~~November~~<sup>October</sup> 1948. Think I shall call it "Castaways" or "One Fair Spirit". It will take about a month to type a clean copy for the publishers & do the last-minute polishing. There won't be much of the latter, for my work is all re-written and edited at the close of each day's work. Now that the novel is finished the plot seems simple, even trite, and the characters in no way distinguished; yet it is the product of the longest & most arduous labor I have yet performed - deliberately refusing to "dash off" so much as a paragraph, and spending an hour sometimes over a single phrase. It is a romance, of course, but I think I have sketched faithfully life in an isolated wireless station as I knew it nearly 30 years ago, & a glimpse of Halifax & the Annapolis Valley in the hectic post-war days of '20 and '21.

TUESDAY, APR. 4/50 Dreary drizzling weather. Historical Society tonight in the Navy Room, Town Hall. The usual group of fifteen or so. This room much damaged by water during a fire that broke out in a ventilating cupola on the roof of Town Hall a week or so ago. Fortunately the relics & souvenirs of naval ships were little damaged, & are now stored pending repair & re-decoration.

THURSDAY, APR. 6/50 Snow & rain falling all day. We have now had a solid week of bad weather. Heard (but could not see) a robin behind my garage today - the first of the year, & very late.

GOOD FRIDAY, APR. 7/50 A howling blizzard blew all last night & all day, with temp. 20°. Still storming tonight.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1950      The blizzard that began on Thursday night, with freezing temp. (after a week of rain, sleet & drizzle!) keeps on blowing today & tonight. I shovelled out my driveway this afternoon but it's all filled in tonight. This is the longest storm anyone can remember — & right off at Easter. Francie put out crusts for the birds, & a flock of song sparrows & starlings & one or two juncos & robins fed there all afternoon in spite of the storm. A big flock of robins feeding on last year's hawthorne berries at the back of Joe Pushie's house.

SUNDAY (EASTER) APRIL 9/50

The storm finally blew itself out today, with thick snow squalls at intervals. The sun came out about 4 p.m. — the first sunshine in ten days. The town is full of birds, driven by hunger, & everyone has been putting out food. We kept putting out oatmeal & bread-crumbs all day, around the sun-dial, & a varying flock of robins, fox sparrows, song sparrows, grackles, starlings, juncos and one blue-jay, fed there till dark. The snow is not so deep as one expected, after so long a storm, but it is densely packed, & with a heavy crust. Temp. 20° at morning & night. The leaves-troughs are full of ice, & dangling long icicles. The trough over the porch was blocked, & when the air got fairly warm around noon & the snow on the roof began to melt, the water backed up & poured out the flashing, & gave us a nasty little flood near the telephone desk. We all went to morning service at the United Church. Francie was one of the young people officially received into the church. A big crowd there despite the awful walking & the snow squalls — but not many Easter hats. Marie Freeman had dinner with us. Tommy presented

me with a very handsome pipe-rack, made during his manual training classes at school, & gave Edith a box of English sweets.

TUESDAY, APR. 11/50 My Sunday entry was optimistic. On that night & all day yesterday we had another gale with a dark grey sky & squalls of snow. We kept putting out oatmeal & crumbs for the birds. At one time there were more than 50 birds, nearly all robins, hopping on the snow around my sundial. All towns report the same sort of thing - even in the heart of Hfx there have been great flocks of birds, even a few partridge. Many dead robins have been seen around Liverpool. Today the sun came out at 10 a.m. & shone gloriously. Walked to Milton - the first time the weather has been fit for walking since March 29th. The sky clouded towards evening & snow fell all night.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 12/50 Snow fell all day, a thin watery stuff, the 7th consecutive day that snow has fallen and the 13th in which it has rained or snowed. No one can remember anything like this in April. We are still feeding our flock of robins & song sparrows. Tommy found two robins too weak to fly & brought them into the house to feed & warm, but both died.

Hear that many woodcock have perished. The dirt roads throughout the country are in a frightful state. They had been pretty well thawed when this unexpected spell of winter came down, & now many are impassable due to mud & snow.

THURSDAY, APR. 13/50 The first sunny day - all day - since March 29th. The snow everywhere dwindled very fast. I walked to Milton & back yesterday in spite of the snow, but enjoyed the walk more today. Sparrows singing, robins whistling everywhere. Tommy, Paul Chandler, Jack Dunlop & Hugh Byrne went to a camp at Port Joli today for 3 days.

FRIDAY, APR. 14, 1950 Winter again. A soft & heavy snow fell all day, melting as it landed, although a good deal of the old snow remains. Party tonight at the Parkers' in honor of their wedding anniversary.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 19/50 Lovely day. Edith & I went to Rapid Falls this afternoon to hunt for mayflowers near the old mill penstock & canal. Many in bud but only found one in blossom. Still much snow & ice in the shade of the woods but it has gone entirely from the open.

FRIDAY, APR. 21/50 Finished the final copy of my novel this morning, & sent off the "top" sheets (I made two carbons) to Stanley Salmen, of Little, Brown & Co., by registered mail this afternoon. I had notified Jacques Chambrun that I intend handling book rights myself; he remains very anxious to sell the serial rights.

Feel very fatigued mentally & physically. As usual in the final months of writing a book I have been unable to sleep more than 4 or 5 hours a night. For many weeks I have worked not less than ten hours, and often thirteen or fourteen hours a day. My left hand developed its usual cramps and stiffness from so much steady typing & is almost crippled. For a title after considering "One Fair Spirit", "Castaways", "The Singing Spark", "The Last Trumpet" & several others for many months, I chose "The Nymph and the Lamp".

SUNDAY, APR. 23/50 United Church this morning. In the afternoon Tommy took my clubs & went a-golfing with Jack Dunlap & Joan Wickwire & "Fannie" Williams at White Point. Edith & I went for a drive, & looked in at the golf course; found it very soggy, several people playing. I can wait. Rain tonight, turning to snow, which covered everything with a light fall all night.

MONDAY, APR. 24, 1950 Cold, windy, just enough sun to melt last night's snow. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Made out my income tax papers & sent off a cheque. Including deductions at source by Can. Broadcasting Co. my total income tax was only about \$50. My 1949 income from all sources was only about \$3,600<sup>00</sup>, the lowest in several years; and this year<sup>1949</sup> the tax exemption for a man with a wife & two children is \$2300 instead of last year's \$1700; and again, this year<sup>1949</sup> for the first time the Income Tax Dept. admits that an author's royalties are earned income, & not subject to a 4% surtax.

TUESDAY, APR. 25/50 A sunny, windy day. Awake at 5:30 & up at 6 a.m. (Am still unable to sleep more than 5 hours a night). Drove to Bridgewater this afternoon & had Francie's radio repaired — a new tube & a new loudspeaker.

For some time the publisher of one of the popular "pocket books" lines, (which sell in all the drug stores, railway book stalls, etc., for 25<sup>d</sup> to 39<sup>d</sup>) has been negotiating through McClelland & Stewart for "pocket book" publishing rights to my Roger Sudden. Their proposal is the same as all these "pocket book" things: — author's royalty 1<sup>d</sup> per copy up to 150,000 copies, over that 1½<sup>d</sup> per copy. As McClelland & Stewart are entitled to half of such royalties, under the terms of their contract with me, this means that on a sale of 100,000 copies I would get exactly \$500. This is typical of the whole publishing racket (especially the "pocket book" racket) by which the author is squeezed down to the least possible reward for his work, while everybody else makes money out of it. I was willing to fall in with this proposition in the present low state of my income, but now the publisher wants me to cut the novel down to 100,000 words — which means eliminating one-third of the text — which means practically re-writing the novel if it is to make any sense. I could put this time & labor on

magazine articles or short stories with far more profit, so I've told Bob Nelson of M. & S. that I'm not interested in the pocket-book edition.

THURSDAY, APR. 27/50 Lovely warm day. Took off storm windows on my den & the kitchen, washed the windows, & put on fly screens. Took off side storm door. Drove to the old Rapid Falls mill this afternoon with Edith, & we picked a fine bunch of mayflowers. The river is covered with pulpwood drifting down to the booms above the railway bridge, from the booms in the old Guzzle pond, when it has been stored all winter. The Power Commission has removed its barrier & guard on the river road at Rapid Falls (or Deep Brook, as we must call it now), apparently owing to public protest — a good many anglers have been prevented from going up the river.

FRIDAY, APR. 28/50 Overcast, heavy fog just off-shore. Went out to the golf course this afternoon & played nine holes in 54. Ground very soggy. Every ball stopped where it hit. This is my first golf since I quit for the season last Nov. 16th. or thereabouts, except for a round with Hector Dunlap at Christmas.

SATURDAY, APR. 29/50 Overcast with a strong west wind. Golf this afternoon, played 18 holes very badly in 118. Semi-annual statement from McClelland & Stewart shows that during the six months ending January 31/50 they sold 1,942 copies of my seven books; but of these 1500 copies were of "Pride's Fancy", sold to small book clubs at such low prices that my royalty was only 5¢ per copy. Altogether my royalties for 6 months amounted to \$371.01, all on sales in Canada. The various editions printed in the U.S., Britain & elsewhere are now out of print. "Son of the Hawk", the juvenile edition of "His Majesty's Yankees", edited for reading by

boys 12 to 17 years, & pointed by Winstons, is currently selling in the U.S. as well as Canada, but I can expect no returns on this until next autumn.

We put the clocks ahead an hour tonight, & will keep this "Daylight Time" all summer. The phone rang towards midnight & I answered it & heard the welcome voice of my mother, back in Hfx after nine or ten months in Alabama with my sister Nellie. She feels much better & her voice is strong & lively as I have not heard it in a long time. My sister Hilda went to Alabama for her annual holiday 3 weeks ago, & they came back together, flying all the way. It was Mum's first experience in the air - at the age of 73 - & although the weather was not perfect - they had intended to stop overnight in Washington but the field was shut in by fog & they had to go on to New York; & again at Hfx the field was shut in & the plane had to land them at Greenwood, in the Annapolis Valley, whence they came to Hfx by car - in spite of these minor inconveniences she enjoyed the whole trip (nearly 1800 miles) & says its the only way to travel nowadays.

SUNDAY, APR. 30/50 Sunny, with cold & strong NW wind. Church this morning. This afternoon with Edith, Marie Freeman, & Aunt Marie Bell, I drove to Beach Meadows, thence to Port Medway, Mill Village & Charleston, & then home. Stopped at Mill Village to inspect the little cemetery in the edge of the woods looking out upon Medway River. Found no tombstone older than 1831. As usual, population changes are reflected in the bygone names - many Davisons, Youngs, Phaleens, Dorans, Parnells, Moreaus & Mackns - of whom only the Mackns remain, & these in small number. The Davisons were the well-to-do lumbering people & the stone on the grave of the head of the clan represents a pine trunk, broken off, & the epitaph is cut on a scroll hanging by a "rope" from one of the stubs

of the cut branches. Several tombstones were of sea captains, usually with Scotch names - a reflection of the days when square-riggers carried the Mill Village lumber from Port Medway to the West Indies & Europe, & their crew members married local girls.

MONDAY, May 1/50 Golf this afternoon, played badly - 121! Oliver (Lamont) Moses dropped in this evening, says Jack is recovering from his nervous breakdown after a long illness & two months' treatment in Camp Hill hospital. He says the dirt roads across country from Kentville to Chester Basin & from Windsor to Chester are almost impassable owing to the late thaw.

TUESDAY, May 2/50 Rain last night, overcast all day. The Historical Society held the final meeting of the 1949-50 season in Town Hall tonight. The usual ten or fifteen present. Reviewed the places of historic interest in Liverpool & vicinity which should be pointed out to visitors this summer.

WEDNESDAY, May 3/50 Lovely warm day. Played 18 holes of golf (56 & 47) this afternoon.

THURSDAY, May 4/50 No word from Little Brown Co. about my novel, though they've had over a week to read it. Today I sent by registered mail a carbon copy to Jacques Chambrun, with instructions to sell serial rights if he can. Clem Crowell dropped in tonight. He is here with a man from the Dept. of Public Works, estimating value of the present Liverpool school property in connection with the proposed new consolidated school to be financed jointly by the provincial govt. and the town. He still thinks it should be built adjoining the present school & that the whole Drew field behind my house should be expropriated as a playground.

SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1950 A hot day with a furious (but warm) westerly gale that reached hurricane force in the gusts. Church this morning with my family. This afternoon played 9 holes of golf with Maurice Russell & Jack McLean. Very weird play - the wind was staggering. At the end of the ninth we saw a fire burning in the woods towards town, & drove home. Some refuse burning in the old gravel pit which is the town dump set fire to the neighboring woods & in a few minutes in the tremendous wind the fire went roaring through the bush towards Mersey Point. The town fire brigade turned out & the Mersey Paper Co. & the local fire ranger turned out a large number of men & forest-fire equipment. One or two sheds & barns were burned on the Western Head road but otherwise the damage was small - the woods burned were scrub hardwood & a few clumps of softwood.

The temp. in the sun at noon was nearly  $80^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. By midnight the wind had come around to the north & the temp. dropped to  $20^{\circ}$  - a fall of nearly sixty degrees! These violent gales, alternately hot & cold, are sweeping all over the continent east of the Rockies. In the central U.S. & the Canadian prairies there have been tornados, dust-storms, rainstorms, blizzards. In Manitoba the Red River is in flood & the city of Winnipeg is battling to save itself, with the aid of troops. Today a fire swept through the town of Rimouski & destroyed half of it in a swoop, carried by the same sort of hurricane that we had today.

A wire from Stanley Salmen of Little Brown Co. explains the delay in reporting on my novel "The Nymph and The Lamp". He had just got back from California, read the novel, & wired "I am pleased, impressed, & moved. It is a magnificent story of real people in a

challenging situation. Letter & contract will go soon."

MONDAY, May 8/50 I woke this morning to find thick gusts of snow blowing in my bedroom window on a strong easterly gale! In an hour the wind shifted to north & continued strong & cold, but the sky cleared & whenever the sun fell the snow vanished. Temp at 9 a.m., 20° Fahrenheit. I lit the furnace in a hurry.

WEDNESDAY, May 10/50 A deluge of rain. Another Quebec town, Cabano, near the N.B. border, has been swept by fire in a wild gale, just like Rimouski. Troops have arrived in both towns to stop looting & assist in rehabilitation.

FRIDAY, May 12/50 Drove to Hfx this morning in lovely weather & lunched with Mother & Hilda. Mother looks very bright & well after her ten months in Alabama. She has taken off 25 lbs by dieting. Edith was with me, & at 3:45 p.m. we attended a ceremony at the Dockyard, on the invitation of the Flag Officer (Admiral Mainguy). Drove there a bit early in order to deliver to the Maritime Museum a cutlass from the confederate cruiser "Tallahassee", which I had promised them. After parking my car on the edge of the parade ground we ran into Commander Little (former commander of the destroyer "Micmac"), an old acquaintance, who took us into his quarters, where we met once more his vivacious Russian wife. Little had charge of the guard of honour, so at the proper time we walked up to the nailed & canvas-floored space at the west side of the parade ground & took our places with about 15 other special guests. Of these I recognised only Brig. Gen. Foster & wife, Mayor Kinley, Commodore Adrian Hope & wife, Dr. D. C. Harvey & wife. The old Wellington

Barracks have been torn down & in their places the government contractors are building a large & well designed brick block for the accommodation of ratings. This is to replace the old wooden quarters which now constitute "HMCS Stadacona", & which are in a wretched state. The ceremony we had come to witness was the laying of the cornerstone by Rear-Admiral C.R.H. ("Bottle-of-gin") Taylor, a keen little man, now retired, who first advocated new & decent quarters for the men at Stadacona.

There was a large & smart guard of honour, & the excellent Stadacona band. The Natl. Governor was there in his impeccable morning clothes & top hat. The building is already two stories high, & the lower story was lined with young officer-cadets, college students now taking a training course at Stadacona. A lead box containing various documents & a silver Canadian dollar was inserted in the stone. A Protestant & a Catholic chaplain gave prayers, & the R.C. man sprinkled holy water on the stone & the adjacent wall. Rear-Admiral Mainguy (pronounced <sup>MINGEE</sup> Mungie with a hard G) gave a brief address. The band played God Save the King, & everybody went over to Admiralty House, a great throng, with stewards busy serving drinks & canapés. Hope informed me that the idea of including a silver piece in the cornerstone came from my book "Pride's Fancy", in which the masts of a new Nova Scotia privateer are stepped on silver coins for luck. Apparently the book has been well read in the Navy, for Mainguy later asked me if I'd ever been in Haiti & seemed surprised when I said No. He said "We were down there last winter, & those descriptions in 'Pride's Fancy' of the coast & the country, & the sailing directions & so on, are all very accurate."

Chatted with Brigadier Foster & others, & the party was still going on merrily when we left at 5.30. Stopped for a moment to say so-long to Mother & rushed on towards home. Stopped in Hubbards for an excellent meal of fried scallops & French-fried potatoes, bought half a dozen lobsters, arrived home about 7 p.m.

SUNDAY, May 14/50 Sunny, but a cold west wind. Church this morning with my family. (This is Mother's Day, & the kids presented Edith with gifts bought with their own pocket money.) Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald, Jack McClelland, Maurice Russell. (My score 46+60=106)

My cellar is full of galvanised metal ducts etc. for the new oil furnace, which McCaul brought in yesterday. He is to start work installing it tomorrow.

MONDAY, May 15/50 Sunny, with cold wind. Stanley Salmen of Little, Brown Co. phoned from Boston this morning & went over points in a contract for the new book. They have it scheduled for publication in the U.S. on Oct. 23rd., to sell at \$3.00. We agreed on royalty at 10% on the first 10,000 copies & 15% thereafter. He claims that with present publishing costs, especially on a long book like mine, they must sell 12,000 copies to clear the basic publication costs; so I did not hold out for the old terms I had with Doubleday (10% on the first 2,500, 12½% on the next 2,500, & 15% thereafter). He offered an advance of \$3,000; I asked for \$3,500 & he agreed.

McClelland & Stewart are to have Canadian publishing rights under separate contract. I retain other British Empire publishing rights, and world rights for moving pictures, television, etc. Little Brown are to have U.S. & foreign (other than British Empire) publishing

& second serial rights. I said my agent was now trying to sell first serial rights in the U.S. & asked if L.B. would be willing to postpone publication if this was done. Salmen said Yes; he added that if I couldn't get more than \$5,000 or \$10,000 for magazine serial rights it would pay me to drop that end of it & stick to the book publication. He added that it is a splendid book & they hope to do well with it. Wants an option on my next book & suggests that I stick to modern themes now that I have at last broken away from historical romance.

So that is that. The noon mail brought a letter from Chambren, who has sent his copy of the novel to Brandt, of Saturday Evening Post, for perusal. He urges me to let him handle the book publication end of it, saying "The more I think of 'The Nymph & The Lamp' the more I am convinced that it is going to have a great success." However that is now settled between Little, Brown and myself.

Golf this afternoon played badly but enjoyed the sun & wind. Cuth came along & picked a big bunch of mayflowers in the woods below N<sup>o</sup> 8 fairway. Brought Aunt Marie Bell down for tea (lobster chowder) & Marie Freeman came. It is Marie's 49th birthday & there were gifts & a very fine cake with sixteen candles. "Wally" Wentzel, one of our old pulp mill characters at Milton in the 20's, was found drowned below Potanoc bridge today. Suicide.

THURSDAY, May 18/50 Fine, cool. Golf this afternoon (52 + 56). As usual had the whole course to myself. McCaul's two men now have the furnace & boiler set up & piped, & most of the main hot & cold ducts extended under the first floor beams.

FRIDAY May 19, 1950 Fine, cool. The weather man wrongly guessed rain for this afternoon, so I played my game of golf this morning (51 + 53) & Edith played hockey from household chores & came with me. The contract came from Little, Brown Co., with a covering note from Salmen. Also had a letter from Jack McClelland of McClelland & Stewart, saying they had been in touch with Little, Brown Co., & are anxious to have a copy of the M/S. at once, as it may pay them to manufacture entirely in Canada instead of buying or leasing L.B.'s plates for the Canadian edition.

SUNDAY, May 21/50 Pouring rain all day yesterday.

I managed to get in 9 holes of golf this afternoon before it rained again. Cleared off at evening & went for a drive to Port Medway. Still firing my old furnace with wood & the last scraps of coal. (Temp. at 8 a.m. was 30° Fahr.) The tremendous flood of the Red River in Montana and Manitoba has just begun to subside. The city of Winnipeg is about one-third flooded, & about 80,000 people have been evacuated.

MONDAY, May 22/50 At the naval ceremony at Hfx. on the 12th. I noticed that the salutation music by the band was all Canadian. Until now the Canadian Navy has followed Royal Navy usage, & on such occasions the top "brass" has been greeted with two bars of "Rule Britannia", the medium grade with two bars of "Heart of Oak" (?), and the lesser personalities with two bars from Gilbreath & Sullivan's "Dolanthe", and <sup>a fragment from the song of old sail</sup> On May 12th. these tunes were not played at all; instead, for the arrival of the top "brass" the band played two bars of "O Canada"; for the second grade, two bars of "The Maple Leaf", and for the lesser grades, two bars of the French-Canadian boat song "C'est l'arion que nous mire en haut".

("It's the oar that shoves us along"). I believe that this (May 12th) was the first occasion on which the new official Canadian naval music was played. Rear Admiral Mainguy, chief author of the famous "Mainguy Report" on the state of the Canadian Navy, which recommended "Canadianizing" the Navy in all possible ways, was of course himself present at the May 12th ceremony.

Yesterday speaking in one of the English cities, Winston Churchill remarked bitterly that the Canadian Navy had decided to drop "Rule Britannia".

One can sympathise with the old warrior's pang, but he is hopelessly behind the times in clinging to the old conception of the British Empire. "Rule Britannia" is an anachronism in these days when Britannia has long ceased to rule the waves, when in fact Columbia now wields the trident & will continue to do so. And the Mainguy Report was based upon the actual wishes & suggestions of officers & men of the Canadian Navy, who are proud of their country and want to be distinctively Canadian in all possible ways. One can admire & respect the past without wishing to wear a ~~tricorne~~ tricorne hat or to utter "Ode's Bodkins" on all possible occasions.

I am reading Churchill's book "The Grand Alliance", which continues his account of the late war to the attack by Japan and the active entry of the U.S. upon the field of arms.

## Churchill "Distressed"

WORCESTER, England, May 21 — (Reuters) — Winston Churchill, receiving the freedom of Worcester City, Saturday publicly expressed his distress that "Rule Britannia" had been abolished in the Royal Canadian Navy.

Acknowledging the "stirring music" of the band of the Worcestershire Regiment at the ceremony, the Conservative Party leader said:

"It was with a bitter pang that I read in a newspaper that the Canadian Navy had abolished 'Rule Britannia' as the tune to be sung on Canadian ships.

"It seems to me a very great pity to sever links with the past so full of lustre as that expressed by the words of 'Rule Britannia'."

Protests against abandonment of "Rule Britannia" also have been raised in Canada's House of Commons.

In Ottawa Friday Julian Ferguson (PC — Simcoe North) protested against the substitution of "O, Canada" for the British song.

Mr. Claxton said he felt the substitution of "O, Canada" for "Rule Britannia" was a change greatly to be desired by all Canadians.

R.C.N. officials look on the change as a further step in the "Canadianization" of the navy and say "it does not reflect any change in the Navy's relations with Britain."

WEDNESDAY

TUESDAY, May 24, 1950

Victoria Day, still called Empire Day by many. A fine hot holiday. Golf this morning. Spent the afternoon taking off storm windows & the front storm door, & stowing them overhead in the garage. Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell died in London today after an abdominal operation, aged 67. The outstanding British general of the late war, he battled long & successfully in the Middle East against the Italians & Germans, conducting with small & inferior resources the campaign in Libya, with distractions in Eritrea, Abyssinia, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, & finally in Greece & Crete, where at Churchill's insistence the veteran army of the desert was sent and sacrificed upon a hopeless mission, leaving Egypt wide open.

He then asked to be relieved of his command & was sent to India to command British military affairs in the East, where with the sudden attack of the Japanese he again found himself commanding small resources against great odds. Wavell did so much with so little, against such immense odds, that none of the subsequent British or American generals, who fought with tremendous resources against a waning enemy, can compare with him.

THURSDAY, May 25/50

Sent off the contract with McClelland & Stearn for "The Nymph & The Lamp" for the Canadian publication. They granted my request of an advance of \$1500 upon signing the contract, & royalty at the rate of 10% on the first 2500 copies and 15% on all sales over that. Golf this afternoon. The course covered with patches of violets, white & blue, & small clumps of bluettes. Very hot.

The shimmer over the bay towards Western Head produced some spectacular refraction phenomena, the shore looming like immense brown cliffs, & the three white buildings standing up like tall towers that melted in the middle leaving one set of buildings poised upside-down above the other. McLaul's men have the oil tanks & fuel pipe line installed & intend to try the furnace tomorrow, although the hot duct to the bathroom & the cold duct from the lower hall are not yet installed. If the weather stays like this it will be a warm business. Fortunately we shall all be away. Tommy went to Hfx today with the Cadet Band to play in the music festival there. I have to attend a meeting in Hfx tomorrow & Edith is coming with me. Francie will spend the day with the Seldons.

Friday, May 26/50 Very hot day. Set off for Hfx at 7 a.m. (daylight time). Very lovely drive; trees & shrubs just breaking into leaf, Indian pear in full blossom, every lake & creek & bay like a mirror in the early morning sunlight, not a breath of wind. Dropped Edith at Simpson's for a day's shopping & left my car at Mother's flat. Took a taxi into town to avoid the parking trouble (which is now very bad indeed). Attended a day-long session of the Historic Sites Advisory Council, of which I am a member. Others present:- Will Bird (who is chairman), Dr. D. C. Harvey, Professor Longley of Acadia, Professor Belleville of St. Anne's, Bruce Ferguson. Ever since the council was formed in '47 we have been nobody's baby; theoretically the Hon. Harold Connolly was supposed to hear our "advice", but he made clear that he wanted none of it. So ~~now~~ the Premier himself attended our session this morning & told us that henceforth he himself will be responsible for seeing that our recommendations are attended by Public Works.

This has been brought about by the mess at Mount Uniacke, where the Public Works Dept has charge of repair and restoration of the old mansion & its contents. Tom Lusby of Public Works, a bull-headed man who made the trip to Williamsburg & Stourbridge with me last Fall to see how these things are done, apparently ignored all he had learned & simply put a contractor & his crew to work at Mount Uniacke. Books & other bric-a-brac were thrown into boxes, furniture into trucks, & carted off to Hfx. <sup>Some</sup> Antique pistols & other portable relics have disappeared & apparently stolen. So goes the tale in the repair of the house as well. How much is true we do not know, but evidently there has been stupid mismanagement, chiefly through Lusby's failure to consult our board or get some competent history-minded person to say what should & should not be done.

At Premier Macdonald's invitation we lunched with him in a small private dining room at the Halifax Club. A maid served sherry, and Scotch-&-soda, in a smaller ante-room & then we sat down to a very fine lunch, of which the piece-de-resistance was cold boiled lobster split & served in the shell, with a delicious sauce. Longley pressed me once again to address his group at Acadia, & I agreed, asking him to keep the group small, as I feel happier and can talk at ease when I am not facing a hall full of people. After lunch we went on with business in the Province House until five. Our board now is being showered with requests & demands from towns & villages all over the province, for monuments, plaques etc, but usually for a house to be taken over & restored, or a museum to be built. Poor old Willy ~~Anderson~~ Anderson in Lunenburg actually wanted the

province to buy his little collection of curios for \$22,000!

I dropped in to see Howard Bendelier, who has set up shop under the old title, The Book Room, in the lower floor of McCurdy's old Chronicle Bldg. He has only a small stock but it is well chosen & arranged. Bought a supply of stationery from him & tax'd back to 166 Shebecto Road, where I found my sister Winifred & her adopted child Rosemarie, over from St. John for a few days' holiday. Edith was there, her shopping done. Hilda has just been notified of her divorce from Bill Kibble. He is now a commander on the naval pay staff at St. John's, Nfld., & he secured the divorce in England on grounds of desertion, a very satisfactory solution for them both. Mother looked very well. We all had supper together & then Edith & I set out for home. I had a splitting headache from driving with the sun in my eyes on the way up; it got worse in the heat downtown & driving home, this time with the westerly sunlight in my eyes & beating up from the smooth asphalt, made it complete. I went to bed at 10.30 feeling quite ill.

SATURDAY, May 27/50 Another warm day. Had a good sleep & awoke refreshed. Worked all morning in the cellar, tearing out the remains of the former soft-coal bin on the south side (and a sort of cabin erected by Tommy & his chums a few years ago), and loading a lot of junk <sup>water</sup> into MacCaul's truck to be taken to the dump. The oil people have filled my tanks, 390 gallons at 167 cents. MacCaul has installed the hot-air duct to the bathroom & replaced the old galvanized piping, hot & cold, with copper. Played 18 holes of golf this afternoon (score exactly 100, my best this year) & later carried lumber & several old windows to the garage from the cellar, stowing them away overhead. Letter from the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. congratulating me on winning first prize in Canadian Radio

Awards for 1949. It was for my half-hour talk on "Canada's Heritage of Sail", which was broadcast on the coast-to-coast network last December. I had not known that such awards, or honours, whatever they are, existed.

Tommy & fellow bandsmen got back all right from Hfx., where again they took top honours for "youth bands" at the Music Festival on Friday. They stayed at the Carlton Hotel but didn't spend much time there, I gather. Amongst other excursions Tommy & three chums got into the Dockyard and saw the aircraft carrier "Magnificent", & at 2 o'clock in the morning they went into the Chronicle-Herald building to see the morning paper come off the presses. The night editor was very good, & showed them the whole plant, had them photographed, etc.

Francie's school track team had a triumphant day in Bridgewater, for the fifth successive year, & so the cup is now theirs permanently. Francie's relay-race team won, & she also won the broad jump, & came home this evening proudly wearing two crimson "First Prize" ribbons. All in all the Riddall family seems to have done well in the way of honours.

MONDAY, May 29/50 Still fine hot weather - the seventh consecutive day of our sudden & welcome heat wave. All the trees & shrubs have burst into leaf & the lilac is beginning to bloom. Mrs. Dorothy (Buff) Moores, of Barlow's Rd., who was a classmate of Edith's at the Acadia Ladies Seminary in 1922, came in this evening with her daughter Megan, a student ~~at~~ at Queen's University, Kingston. They are staying overnight with the Donald Macdonalds, who came along to our house with them. The Parkers dropped in & we had drinks & a pleasant evening.

The Manitoba floods are subsiding rapidly, & now there are serious forest fires in eastern Canada, especially N.B.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1950 Fine & warm. MacCaul's men took out the old furnace & fitted the ~~old~~ new cold air duct in the hall. I got Darling Hatt & his helper down from Milton to fill in the 30" x 30" space where the old hot-air register used to be. My floors are laid with old-fashioned 1 3/4" wide birch, which is not made any more; so the patch is laid with the new 2 1/2" boards & we shall have to keep a carpet over it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2/50 Rain tonight ended eleven consecutive days of fine hot weather, a miracle in Nova Scotia at this time of year. Tonight I drove with Edith & the Harold Doggetts to call on Harold's brother George at his fine new cottage overlooking the Midway River above Greenfield. George Doggett went to the north country of Ontario years ago, became book-keeper to a small gold-mining enterprise at Kirkland Lake, & thus got in on the ground floor of the great Kirkland Lake boom, & made a fortune. His wife was a Miss Macleod of Milton, a former teacher of Edith's. Driving back, the road was obscured by thick wreaths of mist arising from the hot asphalt under the rain, magnified by the car headlights, & I had to go carefully all the way home.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3/50 McCaul's men tried the furnace on Thursday but found the fuel regulator faulty & are now held up awaiting a new one from Montreal.

Ralph Johnson, chief forester of Mersey Paper Co., tells me that the mysterious disease which has been killing off the moose in western N.S. is now ~~believed~~ to be a variety of the "Rocky Mountain disease", carried by a tick which now infests the western end of the province & is moving rapidly eastward, carried presumably by squirrels & other involuntary hosts. The theory now accepted about the origin of these pests is that the first ones came to Nova Scotia on the bodies of some bird-dogs imported from Louisiana by

the Strelitz family, on their remarkable estate "New France", in Digby County, in the 1890's. Apparently it took some time for the ticks to get acclimated & to find new hosts. Johnson first noticed them while cruising timberland on the Sisiboo River in 1931. By 1941 they were a pest in Yarmouth & Shelburne counties, as far east as the Roseway River. About 1945 they appeared in the Rossignol region, & this year they have appeared as far down the Musquash River as Bon Moutre Brook. They attach themselves to passing human or animal bodies and burrow deeply, sucking blood & swelling to three times their former size. The approved method of removing them from the human body is to apply the lighted end of a cigarette to their hindquarters, which causes them to "back out" and drop off. Any attempt to pull them off usually results in the insect's mandibles being left in the wound, with resultant festering & irritation. So far there has been no indication of disease transmitted to humans by these ticks; but study of diseased moose shows that the foreign tick infects them with a disease resembling "Rocky Mountain fever", with resultant blindness, deafness, paralysis beginning in the hind quarters & eventually death. Moose are still quite plentiful in Nova Scotia east of a line drawn from Halifax to Windsor. West of that line they are scarce, and in large areas of Yarmouth, Queens & Digby counties where they were very numerous in the 1920's, they have become almost extinct. The eastward march of the ticks seems to mean eventually the extinction of the moose on the mainland of Nova Scotia, unless something unforeseen happens to these insects.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1950

After many hours work in the cellar, for several days, vacuum-cleaning, scrubbing & mopping the accumulated coal dust, ash, & spider-webs on the walls, floors & joists of the cellar, I coated the south & west ~~wall~~ walls & the adjacent strip of floor with Aquella. This is the stuff for waterproofing cement which was developed by the French to keep dampness out of their Maginot Line fortifications in 1934, & which has been made available in Canada & the U.S. since 1945. One has to saturate the walls with a hose & keep them so for 24 hours, then scrub in the Aquella (which resembles a thick whitewash) very hard & carefully to get it into every pore; then keep the walls wet for 48 hours after applying it — a fussy business. My cellar has always been damp, & sometimes it was very wet after heavy rains. I hope this will solve the problem.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10/50

Our wedding anniversary was yesterday, but yesterday we were in the throes of floor-sanding operations by two men from Bridgewater, using noisy electrical machines & making the air thick with wood- & old-varnish dust, with much of the living room & dining room furniture jammed and stacked in my den. The men finished this afternoon, after putting on & polishing four coats of wax, & the floor looks very nice.

This evening at Hector Dunlap's house we gathered with our friends the Parkers, Florence Williams, Gladys Macdonald & Annie Ritchie & celebrated our anniversary with a lively party. We were presented with a very pretty silver salt & pepper shaker set & a special "bride-cake". Home very merry at 1:30 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11/50

Heavy downpours of rain broke the long spell of hot weather again, after a single wet interval on the 2nd. Everything very lovely now, all the trees in leaf, chestnut trees are in magnificent bloom this year, my spirea, lilac, bush honeysuckle shrubs all in full bloom. Our friends the yellow warblers are hatching a family in a new nest in one of the

ramblers on the garage, & a pair of robins are nesting in the big ash near the house.

MONDAY, JUNE 12/50 Lovely day. 18 holes of golf this afternoon - 97. Sold my old furnace for junk @ 1<sup>d</sup> per lb - \$2.00. Liverpool Board of Trade had a dinner at Hillcrest tonight, celebrating their 50th. anniversary. I was guest speaker. Judge Doull there - this is Court Week.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17/50. All this week fine weather until this evening, when the traditional "court week rain" came down. The court is trying the case of Fred Cunningham, the 45-year-old tough from Berriman's Hill who is accused of the death of old Charlie Martin alias Moodie last winter. A sordid business. Martin & his wife were both feeble-minded, & evidence shows that Cunningham had been copulating with the woman whenever he felt inclined, & that when Martin at last objected, Cunningham induced him to step outside & then killed him with a blow from behind, struck with a stone behind the right ear. The police produced a confession written & signed by Cunningham, & a set of photographs showing Cunningham on the scene of the crime, demonstrating how he held the rock, struck the blow, & so on. Most of this week was occupied by the defence lawyers Potter and Shurlow, arguing before the judge (the jury & witnesses were excluded) as to the genuineness of the confession & whether or not it was admissible as evidence. On Friday Judge Doull ruled that the confession was admissible but that the photographs were not. (The statutory warning given to the prisoner by police was "anything you say may be used as evidence against you". They did not warn that anything he did, such as posing for photographs, might also be used as evidence against him.) Much interest

in the trial especially amongst the denizens of Berriman's Hill & Whynot Town, some weird specimens in court each day, & a whole platoon of women looking very pleased, as if the whole thing were a movie show.

SUNDAY, JUNE 18/50 Sunny but cold, with a wild & bleak gale blowing from the west. Hubert Macdonald and Jack McLean roused me out of bed at 9 a.m. to go a-golfing, & I played a very bad round of 18 holes in 111 strokes. A big sea dashing on the rocks and the cross-wind made the spray fly beautifully. In the afternoon I fetched Aunt Marie Bell from Milton & with Edith & young Tom drove to East Sable River & Johnston's Pond, where we paused for a time to watch the sea breaking on the long sand beach. Back to town for tea, & we were glad to have a smart fire in the living-room. The weather man predicts frost in low-lying areas tonight. This being Father's Day, my children presented me with good wishes & a fine supply of cigarettes.

TUESDAY, JUNE 20/50 Drove to Hfa this morning with Edith, Dr. John & Dorothy Wickwire, & Sibyl Macdonald, all in Wickwire's car. The Canadian Medical Association is holding its convention in Hfa - over a thousand doctors & their ladies from all parts of the Dominion - & we were invited to the big reception & dinner at the Nova Scotian tonight. Edith & Sibyl stopped at Simpson's to lunch & shop, & I lunched with Mother. In the afternoon went down to 26 South Park Street to see Don & Molly Mackay.

The Canadian Radio Award (see May 27) turned out to be a painting to the value of \$50, to be chosen by myself. Don had done a large oil of the shipyard at Lunenburg, with the famous "Bluenose" on the stocks, which I had

(see Aug 4 & 5/50)

admired, & he agreed to do a copy in oil, on a smaller scale (an "apprecie" is the term, I think) for the specified sum, so that is settled. Went down to the Nova Scotia at six, with Edith, & joined the Liverpool male quartet (listed on the dinner menu as "The Privateers") — Doc Wickwire, Maurice Teens, Randy Day, Walter Fralick, & their pianist Madeline Keay. We had drinks in Dr. Hugh Fraser's quarters & went on to explore the ballroom stage & its neat approach. Then to the reception — like all such things a mob of people sipping cocktails & a roar of conversation. Introduced to a great many people, including Dr. MacPherson's wife (~~Montreal~~) whose book has just been published by MacMillan, & who produced a copy of my "Halifax" for me to autograph. Dinner at a side-table in the ball-room. Before the dessert the quartet slipped away to put on their costumes — very nautical & rather piratical. I wore a blue jacket & white flannels, & at the end of the toasts & speeches we came upon the stage & gave seven sea chanties, with a little introduction in each case by myself, explaining the origin of the thing, & the sort of work performed when seamen used it aboard a windjammer. Ours was the only entertainment of the evening, except for the music of a professional string quartet which played during the dinner, & we found a very appreciative audience. Afterwards many introductions, very difficult to get away, & we didn't leave the city till midnight. A foggy night but fortunately not many cars on the road, & we got home at 2.20 a.m. Weber & his man had been in the house all day painting the ceilings on the ground floor & the staircase & upper hall.

Learned that Fred Cunningham had been convicted of manslaughter & sentenced to six years in penitentiary.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1950

McBaul came today with the long-awaited regulator part, & put the new furnace in running order. I had Smith, the electrician, instal new light fixtures in dining-room & my study. My new light is a fluorescent affair, much better than the old bulb glaring in the ceiling. Wefes, the painter, & his helpers, have been busy for the past three days painting white all the downstairs ceilings; & painting over the old wallpaper in sun-porch, livingroom, diningroom, lower hall & staircase with a light & soft green shade of "Kem-Tone". This is one of the new paints which can be mixed with water, drying in an hour, & leaving a firm surface that can be washed. One coat is sufficient. These paints, patented under various names by the various makers, appeared on the market about a year ago & are now very popular for interior decoration. In the happy-go-lucky manner of painters the men spattered small drops all over the newly finished floors & stairs, & last night Edith & I worked till 11 p.m. rubbing, re-waxing, & polishing them. Phew!

My personal job in the cellars goes on steadily. The south & west walls (the ones that used to leak) I gave 2 coats of "Aquaella", & 2 coats of "Bonder", a sort of Portland cement that goes on like a thick paint. The other walls have simply the 2 coats of Bonder, which dries a dazzling white. I have given the chimney base, the oil tanks & pipes, & the woodwork a coat of grey paint. I filled with cement the holes in the floor in which the coal-bin posts were set, & have got about half the floor coated with a heavy deck paint, grey. The cellar, which offended my eyes (& nose) for years — a dark, damp, musty hole where everything was thick with coal & ash dust — is now the cleanest and brightest part of the house.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1950

I have sold our four-year-old washing machine to a family in Milton, & today had a Benda installed in the cellar - the immaculate new cellar. This is an automatic affair that does everything but think. Like a good many labor-saving gadgets its mechanism is delicate and complex, with a good many things to go wrong. Tonight it balked on the second wash, made some melancholy sounds, & blew the fuse. Something broken or jammed.

This, in a machine for which I had paid \$289 only this morning, shook my confidence in modern gadgetry.

Tommy & his boy and girl friends had a party at our house ~~today~~ tonight. He leaves for army cadet camp next week, & after that goes to the J.M.C.A. camp near Yarmouth for a month as a "counselor".

Today I finished correcting the galley proofs of "The Nymph & The Lamp", & returned them to Little, Brown & Co. in Boston.

Much international excitement all this week over the civil war in Korea. At the close of the late war Russia set up a puppet government in North Korea & proceeded to train & equip a large army of Koreans. The Americans did the same in South Korea.

A few days ago the two forces were put to the test, for the North suddenly invaded the South, using armored columns, airplanes - even conducting amphibious operations along the South Korean coast. Seoul was quickly captured, indeed the American-trained Koreans seemed no more capable of fighting the Communists than the U.S.-trained troops of Chang Kai Shek had proved in China. However the American forces in Japan could not permit Russian-sponsored troops to seize South Korea, from which the new Soviet

imperialism could menace Japan itself. U.S. troops & planes have been despatched from Japan to Korea. Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand & India have all offered to send military aid. In New York and Toronto the stock markets experienced a wave of selling. General MacArthur has flown from Tokyo to within a mile of the fighting front for a clear view of what was going on, & U.S. air forces have already been in action.

Moscow, in its usual mendacious vein, declares that the South Koreans invaded North Korea & so started the war. I stick to my theory that Russia doesn't want a war with the West, any more than we do, & that provided we "carry a big stick" we have nothing to fear. The chief trouble in the East seems to be that the Russians can get their Chinamen to fight, but we can't get ours to fight.

THURSDAY July 6/50 Continuous wet weather, alternate rain & fog, has removed temptation to golf and enabled me to finish my long & careful job in the basement. Today Durling Hatt & his brother built a new set of front steps, put up shelves in the basement, caulked the chimney flashings on the roof, etc., while Gordon Wentzel did a long-needed job on the eaves-troughs around ~~to~~ my study, which were never properly installed.

Tonight the ~~Red~~ Red Cross (a motor-caravan unit from Hfx with its own doctor & two or three nurses) held a "blood clinic" in the high school, where the beds of the wartime emergency hospital were set up once more in the schoolrooms. I was one of the donors. Altogether 120 people turned up to donate blood, including a large group from Port Medway.

William Gordon, of British Book Service Ltd, Toronto, asked me some weeks ago to read & give an opinion

For a manuscript his firm was considering publishing. It is by Roland Sherwood, of Pictou, who does a lot of broadcast story-telling etc. from the Antigonish station, & has already published one or two collections of his own scripts. In this he is imitating W. C. Borrett, of CHNS, Halifax, whose various volumes of "Tales Told Under The Old Sun Clock" have been appearing for years. Borrett puffs his own books diligently on the radio & sells thousands of copies, but of course he enjoys a more powerful radio station with a wider field & a larger & more immediate urban market. The endemic disease of this type of broadcaster is plagiarism. Borrett for years has been robbing the works of MacMechan, Grace McLeod Rogers & others, & with some careful paraphrasing issuing the tales as his own. I was amused to find that Sherwood had gone to Borrett's sources & helped himself in exactly the same way, in at least two cases copying Borrett's own stuff. I pointed this out to Gordon.

FRIDAY, JULY 7/50 An attack of intestinal 'flu' or something like that, with a horrible feeling amidships and a weird combination of nausea & diarrhoea, laid me low all day & all tonight. Desperately ill at times. Between spasms I read the whole of "Private Army", the new book by Vladimir Poniatoff (known to Eighth Army during the late war as "Popski"). It is a little like Litzyoy MacLean's "Eastern Approaches" in that both men served in small cloak-&-dagget operations behind the German lines; but "Popski's" adventures were even more lively, though he writes in a very matter-of-fact style.

SATURDAY, JULY 8/50 Felt a bit better this morning & as the sun shone after the long & dismal wet spell, I went a-golfing with Hubert Macdonald. Played 18 holes &

did extremely well until the last 5 holes, when I felt weak & the score went up. I had eaten nothing in the past 24 hours except two cups of coffee & two pieces of toast, which gave me a good excuse for the bad finish. Even so, I pulled out with a 99. This afternoon after a good dinner I painted my new front steps with "undercoat," & put a coat of dark green enamel on the back door, tarred the inside of the long ~~wide~~ flower-box which is to go across our living-room windows, & tidied the mess left by the carpenters in my garage. This evening I mowed the lawn front, side & back, so that everything outdoors now looks quite trim.

July 19 - July 17/50 Spent this week on a motor trip to Guysborough, with Edith. We made our headquarters at Grant's Hotel, & from there ranged about the countryside — Tor Bay, Whitehaven, Canso, Hazel Hill, around the east shore of Chedabucto Bay & up the shore of Canso Strait, & over to Cape Breton island & a tour of Isle Madame. Came home via Pictou, Tatamagouche & River Phelp, thus covering still another part of Nova Scotia that we had never seen before. Fine weather the whole time & a grand trip.  
(I typed an account of this trip, giving full details.)

Saturday July 22/50 Forgot to enter, on July 19th, that I forwarded a set of galley proofs of "The Symph & The Lamp" to Bertram Bloch, of the Twentieth Century Fox Film Corp. He had heard from Little, Brown, that the book had film possibilities & wanted to see a copy just the routine check that the film people make on forthcoming novels, & I am not sanguine about it.

The radio & newspapers are still making much of the Korean war, where the Communist armies are still forging ahead, & the U.S. troops hastily thrust into

action have been beaten just as soundly as the South Korean forces. Some U.S. newsmen on the spot have stated flatly that the U.S. troops, mostly young, green soldiers had run away almost as abjectly as the South Koreans. This is precisely the situation that Britannia used to find so embarrassing when, in her role as world policeman, she got involved in nasty little brawls. Most of the criticism (& the laughter) used to come from the U.S.A., & now that Columbia is getting her first bloody nose in a dark alley there is some wicked smiling in London. Nevertheless Britain has ordered the Far East squadron into action in support of the Americans, & part of the Australian Air Force is already fighting there. There seems general agreement amongst the Western nations that the Korean affair must be fought out, not so much for the sake of South Korea and its inept & unpopular government, as to show Russia that the democracies mean business.

SUNDAY July 23/50 Church this morning with Edith & Sonny. Golf late in the afternoon with the Wickwires. My score 99. The course is crowded these days, mostly with American visitors. There is a flood of tourists & all the hotels, boarding-houses & beach resorts are full.

MONDAY July 24/50 Mr. Mackenzie King died in Ottawa last night, of pneumonia. He was 75. When he resigned in 1948 he had been prime minister of Canada for more than 21 years, spaced by minor interludes as leader of the Opposition. His outstanding qualities were political craft and an unwavering determination to maintain unity between French and English speaking Canadians. By the use of one he

secured the other, even though it meant pampering the French-Canadians in everything from taxation to military service. In the long run, when French Canada has accepted its responsibility as well as its privileges, King's policy will bear golden fruit, no doubt. Until then he cannot be truly weighed; but undoubtedly he was a sincere & patriotic man who devoted his life to his beliefs — & he certainly brought Canada to a state of political maturity and made her a nation in her own right.

At 8 o'clock this morning I set off by car for Yarmouth, taking with me Edith, & Tommy, Douglas Parker,<sup>HUGH BYRNE</sup> & Douglas White. The boys were bound for the Y.M.C.A. camp "Wapomeo", near Carleton, Yarmouth County, where Tommy will remain as a "counsellor" for a month. I took along some of my collected Micmac arrowheads, pottery, etc., to show Nathan Bain, director of the camp, who is interested in such things & has found one or two promising shell-heaps on the Yarmouth County coast. We turned off the paved highway at Tusket & drove inland via Carleton, Reynard's Bridge & Pleasant Valley, reaching the camp about 11:30 a.m. — a drive of 131 miles. Chatted with Bain, picked up our Frances & Barbara Williams, who had been attending the girls' camp there, & set off for home. Lunched at a snack bar in Tusket. Home at 4:30. Lively weather.

Wednesday July 26/50 Fog this morning. Fine & hot this afternoon. Golf with Maurice Russell; very slow, the course crowded with people from White Point Lodge. Edith is confined to bed with an attack of intestinal flu, of the sort that I had on the 6th. & 7th. Mr. Mackenzie King's state funeral was held in Ottawa today — much pomp & ceremony. The body goes on to Toronto by train for

burial in the King family plot.

The news from Korea is all of American defeat & retreat - in many cases abandoning their wounded to the tender mercies of the Koreans. Britain announced today that she is sending troops, including armor, to Korea. Turkey has offered 4,500 fully equipped troops. Small token forces have been offered by Cuba & one or two other nations; the rest seem ~~most~~ disposed to "let Uncle Sam do it - he has the money." Canadian govt. stated last week that no Canadian ground troops would be sent to Korea. This apparently to allay the unrest in Quebec, where the usual "no troops for foreign wars" petitions are being circulated.

Task Force 86, "Midshipman Practice Squadron," U.S. Navy, is to visit Halifax at the end of this month. Edith & I have formal invitations to a reception & tea dance aboard U.S.S. "Missouri" on the 31st, a reception at the Nova Scotian Hotel, given by the U.S. Consul, on Aug. 1st, and a ball in HMCS "Stadacona" on the night of July 29th. I don't feel up to all that.

SATURDAY, July 29/50 Played 18 holes at White Point this morning with Maurice Russell, my score 90 ( $46+44$ ). Heavy fog & the grass sodden wet. I have had a terrific sore throat for the past 24 hours & should have called it a day, but Hector Dunlap phoned just after I got home & wanted me to play with him this afternoon, so I snatched a hasty lunch & went back for another 18 holes. My score 98 ( $45+53$ ). After tea I mixed up some cement, dug a hole in the back lawn & installed a galvanized iron base & socket for Edith's new clothes-drying rack.

By dark I had begun to sneeze & weep violently & the onset of the sore throat became apparent - I have

caught the "grippe" bug that has been going the rounds. Despite the day's exertions I could not sleep, & sat up in my den until 3 a.m. playing solitaire — impossible to read print through the water in my eyes. and sneezing & blowing my nose.

The news from Korea is all bad. The Americans have been chased into the very tip of the peninsula, & their supply port, Pusan, is in danger. The war scare has upset the stock market, sent the usual rash of selfish folk to buy & hoard everything from sugar to tires, & on our own coast produced a rash of "Russian submarines". The subs have been seen in 18 different places, chiefly in the Bay of Fundy, a most unlikely place for a submarine to be. The Canadian Navy has one or two corvettes investigating in Fundy waters but the scare reminds me of 1938, when imaginative people were seeing German submarines all up & down the N.S. coast & of 1949-50 when idiots all over the U.S. & Canada had been seeing & reporting the mysterious aerial objects known as "flying saucers".

SUNDAY, JULY 30/50 A fine hot day which I spent indoors, flat on my back most of the time, sneezing, weeping & blowing. Had to phone Roswell Nickerson & cancel an engagement to address the Kiwanis Club of Lockport tomorrow night.

MONDAY, JULY 31/50 Spent most of last night in my study, playing solitaire & mopping my nose, mouth & eyes — impossible to sleep. (I gave up using handkerchiefs & used a towel, such was the output.) Apparently this was the height of the show, for after noon today the sneezing & weeping subsided, & by evening I was able to go for a drive up the river road with Edith & Aunt Marie Bell.

Turned into the Morton road & walked down to the river bank opposite Third Stillwater Islands, always a lovely spot. Looking across the river we could see the stony bed of Bon Matyre brook, apparently bone dry. Coming back, I noticed that repairs to the new Deep Brook dam had been completed & the river had been diverted into the canal which runs under the road. The pond was almost full. I drove in to the power house & found sundry engineers & workmen, with Sherman Anderson, boss of the Mersey hydro-developments, watching one of the new turbo-generators revolve. (The other is not yet installed completely.) Anderson said they had just started the thing going for a trial run, & everything seemed satisfactory. He admitted, with a wry grin, that there had been a lot of head-aches in the building of this plant.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2/50 Sunny this morning & I played 18 holes of golf (in 93). After lunch I drove to Port Medway & joined Lester & Lorne Clements, Max Harding & a chap named Edwards on a trip to Indian Island. We went out in a Port Medway fishing boat. The island lies about 4 miles off Broad Cove & close to the Lehave Islands. Local legends say it is haunted & some fishermen will not land on it. It is not inhabited & never has been but the Indians are said to have buried their dead on it in ancient times. It is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  <sup>mile</sup> long, in a half moon shape, & perhaps 300 yards wide at its widest. It is covered with a dense forest of scrub spruce, almost impenetrable, very gloomy underneath, & the tree trunks covered with a bright green lichen that looks like pond slime but is dry & fuzzy to the touch. A vast rookery — nests of herring gulls, cranes & cormorants in the scrub tree tops, & underneath a stinking carpet of guano, fish bones & decayed fish flesh.

The dead branches below the nests were festooned with dangling feathered corpses of almost-fully-grown birds which had perished & had been tumbled from the nests — some hanging by a foot, some by a wing. A weird & disgusting place, & the beady eyes & long necks of the cormorants darting ~~at~~ from the crude stick nests to regard the intruders below undoubtedly give rise to one of the fisherman's tales that "big snakes live in the trees on Jyuu Island." Between these reeking & gloomy thickets & the stony shore is a fringe of wild raspberry bushes, in some places 30 feet wide, a formidable barrier. The shore itself is a wall of stones averaging the size of a man's head, flung up by the storms, & long reefs of bluish-green stone, the strata tipped on edge, running out into the sea in a general SW-NE direction. In some places these reefs present, between them, a narrow slot of fairly deep water, & these are the only landing places! The rocks & beach stones above tidemark are white with guano & stinking of decayed fish, with crude nests of herring gulls, & many young gulls running about or hiding in the grass tufts. A good deal of beach pea (in blossom), iris, sand & occasional tufts of marram. Also much white clover in some places, flourishing in the guano-rich soil, although there is no sign of clearing, cultivation or even habitation. In one place we found where some diligent man had cut 2 or 3 cords of spruce wood & piled it just above the shore ready for boating to the mainland. Bah something had prevented him taking it away. The wood had been cut at least 3 years & was rotten. Otherwise the only sign of man was a duck-blind of piled stones on the shore, & a bench-mark of the Canadian Hydrographical Survey, the usual inscribed copper bolt set in a block of concrete, & the whole thing called to the eye by a 12-foot wooden erection.

like the skeleton frame of a wigwam standing over it. This stands on the S.W. tip of the island. One of the fishermen's fables declares there is a "tunnel" under the island, & that at low tide one may see the openings on each side of the island. We walked around the island exploring every foot of the shore, & found nothing of the sort. We returned aboard the motorboat by dory about 5 p.m. & cruised slowly westward, stopping to fish with handlines here & there. Got a few haddock & a catfish. The sunny morning had given way to a grey forbidding afternoon & by 5 o'clock rain was falling heavily, & the boat jumped & rolled in a nasty easterly swell. We put in to Long Cove & moored, heating coffee on the cuddy stove & munching sandwiches. The stove, a small rusty thing, burned gasoline, fed through a battered copper tube from a small open tank outside. A crude & dangerous arrangement but our fishermen seemed quite pleased with it. Home in pouring rain at 8:30 p.m.

The man Edwards was rather a nuisance. During the late war he had picked up somewhere an old (1917) Luger pistol, & procured a lot of Sten-gun ammunition, which fits the Luger chamber. He spent much of the afternoon banging away at eiders, ducks, "shags", gulls & terns, to the consternation of myself & the whole bird population. Fortunately he didn't hit anything.

THURSDAY, AUG 3/50 Marie Freeman, the Verence Freeman, Elsie (Mackay) Hanson & her Swedish-American husband Dick, all of whom have been midaeuring in the fog & rain at Summersville Beach for the past week, came in and had a buffet supper with us tonight. Elsie, who yielded to the current fad for drawing & painting 3 years ago, has been studying at a Boston art school, & brought along half a dozen specimens of her work - all surprisingly good. One was of the lighthouse on Seal

Island, done in crayon, which she presented to me.

FRIDAY Aug 4/50 Again a foggy day. Drove to Hfx this morning, dropped Edith & Francis at Simpson's for an hour's shopping, & went on to Moiler's flat. Went to Zwicker's store for my painting by Donald Mackay, which they have been framing. (At my request Mackay chose the framing material himself.) Brought it back to L'pool with me. Picked up Edith & Francis, & brought Mother along to spend a few weeks with us, stopping at the Sea Breeze hotel, Queenslnd, for lunch on the way. The dining room only half full. The continued wet weather, & the war scare, have had a sharp effect on the American tourist business, which started with such a tremendous rush in the first week of July. Hotel keepers say there is a lot of transient motorist business, but these tourists rarely stay anywhere except for a meal or a night's lodging, & all seem restless & anxious to get home.

Saturday Aug 5/50 Fine & hot. Edith & I motored to Greenfield this afternoon for another picnic with the Parrots. "Bricky" Frasier (<sup>GORDON-SMITH</sup>) there with her little boy John - just recovering from a foot operation, his right foot still in a cast. Lovely going up the lake in the motor boat to Little Glode's Island. Parrot's handy man, Ray Robart, cooked the meal in the big fireplace while Lou & Bill Parrot & young Johnnie & I fished for white perch. (Johnnie caught several beauties.) Homeward at 8 p.m. with black thunder-heads piling up the western sky. Found L'pool wrapped in its chill fog-breeze. In this strange summer weather the coastal dwellers are wrapped in continuous fog, with intermittent showers, while everyone more than two miles inland complains of the heat and drought.

Should have mentioned yesterday that the painting by Don Mackay (see June 20/50) is his original large oil of the old shipyard

in Lunenburg, not the copy or "apprecie" which at first he was to do for me. On consideration he decided to let me have the original \$<sup>#</sup> for \$100 — of which the Canadian Radio Awards people paid half, I paid the rest. It is worth a great deal more than that & Mackay was very good to let me have it at so small a price.

MENSOX AUG. 7/60 Overcast, damp, cold. Had the furnace going for a time today. Letter today from Paul Steeger of Columbia Pictures Corp, asking for a copy of the galleys of The Nymph & The Lamp. Wrote Little, Brown & asked them to lend him a set for perusal. Golf this afternoon — played badly. Evening at the Don Macdonalds, where we chatted with some White Point guests including the Devlyns, whom we met last year, & Mr. & Mrs. & Miss Griffith of St. Catharines, Ont. Griffith an interesting old chap, an associate of Alexander Graham Bell, Cossey Baldwin, J.A.S. McCurdy, Thomas Selfridge in the days when they were experimenting with the aeroplane, 1907-08. (Griffith is a retired head-master of Ridley College, St. Catharines.)

Prime Minister St. Laurent, in a radio address today, announced that Canada would furnish the United Nations with a brigade of ground troops, for use in Korea or anywhere else that the United Nations may decide. The force will be raised on a voluntary enlistment basis & will comprise "second battalions" of the Royal Canadian Regiment, the Royal 22nd Regiment, & the Princess Patricia's light Infantry with the necessary artillery & other units.

(The "first battalions" of these regiments, all regulars, have been trained as paratroops for use in defending the Canadian North, & would be wasted in the mud & heat of Korea.) The force is expected to be trained, equipped & ready for service within 12 months. Thus Canada, as usual deferring to Quebec isolationism, has waited to be almost the last nation of military prowess to offer

troops for U.N. service. There has been a cabinet shuffle to replace Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor, who died last week. Milton Gregg, V.C., takes over the post.

The will of Mr. Mackenzie King has been made public. It reveals that the late prime minister had accumulated the rather astonishing fortune of \$750,000, all of which is left to the Canadian public in one form or another. King was scrupulously honest & one can only assume that this sum was acquired by a combination of shrewd investment & personal parsimony through the years.

Friday, Aug. 11/50 Hot weather, with a daily threat of thunder which never quite comes to a head. A fog bank lying just off the coast gives us a cool sea breeze at evening. I play golf each morning & afternoon — 36 holes a day — preferably alone, for then I can move quickly as I like to do, giving my whole mind to the game. This afternoon I "broke" 90 for the first time with a modest 89. With my family I dined at White Point on Wednesday, when Goodwin Harris was our host, with a show of motion pictures in color in the boat-house afterwards. Yesterday we dined at Luna Inn, Hunts Point, with Marie Freeman & Terence Freeman & his family. This evening Lou & Bill Parrot & their wives came in & dined with us at home, & we chatted on the lawn till dark.

Further details of Mackenzie King's will, revealed today, show that much of his large estate consisted of generous gifts from friends, made during his latter years, & carefully preserved by him. The war in Korea still goes badly. Candid reports by American newsmen show that poor intelligence work, bad staff work, & the green-ness of U.S. troops in the area have made it

possible for the Koreans to sweep them with ease into the very tip of the peninsula. The Canadian brigade is already almost fully enlisted — within 24 hours! Many recruiting depots were swamped with officers & men, veterans of the late war, eager to enlist.

There has been a rush of hoarders, in the U.S. and Canada, to buy sugar, etc., & as a result prices of all commodities have climbed to a new peak.

Local note: The firm of Thompson Bros., the machinery company which has been a landmark in Liverpool for a generation, has changed its name to Steel & Engine Products Ltd, & now appears to be entirely out of the Thompson family's hands.

SATURDAY, AUG 12/50 Fine hot day. Napier Moore & his wife Blanche drove over from Chester this morning. We invited Morley & Phyllis Jones to come along & after drinks at our house took the party to White Point for lunch. We males played golf afterwards & the ladies walked around the course & observed our antics. Harvey Crowell joined us for nine holes. Moore was in his merriest form & we had a happy afternoon. In a few serious moments, however, Moore told Jones & me that all his information points to a great war with Russia beginning any day now. "The Korean affair has gone too far for any of us to pull out now." I disagreed, sticking to my view that the Russians will back out rather than face an all-out war with the western nations, at this time when they are still bleeding from the mauling they got from the Germans in '41-45. Moore shrugged & said I was an optimist.

TUESDAY, AUG 15/50 Fine hot weather continues. Some time ago my old friend Peter Wong, the Chinese restaurant owner, asked me to suggest a new name

for his place of business, which he was having changed and renovated completely. I suggested "Brigantine Cafe" as having the proper nautical flavor, especially as he wished to attract the tourist trade & was specializing in sea foods. I told him to have a street sign painted, showing a brigantine (I had to draw it on the back of one of his menus), & get a model of a brigantine to exhibit in a glass case within. He was delighted & has done these things. He invited Edith & me to come & have a meal "on the house" when the new cafe was open for business & was very insistent, so this evening we dropped in for dinner. Everything very clean & bright, waitresses in smart uniforms to match the interior decoration, & so on. Peter provided a marvellous lobster chop suey, with a special Chinese sauce, & of course dessert & coffee. He thanked me for my help, said the new sign had brought in "lots of nice people", refused any payment for the meal, & with a little bow presented Edith with a box of chocolates.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16/50. My car developed an odd noise while returning from the golf course this morning & I took it to the dealer's garage. The mechanics found that a faulty grease seal in the rear end had let all the grease out, & that the crown gear & pinion etc were ruined. Replacement parts will cost \$62.75, plus labor. The guarantee period is past, but I told Lou Bain that I considered it a damned bad sample of Ford workmanship. This one bill, incurred a little over a year after purchase of the car, is more than I had to spend on my old Chevrolet in the first ten years I had it.

SUNDAY, AUG. 20/50 The first hurricane of the season emerged from the West Indies 3 days ago. It is passing well to seaward of N.S. but we got a backwash of cloudy sky and

gusty winds today. Golf morning & afternoon. My scores now are in the low 90's & I have twice achieved 89. I love the game & the opportunity of exercise in the sun each day. Each Sunday I play with Jack McClearn, Maurice Russell & Hubert MacDonald. Week days I play alone or sometimes with Capt. Charlie Williams or Austin Parker. Met Dr. Jim Goodwin & his wife, both from Soperton, guests at White Point. Invited them to tea with us the other day, & took them around the town, showing the points of historic interest, including a tour through the Perkins house. They are coming back next year. Much worry about a railway strike. Canadian railway unions want a 40-hour week, with the same "take-home" pay, & threaten to tie up all rail transportation from coast to coast next week. The cost of living has risen sharply again since the ~~rumour~~<sup>rumor</sup> of war with Russia; it is now the highest in history, & these railway demands will shore it up again.

MONDAY, AUG. 21/50. My note about the hurricane yesterday was quite wrong. It veered in to the S.W. coast of Nova Scotia during the night & by daylight we had torrents of rain & a S.E. wind that reached 75 m.p.h. in some gusts. About 11 a.m. the storm center passed Liverpool & we got strong winds from the N. all afternoon. At 4 p.m. I drove with Edith & Mother to Western Head to watch a magnificent surf. Brilliant sunshine. Big sea rolling in from the east, & the whistling N. wind tearing off the crests & flinging clouds of spray.

Tommy arrived home by train today after a month serving as a "counselor" at the Y.M.C.A.'s Camp Wapomeo, and Franee came in by car from a week-end at Summerville.

TUESDAY, AUG. 22/50

Today all railways in Canada ceased operating — the first complete rail strike in Canadian history. First class mail is being accepted by the post offices, & is being carried by truck from town to town, & by air of course for longer distances. Halifax newspapers are being distributed through the province by truck & it is actually an improvement — in Liverpool we get our papers an hour earlier.

Tommy went off to Summersville to

share a tent with three chums in the dunes behind the beach; we are seeing very little of him this season.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 23/50

Heavy fog most of the day. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald & Charlie Williams, all playing a very erratic game. (My score for the first 9 holes, 60; for the second, 42.) A party tonight at the Dunlops' cottage, Summersville, in honor of Harold & Enid Doggett. About 20 there. It was supposed to be a surprise party, & it was — the Doggetts failed to show up. However the party went on, a very lively affair, until 1:30 a.m. Drove home in a clear cold starlit night, with a half moon very beautiful on the bay.

THURSDAY, AUG. 24/50

Attempted golf with Mac this afternoon but gave it up at the 7th hole, having then lost every ball in the bag. Spent the rest of the afternoon on his lawn, sipping drinks & yarning about the sea. My morning, spent in painting some of my new storm windows, was much more profitable. This evening Will R. Bird & his wife dropped in on their way to Shelburne. He was president of the Canadian Authors' Association last year, & regaled me with gossip on its workings. The C.A.A. was bitterly attacked in an article by one Wallace Reyburn in the July-August issue of the National

Home Monthly, a magazine published in Winnipeg. Some of Reyburn's statements were quite true, but much of his information had been derived from Earl Birney, the poet, & other malcontents with stilettos aimed at certain personal enemies within C.P.A., & Bird's comment on all this revealed even more clearly the strange bundle of conflicting talents & personalities (& nonentities) that make up the Association. I am well out of all this, far removed as I am here on the South Shore, where the murmurs of this perpetual conflict reach me only faintly.

Friday Aug 25/30      Lovely day. Had the car washed this morning, & got "Hank", the boss mechanic at Bain's garage, to check the repaired rear-end gear to make sure it was working properly. At 3 p.m. set off towards Lunenburg with Edith & my mother. Stopped at the Moray mill on the way & picked up Marie Freeman. I went in & spoke to Brink Smith & Roy Gordon - my first visit to the office since it was re-modelled in 1946, & I think the third time I have set foot in the place since I quit the job 12 years ago. Life there is very different from the kind I knew in the struggling days of the 30's, when a small staff worked long hours for meager pay. Now the hours are short & the pay is long, there is a pension for those who have completed 20 years' service, a fortnight's holiday on full pay, & a five-day week in summer. I could have had all this if I'd stayed, but oh God. I wouldn't want that smug air of settled ease which lies upon them all, the utter content with the groove. It was a pleasure to walk out into the sunshine & know that I was free. Drove on through Bridgewater & down the Lahave to Riverport (where an intriguing road sign took me to Knob Point), thence through Rose Bay

& the Souths to Lunenburg. Arrived at Boscombe Manor about 6:15 & had a fine dinner in the cool & shadowy basement dining room. Chatted a bit with old Campbell, the proprietor, a grey intense man crippled & chair-bound. Then homeward slowly with a fine sunset bright in our eyes & a full moon coming up over the seaward trees. A very good day.

SUNDAY, AUG. 27/50 Fine & hot. Edith, Mother, Marie Freeman & I picnicked this afternoon at Carter's Beach. (Francie was spending the day at Broad River, & of course Tommy is camping with his chums at Summerville Beach.) Returning this evening found a dozen young negroes stamping & scratching amongst the shrubs at the back of my garden, searching for a baseball. This has happened several times lately, & yesterday one of them slugged a ball into my garden & nearly struck Mother on the head. I ordered them off & they withdrew a little distance & became pretty saucy, so I got Helpard, the policeman, to come up & warn them to keep out of the field adjoining my garden. The field belongs to Mrs. Holden & old Miss Drew, & lately the negroes have been making free with it as a ball ground.

MONDAY, AUG. 28/50 Fine & hot. Attempted golf again this afternoon & played the first nine holes in 47, then blew up & after some wild playing gave up & came home. The course jammed with players mostly summer visitors putting in an afternoon on the links, & progress was maddeningly slow. This evening at Hubert Macdonald's house I met Frank Latchmore, who was 3rd mate of the "War Karma" when I was wireless op. in that ship in the spring of 1919. I knew him at once, after 31 years. He is now with a government bureau (the Canadian Maritime Commission) &

has the job of inspecting all sorts of government-subsidised coastal ships. Told he had since met LeBlanc, who was first mate in the "W.K." LeBlanc was captain of the Canada-West Indies liner "Lady Rodney" in his latter years, & died two years ago. Latchmore & Mac were together in the Canadian government ship "Canadian Trooper" in the 1920's, in the North Atlantic trade mostly. The fate of these ~~the~~ ships of the Canadian merchant marine - all sold during the latter 1920's & early 1930's - would make an interesting tale. For example my "War Karma", an iron steamer built in Canada in 1917-18, was sold to the French, & she afterwards operated to Canadian ports under a French name & registered at Le Havre. Then she went down the scale to the Greeks & from there to oblivion. "Canadian Trooper" went to the Japs, & under the name "Tokio Maru" she flew the Jap flag about the world until she was sunk by the Americans amongst the South Pacific islands in 1942 or '43.

We stayed till midnight yarning of old times, the magic times when we were young & the sea was actually beautiful & the world our oyster. And Mac insisted on playing old charties on the gramophone, including Latchmore's favorite "A-Rovin", over & over again.

TUESDAY, AUG. 29/50      Tried golf again this afternoon, playing with Bill Goudrey, but am still badly off my game - my score 107 & I lost most of the balls in the bag. A buffet supper tonight at Hubert Macdonalds. JW Wickwire & Johnsons there, & Biscay, Fraser & Hector Dunlap. We four men played 45's till midnight - I for politeness sake. I detest cards, & find more than half an hour of card playing a painful bore.

News: British troops (2 regular battalions from

Hong Kong) have landed in Korea. Since recruiting for the Canadian special force began, over 10,000 men have enlisted in it or in the Canadian regular forces. In Canada the effects of the rail strike are beginning to be felt in food shortages & the closing down of some industrial plants. Prices of foodstuffs, especially sugar, still climbing day by day. Special session of Parliament met today at Ottawa to consider the strike & means of settlement.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 30/50 Rain & drizzle. Indoors all day, bored with reading, unable to settle my mind on writing. I have not the faintest notion of a theme for my next novel, except that it will be pitched in my own time & have to do with the coast & the sea.

Parliament has ordered the strikers back to work, in the meantime granting a wage increase & appointing an arbitrator to settle the other demands. It looks as if the rail unions will get what they wanted, having demonstrated their power to paralyze the whole country; and now we shall go on into the battle of the freight rates, with the common man paying the burden.

American newspapers reveal a swiftly growing feeling of belligerence towards Russia, & the Secretary of the Navy (U.S.) has openly advocated an immediate war with Russia, on the grounds that, rather than fritter away their efforts in fighting Communism in the puppet states like Korea, the western nations should strike at the source.

FRIDAY, AUG. SEP. 1/50 Still wet weather. Managed to play a few holes of golf with Mac & Parker & Williams between showers. Dined this evening with Lou & Francis Parrot at their lodge near Greenfield. Bert & Catharine Waters there, & Mrs. Hart, & Francis' sister Mrs. Jones. The Parrots had a narrow escape in the hurricane on the 21st. Several trees about their lodge blew down, & one huge old hemlock

just missed the building & fell full length beside it. A delicious dinner & we chatted until 11, with lightning flashing through the woods & a thunderous downpour of rain on the lodge roof. Drove back to town ~~with~~ a high wind flinging sheets of rain against the windshield.

SATURDAY, SEP. 2/50      Golf this afternoon with Mac, Williams & Russell. All played badly - my score 101. Mac lost his temper & smashed his fine new driver on a rock. Bill Slater phoned from Digby, on his way home after a stay at Sandy Cove. He is writing short stories for Argosy, Liberty & other mags. in his spare time. Said he had called at Brow Hill but found a sad state of affairs, Andrew Merkell a mental case, & his wife Lully dying slowly of cancer.

Letter from Salmen, of Little Brown, says they have postponed publication of "The Nymph & The Lamp" to Nov. 9th in order to get a better advance sale. They will have bound books by Sep. 22 & will send my advance copies on that date.

MONDAY, SEP. 4/50      For some reason that I can't fathom my name was put down for the play-offs for the golf club championship, & today I had to play Tommy Walker in the first round. I was eliminated, of course. The stroke score was 87 against my 93, but the match went by holes & Walker won five-up.

TUESDAY, SEP. 5/50      Drove to Hfx this morning, taking Mother home, after several weeks' stay with us. Returned in the afternoon. A deluge of rain all day.

In Korea the U.S. & South Korean forces are still taking a beating from the Red Korean invaders. Two British battalions have been sent up from Hong Kong & are now in

action with the Americans. In Ottawa the Finance Minister (Abbott) informed Parliament of huge new expenditures for defence. These are being financed currently by loans from Canadian banks, an unusual step; but he warned Parliament of heavy new taxation & a big national deficit next year.

Wednesday, Sep. 6/50 A lovely day after much bad weather. Golf this afternoon with R. H. Lockward. Schools reopened today & everywhere the schools are overcrowded in spite of all the new schools & extensions built during the past three years. It is a clear sign of the rapid rise in our population, an excellent thing in itself, but it is adding sharp new burdens to the taxpayer's load each year, especially in these times when the postwar inflation has pushed the cost of new buildings & equipment into the skies.

Thursday, Sep. 7/50

The old familiar throes are upon me again. For the past several days I have brooded alone in my den all morning & all evening, trying to decide upon a theme for the next novel so that I can get started on it. As usual nothing comes of brow-beating but an awful feeling of weariness and gloom. Out in the sunshine this afternoon playing golf (very badly) with Edith in company. The news from Korea is still bad & the Reds steadily pushing our people into the sea. Yesterday U.S. navy planes shot down a Russian plane off the Korean coast & fished out the body of a Russian officer. Moscow is very indignant, though the Russians shot down a U.S. plane in the Baltic some months ago without even the excuse of a local war. Tonight Finance Minister Abbott

revealed the new taxes which are to pay for current military expenditures. Automobiles & supplies, liquor, candy, soft drinks, vacuum cleaners, electric toasters etc. are all under increased tax. Corporation taxes are up 5% to 10%. No increase for the present on personal income tax, or on ~~refrigerators~~, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. Abbott says Canada will be spending one billion dollars a year on defence for the next several years, & it must be paid for out of taxation.

SUNDAY, SEP. 10/50 Fine hot weather. Played golf morning & afternoon (badly). The Americans have gone from White Point Lodge but a number of Canadians have moved in to enjoy the last sunshine & bathing (& golf) of the summer.

MONDAY, SEP. 11/50

Jan Christian Smuts, the great South African, died today after a long illness. His passing leaves the moderate section of the Boers without a comparable leader, & the British South Africans without a real spokesman in the Boer camp. South Africa is now completely dominated by the narrow, bitterly anti-British Boers of the Voortrekker tradition, who still regard the negro as a useful animal to be worked for all he is worth but without any human rights.

Our Weather Bureau, which has been consistently & ludicrously wrong about the weather during the past summer, suddenly issued a hurricane warning to the South Shore tonight — two hours after the storm had begun to blow. It raged all night, howling against our eastern windows, & kept me awake till 4:30 a.m.

TUESDAY, SEP. 12/50

Found my radio aerial mast snapped off this morning, just where it is bedded in the

stones of the garden wall. The tide was high at 10 a.m. I drove with Edith to Weston Head & watched tremendous seas (some at least 30 feet high) breaking on the shore & flinging balls of spume across the road. The wind blew furiously all day. At 9 p.m. I donned rubber coat & boots & walked to Fort Point. There I found Hector Dunlop wandering about in sou'wester & oilskins admiring the fury of the storm. Rain & spray flying in sheets & a big sea breaking on the point & putting the new sea wall to a good test. The Yacht Club was almost surrounded by water, & waves splashing upon the verandah. However the wind was about E., & the harbor lies about S.E. & so did not get the full raze of it.

Wednesday, Sep. 13/50 The hurricane drew away from the coast this morning, after blowing (& raining) with great violence for sixty hours. Many trees blown down & buildings damaged along the coast but the damage is minor. Tremendous surf running in at White Point this afternoon, & at Summerville.

Thursday, Sep. 14/50 Fine & hot. Drove to Lunenburg with Edith to see the Exhibition. Arrived at 2.30 p.m. just in time for the parade — a tremendous affair of marching groups, decorated floats, & bands. A great mob on the Fair grounds. Excellent dinner at Boscombe Manor Home at eight.

Sunday, Sep. 17/50 Francie, who can always be depended upon to bring the latest cold home & spread its germs to the rest of us, started us off on the Fall & Winter Season by breaking forth with a fine head cold on Friday. Today Tommy & I are sneezing & mopping noses & Edith awaits her turn. Nevertheless this afternoon I drove with Edith to Rockport & did

some exploring thereabouts — Wash Head, Pleasant Point, Green Harbor, etc. A tremendous dinner at Ragged Island Inn, where I met "Bulldog" Fraser, late lieutenant in my old Reserve regt., & now teaching in the fine new brick school at Lockport. Once lent him \$20 to get home from Aldershot camp. He never paid it back, but I didn't mention that — & nor did he.

The news from Korea is that two days ago a force of U.S. marines landed at Inchon & ~~is~~ marching towards Seoul. If successful this move will cut off all the Red Koreans in the south part of the peninsula.

Note: a curious result of the hurricane at Lockport, where the sea is on all sides & the salt spray flew everywhere; the leaves on all the ornamental trees — maple, chestnut, elm, ash — hung withered & brown. As you drew away towards the mainland you saw trees dead on the seaward side but still green & vigorous on the leeward side, & on the mainland itself not a leaf was touched. Simeon Perkins mentions this phenomenon at Liverpool in the 18th century, when a hurricane turned all the fruit trees "black".

MONDAY, SEP. 18/50      Fine & cool. Weaver & his man in the cellar all morning re-setting the anchor bolts of the Bendix automatic washing machine, which has been dancing about wildly. Went out to White Ph. & played 18 holes this afternoon. Score 91, my best in weeks, but the game had an uncomfortable result, a set-back in my cold, & I spent the evening & night weeping, sneezing & blowing my streaming nose into a large bath towel — no supply of handkerchiefs is adequate.

TUESDAY, SEP. 19/50      Indoors all day, nursing my cold & feeling very low. The John Wackwires, the Lou Parrots & Adele Hart came in to dinner & spent the evening.

Shocked to read in the paper this afternoon that Andrew Merkels wife, "Tilly", had died. Funeral at Karsdale tomorrow but I can't get there; the newly torn-up stretch of the Liverpool-Annapolis highway towards Caledonia is a quagmire owing to the heavy successive rains, & impassable for cars; & the new stretch on the road through New Germany & Springfield is presumably as bad or worse.

Wednesday, Sep. 20/50 Fine & cool. I stayed indoors most of the day, nursing my cold. Eugene Outerbridge, his wife & young son, called this morning. He is a Bermuda planter & I met him on the "Lady Drake" when Edith & I were returning from a trip to Bermuda in the fall of '32. Amazing that he should have remembered a shipboard acquaintance so well & so long. He has just concluded a motor tour of N.S. & said he felt he could not go away without having seen me again. This afternoon I drove to Milton & brought down Aunt Marie Bell for tea. There was a cake with candles — today is her 73rd birthday. Tomorrow she leaves for Hfx, ostensibly to spend the winter but I think only for a month or two.

Thursday, Sep. 21/50 Working all day at the new storm windows — seven in all — for the sun porch & dining room. Each had to be dusted on both sides, then wiped with turpentine both sides to remove finger marks left by glaziers & painters, then washed & dried both sides with window-cleaning fluid. Then the house windows themselves had to be washed with soap & water, dried, & then polished with the patent cleaning fluid. All in all it was equivalent to washing or wiping 70 windows once, or one window 70 times. Then there was the business of measuring & boring screw-holes with my small gimlet, & finally putting them on. Letter from Stanley Salmen of Little, Brown, says they are sending me 10 copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp". Adds, "We are all agreed that this is a book of the first

order." He adds further that the Doubleday Book Club have already adopted it as their February 1951 selection, & have guaranteed a distribution of well over 100,000 copies. This is a "dollar-club", so that the author's royalty is only 5¢ per copy — of which Little, Brown take half, under the terms of the contract. However this will mean a wide distribution of the book in the U.S., a very useful thing in itself! Salmen also says "I feel sure that we would have had a Literary Guild choice on this book except that the Guild feels it cannot distribute books which have extramarital sex activity. Such an attitude makes me curious about the fate of the Bible if it were to be published for the first time today and, I suppose, half of the classics of our literature."

Friday, SEP. 22/50 Sharp frost every night, sunny but cool days, more like late October than Sept. Played golf this afternoon for the second time in 12 days — the weather & my cold have prevented more. Score 102.

Rigged an indoor aerial in the sun porch to replace the old one running from the roof to a pole at the back of the garden. Not quite so sensitive but good enough. Noticed soft-nosed ammunition for .300 Springfield in the hardware stores — the first time it has been on sale here since 1942. I bought a stock of cartridges with my rifle & have been nursing it very carefully for years.

In Korea, U.S. Marines are fighting in the outskirts of Seoul, & the Red army in the south is in hasty retreat in an effort to get out of the trap.

SUNDAY, SEP. 24/50 Sunny but a strong cold wind. I still have a heavy cough but today I felt really well for the first time in a week. Played golf morning & afternoon. (Score 97 each time). The oil furnace

is a boon these days. Miraculous to get up in the morning & get the house warm in five minutes merely by turning up the thermostat.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26/50

Doggett came to work this afternoon, cutting away & digging up the shrubs at the back of the garage, which have become a jungle, & removing the stone wall there. This will add a space to our back lawn & enable me to put up a fence along the back line. I got him to cut down the old wild-peas (service-berry) tree at the back of the garden. It was always very lovely in spring, shaped like a chalice & covered with white blossom, but it has been dying slowly & was bound to go. Received from Little, Brown Co. my advance copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp." The type & format are very good, the paper of only fair quality; I don't care much for the covers & jacket. They have put a price of \$3 on it in the U.S.

MacMillan's & one or two other English publishers have written asking for publishing rights over there. I can't remember whether there was an option on my next book in Hurst & Blackett's contract for "Pride's Fancy" so I wrote today & asked if there was one, & if they wish to exercise it. Lovat Dickson, of MacMillan's, seems particularly keen to publish "The Nymph & The Lamp" in Britain.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 28/50

We have not seen the sun for four days. Each day the temp. goes up (from a night temp. of 35° to 40°) to exactly 60°, there is little wind, & the sky is covered with a grey muck in which the sun's disc shows like a tarnished coin at long intervals, & some days not at all. This phenomenon has been general over Canada & the U.S. east of Lake Superior, & meteorologists think it is due to the vast forest fires in northern Alberta. According to their theory the smoke has drifted over the eastern part

of the continent at a height of several miles, mingling with clouds & forming "smog" (smoke + fog).

Today the phenomenon has spread to Britain & Scandinavia, where the "blue sun" has caused some alarm. Scientists over there have a theory about ice crystals forming at a great height, etc.

In Korea the U.S. troops have taken Seoul after some bitter street fighting, & completed their line across the country to the east coast. The whole Red army in the south is thus cut off & is being pursued & broken up by troops moving up the peninsula. Strange how the estimates of Red troop strength vary. When they were pushing the Yanks almost into the sea their strength was estimated at 150,000. When they were held, it was 100,000.

Now that they are cut off & surrendering in droves, the estimate is 50,000. Although the Russians had supplied them with some first-rate tanks, guns, mortars & machine-guns, the Red Koreans had very few aircraft & the personal equipment of their troops was wretched. Escaped American prisoners report that the Red Korean infantry were almost barefoot & in rags, poorly trained, badly fed, & with only the most sketchy transport & hospital equipment. This seems to bear out the report of a cynical English observer a month ago, that the Americans were being driven out of Korea by an ~~dis~~ organized mob of armed peasants. But it now seems clear, too, that MacArthur made no real effort to stop them, merely sending in a division or two to fight a retreating action towards the south, while he prepared the decisive stroke at Seoul & thus caught the bulk of the Red army in the bag. It was a neat trick, a demonstration of U.S. strength & generalship for the watchful Russians.

SUNDAY, OCT. 1, 1950

A red-letter day because, after the coldest & most dismal September in the records of the meteorological office at Hfx today produced clear sunshine & a very hot day. Temp. was 88° at noon, & playing golf with Parker in the afternoon I was drenched with perspiration, wearing a light T-shirt & no jacket.

Last night Ottawa announced that the Canadian dollar will be "allowed to find its own level" from this date; which means that recent predictions that our dollar would go up to par vis-à-vis the U.S. dollar were correct.

A great change in Canadian trade has been going on ever since Britain adopted its present tough policy towards Canadian imports. The U.S. is now our chief market & our export trade to the U.S. is growing every day. A sensible thing. Economically the two big North American nations should be a unit, & had we become <sup>economic</sup> ~~a political~~ years ago, retaining our political entities, Canada today would be as prosperous as the States.

The war in Korea has taken an interesting turn. The U.S. & British forces have halted at the famous 38th parallel of latitude, but the South Korean army has pushed across with the intention of eliminating the Red Korean forces & bringing the whole of Korea under one rule. The question is, what will Russia do? The north Korean border comes close to the great Pacific base of Vladivostok & the Russians must be very touchy on that point.

Monday, Oct. 2/50 Beautiful day. Doggett finished work today. He has built a new section of stone wall along the back of my property, behind the garage, cut away & removed a number of big shrubs & small trees, removed the old sun-dial, taken up the old flagstone walk, & hauled 3 loads of loam to fill the holes.

Harsh & Blackett, London, have written little, Brown pointing out that they have an option on my "next" book (they published "Roger Hadden" & "Pride's Fancy" in Britain) & wish to exercise it.

Golf this afternoon with Edith. Played well, score 89. Saw a flock of about 40 wild geese flying over the golf course in perfect V, heading for Port Joli.

TUESDAY, OCT. 3/50 Another hot day. Made the annual "leaf drive," as the maples are now in full color & beginning to fall. Left at 9 a.m. with Edith & Marie Freeman & drove through Greenfield & New Elm to Pleasant River, thence to New Germany (with a side trip to look at Barss Corner) & on down the Lahave. Lunch at Boscauen Manor in Lunenburg - no one in the dining room but ourselves. Left there about 2:15 & drove in a leisurely way through Bridgewater & West Lahave to Petite Riviere, where we turned aside for a look at Green Bay & its boarded-up summer cottages. Home at 4:30. Lovely trip. Noticed many smart new houses in the farming & lumbering villages, old homes & barns repaired & painted, new tractors in the fields, cars in the garages. The countryside has never looked so prosperous within my memory. There was nothing like this after World War One.

FRIDAY, OCT. 6/50

Golf every day this week. Some time ago a Mr. Gustin, an American architect who makes a hobby of historical research, came to see me & I lent him some of my notes & papers. He returned them last week with a cheque for \$35, suggesting that I use it to obtain some metal filing cabinets for correspondence & historical data. (He had seen me rummaging under my den couch, where I stow most of my stuff.) I was a little indignant, then amused, & finally

I obeyed his wish to "accept it in the spirit in which it is sent," & sent away for a four-drawer office cabinet. (It cost, with indexes & folders, \$48.85 actually). Today the cabinet came & now that it is set up beside my desk I wonder why I didn't get one long ago. Wrote & thanked Justin.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3/50 Smith, Dunlap & I went to Eagle Lake to prepare the camp for the hunting season. Fine hot day. S.Y.D. took one of the canoes & went on to pick cranberries on the Haunted Bog in the afternoon. I took an axe & worked till 5 p.m. cutting fallen trees & broken branches from the trail to the river, a fine mess after last month's hurricanes. A big bear had visited the camp last spring & chewed Parker's boat badly, & torn off most of the keel with one stroke of a paw, that left deep claw-marks in the bottom boards. The floor <sup>of the camp</sup> was covered with a thick layer of fine sawdust — the work of boring ants, the big black chaps, who have been busy in the lower logs for years. Wood mice had, as usual, torn some of the stuffing out of our mattresses to make nests.

SUNDAY, OCT. 4/50 Very hot. We were up early & worked hard all day — Dunlap repairing the boat (the bear had even bent some of the brass screws with his teeth!), & Smith & I felling, sawing & splitting a dead pine near the dam for a supply of kindling wood. Got some of it up to the camp & cross-piled the rest to dry on the knoll. (The wood was surprisingly damp, a consequence of our wet spring, summer & fall.) Left at 4 p.m., paddling the flat boat down river to Big Falls, & home in my car. Brought out the patent naphtha lamp for repairs.

News: U.S. troops have pushed across the 38th parallel into North Korea. Naval craft operating off the Korean coast

coast have found it strewn with floating mines of recent Russian make, & 2 U.S. destroyers have been damaged & 1 U.S. minesweeper sunk.

MONDAY, OCT. 9/50 Lovely day. Worked all morning & evening sorting out my somewhat chaotic correspondence for the past five years, & filing it away in the new cabinet. In the afternoon drove with Edith to Greenfield thence down the Medway to Mill Village, & home. The red maple leaves have fallen, & the hardwoods now are a mass of greens & yellows, with here & there a red clump of young oak or sumac.

FRIDAY, OCT. 13/50 Replaced the old iron slides & catches on our bedroom storm windows with new ones. Got my hunting license. Consulted with Parker about the grub list for our annual hunting trip to Eagle Lake, & placed the order with the grocer. Tried golf this afternoon but gave it up after 9 holes - a terrific S.W. gale blowing. Letter from Alan Jackson of Paramount Pictures, New York, asking to see a copy of The Nymph & The Lamp. The usual thing. Twentieth century fox man wrote me last week saying he had recommended it to his people as a good story, but felt sure they would turn it down on grounds that it was not in key with the present times - i.e. (I suppose) they want war stuff. Boyle of CBC Toronto wrote saying he had read an advance copy of the book, & was full of praise, wants CBC to do it as a radio play, & hinted that he would like the job of writing a stage play from it.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14/50 Dunlap & I went up to Eagle Lake this afternoon, taking with us all the supplies for the annual hunting trip. We had a hard paddle with the heavily laden flat boat up the river from Big Falls dam

to Eagle Brook, in the face of a furious northerly gale. Lugged a lot of the stuff up the trail to camp before dark. Parker & Gordon came in next day & we had fine days' steady hunting without success. I passed up a chance to shoot two does standing in the wild meadow beside the Eagle Lake - Long Lake Brook. Too easy, & I have resolved not to shoot another doe. (Dunlap shook his head over this!) Parker had one shot at a running buck on the ridge west of Eagle Lake but missed. Nobody else got a shot at anything, although we hunted diligently about both lakes. Good weather except that one day a violent southerly gale sprang up, when I was alone with the green canoe, a cranky thing, at the head of Eagle Lake, & I had lively passage back to camp especially towards the northern end of the lake where the waves had built up to some size & the canoe did some notable dancing.

All the swamp maple & most of the birch leaves are down, but the oaks & huckleberries are in full color, & there is plenty of bright yellow on the moose-maple, witch hazel, etc. Plenty of deer (& bear) signs everywhere but in the thick softwood forest it was easy for them to hide. At the south end of Long Lake, Parker & Dunlap came upon a fawn, a young buck, that had been killed a few minutes before, apparently by a bear or more likely a big wildcat. Both flanks were deeply clawed & a huge bite had been taken out of the rump, severing the tail. The carcass was still warm & bleeding. They gutted it & brought it back to camp intending to use it for meat for their dogs. Brent Smith came in Thursday evening, & as there are only four real beds in the camp I decided to come home on Friday afternoon, tramping out to Big Falls with all my stuff

on my back, a hot trip. Found my family well & happy, & a few letters that must be answered at once. The local stores have received copies of "The Nymph & The Lamp" & have them on sale.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21/50 The rest of the Eagle Lake party came home today with two deer they got just after I left camp - a buck, shot by Smith near the old ~~deep~~ dam, a few hundred yards from camp, & a doe shot by Parker near the S.W. corner of Eagle Lake.

TUESDAY, OCT. 24/50 Played 18 holes of golf alone this afternoon in a bitter N.E. wind off the sea. Very cold weather - a light snowfall in Annapolis Valley yesterday &  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches at Fredericton.

Tonight Parker, Smith, Dunlap & I foregathered in Dunlap's garage, where the three deer carcasses were cut up & divided. The one killed by the wildcat was perfectly good. With the hide off we could see the scratches & tooth marks where the cat had jumped on the fawn's back, digging its hind claws deeply in the deer's flank & lower belly, its fore claws into the right fore-shoulder, & sinking its teeth in the right side of the throat.

The war in Korea is nearing its end, as the South Korean & allied forces push up towards the Manchurian & Russian borders. The total of Red Koreans who have thrown down their arms is now 123,000. U.S. & Canadian naval forces operating along the east coast have encountered a vast field of Russian mines, expertly laid, off the port of Wonsan, & several U.S. minesweepers have been sunk or damaged.

The Canadian force of 10,000 originally raised for service in Korea is still mostly in training.

camps in Canada & the U.S. although an advance party has gone across the Pacific to the island of Okinawa. The Defence Minister revealed yesterday that no less than 700 men of this force are "absent without leave", many of them for so long that they are unquestionably deserters; a curious state of affairs considering that all these men are volunteers.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26/50 A meeting of the N.S. Historic Sites Advisory Council has been called to take place tomorrow morning in the Province Bldg., Hfx., at 10 a.m. Hfx is still on daylight time, so this means 9 a.m. Liverpool time, consequently I drove up to the city this afternoon. Cold weather, overcast & in Hfx, raining hard. This evening at the Paramount (nee Orpheus) Theatre I saw Walt Disney's new talkie "Treasure Island", very well done although one of the nautical characters talked of "tacking to leeward" an interesting manoeuvre but somewhat unorthodox I should think. The actor who played Long John Silver was first rate — a Long John right out of the book.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27/50 The Advisory Council met in Province House this morning. Will Bird in the chair, Miss K. McLellan, Dr. Longley of Acadia, Prof. Willie Belliveau of St. Anne's, Dr. Harvey & Bruce Ferguson of the Archives staff. As usual a number of letters & proposals for consideration, mostly from astute gentls anxious to sell a "historic house" to the govt for a fat sum. All had to be debated before rejection.

I reported no progress on the furnishing of the Perkins house, & that in consequence it had been closed all summer. The Premier wants a statue of Longfellow erected at Grand Pre', & a memorial plaque to the Rev. Norman Macleod at St. Anne's, C.B. We passed approval on

these, & on a plaque to be erected at Windsor, marking Flora MacDonald's stay there in the winter of 1779.

Harvey is still very worried about the restoration work at Mount Utrecht, so we adjourned for lunch & drove out there (27 miles) in the afternoon.

The govt. contractors have completed repairs to most of the exterior. Indoors, all the old plaster on walls & ceilings has been removed. Harvey very indignant about this but I don't see what else could have been done. The old plaster was shaky & dangerous in many places, & new plaster can be put up in a very good imitation of the old stuff, as Husby & I saw at Williamsburg last Fall.

The floors (which, Harvey heard, had been torn up) were untouched, for the very good reason that they are sound. However the old plank floor in the basement was badly rotted & had been removed.

All chimneys had been repaired thoroughly, & the process of removing layers of old crusted paint from the interior woodwork was well advanced. I wondered about the danger of fire, from workmen smoking, etc.; found no sign of tobacco anywhere inside, except in two rooms where one or two of the workmen sleep & prepare their meals. Chemical fire extinguisher in the main hall, lower floor, & small back-pack type water pumps & tanks, of the kind used in fighting forest fires, were placed at intervals about the house. I lifted three & found them filled with water.

The only valid criticism of the restoration work that I could see was that Husby has replaced the <sup>existing</sup> slim square pillars of the portico with pillars of exactly the same type, despite the fact that the old drawings show stout round pillars to have

been originally installed. The original round pillars gave the pediment its right proportions; the present too-slim square things make it look top-heavy. Back to town at 5, & spent the evening with Mother.

SATURDAY, OCT. 28/50 Down town this morning to Connolly's and The Book Room, to autograph a number of copies ~~for~~ of The Nymph & The Lamp. Met Capt "Red" McCarthy, formerly of the West Nova Scotia Regt, who was full of praise for my history of the unit. On this trip I have had my first ride on the new electric coaches, very superior to the old noisy & uncomfortable trams. Halifax bustling & apparently very prosperous, although Bendelies complains of a thin time in the book business.

Lunch with Mother, & then off for home, driving fast in lovely bright sunshine, arriving <sup>at</sup> pool about 3 p.m. Letter from Bill Deacon, literary critic of the Toronto Globe & Mail, full of praise & exultation over The Nymph & The Lamp, "what you have done is so fine & powerful that you will have difficulty beating your own record" "I bow low to you" — "humblest & heartiest congratulations," etc. Also a very flattering letter from Morley Jones.

MONDAY, OCT. 30/50 Lovely warm day. Temp. 70° at noon. This morning I got two workmen & opened up the shed at the back of the Simon Perkins house. When the govt contractor began the restoration work on the Perkins house in the spring of '49 he removed the collection of the Z.C. Historical Society to the shed, & that autumn I had his carpenters seal up the doors carefully, with felt(tarred) roofing, & check the roof for leaks. The collection has remained there

because we had hopes that the govt. would furnish the house with colonial antiques throughout. This hope remains, but the govt. has done nothing, & the collection could not be left in the shed another winter. I found a sorry state of affairs. The dampness of last winter had penetrated the shed through the floor boards & everything was covered with mould, & some of the books & documents badly stained, the swords & muskets rusty, etc. He removed the main part of the collection into the house, & left the irretrievably damaged stuff in the shed.

Played golf this afternoon — very erratic, the first 9 holes in 56, the second in 45, but enjoy the warm air & the exercise. Four other golfers out. A big flock of wild geese passed over the point heading towards Port Joli.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1/50 Cool but sunny. Golf this afternoon with Edith. (Score 100 even.) The Toronto Globe & Mail, Oct. 28 issue, contains a long & enthusiastic review of "The Nymph & The Lamp" by Bill Deacon. Very good, indeed flattering "a hardworking artist of great talent seems to have reached the rich maturity of his powers", etc. Only two "letters" in the mail today, but in themselves they constituted a perfect example of the present cost of living. One was from the Peoples' Book Club, a small subsidiary of McClelland & Stewart, enclosing a cheque for royalties on "Pride's Fancy". Amount, \$25. The other was a bill for dental work on Tommy & Frances. Amount, \$25.

News: An attempt to assassinate President Truman failed in Washington this afternoon when two Puerto Ricans shot down three guards at the entrance to Blair House, the temporary residence of the president.

during repairs to the White House. Both were shot by the guards. One was killed instantly, the other is in hospital. They were members of an extremist political group who have been demanding the independence of Puerto Rico. President Truman was resting in a bedroom at the time. He went on to fulfill an afternoon engagement - the unveiling of a statue of Sir John Dill, chief British army member of the combined Allied staffs at Washington during the late war.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2/50 Mild & sunny. This afternoon, in connection with my life insurance policies, I had a complete physical check-up by Dr. Wickwire, who went all over me very carefully for an hour or more - blood test, urine test, stethoscope, fluoroscope, blood pressure apparatus, & a great deal of punching & tapping & prodding. Verdict - I am in excellent physical condition. A few pounds overweight according to the "average" charts; but Wickwire says there is actually little excess fat on me, pointing out my stocky legs & big chest and shoulders, & the fact that my belly is not large.

News: U.N. troops in North Korea have been engaged in battle by large numbers of Chinese communist troops, pouring over the border from Manchuria.

In England, playwright George Bernard Shaw died at the age of 93. He had outlived the genius which produced his best plays, & in his latter years became eccentric to the point of buffoonery.

SUNDAY, Nov. 5/50 A dark wet November day, with an easterly gale blowing drizzle & occasional heavy gusts of rain. Drove with Edith to Carter's Beach in the afternoon to get a breath of fresh air. Most of the

hardwood leaves have gone, but a few hang on bravely here & there. The hackmatacks have turned yellow & soon will shed their needles.

News: The Red Chinese are thrusting out in all directions. A Chinese force has invaded Tibet & is approaching Lhasa. Communist forces in Indo-China, trained, equipped & directed from China, have defeated the incompetent French forces on the border & are marching towards Hanoi. In Korea a Chinese army estimated at from two to six divisions has crossed the border from Manchuria & attacked the allied forces. Two U.S. regiments have been cut off & crushed, & much material lost in the initial surprise, but the Chinese advance seems to have been stopped for the present. The irony of all this is that most of the Chinese arms & equipment so far identified on the battlefield ~~is~~ of American make — the stuff that was abandoned by the worthless forces of Chang Kai Chek.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7/50      Dr. Longley, of Acadia University, phoned today, asking me to address the Wolfville Historical Society in Faculty Hall on the 20th. I said Yes. Golf this afternoon with Verge, the club champion. A fine warm day after a hard night's frost. Several others out enjoying a round. My score 95. This morning Backman came & rigged a new radio aerial for me, setting up a 12-foot "pole" of galvanized iron pipe on the roof of the garage. I rigged an indoor aerial after the old wooden mast blew down in the Sep. 12 hurricane, but it proved unsatisfactory.

The Historical Society met tonight in the Navy Room, Town Hall, & re-elected me president for 1951. I passed over to the treasurer the little wooden "donations" box which reposed modestly in a corner of the Simon Perkins house for many years, & which still contains, amongst a handful

of dimes & quarters, the \$2 bill popped in there by the Earl of Athlone when he visited the house during the war. (I can still see old "Mammy" Day patting Princess Alice in her chummy way & calling her "dear", & waving the box significantly under the old nobleman's nose!)

Some routine business. I had to report no progress re furnishing the Perkins house. Didn't like to say what we all know — that, just <sup>as</sup> we had to wait for an election year to get the house repaired, we shall have to wait for another before we get it furnished. Such is the game of politics.

I gave an address on the founding of Shelburne.

The Navy Room has been thoroughly repaired & re-decorated after the water-damage during the town hall fire last spring. All the Navy relics & souvenirs are back in place, a unique collection which is of great interest even now, & will become of great historical value as the years go by.

Friday, Nov. 10/50

Went up to Eagle Lake this

afternoon with Hector Dunlop & Roy Gordon. Gordon hunted down the east side of the lake; D. & I took a canoe down the west side, arriving at the Long-Eagle brook towards sundown. D. took post near the lower beaver dam to watch the strip of wild meadow there; while I kept vigil on the huge boulder farther down, from which I have shot two fine bucks & seen a number of other deer. (My chums call it Tom's Rock.)

In the late dusk an eight-point buck burst out of the woods S.E. of my rocks & ran about 50 yards into the maple swamp. I could barely see my foresight but I managed, with great luck, to shoot him through the heart with my first shot like one or two others I have seen, heart-spot, the buck whirled about & ran back towards the woods. I fired another shot but just as I pulled trigger the

buck went down, turning a complete somersault. D. came along, & helped me dress the carcass. It was so near night that I had to give D. the aid of the small flare of my pocket lighter in cleaning out the last of the guts. We had to paddle back to camp in pitch darkness — not a star, even — & G. had failed to light the camp lantern. We took the deer's liver with us, but left the carcass propped against one of the swamp maples to drain.

Saturday, Nov. 11/50 D. & G. went by canoe to Long Lake this morning, intending to hunt there. I rowed the camp dinghy to the brook mouth, & we floated the buck's carcass down in the canoe, & transferred it to the dinghy. I then rowed it back to camp, cleaned the meat, & spread the carcass to dry. I spent the rest of the day in the woods about camp, chopping down old dry snags for firewood, & sawing & splitting them. D. & G. returned after dark, without having fired a shot, but having seen or flushed 4 deer in the course of the day — one of them a big buck standing on the brook bank within a few yards of "Tom's Rock" & only a short distance from the entrails of the one I killed.

Should mention that when I got back to camp this morning I turned the radio to CBC & picked up the broadcast of the Remembrance Day ceremonies at Ottawa, & when the bugles played Last Post I stood at Attention in the camp doorway.

Sunday, Nov. 12/50 D. went up the lake this morning in the dinghy, came upon a fine buck standing on the east shore; but by the time he had dropped the oars & picked up his rifle the deer vanished into the woods.

Meanwhile G. & I cut my buck's carcass in half, & each taking a half on his shoulders, carried it down the trail (a mile) to the river. Walking back to camp we came upon a fine big doe right on the trail; she let us come quite close before she ambled off. This afternoon took the meat down to Big Falls in the punt, loaded it in D's car & went on to L'pool. Hung the meat on hooks in D's garage, & took off the hide ready for cutting-up.

MONDAY, Nov. 13/50 I am 47 today. Golf this afternoon - score 100. Very cold on the hands. No one else on the course but a couple of hardy & well-muffled ladies, & the pro. & groundsmen. A birthday cake at tea tonight, with 16 candles & my family chanting "Happy birthday to you"; & gifts, cigarettes from Tommy & Frances, & a copy of Hemingway's new book, from Edith. Letter from Bill Deacon, still full of praise for The Nymph, which he says will prove immortal.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14/50 Calm, sunny weather. Golf this afternoon, score 91 ( $49+42$ ) my best in a long time.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17/50 Calm, mild, overcast. A sharp twinge of lumbago has prevented any real exercise for two days, & I miss it badly.

The news from Korea is that United Nations troops are slowly closing up towards Manchuria. The Chinese troops who entered the fighting seem to be withdrawing, but the Red Korean forces have been stiffened with new equipment, including tanks, & for the first time in the campaign Russian-made jet fighter planes have tackled the U.S. jet fighters.

The Russians got the worst of it, according to the U.S. airmen.

Tonight Hector Dunlap &

I cut up the deer that I shot a week ago, & made it up into parcels for our friends & ourselves. The meat is excellent.

MONDAY, Nov. 20/50

Drove to Wolfville today, to fulfil my promise to address the historical society. A mild day, with thick fog all along the shore, & overcast skies inland. Stopped at Chester Basin for gas, & to enquire about the cross-country road to Kentville, learned it was very rough & stuck to the paved highway. Lunch in H'ly with Mother, arrived at Jack Mosher's house in Wolfville about 3. Jack & Liva had invited me to stay with them, & gave me a charming room with a view looking over the marshes & the Cornwallis River to Blomidon. Drove with Jack along the Gaspeian valley to White Rock, & back along Deep Hollow. I wanted to have a look at it in winter dress, & found it beautiful. Dinner at Liva's table was a lively affair — Jack, Liva, their sons Don & Ralph, a visiting J.S.U. student from Toronto named Bill MacDougall who was full of his visit to India last summer, a Hungarian refugee named Margareth Von Tricke (if that's how it's spelt) now studying at Acadia, & Alice Smith, who had run up on the bus from Kentville.

At 8 p.m. I read my paper on Tarleton's Legion to about 150 people in one of the college classrooms, an attentive & most appreciative audience. Dr. Rhodenizer (head of the English lit. dep't at Acadia) moved a vote of thanks, in the course of which he was full of praise for my works, & hailed the *Nymph* as a masterpiece. A reception afterwards in an upper room of the main college building, ladies serving tea

& cakes, & many introductions. Dr. Lumsden & wife, & many other professors & wives, a number of senior students, Miss Rosamund Archibald (who taught Edith at the Seminary in '21), George Nowlan M.P. (who is now the national organizer for the Conservative party), & many townsfolk. Several had books for me to autograph. Longley thanked me for coming, & said 20 or 25 people had joined the historical society at the close of the meeting. Back to the Mosher house, where a students' party was just breaking up, & sat talking with Jack, Lira, Ralph & Mac Dougall until after midnight.

TUESDAY, Nov. 21/50 Up at 8. Breakfast with Lira & young Don. (Jack had said goodbye & rushed off to conduct his first class of the day.) Miss Archibald phoned with some more flattery about last night's address — my "rich" voice & "crisp enunciation," etc. A professor who teaches pedagogy (forgot his name) was very anxious for me to address his class, but I pleaded that I must be on my way. Set off about 9.30. Wind off of almost hurricane force from S.E., overcast, but the air strangely mild. In Hfx stopped for a bit of shopping at Simpson's & lunched with Mother. Home at 2.30 in pouring rain.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22/50 Tommy is 16 today.

Longley Veinot gave me a clipping from the Montreal Star, containing a long & enthusiastic review of "The Nymph & The Lamp" by S. Morgan Powell.

THURSDAY, Nov. 23/50 Have a wretched head-cold but I have had no real exercise since I was attacked by lumbago on the 15th, so I went out to White Point & played 18 holes (in 101). Sunny, calm, temp. about 45°. No other players out. My lumbago almost gone, but it gives me a twinge now & then.

SATURDAY, Nov. 25/50 The lumbago came back this morning with all its bayonets nicely sharpened, & I have been in great pain all day & evening, despite Edith's rubbing with Analgesic Balm. Got the first American review of The Nymph today — New York Herald Tribune — which was favorable but not what I'd call enthusiastic.

Tonight there is a violent gale blowing from the sea — temp. 40° Fahr. — & we are getting off lightly. The eastern States from the Great Lakes to Virginia report a terrific storm still in progress, with gusts up to 85 m.p.h. & heavy snow. Ontario the same.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26/50 The gale blew on all today & this night. The wind-gauge at Fort Point showed gusts over 50 m.p.h. No snow & only a few specks of rain. Drove with Edith to Weston Head, Flint's Point & Summersville, to watch the big seas breaking. The air was thick with spume & a low grey scud overhead made the light very dim, so that the sea had no color, like an old marine painting that has been gathering dust in an attic for years. Listening to the radio tonight heard a very intelligent review of The Nymph on the CBC program "Critically Speaking." Speaker was Malcolm Ross, professor of English at Queen's University.

MONDAY, Nov. 27/50 The furious "dry" gale that has been blowing since Saturday afternoon turned wet today & ragged all day & night from S.E., with torrents of rain. In the eastern States the storm is dying down, leaving 261 people dead & an amount of damage in the hundreds of millions.

Two days ago the flamboyant & talkative General MacArthur announced that the "final" drive in Korea was going well & that he "hoped to get the boys home for Christmas." The latter drew protests from other high

quarters, including the chief of the U.S. Navy, who pointed out that even if the war in Korea ended tomorrow it was impossible to provide ships enough to bring the troops home within a period of months. It made strange reading in Canada, for the 2nd Bn. Princess Pats Regiment sailed for Korea only a few days ago, & the rest of the Special Brigade is completing its training at Fort Lewis, in the state of Washington, & getting ready to embark. Tonight Mac Arthur's H.Q. issued a bulletin stating that U.S. & South Korean troops have been attacked by an army of Red Chinese from Manchuria, estimated at 200,000; & that the allied forces have <sup>been</sup> severely defeated, losing heavily in men, guns & equipment, & are in full retreat.

Chinese communist representatives arrived at Lake Success a few days ago, to meet the United Nations council, under the very obvious guidance of the Russians. The Russian game is also obvious: - "You take the Allied troops out of Korea & we'll take the Chinese out."

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 29/50

The storm appears to be over, at last, after 4 days of wind & rain. Stanley Salmen, of Little, Brown Co., phoned from Boston today. The bookstore sales of *The Nymph* in the U.S. have been disappointing so far — only 4,800 copies — but the reviews have all been very good. However, the Literary Digest wants to publish a condensed version of the book next April, the Doubleday Dollar Book Club is making it the book-of-the-month for February, & negotiations are under way for a paper-covered pocket book edition. Proceeds of all these, under my contract with L.B., will be divided 50% to L.B. & 50% to me. This, Salmen says, will net me about \$8,000 in 1951, after deducting the cash advanced by L.B. in '50 (\$3500).

Rain again tonight, damn it.

THURSDAY, Nov. 30, 1950 Today the sun came out at last, & I walked to Polaroc & back, 7 miles, & enjoyed every step. With the exception of a round of golf on the 23rd. I have had no exercise in the past fortnight.

News from Korea is still bad. The South Korean troops have proved worthless, fleeing wherever the Reds attacked in strength, & the Chinese have poured through the gaps & outflanked & badly mauled the various U.S., British & Turkish forces involved. The Chinese communistic delegates to the United Nations council at Lake Success have proved defiant & belligerent, quite in the Soviet manner. It looks as if we are in for a war with China, with the Russians sitting back & supplying the Chinamen with munitions & advice.

MONDAY, DEC 4/50 Dull, wet weather again, ever since that glimpse of sunshine on the 30th. Read an enthusiastic review of *The Nymph* in the Saturday Review of Literature, by William Mc Lee. Nice letter from old George Matthew Adams, also very keen about the book. Wrote letters of appreciation to both.

Mr. Attlee has flown from Britain to consult with President Truman, accompanied by a staff of twelve. British view seems to be that Korea is not worth a war with China, not to mention Russia, & that things must be smoothed out quickly. It sounds like the old peace-at-any-price policy of Stanley Baldwin, but one can't blame them.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 6/50 Hurrah! A whole fine day, temp. at noon nearly 60° Fahr., dropping to 30° at dark. Played 18 holes of golf in 94. Wonderful to get some real exercise again, & in bright sunshine. In Korea the allied forces have abandoned the Red Korean capital of Pyongyang, which they captured only 6 weeks ago, &

seem to be making a good retreat southward, although some U.S. troops are still heavily involved in the hills towards the east end of the front.

Friday, Dec. 8/50 Cool & overcast. Walked to Milton this afternoon & chatted with Archie McKnight & Will Turner in the forge.

A letter from Wingate asking about British rights in *The Nymph*. This makes 6 or 7 British publishers enquiring, & I cannot reply until I hear from Harsh & Blackett. H. & B. were quick to remind me that they had an option on it, but so far they have sent no contract nor have they intimated in any way that they intend publishing the book, despite two (air-mail) letters from me demanding that they exercise the option or drop it.

Sunday, Dec. 10/50 Rain again, & today I am in agony again with lumbago. This evening felt a bit better, & drove up to Milton with Edith to call on Aunt Marie Bell, who returned from Hfx. today. (See entry Sep. 20).

I lay on a couch most of the day, listening to the radio, with its continued bad news from Korea. The Allied forces still in full retreat, the communist radio emitting screams of triumph from Peking & Moscow, & the wretched inhabitants of Seoul & other south Korean cities fleeing from the inevitable Red vengeance. One touch of humor lightens our scene. All the U.S. is laughing over another of President Truman's *faux pas*. His daughter Margaret is bent on a singing career, & for several years has been touring the States giving concerts at fat fees. Critics of the unbiassed sort say she is a charming girl with a good - but not a superior - singing voice. Critics with a political tinge to their appreciation of American music have subjected Miss Truman to every cruel & ungallant remark they could punch out of their typewriters, knowing full well that these barbs stabbed the President to the heart. A few days ago

a Washington music critic declared that Miss Truman was no singer at all, that half her notes were flat, & so on, & hinted that her bookings in the concert circuit depended entirely on the prestige of her father's office. Mrs. Truman, in a rage, penned a note on White House stationery, addressed to the critic, calling his article a "lousy one," & threatening to punch him in the nose & black his eyes. There is said to have been much more, in most abusive terms, but only a "filtered" version has so far reached the press.

Mr. Attlee is in Ottawa on his way home from Washington, & he spoke this evening for ten minutes over the C.B.C. He has made clear, in a speech at Washington, & again here, that the British do not agree with U.S. views (on the status of the Red government in China, the disposition of Formosa, etc) in the Far East in certain ways; but he was very emphatic in stating that the British stood firmly by the Americans in Korea — "we stand by our duty; we stand by our friends."

Chief British worry, unofficially expressed but reasonable, is the menace of the Russian armies in Europe. London regards Russian intrigue & Chinese intervention in Korea as a plot to absorb a great part of the United Nations' strength in an endless & exhausting struggle, leaving Europe open to an easy Russian conquest any time that Moscow decides on open war.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12/50 Still raining, with alternate spells of mist, & sudden & violent gusts of wind. This kind of weather, almost continuous for the past 3 weeks, & most depressing, has one compensation — it's so easy on the fuel bill. According to the weather bureau at Halifax the present temperatures ( $58^{\circ}$  today for example) are the highest ever recorded in December in Nova Scotia.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13, 1950

A dry day - even some sunshine. A good walk to Milton & back. Clement Crowell came in this evening for a chat. Told me that the long-debated consolidated school for south Queens is to be built in 1951, alongside the present school buildings, & he has recommended the acquisition of the whole field behind the Park Street properties, to be laid out as a playground. This will mean several hundred strong-lunged youngsters playing within 50 feet of my study windows, not only in the day, but in the long summer evenings until dark. As a father of school-age children I'm delighted at this forward step by the educational authorities, but as a writer I must build or find another house in quiet surroundings where I can work.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15, 1950

Overcast & drizzling rain yesterday & today. Went in the car with Edith to inspect house sites on College Hill & the lower end of Waterloo Street. Had a talk with Della Chandler about land values at the latter spot (\$1,000 to \$1,200 per building lot). Also saw Seth Bartling whose family owns a big block of vacant land on the north side of Waterloo St. running down to the shore. He said I could buy a lot there but he would have to consult his family about a price. Asked me why I didn't buy Capt. John Day's old house near York Point, now owned by the Day heirs, Mrs. Bartling, Mrs. Marion Madden, & William O'Riley. This is a nice old colonial house beside the harbor, built by a Yankee settler Bartlett Bradford, in the 1760's. It is now very shabby, has an old-fashioned stone foundation & low damp cellar, etc. It would cost \$5,000 at least to repair it thoroughly, instal oil heating, a decent basement, plumbing, etc., while preserving its charming 18th century character intact. The Day heirs want \$8,000 for it, which

is far too much.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16/50 Pouring rain all day. In a radio speech today President Truman proclaimed a state of emergency in the United States in view of the trend of affairs in Korea & the belligerence of Russia. Large increases in budgets for the U.S. armed forces, he warned, & resulting higher taxes & a resumption (on a mild scale at first) of wage & price controls.

On Dec. 12 d. I wrote Harsh & Blackett, who have an odd option on my new novel, that their long delay in making up their minds about *The Nymph* rendered the option void. They have been playing dog-in-the-manger since September, & meanwhile half a dozen other British publishers have been after my book. Today I got a cable from Harsh & Blackett vowing that they sent me an offer by air-mail on Dec. 12 th. a strange coincidence.

Reading Churchill's "The Hinge of Fate", the third volume of his memoirs of the late war. He makes much of General Montgomery (who nevertheless required a 2 or 3-to-1 superiority in men & materials to win his battles); but his accounts of Singapore & the blunders of Cunningham, Ritchie & others in Libya make clear the incapacity of British generalship. Wavell stands forth almost alone as a soldier with the necessary energy & brains to do much with small resources, & the clash of wills between himself & Churchill (which resulted in Wavell's transfer from the Middle East command) was a sad thing for the history of British arms.

MONDAY, DEC. 18/50 Overcast this morning. Set off in the car at 9 a.m. with Edith & Francie for a quick trip to Hfx. At Bridgewater rain began to fall, & in Halifax we found a steady drizzle. We lunched at the Cora Nelson.

I went down to the Book Room to autograph a few more copies of "The Nymph" for Bendelier. He said the book business had been very slack but had suddenly picked up. He has sold about 450 copies of my book & seemed quite pleased about that until I told him that a drug-store in L'pool, handling books as a very minor side-line, had sold over 300 copies of "The Nymph," & a small dry-goods store had sold another 100. Bendelier does very little advertising & expects a book to sell itself.

Rejoined Edith & Francie at the hotel & drove to 166 Chelucto Road for a brief chat with Moher, & to pick up a number of parcels. Then on to Simpsons, where Edith finished her Xmas shopping. The weather forecast at Hrs. announced a "severe snowstorm", with an expected fall of 18", beginning at evening; so we set off for home at 2:30, racing the weather all the way. A violent gale of wind & rain all along the south shore, which changed to snow an hour after we got home. Bob Nelson phoned from Toronto tonight, said the Reader's Digest Book Club wanted a Canadian clearance for their condensed version of "The Nymph", with a right to reprint for the next 20 years. I said if McClelland & Stewart were quite happy about it the deal was all right with me. It can't interfere with the full book rights held by M.Y.S. in Canada.

TUESDAY, Dec. 19/52      Sharply cold, with yesterday's snow & slush turned to ice, & snow falling lightly all day. Our first real touch of winter. Letter from Hutchinson & Co., London, (of which firm Hirst & Blackett are a subsidiary) stating that they wish to publish "The Nymph" & "The Lamp". They offer an advance of £100; royalties at 10% on the first 2500 copies; 15% to 5000, & 20% on all sales above that in Great Britain; a straight 10% on price received for all colonial sales; option on my next two

novels on the same terms, all of which will automatically cancel the old Hurst & Blackett agreement. It is signed by K. H. Webb, managing director.

Telegram from Dr. A. W. Freeman (who is President of the University of New Brunswick) asking me to address the Canadian Club in Fredericton in January — "expenses guaranteed and fee, could provide you excellent audience keenly interested".

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20/50 Fine & cold. Wined Freeman my regrets. (The journey by train & boat from here to Fredericton is a long, roundabout & tedious business, & the whole trip would consume at least 3 days.) Walked to Milton, up the west side of the river, & back along the east. A chap from Mersey Point came to my house with his ox-cart & delivered our Christmas tree, together with a bundle of "holly" & some pine boughs. Evening at the Gerry Dwyers', with Edith. The Dunlaps & Williams there. Cards & chat. Very pleasant.

THURSDAY, DEC 21/50 Another crisp but sunny day. Temp 30° at noon, falling again to 20° at dark. Walked to Milton & back in afternoon. Hubert & Gladys Macdonald dropped in this evening, bringing 3 dozen Chesapeake oysters, of which Mac has just received a barrel. They sail in the "Markland" tomorrow to spend Christmas in New York.

FRIEAY, DEC 22/50 Fine & mild. Walked to Milton with two small parcels for Aunt Majie Bell. Tommy & I got the Christmas tree set up this evening & strung it with electric lights, while Edith & her sister Marie decorated the dining table, picture frames, etc., with pine twigs & "holly". Tommy arranged a string of electric lights of several hues, & some spruce boughs, in an arch over the front porch. The florist delivered a beautiful plant of cyclamen, all in bloom, ordered by wire from the Dr. Jim Goodwins, of Feronto.

News: the American defeat in Korea, & the prospect of a long expensive war with China, have aroused long-dormant "isolation" sentiments in the U.S. Mr. Hoover, former president, & ~~JOSEPH~~<sup>JOSEPH</sup> N.B. Kennedy, former ambassador to Britain, have both made public declarations that, in effect, the U.S. should retire behind the two great oceans & let the rest of the world fight Communism or surrender to it.

SATURDAY DEC 23/50 The calm, mildly cold weather continues. Stopped at the Milton forge on my afternoon walk & had a yarn with Archie & several of the old lumbermen who sit about the stove. The "bell-snickerless" were out in force tonight, boys & girls of all ages from six to sixteen, in weird costumes, with faces masked or blackened, each with an old flour sack or a pillow slip to hold the boot. They came in parties of three or half a dozen, banging on the door, crying "Anything for Santa Claus?" & holding out the bags for the nuts, candy, apples, etc., that we keep handy for the occasion.

SUNDAY DEC 24/50 Overcast, with occasional spatters of rain. To church this morning with my family; the church crowded; three babies baptized; the church decorated for Christmas with fir boughs & a single tall white candle (electric) in each window. Looked in on Mowbray & Phyllis Jones, who were holding "open house" for their friends, with cocktails & hors d'oeuvres.

Then to the Brigantine, where our friend Peter served us a fine dinner of fried lobster, etc. This afternoon young Tom, & Jack Dunlap, undertook to smoke cigars at Chandler's house, & rather regretted it. At the tea table Tommy sat down, looking very ghostly, & at once retired to his bed. After dark I drove to Milton & took Aunt Marie Bell for a tour of the town, to see the decorations on houses, some very elaborate & all bright with colored electric lights.

CHRISTMAS Day, 1950

A green Christmas, with alternate sunshine & heavy cloud. Heard the Commonwealth broadcast this morning, culminating in the King's address, which he devoted to the theme of Pilgrim's Progress, & referred to our present struggles toward Peace. Drove to Milton & brought Aunt Marie Bell down for dinner. Marie Freeman joined us. Our children are now grown-up; this Christmas morning we had to get them out of their beds at 9:30 or so, to see & open their packages.

Tommy much taken with his new shot gun. Edith & I presented each other with new dressing-gowns. Amongst my gifts from other people were several books - "Zuleika Dobson" by Max Beerbohm, "Moll Flanders", "Canadian Art" by Graham MacInnes, "The Far Distant Ships", which is the semi-official history of the Canadian Navy during the late war, by Joseph Schull.

After a tremendous dinner I needed exercise, & thought of golf, but after several phone calls I found not one brave soul amongst my friends, so I walked along the railway track to Brooklyn, turning back at the rail-highway crossing on the way to Mill Village. The sky had turned cloudy-black & with a strong wind in my face I walked through a blinding snowstorm all the way back to Liverpool. The snow continued in erratic squalls all evening & the road was treacherous for cars. Terence & Betty Freeman & their youngsters came down from Milton & had tea with us. At 10:30 we went down to Hector Dunlap's & chatted over drinks & then rolls & cake & coffee. Home soon after midnight.

I phoned Hfx during the evening & chatted with Mother & Hilda. Mother delighted with our gift - a budgerigar bird & cage.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27/50 Cold weather since Christmas night. Temp. zero tonight. My afternoon walk to Milton was a brisk affair — almost a run. Had my furnace oil tanks filled.

Estimate 380 gallons burned since installation in July. Tedich & I went to Rolf Seaborn's this evening for a cocktail party. Most of the crowd were going on to the Hospital Dance; however we & the Russells went on to Harry Selden's, & we finished the evening devouring lobster sandwiches at midnight.

The newly installed electric wiring in my garage is proving very useful in this cold weather. I have an electric heating element installed in the cooling system of the car engine, & this I plug in well beforehand when I want to use the car. Wonderful to have the engine start at once, after sitting idle in this frigid weather.

News: the American army which was cut off in the mountains of north-east Korea by the Chinese invasion has made its way 50 or 60 miles to the port of Hungnam, & has been evacuated with most of its equipment & stores, & will rejoin the other U.N. troops now standing on a line south of the famous 38th parallel. In spite of alarmist reports from imaginative American war correspondents, no large Chinese forces appeared to try & cut off the retreating U.S. troops, & the evacuation was carried out without interference except from a few snipers along the road.

England is in a great dither over the famous Stone of Scone, the "Coronation Stone," stolen from Westminster Abbey on Christmas night. Police suspect an impractical joke, possibly by Scotsmen of the crackpot Nationalist party, or Irishmen of a similar turn.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29/50 Our sudden spell of frigid weather turned mild this afternoon, & as the streets are covered with ice the going is treacherous. Walked to Milton as usual & chatted with Archie & the

old habitudes of the forge. One old chap told me that the "Pest House" built on Moose Hill during the smallpox epidemic of 1801 (it is mentioned in Perkins' Diary) stood in what is now his back yard. The foundation stones are still visible, & many years ago it was possible to see the long low mounds of several graves in the woods just behind. Spent the evening at Austin Parker's house, with the Sunlups & the Maynard Colps. Colps, a retired R.C.A.F. officer who served with the R.C.C. flying schools in Canada during War One, & joined the Canadian force on its inception in the 1920's, has a store of good tales about early Service flying in Canada.

~~SUNDAY, DEC 31/50~~ SATURDAY, DEC 30/50 Drove to Port Mouton this afternoon. Edith had left a new dress there with Mrs. Frelick, the dressmaker, for some small alterations. However the lady had gone to Liverpool a shopping, & taken the dress with her for delivery. More parties this evening. To Ken Jones' house first, then on to Bert Waters' at Fork Point, where the more staid people played bridge & poker, & the more frivolous engaged in dancing & badinage in the basement "rampus room". Lots of fun. Home at 12.30.

SUNDAY, DEC 31/50 The last day of the first half of the 20th century, which has brought the world so much of war and unrest, & yet has brought so much material progress. To church, alone, this morning, & heard the Rev. John Macdonald mention my book in his sermon, referring to the symbolism of its human struggle & of the island, composed of nothing but sand, under constant siege & attack by the sea, & yet victorious.

MONDAY, JAN 1/51 A light fall of snow gave us a more seasonable landscape for the New Year. Last night about 10 p.m.<sup>th Adams</sup> the Don Smiths, the Merrill Rawlings, the Jack McBlains & the Maurice Russells dropped in & we had drinks & toasted hopefully a good new year despite the black news from

abroad. Later on Edith & I drove over to Bristol to Longley Veinot's house & joined in celebrating the New Year with the party, including our old friends the Duncans, Macdonalds, the Williams, Ralph Johnson. About 1 a.m. we were joined by the Parkers & the Don Macdonalds, & the Smiths, McLeans, Seldons, Rawlings & Russells. Home about 2 a.m.

At 10 a.m. I was up & dressed. We "brunched" at 11, & at 4 p.m. I drove to Milton for Aunt Marie Bell. Marie Freeman came, & we had our New Year dinner together, complete with rum cocktails, roast fowl & plum pudding & nuts, not to mention crackers & paper hats.

TUESDAY, JAN. 2/51

Frank Willis of CBC wrote me

saying they were doing my book as a play (adaptation by Joseph Schull) on Jan. 24th. He asked for authentic radio messages & chatter to be used as background sounds, & said he was looking up one or two old wireless men to "pound brass" on the occasion. This morning I typed out a complete set of msgs. etc., together with the script of the play (which I checked for errors).

This done, I mailed the package & set off with a light load for Port Joli, taking my folding camp bed, shotgun, etc. My friends Bain, Seldon, Chandler, <sup>Habib</sup> Sturm, et al., have purchased the old Hunt camp there, & have moved out for a week's shooting - they hope.

There was much ice on the road & driving was a bit tricky but I got there in time for dinner (lobster, chowder, cooked by Bain) & spent the rest of the day until dark huddling against a big boulder on the top of the Goose Hills, watching carefully for wild geese. No luck, although several small flights of ducks (whistlers) came temptingly close. There are only about 200 geese in Port Joli. For some unknown reason all this season so far the main flock of

geese & most of the wild duck have been sheltering in Port L'Hebert, despite the continuous barrage of a great number of hunters over there. Two small groups of geese flew over the hills towards Port L'Hebert, neither of them in gunshot, & I had to watch them pass.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3/51 I spent the whole day until dark in my eyrie on the hill, without getting a single shot. Very disappointing, as I must go home tomorrow. Hardly any birds flying, & the few who did were very high. Strong S.W. gale, with occasional showers. Most of the ice & snow has gone. This evening Jim Donley & Ross Nickerson joined the hunting party, & Jack McLean, "Buck" Killam, "Red" Trude, Victor Scobey, came out for a session at pokes. They played till 1 a.m. & departed for town. The hunting party settled down for a night's rest — I in my canvas cot on the kitchen floor. Unfortunately something (the sausages, we finally decided) eaten during the day afflicted most of us with violent cramps & diarrhoea of the sort known in lumber camps as "the Flying Ax-handles" & we spent the rest of the night in mad dashes through the bushes to the privy, & uneasy intervals of waiting in our beds. I made my final trip to the "can" at 6 a.m. Thursday.

THURSDAY, JAN. 4/51 Ross Nickerson, apparently immune to the "Flying Ax-handles", snored all night oblivious of the uproar & was up at 7 a.m. yelling that all hands must turn out before daylight if any ducks were to be shot. There was nothing for it but to turn out, bleary-eyed, swallow some breakfast & set forth. Ross & Jim Donley went off to Port L'Hebert with a small boat stuck in the back of Jim's station-wagon. Seldon, Hubert Nickerson, Strom & I set forth

with guns & decoys for the east side of Port Joli, where we looked in a wild S.W. gale in a small blind near "Boyd's Rocks". Saw a few black duck, none within gunshot. Back to camp for dinner, & in the afternoon I returned to town.

FRIDAY, JAN. 5/51      Sharply cold, with a NW gale whistling down the river. Busy all morning with correspondence. In the afternoon I shopped for rubber strip insulation for the front & back doors & the cellar windows, & a new set of heavy hinges for the north storm door. Spent the rest of the afternoon putting these things on. In the evening the Wickwrees, Parkers & Hubert MacDonalds came in & we had drinks & chat until 1 a.m.

News: In Korea the U.N. forces are still in full retreat before the Chinese & North Koreans. Seoul & Inchon were abandoned & set afire, & hundreds of thousands of refugees are fleeing towards the south. London newspapers are protesting against the inaccurate & often hysterical reports being given out by American headquarters in Tokio. Chinese numbers in the field, & their casualties in the fighting, have reached fantastic proportions; though how an army in full retreat before the Chinese (much of the time without firing a shot) can estimate the enemy's numbers or losses is a mystery. American air H.Q. have adopted a practice of the Russians during the late war with Germany — announcing that "today our airmen inflicted 5,000 (or 2,000 - or 10,000) casualties on the enemy" — without explaining how the airmen were able to count the slain while zipping over the countryside at speeds up to 500 m.p.h.

Here at home the great wave of inflation is now in full force. Manufacturers, knowing that government may impose price ceilings any day now, are shaving up their

prices boldly while the opportunity exists. Labor unions, knowing that price ceilings will mean wage ceilings, are demanding (& getting) increases & new guarantees of pensions, etc. A circular on the desk from the Halifax Chronicle Herald informs me that my daily paper will cost me \$12 per year, on & after Jan 1, 1951. It was \$8 — a cool jump of 50%. So it goes.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6/51 Wrote Hutchinson & Co., London, accepting their offered contract for publication of *The Nymph & The Lamp in Britain & the Commonwealth*, excluding Brazilada. This afternoon I took Tommy, Jack Dunlap & Paul Blandlet to the Goose Hills at Port Joli for a last attempt at the fowl. Hector Dunlap came along. Jack & Paul went along the shore, Tommy & I took post in the lee of a big boulder on the second hill, & Hector posted himself some distance to the south. Small flights of black duck & whistlers passed over at frequent intervals, most of them hopelessly out of range, although we fired a shot or two. Our only real chance was a big lone goose which appeared suddenly heading towards our post from Port Joli. It swerved as Tommy jumped out from the rock's shadow, & although he fired, & I fired both barrels, we were out of luck. Bitter cold, & at 3 p.m. a snowstorm began, driving across the hills, clearing at intervals. We endured till dark & returned home empty-handed.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9/51 Fine & cool. The ice & snow has again melted from the streets. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. My car has developed an unpleasant noise in the transmission, so I took it to the Ford garage. The mechanics found a bearing worn out. This is the second failure on a car that I bought new just 1½ years ago. At the end of the first 12 months the whole rear end burned out, due to a faulty grease seal.

The Ford Company refused to stand the gaff, pointing out smugly that the guarantee period was past. I refused to pay the full bill for repairs, amounting to about \$80, & after several months the local agent, Bain, agreed to stand part of it at his own expense. Even so, this affair cost me nearly \$60. Now here we go again. On all sides I hear the same story. The post-war cars contain poor material and are slapped together by indifferent workmanship; they are made to sell, not to wear. The manufacturers are unable to fill the great demand, even at the present exorbitant prices, & they are turning out a lot of glittering junk to take advantage of it. They admit this in their own set prices for trade-in cars. My car, for which I paid (including air heater etc) \$2200 just 1½ years ago, & which has been driven less than 12,000 miles, is now ~~now~~ valued by the Ford Company at \$1700 — a depreciation of \$500. In the meantime they have raised their prices on new cars. A car like mine <sup>but</sup> of the '51 vintage, would cost \$2400. Thus if I traded-in my car after this brief & sorry acquaintance with it, & bought a new one, I would have to put up an additional \$700 cash. No wonder the motor companies, after paying the highest wages in industry today, are able to show the greatest profits in their history.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10/51

Sinclair Lewis died today in Rome.

He made his name in the 1920's with "Main Street", "Babbitt" and other novels about the mid-West, prickling the balloon of American boastfulness & self-righteousness, & won the Nobel prize. One of the foremost, probably the foremost figure in American literature of our time.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13/51

To Eagle Lake this afternoon with Smith, Dunlap & Parks. Hardly any snow to be seen on the coast but a few miles inland there was a lot, caked & frozen

on trees & bushes. The  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile hike from Big Falls through the woods to Eagle Lake was beautiful — the young spruces bent under the weight of snow & arching over the trail.

We went to work at once, to get a supply of firewood ready for next hunting season & winter, cutting maple & birch on the knoll by the old dam, cross-cutting it in 2 ft lengths, & splitting it. Marvellous sunset on the lake, which is open except for a "bridge" running from east side to west just above the camp cove. Played bridge all evening. Cold night.

SUNDAY, JAN. 14/51 Another fine day, getting very warm towards noon — or it seemed so to us, slogging away with axe & crosscut saw on the knoll. Worked hard till 1 p.m., then back to camp for a drink of rum & a big beefsteak dinner. Roy Gordon came in with his dog this morning & joined our labors & our meal. After dinner Parker, Dunlap & I went back & finished carrying the firewood to the shore & piling it to dry there on the sunny south face of the knoll. Left for home at 4 p.m. Very few signs of game this trip. Two or three deer tracks, ditto rabbit tracks, many squirrel tracks of course. (The squirrels have again built a nest in our camp privy, tearing a roll of toilet paper to fine shreds for the purpose, & stacking pine cones, all along the seat.) Two foxes had travelled up the trail ahead of us, all the way from Big Falls to Eagle Lake.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16/51 Historical Society in Town Hall tonight. I begin my 6th consecutive year as President. Much discussion about the Perkins House, now undergoing its second winter unheated & unheated, since the repairs were finished in the summer of '49. I said I'd get after the govt again, but privately I have little hope of the govt doing anything to furnish the house or to heat it, until the next election year.

Again the Program Committee had done nothing. I gave a talk on "Islands", choosing five off the South Shore — Oak, Indian, Coffin's, Massacre & Seal. About 20 people there — the usual faithful group — although we have a membership of nearly a hundred. I should have given it all up long ago if it were not for the preservation & restoration of the Perkins House as a memorial to the pioneers. On that I've set my heart; & so long as the Gloucester Historical Society exists & can secure the sympathy (if not the attendance!) of a large & influential group in the community, I have a weapon that our M.L.A. must respect.

THURSDAY, JAN. 18/51 Spent the day in North Queens (or rather Annapolis County) with Ralph Johnson & a party of timber cruisers. The Mosby Paper Co. last year made a truck road through the woods from De Long's Settlement to Medway Lake, near the headwaters of the Medway River. We had dinner at their base camp — a lumber camp de luxe in the modern fashion. Bunk-houses, cookhouse, warehouse, forge, barn, etc., all of frame construction & shingled — like a smart new village planted in the heart of the woods. Electric light (direct current, 110 volts) provided in all buildings by a diesel plant. Bunk-houses are clean, light, comfortable, with bed-springs & mattresses, washbasins with hot & cold water, flush toilets, shower bath. All very different from the camps of 20 years ago, & a good thing, too. Astonished to find the camp office heated by a big oil stove, and to learn that the Company thinks of installing others to replace the wood-burning stoves in the camp. With wood growing on all sides! The answer is that, with lumberjacks' wages so high, it actually does not pay to keep a man or two constantly engaged in cutting wood for fuel.

The climate up there is very different from the coast (In Liverpool the ground is bare & muddy, & the lawns are still green.) At Medway Lake we found the snow knee-deep, & heavy ice on the lake. Plenty of rabbits up there & I took along a shotgun, but found the snow & the plunging feet & legs too noisy for bunny-hunting. Followed the cruisers as they worked through a small strip between the tote-road & the lake, using large squirt-pistols, that spot a blob of bright red paint on each tree to be cut. This is a preliminary to the "selective cutting" which Johnson is trying to introduce into Mersey Co. logging operations. I could see that the other cruisers were skeptical about it; so was Frank Freeman, the camp boss, & Ed Parker, who is under-study to Verge, superintendent of all Mersey logging operations. They say that trees left standing here & there in a logged tract will blow down in the first big wind. A warm sunny cloudless afternoon, like spring. Mud spattered the car windshield all the way back to 16 Mile, where the paved road runs on to Liverpool. Home at 4.

Friday, JAN. 19/51 Another calm, sunny day, temp. 60° at noon. Drove to Bridgewater with Edith, who wanted to look at electric sewing machines in the Singer shop. Came away impressed but empty-handed. Singer machines (portable, with carrying case) cost \$150, while the mail order firms are offering good English makes at \$100 to \$120, with a five-year guarantee, & warranted supply of spare parts & service across Canada. Called on Garter, the old photographer, who made (& is very proud of) the profile portrait of me now used by my publishers & the newspapers. Ordered 20 "glossy" copies 6" x 4", for publishers' use. Edith shopped for groceries in the Dominion store, & we drove

home at 4, picking up a hitch-hiking sailor from the destroyer "Micmac", on the road. I mentioned that I had suggested the design for "Micmac's" crest when she was first commissioned — a figure of Glooskap holding a tomahawk in one hand & his magic canoe in the other, with the motto "Met-ke-ga" — Micmac for "My teeth are strong." He told me that after the destroyer's nearly-fatal collision in the mouth of Her harbour, when several men were killed, she lay unrepainted & de-commissioned for a couple of years. When at last she was repaired & commissioned, the old crest was discarded on superstitious grounds, & the new one consists simply of a spruce tree — "a Christmas tree", as the tar put it.

The Canadian minesweeper H.M.C.S. "New Brunswick" has arrived at Liverpool for a refit by Steel & Engine Products Co. (née Thompson Bros.) This is the first naval craft to be refitted here since 1945. Stelpro Co. has been owned for some time since the war by Dr. Irving, the New Brunswick financier & industrialist, who has made millions in everything from oil to steamships in the past 20 years. Amongst other things he owns a line of coasting steamers, the Kent Line ("Wellington Kent") plying between Maritime Province ports & Montreal. These refit regularly at the Stelpro Co. plant here, & have been almost the only work available to it, until now.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24/51. The mild weather continues. No snow, no ice, the lawns still green — here on the coast, anyhow. Dinner at Parson John Wilson's tonight. Pleasant old Miss Byers there. Afterwards we listened to a play adapted from "The Nymph & The Lamp" by Joseph Schull, & broadcast over the CBC's coast-to-coast network. Frank Willis directed it, Horne Green was narrating & there was a large cast. Philip Simmons had composed special music for the "bridges", played by

Samuel Horsenhorst's orchestra. Schull's script had been submitted to me for approval beforehand. Had I been doing things myself I should have handled the story a bit differently, & done some different casting for the characters of Carney & Isabel. However it went very well. It ran for 90 minutes (9.30 to 11 p.m.)

News: MacArthur's hasty retreat in Korea seems to have outrun the enemy completely. And now, after alternately breathing fire & slaughter for every inch of South Korea, <sup>making</sup> abject statements that South Korea could not be held against the "250,000 to one million" Chinese troops "pouring in from Manchuria", the generals are thrusting out patrols from their new defence line to try & find the "horde". All that the patrols have found so far are roving parties of Red Korean guerrillas. Meanwhile, through the Indian govt., the Chinese commander, Mao, has intimated that his govt. will "cease fire" on its own terms, including admission of a Red Chinese delegate to the United Nations in place of the Nationalist (Chiang) delegate, & the handing-over of Formosa, Chiang's last remaining stronghold. The British Commonwealth & most of the European countries have advocated something like this from the first. But the Americans, smarting from their defeats in Korea, are still in a very belligerent mood & their policy is dictated (as one English newspaper points out) by emotion, not reason.

FRIDAY, JAN. 26/51 Rainy & dull. Drove to Milton this afternoon & brought Aunt Marie Bell down for tea. Tonight "Rawhide" (Max Ferguson) of CBC did a broadcast skit on (BC's own Wednesday Night production of my novel, entitling it "The Nymph & The Lump". Very funny & very clever. This is the night of the Cadet Ball —

the big annual dress-up affair of the teen-agers in Liverpool schools. Francie was invited by Hughie Byrne & went in a gorgeous long swirling confection of pale blue net, looking very much a young lady & not at all the hoyden (in slacks & shirt-tails) to which we are accustomed. Tommy very handsome in his uniform, invited his sweethearts the Smiley twin, from Brooklyn. Marie Freeman, Edith & I passed in on the ball for a time, & the kids came home about 1 a.m. reporting a wonderful time.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27/51

Cold, with snow squalls. Walter Weare came in this morning to demonstrate his new line of photographic goods, & sold me a Kodak "Pony" camera, a handy little thing, for \$4.50 (plus \$ for a leather case).

SUNDAY, JAN. 28/51 Bright & cold. Church this morning with Edith & Tommy. Francie played "hooky" from church, after Sunday school, & spent the rest of the morning with her Catholic friend Marie Doucet, for which I reproved her. She is an odd child, very happy & winsome much of the time, but given to moods of rebellion — rebellion for rebellion's sake it seems to me — & fits of cold sulking when reprimanded. This failing involves her constantly in feuds with her school-teachers, hence her poor showing in each class. It worries me.

This afternoon Brent Smith & I went through the Perkins house — he wished to borrow the Gardner family notes from the Historical Society's collection, & I wished to make sure that no windows had been broken & so on. The place was intact but cold as a glacier-cavern. The paint has begun to flake on parts of the walls, from the unrelieved dampness.

MONDAY, JAN. 29/51 Snow, rain, sleet — a mess. Moray Jones asked me to speak to the Kiwanis Club today on "How To Write

A Book." I felt that if I could explain all that in twenty minutes I could make a fortune merely selling the secret. However I went, & did my best. They have a vigorous club branch here & the dining room of the Mersey Hotel was full.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31/51 A cold snap last night - the first real one of this mild winter; 5° below zero. (12° below in Hfx). The river is frozen from Milton almost down to the town bridge, with the exception of the "run" before the railway bridge, where I saw 20 or 25 wild duck (whistlers) swimming cheerfully. At 3 p.m. drove to Bridgewater with Tommy & four other boys of the school basketball team, Max Harding taking the rest. The road covered with ice, & driving tricky. The game was in the drill hall, & our boys won handily.

Letter today from G.H. Lash, (Director of Public Relations, Canadian National Railways) asking in curiously guarded terms if I would undertake to write a history of the C.N.R., how long it would take, & how much it would cost approximately. Mentions to my history of Halifax as an example. Says the book must have "that touch which would give it a popular appeal", but at the same time must be "sufficiently complete to have real academic value". The records are "sadly scattered", etc. It looks like a two-year job to me & out of the question, as I must follow up "The Nymph" with another contemporary novel to be finished in the spring of '52. I must follow what I conceive to be my star, & not go wandering up these lucrative side-alleys.

THURSDAY, FEB. 1/51 Pouring rain & gale. Went to Hfx by train this afternoon in order to attend a meeting of the N.S. Historic Sites Advisory Council tomorrow morning. Very few people on the train. My taxi-down in Hfx full of the tale of the old Mount St. Vincent convent school, a

familiar landmark on the Bedford road, which was destroyed by fire last night, fortunately without loss of life. Replacement cost is estimated at four or five millions.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2/51 The Advisory Council met in the Legislative Assembly chamber this morning. Will Bird, who as chairman had called the meeting, revealed that the main business was the present state of the Perkins house in Liverpool, & the need for finishing the project. I moved (& the Council adopted) a resolution addressed to the govt., strongly urging the furnishing of the Perkins house to make it ready for public inspection this summer, & the installation of a small heating unit to preserve it from damage by dampness in winter. My resolution pointed out also that the entire antique collection of the late Percy Ingles at Mahone should be purchased by the govt. before it is sold & removed to the U.S., adding that the glass, china & other wares which make up the greater part of it should remain in Lunenburg County, and that the colonial furniture & bric-a-brac should be removed to the Perkins house. This is precisely what I urged upon the Hon. Harold Connolly (whose Dept. of Public Service was responsible for such projects) last summer. Bird told me (what I knew already) that Connolly's private feud with the Premier (who set up the Advisory Council) has resulted in a deliberate effort to block the Council's projects. Connolly now has another cabinet post, but certain business of the Dept. of P.S. remains in his hands. Merrill Rawding is much concerned, since Queens is his constituency, but it appears that Connolly is busy knifing him, too. As I sat reflecting on all this in the sedate surroundings of the Assembly Chamber I couldn't help smiling at the whole Alice-in-Wonderland business of government.

Took Howard Bendelier up to the Carlton with

me for lunch. He says the Book Room is doing very well & seems happy about the prospects for '51.

This evening I returned to the Assembly Chamber, this time to attend a meeting of the N.S. Historical Society. Surprised to find a very slim attendance - no more than 25 or 30 (just like ours in Liverpool!). Dr. Harvey in the chair, reading seated at the head of the long table before the Speaker's chair, & the rest of us sitting at the members' desks. The address was given by a Professor Beck of Acadia University, his subject the history of the old Legislative Council. An extraordinary man; slim, sallow, 35-ish, long narrow face, nose like a bowsprit, no chin, a habit of rolling his eyes and grimacing with his pursed mouth, like a boy making faces behind the Teacher's back. His paper was very good, although (as R.M. Fielding pointed out in the discussion afterwards) he dwelt a little too heavily on the worthless aspects of the old Council, & in its latter stages quoted a little too much of the Halifax Herald in its old Tory spirit. Bill Bennett, John Martin, Dr. Wilson of Dalhousie, came & chatted with me afterwards; & the Society's secretary, Gordon Millet, a pleasant man, 60-ish, who had slept through most of the Beck address, drove me home to Chedabucto Road in his car. afterwards. He was very keen for me to attend a meeting of the Halliburton, at Kings, tomorrow night, but I said I was catching the morning train. I had half-intended to call up Jack Braley, Professor Bennett, Dr. Kerr & one or two other friends, & to spend two or three more days in the city renewing their acquaintance; but the usual feeling of Claustrophobia came upon me. After 24 or 36 hours in the city I feel imprisoned & long for home.

SATURDAY, FEB. 3/51 Mild & sunny. The rains have taken all the snow & ice off the South Shore road. Returned to L'pool by

the morning train, leaving Hfx at 8:05 & arriving about 12:30.

Signed & sent off the Hutchinson contract for publication of *The Nymph*, in Britain. Not in the contract, but in a letter answering my query on the point, they agree to publish "within 12 months, perhaps sooner." Walked to Milton & back in the afternoon, shopped for groceries with Edith, & drove out to the Gull Islands road to pick up Jack Dunlap & Sonny, who had been hopefully hunting ducks on the Gull Island shore.

TUESDAY, FEB 6/51

A sloppy snow fell on Sunday & froze hard in the night. Sunny & warm ~~tomy~~ today. The aircraft carrier "Magnificent" was supposed to sail yesterday for exercises at sea, but at the last minute it was discovered that quantities of sand & brass filings had been inserted in the main engine bearings. She sailed today with three special investigators aboard, as the evidence shows that this act of sabotage must have been performed by one of the ship's own engineroom crew.

Today the newspapers carried detail of the Canadian budget, especially the new heavy expenditures on defence. The army is to be increased only slightly. The naval force is to be doubled. But the Air Force gets the big boost, from 19 to 40 squadrons, of which 11 will go to Europe. This will give Canada the third largest air fleet outside of Russia. The U.S. also is boosting its defence expenditures by more than ten billion dollars.

Since their hasty retreat from the Chinese who poured into North Korea, the U.N. forces have been advancing slowly back towards Seoul. MacArthur claims huge losses inflicted on Chinese & Red Korean troops in these cautious attacks; but the truth seems to be that the main Chinese force never crossed the 38th parallel & remains in North Korea. Hence rumors of a "Cease Fire" based on the *status quo ante bellum*.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1951

Terrific gale & rain yesterday morning did much damage in some parts of N.S. Hurricane force at times. Last night a light fall of snow & a zero snap.

The great influenza epidemic reported in Britain last month, & spreading to the European continent, is now raging in N.S. It is of a mild but distressing type (but deadly to the old & feeble) & in many towns the schools, shops, mills & mines have had to be closed for a few days at the height of the epidemic. It has been going strong in L'pool for a week, together with measles & mumps among the younger population; today the L'pool schools were dismissed after roll-call revealed that at least half the kids & several of the teachers were absent, sick.

Oddity of the times: two tall pale young men, wearing identical long blue-gray overcoats and hats to match, are going about Liverpool from door-to-door, proselytizing for the Mormon faith. I believe they are missionaries from Utah. We have had several visitations from the determined & fanatical Jehovah's Witnesses during the past few years, so that these earnest Latter Day Saints are scarcely permitted a foot inside a door, even in this cold weather, & they look very depressed.

SUNDAY, FEB. 11/51

Mild. Church this morning with Edie. France in bed with 'flu, & Tommy not much better. Small congregation. Bridgewater radio announced tonight that Liverpool schools will be closed until the 15th, owing to the epidemic.

MONDAY, FEB. 12/51

Very mild & sunny. Dewey Nickerson of Cape Sable called & spent the afternoon yarning about his lobster fishing, etc. Says the lobster yield at the Cape is growing every year. He is getting a two-way radio for his boat.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13, 1951 Mild, sunny. Drove through Milton this ~~after~~ morning, gave Tommy a lesson in driving the car, & let him drive to the 12-mile & back as far as Milton. All went well except at 12-mile, where, attempting to turn the car, he swung into the muddy side-road that leads past the Poorhouse. The car bounced & slithered over greasy ruts & Tommy shoved his foot on the gas instead of the brake, so that the car careened down over the right shoulder of the road into the ditch before I could reach over to the wheel. Fortunately the engine stalled when we hit the ditch bottom & the car brought up just a few inches from the Poorhouse fence. No harm done. Had some trouble getting out (I took the wheel & Tommy got out & pushed - & got splattered with mud) but from then on all was serene.

Drove to Port Mouton in the afternoon, strange to see no snow or ice, & the sun shining through a warm haze. All the streams very high.

Historical Society met tonight in Town Hall, but owing to the widespread 'flu (& the fear of catching it!) only 7 people turned up. So we chatted for a bit about witchcraft beliefs in Queens & Lunenburg counties & went home.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15/51 Temp. 10° above zero this morning - the first real frost in many days, & just enough light snow to whiten the ground. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon, & took several pictures with the new "Long" Kodak. Later drove to Broad River & took pictures of the wrecked highway bridge, which collapsed under the weight of an empty truck shortly after 1 p.m. today, & dropped with the truck into the river. The stream is not deep, although the drop from the roadway to the water is about 20 feet, & no one was hurt. All South Shore traffic is stopped here, & the only alternative route for through-traffic is the Annapolis Valley - a long way round. Mackay, the highway engineer, was there taking measurements before ordering timber for a replacement bridge.

The South Shore highway was cut off once before, in 1940 or '41, when a truck demolished the bridge at Gold River. The truth is that these old bridges, built of light iron frames supporting a plank roadway, & intended for nothing but horse-&-wagon traffic, have long outlived their usefulness, & in the past 20 years they have been taking a terrific beating from the modern motor traffic.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16/51 Temp 15° above zero this morning, rising to 50° in the sun at noon & dropping with the sun.

A lovely sunny day, yet crisp enough in the light N. wind to make the walk to Milton a brisk exercise.

Afterwards took the car to Broad River & found a mobile (motor) crane on the spot but nothing being done with it, & a number of Port Mouton fishermen building a somewhat precarious footbridge over the river, from rock to rock, just above the collapsed roadbridge, & using timbers & boards from the wrecked bridge. A gathering of cars, trucks & people on both sides, gazing at each other across the stream. The & regular Halifax-to-Yarmouth bus was halted on the east side, & its passengers & their baggage were being transferred over the stream with the aid of ropes, & using the fallen roadway, which hangs in an upturned arch with its lower segment touching the water. We were told that the bridge could not be replaced within two weeks. I couldn't help thinking of the army (Bailey) bridge I saw at Lunenburg a little over a year ago (see entry Jan. 21/50), and whose stout steel parts are still presumably gathering rust outside the drill hall there. With a few army engineers this bridge could be put together & thrown across Broad River in two days at most. But I suppose that would mean hacking through a forest of red tape, Federal and Provincial, army & civil — a hopeless proposition.

I am doing no writing. I turn over theme after theme for the next novel but none appeals. Most of the mornings & evenings I read. The afternoons I spend on my walks.

At present I am reading (thoroughly, for the first time) Macaulay's History of England. I have consulted it, on time past, in the Dalhousie library, but never felt I could afford to buy the existing editions which from time to time appeared in the book dealers' catalogues. Macleod, who is spending the winter here, & has brought along many of his books, has lent me the first three volumes. Magnificent; I read for hours on end — until 1 a.m. this morning, for example. Can't understand why a prejudiced Puseyite was allowed to write the article on Macaulay in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

SUNDAY, FEB. 18/51 Another fine warm day. Church this morning with my family. The savages of flu very apparent, a meagre choir & a very thin congregation scattered amongst the pews. Drove to the 12-Mile this afternoon. Stopped at 10-Mile & walked through the trees to look at the lake. The ice was dark & the surface mushy, & some people who had driven out from L'pool to try the skating there were finding it very poor.

Tonight Edith & I, & Mr. & Mrs. Lester Clements, had dinner on board the minesweeper, (H.M.C.S. "Newfoundland"), which is refitting at the Stelco Company's wharf. The skipper & most of the officers & crew are away on leave, & we were guests of "Number One" (Lt-Cdr. Clifford Coles). The only other officers aboard, Lieut. "Mike" Lands, & ~~a young~~ a young lieutenant from Montreal (whose name escapes me) joined us in the wardroom for drinks & an excellent buffet supper.

Afterwards Coles produced a roulette wheel, cloth & "chips" & we filled the evening in playing for very low stakes (I lost 65¢!) Coles & Lands are Englishmen, of different types but of one way of thought — that everything Canadian is

second-rate, & that England is the seat of all things good. These sentiments came out in the course of a discussion of current events, & under the influence of one or two drinks. Coles, who is a dark, thickset, goodlooking man of 35 or so, wearing the ribbons of much service in the late war, was much more suave in his assertions than Lands, a tall thin-faced chap of 25 or 30, with a great shock of blond curly hair of which he was obviously very proud. (If I were his commander I should have told him to get a haircut at once.) Lands (so he told me) was born in Shanghai, the son of English parents in a banking business, & now retired & living in Vancouver. He informed me in a contemptuous voice that he had been two days in Liverpool & found it very dull. He had seen the inside of only one house, & that was the jailor's. (He had gone there to see about a seaman arrested for drunk-&-disorderly behavior.) I pointed out that the town had been in the throes of a 'flu epidemic, which was still raging; also that the system for extending hospitality to naval people, set up in Liverpool during the late war, had lapsed when the Navy departed from the town in '46, & that the "New Lizard" had come to Liverpool so unexpectedly & unobtrusively that a good many people were scarcely aware of her presence. He shrugged. Later, in discussing the latest gut in the British nation, Clements said something about the scale of living in Canada, & how fortunate all we people are who live on this side of the Atlantic; and Coles replied, with a suave voice & smile, that of course Canada was more fortunate in material things, but that England had culture.

The third officer, the Canadian, took up the cudgels vigorously for his country on various other points. (Coles & Lands deprecated Canadian cooking, for example, & Lands went so far as to declare English cooking the best in the world — a point on which few Englishmen of my acquaintance would agree.) As guests

we avoided controversy, & as the two officers made their remarks with charming smiles & were very assiduous with their shipboard hospitality, it seemed clear that they did not wish to offend but were merely airing certain deep-seated prejudices in a somewhat unguarded hour. Nevertheless I couldn't help seeing in them two of the reasons why the Mainguy Report had deprecated the number of English officers serving in the RCN, & the bad effect of too much Royal Navy atmosphere upon the Canadian petty officers & ratings. So many English officers flocked into the RCN during the late war, attracted by the higher pay & prospects, that the service remains peppered with them; and too many of them have, secretly or openly, this air of lofty contempt for everything Canadian. (My former brother-in-law, Kettle, is another example, still serving in the RCN with the rank of Lt-Cdt. (Pay).) We left at 11:30 & walked home.

A beautiful moonlit night.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20/51 Rain & fog. Forget to record that yesterday the Liverpool schools re-opened, after a week's closure on account of the current 'flu' measles & mumps epidemics. But there is still much illness. The 'flu' seems to knock each victim off his feet for about a week, & for two or three weeks after that he moves about feebly & with a grey face, complaining of pains in his muscles & joints.

Jack McGarry has been named Sheriff of Queens County in place of poor old Duncan C. Mulhall, who appears to be in his last illness. It is a sinecure, for old D.C. has been deaf & doddery for the past 15 years, & the tasks which once made the sheriff's job one of dignity & importance have slipped into the capable hands of the RCMP.

Rumor from Ottawa says that Robert Winters, M.P. for Lunenburg & a member of the Canadian cabinet, is the recognised heir-apparent to Prime Minister

Louis St. Laurent. Another rumor is that Donald Smith, M.P. for Queens-Shelburne, will soon become a parliamentary secretary, which nowadays is the chief step towards a cabinet post. At the new session of the N.S. Legislature, which opened a few days ago, the government announced that it would seek power to impose a sales tax.

Meanwhile prices continue to rise. Everyone believes that this inflation will continue indefinitely, & nearly everyone has put some, if not all of his savings, into the stock market, in the now widely held belief that money left in bank deposit or in gilt-edge bonds will merely depreciate in value as each year goes by, while common stocks, especially industrial stocks, are bound to rise in value along with prices & wages. Everyone has noted that Victory Bonds purchased during the late war, now have only half the "buying-power" of the money originally invested in them, & I think in the event of a new war the govt. would have to resort to compulsory loans to get anything like the necessary funds. Even housewives are "playing the market" nowadays, along with barbers, schoolteachers & others who normally know nothing of that business, & they all read the stock market page in the newspaper with the utmost eagerness, & talk wisely about this stock & that. It all reminds me of '29. When I point out that an anti-Stalinist rebellion in Russia could change the whole jittery state of the world over-night, with a sharp reduction in armament programs & a swift return to the hard facts of normal trade & commerce, my friends give me pitying smiles.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22/51 Invited Lt.-Col. Coles & his chief engineer, Wocki, to spend the evening with us. Ken Jones & Phyllis Byrne came in & we had some good

talk over drinks, & wound up with coffee, sandwiches & cake at 1 a.m. The egregious sub-lieutenant (Sands) had gone to Hf., & we got a much better impression of Coles than in our visit to his ship. He is a good conversationalist, & seemed in a much happier mood. Sands, he told us, is a naval aviator ("fly-boy") who is "getting in some watchkeeping time" aboard the minesweeper.

News: Canadian troops (the Princess Pats) are in action in Korea at last, advancing towards the 38th Parallel with one of the two British Commonwealth brigades now there. Chinese & North Korean Troops seem to be fighting small rearguard actions & in general the casualties are light.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25/51      Lovely sunny day after several days' rain, fog, & occasional light snowfalls of big flakes that turned at once to slush. The house was chill when we awoke this morning, & I found the furnace oil tanks empty. Made out very well with my dry stove going, & a fire in the livingroom hearth. I phoned Sidon Kelly, the Imperial Oil man, to be sure & fill my tanks in the morning. He insisted on coming right over and pumping enough oil into the tanks to run the furnace overnight. Then, as an "air-lock" had formed in the empty fuel line, he took out a plug in the furnace intake & let the air out, & got the furnace going! Very obliging, Kelly was a sergeant in my company at Aldershot in '42; he suffered from rheumatism & I lent him two of my blankets to help ward off the chill of the late August nights under canvas — a small thing that he never forgets.

This afternoon I drove with Edith to Bridgwater, & down the west side of the Lahore along the new paved road; beautiful in the sunshine; many cars on the road, just like a Sunday afternoon in summer.

MONDAY, FEB. 26, 1951

Another warm day, with a deep blue sky & hardly a cloud. Walked to Potanoc & back this afternoon. Jim Beside called this morning. He is now in charge of a highway job near Dublin Shore. The same bland, smiling, cocky Jim. He went on one of his long alcoholic sprees last year, & Fran & the children left him & went to Montreal. Apparently he straightened up, & the family came together. But after he left here this noon, we saw in the Hfa Chronicle-Herald an account of a trial at Bridgewater last week, in which Jim was charged with drunken driving, & got an acquittal through the efforts of H. P. McLean, the smartest of Hfa lawyers.

Letter from Jack McClelland, says the Nymph is selling well, & M. & S. will probably go into a third edition soon.

TUESDAY, FEB. 27/51

Overcast, snowing at evening, when Edith & I went aboard the "New Liskeard" to join a cocktail party in the wardroom. It was like old times — the jam of people in the little wardroom all talking at once. The captain made a hail-&-farewell appearance. He is Capt. <sup>Coll</sup> McClelland, a handsome, lively, red-haired, blue-eyed Scot of about 35, & he has been spending most of the refit period in Hfa, where his wife & two children live. He brought his wife along, a goodlooking blonde woman, & their friends the Lynches, who have some old family ties with Liverpool.

All the officers in full mess kit. Afterwards the party moved on to the Firemen's Hall, where the ship's company were holding a dance. All very merry there. There was an interval in which McColl asked Mrs. Millard to step on the stage, & presented her with a plaque containing "New Liskeard's" badge & an inscription in brass stating that it was to "commemorate the return of the Royal Canadian Navy to Liverpool". This will be added to the J.O.S.C.

collection in the Navy Room, Lown Hall.

After a few dances Edith & I withdrew, & Phyllis Byrne & Doug Sozer came with us for a quiet drink & chat. They left at 2:30 a.m., & then Coles phoned from "New Liskeard" & asked if it would be all right if the officers & their ladies come on to our house to finish the party. We told them to come on — fortunately I had a good supply of Scotch & rum, etc. — & they arrived in merry mood — the McColls, the Lynches, Coles, <sup>KEVIL MEECHER</sup> two young lieutenants, a T.O.N. nurse, Mrs. Murry Mosher. Much fun & chat, & some fair-to-middling piano solos by Coles & the nurse. Finally the whole crowd departed about 5 a.m. still in hearty voice, & we (and our neighbors) got to bed. McColl is being transferred to another post, & Coles (who has been acting captain) is now confirmed in his command of "New Liskeard", so it was in the nature of a celebration all round.

FRIDAY, MAR. 2/51 A snowstorm blew all day, but in spite of it the school basket-ball teams (including Tommy & Frances) set off this afternoon, in a chartered bus, for Lunenburg.

Forgot to record that on Monday a Bridgewater carpenter, who specializes in "weather-proofing" doors, came & installed a permanent (zinc strips) sealing on our draughty front door. It took him all day. Cost, \$14.

SATURDAY, MAR. 3/51 The kids got home at 1:30 a.m. reporting good games & a wonderful time. (The boys won their game, the girls lost theirs.) They were 2½ hours getting to Lunenburg in the storm, but the snow ceased in the evening; & the Lunenburg young people gave them a dance & refreshments, which kept them rather late before setting out for home.

A young seaman has been missing from the "New Liskeard" since the dance on Tuesday night. I remember seeing him lurking about the dance floor, drunk, just before we left. His cap

was found ~~today~~ on the shore behind the Live Hall, & today his body was found in the water by the old shipyard across the river, apparently carried over there by the tide.

(Correction: the cap was found on the shore behind the old Bristol shipyard, & after four days of dragging hooks from a dory along that stretch of the river pool, a party of his shipmates, giving up the search on Saturday afternoon about 4 p.m., observed his body lying on the bottom only 30 feet from the spot where the cap was found, & in 4 or 5 feet of water. He had his overcoat on, and strangely his hands were in his pockets. There was no sign of foul play. His name was Richard Gibbs & he had a wife in Halifax.)

TUESDAY, MAR. 6/51 Bright sun & strong wind, yesterday & today, are taking off Friday's snow rapidly. My life follows the same routine each day - the morning spent in reading (anything from "Mother Sea" to the Encyclopedia Britannica), the afternoon walk to Milton, a chat on the docks or by the road, reading the mail & newspaper, supper, then more reading, smoking, fiddling about until midnight, when I go to bed. And all the time my mind keeps turning over material for another novel without coming to any sort of conclusion. I should have been at work on a new book all this winter & the failure haunts me & takes all zest out of life. Food seems tasteless, liquor just gives me a headache, even cigarettes taste bad. Yet all this constant effort to get my mind working results in nothing, like running a bucket up & down an empty well from morn to night.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7/51 Sunny & cool. Walked along the paved highway to Live River Bridge & back - say 10 miles - this afternoon. Found mayflowers in bud in various places along

the way. Three or four inches of snow in the woods.

Copies of the New York Sunday Mirror & other U.S. weekly papers have the whole page at the back covered with an advertisement of the Doubleday Dollar Book Club, making a great play of *The Nymph & The Lamp*, with illustrations in color, with a very sensational blurb about the book, some of it entirely false, & all of it aimed at the great mass of U.S. readers who seek pornography & nothing else. The sexual episodes in my book would not cover three of its 376 pages. However if a lot of Doubleday's customers buy it under false pretences it may do them some good to read the odd 373.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8/51 Another mild & sunny day - too good to waste. Edith put out the kids' dinet for them & we set off in the car at 11 a.m. Lunched at the Blue nose Inn, in Lunenburg, an excellent meal. Drove on slowly to Riverport. Stopped there to hunch up Bert Kempton, but the house was closed & a neighbor told me the Kemptons were away on a visit to the States. Back along the paved highway. Some of the lakes along the way had a thin coat of grey, rotten ice, some were entirely clear. The dirt roads are quagmires. Home at 4. Durling Hatt, carpenter, came in this evening to measure for a new large bookcase to be built against the east wall of the dining room.

FRIDAY, MAR. 9/51 Again sunny, but a raw north wind. The "New Fisckard" sailed for Hfx this morning. Had a good walk to Milton & back. In Korea the United Nations' forces are still advancing slowly, pushing Chinese rearguards off one steep hill after another. The Princess Pats Regt. has done well in its first real fight, with light casualties.

SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1951

Bleak gale from NE with showers of fine rain now & then. Church this morning with my family. Suffering badly from nerves, the outcome I suppose of all these months of intensive reading and frustrated thought — hours of turning over plots, characters & scenes for the next novel, & then, reading for hours & days on end, all sorts of things, to get my mind off the other thing. Went for a long drive, alone, this afternoon — Western Head, the 12-mile, etc. Awake most of the night.

MONDAY, MARCH 12/51

Funny, & cold wind from N. Lay in bed, sleeping fitfully, all morning. Long walk this afternoon — to Polanoc & back. Attended a meeting of the golf club in the board room of Mersey Paper Company offices, tonight. Movies of last year's Canadian Open Golf Tournament afterwards. Very good. Still very jittery. Think some of it may be eye-strain from continuous reading, & I am not permitting myself to read any more than the newspaper.

TUESDAY, MAR. 13/51

Warm & sunny. Walked around Western Head this afternoon, something I have not done in a long time, & was greeted by several old acquaintances, fishermen, who remarked on my long absence from that road. A big sea running in from the east, the tide high, & the surf at Scotts Beach was magnificent, with clots of spume blowing across the road & a fine mist of spray drifting up into the woods. Movies tonight with Edith — the Hollywood version of Tennessee Williams' successful New York play "The Glass Menagerie". Disappointing.

Bert Waters & Capt. C. W. Copelin have just returned from a flying trip to Dumbarton, Scotland, where they signed a contract for a new steamer to be

built for Morse Paper Co. She is designed especially for the carriage of newsprint to New York & other eastern U. S. seaboard cities, & will replace the Mariland on that run. To be completed by the spring of '52.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14/51 A grey bleak day, wind east.

One bad result of the soft winter is that none of the ice companies along the shore have been able to store their "houses". Dartmouth firms had to go inland to Moysie Ilniacke last month to get a thin "crop" for their empty "houses" beside Lake Banook. Lunenburg firms went inland to Springfield & bought the ice to the coast by rail. Here the Nickerson fishery company made a belated attempt to get ice at Len Mile Lake, but the soft weather defeated them. All this means imported (and expensive) ice for the fishery next summer.

THURSDAY, MAR. 15/51 Rain. Bought a new topcoat

at Hardings today, of English gabardine, price \$55. Also had him measure me for a grey serge suit, to cost \$65. His tailor, old Marshall, remarked that a suit of that quality cost no more than \$29 before the late war. In Korea the mysterious Communist withdrawal continues, & yesterday the Allied forces re-occupied Seoul without a fight.

FRIDAY, MAR. 16/51 Overcast. Walked to Milton. Evening at the home of Phyllis (Jones) Byrne, with Edith. Phyllis has decided to abandon her widowhood, & we congratulated Doug. Lozer, the handsome blond teacher from Bridgewater, who has been courting her very assiduously since last summer. They intend to live in B'water. Mowbray & Ken Jones came in with their wives, & Boya Barbeau, the B'water school principal, & his wife. Barbeau urged me to write a history of Nova Scotia for use in the schools. Home at 2 am.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1951

Droozle, but walked to Milton & back out of desperation. Nerves very bad again. No sleep. Impossible to sit still for more than five minutes.

SUNDAY, MAR. 18/51

Slept a few hours last night. Edith & I lunched at the Hillcrest with Lou & Frances Parrot, who have come up from Boston on business. Lou tells me he has been offered \$25,000 for the standing timber on his land at Greenfield (formerly known as "Holmes Park"). Thinks he will sell most of it as stumpage, retaining the land, & retaining a certain extent of timber uncut about his lodge there.

MONDAY, MAR. 19/51

A good sleep last night. Drove to the Hillcrest at noon & brought Lou & Frances Parrot to our house for lunch. Chatted well on into the afternoon & then took them to Dr. Wickwire's, where they had an engagement for tea. A fine warm day, so I drove with Edith to Carter's Beach, stopping to hunt for mayflowers on the way. Many in bud, none in blossom. Brought some sprigs of buds home to ripen in the house.

Nerves better today. Have abstained from all alcohol for the past three days, as an experiment. Ever since this nervous ailment & accompanying insomnia began a fortnight ago I have been drinking heavily before going to bed, in the hope of sleep. It did not work - for after two or three hours of uneasy torpor I awoke more jittery than ever. An article on neuropathology in the Britannica states that in nervous ailments, alcohol taken daily acts as a slow poison upon the nervous system. This seems true in my case, for while my nerves are still very "edgy", I have slept better without the nightly intake of spirits, & the

feeling of pressure inside my skull has subsided.

TUESDAY, MAR. 20/51 Rain, & a bleak wind from the east. This morning before the rain began I took off the central storm window of my den, for better ventilation now that zero weather is no longer to be feared. Also worked with rake & shovel in the garden, preparing the newly filled holes on the sites of the old sundial & walk, & at the back of the garage, to get them in shape for lawn seed. Letter from Colvin Smith, the ebullient young ex-captain of the West Nova Scotia Regt who got me involved in the writing, financing & publishing of the Regt's history. He is now placidly teaching English in a school at Dawson Creek, B.C.

Historical Society tonight. Only 8 or 10 people braved the rain. The group who formed the Society in 1929, & kept it alive through the 30's, have all dropped out through age, infirmity, death, or loss of interest; & the younger people who flocked to the first meetings after the late war, have also lost interest. Our chief project, the Perkins house, on which we spent so much money & effort in the 30's, now seems as far from completion as ever, in government hands. I feel like throwing up the whole thing.

THURSDAY, MAR. 22/51 A grey day with a cool wind from the sea. Nevertheless the first robin of spring appeared in the field behind my house this morning; & so this afternoon I opened the golf season by taking my clubs to White Point & playing 18 holes. (Score 107!) Fairways very rough & soggy, & the "greens" very brown & dead & undulating like the sea after a distant gale. Nobody else out, although I found the pro & one of the groundsmen busy building a small extension on the clubhouse to enlarge the pro's shop. My nerves are still very taut at times, except when I'm outdoors.

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1951 A grey day. Drove out to Moose Harbor this afternoon for a talk with Hector Macleod, who was spending the holiday at his cabin there. It is a beautiful spot, facing across the harbor mouth towards Coffin's Island, & I took a verbal option on a site for a cabin, price \$150. If I can get a small cabin built here it will give me a quiet place in which to work during the summer & autumn months, when the playground behind my house in town becomes a pandemonium.

EASTER SUNDAY, MAR. 25/51 Sunny but cold, a whistling NW gale. Dawdling & dreaming over my bath & shave this morning. I finished too late to go to church. Edith has a bad cold & couldn't go in any case. Marie Freeman came to dinner, presented Tommy with a Waterman fountain pen, & Francis with a smart red shoulder purse. This afternoon I drove to Moose Harbor & showed Edith & Marie the cabin site; then on to Carter's Beach at Port Merton. Many cars on the road. After tea I drove to Thilton with Tommy & let him drive the car as far as the Pleasantfield schoolhouse on the road to Annapolis, & back to Milton. He nearly backed the car off the road (a steep embankment) while turning at Pleasantfield, otherwise did all right.

News: In Korea the U.N. troops have reached the 38th parallel in several places, & President Syngman Rhee of South Korea is urging MacArthur to go on & place the whole of Korea under his government. Meanwhile the Chinese & North Korean troops have retired well across the artificial border, & fighting has dwindled to sniper & patrol activities & air raids by the U.N. forces. With military & naval rearmament in full swing in the United Nations, with Eisenhower organizing armies in western Europe, & Japanese troops being trained

& armed by the U.S. for operations in the Far East, the Russians seem inclined to pull in their horns a bit, and the horns of their Chinese & North Korean allies as well.

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 28/51 Gordon Wentzel & his helper came this morning to start putting up a fence across the back of my garden. The posts ( $4'' \times 4''$ ) & crosspieces ( $2'' \times 4''$ ) were sent up by the Cleans — all green lumber, fairly dripping water, but that was all I could get. Had Wentzel paint the posts where they went into the ground with a green anti-rot fluid but I'm afraid they won't last long.

Robie Silver, building contractor, called regarding my proposed "camp" at Moose Harbor. He suggests split logs for the main construction, & says the whole building should not cost more than \$650 to \$700, including a plate-glass window  $7' \times 5'$ . Told him to go ahead & order the stock for it. I must have some secluded place for writing in summer.

This afternoon I played a lone round of golf at White Point — very badly, the score 111 for 18 holes — but enjoyed the sunshine & the cool wind. This is my second game in '51. This evening Durling Hatt of Milton, brought in & installed the bookcase he has been making for me, to fit against the east wall of the dining room. It is of Douglas fir, to match the other woodwork, has four glass doors, extends from ceiling to baseboard. Cost \$64.00.

Wentzel & his helper finished the fence job today, & installed a new spout & down-pipe from the eaves-trough on the front porch.

FRIDAY, MAR. 30/51 Sunny & warm. Tommy is in Yarmouth with the L'pool school basketball team, for the provincial play-offs. They beat Yarmouth, but were defeated last night by Sydney. Edith came with me to White Point this afternoon for a round of golf. My play was awful — 116, of which 8 were penalty strokes — I was in trouble everywhere. Still bothered with nerves & a perpetual headache.

MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1951

Wesley came in, two or three afternoons last week, & stained & shellacked the new bookcase in the dining room. I spent this morning gathering books that have been jammed into the other cases, & in every sort of place from attic to cellar, (including a 24-volume set of Chackray that has been piled on top of the drop-desk in my bedroom for years), & arranging them on these good wide shelves.

A drizzling rain all day, no walk. Letter from Winston's offering congratulations & the news that my "Son of the Hawk" ("His Majesty's Yankees" in an edited version for teen-aged boys), has received one of the nine medals awarded annually by The Boys' Clubs of America. There are 30,000 of these clubs in the United States, & the awards are apparently regarded with great respect by publishers. According to Winston's, no less than 400 books were submitted by U.S. publishers to the award committee. This should help the sale of the book immensely over there. Winston's published it in the spring of '50, & their royalty statement for sales to Dec 31/50 showed that the book had not yet earned the \$1,000 advance paid to me through Chamboun.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 4/51

A sunny day with a strong & cool N. gale. Golf this afternoon — score 110!

News: Today U.S. troops pushed over the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel, for the second time in the Korean war, & in spite of strong hints from British & other diplomats that the Allied troops should halt there pending further peace "feelers" with the Chinese. Gen. MacArthur's H.Q. says that the Chinese have 500,000 troops concentrated in North Korea, & "we are fighting a war of manoeuvre, not a war of position."

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1951

Overcast & calm. Golf this afternoon - a big surf running at White Point - my score 106. Movie this evening with Edith. My nerves better. Vesley repaired the springs & stuffing in Edith's little (mahogany & blue plush) rocking chair. Cash \$9.20.

FRIDAY, APR. 6/51 Nerves off again. Woke at 4 a.m. in one of the miserable hot flushes, unable to sleep further, got up & read & smoked. No walk or golf today - rain.

SATURDAY, APR. 7/51 Overcast & showery. Went to Eagle Lake this afternoon with Parker, <sup>Gordon</sup> Dunlap & Smith, our first trip to the camp since January. Worked until dusk boating out firewood from the knoll by the dam to camp, & piling it beside the camp. Hard work. Played bridge all evening with P. against S. & S. - Gordon winning to read. We won by a terrific score. I had good cards, a change from my usual & long-established poor luck at bridge, & wound up the session by making a bid & contract of six no-trump, doubled. Had an unbroken night's sleep - a miracle.

SUNDAY, APR. 8/51 This morning we boated the rest of our wood to camp, & cut up, split & piled the wood from three fir windfalls of good-size, which were blown down last Fall behind the camp. Heavy rain began at noon & we tramped out to Big Falls at 4:30 through the sodden woods. Saw three young deer by the river road.

TUESDAY, APR. 10/51 Broke my "outdoors" eyeglasses in the woods on Sunday. Tried golf yesterday wearing the "indoors" pair (bi-focals) but had to give it up at the 9th. hole. Walked to Milton & back this afternoon. Gladys Macdonald came to tea & the movies with us this evening.

Cecil Day showed me the March issue of Quill & Quire (the Canadian publishing trade magazine) which contains

the result of L & L's poll of Canadian bookstores, and of 25 leading Canadian critics, regarding the books read in Canada in 1950. The book-stores listed their best-selling fiction as follows:-

"Son of a Hundred Kings"	- by Thomas Costain
"Joy Street"	- Frances P. Keyes
"The Big Fisherman"	- Lloyd Douglas
"The Nymph & The Lamp"	- Thomas Raddall
"The Cardinal"	- Henry Robinson

Of these, four were American, although Costain is of Canadian origin & laid his story in an Ontario setting, and they were on the market all through the year, while my book was published in October, with less than 3 months' sales in 1950.

The critics chose the following, in order:-

"The Nymph & The Lamp"	- F.H.R.
"River & Empty Sea"	- Louis Untermeyer
"The Plouffe Family"	- Roger Lemelin
"The Outlander"	- Germaine Guerremonpt
"The Disenchanted"	- Budd Schulberg

Of these, only the last was American.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 11/51

I switched on the radio at breakfast-time & heard the news (released late last night) of President Truman's dismissal of General MacArthur as C-in-C. of the Far Eastern forces, & his replacement by Gen. Matthew Ridgway, to take place at once. A sensation in the U.S., especially amongst the Republican Party, who had more than once considered him as a candidate for the presidency. MacArthur was a good general who had spent most of his life in the Pacific. Since the conquest of Japan he had set himself up as a new kind of mikado in Tokio, with an obsession of the old Jap sort, that China must be compelled to submit to

a "friendly" regime, & that eventually a knock-down-drag-out war must be fought with Russia on the old Russo-Japanese battlefields of Korea & Manchuria. With this obsession he has deliberately advocated an immediate war on the full scale with China, in order to place Chiang-Kai-Shek's corrupt regime once more upon the necks of the Chinese. With this obsession & its obvious sequel he was dangerous to the peace we all want, & his showy & theatrical manner, his bombastic speeches & letters, his mendacious despatches ("our air forces killed 4,867 Chinese troops yesterday") & so on, all have contributed to a feeling in Britain, France & Canada, that MacArthur was unfit to command United Nations forces, & should be removed. He is 71, & in charity one can say he was a good soldier who had outlived his sense of proportion in all things, military & political.

Yesterday was Budget Day in the London parliament & in ours at Ottawa. Heavy tax increases to pay for the new defence expenditures. Canadian income tax is up 20% but the basic exemptions are unchanged. Heavy tax increases on cars, radios, refrigerators, stoves, washing machines; and on tobacco in all its forms (but no increase in tax on liquor, which is now taxed to a point where govt-store sales are falling, & the old Prohibition evils of smuggling & illicit distilling have reappeared.) Sales tax is up from 8% to 10%. All this just when I am about to receive a good sum of royalties etc. for the first time since '47!

Note: since March 16th, when I resolved to cut down sharply on alcoholic drinks, I have had one drink of whiskey and three bottles of beer. Nerves much better, & am sleeping well

THURSDAY, APR. 12, 1951

Overcast. Golf this afternoon, score 102. Nobody else on the course. Scandalous rumors from Bridgewater say that police had discovered a sort of Sodomy Club there, that four well-known townsmen had been sentenced each to 2 years in prison, & that the law is still searching for Eugene Ford, formerly of Liverpool, who is said to have had a prominent role in the "club." The trial was held yesterday, in camera, & the case has not been mentioned in the newspapers.

Got my glasses from File, the optometrist, who had sent to Hfx for a lens to replace the broken one. The charge, \$4.50.

FRIDAY, APR. 13/51 A grey bleak day with heavy rain at intervals. We have not seen the sun for ten days. Got Esteth to put up a light curtain across the lower sashes of the west windows in my den. Since the field beyond my small garden became a public playground more-or-less, I have had no more privacy at my desk than a goldfish in a bowl.

Returned some borrowed books to old Mr. Harry Macleod, at Roger Innes' house. He is an insurance man, retired, a great reader, a little, neat, grey, pretentious sort of man who likes to be considered a littérateur. He informed me that he was giving an address on Shakespeare next week, to the Kiwanis Club, & was busy with his notes. I asked if he had seen Joseph Howe's paper on Shakespeare, & offered to lend him my copy. He turned as red as paint, raised his brows, looked startled for a moment. Then he smiled in an embarrassed way. "Look here, the truth is that I'm giving Howe's paper - but don't you say a word & no one will ever know. Nobody ever reads Howe nowadays. Years ago, in Winnipeg I read Howe's paper on Shakespeare to a big Masonic gathering and it was a huge success. The reporters wanted a copy to print in their papers but of course I said No, I didn't care for the

publicity. Friends now - mum's the word." Mum it is.  
The high school cadet corps gave a band concert  
tonight in the school auditorium. They are trying to raise  
funds to take them to the Music Festival in Halifax next  
month. Heavy rain, a small crowd. Edith & I went, &  
the slim audience seemed to be composed entirely of friends &  
parents of the band-boys. A 35-piece brass band is  
almost deafening indoors & I came away with my ears  
ringing as if I'd just spent a day on a rifle range.  
The boys play well, however, & while the bandmaster deserves  
all praise & assistance.

Yesterday the stolen Stone of Scone was  
returned to Westminster Abbey by the police. It had been  
brought from hiding by the Scottish Nationalists who  
stole it, & placed in an <sup>(Arbroath Abbey)</sup> ancient <sup>own</sup>, the seat of  
former Scottish Kings, together with a note addressed  
to King George urging that the stone be placed in  
Scotland at least half the year. The Police had tracked  
down the thieves & learned their names, & with the  
scent getting so hot apparently the thieves decided to  
get rid of the prize.

SATURDAY, APR. 14/51 Overcast, rain at evening. Played 18  
holes of golf this afternoon in 105. Several parties out, &  
today the greens had been rolled & the flags were up.

Political furor in the U.S. over MacArthur, who  
is coming to the U.S., & has been invited to address the  
Congress. The Republican party is planning a tremendous  
reception for him & it is now obvious that he will be their  
next candidate for President.

MONDAY, APR. 16/51

Drove to Brooklyn breakwater this afternoon &  
watched Charlie Williams coming in with his "Markland",  
in ballast from New York, & docking with a light ship and

a strong gusty wind blowing down-harbor. A tricky business without the aid of tugs & very neatly done. Movies tonight, Somerset Maugham's "Trio" — his short stories "The Verger", "Mr. Know-All" and "Sanatorium", produced by an English film company & very well done. Afterwards joined the Williams, Dunlaps & Parkers, at Parker's house, & had chab and (at midnight) boiled fresh lobsters.

TUESDAY, APR. 17/51 Arranged this morning with W.C. Pittfield & Co. Hfx. stockbrokers to purchase 30 ordinary shares of British Columbia Telephone Co. stock. (Including "rights" to purchase, @ \$8 per share, the cost is \$140.50 per share. Current dividend is \$8 per share per annum, yielding 56.9%. Saw Lockward of the Royal Bank & arranged to borrow \$4,000 for 6 months. This will enable me to purchase the stock now, while the "rights" are available, & I can pay off the bank in the autumn when I get my royalty cheque from Little, Brown.

A parcel today from the Reader's Digest people — three copies of their Spring volume of Condensed Novels. A well bound, well printed & illustrated book with cloth covers. How they manage to turn these out, sell them at a small price, & make any money, I cannot see, although of course they have a tremendous market amongst the subscribers to their magazine. They inform me that they expect to sell more than 450,000 copies of the book!

Historical Society this evening. The usual small group, 15 or 20.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 18/51 Open-&-shut weather for many ~~rainy~~ days, usually with heavy showers towards evening or at night. Got my new grey suit from Harding today. No waistcoat (I never wear one) so the cost was \$60.50. Golf this afternoon, score 107. Took Edith to a lobster chowder supper in the church hall at West Berlin.

Price 50¢, & as many extra helpings as you wished, for an extra 10¢ per helping. Much less lobster in the chowder than in pre-war days, when church "chowder-suppers" at West Berlin were famous. No excuse for it now, because this winter the price of lobsters at the wharf dropped to 35¢ per lb "in-the-shell". For ten years the price has been increasing, with American <sup>lobster</sup> buyers out-bidding each other, & an insatiable market. Since the war ended, however, the Americans have been importing more and more South African lobster, (not as tasty as ours but much cheaper) and, during the past mild winter, which enabled lobster-fisherman to operate right through, the "pounds" and other lobster-storage facilities here & in the States became choked with unsold lobsters.

News: General MacArthur arrived in San Francisco yesterday & received a Roman triumph, which is to be repeated in New York & in Washington, with all the easily-aroused hysteria of the Americans whipped up by the delighted Republicans.

THURSDAY, APR. 19/51 Overcast & bleak. Rain tonight. Golf this afternoon, score 106, nobody else on the course except the pro. making a round with his wife. Gen. MacArthur addressed a joint session of the Congress & Senate in Washington today, in his best oratorical manner, setting forth the reasons why his plans for war on Red China clashed with those of the President. The speech was broadcast.

The Hon. Harold Connolly, Nova Scotia's Minister of Health, now enjoying a vacation in Florida, told some sort of social ~~talk~~ gathering there a day or two ago that Canadians had much more affinity with the people of the U.S. than the British, and he predicted a political union of Canada and the U.S. "within 25 years". This has aroused a storm of comment in Canadian newspapers, denunciatory in every case, although

some editors hint humorously (& probably correctly) that the Hon. Harold had been imbibing too freely of Southern hospitality and had given ~~rein~~ to his inherited Irish dislike of Britain. Several editors said that economic union of Canada & the U.S. is desirable & probably will be accomplished; but political union - No!

SUNDAY, APR. 22/51 A fine day, all day - the first in weeks. Golf, alone, this morning; broke my glasses & played no worse, or very little worse, without them - score 109. In the afternoon drove with Edith to Lunenburg via Petite Riviere. Found the shore road from Petite Riviere to West Shore torn up by construction gangs, which have been working all winter & spring. As usual, no consideration for the travelling public - not even a warning sign at each end of the mess - & the road is barely passable, an endless succession of holes and heaps - my car bottom struck hard several times. Dinner at Bluenose Inn, Lunenburg - cold boiled lobster with butter sauce the piece de resistance. Very nice. Leisurely drove home in the dusk.

MONDAY, APR. 23/51 Rain. Letter from the Ballet Guild, Halifax, asking me to adapt the story of "Evangeline" for choreography. Cabinet crisis in Britain. Wilson & the fiery Welsh socialist Aneurin ("Nye") Bevan have resigned in protest against the new budget, saying that the huge rearmament program will bankrupt the country. Bevan added a solemn note of face by stating that he particularly objected to economics in his pet "free medical" program - i.e. half the cost of spectacles and false teeth must be paid ~~by~~ by the recipient. Until now the government has borne all costs (including wigs for the bald) and Bevan's scheme has cost an enormous sum, far more than the socialists estimated.

Spring note: "Russian submarines" have been seen again, this time off P.C.I.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1951

Drove to Halifax this afternoon, found Mother well. Had dinner with her & Hilda, afterwards walked to Gottingen St. & took in the movie show at the Casino, which I attended so often as a boy. It seemed a huge & splendid place then — but how ordinary now!

WEDNESDAY, APR. 25/51

Phoned A. D. Grayston, of the Ballet Guild, & he chatted about the proposed ballet based on the story of Evangeline. Told him I was willing to help with suggestions & treatment of the story but that I knew nothing of choreography. He said they would like my suggestions. The whole thing is still in the embryo stage & the main idea is to use the Evangeline story in the national ballet festival of 1952, so there is plenty of time to think it over. In the afternoon I dropped in to the Book Room & autographed a dozen copies of *The Nymph for Bendelies*. Bought a copy of Hugh MacLennan's new novel *Each Man's Son*. Called on old W. R. MacAskill at his studio on Barrington Street. He had written asking me to write a foreword to a book of his marine photographs, & I had agreed. He showed me copies of the photos, beautiful work — he is without doubt the best photographer of ships & the sea now living in North America — & agreed to send the whole thing down to Liverpool so that I could have the pictures before me when writing the foreword; and he asked me to check over his captions & to make suggestions for improvement. He is a short stocky Cape Bretoner, speaks in a mild voice with the faint Gaelic intonation, pale face, mild blue eyes, white hair, an out-jutting nose, very red. Very simple & pleasant in his ways & speech, a poet with a camera, fascinated all his life by the sea.

Capitol Theatre tonight — "All About Eve", starring Bette Davis, a good story & a great play.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26/51 Drove home in pouring rain this morning. C.P. Hatt had been in to see my old (1941) radio & its (separate) record player, wants to sell me a new Westinghouse radio-phonograph combination which will play the new 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  & 45 r.p.m. records as well as the old standard 78. Price \$214.50. He offered \$35 for the old radio (it cost \$130 in '41) and \$29 for the record player (cost \$42 in '41). I agreed, & he brought up the new machine & took away the old outfit this afternoon. Letter from C. Fred Fraser, who was formerly editor of the N.F.L. Chronicle & left that post to spend a year or two abroad with U.N.R.R.A. He is now in charge of the Institute of Public Affairs, Dalhousie University, & is editor of the Dalhousie Review, and Public Affairs. Wants to broaden the scope and alter the texture of both — ~~Public Affairs~~ to be "something akin to Harper's Magazine" & the Dalhousie Review "could pattern itself on the Atlantic Monthly or comparable publications in Britain." Wants my ideas & would like me to contribute to both. The principal of Blanks Harbor school writes asking me to address the closing in June. (I get a lot of these.) From London W.H. Smith & Sons write asking me to write an article for their trade (book) magazine, pointing out that it would appear about the time my Nymph was published in London. (Hutchinson's already have written about this.)

FRIDAY, APR. 27/51 Working all day on the lawns with Tommy, screening loam, mixing it with lime & commercial fertilizer, spreading it over the turf, & seeding the bare places, mowing the grass & then rolling the whole thing.

News: the Chinese offensive in Korea goes on, the Allied forces slowly falling back, inflicting heavy losses according to Tokio. The pattern is now familiar. Meanwhile the American hysteria over General MacArthur goes on —

huge triumphal processions in Chicago, Milwaukee, etc., as if he had won the Second & Third World Wars singlehanded.

SATURDAY, APR. 28/51 Fine hot day. Most of the day I spent painting the new back fence. Letter from McClelland & Sturz. They have agreed with Harlequin House for a "pocket" edition of "Roger Sudden" - Harlequin to do the cutting & revising themselves. Royalty 1<sup>st</sup> per copy on the first 20,000, 1½<sup>th</sup> on all over that figure. \$300 to be advanced against royalties. (All royalties will be split 50-50 between me & M.Y.S. under the terms of my contract)

MONDAY, APR. 30/51 Warm, with a strong westerly gale. Received the medal awarded me by the Boys Clubs of America, set in a neat little stand of transparent plastic, with my name engraved in the base. Golf this afternoon, score 107. Nobody else out.

News: The Chinese offensive in Korea continues. The British Commonwealth troops have been heavily engaged. As usual the enemy selected parts of the front held by South Korean troops, & as usual these ran away, leaving the white troops to fight their way out. The Gloucester Regiment was cut off & destroyed after a most gallant fight - only about 100 men managed to rejoin their brigade.

Mr. Churchill has cancelled his proposed visit to the U.S. in May - undoubtedly because of the intense political storm aroused over the MacArthur affair. There is the cabinet crisis in Britain, too: Aneurin Bevan is the darling of Left-Wing Labor, & is openly ambitious to be prime minister, & his defection splits the party (& the government). A fine chance for the Tories.

THURSDAY, MAY 3/51 Sunshine & black clouds, bitter cold, with long squalls of hail as big as peas. My B.C. Telephone shares (an interim certificate) arrived today, accompanied by Pittfield's draft for \$3,215. Borrowed \$4,000 from the Royal Bank at ~~4%~~ & paid the rest with a cheque on

my current account. Received a cheque from McClelland & Stewart for the royalty on sales of my various books in Canada for the 6 months ending Jan. 3/51. A gross of \$3,071.52, less advances, net \$1,522.42. Chiefly from sales of *The Nymph*, 7060 copies, about what I expected.

Letter from the C.B.C. suggesting a series of talks over the national network next Fall or winter, subject Sable Island. They say they are still receiving mail asking information about the island, all inspired by the broadcast play adapted from my book). They offer \$50 for each 15 minute talk, which is double the amount they paid me before. Yesterday I wrote the article I had promised for the trade magazine of H. H. Smith & Son, London. It is to appear about the time of publication of *The Nymph* in Britain. Mailed copies today to Smith's & to Hutchinson's. MacAskill's photographs came yesterday, together with a copy of his 1937 book, "Out of Halifax" for comparison. Spent most of last evening & today writing a first draft of my foreword for the new book.

SATURDAY, May 5/51 Still blowing hard from NW (the sixth successive day) but warm for a change. Golf this afternoon with Hubert Macdonald. Score 103. Mailed the foreword to MacAskill.

SUNDAY, May 6/51 Church this morning, Milton & Len Mile Lake this afternoon. Austin Parkes went up to Lake Alma on the Medway, today, to try recovery of his fishing gear. He, Burke Douglas, Tommy Oliver, Jim Cowie & another chap, in Douglas' boat, upset in the lake last week. They got ashore all right by clinging to the boat, but lost all their gear.

Yesterday's newspapers had full-page ads. calling for recruits for a new Canadian brigade for service in Europe. The system of enlistment is unique. Each of certain specified

Reserve units, of all arms, is to raise a company. The specified infantry unit for N.S. is the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. The N.S. artillery unit is the regiment located at Yarmouth & which has a battery at Liverpool. Every infantry battalion in the new overseas brigade will contain five companies, each drawn from a different Reserve regiment, whose badges they will continue to wear. In this way, presumably, there will be available, eventually, an experienced cadre for each Reserve unit. Choice of the North Novas to represent N.S., rather than the West Novas, who were chosen for the 1st Div. in the late war, reflects a sharp change in the comparative efficiency & enthusiasm of the two units in peacetime. When the authorities cut the West Novas' recruiting area, eliminating the South Shore except for a meagre company at Bridgewater, after 1945, they cut away the Regiment's old heart, which was the martial-minded people of Lunenburg-Queens. These are now confined to engineer and artillery units — useful but not inspiring to the adventurous young man.

Best comment on the current Truman-MacArthur feud in the U.S. comes from Paris, where a Yankee reporter (for Newsweek Magazine) quotes a woman high-school-teacher "Foreigners sometimes laugh at our political crises. Now what are we to say of a situation where a general defies the elected head of the American Government, gets sacked for his arrogance, and then throws the whole nation into a childish turmoil?"

MONDAY, MAY 7/51 Warm & windy. At George Macdonald's invitation I attended the Ricardis luncheon at Mersey Hotel, to hear Dr. Herbert L. Stewart, who gave up the chair of Philosophy at Dalhousie some time ago, & now devotes himself to his radio & newspaper news-commentaries. As usual he delinred himself

with a profound air of wisdom upon the international situation. I couldn't agree with half he said. (He made witty & sneering comparisons between President Truman's "experience in the hosiery business" and the unquestionable knowledge & experience of General Mac Arthur. Said Canadian newspapers should cease criticizing the Mac Arthur policy — "because it is none of our business," etc.) I agree with that colleague of Stewart's who, on being told that H.L.S. was born on the "wild & rugged coast of Ulster," remarked "It must be a very windy coast."

Golf this afternoon, alone. Score ~~94~~.94, my best so far this year. Went out to Moose Harbor with Robbie Silver & showed him where to build my cabin, the material for which is just arriving. Old Herbert ("Gunning") Whynot's house on the old back road to Milton (east side of the river) was burned to the ground last night.

TUESDAY, May 8/51, Bought 19 lbs of live lobsters at the wharf today for 30¢ per lb — the cheapest in years. The past mild winter enabled the lobster fishermen of New England & the Maritimes to work right through, with the result that the storage "pounds" were filled & the market glutted. More than this, the high cost of lobster in the American hotels & restaurants started the inevitable quest for a cheaper supply, which was found in South Africa. Last year the Americans imported huge quantities of S.A. lobster, frozen & in cans, and "South African lobster tail" is now the popular delicacy in restaurants, etc.

WEDNESDAY, May 9/51, Fine but windy. Golf this afternoon, score 97. Edith along. Went to Moose Harbor this evening & watched Eric Millard run off the lines of my new shore lot. Tommy came along, & of course Hector Macleod & son Walter. Silver has one load of split-log

siding hauled & piled on the site. Macleod & I agreed to have a 12-foot right-of-way along the north line of my lot, to be taken 6 feet each side of Millard's surveyed line, so that we can make a cut-approach from the rear if the shore track ever washes out.

THURSDAY, May 10/51 Fine but cool, strong NW wind. Went to Moose Harbor this afternoon intending to clear the trees from my cabin site. On setting to work I found that my light ax had been used for splitting kindling etc. for the home fire-place during the winter & was as dull as a hoe. Worked on the tough cat-spruces for two hours, & dragged what I had felled to the shore. Then returned to town & went on to old Will Smith's house. I turned the grindstone while he put a new edge on the ax and on my small bill-hook, yarning pleasantly about his old days as a rigger & ship carpenter at the same time.

FRIDAY, May 11/51 Fine & cool. Sent MacAskill's photos & his copy of "Out of Halifax" back to Hfa by express this a.m. Bush fire on the lower slope of Moose Hill drew the town fire apparatus & created much excitement owing to the high wind. Spent the afternoon at Moose Harbor hacking away at the cat-spruce clump on my cabin site & dragging the brush away. Hot work. For the past three weeks I have been dieting faithfully — no bread or butter, little or no potato, no pastry, etc. & have got my weight down from 193 (the most I've ever weighed) to 186. No alcohol except a couple of bottles of beer each week. Also I have reduced my cigarette consumption to about 15 a day, instead of 36 to 50. Feel much better, although the austere diet gives me a perpetual hunger. Don't miss the rum or cigs.

Had the furnace oil tanks filled today, although 70 gallons remained — enough to see us through to summer. I find

that in the first 12 months since installation the oil furnace will have used 1150.4 gals. at a cost of \$198.22. Of course the past winter was one of the mildest ever seen on the South Shore. Even so, the old coal furnace would have cost me \$250 or \$300 to operate at present coal prices.

SATURDAY, MAY 12/51 Went with Austin Parker & Burke Douglas to fish in the upper waters of the Medway. Took Douglas' 15-foot boat "Bounty" on a trailer, & drove in to Lake Alma via Kempf, DeLong's Settlement, & the new 14-mile logging road of Mersey Paper Co. Left home at 1:30 p.m. & had the boat off the trailer & loaded, in the Medway waters, by 4 p.m. Lake Alma is shaped roughly like an hour-glass & has many coves & islands. The logging dam has raised the water about 3 feet & flooded the mouths of the four trout brooks flowing into it. We ran quite a distance up Randolph Brook in the boat & fished about 2 hours in a cold wind & drizzling rain, trolling in the flooded stillwaters until we had enough trout for supper - six. The trout up there run small compared with Mersey trout.

Towards dusk we beached the boat on an island where there is quite a good camp - hewn timber frame, sawn boards & shingles, half a dozen spring cots (but only 2 mattresses!) & a most decrepit stove. The camp was built by a Valley sportsman years ago, & is left unlocked for the use of fishermen & hunters. The region has long been a favorite fishing place for Valley people, who come in via Dalhousie & Algy Cross, & we found on the walls pencilled autographs of men from Paradise, Middleton, Lawrenceburg, Bridgetown, etc. Just after we got settled, a heavy rain came down & poured all night, & we were thankful to be under a wooden roof, on beds, & not lying on the ground in our small tent.

SUNDAY, MAY 13/51 Overcast with a cool wind, & occasional light showers. Left the island camp about 8 a.m. & went up the lake to Donnelly Brook, where in one of the deeply flooded stillwater-meadows Parker & Douglas & three other chaps upset "Bounty" a week ago & lost a lot of fishing gear. We rigged a wire hook on a pole & scraped the deep black waters without success. About 10:30 went on to fish Donnelly Brook itself. P. & D. are worn fishermen, I prefer fly-fishing, & as I found the brook shallow & a great mess of fallen timber I soon returned to the pool at the mouth. Towards noon the trout began to feed, & I caught nine in an hour, standing on one rock & using a small Parmachene Belle fly. P. & D. caught a few up the brook & returned to the boat. Back to camp for a belated dinner at 2:30 p.m., then across the lake to Birch Bridge Brook. Here P. & D. decided to fish the pool at the mouth so I went up the brook & caught a few trout at the head of a stillwater meadow. Very slow fishing. Back to the camp at 6:30, packed our stuff & returned to the foot of Lake Alma, where P. & D. fished at the logging dam while I made a fire & got supper ready. A big beaver, very tame, swam in to the shore & drew himself out of water, nibbling the bark of poplar twigs, not more than 25 feet away. After supper we stowed our stuff in the car, hauled out the boat & got it on the trailer. By then it was 9 pm. (Daylight Time) & getting dusk & sharply cold — sky clearing, stars & moon very bright, frost in the air. Home at 11:15. A pleasant trip. I got 16 trout, D. got 15, P. 13 — total 44.

MONDAY, MAY 14/51 Fine & warm after a frosty night. Spent the afternoon at Moose Harbor & finished clearing my cabin site. Had a chat with Lem Cooles, & bought 15 lbs of fresh lobsters from him for \$5.10. The school cadets were inspected on the ball ground this afternoon by the brigadier commanding the Hfx. district, & I drove with Edith to Main Street & watched them marching back behind the band, all very smart & soldierly except for the squad of very little chaps, who were out of step here & there.

TUESDAY, MAY 15/51 Fine & warm. Golf with Clem Bowell this afternoon. I fetched Aunt Marie Bell down from Truro & Marie Freeman came to tea — her 50th birthday & there was a proper birthday cake etc. This evening we saw the movie "King Solomon's Mines". Rider Haggard's story, rather badly twisted, but magnificent color photography in the heart of Africa including many amazing pictures of animal life. Much excitement on the waterfront today, when the diesel ship "Sundas Kent" caught fire & burned to a shell alongside the wharf of Steel & Engine Products Co. She is the former RCN corvette "Coburg", & after a period of coastal freighting as one of the Kent Line, had been sold to a California firm of tuna fishers & packers. Stenpro Company had the contract for refitting her, installing a big refrigeration plant, etc. The job was almost finished, & her new name "Puerto de Sol" had yet to be painted on bow & stern, when a flash fire occurred about noon today. The Bridgewater fire engine was summoned to help the local dept, as there was some fear that the fire might spread to the adjacent wharves. Loss estimated at half a million dollars.

The war in Korea is quiet again, & the MacArthur mania in the U.S. is dying down. General Bradley stated yesterday that MacArthur's plan would have involved the U.S. & its allies in "the wrong war, in the wrong place, at the wrong time, & against the wrong enemy."

SATURDAY, May 19, 1951 Fine & cool. Golf (9 holes) this afternoon — the course crowded for the first time this year. Nine Liverpool young men, members of the local (Reserve) battery, have enlisted for overseas service in the new brigade now being raised, & have gone to Yarmouth for further training. As always, the Maritime Provinces are providing more soldiers for the new force, in proportion to population, than any other part of Canada.

TUESDAY, MAY 22/51 Very hot weather. This morning Silver, two carpenters, & a truckload of building material, went to Moose Harbor, & the building of my cabin was begun. I spent the morning with them, toting rocks from the shore, etc., & saw the sills laid & squared. This evening I took off the storm windows along the front of the house, which being on the east side I always leave till the last. Put on the front screen door, & the fixed window screen on Francis's room, & stowed away the storm windows on the overhead racks in the garage.

WEDNESDAY, May 23/51 Fine & warm. Spent the afternoon at Moose Harbor, cutting brush & dragging it to the shore. Hot work. The carpenters have the floor of my cabin laid & the posts set up, & have a good start on the east wall.

My weight, stripped, is today 182 lbs., compared with 193 when I started dieting about April 20th. Hope to get it down to 175.

SATURDAY, May 26/51 Foggy after two days of overcast thundery weather, with heavy showers. Silver came this morning & got an advance of \$250 against the work done at Moose Harbor. The carpenters have the four walls up, ready for installation of the door & windows, & of course the first layer of flooring done. They are using galvanized boat-nails throughout, as the salt air would soon rust the ordinary kind. I spent the afternoon out there, cutting down trees & hauling away the brush.

In Korea the Red forces have again retired beyond the 38th parallel, after the failure of their second big drive this year.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1951

Fine day, after a solid week of rain. The Sheriff (McCorrie) came to my house today & left a "Summons to Jury". My name has been drawn for Petit Jury duty when the court opens on the 12th. Dinner at the Hillcrest Inn, in honor of R.H. Lockward, manager of the Royal Bank here for 17 years, & now retiring at the age of 60. A good common-sense banker & a stout worker for local charities, especially the Red Cross. Sixty men sat down to dinner, representing all the professions & every business in the town. "Lock" was presented with a metal golf-cart. I had been asked to address the gathering on the story of banking in N.S., a rather dull subject, but I gave the humorous side of it & the crowd seemed pleased, & so did "Lock".

In Korea the "Princess Pats" have been joined by the other regiments of the Canadian brigade, & all are in action against stiffening Chinese resistance north of the 38th parallel. In Germany the British & U.S. occupation forces are being reinforced with units from home.

MONDAY, JUNE 4/51

MacAskill sent me the printers' dummy of his book on Saturday, imploring me to do something about the captions under the photographs. Most of them were florery to say the least, written apparently by one of those ecstatic lady poets who come out of the Halifax woodwork at the slightest smell of tea and buns. I changed the lot, working most of Saturday evening & Sunday, & sent off the dummy by express today.

My cabin at Moose Harbor will soon be ready - the roof is done, door & windows installed.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5/51

Fine, after two days' rain. The cabin at Moose Harbor is finished except for steps & platform outside door, & a few minor things like shutters for the windows, shelves,

chimney-pipe, etc. Ottawa announces large new naval expenses, 16 frigates & 18 minesweepers to be refitted after laying-up since 1945, new small craft to be built, etc. Some of this work to be done at Liverpool & other small yards. Ottawa also announces that a pension of \$40 per month, without means test, will be paid to all Canadians over 70, beginning in January 1952.

Liverpool agog over the latest escapade of "Father" John Wilson, priest of Trinity Church. Last month Mrs. Wilson & son Bill were away on a visit to her relatives in New England, & the old boy had a fine time running about with a young girl named Blattenburg. A trip to Halifax by car, & a week-end there, & so on. The girl belongs to a poor family, members of his parish, who finally blew the gaff. Understand that the wardens held a meeting of parishioners tonight, & Wilson has been asked to resign. (See entries July 2, 1941, for Wilson's first row, when Bishop Hackenley got into the brawl, & I decided I'd had enough of the Anglican Church.)

SATURDAY, JUNE 9/51 A week of wet weather, with spells of sunshine but cold east winds. Today the sun shone for our wedding anniversary, just as it did 24 years ago, but the weather was much warmer then. My weight today, 179 lbs. Paid Silver another \$125 this morning. His two carpenters worked well until the main structure of the cabin was finished, but they have been "soldiering" most of this week. Building costs have risen so high that there is a slump in the trade hereabouts, & the men are inclined to spin out the jobs they get. Spent the afternoon out there cleaning up & burning debris. Persistent rumors of an impending truce in Korea.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10/51 Sunny but chilly. Church this morning. Golf this afternoon, score 97. Edith came along for the first nine

holes but found it tiring, & I played the other nine with Hector Dunlap & Hubert Macdonald. This evening took Aunt Marie Bell for a drive to Moose Harbor & showed her the new cabin.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12/51 Bitter cold easterly gale blowing all last night & today. Supreme Court opened in the courthouse at 10 a.m. (Both stores going full blast as in winter). Grand Jury found a true bill in the case of King vs. ~~GREZARD~~, & I was chosen foreman of the petit jury. The Chief Justice, Ideley, on the bench, the first time I had seen him, although we have corresponded, & I met his wife in Ottawa in '46. A tall gaunt man with unruly auburn hair greying a bit, a long intellectual face, very clear & candid blue eyes. The case was a charge of manslaughter against Emily ~~GREZARD~~ for the shooting of his brother-in-law, Clyde Westhaver, while deerhunting near the Six Mile last November. One of those unhappy hunting accidents which happen every year. ~~GREZARD~~ had made a statement to the R.C.M.P. admitting the shooting, but he pleaded Not Guilty today. His statement was admitted in evidence, together with about a dozen excellent photographs showing where ~~GREZARD~~ stood, where the body was found, & bullet marks on intervening trees. The usual hair-splitting over legal points. The jury was ordered to withdraw twice while certain hairs were split. Court adjourned from 1 p.m. to 2, & at 5:30 p.m.

The carpenters finished my cabin today. Drove out this evening for a look at it. Easterly gale still blowing, & a fine surf on the shore.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13/51 Cold & wind all day. Trial went on all day. Very interesting evidence by Ballistics expert, Colonel Arthur James, for the defence, although much of it was well known to the jury — as it happened, every man

on the jury was an experienced rifleman & hunter. Photographs taken by the police, in attempting to show the direct line of fire through the woods from Grezard to Westhaver, showed a deep bullet-graze on a first tree, & a small sapling completely cut off. He knew (& James confirmed) that a high-velocity bullet, spinning at a terrific rate, would be deflected widely by such contacts en route; and if "soft-nosed" it would mushroom as well. Medical evidence showed that Westhaver was killed by a bullet that left a small, clean, round hole at point of entry, & only slightly larger at point of exit. The doctor, a man of much experience with gunshot wounds (Dr. Macleod, of Liverpool, who was a medical officer in a fighting unit overseas during the late war) stated positively that the wound could not have been made by a soft-nosed bullet, & must have been made by a steel-jacketed or other type of hard-nosed bullet. Grezard was using soft-nosed bullets. All this left much room for reasonable doubt, & we brought in a verdict of Not Guilty. A great outburst of cheering & clapping in the courtroom when, as foreman, I uttered the words. Judge Illsley was furious, banging his gavel & demanding order. Grezard, his wife and mother went out together, very happily. I had to take the jury fee bill down to Town Hall (followed by the jurymen in a staggering troupe) where the County Clerk, Percy Manthorne carefully doled out our money in cash.

This evening phoned Mr. Illsley at the Hillcrest Hotel, found him at a loose end, drove down there & picked him up, together with Gilbert Hart, his stenographer, took them for a drive to Milton, Brooklyn, & around Western Head, where the surf was marvellous.

Then to my house where we chatted till midnight. Mr. Illsby did most of the talking — he is a first rate conversationalist & was in a loquacious mood. Mostly about history in Britain & Nova Scotia, especially the quirks or quirks of the judicial system. He has a long bony face, fresh complexion, unruly auburn hair parted in the middle, bright blue eyes, an energetic manner. He gave the four chief requirements of a good cabinet minister — "ability to talk well, ability to think quickly, good judgement, sound principles." He enjoys a joke, & laughs like a happy schoolboy. I had some House of Lords cigars (which it turned out, were his pet brand). He refused a drink, & so did Hart. When I drove them back to the hotel, Illsby said he had enjoyed the evening immensely, & asked me to come & see him in Halifax.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14/51 Still blowing hard & cold from the east. Magnificent surf at Moose Harbor, where I spent the day. Got the carpenters' mess cleared out of the cabin, washed the floor, & got a coat of shellac on the south wall & shelf. The new shutters have swelled & won't go on. Morris tonight with Edith.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15/51 Rain all night, drizzle & fog all day, wind still blowing in from the sea & very bleak. Spent the whole day at Moose Harbor painting the inner walls with shellac. This is clear shellac, to prevent "greying" of the surface of the logs with exposure. High School graduation tonight, with a speech by Henry Hicks, Minister of Education. Tommy passed with excellent marks from Grade 10, except in Latin, which got only 36. He expected the prize for History, but it went to another student. However he got the prize for Leadership, which is the best all-round distinction. He also got an Efficiency prize for his work in the school band,

\* prize for Manual Training, awarded to him for a card table & a set of wild-duck decoys. He took Joan Wickwire to the school dance afterwards, & Francie (in a new dance frock) went with Billy Sweetnam.

I signed over the sale of movie rights in "The Nymph" to Little, Brown & Co. today, after long deliberation. Jacques Chambrun was very anxious to handle it, but I don't trust the man; indeed reliable agents are hard to find. Little, Brown have a good agent in Hollywood, & something may come of it.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17/51

At noon today the weather cleared, after raining & drizzling steadily since Thursday night, & completing two weeks of bleak easterly winds. For the afternoon I drove with Edith to New Germany & back, enjoying the warm sunshine & the lush greens along the LaHave river. This evening drove to Moose Harbor, lovely there, a full moon over the sea. Hector Macleod & family were in their cabin, & Silver came out with a car-load of people, & Hector Dunlap with another. Showed Silver the warped shutters & he promised to send out a man tomorrow to fix them.

MONDAY, JUNE 18/51

Warm sun all day, although the fog, lay thick in the harbor mouth. Spent most of the day at Moose Harbor, painting the cabin floor (a combination varnish-&-stain, mahogany tint), & cleaning up some of the mess outside. Silver's promised carpenter failed to appear.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19/51

All day at Moose Harbor, putting a second coat of varnish on the floor, & on the steps outside. Very hot in town. News: the Chinese & North Korean forces, having retreated deep into North Korea, are now standing fast, & the U.N. forces are feeling out their positions.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1951

All day at Moose Harbor mostly watching the fishermen dye their herring & mackrel nets in drums of boiling "kutch". Junior school closing this evening, & I was the special speaker at the invitation of Principal Oliver Gibson. He also asked me to wear my L.P.D. hood, & provided me with a gown, as the thing is done in formal style nowadays, with teachers & others wearing gowns & hoods of their degrees. ~~the school~~ filing slowly & majestically up the aisles to the tune of a processional, played by the school band, & sitting on the platform in a solemn row.

A hot summer night, the auditorium packed with schoolchildren, parents & friends. After a halting & interminable introduction by George Macdonald, I said my piece. (The theme: "Don't pay too much attention to gloomy talk about war & atom bombs & the end of the world the day after tomorrow. History is full of wars & rumors of war, but the world rolled along just the same, & people managed to improve it on the way.) The presentation of prizes & certificates followed, the youngsters filing up on the platform, all dressed in Sunday-best, but Frances amongst them. (She just scraped through the exams by the grace of a kindly teacher who - judging from the marks on her report card - changed a 40 for "Social Science" to a 50.) Songs by the girls' glee club. Tunes by the school band. Perspiration gathering on my bald head & trickling down the back of my neck. Phew!

FRIDAY, JUNE 22/51 Fine & hot, despite thunder clouds. Drove to Hfx this morning with Edith & Francie, who stayed in the city to shop. Merrill Rawding picked me up at Mother's flat (where I left my car) & took me on to Shubenacadie, for the ceremony

of unveiling a plaque to mark the old Micmac camp site & the site of Abbé Le Loutre's mission. Edwin Ford was there & spoke a few words, Will Bird was chairman. I was asked to make the chief address. The children of the Indian school at Shubenacadie were there in solemn rows, the boys in one group in charge of a padre, the girls in another group (all uniformly dressed in gowns of dark blue trimmed with white) in charge of three nuns.

A solemn group of Micmac men in the centre, & on the right a gathering of Shubenacadie citizens.

The Micmac men were pleased to find that I knew the proper way to pronounce what the white people have called Shubenacadie. (SE-EE-BUN-A-KA-DE) & I had an interesting chat afterwards with their head man, Ben Brookes, a big (6 ft) man & a famous guide. Several people came up & chatted afterwards. The plaque is set up in front of the Dept. of Lands & Forests' depot just outside Shubenacadie, where one can look across the river to the lush fields before the Indian School, in a great bend of the stream, the site of the old Indian camp.

Rawding & I were asked to have "tea" in the cookhouse of the depot, where we found the cook ~~was~~ in spotless white uniform & cap, hovering over a table burdened with plates of delicious buns, hot rolls, cookies, tarts, pies & cakes. For a man on a reducing diet it was one vast temptation, & I yielded to some extent (to please the cook, of course.) Other guests at the table were Mackenzie, the Minister of Agriculture, & his wife & son, a Dr. McClelland & wife (he was formerly a member for that county), & Creighton, the chief forester. At this depot the Forestry people keep a large supply of fire fighting equipment, rushing it out by truck &

plane to the scenes of forest fires. Here, too, are kept the representative wild animals of N. S. which the Dept. shows at exhibitions during the year. We walked about amongst the cages. The wildcats snarled at us, & one small bear cub wandered disconsolately up & down one end of his cage, but the rest looked happy & prosperous — foxes, beavers, raccoons, & a number of deer fawns which have a large enclosure of grassy field. In a separate group of huts & wire runs, the Dept. breeds & raises pheasants for stocking suitable areas. All very interesting, & Shubenacadie is a lovely spot. Back to the city at 6, picked up my family, & got home about half-past nine.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23/51 My sister Winifred, her husband Louis Charron, their son Louis (19) & adopted child Rose-Marie (9) arrived in town today to spend the week-end. We "doubled up" to provide beds for Louis Jr. & Rose-Marie, & I got a suite at the Hillcrest Hotel for Win & Lou. They lunched with us, & Lou & I played golf this afternoon. (Thick fog.) Dined together at our house & a long evening chatting until 1 a.m.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24/51 Very hot. Church this morning. (The Charrons to Mass at St. Gregory's) Golf this p.m. at White Point with Lou. Then out to Moose Harbor for a picnic tea. It was warm & muggy, even out there & we were glad to stay beside the sea until dark. The Parkers, Dunlaps & Williams drove out in the evening for a chat, & all admired my new cabin & the view.

MONDAY, JUNE 25/51 The Charrons left after lunch for Hfx. via Middleton & Berwick, all but young Louis, who is having fun here with young Tom & his chums & wants to stay another day or two.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1951

Sunny day with a howling NW gale, very cool, whistling down the harbor. I spent the whole day at Moose Harbor, meditating on the novel — the first chance I've had to do so. Picnic lunch with Hector MacLeod, who is spending a week, alone, at his cabin. Movies tonight (James Stewart in "Harry") & up to Milton for a chat with Aunt Marie Bell. She presented me with a small mat made especially for my cabin, one of the old-fashioned "dollar" mats, consisting of brown squares sewn together (each square about 5" x 5") & each square having in its centre a "florit" made of six circular pieces of green arranged about an orange circular piece. The circles are, of course, the "dollars" but actually they are about the size of a 25-cent piece.

News: a jet airplane flew over Liverpool today & startled everyone with its roar — the first jet ever seen here.

In Korea the opposing armies are "marking time". Russia, through its representative, Malyk, at the United Nations' council, has proposed a truce, with all troops on both sides withdrawn to a considerable distance from the 38th parallel of latitude. In Iran the huge British-owned oil refinery at Abadan has been declared Iranian property by the new and intensely nationalistic government of the country.

British protests have a rather hollow ring, for the Iranians point out that they are only doing what the (Labor) government has been doing in Britain since it came to power.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30/51

All this week at Moose Harbor, driving there after breakfast, eating a box lunch, gawelling in the quiet & the beauty of the scene, & thinking, thinking, thinking of the characters & plot of my next book! Have

a cast of characters on paper but the plot refuses to "jell" in my anxious mind. Got two lawn-chairs from Cliff Millard, the folding type, very well made & comfortable, & gave them two coats of shellac. Installed a screen door, window screens, etc., in the cabin. Of the cabin furniture I ordered from Eaton's only the davenport & stove came, although I ordered the complete cabin furniture on May 8th. The simple act of building a cabin in a secluded spot has aroused much curiosity in the town, & all my friends & a great many strangers have been driving out to Moose Harbor to see "the author's new place."

TUESDAY, JULY 3/51 Still fine & hot. At the cabin all afternoon. Bill Wilson came out to have a chat with me, bringing beer (like the Greeks bearing gifts) and I had to listen to a long explanation of "Father" Wilson's dilemma. (See entry June 4). Willy's version:-

"Father John had been taking a purely fatherly interest in a somewhat silly girl named Clatterburg, who wanted to take a course in stenography at Halifax. She proposed to borrow the instruction fees (\$100) from a small-loan company in Hfx., with Father John's help (his endorsement of the note, I suppose); & so the good padre very kindly offered to take her to Hfx. in his car. The loan arrangements were completed, & as the coming Sunday was a communion day, Father John went into a Hfx. liquor <sup>store</sup> & purchased a quantity of wine — for church purposes, of course.

Driving back to Liverpool in the dark, Father John was dazzled by a pair of unusually bright headlights on a bend a mile or so east of Chester, he lost control of the car, went into the ditch — and there they were, himself, the girl, both badly shaken

up & somewhat hysterical, & a terrific leak of wine over all, because the bottles of communion wine had been shattered by the impact. Still more unfortunately, a number of Liverpool people were driving down from Hfx that night, saw the parson & the girl & the car in the ditch, stopped to help & got a false & very unfortunate impression. Upshot of it was that two of the Trinity Church wardens, Shipman & Seaborn, phoned Father John one or two evenings later, & asked him to come across to Seaborn's house for a chat. The "chat" was to inform him that the latest episode had caused a lot of scandal in the town, that old stories of the parson's drinking habits were being repeated, & that the best thing he could do was to resign. Father John declared all the stories false & said he would fight for his good name. A formal meeting of the wardens followed, one or two evenings later; but Father John settled the matter without discussion by stating that he had sent his resignation to the Bishop, to take effect on July 31st. He did not wish to end his long career in the church on this unhappy note, so tomorrow he & Mrs. Wilson were leaving for New England, to seek of a post with the (Episcopal) Bishop of Massachusetts.

Thus Willy's version. The truth is obvious enough. The Trinity parish has gone down & down during Father John's regime, & I'm told that last Sunday there were just 14 people at evening service, of whom 8 were in the choir.

Tonight Lou Parrot gave a dinner party at White Point Lodge, to about 26 people, including Edith & me. A good dinner & a pleasant chat with the Palmers (Americans salmon-fishing with Lou at Greenfield).

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1951

Two days ago I had Roy Smith, electrician, instal interior wiring & electric meter box in my cabin, & today the Power Commission (per Vernon Hines, Big Falls) connected the meter & the main electric lines. Drove to Hfa this morning & picked up Mother & her baggage for a visit with us. Francie & Edith came along. Lunch at the Seabreeze Hotel, Hubbards. Home at 3:30. After tea drove with Mother & Edith to Moose Harbor, where we spent the evening.

Tommy, who is earning extra money by mowing lawns & doing chores about the town, had a very odd job today — rounding up & catching chickens at Jack McClearn's new poultry "farm" (the former ice-houses at the Meadow Pond), where the birds' beaks were clipped by some experts from Port Williams. Tommy & two of the Byrne boys caught about 5,000 birds in the course of the day & seem to have had a lot of fun, for which each boy was paid \$3, an outrageous profit.

SATURDAY, JULY 7/51 Fine & hot. All day at Moose Harbor. Made a start on the new novel at last.

SUNDAY, JULY 8/51 Golf this morning at White Point with young Verge. My score 107. This afternoon the kids went to Summerville. Mother, Edith & I drove to Moose Harbor, nice cool breeze, a relief from the heat in town. Saw the "Kiakoura", fine new motorship of a New Zealand line, sail out of the harbor after loading a part cargo of newsprint for N.Y. (I met her skipper, Venwick, at a party at Hunts Point last night.) We had a picnic tea & stayed till dark.

Today in Korea the representatives of the opposing forces, Chinese & North Korean, and United Nations, meet to discuss peace. The Reds have had a bad mauling since they started the war last summer, but one wonders if they've had enough.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1951

Got my plain pine table & benches this morning, (made by Cliff Millard for \$17.50), took them out to Moose Harbor & gave them two coats of shellac. Rest of the day writing in my cabin. Bob Rankin, managing editor of the Herald, wants me to do a series of three articles on the Citadel. Also I must now prepare the three broadcasts promised in May to the CBC for next Fall.

This afternoon saw a big tug towing out of the harbor two corvettes which have lain at the Stelpro wharf ever since 1945. One was still in fair condition, apparently, with its forward gun still mounted. The other had been stripped of its superstructure & looked nothing more than a hulk. Both were white-blotted with guano, for they have been a roost for the harbor gulls.

TUESDAY, JULY 10/51 Working on CBC scripts all morning at home. Golf at White Point this p.m. with Clem Crouell. My score 161. Very hot day. Billings Bros. circus in town, 3 elephants, a tiger, & what not. Went to Moose Harbor after tea & worked on the Citadel articles till 10 pm.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11/51

Finished the second broadcast script at home this morning. Drove to Moose Harbor after lunch & saw an oddly rigged two-masted schooner trying to weather Lighthouse Point on Coffin's Island against a stiff S.W. wind. She was making more leeway than headway & finally struck on the seaward side of the point. After half an hour she got off, made a mile or so to seaward, doused her three jibs & big foresail, & lay-to under the small mainsail. In another hour two fishing boats from Coffin Island took her in tow & brought her up to Liverpool. I went aboard & found her leaking badly. She is the "Amanda", registered in <sup>SKARHAMN,</sup> Arshamn, Sweden. About 2½ years ago she sailed into Halifax after a long voyage from the

Baltic with 68 men, women & children aboard, refugees from Estonia. She has lain at a Hfx dock ever since & her bottom is a mass of weed, mussels, etc. Two weeks ago she was bought by a small syndicate who are fitting her up at Liverpool for (so they say) trawling on a new shrimp bed in the South Pacific. The crew of 5 are all Nova Scotians & the second mate's wife, a small plump blonde, is the cook. When the ship began to drift ashore this young woman calmly took the wheel so that all hands could struggle with the unfamiliar sails.

Wednesday, July 18/5 Two destroyers of the U.S. Navy came into H'p'ld harbor yesterday & anchored between Brooklyn & Black Point, (the "De Long", Lt-Cds. H. E. Poulsen; & "Coates" Lt-Cds. Cranes; both under command of Cds. Morgan Slayton of Escort Squadron Eight, flying his flag in "De Long").

Today at Cds. Slayton's invitation I went on board "De Long" for lunch, together with Mayor Wright & three members of the town council. An excellent lunch, deftly served by Negro stewards, & afterwards Poulsen took us over the ship, explaining various equipment. Returned ashore at 3 pm in the destroyer's picket-boat. The ships' boats are using the yacht club jetty & the town is full of young sailors, very friendly & well behaved. I noticed two wandering up Park St. in the afternoon heat & invited them to the shade of my lawn, where we chatted over lager beer. At 1 pm. Edith & I drove to Mill Village & attended a party given by Mrs. Beebe, a summer visitor there for many years. It was in the old Milliken house on the island, where in the early 1920's I spent many merry hours with the Millikens & their guest Dorothy Setson. About 30 people. Drinks, a delicious buffet supper, some good chat, & for full measure a full moon shining on the river.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1951

At my invitation made yesterday, Cols.

Slayton, his flag-lieutenant Cheek, Lt. Cols. Poulsen & Coonan came to dinner with us tonight. I met them with my car at the yacht club jetty & took them for a drive around Milton, Brooklyn & Beach Meadows. They stopped at the ball park, where we watched two innings of a game between the U.S. sailors & a local team. Dinner at 7 & we sat sipping port & chatting till 9:30, when they had to pay a call at the Artillery officers' mess & then go on to a dance given to the ship's company by the town. Charming fellows & the best of company. Couldn't help comparing them to the officers of the R.C.N. ship "New Liskeard" whom we entertained on Feb 18th & 22d., with the comparison strongly in favor of the Americans.

FRIDAY, JULY 20/51

The American ships sailed at 8 am.

They are to rendezvous at sea with Rear-Admiral Whitney, flying his flag in the aircraft-carrier "Siboney", which with a U.S. submarine has been paying a courtesy call at Hfx., 2 destroyers which called at Sydney, & two smaller craft which called at Yarmouth.

At my harbor cabin all afternoon & evening. Lou Parrot came out to see me, in a despondent mood. Frances & he have had a tiff, & he is spending the summer alone in that camp at Greenfield. Told me that he had placed their home in Newton, Mass., together with the greater part of his money ("I gave her \$200,000 outright") in Frances' hands some years ago, so that she is in a position to walk off & leave him comparatively "poor". ("All I've got left is enough to buy me an annuity of \$5,000") He thinks she is in California, but her intentions are a mystery. Edith & I slept at Moose Harbor tonight, watched the moon come up, & a wonderful sunrise in the morning.

SATURDAY, July 21, 1951

The administrator of the Annie De Wolfe estate (Edgar Wright) delivered at the Perkins House today 1 small mahogany occasional table with 2 drawers, 1 mahogany chair with embroidered seat, 1 small ottoman, her only bequests to the Queens County Historical Society. There were two or three other small gifts of this sort to local people. Tom Lushy of the Public Works Dept. got a somewhat larger gift, & the rest of the furniture & bric-a-brac, beautiful old stuff, goes to Halifax to be sold. Her brother Charles, from whom she inherited the house & all it contained, together with an annuity, was one of the founders of our Historical Society, but he did not even mention it in his will, & she did little better. Away goes another lot of County stuff, never to return.

SATURDAY, July 28/51 A fine hot week. I spend the mornings writing letters, running shop errands, or pottering about the house-grounds with lawn mowes & clippers. Each afternoon I drive to Moose Harbor & stay till dark, brooding over my novel, with furious intervals of tapping the little portable typewriter, & stopping for a lunch-can repast at 5 p.m. My weight is down to 169, dropping to 166 after a strenuous 18 holes of golf in a hot sun but rising again as I drink water.

I permit myself one or two bottles of beer per week, no spirits at all except on rare occasions, & of course I still follow my rigid diet of food. Yesterday I put on my army (summer dress) uniform, tailor-made to my measurements in the spring of 1942, & it fitted better than ever. Silly to have let myself get so fat.

In Korea the peace conference drags on, with Red Koreans & Chinese following familiar Russian tactics of delay. Air bombing continues but the troops confine themselves to patrols.

TUESDAY JULY 31, 1951

Edith & I took a few days off for a jaunt to the Valley, leaving Grandma Raddall & Francie in charge. (I drove to Yarmouth yesterday, took Tommy to camp "Wapomeo" for 3 weeks as a "counselor", & brought back Francie & 2 other girls.) Fine hot weather. The Liverpool-Annapolis road very good, although the contractors are still working here & there on the stretch they have been preparing for paving towards Caledonia. Stopped at a newly-built "motel" on the Marshall farm at Upper Clements. Comfortable room & beds, bathroom with h.c. water, toilet & shower. Engaged it till Saturday morning at \$5 per day. Dinner at the Hillsdale in Annapolis. Chatting on the verandah afterwards with Doctor Boyd, a Nova Scotian who has been teaching journalism at Columbia for many years. Roy Lawrence & his wife (who live near door) came along & invited us to drop in for cocktails tomorrow before dinner. Back to Upper Clements & we sat till dark in deck chairs admiring the magnificent view — the whole sweep of Annapolis Basin.

WEDNESDAY AUG. 1/51

Breakfast in a Chinese cafe in Annapolis, then on to Lower Granville. Stopped to chat with Guy Dean (late sergeant-major of the West Novas) & to enquire about Andrew Merkel. Then to Karsdale for a chat with dear old Horace Johnson & Polly. They said Merkel is living alone on the old farm at Lower Granville (now officially "Port Royal") in a very untidy state, apparently half demented. All sorts of unsavory characters hobnob there, there is a lot of drinking, & the local people don't call any more. Merkel quarreled bitterly with his daughters Peggy & Mary-Alix after Lully's death, & they have washed their hands of him. All very sad, although I saw all this coming when I visited the

Merkels last. We drove on to Victoria Beach & visited Martha Banning Thomas in her cottage. She has been unwell, recurred us in bed, but chatted in her usual sprightly manner. Her tales do not sell any more but she gets a poem into one of the magazines now & then. Fortunately she has an income & does not depend on her writing. She told some amusing tales of Evelyn Eaton (author of "Quietly My Captain Waits" etc.) who formerly had a cottage near hers. Lunch at the little Victoria Hotel. The weather changed suddenly to a howling gale with mist & rain. Drove back to Lower Granville & called on Merkel. Found him in the west parlor, surrounded by his books & listening to a radio broadcast of a ball game. Much of the fine old furniture has vanished, I did not like to ask where. He is giving his collection of Nova Scotian books to King's College. He appeared thin, tired & ailing, talked lucidly at times, at others dozed off into inconsequential things. Once he brightened up & said suddenly "Well, how are you, you old son of a gun, I thought you'd deserted me," & then relapsed into some dreamy talk about old days in the newspaper business. We left about 4 pm & returned to our "motel" to wash & change.

Then to Roy Lawrence's house in Annapolis, where we found a young lawyer named Nicholson, a Mr. & Mrs. Anderson, a young man named Armstrong, a Miss Abbott, a Mrs. Keniston, Henry Hicks (the minister of Education in the N.S. govt) and a former-politician named Elderkin who was defeated in Kings County by-election by George Newlan last year. Much lively chat over drinks. Hicks is good form. He is a speed maniac in his car, likes to drive at 60 to

80 miles an hour, will kill himself some day. The cocktail party was still going strong when we left. We found the Hillsdale dining room closed (at 7 pm!) & went to chop suey at the Chinaman's, then back to our motel.

Thursday, Aug. 2/51 Fine, & the air fresh & lovely after yesterday's storm. Breakfast at the Chinaman's in Annapolis, then drove, at a leisurely pace along the Valley. Many of the old orchards have been torn up by the roots, others look neglected, & this year's crop will be the smallest in 40 years. Nevertheless the Valley looks prosperous, many new houses going up & as always a shining late-model car in every farmer's yard. Drove on to Greenwood for a peep at the Air Force base there — fine spacious married-quarters in many blocks amongst the pines.

Lunch at the Cornwallis in Kentville, & dropped in to the Advertiser office for a chat with Alice Smith. Then on to Wolfville, a peep at Evangeline Beach & Grand Pre park, & back along the Valley, dinner at the Hillsdale & then to our motel for a quiet read, a drink, & bed.

Friday, Aug 3/51 Fine & hot. Breakfast in Clementsport, on to Digby & the drive along Digby Neck, which we had never seen. A disappointment. The dirt road (very dusty) follows a shallow central trough along the Neck, so that all you see for miles is a vista of poor little farms & scrub forest, with one or two lakes. Only occasional glimpses of the sea. Sandy Cove a pretty place. Construction gangs still working on (i.e. tearing up) the road when it descends to East Ferry, so we contented ourselves with a peep across Petit Passage at Liverton & the Boar's Head, & turned back. Stopped at Sandy Cove, where only one

small hotel caters to transient guests. This seemed to be full of languid young females in play suits & very scanty bathing suits. The landlady was doubtful about finding places in her dining room for two wayfarers; also she said they were on standard time, which was only 11 o'clock. (All the rest of the province is on Daylight Time.) We drove on to Digby (Anyone can have the Neck as far as I'm concerned) & had a fine lunch at The Pines. Left Edith there, in a chair on the cool upper verandah, while I drove into Digby to get the car washed & gassed. Afterwards we sat till 4:30 watching the antics & hearing the chatter of the guests on the lawn & about the swimming pool. Mostly Americans of a short, swarthy & definitely Semitic cast, fleshily garbed. On to our motel for a wash & change. Dined at the Hillsdale. Afterwards played Edith at shuffleboard on the back lawn, & then strolled about the fort until movie time. Quite a good picture show. The place only one-third full.

Back to our motel & bed at 11 p.m.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4/51      Sat & hot. Paid Marshall for our cabin. (4 days @ \$5) Breakfast at Chan's cafe in Annapolis. Then home via Middleton & Bridgewater. Spent the afternoon reading the mail & newspapers, & mowed the lawn about the house. Letter from Jack McClelland saying that Red's Digest had sent M.Y.S. a cheque for royalties on Canadian sales of the Digest's (condensed) version of *The Nymph*. Jack suggested that M.Y.S. would like a 10% cut on it & would remit me the rest. (But they are entitled to none of it. Little Brown made the deal with the Digest & are taking 50% of the U.S. royalty for their part. M.Y.S. did nothing whatever. Wrote Jack & said so.)

